

LIBRARY EDITION
VOLUME XXXVI-XXXVII

THE LETTERS OF
JOHN RUSKIN
1827-1889

THE COMPLETE
WORKS OF
JOHN RUSKIN

Two thousand and sixty-two copies of this edition—of which two thousand are for sale in England and America—have been printed at the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh, and the type has been distributed.



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John Ruskin.

LIBRARY EDITION

THE WORKS OF

JOHN RUSKIN

EDITED BY

E. T. COOK

AND

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN



LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD

NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO

1909

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VOLUME XXXVI

THE LETTERS OF
JOHN RUSKIN
1827–1869

**THE LETTERS OF
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VOLUME I
1827–1869

LONDON
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1909

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Note.—Of the drawings by Ruskin included in this volume, eight have been published before:—No. I. at p. 242 of the *Magazine of Art*, April 1900. No. II. at vol. i. p. 51 of W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1893. No. IV. at p. 3 (Plate ii.) of *Verona and other Lectures*, 1894. No. VI. at p. 22 of Josiah Gilbert's *Cadore, or Titian's Country*, 1869. No. IX. in the *Leisure Hour*, April 1900, pp. 540, 541 (where the sketches are wrongly described as "Scene in Lucerne"). No. XIII. at p. 60 (Plate viii.) of *Studies in Both Arts*, 1895. No. XVI. at p. 241 of the *Magazine of Art*, April 1900, and again at vol. iv. p. 295 of E. Gosse's *English Literature, an Illustrated Record*, 1903. No. XVII. at p. 666 of *Scribner's Magazine*, December 1898.

Of the drawings by Ruskin, nine have been exhibited:—That shown on Plate II. in the Ruskin Exhibition at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 1901, No. 416, and at Manchester, 1904, No. 85. No. III. at Coniston, No. 47, and the Water-Colour Society, No. 290. No. IV. at the same exhibition, No. 176. No. V. at Manchester, No. 336. No. IX. is in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. No. XI. was exhibited at Manchester, No. 324. No. XVI. at Manchester, No. 340. No. XVII. at the Fine Art Society, 1878, and at Boston, 1879. No. XIX. at the Water-Colour Society, No. 191, at Manchester, No. 350, and at the Fine Art Society, 1907, No. 126.

INTRODUCTION TO VOLS. XXXVI. AND XXXVII

THESE two volumes contain a collection of letters from Ruskin to his friends. They are arranged chronologically, the dividing line between the two volumes corresponding with a division in his life—namely, his acceptance of the Professorship of Fine Art at Oxford. Volume XXXVI. thus contains Letters written from his earliest years up to, and including, 1869; Volume XXXVII., Letters from 1870 to the end.

The mass of Letters which have been at the disposal of the editors is very great. Some explanation may be desirable of the principles which have guided the selection.

In the first place, a large number of Ruskin's Letters have previously appeared, and it was an essential condition of this Complete Edition to include them all. The letters, or extracts from letters, hitherto published are, however, of very varying interest. It has, therefore, seemed well to place in the main body of these two volumes (hereafter called the "Principal Collection") only such as are of general interest; the remainder being printed in a "Bibliographical Appendix" at the end of Volume XXXVII.

The selection, from printed and hitherto unprinted sources, of letters for the Principal Collection has been governed by three factors. The first is biographical interest, and the endeavour has been made to leave no year, or important episode, in Ruskin's life or work—and no aspect of his character or interests, nor any of his principal friendships—without its illustrative letter. These volumes contain, therefore, an Autobiography of Ruskin as told in his Letters from his earliest childhood to extreme old age. They assist towards a full appreciation of the feelings and impulses of the man that Ruskin was, with his singularly delicate nature and responsive genius; they reveal the gift that was in him for receiving clear and true impressions, for thinking these through and out, and then for clothing them in the right and adequate words—whether it is conduct, or whether it is art, with which he has to deal, or the experiences and emotions, bitter and sweet, of his own innermost heart and brain and soul. Another factor governing the selection has been, of course, the intrinsic interest of the letters themselves. The third factor is what may be called incidental interest. Many letters are included of which the interest lies, less in any revelation of character or literary skill, than in incidental topic, allusion, or

information. Some of the letters to Dante Gabriel Rossetti may be taken as an illustration of what is here meant. Among these are many which are entertaining and important; but they comprise also some short notes, hurriedly written and very slight—yet containing matter which is of value in connexion with that artist's drawings. Often, also, they are interesting for Ruskin's criticisms by the way. No hard and fast line can be drawn between letters included for one reason and for another. In the case of a life such as Ruskin's, the incidental interest of the letters belongs mainly to the field of art and letters; but here and there personages from other worlds pass across the page. We are given glimpses, for instance, of the Emperor Francis Joseph and Marshal Radetsky; of Austrian Archdukes and Russian Grand Duchesses and English Royal Highnesses; of Rubini and Jenny Lind and Taglioni; of James Forbes, of Buckland and of Darwin; of Manning and of Gladstone.

At the beginning of each volume is a List of the Correspondents, with references to the places where letters to them will be found. It has not seemed worth while to give in these volumes a Chronological List of the letters also. For, in the first place, the arrangement of the letters themselves is chronological. Moreover, it should be remembered that many other letters have been printed, in whole or in part,¹ in previous volumes. References to some of the more important of these are supplied either in footnotes or in the brief biographical summaries which precede the first letter in each year. A complete Chronological List of all Personal Letters contained in the edition is given in the Final Bibliography (Vol. XXXVIII.).

Of the Letters in the Principal Collection the large majority are either printed here for the first time or collected into these volumes from privately-printed sources not available to the public. Particulars of previous appearance are in each case supplied in a footnote.

In the following Introduction, an account is given, with many incidental reminiscences, of Ruskin's principal friendships and acquaintances, as disclosed in the letters. In the case of letters to occasional correspondents, such explanations as may be needful are given in footnotes.

Ruskin's earliest letters are naturally to his father, and the series to him extends up to 1863. There are, I think, few in the whole Collection which, for all the three reasons given above, are of greater

¹ Occasionally, although an extract has previously been made from it, a letter has now seemed worth giving in its entirety; whilst sometimes the rest of the letter is now given, and a reference supplied to the previously printed extract.

interest. John James Ruskin was himself a somewhat remarkable man, respected and beloved by all who came in contact with him:—

“The biographers,” says Mr. Frederic Harrison, “have not said enough of John James Ruskin the father. He certainly seemed to me a man of rare force of character; shrewd, practical, generous, with pure ideals both in art and in life. With unbounded trust in the genius of his son, he felt deeply how much the son had yet to learn. I heard the father ask an Oxford tutor if he could not ‘put John in the way of some scientific study of Political Economy.’ ‘John! John!’ I have heard him cry out, ‘what nonsense you’re talking!’ when John was off on one of his magnificent paradoxes, unintelligible as Pindar to the sober Scotch merchant. John Ruskin certainly inherited from his father some of the noblest qualities and much of his delicate sense of art. But intellectually the father was the very antithesis of the son. He seemed to be strongest where his brilliant son was weakest. There were moments when the father seemed the stronger in sense, breadth, and hold on realities. And when John was turned of forty, the father still seemed something of his tutor, his guide, his support. The relations between John Ruskin and his parents were among the most beautiful things that dwell in my memory. . . . This man, well past middle life, in all the renown of his principal works, who, for a score of years, had been one of the chief forces in the literature of our century, continued to show an almost child-like docility towards his father and his mother, respecting their complaints and remonstrances, and gracefully submitting to be corrected by their worldly wisdom and larger experience. The consciousness of his own public mission and the boundless love and duty that he owed to his parents could not be expressed in a way more beautiful. One could almost imagine it was in the spirit of the youthful Christ when he said to his mother, ‘Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?’ ”¹

This is one side, and the more constant, of the relations between father and son; but there was another, which appears in the Letters and incidentally in *Præterita*. Ruskin, always more dictatorial with the pen than in personal intercourse, could sometimes lecture his father rather severely. The grievance, to which he confesses in *Præterita*, that his father did not buy as many Turner drawings as he would like, appears in several of the letters,² but the rift went deeper, and Ruskin found in their relations the elements of “an exquisite tragedy” (p. 471).³ A letter from his father, which the son preserved,

¹ “Memories of John Ruskin,” in *Literature*, February 3, 1900. Ruskin himself cites Christ’s words as “having to be spoken to all parents, some day or other”: see Vol. XXXVII. p. 203.

² See, e.g., below, pp. 443, 600–1.

³ Compare pp. 414, 415, 420, 460, 555.

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is worth giving, for it illustrates very beautifully the elder man's character:—

“(FOLKESTONE, 4th Oct., 1847.)—I have already said that the tone of your later letters was so much more cheerful and confiding, and expressive of some, if not continued, at least frequent snatches of enjoyment, that they were most agreeable. Out of the cold and barren country your more healthy feelings were gleaming a little. The blues and purples and mountain shades and moist heather were making themselves seen and felt; and I guessed you were better at Macdonald's than at Leamington or Dunbar, from whence a few letters rather dulled my spirits, for they disclosed that, more than I had had an idea of, we had been, from defects perhaps on both sides, in a state of progression by antagonism,¹ each discerning half the truth, and supposing it the whole. I suppose we may have mutually defrauded each other's character of its right and merit. In some of these letters I read more of the suffering and unpleasantness I had unwittingly in part inflicted on you in past hours. To my memory they are burdened with no greater share of troubles than attaches, I believe, to most families since the fall. I have, however, no fear for the future, for tho' I have no prospect of becoming greatly changed, a circumstance has made me reflect that I was exceedingly wrong and short-sighted in all interruptions occasioned to your pursuits. Mama says I am very exacting, and so I was about the Book-revising, but never more after it was done. Whilst reading now this unlucky first volume for press I had by me some loose proof sheets for second, and I have been so struck with the superiority of second volume, and so positively surprised at the work, that I became angry with myself for having by my impatience and obstinacy about the one thing in any way checked the flight or embarrassed the course of thoughts like these, and arrested such a mind in its progress in the track and through the means which to itself seemed best for aiming at its end. You will find me from conviction done with asking you to do anything not thought proper by yourself to do. I call this reading with profit and to the purpose. Two points in your letters I only remember half-distressed me, and perhaps they were merely illustrative as used by you. You say we could not by a whole summer give you a tenth of the pleasure that to have left you a month in the Highlands in 1838 would have done, nor by buying Turner and Windus's gallery the pleasure that two Turners would have done in 1848, you having passed two or three years with a sick longing for Turner. I take blame to myself for not sending you to the Highlands in 1838 and not buying you a few more Turners; but the first I was not at all aware of, and the second I freely confess I have been restrained in from my very constitutional prudence. . . . I have, you know, my dearest John, two things

¹ A reference to the title of Lord Lindsay's Essay reviewed by Ruskin in the *Quarterly*: see Vol. XII. p. 169.

to do, to indulge you and to leave you and Mama comfortably provided for . . . but if you have any longings like 1842 I should still be glad to know them, whilst I honour you for the delicacy of before suppressing the expression of them. . . . On the subject noticed in one of your letters on our different regard for public opinion, this is a malady or weakness with me, arising from want of self-respect. The latter causes much of my ill-temper, and when from misunderstanding or want of information I was losing some respect for you my temper got doubly bad. We are all wanting in our relations towards the Supreme Being, the only source of peace and self-respect. But I never can open my soul to human beings on holy subjects”

It is impossible, I think, to read the letter without being impressed with its mingling of good sense and deep affection, and without finding something eminently lovable in the elder man. The affection appears incidentally in many a passage of the letters. If Ruskin’s father took undue pride in the son’s more popular accomplishments, the weakness was amiable; and there is something touching in the picture of the old man finding “romance in a dull life,” in going over his son’s poetical effusions—an amusement for which we may be grateful, since it elicited from the son an entertaining essay in criticism (below, pp. 387, 388). The reserve on “holy subjects” to which the father confesses did not restrain him from occasional discussions with his son, and some of Ruskin’s most interesting letters deal with such topics (*e.g.*, pp. 126–127). There was here a closer touch of sympathy with his father than with his mother; one thinks of the statement in *Præterita* that both father and son “had alike a subdued consciousness of being profane and rebellious characters” compared to her.¹

A second letter from his father is one of those which, as mentioned in the preceding volume,² Ruskin put into type for use in *Præterita*:—

“LONDON, 8th February, 1850.—MY DEAREST JOHN,—You see by the date, I write on your birthday, and you are, I hope, as happy in it as your mamma and I are. I can truly say that with all remains of illness or weakness left, I never felt my heart more rejoicing in the unmingled blessings heaped upon my undeserving head, unmingled with a single sorrow or a single want; and the completion of this happiness, owing to that son who, during thirty-one years, has scarcely given his father a single pang beyond the anxieties for his safety, and these engendered only by that parent’s own mistrusting and impatient temperament.

¹ Vol. XXXV. p. 95.

² Vol. XXXV. p. 465 *n*.

“If I am thankful, I feel I never am thankful enough, and surely you should be so, that God has given you the powers and dispositions to render happy those whom you are commanded to honour, and so to have done your duty as to give joy to a parent to whom joy has been from other causes often a stranger. My present recovery, as far as it has yet gone, has, under God, in its second causes numbered the pleasures daily flowing into my soul from the letters of my son, and the hopes of his speedy restoration to our sight, and the delights which his pursuits and his productions bring to my exulting heart. My daily feeling now is of surprise and wonder why I am so dealt with, and I ask myself what should I, what can I do, to evince the gratitude which I seem to sink under a powerlessness of expressing to my God.”

“*City*.—I had hurriedly put down above few lines betwixt prayers and breakfast, and before the latter was over arrived your two letters of 1st and 2nd February, and Effie’s* beautifully written and graphically given account of the ball. Here was a bouquet for a birthday morning! Our gardener is not a Keel, and no flowers met our eyes till these three letters came so apropos to fill their place.

“I must go over Effie’s several times, and then I will send it to Perth.

“I shall not write again to Venice, hoping my next may find you at Verona, where I should like Effie to have the chance of being with the gallant Marshal. † The seductions of Venice are entwining themselves around you both, but pray remember mamma; her sight, ‡ I am sorry to say, is worse a degree. Do get home by 15th or 20th April. Do not run off to Rome as to Paris. Be content to speak the *Lingua Toscana* only this year, and next you may speak the *Lingua Toscana* in *Bocca Romana*. *Say if money safe*.

“I sent you Mrs. Patmore’s, § formerly Andrews, letter. They think they can be at once familiar visiting acquaintance; but no, we are forced to repel as civilly as we can; I only invite *her call*. We have had to fight off Mrs. Cockburn, Lady Colquhoun, and Mrs. Colvin, || all trying to come. We are not able, and very happy in a state of *repose*. We went

* The “Effie” of this letter is the Phemy for whom *The King of the Golden River* was written when she was twelve years old, as told in *Dilecta*, Part III.¹ [J. R.]

† Radetzky. State official ball at Verona. [J. R.]

‡ I have much to say yet of my mother’s sight, whether failing or persisting. [J. R.]

§ Mrs. Coventry Patmore. Of whose daughter Blanche I have somewhat to say also.² [J. R.]

|| Professor Colvin’s mother. [J. R.]

¹ Not in Part III. as ultimately issued.

² See letters to her in this Collection (Vol. XXXVII.).

to Richmond* Wednesday. I find Hayes a *gentle* gentleman, a very pleasing person, nothing extraordinary.

“I see Sharpe † changes Rickman’s terms, and divides Tracery Windows into

	A.D.
Geometrical	1245–1315
Curvilinear	1315–1360
Rectilinear	1360–1500

“Be sure to say, as sure as you can, Where ‡ Letters will find you fourteen days from date of yours. Mamma joins in most affectionate love to you and Effie; again many sincere thanks to both of you, and kind regards to Miss Ker.”§

Ruskin, whenever he was away from home, wrote to his father every day. The number of letters to him is thus very great, but there are many years when, owing to his being at home, there are few or none. After his father’s death (in 1864), letters to his mother were similarly sent; but these are much shorter and slighter. The reason is partly to be found perhaps in lack of intellectual sympathy, but mainly in the fact that owing to her failing eyesight she could only read with difficulty. To Ruskin’s account of his mother given in *Præterita*, nothing need be added beyond such incidental illustration as various anecdotes related in these Introductions have already afforded,¹ and as may be found here and there in letters of the present Collection.² Ruskin set aside, however, for use “somewhere in *Præterita*,” an early letter from his mother, some extracts from which are here printed in memorial of her unfailing solicitude for the welfare, spiritual as well as bodily, of her son:—

“DENMARK HILL, 12th June, 1843.—MY DEAREST JOHN,—I have been made happy by receipt of your Saturday’s and Sunday’s letters this morning. Thank God, you keep well. . . . Your dogs are out of patience at your unaccountable (to them) neglect, and behave with the most reckless

* “Star and Garter.” Mr. Hayes, Dr. Grant’s eldest (step) daughter’s husband; she was just married. [J. R.]

† Historian of Cistercian Architecture, Furness Abbey especially. He lived at Lancaster.³ [J. R.]

‡ “Where” and “Letters” to catch my attention, because I never *did* say where letters would find me far enough in advance. [J. R.]

§ Not Mary Kerr, neither Alice of Huntley Burn.⁴ [J. R.]

¹ See, for instance, Vol. V. p. xlvi., Vol. XIX. p. xxxvi.

² See, for instance, p. 468 *n*.

³ See a reference to him in Vol. XXXVII. p. 35.

⁴ For Mary Kerr and Huntley Burn, see below, p. 530.

impropriety. . . . What strange whims even men of first-rate talents get into their heads. Does Mr. Gordon forget that we have an Almighty Intercessor? . . . I am sorry, very sorry, that such differences should take place anywhere, but more especially that they should have arisen in Oxford. What are the real doctrines of what is termed Puseyism? Why do they not state them fairly and in such plain terms as may enable people of ordinary understandings to know what they do think the truth? Any time I have heard Mr. Newman preach, he seemed to me like Oliver Cromwell to talk that he might not be understood. . . . Surely our Saviour's consecration must have effected a change in the elements if an ordinary minister can; but these are things too much for me. I thank God I have His word to go to; and I beseech you to take nothing for granted that you hear from these people, but think and search for yourself. As I have said, I have little fear of you, but I shall be glad when you get from among them. Your book continues to fully answer all my wishes. This is not saying a little for it. I have written a good deal, and have said nothing as I would. I slept little last night, and am even more than usually stupid. God bless you, my own love, and teach and guide you now and always, prays most earnestly your affectionate mother,

"M. RUSKIN."

Ruskin, as will have been seen, was staying at Oxford, and his mother was anxious lest the taint of Puseyism should infect him. "I shall be glad when you get from among them": this was an attitude of suspicion towards his Oxford associates, as towards Carlyle and others at a later time, which she steadily maintained, and it caused some necessary alienation of sympathy and economy of confidence between mother and son. Traces of irritation will be found occasionally in letters in this Collection,¹ but the reader should remember that Ruskin never allowed such to appear in his relations with his mother herself. These were always beautiful, and deeply impressed every one who witnessed them. The following letter from her, written five years after her husband's death, when Ruskin was making her his daily correspondent, was also put into type for *Præterita*:—

"DENMARK HILL, *August 23rd*, 1869.—MY DEAREST,—I should be thankful to pay you with double interest the more than comfort and pleasure I have had, and I think latterly more than at any former times, from your letters. I have had some experience of one of your large grasshoppers, and have no desire to have anything more to do with such acquaintance. I dislike the insect tribe altogether, except as they excite my deep reverence towards the Life sustaining them. I am glad you

¹ See, for instance, below, pp. 405, 407.

come by Dijon. I am thankful for your joy in moss and flowers of humble growth, and am somewhat impatient to see all your pictures under your own care.* I am more than delighted to find you resemble St. Carlo Borromeo; have you the old picture you bought formerly? I am told John Ruskin Simson¹ shows decided picture-estimating talent. I trust I may be able to see in some way what you have been employed about. As I have written, I have always read † *your* letters myself. I am reading your *Queen of the Air* with more and more deep sense of its merit. *Ethics of the Dust* is becoming to me more what it ought always to have been. Dr. Acland's is sweet and good, and Angy² also. Joanna will, I hope, manage very nicely. Cousin George ‡ is good and kind, and regards you entirely, and is decidedly clever; I *think* talented and upright. A sad blundered scrawl I send.§ Joan sends love, and wrote yesterday to Berne.

"I am, my dearest, with a thousand thanks for all the pains you have taken to give me pleasure and save me anxiety, always your affectionate Mother,

"MARGARET RUSKIN."

Another document which Ruskin set aside for use in *Præterita* is the following letter from Carlyle—beautiful and characteristic—written on the mother's death:—

"CHELSEA, 6 Dec., 1871.—DEAR RUSKIN,—My heart is sore for you in these dreary moments. A great change has befallen; irrevocable, inexorable,—the lot of all the world since it was first made, and yet so strangely original, as it were miraculous, to each of us, when it comes home to himself. The Wearied one has gone to her welcome Rest; and to you there is a strange, regretful, mournful desolation, in looking before and back;—to all of us the loss of our Mother is a new epoch in our Life-pilgrimage, now fallen lonelier and sterner than it ever seemed before.—I cannot come to you; nor would it be proper or permissible, for reasons evident. But I beg you very much to come to me at any hour, and let me see you for a little, after those sad and solemn duties now fallen to you are performed. Believe always that my heart's sympathies are with you, and that I love you well.—Yours,

T. CARLYLE."

* Instead of only her own, and Lucy Tovey's, at Denmark Hill. [J. R.]

† Her sight now beginning to grow dim. See following notice of its injury in her youth by too fine needlework. [J. R.—but this was not written—*Ed.*]

‡ William the chess-player's son, by his first wife—nearly as strong a player as his father, of whom, with his sister, more hereafter. [J. R.]

§ "Altogether" had been "altogether"—the "all" is scratched out; the second *n* blotted in Joanna. [J. R.]

¹ The son of Mrs. Severn's sister Kate; he died young.

² Acland's daughter.

After the death of his mother, Ruskin's daily letter in absence was sent to his dearly loved cousin, companion, and adopted daughter, Miss Joan Agnew (Mrs. Arthur Severn). Letters to her begin, indeed, some years earlier, from the time when she came, as told in *Præterita*, to live at Denmark Hill. It is needless to add anything here to what Ruskin himself has written of "Joanna's Care." The letters to herself,¹ and not less the frequent references to her in those to others, sufficiently show how much her affection and companionship meant to him.

Of letters to Ruskin's school friends and early tutors, it has not seemed worth while to include many in this Collection, as several have been printed in a previous volume,² while others, which the editors have seen, are often very long, and seldom very interesting. It is on the whole an extremely serious youth that these early letters disclose; but those to a College Friend, printed among his *Juvenilia*, show that the young Ruskin knew how *desipere in loco*.

Of greater interest are those to W. H. Harrison, which begin in 1838. His connection with Ruskin has already been described.³ He was Ruskin's "first editor," and the correspondence often discusses the Poems by "J. R." which appeared in *Annuals* edited by his friend. The poet was not so enamoured of his productions as to be unable to treat them humorously.

Letters to Ruskin's College friends, or tutors, at Christ Church follow. One of these, with whom he used to correspond at great length, is the Rev. Walter L. Brown, his tutor there. He is referred to in *Præterita*,⁴ but the correspondence shows that he filled rather a larger space in Ruskin's thoughts than is there suggested. He died in 1862, and Ruskin in a letter of condolence to his son (January 31) writes of him as "the only one of my old masters from whom I could or would receive guidance." The guidance, if received, was accompanied with much objection and criticism on Ruskin's side, as is sufficiently shown by the letters here selected from a larger number.

In some respects it may be surmised that Ruskin owed more to Osborne Gordon, who, if less given to discussion of the immensities, was ever ready to supplement his pupil's enthusiasms by his own cool

¹ It should be stated that the letters to Mrs. Severn published in these volumes have been selected by the editors, and not by her.

² The *Letters to a College Friend* (Vol. I.). The series of letters to his friend Edmund Oldfield, on Painted Glass (collected in Vol. XII.), belong to the year 1844.

³ Vol. II. p. xix.; Vol. XXXIV. pp. 93 *seq.*

⁴ Vol. XXXV. pp. 200, 202, 306.

common sense. This is an aspect of their relationship indicated in *Præterita*,¹ and more fully told at various places in this edition.² An interesting letter to Osborne Gordon, on *Modern Painters*, has been given in an earlier volume.³

The dearest and most enduring of Ruskin's Oxford friendships was with Henry Acland. Born in 1815, he was four years senior in age and two years in College standing. He formed, as we have heard,⁴ a protective friendship with the younger man, and nothing need be added to Ruskin's beautiful account of Acland in *Præterita*; while Acland's corresponding tribute to his friend has already been cited.⁵ Ruskin on his side assumed the position of mentor in matters of art, and the earliest Letters to Acland are written in this rôle (below, p. 19).⁶ In London, as in Oxford, the friends saw much of each other. When Acland had been absent from College, owing to ill-health, he records Ruskin's name among those present at a "wine" to celebrate his return; he mentions "a most agreeable party" at his lodgings in London, with "Richmond, Ruskin, Newton"; and in November 1841 he records a "day spent," at Herne Hill, "with curious Ruskin and his more curious household."⁷ By good fortune, they met at Chamouni when Acland was there on his wedding journey, and the friendship grew yet closer, Ruskin becoming almost "an adopted son," as he says,⁸ in Mr. and Mrs. Acland's household. Acland was with him and Millais at Glenfinlas in 1853.⁹ Ruskin did what he could to warn his friend against over-work (pp. 115–116), as in after years Acland was to try and save Ruskin from its dangers. He could rely on Acland's good offices as a physician in the case of Rossetti's fiancée, Miss Siddal (p. 205), and they were closely connected in plans for the Oxford Museum (Vol. XVI.). It was a source of great pleasure to both of them that they were elected Hon. Students of Christ Church at the same time (1859). Acland, as we have seen,¹⁰ when first given an appointment at Oxford (in 1845), had cherished the design of getting his friend there in some official capacity also, and letters in this Collection refer to successive endeavours to get Ruskin elected Professor of Poetry (p. 524) and Curator of the University Galleries (p. 542). The opportunity ultimately came with the institution of the

¹ Vol. XXXV. pp. 250, 333, 436, 522 *n*.

² *e.g.*, Vol. XVII. p. lxxv.

³ Vol. III. p. 665.

⁴ Vol. XXXV. pp. lxiii., 197.

⁵ Vol. XXX. pp. 324, 325.

⁶ Compare Acland's statement in 1853, Vol. XII. p. xxiii.

⁷ *Sir Henry Acland, a Memoir*, by J. B. Atlay, pp. 71, 101.

⁸ Vol. XXXVII. p. 234.

⁹ See Vol. XII. p. xxiii.

¹⁰ Vol. XX. p. xviii.

Slade Professorship of Fine Art, and Ruskin's letter of thanks to Acland on that occasion has already been printed.¹ The friends now became nearer to each other than ever. Ruskin, during his Oxford days, constantly stayed in Acland's house, and letters to Miss Acland² pleasantly illustrate Ruskin's affectionate relations with the family.³ Very rarely did her father miss one of Ruskin's lectures. Many of those who attended them must remember the stately presence of the Regius Professor of Medicine (as also frequently that of Liddell), and the little asides of affectionate reference which Ruskin used to introduce. Acland loyally took up the cudgels for Ruskin in connexion with the road-digging at Hincksey.⁴ Even the dispute about vivisection, which caused Ruskin's rupture with Oxford, left his friendship with Acland unimpaired. There is, indeed, among Ruskin's men-friendships none which was so completely untouched by fret or jar. The photograph by Miss Acland, which has been given in the preceding volume, was taken in 1893; it is a beautiful record of "the two old men of whom, after more than fifty years' friendship, it might well be said that 'they were lovely and pleasant in their lives.' It was their last meeting; and the fact that Ruskin was able to enjoy his friend's society with much of the keen and affectionate eagerness of old placed it among the happiest memories of his declining years."⁵

Another Christ Church friend, also somewhat Ruskin's senior, was Charles Thomas Newton, mentioned above, who rapidly became distinguished as traveller,⁶ diplomatist, excavator and archæologist. They had many tastes in common, and Ruskin acknowledges the sound, if chaffing, advice which Newton gave him about his early drawings.⁷ A certain note of Philistinism, perhaps assumed to tease his friend, has appeared in passages already given in which Ruskin describes Newton as a travelling companion. When Ruskin was absorbed in "the picturesque," Newton voted for "the picnicturesque,"⁸ and when he dilated upon the beauty of the snows of Chamouni, Newton fixed his eyes on the moraines and was of opinion that "more housemaids were wanted in that establishment."⁹ There was, Ruskin tells us,

¹ Vol. XX. p. xix.

² Below, p. 216, and Vol. XXXVII. p. 38.

³ Acland's elder brother, it will be remembered, was one of the original trustees of the St. George's Guild.

⁴ See Vol. XX. pp. xli., xliii., xliv.

⁵ J. B. Atlay's *Memoir*, p. 476.

⁶ His charming *Travels and Discoveries in the Levant* (1865) describe his excavations at Halicarnassus and elsewhere: see for particulars of his career, Vol. XXXV. p. 384 n.

⁷ See Vol. XXXV. pp. 385, 611. ⁸ Vol. X. p. xxiv.

⁹ *Præterita*, ii. § 156 (Vol. XXXV. p. 385).



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a more fundamental difference between him and his friend. He in his early years was absorbed in landscape, Italian art, Gothic architecture; Newton was a Greek; and a friendship, which at one time was close and affectionate, was partly buried beneath the marbles of Halicarnassus. Yet as late as 1869 Ruskin refers to Newton as “a sure, and unweariedly kind guide, always near me since we were at College together.”¹ Among other help thus rendered was a paper which Newton wrote for Ruskin on Representations of Water in Ancient Art; to this paper, included as an appendix in *Stones of Venice*, one of our letters refers (p. 113).

A mutual friend of Ruskin and Acland was George Richmond, the painter. He was Ruskin’s senior by ten years, and it was through Acland that they became acquainted. The first meeting was in the winter of 1840–1841, when Ruskin was staying at Rome with his parents.² The acquaintance then formed with George Richmond ripened into a friendship which lasted throughout Ruskin’s life. He speaks in *Præterita* of “the privilege” which he and his parents “had in better and better knowing George Richmond.”³ At first the relationship was somewhat that of a rebellious youth to a reverend signior, but Ruskin acknowledges the debt he owed to Richmond’s teaching.⁴ He saw much of Richmond in the years when the earlier volumes of *Modern Painters* were being written, and it is through Richmond’s portraits that the appearance of “the author of *Modern Painters*” became known to the public. “Have you not flattered him?” asked the parents, with reference to the head given in Vol. XVI. (*frontispiece*). “No,” replied Richmond; “it is only the truth lovingly told.” The portrait here included (p. lviii.) is perhaps less pleasing. The anecdote is typical of the friendship between the two men, as it appears in Ruskin’s letters to Richmond. In the Richmond household, he became almost as much a member of the family circle as in that of the Aclands; and to his friend’s children, filled somewhat of the same position that their father had occupied towards him. “Ruskin used to come,” says one of them (Sir William Richmond), “to my father’s house to what we called ‘high tea’; other friends dropped in to this genial meal and spent the evening in conversation, almost always finishing up with music. We children were allowed to sit up and partake of the intellectual as well as emotional feast. How well I remember the gaunt,

¹ Vol. XIX. p. 291. It may be added that Newton married Mr. Arthur Severn’s eldest sister.

² See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 275.

³ Vol. XXXV. p. 278.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 337.

delicate-looking young man, with a profusion of reddish hair,¹ shaggy eyebrows like to a Scotch terrier, under them gleaming eyes which bore within them a strange light, the like of which I have never seen except in his. . . . The eyes told of an imaginative fire as well as of penetrating observation, likewise of the kindness and generosity of his nature."² At Denmark Hill, adds Sir William Richmond, "I spent many happy days with Ruskin, never to be forgotten." The letters show how much interest Ruskin took in the development of the young painter's talent, and some of the later ones in the series tell us with how wistful and grateful and affection Ruskin looked back in old age to happy days spent with George Richmond and his circle.³

Of Dean Liddell and his family Ruskin has given some notice in *Præterita*.⁴ He hardly, however, does justice there to his early intercourse with Liddell; the letters already published about *Modern Painters*⁵ show the two men engaged in close and earnest discussion. That Liddell was one of the early admirers of that book we have already seen,⁶ and his admiration appears again in a letter of sympathy in some personal trouble which he wrote in 1846 to Acland. "Think less," he said, "and relax yourself more; do not pore over things. Look at Nature and read Ruskin's books."⁷ It was to Liddell, in conjunction with Acland, that Ruskin's election to the Slade Professorship was due, and the letters here printed, or already given, show that Ruskin and the Dean were on more affectionate terms⁸ than the references in *Præterita* might suggest.

With the publication of the first volumes of *Modern Painters* Ruskin's correspondence begins to take a wider range. We now see him as a rising light, admitted into literary and artistic circles (*below*, p. 37). Among those who sought him out was Samuel Rogers, already eighty years of age at the date of Ruskin's first letter to him (*ibid.*). Ruskin had been admitted into the Presence before, and had not shown proper reverence.⁹ But he now knew better, and his letters to the poet, given here, show him as an adept in the art of pleasant flattery.

¹ Ruskin's hair, however, was never "reddish"; it was light brown.

² "Ruskin as I Knew Him," in *St. George*, vol. v. p. 288.

³ See, for instance, Vol. XXXVII. pp. 439, 588. Among the earlier letters to Richmond, that at p. 561 below may be instanced as a good example of Ruskin's wise counsel.

⁴ Vol. XXXV. pp. 203–204, 505–508.

⁵ In Vol. III. pp. 667–676.

⁶ Vol. III. p. 668 *n.*

⁷ J. B. Atlay's *Memoir of Acland*, p. 117.

⁸ See the Dean's remark cited in Vol. XX. p. xxxiii.

⁹ See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 93.

With Rogers, Ruskin was only on terms of respectful homage in the presence of gracious condescension. Of another, and a very different, literary personage of the day—Mary Russell Mitford (1787–1855)—he was a devoted friend. He describes her among the circle of modest authors, in the days of the *Annuals*, who were within his ken, through his “first editor,” W. H. Harrison—“merry Miss Mitford, actually living in the country, actually walking in it, loving it.” To her studies of country life, and of children,¹ he attached no small importance in literary history. Her writings, he said, “have the playfulness and purity of the *Vicar of Wakefield* without the naughtiness of its occasional with, or the dust of the world’s great road on the other side of the hedge.”² She, on her part, was an early admirer of *Modern Painters*,³ and was as enthusiastic in praise of the author as of his book. Ruskin had first been to see her in January 1847. “Have you read an Oxford Graduate’s letters on Art?” she wrote to a friend (January 27). “The author, Mr. Ruskin, was here last week, and is certainly the most charming person I have ever known. The books are very beautiful, although I do not agree in all the opinions; but the young man himself is just what if one had a son one should have dreamt of his turning out, in mind, manner, conversation, everything.”⁴ The visit was repeated; and Miss Mitford was more and more delighted with him. “He has been here two or three times,” she wrote (July 26); “he is by far the most eloquent and interesting young man that I have ever seen—grace itself and sweetness.”⁵ Miss Mitford was herself a famous talker; there must have been much in common between the authoress of *Our Village* and Ruskin, and each no doubt in turn proved a sympathetic listener to the other. She was at this time nearing the end of her life; she was sixty when Ruskin first met her, in poor health and not overburdened by worldly goods. In her *Recollections of a Literary Life*, published in 1852, she says: “My most kind friend Mr. Ruskin will understand why I connect his name with the latest event that has befallen me, the leaving the cottage that for thirty years had been my shelter”⁶—her removal from the little cottage at Three

¹ See *Art of England*, § 109 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 339).

² See below, p. 164.

³ See Vol. III. p. xxxviii.

⁴ To Mrs. Partridge: *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford*, edited by Rev. A. G. L’Estrange, 1882, vol. ii. p. 107; and *Letters of M. R. Mitford*, second series, edited by Henry Chorley, 1872, vol. i. p. 230. See also a letter to Mrs. Browning, of July 30, 1848, in L’Estrange’s *Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 211.

⁵ *Letters of Mary Russell Mitford*, second series, edited by H. F. Chorley, 1872, vol. i. p. 233. See also ii. 24, 82, 134, 145.

⁶ Ch. xiii. (“Great Prose Writers”) of vol. iii. of the *Recollections* concludes (p. 292) with this mention of Ruskin.

Mile Cross to Swallowfield. Ruskin's thoughtful kindness in divers little ways did much, we are told, to cheer her closing days. "He sent her every book that would interest, and every delicacy that would strengthen her."¹ The letters in this volume show his desire to amuse and please, and the receipt of them was always something of an event to her. "I have had six charming letters from dear John Ruskin," she wrote to her friend and neighbour, the Rev. Hugh Pearson (November 13, 1854); and again (November 24): "To-day brought me a most delightful note from dear Mr. Ruskin. You shall see all his letters; they are charming."² "There is a richness and transparency in Mr. Ruskin's writing," she says, "that has scarcely ever been equalled. Such power of beauty and expression is not to be found in any letters which I have received. He is the best letter-writer of his or any age."³ When he was on the Continent, Ruskin did not forget to send her books. She writes to Mrs. Browning (August 28, 1854): "Dear Mr. John Ruskin was, when I heard from him, at Geneva with his parents, sending me everything that he could imagine to help or amuse me. His last gift was a French volume, *Scènes et Proverbes par Octave Feuillet*."⁴ And a few months later a visit from Ruskin, as she told the same friend, gave her much enjoyment. After her death Ruskin wrote an account of this visit, with an appreciation of her character, to Mrs. Browning. The editors are unable to give this letter,⁵ but a few passages from Mrs. Browning's reply may be quoted to show its purport. "I agree with you," she said, "in much if not in everything you have written of her. It was a great, warm, outflowing heart, and the head was worthy of the heart. . . . There might have been, as you suggest, a somewhat different development elsewhere than in Berkshire—not very different, though—souls don't grow out of the ground. I agree with you that she was stronger and wider in her conversation and letters than in her books. Oh, I have said so a hundred times. . . . But no, her 'judgment' was not 'unerring.'"⁶

¹ *The Friendships*, etc., vol. ii. p. 108.

² *Letters*, second series, vol. ii. pp. 223, 227.

³ *The Friendships*, etc., vol. ii. p. 111.

⁴ *Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 288.

⁵ It is not among Mr. R. W. Browning's collection, so generously placed by him at the disposal of the editors. Perhaps Mrs. Browning sent it to some friend of Miss Mitford.

⁶ From Mrs. Browning's letter of November 5, 1855, to Ruskin, in *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. p. 216. The whole of the letter is worth study, not only for its characterisation of Miss Mitford, but incidentally for some shrewd criticism of Ruskin himself. Lovers of Miss Mitford are familiar with her beloved servant "K" (see, for instance, Lady Ritchie's charming

With nearly all the poets of the day Ruskin became acquainted, and with some of those of a preceding generation he had certain links of association. He was the friend of “Keats’s *Severn*,” to whom there are two letters in this Collection (pp. 68, 353), and whose son, Arthur, was to become closely connected with him. He had seen Southey, though only in church, when a boy, and the description of the poet’s features in the *Iteiad* (II. p. 297) is observant and agrees with the portraits. On the same occasion he saw Wordsworth, who a few years later heard Ruskin recite a Prize Poem at Oxford and took kindly notice of him;¹ but it is disappointing that he never afterwards met the poet, as he might so easily have done, either in London or in the Lakes. Wordsworth, as we have seen, was among the early readers of *Modern Painters*.²

With Coventry Patmore, Ruskin was acquainted through his early tutor Dr. Andrews,³ whose fifth daughter, Emily Augusta (1824–1862), was Patmore’s first wife—“by whom and for whom,” he said in the dedication to *The Angel in the House*, “I became a poet.” For that poem, of which the first part appeared in 1854, Ruskin had a great admiration. “A most finished piece of writing,” he called it in *The Elements of Drawing*, “and the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet modern domestic feeling.”⁴ He quotes from it in *Sesame and Lilies*, and speaks of Patmore as “the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies.”⁵ His defence of Patmore’s simplicity of diction, contained in a letter to *The Critic* in 1860, is one of Ruskin’s most interesting pieces of literary criticism.⁶ Of Patmore himself, he speaks in *Fors Clavigera* as a “greatly honoured and loved friend.”⁷ Of Patmore’s later *Odes*, Ruskin wrote that “no living human being had ever done anything that helped him so much.”⁸ It is interesting to know, however, that Ruskin’s first admiration for the poet was not coloured by any bias for the friend. A copy of the first part of *The Angel* was sent to him anonymously. “Rossetti was with him a day

Introduction to the illustrated edition of *Our Village*, 1903). There is a letter from Ruskin to his father (Arona, July 14, 1858) in which he encloses “one from the son of Miss Mitford’s pet servant K, always pronounced Kay, being the only conceivable pleasant abbreviation of the pious old English scriptural name Kerenhappuch [Job xlii. 14]. The letter was, as usual, one saying that something had failed which ought to have gone right.” Ruskin goes on to beg his father, for Miss Mitford’s sake, to try and get a situation for the boy.

¹ Vol. II. p. xxvii.

² Vol. III. p. xxxvii.

³ See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 71, 73–74.

⁴ Vol. XV. p. 227.

⁵ Vol. XVIII. p. 120 and *n*.

⁶ Vol. XXXIV. pp. 488–490.

⁷ Letter 66 (1876), Vol. XXVIII. p. 633.

⁸ *Memoir*, vol. i. p. 250, where Patmore quotes the words, which, however, do not occur in the letters printed in that book; but see below, p. 548.

or two after he received it; Ruskin asked him if he had seen or knew anything about 'a glorious book called *The Angel in the House*.'"¹ With Patmore's earlier *Poems* of 1844, Ruskin only became acquainted at a later date, as a letter in the present Collection shows (p. 147). Ruskin's letters to the poet reveal alike admiration for the work and affection for the man. He was godfather to one of the poet's sons, and presented another with a nomination to Christ's Hospital. Some of the letters refer or are addressed to Patmore's daughter, Bertha, of whose artistic talent Ruskin thought highly and whom he assisted with much advice. He was not fond of dining out, but he seems, if we may judge from one of the letters (p. 546), to have made an exception in favour of Patmore's parties. At one of these, it is interesting to hear, the guests were Browning, Ruskin, and Tennyson only.² Conversation between Ruskin and Patmore—Ruskin ever courteous and deferential, yet paradoxical and not always to be gained, Patmore imperious and disdainful (as Mr. Sargent has depicted him)—must have been anything but dull. Patmore's notes of his visits to Brantwood (in 1875 and 1879), from which I have quoted in an earlier volume,³ suggest that the surface of friendly discussion was not always quite unruffled. On one occasion, writes Patmore, "I praised a little book of old Catholic devotion, called *The Spiritual Combat*, which I saw among his books. 'Oh, do you think so much of it? Now, it seems to me to be drivel: how do you account for that?' said he. I replied, 'I suppose that you have not had the particular experience which explains it.' This manifestly annoyed him."⁴ Which in its turn, as I think we may see, did not displease the recorder. A letter has been published from Mr. Aubrey de Vere in which he suggested to Patmore that, considering how much influence he had with Ruskin, he should write to his friend "seriously respecting the claims of the Church on men who see as much as he does, when not in perverse moods, of its character and its work."⁵ I do not know that Patmore undertook the task; it may be surmised from some letters in the present Collection that Ruskin held himself to belong to a Church yet more Catholic.⁶

With Elizabeth Barrett also, Ruskin was an admirer of the poet

¹ From a letter of Patmore's to William Allingham (November 6, 1854) in *Memoir and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, by Basil Champneys, vol. ii. p. 179.

² *Memoir and Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 130 n.

³ Vol. XXIII. p. xxvi.

⁴ *Memoir and Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 284, where it is stated that Ruskin once said of somebody that to hear him talking of Patmore's poetry was "like seeing a little devil jumping upon a bed of lilies."

⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 342. Mr. Aubrey de Vere was himself a friend of Ruskin.

⁶ Vol. XXXVII. p. 191.

before he became acquainted with the writer. In the first volume of *Stones of Venice*, he had written of “the burning mystery of Coleridge” and “spirituality of Elizabeth Barrett,”¹ and this must have been “the word dropped in one of his books” of which Mrs. Browning afterwards said to him that she “picked it up and wore for a crown.”² She was an intimate friend of Miss Mitford, and in a letter to her of 1848 Mrs. Browning mentions that she and her husband were reading “your Oxford student’s work upon art.”³ In 1852 Mr. and Mrs. Browning spent some months in London; and Ruskin, doubtless at Miss Mitford’s suggestion, went to call upon them, and they presently, as has already been related, went to see him, his parents, and the Turner drawings at Denmark Hill.⁴ They counted Ruskin henceforward among their “valuable acquaintances,” and he became an occasional correspondent. His reference to the “noble poem,” *Casa Guidi Windows*, in the second volume of *Stones of Venice*⁵ (1853) must have given Mrs. Browning much pleasure, for contemporary criticism was less favourable to the piece than it deserved. The earliest of Ruskin’s letters to her, contained in this volume, was written in March 1855 (p. 191), and in it he spoke of his admiration for her poems, adding some pretty compliments besides. A further letter of April (p. 195), in which he mingles some criticism with compliments, is the more interesting because Mrs. Browning’s letter in vindication of herself is also accessible.⁶ Presently, in the summer of 1855, Mr. and Mrs. Browning were again in London, and they resumed their personal intercourse with Ruskin. Of his meetings with Robert Browning in this year (and through him with Leighton), and of their discussions upon poetry, account has already been given.⁷

Ruskin at this time seems to have read Browning with some difficulty, and this was a sore point with the poet’s wife. He tried again, and seems to have written appreciatively. “You please me,” wrote Mrs. Browning to him (November 5, 1855),—“oh, so much—by the words about my husband. When you wrote to praise my poems, of course I had to bear it—I couldn’t turn round and say, ‘Well; and why don’t you praise him, who is worth twenty of me? Praise my second Me, as well as my Me proper, if you please.’ One’s forced to be rather decent and modest for one’s husband as well as for one’s

¹ Vol. IX. p. 228.

² In a letter of March 17, 1855: *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, 1897, vol. ii. p. 191.

³ *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 384.

⁴ See Vol. V. p. xlvi.

⁵ Vol. X. p. 243 n.

⁶ In the *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. pp. 198–202.

⁷ In Vol. V. pp. xlv., xlvi.

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self, even if it's harder. I couldn't pull at your coat to read *Pippa Passes*, for instance. I can't now. But you have put him on the shelf, so we have both taken courage to send you his new volumes, *Men and Women*, not that you may say 'pleasant things' of them, or think yourself bound to say anything indeed, but that you may accept them as a sign of the esteem and admiration of both of us. I consider them on the whole an advance upon his former poems, and am ready to die at the stake for my faith in these last."¹ Ruskin read the new poems, and sent a letter of appreciation which greatly pleased the poet,² though containing also much criticism, to which he thus replied:—

"PARIS, Dec. 10th, '55.

"MY DEAR RUSKIN,—for so you let me begin, with the honest friendliness that befits,—

"You never were more in the wrong than when you professed to say 'your unpleasant things' to me. This is pleasant and proper at all points, over-liberal of praise here and there, kindly and sympathetic everywhere, and with enough of yourself in even—what I fancy—the misjudging, to make the whole letter precious indeed. I wanted to thank you thus much at once,—that is, when the letter reached me; but the strife of lodging-hunting was too sore, and only now that I can sit down for a minute without self-reproach do I allow my thoughts to let go south-aspects, warm bedrooms, and the like, and begin as you see. For the deepnesses you think you discern,—may they be more than mere blacknesses! For the hopes you entertain of what may come of subsequent readings,—all success to them! For your bewilderment more especially noted—how shall I help *that*? We don't read poetry the same way, by the same law; it is too clear. I cannot begin writing poetry till my imaginary reader has conceded licences to me which you demur at altogether. I *know* that I don't make out my conception by my language, all poetry being a putting the infinite within the finite. You would have me paint it all plain out, which can't be; but by various artifices I try to make shift with touches and bits of outlines which *succeed* if they bear the conception from me to you. You ought, I think, to keep pace with the thought tripping from ledge to ledge of my 'glaciers,' as you call them; not stand poking your alpenstock into the holes, and demonstrating that no foot could have stood there;—suppose it sprang over there? In *prose* you may criticise so—because that is the absolute representation of portions of truth, what chronicling is to history—but in asking for more *ultimates* you

¹ *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. p. 218.

² See Vol. V. p. xlvi.

must accept less *mediates*, nor expect that a Druid stone-circle will be traced for you with as few breaks to the eye as the North Crescent and South Crescent that go together so cleverly in many a suburb. Why, you look at my little song as if it were Hobbs' or Nobbs' lease of his house, or testament of his devisings, wherein, I grant you, not a 'then and there,' 'to him and his heirs,' 'to have and to hold,' and so on, would be superfluous; and so you begin:—'Stand still,—why?'¹ For the reason indicated in the verse, to be sure,—*to let me draw him*—and because he is at present going his way, and fancying nobody notices him,—and moreover, 'going on' (as we say) against the injustice of that,—and lastly, inasmuch as one night he'll fail us, as a star is apt to drop out of heaven, in authentic astronomic records, and I want to make the most of my time. So much may be in 'stand still.' And how much more was (for instance) in that 'stay!' of Samuel's (I. xv. 16). So could I twit you through the whole series of your objurgations, but the declaring my own notion of the law on the subject will do. And why,—I prithee, friend and fellow-student,—why, having told the Poet what you read,—may I not turn to the bystanders, and tell them a bit of my mind about their own stupid thanklessness and mistaking? Is the jump too much there? The whole is all but a simultaneous feeling with me.

"The other hard measure you deal me I won't bear—about my requiring you to pronounce words short and long, exactly as I like. Nay, but exactly as the language likes, in this case. *Foldskirts* not a trochee? A spondee possible in English? Two of the 'longest monosyllables' continuing to be each of the whole length when in junction? Sentence: let the delinquent be forced to supply the stone-cutter with a thousand companions to 'Affliction sore—long time he bore,' after the fashion of 'He lost his life—by a penknife'—'He turned to clay—last Good Friday,' 'Departed hence—nor owed six-pence,' and so on—so would pronounce a jury accustomed from the nipple to say lord and landlord, bridge and Cambridge, Gog and Magog, man and woman, house and workhouse, coal and charcoal, cloth and broad-cloth, skirts and fold-skirts, more and once more,—in short! Once *more* I prayed!—is the confession of a self-searching professor! 'I stand here for law!'

"The last charge I cannot answer, for you may be right in preferring it, however unwitting I am of the fact. I *may* put Robert Browning into Pippa and other men and maids. If so, *peccavi*: but I don't see myself in them, at all events.

"Do you think poetry was ever generally understood—or can be? Is the business of it to tell people what they know already, as they know it, and so precisely that they shall be able to cry out—'Here you should

¹ Referring to the poem, "Stand still, true poet that you are," with the line, "And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes, and Nokes combine."

supply *this—that*, you evidently pass over, and I'll help you from my own stock'? It is all teaching, on the contrary, and the people hate to be taught. They say otherwise,—make foolish fables about Orpheus enchanting stocks and stones, poets standing up and being worshipped,—all nonsense and impossible dreaming. A poet's affair is with God,—to whom he is accountable, and of whom is his reward; look elsewhere, and you find misery enough. Do you believe people understand *Hamlet*? The last time I saw it acted, the heartiest applause of the night went to a little by-play of the actor's own—who, to simulate madness in a hurry, plucked forth his handkerchief and flourished it hither and thither: certainly a third of the play, with no end of noble things, had been (as from time immemorial) suppressed, with the auditory's amplest acquiescence and benediction. Are these wasted, therefore? No—they act upon a very few, who react upon the rest: as Goldsmith says, 'some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation, are pleased to be kind.'

"Don't let me lose *my* lord by any seeming self-sufficiency or petulance: I look on my own shortcomings too sorrowfully, try to remedy them too earnestly: but I shall never change my point of sight, or feel other than disconcerted and apprehensive when the public, critics and all, begin to understand and approve me. But what right have *you* to disconcert me in the other way? Why won't you ask the next perfumer for a packet of *orris*-root? Don't everybody know 'tis a corruption of *iris*-root—the Florentine lily, the *giaggolo*, of world-wide fame as a good savour? And because 'iris' means so many objects already, and I use the old word, you blame me! But I write in the blind-dark, and bitter cold, and past post-time as I fear. Take my truest thanks, and understand at least this rough writing, and, at all events, the real affection with which I venture to regard you. And 'I' means my wife as well as

"Yours ever faithfully,
"ROBERT BROWNING."¹

Ruskin answered promptly, for on Christmas Eve Mrs. Browning thus replied:—

"3, Rue du Colysée,
"Thursday Evening, 24th [December, 1855].

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—Your note having just arrived, Robert deputed me to write for him while he dresses to go out on an engagement. It is the evening. All the hours are wasted, since the morning, through our not being found at the Rue de Grenelle, but here—and our instinct of self-preservation or self-satisfaction insists on our not losing a moment more by our own fault.

¹ From W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, pp. 163–167. Part of the letter has already been quoted in Vol. V. p. xlvi.

“Thank you, thank you for sending us your book, and also for writing my husband’s name in it. It will be the same thing as if you had written mine—except for the pleasure, as you say, which is greater so. How good and kind you are!

“And not well. That is worst. Surely you would be better if you had the summer in winter we have here. But I was to write only a word—Let it say how affectionately we regard you.

“ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.”

Ruskin’s mature opinion of some of Browning’s work was given in the fourth volume of *Modern Painters*,¹ published in 1856. Towards the end of that year, Mrs. Browning published *Aurora Leigh*, and Ruskin wrote two enthusiastic letters to her husband² in praise of the poem (pp. 247, 252)—praise which he repeated in *The Elements of Drawing* in terms no less enthusiastic.³

In *The Political Economy of Art* (1857),⁴ Ruskin again had occasion to mention *Casa Guidi Windows*; and the next of his letters (pp. 275–276) refers to this. It is addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Browning—“for I never think of you two separately,” he said in a further letter (p. 279), and they were in the habit of writing joint letters to him. Ruskin’s next letter was somewhat gloomy; perhaps he was sad in order that he might be comforted, in which case Mrs. Browning’s reply (January 1, 1859) gave him, in very beautiful and affectionate terms, what he needed.⁵ She tells him, among other things, that his sadness is only “the languor after victory”; she speaks with delight of all he is “permitted to do for England in matters of art,” and seeks to draw him out of himself by asking his advice about the education of her son. The year 1859 saw the Franco-Sardinian war for the liberation of Italy. Mrs. Browning’s next letter to Ruskin (June 3)⁶ shows her passionate enthusiasm for the Italian cause and her indignation with the anti-French sentiment in England. Here she and Ruskin were heartily in sympathy;⁷ and “we thank you and love you,” she writes, “dear, dear Mr. Ruskin, more than ever for your good word about our Italy.” The reference is perhaps to his private letter of January 15 (p. 303). Later in the year he took up his parable in the public press, and his Letters on the Italian Question,⁸ about which he wrote to Mrs.

¹ Vol. VI. pp. 446–449.

² Mrs. Browning refers to them in a letter to Mrs. Jameson (*Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. p. 253).

³ See Vol. XV. p. 227.

⁴ Vol. XVI. p. 68 n.

⁵ *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. pp. 299–301.

⁶ *Ibid.*, pp. 315–317.

⁷ See Vol. XVIII. p. xxiii.

⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 537–545.

Browning (p. 330), must, with some qualifications, have pleased her greatly. He was not indeed so optimistic about modern Italy as she, nor yet at all times so anti-Austrian; but this correspondence is of interest as giving to him also some link in that "golden ring" which the English poetess made, as the Italian poet said, between Italy and England. In July came the Peace of Villafranca—a bitter disappointment, put what gloss upon it she might; Ruskin speaks of it as her death-warrant (pp. 347, 413). The year 1860, which opened with the cession of Savoy and Nice to the Emperor Napoleon, witnessed presently Garibaldi's liberation of Southern Italy. Ruskin wrote to Mrs. Browning about the state of affairs in November—not too sympathetically, one may think (pp. 349–350). The last of his letters, written six months later, is a very interesting one. She greatly enjoyed hearing from him, and "I'm going to write often now," he said. That was on May 13, 1861. On June 29 she passed away. Her death was a great loss to Ruskin (p. 374), and it was some time before he could bring himself to write to her husband (p. 392). The publication of the poet's *Dramatis Personæ* in 1864 drew a letter from Ruskin. He had known the original of "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," and seems to have thought that he had been unfairly treated in the poem. The tenour of Ruskin's letter may be gathered from Browning's interesting reply:—

"19 WARWICK CRESCENT, *Jan. 30th, '65.*—MY DEAR RUSKIN,—I got a letter from the lady the other day—there was no need to trouble you on the subject, or doubt my ready assent to her request. I *will* go to you, indeed, though you doubt it,—will do so at an early day, and apprise you properly, for few things will delight me so much. I have always remembered the sadness in which you were and will long be, and your Mother's too. Give her my love, as if it did not go to her at letter's end—her kindness and other kindness from your house, beside your own, came to me once on a time when I could string such pearls on a necklace and see them work, and to double advantage *so*. I have the shawl your mother netted with her own hands, and mean it, if God please, for my son's wife one day.

"You are wrong, however, to be angry with my poem; nor do you state the facts of it my way. I don't expose jugglery, but anatomize the mood of the juggler,—all morbidness of the soul is worth the soul's study; and the particular sword which 'loveth and maketh a lie' is of wide ramification. What I present, thus anatomized, would have its use even were there a veritable 'mediumship' of which this of mine were but the *simulacrum*. But I meant, beside this, to please myself (and I hope, God) by telling the truth about a miscreant, whom, by one of the directest interventions

of God's finger I seem ever to have recognised, this poem has already been the means of properly punishing: I know what I say.

"I don't catch the parallel in the other case of the 'dejection'—what does *that* simulate? or in what need exposure? Then, to me there is no 'nastiness' in it at all,—the external circumstance, which seems to arrest your eye, being, when viewed from a higher point, just the consummate contrivance of utmost 'niceness'—if men were born '*scatophagi*,' and the repellent properties were found all the same, then—'nastiness,' if you like: as it is, that quality saves them from abomination, and is precious.

"Let me purify your mind by returning to you and what you assure me of, and what I believe—believe me in turn yours ever affectionately and gratefully,
ROBERT BROWNING."

Browning and Ruskin continued occasionally to correspond¹ and to see each other; and on Ruskin's last visit to London, he notes with special pleasure a meeting with his old friend.²

It was through Coventry Patmore that Ruskin became personally acquainted with the other chief poet of his time. Tennyson, as we have heard,³ was an early reader of *Modern Painters*, and in later years he spoke of Ruskin as one of the six great masters of English prose.⁴ Ruskin, on his side, though he preferred Tennyson's earlier to his later work, was a strong admirer, as numerous passages in his books and correspondence sufficiently attest.⁵ Of the letters to Tennyson himself, the first, written in 1855,⁶ is a general expression of Ruskin's debt, and contains an invitation to Denmark Hill, to see the Turners, which Tennyson seems to have accepted.⁷ Presently the poet published *Maud*, which was received at the time with much hostility and misunderstanding. This was the occasion of Ruskin's second letter (p. 230). The third letter, two years later (p. 264), was sent in connexion with the edition of Tennyson's Poems illustrated by Rossetti and other Pre-Raphaelite artists. In 1858 Ruskin and Tennyson met sometimes at Little Holland House, and it was of these occasions that Tennyson has recorded some remarks by Ruskin.⁸ The publication of the *Idyls* called forth another, and a very interesting, letter from Ruskin (p. 320). The two men met occasionally in later years, and may have been at the Metaphysical Society's meetings together. On one occasion in the

¹ See below, p. 481.

² See Vol. XXXV. p. xxix.

³ Vol. III. p. xxxvii.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. xxxviii. *n.*

⁵ See below, pp. 157, 224, 326, 327, 349, 570; and the General Index.

⁶ This has been printed in Vol. V. p. xlvii.

⁷ For in noticing their meeting in 1858, the poet's son mentions it as "again": see the *Memoir*, vol. i. p. 428.

⁸ See below, p. liii.; and Vol. XIV. p. 119 *n.*

'seventies Ruskin lunched with the poet, whose son has recorded an interesting note of their talk:—

“Ruskin lunched with us, adorned by his accustomed blue tie, kind and courteous as ever. He said that his inclination was to devote himself still to Art, but that he felt it a duty to give the remainder of his life to the education of the poorer classes. In his opinion ‘Everything bad is to be found in London and other large cities; and only in life and work in country fields is there health for body and for mind.’ My father and he deprecated in the strongest possible language the proposed Channel Tunnel.

“Before Ruskin took his leave, my father said to him: ‘Do you know that most romantic of lyrics?

‘He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said Adieu for evermore,
My Love!
And adieu for evermore.’

‘Do I not?’ said Ruskin. ‘I am so glad you like it, Tennyson; I place it among the best things ever done by any one.’”¹

Tennyson was interested in some of Ruskin’s later literary criticisms. Like other persons, he did not accept all the *obiter dicta*, but he found them suggestive. He was asked by a friend what he thought of Ruskin’s eulogy of Byron in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*. He agreed with it in ranking Byron’s poetry very high. He did not agree about the particular lines from *The Island*.² After seeing Ruskin’s paper, Tennyson “read *The Island* through the other night,” he said, “but did not find much in it.” “The open vowels are good,” he added, of the passage cited by Ruskin, but “I don’t know what is meant by ‘Alpine azure,’ and certainly that about the rivulet falling from the cliff being like a goat’s eye is very bad.” “What did you think of the article altogether?” “I think Ruskin’s remarks on the passage in Shakespeare very good³—on the fitness of the placing of the words.”⁴

With Tennyson’s friend, Francis Turner Palgrave, an early admirer

¹ *Memoir*, vol. ii. p. 222. The lines are quoted from the Song of the Rover in the third canto of *Rokeby*. They were adapted by Scott from the last verse of a poem by Captain Ogilvie; a poem of which a version is included also in the works of Burns (“It was a’ for our rightfu’ King”).

² See Vol. XXXIV. p. 333.

³ Vol. XXXIV. pp. 334–337.

⁴ *William Allingham: a Diary*, edited by H. Allingham and D. Radford, 1907, p. 300. On another occasion (*ibid.*, p. 326) Tennyson discussed some remarks on Coleridge in Ruskin’s *Elements of Prosody* (Vol. XXXI. p. 350). He rather agreed with Ruskin that the lines in question were bad.

of *Modern Painters*,¹ Ruskin was also acquainted, and a few letters to him are included in this Collection.

Another poet whose work Ruskin greatly admired, and whose friendly acquaintance he valued, was James Russell Lowell. His name often occurs in the Correspondence, and one letter to him is included (p. 326). "My dear friend and teacher," Ruskin called him in the last volume of *Modern Painters*;² and Lowell, on his side, in a published address on the choice of books, hoped "to see the works of Ruskin within the reach of every artisan among us," adding in another lecture that Ruskin held "a divining rod of exquisite sensitiveness for the rarer and more recondite sources of purifying enjoyment as well as for those more obvious and nearer to the surface."³ There is a letter from Lowell to Professor Norton,⁴ which refers to some criticisms by Ruskin on *The Cathedral*:—

"ELMWOOD, Oct. 15, 1870.

"Of course it could not but be very pleasant to me that Ruskin found something to like in *The Cathedral*. There is nobody whom I would rather please, for he is Catholic enough to like both Dante and Scott. I am glad to find also that the poem *sticks*. Those who liked it at first like it still, some of them better than ever, some extravagantly. At any rate it wrote itself; all of a sudden it was *there*, and that is something in its favour. Now Ruskin wants me to go over it with the file. That is just what I did. I wrote in pencil, then copied it out in ink, and worked over it as I never worked over anything before. . . . Now for Ruskin's criticisms. As to words, I am something of a purist, though I like best the word that best says the thing (you know I have studied lingo a little). I am fifty-one years old, however, and have in some sense won my spurs. I claim the right now and then to knight a plebeian word for good service in the field. But it will almost always turn out that it has after all good blood in its veins, and can prove its claim to be put in the saddle. *Rote* is a familiar word all along our seaboard to express that dull and continuous burden of the sea heard inland before or after a great storm. The root of the word may be in *rumpere*, but is more likely in *rotare*, from the identity of this sea-music with that of the *rote*—a kind of hurdy-gurdy with which the jongleurs accompanied their song. It is one of those Elizabethan words which we New-Englanders have preserved. It occurs in the 'Mirror for Magistrates'—*the sea's rote*, which Nares, not understanding, would change to *rore*! It

¹ See *Francis Turner Palgrave: His Journals and Memories of his Life*, by Gwennlian F. Palgrave, 1899, p. 36.

² Vol. VII. p. 451.

³ Quoted in Mr. Norton's Preface (p. vi.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Ariadne Florentina*.

⁴ In vol. ii. pp. 73–76 of *Letters of James Russell Lowell*, edited by C. E. Norton, 1894.

is not to be found in any provincial glossary, but I caught it *alive* at Beverley and the Isles of Shoals. Like ‘mobled queen,’ ’tis good.

“*Whiff* Ruskin calls ‘an American elevation of English loose word.’ Not a bit of it. I always thought ‘the *whiff* and wind of his fell sword’ in *Hamlet* rather fine than otherwise. Ben also has the word.

“*Down-shod* means shod with down. I doubted about this word myself—but I wanted it. As to *misgave*, the older poets used it as an active verb, and I have done with it as all poets do with language—my meaning is clear, and that is the main point. His objection to ‘spume-sliding down the baffled decuman’ I do not understand. I think if he will read over his ‘ridiculous Germanism’ (p. 13 *seq.*) with the context, he will see that he has misunderstood me. (By the way, ‘in our life alone doth Nature live’ is Coleridge’s, not Wordsworth’s.) I never hesitate to say anything I have honestly felt because some one may have said it before, for it will always get a new colour from the new mind, but here I was not saying the same thing by a great deal. *Nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu* would be nearer—though not what I meant. Nature (inanimate), which is the image of the mind, sympathises with all our moods. I would have numbered the lines as Ruskin suggests, only it looks as if one valued them too much. That sort of thing should be posthumous. You may do it for me, my dear Charles, if my poems survive me. Two dropt stitches I must take up which I notice on looking over what I have written. Ruskin surely remembers Carlyle’s ‘whiff of grapeshot.’ That is one. The other is that rote may quite as well be from the Icelandic *at hriota*=to snore; but my studies more and more persuade me that where there is in English a Teutonic and a Romance root meaning the same thing, the two are apt to melt into each other, so as to make it hard to say from which our word comes.”

Ruskin, as will be seen, was always critical, but nothing is more pleasing in his literary letters than their magnificent generosity in praise. We shall find an instance presently in the case of the early work of Mr. Swinburne, with whom Ruskin was acquainted, and whose genius he greatly admired (p. xlix.). Among younger men, he was drawn by spiritualistic affinities to Frederic Myers. A poet of a different order to whom Ruskin was warmly attached, and whose work he sometimes praised with lavish indulgence, was Miss Jean Ingelow. Several letters to her are included in our Collection, and some of hers to him have been quoted in connexion with *Præterita*.¹

Among the English novelists of the day, Dickens was Ruskin’s favourite. There are letters in this Collection in which, after the novelist’s death, Ruskin writes with disappointment of the characteristics

¹ Vol. XXXV. p. lvi. See also Vol. XXXIV. p. 720.

which impaired the good influence of Dickens;¹ but a reference to the passages collected in the General Index will show how diligent and delighted a reader Dickens had in Ruskin, and how highly he rated the novelist's power. Ruskin used to present some of his books to him, and doubtless corresponded with him, but at Dickens' death all letters were destroyed. Ruskin was also on friendly terms with Thackeray, as we have already seen,² and a letter to him is here included (p. 351). There are also two letters to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whom Ruskin had met more than once in Switzerland.

It was through Coventry Patmore, as already related,³ that Ruskin came into touch with the Pre-Raphaelites in 1851, but it was not till 1854 that he saw Rossetti. The beginning of the acquaintance, and the generous assistance which Ruskin gave both to Rossetti and to his future wife, Miss Siddal, have already been described (Vol. V. pp. xli., xlii.). He agreed to take all Rossetti's work for which he cared, up to a fixed sum a year; and for Miss Siddal's benefit, he made a similar arrangement. "Mr. Ruskin," wrote Rossetti, "has now settled on her £150 a year; and is to have all she does up to that sum."⁴ She was in delicate health, and Ruskin asked Dr. Acland to prescribe for her; the prescription was a winter abroad, and Ruskin gave her the means of going. He greatly admired her power of design, and he was energetic in spreading the praises of both artists in helpful quarters. The acquaintance soon passed into a friendship—of sincere affection, it would seem, on both sides. Ruskin was ten years Rossetti's senior; the one was thirty-five, the other twenty-five, when they met. But though Ruskin was the patron and the elder of the two, they associated for several years on the terms of easy equality essential to real friendship. Letters both to Rossetti and to Miss Siddal show how careful Ruskin had been to make light of the financial assistance. He gave, he said, only to please himself; Rossetti need feel no more sense of obligation than in accepting "a cup of tea,"⁵ and Miss Siddal was to "be so good as to consider herself as a beautiful tree or a bit of a Gothic cathedral," which he was trying to preserve for merely selfish reasons (p. 204). And on Rossetti the obligation did not weigh. "I had no idea," he once wrote to Ford Madox Brown, "that you were so monumental a character as

¹ See Vol. XXXVII. pp. 7, 10.

² See Vol. XVII. pp. xxix. n., 143.

³ Vol. XII. p. xlvi.

⁴ From a letter of May 3, 1855, in *D. G. Rossetti: His Family Letters, with a Memoir*, vol. ii. p. 137.

⁵ Vol. V. p. xliv.

to have a banker—a dangerous discovery!”¹ The Ruskin bank was also used, and sooner or later—generally later—Rossetti gave good value in drawings for consideration received. Ruskin did not hold Rossetti too closely to the bargain, though he did indeed object on one occasion when he had offered funds for a sketching-tour in Wales and Rossetti assumed that the offer would equally hold for a trip to Paris (p. 226). The arrangement was the best that could have been devised by a patron for an artist-client. It relieved Rossetti of pecuniary anxieties, but did not enslave his art. He accepted the terms the more gladly, because gratitude was accompanied both by respect for Ruskin’s genius and by a real liking for the man. “He is the best friend I ever had,” he wrote in one of his *Family Letters*² (1855); and similarly to William Allingham in the same year: “I have no more valued friend than he, and shall have much to say of him.”³ “For Ruskin as a man and as a man of letters Rossetti had,” says Mr. Hall Caine, “a profound admiration. He thought the prose of much of *Modern Painters* among the finest in the language, and he used to say that Ruskin’s best talking in private life was often as vivid and impassioned.”⁴ For one thing, Ruskin talked Rossetti into their famous co-operation at the Working Men’s College. “Ruskin,” wrote Rossetti to Allingham (November 1854), “has most liberally undertaken a drawing-class, which he attends every Thursday evening, and he and I had a long confab about plans for teaching. He is most enthusiastic about it, and has so infected me that I think of offering an evening weekly for the same purpose.”⁵ A few weeks later (January 1855) Rossetti wrote to the same correspondent that his class had begun: “I intend them to draw only from nature, and some of them, two or three, show unmistakable aptitude—almost all more than one could ever have looked for. Ruskin’s class has progressed astonishingly, and I must try to keep pace with him.”⁶ “It is to be remembered of Rossetti with loving honour,” wrote Ruskin in after years, “that he was the only one of our modern painters who taught disciples for love of them.”⁷ At the College, then, as often at Denmark Hill or in Rossetti’s studio, he and Ruskin met—painting together, taking counsel on art and poetry, discussing books and men and policies. The letters of each of the men draw an equally

¹ *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 102.

² Vol. ii. p. 137.

³ *Letters of D. G. Rossetti to W. Allingham*, 1897, p. 139.

⁴ “Some Personal Memories,” in the *Daily News*, Feb. 3, 1900. See also Mr. Hall Caine’s *My Story*, p. 120.

⁵ *Letters to W. Allingham*, p. 83.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 98.

⁷ *Præterita*, iii. § 13 (Vol. XXXV. p. 486).

pleasant picture of their friendship. Ruskin assumed the position of critic and mentor—suggesting subjects (p. 200), pointing out defects (p. 227), deploring the painter's incessant retouchings (p. 199). Rossetti, on his side, accepted all this for a while in good part, especially as he took his own way, nevertheless; and Ruskin, here as always in private intercourse, was as ready to learn as to teach. He begs Rossetti's assistance in selection of colours (p. 202); he asks to be allowed to come and see him paint (p. 230). Mr. A. P. Elmslie, who was a student at the Working Men's College in 1856, has given an anecdote which illustrates the friendly relations of the two art-teachers there. Rossetti walked round Ruskin's class-room one evening, when the latter was absent. "How's this?" he said; "nothing but blue studies—can't any of you see any colour but blue?" "It was by Mr. Ruskin's directions," one of the students answered. "Well, where do you get all this Prussian blue from?" asked Rossetti; and then, opening a cupboard, "Well, I declare, here's a packet with several dozen cakes of this fearful colour. Oh, I can't allow it; Mr. Ruskin will spoil everybody's eye for colour—I shall confiscate the whole lot: I must do it, in the interests of his and my pupils. You must tell him that I've taken them all away." When a few evenings later Ruskin was told what had happened, he "burst into one of those boisterous laughs in which he indulged whenever anything very much amused him."¹ Ruskin's criticisms of Rossetti's methods were conveyed in much the same vein of mock-heroics. His letters of reproof and remonstrance are entertaining, and should be read with an understanding of the mutual banter in which the friends were indulging,² and of the playful affection with which Ruskin seasoned his familiar talk. Ruskin said that he must decline to take drawings "after they have been more than nine times entirely rubbed out." "You are a conceited monkey," he wrote, "thinking your pictures right when I tell you positively they are wrong. What do *you* know about the matter, I should like to know?" (p. 272).

Ruskin appears not to have preserved Rossetti's letters to himself, but letters to other correspondents suggest the kind of way in which Rossetti paid Ruskin back. Ruskin was for diligence and concentration; and to that end proposed to throw Rossetti into prison: "we will have the cell made nice, airy, cheery, and tidy, and you'll get

¹ *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 192. See also Mr. Elmslie's paper, p. 44, in *The Working Men's College, 1854–1904*, edited by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies.

² Mr. A. C. Benson, in his monograph on *Rossetti* ("English Men of Letters" Series), p. 32, seems to me to miss this point.

on with your work gloriously" (p. 378). That was all very well, but Ruskin himself had allowed ten years to interpose between successive volumes of *Modern Painters*, "who, I tell him," wrote Rossetti, "will be old masters before the work is ended."¹ Their views on many subjects differed, and Rossetti, we may be sure, never feigned acquiescence. Sometimes he was frankly bored; as with the first chapter of *Unto this Last*, when it appeared in the *Cornhill*: "who could read it," he wrote to Allingham, "or anything about such bosh?"² "Ruskin I saw the other day," he says again, "and pitched into, he talked such awful rubbish; but he is a dear old chap, too, and as soon as he was gone I wrote my sorrows to him."³

To Rossetti the poet as to Rossetti the painter, the friendship was stimulating and helpful. Rossetti had shown Ruskin his translations from the Italian. Ruskin greatly admired them (p. 214), and gave the money-guarantee which seems to have been required to secure their publication.⁴ In 1856 Rossetti had published in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* his "Burden of Nineveh." Ruskin had no inkling of the authorship, and wrote to Rossetti "wild to know the author" of so "glorious" a poem (p. 243). The sequel is told in a letter to Allingham. "By-the-bye, it was Ruskin made me alter that line in *The Blessed Damozel*. I had never meant to show him any of my versifyings, but he wrote to me one day asking if I knew the author of *Nineveh* and could introduce him—being really ignorant, as I found—so after that the flesh was weak. Indeed, I do not know that it will not end in a volume of mine, one of these days."⁵ It appears that Rossetti showed Ruskin all his poems, then written, and asked him to submit one or other of them to Thackeray for the *Cornhill* (p. 342). This was not done; but Ruskin's praise—mixed with criticism, sometimes accepted by the poet, sometimes rejected as pedantic⁶—encouraged Rossetti, as we see, to prepare a volume of poems for publication.⁷ It was Rossetti who brought Ruskin to an appreciation of Robert Browning. "On reading *Men and Women*, and with it some of the other works which he didn't know before, Ruskin declared them rebelliously," wrote Rossetti, "to be a mass of conundrums, and compelled me to sit down before him and lay siege for one whole

¹ *D. G. Rossetti: Family Letters, with a Memoir*, vol. ii. p. 139.

² *Letters to W. Allingham*, p. 228.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 269.

⁴ See Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.'s letter in *Rossetti Papers*, p. 437.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 194.

⁶ On these points, see the note on p. 341, below.

⁷ The scheme was abandoned upon the death of his wife; but the manuscript, buried with her, was exhumed for publication seven years later.

night; the result of which was that he sent me next morning a bulky letter to be forwarded to B., in which I trust he told him he was the greatest man since Shakespeare!"¹ He did not quite do that, if we may judge from Browning's reply.² In admiration of Mrs. Browning's poetry, and especially of *Aurora Leigh*, Ruskin and Rossetti were at one.³ Of the poems of Rossetti's sister, Christina, Ruskin was, when they were first submitted to him in manuscript, severely critical, as one of our letters shows (p. 354). Rossetti sent it on to his brother "with very great regret—most senseless, I think. I have told him something of the sort in my answer."⁴ When the poems were published, however—whether with or without revision, I cannot tell—Ruskin pronounced them "very, very beautiful."⁵

Thus, then, we may picture the two friends together—sometimes agreeing, sometimes agreeing to differ. Ruskin, who, though not prim, was not Bohemian, found a good deal to put up with, and chide, in the irresponsible ways of Rossetti and his fiancée. He loved them as they were, but wished they could be better, and do as he bade them. "If you would do what I *want*," he wrote, "it would be much easier" (p. 227); they were "absurd creatures," both of them (p. 226); and as for Rossetti's rooms, the "litter" of them was disreputable (p. 198). Yet, curiously enough, after the death of Rossetti's wife, when he set up house in Cheyne Walk in a partnership which already was to include Swinburne and George Meredith, Ruskin proposed himself as another tenant (pp. 412, 419). Perhaps he did not mean the offer very seriously; at any rate nothing came of the proposal—which was fortunate, we may be sure, for all parties. Mr. Meredith has given a characteristic picture of the domestic interior. He drove over to Chelsea to inspect the apartments, which he had irresponsibly agreed to occupy. "It was past noon. Rossetti had not yet risen, though it was an exquisite day. On the breakfast table, on a huge dish, rested five thick slabs of bacon, upon which five rigid eggs had slowly bled to death. Presently Rossetti appeared in his dressing-gown with slippers down at heel, and devoured the repast like an ogre." This decided Mr. Meredith. He sent in a quarter's rent in advance, and remained in his own lodgings. Ruskin, who was a delicate liver, would have done the same, except that he might have tried to reform the Bohemian master of the house. Rossetti, moreover, had a catholic taste in live stock. Now, Ruskin also was fond of animals; of cats, one may suppose,

¹ *Letters to William Allingham*, p. 163.

² See p. xxxiv.

³ See below, p. 247 n.

⁴ *D. G. Rossetti: His Family Letters, with a Memoir*, vol. ii. p. 165.

⁵ From a letter of 1862 to Mrs. John Simon.

because they are domestic, of dogs because they are obedient, of sheep because these are gentle. There is a quaint entry in one of his later diaries noting his pleasure in giving orders that a sheep was to be allowed a free run over the Brantwood grounds. But a pet sheep is one thing. Rossetti's animal friends at Chelsea included owls, rabbits, dormice, hedgehogs, a woodchuck, a marmot, a kangaroo, wallabies, a deer, armadillos, a raccoon, a raven, a parrot, chameleons, lizards, salamanders, a laughing jackass, a zebu, a succession of wombats, and at one time, I believe, a bull. Ruskin, who was an occasional visitor, must have been devoutly thankful that he had not exchanged the peaceful amenities of Denmark Hill for the *ménage* and menagerie of his friend.

At Rossetti's Ruskin must often have met Swinburne, whom, however, he knew already through Lady Trevelyan. Among Ruskin's papers there is, in the poet's hand, a copy of a song which afterwards appeared in *Poems and Ballads*. It was sent to Ruskin with the following letter, which I am permitted to print:—

"22A DORSET STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE,
"Aug. 11 [1865].

"MY DEAR RUSKIN,—I send you the song you asked for, finding that I can remember it after dinner. Nevertheless it has given me far more labour to recollect and transcribe than it did originally to compose. But your selection of it as a piece of work more satisfactory than usual gave me so much pleasure that I was determined to send it when I could.

"Since writing the verses (which were literally improvised and taken down on paper one Sunday morning after breakfast) I have been told more than once, and especially by Gabriel Rossetti, that they were better than the subject. Three or four days ago I had the good fortune to be able to look well over the picture which alone put them into my head, and came to the conclusion which I had drawn at first, that whatever merit my song may have, it is not so complete in beauty, in tenderness and significance, in exquisite execution and delicate strength as Whistler's picture. Whistler himself was the first critic who so far overpraised my verse as to rank it above his own painting. I stood up against him for himself, and will, of course, against all others.

"I am going to take Jones (unless I hear from Whistler to the contrary) on Sunday next in the afternoon to W.'s studio. I wish you could accompany us. Whistler (as any artist worthy of his rank must be) is of course desirous to meet you, and to let you see his immediate work. As (I think) he has never met you, you will see that his desire to have it out with you face to face must spring simply from knowledge and appreciation of your

own works. If this meeting cannot be managed, I must look forward to the chance of entrapping you into my chambers on my return to London. If I could get Whistler, Jones, and Howell to meet you, I think we might so far cozen the Supreme Powers as for once to realise a few not unpleasant hours.

“Yours very sincerely,
“A. C. SWINBURNE.”

The song in the poet's hand is “Before the Mirror: Verses written under a Picture. Inscribed to J. A. Whistler.”¹ In the same envelope Ruskin preserved a copy (in some other hand) of “Itylus, 1863,” another of the pieces which haunt the memory of every reader of *Poems and Ballads*. The publication of the volume in 1866 caused, among self-appointed censors of morals, a commotion, now not very easy to understand. Ruskin, as will be seen from a letter in this volume (p. 521), approved Mr. W. M. Rossetti's defence. He himself had been appealed to by private friends to remonstrate with the young author on the error of daring ways. He was not usually averse from reading moral lectures, but he utterly declined the presumption of endeavouring to set rules and limits to the genius of his friend. Two letters may here be quoted as the tribute of one of the Victorian masters of prose to a compeer among the Victorian masters of verse:—

“(14 Sept. '66.)—He is infinitely above me in all knowledge and power, and I should no more think of advising or criticising him than of venturing to do it to Turner if he were alive again.”

“(17 Sept. '66.)—As for Swinburne not being my superior, he is simply one of the mightiest scholars of his age in Europe—knows Greek, Latin, and French as well as he knows English—can write splendid verse with equal ease in any of the four languages—knows nearly all the best literature of the four languages as well as I know—well—better than I know anything. And in power of imagination and understanding simply sweeps me away before him as a torrent does a pebble. I'm *righter* than he is—so are the lambs and the swallows, but they're not his match.”

Mr. Swinburne did not long stay with Rossetti in Cheyne Walk, and Ruskin's visits were soon to cease. That Ruskin and Rossetti would in the end fall out was inevitable. For one thing, Rossetti, in the period of his life which succeeded the death of his wife, quarrelled with most of his old friends. For another thing, Ruskin was didactic and Rossetti impatient. Rossetti was not deliberately assertive; but

¹ The MS. shows a few small variations from the printed text.
xxxvi.

his personality fascinated most men who came under his spell; he was accustomed to speak, and to have his words accepted without question. It was from Ruskin alone among his friends that he heard unfavourable criticism. A rift in the lute is discernible in a letter as early as 1860 (pp. 342–343). In the later letters of the series (1865), the rupture is declared. Rossetti, whose suspiciousness of his friends was soon to become a form of mania, was aggrieved by reports which reached him, and which he did not stop to verify, that drawings by himself and his wife were being sold by Ruskin. On his side, Ruskin was out of sympathy with the new, and more voluptuous, development of Rossetti's art, and loudly intolerant of his technical faults (p. 489). Rossetti renewed his complaints about Ruskin's disposal of his drawings; Ruskin retorted with pungent remarks on Rossetti's associates (p. 491). Rossetti, it is clear, while maintaining his own opinions, still wrote kindly, and even affectionately. But the bond of sympathy was broken. "We cannot at present be companions any more," wrote Ruskin, "though true friends, I hope, as ever" (p. 493). So Ruskin wrote in 1865, and for a while the friendship was kept in being. "Ruskin called on Gabriel on Wednesday," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti in his diary for December 7, 1866, "and all went off most cordially, Ruskin expressing great admiration of the 'Beatrice in a Death-trance.'" ¹ This was the "Beata Beatrix" bought, perhaps at Ruskin's suggestion, by his friend Mrs. Cowper-Temple, and now in the National Gallery by her bequest. In 1868 Ruskin sought, we are told, to enlist Rossetti's co-operation "in efforts for social amelioration on a systematic scale"; ² the actual suggestion was probably that Rossetti should join the committee on the Unemployed, in which, as other letters of the period show, Ruskin was deeply interested (pp. 558, 559). This, however, was not at all in Rossetti's line, and the two friends hereafter met seldom, if at all. They continued, however, occasionally to correspond, and remained on perfectly friendly terms. Ruskin showed "kind and unassuming generosity" to an Italian friend of Rossetti, ³ and "there is a letter from Ruskin to Rossetti, as late as August 1870, perfectly amicable, and including a reference to the *Poems* then published." ⁴ The break in their personal intercourse in no way affected Ruskin's appreciation of his friend's genius. In *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*, written in 1878, he mentioned many of Rossetti's pictures as "of quite imperishable power and value, as also many of the

¹ *Rossetti Papers*, p. 199.

² *Memoir of D. G. Rossetti*, vol. i. p. 262.

³ *Rossetti Papers*, p. 361.

⁴ *Memoir*, vol. i. p. 263.

poems to which he gave up part of his painter's strength."¹ Ruskin's references to Rossetti in *The Art of England* (1883) show how warmly he cherished the memory of his friend;² and Mr. Hall Caine, who saw much of Rossetti in his later years, tells me that he never spoke of Ruskin but with gratitude and loyalty. In *Præterita*, Ruskin had intended to speak of Rossetti more fully, but a short characterisation alone was written. "He was really," says Ruskin, "not an Englishman, but a great Italian tormented in the Inferno of England; doing the best he could; but the 'could' shortened by the strength of his animal passions, without any trained control, or guiding faith."³ What he thus spoke of the dead, he had said in effect to his friend, in one of the letters in this Collection. "I don't say you do wrong, because you don't seem to know what *is* wrong, but just to do whatever you like as far as possible—as puppies and tomtits do" (p. 226).

Of the friendship between Ruskin and Rossetti—a friendship which forms not the least interesting episode in the personal history of English art and literature during the last century—there is a memorial at Oxford in the shape of Rossetti's portrait of Ruskin. Rossetti was to have painted his portrait for their common friend, Professor Norton.⁴ This was never done, but the portrait in red chalk, here reproduced (Plate B), was made in 1861.

A name familiar to all readers of books about Rossetti and his circle is that of Charles Augustus Howell, to whom several letters in this Collection are addressed. Howell was a man of many parts and adventures. He was born of an English father in Portugal, his mother being a Portuguese lady of title, a direct descendant, it appears, of Boabdil il Chico, or as members of the Rossetti circle preferred to call him, "the cheeky." He had in his youth, as he used to tell, supported his mother and sisters by diving for treasures in a sunken galleon. He had lived in Morocco as sheik of an Arab tribe. He was at various times in his later years picture-dealer, member of the London School Board, and owner of a stud of race-horses. His adventures lost nothing in his telling of them, and Ford Madox Brown calls him "the Munchausen of the Pre-Raphaelite Circle."⁵ Ruskin's mother, a shrewd judge of character, used to give to some of his relations a shorter name.⁶ He was a man of remarkable

¹ Vol. XXXIV. p. 168.

² Vol. XXXIII. p. 270.

³ See Vol. XXXV. p. 486.

⁴ See below, pp. 311, 329, 335, 405, 497.

⁵ See the *Life of Ford Madox Brown*, by F. M. Hueffer, pp. 286–288.

⁶ See Vol. XIX. p. xxxvii. To the region of romance may be ascribed a wonderful story about Ruskin recorded by Mr. W. M. Rossetti in his diary, from Howell's relation, in *Rossetti Papers*, p. 334.

assiduity, address, and humour. He fascinated alike Rossetti and Ruskin. By Ruskin he was employed for some years as private secretary, factotum, and almoner. It is in this capacity that we meet him in the characteristic series of Ruskin's Letters to which allusion has been made in a previous volume,¹ and which may here be read (pp. 502 *seq.*). Ruskin presently found reason to cease relations with his secretary, whose intimacy with Rossetti did not terminate, however, till 1876.²

Of the other two members of the original Pre-Raphaelite trio, Millais was for a time Ruskin's close friend; this chapter in his life has already been told (Vol. XII. p. xix.). With Holman Hunt, Ruskin's friendship, formed at the same time, was enduring, though the painter's long absences in the East, and perhaps some other things, caused interruptions. We have heard, however, in a previous volume, how instantly the old friends returned to the old terms, on the occasion of a chance meeting at Venice in 1869. Letters in the Collection³ show how familiar and affectionate those terms were, and in one written to Ruskin on his eightieth birthday Mr. Hunt speaks of his "life continuing friendship," and of his home as one in which "as much as in any you are continually remembered and spoken of with reverent affection."

It was through Rossetti that Ruskin made one of the dearest friendships of his life. Edward Burne-Jones, and the set to which he belonged as an Oxford undergraduate, were enthusiastic readers of Ruskin's books. "Above all things," wrote Burne-Jones to a friend, "I recommend you to read him; he will do you more good in twenty chapters than all the mathematics ever written"; and, so again, of the second volume of *Stones of Venice*, "his style is more wonderful than ever; there never was such mind and soul so fused through language yet."⁴ Presently he found some occasion for writing to Ruskin. "I'm not E. C. B. Jones now, I've dropped my personality," he wrote when Ruskin had replied; "I'm a correspondent with Ruskin, and my future title is 'the man who wrote to Ruskin and got an answer by return.'"⁵ Burne-Jones came up to London to sit at the feet of Rossetti, and Rossetti took him to see Ruskin. "Just come back from being with our hero for four hours," he wrote—"so happy we've been: he is so

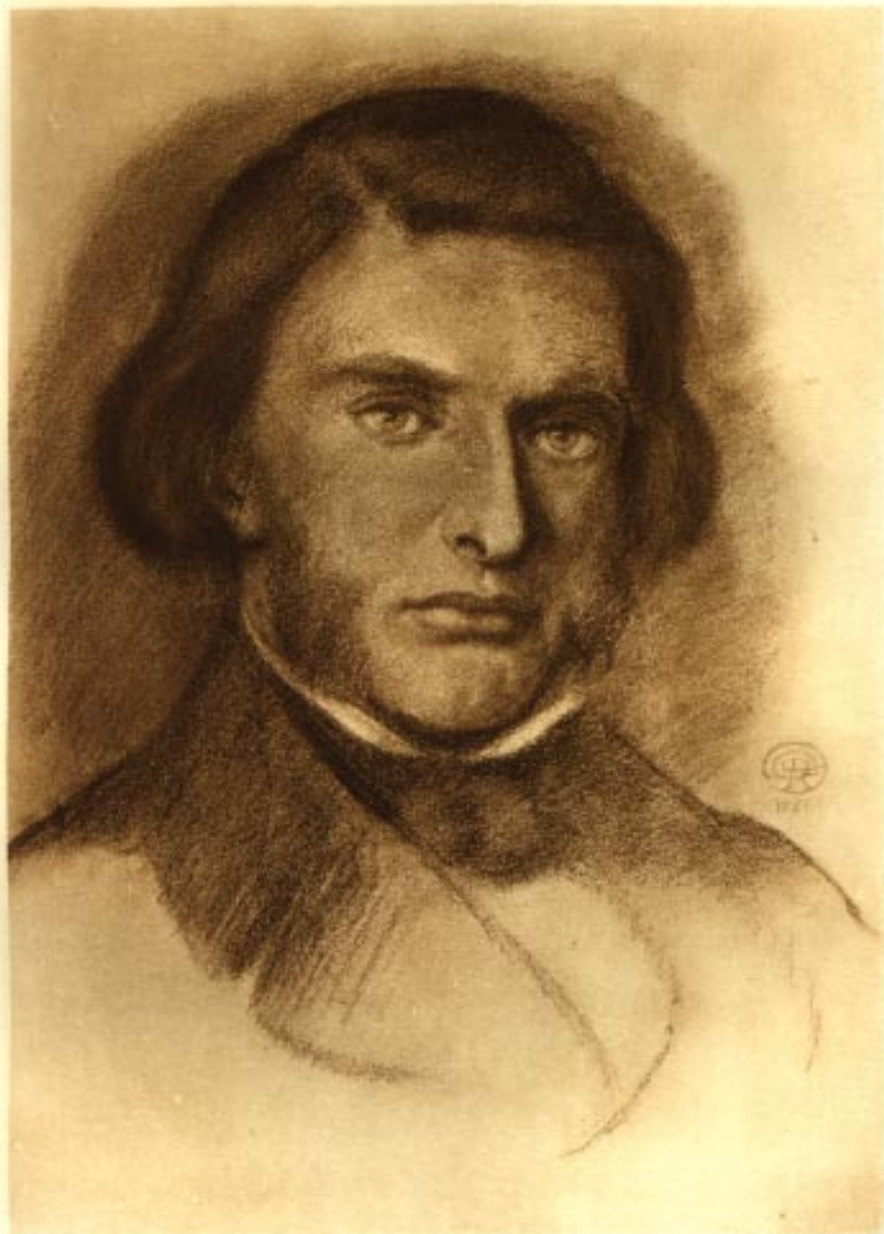
¹ Vol. XVIII. pp. xlvi. - xlix.

² See W. M. Rossetti's *D. G. Rossetti, Letters and Memoir*, vol. i. pp. 349, 350.

³ See, for instance, Vol. XXXVII. pp. 438, 544, 562.

⁴ *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, by G. B.-J., 1904, vol. i. pp. 79, 85.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 127.



D. G. Rossetti

Allen & Co. St.

John Ruskin
1801.

kind to us, calls us his dear boys and makes us feel like such old, old friends. . . . Oh! he is so good and kind—better than his books, which are the best books in the world.”¹ The affection was reciprocated, and Ruskin from the first admired and encouraged the talent of the young painter. Wherever he went, he was loud in the praise of his young friend. “Jones, you are gigantic!” he exclaimed in his enthusiastic way, after looking at a design at Little Holland House. “The alliteration,” we are told, “delighted the ear of Tennyson,” and “Gigantic Jones” became a nickname.² In 1861 Burne-Jones married, and his wife was added to the circle of Ruskin’s friends. His first impression of Lady Burne-Jones is given in a letter which Professor Norton has printed (*below*, p. 367). Ruskin was godfather to their boy; and they became his “dear children,” or “Ned” and “George.” Ruskin’s parents, always a little suspicious and jealous at first of their son’s friends, speedily relaxed, and Burne-Jones and his wife became frequent visitors at Denmark Hill. A reference to Burne-Jones’s water-colour of “Fair Rosamond,” now at Brantwood, illustrates prettily the relations between Ruskin and his father. The old gentleman had bought the drawing, without his son’s knowledge; but “I keep nothing long from John,” he wrote presently, and great was his joy when he found that the drawing was a favourite with his son. “I’m pleased more than you are,” wrote Ruskin, when he heard what had happened, “that my father likes Rosamond.”³ In 1862 Burne-Jones was threatened with serious illness (p. 405). Ruskin decided that change of air and scene was necessary, and carried the painter and his wife abroad with him. Some notice of this journey has been given in a previous volume,⁴ and references to it occur in the letters.⁵ “As for that same Ruskin,” Burne-Jones wrote of it, “what a dear he is; of his sweetness, his talk, his look, how debonnaire to every one, of the nimbus round his head and the wings to match, consult some future occasions of talk.”⁶ The designs for “Cupid and Psyche,” made by the artist a few years afterwards, were given to Ruskin in gratitude for his hospitality on this foreign tour. Ruskin in his turn presented them to Oxford—“a precious gift,” he said, “in the ratified acceptance of which my University has honoured with some fixed memorial the aims of her first Art-teacher.”⁷ Another plan which Ruskin carried

¹ *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 147.

² *Ibid.*, p. 182. Compare the *Memoir of Tennyson*, vol. i. p. 428.

³ See *below*, p. 439.

⁴ Vol. XVII. pp. lii., liii.

⁵ See, e.g., Vol. XXXVII. pp. 578–9.

⁶ *Memorials*, vol. i. p. 249.

⁷ *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*, § 26 n. (Vol. XXXIV. p. 173). For Ruskin’s note on the designs, see Vol. XXI. p. 140.

out, to his own content, and not less, it seems, to that of his friend, was his introduction of Burne-Jones to the school-circle of *The Ethics of the Dust*—an episode which has already been mentioned.¹ This was a time when Ruskin was passing through a phase of much despondency and had banished himself to long periods of solitude among the Savoy mountains. The letters which Burne-Jones wrote to him are full of a beautiful and tender solicitude.² “Wouldn’t cheery company do you a little good?” he wrote in one of them. “How I wish you were here in London. I feel so certain that you would be better for a little sympathetic circle of men to see you sometimes. Gabriel [Rossetti] sends much love to you; I know how glad he would be if you were amongst us; a little three or four of us this winter might be so quiet and happy if you would but come.”³ Ruskin did not at that time come; but presently he returned home, and he “used still,” says Lady Burne-Jones, “to fetch or send for us to Denmark Hill to dine with him and his mother.”⁴ At other times he would go to the artist’s studio, and paint there.

The friendship between the two men, though it was not to be broken, suffered at one time a certain change. Burne-Jones never lost his personal affection for the man, but his attitude towards the critic was greatly modified. It had been at first the attitude depicted in one of his letters—a prostrate admirer before an aureoled Presence. Naturally this could not endure; and in 1871 we hear of Burne-Jones writing to Professor Norton: “Ruskin, I see never—and when I see him, he angers me.” And, again: “When we meet, he quarrels with my pictures and I with his writing, and there is no peace between us—and you know all is up when friends don’t admire each other’s work.”⁵ But happily all was not up. Ruskin’s heresies about Michael Angelo, which were one cause of disagreement, were forgiven; and the friends were soon back on their old affectionate terms. In 1875 Burne-Jones spent some happy hours with Ruskin at Oxford. In the *Memorials* of the painter we are given glimpses, too, of Ruskin carrying off his friend to see Carlyle, and bringing Cardinal Manning to his studio. The popular agitation upon the Eastern Question, the protest against restorations in Venice, were occasions of public co-operation. A little later, Burne-Jones gave a signal proof of his friendship in appearing as a witness on Ruskin’s side in the Whistler case.⁶ The letters to Ruskin were tenderly affectionate to the end, and often contained

¹ See Vol. XVIII. pp. lxiii. *seq.*

² See Vol. XVII. pp. lxxiii.–lxxiv.

³ *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 251.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 300.

⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. ii. pp. 17, 18.

⁶ See Vol. XXIX. p. xxiv.

the amusing caricatures of which some examples have been printed in the *Memorials*. One of them was endorsed by Ruskin "Ned's miraculous portrait of himself." If Ruskin was in town and delayed coming to call, Burne-Jones would write in humorous expostulation:—"Ho! very well!—but never mind! Everybody has seen you but me—everybody. They say to me, 'Of course you've seen him.' I say Yes—and my expression is horrible and petrifying. Everybody has seen you—Tomkins—Simpkins—Robinson—Parkins—Gotto—Marshall—Snellgrove—Gladstone—Fortnum—Mason—everybody in short but me. . . . If you don't make an appointment with me, all England shall hear of it. But I am weak and shall forgive, I know." Ruskin's *Præterita* recalled many associations to Burne-Jones, who seldom let a chapter appear without writing about it. "I wish," he said in one of such letters, "I had lived with you always—and that we had been monks—painting books and being always let off divine service because of our skill in said painting. My dear, there has been nothing in my life so sweet to look back upon as that journey to Milan twenty-five years ago." Recollections of Burne-Jones were among the sweetest that came to Ruskin also in the evening of his days, as we have seen in the story of his "dear brother Ned."

With other artists Ruskin's relations were less close than with Richmond, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and Burne-Jones, but he was on terms of friendship or acquaintance with many. Turner was his friend, as well as the god of his idolatry. J. D. Harding had been his drawing-master and travelling companion. He corresponded with Clarkson Stanfield. Samuel Prout was a neighbour, as well as a friend; interesting letters to him and from him have been given in previous volumes.² For old William Hunt he entertained a warm affection and regard, as some letters to the artist's daughter are here to testify (p. 466).

These painters were of the circle which gathered at his father's table.³ The issue of *Academy Notes*, and his vogue as the author of *Modern Painters*, enlarged the circle. Through Robert Browning, as already related,⁴ Ruskin made the personal acquaintance of Leighton, whose

¹ Vol. XXXV. p. xliii. One of Burne-Jones's latest messages to Ruskin was to send him a photograph of Philip Burne-Jones's portrait of himself—inscribed "To my beloved Oldie, this photograph of Phil's picture of a most ancient Ned. June 1st, 1898." On June 17 he died.

² To him, Vol. III. p. 662; from him, Vol. XXXV. p. 399. For letters to Clarkson Stanfield, see Vol. VII. pp. li., liii.

³ See Vol. XXXIV. p. 98, and *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 401, 402.

⁴ Vol. V. p. xlv.

talent he was among the first to acclaim.¹ Leighton, it is interesting to know, was one of the young painters who had taken to heart the injunction given to them in the first volume of *Modern Painters*; the preparation for an historical painter must be, he felt, the faithful study of nature.² He valued highly, as his letters show, Ruskin's criticism of his pictures, though modestly disclaiming the more enthusiastic of the praise. Ruskin had written in 1864 of "the development of what he calls 'enormous power and sense of beauty.'" Leighton did not deny that he had some sense of beauty, but "I *have not*," he wrote, "and *never shall have* enormous power."³ Ruskin was "in one of his queer moods," he writes at another time (1861), "when he came to breakfast with me—he spent his time looking at my portfolio and praised my drawings most lavishly—he *did not even look at the pictures*. However, nothing could be more cordial than he is to me."⁴ The letters included in this Collection contain Ruskin's criticisms of some of his pictures of 1863 (pp. 445–447), while others record their meetings in 1882 and subsequent years.⁵

The more important of Ruskin's published Letters to G. F. Watts have been given in an earlier volume,⁶ but the present Collection contains a few additional notes (pp. 111–112). In a letter to Mrs. Acland Ruskin refers to Watts as one of the five wayward geniuses known to him (p. 217). Watts on his side entertained to the end an affectionate admiration for Ruskin. Like George Eliot,⁷ he found in Ruskin's writings the inspiration of a Hebrew prophet. "Oh," he wrote to a friend, in deploring the insincerities of the age, "for one who would write like a Hebrew! The only one who did so, I think, was dear John Ruskin—the only one who, while denouncing the bad, told us what we should do."⁸ One of the latest occasions on which Ruskin signed his name was that of an Address to Watts on his eightieth birthday;⁹ and when, soon afterwards, Ruskin passed away, Watts cut

¹ See Vol. XIV. p. 26.

² See his citation of Ruskin's words in a letter of 1853: *The Life of Lord Leighton*, vol. i. p. 109.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 212, and ii. p. 122. Compare vol. i. pp. 234, 247, 248.

⁴ *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 59.

⁵ Vol. XXXVII. pp. 424, 500.

⁶ Vol. XIV. pp. 471–473.

⁷ See Vol. III. p. xxxix.

⁸ *Reminiscences of G. F. Watts*, by Mrs. Russell Barrington, p. 185.

⁹ At about the same time he signed a protest against the "restoration" of Peterborough Cathedral: this signature is reproduced in a memorial notice of Ruskin in the *Report of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings*, 1900. Ruskin's last signature, still more infirm in handwriting, was attached in 1899 to a memorial to the Prime Minister asking that a Civil List pension might be accorded to the widow of Mr. Gleeson White.

a wreath from his garden to be laid upon the coffin of his friend.¹ Watts was to have come to Brantwood in 1898 to make a portrait of Ruskin, and the day of his arrival was fixed, but the painter was taken ill and could not come.

Among other painters with whom Ruskin was in friendly relations in the years of *Academy Notes* were John Brett and J. W. Inchbold, to each of whom he rendered much help and encouragement. References to them have been made in earlier volumes. An interesting series of letters to James Smetham and an appreciation of Thomas Seddon have also been printed.² In the present Collection there are some interesting letters to Mr. Frederic Shields, who, "as man and artist both," owes, he has testified, "to Ruskin's teaching a debt of inexpressible and reverential gratitude."³ To Ruskin's friendship for artists of a later generation, reference will be found below (p. lxxiii.).

We must now go back, in order of time, to the days of Ruskin's class at the Working Men's College in order to pick up other threads in the web of his friendships.

One of these was with Dr. F. J. Furnivall, only six years Ruskin's junior, and still—in his eighty-third year (1908)—working and even rowing as hard as ever. To him, as to so many other young men of the time, the first two volumes of *Modern Painters* had been a "revelation," and Ruskin "became one of his gods."⁴ He chanced to meet Ruskin at an "at home," and was asked to call.⁵ Ruskin took strongly to his new friend, to whom he sent all his books and pamphlets, receiving in return many books in which Furnivall himself was interested. He was at this time reading in Bellenden Ker's conveyancing chambers in Lincoln's Inn. One of Ker's old pupils was Mr. J. M. Ludlow; through him Furnivall became acquainted with F. D. Maurice and interested in the Christian Socialist movement. When Ruskin's theological pamphlet, called *Sheepfolds*, appeared in 1851, Furnivall sent it to Maurice, and correspondence ensued.⁶ Later letters to Furnivall show Ruskin corresponding vigorously with him on books, and Furnivall staunch to him at a time

¹ See Vol. XXXV. p. xlvi.

² For Brett, see Vol. XIV. p. 171 *n.*; for Inchbold, *ibid.*, p. 21 *n.*; for the letters to Smetham, *ibid.*, pp. 460–463; and for Seddon, *ibid.*, pp. 464–470.

³ *The Bookman*, October 1908, p. 30. For Ruskin's letters, see below, pp. 372, 376, 482.

⁴ "Forewords," p. 7, to the privately-printed *Two Letters concerning "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds,"* 1890.

⁵ For his account of the visit, see Vol. VIII. p. xxxiv.

⁶ See Vol. XII. pp. 561–572.

of domestic trial. Presently Maurice started the Working Men's College, and Furnivall enlisted Ruskin's help. He too it was who arranged for the benefit of the College the separate reprint of Ruskin's *Nature of Gothic*. Several of the letters in the present Collection relate to College business, and as long as Ruskin remained at Denmark Hill, Dr. Furnivall continued to see and correspond with him. "Disagree with him as one may," writes Furnivall—"and as I in much do—no one who has been once under his magic spell can think of him with aught but gratitude and love."¹

Another friendship made at the Working Men's College was with Mr. Frederic Harrison, who took a class in history there. He was often a visitor at Denmark Hill, and has written many accounts of Ruskin and his parents.² His views and Ruskin's were often in collision, as the letters given in a previous volume sufficiently show;³ but except in opinions, they did not disagree. Ruskin's letters to him are affectionate, and his Memoir of Ruskin, often cited in this edition, is evidence of warm admiration for his friend.

Among pupils at the Working Men's College, Ruskin made acquaintance of two in particular who became closely connected with his subsequent work and life, and who will often be met in the correspondence contained in these volumes. One of these was the late Mr. William Ward (1829–1908). He was the son of a commercial traveller—a man of philosophical and mystical bent, the author of several pamphlets; there is a reference by Ruskin to one of them in the correspondence.⁴ Mr. Ward was intended for a commercial career, and at the time of his marriage was a clerk in the City of London. He has described his introduction to Ruskin in his Preface to the collection of Letters which he allowed to be printed for private circulation:—

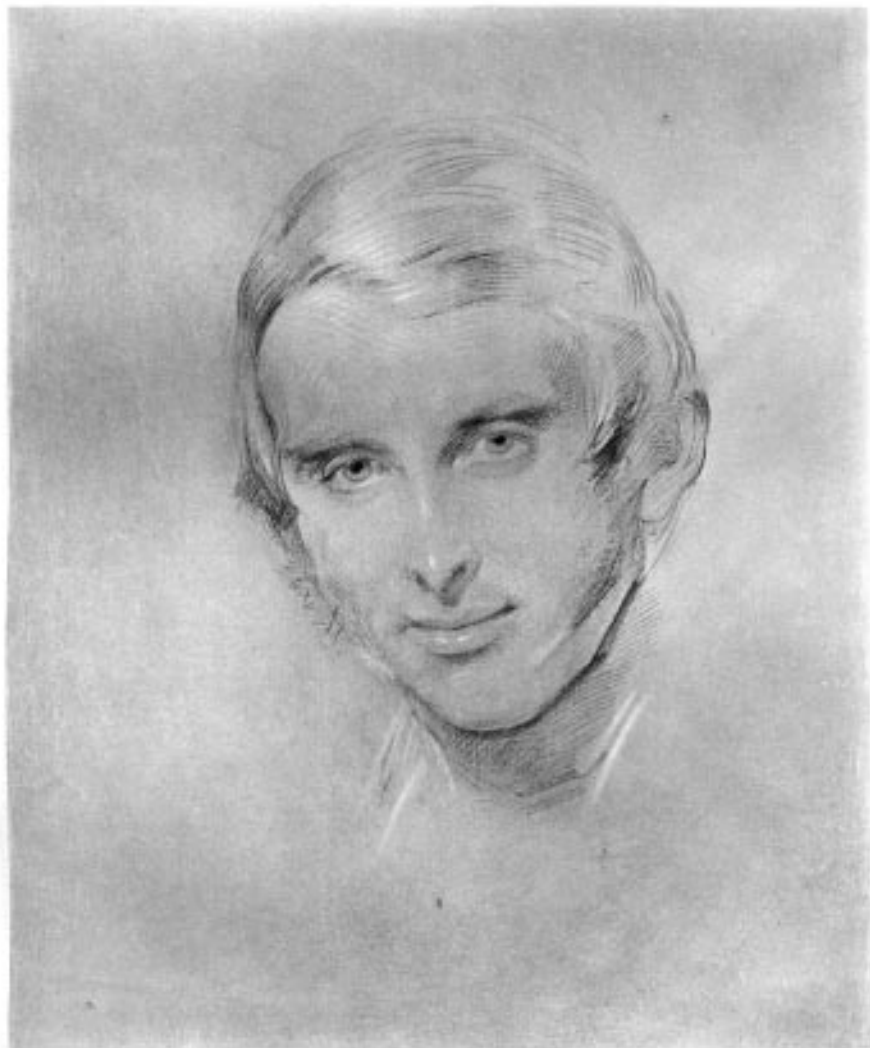
"Some time in 1854, a friend—Mr. Henry Swan, late curator of the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield—called upon me, bringing with him Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, of which he read a few pages. The words came like a revelation, and made a deep impression upon me. I longed to know more; and, learning that the author was actually teaching a drawing class at the Working Men's College (then at No. 31 Red Lion Square), I as soon as possible enrolled myself as a pupil. . . . I was first set to copy a white leather ball, suspended by a string, and told to draw exactly what I saw—making no outline, but merely shading the paper where I saw

¹ "Forewords" in the privately-printed *Two Letters concerning "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds,"* p. 14.

² See, for instance, above, p. xvii.

³ Vol. XXIX. pp. 565–569.

⁴ See Vol. XXXVII. p. 704.



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Allen & Co. Sc.

John Ruskin

shade. The result was rather a feeble affair; but I remember that Mr. Ruskin was much taken with my attempt at extreme accuracy by putting in even the filaments of the string. After the ball came plaster casts of leaves, fruit, and various natural objects. A tree cut down was sent from Denmark Hill and fixed in a corner of the class-room for light and shade studies. To our great delight, Mr. Ruskin used continually to bring us treasures from his own collection. . . . His delightful way of talking about these things afforded us most valuable lessons. To give an example: he one evening took for his subject a cap, and with pen and ink showed us how Rembrandt would have etched, and Albert Dürer engraved it. . . . He made everything living and full of interest, and disliked servile copying and ‘niggling.’ Excessive care he admired, but not work for work’s sake. To show this, he would make a rapid drawing by the side of a student’s work, that he might see how, with all his elaboration, he had missed the ‘go’ of a thing. . . . A delightful reminiscence is that of some pleasant rambles a few of us (who could command the leisure) had with Mr. Ruskin through Dulwich Wood—now, alas! covered with villas. On these occasions we took our sketching materials, and sitting in a favourable spot, perhaps opposite a broken bank partly covered with brambles and topped by a few trees, spoiled a few sheets of paper in trying to make something of it. The result on paper was not worth much; but Mr. Ruskin’s criticisms, and a few touches on our work, gave us some ideas that were worth a great deal. As a wind-up to these sketching parties, we adjourned to the Greyhound to tea and some very interesting talk. Upon one of these occasions I gave Mr. Ruskin a favourite book of mine, the Poems of Emerson, which he had not seen. He told me at a subsequent meeting that the poem he liked best was ‘The Mountain and the Squirrel.’¹ He afterwards gave me the Poems of Rogers, illustrated with Turner’s exquisite vignettes. These were a great delight, and I felt myself in possession of a small Turner gallery.”

Under Ruskin’s teaching Mr. Ward’s latent artistic ability was quickly developed. Already, in 1856, we read of Ruskin proposing that he should become a drawing-master (p. 233). He relinquished his commercial career, and henceforth devoted himself wholly to art—beginning as a drawing-master upon Ruskin’s system. In *The Elements of Drawing* (1857) Ruskin publicly recommended him in that capacity. Several of the letters, of no importance in themselves, are interesting as introducing us to pupils whom Ruskin passed on to Mr. Ward.² Somewhat later he began the work by which his name became known to many lovers of art—the copying of Turner’s water-colour

¹ The short piece called “Fable.”

² See below, pp. 233, 276, and Vol. XXXVII. pp. 702 (No. 4), 703 (No. 12).

drawings, at first at Marlborough House and afterwards at the National Gallery; a work which he executed with singular fidelity and success, and continued for many years. We have seen in an earlier volume how highly Ruskin esteemed these copies,¹ and the correspondence shows how deeply he was interested in his assistant's progress in this direction. Of an episode in the work, to which some of the letters refer (pp. 534, 535), Mr. Ward gives an interesting note:—

“As a relief from close work at the National Gallery, Mr. Ruskin sent me, in company with Mr. George Allen, for a walking tour up the valley of the Meuse, to see and sketch some of the subjects of Turner's drawings. I afterwards went to Luxembourg, a favourite sketching-ground of Turner's, with the same object. It was not an easy matter to discover Turner's points of view, but when they were discovered, I always found that I required two pages of my sketch-book to get in as much of the subject as Turner had compressed into one page of his.”

This copying and sketching in Turner's footsteps was the foundation of Mr. Ward's intimate knowledge of the master's work, upon which, as collector and dealer, he became a recognised authority. With these occupations he combined, particularly in the earlier years, a great deal of original work, executed almost entirely in water-colours. His subjects were landscape and still-life, exhibited at the Royal Academy and other exhibitions from 1860 to 1875. He was, like his masters Turner and Ruskin, a lover of colour; and at one time he made a practice for twelve months together of rising before sunrise and sketching the effects of dawn.² Ruskin's letters to Mr. Ward extend from 1855 to 1886, and touch on the various matters indicated above, as also upon Mr. Ward's services as agent for the distribution of photographs illustrating the books. The letters show in a pleasant manner the thoughtful consideration of the master for the pupil, and the patient devotion of the pupil to the master.

The other pupil at the Working Men's College who became closely connected with Ruskin was Mr. George Allen. At the time when he began attending the classes he was a joiner, in which craft he was extremely skilful. A note upon some fine work which he executed at Dorchester House has been given in an earlier volume,³ and his skill is attested by the fact that when Morris and Rossetti founded their famous Firm, Mr. Allen was invited to become a partner and take charge of the Furniture Department. He was also offered an

¹ Vol. XIII. p. 575.

² See Vol. XXXVII. p. 710 *n*.

³ *Munera Pulveris*, § 151 (Vol. XVII. p. 275).

appointment under Government as Superintendent of the Furnishing of the Royal Palaces. These offers, however, he declined in order to devote himself entirely to Ruskin's service, in which he remained successively as general assistant, engraver, and publisher for fifty years. He had, as related in *Præterita*,¹ married the maid of Ruskin's mother, and he thenceforward became attached, in one capacity or another, to all Ruskin's varied undertakings. His recollections of the classes at the Working Men's College, where he soon became one of the most promising draughtsmen, have been already given.² "Some time during the early part of 1856, I made," said Mr. Allen, "a copy in sepia of the Mildmay Sea-piece (one of the *Liber Studiorum*), which pleased Mr. Ruskin greatly, and his father, by way of encouragement to me, afterwards bought the copy. Later on I became Mr. Ruskin's assistant drawing-master in connexion with the classes."³ On one occasion Mr. Allen was engaged with another pupil in copying an Albert Dürer, and Ruskin wrote: "By examining these two drawings together the student will, I hope, learn to appreciate the delicacy of touch involved in fine carpentry, for it was simply the transference to the pen and pencil of the fine qualities of finger that had been acquired by handling the carpenter's tools that I obtained results at once of this extreme precision; in each case, of course, the innate disposition for art having existed."⁴ Ruskin presently encouraged Mr. Allen to specialise in the art of engraving, which he studied, as some of the letters show (pp. 336, 345), under J. H. Le Keux, the engraver of many of the finest plates in *Modern Painters*. He proved a very apt pupil, and Ruskin, who was very exacting in the engraving of his plates, came gradually to rely almost exclusively on Mr. Allen's fineness of hand. In addition to learning line-engraving from Le Keux, he had studied mezzotint under Lupton, who engraved some of the original *Liber* plates for Turner. Mr. Allen's knowledge of these two methods of engraving enabled him to produce plates of mixed styles, such as the "Peacock's Feather" in *The Laws of Fésole*, with which Ruskin was particularly pleased, and the "Branch of Phillyrea" in *Aratra*, to which he referred as a rare example of the use of acid in combination with mezzotinting on an etching ground.⁵ It is owing to Mr. Allen's judicious mixture of styles that, instead of good impressions being limited to a few possessors, there are thousands of Ruskin's

¹ Vol. XXXV. p. 488.

² See Vol. V. p. xxxviii.

³ From an obituary notice of Mr. Allen in the *Daily Telegraph*, September 7, 1907.

⁴ Vol. XXI. p. 287.

⁵ See Vol. XXI. p. 288 and *n*.

readers who have secured and enjoyed books with fine examples of the engravings. Had such plates been produced in mezzotint alone, their beauty would not have lasted for more than a few hundred impressions, whereas from many of the plates in Ruskin's later books 5000 impressions were taken with only a very slight perception of wear. In engraving Ruskin's work, Mr. Allen was keenly observant of any subtle gradations, and always carefully recorded any concentrated darks or lights—a characteristic charm, he used to say, in Ruskin's drawings. Of the original illustrations in *Modern Painters*, three were from drawings by Mr. Allen; he also engraved three plates for the edition of 1888, and in all executed ninety other plates for Ruskin.¹ Many of his studies are included among the examples in the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford;² and he is one of three or four assistants whose work has often been mistaken for Ruskin's.³

In addition to his work of engraving and copying for Ruskin, Mr. Allen was employed as confidential *factotum*. Many of his reminiscences were of distinguished visitors to Denmark Hill to whom he was instructed to show the collection of Turner drawings. It was he, again, with others, who assisted Ruskin in sorting and arranging the Turner drawings and sketches at the National Gallery.⁴ In 1862, when Ruskin was bent upon making a home for himself among the Savoy mountains, Mr. Allen and his family settled at Mornex in order that Ruskin might have his assistance (p. 418). Ruskin in a letter to his father (p. 435) relates his satisfaction at finding how good an eye Mr. Allen possessed for the "lie" of rocks. He was, in fact, an excellent geologist, and Ruskin often trusted to his observations in this field.⁵ Like Ruskin himself, Mr. Allen was an enthusiastic collector of minerals; his collection, in which he took great pride and interest, has after his death been acquired by the University of Oxford. He had a further community of taste with the Master in

¹ Namely, 12 Plates for *Fésolle*, 20 for *Proserpina*, 12 for *Deucalion*, 7 after Turner, 18 for the "Oxford Art School Series," and 21 for various other works.

² See references in Vol. XXI. p. 319.

³ A beautiful drawing, which Mr. Allen preserved, had the following inscription by Ruskin:—"Sketch by my pupil-assistant, Mr. George Allen, from nature; elmbark and ivy. The ivy leaves are touched with the brush. All the rest is worked entirely with the point (steel pen, with Prussian blue and black), the whole intended as a study for practice in etching. Exquisite where completed, but wanting in breadth." (*Daily Telegraph*, September 7, 1907.) In the Coniston Museum a large drawing in sepia of Rouen Cathedral, there ascribed to Ruskin, is the work of Mr. Allen.

⁴ Some recollections of his in this connexion have been given in Vol. XIII. p. xxxvi.

⁵ See Vol. XXVI. pp. xl., xli.; and Vol. XXXVII. p. 114.

love of flowers and bees—a taste which is incidentally recorded in *Fors Clavigera*.¹ Mr. Allen had many reminiscences of foreign travel and study with Ruskin, and some of these have already been printed.² He was, in his early years, an enthusiastic Volunteer, and “one remembers him telling with gusto of his rifle-shooting experiments in Switzerland. He managed to smuggle out rifle and ammunition, and to fix an ingenious iron target among the mountains; and he certainly put to shame the shooting of the native riflemen. Oddly enough, Ruskin took no offence, and did not regard this as desecration of the mountains; indeed, he was decidedly interested in his friend’s enterprise and prowess.”³ In every direction in which Ruskin was interested, Mr. Allen assisted him with such thoroughness, sincerity, and ability, that when a new departure was to be made, he was turned to as a matter of course. Thus it was, as already related, that at a week’s notice Mr. Allen, with no previous experience whatever of the trade, was set up in business as Ruskin’s publisher. The story of this venture—of its initial difficulties and discouragements, and of its ultimate success—has been fully told in earlier volumes,⁴ and echoes of the fight come to us in the present correspondence.⁵ Mr. Allen was much assisted by his sons, and his eldest daughter (Miss Grace Allen), the present members of the publishing firm. He was one of the original Companions of the St. George’s Guild, and was a familiar figure at all “Ruskinian” gatherings. His unaffected simplicity and sterling character made him many friends, among whom it was matter for deep regret that he did not live to see the completion of the present edition of his Master’s works. He died in September 1907, in his seventy-sixth year.

Between Ruskin and an assistant who was thus for so many years closely connected with him, the volume of correspondence was naturally very large. Some 1300 letters from Ruskin to Mr. Allen have passed through the editors’ hands. The majority of these are either of a business character or contain minute directions with regard to engravings, whilst many are of general interest, either for their own sake or as throwing light upon Ruskin’s books and schemes. Several have been incidentally quoted in previous volumes; and many others, as well as a few to Miss Grace Allen, are included in the General Collection. They attest, as will be seen, the affectionate and grateful regard which Ruskin entertained for his friend and publisher.

¹ Vol. XXIX. p. 190.

² Vol. XVII. pp. lxi., lxxviii., lxxiii., 275.

³ From a notice of Mr. Allen in the *Athenæum*, September 14, 1907.

⁴ Vol. XXVII. pp. lxxxii. *seq.*; Vol. XXX. pp. 358–362.

⁵ Vol. XXXVII. pp. 277, 400.

Two other pupils at the Working Men's College became Ruskin's assistants. One of these was Mr. George Butterworth, also a carpenter by trade, to whom reference has been made in earlier volumes.¹ Another was J. W. Bunney, of whom some account has already been given.² "The son of a merchant captain," says a fellow-student, "Bunney had, when very young, made several voyages round the world. At an early age he took to drawing, but the death of his father compelled him to abandon art and apply himself to less attractive work. When I first joined the Drawing Class, he was engaged at a bookseller's, and was a hard-working student whose work was greatly admired by Ruskin. For a time his work was hard, but in 1858 he made a number of drawings in Derbyshire which so charmed Mr. Ruskin that he gave Bunney commissions to make drawings in Italy and in Switzerland."³ A letter, addressed to his widow, shows Ruskin's regard for that faithful and conscientious artist.⁴

Yet another pupil (though not at first at the Working Men's College) was J. J. Laing. He was a young Scottish architect, who had written to Ruskin for assistance and advice. "I had him one evening to tea," wrote Ruskin from Edinburgh (November 27, 1853). "A wonderfully accurate draughtsman, and I think has genius. Very modest, but has power." Whether it was that Ruskin had not at first sight read the young man's character aright, or that the praise of his power by the great critic unduly elated him, I do not know; but presently, as the letters show, Ruskin had to warn him against the dangers of overweening ambition. It is the tragedy of his short life that is told in Letter 9 of *Fors Clavigera*.⁵ He came up to London, as there described, to put himself under Ruskin; was employed by him as copyist; left for a while to enter an architect's office; returned to Ruskin's employment; wore himself out "in agony of vain effort," and died in 1862. Some further account of him has been given among notices of other assistants employed in connexion with the illustrations of *Modern Painters*.⁶ The letters to him are characteristic of the solicitude which Ruskin took for the welfare, moral and material, of young men who sought his advice and attached themselves to him.

¹ See Vol. XXI. pp. 287-288, and Vol. XXXV. p. 488; and see below, pp. 283, 489.

² See Vol. XXI. p. 33 *n*.

³ "Recollections of Ruskin," by J. P. Emslie, in *The Working Men's College Journal*, June 1908, vol. x. p. 345.

⁴ See Vol. XXXIV. p. 563.

⁵ Vol. XXVII. pp. 150, 151.

⁶ See Vol. V. p. lxii.

An incident in Ruskin's life, later than the first classes at the Working Men's College, which introduces a fresh group into the circle of his correspondents, was his patronage of Miss Bell's school at Winnington—the scene of *The Ethics of the Dust*.¹ Of those whom Ruskin called comprehensively his pets, several had made his first acquaintance in their school-days at Winnington. Some letters in this Collection are addressed to one of their number—the Lily of *The Ethics*, daughter of Serjeant Armstrong, M. P. for Sligo, and afterwards married to Captain Kevill Davies. Ruskin's letters to girl-friends seem to me delightful in their mixture of good sense,² graceful playfulness, and chivalrous affection.³

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that every girl to whom Ruskin became a "most affectionate" or even "loving" correspondent was in fact a personal friend. Some of his books, and one of the most widely read of them—*Sesame and Lilies*—in particular, make special appeal to girls, and he thus had innumerable admirers among them. He was, as there has often been occasion to say in these Introductions, a born teacher, always avid of opportunities for exercising influence. Except sometimes in moods of irritation, his good-nature in answering those who asked his advice was unailing; and many girls, with the merest loophole of reason or excuse, would enter into correspondence with him. If there was anything in their letters which at all took his fancy, or if he saw any likelihood of exercising an influence for good, he on his side would, with pleasant flattery, become their "most affectionate" friend; in many cases without ever seeing his correspondents at all. A large number of such letters to unknown or little-known girl-friends have passed through the editors' hands, and a still larger

¹ See Vol. XVIII. pp. lxiii. *seq.*

² See, for example, those in Vol. XXXVII. pp. 481, 486, 528, 582, 595.

³ Many of Ruskin's letters, both to young friends and to the intimate circle of Brantwood, are written in a playful little language which must make them appear extravagant, and perhaps ridiculous, to those outside it. To this language he refers in a letter to Mrs. Severn (below, p. 581). He was himself an only child, brought up in a somewhat precise and formal household. When Mrs. Severn, one of a large family, first came to Denmark Hill, the use of pet names and special language was something new to him. It greatly took his fancy, and he cultivated it as, it might be, some new plant. His own names, in the home circle, of "Di Pa" (as in the letter to Mr. Severn, Vol. XXXVII. p. 180), "Cuz," and "Fess" (dear papa, cousin, professor), are examples of it; so are those of other inmates, as, for instance, "Doanie" and "Arfie" for Joan and Arthur; and there was a small vocabulary of other words, such as "twite" for "quite," "tebby" for "terrible," "soo" for "sure," etc., etc. Letters written largely in this language are clearly not for the printer, but many such are extant, and an account of Ruskin's correspondence would not be complete without some mention of them. Some of his correspondents have published letters containing some of the words mentioned above, such as "Fessy" (Vol. XXXVII. p. 620, No. 6) and "tebby" (Vol. XXXVII. p. 330).

number doubtless exist unknown to them. The letters of this kind, occasionally introduced into this Collection, sufficiently show his approachableness, his good-nature, and not less his good sense. Even at the close of his working days, when he was weak and much depressed, he still found time and will to send notes of advice and encouragement, as well as presents of books, to unknown girl-friends. One of the very latest letters in our Collection is of such a kind. He was hardly less ready to respond to young men who sought, or seemed to seek, his counsel with a genuine desire for moral or intellectual aid. He was, indeed, impatient of idle inquirers, but the trouble which he would take with other correspondents was unbounded, and to appeals for material, no less than moral, aid he was always open.

Another large class of what may be called Ruskin's Letters of Advice consists of those addressed to students or amateurs of drawing. His correspondents in this sort were drawn from all classes of society. Some account of his friendship with that brilliant amateur, Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, has been given in an earlier volume.¹ When it was a question of art-teaching, Ruskin was no flatterer, and he was, as has been said in the place just referred to, an exacting critic of Lady Waterford's work. "I have been interested," she wrote to a friend in 1865, "in Ruskin's beginning of his new book on Art, which has the pedantic name of the *Cestus of Aglaia*. One thing strikes me in it apropos of Art; I believe it is so true. He says careless work is a proof of something wrong in a person's whole moral character. Now, in smaller ways, one knows the different mood one is in when 'taking pains' or not, and hating and hurrying over work is surely a bad sign."² What he wrote in his books, he said face to face. Lady Waterford was sometimes provoked by him,³ but often allowed that his criticism was just:—

"I think I am beginning to understand a little better," she wrote to him (November 30, 1863) from Ford Castle, "what you mean by always doing right. I know it, when I look at my drawings and see where I have begun to *hate* my work and have put evil into the lines, vainly expecting that the *accident* might transform them into right. I believe it is when the ideal vanishes and there is disappointment in every stroke that this happens; and yet when things come *very easily*, they are always the best. I cannot yet quite make it out; but I promise to do my best, and will not attempt

¹ Vol. XV. pp. xvi., xvii.

² Augustus J. C. Hare, *The Story of Two Noble Lives*, vol. iii. pp. 255–256.

³ See *ibid.*, p. 257.

much, but it shall be well and right done. . . . I wish to do really good things, and I have a mind fairly to go to school again. Any praise I get for what is not really good I cannot bear; and that is why I have always believed and trusted in your opinion, for you have not falsely praised.

“But I have to quarrel with you yet—about the Cheviot country. You are not fair about it. Its winter colour is as beautiful as its summer, and these early sunsets are sometimes extraordinarily gorgeous and beautiful. If I could catch some of the effects of dark outline beautifully distinct against a crimson or lemon-coloured sky, and all reflected in the Till,—if I could draw and colour this truly and rightly, I would send it to you to show you how unjust you can be and not know it.”

In going through his correspondence in later years, Ruskin kept this letter, endorsing it “Cheviot Hills and the Till—lovely.”

The mass of Ruskin’s Drawing-lesson Letters is very large, but the specimens, already appended in this edition to *The Elements of Drawing*,¹ are typical of the whole. An interesting series, here reprinted from an Australian newspaper (pp. 484–488), is addressed to Miss Ironside, a lady of real though misdirected talent, who did not live long enough to profit by Ruskin’s advice. His letters to her are, as usual, playful and affectionate, but they are conspicuous for their sound sense and useful instruction. He often went to her studio to supplement his written directions. Sometimes his lessons were given entirely by letter, and the trouble which he took in such cases is remarkable. A series of letters to Mr. Harris, a drawing-master,² and occasional letters to other correspondents,³ introduced to illustrate this continual element in Ruskin’s daily round, will show the reader how accessible and helpful he was.

Passing next to Ruskin’s appointment as Slade Professor at Oxford, we are introduced to a new circle of friends and acquaintances. The old friends, more especially Professor Acland and Dean Liddell, again appear among his correspondents. The pleasant relations which existed between him and other members of the Corpus Common Room have been shown in the recollections of two of their number.⁴ He had few wiser friends during his later years at Oxford than Jowett, whose correspondence, however, was destroyed by his executors. Among Ruskin’s new friends at Oxford, there was, first, Mr. Alexander Macdonald, whom Ruskin appointed as drawing-master, on whose assistance he greatly relied, to whose services he often bore record, in whose house

¹ Vol. XV. pp. 489, 490.

² Vol. XXXVII. pp. 662–665.

³ See, for instance, pp. 223, 264.

⁴ Vol. XX. pp. xxx. *seq.*

he often stayed, and with whom he was in constant correspondence. The larger part of this correspondence is either concerned with scholastic details or with chess; but the letters included in the collection show how much the Professor relied upon the affectionate assistance of his lieutenant.

Among Ruskin's Oxford pupils, Mr. Collingwood, Dr. Dawtrey Drewitt, and Mr. Wedderburn are those to whom he himself refers in *Præterita*.¹ Mr. Collingwood is already well known to all readers of this edition; his reminiscences of Ruskin, and letters from him, are the sources of much information.² To Dr. Dawtrey Drewitt, just taking his degree at Christ Church when Ruskin came up as Professor, Ruskin was attracted by his friend's love of natural history. An interesting series of letters to Mr. Wedderburn, recounting the pursuit of the title *Arrows of the Chace*, has already been printed;³ another letter, characteristic of Ruskin's relations with pupils, is given in the next volume (p. 183). "My friendship with Ruskin," says Mr. Wedderburn, "began with Hincksey and went on with the *Xenophon* (see Vols. XX. and XXXI.). After my first stay at Brantwood in 1875 I constantly stayed there, and helped Ruskin with some of whatever work he had in hand, e.g., the Travellers' Edition of *Stones of Venice*, the second volume of which I took through the press. Then I started *Arrows of the Chace, On the Old Road*, and the indices to all Ruskin's books. At one time he put all his diaries and private papers in my hands, with the idea that I might ultimately write his life. But this was before *Præterita*. Ultimately he by his will made me one of his literary executors." The letters in the present Collection addressed to the late Mr. James Reddie Anderson, of Balliol, are of interest in connexion with the Hinckesey diggings; those to the Rev. E. P. Barrow relate to other branches of Ruskin's work at Oxford.

Some of the most interesting letters in the Collection are those addressed to H. R. H. Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, and to his widow the Duchess, by whose gracious permission they are here printed. The Prince, as already related,⁴ sat under Ruskin at Oxford, and between him and the Professor an affectionate friendship sprung up. The Prince made recognition in his first public Address of his debt to Ruskin's teaching, and Ruskin was deeply grateful to him for help

¹ Vol. XXXV. pp. 424–425.

² For a collation of Ruskin's letters printed by Mr. Collingwood, and in many cases addressed to him, see the Bibliographical Appendix, Vol. XXXVII. p. 718.

³ Vol. XXXIV. pp. xxxix., xl.

⁴ Vol. XX. pp. xxxv., xxxvi.

rendered on more than one occasion. The letters show how Ruskin sought to interest the Prince in the purchase of the Castellani collection for the British Museum, and how the Prince assisted him to obtain the loan of a collection of Turner drawings for Oxford.¹ It was at Prince Leopold's suggestion that Ruskin returned to his Venetian studies and wrote *St. Mark's Rest*. When the Prince visited Venice, he made acquaintance with Ruskin's old friend, Rawdon Brown, whom he greatly liked and respected. Some letters in the Collection refer to a visit which Ruskin paid to Prince Leopold at Windsor Castle.² Ruskin's letters to His Royal Highness are stately, but beneath their ceremonial form a true respect and affection makes itself felt. That these feelings were reciprocated is shown by a letter from the Prince, which we are allowed here to print. It is of interest, both as expressing his love for painting and music, and as linking with him in affectionate remembrance the names of Ruskin and Rawdon Brown:—

“FARNLEY HALL, OTLEY, *October 12, 1883.*

“MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—When we met at Oxford, you asked me to write to you. I have not forgotten, but I have had nothing to tell you that would interest. Now that I find myself in this *beautiful* old house, and living in a room formerly inhabited by *Turner*, with a picture of yourself opposite to me, I feel that it will please you to hear from me. *You* know the glorious pictures with which one is surrounded here, and I have been shown *the* pictures that *you* admire most among them. What a pleasure it is to be able to *live* among such pictures, and see them at one's ease, and not in a dreadful picture-gallery. *You* taught me years ago how to admire *Turner*, and you know what opportunities one has *here*. I feel quite at home among them, and it is pleasant to see how thoroughly worthy the possessors of these treasures are of them. Mrs. Fawkes told me she had asked you to come here: what a pity that you have not done so! I *must* refer in this letter to a great and mutual loss which we have both sustained not long since, in the death of dear Rawdon Brown. *Literally*, a 'Stone of Venice' gone! When he and I parted five and a half years ago on the steps of the Ca' Gussoni, he cried and said we should never meet again, and I, with the decided intention of returning very soon to my dear Venice, said 'Nonsense,' and joked with him; and now his words have come true—I have never been able to return since then. I thought much of you on hearing the sad news, which I did long after the event had happened, as I was far away in Germany at the time. I look upon it as one of the good fortunes of my life that I met and knew that noble character. What will poor Toni do?

¹ Vol. XXXVII. pp. 194, 238.

² Vol. XXXVII. pp. 235, 236.

“I have been here *officially*, as President of the Leeds Musical Festival, where I have had the great pleasure of hearing beautiful music beautifully performed; and now I go on for public work at Huddersfield. Next week I shall be at home again at Claremont. When will you visit *us* there? and see our child? You know you will be always welcome, and will find us quite alone there, whenever you *choose* to come.—Yours affectionately,

“LEOPOLD.¹

“The Duchess sends you her kindest regards.”

The Prince, alas! was too soon to follow Rawdon Brown to the grave; and a few months after the date of this letter, Ruskin was to pay a visit of condolence to the bereaved Duchess. The epitaph which he wrote at her request has been printed in a previous volume.² His affection for the Duke formed a tie of sympathy which, as later letters to the Duchess show,³ was not to be broken. Ruskin was also on terms of intimate friendship with the Prince’s tutor, and afterwards Comptroller of his Household, Sir Robert Collins, K. C. B.⁴ Several letters to him are included in our Collection.

To the time of the second tenure of the Oxford professorship belongs the personal acquaintance with M. Ernest Chesneau—one of the three critics, himself intermediate between M. Milsand and M. de la Sizeranne, who have introduced Ruskin’s work to French readers. There had been correspondence with M. Chesneau, for some time past; but it was not until 1884 that they met. He was a most enthusiastic and affectionate admirer of Ruskin (as appears from letters of his at Brantwood, which may almost be called gushing), and his delight was very great when Ruskin undertook to write the Preface for the English translation of his *English School of Painting*.⁵ A collection of Ruskin’s letters to M. Chesneau was privately printed in 1894; and these are included in the present Collection.⁶

¹ It was during this visit to Farnley that the Prince said to Mrs. Fawkes that “Mr. Ruskin had been born three hundred years too late”—a remark which recurred to her memory when Ruskin, at Farnley in the following year, said, “An Englishman of the time of Queen Elizabeth was the most glorious creature that ever was created, whereas the cockney of to-day was the loathsome slime of an abominable rascal” (“Mr. Ruskin at Farnley,” in the *Nineteenth Century*, April 1900, p. 623).

² See Vol. XXXIV. p. 647.

³ Vol. XXXVII. pp. 549, 553, 577.

⁴ Sir Robert died in November 1908: for an obituary notice, see the *Times*, November 18.

⁵ See Vol. XXXIV. p. 437.

⁶ For particulars, see the Bibliographical Appendix, Vol. XXXVII. p. 635. Mr. Frank Randal, in a brief note prefixed to the volume of *Letters from John Ruskin to Ernest Chesneau*, records a visit to M. Chesneau in June 1889 “at his apartment in the Rue St. Louis-en-l’île. . . . He was then a great sufferer, so far

To Ruskin's Oxford period belongs his friendship with a painter who, as such, has little in common with his other artist-friends—the late H. Stacy Marks, R. A. “I have often wondered,” wrote Marks with characteristic modesty, “how so firm and fast a friendship came to exist between a man of such wide and varied learning, such great intellect, and myself.”¹ And there are sides of Ruskin's character, pursuits, and tastes which might seem to have little in common with the jovial painter, known to all his friends as “Marco.” Yet the letters show that the two men were on the terms of warm friendship, and in one of them, Ruskin says that among all his friends there was none with whom he had so complete sympathy.² They had first met, as already related, in 1856, in connexion with a skit which Marks had written on Ruskin's *Academy Notes*.³ It does not appear, however, that the acquaintance was then pursued. It was resumed twenty years later, when Marks was arranging an exhibition of the works of his friend Frederick Walker, A. R. A. Ruskin sent Marks a letter for publication on that occasion;⁴ they met again, and presently became fast friends. The modest, sincere, and, within its range, accomplished work of Marks won the approbation of the critic; his genial humour attracted the sympathy of the man. They were alike in their love of old times, and of animals, and soon became on the footing of old friends. Like every one else who came in friendly contact with Ruskin, Marks found him unaffected and courteous. “However heterodox some of my opinions on art may have seemed to him, he never showed the least irritation,” says Marks, “but would smilingly put me right with a phrase, half joke, half earnest.”⁵ The words fit more than one of the letters. Marks was full of quips and an excellent mimic, and he found Ruskin “the best and most easily amused man it was ever my lot to play the fool before.” One of his performances was a musical and pantomimic rendering of H. S. Leigh's song “Uncle John” (“I never loved a dear gazelle”); this was a favourite diversion, and Ruskin became “Uncle John” to Marks and his family—some of the letters are so signed. The merry evenings with Marks were much enjoyed by Ruskin; a day they spent together at the Zoological Gardens seems to have been less successful. Ruskin complained that the birds were always moulting,

as I could judge, though he rarely spoke of himself. I believe his ailment was paralysis in the lower limbs. He was compelled to sit at his library table in a mechanical chair, and to wheel himself from one room to another. He died in 1890, in his 57th year.” There is mention of Chesneau in M. Firmin Maillard's *La Cité des Intellectuels* (1907).

¹ *Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. p. 169.

² Vol. XXXVII. p. 229.

³ Vol. XIV. p. xxviii.

⁴ *Ibid.*, pp. 339–345.

⁵ *Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. p. 166.

and the snakes always shedding their coats, and he wanted to know the mechanism of a bird's flight and the superintendent could not tell him. The love of birds was one of the links of the sympathy between Ruskin and Marks, which is illustrated very pleasantly in the letters.

The enterprises connected with St. George's Guild, started during Ruskin's Oxford professorship, introduce us to a new and wide circle of his friends and acquaintances—including, among "Companions" or helpers of the Guild, Mr. George Baker, Mr. George Thomson, Mrs. Talbot (of Barmouth), Mr. John Morgan (of Aberdeen), Mr. Moss (of Sheffield), and Mr. Henry Willett (of Brighton).¹ Letters to them have for the most part been brought together in the volume dealing with the affairs of the Guild,² but a few more will be found in the present Collection. There are other letters in the Collection addressed to members of the Guild or to inquiries about its rules and purposes; such letters are notable alike for the excellence of their advice and the pointed terms in which it is conveyed.³

A friend whom Ruskin made in connexion with his May Day Festivals was the Rev. John Pincher Faunthorpe, for many years Principal of the Whitelands Training College at Chelsea, and appointed by Ruskin, by way of familiar name, "chaplain" of the St. George's Guild. Several of Ruskin's letters to him have been given in an earlier volume;⁴ others, included in this Collection, relate to Ruskin's interest in Whitelands College and its students. An interesting series of letters to successive May Queens has already been printed.⁵

Another clerical correspondent who received a great many letters from Ruskin was his neighbour in the Lake Country, the Rev. Frederick Amadeus Malleon. These letters have been described, and many of them printed, in a previous volume.⁶ A few others are included in the Principal Collection.

Ruskin's letters to the artists employed in painting for the St. George's Guild—Mr. Fairfax Murray and Mr. T. M. Rooke among the

¹ Mr. Henry Willett, of whom previous mention has often been made (see General Index), died in 1905, at the age of eighty-two. He made a considerable fortune as a brewer, and was a generous supporter of local charities. He was a collector of old pictures, earthenware, and porcelain. Oliver Wendell Holmes has written of the "generous host" with whom thirty out of his *Hundred Days in Europe* were spent. Mr. Willett was also a friend of Cobden, Bright, and Fawcett (obituary notice in the *Times*, March 3, 1905). Mr. Willett had specially interested himself in the republication of some of Ruskin's books: see Vol. XIV. p. 255.

² Vol. XXX. pp. xxviii., 299–304, 314–322. See also the letters to Mr. Brooke in Vol. XXXIX. pp. 547 *seq.*, and one to Mr. Walker, *ibid.*, p. 572.

³ See, for instance, Vol. XXXVII. pp. 63, 66.

⁴ Vol. XXIX. pp. 553 *seq.*

⁵ Vol. XXX. pp. 340–347.

⁶ Vol. XXXIV. pp. 179 *seq.*

chief of them—have for the most part been printed in the Introduction describing the Museum.¹ They are very interesting and characteristic; a few more, to Signor Alessandri and Mr. Randal respectively, have been reserved for the present Collection. Several will also be found addressed to Mr. Albert Goodwin, between whom and Ruskin there was an affectionate friendship. Another artist who owed something to Ruskin's encouragement is Mr. Frank Short, A. R. A.² The letters to him show the keen interest which Ruskin took in his replicas, and ultimately his completion, of Turner's *Liber Studiorum*. It was to Ruskin that he submitted the first experimental proofs, and the response, speedily forthcoming,³ that induced him to commit himself definitely to the undertaking. A prospectus was printed and submitted to Ruskin, who inserted the word "unqualified" in a paragraph mentioning his "approval" of the work. Presently Ruskin visited the artist in his studio,⁴ and later letters show the friendly encouragement which he gave to this notable essay in the arts of engraving.

A further circle of Ruskin's friends and acquaintances, included in this Collection, may be grouped round the British Museum. He was acquainted with Sir Richard Owen (p. 362), who was for many years superintendent of the Natural History collections (1856–1883). He was a friend of Professor Story-Maskelyne, for many years Keeper of the Minerals; letters to him and his daughter (Mrs. Arnold-Forster) are included. In later years Ruskin much enjoyed the society and help of the present Keeper, Mr. L. Fletcher, F.R.S. Many letters to him have already been printed,⁵ and another is now added.

Ruskin, intolerant (in print) of "men of science" in general, was always drawn to them individually. He saw a good deal, at one time or another, of Darwin; there is a letter in the present Collection which records their first meeting in 1837 (below, p. 14). Two of his dearest and closest friends were Professor Acland, F.R.S., and Sir John Simon, F.R.S. "Ruskin always spoke," says Dr. George Harley, F.R.S.—an acquaintance of later years—"in the softest, gentlest voice, was deferential to others, never dictatorial in anything, even art, and keenly appreciative of any information."⁶ This was the impression made also

¹ Vol. XXX. pp. lvii. *seq.*

² See Mr. E. F. Strange's Introduction to *The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short, A.R.A., R.E.*, 1908, pp. xiii.–xix.

³ Vol. XXXVII. pp. 512, 514.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 536.

⁵ Vol. XXVI. pp. 1.–liv.

⁶ *George Harley, F.R.S.: the Life of a London Physician*, by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, 1899, p. 236. "I never knew a man," added Dr. Harley, "use more beautiful language in ordinary conversation than Ruskin; words tripped lightly from his tongue—well-chosen words, well-arranged sentences, and excellent matter." For Ruskin's letters to Harley, see Vol. XXVI. pp. lxii., lxiii.

upon Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury), who was visited by Ruskin at High Elms and used to meet him at Professor Story-Maskelyne's. He was a man of "singular charm," says Lord Avebury, who has contributed a charming letter to this Collection. Ruskin's willingness to learn, and gratitude to those who had the patience to teach him, are pleasantly shown in his correspondence with Sir Oliver Lodge.¹

One of the most characteristic sections of Ruskin's correspondence is that with his booksellers and printers. There is none which shows better his geniality and warm-heartedness. He was never content to treat business affairs in a dry business manner. The human relationship was what he everywhere sought; every one who served him in any business capacity had to be his friend, and this was especially true of those who were concerned with books. For books were to him as to Milton, "not absolutely dead things," but "kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to great audience but to gain it";² and the bookseller was thus a court-chamberlain, whose private ear it was a privilege to have. As a buyer both of illuminated MSS. and of costly books, Ruskin had dealings during many years with the late Mr. Bernard Quaritch. They had their disputes sometimes, but Ruskin enjoyed few things more than a chat and a rummage, and was sometimes a guest of Quaritch at dinner.³ Among the letters preserved by Ruskin is one from Quaritch, of February 28, 1882,⁴ and Mr. Quaritch's son and successor permits its publication here:—

"The expression of your satisfaction with my services as your bookseller is extremely gratifying to me. Nature has blessed me with exceptional vigour; this gift I have concentrated upon my trade. Love of knowledge has aided me in my business; love of order has insured my commercial success; love of truth has secured me the patronage of such men as you, the late and the present Earl of Crawford, of Mr. Gladstone, and of the late Earl of Beaconsfield and others. Just treatment and fair wages have enabled me to surround myself with a good staff of assistants. I have been forty years in London, and have never been a day absent from my duties; when I have been ill, I have gone to my work all the same."

Ruskin's endorsement on the envelope was "very interesting"; his letters to its writer show how highly he esteemed alike the knowledge and industry of the great bookseller.

¹ Vol. XXXVII. pp. 513, 517, etc.

² *Seasame and Lilies*, § 6 (Vol. XVIII. p. 59).

³ See Vol. XXXVII. p. 398.

⁴ In reply to Ruskin's of the preceding day, see Vol. XXXVII. p. 387.

The letters to the late F. S. Ellis—the well-known bookseller and publisher of New Bond Street, compiler of the Shelley Concordance, and editor of Chaucer—are equally interesting. These were privately printed by consent of Mr. Ellis in 1892.¹ In ordering books, Ruskin soon begins dropping critical remarks by the way. An invitation to Brantwood follows. Then Mr. Ellis undertakes the sale of one of Ruskin's pamphlets.² "Truly" and "faithfully" pass into "affectionately"; and finally, when Mr. Ellis had given some prudent advice which Ruskin valued, he becomes Papa Ellis—a brevet relationship which he had the honour of sharing with Rawdon Brown and Carlyle. Some of the Letters of Ellis are very slight, though all are characteristic; others, included, in the Principal Collection, contain many *obiter dicta* on men and books, which should not always be taken with complete seriousness.

With his "readers," printers, and engravers Ruskin was on terms of the same friendly cordiality. This is an aspect of his private relationships which has been illustrated in a previous volume,³ and a few additional letters are included in the present Collection—to Mr. Smith Williams, Literary adviser to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.; to Mr. Jowett, of Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney's printing establishment; and to Mr. Le Keux, the engraver. Business letters from Ruskin, pure and simple, hardly exist. The dealers who supplied him with minerals, or the cutters whom he employed to polish his specimens, received with their orders some expression of his views or good wishes.

Some of the most charming of Ruskin's Letters are addressed to children. He loved them, and he understood them. He knew, for one thing, how to avoid that air of condescension which makes so many "grown-ups," with the best intentions, earn only the contempt of their little friends. Ruskin was indeed the teacher, with child-friends as with other persons; but whenever children had affairs of their own in progress, he was careful to treat them gravely and on terms of equality. This is one of the keys to the hearts of children, and they opened gladly at Ruskin's touch. Some pleasant glimpses of him as the children's friend have been collected already.⁴ But his relations with children are perhaps best shown in the letters to "Katie Macdonald"—a series of which some are given in the text of Vol. XXXVII. and others in its Bibliographical Appendix. An entry in Ruskin's

¹ For a collation, see the Bibliographical Appendix, Vol. XXXVII. p. 638.

² The *Academy Notes* of 1875: see Vol. XIV. p. 458.

³ Vol. XXXIV. pp. 713–716.

⁴ See Vol. XXXIV. pp. 716–717.

diary for January 1885 records the receipt of an "Altogether delicious letter from little girl announcing founding of society for kindness to animals." This was "The Friends of Living Creatures," founded by Miss Katie Macdonald, *æt.* 10, and some other children at Bedford Park, with a full complement of Rules, Badges, Knights, Secretary, a Journal, Editor and Art-Editor.¹ Katie's mother was a reader of Ruskin, and it was his denunciations of the wanton destruction of beautiful and harmless creatures² that prompted the foundation of the Society. At the first meeting it was resolved that Katie should write asking him to accept the office of Patron. Finding the letter "altogether delicious," he accepted the honour, pleading, however, for "Papa" as title, instead of "Patron."³ He sent sketches, gave them advice about the Journal, and delivered judgment on knotty points submitted to him. On coming up to London presently, he offered to meet the Society and deliver a little Address. What Ruskin said, Katie remembers not; he had spoken to her—"So this is Katie," putting his hand on her shoulder and bending down to her, and the rest was the dazed adoration of hero-worship in its most overpowering form. But Katie's mother has given recollections of the discussion which followed the Address. A boy, greatly daring, wanted to know if, supposing certain donkey-boys insisted on kicking their donkeys, the rules of the Society would permit its "Knights" to give them "a jolly good thrashing." Ruskin rose with admirable gravity and said:—

"The speaker has presented me with a serious problem, and the directress has invested me with the responsibility of solving it. I really hardly know what to say. Of course, we are largely dependent on the good offices of our 'knights' in the society. They have quite special duties to perform which cannot be entrusted to the younger boy members, and which, of course, must not be allowed to trouble the girls. Now, whether or no the particular methods advocated by the speaker can be justly considered as compatible with, or included in, the exact performance of a knight's duties I find extremely hard to decide.

"Well, I am inclined to think," continued Ruskin, "at the risk

¹ The story of "The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin" is told in two very prettily written articles, by Mrs. Katie Macdonald Goring (the Katie of the letters), in the *Fortnightly Review*, September and October 1907.

² See his remarks on the Lecture on Birds (1884) in Vol. XXXIII. p. 530, and his quotation in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74 (Vol. XXIX. p. 36), of Blake's lines:—

"Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the last judgment draweth nigh."

³ Vol. XXXVII. p. 510.

of incurring the displeasure of all the names now present”—this with a look and deprecatory smile around the room—“I am inclined to think that, if *all other* means have been tried, and have failed, that if patient explanation, persuasion, reason, and warnings have alike been unsuccessful in inducing the donkey-boys to treat their animals with consideration and fairness—I think, yes, I really do, that our knights are only fulfilling the obligations we have laid upon them, in shaming the donkey-boys into right conduct, by giving them (I accept the speaker’s terms) a thoroughly good, sound thrashing.”

Another, and a still knottier, question followed. A girl rose to propound it. She was willing to accept the policy of the Society in all other points—she would even give up butterfly-hunting—but if *shrimping* was still to be forbidden, she could not join. Ruskin was equal to the occasion:—

“I cannot, of course, as the speaker will understand, take it upon myself to alter the rules of the Society. That can only be done, after careful thought, by a thoroughly competent and responsible committee. But, after consulting with the directress, the founders, and the officers of the Society, I think I may say that *the point will be considered*. The question of whether shrimping should or should not be permitted to members will, no doubt, be fully discussed before the next meeting, when the decision of the committee will be made known. In the meantime, I may, perhaps, be allowed to put forward, for the committee’s consideration, the plea that shrimps do really constitute a highly nutritious article of food. Indeed, I believe that shrimps—with water-cress—are often the characteristic dish and chief course at tea by the seaside. So that it *might* be argued that shrimping—conducted, of course, with as much consideration as possible for the shrimps—is really a method of furnishing the larder, and providing the family table with a wholesome and necessary meal.”

With which the meeting was dissolved, and members and their mamas were introduced to Ruskin. “He insisted upon having the knight brought to him, to confer with him further on the proper treatment of donkey-boys. ‘Where is the shrimper?’ he asked. ‘I must shake hands with the shrimper.’ A girl of ten, with long brown curls and shining eyes, the Beauty of Bedford Park, delighted him with her sweet, gay smile and manners—‘Diamond Eyes,’ he called her, then, and never forgot her. A child of five, our youngest member, lured him,

as the room grew emptier, with a game of 'Touch last,' and kept him pursuing her for ten minutes and more, in and out among the disordered benches, her peals of baby laughter echoing through the place."

Is it not a pretty scene? If the children gave him hero-worship, was he not worthy of it? But he made one mistake. The officers of the Society had presented him with bouquets. In the scurry of departure, he forgot them! He knew how the children would feel this, and on reaching home wrote his regrets¹—an attention which not every busy man would have found time for. Many other letters followed; full of graceful play, and tender thoughts; revealing his love alike for children and for animals. "You know, my dear," he says in one letter, "little girls are not much better than kittens or butterflies, and boys, seldom quite as good as ponies or dogs." His illnesses interrupted communications between the Society and its "Papa"; but the members might "at least remember with gladness throughout their life how kind they were to their old and sick friend."² Some of his latest letters are still to "Katie," who bids farewell, in graceful words, to the "pure and generous spirit, whose gentle radiance, shed for a while upon the garden of our childhood, lies there luminous amongst the flowers; shining again into our faces as we breathe, in haunted, lovely moments, the fragrance of old days."³ Ruskin's love for children was as sunlight upon lilies.⁴

The next collection of letters to be noticed—those privately printed in 1903 as *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*—is of interest as introducing Mr. Gladstone among Ruskin's friends. Ruskin in 1847 had been on the Committee for securing Gladstone's election for the University of Oxford, and "the Oxford chairman was sure that Mr. Gladstone would appreciate at its full value the support of such high personal merit and extraordinary natural genius."⁵ In the same year they met at Lady Davy's dinner-table, and quarrelled across Miss Lockhart over Neapolitan prisons; "he couldn't see," explains Ruskin, "that the real prisoners were the persons outside."⁶ Later on, Ruskin's view of Gladstone was Carlyle's, and he expressed it in terms of unbridled scorn in one of the earlier letters of *Fors Clavigera* (September 1875).⁷ The Eastern Question, however, brought the two men into some political accord.

¹ Vol. XXXVII. p. 678 (No. 10).

² *Ibid.*, pp. 537, 539.

³ *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 609.

⁴ Mr. Wyndham's phrase; *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, p. ix.

⁵ Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, vol. i. p. 329.

⁶ *Præterita*, ii. § 198 (Vol. XXXV. p. 428).

⁷ Vol. XXVIII. p. 403.

Ruskin, like Carlyle, was one of the conveners of the famous St. James's Hall Conference in December 1876. Soon afterwards Gladstone had been profoundly stirred, as Canon Scott Holland tells us,¹ by a paper of Ruskin's in the *Nineteenth Century*. This was "An Oxford Lecture" which appeared in the number for January 1878.² One of the principal theses maintained in the lecture was just such as would have appealed to Gladstone. It was "the reality of that ministration of the good angels, and of that real adversity of the principalities and powers of Satan, in which, without exception, all earnest Christians have believed, and the appearance of which, to the imagination of the greatest and holiest of them, has been the root, without exception, of all the greatest art produced by the human mind or hand in this world." It should be remembered, as explaining some of Gladstone's subsequent conversation with Ruskin, that the lecture referred incidentally to Sir Walter Scott and the romantic landscape of his country. Gladstone was full of this lecture, and Ruskin was known to be in sympathy with Gladstone's views on the Eastern Question; the occasion was thus favourable for a meeting, and Miss Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew), who was an admirer of Ruskin's writings, and had come to make his acquaintance through Burne-Jones and other common friends, suggested to her father to invite him to Hawarden. Cannon Scott Holland, who was also of the party, arrived by the same train, and has given an amusing account of their arrival:—

"As we drove up from the station, I discovered that he had the darkest view possible of his host, imbibed from the 'Master,' Carlyle, to whose imagination Mr. Gladstone figured, apparently, as the symbol of the all with which he was at war. Ruskin was, therefore, extremely timid and suspicious, and had secured, in view of a possible retreat, a telegram which might at any moment summon him home; this telegram looked largely the first day, and we were constantly under its menace. But as hour by hour he got happier, the reference to its possible arrival came more and more rarely, and finally it became purely mythical."

The other guests were a little nervous about the experiment of bringing two forces, apparently so unsympathetic, into touch; but it was a complete success. On every subject that came up, Gladstone and Ruskin did, it is true, differ; but except in opinion, they did not disagree.

¹ In an article on "Gladstone and Ruskin" in *The Commonwealth* for July 1898. Canon Holland's recollections were, however, at fault in some dates and other details.

² See Vol. XXII. pp. 529–538.

“Mr. Gladstone retained throughout the tone of courteous and deferential reverence as for a man whom he profoundly honoured. And Mr. Ruskin threw off every touch of suspicion with which he had arrived, and showed with all the frankness and charm of a child his new sense of the greatness and nobility of the character of his host.” So says Canon Holland; and I have heard from another member of the party of the indelible impression made upon him by the bearing of the two men—each of them expressing his convictions with deference towards the other, and both of them displaying in perfection the graces of old-world courtesy. A third member of the party—who had been welcomed with special warmth as one of the band of Hincksey “diggers”—has recorded the impression made by Ruskin’s “manifold pleasant ways; his graceful and delightful manner—bright, gentle, delicately courteous; the lyric melody of his voice—more intensely spiritual, more subduedly passionate, more thrilling than any voice I ever heard. He is a swift observer and acute. Not talkative, but ever willing to be interested in things, and to throw gleams of his soul’s sunlight over them; original in his dazzling idealism.”¹

The conversation between Gladstone and Ruskin on this occasion has been well reported—by the writer last quoted, and also by Canon Holland. Gladstone asked his guest’s opinion on some controverted point:—

“For at least twenty years past,” replied Ruskin, “I have made it a rule to know nothing about doubtful and controverted facts—nothing but what is absolutely true—absolutely certain. I do not care for opinions, views, speculations, whose truth is doubtful. I wish to know only true things; and there are enough of them to take a full lifetime to learn. Why is there not an absolutely truthful newspaper in the world? I hate finding that what I believed yesterday I must disbelieve to-day. Why is not a newspaper started which we may entirely trust, which should wait until news was certain before admitting it; what would delay signify if truth were assured? I wonder no such paper should have been got up—if only as a mere luxury.

“How horrible is the condition of our daily press! Columns full of horrors, murders, suicides, brutalities—conspicuous villainy and abomination. I would have a paper that would tell us of the loveliest and best people in every town or place—of nothing but pure and beautiful things. Nowadays it is the most infamous people

¹ “Ruskin at Hawarden in 1878: Extracts from an Old Journal,” pp. 3–27 in *Letters to M. G. and H. G.* It can hardly be rash to identify the writer “O” with Canon Ottley.

who are published to the world, who are forced upon our thoughts. I would have the gentlest, purest, noblest of mankind, set before the public mind—made famous in the journals. This fame and the world's admiration could not" [this in reply to H. S. H.'s objection and Miss G.'s] "spoil the really good, nice people. Their light ought to shine and be set up on a candlestick. It would indeed go on burning even under a bushel, but goodness ought to be set up, a city set on a hill. No! There need be no fear of spoiling the truly nice people by bringing them into prominence. At present, they are precisely the last people in a place to be heard of."

At another time Gladstone raised the subject of the Oxford course; the tendencies of the schools, their strain and mental effects. Gladstone gave, as a strong argument in favour of it all, the value of the sudden effort, the vast concentration of mind and the calling into play of all the intellectual powers, as a training for political life:—

"Ruskin (with his inimitable genuine modesty) 'had never thought of that': 'It was quite a new idea,' and worthy of much consideration. But he still seemed to think the general effect of the strain bad. Speaking around the same topic, he said: 'The man who has failed in any subject has no right whatsoever to say one word respecting the subject in which he has failed. But if I, speaking as one who has entirely failed,' etc.; and he then told us how he had failed, 'partly through ill-health'; how, out of kind consideration, they gave him a double-fourth; how great a disappointment his failure had been: 'not only on my own account I wished to succeed, but also for my father's sake.'

"He told of the modesty and simplicity of Carpaccio, who would be known only as Titian's disciple, and 'put his name to his pictures in the mouth of a lizard or some other beastly little animal.'

"The woman should not venture to hope for or think for perfectness in him she would love, but *he* should believe the maiden to be purity and perfection, absolute and unqualified; perfectly faultless, entirely lovely. 'Women are, in general, far nobler, purer, more divinely perfect than men, because they come less in contact with evil!'

"Ruskin said that one of the loveliest graces of holy childhood—that pretty leaning of a youngling against your knee, and bending over gracefully as a lily, with inimitably winsome love—is a thing rarely caught by artists. It is so fine and exquisite a movement as to be generally passed over. He only knew one artist who had truly found it—Vandyke, it was."

It is Canon Holland whose recollections illustrate most happily the collision in opinions between Gladstone and his guest:—

“The amusement of the meeting of the two lay in the absolute contrast between them at every point on which conversation could conceivably turn. The brimming optimism of Mr. Gladstone, hoping all things, believing everybody, came clashing up at every turn with the inveterate pessimism of Mr. Ruskin, who saw nothing on every side but a world rushing headlong down into the pit. They might talk on the safest of topics, and still the contrast was inevitable. We heard Gladstone get on Homer, and a sense that there at least all would be well came over us. What was our despair when we realised that in the poetic record of some prehistoric exchange Mr. Gladstone was showing how thoroughly Homer had entered into those principles of barter which modern economic science would justify. As he paused in an eloquent exposition for a response from his listener, Mr. Ruskin said in a tone of bitter regret, ‘And to think that the devil of political economy was alive even then!’ ”

At another time Walter Scott was uppermost. Here, indeed, it was thought, was common ground, but Mr. Gladstone unfortunately dropped the remark that “Sir Walter had made Scotland”:—

“On Mr. Ruskin’s inquiry as to the meaning of the phrase, Mr. Gladstone began telling of the amazing contrast between the means of communication in Scotland before Sir Walter wrote compared with the present day, mentioning the number of coaches that were now conveying masses of happy trippers up and down the Trossachs. Mr. Ruskin’s face had been deepening with horror, and at last he could bear it no longer. ‘But, my dear sir,’ he broke out, ‘that is not making Scotland; it is unmaking it!’ ”

The next recollection is of a later date, when Ruskin was breakfasting with Gladstone in Downing Street:—

“I shall never forget Mr. Gladstone’s look of puzzled earnestness as Mr. Ruskin expounded at length a scheme he had for enforcing our social responsibility for crime. We all of us were guilty of the crimes done in our neighbourhood. Why had we not sustained a higher moral tone which would make men ashamed to commit crime when we are near? Why had we allowed the conditions which lead to crime? We ought to feel every crime as our own. How good then would it be if London were cut up into districts, and when a murder was committed in any one district the inhabitants should draw lots to decide who should be hung for it. Would not that quicken the public conscience? How excellent the moral effect would be if the man on whom the lot fell were of peculiarly high character! Mr. Ruskin felt sure there would be no more murders in

that district for some time. He conceived that even the murderer himself would be profoundly moved as he silently witnessed the execution of this innocent and excellent gentleman, and would make a resolution as he walked away that he would abstain from such deeds in future. What was Mr. Gladstone to say to this? Was he to confute it, or show the difficulties of its practical working?"

Canon Holland gives other recollections of the same kind, and any one who knew the two men and their modes of thought can realise how exquisitely bewildering and amusing a conversation between them must have been. As Canon Holland well says:—

“Ruskin had more than any man the Platonic charm which mingles humour and seriousness so that the two are inseparable. And this was the form of humour that was least congenial to Mr. Gladstone. Not at all, as is so often said, that he did not enjoy humour; few people enjoyed more heartily a good piece of fun, or laughed with a larger freedom. But when Mr. Gladstone was serious he was serious; while Mr. Ruskin, like Plato, had ever a quiver of irony and wit stirring within everything that was most serious, so that it was impossible to separate the two.”

Canon Holland asks, “What was Mr. Gladstone to say?” What Mr. Gladstone did say may be inferred from a passage in *Præterita* in which Ruskin contrasts, from his personal experiences, the controversial methods of Palmerston, Gladstone, and Disraeli: “Palmerston disputed no principle with me (being, I fancied, partly of the same mind with me about principles), but only feasibilities; whereas in every talk permitted me more recently by Mr. Gladstone, *he* disputes *all* the principles before their application; and the application of all that get past the dispute. D’Israeli differed from both in making a jest alike of principle and practice.”¹

The conquest, however, of Ruskin by Gladstone and of Gladstone by Ruskin, was made when they thus met. Notes which have been published from Gladstone’s diary pay a high tribute to Ruskin as guest:—

“*Jan.* 12, 1878.—Mr. Ruskin came; we had much conversation, interesting of course, as it must always be with him.

“*Jan.* 15.—Mr. Ruskin went at 10¾. In some respects an unrivalled guest, and those important respects too.”²

¹ Vol. XXXV. p. 505.

² *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, p. vii. In Morley’s *Life of Gladstone*, vol. ii. p. 581, Mr. Gladstone’s diary is cited as saying: “After thirty hours my library is now in passable order, and I enjoy, in Ruskin’s words, ‘the complacency of possession and the pleasantness of order.’ ”

Ruskin on his side made public confession, as we have seen in a previous volume,¹ of his past misjudgment of the character of his host. To Canon Holland, as they drove away to the station, he “poured out freely the joy of his discovery.” But there was one difficulty; Ruskin was “a little nervous as to how he was going to explain it to ‘the Master’ at Chelsea.”

How the disciple managed the explanation, history does not record. Perhaps Carlyle attributed Ruskin’s fall from anti-Gladstonian grace to the charm of Gladstone’s daughter; and this was, no doubt, an element in the case. Ruskin, having entered the family circle at Hawarden, accepted all its members who desired his friendship. To Miss Gladstone’s cousin, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, he gave a letter of introduction to Carlyle. Miss Gladstone herself became one of the “pets” upon whom he was fond of bestowing playful affection. The earlier letters to her tell, with graceful compliment, of his pleasure in the visit to Hawarden. Then, he dines with her father in London, enjoys her music, and finds her “a perfect little mother to him.”² In the autumn of the same year (1878) the visit to Hawarden was repeated. The late Duke of Argyll—an old antagonist of Ruskin’s at the Metaphysical Society—was, on this occasion, of the company, and Ruskin felt a certain constraint. The diarist, before quoted, made a study of “three strongly-contrasted characters.”³ The Duke found things very well as they are. Ruskin was for remoulding “this sorry scheme of things nearer to the heart’s desire.”⁴ Ruskin was against war; he “would have every man in England a soldier—able, if need be, to defend his home and his country; but not a standing profession of fighters, which must encourage the evil war-spirit.” Ruskin maintained that Christianity was against war; the Duke cited a sermon of Mozley’s to the contrary. “You seem to want a very different world, Mr. Ruskin.” “Yea, verily, a new heaven and a new earth, and the former things passed away.” Midway between the two stood Gladstone; “in spirit going far with Ruskin; accepting, indeed, almost all his principles, but widely differing as to their practical applications.” At one point they turned out to be in unexpected accord. Ruskin had attacked his host as a “leveller”:—

¹ Vol. XXVIII. p. 403.

² See Vol. XXXVII. pp. 239, 254.

³ There was play, as well as talk. Some one produced “Fishponds,” and Gladstone, the Duke, and Ruskin took their turn. “Ruskin approved the idea of the game, but wanted lovely little fishes with silver scales—instead of little ugly lumps of wood—to catch” (*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, p. 22).

⁴ FitzGerald’s *Omar Kháyyam*.

“ ‘You see *you* think one man is as good as another, and all men equally competent to judge aright on political questions; whereas I am a believer in an aristocracy.’ And straight came the answer from Mr. Gladstone, ‘Oh dear, no! I am nothing of the sort. I am a firm believer in the aristocratic principle—the rule of the best. I am an out-and-out *inequalitarian*,’ a confession which Ruskin greeted with intense delight, clapping his hands triumphantly.”

Ruskin’s conversation pleased Gladstone no less than before, as the notes in his diary show:—

“*Oct.* 12, 1878.—Mr. Ruskin came; health better, and no diminution of charm.

“*Oct.* 13.—Walk with the Duke (of Argyll), Mr. Ruskin and party.

“*Oct.* 14.—Walk with Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Ruskin at dinner developed his political opinions. They aim at the restoration of the Judaic system, and exhibit a mixture of virtuous absolutism and Christian socialism. All in his charming and benevolent manner.

“*Oct.* 15.—Good-bye to Mr. Ruskin and off for London at 9.5 A.M.”¹

The correspondence between Gladstone’s daughter and Ruskin continued on the old terms of affection, which was proof even against some further “naughtinesses” on Ruskin’s part against the statesman. Ruskin on his side affected great injury and difficulty in forgiving when Miss Gladstone married—injury all the greater because it followed at no long interval the marriage of their common friend Miss Graham, the “Francie” of Burne-Jones’s *Memorials* and the “F.” of Ruskin’s *Letters to M. G.* Miss Gladstone’s music was a great delight to Ruskin; visits to her, when she would play to him, were among the occasional pleasures of London in his later years. She, too, was of the party, during his last term at Oxford, when he obtained permission from the Dean to have the cathedral closed to the public, that he might roam up and down and listen to the organ. The “Letters to M. G.” are full of music; and as she had adopted Lady Mount-Temple’s name for him, St. Chrysostom, he calls her in return “St. Cecilia”—on one occasion even addressing the envelope so, a letter which one

¹ In 1892 Mr. Gladstone was considering the question of the Laureateship, left unfilled by Lord Salisbury. “It is no longer a secret that in his endeavour to ‘keep it on the high moral plane where Wordsworth and Tennyson placed it,’ his thoughts strayed to Ruskin, and Acland was applied to by him as to whether Ruskin’s health would permit of the offer being made, but Acland could give him no encouragement, and the project fell still-born” (*Memoir of Sir Henry Acland* by J. B. Atlay, p. 487).

is not surprised to hear puzzled the butler.¹ For the rest, though for the most part slight and playful, the letters contain many passing felicities of thought and language, to which Mr. George Wyndham in his Preface to Miss Gladstone's book has called attention.²

A friend of whom Ruskin saw something during visits to London in his later years was Cardinal Manning. They had probably become acquainted through the Metaphysical Society, and Ruskin used to call on Manning at Archbishop's House. Some of the Cardinal's letters to him, often accompanied by gifts of books, such as the *Fioretti of S. Francis*, have already been quoted,³ and another may here be given:—

“ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, Oct. 21, 1873.—MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I can say with truth that ever since our last conversation I have been thinking of writing to you. But I have been overdone with work, and have constantly delayed.

“I cannot say with what interest I have read *Fors Clavigera*. It is like the beating of one's heart in a nightmare. You are crying out of the depths of this material world; and no man will listen. You can now understand what we feel. We cry and cry, but the nineteenth century looks upon us as deaf and impassive as the young Memnon. There are no breaks in the woods on the horizon to let us into infinity. We are hedged in by the 3 per cents., iron-clads, secularism, and deified Civil Powers. The God of this World has got his day for a time. Irving said forty years ago: ‘The physical sciences have taken the whole breadth of heaven to themselves, and the spiritual sciences have gone down into the earth, and are to be no more found.’ It is very true. Could the Ape theory ever have come up in my mind if they had not first lost spiritual instincts, and intuitions of the intelligent and moral nature of man? With a theist I have sympathy, with an atheist or an agnostic I can find no human hand or heart to lay hold of. What room for the *kalon* or ‘pulchrum’ physical, moral, spiritual, ideal in men who feel that they may be the Sons of an ape?

¹ See Vol. XXXVII. p. 651.

² “The references (in Vol. XXXVII.) to Mr. Gladstone (p. 239), to Browning (p. 257), to the Land-League (p. 341), to the law of land-owning (p. 389) are all of public interest. Again, in another category, the planes ‘twisted grandly by rock-winds’ (p. 257), and the profound thought of morning and evening, spring and autumn (*ibid.*), the ‘move the shadow from the dial evermore’ (p. 260), the olives, grass, and cyclamen (p. 413) are treasures not to be kept under lock and key. On page 273 the reference to Lady Day is important, and, to make a quick change, I like also to possess the Bishop and Pig-stye (p. 546). And on p. 341 there is a grand confession of faith.”

³ See Vol. XXXII. p. xxiii., Vol. XXXIII. p. xxv., Vol. XXXV., p. lvi. *n.*

“Your *Fors* is a vigorous and human protest against this degradation of man and of Society; which next after the Church is God’s greatest work. I hope you are well.—Believe me, always, my dear Mr. Ruskin, yours faithfully,
HENRY E., *Archbp. of Westmr.*”

The Cardinal, rejoicing in Ruskin’s declarations of Catholicism, hoped perhaps that his Church was about to receive a distinguished convert. Ruskin’s letter of January 1878¹ must have undeceived him; to Manning, as previously to Patmore, Ruskin explained that he was a “Catholic” in a wider sense than that of the Roman Church. But though he made light of “Papal pretensions,”² he remained much attached to Manning, of whom he writes to other friends as “my dear Cardinal.”

There are many friends and acquaintances included in Ruskin’s correspondence who have not yet been mentioned in this Introduction. The letters to them are often interesting or important, but a bare mention must here suffice, further particulars being given in footnotes to the letters. In the present volume, reference may be made to Mrs. Hugh Blackburn, Mr. E. S. Dallas, and Sir John and Lady Naesmyth; in the next, to Professor Blackie, Mr. Frederick Gale, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tylor,³ and many others. Other letters are addressed to Miss Sara Anderson, cousin of Mr. James Reddie Anderson already mentioned. She acted as Ruskin’s secretary from 1884 to 1890, and subsequently filled the same post in the Burne-Jones household, where, as at Brantwood, her “skill and tact,” her “quick pen and quicker wit”⁴ made her a general favourite.

It is now time to turn to some of the closest and most enduring of Ruskin’s friendships which have not yet been touched upon—friendships which began early in his life and were ended only by death. In a passage of *Fors Clavigera* (1877) Ruskin gives a list of his old and tried friends, “with their respective belongings of family circle.” The members of this inner circle of his friendship were “Henry Acland, and George Richmond, and John Simon, and Charles Norton, and William Kingsley, and Rawdon Brown, and Osborne Gordon, and Burne-Jones, and Lady Mount-Temple, and Mrs. Hilliard, and Miss Ingelow.”⁵ Some

¹ Vol. XXXVII. p. 240.

² *Ibid.*, p. 323.

³ The letter of condolence to the latter is admirable (Vol. XXXVII. p. 506).

⁴ *Memoirs of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. pp. 228–229. Compare No. 41 in Ruskin’s letters to Ellis (Vol. XXXVII. p. 641).

⁵ See Vol. XXIX. p. 184.

of the friendships thus named have been described already in this Introduction. It remains for us to notice the others, beginning, however, with one which Ruskin strangely omitted from his list.

Many of the most interesting and intimate of Ruskin's letters are to Dr. John Brown, the beloved physician of Edinburgh and author of *Rab and his Friends*. The letters begin in 1846 and continue till Brown's death in 1882. It was not, however, till 1853 that he and Ruskin met. Brown, born in 1810, was the senior of the two men by nine years. Ruskin traces in *Præterita*¹ certain links of native sympathy between him and his friend—their common race, and in some respects their similar upbringing. They had, too, many communities of taste. Brown, though closely occupied in the practice of his profession, was a keen lover of literature and painting. He had high repute in Edinburgh as an art-critic. He was an ardent admirer of the genius of Turner. He was “a lover of the meadows and the woods, and mountains.” “How delighted I am with the *Border Minstrelsy*,” he wrote to a friend in 1835, “and how enraged I feel, that owing to these wretched things called circumstances, I cannot and probably never will see the places, or wander at will among the Hills. What secrets which have been hidden in the everlasting hills and in the fountains of waters which move among them would *we* not reveal—the day may yet come.”² In the writer of these words, the first volume of *Modern Painters* struck an instant chord of sympathy and understanding, and his admiration of the “Graduate's” work was strengthened by the second volume. He wrote to the unknown author expressing his gratitude, and Ruskin replied (p.60) in warm terms which encouraged further correspondence. Brown much desired to make his acquaintance, and wondered what manner of man he might be. “Too much a man of genius,” he conjectured, “to be always good-natured.” Like every other judicious reader of Ruskin, Brown could not always go with him. “I once thought him very nearly a god,” he wrote in 1851; “I find we must cross the River before we get at our gods.” But on this side of the River, he was presently to walk with Ruskin as a friend. The “arrogance” in some *obiter scriptum*, which had momentarily disaffected Brown, was atoned for when they met. “Never believe one word against him,” Brown wrote; “he is odd and wilful, and not to be gainsayed, but he is pure and good, and an amazing genius.”³ And so, again: “I am sure he has wings under his flannel

¹ Vol. XXXV. pp. 458, 463, 465.

² Letters of Dr. John Brown, 1907, p. 33.

³ For this, and previously quoted passages, see *The Letters of Dr. John Brown*, pp. 93, 88, 118, 183, 226.

jacket; he is not a man, but a stray angel, who has singed his wings a little and tumbled into our sphere. He has all the arrogance, insight, unreasonableness, and spiritual sheen of a celestial." "It is now thirty years," he wrote in 1874, "since he first wrote me, and I have known no nobler, purer nature since." They had a common friend in Pauline, Lady Trevelyan, with whom Ruskin stayed at Wallington in 1853, on his way to Edinburgh. She had invited Dr. John Brown at the same time, and Ruskin thus had made known to him "the best and truest friend of all his life." On some later occasion, when they were both at Wallington together, Lady Trevelyan's niece, Miss Constance Hilliard, then a girl of nine, was staying there.¹ She became a great pet both of Ruskin and of Brown, and there are several allusions in their correspondence to "that queer and dear child," as Brown called her,² with the "quaint and witty" ways noted by Ruskin. She stayed as a child of twelve at Denmark Hill, became the life-long friend of Mrs. Severn, and is included, through her mother, in Ruskin's list of his dearest friendships: a letter to her will be found in this Collection.

Dr. John Brown, says Ruskin, was his "*best* friend, because he was of my father's race and native town; *truest* because he know always how to help us both, and never made any mistakes in doing so." The published letters of Brown to Ruskin show how constant and appreciative was the sympathy which he gave to his friend; and Ruskin's to him, how much pleasure and encouragement were thereby afforded. In Ruskin's middle period—that of *Unto this Last* and kindred writings—there was some little relaxation of the sympathy between the two men, for the brown, as to most others at that time, the assault upon the "old" Political Economy seemed bad and mad. It was cause of lively regret to Ruskin that his friend would not instantly be converted (pp. 340, 416); but in later years the full sympathy between them was restored. Brown was an eager reader of everything that came from Ruskin's pen, and there was seldom an article, a chapter, or a book which did not bring a word of appreciation from Edinburgh. "You never sent an arrow more home or to better purpose," wrote Brown of Ruskin's vindication of James Forbes against Tyndall; "good-bye, my own dear friend, and may the Almighty, your father's and mother's God, bless and cheer you."³ "It did and does give pleasure,"

¹ Ruskin in *Præterita* confuses this occasion with his first visit to Wallington in 1853.

² *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, p. 206.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 226 (December 27, 1873). See also p. 230

he wrote of the chapters on Scott in *Fors Clavigera*, “but, oh! when will we get the rest? You should be twenty several men.”¹ “I gave myself up on Sunday evening for some hours,” he said in another letter, “to going over the plates of *Modern Painters*. I would say more easily to any one than yourself what was the feeling that grew upon me as I scrutinised their old and ever new lines of feeling and power. You should be thankful to God every night you lay down your head for having done them.”²

Of a chapter of *Ariadne Florentina* Brown wrote: “I have read every word of this in my carriage, dodging about from door to door, from one case to another. Besides being new and true and important—very—this is full of ‘go,’ ‘throughout with the full fire of temper in it.’ That dying child! that miserrimus Miser! and all that about anatomy profoundly true.”³ And of *Proserpina*: “Thanks, as I have so long and so often had to give you, for the joy and comfort of it; it is delightful and informing and more”;⁴ and once again of *The Bible of Amiens*:—

“27th December, 1881.—I owe you much for some real pleasure this day, of which I stood in need. Here is indeed no ‘loss of general power, whether in conception or industry’; the ‘active brightness of the entire soul and life’ are here as of old.”⁵ You burn like iron wire in oxygen, and I often wonder how you survive your own intensity. The Northern Porch is lovely, quite, in its true sense *exquisite*—searched out and expressed to the uttermost by the good (I am sure he is worthy) George Allen and his master”⁶

Letters such as this gave much pleasure to Ruskin, as his answers sufficiently show. He liked such “frankincense friendship,”⁷ and was, on his side, not slow to praise his friend’s work; though, as it happened, the pieces by which Dr. John Brown is best known to the general reader were those which Ruskin least liked. He was, like

¹ *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, p. 253 (October 25, 1877).

² October 2, 1874; *ibid.*, p. 257, where the letter is wrongly dated “1878,” for it contains a mention of a letter from Ruskin at Lucca (1874).

³ *Ibid.*, p. 225. The references are to Lecture V. (Vol. XXII. pp. 420, the woodcuts between pp. 416, 417, and p. 407).

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 280. See further, Vol. XXXVII. p. 386 *n.*

⁵ Quotations from Appendix iii. and ch. ii. § 3 in *The Bible of Amiens* (Vol. XXXIII. pp. 186, 54).

⁶ The rest of the letter is cited in Vol. XXXIV. p. xlv. The “Northern Porch” is Plate XI. in Vol. XXXIII.; but Mr. Allen’s plate was not in a condition to bear printing from (see *ibid.*, p. lxiii.).

⁷ See Vol. XXXVII. p. 340.

his friend, a devoted lover of dogs—"Let us both look for the happy hunting-ground," he said, "where we shall meet all our—dogs again"; but, though he appreciated the beautiful writing in *Rab*, the story was too sad for him.¹ And so with *Marjorie Fleming*, the pathos was too poignant. But to Dr. Brown's other pieces, Ruskin gave unstinted praise,² and especially was he charmed by the account of the doctor's father.³ Ruskin's warm sympathy in the sorrows of private life was also a great comfort to Dr. Brown. He had lost his wife in 1864, and writing to Ruskin ten years later, he says how often he blessed his friend for his keen appreciation of her character. A little later Dr. Brown's health broke down and his "mind lost its self-control for a short time." "Don't over-cerebrate," he once said to Ruskin.⁴ Four years passed, and Ruskin himself was similarly afflicted. The friends both knew what it was to pass through the valley of the shadow, and their latest letters seem touched with a yet deeper note of affection. It was in these years that Ruskin gave his friend much pleasure by sending him drawings and engravings to look at, and often to keep. They had, too, in their later years a further link of attachment in their common friend, Miss Susan Beever. Dr. Brown, indeed, knew her only by correspondence; but he read her character perfectly, and the two men were equally attracted by the heart of a child which neither the wisdom of experience nor the weight of years could deaden. "I trust that we shall both go on yet, in spite of sorrow," wrote Ruskin at the end of 1881, "speaking to each other through the sweetbriar and the vine, for many an hour of twilight as well as morning." But in 1882 Dr. John Brown passed away. "Nothing could tell," wrote Ruskin, "the loss to me in his death, nor the grief to how many greater souls than mine, that had been possessed in patience through his love."⁵

Next to Dr. John Brown, Ruskin placed, in the count of his men-friends, Charles Eliot Norton—"my second friend and my first real tutor."⁶ Ruskin's letters to him form not the least interesting, and from 1856 onwards perhaps the most continuous, series in the present

¹ See below, pp. 365–6; and for the preceding quotation, Vol. XXXVII. p. 288.

² See below, pp. 85, 392, 403; and in Vol. XXXVII., Xmas. '73, 29 Dec. '73.

³ Obscured under the title *Letter to John Cairns*. For further references to it, see *Præterita*,

⁴ *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, pp. 226, 206, 230.

⁵ *Præterita*, ii. § 232 (Vol. XXXV. p. 463).

⁶ *Ibid.*, iii. § 46 (Vol. XXXV. p. 520). Elsewhere, and at an earlier date, Ruskin speaks of Norton as "the best friend I have in the world, next to Carlyle" (Vol. XVII. p. 477).

Collection. Other friends had preserved letters from Ruskin, hardly less numerous, but it has been necessary to represent such collections more sparingly, as Professor Norton had already printed his long series in America.¹ It is needless to say much about this friendship; for Ruskin has described it in *Præterita*,² and the letters themselves, though they are one-sided, sufficiently disclose the relations between the two men. The letters may be read, says Professor Norton, “as an irregular narrative of a friendship with which neither difference of temperament nor frequent and wide divergence of opinion had power to interfere.”³ These differences and divergences were, indeed, neither few nor slight, as any discerning reader of Ruskin’s letters will readily perceive. Small occasions would sometimes bring them out; it shocked Ruskin, for example, to have his attention called to the fire-flies at Siena—whose shining he has described in a beautiful passage—by a request to “look at the lightning-bugs.” The friends, then, though never asunder, often differed; and these differences—the difference, for instance, which Ruskin likens to that between Oldbuck and Lovel (p. 571)—appear in this selection of his letters, sometimes in passages of playful irony or sarcasm, at other times emphasised with what must be accounted bitterness and even provocation on Ruskin’s side. Ruskin, owing to his solitary upbringing, had, as Jowett said,⁴ “never rubbed his mind against others”; he held his own convictions, moreover, with an intensity which admitted of little compromise and of no indifferentism. He could write a letter of courtesy, politeness, or flattery as gracefully as any man; but often, as he told Mrs. Browning, he “did not say the pleasantest things to his friends.”⁵ At the end there was on Ruskin’s part some interruption in the frequency of correspondence, if not also in cordiality of feeling, for he resented, more strongly than the published letters indicate, Professor Norton’s attacks upon Froude in connexion with the trust committed to him by Carlyle. It was not only that he regarded some of his friend’s criticisms as “niggling and nagging.”⁶ He remembered that we are all liable to petty errors in transcribing letters—a weakness of human eyes and fingers from which, by the way, Professor Norton’s own treatment of Ruskin’s letters is not exempt. The editors have not seen the originals, but

¹ For a note on this subject, see the Bibliographical Appendix, Vol. XXXVII. p. 683.

² Vol. XXXV. pp. 519–520, 522–524.

³ Preface to *Letters of Ruskin to Norton*, Boston, 1904, p. viii.

⁴ *Life and Letters*, vol. ii. p. 257.

⁵ *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. p. 217.

⁶ Vol. XXXVII. p. 569.

the readings in Professor Norton's various publications of them differ considerably, and they cannot all be right.¹ But this was only an incidental point. The main one was that Ruskin was the friend not only of Froude, but also of Carlyle, and held that Froude was better qualified than Professor Norton to form a sound opinion of the way in which Carlyle's trust should be discharged. This episode caused some inevitable soreness; but the letters show none the less the sympathy and affection which Ruskin's friend across the sea extended to him with perfect constancy through every change of mood and fortune.² It is no slight tribute to Professor Norton's genius for friendship that to him many of Ruskin's best letters, as also many of those from Sir Leslie Stephen and other eminent English men of letters, were addressed.

Another much-loved friend of Ruskin was Rawdon Brown, of Venice, to whom incidental reference has been made above (p. lxix.), and with whom we have often met in previous volumes of this edition. He was a link between Ruskin's earlier visits to Venice, during the writing of *The Stones*, and those of later years. Ruskin's letters to him, which were numerous, are partly in the British Museum (presented by Mr. W. G. Cavendish Bentinck in 1900) and partly in the possession of Mr. Horatio Brown, his successor in the editorship of the Venetian archives for the English State Papers. The collection in the British Museum shows how carefully the letters received from Ruskin were treasured by Brown. He was scrupulous to add the dates; he often annotated them with reminiscences;³ and sometimes filed a copy of his own replies. The letters selected for the present Collection begin in 1850, with one which shows Rawdon Brown assisting Ruskin in the collection of architectural details for *The Stones of Venice* (p. 106). Next, in 1853–1854 (pp. 148, 162), we find Ruskin seeing through the press Rawdon Brown's *Giustiniani*—a book which threw new light on the relation of the Venetian archives to English history, and caused Lord Palmerston to commission Brown to calendar the archives—a

¹ In this edition it has been assumed that the latest version of the letters is the more correct, but there are some curious mistakes.

² Mr. Norton died, at the age of eighty-one, on October 21, 1908: for an interesting obituary notice, see the *Times* of the following day.

³ An instance may be given in connexion with Ruskin's letter of May 8, 1877 (Vol. XXXVII. p. 222). "In reply to this letter, I told him," says Brown, "that the Scuola of St. Giovanni Evangelista was by the elder Lombardo, and that I respected Fra Giocondo as 'the second founder of Venice.' Toni, who took the letter, said he clapped his hands on reading it; and now, to-day, 20th May, he gave me the first proof of Part II. Academy Guide, and at p. 30 [Vol. XXIV. p. 169 n.] I see that the satisfaction proceeded from my telling him that Giocondo's contemporaries styled him the second founder of Venice."

work which occupied him during the remainder of his life (1862–1883). Intercourse with Rawdon Brown was always one of Ruskin's chief pleasures in visits to Venice, and was especially close and frequent during the winter of 1876–1877. A note of this period is included,¹ as a sample of the messages that passed on days when the old friends did not meet in person. Ruskin relied much on Brown's unrivalled knowledge of things Venetian, and wrote as a dutiful *figlio*. "Your most affectionate old friend" was Brown's signature in replying. Of Brown's attached servant, Antonio—the Toni of Browning's sonnet on Brown—mention is made in Ruskin's books.² The letters show his kindly and constant recollection of other members of Brown's household—of Joan, his servant, and of Panno, the gondolier (pp. 314, 480). Ruskin seldom forgot to send them Christmas presents, and he was for many years in the habit of forwarding an annual gift for Brown to distribute among other humble Venetian folk.

In this connexion mention may be made of a letter to one of the monks of the Armenian Convent,³ transcribed for this edition from their show-case at San Lazzaro; and of two notes to another gondolier, Pietro Mazzini.⁴ Ruskin's acquaintance and correspondence with Count Zorzi have been recorded in earlier volumes,⁵ and some further letters to the Count and his friends will be found in the present Collection.

For an illustrious Venetian of a younger generation, Commendatore Boni, whose acquaintance he made in 1876–1877,⁶ Ruskin entertained a warm affection—as is indicated by a touching little note.⁷ Signor Boni's letters, which are preserved at Brantwood, show how much the young architect owed to Ruskin's books, sympathy, and help. He entered a new life, he says, on first reading the books; his principles lectures about Ruskin. The devoted enthusiasm of this architect who interpreted "restoration" as preservation, not destruction, was very pleasing to Ruskin. I do not know whether the studies in archaeological research and excavation, by which Commendatore Boni is now so well known, owed anything to him; but certainly Ruskin urged him to classical studies, and sent him various books.

Among Ruskin's friends made in Italy and Switzerland were Count

¹ See Vol. XXXVII. p. 222.

² Vol. XXIX. p. 68, Vol. XXXII. p. 100.

³ Vol. XXXVII. p. 462.

⁴ Vol. XXXVII. pp. 382, 581. Pietro is still alive, and receives his Christmas gift from Mrs. Severn.

⁵ Vol. XXIV. pp. lx., 405 *seq.*, and Vol. XXIX. pp. xv.–xix.

⁶ See Vol. XXIV. p. xli.

⁷ Vol. XXXVII. p. 373.

Borromeo, who is mentioned in the Letters, and who was a great friend of Rawdon Brown; and David Urquhart, of whom Ruskin at one time saw a good deal, the Turcophil diplomatist and author of *The Spirit of the East*.¹ Urquhart had built himself a châlet at St. Gervais, near Chamouni, and it was partly at his suggestion that Ruskin proposed to do the like.

Ruskin's friendship with Carlyle stands in a category by itself. "What can you say of Carlyle," said Ruskin to Froude, "but that he was born in the clouds and struck by the lightning?"—" 'struck by the lightning,' " adds Froude, "not meant for happiness, but for other ends; a stern fate which nevertheless in the modern world, as in the ancient, is the portion dealt out to some individuals on whom the heavens have been pleased to set their mark."² Carlyle was the revered Master; Ruskin the beloved disciple. A visitor to Chelsea in 1879 describes Carlyle as reclining on a sofa, while Ruskin knelt on the floor, leaning over Carlyle as they talked, and kissing his hands on taking leave.³ The description is typical of their relations. I do not know when, or how, they first met—it was certainly before 1851, as is proved by Carlyle's letter of March 9 in that year, about *The Stones of Venice*.⁴ The arts were not much in Carlyle's way, but he found Ruskin's talk an exception:—

Ruskin was here the other night," he wrote to his brother (November 27, 1855);—"a bottle of beautiful *soda-water*,—something like Rait of old times, only with an intellect of tenfold vivacity. He is very pleasant company now and then. A singular element,—very curious to look upon,—in the present puddle of the intellectual artistic so-called 'world' in these parts at this date."⁵

At this time Ruskin was not an infrequent visitor to Carlyle and his wife; one of his most sparkling letters⁶ is an apology to Mrs. Carlyle for a delayed call. "It was a *relief*," she wrote in her journal (May 15, 1856), "when Ruskin called for us, to go to a great soirée at Bath House. *There* I found my tongue, and used it 'not wisely but too well.' "⁷ Ruskin admired her cleverness, but did not love that

¹ Ruskin refers to the book in *Fors Clavigera*: see Vol. XXIX. p. 51.

² *Thomas Carlyle: a History of the First Forty Years of his Life*, 1882, vol. ii. p. 475.

³ *William Allingham: a Diary*, 1907, p. 275. Compare Mr. Lyttelton's description of Carlyle's tenderness to Ruskin, Vol. XXXIV. p. 722.

⁴ Printed in Vol. IX. p. xlv.

⁵ *New Letters of Carlyle*, edited by Alexander Carlyle, 1904, vol. ii. p. 177.

⁶ Printed in Vol. V. p. xlix.

⁷ *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, 1903, vol. ii. p. 97.

tongue, and was heard in after years to speak of her as “the shrew.”¹ Mrs. Carlyle, on her side, has left some sharp remarks upon him, but she loved the beautiful way in which he soothed and managed her husband.² Carlyle’s reply to Ruskin’s letter of condolence on Mrs. Carlyle’s death, which has already been printed,² shows the warmth of affection between the two men. Carlyle’s loss and Ruskin’s increasing preoccupation in other than purely artistic work drew them closer together, as we have heard;³ and the letters of Ruskin, chosen out of a larger number for this Collection, are especially numerous in the later period. “I am your faithful and devoted son in the Florentine sense,” writes Ruskin in an undated letter from Oxford,⁴ and during his sojourn abroad in 1874 he sent to “Papa” Carlyle an almost daily letter, as of old to his own father. These show the most reverent affection for his master, and a constant desire to amuse, interest, or encourage him. The letters from Carlyle of encouragement and stimulus in Ruskin’s work, which have already been printed, show how much the friendship meant to the younger man. That it was greatly valued by Carlyle also is no less clear. He was, indeed, by no means blind to his friend’s waywardness, but perhaps the very caprices of “aethereal Ruskin whom God preserve”⁵ endeared him the more. A series of notes from Carlyle’s correspondence and talk records successive impressions:—

(To DR. CARLYLE, *March* 1, 1865.)—“On Monday I had engaged myself to Denmark Hill, for Ruskin’s superb mineralogical collection and a free discourse upon the same;—an adventure that proved pleasant enough.”

(To JOHN FORSTER, *Dec.* 20 1872.)—“Ruskin good and affectionate.”

(To DR. CARLYLE, *Nov.* 17, 1874.)—“I have seen Ruskin these three Saturdays in punctual sequence at two P.M., who promises to come weekly at the same day and hour, by way of holiday at London. I get but little real insight out of him, though he is full of friendliness and is aiming as if at the very stars; but his sensitive, flighty nature disqualifies him for earnest conversation and frank communication of his secret thoughts.”

(To DR. CARLYLE, *Jan.* 1, 1875.)—“We saw Ruskin’s Allen one day at Sunnyside, Orpington, and got from him the *Fors* of this month (which is good for little), and a whole half-dozen or more of other little and bigger books, which I find to be superior stuff, and have begun to read with real interest.”⁶

(To W. ALLINGHAM, *March* 11, 1878.)—“There is a celestial brightness

¹ See Vol. XXXIV. p. 671 *n.*

² See Vol. XVIII. p. xlvii.

³ See Vol. XIX. pp. lvii.–lviii., and compare Vol. XVIII. p. xlviii.

⁴ So also in *Val d’Arno*, Vol. XXIII. p. 37 *n.*

⁵ See Vol. XIV. p. 497 *n.*

⁶ *New Letters of Carlyle*, vol. ii. pp. 215, 293, 310, 314.

in Ruskin. His description of the wings of birds the most beautiful thing of the kind that can possibly be. His morality, too, is the highest and purest. And with all this a wonderful folly at times! The St. George's Company is utterly absurd. I thought it a joke at first."¹

Between Carlyle and Ruskin there was enough sympathy to make the friendship firm, and enough contrast to lend it piquancy. That it was proof against a temporary misunderstanding, we have already seen.² Carlyle, in spite of the "flightiness" which he found in Ruskin, felt sharply any break in their intercourse. If Ruskin delayed to write, Carlyle ever asked the reason why; if he intermitted his weekly calls, Carlyle begged him to resume them.³

Of Ruskin's friendship with Froude we have already heard.⁴ Only one or two of his letters to Froude are available, but I have seen many from Froude to him. Froude addressed him as his "truest friend," and when Ruskin gave warning that he meant to criticise him sharply in *Fors Clavigera*,⁵ he replied, "Whatever you say, my admiration and affection for you would remain unabated." "Your note," he says in another letter, "gave me inexpressible pleasure. It was pain and grief to me to feel that I had lost your good opinion. . . . The censures of those we think most highly of are, or ought to be, more didactic a great deal, than one's own personal notion that one is in the right."

¹ *William Allingham: a Diary*, 1907, p. 263.

² See Vol. XVII. p. 482.

³ The General Index gives references to various reminiscences of Carlyle's conversation. An extract from Ruskin's diary may here be added:—

"April 24, 1875.—At Carlyle's yesterday . . . Carlyle intensely interesting, pathetic infinitely. If only I could have written down every word! Of my mother: 'to see her sitting there as clean as if she had come out of spring water, and her mind the same way, utterly recusant of everything contrary to the perfect and perpetual law of the Supreme.' ('Recusant' is not the word, the rest is literal; but, instead of recusant, it was one like 'condemnatory' or 'reprobacious,' but I can't think of it.) He spoke of his own work with utter contempt. If it had any good in it, it was nothing but the dogged determination to carry it through so far as he could, against all. (Alas, that I can't recollect the vigorous words expressing contemptible but overwhelming force of antagonism.) It needed the obstinacy of ten to do *Frederick*. Of his own life, he spoke as a mere useless burden, 'in the past only supportable by the help and affection of others, and chiefly of that noble *One* whom I lost eleven years ago' (*nearly* literal this). No one could be more thankful than he, when the summons came; though of the future he knew nothing, except that if it *were* mere Death, it was appointed by an entirely wise and righteous Creator (Still not half the power of his own beautiful words, I thought I couldn't have forgotten); and if there were any hope of being re-united to any soul one had loved, it was all the Heaven he desired, and he could conceive of no Heaven without that."

It was on this occasion that Ruskin, as already related (Vol. XXVIII. p. 319 *n.*), delighted Carlyle by reading to him "the prayer of the monied man" in *Fors*.

⁴ Vol. XXXV. p. xxiv.

⁵ See Vol. XXIX. pp. 387 *seq.*

xxxvi.

Among the “tutelary powers” of his women-friendships Ruskin in *Præterita* gives precedence to Lady Trevelyan and Mrs. Cowper-Temple. Paulina, Lady Trevelyan, the first wife of Sir Walter Trevelyan, was a woman of many scientific, literary, and artistic tastes. She was three years Ruskin’s senior, having been born in 1816—the eldest daughter of the Rev. G. B. Jermyn, LL.D. As a girl she used to attend meetings of learned societies, and several of her letters to Dr. Whewell have been printed.¹ In 1842 she and Sir Walter travelled in Greece, and a series of her sketches of the antiquities are preserved in the British Museum. She wrote many verses, contributed stories to the magazines, and was largely employed by the editor of the *Scotsman* in reviewing books and art-exhibitions. Among her reviews was one of Ruskin’s *Pre-Raphaelitism*. She was also an occasional exhibitor at the Royal Scottish Academy. Ruskin was unable to remember when he first made her acquaintance; his first visit to her home in Northumberland was in 1853, and has already been described.² When Ruskin took her to Cheyne Row in 1862, Carlyle described her as “a kind of wit, not unamiable, and with plenty of sense.”³ Dr. John Brown writes of her: “She was one of my dearest friends, incomparable in some ways.” And such also she was to Ruskin. He advised her about the paintings with which she and Sir Walter were decorating the interior court of their house at Wallington, and executed some of the work himself.⁴ They had many tastes in common, artistic and botanical;⁵ to her, as the letters show, he wrote of his multitudinous plans, sure of warm sympathy, if also of prudent advice. In 1867, as we have seen, Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan went to Switzerland with Ruskin; she was taken ill, and he was present at her deathbed. “That loving, bright, faithful friend,” wrote Dr. John Brown to Ruskin after her death, “such as you and I are not likely to see till we see herself, if that is ever to be.”⁶

For Mrs. Cowper-Temple⁷ Ruskin cherished a confiding friendship perhaps even closer and more affectionate. The story of his admiration, when he saw her as a girl at Rome, and of their subsequent

¹ See *Selections from the Literary and Artistic Remains of Paulina Jermyn Trevelyan*. Edited by David Wooster. London and Newcastle, 1879.

² Vol. XII. pp. xix., xx. ³ *New Carlyle Letters*, vol. ii. p. 215.

⁴ Vol. XVI. pp. 493–494.

⁵ For a reference to her occasional help, see Vol. XI. p. 271 n.

⁶ *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, pp. 242, 206.

⁷ She was the youngest daughter of Admiral Tollemache and sister of the first Lord Tollemache of Helmingham. Her husband, the Rt. Hon. William Cowper, was the stepson of Lord Palmerston, and on succeeding to Lord Palmerston’s estates in 1869, took the additional name of Temple. In 1880 he was created Baron Mount-Temple.

meeting, many years later, is told in *Præterita*. Ruskin speedily became the friend of herself and her husband, Mr. William Cowper, to whom she had been married in 1848. Some of Ruskin's earlier letters to her have been given in a previous volume,¹ in connexion with spiritualistic séances which she persuaded him to attend, and these are again referred to in the present series of letters. Ruskin had a habit of giving familiar names to his friends, and "William" and "Mrs. Cowper" soon pass in the correspondence into filov and filh. It is under the latter name that Ruskin dedicated an edition of *Sesame and Lilies* to her. Another of his names for her was "Isola" or "Isola Bella." "I gave her that name," he said, "because she is so unapproachable"—unapproachable, that is, by ordinary roads, but "open on all sides to waifs of the waves, claiming haven and rest in her sympathy."² How true is this description is known to all who were ever present at the "Broadlands Conferences" arranged by her.³ Mr. and Mrs. Cowper-Temple little deserved the reproaches which, not too seriously meant, Ruskin addresses to them in one letter for "compromising between God and Satan," and little needed the pretty injunction to arrange a dinner-party as if Christ were to be of the company to which he refers in *Fors Clavigera*.⁴ Of Mr. Cowper-Temple's helpfulness to Ruskin we have heard in previous volumes. He introduced him to Lord Palmerston, in connexion at first with National Gallery affairs; and later he consented to act as one of the first trustees of St. George's Guild. If Mr. Cowper-Temple, as a practical politician, could not always follow Ruskin into details, he sympathised fully with his friend's aims. Their relation is well shown by the letter which Mr. Cowper-Temple wrote (October 4, 1875) when Ruskin was coming on a visit to Broadlands:—

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I gratefully sign and ratify your projected treaty of alliance, defensive but not offensive. We are each to move in our own orbit of work and occupation, and to collide into juxtaposition only when our circles touch naturally and without constraint. But we agree always to be in sympathy, though not always in society; and it will be a great delight and advantage to me to have as much of your company as you can give me without interfering in any degree with the work of your mission in life. I'm starting for Portsmouth, and leave Isola to add all that is necessary to say before you arrive on Wednesday.—Ever yr. affec.

"W. C. TEMPLE."

¹ Vol. XVIII. p. xxxii.

² *Ruskin Relics*, p. 225.

³ First in 1874. They are described by Mr. G. W. E. Russell in *The Household of Faith*, pp. 205 *seq.*

⁴ See Vol. XXXVII. p. 110.

It was Mrs. Cowper-Temple who helped to nurse Ruskin through his serious illness at Matlock in 1871, and thenceforward, in playful recognition of their protecting friendship, he becomes their “little boy,” and she sometimes his “Grannie.” She was his *confidante*, and to her, as to Rosie,¹ he became “St. C.” Playful, and half grotesque, sentiment of this kind constantly meets us in Ruskin’s intimate correspondence. Two of her notes to him may be cited. The first must refer to the dedication of the new edition of *Sesame and Lilies*; the second was a birthday letter:—

“DEAREST ST. C.,—I could never tell you how deeply touched I am, and to-day I have only time for this trifle. I can hardly believe that you are going to do me this honour and that you really care for me so much! Never doubt that I can be other than yours most gratefully and lovingly, f.”

“Blessed be the day and the hour when your mother rejoiced over her first-born, and let it be blessed a thousand-fold more to-morrow when we may joy over you too, with the many, many that you have lightened and brightened and helped and cheered by your presence in this beautiful, ugly, joyful, sad, incomprehensible world.”

A characteristic reminiscence of one of his visits to Broadlands has been recorded by Lady Mount-Temple:—

“We found him, as always, most delightful and instructive company; his talk full and brilliant, and his kindness increasing to all the house, giving a halo to life. He set us all to manual work! He himself undertook to clean out the fountain in the garden, and made us all, from Juliet² to Mr. Russell Gurney, pick up the fallen wood and make it up into bundles of faggots for the poor!”³

“Giving a halo to life”: somewhat of it seems to surround the correspondence in which Ruskin’s friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Cowper-Temple, each of whom lived in the world but not of it, is enshrined. The few letters, chosen from a large number at Brantwood⁴ for inclusion in this Collection, now in their graceful play and now in their burning sorrow and pity, bring us very near to the inmost spirit of their writer.⁵

With Sir John and Lady Simon Ruskin and his parents had become acquainted through a chance meeting in Savoy in 1856, and

¹ See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 528.

² Madame Deschamps (Lady Mount-Temple’s adopted daughter).

³ *Ruskin Relics*, p. 226; quoted from Lady Mount-Temple’s privately printed volume of *Memorials*.

⁴ Lady Mount-Temple gave them to Mrs. Severn.

⁵ At Broadlands Ruskin met Lady Mount-Temple’s nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Leicester, of Toft Hall, Cheshire, who ever after were among the most valued friends of Ruskin and Brantwood. See Vol. XXVII. p. 362 *n*.

the acquaintance ripened between them all into a very warm friendship—celebrated by Ruskin, as usual, with familiar names. John Simon became, from the identity of Christian name, his “dear brother John,” and Mrs. Simon his “dear P. R. S.” (Pre-Raphaelite Sister and Sibyl), or more shortly “S.” “She, with her husband,” says Ruskin in *Præterita*, “love Savoy even more than I”; and “She, in my mother’s old age, was her most deeply trusted friend.”¹ The friendly terms on which Mr. Simon stood with Ruskin’s father have been incidentally shown in an earlier volume.² John Simon, M. D., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and F.R.S. (created K.C.B. in 1887), of Anglo-French descent, was, as is well known, one of the chief masters of sanitary science in this country, and in the year before the Ruskins met him had been appointed to the newly created post of Medical Officer to the Privy Council. It is to his Reports made in this capacity that Ruskin more than once refers in his books.³ In 1878 Dr. Simon was in Venice, and made the acquaintance of Rawdon Brown. “Never in my life,” wrote Brown to Ruskin (September 13), “did I sympathise with any one more instantaneously—so good, so sensible, so modest, and so wise; his love for you is not to be described.” He had in 1848 married Miss Jane O’Meara. “Her warm Irish nature was concealed from strangers,” says Lady Burne-Jones, who with her husband owed friendship with Sir John and Lady Simon to Ruskin’s introduction, “by a singularly impassive manner; but, that once penetrated, her fine qualities revealed themselves: amongst them were constancy in friendship and a rare courage and magnanimity in times of trial.”⁴ Sir John and Lady Simon were friends in whose society Ruskin took much pleasure, and to whom he often turned in times of distress. If he suffered a good deal from ill-health, it was not for want of the best medical advice, since two of his dearest friends were Dr. Acland and Dr. Simon; but Ruskin was always of the persuasion that the thing to do with advice (as with physic) is not to take it. A few letters may be given from Sir John and Lady Simon, to illustrate the sage advice he received from the one, the affectionate sympathy from the other:—

(July 7, 1884.)—“DEAR BROTHER JOHN,—My ejaculation against ‘polemics’ was surely not meant to glance at any such task, deliberately undertaken where the occasion really demands it, but rather against what

¹ Vol. XXXV. p. 433.

² See Vol. XVII. pp. xxvii., li.

³ See *Sesame and Lilies*, Vol. XVIII. p. 105, and *Time and Tide*, § 162 (Vol. XVII. p. 450). For Ruskin’s many other references to his friend and his work, see the General Index.

⁴ *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 257.

I may call 'parenthetical polemics'; as to which I have sometimes wished that you had continued in peaceful procession through the meadow, notwithstanding some shred of scarlet in the hedge. I do not deny the validity, to some extent, of argument against that wish. It is of course not to be desired that, for merely artistic reasons, you should use temporary blinkers against side-reds, where there is need to horn them without any delay. But I have a strong sense of there being terrible likelihood of injustice when attacks are made by way of parenthesis. The animal which is proverbially distractable by the red rag is also proverbial for charging with shut eyes."

(May 12, 1884.)—"The older I get and the sadder, and I get very sad, the more I cling to the comforting of Nature. . . . Oh, Mr. John, how can you, and others like you, be thankful enough for the world of beauty in which your lives are habitually past. . . . I am never tired of thinking how easily all might have been ugly or dull, and how all is lovely and bright, or awfully sublime, in Nature. All its degradation is man's doing—and the pace at which that degrading process is now being carried on, is one source—the chief one—of my sadness; and I find *no one*, but you, who seems to have at all the same feeling."

"(40 KENSINGTON SQ., W., *Mar. 5th*, '94.)—How very, very good of you, dearest Mr. John, to write us such a kind letter! We are very deeply grateful, and your faithful 'Brother John' was quite overcome at the sight of the dear familiar writing. I am sure you know that you are a constant presence in our lives, and John often *longs* to see you. Arthur and Joan make magnificent offers of personal escort, so perhaps a good time may come. I am better, and I hope I may soon be again in my usual moderate health. We send our dear love to you, and are, as ever, your loving.

JOHN AND
JANE SIMON."

"DEAREST BROTHER JOHN,—Though Jane has, as always, identified me with her few words to you, yet let me, in my own aged handwriting, add a word to say for myself how very, very glad I am to see again afresh your signs of life, and to know that you are fairly strong for the calms though not for the frictions of time. My life is drawing to its close; for, as you know, I am not only 2½ years by calendar ahead of you, but am, of late, sadly aged and failing in strength; but you will know that, while I live, my best wishes are ever with you, and that my affection will go on to the end. God bless you; I wish I could better write our love for you, and our gladness at the care which Joan and Arthur take of you, and of the joy, too, which comes from the children.—Ever lovingly yours,

J.
S."

Ruskin's letters to Sir John and Lady Simon (as also to Lady Mount-Temple) continued to the end of his writing days; later letters to them are not included in the Collection only because of the number

of those to other correspondents which had to be included. Both Sir John and Lady Simon survived him. Sir John died in July 1904, in his 88th year; and Lady Simon rather less than two years before her husband.

Another old friend—included in the list of “the old and tried ones” in *Fors Clavigera*—was the Rev. William Kingsley, rector of South Kilvington, and probably now (1908) the oldest rector in England, for he is ninety-four. There are many references to him in Ruskin’s books, and one or two letters are included in this Collection.¹

A new friendship which filled a large part in Ruskin’s later life was that of Miss Kate Greenaway. It sprung from his admiration of her “fancy, unrivalled in its range,” which was “re-establishing throughout gentle Europe the manners and customs of fairyland.”² There was something of fairyland—with its idealising grace and its pretty play—in their friendship. In person, indeed, Miss Greenaway was the least “Kate Greenawayish” of mortals, and she was already thirty-seven when Ruskin first saw her. But in character—“mixed child and woman,” as he said of her—she appealed strongly to him, and a friendship, founded on mutual admiration, ripened rapidly.

Ruskin had been captivated by the original drawings for *Under the Window*, which were exhibited at the Fine Art Society. He expressed his admiration to Miss Greenaway’s friend, Stacy Marks, who encouraged him to write to her. This he did at the beginning of 1880 in a letter of charming fantasy, behind which some shrewd advice may already be discerned.³ In her reply she disclosed the admiration which she had long cherished for Ruskin’s work. She had written to another friend of “the holiness” she found in Ruskin’s “words and ideas.”⁴ The book she mentioned to Ruskin himself was his favourite *Fors Clavigera*; and of this she once wrote to another friend: “Never shall I forget what I felt in reading *Fors* for the first time, and it was the first book of his I had ever read. I longed for each evening to come that I might lose myself in that new wonderful world.”⁵ So, then, the stranger whom Ruskin thought he was addressing turned out to be a devoted disciple. The teacher was quick to seize his opportunity. He began at once to amplify the hints

¹ Some slight reminiscences of Ruskin are contained in an interview with Mr. Kingsley which appeared in the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, March 15, 1906.

² *Art of England*, § 112 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 342.).

³ Vol. XXXVII. p. 307. The preceding reference is to p. 508.

⁴ See the letter from Mr. Locker-Lampson in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 93.

⁵ Letter to Miss Violet Dickinson, *ibid.*, p. 223.

contained in the first letter, and to pour in letters of advice upon methods of study and directions by which she might improve her *technique*. She responded eagerly, submitted drawings for his inspection, and presently asked him to come to her studio. On December 29, 1882, her diary contained the entry, "Mr. Ruskin came. First time I ever saw him." He and Mrs. Severn alike were delighted with her, and in the following May she went to stay with them at Brantwood. There, as her biographers say, she was "plunged into an atmosphere of thought, art, and literature, which was to her alike new and exhilarating." Letters to old friends record her rapture:—

"After breakfast I am allowed (which is a great favour) to go into the study and see all sorts of beautiful things, with little talks and remarks from Mr. Ruskin as he writes; then we go drives, walks, or on the lake till tea-time. Then it is dinner-time; then he reads us something nice, or talks in the most beautiful manner. Words can hardly say the sort of man he is—perfect—simply."

"Everything is confused, I never know day or date. I'm always looking at books or pictures. I am absorbed into a new world altogether."¹

Miss Greenaway became at once a dear friend of Mrs. Severn and her daughters, and the visit to Brantwood was often repeated. Ruskin, for his part, was never so pleased as in attaching a new pupil, and the pleasure was not diminished if the pupil was an affectionate woman. In Miss Greenaway he found at once a devoted admirer and a disciple of the rarest gifts and richest promise. The correspondence shows how rapidly the friendship ripened into affection. "Dear Miss Greenaway" became "Dearest," "Darling," or "Sweetest Kate," and he was her "loving Dinie"—a signature which he explained as short for "Demonic," meaning that he was to be her artistic conscience. Such endearments are not infrequent in Ruskin's letters to other correspondents; and he was fond of teasing and playing. It was a standing jest, for instance, to assume that "Kate" was consumed with jealousy of "Francesca"; just as Mr. Locker-Lampson² affected jealousy of other friends of Miss Greenaway. Ruskin works the same vein when he talks of wreaking his jealousy on M. Chesneau, who had become possessed of Kate's photograph; and when she tells him of a present from one of the Princesses, he wishes he were a Prince and could send her pearls and

¹ *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 112–113.

² See his letters of 1884 and 1885: "I daresay that Ruskin is sunning his unworthy self in your smiles." "You must let me be one of your first visitors to the new house. What will you call it? The Villa Ruskin, or Dobson Lodge, or what?" (*Kate Greenaway*, p. 91).

rubies.¹ There was a genuine affection underneath Ruskin's words, but they should not be taken too seriously. Let us "know what we're about," he wrote once, "and not think truths teasing, but enjoy each other's sympathy and admiration—and think always—how nice we are!"²

The volume of correspondence between Ruskin and Kate Greenaway is very great. Many hundreds of his notes to her have passed through the editors' hands; and of hers to him more than 1000 are in existence. He himself kept none of her letters up to 1887; it is only those which came to Brantwood in later years that were preserved. Ruskin's letters were one of Miss Greenaway's greatest pleasures. In order that they might come the more regularly, she used to furnish him with envelopes already addressed;³ and her disappointment was great when they did not arrive. Even we, who are now admitted into the circle, can understand something of Miss Greenaway's pleasure; for the letters to her are fragrant with much of Ruskin's charm. Also they are intimate, and reveal all his passing moods. He scolds and praises; he passes from grave to gay, like an April sky; fun and sadness are mingled by turns. But what strikes me most in the letters is their good sense. Behind much good-humoured chaff, and in many a serious lecture, the advice which he gives is eminently sound and judicious. No one was more appreciative than Ruskin of the genius of Miss Greenaway; and his Oxford lecture upon her work,⁴ in which he praised it with insight and felicity, did much to confirm her vogue. But he was conscious from the first of her faults and limitations. Perhaps Mr. Locker-Lampson was right, indeed, when, on hearing that Ruskin was urging her to higher flights, he wrote laconically "Beware."⁵ But Ruskin was assuredly right in begging her to give to the play of her fancy a firmer foundation in study of nature, and to keep her style from degenerating into mannerism. He asked, with gentle irony, for "flowers that won't look as if their leaves had been in curl-papers all night"; for children for once without mittens; for "shoes that weren't *quite* so like mussel-shells"; for a "sun not like a drop of sealing-wax"; for girls that should be drawn with limbs, as well as frocks.⁶ He sent her written lessons

¹ See Vol. XXXVII. (31, 15, 5).

² Vol. XXXVII. p. (520). Lady Dorothy Nevill says: "I have good reason to believe that at one time the great art critic would not have been at all adverse to marry her, had she felt disposed to think favourably of such an alliance" (*The Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill*, edited by her son, 1906, p. 247). There was, however, no "good reason" for such a belief. It is a piece of gossip which altogether misjudged the situation.

³ *Kate Greenaway*, p. 143.⁴ Vol. XXXIII.

⁵ *Kate Greenaway*, p. 89.

⁶ Vol. XXXVII. pp. 453, 454, 427, 490, 555.

in perspective;¹ he told her what pictures to copy at the National Gallery; he ordered her to the seaside to study ankles. "Practise," he said, "from things as they are," "and you will find strength and ease and new fancy and new right coming all together."² Of the studies from nature which he set her to do at Brantwood, we have heard already; and when she left, he sent her on one occasion some sods of grass and flowers to paint from.³

He amused himself with many schemes for their co-operation. He proposed to use some of her designs for stained glass for "halls in fairyland." She seems to have asked, where and when? "In fairyland," and "the moment I'm sure of my workman," he replied. But other "lovely plans" came next; among them, "a book on botany for you and me to do together—you to do the plates and I the text—a handbook of field botany. It will be such a rest for you and such a help for—everybody! chiefly me."⁴ Another plan was to paint with her "some things at Brantwood like Luca and the Old Masters—and cut out those dab and dash people. I felt when I came out of the Academy as if my coat must be all splashes."⁵ At a later date the idea was to set up a girls' drawing-school in London, with Kate as chief of the "Dons, or Donnas." Miss Greenaway was delighted at any prospect of artistic co-operation with Ruskin, and perhaps sometimes took his proposals a little too seriously. She designed a cover for "The Peace of Polissena," one of the chapters in Miss Alexander's *Christ's Folk in the Apennine*, which, however, was not used; but this may have been due only to Ruskin's illness at the time. She offered to illustrate *Præterita* for him, and he delicately declined the suggestion; the book, he said, might not be "graceful" or "Katish" enough for her pencil.⁶ The actual instances of co-operation are slight. She drew some cats to illustrate his rhymes supplementary to *Dame Wiggins of Lee*,⁷ and he included in *Fors Clavigera* a few of her drawings. Another scheme which he had much at heart, and which he mentioned in the Oxford lecture, was to substitute hand-colouring for the colour-blocks by which her designs were reproduced. "We must get her," he had said, "to organise a school of colourists by hand, who can absolutely facsimile her own

¹ One of these is included in the present collection of letters: Vol. XXXVII. p. 583.

² Vol. XXXVII. pp. 485, 483, 506.

³ See Vol. XXX. p. 239, Vol. XXXVII. pp. 488, 489.

⁴ *Kate Greenaway*, p. 136 (No. 47 in the conspectus in Vol. XXXVII. p. 657). For the preceding references, see Vol. XXXVII. pp. 455, 459.

⁵ *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 136–137 (No. 49). For the next reference, see Vol. XXXVII. p. 572.

⁶ Vol. XXXV. pp. lii.–liii.

⁷ Vol. I.

first drawing.’¹ He trained a young student to do some work in this kind, but the examples were not issued to the public.

Of Miss Greenaway’s letters to Ruskin many are printed in her *Life*. One of these is reprinted in this edition,² as explaining a passage in the text. The letters were often accompanied by little sketches, of which, again, several examples are given in her *Life*. Often, too, she sent him drawings; and though he bought several, he had to devise some reciprocity in giving. So he took to sending her bundles of his own sketches, nominally for her criticism, but making it a condition that she or her brother should keep for themselves one out of every ten. He continued to write to her even in his days of failing health. “The only person I am sorry to disappoint,” he said in one of his illnesses, “is poor Miss Greenaway,”³ and letters to her are among the last he ever wrote. Sometimes he was unable to send any written response, but he took a keen pleasure in hearing what she had to say or in looking at the little pictures she enclosed. “Your lovely letter,” wrote Mrs. Severn, “with the sweet little people looking from the ridge of the hill at the rising sun, so delighted Di Pa.”⁴ He looked at it long and lovingly, and kept repeating, ‘Beautiful! beautiful! and beautiful!’⁵ And so, when the clouds gathered round him, Miss Greenaway continued to write to him almost daily, to the end; seeking to interest him, as she hoped, in any books, or sights, or doings which pleased her, and making no mention of the bodily weakness which was gradually coming upon her. The anniversary of his birthday, in the year following his death, was a sad day for her. “How I always wish,” she wrote to Mrs. Severn, “I had done so much, much more. And I should have, if life had not been so difficult to me of late years.”⁶ Nine months later she passed away.

Another very dear friend of Ruskin’s later years was Miss Francesca Alexander, one or two letters to whom are included in the present Collection. She is the “Sorel” or “Sorella,” and her mother the “Mamma,” mentioned sometimes in his books. We have heard already of the impression which mother and daughter made upon him, when he was introduced to them at Florence in 1882.⁷ Admiration for their “vivid goodness” and for the artistic gifts of Miss Alexander grew, as he came to know them better, into warm affection, and their letters were one of the principal delights and solaces of his closing years. An old

¹ *Art of England*, §§ 116, 117 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 345); Vol. XXXVII. p. 470.

² Vol. XXXVII. p. 575.

³ *Kate Greenaway*, p. 154.

⁴ Ruskin’s pet name at Brantwood: see above, p. lxx. *n*.

⁵ *Kate Greenaway*, p. 166.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 251.

⁷ Vol. XXXII. p. xxii.

friend, with whom Ruskin resumed affectionate correspondence in the evening of his life, was Rosie's mother, Mrs. La Touche. Her love and knowledge of birds, beasts, and flowers, added to the memories of happy days in the past, made him greatly value her visits and correspondence, and several letters to her—interesting, among other things, for their flower-fancies¹—will be found towards the end of the Collection.

A new friend, who meets us in the letters of 1882, was Mr. R. C. Leslie, elder brother of Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A. Some of Mr. Leslie's letters and reminiscences are embodied in Ruskin's books.² In love of the sea and of animals there was a strong link of sympathy between them; and letters from Mr. Leslie, who liked to send him jottings, cuttings, or gossip about things lovely and of good report, formed, as it were, a contribution to Ruskin's ideal newspaper. Many of these were preserved among Ruskin's papers, and his letters to Mr. Leslie, here included, show how much he valued such messages from his friend.

The only collection of his Letters in the editing of which Ruskin himself took part is that published in 1887 under the title *Hortus Inclusus*, and containing his correspondence with the Sister Ladies, Miss Mary and Miss Susan Beever, of the Thwaite, Coniston. They were thus his near neighbours; and the ladies of the Thwaite, beloved by all the village, soon became dear friends of the Brantwood circle. All the letters sent to the Thwaite belong to Ruskin's Brantwood period, and his Preface to *Hortus* is therefore printed in the next volume, where also bibliographical particulars will be found. The letters to the elder sister, who died in 1883, are few; those to Miss Susan, an old lady of sixty-eight when Ruskin first made her acquaintance, are very numerous. Mr. Fleming, to whom she bequeathed her Ruskin letters, has some nine hundred of them. It was she to whom Ruskin was most drawn, in affectionate sympathy with birds and flowers, and she whom he permitted to make the widely-known selection from *Modern Painters* which he called *Fronde Agrestes*. In his Preface to *Hortus*, Ruskin sketches, in a few deft touches, the character of his friends, and surrounds their mountain home with a tender and idyllic charm.³ The Garden of the Thwaite was rich in all

¹ See, for instance, p. 417 in Vol. XXXVII.

² See the General Index.

³ Miss Susanna Beever was the last representative of a Manchester family which had been identified with the Lake country for many years. Her elder brother, John Beever, was the author of a well-known book on *Practical Fly-Fishing*. (A new edition of the book, with a memoir of the author by W. G. Collingwood and additional notes by A. and A. R. Severn, was published in 1885.) The sisters became authorities on local botany, forming collections and contributing to scientific works. But the most important part of their life was the service

old-fashioned flowers, and there were fruit-trees in abundance—for the birds more than for their mistress. “No one ever passed as she has done behind the veil which parts us from the animal creation. She lived out in her daily life the peroration of the *Ancient Mariner*; none could talk to her, or read her letters, and not feel a strangely new and reverential sense of brotherhood with existences to her so entirely fraternal, as people of her Father’s pasture and sheep of her Father’s hand.”¹ This is a side of Miss Beever’s nature with which Ruskin’s correspondence makes us familiar. For the rest, his letters to “Susie” are often trivial, though many among them contain passages of beautiful description or brightly-glancing humour.² They require to be read with an understanding of the playful intimacy and little language of affection (including, for instance, an agreement to count their years backwards) with which Ruskin loved to amuse and cheer his aged friend. Thus read, the letters of *Hortus Inclusus* will, I think, convey, even to those outside the pleasaunce, some sense of Ruskin’s gracious ways, kindly wisdom, and true loveliness. Miss Beever died on October 29, 1893.³ It was to her, as she lay on her death-bed, that the last letter ever written in Ruskin’s hand was sent.⁴

Ruskin’s letters are intensely personal, and, as the notes appended sufficiently show, they form a running commentary upon his life, his work, and his character. One word of caution will perhaps not be superfluous. It should not be supposed that every remark and judgment, thrown off in a private letter, is to be taken as conveying the full mind of the writer.⁵ “It is too much the habit of modern

of their neighbours, in care for the poor and sick, and in oversight of the young. Miss Susanna published in 1852–1853 some tracts on Ragged Schools, and in 1871 a volume of selections from Shakespeare, while some verses and other booklets by her were printed by her brother in his hand-press at the Thwaite and privately circulated.

¹ *Tongues in Trees and Sermons in Stones*, by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, ch. viii. (which contains a pretty account, and a view, of the Garden).

² See, for instance, the description of water in flood (Vol. XXXVII. p. 157), the account of a “lost church in the Campagna” (p. 104); and, in a lighter vein, the notes of a luncheon with Cardinal Manning (pp. 323–4).

³ After her death there still remained “Cousin Mary” Beever, who died in January 1908—also a much-loved friend. Another member of the circle, much respected at Coniston, was Miss Harriette Rigbye, of the Thwaite Cottage.

⁴ See the *facsimile* in Vol. XXXVII.

⁵ The caution is suggested to me by some of the reviewers of *Hortus Inclusus* who fell foul of Ruskin, on the score of a remark in a letter to Miss Beever, for “drawing an indictment against a whole people” because they could see no more than eleven eyes in a peacock’s tail. The remark occurs in Vol. XXXVII. p. 97. The Pompeian fresco may rightly have been taken as an incidental piece of evidence; but was it expected of him to formulate in a note to his friend every count in an indictment of the materialism of later Rome?

biographers," says Ruskin himself, "to confuse epistolary talk with vital fact."¹ It is also sometimes the habit of critics to confuse epistolary compliment or condemnation with deliberate judgment. Ruskin's letters require to be read with some sense of humour and knowledge of his books. The letters have, however, been edited as sparingly as possible in the way of omission. Here and there a passage is left out, as too personal and private for publication at all, as unsuitable to publication now, or as referring to details of no interest. But such omissions are not very numerous. The object of the editors, here as throughout their task, has been to present Ruskin's Life, Works, and character fully and faithfully.

With regard to the *text* of the letters in these two volumes, some details may be added. In the case of a large proportion of the letters, the originals have been placed in the hands of the editors, and every care has been taken to make the text correct. The letters to Mr. Norton, however, they have not seen; the transcription or printing of them in the American edition is not always accurate; the text has been as carefully corrected as was possible without reference to the originals. Mr. Faunthorpe has made a revision of his collection of letters; and most of the originals of the letters in *Hortus Inclusus* were kindly communicated by their owner, Mr. Fleming, and an examination of them has enabled many corrections to be made. Full particulars on all such points will be found in the Bibliographical Appendix (Vol. XXXVII.). The letters to M. Chesneau, Mr. F. S. Ellis, Dr. Furnivall, Mr. Malleon, and Mr. Ward, and to other various correspondents, have been reprinted from Mr. T. J. Wise's "Ashley Library"; the editors have not seen the originals.

The *illustrations* in the present volume consist, firstly, of portraits of Ruskin. The *frontispiece* is from a photograph taken, in about the year 1856, by a pupil at the Working Men's College. Ruskin gave the photograph to Mr. Allen, who printed it in 1900 in a little volume of selections (*Thoughts from Ruskin*).

The three Plates in the Introduction are portraits of Ruskin by three of his artist-friends—Millais (Plate A), George Richmond (Plate B), Rossetti (Plate C).

For the portrait by Millais, made in 1853, the editors are indebted

¹ See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 124. "One of his household sometimes got postcards written in Runes, and seeing the mystic inscriptions, he wanted to know why. 'So that people may not read it,' was the answer. 'What's the use of that?' replied Ruskin. 'Isn't language given you to conceal your thoughts?' " (W. G. Collingwood, *Ruskin Relics*, p. 147).

to Miss Trevelyan, its owner. The drawing by Richmond is in the National Portrait Gallery, and that by Rossetti in the Oxford University Galleries. On Plate XVIII. a photograph of William Bell Scott, Rossetti, and Ruskin is reproduced, to which Ruskin refers in one of the letters (p. 454).

The next group of illustrations consists of drawings by Ruskin, of various dates. Of these drawings, that shown on Plate I. is at Brantwood (pen, 9x6½), and that on Plate II. in Mrs. Cunliffe's collection (pen, 13¾x9¾). These two are early drawings, of the year 1835.

To Ruskin's continental journey in 1840–1841 belong the next two drawings. The "Naples" (Plate III.), in pencil and tint on buff paper (13x18), is at Brantwood; the "Verona" (Plate IV.), in pencil and tint (18½x13), is in the possession of Mr. H. P. Mackrell.

The "View from Vogogna" (Plate V.), referred to in a letter of 1845 (p. 53), is a water-colour (4¼x6¼); it was given by Lady Simon to Mr. Herbert Severn.

The "Antelao from Venice" (Plate VI.) is reproduced from Mr. Josiah Gilbert's book on *Cadore*.

The Plate of "Pines at Sestri" (VII.) was etched by Ruskin himself.

The drawing of the "Towers of Thun" (Plate VIII.) is reproduced from the water-colour (9½x11½) in Mr. Ralph Brocklebank's collection.

The two drawings of "Fribourg" (Plate IX.) are in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. They are in water-colour (4x6 and 5¼x7³/₈).

The drawing of "Susa" (Plate XI.)—in pen and wash (5x7)—is another of those given by Lady Simon to Mr. Herbert Severn. The drawing of Bonneville (Plate XIII.) is reproduced from Ruskin's *Studies in Both Arts*.

Plates XIV. and XV. are etchings by Mr. George Allen, executed for Ruskin in illustration of "Turnerian Topography"; the former being from a drawing by Turner, the latter from one by Ruskin of the same scene. The studies are referred to in one of the letters (p. 281).

Ruskin's drawing "Near Bellinzona" (Plate XVI.), water-colour on buff paper (9x6½), is in Mr. M. H. Spielmann's collection; that of "Rocks and Trees, near Chamouni" (Plate XVII.), referred to in the letters (p. 294), was given by Ruskin to Mr. Norton. The Swiss "Baden" (Plate XIX.), water-colour (19¼x14½), is in the collection of the Rev. W. J. Brocklebank.

A further group of illustrations is of special interest. "The Holy Grail" (Plate X.) is a drawing by Miss Siddal, hitherto unpublished,

which Ruskin possessed; as the letters show, he greatly admired her talent. The photogravure from Rossetti's "Beatrice at a Wedding Feast" (Plate XII.) is introduced to illustrate a passage in the letters, as fully explained in its place (p. 235 *n.*). Lastly, the volume includes two hitherto unpublished etchings by George Cruikshank, illustrating Browning's "Pied Piper" and a story in Grimm, respectively. Ruskin commissioned the etchings, in order to assist the artist in his old age. The plates disappeared from Ruskin's house, and many years afterwards were discovered in a pawnbroker's shop by Mr. Spielmann, who gave them to their rightful owner.

The *facsimiles* are (1) of a letter to Mr. Norton (p. 251), showing one of the sketches with which Ruskin so often embellished his letters; (2) of pages from a note-book of Turner's, of which Ruskin sent copies to Mr. Norton (see p. 277 *n.*); and (3) of a letter to Thomas Carlyle, now in the collection at the "Carlyle House."¹

E. T. C.

The editors have to thank H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany for having graciously permitted the whole of Ruskin's letters to Prince Leopold to be placed at their disposal by the late Sir R. H. Collins, who also forwarded to them all Ruskin's letters to himself. To a very large number of contributors similar thanks are due. To name all these individually would be largely to repeat the names which are given in the "Contents" to each of these two volumes. Special mention may, however, be made of Rear-Admiral Sir William Acland, the Misses Brown, of Mr. Robert W. Browning, Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Mr. John Richmond, and Sir George Trevelyan, who put the editors in possession of Ruskin's letters to Sir Henry Acland, the Rev. W. L. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Browning, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Mr. George Richmond, and Lady Trevelyan, respectively.

¹ The note at the top is in Carlyle's hand. The letter contains references to his sister, to whom therefore Carlyle forwarded it; at first he meant to send only the first two pages, but ultimately sent the whole ("Thinking to send only a half, I slit, but now relent").

LIST OF THE CORRESPONDENTS TO WHOM THE LETTERS IN THIS VOLUME ARE ADDRESSED

An asterisk denotes that letters to the same correspondent are also contained
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THE LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN

1827–1869

*(Except where otherwise stated, the letters are here printed
for the first time)*

EARLY LETTERS, 1827–1843

[Ruskin's first letter (to his father), 1823, is printed in Vol. I. p. xxvi. *n.*; another early letter (December 31, 1828) is given in *facsimile* at Vol. II. p. 264. For the story of these early years, see Vol. I. pp. xxiii.–xxxiii., and *Præterit*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 13–187. The early drawings here introduced (Plates I. and II. pp. 2, 4) belong to his foreign tour of 1835.]

*To his FATHER*¹

May, 1827.

MY DEAR PAPA,—I have missed you very much especially on sunday for though I do miss you on the evenings yet I miss you more on sunday mamma is always thinking of you for when she fills miss deprey's cup she only puts in the milk and sugar and leaves the rest to miss depreey.² I have changed very much in my lessons for while mary³ was with me I said them very ill every day but now I almost say them very well every day. we are perhaps going to make a balloon to-day perhaps not for a good while. just as I was thinking what to say to you, I turned by chance to your picture, and it came into my

¹ [The MS. of this letter (written at the age of eight) and the subjoined verses (the letter written in pencil, the verses printed neatly in ink) were sent by Ruskin to Professor Norton in a letter of February 1869 (see below, p. 562). They were printed with that letter in the *Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 164, and in *Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton*, Boston and New York, 1904 (hereafter referred to as *Norton*), vol. i. pp. 196–199.]

² [Perhaps a member of the family referred to in *Præterita*, ii. § 197 (Vol. XXXV. p. 427).]

³ [His cousin, Mary Richardson, who afterwards (1829) came to live with the Ruskins: see *Præterita*, i. § 78 (Vol. XXXV. p. 71).]

mind now what can I say to give pleasure to that papa. the weather is at present very beautiful, though cold. I have nothing more to say to you dear papa.—Your affectionate son, JOHN RUSKIN.

Mamma says that I may tell you I have been a very good boy while you have been away.

WALES

That rock with waving willows on its side
 That hill with beauteous forests on its top
 That stream that with its rippling waves doth glide
 And oh what beauties has that mountain got
 That rock stands high against the sky
 Those trees stand firm upon the rock
 and seem as if they all did lock
 Into each other; tall they stand
 Towering above the whitened land.¹

SPRING

What beauties spring thou hast the waving lilac
 and the stiff tall peach with roselike flowers
 with yellow chorchorus and with nectarine blossom
 some with grace wave and some though tall are stiff
 waving is lilac so is yellow chorchorus
 waving is cherry blossom though not so graceful
 as the spiry lilac and the hyacinth
 stiff is the pear and nectarine with the peach
 and apricot all these are stiff but in return
 their flowers are beautiful. so are birds and beasts
 as well as flowers some are wild and cruel
 such are the tiger, panther, lynx and ounce
 so also in return these animals
 are pretty in the other sort
 some dogs are ugly but conceal within
 some good intentions good ideas good thoughts.
 but spring, there is one tree that thou bring'st forth
 that is more beautiful than all the others
 this is the apple blossom o how sweet
 is that fine tree and so I end.

¹ [These lines come from a MS. book (of 1827–1829) called “Poetry Descriptive”; Ruskin refers to them, and explains the epithet “whitened” as “a very artistical observation for a child,” in a letter to his parents of October 23, 1853, printed in Vol. XII. pp. xxi.–xxii.]



J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc.

A Street in St. Gallen

1835.

To Mrs. MONRO¹

1829.

Well, papa, seeing how fond I was of the doctor,² and knowing him to be an excellent Latin scholar, got him for me as a tutor, and every lesson I get I like him better and better, for he makes me laugh “almost, if not quite”—to use one of his own expressions—the whole time. He is so funny, comparing Neptune’s lifting up the wrecked ships of Æneas with his trident to my lifting up a potato with a fork, or taking a piece of bread out of a bowl of milk with a spoon! And as he is always saying [things] of that kind, or relating some droll anecdote, or explaining the part of Virgil (the book which I am in) very nicely, I am always delighted when Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays are come.

To his FATHER

Monday, February 28, 1831.

MY DEAR PAPA,—You cannot imagine how delighted I was to receive your letter. I say you cannot imagine and neither can you. You get letters, letters, letters the whole year round. I get only one or two every year. Oh, it is a delightful sensation the cracking the seal, peeping in before you can get it open to see whether it is a long one, your very soul up at your eyes wondering what it’s all about and whether it’s very funny, very comical, adventurical, steam-boatical, interestical, and all other icals. And then how provoking when you come to the end. How one hates the direction for taking up such a quantity of room, as if it thought itself of such mighty consequence as to turn out all the thoughts which might have blackly rested on the snowy couch of paper. Oh, one could kick it down stairs. . . . Mamma and I have begun our Hebrew and are making some progress in the characters. I was surprised to find that for the short and long sounds of the same vowel, as of *a* in “water” and “rat,” the Hebrews have two different characters, thus saving us all trouble about Prosody, which is a good thing out of the way, I’m sure, by the intricate rules of the Latin Prosody. I am getting some more Greek Chapters ready for our Sundays as fast as I can at an hour a day. Composing gets on too amazingly fast at the same rate with which it was proceeding when I wrote you last. Dash is quite well but as cunning as a fox A

¹ [From W. G. Collingwood’s *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, pp. 28–29. For Mrs. Monro, see *Præterita*, i. § 115 (Vol. XXXV. p. 101).]

² [Dr. Andrews: see *Præterita*, i. § 81 (Vol. XXXV. p. 74).]

great part of the forenoon is taken up with my lessons, then mamma is reading Sturm, Newton's letters, and Rollin;¹ that fills up another great division of the day; then if it's at all fine I have a trot down to the post office (if it's post office day, that is), and if not I always have a gallop somewhere, very often as much for Dash's benefit as my own, and the remainder of the day is taken up with *Iteriad*. Then again on Saturday nights William is so kind as to give me a game of chess,² of which I grow fonder and fonder notwithstanding the regular defeats, but the games are certainly growing longer. . . . I venture humbly to insinuate the hope that past favours will be repeated by another letter. And now, papa, I think nothing remains but to tell you that I am your obedient, humble, and more than affectionate son,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

Tuesday, 15 Janry., 1833.

MY DEAR PAPA,—I would write a short, pithy, laconic, sensible, concentrated, and serious letter, if I could, for I have scarcely time to write a long one. Observe I only say to write, for as to the composition 'tis nothing, positively nothing. I roll on like a ball, with this exception, that contrary to the usual laws of motion I have no friction to contend with in my mind, and of course have some difficulty in stopping myself when there is nothing else to stop me. Mary declined writing to you for a reason which gave me peculiar and particular offence, namely, that I wrote nonsense enough, and she had nothing else to offer, as if my discreet communications merited the cognomen of nonsense. However, I did not quarrel with her, as she surrendered her half sheet to me, which space I was very glad to fill up with my nonsense, as this additional space gave me much greater freedom and play of cogitation, as I had not then to compress my ideas, like the steam of a high-pressure engine, but was enabled to allow them to flow forth in all their native beauty and elegance, without cramping by compressing, or confusing by curtailing. I like elbow room in everything. In a letter it is essential, and in a stage coach I should opine that before these sheets can have reached you, you will

¹ [*Reflections on the Works of God and his Providence, throughout all Nature, for every Day in the Year. Translated first from the German of Christoph Christian Sturm into French, and now from the French into English by a Lady* (Edinburgh, 1788, and numerous later editions). "Newton's letters" may be those either of Sir Isaac Newton or of John Newton, the divine; probably the latter, see Vol. VII. p. 159 *n*. Charles Rollin's *Ancient History* (French, 1730–1738) had been translated into English (1738–1740).]

² [His cousin, William Richardson: "the best chess-player I have ever known" (Vol. XXXV. p. 412).]



J. Franklin

The Tombs of the Scaligers at Verona

1835

have found the want of it, as Dogberry says, “very tolerable and not to be endured.”¹ In time I know the trouble occasioned by the want of it. If the maxim which mamma is always inculcating upon me, that nothing is done well in a hurry, is without exceptions, this letter is fated, for I seldom have been more pressed. Yet letters never thrive on mature consideration. The same impulse continues, or ought to continue, from the “My dear” at the top to the “Your affectionate” at the bottom. The momentum once given and the impetus obtained, the word is forward, and it is enough to guide without restraining the Pegasus of thought. I can sympathise with you on your present situation, as mine is similar in a great degree. You see you are bogged amongst the marshes (horrid things those bogs in this season, horrid, sir, horrid). And I am sadly bogged in my algebra. I can’t get over division; it appears to me very long division. It is positively not to be understood, and I don’t like to be made a fixture of, not by no means, and I have come to a very unhandsome fix. Mr. Rowbotham will pronounce my head to be—understanding, and I pronounce his lessons to be + difficulty, and yet with all my algebra this minus and plus will not add and make nothing. If they would I should be on my four wheels again progressing onward to fractions, which look as if they would, as the Doctor says, crack anybody’s skull and reduce it to fractions. But I will not anticipate difficulty. Really, Sir, I think the drawing room withdrawing room or room into which I withdraw to draw, owes all its beauty to your presence. We have sat in it two nights, and the vacancy of the throne which you are wont to fill, and from which thou art wont to impart the learning contained in the volumes of literature, enlivening it by your conversation and facilitating its comprehension by your remarks, the vacancy of that chair, I say, made the room appear vacant, and the absence of that conversation made conversation flag. Return, oh return from thy peregrinations, fly from the bosom of the bogs to the bosom of those who wait thee in anxious expectation. As the eagle returns to its eyrie, as the bird that wanders over distant climes returns to its place of rest, so do thou return to us who are sorrowing for thy presence [hole in paper] winder up!!! Factas means admiro. And now *cairoite*, as Anacreon says, pour la presente pro non quantum sufficit temporis ut literam longam scriberem, I remain your most mightily affectionate son,*\mjcont

JOHN RUSKIN.²

¹ [*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii. sc. 3 (“most tolerable,” etc.).]

² [Ruskin’s father, in sending this letter to Mrs. Richard Gray, wrote upon it: “We think him clever, and his masters pronounce his talents great for his age. . . . If the Almighty preserves the Boy to me I am richly blessed, but I always feel as if I *ought* to lose him and all I have.”]

To his FATHER

HERNE HILL, 25th March, 1836.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I sit down to write of I know not what. I intend to commence with our third lecture, English literature.¹ Four lectures on this subject have spoken of four celebrated authors of old time—Sir John Mandeville, Sir John Gower, Chaucer, and Wickliffe. We are made acquainted with their birth, parentage, education, etc.; the character of their writings is spoken of, and extracts are read as examples of their style. These extracts are always interesting, frequently entertaining, sometimes laughable, although the laugh of the hearer is generally at, not with, the author. The writings of the poets before Chaucer are like—Lifting my eyes off the paper in search of a simile, they encounter a piece of the sky seen through one of the very large panes of our drawing-room window. It has been raining, softly and silently, a benevolent rain, and the large red blossoms of the almonds, and the buds of the lilac, and the branches of the firs are all full of that delicate day dew, glittering and glancing and shaking off showers of jewels into the moistened ground, and their vegetable life seems strong in them—I could fancy I saw them growing; they are like the students at college after having heard a lecture, full of the rich dews of instruction; and above them are long lines of grey cloud, broken away into thin white fleeces which are standing still in the heavens, for there is no breeze to move them, and between those grey clouds is seen here and there a piece of excessive value, which is not dark, but deep, pure, far away, which the eye seems to plunge into and go on, on, on, into the stillness of its distance, until the grey cloud closes over it and it is gone. That bit of sky is like one of these old poems, cloudy and grey, uninteresting; but ever and anon through the quaintness of his language or uncouthness of expression breaks the mind of the poet, pure and noble and glorious, and leading you away with it into fascination, and then the cloud closes over him and he is gone. Then after the conclusion of the lecture and a few additional remarks from Mr. Dale on the way to Lincoln's Inn Fields,² I enter the most formidable library in which we receive our lessons.

Books are the souls of the dead in calf-skin. When I enter a library I always feel as if I were in the presence of departed spirits, silent indeed, but only waiting my command to pour forth the experience of

¹ [Lectures given by the Rev. Thomas Dale: see *Præterita*, i. § 205 (Vol. XXXV. p. 177).]

² [Mr. Dale was at this time vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, and he resided in a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields.]

their lives,¹ the thoughts and imaginations, the feelings and the passions which have long since ceased in reality, but they continue to think and feel to me. Even as I look up to the rows of volumes in my little library, they seem turning into living beings, and the ancients and the moderns seem rekindled into contemporary life. There is an old man lying on a piece of beautiful green turf beside a stream, and the stream is clear and pure and beautiful, and it is singing to him sweetly as it passes by, and he is listening to it drowsily. He looks old, for his long hair is silvered, but there are no wrinkles on his brow, for there is no care there; there is a tall tree hanging over him, and a cicada is singing on one of its green boughs, and the old man is pleased to hear the insect sing so joyfully, and he is conversing in his mind with the stream that flows by him, and with the light breeze that plays among his hair, and with the insect on the bough that is chirping intoxicated with day dew. That is Anacreon.

Close by him stands another, a young man, but there is deep thought in the fire of the dark eye that flashes from beneath the shadow of his high helmet. It is night, and he is standing by the light of a watchfire leaning on his lance, and the light flashes on the arms of his sleeping friends, while round on every eminence, through the gloom of the midnight, blaze the beacon fires of their enemies; but he sees them not, for his mind is far away in his beloved Greece, and high hope beams upon his brow that he shall see his native shore once again. It is Xenophon.

There is another, but he is in such a crowd that I cannot see him well; he is conversing with every one, and putting down what they say in his own deep memory; there is a veil over his face, and it has been woven partly by truth and partly by falsehood, and that part which has been woven by truth is very transparent and I can see the face of the old man through it, but the other part is dark, and shadows of the crowd round about him are thrown upon it; and yet from the whole veil there is a magic lustre emanating, which is given by the brightness of the old man's mind. It is Herodotus.

Is that a criminal standing before his judges? It cannot be. It is a most aged man; his limbs are feeble, and his hand quivers, and his voice trembles as he reads; but what is he reading? All are silent, all eager in attention; the judge bends forward from his high seat, the very accuser is listening astonished, and the crowd round lean forward intently to catch the sounds of the old man's feeble voice. How his eye kindles as he reads. It is Sophocles.

¹ [The idea is precisely that of the well-known passage in *Sesame and Lilies*: see Vol. XVIII. pp. 58, 59.]

The next is leaning against a rock under tall cypresses, and before him flashes down a mighty cataract; on his other side is deep, blue, bright water, spreading away into far distances, and woody promontories, and mighty crags rise above them, and distant Alps glitter in the blue of the sky, and to him there is a voice in nature, and his eye is on the birds that wing their way through the air, and on the fishes that glitter through the sapphire blue of the waters, on rock and tree, herb and flower, and they are his companions. It is Pliny.

Beneath the low door of a small cottage stands another moralizing; high on the opposite hill stands the gorgeous villa of his patron, or rather friend, but he envies it not; from his low dwelling he looks out on the doings of the world, and instructs and amuses, flatters and satirises as he sees occasion. [It is Horace.]

Then come a troop of moderns; too numerous to be particularised. One is standing alone on the shore of a rushing sea, an ocean of a river, the dark forest closed around him, birds of jewelled dyes flying over his head; from the recesses of the wood comes the melancholy cry of the leopard, and the billows before him are lashed by the bulk of the crocodile. Another is on a point of pure snow; mountains on mountains are tossed about him like a sea, but all far below him, the sun is careering through a sky which is dark, very dark, and filled with undistinguishable glimmering of many stars. Another is beneath the burning sun of an African desert, thinking of the green fields of England, and the only sound which falls on his wearied ear is the howl of the hyena, or shrill cry of the ostrich. My characters are now, however, becoming too numerous for enumeration, even in my small library; what should I do, then, if I attempted to describe those of Mr. Dale's gigantic assembly of books, in the midst of which Matson¹ and I receive our lessons, amused now and then by the egregious blunders of Tom-ass, as Matson divides his name?

“Then perchance when home returning, you the story hearing,
With a smile may cry, ‘Poor Tom.’ ”

You were wont now and then, Papa, in former times, to give me a great deal of pleasure by writing me one or two letters in the course of your journey. Now, if you had a little spare scrap of time, (Mamma says you do not write because I do not ask you) you know, my dearest Father, it would infinitely delight your most affectionate Son, JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [For Ruskin's schoolfellow, Edward Matson, see *Præterita*, i. § 91, ii. § 151 (Vol. XXXV. pp. 82, 381).]

*To his FATHER*¹

HERNE HILL, 10th Jan., 1837.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I was in the meeting room of the Geological Society in Somerset House on Wednesday evening last at half-past 8 o'clock precisely. The Geologicals dropped in one by one, and it greatly strengthened me in my high opinion of the science, to phrenologize upon the bumps of the observers of the bumps of the earth. Many an overhanging brow, many a lofty forehead, bore evidence to the eminence of mind which calculates the eminences of earth; many a compressed lip and dark and thoughtful eye bore witness to fine work within the pericraniums of their owners. One finely made, gentlemanly-looking man was very busy among the fossils which lay on the table, and shook hands with most of the members as they came in. His forehead was low and not very wide, and his eyes small, sharp, and rather ill-natured. He took the chair, however, and Mr. Charlesworth, coming in after the business of the meeting had commenced, stealing quietly into the room, and seating himself beside me, informed me that it was Mr. Lyell.² I expected a finer countenance in the great geologist. Dr. Buckland was not there, which was some disappointment to me, and some disadvantage to him, inasmuch as a ground of dispute had been started in the last meeting, about the elevation or non-elevation of a beach near Barnstaple bay, in which Dr. B. had taken the non-elevation, and Dr. Sedgwick the elevation, side of the question, and the decision of which had been referred to this meeting. Both the doctors being absent, two of the members rose—Mr. Greenau for Dr. Buckland, and Mr. Murchison for Dr. Sedgwick, Mr. Lyell being on the Sedgwick side, though, as chairman, he took no part in the debate, which soon became amusing and interesting, and very comfortable for frosty weather, as Mr. Murchison got warm, and Mr. Greenau witty. The warmth, however, got the better of the wit, and the question, unsupported by Dr. Buckland, was decided against him. The rest of the evening was occupied by a discussion of the same nature relative to the coast of Peru and Chili,³ and I was much interested and

¹ [A short passage from this letter has already been printed in Vol. I. p. xxxvii. n.; and another (quoted from W. G. Collingwood's *Life*) in Vol. I. p. 206 n.]

² [Charles Lyell (1797–1875), secretary of the Geological Society, 1823–1826; F.R.S. 1826; Professor of Geology at King's College, London, 1831–1833; president of the Geological Society, 1835–1836 and 1849–1850.]

³ [The paper (read on January 4, 1837) was by Darwin, "Observations of Proofs of Recent Elevation on the Coast of Chili": see *Proceedings of the Geological Society*, vol. 2, p. 446. Ruskin refers to it again, below, p. 14.]

amused as well as instructed by the conversation of the evening. They did not break up till nearly 11.

As to the Meteorologicals, Mr. Pat Murphy's "anticipations" have turned out not pat at all, but quite Irish bulls. Their failure is the more ridiculous because they were published in the scientific journals, and the attention of meteorologists in general invited to them. The Society would be much better employed, instead of listening to anticipations which never will be realised, and prophecies which the weather takes good care not to fulfil, in ascertaining the causes and effects of phenomena which have actually taken place, or in perusing such scientific and interesting communications as one which I sent in to Mr. White, and which he says in a note he will have great pleasure in laying before the Society at their next meeting (to-morrow, Tuesday evening).¹ Richard says it will frighten them out of their meteorological wits, containing six close written folio pages, and having at its conclusion, as a sting in its tail, the very agreeable announcement that it only commences the subject, which will be farther treated of in a series of similar papers!

I made a most noble round of visits on Saturday—ranging from Bayswater, where I found Mr. Runciman out, to the City, where I found Mr. Greenaway off for Calcutta. As the commencement and termination of my peregrinations were thus equally unfortunate, I considered my *mediæ res* very lucky, and that in two respects, my finding Mr. B. out, and Mr. Loudon's friend in.

True and inevitable is the old proverb about birds of a feather. Mr. Loudon's house, as I have often remarked, is to the eye of the casual observer, what the extent of the work he goes through proves that it cannot be to the Master or presiding genius thereof, a chaos of literary confusion. Dust-covered fossils, and lack-lustre minerals, their crystals shattered, their polish destroyed, and enveloped in cobwebs of duration so antique and size so formidable as to render the specimens far more interesting to the entomologist than the mineralogist, occupy the landing-places and passages, while the floors of the rooms themselves are paved with books and portfolios. On entering the company room of Mr. Lamb, I found myself in the midst of an admired disorder of such architectural specimens as in their native land or spot would have been beautiful, while where they were, they were only so many causes of lamentation and instigators of indignation. Here, on a wooden bracket, over a narrow cupboard which suggested involuntary

¹ [The paper was "On the Formation and Colour of such Clouds as are caused by the Agency of Mountains." It was not printed. For a later paper, printed in the *Transactions of the Meteorological Society* in 1839, see Vol. I. p. 206.]

ideas of papers of tea and loaves of sugar, was a Corinthian capital from Tivoli! There, in a fantastic niche, his knightly heel kicking a rush-bottomed chair, stood some ancient Saxon monarch whose marble brows, which had long frowned down the shadowy and echo-voiced aisles of some ruined abbey, now held the same dignified expression, while gazing on the poker, tongs, shovel, and ashes, which were the accompaniments of the parlour grate; while a richly carved Gothic altar, which had long stood in the noble cathedral, the burial place of Alfred, now occupied a corner in dangerous proximity to the fire broom. I had, however, the pleasure of knowing that a good many of the relics which lay about the room, like rocks to confound and swallow the navigation up of the unwary stranger, were casts, and after he had looked at and praised the first of my sketches when we got to the cathedral spire [of] Rouen, we entered into a very interesting discussion upon architecture in general, and particularly on Gothic, which, as he had examined it a good deal as an artist, and I a good deal as an architect, we agreed upon in every particular; then he looked over the remainder of my sketches, and admired them very much; and then he produced numerous portfolios, which were excessively interesting to me, etchings, drawings, designs, etc., many of them excessively beautiful. I staid two full hours, and was invited, and that earnestly, to call again. I got Mr. Anderton's address, and will call to-morrow.

I am charging the mathematics terrifically, and in particular a problem which Biot says is impossible, but which I believe to be possible.¹ Mr. Rowbotham says if I solve that, I can solve anything, and I told him I should have it done and demonstrated by the time he came back, and in order that my anticipations may not be Murphian I shall have to work almost all day; wherefore, my dearest Father, begging you to return as soon as you possibly can, that we may spend a few quiet assembled evenings before our break up, which now approaches terribly near, I remain, your most affectionate son,

J. RUSKIN.

*To his FATHER*²

OXFORD, *Sunday, nine o'clock, Feb. 1837.*

MY DEAREST FATHER,—Calmly, brightly, beautifully dawns the day over the mouldering columns of Peckwater, when, every morning, at five minutes to seven, precisely, I assume my seat of learning—my

¹ [See below, p. 21.]

² [Ruskin was now in residence at Christ Church, Oxford. There are not many letters to his parents written thence, for, as related in *Præterita* (Vol. XXXV. p. 199), his mother was in lodgings at Oxford, and his father came up each

dignified armchair, before my writing-table—thus putting to shame the drowsiness of your sleepy servants. All that I can advise you to do, in order to prevent future annoyance of a similar nature, is to oversleep yourself—not to cut the acquaintance of the warm sheets or luxurious bolster until what may be considered, by all parties, a reasonable time; thus you will make away with some of the melancholy morning, and will be better armed against the cold reception of frost and solitude — and solitude, silent, unfeeling — Encyclopædia-perusal-prompting solitude, which I wish I could enliven with the relation of something interesting; but little has of late happened.

Lord Desart's card party (wherein not a card was touched—nothing but dice) was by no means interesting. Returning to college at night, I have twice met Emlyn; he was quite philosophical, had been to an Ashmolean meeting, of which he gave me an account. I have been twice to March's rooms, comparing notes, after Kynaston's¹ lecture. Yesterday (Saturday) forenoon the Sub-dean sent for me, took me up into his study, sat down with me, and read over my essay, pointing out a few verbal alterations and suggesting improvements; I, of course, expressed myself highly grateful for his condescension. Going out, I met Strangways. "So you're going to read out to-day, Ruskin. *Do* go it at a good rate, my good fellow. Why do you write such devilish good ones?" Went a little farther and met March. "Mind you stand on the top of the desk, Ruskin; gentleman-commoners never stand on the steps." I asked him whether he thought it would look more dignified to stand head or heels uppermost. He advised heels. Then met Desart. "We must have a grand supper after this, Ruskin; gentleman-commoners always have a flare-up after reading their themes." I told him I supposed he wanted to "pison my rum and water." When we got into the hall, I was first called up, and I think I showed them how to read; but when I went back to my seat, they said "I didn't go half fast enough."² Drake came up at dinner-time with—"Permit me to congratulate you, Mr. Ruskin, upon the distinguished appearance you made in the hall this morning."

Saturday to Monday. Part of the present letter—from "yesterday (Saturday) forenoon" to "pison my rum and water"—has been printed in W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, pp. 59–60. For mention of his Christ Church friends, Lord Desart and Lord Emlyn (afterwards second Earl Cawdor), see *Præterita*, i. §§ 235, 219 (Vol. XXXV. pp. 208, 192). "March" is the Earl of March (1818–1903); afterwards (1860) sixth Duke of Richmond. "Strangways" was another gentleman-commoner, whom Ruskin had previously met in Switzerland: see *Præterita*, i. § 224 (*ibid.*, p. 197).]

¹ [Classical lecturer at Christ Church: see *Præterita*, i. § 229 (*ibid.*, p. 201).]

² [For Ruskin's fuller account of his experiences on this occasion, see *Præterita*, i. § 223 (*ibid.*, p. 196). Drake was his "scout"; Dawson, presumably also a College servant.]

Dawson says I am the first gentleman-commoner who has been up for many years.

I suppose Mamma had told you about the races. I should have liked to have seen Desart in his jockey cap and jacket. There was very high betting—one man lost £1500. All the Dons of the University were assembled at the Dean's house—the result of their lucubrations is unknown, but the riders are afraid of Collections. When they were returning, the proctors, particularly Hussey,¹ were excessively active endeavouring to catch them, dashing at the horses' heads, and endeavouring to seize the bridles; but they whipped their horses by at full speed; one fellow knocked off Hussey's cap and drove neatly over it. He only succeeded in catching two men in a gig, whose horse was tired and could not be got into speed.

I had a chess party last night, had invited Liddell²—and before he came, in came Goring,³ by chance, with the same intention. He is an agreeable, gentlemanly man, and a fine player. Our game lasted an hour and a half, and he beat me; but I don't think he'll do it again. During the game Carew⁴ came in, and then Tierney. Liddell appeared at last; he is also a good player, and it was a drawn game. Liddell was soliloquising to this effect upon the figure he should cut at Collections: "I've had three lectures a week from Mr. Brown, and have attended five in the term; I've had ditto from Mr. Kynaston, and have attended two in the term; and three a week from Mr. Hill,⁵ and I've attended three; and I'll be dashed if I don't come off as well as the whole set of you."

Carew sat talking till nearly half-past eleven. Tierney was talking about Lord Desart, who had been out with the drag. It appears there is an old gentleman residing a few miles off, who has a favourite preserve, full of game, and in which he has two pet foxes, and cannot bear to see a hound near the place. Desart got the pack together on the other side of the cover, set them in, and went round to the house on the other side, had in hand, to make an apology for the unfortunate accident. I hope I shall have more interesting information for you when you come up on Saturday—Friday I hope it will be, if the judges will evacuate our rooms.⁶ It is nearly nine o'clock.

¹ [See *Præterita*, i. § 229 (Vol. XXXV. p. 201).]

² [Not the future Dean, but his cousin, the Hon. Adolphus, of Ruskin's own age; permanent Under Secretary of the Home Office, 1867–1885.]

³ [Charles Goring, 1819–1849; M. P. for New Shoreham, 1841–1849.]

⁴ [See Vol. XXXV. p. lxiv. Sir Matthew Edward Tierney (1819–1860), third baronet; lieut.-colonel in the Coldstream Guards.]

⁵ [For the Rev. W. L. Brown, classical tutor, and the Rev. E. Hill, mathematical tutor, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 200, 201.]

⁶ [That is, the rooms where his parents stayed; used also as the Judges' Lodgings.]

*To his FATHER*¹

OXFORD, *April 22*, 1837.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—When I returned from hall yesterday—where a servitor read, or pretended to read, and Decanus growled at him, “Speak out!”—I found a note on my table from Dr. Buckland,² requesting the pleasure of my company to dinner, at six, to meet two celebrated geologists, Lord Cole and Sir Philip Egerton.³ I immediately sent a note of thanks and acceptance, dressed, and was there a minute after the last stroke of Tom.⁴ Alone for five minutes in Dr. B.’s drawing-room, who soon afterwards came in with Lord Cole, introduced me, and said that as we were both geologists he did not hesitate to leave us together while he did what he certainly very much required—brushed up a little. Lord Cole and I were talking about some fossils newly arrived from India. He remarked in the course of conversation that his friend Dr. B.’s room was cleaner and in better order than he remembered ever to have seen it. There was not a chair fit to sit upon, all covered with dust, broken alabaster candle-sticks, withered flower-leaves, frogs cut out of serpentine, broken models of fallen temples, torn papers, old manuscripts, stuffed reptiles, deal boxes, brown paper, wool, two and cotton, and a considerable variety of other articles. In came Mrs. Buckland, then Sir Philip Egerton and his brother, whom I had seen at Dr. B.’s lecture, though he is not an undergraduate. I was talking to him till dinner-time. While we were sitting over our wine after dinner, in came Dr. Daubeny,⁵ one of the most celebrated geologists of the day—a curious little animal, looking through its spectacles with an air very *distingué*—and Mr. Darwin, whom I had heard read a paper at the Geological Society.⁶ He and I got together, and talked all the evening.

¹ [Printed in W. G. Collingwood’s *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, pp. 60–61. The letter has been referred to at p. xx. of Vol. XXVI., in connexion with Ruskin’s early geological studies.]

² [For Buckland, and Ruskin’s acquaintance with him at Oxford, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 204, 205.]

³ [Lord Cole, afterwards (1840) Earl of Enniskillen, *b.* 1807, *d.* 1886. F.R.S., D.C.L. of Oxford 1834. Sir Philip Egerton (1806–1881), M. P. for West Cheshire (1835–1868), F. G. S. 1829, author of various palæontological works.]

⁴ [The great bell in the tower of Christ Church: see *Præterita*, i. § 227 *n.* (Vol. XXXV. p. 200).]

⁵ [Charles Daubeny (1795–1867), M. D. Oxford, F. R. S., Professor of Chemistry, 1822–1853; of Botany, 1834; of Rural Economy, 1840; author of *A Description of Active and Extinct Volcanoes*.]

⁶ [See above, p. 9.]

To his FATHER

OXFORD, 1838.

I must give an immense time every day to the Newdigate, which I must have, if study will get it.¹ I have much to revise. You find many faults, but there are hundreds which have escaped your notice, and many lines must go out altogether which you and I should wish to stay in. The thing must be remodelled, and I must finish it while it has a freshness on it, otherwise it will not be written well. The old lines are hackneyed in my ears, even as a very soft Orleans plum, which your Jewess has wiped and re-wiped with the corner of her apron, till its polish is perfect, and its temperature elevated.

March, 1838.

Nice thing to get over;² quite a joke, as everybody says when they've got through with the feathers on. It's a kind of emancipation from freshness—a thing unpleasant in an egg, but dignified in an Oxonian—very. Lowe very kind;³ Kynaston ditto—nice fellows—urbane. How they *do* frighten people! There was one man all but crying with mere fear. Kynaston had to coax him like a child. Poor fellow! he had some reason to be afraid; did his logic shockingly. People always take up logic because they fancy it doesn't require a good memory, and there is nothing half so productive of pluck; they *never* know it.

I was very cool when I got into it; found the degree of excitement agreeable; nibbled the end of my pen, and grinned at Kynaston over the table as if *I* had been going to pluck *him*. They always smile when they mean pluck.

*To JOHN CLAUDIUS LOUDON*⁴[*September*, 1838.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you the number for December,⁵ and hope to have the pleasure of calling in a day or two with January. I received your kind letter from Brighton. My tour in Scotland has, I hope, afforded me too much information to be kept in a detached heap. I have already referred it all to its regular heads, and I hope

¹ [He failed, however, on this occasion; but won the prize in the following year: see Vol. II. pp. xxiii.–xxiv.]

² [The examination for “Smalls.”]

³ [Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke; at this time an Oxford tutor.]

⁴ [Editor of the *Architectural Magazine* and other periodicals to which Ruskin contributed: see Vol. I. pp. xxxvi.–xxxvii.]

⁵ [No. vii. of *The Poetry of Architecture*, which appeared in *Loudon's Architectural Magazine* for December 1838 (see Vol. I. p. 159). There was no “January” number of *The Poetry*, Ruskin contributing instead an article on the Scott Monument (Vol. I. p. 247). For Loudon, see Vol. I. p. xxxvi., and Vol. XXXV. p. 630.]

it will add interest to my future papers. I think if I were to put it in the form of a journal, it would lose much of its interest for want of arrangement. A fact always tells better when it is brought forward as proving a principle, than when it is casually stumbled upon by the traveller. Your suggestion relating to Abbotsford tallies exactly with my intentions when I set off to inspect it. I should not be deterred by terror of criticism from attacking it—both because I am fond of fighting (verbosely), and because I do not think the antagonists who would defend it could be very formidable, but there are other reasons. I took my notebook with me to the place, intending Abbotsford to be the subject of No. 1 of a series of papers which I have alluded to, somewhere, in the *Arch. Mag.*, to be called the Homes of the Mighty,¹ and for which I hoped your indulgence might find room once in six months or so—but I was grievously foiled. Had Abbotsford *one* point about it deserving of praise, or even admitting of toleration—or had it shown the slightest evidence of the superintendence of that mind whose plaything, whose sucking coral, it has been—the case would have been different; but it does not—and what purpose could it possibly serve to endeavour or pretend to cast a stain upon a part of Scott's reputation, insignificant enough, it is true, but which might perhaps give pain to some of those whose affections are gathered in his memory, and which, while it would have been daring to have hurled it at the light of his *living* name, it would be only base to cast upon the marble of his sepulchre? Not that I have the vanity to suppose that my lucubrations could be of a moment's consequence in themselves, but I do think that in directing attention to the subject at all, I should become as contemptible as if I were pointing out the deformity of his limb or triumphing over the one weakness which was the cause of his ruin and his death. I do not know whether you have ever passed by Abbotsford—but if not, I must beg you to spare me a moment's time for my justification.

The garden is laid out in a manner peculiarly classical, an Italian fountain being attached to a formidable baronial gateway, which is joined on the other side to a low arcade covered with creepers, which succeed perfectly in keeping off all the stray beams of sun which the rascally climate admits of—consequently the walks, instead of glaring upon the eye with gravelly light, and crunching under your boot-heels, are softly and pleasantly patched with green, and afford a rich, unctuous surface. This useful arbour is on one side decorated by groups of curious sculpture, tastefully built into a red brick wall, and sharing in the softness of the damp moss with which the path is protected. The

¹ [See *The Poetry of Architecture*, § 102 (Vol. I. p. 78).]

house itself commences with a horrible-looking dungeon keep, which rises full four feet above the level of the roof, is somewhat more than two feet in diameter, and possesses the tremendous appurtenances of six battlements and six arrow slits, as large as life, consequently splitting the donjon keep from top to bottom. Access to this place of defence is obtained by a step ladder on the outside, somewhat wider than the tower itself, and by which you attain the flagstaff in five stops. Next comes a large flat side of wall, into the middle of which, twenty feet from the ground, is built the actual wooden door of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, with lock, bars, and all, classically decorated with an architrave, etc. The spectator, after sundry speculations upon the mode of access to this celestial door, and much conjecture as to the mode in which very little boys get at the knocker, goes round to the grand front, which is a splendid combination of the English baronial, the old Elizabethan, and the Melrose Gothic—a jumble of jagged and flanky towers, ending in chimneys, and full of black slits with plaster mouldings, copied from Melrose, stuck all over it—the whole being tied together with tremendous stone cables, gracefully coiled and knotted, and terminating with an edifying combination of nautical and botanical accuracy in thistle tops. When we enter—through a painted glass door into a hall about the size of a merchantman’s cabin, fitted up as if it were as large as the Louvre, or Ch. Ch. hall, Oxford—the first thing with which we are struck is a copy of a splendid arch in the cloisters of Melrose. This arch, exquisitely designed for raising the mind to the highest degree of religious emotion, charged with the loveliest carving you can imagine, and in its natural position combining most exquisitely with the heavenward proportions of surrounding curves, has been copied by Scott in plaster, and made a *fireplace*, a polished steel grate and fender being set aside. I need hardly, I think, go further. This was, to me, the finishing touch, for it proved to me at once what without such proof not all the world could have convinced me of, that Scott, notwithstanding all his nonsense about moonlight at Melrose, had *not* the slightest feeling of the real beauty and application of Gothic architecture.

You will judge from this whether any remarks on Abbotsford would not be more painful than interesting. After all, the cobbler with the statue of Phidias¹ played hardly a more ridiculous part than I should by attacking Abbotsford, so that for my own sake I must keep quiet. I hope you enjoyed your stay at Brighton—it is a pretty place for this season. Present my compliments to Mrs. Loudon, and believe me, my dear Sir, very respectfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Not Phidias, but Apelles: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 255 n.]
xxxvi.

To W. H. HARRISON¹

[?1839]

MY DEAR SIR,—At last I return your most interesting letter, with many thanks for the opportunity of looking over it, and for your kind long note of yesterday. I hope you did not hurt yourself when you lost the path among the boughs—it is an unluckily arranged place; our own servants lose their way very perpetually on dark nights. There is much that is new to me in Dr. Croly's letter, especially the latter part of it, where he observes that the "unclean spirits" of Scripture are not devils, but demons, spirits of dead men. I don't quite see where he has sufficient proof of this, though I do not see much to the contrary; but there seems to me less contradiction in a fallen angel's entering into a man, and working upon the human soul, than in *two* human souls—one of a dead person without memory of its former living state, nor of those periods of time during which it was released from body—inhabiting the same body. I should like to ask him about this—there is certainly no mention in Scripture of more than one Diabolus. The other parts of the argument are very good, but I cannot help looking upon the whole question as one upon which ingenuity is wasted owing to its excessively small importance. It is plainly stated to all men's convictions that there shall be an eternal life of the spirit and body together. What will be our faculties and functions in that state is a subject of the greatest possible interest; but whether we are, in the meantime, for a thousand years or two, to be asleep, or dreaming, or decaying, or living in impotence of altering our condition and in fear of judgment, and in a state which we know is not to continue, appears to me matter of absolutely no interest whatsoever. It does not matter one straw to me how total the destruction of myself, or of those whom I love, may be for any limited time, however great, provided I have, at the end of that time, assurance of their resurrection or re-creation. If we perish in the meantime, the period will pass like one moment—we shall fall asleep and wake to Judgment, with no sensation of time having passed over us, though it were a million of years; and such appears to me the general sense and purport of most passages of Scripture—at least, unless we take Scripture as we should take other books, with reference to the knowledge and feelings of the writer, and not as a delivered infallible message. "Shall the dust praise thee? shall it declare thy truth?"² "There is no work,

¹ [Ruskin's "First Editor": see Vol. XXXIV. pp. xxvii., 93. For Dr. Croly, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 95; Vol. XXXV. p. 140 n.]

² [Psalms xxx. 9. The following Bible references are: Ecclesiastes ix. 10, 5; Psalms cxv. 17; lxxxviii. 11.]

nor device, nor *knowledge*, nor *wisdom*, in the grave, whither thou goest." "The dead know not anything." "The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence." "Shall thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in *destruction*? Wilt thou show wonders unto the dead?"—and thousands of such—which one must either interpret literally, or else take much of Scripture as indeed instructive and valuable, when considered with reference to the local circumstances of its production, but by no means true in every fact. But I have always thought the subject at once so completely beyond all reach of legitimate discussion, and so totally devoid of legitimate interest, that I have never paid it any attention.

To HENRY ACLAND¹

[Ciroa 1840]

Some months ago, when I asked you why you had not made shadow darker than the dark side, you told me you were not aware that it should be so. And some days ago, when I asked why you had no yellow ochre, with your Indian red, you replied—you did not know that it was necessary, to make a grey. Now, both of these admissions surprised me—because the *first* piece of knowledge is requisite to the true representation of *every* solid form; and the second to the production of the most important of all colours—grey.² And both of them are things that you *should* have known from the time you first took up a pencil—and a brush.

And your saying this led me to suppose—forgive me if incorrectly—that you have paid very little attention to why's and wherefore's, that you have acquired your very great power of drawing by feeling, and a high degree of natural taste and intellect, and by the study of the best masters—acquiring of course, in practice, a habit of observing rules, of whose *necessity* you were not altogether aware.

Now, if this be so, and you have done so much without study, you may rely upon it you can do anything and everything with it. And you will find your art infinitely easier—because more of a science, and infinitely more amusing. And your success in this study will depend far more on yourself, and on the education you give your own mind, than on any instruction from men or books, if you accustom

¹ [From *Sir Henry Wentworth Acland: A Memoir*, by J. B. Atlay, 1903, pp. 101–104: for Ruskin's friendship with Acland, see the Introduction (above). In the autumn of 1840 Ruskin's Oxford course was interrupted by illness, and he left England at the end of September to winter abroad with his parents: for his movements, see Vol. I. p. xxxviii. *n*. Several letters written from the Continent and elsewhere to his college friend, Edward Clayton, and some to his former tutor, the Rev. T. Dale, are printed in that volume: see pp. 376–465.]

² [Compare *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 35 (Vol. XIX. p. 88).]

yourself, with every shadow and colour you notice, to inquire—Why is this shadow of such a form, and such a depth? how will it change as the sun moves? how does it depend on the form of the object casting it? how far is it a repetition of this form? wherein and why does it differ? whence the colour is cast—why cast—when it is possible—and so on—with every circumstance—if with everything that pleases you—or the contrary—you inquire which is right—you or it—and why right—you will gradually acquire an acquaintance with facts and principles, which will render your drawings not merely pieces of fine feeling, but embodied systems of beauty, with the stamp of truth on every line.

I have not time to press upon you the necessity of this study—and partly I am afraid to do so, because I can hardly believe that you are *not* engaged in it in some way or [other].

But partly to illustrate my meaning, and partly because I have some views, which I believe to be my own, on the subject, I have thrown together, on the enclosed sheets, a few hints relating to the first principle of composition, showing how it, and all others, are to be arrived at.

All that I hope is, that I may be able to induce you to follow up the study of laws and rules, as necessary to all art, by showing you how high in its order, how far above dry or degraded technicality, that study ought to be.

Now, I do not say that you *will*, but I know many people *would*, when they had read thus far, (if they had your power of drawing) throw the paper into the fire, muttering—Here's a fellow, who never did anything but a bit of neat pencilling in his life, talking to me about composition and study as if he were Claude—or I a child. But, whether I am presuming, or conceited, or whatever I may be, consider if, in this instance, I may not be speaking truth. Might you not double your power, if you gave some time to technicalities? if they are to be so called. Do not you feel, in your efforts at fulfilling your really beautiful and classical conceptions, the want of the mechanical education of the hand—the absence of an accurate knowledge of the *truth* of effect? In the management of your light and shade, and other materials of composition, do you know exactly *where* you depart from truth—and *how far*—and *why*? Depend upon it, unless you do, you will be subject to perpetual mortification from a sense of failure, without being able to detect the reason of it. Your eye will tell you that something is wrong, and you will feel that your eye knows better what it is about than your mind.

I know of no book which is a sufficient guide in this study.¹ Most

¹ [Hence ultimately Ruskin wrote his *Elements of Drawing* (Vol. XV.).]

artists learn their rules mechanically, and never trouble themselves about the reason of them. You had much better arrive at the rules by a process of reasoning—you will then feel as well as know them. And above all, in every good work of art, find out the mainspring—the keynote of its melody. Seek for the primary idea of the artist, and observe how he has adorned and set it off—for it is in the subjugation of his secondary features that his powers of composition are chiefly shown. Watch nature constantly—and let the spirit of your contemplation be a perpetual “Why.”

As I have time—by fits and starts—I will send you such ideas as I have received on the subject from the conversation of artists, and my own modes of accounting for these rules. If you find my letters a bore, you can throw them into the fire—or tell me to mind my own business. And once more, forgive me for seeming to assume the slightest claim to be able to teach you. I appreciate—and envy—your classical feeling, and fine perception of beauty in the very *highest* walks of art. But when I came first to Ch. Ch. I showed Hill¹—with some pride—an effort to solve a problem which had puzzled *Biot*. Hill said it was “very fine,” but puzzled *me* with a quadratic equation. One day I was declaiming to Gordon² on the poetical merits of a noble passage in one of the *Dramatists*, but could not construe the first line accurately, when requested so to do. In *Drawing* only, I learned by *grammar* thoroughly—and it is only as a grammarian that I speak to you.

I have been chiefly induced to write you all this stuff because you have several times said something to me about not being able to do what I could—in some mechanical points. Now, as I believe you meant what you said—and as I can tell you exactly how I have acquired any power I may have—you may as well know it.

To HENRY ACLAND

HERNE HILL, *September 1st* [1840].

DEAR ACLAND,—(Make anybody read this to you, if it hurts you to read.) I have just received your kind letter, which has done me a great deal of good—and relieved me from feelings which, among several kinds of vexation that have plagued me lately, are not the

¹ [The mathematical tutor: see above, p. 13. *Biot* (1774–1862), the French physicist and mathematician: compare, above, p. 11.]

² [The Rev. Osborne Gordon, of Christ Church: for whom, see Vol. XXXV p. 249.]

least painful. I never received *any* message *whatever* from Newton. I had requested you to let me know that you were *not* angry, and when no such message or note ever reached me and I was conscious of having given you sufficient cause for some indignation—and heard nothing from you for three months—was there not some cause for supposing I had offended you? And indeed—it is selfish to say—I am glad to find it otherwise—for your protracted illness should give me more concern than any alienation from me. Besides, when I thought over what I had written to you—when I reflected with how many men of high talent you must have associated—how much more you had seen than I had of the natural world—and how much higher and purer your taste was than mine (in all things but *Turner*)—I could not but feel that I had been thoughtless and presuming—though your modesty seems not to have considered it so—and that even if it had been in my power to give you any assistance, it was utterly and absolutely inconsiderate to endeavour to engage you, when you were wearied in mind and broken in health, in a study which, if more interesting, is hardly less laborious than a course of Oxford reading. I have this instant got your second note, and am very sorry that in your present state of health I have made you take so much trouble, but I am very grateful and very happy. As I was saying, when I reviewed my epistolary misdemeanour I could not but conduct myself to you much after the manner of my scamp of a spaniel to me when, with crouched head and depressed tail, he betrays some delinquency which has altogether escaped my notice, and would do so if it were not for the fellow's conscience. I shall blow up Newton when I see him again, for though he has not done any harm in the end, he has made me very uncomfortable for three months—for I did not make many friends at college, and could not afford to lose one of them—the best and the only one to whom I had been accustomed to look up for advice and assistance—by my own folly. Well, enough of the affair—and thank you for taking it as you do. I am excessively sorry to hear of your ill health, and entreat you not to risk it by protracted labour in town. I have carried the thing too far myself, and wish all my books had been put on the first bonfire which astonished my freshman's eyes, before I had used them as I have. I was working away very hard till a fortnight ago, when a return of the discharge of blood from my chest interrupted me disagreeably enough;¹ so Travers² and Sir James Clark have ordered the books to be put in a

¹ [See *Præterita*, ii. § 16 (Vol. XXXV. p. 260).]

² [Benjamin Travers (1783–1858), P. R. S. 1847 and 1856; surgeon to Queen Victoria. For Sir James Clark, see Vol. XXXV. p. 260 n.]



J. Ruskin.

Allen & Co. Sc.

The Porta Capuana, Naples

1841

lumber room—with my grandmother's samplers—and sent me to Italy for the winter. So I am getting me soft colours and hard colours, and soft pencils and hard pencils, and tents, and umbrellas, and *flacons de voyage*—and all those one-legged and three-legged *diable boiteux* looking contrivances for beguiling your innocence into a supposition that you are sitting upon something, and upsetting you the moment you abandon yourself to your imagination; and I hope to get away in about a fortnight, and go by Normandy and Auvergne, seeing Tours and Blois, and getting a few specimens about the Puy de Dôme—and so by Marseilles to Genoa and Naples.¹

As for the perspective, I can tell you all the practical part of it in two letters, about as long as this, which you can read whenever you like. You will find it give you great facility in design, without being a call upon you for extra labour; for when you are once familiar with the general laws, violent transgression is avoided by instinct, and accuracy is only necessary in cases of complicated architecture, where it is much more an assistance than a difficulty.

I suppose you had not time to go and look at Roberts.² It is curious how artists differ in their advice. Harding said to me yesterday, "Never use a lead pencil, or a brush, when you are sketching from nature; do everything in *chalk*. I never made twenty coloured sketches in my life." De Wint said to me, "Never take anything up but your brush and moist colours." Roberts advised pencil—and Turner everything, and I shall take his advice, for your material should vary with your subject. I went to the Royal Academy to look after Richmond, and was much gratified, though I was surprised to find a man, who had (I think you said) attacked Turner for his colour, using no grey at all, and laying down everything with positive colour, the tones being subdued in quality—the red a brick red, and the yellows *tawny*—but hardly an inch of *grey* in the drawing. It was nevertheless unquestionably the best drawing of the kind in the room, and I heard him mentioned by a good artist the other day as the only man in England who could paint a miniature of a gentleman.

I shall write you pretty often from abroad, as I shall have little else to do; but do not bother yourself about answering, and take care of your health. I will send the papers on perspective soon, and as plainly written as I can³—if I could recommend you any book I would, but I don't know *one* that is practical.

¹ [See Vol. I. p. xxxviii.]

² [That is, at the exhibition of his Eastern sketches, mentioned in *Præterita*, ii. § 20 (Vol. XXXV. p. 262).]

³ [Presumably letters of hints on perspective: compare, above, p. 19.]

To W. H. HARRISON

GENEVA, *June 6th* [1841].¹

MY DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter has been a thorn in my side for this month past—which I am sure was the last thing you intended it to be—my sin turning its good into my evil; but when I tell you I have been running fast through Venice, Verona, and Milan—the three most glorious cities of Italy—you will conceive my eyes have always been tired, and my hand shaky, by the end of the day; and as one or two of my college correspondents send me quantities of *metaphysics* by way of amusement, and require metaphysical replies, I have been obliged to see the sun go down time after time upon your retiring date of March 1st,² in utter incapability of arresting the increase of distance between it and mine. But I cannot delay longer, having just received your second kind and entertaining letter, for which I owe you double gratitude, being a most unmerited favour. The causes of vexation enumerated in both your first pages are enough certainly to bear down anything but your kind and patient temper; but I am rejoiced to see by your last that things are looking brighter in Bridge Street³ and as for Cornhill, it must be consolation to you to reflect that your only sin against *F. O.* and Messrs. S. and E. has been that of furnishing the former with too much brains for the society it keeps, and the latter with a book too good for their market. The people for whom the last volumes of *F. O.* have been fitted are those who look with scorn on the whole race of annuals, and those on whose support it is thrown cannot get on without a larger supply of butterflies, blue-bells, and dew, of fluttering, fainting, and dropping, than the dignity of *F. O.* has lately admitted. I fancy annuals always depend more for sale on their nonsense than on anything else. If you admit two or three children of from six to twelve as contributors, you will have the whole family circle buying the book by chests full, and all the aunts and uncles making presents of it to all the cousins,—but Thomas Miller and T. K. Hervey⁴ could only be appreciated by people who do

¹ [Ruskin remained on the Continent until the end of June 1841. For W. H. Harrison, see the Introduction (above).]

² [The date on which he was to retire from his position as editor of *Friendship's Offering*, published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.]

³ [The office of the Crown Insurance Company, where Harrison was employed: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 99.]

⁴ [Thomas Miller (1807–1874), poet, novelist, and bookseller; granted a Civil List Pension by Disraeli. Thomas Kibble Hervey (1799–1859), edited *Friendship's Offering* 1826–1827, and the *Amaranth* 1839; edited the *Athenæum* 1846–1853.]

not buy annuals. I suspect that if next year there be a full supply of impromptus in eight lines of six syllables, and sonnets to spring, summer, autumn, and winter, the morning, the evening, the moon, the rose, and the lily, by *very* young ladies—with their full names in very large print at the top—there will be a decided improvement in the immediate sale; but I also think that if Messrs. S. and E. keep their present volumes for four or five years back in saleable state, they may find a greater demand for them four or five years hence than for the most splendid piece of blue binding with which the eyes of the public may be then attracted by even Lady Blessington or Lady Stuart Wortley.¹ I consider myself so far engaged for the completion of the very particularly *broken* Chain, but I think it so unlikely that I shall be able to finish it to my satisfaction while I am busy with the Alps, that I let them have Arion² instead. I may send them the Chain, but I think it improbable, unless we have three days of constant rain, which the Gods forbid.

We feel excessively hermit-like and innocent with respect to all literary matters here, being only able to get an occasional *Athenæum* or *Atlas* to bring us up. What are these Carlyle lectures?³ People are making a fuss about them, and from what I see in the reviews, they seem absolute bombast—taking bombast, I suppose, making everybody think himself a hero, and deserving of “your wash-up,” at least, from the reverential Mr. Carlyle. Do you remember the *Sketches by Boz*—there is a passage quoted by the *Atlas* as “brilliant,” every sentence beginning with “What,” between which and the dinner lecture of Horatio Sparkins, Esq., beginning “We feel—we know—that we exist—nothing more—what more”⁴—there exists a very strong parallel. And what is Boz about himself?

I saw another advertisement of *Barnaby Rudge* the other day, and hope better things from it than we have got out of the *Clock*.⁵ Can it be possible that this man is so soon run dry as the strained caricature and laborious imitation of his former self in the last chapters of the *Curiosity Shop* seem almost to prove? It is still what no one else could do; but there is a want of his former

¹ [The “Annuals” known as *Heath’s Book of Beauty* and *The Keepsake*, edited at different times by Lady Blessington and Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, issued in bindings of blue and red silk. Later on (1845 and 1846) Ruskin contributed poems to these Annuals.]

² [See Vol. II. pp. 114 *seq.*]

³ [The lectures *On Heroes*, delivered in 1840, and published in 1841.]

⁴ [See p. 384 of *Sketches by Boz* (1856 edition), with which passage compare Lecture i. of *Heroes* (“What is it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not yet know; we can never know at all,” etc.)]

⁵ [It will be remembered that both *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1840) and *Barnaby Rudge* (1841) appeared originally in *Master Humphrey’s Clock*.]

clear truth, a diseased extravagance, a violence of delineation, which seem to indicate a sense of failing power in the writer's own mind. It is evident the man is a thorough cockney, from his way of talking about hedgerows, and honeysuckles, and village spires; and in London, and to his present fields of knowledge, he ought strictly to keep for some time. There are subjects enough touched in the *Sketches* which might be worked up into something of real excellence. And when he has exhausted that particular field of London life with which he is familiar, he ought to keep quiet for a long time, and raise his mind as far as in him lies, to a far higher standard, giving up that turn for the *picturesque* which leads him into perpetual mannerism, and going into the principles out of which that picturesqueness should arise. At present he describes eccentricity much oftener than character; there is a vivid, effective touch, truthful and accurate, but on the surface only; he is in literature very much what Prout is in art. I see Bulwer¹ has some passages in his *Night and Morning* which are, I think, a little indebted to reminiscences of Boz for their manner of finish—the scene on the heath, where Sydney is carried off, *par exemple*, and two or three churchyard bits towards the end. If I were not afraid of turning your stomach, I should venture to ask you of this last work, whether you didn't think it fine! but I am afraid poor Bulwer has no chance with you. I think he is the only person on earth who can complain of your being uncharitable towards him . . .²

I think I am getting on much better myself on the whole since I left Rome. I have had some threatening about the chest, but no real attack since I got out of the great sepulchre;³ and *one* morning—last Wednesday—before breakfast, among the high Alps, 4000 feet up, gave me back more spring of spirit than I have had for years past. I am sorry enough to leave my window here, looking down on the blue Rhone, and over to Mont Blanc, but if it were only to see what Turner has been doing in the Academy, I must come home. I see Etty's pictures much praised, especially the Nymphs surprised by a *Swan*.⁴ I am happy to hear his Nymphs can be surprised by anything, and still happier to find your Gretna theory false. I have been doing little enough myself, though I have got one or two subjects which I think will interest you. I had a thorough examination of the Doge's palace at Venice the other day—got into all the rooms

¹ [For another reference to his novels, see Vol. I. p. 370 *n.*]

² [For the passage of this letter here omitted, see Vol. I. pp. 369–370 *n.*]

³ [See *Præterita*, ii. § 52 (Vol. XXXV. p. 291).]

⁴ ["Female Bathers surprised by a Swan," bought by Mr. Vernon and included in his gift to the National Gallery (No. 366)—now (1908) lent to the Liverpool Gallery.]



Fountain at Verona

1841

From the drawing in the possession of H. P. Meckrell, Esq.

of the Inquisition, and the Council of Ten, and up to the prisons in the garrets and down to the prisons in the cellars (nice little rooms of eight feet by six, under the canal, with one circular hole four inches across to admit air), and examined every hole and corner of the canals, for I shall have no heart to go to Venice when they have got a railroad there.¹ It will spoil my pet Verona too, so I shall keep to the Alps; nothing can spoil them but the Day of Judgment. We hope to be home soon now, in about three weeks, if all goes well, and I hope to find some more epigrams resultant from your present misanthropy—only don’t attack poor Bulwer. I am excessively obliged to everybody for the most kind inquiries you inform me of. Pray remember me to Mr. Etty and Mr. Roberts when you meet them.

*To the Rev. W. L. BROWN*²

HERNE HILL, *Nov. 21st* [1841].

MY DEAR SIR,—Thanks to you for taking the trouble of looking over the *Friendship’s Offering*. I cannot with any conscience inflict on you any answer to your observations, even were I bold enough to differ from them, which I in reality do not, except thus far. The “Arion” and “Psammenitus”³ are, of course, more to be read as dramatic than as lyrical poems, and I have endeavoured to make them such as gentlemen in such uncomfortable situations might produce at a *shot*, not such as I, with two spermaceti candles and a luxurious armchair, and other agreeablenesses of the kind, about me, might be disposed to set down as intelligible or harmonious, upon mature consideration. As far as I have had any experience of mental pain, I think its tendency is to render intellectual impressions at once rapid, distinct, *material*, and *involuntary*; so that, for instance, the memory, totally disobedient to its helm, totally unable to recall any single circumstance at command, is yet in wild and uncontrollable action, dragging up mass after mass of innumerable images, without apparent or reasonable connection, pressing them heavily and ponderously on the whole heart and mind so that they cannot escape from them, yet flying from one to another with the wildest rapidity, and placing an inconceivable number before the mind at the same instant, while the outward senses and inward emotions seem to change places with each other—all emotions becoming material and suggesting material impressions of darkness or

¹ [It was opened in 1845: see Vol. IX. p. 412 *n.*]

² [For Mr. Brown, Ruskin’s tutor at Christ Church, see the Introduction (above).]

³ [See Vol. II. pp. 114, 185.]

weight or sound, and all external impressions mixing with these and becoming mistaken for them, and adding to their cause—all inanimate objects becoming endowed with a strange sympathy, and having influence like living things. This strange confusion of the functions of the intellect and senses I particularly aimed at giving in the “Psammenitus.” I ought to have succeeded, for it was written as a relief from considerable mental excitement. But whether this, which I have felt, or thought I felt, be one of the general truths of nature, with which alone we should work, I cannot tell, and still less if I have succeeded in representing even this. I am glad that Bouchier is going on with his drawing, but I should rather hear that he *had* met with difficulties than that he had not (perspective excepted). Working up hill is the only way to command the country. Remember me to him, and Bevan, and White.¹ I convey your message about the wine to my father. With renewed thanks for your kindness in giving me so much of your time, and kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Brown, and best wishes for Mademoiselle, in which my father and mother most sincerely join, believe me ever, my dear Sir, most respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. W. L. BROWN.

[Feb. 12, 1842.²]

MY DEAR SIR,—I should have replied to your kind letter instantly, but could not make up my mind as to which of my books I should send. I have never coloured much, and what I have done, chiefly three or four years ago—the results of which premature process I indeed keep, as highly valuable when I want a little humiliation, or amusement, but which I am most thoroughly ashamed to show to any one else. After these, in the same book, come a few sketches, which you saw with the others, at Oxford, in the olden time, and which are a little more decent, being all done, as far as they go, on the spot, but still far too bad to be used as copies; and after these there are one or two, scraps from this last journey, *one* of which, the view on the top of Mont Cenis, may perhaps be of some little use in giving effects of rock and turf. It is absolutely *true*, as far as it goes—the intense golden brown of the Alpine moss, and green-blue of the little lake (being

¹ [Pupils reading with Mr. Brown.]

² [Ruskin, on his return from Italy in the summer of 1841, underwent a “cure” at Leamington, and spent the autumn and winter of 1841–1842 in reading and drawing at home. There are “Letters to a College Friend” covering this period, Vol. I. pp. 455–464. In April 1842 he went up again to Oxford, passed his final examination, and took his degree. He then went to Switzerland with his parents, Vol. III. p. xxiii. There are few letters, and no diary, of this tour.]

positive colour in the water, and no optical effect) being tones which it is utterly impossible to exaggerate. The snow looks too near for the rest, and so it does in nature. The form of it like a greyhound at the shore of the lake is very ugly, but I couldn't help it—it is fact, which was what I wanted. The sketch of Vesuvius, which my mother fixed in upside down, looking as it does nearly as well one way as the other, may also be of some little use, as it was all done at once. It was a rushing endeavour to put down the actual effect, as it appeared for a quarter of an hour one clear, wet, windless morning in February. The white spots left by the brush at its base you are to take on credit for villages. Bad as these are, I have no other sketches in colour by me, not having used colour for, I should think, more than three hours altogether on my whole last journey. I wish I could send some of my grey sketches, but they are nearly all architectural, and in wooden frames which do not admit of carriage. I will send the book of colours on Monday, and pray keep it till I come to Oxford, which I shall do, I hope, at degree time—but I am getting desperately frightened. You know, I did not read at all (effectively) while I was abroad, and it was not my fault, neither. I sent an immense box of books to meet me at Rome, and took some with me in the carriage, but I found my eyes would not let me read while in motion; we were six or seven hours a day on the road, and the fatigue and excitement, as well as what I thought something of a duty—noting down the facts I had learned in the course of the day—altogether prevented any application in the evening. I got to Rome, and after the first week did something regularly till the fever seized me, after which I could not read for three or four weeks. I set to work again at Naples, and was just getting into something like application, and perfectly well remember certain bits of landscape about Capua and the Falernian hills, by close associations with parts of Matthias's Greek grammar, then and there learned, and just as I was settling to something like work, the attack of blood came back at Albano,¹ so violently that I hardly dared walk across the room or stoop my head for a month after it. I got very blue upon this, and gave up everything. I must have written you some of my plans, I think—how I would live in Wales, and lie on the grass all day; and in pursuance of these sage resolutions I was going into Wales this last summer, thinking no more of degree than of dying—not quite so much, indeed—when Jephson caught me at Leamington, and put me so far to rights as to let me think of Oxford again. I have since then been reading but little, and that not *hard*—I dare not.

¹ [See *Præterita*, ii. § 52 (Vol. XXXV. p. 291). The attack of fever at Rome is not mentioned in the Autobiography.]

I have much exercise to take, and cannot read by candlelight. I have forgotten, I find, nearly all I ever knew, and find it desperately laborious to master the allusions to the infinite number of unheard-of people in Juvenal, and I think I seem to know less Latin every day. I don't know my four books one bit better than I did my fourteen—I have scraps of historical and ethical knowledge which will not be of the least use to me, and don't know things of necessity. I think it is hardly possible for me to get through without making some fatal mistake, and I don't know what to do. I work at my grammar, but stopping at every word does not get me through my books. I have no command of Latin words, and don't find it increase though I write some of Terence every day—and am *always* doubtful of genders, and genitives in *ium* and *ûm*, and what is worse, am liable to forget the most common things, conjugations of verbs, etc., which I really *do* know—for a minute or two—time enough to appear not to know them. I must go up—it kills me with hanging over me. Besides, I have no right to delay longer now my health is restored; but I am getting quite ill about it. I think it would kill my father outright if I were not to pass; he has no conception of the state I am in, and I don't like to hint it to him.—Ever, my dear Sir, most respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

kindest regards to Mrs Brown from all here. Remember me to Bevan and White, if with you.

I have taken Æschylus for Aristophanes—couldn't get on with the latter.¹

*To a CLERICAL FRIEND*²

DIJON, *May* 1842.

. . . And so, my cool fellow, you don't find any "refreshment" in my poems. . . . "Refreshment," indeed! Hadn't you better try the alehouse over the way next time? It is very neat of you—after you have been putting your clerical steam on, and preaching half the world to the de—(I beg pardon—what *was* I going to say?) and back again—to pull up at Parnassus expecting to find a new station and "refreshment" rooms fitted up there for your especial convenience—and *me* as the young lady behind the counter, to furnish you with a bottle of ginger-pop

¹ [The estrangement from Aristophanes was, however, of short duration: see Vol. XXXV. p. 610.]

² [Possibly the Rev. Edward Clayton (for whom, see Vol. I. p. liii.). This extract is printed from "The Handwriting of John Ruskin," by J. Holt Schooling, in the *Strand Magazine*, December 1895, pp. 670–671.]

1843

[On his return from Switzerland in 1842, Ruskin set himself to writing the first volume of *Modern Painters*, which was published in May 1843. He then began work upon study for the second volume; there are “Letters to a College Friend” giving some account of himself at this time, Vol. I. pp. 493–498.]

TO GEORGE RICHMOND¹

[May, 1843.]

DEAR RICHMOND,—I send you a copy of the book which I suppose you meant, and which I should be glad if you would glance at, as I certainly agree in most of the opinions it expresses. But, remember, whatever conjectures, or more than conjectures, you may make in reading it respecting the author are, if you love me, to be kept altogether to yourself—not because I should dislike to be supposed the author (for I think it a mighty clever book)—but because my being supposed so would entirely prevent it from having the influence which otherwise, if there be any truth in it, it might have. Farther, although you will see at once from some passages that I have seen the book before it was printed—and perhaps have had something to do with it—you cannot in the least tell how much, or how little. Perhaps I may be under an engagement to the real author to help to keep the public eye off him by taking some of the discredit myself, and so may not be at liberty to deny it. At all events I am interested in the book’s being read—which it most certainly will not be if you throw it on my shoulders. Please remember, therefore, that all secrets are told through a circle of best friends. The author would perhaps be glad to acknowledge the book to his intimate friends, if in so doing he did not take away from them the power of saying to impertinent questions that they *know* nothing about the matter—which answer I hope you will make to all inquirers, without any emphasis on the “know.” Farther, I should be glad if even your suspicions were not hinted, unless already so, even to your brother; or if already, please show him this letter.

I hope your eyes are better; pray don’t play tricks with them, nor work too much. Just consider what a curse upon the life of a man

¹ [With a copy of the first volume of *Modern Painters*, published anonymously: see Vol. III. p. xxxi., where a passage from Ruskin’s diary of May 1843 is given, nothing that Richmond had no idea of the authorship. For Ruskin’s friendship with Richmond, see the Introduction (above).]

of your feelings the loss of sight would be. Were I you, I should go and live in a cottage a mile or two from town, and risk nothing for the support of a large establishment. I beg your pardon, however, for speaking thus—only I am really very anxious about you, and so are all here.—With compliments to Mrs. Richmond and love to your brother, ever yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND

[1843?]

MY DEAR RICHMOND,—Since I last saw you I have been looking very carefully over the portfolio of Blake's drawings, and I have got nervous about showing them to my father when he comes home, in the mass. He has been *very* good to me—lately—with respect to some efforts which I desired to make under the idea that Turner would not long be able to work¹—and these efforts he has made under my frequent assurances that I should never be so captivated by any other man. Now I am under great fear that when he hears of my present purchase, it will make him lose confidence in me, and cause him discomfort which I wish I could avoid. If, therefore, I could diminish the quantity, and retain a few only of the most characteristic, I should be glad.

Now I feel the ungraciousness of saying this to you, but yet the purchase was so thoroughly of my own seeking and determination, in spite of all you could say, that I trust you will not see the smallest ground for finding fault with any one but me. I thought also that I should have hurt your feelings, if I had treated directly with Hogarth—otherwise I would have wished not to trouble you on the subject; but I find the nervousness increasing upon me—not that I think less of the drawings than I did, but that several circumstances have since taken place, which you shall know of hereafter, which make me feel unwilling to ask my father for this sum at present to be so spent. Now, if I *may* treat with Hogarth, pray do not give one further thought to the affair—the purchase was entirely and *is* completely mine, and *but for you* I should probably have paid 150 instead of 100; but if you would rather that I should not speak directly to Hogarth, I wish you would see for me on what terms he would either receive back the portfolio, and also let me retain four of the Larger Drawings,—the Horse, the owls, the Newton, and the Nebuchadnezzar—or five including the Satan and Eve, and the Goblin Huntsman,

¹ [The reference is probably to the commissions which Ruskin's father allowed him to give to Turner in 1842 or 1843: see Vol. XIII. pp. 478–484.]

and Search for the Body of Harold.¹ Forgive me this. I do assure you I love the memory of your friend, and I shall love *these* drawings and never part with them, but I am afraid of giving pain to my Father. My *hope* is that you will *leave it to ME* to treat with Hogarth at once—but I thought you would have felt it unkind. I think it would have been wrong—taking your feelings towards Blake into consideration—to have done so without telling you.—Remember me most faithfully to Mrs. Richmond, and believe me, my dear Richmond, ever most affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.²

To the Rev. W. L. BROWN.

[27 Nov., 1843.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sure I am very much obliged to the wet day for procuring me another letter. I think you would wish me to answer those parts of it which appear to me *combatable*, and therefore I will risk the infliction of more bad writing upon you, though I am sure you must by this time be sufficiently tired of hearing the name of my favourite artist (I wish, by-the-bye, I could pronounce it³); but I want so much to have you on my side that I cannot but do all in my power, as you admit the truth of my principles, to prove the truth of their application. . . .⁴

Now, as regards Turner, I should like to see the points in which you feel falseness of perspective.⁵ I will not say he is immaculate, but wherever he errs, he errs, I think, not palpably—*certainly* not in ignorance—but to obtain some particular grace or harmony of line, in places where he thinks the error will not be detected. Now, the old masters err in pure, hopeless ignorance. Claude draws a pillar so—I can't draw it bad enough—and a square tower so [rough sketches]. *Mais n'importe*. Perspective is mere spelling, not to be talked of in questions of art.

I think when you see the second part of *Modern Painters* you

¹ [At some later date or dates Ruskin disposed of his drawings by William Blake. In Gilchrist's *Life*, new ed. (1880), vol. i. p. 54, he is mentioned as owning the original sketch of the design called "Let Loose the Dogs of War."]

² [A subsequent note shows that the matter was arranged:—

"DEAR RICHMOND,—Best thanks for your kind note. I have spoken to Hogarth, who says he will think over it, and arrange it to my satisfaction. After I hear his proposals I will make mine. Remember me to Mrs. Richmond, Mary, and Julia.—Ever most affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN."]

³ [For Ruskin's peculiar pronunciation, see Vol. XX. p. xxiv.]

⁴ [The omitted passage refers to an unprinted play by Mr. Brown which had been sent for Ruskin's criticism.]

⁵ [See Vol. III. p. 607 for the passage in *Modern Painters* which Mr. Brown presumably had criticised.]

will be quite satisfied with the importance therein given to “unity” as a *sine quâ non* in art.¹ But you know unity does not mean “singleness” of object, but binding together of objects, and I believe I shall be able to prove that no man ever possessed this great quality in a higher degree than my favourite; nevertheless, there are cases in which unity will destroy particular impressions at which he is aiming, and then, in some degree, he abandons it. As to the propriety of making such impressions an end of art, and choosing subjects for example, like the view of Edinburgh you name,² I think it proceeds from the habit of the artist to regard his works not as individually perfect, but as, each, part of a great system—illustrative of each other. If a man is working for ideal beauty, and desirous of making a particular picture as charming as possible, he should get to work as Claude does: take some rocks, and some water, and some trees, and some houses—there *must* be some of all—and put them together, with one tree very principal and one piece of water very principal, and a very calm sky, and everything else rather dark than otherwise, etc., etc.; the recipe is as straightforward and simple as can be, and the result certain, provided the power of manipulation be tolerable. But this is *not* what nature does. Nature always has some particular lesson, some particular character, to impress and exhibit—she never makes olla podridas. In one place she exhibits rock character, in another tree character, in another pastoral character, and all her details are thrown in with reference to the particular influence or spirit of the place. Now, Turner takes it for granted that more is to be learned by taking her lessons individually and working out their separate intents, and thus bringing together a mass of various impressions which may all work together as a great whole, fully detailed in each part, than by cooking up his information in the sort of “potage universelle” of Claude; or rather—for this is paying Claude too high a compliment—he conceives it to be more fitting for man to receive *all* nature’s lessons—those which he likes, and those which he doesn’t—than to choose for himself and repeat *one* for ever. Now, I am aware of *nothing* in nature which Turner has not *earnestly* painted. Nothing on the surface of the earth has either been rejected by him as too little or shrunk from as too great. He has made a most careful study (it is in the *Liber Studiorum*) of cocks and hens on a dunghill,³ of dock leaves in a ditch, of broken stones by the roadside, of pollard

¹ [See ch. vi. of section i. in the second volume of *Modern Painters*: Vol. IV. pp. 92 *seq.*]

² [The view of Edinburgh engraved as an illustration of Scott’s *Poems*.]

³ [In the Plate called “A Farm Yard”: compare *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 236).]

willows, of every tree or bush that grows in England, France, or Italy; of every kind of rock, of lakes, torrents, reedy rivers—the Thames at Putney, the Rhine at Schaffhausen, the river by the Isle of Dogs, and the Bay of Naples, Richmond Hill, and Mount Etna, the chimneys at Dudley, and Mount Vesuvius; sea at all times, in all places, on the coast, and in the Atlantic—muddy, clear, calm, disturbed, or in the fury of the wildest tempest. You cannot name any element, object, or effect—you can name no time, no season, no *incident* of weather—of which I cannot name you a study, not accidentally or incidentally made, but *earnestly*, and with reference to *itself* alone, and most laboriously. Hence you are not to think whether such and such a subject was adapted for a picture, but whether any good is to be got out of it, whether there is any meaning in it, whether it has any bearing on his great system; and if so, there you are to look for the power of the artist in making this unpromising but necessary part of his system as beautiful as in the nature of things it is capable of being. Farther, you are to look upon Turner as distinguished from the common painter of familiar objects by his doing it *only* as part of a system. Thousands of Dutch painters paint cocks and hens, but they do so habitually, and as cock and hen painters. Turner does so *once*—once only—in order that he may know his subject thoroughly, and secure any good, or any knowledge, or any lesson whatever, which there may be in the forms of the birds.

So in the view of Edinburgh he desires to give you, not an ideal scene, not a *pleasant* scene, but a *Scotch* scene. He wants to make you feel that it is scattered, uncomfortable, vast, and windy. If he had not scattered his sheep all over the hill, the size of it would not have been expressed; or if he had grouped them in a line, the comfortless, open, exposed character of the scene would have been lost. Nay, little as you may feel it, these very sheep secure a species of unity. Conceal them, and you will find that the dark hill separates from the rest of the picture, as a moon-shaped mass, of which the edge is unbroken. Put on the sheep again, and you will find that the hill becomes united (or confused, if you like to call it so) with the rest of the picture.

I think that whatever is worth contemplating in nature, and can be contemplated without pain, is a good subject for the artist, and that his powers may, and ought to be, exhibited upon it—powers of turning all he touches to gold—but that, towards the close of his life, he ought to devote himself to weaving out of the stores of his accumulated knowledge, the *ideal* pictures which common artists fancy they can produce when they are just fledged. Until he is forty, an

artist ought to paint everything with intent to *learn* it; after forty, with intent to *teach* it. All this, however, is so far matter of taste and opinion. Not so the question of *colour*. It is found invariably that young and inexperienced artists use their colours *pure*, and yet never make their pictures look *bright*—they only look *raw*. Experienced artists and masters of colour use their colours *dead*, and yet their effect is dazzling. I am myself in the habit of using cobalt off the cake, and yet I never can get my skies to look blue. Turner will make a sky look bright which is painted with grey, yellow, and black in it. There is another kind of fine colouring which is dependent on the *intensity* of the blue, and its qualities of transparency and depth. This is Titian's quality, but even he cannot use colour pure except in small spaces, or very dark. Deep crimsons and blues, provided they are transparent, never look raw—the only difficulty is to get them. But in landscape where every hue is pale, the power of a colourist and the excellence of a picture are entirely dependent on the vividness of the effect gained with dim and mixed colour. Try: one of our common and ignorant landscape painters will paint a distance in pure cobalt, and not make it look blue; Turner will make it look deep blue with a four hair's-breadths of colour. Every painter will assure you of this being an attainment only of consummate art—it is right because it is nature. Distances, when you look at them, are not made up of blue in parts—they are blue only in effect.

1844

[In this year Ruskin went with his parents to Switzerland (Vol. IV. p. xxii.), and on his return continued his studies at home. Some letters to Samuel Prout, Osborne Gordon, and Liddell, belonging to 1844, are given in Vol. III. pp. 662–676; and a series to Edmund Oldfield, on French painted windows, in Vol. XII. pp. 435–446.]

To his FATHER

DENMARK HILL, *Saturday—two o'clock* [April 28, 1844].

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I have not time for a letter, as I have been in town till now, and want to get a little work [done]—but I may just tell you what I have been about. At Sir R. I.'s¹ there were: 1st, Mr. Rogers; 2nd, Lord Northampton; 3rd, Lord Arundel; 4th, Lord

¹ [Sir Robert Harry Inglis (1786–1855), M.P. for Oxford University 1829–1854; president of the Literary Club; antiquary of the Royal Academy. For Ruskin's acquaintance with him, see Vol. III. p. xliv. *n.*; Vol. XIV. p. 18.]

Mahon; 5th, R. M. Milnes; 6th, 7th, and 8th, two gentlemen whose names I could not catch and a lady; and 9th, Sir J. Franklin, the North Sea man. Monckton Milnes sat next me, and talked away most pleasantly, asking me to come and see him; of course I gave him my own card, and as I was writing the address on it, Rogers called to Milnes over the table. Sir R. said to Milnes, "Mr. Rogers is speaking to you," and Rogers said in his dry voice, "Ask him for—an-other." Milnes gave him the one I had written, and I replaced it. Afterwards in the passage, Rogers came up to me and took my arm most kindly. "I don't consider that you and I have *met* to-day"—(he had been on the other side and near the other end of the table)—"will you come and breakfast with me—Tuesday at 10?" Of course I expressed my gratitude, and then Lord Northampton came up and asked me to come to his soirée this evening, saying he would send me cards for the other nights. I said I could go, though I don't like soirées, but I thought you would have been vexed if I had refused.

Then I went to Hopkinson's.¹ I saw the carriage which is precisely what I want; but he wants £55 for the six months, which is certainly too much, especially as the inside is very shabby. This would be an advantage in another way—for drawback. I said I would write to you and let him know, but perhaps if you have time you would kindly write and tell him what you think about it. Perhaps I had better ask somewhere else.

Pray take care of yourself this bitter weather; my hands are cold, so that I write worse than usual.

To Samuel Rogers²

Denmark Hill, Camberwell, 4th May [1844].

MY DEAR MR. ROGERS,—I cannot tell you how much pleasure you gave me yesterday, . . . yet, to such extravagance men's thoughts can reach, I do not think I can be quite happy unless you permit me to express my sense of your kindness to you here under my father's roof. Alas! we have not even the upland lawn, far less the cliff with foliage hung, or wizard stream;³ but we have the spring around us, we have

¹ [The carriage-maker in Long Acre: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXV, p. 106.]

² [From *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, by P. W. Clayden, 1889, vol. ii. pp. 301–302. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, March 1890, vol. i. p. 83, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part I., 1890, p. 5. For Ruskin's acquaintance with Rogers, see the Introduction (above).]

³ ["Its upland-lawns and cliffs with foliage hung,
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless, nor unsung."]

An Epistle to a Friend, 33–34.]

a field all over daisies, and chestnuts all over spires of white, and a sky all over blue. Will you not come some afternoon, and stay and dine with us? I do think it would give you pleasure to see how happy my father would be, and to feel, for I am sure you would feel, how truly and entirely we both honour you with the best part of our hearts, such as it is. And for the rest, I am not afraid, even after so late a visit to St. James's Place, to show you one or two of our Turners, and I have some daguerreotypes of your dear, fair Florence, which have in them all but the cicadas among the olive leaves—yes, and some of the deep sea too, “in the broad, the narrow streets,”¹ which are as much verity as the verity of it is a dream. Will you not come? I have no farther plea, though I feel sadly inclined to vain repetition. Do come, and I will thank you better than I can beg of you.—Ever, my dear Mr. Rogers, believe me, yours gratefully and respectfully, J. RUSKIN.

To George Richmond

PARIS, Aug. 12th [1844].

DEAR RICHMOND,—If I have not written to you before, it is because I had too much to talk to you about—and because, as I have been on the hills some ten hours a day at the very least, I did not choose to inflict drowsiness upon you in the evenings, when, I lifted a pen, the lines used to entangle each other, and every sentiment terminated in a blot. Nor am I about now to attempt telling you what I have been discovering—especially as in this garret at Meurice's, the memory of snow and granite makes me testy; but I am in hopes that you will not think it a trespass on your kindness, if I ask you not to let me leave Paris with any of your favourite pictures unnoticed. I have only a week, and how can I *find out* things in such time? If you would note for me any works which you think it likely I should miss by myself, and which you love, especially of the Italian early schools, I shall reserve the best two days for them. I come here, merely for pictures²—everything in the streets is much as I left it nine years ago.

We hope to get home on the 24th, and I hope, therefore, to see you before you leave for the Continent. I suppose you will take your usual constitutional. Oh, if you would but go to the Monte Rosa, where I have been half starved. Glorious! I had a happy day or two

¹ [See Roger's *Italy* (“Venice,” line 2).]

² [For Ruskin's Notes on the Louvre, made in 1844, see Vol. XII. pp. 449–456.]

on the Lago Maggiore among the vine-leaves and cicadas. I want to go to Italy again—I want to go everywhere at any time, and be in twenty places at once. All that I do in Switzerland only opens a thousand new fields to me, and I have more to see now than when I went.

I believe they are beginning to set the house in order at Denmark Hill. Would it be convenient to you to allow Mr. Foord to call in York Place for the Turner¹ on Monday next, the 19th? or if any other day would suit you better, could you just send him a single line? I suppose you are tired of it by this time—but it held its own? I would have left it till we returned, but I believe they are going over all the pictures, and it would be better if you can spare it, to get it placed with the others.

I have not been drawing, except three disgusting attempts at study. I took the Alpine rose foreground fairly by the leaves,² but it wouldn't do. Infinity multiplied into infinity—what can white lead or black lead do with it?

What is Tom about? I beg his pardon, but I don't like to call him Mr. T. Give him all our kind regards, and take 'em. I hope Mrs. Richmond and your family are well.—Ever believe me, sincerely and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Send me, if you have time, a short note to Meurice's naming what ought to be named. Please write if you can instantly.

1845

[In 1845 Ruskin took his first foreign tour without his parents, and letters therefore are numerous. Many of them, with extracts from his diaries, are given in Vol. IV.: see its list of Contents, pp. xiv.–xvi.]

To Henry Acland

[Feb., 1845.]

. . . I have this moment received a letter from Richmond saying he is going to dine with me, but that his *eyes* are so weak he is obliged to use another's hand. This is very bad—all owing to his sitting up at night, I imagine, added to his day's work, which alone would blind *me*. I cannot draw delicate things more than two hours a day. I

¹ ["The Grand Canal" or "Slavers" (see Vol. XIII. pp. 606, 605).]

² [This water-colour drawing (12 x 13½ in.) of a Mountain-side with Pines and Alpine Rose is in the possession of Mr. Ralph Brocklebank.]

suppose he has six or seven at least, stippling on white paper—at least I know I always find others with him, go when I will.

I met Jelf¹ a day or two ago looking unsatisfactory. He asked me which way I was going to vote on the 13th. I said I didn't know anything about the 13th, what was the matter? I wish you had seen Jelf open his eyes. He proceeded to open mine with much indignation, which didn't abate when I said I didn't know anything about Mr. Ward or his book, but that they might strip his gown over his ears as soon as they liked for anything I cared, it couldn't do any harm. I got up the article in the *Quarterly* about him;² his book seems to be very much like *Modern Painters*—plenty of hard words and not much reasoning. It is the plague of these people that one never can get at the bottom of them; they are nut within nut, and a maggot inside. I quarrelled with Clayton, as I told you, about his good works, and all that I can get out of him is that "he doesn't see any reason why he should answer anything in my last."

To SAMUEL ROGERS³

[March, 1845?]

MY DEAR SIR,—You must not think that my not having called since the delightful morning I passed at your house, is owing to want either of gratitude or respect. Had I felt less of either, I might have attempted to trouble you oftener.

Yet I wished to see you today, both because I shall not have another opportunity of paying my respects to you until I return from Italy, and because I thought it possible you might devise some means of making me useful to you there. I shall of course take an early opportunity of waiting on you when I return, but I fear it will be so late in the season that I cannot hope to see you again until next year.

I cannot set off for Italy without thanking you again and again for all that, before I knew you, I had learned from you, and you know not how much (of that little I know) it is, and for all that you *first* taught me to feel in the places I am going to.—Believe me, therefore, ever as gratefully as respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Richard William Jelf (1798–1871), principal of King's College, London, canon of Christ Church.]

² [A review of W. G. Ward's *The Ideal of a Christian Church considered in Comparison with Existing Practice* (1844), in the *Quarterly Review* for December 1844, vol. 75, p. 149. Ward was on February 13 removed from his degree at Oxford for heresy.]

³ [From *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, by P. W. Clayden, 1889, vol. ii. pp. 302–303. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, March 1890, vol. i. p. 84, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 5.]

To his FATHER

CONFLANS or ALBERTVILLE, *Tuesday Evening, 15th April, 1845.*

I have had such another glorious drive to-day—as never was!—by the shore of the lake of Annecy. Such a lovely shore—all walnuts and chestnuts, with ivy up the trunks and primroses and cowslips all over the roots, and sweet winding English-like lanes all about and among them, with bits of wooden farms and cottages here and there, all covered over with trellises for vines, as well as some of the road, and even of the lake; for they actually build their trellises far out into or over the water, so as to form a sort of vinous boat-house, and the meadows slope up in the softest possible curves to the crags, steeper and steeper until out comes the rock, and up go the mountains six or seven hundred feet. You must positively come here next summer. I couldn't start till half-past eleven this morning, owing to continued rain; but it cleared up then, and has been getting better ever since. When we had got to the head of the lake of Annecy, we came as usual to a marshy bit, and then the valleys, though very grand, got comparatively ugly, the débris sort of thing you do not like, and their character increased upon us all the way here, so that as I drove into the town, I called out to George¹ it was a nasty place and I wouldn't stop, but would go on to Montmélian. Very luckily, I happened to be mighty hungry, so I ordered the horses to be kept for a quarter of an hour, and ran into the inn to get a chop. It was a nasty-looking place enough, all smoke and bustle in the kitchen, and I was congratulating myself on having determined to go on, when they brought up a dish of *riz de veau* with truffles, which I liked the look of exceedingly. While I was discussing this, the waiter said something about a pretty view at the end of their garden. I finished the sweetbread, paid for it, ordered the horses, and went out to look. I got to the end of the garden, got across a bridge, got a glance down the valley of the Isère from the other end of it, ran back full speed to the inn, asked if their beds were dry, and established myself till the day after to-morrow, if the weather be fine. Blessings on the *riz de veau*; if it hadn't been for it, I should have lost the finest view I ever saw. You cannot conceive the effect of the magnificent limestone ranges which border the valley of the Isère, loaded as they are fathoms deep with the winter snow, so that the aerial qualities of great Alps are given to the noble qualities of the lower mountains, and the old town of Conflans, all towers and crags, comes in exactly where it ought, in glorious ruin. (*N.B.*—The most miserable wreck of a town I know—mighty fine in

¹ [Ruskin's servant: see Vol. IV. p. xxiv.]

distant effect, but Heaven pity all who live in it.) Conflans used to be the chief place of the district, but it is now utterly gone to decay, and the town in which I am now lodging, Albertville (formerly l'Hôpital), on the other side of the river, has taken all the blood out of it. There is a deserted château at Conflans, which will come into my study to-morrow; its master has just married the daughter of a man who when young kept the *poste* at Chambéry, and got turned out for imposing on travellers; he became a soldier, went to India (this is the waiter's story), got to be captain and colonel, allied himself in some way with one of the rajahs, betrayed him to the English, got a great part of his fortune, returned, and built a street and a château and a fountain at Chambéry, and marries his daughter to the young lord of this castle at Conflans.

(ALBERTVILLE, *Wednesday evening*.) I have been drawing all day at Conflans, in lovely weather. I sent George into the town to look at it. He walked all through it, and came back in great wonder and disgust, saying he had met just six living creatures in the town—two dogs, three children, and a man out of his mind! I have been sitting all day with my back against a wall, and have got a pretty view certainly, one which I believe I shall like exceedingly in a day or two, but the place is so lovely that one is disgusted with all one does on the spot. The vines must be exquisitely lovely here in their season; one great big rock like Bowder-stone,¹ covered all over with a trellis, as your lodge is, for the sake of its heat. Only they let the grass grow in their very vineyards. . . .²

I am off to-morrow morning early, and hope to post this letter at Grenoble. I am at the mercy of the postillions in the way of payment, for nobody here knows the distance to anywhere. I gathered some hawthorn to-day, and almond blossom. Heard the cuckoo, and lay on some mossy rocks till after sunset without being cold, besides sitting out all day. So I consider the summer begun.

A heavenly moonlight to-night, with only half a moon. All the snowy mountains as clear as by day. I forgot, didn't I? to answer about the money; you gave me sixty pounds to start with. I have clear accounts of all. The sixty pounds will, I believe, be just worked out to-morrow night: ten went, all but half-a-crown, before I got to Calais.

(GRENOBLE, *half-past four*.) Delicious drive again; most perfect vine country, houses now completely Italian; cows all over the fields, vines in trellises above, exquisite mountain forms; if you have got the

¹ [In Borrowdale.]

² [The passage here omitted, describing the "vicious-looking population," has been printed as a note to Ruskin's poem on them: Vol. II. p. 238.]

Liber Studiorum from Turner, you will find a most accurate study of the plains and mountains as you approach.¹ The Grande Chartreuse mountain all over snow; shan't go. George says this place is a regular old rookery; it is not a very handsome town, certainly, and the "Hôtel des Ambassadeurs" mighty queer. Off to-morrow early for Gap. Just time for these few words: table d'hôte at five, not washed yet; post at six; excuse blotchy seal.

To his FATHER

LUCCA, Saturday Evening, May 3rd [1845].

I sent out in a hurry to the post office on my arrival here, in hopes that I might have a notice of your having received my Albertville and Grenoble letters, but I find only the duplicate of the Genoa one: this keeps me a little anxious, for fear my mother should have got a notice from Annecy of my detained letter, and tormented herself ill or something. However, it is no use fidgeting myself, as well as you.

I am in glorious quiet quarters in this comfortable house,² and at last settled to something like rest. I pushed on here to-day, not because I found nothing either at Magra and Carrara, but because I found too much. I can't recollect when we were there before, visiting the *church* at Carrara: at any rate, it is a perfect gem of Italian Gothic, covered with twelfth-century sculpture of the most glorious richness and interest, and containing two early statues of the Madonna, which gave me exceeding pleasure; besides Roman sculptures innumerable built into walls and altars. At Sarzana, or near it, there is a wonderful fortress of the Visconti, full of subject; there are castles on every peak round the Magra valley; the church at Sarzana is most interesting, and the mountain scenery so exquisite about Carrara that I saw at once, if I began stopping at all, I might stop all May. So I broke through all, with many vows of return, and here I am among the Fra Bartolommeos with every conceivable object of interest or beauty close at hand, delicious air, and everything as I would have it (except that the marble post has fallen off one of the tombs of San Romano since I was here). When I shall get away I cannot tell. I shall go first to Pisa, and then by Pistoja to Florence. Pistoja is an important town, and far better for sleeping at than Empoli.

You cannot conceive what a divine country this is just now. The

¹ [The Plate called by Turner "Chain of Alps from Grenoble to Chamberi." The drawing for it is No. 479 in the National Gallery: for a note on it, see Vol. III. p. 237.]

²[Presumably the Albergo dell' Universo: see Vol. XXIII. p. xl. n.]

vines with their young leaves hang as if they were of thin beaten gold—everywhere—the bright green of the young corn sets off the grey purple of the olive hills, and the spring skies have been every one backgrounds of Fra Angelico. Such softness I never saw before. The air too is most healthy; one can do anything. I walked up to the Carrara quarries to-day at eleven o'clock in cloudless sunshine; it was warm certainly, but it did not feel the least oppressed, and yet I have been sitting in front of the cathedral, watching the sunset sky and the groups of people, till it was all but pitch dark, without the slightest sensation of even coolness.

It was lucky I came on here to-day, for this happens to be one of the only two days in the year on which the “Volto Santo di Lucca”¹ is shown. It is an image of Christ, as large as life, cut in wood, and *certainly* brought here before the year 700. Our William Rufus used to swear by it, “per volto di Lucca” or “per vultum Lucce.” The body is dressed in paltry gold tissue, which has a curious look on a crucifix, but the countenance, as far as I could see it by the candlelight, is exceedingly fine.

The people here are very graceful and interesting. Black and white veils beautifully thrown over the braided hair, and the walk, as well as the figure, and neck, far finer than at Genoa. To make amends and balance a little on the other side, the postillions, doganiers, and country people appear knaves of the first and most rapacious water. Never content, get what they will; always sulky, fifty people at a time holding out their hands to the carriage; custom-houses every five miles, one for passports, another for searching luggage, and all asking barefacedly and determinedly for money. I would give ten times the sum, willingly, to see something like self-respect and dignity in the people, but it is one system of purloining and beggary from beginning to end, and they have not even the appearance of gratitude to make one's giving brotherly; they visibly and evidently look on you as an automaton on wheels, out of which they are to squeeze as much as they can without a single kindly feeling in return. I gave up the postillions' payment to Couttet² at Digne, finding it bothered me to death, and I am well out of it. Couttet has fights of a quarter of an hour at every stage hereabouts; they end with *him* in his giving half-a-paul too little; with me they would end in giving a paul too much. There was hardly any water in the Magra.³

¹ [See Vol. X. p. 451; Vol. XXVII. p. 312.]

² [The Chamouni guide, now acting as Ruskin's courier: see Vol. IV. pp. xxiv.–xxv.]

³ [Over which, when in flood, his mother had in 1841 been carried: see *Præterita*, ii. § 25 (Vol. XXXV. p. 266).]

To his FATHER

PISA, *Tuesday Forenoon* [May 13, 1845].

. . .¹ I do believe that I shall live to see the ruin of everything good and great in the world, and have nothing left to hope for but the fires of the judgment to shrivel up the cursed idiocy of mankind. I feel so utterly powerless, too, myself; I cannot copy a single head, and I have no doubt that—if I want to take a tracing, for which you know it is necessary to put the paper upon the picture—I have not the slightest doubt but these conservators, who let the workmen repairing the roof drop their buckets of plaster over whole figures at a time, destroying them for ever, will hinder me with my silky touch and fearful hand from making even so much effort at the preservation of any one of them. And their foul engravers are worse than their plasterers; the one only destroy, but the others malign, falsify, and dishonour. You never saw such atrocities as they call copies here. And as if they didn't do harm enough when they are alive, the tombs for their infernal rotteness are built up right over the walls and plastered up against them as in our parish churches. Two frescoes of Giotto torn away at one blow to put up a black pyramid!²

It is provoking, too, that I feel I could do a great deal if I had time, for the lines are so archaic and simple that they are comparatively easily copiable, and I could make accurate studies of the whole now left—about a fortieth part—but it would take me a year or so. Giotto's Job is all gone; two of his Friends' faces and some servants are all that can be made out. I shall like to get a study of some little bit, but don't know what to choose nor where to begin. I think I shall go off to Florence in despair. Why wasn't I born fifty years ago? I should have saved much and seen more, and left the world something like faithful reports of the things that have been; but it is too late now.

Confound this thin paper. I've written on two sheets, and haven't time to write over again. Give my love to George Richmond and ask him what the d——— he means by living in a fine house in York Street, painting English red-nosed puppets with black shoes and blue sashes, when he ought to be over here, living on grapes, and copying everything properly.

The weather is very unfavourable to me: it was very draughty in

¹ [The beginning of this letter has been given in Vol. III. p. 205 *n.*]

² [For this piece of vandalism, see Vol. IV. p. 38.]

the Campo Santo, so that I could not sit to draw; and then a thunderstorm came, and it is now most dark and gloomy.

I am quite well, however, and when the rain came I was luckily taken to a collection of pictures belonging to an antiquary here who superintends all the publications (Rosini, I think¹). He came to me, and has told me a great deal, though I find that *he* does not feel the art that he has, except as it is curious historically or rare accidentally. But he has great traditional and technical knowledge of pictures, and a divine collection. I have seen the first Fra Angelico there that I have yet met with, and most genuine and glorious; a first-rate Pinturicchio, a Gentile Bellini, a divine Perugino, and a most pure Raffaele, all in one day, and I feel thrown on my back.

I am quite well, however, and the views and walks are most precious. Poor little Santo Maria della Spina, they want to pull it down to widen the quay; but, as they say in *King Lear*, “That’s but a trifle here!”² I’ve no doubt it’ll be done soon. God preserve us and give us leave to paint pictures and build churches in heaven that shan’t want repairs.

To GEORGE RICHMOND

Florence, Piazza del Duomo, *June 4th*, 1845.

DEAR RICHMOND,—I haven’t written to you, because you know it isn’t of any use unless I could write a folio. I haven’t written to anybody else, neither, but that because I couldn’t spare time—which was not the case with you. Oh, if I had you but with me. I find my eye pretty sure, and can swear to a Giotto across a church, any day—though among a host of “Scuola di G.’s”—but it takes me a fearful time before I can make up my mind about the “stato ristorato”s—and you would save me weeks. I’ve been here a week, and haven’t been into the great gallery—only at St. Mark’s, and the Novella, and the Accademia, and the Carmini—but I mustn’t talk, now, for I have something else to say to you. I hope this will be sent you by a lady whom you will have great pleasure in knowing, and who is desirous of knowing you—Mrs. Shuttleworth. Her daughter is the most wonderful creature that ever touched pencil, I think, and if you don’t think so too I shall be disappointed;—but Mrs. Shuttleworth’s looking for a master for her, and asked me, and I am terrified lest they should spoil her, and so I thought it best to refer to you at once, and please think

¹ [For the Abbé Rosini, see *Præterita*, ii. §§ 120, 129 (Vol. XXXV. pp. 354, 362).]

² [Act v. sc. 3.]

well about it. I know you will when you see the drawings; and don't let them teach her the black network style—nor any *style*. Just write to Mrs. Shuttleworth—at Totteridge, Barnet, Herts—and arrange an hour with her to come and see you, and bring some of her daughter's drawings, and then you will know what to do. I know how busy you are, but you *must* do this for me—and you will enjoy the drawings. I sent you an impudent question the other day, and you send me my Father's answer. Well, we must hope the best. What do you think I found here to-day but a glorious little history of *Job* on a predella under a “Scuola di G.” which I suspect to be Giotto's own¹—the first thought of the Campo Santo;—and there is an Elihu here—and none in the Campo—unless he is scratched out. I was very much puzzled for want of him; and I found in the same place a Trionfo della Morte of a most singular kind—but I can't talk of Orcagna's or not—the figure striking at Castruccio Castracani. But I can't write any more—it's no use.—Yours ever affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

Best love to Tom. How does he like Turner this year? My father sent me two sketches from *Punch*,² and they made my mouth water dreadfully—they are *so* like. Remember me to Mrs. Richmond. I trust you are all well.

¹ [The picture referred to is in the Capella dei Medici at Santa Croce. Ruskin's note in his Diary of 1845 is as follows:—

“It is a Madonna with ‘Sanctus Gregorious Papa’ on her right, and ‘Sanctus Job Propheta’ on her left. Underneath are three passages from the history of Job—the destruction of the sons (common enough); the bringing of the intelligence by the servants (in which the expression of the servants is true and good, and the figure of Job rending his clothes well told); and the conversation with the friends and *Elihu* (who occurs here, though not in the Campo Santo) and this figure is also fine.”

The “Trionfo della Morte” is in the passage at Santa Croce which leads to the Sacristy and to the Cappella dei Medici, thus described in the Diary:—

“At the farther end of the passage is a commonplace work, interesting only from the little predella below it, which is a Trionfo della Morte founded on Orcagna, with these differences—that Death, though dressed in grey in the same way, and not a skeleton but the hand and foot merely thin and skinny, has got a skull for a head. He rides a bull, which he goads with the left hand, throwing with his right his lance at a young man like Castruccio, who is riding away with a hawk in his fist. This hawking is used as a type of the vanities of life, not only here and by Orcagna, but by Simon Memmi in the Spanish Chapel.”

For other notes on the frescoes of Job in the Campo Santo at Pisa, see Vol. XII. pp. 213–214; and on Orcagna's “Trionfo della Morte” there, *ibid.*, p. 224 and *n.*]

²[Written skits: see *Punch*, vol. 8, p. 236; *e.g.*, a motto for Turner's “Morning—returning form the Ball”:—

“Oh! what a scene!—Can this be Venice? No.
And yet methinks it is—because I see
Amid the lumps of yellow, red and blue,
Something which looks like a Venetian spire,” etc.]

*To his FATHER*FLORENCE, *Tuesday Evening, 17th June* [1845].

I sit down to tell you more particularly how I feel in Florence. All that you remember is most true, and to any one who has feeling all these things are most precious, so long as you can have peace about them. But Florence is the most tormenting and harassing place to lounge or meditate in that I ever entered. Get into the current of people in Cheapside, on the right side of the way, and you are carried along in comfort, and may be absent as you like. But everybody here is idle, and therefore they are always in the way. The square is full of listless, chattering, smoking vagabonds, who are always moving every way at once, just fast enough to make it disagreeable and inevitable to run against them. They are paving, repairing, gas-lighting, drumming, from morning till night, and the noise, dust, tobacco smoke, and spitting are so intolerable in all the great thoroughfares that I have quite given up stopping to look about me. In fact, it is dangerous to do so, for the Italian carts always drive *at* anybody who looks quiet. Out of the town it is a little better, but everything of life that you see is entirely void of sympathy with the scene. If there were a shadow of costume or character left in the people of the upper classes, I should not complain. But there is no costume, except the great, ugly Leghorn hat; there are *no* pretty faces—I have not seen one since I left Lucca—there are no vestiges of old Florentine faces—nothing but French beards, staring eyes, and cigars sticking out of mouths that know only the exercise of eating and spitting. In the galleries you can never feel a picture, for it is surrounded, if good, by villainous copyists, who talk and grin, and yawn and stretch, until they infect you with their apathy, and the picture sinks into a stained canvas. One sometimes gets a perfect moment or two in the chapels or cloisters of the churches, but the moment anybody comes it is all over. If monk, he destroys all your conceptions of monks; if layman, he is either a French artist with a peaked hat and beard for two, or a lazy Florentine, who saunters up to look at what you are doing, smokes in your face, stares at you, spits on what you are studying, and walks away again; or perhaps—nearly as bad as any—it is an English cheesemonger and his wife, who come in and remark,—as happened to me the other day while I was looking at the gates of Ghiberti, those which M. Angelo said were fit for the gates of heaven.¹ Two English ladies came and stopped before them. “Dear me,” said one, “how

¹ [See Vol. XVI. p. 46, and Vol. XXIII. p. 243.]

dirty they are!” “Oh, quite shocking!” said the other, and away they went.

Neither—if, even in early morning, you can get a quiet hour—is the town itself free from incongruities that destroy all feeling. The palaces are grand beyond all that I ever dreamed of, and I am never tired of looking at their big stones. But there is not a single house left near them of the old town. They stand among new shops and Parisian rows of Rue Castiglione houses—they are gutted inside and whitewashed—their windows are filled with green blinds and coarse framework, and fat English footmen lounge at their doors. I don't know how other people feel, but I *can't* feel a bit, through all this. I look on the thing merely as so much interesting matter for study, but it never raises emotion. Now I complained of the way St. Michele was left at Lucca,¹ but yet, melancholy as it is, it is better so than as they do things here. All that remains at Lucca is genuine; it is ruined, but you can trace through all what it has been, and the ruin of it is very touching—you know that there are the very stones that were laid by the hands of the tenth century. But here, in Giotto's campanile, they are perpetually at work chipping and clearing, and putting in new bits, which, though they are indeed of the pattern of the old ones, are certainly wanting in the peculiar touch and character of the early chisel. So that it is no longer Giotto's; it is a copy—a restored picture—of which parts indeed remain, but whose power of addressing the feelings as a whole is quite gone.² You will ask what I would have, if I would neither have repairs nor have things ruined. This I would have: Let them take the greatest possible care of all they have got, and when care will preserve it no longer, let it perish inch by inch, rather than retouch it.³ The Italian system is the direct reverse. They expose their pictures to every species of injury—rain, wind, cold, and workmen—and then they paint them over to make them bright again. Now, the neglect is bad enough, but the retouching is of course—finishing the affair at once. At the church within ten feet of me while I write—that of the Misericordia, a bit of old Giotto Gothic—they let the hawkers of prints and ribbons make a shop of its porches, stick bills against its sculptures, and drive nails between its stones to hang clothes upon. When this has gone on long enough, they will pull the church down, or replace it in the modern style.

Take them all in all, I detest the Italians beyond measure. I have sworn vengeance against the French, but there is something in them

¹[In previous letters.]

²[This is an opinion which Ruskin changed: see Vol. XXIII. pp. 415 *seq.*]

³[Compare the letter on restoration in Vol. XXXIV. p. 532.]

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that is at least energetic, however bad its principle may be; but these Italians—pah! they are Yorick's skull with the worms in it¹—nothing of humanity left but the smell.

To do the Grand Duke justice, he is, I believe, an excellent man, and does everything that he thinks good for his people—*i.e.*, he pardons everybody that does anything wrong, until his prisons are choke-full, and he is bringing Tuscany into a state little better than the Pope's territories. They manage better at Lucca—cut off eight heads there at once, a fortnight ago.

I have not time to write more this morning—Wednesday—and I have expressed myself very badly, for I was half asleep. Two o'clock—I shall send my letter at two instead of the morning, as it gives me time to get yours if there be any. I have just met Mr. and Mrs. Pritchard² in the Gallery—going to Switzerland to-morrow. They didn't know of Gordon's change of route. She is looking very well; he seems a nice person—but I can't write any more. Only, please send me to Bologna—they'll come by post well enough—two cakes of Newman's Warm Sepia—Soho Square; take care you get the right shop.

TO GEORGE RICHMOND

FLORENCE, 28th June, 1845.

DEAR RICHMOND,—I am sure you will believe that it was with sincere sorrow I received to-day from my father notice of the suffering you have undergone, and the evil that has visited you; and though, perhaps, I only inflict more pain on you by writing and intruding myself upon you, yet I know you will excuse this in the assurance of my sympathy. I felt it the more because I have been, as was natural here, thinking of you every day, and referring to your judgment so far as I could conjecture it, and hoping for assistance from you hereafter; and I was going to muster up some moments to write you, but little thought I should have so sad an occasion. I much regret my flippant letter and the trouble I gave you about Mrs. Shuttleworth, coming at this time; still, I have no doubt that you will have pleasure in both the mother and the daughter. *They* have suffered much, and I believe the mother has hardly yet been able to bear the touch of the world since her husband's death. I have never seen her since, and am afraid to do so. I will not ask you to write to me, but let my father know often about yourself and Mrs. Richmond—and he will tell me. If I

¹[*Hamlet*, Act v. sc. 1.]

²[Osborne Gordon's sister.]

can be of any service to you at Venice, there is plenty time to let me know. Is it not possible that your health may compel you to come earlier abroad this year, and that you might meet me there in September?

I am grievously in want of a little guiding, and as I can date a complete change in all my views of art from your accidentally pointing out the fitting of a shadow to a light in Paul Veronese, at Mr. Rogers',¹ I am always longing for a few more hints of the same kind.

I feel very like a child here—not but that in certain of my crotchets I am more confirmed than ever (tell *Tom* that²), but that I have got into such a glorious new world of religious art that I know not where to turn, and none of them here understand or care in the least about their finest things, so that one is entirely left to oneself—masterless—and I never can form anything like, or approximating to, a fair opinion, until I have actually copied some portion—and that, here, is next to impossible from the amount of things to be examined partially.

What a beautiful copy you made of Masaccio in the Uffizi³—I could not tell the difference except from the ground and material. It is the finest thing, taking it all in all, in the gallery—for the amount and intensity of the life in it, and the kind of life. I was sorry to see Perugino's portrait;⁴ there is something so hard in the countenance, it reminds one of Vasari's rascalities—which, however, any single head (of his works) except his own, is enough to neutralise. I prefer him infinitely to Raffaele, except in one point—all his faces stop short at a certain *amount* of expression; there is a “thus far thou shalt go—no farther” look about him, which I feel always the more fatally after coming from some of the ecstasies of Angelico. Raffaele, in one or two of his works, cast the *whole* soul out of the body through the eyes—in Perugino some of it invariably remains locked up. Generally I like this, but in one or two cases where intense passion is required, it offends. I was just going to swear—but I won't—at Kugler and Eastlake with their distribution of Masaccio's frescoes.⁵ If all the wrong-headed Germans between the Rhine and the Elbe were

¹[For this incident, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 337.]

²[George and Tom Richmond had, it will be remembered, taken Ruskin to task for his artistic heresies at Rome in 1840–1841: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 276.]

³[The portrait formerly supposed to be Masaccio by himself, now accepted as a portrait by Filippino Lippi: see Vol. XII. p. 296.]

⁴[The portrait by Perugino, formerly supposed to be of himself; now accepted as a portrait of Francesco delle Opere. For Ruskin's discussion of Vasari's character of Perugino, see Vol. XXII. pp. 424–425.]

⁵[See Eastlake's edition (1842) of Kugler's *Handbook of Painting*, pp. 106, 107, where the Martyrdom of Peter is ascribed to Filippino Lippi. For Ruskin's account of the frescoes, see Vol. III. p. 179 and *n.*]

to swear that the Tribute Money was his and the Martyrdom of Peter was *not*, I shouldn't believe them. It is this kind of criticism which has split Homer into a chorus of ballad-singers.

How comes it that Masaccio heads are half Chinese? By-the-bye, I have a great notion that just as I was going out of your door after bidding you good-bye, you desired me to do something for you here—and I haven't done it—and I don't know what it was. I didn't put it down, for I shouldn't have believed the possibility of my forgetting anything to be done for *you*—but my head here isn't worth an egg-shell. Everything is taken out of me. The other day I forgot the number of my lodging—wrote 232—went back—altered it to 237,—it being 732.

Tell Palmer¹ with my kind regards that he is wrong about the *quantity* of colour in Giorgione's landscapes. Their sky whites and blues—the coldest—are all painted over a rich cinnamon-coloured ground, and the tree greens are laid in first with a fiery brown, and then the green put over—and all is done so thinly that the ground shows through plain enough; and tell him his stems of trees in the prettiest are a mighty deal too purple. I noticed this colour and admired it in his copy—and it is very grand—but it isn't in the original. All is brown and grey.

Why didn't you tell me one or two things to notice particularly in this wilderness, but leave me to find out all for myself? It takes me half my time to determine where the other half shall be spent. I beg ten thousand pardons for this scrawl. My hand is utterly disorganised from the little organisation it had—by writing notes on one's arm.

Sincere regards to Mrs. Richmond. I fervently hope this letter may find your house relieved at last from further danger. Excuse me for talking about myself. But I thought you might like to be put in mind of Florence.—Yours ever most affectionately,

J. RUSKIN

Love to Tom.

To his FATHER.

PARMA, *Thursday, July 10th* [1845].

Here I am, after running the gauntlet of more douaniers than I can venture to guess at without counting. Let me see.

1. Gate of Bologna. Going out. Passport, and pay.
2. Bridge, half a mile on. Pay.
3. Dogana, two miles on. Leave Papal States. Passport and pay.

¹[Samuel Palmer (1805–1881), water-colour painter, friend of William Blake and of Richmond.]

4. Dogana, a quarter of a mile on. Enter duchy of Modena. First dogana man, then passport man. Both to pay.
5. Gate of Modena. Entrance. Dogana, pay. Passport, pay.
6. Gate of Modena. Going out. Passport, pay.
7. Gate of Reggio. Dogana, pay. Passport, pay.
8. Gate of Reggio. Go out. Passport, pay.
9. Change horses, farther on. Passport.
10. Enter duchy of Parma. Bridge, pay. Dogana, pay. Passport, pay.
11. Gate of Parma. Dogana, pay. Passport, pay.

Giving a total of sixteen different stoppages, losing on the average three minutes and a franc at each—more; I find I am minus twenty-one francs and a half—the Modena Dogana man wouldn't be quiet under five pauls, and the Pope's man at Bologna said it wasn't consistent with his conscience to leave anybody unsearched under a piastre. It is rather worse than the Hastings turnpikes, because there is something so sneaking and contemptible in the whole system. George like all people of a certain class, was quite in a rage, and if a thunder-shower hadn't luckily come and wetted him to the very marrow, I don't know how he would have got over it. It is not as if the thing were at all left to *you*. The Doganier comes and puts his dirty hand on the carriage, and there it stays until you put the franc in it, or he searches you . . .¹

*To his FATHER*²

VOGOGNA, VAL D'OSSOLA, *Tuesday, 22nd July* [1845].

I have your four delightful letters of the 5th, 8th, 9th, and 12th—with accounts of Scotland, etc.—and you will by this time, I hope, have received some letters of mine, in which nearly the same feelings are expressed, though I can't quite come up to the Calton yet, as *the* thing. I wished for you sadly yesterday as I was driving from the lake of Varese down to Laveno opposite Baveno. You cannot *conceive* anything so beautiful as the winding of the lakes, five or six seen at once among the mulberry woods and tufted crags. But, as I said to myself at the time, it was only the more beautiful because it was more like Windermere, or rather like many Windermers. After crossing

¹[The continuation of this letter has been printed in Vol. IV. p. xxxiv.]

²[A few lines of this letter have been printed in Vol. III. p. 232 *n*. Plate V. here given is of the drawing which Ruskin made on the day of writing this letter.]



J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. St.

View from Vogogna

1845.

the lake, I came on here in the afternoon, and I was more struck than ever with the heavenly richness and majesty of the landscape above Baveno. People had much better do as we did last year—see the Borromean islands, and go back; there is in the south nothing half so Italian, nothing half so lovely. After the stunted olives of Florence, the grand chestnut woods of Baveno came with the greater effect, and I am going back there, after finishing the Val Anzasca, for ten days to get studies. Everything is there that suits my purpose—wood, water, and the finest possible mountain forms—so that there is not the slightest need for my going to the Val d'Aosta, and I *certainly* shall not go near it more, especially after your expressing so strong a wish on the subject.

Certainly my mission has to do with rocks more than with walls. I fancied I was enjoying myself at Florence and Pisa, but I wasn't at all. It was quite new life this morning to wake in a little tiled room, and see my window blocked with the green hillside, and watch the clouds floating and changing upon it, as I dressed. Not that I got thinner or weaker in Florence, as my mother imagines. On the contrary, I find myself in perfect training, and have put myself through a little work this morning with the greatest ease, preparatory to my walk to Macugnaga to-morrow if the weather be fine.

To his MOTHER

MACUGNAGA, VAL ANZASCA, *Thursday, 24th July, 1845.*

Here I am at last in my *own* country—great luxury and rejoicing—out of the way of everybody—out of Italian smells and vilenesses, everything pure and bright. It is very like Zermatt, but less *desolate* and more pastoral; we have arrived in the middle of the haymaking, and the whole air is sweet. I guess by the look of the vegetation it is about 1000 feet higher than Chamonix—*i.e.*, very nearly the elevation of the village of Simplon.¹ On one side there is nothing but a semicircle of perfectly bare rocks and waterfalls; on the other, pines and a few stunted acacias; the brooks, not glacier torrents (only one of these in the middle of the valley), but clear fountain-bred ones, come tumbling down about my cottage over blocks of granite and sing to me all night;—the air is crisp, clear, and delicious, and the peaks of the Monte Rosa all round, rising over the pines. I call it *my* cottage,² for

¹ [The actual heights are: Macugnaga (Staffa), 4343 feet; Chamonix, 3415; Simplon, 4852. Ruskin, however, gives the height in his next letter as 5200 feet.]

² [For further description of the inn, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 365.]

there is no one in it but us, the landlord being up at a *châlet* for convenience of haymaking; and a thorough Swiss cottage it is, much smaller than the Zermatt one, and by itself in a field, approached over a pine bridge and rocky path. As for living, we shall have everything soon; and the cream is like Devonshire, and the wild strawberries perfection. It is not quite, however, so picturesque as Zermatt, nor so available for my purposes, owing to its want of the horrors—there are no chasms nor precipices to speak of, nor powerful torrents, nor ancient woods—the energies of Monte Rosa are turned the other way; and I was seriously disappointed in the valley itself—Anzasca; there is nothing in it but thorough commonplace. I must indulge myself, however, with a fortnight of this, in order to see the Monte Rosa well from the upper peaks, and these views I have no doubt will answer well for my mountain illustrations;¹ for my near foreground studies I must go down to Baveno. My father says you imagined by the way I spoke I was getting thinner. I am stouter if anything, and indubitably stronger. I walked up here from Vogogna, which is the same as Visp to Zermatt. Started at half-past five, got in at half-past four, resting about two hours—at more than three miles an hour, and all up hill—without the slightest trace of weariness. Stopped to make hay in a fresh-cut field just an hour before getting in.

I don't understand the way you speak of your letters—as if you were ashamed of them, or thought I didn't like them. They are the greatest possible pleasure to me, and I wouldn't part with a line of them at any price. You say in your last that some letters of mine gave you great pleasure; please particularize what about next time, for I can't tell by the dates and forget all about them. Poor little Louise²—I am very glad she was pleased with my letter. I don't wonder at your liking her. I think the Miss V.'s education of her as near a model of education as well may be.

To his FATHER.

BAVENO, Sunday, 24th Aug. 1845.

I had a delicious day yesterday—the third fine one I have had since leaving Vogogna?—and it looks settled and sweet this morning. No news of Harding yet, but I have left a letter for him with the landlord at Vogogna, in case of his asking for me there.

¹ [Proposed illustrations in *Modern Painters*: the view of Monte Rosa ultimately included in vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 441) was, however, made from Milan Cathedral (*ibid.*, p. 158).]

² [For “little Louise Ellis,” see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 421.]

I have been looking over the extracts you sent me from Arnold,¹ which are very full of sound sense, that respecting public schools especially. The more I see of boys, the more I dislike them; their very motion is an impudent affectation—a shallow, unfeeling, uncharitable, unthoughtful swagger of ridiculous independence—and I know what a fool I was when I was one. That respecting the incomprehensibility of English gentlemen to Messrs. Guizot and Sismondi is very good also; and yet, as the servant says of Coriolanus,² there is more in Sismondi than I could think—he is a good deal in the right in several points. His great theory is the necessity of giving men at some period of their life a high and ungoverned position, in order that the preparation for it and expectation of it may give the utmost dignity and energy to the individual character; and of this there can indeed be no dispute, that men become new creatures altogether according to the responsibilities entrusted to them, and forces and faculties are developed in them of which they themselves were before altogether unconscious . . .³

But then, there are such wide specific differences in republicanism; that of Florence is more opposed to that of America than our monarchy to the spirit of the French revolution. The government of Florence was one of the most tyrannical in Italy, while it lasted, sweeping everything away that opposed it—banishing, executing, razing houses of rebellious families to the ground on the slightest provocation—and that with so strong a military arm that the people could not have the slightest power over it; its popularity consisting solely in this, that every citizen had his two months' turn at it; but no popular movement, no sedition, no clamour, could affect it in any way; it was iron bound and rock built, and nothing could overthrow it internally: when it fell, it fell by the loss of a battle equivalent to the annihilation of the State, though it is to be observed that this battle was brought on by the rashness of two of the popular members of the council. But surely there is something widely different between this kingly and authoritative republicanism and the "liberty" of America, where the nation is too vast to let its members have any share in the government, and therefore they have none at all. I cannot conceive anything finer, as a school, than the Florentine system.

¹[Dean Stanley's *Life of Arnold* (1844). On p. 713 (ed. 1901) Arnold says: "A thorough English gentleman,—Christian, manly, enlightened—is more, I believe, than Guizot or Sismondi could comprehend; it is a finer specimen of human nature than any other country, I believe, could furnish."]

²[*Coriolanus*, Act iv. sc. 5.]

³[The passage here omitted (citing, and commenting upon, Sismondi's praise of the Italian republics) has been given in Vol. XII. p. 171 *n.*]

Suppose you yourself knew that in a certain time you would be, during two months, one of twelve persons who, without any appeal or restriction, in a secret council, without the nation even knowing the object of their deliberations, could make or unmake laws and execute every measure they chose to adopt on the instant—would not this give you other views and thoughts than you have, and make you in every respect a greater man, while on the members of the government there was always the check of knowing that in two months they were to sink again into entire obedience, to be subjected without appeal to the laws they themselves had made and the authority they had exercised, with the remembrance of the good or evil they have done attached to their name? This is very different, again, even from the popular assembly of Athens—a government of mob entirely, liable to be led by every demagogue, incomparably weaker and wilder than that of Florence, but developing intellect in the same way, owing to the minds of the people being all brought practically to bear on political matters. Both these governments, in their brilliant instability, one may oppose to that of Venice—where we have the tyrannical government of Florence made hereditary; the moment it is so, the formation of an aristocracy makes it consistent, stable, and powerful; but with the stability and power ceases the development of intellect. Venice leaves us no writers, and in art she leaves us a school entirely devoted to the musical part of it, not to the intellectual: of art *per se* she is mistress, but of art as a medium of mind she knows nothing. The stable monarchy forms of Austria and Sardinia seem nearly parallel cases; England leaves more appeal to the people, and draws more brains, but even she produces nothing great except in war time: nothing can come of nothing—the French revolution brought out all the little intellect they had, and it was all forth and fury. Egypt in old times is a curious instance of a people of enormous powers of mind kept entirely dormant in a fixed condition, by unchangeableness of ranks, and an authoritative monarchy and priesthood. We shall soon see in Bavaria the utmost result of mind that can be obtained by the fostering power of monarchy without inherent energy in the people. Here is a long rigmarole for you, but I wanted to explain what I meant by saying, a letter or two back, that I was getting more republican²

¹[The diaries and letters written at Venice, recording Ruskin's "discovery" of Tintoret, which was yet to come, have been given in Vol. IV. pp. xxxv.–xxxix.]

²[The concluding passage of this letter has been given in Vol. XIII. p. 262 *n.*]

To HENRY ACLAND

[1845.]

DEAR ACLAND,—Many thanks for the two letters you sent me. I return both as you desire me—or rather because the marked paragraphs are necessary as texts for the matter of the other. I do not intend to give you another piece of such calligraphy on the subject, because I hope to read it you thoroughly worked out, in good legible print (and with illustrations to help it¹). One word or two only respecting association. Your friend, I see, supposes me to deny the power of association in rendering objects agreeable. This I neither do, nor did, but I say that whatever power it may have is to be cast out of the question in reasoning on beauty, because there is a certain beauty with which it has nothing whatever to do, whose laws are visible in the whole of creation, and whose principles—nay, whose existence—are rendered uncertain in most men's minds, by their bad habit of treating this essential beauty, and the accidental beauty of association, as one and the same. If, for instance, we receive a letter containing some most delightful news, we may metaphorically think it, or say it, to be the most *beautiful* writing we ever saw; but this will not, and ought not to make us lose sight of the general laws of legibility and grace which constitute good writing. If we suffered something dreadful in some pleasant scene, that scene may be to us for the remainder of our lives frightful and horrible, and anything approaching in other scenes to its forms and colours will be equally painful to us; but then we shall be conscious ourselves that our mind is distorted, and we shall not suffer this distortion to interfere, if we can help it, with our reasoning on questions of abstract beauty.

We must keep in mind, however, that there are two kinds of association, one constant, the other accidental; but I consider that the constant association is *wrongly* called *association*, and should always be spoken of as Expression, which is a totally different thing. The minor keys of music, for instance, have melancholy in their expression constantly and certainly—so has black as a colour. I have not yet been able to arrive at any conclusions as to the cause of this, but it is, I think, absurd to attribute it to, or call it, association—which means the arbitrary and accidental connection of ideas; we cannot say that black is melancholy because associated with death. How

¹[It would seem that Ruskin had sent for Acland's criticism some sheets of his MS. for section i. chapter iv. (dealing with "the false opinion that Beauty depends on the Association of Ideas") in the forthcoming volume ii. of *Modern Painters*.]

came it to be associated with death, unless it was melancholy? How comes it that at Venice, when everything, dress and boats and all, is black, its association with everyday life redeems not its expression, but it is still used for the mournful vacancy of Marino Faliero's portrait?¹

I do not say that the natural association or expression is entirely unconquerable, but that it is a thing positive and to be conquered, and that you will not find a nation on the whole earth in which the kings are dressed in *brown*, the brides in *black*, the clergymen in red, the criminals in white, the soldiers in sad-colour, or blue.

I do not wish to give you my present views on the subject of beauty until I have got them into form, but I may tell you that I purpose separating even this constant expression from the investigation of beauty itself.² For there is a cheerful beauty, and a melancholy beauty. It is that which is common to both, and which makes both beautiful, which is in reality to be investigated under the term beauty. Neither melancholy nor mirth will make an ugly face beautiful; the constant laws of beauty must first be brought into play; those laws being complied with, melancholy or mirth will add their expression of tenderness or vivacity, and one or the other will be preferred according to our character or our mood, while both will be allowed to be beautiful. So in the minor and major keys, some people dislike the minor, some prefer it to the major, but the constant laws of harmony or discord common to both are unmistakable.

All this while, I am not denying the power—the great power—of association. It is twenty times more powerful than beauty, but it is *not* beauty. If a man is going to knock us on the head, we shall not be likely to admire his whiskers, but that does not affect the abstract question of the beauty, or propriety, of his whiskers. Green is a pretty colour, and flesh is a pretty thing, but green flesh is a very ugly thing; and yet that does not affect the general laws of form in flesh, nor the general fact that green is a pleasant colour. (Newton gave me this illustration.) I consider that much of beauty of form, legitimate, real beauty, is traceable to *typical* qualities but not to association. By-the-by, I see in that rascally letter of mine I have spoken of “*symmetry, or proportion.*” Proportion and symmetry are, of course, direct contraries. proportion is the *connection* of *unequal* things with each other; symmetry, the *opposition* of equal things to each other. Symmetry I

¹[In the Sala del Maggior Consiglio in the Ducal Palace, where a black tablet on the frieze, among the portraits of the Doges, bears the inscription—*Hic est locus Marini Falethri decapitati pro criminibus.*]

²[As was done in the second volume of *Modern Painters*: see Vol. IV. pp. 70 *seq.*]

believe to be agreeable as the type of Justice and Unity, as the type of Love. Proportion is the necessary means of Unity.¹ Don't show this to anybody.

Finally, my distinction between things as they are and ought to be is rascally—things *are* as they ought to be. (If my drawing master had but told me this, I should have been a good artist by this time, but the fellow talked about improving nature, and be d—d to him.) Only before going to nature we must be told what they are, because we cannot find out for ourselves quickly enough. I don't know about Edinburgh. Wish I could come. Wish you a pleasant journey and sojourn.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

1846

[The second volume of *Modern Painters* appeared in April of this year. Ruskin then went to Switzerland and Italy with his parents: see Vol. VIII. pp. xx.–xxiii.]

To Dr. JOHN BROWN²

PISA, June 27th, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—I should have answered your very kind letter before, had I not unfortunately been for a week or two out of the way of receiving letters at all, so that the time between your writing and my receiving was longer than it should have been. I need not say that I am grateful to you for expressing your feelings to me, and that the support of such assurances of sympathy is in every way precious. You appear to feel at present perhaps a little too enthusiastically; as I suppose is generally the case with our first reception of that for which we are prepared by previous tendencies of feeling in the same direction. . . . I have to thank you for your invitation to Edinburgh; it is not impossible I may have the pleasure of seeing you there at no very far-off day, but it will be admiration and not curiosity that brings me there, for many of my very earliest memories are connected with the old city, though more of them with the country north of the Forth, I having been half bred at Perth, and having some impressions of the Grampians and the Tay in consequences, which even your friend

¹[See Vol. IV. pp. 125–126.]

²[From the "Letters from John Ruskin to Dr. Brown" (No. 1) in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, edited by his son and D. W. Forrest, 1907, pp. 287–289. Dr. Brown, at this time unknown to the author, had written to him in appreciation of *Modern Painters*: for Ruskin's relations with him, see the Introduction (above).]

Mr. Hill,¹ in his pretty vignette to Scott's *Fair Maid*, has very sufficiently failed of realising. It is not his fault, I suppose, he could not paint all the stones that I used to build piers with in the clear water.

One thing I was glad to see, or rather to conjecture, from your note, that your father, whom I suppose a *Presbyterian* clergyman, had not been alarmed by the frequent expressions of admiration for Romanist works of art. These might have given rise to some dangerous surmises, considering the late melancholy schisms in the quarter from which they come,² and I fear may in some respects diminish with certain classes of readers the usefulness of the book. I am the more anxious on this head, because I have not yet been able to come to any steady opinion respecting the real operation of art as directed to religious subjects on the minds of the common people; in landscape I have no doubt whatsoever, and it was therefore to landscape that I chiefly referred at the close of the 15th Chapter:³ neither have I any doubt of the effect of religious art, even of that which is much infected with Romanism, upon the minds of thoughtful and charitable persons who will receive the good of it as it was meant; but whether it had not been better for Italy on the whole that none had ever existed, or how far we may hope for good from a revival of a purified form of it, I dare not say; it is a subject requiring attentive examination before writing anything further respecting such art; and unfortunately it is almost impossible to carry on an investigation of the kind without spending more time abroad than I can spare. Respecting church decoration, I have spoken more boldly,⁴ my mind being more made up. I do not think it of much importance in itself; nay, I think that if much importance were ever attached to it by us, so as to leave it to be at all inferred that a church was less a church without it than with it, instant and great evil would follow. But I think the feeling in us is of importance which, of the two, would rather decorate and delight in decorating the church than our own houses, and would endeavour to manifest in buildings dedicated to God's service the highest qualities of intelligence and feeling with which He has gifted us. I shall probably find some topic for a longer letter in your papers when they arrive; meantime, I wish you would let me know why, of all things in the world,

¹[David Octavius Hill (1802–1870), landscape painter, referred to below, pp. 67, 177. His vignette is on p. 14 in vol. xi. of the "Abbotsford" illustrated edition of the *Waverley Novels*, 1846.]

²[*Modern Painters* was published as by "A Graduate of Oxford," and the reference here is therefore to Puseyism.]

³[See in this edition, Vol. IV. pp. 215–216.]

⁴[See perhaps Vol. IV. pp. 215–218.]

you should differ with me upon railroads;¹ I am quite at a loss to conjecture what can be said in their defence; granting that their effect on natural scenery is trivial, that their interference with the rest and character of rural life is of no moment, and that sometimes the power of rapid locomotion may be of much service to us or save us from some bitter pain or accident which our absence at the moment must have involved, yet the general effect of them is to render all the time that we pass in locomotion the same, except in feverishness, as that passed at home, and to enable us to get over ground which formerly conveyed to us a thousand various ideas, and the examination of which was fertile in lessons of the most interesting kind, while we read a page of the morning paper. One traveller is now the same as another: it matters not whether you have eyes or are asleep or blind, intelligent or dull, all that you can know, at best, of the country you pass is its geological structure and general clothing; your study of humanity is limited to stokers and policemen at the stations, and of animal life to the various arrangements of black and brown dots on chessboard-looking fields. I can safely say that my only profitable travelling has been on foot, and that I think it admits of much doubt whether not only railroads but even carriages and horses, except for rich people or conveyance of letters and merchandise, be not inventions of the Evil one. How much of the indolence, ill-health, discomfort, thoughtlessness, selfishness, sin, and misery of this life do you suppose may be ultimately referable altogether to the invention of those two articles alone, the *carriage* and the *bridle*? I am not jesting. Think of it and tell me, believing me always very gratefully yours,

THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

To GEORGE RICHMOND

LUCERNE, 30th Aug. [1846].

MY DEAR RICHMOND,—I have not written to you hitherto, because I had nothing to tell you about Italy but what was disagreeable, and I knew you would hear of us through Boxall.² His last letter, however, gave me a very bad account of you—overwork and so on—and I am anxious to have a line from you. It is too late now for you to come here—to Switzerland, I mean—for me, but it is the place you

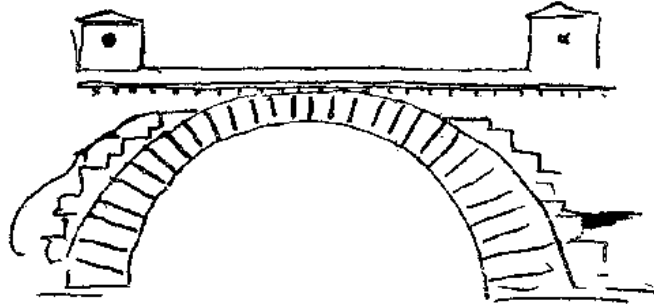
¹[See the passage at the beginning of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. pp. 36, 37).]

²[Sir William Boxall, R. A., whose acquaintance Ruskin had made at Venice in the preceding year: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 373.]

ought always to come to, and I hope in returning we may cross your coming out. I wonder you did not give up everything when you found yourself overworked and come out with Acland—or at least make an appointment with him somewhere. I had the good fortune to meet with him at Chamouni, and we had one day together—Mrs. Acland giving him up for a glacier ramble, and waiting for us at the edge of the ice, to make tea in the most benevolent and delightful way conceivable, and then walking, or to speak more correctly, skimming, down the hill with us like a swallow; but they professed themselves obliged to go away the next day. I did not like to press them to stay, and I think perhaps they had some notions which on my account prevented their staying, when they could; however, away they went, much to my sorrow, for Acland had unluckily met with Forbes the day before, and Forbes had set him on a nasty, useless, ugly, bothering glacier walk—in which we lost our day—and I couldn't take him to any of the noble places. We found some beasts in the ice, however, which pleased him, and perhaps for practical purposes he learned as much upon it as he could anywhere, but he got no conception of Chamouni. I was only there four days myself. I didn't want to go at first, because it always gives me too much vexation to leave it. But we went because it was said some rocks were bared on the Mont Blanc in unusual places. All newspaper—the Mont Blanc is as changeless as the blue sky above it; but though we had wretched weather, I never thought Chamouni so unearthly—it is quite awful, and quite alone—nothing that I have yet seen can be compared with it in any wise; its inexhaustibleness and perpetual freshness to me I am truly thankful for—other scenery palls. I never entered it with so much wonder, nor left it with so strong regret; when you come abroad you should really go there, and not to Italy. Italy is quite killing now for any one who cares about it; the destruction I saw last year gave me a good idea of the extent of it, but none of its *pace*. The rate at which Venice is going is about that of a lump of sugar in hot tea. It is the same everywhere—one roar of “Down with it—raise it—raise it, even to the ground” from one side of Europe to the other, and such idiocies building everywhere, instead—all nations agreeing to be unnational, apeing each other in ape's tricks; as Southey well said, disease is contagious, madness and folly infectious, but health incommunicable, wisdom and virtue hardly to be communicated.¹ They have pulled down their grand old bridge, here,

¹["Disease, vice, folly and madness are contagious; while health and understanding are incommunicable," etc.—*Sir Thomas More; or, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, 1829, vol. i. p. 37.]

to build hotels on the site of it; they have built a bridge at Berne—such a bridge—look here—



there's a design for you—lower arch a semicircle, upper one less than semicircle so as to get it narrowest at top, and this pretty vandyke outside by way of variety. I am getting very hopeless. I can't see what people are coming to; there seems no counter current, no defence, no recovery; all that they do is wrong—all that is right they destroy. Whenever I go I find change, and all change for the worse. I can't get on myself neither. I work hard, but I find myself always exactly in the position of Hunt. I can do nothing that I haven't before me; I cannot change, or arrange, or modify in the least, and that amounts to a veto on producing a great picture, because nature don't stay long enough. I have just been up here looking at Turner's subject, and to see the way the fellow picks out the plums!—the beautiful way in which he knows what's good for him, and brings out glories by the most insignificant changes. Anybody can pick out the picturesque things and leave the plain ones, but he doesn't do this—nor will this do, as you know—but of the *ugly* things he takes and misses and cuts and shuffles till everything turns up trumps, and that's just what isn't *in* me. I can only feel it when it is done. I have got some useful bits of details, however, especially in architecture—though in Italy I lost the greater part of my time because I had to look over the first volume of *Modern Painters*, which I wanted to bring up to something like the standard of knowledge in the other. When it is sent you, you needn't—if you have time to look at it at all—look at anything but the additions to the chapter headed the “application,”¹ where there is something that may interest you about the Titian landscape—and perhaps in the chapter on vegetation, too, where

¹[Part ii. sec. i. ch. vii. (“General Application of the Foregoing Principles”), a chapter much altered in the third edition (of 1846).]

you will see I have mentioned Palmer in a way which I hope he will like¹—not that I did it to please him, for in these matters I forget that I have friends as much as I can; and you will see I have pitched into Harding²—though I have every reason to be grateful to him for much kindness—and I am afraid he won't understand it, but I can't help it. I am not going to write any more for some time, for I have got a kind of stagger this year in Italy; the Romanism there is so awful, and the whole state of the people so wrong, that I think there their art can only have done them mischief—and I want to learn more of the real bearings of it on their history before I venture any more assertions. It is an awkward thing to come from Venice to Florence. After that Venetian Academy, Padua and the Campo Santo don't come nice at all; nobody held his own but Masaccio. I have been tormented, too, by counter reports about Turner—some say he is quite gone, others that he is better than last year. I find myself thrown back upon him always from nature, and I don't know how to get over his failure or do without him, when fail he must. It has come so suddenly, too, just after his grandest time. It's hardly any use your troubling yourself to write now, if you are to be at home in October; if not, send me a line to Billiter St. to say if you are coming abroad and how you are. We shall return, I believe, by Dijon and Troyes towards the end of September—unless we are driven away sooner by the rain—all the year's rain is coming at last, and the Reuss here is running about the town as if it didn't know the way through it; the lower streets look more like Venice than Lucerne. I suppose we are going to have our share of the hailstones, like you; it has been a strange season—intensely hot, storms, whirlwinds, and now earthquakes in the south and floods here.

I trust that all your family have escaped the illnesses which we hear of about London. My Father and Mother desire their kindest regards.— Ever, my dear Richmond, yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

Acland says the portrait of his wife turned out in every way delicious—he didn't say delicious—I forget what it was he said, but it was quite as strong and less culinary.

¹ [The passage, containing the mention of Samuel Palmer (for whom, see above, p. 52), appeared in eds. 3 and 4 only: see Vol. III. p. 604 *n.*]

² [See Vol. III. p. 201.]

To GEORGE SMITH¹DENMARK HILL, *October 28th*, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—I ought before to have thanked you for your obliging present of *Wit and Humour*—two characters of intellect in which I am so eminently deficient, as never even to have ventured upon a conjecture respecting their real nature.—Yours very truly,

J. RUSKIN.

1847

[In the spring of this year Ruskin went to the Lake District. Some letters written thence to his mother are given in Vol. VIII. pp. xxv.—xxx. He was also at Leamington and in Scotland: *ibid.*, pp. xxvii.—xxviii.]

To Dr. JOHN BROWN²DENMARK HILL, *11th Feb.*[1847]

MY DEAR SIR,—I was much grieved this evening by receiving your letter written under circumstances of illness and fatigue, and expressing feelings so unnecessarily, unwarrantably painful, and more that my delay in thanking you for your paper in the *North British*³ had left you so long in this state of anxiety. I hope you will not give the subject one thought more, except so far as it may be a source of pleasure to you to know that you have infinitely delighted an old and tender-hearted friend of mine, who could never forget the critique in *Blackwood*, and who certainly would have shrunk like a sea-anemone at shadow, had any part of the present one been unkind or unjust. I do not think there is one whit more fault-finding than is fully and fairly warrantable, certainly no more than is *expedient*,

¹ [Ruskin's publisher. The book referred to is *Wit and Humour selected from the English Poets, with an Illustrative Essay and Critical Comments*. By Leigh Hunt. Smith, Elder & Co., 1846. The letter is given in facsimile in the *Strand Magazine*, December 1895, p. 670.]

² [No. 2 of the "Letters from John Ruskin to Dr. Brown" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 290–291. The last portion (after "third volume") was not there given.]

³ [A review of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. in the *North British Review*, February 1847, vol. vi. pp. 401–430: an extract from it is given in Vol. IV. p. xli. For the "critique in *Blackwood*"—a violent attack on *Modern Painters*, vol. i.—see Vol. III. p. xliii.]

for I fear that if your kind spirit of praise had thoroughly pervaded the article there had been much chance of all being set down as the work of my friends and private abettors, and much of the credit it will now carry refused in consequence. Nevertheless, for my own part, I *was* glad to hear *you* had not written the passages in question, for, though preparing to consider them and benefit by them as I best might, I was a little aghast at the request that I would never be eloquent any more;¹ for I do think that some things cannot be said except passionately and figuratively, and my own tendencies at present are so entirely prosaic, and such delight as I once had in, or power over, the fancy so fast evaporating or freezing, or sinking, as Wordsworth has it, from the *fountain* into the “*comfortless and hidden well*,”² that it pains me to be thrust away from the last hold that I had, or thought I had, upon the *altar*, and ordered into the ice-house of mere philosophy, there to be kept cool and dry. Yet I am not sure but your friend is right, altogether right, and I *am* sure that your feelings of pleasure, not to say your expressions, are overcharged—I mean in your letters to me—expressions which could be warranted only by the elaborate work of an aged man. There is nothing in the book which is not less than I ought to have done, considering the singular advantages I have had, and I am either a very stupid, or at least very *slow* person, or else the multiplication of opportunity has a tendency to deaden both energy and imagination, for I am always busy, and yet with no effect proportioned to the time, or coequal with the results which I see obtained in every direction around me by my inferiors in age, leisure, education, and opportunity. Alas, it will be long before you have any third volume. I hope Mr. Hill³ would give you my reasons for not sending the *Slaver*, and that you thought them just. I do not know what pictures you have got, but I have often found that as clergymen can never tell what will be the effect of their sermons, and often find that most good has been done by passages or discourses to which they had given the least measure of time and pains, so the more I see of public judgment the less I can calculate of the effect of this picture or that, the less [I am] able to advise a popular selection. Many that I should have thought incomprehensible or violent I find are admired; some whose quietness I should

¹ [“We wish that, in his third and, in some respects, most important volume, the author would determine at once and for good not to be eloquent any more” (p. 429). The system of editorial interpolation in the articles of contributors has been a fruitful source of literary misunderstandings: see for a case in point the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. i. p. 193.]

² [Wordsworth, “A Complaint”; quoted also in Vol. XXXV. p. 612.]

³ [See above, p. 61; for Turner’s “*Slaver*,” see Vol. III. p. 572.]

have thought popular I find despised. Nor have I any hope of much effect from a single exhibition; it is only through continual teaching, a home examination of engravings, that real good is done. Your article will be in both ways useful, and I much thank you for it, always with protest against its over praise.

I am very sorry to hear you have been so seriously ill; please write and tell me when you are thoroughly better.—Yours ever truly,

J. RUSKIN.

To JOSEPH SEVERN¹

[*Early in 1847.*]

What you say of the want of feeling for Religious Art in England is too true, but happily it exists more among the artists than the public. There is a violent current of feeling turned that way at present, and I anticipate much from Lord Lindsay's forthcoming book.² Produce anything we shall not, at present, but I fully anticipate seeing the Carraccis and Murillos and Carlo Dolcis, and coarse copies of Titian and Rubens, and all the tribe of the potsherd painters, and drunkard painters, cleared out one by one from our galleries; their places supplied by Angelico, Francia, and Perugino—so far as the works of these great men are rescuable from the grasping apathy of the Italians, who hold them fast, as a dead man holds what was once near his heart, though it is no use to him now. You may regret the state of things in England, but in Italy it is something frightful. With us it is ignorance and bad teaching; with them a mortal corruption of the whole mind. But there is one element in the English mind which will, I fear, keep it from doing anything very pure in art—its consciousness of the ridiculous. So long as a painter dreads giving a ludicrous idea—so long as he feels *himself* in danger of laughing, or *mocking* at anything—so long he is always tumbling on the other side and losing sight of Truth in the effort to be sublime—losing sight of that genuine, heartfelt, faithful, loving realization which is the soul of Religious Art. Now the state of Italy at the time of her greatest art was something to put *laughing* nearly out of the question. Battles like Montaperti or Meloria, governors like Eccelino, kings like Charles of Anjou,³ keep the corners of people's mouths down wonderfully: and

¹ [From *The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn*, by William Sharp, 1892, pp. 211–212. For Ruskin's first acquaintance with Severn, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 274. For an earlier letter to him (1845), see Vol. IV. p. 393.]

² [*Sketches of the History of Christian Art*; for Ruskin's review of the book, see Vol. XII.]

³ [For the battles of Montaperti (1260) and Meloria (1284), and for Charles of Anjou, see Vol. XXIII. pp. 79, 162, 136 *seq.*; and for Eccelino, Vol. XII. p. 137 *n.*]

at the time of the great burst of Florentine intellect, at the time of Dante—the great representation of all the brightest qualities of the Italian mind—the public and private suffering and *exertion* was so great that I should hardly think a man in Florence ever smiled. The portrait of Dante, which has been drawn with extreme love and faithfulness by Giotto,¹ and which is beyond all comparison the finest example of that master I have ever seen, is in its quiet, earnest, determined, gentle sadness, the very type of the spirit of the good men of his time (and in his time men were either very good or very bad); it is the “sad-wise valour, the brave complexion, which leads the van and swallows up the cities.”² But you cannot conceive a smile on such a face (and the Italians, even in their degradation, retain this peculiar incapacity, they seem insensible to the ridiculous). Hence you will find, in all the works of the time, a fervent desire to put pure truth before you, by whatever means, or image, it can be suggested. When Dante tells you that the head of Ugolino was in Hell so above that of the Archbishop Ruggieri that the one seemed to be hat to the other,³ he has evidently not the slightest idea or fear of making you smile. His own feelings are too intense and serious to admit of any the slightest degradation by the image, and he says just what will make you understand the position of the heads thoroughly. And so always: the souls meet and kiss in Purgatory—(*come*) *S’ammusa l’una con l’altra formica, Forse a spiar lor via e lor fortuna.*⁴ Guido Guinicelli plunges into the fire, *come per l’acqua il pesce andando al fondo.*⁵ To anybody who has ever seen an ant or a fish, these images explain the whole thing in a moment; but a modern poet would be mighty shy of such. Now the moment you can sweep away all conventionalities, and manners, and fears, and give to an artist this fervent desire to tell the pure truth—and such intensity of feeling as dreads no mockery—that moment you lay the foundation of a great art: and so long as you have artists who think of what will be said, or who struggle to get something higher and better than God’s great truth, so long all you bring will be foam. It is inconceivable how much this single defect in the English character prevents us and pulls us back. A defect I call it: for I conceive there is nothing ridiculous in the world. There is too much of the pitiable and the melancholy ever to leave room for the ridiculous, and the tendency to turn serious things into jests is a plague

¹ [The portrait discovered in 1841: see Vol. XXIV. p. 33.]

² [George Herbert: *The Church Porch*, xlii.]

³ [*Inferno*, xxxii. 126.]

⁴ [*Purgatorio*, xxvi. 35, 36: the latter words are quoted also in Vol. XIX. p. 76.]

⁵ [*Purgatorio*, xxvi. 135.]

spot in us, which hardens us and degrades us. George Herbert has it “the witty man laughs least, For wit is news only to ignorance.”¹ Give a man a quick sense of all that pollutes, of all that is “earthy, sensual, devilish,”² and *no* sense of that which is to the vulgar laughable, and you will have a pure art. Till you can do this there will be little done in England.

To his FATHER

[AMBLESIDE, *March 23, 1847.*]

I have your letter of 20th with enclosures, all very pleasant. I was certainly not well when I came down on the Lake, nor am I yet, perhaps; but I am only in the sort of illness which makes me look to nature with more thirst. I wrote till half-past one yesterday, got out just before two, walked to Rydal, looked at Wordsworth’s house, then climbed to Fairfield (2900 feet)—lots of bog and coarse grass. George³ sat down once, as in Switzerland, but jumped up again in a hurry. “Hollo, sir, it’s all sponge.” Fine day, and fine view—Scaw-fell, Grisedale Pike—Helvellyn close by—moors of Penrith, Lancaster, Windermere, Coniston, etc., and some snow on the top really pretty deep and wide; but as for *mountains*, they’re nothing of the sort, nothing—mere humpy moorlands, mighty desolate. I came down by a little bit of a rivulet, and came to an old sheepfold which it all at once struck me must be the subject of Wordsworth’s “Michael.”⁴ I inquired when I got down, and found it was indeed Greenhead Ghyll—see poem “Michael,” in second volume I think. I came down into the road beyond Grasmere, near Dunmail Raise, and walked back by the road to Ambleside to dinner at half-past six. As for guides on these rubbishy places, I may take them when I want one on Kennington Common.

Rydal was very pretty in the still evening. I never saw reflection anything like so perfect on foreign lakes, but it is sad cockney work—only the birds sing sweetly, and have a far-away sound with them.

I try this to Denmark Hill, thinking it may come in the morning before you leave.

My cold is better—I left it in the snows on Fairfield.

¹ [*The Church Porch*, xxxix.]

² [James iii. 15.]

³ [Ruskin’s servant: see above, p. 41.]

⁴ [For another reference to the poem, see Vol. XXVII. p. 210.]

To MARY RUSSELL MITFORD¹

[DENMARK HILL] *Saturday, 19th June* [1847].

MY DEAR MADAM,—You will not, I am sure, doubt the regret with which I received your last kind letter, informing me both of the dis-appointment I must myself sustain and of its cause, so trying to you yourself. I do indeed sympathise most deeply in the sorrow (it can hardly but reach what may without exaggeration be so called) which your present privation must cause you,² especially coming in the time of spring—your favourite season—a punishment certainly far too heavy to be connected by you in thought with any such gossamer-bodied sin as that in which you say you were once entangled, the vanity of long walks; for which vanity, if all guilty of it were to be shut up in doubting castles, without keys, their cramps taking them—(I beg pardon for mixing in this heterogeneous manner the giant and his prey)—I fear that it would be soon said of each and all of us walkers that “nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.”³ In fact, is it right to think of any misfortune in this world (except such as are necessarily and legally connected with every sin—mortification with vanity, and lameness with over-exertion) as sent as punishment at all? Do not twenty miseries come for a *purpose* for one that comes for a punishment? After all, though your feet are in the stocks,⁴ you have the Silas spirit, and the doors will open in the mid-darkness—though, as for your enumeration of consolations, I am afraid I should be but shortly supported by them under the circumstances.

The love of poetry!

I pause—for I was going to write treachery—I don’t think I can make out my case—by the token, especially, that we are at this time being, carrying our hay; and the said hay is sending me all manner of pleasant and odoriferous invitations through the open window to come out and make its better acquaintance; and all the servants of the house—the maids in all manner of shaped bonnets, and the men in marvellously decorated hats, with ribands of inconceivable colours—are raking and shaking in goodly procession after a staggering cart: and all this has no persuasive effect upon me whatever, that I should

¹ [For Ruskin’s friendship with Miss Mitford, see the Introduction (above).]

² [Miss Mitford had become lame, as the result of a fall, and could only get out in a pony chaise: see *The Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 205.]

³ [Gray’s *Elegy*, 28.]

⁴ [The Bible references are Job xiii. 27 and Acts xvi. 24, 26.]

leave my desk, or my four-walled chamber, so long as I have Miss Mitford's letter to read, or her ear to gain.

I leave town on Tuesday, in order to be of what use I may—Heaven only knows—at the meeting of the British Association,¹ whence, returning, I hope to stop at Reading and to find you—out. Afterwards I am going to Scotland to stay quietly with a very dear friend, in a cottage—a little worse than a cottage—at the side of Loch Tay. I need this, for I have most foolishly accepted evening invitations, and made morning calls, these last four months, until I am fevered by the friction. I have done no good, incurred many obligations, and suffered an incalculable harm. I know not what is the matter with me, but the people seem to have put a chill on me, and taken my life out of me. I feel alike uncertain and incapable of purpose, and look to the cottage on Loch Tay not as an enjoyment, but a *burrow*. I could not finish this history of Lucien²—there was too much of what was exquisitely painful to be endured sympathetically. I have got the poems you speak of, however, their *short* pathos being bearable; and they are indeed very noble—the Irish ballads, I mean³—one or two verging on the desperate, but all powerful. I note what you say of your more humble friends; it is highly characteristic of you, and very interesting, and I am sure true. I know several tradesmen for whom I have high respect, and I am sure I should like them if I knew more of them. But they don't take me up, and having no house of my own, I can't take *them* up; but I imagine that worthy and clever shopkeepers are in general far higher and better men than any but first-rate *artists*. I am often surprised at the low education and feeling of this latter class—of whom I have, of course, seen more than of any other—even the better ones are not a little disappointing.

My mother exceedingly regrets *her* disappointment in not seeing you; but perhaps when I go to Scotland you will come and see her, and comfort her on the subject of my absence. Before then, however, I hope to see you—towards the 4th or 5th of July. I had hoped to have been at Reading before now, but a multitude of miserable (with one very happy—too happy) engagements have kept me in London.—But ever, my dear Madam, believe me, most gratefully and respectfully
yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [At Oxford. Ruskin was one of the secretaries of the Geological Section: see Vol. VIII. p. xxv.]

² [In Balzac's *Illusions Perdues* (in the *Scènes de la Vie de Province*)—a book recommended to Ruskin by Miss Mitford.]

³ [Probably by Gerald Griffin: see below, p. 86.]

To GEORGE RICHMOND

LEAMINGTON, 16th August [1847].

DEAR RICHMOND,—I am packing up to leave for Dunbar and Tantallon—only stopping at Kenilworth to finish some ivy stalks tomorrow.¹ I am indeed better at last—thanks to the perfect rest I have had here—and my thoughts and faith are returning to me. I have had great good from dissecting some water-plants out of the canal. My eyes do not seem to serve me very well, but they are better than nine pairs out of ten, and I am very thankful to have such, and to have Jephson's authority on two points—first, that there *is* nothing whatever the matter with me that I cannot conquer by quiet, regularity, and exercise; and secondly, that there is nothing which *may not soon* be the matter with me, if I go much into society or sit up at night. Acland *does* look very happy, and I am sure he is; but Mrs. Acland are not to be found every day—nor to be won—except by Dr. Aclands; nor Mrs. Richmonds neither. Thank you for your kind affection. I shall write again from Tantallon—to-day I must really go and pack. Love to Henry. Remember me to Mrs. Acland and Sir Thomas and all friends.

You say nothing of yourself. I hope I shall hear from you again soon.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To W. H. HARRISON

DUNBAR, 20th August [1847].

MY DEAR MR. HARRISON,—Your kind long letter was a perfect delight to me, and I would have answered it forthwith, had I not been fearful that the mere superscription of the place of my abode, or the slightest hint respecting such topics of interest as pumps and promenades, would have reminded you, in contrast with your late subjects of inquiry and observation at Woolwich, of our friend Major Bagstock,² in contrast also with our friend Captain Johns. I have no doubt that *you* would write an interesting letter at Leamington, or Land's End, or anywhere; but the only society I kept being that of the humble bees on the thistle-tops, and a certain goodly company or club of ants in an old willow stump, I found my gossips rather wanting in general information. But I got away at last, and am now

¹ [Probably the sepia drawing (13½ x 19 in.) of the ruins of Kenilworth over-grown with ivy which was in the possession of Mr. W. Ward.]

² [For Ruskin, like the Major (*Dombey*, chap. xxi.) had been to Leamington.]

in the thick of the herring fishery and somewhat initiated into its profundities. One of the more striking processes is the spade-ing the fish into carts out of the boats, which is done precisely after the fashion of dustmen by the intervention of a basket—the spade thrust into the heap of fish makes a gash in two or three at every lift, which gives a disagreeable look to the heap. Pitched into the cart, the mass of fish slips and swings about unctuously, keeping its level like a liquid, until it is carried to the curing place, or the fishmarket; the latter is of a very peculiar description. In order to give you any notion of it I must describe to you, first, the general appearance of the pavement of the fashionable part of the town. It is “la mode” here to empty what in England we call “slops” with a distributive jerk from the street door; when this function is entrusted to any of the junior members of the family, the young people wait with exemplary patience until an opportunity offers of jerking the same, in a playful manner, between the legs of a passer-by, selected with due precaution as to size—and of the fair sex, if possible. The solid contents of the emptied vessels remain stranded, while the “Vernice liquida” soaks its way partly to the gutter, and partly into the porous basalt. While this is doing, the bare feet of the passers-by take up various proportions, and deposit the same in pretty little, small-waisted impressions, with five little dots at the end, all down the street. These impressions intersecting each other and drying irregularly, produce curiously mottled stains and patches, of an entertaining complexity. Fresh libations reduce the dried deposit into various stages of repeated solution, giving rise to an endless variety of patterns. Points of colour derived mainly from gooseberry skins, at this season add interest to the arrangement; and a pretty, inlaid, glittering look is given by the scattered herring scales, as well as a certain amount of oily varnish which helps to bring out the effect. Irregular streamlets running from doors and crevices variously divide the space, and reduce your walking faculties within the limits of so many passes of Killiecrankie. Occasionally, when the average of gooseberry skins is exceeded, these passes might become slippery and dangerous to traverse, but for the corrective effect of cinders and eggshells mixed, for which you have reason to be thankful, and which are abundantly supplied, especially in the morning, from at least every other door. A portion of pavement of this description, walled off into successive partitions, serves for the fishmarket, being farther enriched by nondescript portions of heads, tails, and insides of the fish sold the day before, among which, and among the fish of the current market, stand the barefooted fishwives; it rains to-day, hard, and the market will be washed—for once—but the above

description is generally applicable. The fish are in the main very good, but I am afraid your feeling towards things Caledonian would not be softened by any of the sights to be enjoyed here—at all events, your interjection respecting Sherry Cobbler, “Sweets to the sweet,”¹ is only in a very modified sense to be transferred to either the fish or the fishermen.

But, my dear Mr. Harrison, how have you deferred so long your initiation into the depths of Sherry Cobbler? I can vouch for its having been a favourite beverage among the bishops for some time back—I saw one imbibing it with great dexterity,² and it was to be conjectured with great relish. I would *rather* have seen *your* friend, however, than any bishop. For the thing itself, I think the glory of it is in the getting at it; it is worth a straw—and no more. The ice is very pretty to look at, but it comes to something very like spoiled lemonade in the end. Your epigram is worth a butt of it.

Apropos of straws, I saw and heard a peasant—let us grant a shepherd—playing on a Real Pipe, the other day, for the first time in my life, and that for his own amusement, as he plodded across the meadows under Kenilworth Castle.

I was very much obliged to you for the serious part of your letter as well as the jest of it—though most grieved to hear your report of our present parliament. What we shall come to I cannot guess. I find the laws of the crabs and limpets unchanged, and confine my studies to their permanent politics—and their foundational principles of pinch hard and hold fast . . .³

To his FATHER

DUNKELD, *Wednesday Evening* [25th August, 1847].

I intended staying here till I heard from Macdonald,⁴ for it is *very* beautiful, but I must go on. I feel so utterly down-hearted to-night that I must get away to-morrow without going out again, for I am afraid of something seizing me in the state of depression. I never had a more beautiful, nor half so unhappy a walk as this afternoon; it is so very different from Switzerland and Cumberland that it revives all sorts of old feelings at their very source—and yet in a dead form, like ghosts—and I feel myself so changed, and everything else so ancient, and so the same in its ancientness, that, together with the

¹ [*Hamlet*, act v. sc. 1.]

² [See *Præterita*, iii. § 28 (Vol. XXXV. p. 502).]

³ [For the remainder of this letter, see Vol. VIII. p. xxvii.]

⁴ [Of Crossmount: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 423 *seq.*]

name, and fear, and neighbourhood of the place, I can't bear it. The flow of the Tay before the window under the bridge, with its banks of shingle and clear, soft, sliding, ringing water, is so unlike the Arve, and every other stream, and so like itself—old Tay—the very Tay that I remember in the Bridge-end house at the bottom of the garden¹—the very Tay for the association with which, however partial or imperfect, I believe it is that I have so loved all other running streams—that it is enough to break one's heart to look at it. I have had a long ramble among the woods—but how different from Switzerland! Without the power, luxuriance, size, splendour—or horror—how far more graceful, pensive, historical and human! I came on a little bit of quiet lake among the rocks, all belled about with heather and fresh with fern, birch trunks over it, and ash, and silky beech, and on the other side a copse of dark, slight-pointed, close-set pines, and the water divided between water-lilies and blue sky. Then I got among some fallen rocks with such fantastic Scotch firs growing out of them that they looked as if they had been to Dunsinane and back again;² and then I saw some leaves that I thought were not such as I was used to see grouped with pine, and what should this be but a Spanish chestnut—and presently another; and after that, at the bottom of a crag, and forming a dark foil to a knob of birches, another tree which made me start again from its strange look in such a place, and behold a great laurel—a laurel as big as those in the Isola Madre—and ever so many bluebells just over it, and then some oxalis not half so large in leaf as the Swiss, but as beautiful, and all put together with a freedom and sentiment beyond everything—a peculiar softness and wildness mixed, like the finest Scotch music—and an intense melancholy too. But the far-off views are not so good—indeed, the valley of the Tay and all the plain towards Perth was as lovely as even the plain of Jordan; but the *hills*—black moorlands, swells of purple peat and grey spectral stone—no mountains—no cliffs—no peaks—no power. Yet great space, and sublimity of a certain kind. I love it all, but I could not live here. I am like Helena with Demetrius—I feel as if “I had found this Scotland as a jewel mine own, and not mine own.”³

(DUNKELD, *Thursday morning*.) A little better for the night's sleep, but don't like to look at the Tay. Morning walk very sweet. Found a gentian—very shabby—but heather nearly as good. I was not the least prepared for the splendour of the Scotch heather—the shabby little Swiss stuff is not fit to be called heather; here it almost makes

¹ [See *Præterita*, i. § 69 (Vol. XXXV. p. 62).]

² [See *Macbeth*, Act v. sc. 7.]

³ [See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv. sc. 1.]

up for Alpine rose, and in ætherealness and dewy purity and flush of colour is far finer, but I don't know how to draw it. I shall try, but there are no reds in painting good for anything. Certainly no one has ever yet painted heather or bluebells properly.

(PITLOCHRIE, *three o'clock*.) Drive here from Dunkeld very lovely in crag and river bits—one piece of valley view exquisite, but no mountains, and the mere undulating bogs a bad upper termination of the pine and larch woods. Children pretty—girls with hair in net bags behind very picturesque and graceful, better than Swiss, and in feature *much* better. I am comfortable here, with a pretty view from window, and purpose staying here till Saturday. Love to my mother.

I found the air singularly soft this morning—not warmer, but as if it had got mixed with eider-down.

To W. H. HARRISON

PITLOCHRIE, *Saturday, 25th Sept.* [1847].

MY DEAR MR. HARRISON,—You are very good to take so much interest in my hermit life among the moors. I do not often write descriptive letters now—for I have begun to get tired of descriptions of natural scenery myself, and do not, therefore, calculate on the patience of my friends—but indeed I hope that you will be induced by some of those hospitable and kindly Scotch friends of yours to think better of them than to leave their invitations ten years getting mouldy for lack of use. Surely, now that Edinburgh is within a day's journey—now that you can breakfast in Langport Place¹ and dine at Holyrood—it would be worth your while to divest yourself for a week or two of the troubles of the Crown, and to try how your despised bannocks taste after a walk through the heather. I know nothing that would give me so much pleasure as hearing what were your impressions and sympathising with the very great enjoyment which I am sure such a trip would procure you. For myself, my mind has perhaps been too long exclusively occupied, and my time too lavishly spent in enjoyment of this kind: it has now in great measure lost its zest, and I can sit quietly at home and read Greek grammar (neglected in its proper time) while clouds are resting on hill tops, and breezes rippling the mountain lakes—thinking sometimes, with self-reproach and sorrow, how much more others would make of such opportunities, and what

¹ [Mr. Harrison lived at 2 Langport Place, Camberwell. "The Crown" was the insurance office where Mr. Harrison was employed: see above, p. 24.]

a rapture of delight a single such day as many that pass with me indifferently would give to many, who “desire to see such days”¹ and see them not. If, however, I can, by any description, convey to you *any* of that pleasure which I have ceased myself to feel, it will give me another pleasure quite as great.

*Crossmount*²—(short for *Acrossmount*—for there is no popery in the Vale of Tummel, nor any crosses, beyond those of hard weather, hard ground, hard times, and a scarcity of grouse)—or, as it is fully entitled, *Crossmount Lodge*—is a very small whitewashed house, with a little projecting square tower covered with ivy above the door, dining-room and drawing-room and little library on the ground floor, and some six or seven small bedrooms above. In front of it is a little grass plot, considerably smaller than ours in front of Denmark Hill, with a few beeches where our elms are, and a low stone wall, with a flower border where our paling is; and beyond that, a green knoll, with a little grey projecting crag at the top of it, set round with an irregular clump of larches. A light gate here opens in the stone wall into a close, green, beechey avenue; with a bank on one side of it set thick with barberry bushes in full fruitage, and on the other, peeps between the trunks of the beech trees up the vale of the Tummel. At the end of the avenue an iron gate opens into the public road—a very narrow one—which on the left ascends, where we will follow it presently, and on the right descends into a dirty little hollow, always muddy in wet weather, and known, therefore, as “the ford”; all the dirtier for the neighbourhood of a little black cottage with a shapeless roof and a doorway without a door, and a peculiar peaty, hot, anomalous flavour about its atmosphere, and two or three healthy, red-faced, irreclaimable rascals of boys grinning in a supernatural manner out of the same—which establishment is more than suspected of being principally devoted to the illicit preparation of “*Rosée de montagne*.” On the left the road, as I said, ascends first through a wood of spruce firs; then emerges on a bare moorland scattered over with rocks, whence it descends into a broken hollow with a nameless, indefinable middle course between a lake and morass in the bottom of it—a thing on which neither boat can row nor biped walk—in which neither fish can swim nor cattle feed, and which remains the undisputed property of a large and respectable society of snipes. Round this the road is carried, among the loose rocks,—crosses by a rude bridge the stream which feeds it, winds under a little sparkling cascade set with a twisted

¹ [See Luke x. 24.]

² [Where Ruskin had been staying with his friend, William Macdonald: see above, p. 75.]

birch tree or two in the sides of it, and finally runs away in a long string over the moors, nobody knows where.

Above the knoll and larch trees, seen in front of the house, rises, first, the wood of firs through which the road runs; above this, a broken range of rocky mounds, with a general tone of purple upon them given by the heather, and a white spot or two moving—scarcely visible—conjecturally sheep. Over the ridge of this is seen a very blunt, stony, far-off, pyramidal mass of hill, commonly with a light cloud resting on the top of it, which is a mountain of some note, Schehallion, and which closes the prospect to the south.

At the east side of the garden and grass plot is a little door, in a higher wall, which leads into a small square of kitchen garden, sloping steeply down, and full of gooseberry bushes with berries on them in clusters almost as close as grapes, but sickly with the wet weather and sour in antiquated unripeness. At the bottom of the garden is the gardener's cottage, and the washerwoman's—the Eve of the garden performing that useful function. Past the cottage flows a little streamlet, undefilable even by soap, and crossed by a large flat slate for a bridge; and beyond the stream a winding path—so steep that you feel like a stone going up and like a wheel coming down—recedes among a straggling forest of birches with all manner of knots tied in their trunks, and presently emerges on the arable part of the estate, an irregular runlet of level ground, with scattered islands of rock, each with its clump of birches, surrounded by golden oats (not cut a fortnight ago), the corn running in and out among the crags as if it had been melted and poured round them, yet every now and then giving it quite up, in some narrowest of narrow inlets, where there is not room even for scythe to swing, and which laps up into the rocks like green water. Following the path a little further, one comes through a gate into a wilderness of fern, with black, wild-eyed sheep rustling and rummaging in it, and next down into a dark dingle with a rattling, glittering stream giving you light at the bottom of it; and if you can get over this, without slipping in—on two birch trunks with some turfs upon them—you may climb up upon the other side until the professional life of the path comes to a sudden termination at the foot of a range of shattered cliffs, some fifty feet high. These, if you are not tired, you may get up by keeping in the cracks and holding on by the birch trunks, and when you are got up you will see literally no end of moor, rolling away eastward like a great Red Sea, with shadows of purple and grey, and far off—eighteen miles off—a gloomy, deep-blue, solitary, peaked hill, which is an outlier of the Grampians, popularly known as Ben Vracky.

As I have only got from south to east, I see there is no chance of post-boxing the compass under twopence, so I will send this sheet to-day, and if you are not quite tired I shall pray for your further company to-morrow. Kindest regards to Mrs. Harrison and the young ladies. Remember me to the Miss Constables when you see them.—Ever, my dear Mr. Harrison, faithfully and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. W. L. BROWN

PITLOCHRIE, 28th Sept.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—I proceed to say what I can, in answer to “count 1” of your letter, giving up the *reviews* at once: “cant” is just the word for them, and yet I believe that some of them are done by men who really have genuine feeling, but do not know how to express it; and, with regard to myself, I admit the charge of enthusiasm at once, but my intended position—I know not if tenable or not—is that there is a certain kind and degree of enthusiasm which alone is cognizant of *all* truth, and which, though it may sometimes mistake its own creations for reality, yet will *miss* no reality, while the unenthusiastic regard actually misses, and comes short of, the truth. I am better able to assert this now than formerly, because this enthusiasm is, in me, fast passing away, and I can now in many instances compare the mode of sight of apathy or common-sense with the mode of sight of enthusiasm; and I most bitterly regret the loss of the keenness and perfection of the latter. For instance, there was a time when the sight of a steep hill covered with pines, cutting against blue sky, would have touched me with an emotion inexpressible, which, in the endeavour to communicate in its truth and intensity, I must have sought for all kinds of far-off, wild, and dreamy images. Now I can look at such a slope with coolness, and observation of *fact*. I see that it slopes at 20° or 25°; I know the pines are spruce fir—“*Pinus nigra*”—of such and such an age; that the rocks are slate of such and such a formation; the soil, thus, and thus; the day fine, and the sky blue. All this I can at once communicate in so many words, and this is all which is necessarily seen. But it is not all the truth; there is something else to be seen there, which I cannot see but in a certain condition of mind, nor can I make any one else see it, but by putting him into that condition, and my endeavour in description would be, not to detail the facts of the scene, but by any means whatsoever to put my hearer’s mind into the same *ferment* as my mind. A single word in a great

poet's hand and mouth can do this, and leaven the whole furama¹ but if you bring such a word or description to the test of plain truth, I suppose it would often *seem* to fail. One may entangle a description with facts, until you come to pigments and measurements. For instance, in describing "The Slaver,"² if I had been writing to an artist in order to give him a clear conception of the picture, I should have said: "Line of eye, two-fifths up the canvass; centre of light, a little above it; orange chrome, No. 2 floated in with varnish, pallet-knifed with flake white, glazed afterwards with lake, passing into a purple shadow, scumbled with a dry brush on the left," etc. Once leave this and treat the picture as a reality, and you are obliged to use words implying what is indeed only seen in imagination, but yet what without doubt the artist intended to be so seen; just as he intended you to see and feel the heaving of the sea, being yet unable to give motion to his colours. And then, the question is, not whether all that you see is indeed there, but whether your imagination has worked as it was intended to do, and whether you have indeed felt as the artist did himself and wished to make you. Now the matter of the bent tree³ is a case exactly in point. In order to feel that picture as the artist intended you, you must of course turn Romanist at once and believe thoroughly in all the miracles of St. Jerome. That done, you will immediately feel that it would have been immeasurably beneath the dignity of St. Jerome to go hunting for a piece of timber to his purpose, when he could *manufacture* one in an instant; and, as you believe that by raising his finger, he at once made a savage lion kneel down to have his blessing, (and afterwards act first as game-keeper and then as sexton to himself and friends,) you will not insult him by supposing him to have the slightest difficulty in dealing with stiffness of joints either in fir or fig trees. You must feel that he had only to lay his hand or his book upon him and they must turn into desks directly. And that this was indeed what the painter meant, you have sufficient evidence; for, in the first place, a scarlet mantle very full in the skirts and embroidered with gold, a beard reaching to the waist, bare feet, and a bald head, do not constitute a costume in *itself* suggestive of either a past or purposed walk in the woods in search of crooked trees; and, in the second place, the bend of the tree itself, though in *pine* trees just possible, is in a *fig tree* so utterly

¹ [1 Corinthians v. 6.]

² [See above, p. 67.]

³ [See the description of Bellini's "St. Jerome" in *Modern Painters*, vol. ii.: "A noble tree springs out of a cleft in the rock, bends itself suddenly back to form a rest for the volume, then shoots up into the sky" (vol. IV. p. 319).]

against nature that you see at once that St. Jerome had better have set out in search of a philosopher's-stone pulpit than of such an one; and to complete the assurance, the top of the tree, and all the other vegetation of the pictures, are executed with a vivid accuracy and knowledge of its nature which show that the deviation in the particular



instance is wilful, and to be regarded with interest and attention. I am sure, therefore, in this case that I have interpreted the pictures rightly; but of course such a mode of interpretation is often liable to error, and necessarily sometimes involves it. Many of the passages respecting Turner are not actual descriptions of the pictures, but of that which the pictures were intended to suggest, and *do* suggest to me. I do not say that much of my conjecturing may not be wrong, but I say that in the *main* it is rightly concluded and carried out, and that the superiority of Turner to other men

consists in great measure in this very suggestiveness; it is one of the results of his own great imaginative power. For the rest, I know that in some of the descriptions attempted, epithets *gratuitously* inapplicable to *any* picture frequently occur—these I would willingly cut out, but I do not think the book worth the trouble, and prefer leaving it as characteristic of the enthusiasm of a young man: temperate and deliberate writing will, I am afraid, be too soon, in me, *compulsory*.

I have not time to follow your letter farther to-day, but hope to be able in the course of the week, and to draw out another letter from you, for you do me much good. Only, by-the-bye, observe that all this interpretation system of mine in no wise confounds bad painting with good. It is only the good painter who *sets* you inventing, and if, as you hint, I bring to him what I get out of him, how is it that I can do this with no one else, and that I would not walk ten yards to see a landscape by any other living painter? Kindest regards to Mrs. Brown and my young friends.—Ever, my dear Mr. Brown, faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I would work out the Guiltiness of the ship for you,¹ and force any twelve householders to bring her in guilty that you could impanel, if I had time.

¹ [See the description of Turner's "Slaver" in *Modern Painters*, vol. i.: "The lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship" (Vol. III. p. 572).]

To the Rev. W. L. BROWN

FOLKESTONE, PAVILION HOTEL, 27th Nov. [1847].

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—I have three kind letters of yours to answer, one of which I indeed acknowledge, but without noticing its account of the young traveller who asserted Switzerland to be “a take in.” If not chargeable with mere and simple coxcombry, he may be perhaps comforted by the hope that when he is a little older, *he* may be able to take *it* in; or if not, he had better travel no more, or confine his observations to men, and mathematics—many a good politician and geometrician may be made out of the sort of half men whom nature left without *eyes*, and who never can be said to see anything but with vitreous humours; the eye, as I conceive, properly so called, implying the brain working with the *instrument*—does it not? Best thanks also for your farther remarks upon St. Jerome, etc., but surely it is not right to parallel the pleasures of emotion and imagination with the mere exaggerations of first impression. I think there is no tendency in pure imagination to exaggerate at all, and it often exerts itself powerfully upon things small and close at hand, incapable of exaggeration—flowers, stones, low sounds, etc.—its essence being not in increasing the thing itself, but in *understanding* more from it. You say, in losing the delight I once had in nature I am coming down more to fellowship with others. Yes, but I feel it a fellowship of blindness. I may be able to get hold of people’s hands better in the dark, but of what use is that, when I have nowhere to lead them, but into the ditch? Surely, devoid of these imaginations and impressions, the world becomes a mere board-and-lodging house. The sea by whose side I am writing was once to me a friend, companion, master, teacher; now it is *salt water*, and salt water only. Is this an increase, or withdrawal of *truth*? I did not before lose hold or sight of the fact of its being salt water; I could consider it so, if I chose; my perceiving and feeling it to be more than this was a possession of higher *truth*, which did not interfere with my hold of the physical one.

You ask what St. Jerome did in the woods with his scarlet mantle. A difficult question to answer, for it involves the whole question of the use, nature, and propriety of *ideal* treatment. For instance, take, treated by the pre-eminently ideal masters, such a subject as the Nativity. The Madonna is robed in blue and scarlet, a diadem on her head, surrounded by a glory; she kneels to the Child; the manger is represented as supported by inlaid columns of arabesque work; the Child is crowned also, with a glory, a crimson cross in the centre of

it. A cow and an ox, quaintly drawn, mark that the building *is* a manger; *they* also are *kneeling*. Angels surround the whole in a circle in the air, playing on all manner of instruments. Contrast with this the *unideal* treatment, adopted by the Spanish and other (always *irreligious*) later masters, where a woman meanly draped sits nursing a baby in a stable.

It is impossible in a letter to enter into the profound metaphysical questions on which the choice of these treatments depends, but the question of the St. Jerome robes is precisely the same. You say you do not admire the master who *requires* such an interpretation. Nay, he does not *require* it; his choice was between laying the book on a common bank or stone, and laying it on the strange tree. Had he laid it on the stone, there would have been no *gain* in any way, only a thought the *less*. Laying it on the tree, he *gives* you the thought if you like to *take* it; if you do not, neither are he or you worse off than if it had not been expressed at all. There is no sacrifice made to introduce the thought; you may enjoy the figure as much as if the tree were not there, only the additional suggestion is ready for you, if you look for it. It could not have been more *clearly* done—he could not have written on the tree, “St. Jerome bent me”; and to my mind, the merit is all the greater because there *is no* tradition about it. The Lion at his side is a matter of course—*that* is traditional, as much as St. George’s dragon. It attended him as his servant, and when he died, dug his grave . . .

To SAMUEL ROGERS¹

DENMARK HILL, 17th December, 1847.

MY DEAR MR. ROGERS,—I only returned to town on Monday, and to wait on you to-morrow will be the first, as it is always the happiest of my duties. I have been where

“The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.”²

not even then without regretful thoughts of the better freedom of “St. James’s grove at blush of day.”—Ever, my dear Sir, believe me faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [From *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, by P. W. Clayden, vol. ii. p. 322. Re-printed in *Igdrasil*, March 1890, vol. i. p. 84, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 6.]

² [See Roger’s *Poems*, “An Italian Song”; and, for the next quotation, “An Epistle to a Friend” in the same volume.]

1848

[Ruskin was married in April of this year to Miss Euphemia Chalmers Gray, daughter of old friends of his parents. In August he and his wife went for a tour in Normandy; some letters written thence to his parents and others, with extracts from his diary, are given in Vol. VIII. pp. xxix-xxxiii. On his return he settled in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, and set himself to writing *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*.]

To DR. JOHN BROWN¹

DENMARK HILL, 9th February [1848].

MY DEAR DR. BROWN,—I owe you my best thanks for your most interesting review;² it is delightful as a memoir of such a man, and equally so as a piece of very beautiful thought, and very perfect writing. I do not recollect anything that has given me greater pleasure than the account of the Doctor's Sisyphian labours and ratiocinations on the Pentlands, or than the very beautiful comparison of Genius, talent, and information with the three several streams; but it is *all* valuable. The worst of it was, that after all that we hear of your noble old friend's Thunder and Lightning, one is—at least I was—a little disappointed by the quietness and sobriety of the extracts from the Scripture readings. Is it at all possible to get a Calotype⁺³ of him? I suppose it must be now. There is certainly nothing like them for rendering of Intellect, nor to my taste for everything else, except beauty.

I liked the passage very much about self-forgetfulness, but how is this virtue to be gained? Happy those whose sympathies stretch them out like gold leaf until their very substance is lost. But there are others—not unprincipled men—who yet cannot make themselves to themselves transparent nor imponderable. They overbalance and block out everything with their own *near* selves . . .

To MARY RUSSELL MITFORD⁴

KESWICK, CUMBERLAND, Good Friday [April 21], 1848.

MY DEAR MISS MITFORD,—The pain of deep self-reproach was mixed with the delight which your letter gave me yesterday. Two

¹ [No. 3 in "Letters from John Ruskin to Dr. Brown" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 291.]

² [Dr. Brown's article on the Rev. Dr. Chalmers' Works in the *North British Review*, February 1848.]

³ [See Vol. III. p. 169 n.]

⁴ [From *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford, as recorded in Letters from her Literary Correspondents*, edited by the Rev. A.G. L' Estrange, 1882, vol. ii. pp. 108–111. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, April 1900, vol. i. pp. 121–122, and thence

months back I was each day on the point of writing to you to ask you for your sympathy—the kindest and keenest sympathy that, I think, ever filled the breadth and depth of an unselfish heart. But my purpose was variously stayed, chiefly, as I remember, by the events on the Continent, fraught to me with very deep disappointment, and casting me into a depression and fever of spirit which, joined with some other circumstances nearer home, have, until now that I am resting with my kind wife among these quiet hills, denied me the heart to write cheerfully to those very dear friends to whom I would fain never write sadly. And now your letter comes, with all its sweetness and all its sting. My very dear lady, believe me, I am deeply gratified for your goodness, in a state of wonderment at its continuance to me—cold and unthankful as I have seemed,—and I earnestly hope that in future it may not so frequently have to take the form of forgiveness, nor my sense of it that of remorse.

Nor did I shrink more from the silent blame than from the painful news of your letter, though I conjecture that your escape, though narrow, was complete—you say nothing of any hurt received.¹ I hate ponies and everything four-legged, except an ass colt and an arm-chair. But you are better and the spring is come, and I hope, for I am sure you will allow me, to bring my young wife to be rejoiced (under the shadow of her new and grievous lot) by your kind comforting. But pray keep her out of your garden, or she will certainly lose her wits with pure delight, or perhaps insist on staying with you and letting me finding [*sic*] my way through the world by myself, a task which I should not *now* like to undertake. I should be very, very happy just now but for these wild storm-clouds bursting on my dear Italy and my fair France, my occupation gone, and all my earthly treasures (except the one I have just acquired and the everlasting Alps) perilled amidst “the tumult of the people,” the “imagining of vain things.”² Ah, my dear Miss Mitford, see what your favourite “Bérangers” and “Gerald Griffins” do!³ But these are thoughts as selfish as they are narrow. I begin to feel that all the work I have been doing, and all the loves I have been cherishing,

in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 9–10. The words referring to Ruskin’s wife, though included in Mr. L’Estrange’s book, were omitted in *Igdrasil*; they were re-inserted in *Ruskiniana* (being there distinguished by inclusion in brackets). The letter has hitherto been wrongly dated 1853.]

¹ [Miss Mitford had had a fall from her pony-chaise.]

² [Psalms lxxv. 7; ii. 1.]

³ [The Irish poet Gerald Griffin (1803–1840) is the subject of ch. vi. in vol. iii. of Miss Mitford’s *Recollections of a Literary Life*. A letter from Miss Mitford (to Mrs. Browning of July 30, 1848) records a visit from Ruskin and a story about her favourite Béranger. “When Lamartine was in London a few years ago Mr. Rogers

are ineffective and frivolous—that these are not times for watching clouds or dreaming over quiet waters, that more serious work is to be done, and that the time for endurance has come rather than for meditation, and for hope rather than for happiness. Happy those whose hope, without this severe and tearful rending away of all the props and stability of earthly enjoyments, has been fixed “where the wicked cease from troubling.” Mine was not; it was based on “those pillars of the earth” which are “astonished at His reproof.”¹

I have, however, passed this week very happily here. We have a good clergyman, Mr. Myers,² and I am recovering trust and tranquillity, though I had been wiser to have come to your fair English pastures and flowering meadows, rather than to these moorlands, for they make me feel too painfully the splendour, not to be in any wise resembled or replaced, of those mighty scenes, which I can reach no more—at least for a time. I am thinking, however, of a tour among our English abbeys—a feature which our country possesses of peculiar loveliness. As for our mountains or lakes, it is in vain that they are defended for their finish or their prettiness. The people who admire them after Switzerland do not understand Switzerland—even Wordsworth does not. Our mountains are mere bogs and lumps of spongy moorland, and our lakes are little swampy fishponds. It is curious I can take more pleasure in the chalk downs of Sussex, which pretend to nothing, than in these would-be hills, and I believe I shall have more pleasure in your pretty lowland scenery and richly painted gardens than in all the pseudo-sublime of the barren High-lands except Killiecrankie. I went and knelt beside the stone that marks the spot of Clavers’ death-wound, and prayed for more such spirits—we need them now . . .

My wife begs me to return her sincere thanks for your kind message, and to express to you the delight with which she looks

asked him, with strong interest, to give him some details about Béranger, ‘the greatest French poet.’ ‘Ah! Béranger,’ said M. de Lamartine, ‘he made advances to me, and of course wished for my acquaintance; but he is a sort of man with whom I do not choose to have any connexion!’ Think of that! Mr. Rogers told the story himself, with the greatest indignation, to the Ruskins, and they told it to me” (*Life of Mary Russell Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 211.)

¹ [Job iii. 17; xxvi. 11. Ruskin’s letter reflects the excitement caused by the events of ‘48. In France the Revolution had broken out on February 22; Louis Philippe fled to England, and the Republic was proclaimed. In Italy there were revolutions in many States; Carlo Alberto declared war upon Austria in March, and in April pushed his troops beyond the Mincio. The fortune of war, which was to give the victory to the Austrians under Radetzky, was uncertain at the time of this letter.]

² [Frederic Myers (1811–1851), perpetual curate of St. John’s, Keswick; father of F. W. H. Myers.]

forward to being presented to you—remembering what I told her among some of my first pleadings with her that, whatever faults she might discover in her husband, he could at least promise her friends, whom she would have every cause to love and to honour. She needs them, but I think also deserves them.—Ever, my dear Miss Mitford, believe me, faithfully and affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I ought to tell you that we have sent cards to *no one*, or most certainly this formality would not have been omitted with Miss Mitford.

To GEORGE RICHMOND

DENMARK HILL, 1st of May [1848].

MY DEAR RICHMOND,—I found on my return home with my wife on Thursday your drawing of my father¹ placed opposite me in my own little study, and it is quite impossible to tell you how happy I am every moment in looking at it, nor how much it wins from me of fresh affection and admiration every day. I am but just beginning to understand it, and to see what you have put into it, and *now* I am glad that you chose that look of gentleness rather than the more frequent (*not* more characteristic) gloom or severity, for the portrait is becoming more and more alive every day, and it gladdens me to see my father smiling on me.

I am coming to see you as soon as I can. I have been committing and causing my wife to commit all kinds of breaches of etiquette, sending no cards to any one to begin with. I daresay I shall bring her to see you some day soon, and Mrs. Richmond, which I suppose will be another, but a more pardonable one. When will you come and see me, and tell me whether it is of any use to write or think about painting any more, now, or whether there will be no painting to be loved but that “which more becomes a man than gilt his trophy”?² I feel very doubtful whether I am not wasting my life, and very sad about all. Alas poor Milan, and my beloved spire, and now Verona in the thick of it. And I have had the pleasure of finding that there is verily nothing in England or Scotland which has any power upon me (in the way of hills, I mean). I believe the Lowland pastures and winding brooks are the only things here.

¹ [The crayon drawing is at Brantwood.]

² [*Coriolanus*, Act i. sc. 3.]

What fine things (the red and blue Christian excepted) Palmer has in the Water Colour,¹ but the wretches—the best of them all up at the ceiling.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Richmond, and the best love to Mary, Julia, Laura, and Tom. I have not seen your brother for a melancholy time; kindest remembrances to him.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To MARY RUSSELL MITFORD²

DENMARK HILL, AUGUST 7, 1848.

DEAR MISS MITFORD,—I could not answer your kind note when I received it, being fairly laid up at the time in pillows and coverlets; and I am now just leaving home again, and have many things to arrange before half-past ten (it being now half-past seven), so that I have but time to pack, I hope safely, these two flowers, the ranunculus, the hardiest and highest (and most scornful of all common flower comforts, such as warmth, fellowship, or good entertainment in the way of board and lodging) of all Alpine plants; a loose stone or two, and a drop of dirty ice-water being all it wants; and the *soldanella*, of which the enclosed little group is a fair specimen, which is equally distinguished for its hurry to be up in the spring. I shall be happy in thinking that my poor pets, in my exile, have at least the consolation of some share in Miss Mitford's regards. I was delighted to hear of your most enjoyable little trip. I have sent this, however, for safety to Reading. I trust you will now have better weather than hitherto.

I am going to take your advice, and try France for a week or two. My wife desires her most sincere regards (best thanks from me for your kind expressions towards her), and my mother and father beg to join theirs.—Ever, my dear Madam, believe me faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Samuel Palmer's drawings in the Exhibition were:—(51) Mountain Flocks; (122) Woodland Scenery; (175) The Ruins of a Monastery; (204) Christian descending into the Valley of Humiliation (*Pilgrim's Progress*); (217) Mercury driving away the Cattle of Admetus; and (251) Crossing the Common.]

² [*The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford*, vol. ii. p. 127. Reprinted (with the omission of the last sentence) in *Igdrasil*, April 1890, vol. i. p. 124, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 12. The date has hitherto been wrongly given as "1854".]

To his FATHER

LISIEUX, 24th August, Thursday [1848].

As I have been more delighted than ever with this country, I have been more disgusted than ever with its inhabitants—not but that we have met with sensible and agreeable people, and that *all* are *so far* sensible that we have not spoken to one person who does not regret all that has lately happened of tumult and disorder, for the substantial reason that all have suffered for it. But the mental and moral degradation are beyond all I conceived—it is the very reign of sin, and of idiotism.

It has made me think something more seriously than usual of all the old difficulties which so often have arisen in men's minds respecting God's government of this world, and many other difficulties which stand in the way of one's faith. I believe that you, as well as I, are in this same condition, are you not, father? Neither of us *can* believe, read what we may of reasoning or of proof; and I tell you also frankly that the more I investigate and reason over the Bible as I should over any other history or statement, the more difficulties I find, and the less ground of belief; and this I say after six years of very patient work of this kind, at least in those hours set apart for such study.

Now, this is very painful—especially so, it seems to me, in a time like the present, full of threatening, and in which wickedness is so often victorious and unpunished; nothing but sorrow can come from a doubtful state of mind even in this world. I was reading, too, those opening thoughts of Pascal¹ in which he assumes that there is no proof of there being a God; but, as he has a right also to assume, that there is no proof of there being *none*—(certainly the difficulties on that side are quite as great as on the other)—and there shows the utter absurdity, in the state of *equal chance*, of *not* risking our *all*, our life, conduct, etc., on the chance of there being a good God—for if there be, the gain is infinite; and if not, the loss is nothing. Now, I think this is good logic, and I began to consider what we have to risk on that side. Pascal says the first thing we have to give up or lay in the stake, for eternal life, is our human reason. Now, it had struck me—before reading this, after I had fully stated to myself and admitted the difficulty of belief in the Bible if I treated it as another history—that it was natural and likely that this should be so. Christ's words are, “This

¹ [See the opening pages of the second part of the *Pensées*; and, a little later, where Pascal says: “Let us weigh the two cases: if you gain, you gain all; if you lose, you lose nothing. Wager then unhesitatingly that He is.”]

is the *work* of God, that ye believe in Him whom He has sent.”¹ Now, if faith be a *work*, it cannot be the result of reasoning, because otherwise we could not avoid it nor help it, and any philosopher who would read the Bible and study it *must* believe—as he must, unless he be a fool as well as a philosopher, believe Euclid or Thucydides. But now God does not choose that faith shall be obligatory or easy. He chooses that it shall be a *work* and deserving of reward. He has certainly a right to demand from us something—anything—in return for the great gift of eternal life. Now, what *can* He ask of us? He has no pleasure in our pain. He cannot ask penance. He cannot ask His own gifts back again: of what use to Him are they—sacrifice—offerings? But there is one thing which He has made it *ours* to give. He has put it into our hands that we may give it or withhold as we choose—that is confidence. He asks us to trust Him—to trust Him without proof. This is certainly the highest honour we can pay Him; but to trust Him *with* proof would be no honour at all—we do as much for men every day. If there were enough proof it would be no longer ours to *refuse* to trust if we choose. But we can; God has not forced our confidence. Nay, He has made it rather difficult for us to give it Him. But He has made it possible for us to give it Him, and has made it almost as difficult, if we think at all, to refuse it. Now, on this He makes our life hinge. “Will you believe Me—against part of your reason; will you take your chance, will you choose your side, and risk all for Me—before I have given you all the proof that your heart desires that I *am*? You can do no better—and this is all that you *can* do for Me—and that I demand.”

Now, is not this fair? and can we not believe if we will? Suppose we give up all reasoning about the matter and resolutely determine to believe with all our hearts, I fancy that this choice and determination once made, convincing proofs will soon be vouchsafed. But you and I have begun at the wrong end, and have impertinently asked for the proofs first—is not this so, my dearest father—and do not you think it is high time for us both to try the other way? If one were to calculate averageable life at eighty years, with a doubtful evening after that time, and suppose this represented by a day of sixteen hours from six morning till ten night, I am now at *noon*, you at *six* in the evening—with both of us the day is far spent²—I never think my day worth much after twelve o’clock. And yet I fear—forgive me if I am wrong—that neither of us have either chosen our master or begun our work.

¹ [John vi. 29.]

² [See Romans xiii. 12.]

I have your letter with proofs, which I have corrected, and re-enclose. Thank God, my mother is better. I had no idea of the seriousness of the illness, but I trust that after it she may be better than she has been for some years. As for the Turners, pray do not annoy yourself; I daresay Turner will give me the sketches, but I do no care; at any rate do not let us offend him, but get the rest of our drawings, if possible, as we have got the two, perhaps least agreeable—for the rise in price we are indebted partly to ourselves—my book must have done it, or it must have had no effect at all; let us only think whether the drawings still are not well worth the money. To compare any new one with Coblentz is vain; I expect nothing like it, but I would not give that drawing for £500 unless I were starving.¹ All the others have water in them except two, and, by your account of the colour, I cannot help hoping much even from Brunig. All Turner's green and blue drawings that I ever saw were magnificent. How does it compare with our bad Altdorf,² with the crutches?—the dark colour in the middle of that, the trees, I think *really* bad.

1849

[*The Seven Lamps of Architecture* was published in the spring of this year, after which Ruskin and his parents went abroad, his wife going meanwhile to her parents in Scotland. This tour is described in *Praeterita*, ii. ch. xi. During a portion of it Ruskin left his parents at Vevay and went to Zermatt, etc. Letters written to them thence are given in Vol. V. pp. xxiii.–xxxi. After a short time in London, Ruskin started with his wife for Venice, where he spent the winter at work upon *The Stones of Venice*. A letter written thence to his father in December is given in Vol. IX. pp. xxix.–xxx.]

To his FATHER

[31 PARK STREET,] *Wednesday [January 31, 1849].*

I little thought when I saw you into your carriage at ten o'clock yesterday morning, that at the same hour that evening I should be performing the same agreeable duty to Madlle. Jenny Lind. But so it was, for a note came for me as soon as I got home, from Mr. George,³ asking me to dine with her and his sister and him, in a quiet way, at half-past six. I found, when I went, only Mr. George and

¹ [For the drawing in question, see Vol. XIII. pp. 454, 599.]

² [Perhaps the drawing mentioned in Vol. XIII. p. 598.]

³ [A friend of Ruskin and his father, much beloved by them both.]

his sister, two lady friends staying in the house, Dr. Skiey, and Jenny Lind. I was much surprised at first, the fact being that she is very remarkably plain, and she was fatigued by the concert the night before; her manner most sweet and ladylike. Conversation at dinner turned chiefly on Alps and Alpine and Swedish scenery: speaking of the French, she said they seemed to be a nation shut out from the common portion of God's blessing upon men, and deservedly so. I interceded for them, and said that the peasantry were not altogether spoiled, that they only wanted an honest government and true religion. "You have said All in that last word," she replied.

After coffee she sat down at the piano and sang several little—what Cattermole would call "far away bits" of Swedish song. I said that I had heard she herself chiefly liked Mendelssohn? "*If I like him,*" she said, with singular intensity—evidently translating the French of her thought—"*Si je l'aime!*" then pausing for an instant—"Did you know him?" "No." "Better for you you did not." "How so?" "The loss—too great," she said, her voice evidently faltering a little. I had no idea she was personally so attached to him, or I should not have spoken of him.

I said it was better to have known and to remember. She remained quiet for half a minute, and then sang Bellini's "Qui la voce" very gloriously, prolonging the low notes exactly like soft wind among trees—the higher ones were a little too powerful for the room, but the lowest were heard dying away as if in extreme distance for at least half a minute, and then melted into silence. It was in sound exactly what the last rose of Alpine sunset is in colour.

She then rose, and soon after left us—to my great disappointment, for I was in hopes of getting a little quiet talk with her, and perhaps of getting her to see the Turners at Denmark Hill. However, when I began speaking to my mother about it this morning she was horrified, so it is just as well I did not. She seems to look upon her just as on an ordinary actress.

Mr. George has been unwell with influenza and was afraid to go to the door with her, so I saw her shawled and took her to her carriage. Meantime Effie had gone to Mrs. Milman's, where, after Jenny Lind's departure, I followed her, and found Dr. and Miss Buckland and Frank Buckland, Mr. and Mrs. Liddell, Lady Lyell and her sister, Lord Lansdowne, Lady Mary Wood, Professor Taylor, and a good many more. I had a long talk with Lord Lansdowne about Normandy, and Effie about something else. I will get her to send you a herself, for she knows much more about the whole of it than I, but I will try and remember something for to-morrow.

*To the Rev. CANON DALE*¹

DENMARK HILL, 22nd March [1849]

DEAR MR. DALE,—I was much struck by your appeal and interested by your report, respecting your enormous and oppressive charge and burden in that unhappy parish. I will send you the other half of the enclosed note to-morrow—or perhaps, I had better wait until you favour us with a single line saying you have this. I am afraid I may not be able to get into town on Tuesday, or I would not give you this trouble. I trust Mrs. Dale is better and gains strength.—With sincere regards to her and to all my friends, ever faithfully and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I am very sorry both for the cause and the fact of your leaving us in the city—and the more so because I am vexed at the way in which people take up the question of choice of a successor;—instead of simply considering who would be most useful, and who would leave you least cause to regret the necessity of your own abandonment of us. I hear everybody talking about clergymen's incomes as if the founder of that lecture had meant it only to provide a poor clergyman with a living. What business have they with that matter? The man that preaches most truth and with most power is the man that should have it—if he had a million a year besides; though of two good men, one would of course give it to the poorest; but it is a bitter shame, in my mind, and a foul want of charity to accuse Mr. Melvill of avarice because he comes forward for this thing. Cannot they understand that such a man may feel it painful to hold his tongue, and may feel that he has no power of doing the good he was meant to do and this is the thing he needs?

To GEORGE RICHMOND

PAVILION HOTEL, FOLKESTONE, 18th April [1849].

DEAR RICHMOND,—I was not less vexed—as you may well suppose—to leave home without seeing you—except that only to see you to say good-bye would have been little good; but I am more than

¹ [Ruskin's former tutor: see Vol. 1. p. xxxiii., and above, p. 6. From *The Life and Letters of Thomas Pelham Dale*, edited by his daughter, Helen Pelham Dale, 1894, vol. i. pp. 48–49. The letter was written after Canon Dale (father of the Rev. T. P. Dale) had gone from the parish of St. Bride's to that of St. Pancras. In consequence of his arduous parochial duties, he resigned in 1849 the Golden Lectureship (in the gift of the Haberdashers' Company) at St. Margaret's, Lothbury, which he had held since 1841. Mr. Melvill (for whom, see Vol. XXXV. p. 386), who was a candidate for the lectureship, was criticised as a "pluralist." He was elected, and held the lectureship from 1850 to 1856.]

consoled by the chance your letter holds out of our seeing you in Switzerland. I hasten to tell you exactly what we propose. I have an appointment with a friend¹ at the foot of Mont Cenis for 6th May, *D.V.*, with whom I hope to pass ten days. I shall then be with my Father and Mother, for two months, at one of two places, Vevay or Chamouni; and we sincerely hope that it may be in your power to join us; and if you will come to either place, I think I never promised myself so much happiness in anything as I do in going with you into some pet places that I know of around them. If, therefore, you can set off any time this two months, you have nothing to do but to come straight to Geneva, and ask where we are from the landlord of the Hotel des Bergues, to whom all our letters will be addressed; or if you will send me a line addressed Hotel des Bergues, a week before, I would either be there to meet you myself, or send a letter with exact information. But indeed we *can* be only at one of the two places; and although I speak only of my *own* pleasure, I do think that I could make you *very* happy: you would come on excursions with me all day; and in the evening, you could either be quiet in our little room with us, if you liked, or if you wanted a little company, there is always enough in the Chamouni and Vevay table d'hôtes. If, however, you cannot come till *after* the two months, you would find me, as I propose to stay in Switzerland after my father and mother return, in a much more savage place—Zermatt, at the foot of Monte Rosa: then you would have much less comfortable quarters, and no company but the goats, and me—scenery so sublime that my mother thinks it would be oppressive to you, and make you melancholy; *she*, however, is personally interested in getting you to Chamouni. But pray try and come to one place or the other—I shall be so bitterly disappointed now if you do not. I am thankful that at any rate you purpose resting. Pray take strong measures at once; there is nothing like thorough dealing with illness in good time. Do not tamper nor procrastinate. I have heard much that has made me anxious about you—*pray* get a positive opinion from a good physician, and act upon it sternly. I am to be here—still revising proofs—until Monday; and should be *very* grateful for another line, confirming the hope of seeing you among the Alps.

Love to Tom—poor fellow—and Mary and Julia and Laura and Willy; all our kindest regards to Mrs. Richmond.—Ever most affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

A letter would reach me here sent on Saturday.

¹ [Richard Fall: see *Praeterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 440.]

*To Miss J. WEDDERBURN*¹

PRINCE OR PRINCESS—something or other—near BOULOGNE,
Monday, 24th April [1849].

MY DEAR MISS WEDDERBURN,—I was released from printers' demons on Saturday afternoon, and I write to you as soon as I can.

It often happens to me to be asked by painters to look at their pictures. I never go, if I can help it; when I do, I say as many civil things as I can, quickly, and bow myself out. If I thought you like people in general, I should do the same to you, *now* especially, for my hand is tired with writing and my eyes with touching etchings that have failed me: but you are a very extraordinary person, and I believe you will not quarrel with me for treating you as if you had more sense than most. I *have* heard that you don't like blame; but I don't care. Nobody does, for that matter; but I don't believe that you cannot take it as well as any one else, and I should think you had so little of it that it would be an agreeable change, so I shall write exactly what I felt about your picture.

In the first place, I don't like an *elaborate* jest. No jest will bear the time necessary to paint it, unless it involves the portraiture of human character also, as with Wilkie, Hogarth, and Teniers. But there is not *much* jest in a pair of horses frightened by a steam whistle—and the little that there is evaporates long before you have laid your first coat of colour. Your subject would have made a vignette for *Punch*, but is not fit for canvas, and even in *Punch* would have needed some word fun to carry it off. Moreover, the jest is not even one which exhibits your animals: neither horses nor men are seen to advantage kicking. It is a *mean* expression of resistance.

In the second place, do not suppose that you can dispense with those ordinary occurrences of sublimity and beauty which have been the subject and food of painting from the earliest ages: there has been machinery in the world since the days of Cheops, if not of Asshur; and that machinery has been historically represented on works of art—as our railroads ought to be, if we built pyramids; but machinery never has been *chosen* as a subject, nor can ever become an agreeable one. You may say you like it; I say your taste is *morbid* and must be changed. There are certain licences of taste,

¹ [Afterwards Mrs. Hugh Blackburn: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 482. Ruskin refers to this letter, written in his carriage on board the steamer, in *Praeterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 437. At the head of the sheet Ruskin wrote: "Shaky steamer made my hand worse even than usual." His "release" refers to *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, which had been passed for the press.]

beyond which no one may safely go. One person may legitimately like beef, and another mutton; but when my wife was a little girl and took to eating slate-pencil, her governess whipped her until she left off; and you ought to be whipped till you give up painting railroads. There is no nourishment in them.

But the strange thing is that you have not only chosen the ugliest subject you could get, but the ugliest possible conditions of it! There are sublimities about certain railroad phenomena—one in the bulk and length and weight of the carriages drawn—which you have lost by drawing only the engine. Another in the blackness, fire, and fury of the engine itself,¹ which you have lost by painting it in broad daylight, and of the pastoral colour of bright green. Another in the length of the line—which you have lost by putting a bit of it only, straight across your picture; and another in the height of the embankments, which you have lost by putting them below you. Don't tell me you *drew it as it was*. A change of ten feet in your position might have given you a sublime subject. I don't know how without extreme ingenuity you could get into a position so universally bad; and as if not content with that, you must needs pull the rein of your horse exactly parallel with your rail, as if you were a bricklayer and were going to build over your picture—I am losing my temper—and must put up my things besides; for the coast of France enlarges. I have a great deal more to say yet.

(CHAMPAGNOLE, JURA, *Saturday evening*.) You will say I have taken my time to recover my temper, but I have been on French roads ever since, and they are not calculated to calm one, any more than your grasshopper railroad. Where was I? On the tight-rope, I see—and I have not done with the rail, neither: but what I have to say next is apropos of general colour.

It does not seem to me that it is enough understood that colour cannot be indifferent; it must be either thoroughly good and right, or it is a blemish. There are many subjects which do not want colour at all, and of those which are the better for it, none are bettered unless it be very good: hundreds of painters spoil their thoughts by painting them; they might be beautiful draughtsmen, but they ruin all by putting on bad colour; and they forget that colour is the most trite and commonplace *truism* of art unless it be refined. I passed a French sign to-day: “À l'arbre *Vert*.” The word “*vert*” adds marvellous little to the idea of the tree; and the green paint adds just as little to the drawing of it—unless the green be *precious* as colour.

¹ [As in Turner's picture: see Vol. XXXV. p. 601.]
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Now, I am not sure whether I can tell you what I mean by preciousness in colour;—I should have fancied from those rats' paws that I saw of your drawing, that your eye for colour was exquisite; and yet, if I had seen this picture for the first example of your work, I should have said you had no eye for colour at all, and would never paint. Whether you have or have not, I cannot yet tell: this only I can tell you, that the colours of the landscape in that picture are *wrong*, not merely cold and lifeless, but discordant. They would produce on the eye of a good colourist actual suffering, like that which singing out of tune would cause to a musician; and exactly as the musician would wish the person who sang to speak plainly, so the colourist would wish you to leave colour alone, and *draw* only. Still, those rats' paws make me think you have it in you; but you will have to work hard to get at it, even to get the *sense* of what is right. If you will go to the National Gallery and look at the picture of Van Eyck,¹ you will see in the woman's gown what I mean by *precious* colour, in green, and if you will copy carefully (ladies do go—do they not?—to the National Gallery to copy) Titian's Bacchus and Ariadne,² I think the light will come upon you all at once: I doubt if you will get it by going on from nature, and I cannot show you what I mean unless I could have a talk with you; only pray recollect this, that *painting* is not squeezing the colour you want on your palette, and laying it on point-blank, blue when you want blue, and yellow when you want yellow. Colour is not to be got so cheaply; anybody could paint if that were all. Good colour is to be got only by a series of *processes*; deliberate, careful, and skilful. Suppose you want a clear green, for instance; you must lay a ground; first of pure white—that goes over all your picture; then, if you want your green deep and full, I believe the best practice is to lay a coat of *red* solidly first—perhaps two or three processes being needed to get this red what you want. That being ready to dry and fix, you strike over it the green with as few strokes as possible, so as to run no chance of disturbing the under colour. For another kind of green you lay white first; then yellow, pure, upon the lights, and subdued upon the shadows; then you glaze the whole with transparent blue; and so on, there being different processes for every kind and quality of colour—all this requiring the greatest skill and patience and foreknowledge of what you have to do—you having often to bear to see your picture white where it is to be yellow, and brown where it is to be grey, and red where

¹ ["Jean Arnolfini and his Wife," No. 186: for other references to the picture, see Vol. XII. pp. 256, 257, 405; and below, p. 490.]

² [No. 35: for numerous other references to the picture, see the General Index.]

it is to be green, and blue where it is to be purple, and so on. Of all this—which is the *Art*—you seem to me to have no idea; you go straight at it, as a monkey would (and with something of the same love of mischief, I think): many artists, so called, of the day, do it too, and many of them draw cleverly with their heavy colour; but they are not Painters, though they think themselves so; they can't *Paint*—they can merely draw and daub. I only know three *Painters* in the Royal Academy—Mulready, Etty, and Turner. Of these, Etty hardly ever does more than sketch, though he sketches the right way. Turner has methods of his own, suited for his own purpose, and for nobody else's. Mulready has got some awkward crotchets about using his colour *thin* on the lights and letting the white come through, and often spoils his work by treating it like water-colour and stippling; but he is still the best guide you can have, if you have influence with him to make him frank with you. If he says you paint well at present, he is flattering you and treating you like a girl; tell him so, and make him speak out, and he will teach you marvellous things.

Now, I have a good deal more to say to you—(as I shall not fill my paper, I needn't write across this sheet)—but I shall be travelling (I hope) to-morrow, and busy next day; and it is time you should have this, in case you are beginning another picture: so I will merely tell you that I thought your birds, one and all, quite delicious, and better in mere *painting* than the rest of the picture; and I was much struck by the thoughtfulness of the whole—but you must feel as well as think, and be unhappy when you see gentlemen doing nothing but smoke and lean over a railroad bridge, with fancy dogs. As I said before, that is all very well for *Punch*, but it is not fit to be painted seriously. You are capable of great things; do not affect the Byronic *mélange*. I believe that in him it was affectation—not conscious affectation, but actual affectation nevertheless—and if you mean to do anything really good or great, do not condescend to the meanly ludicrous. I think you might paint Dante if you chose; don't paint Dickens. Cultivate your taste for the horrible and chasten it: I am not sure whether you have taste for the beautiful—I strongly doubt it—but you can always avoid what is paltry; your strong love of truth may make you (as a painter) a kind of Crabbe,¹ something disagreeable perhaps at times, but always majestic and powerful, so only that you keep serious, but if you yield to your love of fun it will lower you to a laborious caricaturist. I haven't time to be modest and polite, nor to tell you how much I respect your talent, nor how glad I should be if *I could* do anything

¹ [Compare Vol. X. p. 231 *n.*, where Crabbe is instanced as a typical "Naturalist."]

like what is in your power: I can *do* nothing, but I have thought about art, and watched artists, more than most people, and I am quite sure that I am right in the main respecting what I have told you; and when I come back to London, if I can have some nice quiet talk with you, or if you will come and draw with me and help me, as you kindly said you would, I think I may perhaps be able to set some of these matters in stronger light for you.—Meantime accept my best wishes for your *far* advance in the art you love, and believe me ever, faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND

VEVAY, 20th May [1849].

MY DEAR RICHMOND,—Since I wrote to you from Folkestone I have been travelling every day—or, as for the last week, climbing among snow; but I am now established on the Lake of Geneva for the next three weeks, and I and my father and mother are all anxious, in the first place, to hear of your health; in the second, to hear if there be any chance of your coming to us. Not, I suppose, at any rate for some time. By the report of the few papers we can get here, the London season seems busy, and the exhibitions interesting; nor need you be in haste, for there is still far too much snow on the mountains to admit of pleasant excursions among them, and the Alpine roses are not in bloom yet. By the time they are, we shall be, I trust, in Chamouni; and when I think the best time for the mountains is coming, I will write to you again. Yet no time can be wrong; for here, just now, I see everything in new aspect; the blue hills and lake are continuously seen through arches and thickets of apple blossom, and in the meadows they are making narcissus hay—for all the rich grass they are just beginning to cut is white over with the lily-like narcissus.¹ I have been to Chamouni and over the Tête Noire, with some difficulty, over much snow; their spring is not begun yet, nothing showing its face but the Soldanella; three weeks will make a Paradise of it. If you can come, do; one has a curious sensation of being shut in by the hills from all the noise and wickedness of the world. I hear of the Vatican's being undermined and Bologna bombarded,² as if it were no affair of mine; and am quite prepared to hear of the Grand Canal

¹ [For Ruskin's description of the narcissus-meads of Vevay, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 284).]

² [References to Garibaldi's defence of the Roman Republic against the French, and the Austrian capture of Bologna.]

being filled up with the Doge’s palace. One can’t attain such equanimity as that anywhere but among the Glaciers. In Chamouni they have had no revolutions—a house or two knocked down, indeed, and two old women carried off by the avalanches—nothing more. I have not been living in Chamouni since I could draw trees; and I feel as if I could do something with those pine rascals—we shall see. I think if you will come and help me and draw me some St. Jeromes,¹ we should give a good account of them. By-the-bye, I have been to the Grande Chartreuse too—got wet going up, and couldn’t finish an argument I got into with one of the monks, on the impropriety of his staying up there and doing nothing.² He compared himself to Moses discomfiting Amalek by holding up his hands. I begged him to observe that Moses only came to that when he was too old to do anything else.³ I think I should have got the better of him, if it hadn’t been for the weather. But my cold is quite gone; I cured it by sliding down the Montanvert on my way back in the snow. I do hope you will be able to write to me that you are better also, and are coming to us.

I hope you have received your copy of the *Seven Lamps*, and that, as your name was among the first, it is a good impression. The plates failed me terribly, and I think I must have done them on too light steel; but I shall get experience in time and do better—one or two were quite blundered and I had not time to replace them. I did not choose to give more to this thing than the beginning of the year. But I think it may do some good as it is, and I hope some of it may interest you; the definition of the picturesque in the sixth chapter⁴ I am rather proud of. Do you recollect our first talk about that in your studio—in the place which perhaps now is not? You will be disappointed by what is said on another subject interesting to you—architectural abstraction⁵—but it was too huge a question to treat where it comes in.

I left especial orders with our gardener to be sure that there was plenty of cream when Mary and Julia and Laura and Tom—who I hope has recovered quite—go out to gather strawberries; judging by the blossoms on the banks here, I should say it was coming near the time. My love to them all. I wish you could bring them to Chamouni with you. Our kindest regards to Mrs. Richmond and your brother.—Ever, dear Richmond, most affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Probably a reference to discussions on a passage in *Modern Painters*: see Vol. IV. p. 319, and a letter to the Rev. W. L. Brown, above, p. 81.]

² [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 476.]

³ [Exodus xvii. 11, 12.]

⁴ [See Vol. VIII. pp. 235–237.]

⁵ [*Ibid.*, pp. 170–172.]

*To his FATHER*CHAMOUNI, *Sunday* [26th Aug., 1849].

We have had a very nice English service here to-day, and are to have an afternoon one—the best sermon I ever heard in this private way. Our afternoon service will prevent my calling on the Abbé till four, but I hope to find him then. Meantime I went down to near Couttet's house, to see the place where the Black Lady had been seen.¹ I sent for the children who had seen her, and was really delighted by their gentle and simple manner; really these Chamouni children are very charming creatures, and it is a pleasure to have any subject of conversation with them. I don't depend on their veracity, however, so much as on their simplicity; all I can say is that if there be any deception *now*, they are very much improved in their mode of getting it up since I was last here. I saw three little girls, Constance, Rosine, and Caroline, and one little boy, Amboise, who all spoke French; another little fellow, very fidgety all the time, could only speak through Judith's interpretation. Constance is about twelve years old, very intelligent, with a quiet, sensible face; Rosine, a sharp little creature about nine. The last witness, whom I examined separately from the rest, was little Elizabeth Balmat, the daughter of the Syndic. All these children had seen for some hours, during Saturday and Sunday last, the figure of a woman in a black dress, with something white across the bosom, a white band across the forehead, and a black round bonnet or cap. It leaned with its arms folded against the trunk of a pine within two hundred yards of Couttet's house, and was only visible at a certain distance; the children went with me to the place and showed me how far—"dèjà ici on commença de la voir," Constance said, when about ten yards from the tree—a young pine beside the fence of the usual cattle path from the Arve bridge. I cross-examined them as to the appearance of the phantom, but could get no more details satisfactorily. They seemed not to have observed it accurately, but there was no appearance of any understanding among them. They turned indeed once or twice to each other, but it had simply the look of the kind of reference which two people who have seen the same thing naturally make to each other when any doubt is raised respecting it. The answers were given with the most perfect quietness and simplicity, as also Elizabeth Balmat's: the latter child said, "Ca m'a fait trembler beaucoup"; but the others said it had not frightened them, except a little boy who

¹ [For another version of this Ghost Story, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 728.]

saw it first with Constance, and who ran home in a great fright. Couttet went to the place with them on Sunday last, while the phantom was visible. The first thing he did was to cut the branches off the tree, thinking some accidental shadow might deceive the children; but this made no difference. Then he went and stood himself beside the tree trunk; the figure was then seen by the children beside him; he moved away, and it returned to its place. Monsieur L'Abbé was next sent for, but could make no impression on the Black Lady. I am just going to see what he will say about it.

(*Evening.*) I have seen the Abbé, and been down again to the haunted tree, and repeated Couttet's experiments, the apparition being "at home" with the same negative results. The younger priest was down there also, and exceedingly puzzled; the strongest point of the case is the thorough fright sustained by three of the children. It appears that one of them last Saturday night could hardly be kept in his bed, and was continually crying out that he saw the figure again; and to-day Judith Couttet brought a little boy from the next village and told him when at the place to look and tell her if he saw anything. The blood ran into his face, and she saw (she told me) that "ça lui fit une resolution." She asked him, by way of trial, whether it was not a "poupet" that some one had put there.

"Ce n'est pas un poupet—c'est grand," the child answered. "Ça est tout habillé en rouge?" asked Judith. "Non—Ç'est habillé tout en noir." "Mais ça est joli à voir, n'est ce pas?" "Non, ça n'est pas joli du tout, du tout,— ç'est bien laid." The child then turned aside his head, put it against Judith's side, and would not look any more.

I think this a choice bit. I was afraid to tell it to Effie for fear of making her nervous. Please keep this letter carefully, as I have no time to make an entry in my diary. You will find another detail or two in Effie's. It is a curious instance of the way in which stories improve the moment they leave first hands, that, as I was returning from my questioning of Constance Couttet, a man told me that the ghost had spoken to her, and "told her to look after her cows." The fact on which this very pastoral idea of a ghostly communication was founded, you will find in Effie's letter.

To the Rev. W. L. BROWN

VENICE, *11th December*, 1849.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—Well might you wonder at your last kind letter receiving no answer—never was a letter received more gratefully, or read with more pleasure, or kept with more care in the intention of answer

by paragraphs; and even with such care it is now locked in my desk at home, and I am here forgotten by all my friends except you, and forgetting all my duties without exception, in my first (real and sufficient) examination of Venetian architecture. Your letter was anything but “cold blooded”; it was by far the most valuable I received upon its subject—if it had been less valuable it would have been at once answered; as it was, I put it aside while I went into the mountains—I received it at Vevay—and when I came home I found my wife much better and very desirous of some change of scene. She asked me to take her to Venice, and as I had need of some notes for the sketch of Venetian art which you would perhaps see advertised by Smith and Elder, I was glad to take her there. Once again in Italy with the winter before me, I have engaged in a more detailed survey of the Italian Gothic than I ever hoped to have obtained; finding, however, the subject so intricate that I have forgotten or laid aside everything for it. I have not written a single line to any of my friends, except two *necessary* letters, since I left home, and my wife has been four weeks in Venice without seeing, in my company, more than the guidebooks set down as the work of half a day. I wish, nevertheless, that I could get the book you so kindly have named to me here;—*that* subject never loses its interest, and it would relieve me from the monotony into which sections and measurements necessarily fall when first collected. It is, however, doubtless a forbidden book here, but my father tells me he has already got it, and it will be the first I ask for on my return. I am truly happy that I had some share in leading you to an inquiry which you have found so interesting, and not less so that I have now your aid in myself pursuing it. *So* interesting, I say, as if it were an examination into a fly’s foot, when, if interesting at all—that is, if showing some probable chance of success—it could hardly but become the one absorbing study of one’s life, and I am ashamed to think, at this moment, of the eagerness with which, for a month back, I have been catching at quarter of inch differences in the width of bits of marble.

There are indeed many other subjects of more living interest, and too many of sorrow, here. But I am at present altogether petrified, and have no heart nor eyes for anything but stone. There is little good to be done, were I otherwise. The Italians are suffering, partly for sins of past generations, partly for follies of their own: the sins cannot be undone, nor the follies cured; and, I fear, their cup is not yet half full of their punishment. The government is as wise and gentle as a Romanist government well can be, and over a people of another language, the soldiery of which the town is half full, singularly

well-conducted and quiet, and I think the best customers they have for, now, the chief articles of Venetian commerce—roasted chestnuts and stewed pippins. Their miseries are their own causing, and their Church's, but they are pitiable enough still. Famine was written on all faces when we first arrived here, and hopelessness is on them still; most have lost friends or relations in the war, and all have lost half their living, and their only plan of recovering it is by spending a remaining quarter in votive candles and music. I never saw a people so bigoted—in the real sense—so pious in church and impious out of it. However, all this I can better talk over with you at home, where I hope we shall see you next spring. I purpose staying here still for a month, and then returning homewards by Florence and Geneva; but we cannot reach home till the end of March, and then we must stay in London. I *do* long for another chat at Wendlebury, but I cannot see how to manage it at present; however, I will write to you as soon as we reach England (and I hope, once or twice before). You have not said a word about your young folks, but it is heartless work writing to a person when you do not know whether he is to get your letter this year or the next. However, if you have half-an-hour to spare now, and could send me some account of them here—Poste Restante—it would give me some happy home thoughts in the midst of this city of ruin. Remember me to them all, and to Mrs. Brown, and to George when you see him, and believe me ever, dear Mr. Brown, most affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To HENRY COLE¹

VENICE, *December 19th*, 1849.

SIR,—Owing to the temporary loss of a letter I did not receive yours of the *4th October* until yesterday.

Permit me to return you my thanks for your obliging notice of my Essay, and to express my regret that I am unable to meet your wishes respecting the *Journal of Design*.²

There is much truth in what you say respecting the inevitable tendencies of the age; but a man can only write effectively when he writes from his conviction—and may surrender the hope of being a guide to his Age, without thinking himself altogether useless as a Drag.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Afterwards Sir Henry Cole, K. C. B.: see Vol. XVI. pp. xxvi.–xxvii.]

² [*The Journal of Design and Manufactures* (a periodical conducted by Cole from 1849 to 1852) contained in No. 8 (October 1849), vol. ii. p. 72, a short notice of *The Seven Lamps*.]

1850

[Ruskin remained at Venice till the spring of this year, and then settled in Park Street for the season. A letter to his mother describing a “crush,” and one to his father describing a Queen’s Drawing-room, are given in Vol. IX. pp. xxxi.—xxxii. He was hard at work on *The Stones of Venice* throughout the year.]

To RAWDON BROWN¹

DENMARK HILL, April 22nd [1850].

DEAR MR. BROWN,—We arrived in all comfort at home on Saturday, and in this morning’s confusion I catch up the first piece of paper that comes to hand to thank you for your packet, which has this moment arrived, containing all the drawings in perfect safety. I cannot enough express my thanks to you or to Signor Vason, both for the choice and execution of the drawings—the subjects being, all but the water door, entirely new to me, and your created Morosini door² quite invaluable—hardly less so the chain ornament, of which I have not a single instance. I must beg you to express to Signor Vason my especial thanks for the careful *verity* of the drawings, which I can quite well perceive in their manner, though I have not seen the original subjects—and for the measurements, without which I should still have been at some loss in making use of the drawings. I do not recollect at this moment who Signor Vason is, and I can hardly judge whether the hundred francs which I herewith send to Messrs. Blumenthal will be considered by him as anything like an acknowledgement of his kindness; if not, may I beg you to tell me frankly what I ought to send him, and delay the payment of the smaller sum until I have amended my error? I have taken the liberty of requesting M. Blumenthal to pay it to *you*, that you may either give it to Signor Vason now, or reserve it until you write to me.

Trusting, therefore, to you to see that Signor Vason is satisfied, I am going to ask him to give me one measurement more. For it seems to me that you are somewhat premature in your eureka of horseshoes—and that for all the good fortune which is to be derived from such talismans your Venice may be mourning in Carnival for many a day to come. For the Marco Polo door³ appears to me not one whit more



¹ [For Ruskin’s friendship with Rawdon Brown, see the Introduction (above).]

² [Probably the door shown in Plate 12 of *Examples of Venetian Architecture*, Vol. XI. p. 342.]

³ [The door of Marco Polo’s house; the house is mentioned in *Stones of Venice*, Vol. XI. p. 399.]

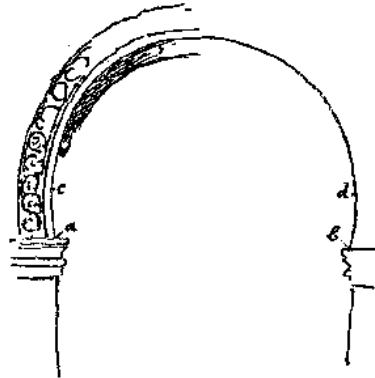
inclined to the true horseshoe form than numbers of other doors in Venice, which have been originally nothing more than common stilted arches of which the perpendicular sides have been, by mere pressure from above and yielding below, slightly forced outwards so as to

approach to the form

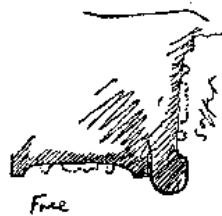


Of these latter, one good instance is the door in Corte del Remer,¹ near the Rialto, which you so kindly inquired about and diligently scrutinized for me: and this Polo door appears to me only another example, the more so as Signor Vason mentions no peculiarity of form about it. But M. Selvatico *does*: and in order that I may be quite sure of what I am about I need two measures more.

Signor Vason states this "larghezza interna" of the arch to be 6 feet 10 ⁶/₈ inches, English measure; this I *presume* to be the distance *ab* from spring to spring within the soffit. Now, if the arch be horseshoe, the maximum breadth *cd* of the arch above must be considerably greater than this—I have never found the excess more than an inch or an inch and a half, but I should be glad to know it accurately in this arch.



Farther, is the plan a section of the carved portions of the arch—*i.e.*, architrave and soffit—thus:



or thus:



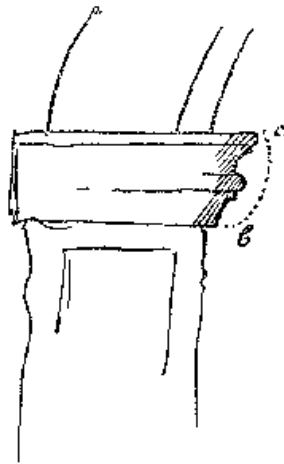
the dotted lines, of course, standing for the sculptures? Farther,

¹ [Noticed, and illustrated, in *Stones of Venice*, Vol. X. pp. 292, 293.]

on the soffit the circles which enclose the beasts appear *dentiled*—*i.e.*,



Is this so, for I never saw it in these running ornaments? I should be thankful for one of these circles, drawn separate. Farther, I want the section of the pilaster head—*i.e.*, the profile *ab* clearly; at least if



it is ancient: I can't see by the drawing if it be or not. And finally I want the section of your chain cable arch—the Morosini one—it looks like



but I cannot make it quite out. I write in great haste, but cannot close my letter without begging you very earnestly to believe in our most affectionate remembrance of you—Effie's sincere regards to you ought to go in a separate packet.—Ever gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL¹

[LONDON, 1850.]

DEAR FURNIVALL,—I set out after church to find you, if I could—but I found New Square must be your *office*, not your house, and I had no other address, so I had to give up and let you come here to-day; though I am going to be so rude as to break my engagement with you, for I want to go with Effie to hear Gavazzi² lecture this afternoon, and I may not have another opportunity. He lectures at two, so I can only leave this note for you: pray pardon me. You will have a letter from me to-morrow or next day.—Yours ever affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. HUGH BLACKBURN³

31 PARK STREET, *Monday, 27th May* [1850].

MY DEAR MRS. BLACKBURN,—I met your friends the Misses Clerk on Friday evening last, and waited on them in haste on Saturday morning to possess myself of your drawings. I am very grateful to you both for these and for your renewal of correspondence, and account of your doings. Touching the drawings, I think the Mazeppa the best realization of the thing I have ever seen. The quiet fierceness of the man's distress is very good—the “give it up” look without the smallest appearance of lost courage or resoluteness—a Horse Prometheus; and the fatigued horse is as fine in its way. So [is] the dog at the door. The other is not, I think, so fine as your first sketch—but I could not look at it nor keep it, if it were. I saw one of the Siege of Corinth at your friends'—with your love of the ghastly at its height, and showing even more than your usual power; but I cannot understand the make of your mind. I think this love of horror has generally in us British people risen out of distress of mind, mixed with (I pray your pardon) some slight affectation, and love of surprising people,

¹ [No. 3 in *Letters upon Subjects of General Interest from John Ruskin to Various Correspondents*, privately printed, 1892 (see Bibliographical Appendix, Vol. XXXVII.); hereafter referred to as *Various Correspondents*. For Ruskin's friendship with Dr. Furnivall, see the Introduction (above).]

² [Father Gavazzi, leader of the democratic revolt in Bologna in 1848; afterwards went on lecturing tours in Great Britain, denouncing Papal Aggression. There is an interesting reminiscence of his theatrical eloquence by Dr. Spence Watson in G. M. Trevelyan's *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, 1907, p. 76 n.]

³ [Formerly Miss Wedderburn (see above, p. 96). From *English Female Artists*, by E. C. Clayton, 1876, vol. ii. pp. 405–408, where it is explained that the letter refers to lithographs drawn on stone by the artist—(1) illustrations to Byron, (2) of a dog seen by her on the quay at Woolwich. “It had been thrown into the river with a stone round its neck; but the string was too long, or the tide too low, and the victim was able to get its head and shoulders above the water and cling on to a wall, looking piteously for help and howling dismally.”]

but it seems to be natural to you, and to some of the Germans. You and Bürger¹ would have trumped each other's best tricks to some purpose. We have had one grand man of the same school—William Blake—whose “Book of Job” fail not to possess yourself of—if it come in your way; but there is a deep morality in his horror—as in Dante's: in yours there is little but desperation. I am glad you have been to Switzerland—and did *not*, among its other shows, see the grand show of the dead-house of St. Bernard, which was far too much in your way. The first time I crossed that pass, I was walking in the fall of the twilight, half a mile ahead of my people (then a boy of fourteen). I went into a small cottage by the wayside—I forget exactly why or wherefore—and straight up to a man sitting on the floor in the dark, at the end of it, who, when I came near, I saw had wonderfully white large eyes, and no under jaw. So I said nothing to him, and walked out again. But I am glad you had fine weather on the Faulhorn. It is a nasty, spongy, flat-headed hill itself, and so I never thoroughly enjoy it. But the view is a noble one. I agree with you in thinking the Jura quite as good. The Jardin is interesting, but to my mind particularly ugly. There is nothing so fine as the Montanvert view—which everybody sees.

I forget whether I asked you if you liked Dante. I think if you could go through a little ordinary academy discipline first, and then dwell some time with Michael Angelo, and other such men who had *jest* in them—in its place and time, associated with divine seriousness, and no *jockeyism*²—that you might produce such a series of illustrations of Dante as would give the poem new life. I should like you to try Chiron on the trot, dividing his beard with his arrow³—or the black dog hunt in the wood, 13th Canto⁴—by way of a beginning.

I have been all the winter at Venice, taking measures—very prosaic work. I was the whole summer in Switzerland, and am grieved I did not meet you; but I was living among the Central Alps, up at Zermatt, when you passed. If you do not come up to town, I must come to Glasgow some day in autumn—for I want to talk to you. . . . Believe me ever, my dear Madam, faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [For references to Bürger's *Lenore*, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 334, and Vol. XXXIV. p. 324.]

² [A reference to Miss Wedderburn's fondness for painting horses.]

³ ["We to those beasts, that rapid strode along,
Drew near; when Chiron took an arrow forth,
And with the notch push'd back his shaggy beard"—

Inferno, vii. 73 (Cary); referred to in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 115).]

⁴ ["Behind them was the wood, Full of black female mastiffs," etc. (*Inferno*, xiii. 126).]

*To SAMUEL ROGERS*¹

PARK STREET, 5th July [1850].

DEAR MR. ROGERS,—I have long been wishing to write to you, and have suffered day after day to pass by, thinking that you would be not a little tormented by notes of condolence; which, however, I do not intend mine to be—for I have not the least doubt that you will be just as happy upon your sofa in your quiet drawing-room (with a little companionship from your once despised pensioners, the sparrows outside) for such time as it may be expedient for you to stay there, as ever you were in making your way to the doors of the unquiet drawing-rooms—full of larger sparrows inside—into which I used to see you look in pity, then retire in all haste. I am quite sure you will always—even in pain or confinement—be happy in your own good and countless ways; and so I am only writing to you to thank you for making me happy in the possession of the two volumes which I found upon your hall table the first time that I came to inquire for you, and which make me some amendment even for not being able to see you, since the kind inscription of them enables me now to read them as if every line in them were addressed to myself—with special purpose and glance of the eyes—such as I have so often met when I was going to be instructed or encouraged (or, when it was good for me, extinguished). And so helped, though I will not say that I can “pass the shut door without a sigh,”² I can, at least, look forward patiently to the time when I may be allowed once more to sit beside you.

Believe me ever, dear Mr. Rogers, respectfully and affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

*To G. F. WATTS*³

[?1850.]

I was thinking, after I left you yesterday, that you were mistaken in the botany of one of your pictures. Forget-me-nots do not grow

¹ [*Rogers and his Contemporaries*, by P. W. Clayden, vol. ii. pp. 371–372. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, March 1890, vol. i. pp. 84–85, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 6. Rogers had in his eighty-eighth year met with an accident—which, as it turned out, lamed him for the remaining five years of his life.]

² [*Poems*, “An Epistle to a Friend.”]

³ [This and the following letter are from the *Reminiscences of G. F. Watts*, by Mrs. Russell Barrington, 1905, p. 24. In another letter he adds, “Study botany with all your might and main.” The picture referred to in the second letter is “Satan walketh to and fro on the Earth seeking whom he may devour.” For Ruskin’s friendship with Watts, see the Introduction (above).]

on graves: *anywhere* but on a grave. Neither do they grow among thorns, but by sweet, quiet streams and in fair pastures (Psalm xxii. 2–3).—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1850?]

DEAR WATTS,—Can you dine with us on Wednesday at six—day after to-morrow, at Denmark Hill? I haven't been able to come to see you before. I don't understand the new picture, but it is glorious, and Satan has his cheek-bone all right.—Ever yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To COVENTRY PATMORE¹

[? November 1850.]

MY DEAR PATMORE,—I have been much interested by reading your paper, and concur most heartily in it all except my being fit to write an essay on Religious Art, which I shall not be these ten years at least: and what you say of Spanish painters—whom I think a thoroughly *irreligious*, rascally set—only Velasquez a noble *painter*: a great man, but no more piety in him, I believe, than in Lord John Russell (though I like his last letter exceedingly—*si sic omnia*, it is a Godsend indeed—but on his part a mere piece of scientific play). I think, however, from some passages in this paper of yours, that you cannot have met with, and might perhaps be interested in, some passages in the book I wrote about Turner—*Modern Painters*—the *second* vol. If you have not seen it, I will send it you, as it bears much on my present work, marking the bits which I think would interest you. Never think of calling at D. Hill, my mother never expects anything of the kind, and your holidays may be much better spent. When you have time you must come and dine there again, the best way of calling.—Yours most truly,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 287, where the letter is conjecturally dated "1853." There was, however, no Public Letter of Lord John Russell's in that year to which Ruskin's remarks would apply. The reference is presumably to the famous *Letter to the Bishop of Durham in reference to the Usurpation of the Pope of Rome*, first printed in the *Times* of November 7, 1850. Patmore's paper was entitled "The Ethics of Art," and appeared in the *British Quarterly* for November 1849, vol. x. pp. 441–462. At the beginning of it (p. 441) Patmore says: "Mr. Ruskin, although he knows more of the matter than most people, admits that he is in almost total darkness concerning the practical result of art upon the moral and religious condition of men and nations. We trust, before long, to welcome some carefully-considered treatise upon this magnificent theme: may we hope that Mr. Ruskin himself will be induced to take up and thoroughly sift a question, the importance of which it is evident he very deeply feels? No other living writer could so well perform the task." On p. 447 he says: "Properly devotional art flourished most extensively in Spain." For Ruskin's friendship with Patmore, see the Introduction (above).]

*To COVENTRY PATMORE*¹

[? 1850.]

MY DEAR PATMORE,—Many thanks for your kind note about arches, etc.—quite what I wanted. I shall tell Smith and Elder to send you the books, and will write your name in them if you like to have them. The parts of *Modern Painters* which I think will interest you are the chapters about ideal beauty, 12th, 13th, and 14th, and the account of Tintoret, pp. 168 *et seq.*, and the end of “superhuman ideal.”²

I will return you the paper on Ethics, but alas! I have torn off last page, intending to paste part of it in for a quotation on one of mine, so excuse fragmentary form. You shall know time of publication early.³ I am not yet in press, and it will take at least a month after I am.—Ever yours,
J. RUSKIN.

*To C. T. NEWTON*⁴

[December, 1850.]

DEAR NEWTON,—I think the whole paper so valuable that I cannot part with any of its matter. The first two pages repeat some things I have noticed in the main text, but cannot be separated from the rest. I leave you to look over it and to cut out every *word* you can spare, but no *thing*. When you have thus dressed it, I shall put it in type and send it you, marking the passages, if there be any, which I should desire to miss and put stars for, and if you wish to keep them you shall—but I don't think there will be many; unless there be some repetitions of examples of similar treatment, which without describing you might refer to as on such and such coins. Do you really go to-morrow? If you are enjoying yourself in the country, don't trouble about those papers, as it will be a fortnight before I am ready for this appendix.—Yours ever affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

Effie's best wishes and mine for a Merry Xmas to you. Breakfast here to-morrow if you can.

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, by Basil Champneys, vol. ii. pp. 287–288, where, again, the date “1853” is erroneously suggested.]

² [See in this edition, Vol. IV. pp. 146–207, 262 *seq.*, 328–332.]

³ [*The Stones of Venice*, vol. i., issued March 1851.]

⁴ [For Ruskin's friendship with Charles Thomas Newton (1816–1894), see the Introduction (above). The present letter refers to Newton's paper on “Ancient Representations of Water,” printed as Appendix 21 in vol. i. of *The Stones of Venice* (issued on March 3, 1851).]



The Antelao, from Venice

1851

[The first half of this year was spent by Ruskin in London. The first volume of *Stones of Venice* was published in March; letters from Ruskin on reviews of the book have been given in Vol. IX. pp. xxxix.—xlii. The *Examples of Venetian Architecture*, and new editions of *Modern Painters*, vols. i. and ii., were also issued. In March he issued his theological *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*. In May Ruskin wrote to the *Times* in defence of the Pre-Raphaelites, and in August published his pamphlet on *Pre-Raphaelitism*. Letters to Coventry Patmore, at whose instance he had undertaken this crusade, are given in Vol. XII. pp. xlvi., xlviiii. In August he and his wife travelled with friends in Switzerland (see Vol. X. p. xxiv.), afterwards settling at Venice for the winter. Some letters to his father written on that tour are given in Vol. X. pp. xxiv.—xxix. The drawing of “the Antelao from Venice,” here introduced, (Plate VI. p. 118), may have been made at this time.]

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

CHELTENHAM, 24th May [1851].

I was very glad to have your letter, for though I believed that you had not written for such reasons as both you and I well know the weight of, such as you give in your letter, I was a *little* afraid that you had been so much shocked by the pamphlet¹ as to be unable to write at all, except in terms which you would not willingly have used to an old friend. I assure you, I am heartily glad it is no worse.

I was very sorry to miss you the other day in town, but surely you are coming to see our Show?²—if not, come and see *me*. I won't take you to the *Ex-position* (for so indeed it is, for the most part) unless you like it. For we have at last a bed in Park St. Effie's Father and Mother are to be with us for about ten days from the date hereof, and after that time I believe our Front Dining-room, which we have made a Dormitory, will be vacant. I need not say how happy we shall be to see you and Sarah;³ whom pray thank for getting through, or over, the *Stones*.

And then we will talk over practicabilities. I did not mean to suggest anything as at present *practicable*—surely I said so, somewhere⁴—but as seemingly fit and right; and to direct men's thoughts, as far

¹ [The *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*, Vol. XII.]

² [The International Exhibition.]

³ [Mrs. Acland.]

⁴ [See § 34 n. of *Sheepfolds*, Vol. XII. p. 553 n.]

as I could, to the discovery of the reasons why what is right should be Impracticable. Of which there is surely one evident reason: it is said that “the Just shall live” and that “*We*” (meaning all Christians) “walk by faith.”¹ Now very surely the World at present neither lives nor walks by anything of the kind, and therefore to move mountains is very impracticable indeed. You speak of the Flimsiness of your own faith. Mine, which was never strong, is being beaten into mere gold leaf, and flutters in weak rags from the letter of its old forms; but the only letters it can hold by at all are the old Evangelical formulæ. If only the Geologists would let me alone, I could do very well, but those dreadful Hammers! I hear the clink of them at the end of every cadence of the Bible verses—and on the other side, these unhappy, blinking Puseyisms; men trying to do right and losing their very Humanity.

But all this comes upon us very justly, because as a nation, or as a group of nations, we do not make it our first, and for a time our only object to find out what we are to believe, and what is to be the future root of our life. So making this the second or third object, we shall only, I think, find out what roots we have got, by the edge of the axe laid to them.²

I am glad you like the large plates;³ they have given me more trouble than they ought—I mean, than any man’s work ought to give him. I am going to give up drawing, as you told me I should. I came down here with my father to see a collection of pictures, and shall be in town again, *D.V.*, to-morrow, there to stay until 1st August, about which time I hope to leave England for Venice, and to finish my book there . . .

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.⁴

Monday [June, 1851].

DEAR ACLAND,—I was going to write to your wife about you, but I don’t like to frighten her—as you say she is sad enough already: but I *will* frighten her unless I hear that you are going to leave Oxford directly. You cannot work less if you stay there—or if you

¹ [Habakkuk ii. 4; 2 Corinthians v. 7.]

² [Matthew iii. 10.]

³ [Those in the first Part of *Examples of Venetian Architecture*.]

⁴ [From *Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, a Memoir*, by J. B. Atlay, 1903, pp. 167–168, where it is explained that the letter was written after a visit in June to Acland, whose multifarious work was at this time causing much alarm to his friends.]

do, it will be at the cost of continual vexation and annoyance—just as bad for you as work. I never saw such a life as you live there—you never were able so much as to put a piece of meat in your mouth without writing a note at the side of your plate—you were everlastingly going somewhere and going somewhere else on the way to it—and doing something on the way to somewhere else, and something else at the same time that you did the something—and then another thing by the bye—and two or three other things besides—and then, wherever you went, there were always five or six people lying in wait at corners and catching hold of you and asking questions, and leading you aside into private conferences, and making engagements to come at a quarter to six—and send two other people at a quarter past—and three or four more to hear what had been said of them, at five-and-twenty minutes past—and to have an answer to a note at half-past, and get tickets for soup at five-and-twenty minutes to seven—and just to see you in the passage as you were going to dinner—and so on.

I am as sure that you cannot stay in Oxford as if your house was on fire—or the whole place. I never was so annoyed at you as yesterday—or so sorry for you. I don't know whether you ever mind what anybody says—but perhaps you may mind it a little more in writing; and yet I have nothing to say but what you know as well, or better than I—that you are doing a great wrong to your wife and to all who regard either you or her, and to your children. Would it not be better for them to be bred *peasants* on the Devonshire hills, so long as they had their father to teach them what was good and noble, than to be bred in gentilities and silkenesses, without a father—though I suppose they would still be poor, if you were to kill yourself, as you are likely to do in six months? I am perfectly certain you cannot stay in Oxford, nor continue your profession at present. You *must* give up for an entire year. Lay this matter *barely* before God—and take care there is no dread of what is to be done or said by other people—and see what answer you will get.

Or suppose you were a tyrant, and had in your service Dr. Henry Acland, and could make him keep at his work, if you chose, would you no be afraid to do it—afraid of doing murder? But self-murder you think venial. Don't answer this, of course. I hardly know why I write it, for there is nothing to be said which you do not know, but I could not rest without saying it again.—Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

*To his FATHER*CHAMOUNI, *Saturday, August 16th* [1851].

We have had three happy days here, though the weather has been very broken and imperfect. We slept at the Montanvert in a thunderstorm, and yesterday I took Mr. Moore¹ myself over from the Montanvert upon the rocks of the Charmoz, and so down to Chamouni opposite the inn. I find myself in very good training, and able to walk as well as usual, but have been not a little disappointed by finding Couttet absent on an excursion round the Mont Rose with young Peel (Sir Robt.). . . I did not before tell you that Couttet was not here, lest you should be frightened at my having no guide, but as we go back to St. Martin's on Monday, this need cause you no anxiety now. You will doubtless see Mr. Moore on his return, and hear whether he enjoyed himself or not; he leaves us on Monday, going on to Geneva when we stop at St. Martin's, but Newton stays with us till the 24th. It is very delightful to have him running down the Alps; and though not strong, and rather lazy, when he *does* walk he walks thoroughly well, most coolly and dexterously. We have been to-day to the Glacier des Bossons and Cascade des Pélerins. I am enjoying everything and *doing* nothing, and expect to get to my Venetian work much refreshed. I love the place better than ever, and think it lovelier, and I don't know that I was ever sorrier to leave it than I shall be on Monday. I hope you will be able comfortably to spend some time there in the spring.

It is so strange to return here again and again, and see the same wreaths of snow hanging on the crests of the Aiguilles. One does not wonder at the rocks being unchanged. But the same snow wreaths! and all else changing, in us. Joseph Couttet looks older. I saw his nieces at the Cascade des Pélerins, and as I walked up the Montanvert on Thursday night a woman met me, who bade me good evening, and said, "Vous montez le Montanvert sans guide—Joseph Couttet n'y est plus." I laughed and said I hoped to have him back again in the spring. There are an immense number of people here, of course. Effie counted forty mules at one time on the Montanvert, and there has been a cockney ascent of Mont Blanc, of which I believe you are soon to hear in London.²

¹ [The Rev. Daniel Moore: see Vol. X. p. xxiii. *n.*, and below, p. 141.]

² [An account of Albert Smith's ascent, and of the illustrated entertainment describing it, which he gave in the Egyptian Hall, may be read in ch. ix. of C. E. Mathews *Annals of Mont Blanc*.]

Mr. and Mrs. Eisenkrämer¹ are well, but Mr. Rufenacht has been attacked by a rush of blood to the head and goes about languidly, looking much depressed. Effie is much better than when last at Chamouni, but does not bear the mule jolting well.

I have always forgotten to thank my mother for the magnificent basket of provisions which we found in the railroad carriage—it lasted us to the Jura with hardly any perceptible diminution, and is laid up there, I believe, till our return. We had a picnic to-day in the wood of the Pélerin, having some difficulty in choosing a site. Newton declared that we were not in search of the picturesque, but of the picnicturesque.

There is nothing else to tell you of, except that the Aiguilles are rather in bad humour, and so I do not know whether I may send you their compliments.

To his FATHER

[VENICE] *Sunday, 7th September, 1851.*

. . . Next² I must tell you what we are about here. I was too much hurried and plagued at Verona to write you anything like a proper account of the glorious evening we had there. I told you the Empress was staying at the Due Torre; and that the Austrian governor had ordered her some music. Now you recollect that in front of the Due Torre, on the other side of the little square of St. Anastasia, there is a straight narrow street going down to the cathedral. Fortunately the soldiers had been lodged somewhere—(perhaps in the Cathedral cloisters) whence they were obliged to come up this street to the piazza—and just as twilight was passing into night, they came in three divisions, composed of the three best bands in the place, with as many soldiers from each of their regiments as could form a circle outside of them, bearing torches. The bright cluster of lights appeared at the end of the street so far away that the trumpets could hardly be heard—the soldiers with their torches marching first and the music following—clanging louder and louder until the troop of torch-bearers spread themselves out into one burning line across the square, and behind

¹ [Who kept the old "Union" inn at Chamouni: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 131.]

² [The first paragraph of this letter, describing Ruskin's apartments, has already been given, Vol. X. p. xxviii. The Emperor is his present Majesty Francis Joseph I. (born 1830), who had succeeded to the throne on the abdication of his uncle, Frederick I., in December 1848. He did not marry the late Empress Elizabeth till 1854. The "Empress" here spoken of was the wife of Ferdinand I.—"a lady-like, melancholy-looking person, very plainly dressed" was Ruskin's description in a letter from Verona of September 1.]

the whole three bands at once burst from their march into the Emperor's Hymn. You know what lovely and solemn lines are formed by the porch of St. Anastasia and the canopy of the marble tomb above its cemetery gate—all these glorious buildings, with the last streaks of twilight behind them, suddenly lighted by the torches into a gloomy crimson, their own red marble flushed by the firelight, and the burst of solemn and simple music from so many instruments, composed together the finest piece of mere *effect* I have ever seen in my life. For there was no pretence, no getting up about it; the buildings were there in a natural way and as a matter of course—not dressed up with rags and tinsel—and yet *such* buildings; for you know that tomb of St. Anastasia is the one I have asserted to be the loveliest (to my knowledge) in the world.¹ Of course there was not much sentiment in the idea of the thing; it was but a parcel of Croats playing a tune to a middle-aged lady, and so it fell far short in feeling of the religious ceremonies I have seen sometimes; but for intensity and completeness of stage effect, I never saw anything to beat it—or equal it.

To his FATHER

VENICE, 3rd October, 1851.

I never have had time to tell you anything about the Emperor's visit to us; in fact, I was rather upset by it; for I am getting into such quiet ways that sitting up till two that night made me feel very sleepy the next day, and then we had Roberts to dinner,² which tired me the evening after, so that I did not get quite right again till yesterday. For the Emperor announced himself for ten o'clock at night, only about ten o'clock on the previous morning, and there was little enough time to get ready for him. Everybody on the Grand Canal was requested by the municipality to illuminate their houses *inside*: and the Rialto was done at the public expense. They spent altogether in Bengal lights and other lamps about three hundred pounds—a large sum for Venice in these days—but I never saw the Rialto look so lovely. There were no devices or letters or nonsense on it—only the lines of its *architecture* traced in chains of fire, and two lines of bright ruby lamps set along its arch underneath, so as to light the vault of it; all streaming down in bright reflection on the Canal. We went out a little before ten, and rowed down under it to the part of the Grand Canal nearest the railroad station; there

¹ [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 175).]

² [As mentioned in an earlier letter: see Vol. X. p. xxxiii.]

are two churches there, one the Scalzi, the other a small Palladian one—I forget its name—opposite each other, and a great breadth of canal between them,—which was literally as full of boats as it could hold. They were jammed against each other as tight as they could be—leaving just room for each boatman to get his oar down into the water at the side—and so we waited for some half-hour.

It was a strange sight in the darkness: the crowd fixed, yet with a kind of undulation in it which it could not have had upon land—every gondolier at his stern, balanced, ready for the slightest movement of the boats at his side lest they should oust him out of his place, and the figures standing up on the lower level, in the open part of the boats, from one side of the Canal to the other—one could not see on what they stood—only here and there the flashing of the tide beneath, as it flowed fiercely in the torch-light, and beside and among the figures the innumerable beaks of the gondolas, reared up with their strange curving crests like a whole field full of dragons, the black glittering bodies just traceable close beside one—one would have thought Cadmus had been sowing the wrong teeth, and grown dragons instead of men. There was a boat close beside us with some singers, beggarly fellows enough, but with brown faces and good voices, and another with a band in it farther on; and presently after there was some report of the Emperor's coming, and they began burning Bengal lights among the boats, which showed all the fronts of the palaces far down the canal against the night. And presently the Emperor *did* come, in his grey coat and travelling cap; and they pushed him down the steps into his boat, and then the whole mass of floating figures and dragons' heads began to glide after him. He had expressly invited everybody who had a gondola to come and meet him, and there were no measures taken to keep them off, so it was who should get the closest to him. And one could not see the water, but the dashing of the oars was like the rushing of a great waterfall; and there, standing on the black gliding field, were all the gondoliers writhing and struggling—one could not see what for, but all in violent and various effort—pushing their utmost to keep their boats in their places and hold others back, and a great roar of angry voices besides. We had held on for ten minutes or so to the singers who had been ordered to precede the Emperor up the canal, but we got pushed away from them, and fell back a few yards into the thick of the press, and presently came crash up against the bow of the Emperor's own boat, and so stuck fast. There was no moving for a minute or two. Effie and I were standing—I of course with my hat off—and I made signs to my boatman to keep off the Emperor if he could.

There was no stirring, however, for half a minute, when we managed to push back the gondola on the other side of us, and slip clear of the Emperor, who passed ahead, giving us a touch of his cap. We fell astern of him, but the next moment were pushed forward on the other side, until our first boatman was exactly abreast of him. This time it was not a gondola on our other side, but a barge full of very ill-looking fellows, who I thought might just as well have me between them and the Emperor as not, so I let Beppo keep his place, which for the rest he was anxious enough to do, and so rowing and fighting with all his might, and ably seconded by the stern boatman, he kept guard on the Emperor's flank for a quarter of an hour; the worst of it was that we were continually forced up against his boat, and so shook him and splashed him not a little, until at last another gondola forced its beak in between us and I was glad enough to give way. It took us something like an hour to get along the whole course of the canal—so impossible was it for the gondolas to move in the choked breadth of it,—and as the Emperor did not arrive till eleven, and after we got to St. Mark's Place there was music and showing himself at windows, etc., it was near one before we could get away towards home, and we left him still at his window. I lay in bed till eight, but the Emperor reviewed the troops at seven in the morning. He went away for Trieste at four afternoon.

I hope you will be able to make out this very ill-written letter, but I am getting sleepy and my hand is cramped with rowing.

To his FATHER

VENICE, 20th November, 1851.

I have not much of interest to communicate to you of my own adventures, but Effie sometimes sees a little of what is going on in the world. She was out last night at one of her best friends', a young Italian Countess, or rather German married to an Italian—Countess Palavicini—a very amiable creature, only strong Austrian, which, as her husband is Italian, is unfortunate; but he is very fond of her—and lives here, instead of at Bologna, where his palace is, that she may see more of the Austrians. She asked Effie last night to come and meet the Archduke Albert, the son of the great Archduke Charles.¹ He came to tea in the quietest English domestic way, or rather in the

¹ [The Archduke Albrecht (1817–1895), the eldest son of the Archduke Charles (who had defeated Napoleon at Aspern). He was with Radetsky in the Italian campaigns of 1848–1849; and from 1851 to 1860 commanded the forces in Hungary. In 1866 he was in command of the Austrian army in Italy.]

German way, which is still quieter than the English. Madame Palavicini remembers playing at battledore and shuttlecock with him eighteen years ago, when she was a little girl and he a little boy at Vienna—now he is Governor of Hungary, and came to see her, just before going away in the steamer to Trieste, on his way to his place of duty. Every one rose when he entered, the officers saluting, or, as Effie says somewhat vaguely, “doing something” with their swords:* but after that all was as easy as at any family fireside.

He attacked Effie playfully about the Kossuth doings;¹ she pleaded that she was not to answer for them, being Scotch. “Nay,” he said, “if Kossuth goes to Glasgow, you will see he will be received quite as well as he is at Birmingham.” He was speaking of the reception which, on the other hand, the Emperor had received in parts of his late journeys in Gallicia—more especially at Czernowitz, where the people came out of the town and put a man with a torch on each side of the road *at every ten places for twenty miles* (Italian—about the same as one English), and illuminated the town besides. There is something very grand and wild in this idea of an avenue of Torchmen,² twenty miles long—very Highland, only on a grander scale even than the Highlands. It was the peasants who had done it of themselves, without any preparation.

He is a greater admirer of Palladio at Vicenza, so it was just as well it was Effie there and not me. She gets on very nicely, Lady Sorel says, with the foreigners, not being stiff or shy like most English.

*To his FATHER*³

VENICE, December 7, 1851.

The poetry which you quote from Cumming is Longfellow’s “Psalm of Life,” which of all modern poetry has had most practical influence on men’s minds, since it was written.⁴ It is now known by

* Being asked for further information, Effie avers, “It was a very shabby thing, whatever it was, a sort of back-handed scrape.”

¹ [The Hungarian patriot had landed at Southampton on October 23, and was the object of great popular enthusiasm in this country; addresses were presented to him at Southampton, Birmingham, and other towns, and he was officially entertained by the Lord Mayor of London. Ruskin reflects the opinions of the Austrian society in which he moved at this time in Venice. Compare the letter to his father of November 16, printed in Vol. XII. pp. lxxviii.–lxxix.]

² [Compare chap. iv. of Scott’s *Legend of Montrose*.]

³ [A passage from the beginning of this letter, referring to the death of Ruskin’s friend Mr. George, is printed in Vol. XI. p. xxvi. *n.*; and another line or two, *ibid.*, p. 340 *n.*]

⁴ [For another reference to the “Psalm of Life,” see Vol. XXIV. p. xxv.; and on Longfellow generally, Vol. IV. p. 355, and Vol. XV. p. 227. For Dr. Cumming, see below, p. 128.]

heart by nearly all the modern reformers and agitators, good and bad, but *does good* to all of them. I question whether all Byron's works put together have had so much real influence, with all their popularity, as this single poem, because Byron's influence is for the most part on young and comparatively unformed minds—Longfellow's of a reversed kind and on the strongest minds of the day. It has been a kind of trumpet note to the present generation. You may perhaps recollect that on the strength of it I bought a small volume of Longfellow's earlier poems on our Malvern trip, in which there was a good deal of stuff; but I read the first stanzas to you, and you at once pronounced the man a poet on the strength of them. The character of Longfellow's poems in general is peculiarly Motive to action; other poetry soothes or comforts—Longfellow's strengthens, knits up, and makes resolute: there is no Marseillaise stuff in it, neither; it is all good and true, though a great many men who are moving too fast like it. For my own part, I had rather have written that single stanza, "Art is long," etc., than all that I ever did in verse put together; though, by-the-bye, I do not deny the Scythian pieces to be spirited.

To W. J. STILLMAN¹

[About 1851.]

I did not, indeed, understand the length to which your views were carried when I saw you here, or I should have asked you much more about them than I did, and your present letter leaves me still thus far in the dark that I do not know whether you only have a strong conviction that there is such a message to be received from all things, or whether in any sort you think you have understood and can interpret it, for how otherwise should your persuasion of the fact be so strong? I never thought of such a thing being possible before; and now that you have suggested it to me, I can only imagine that by rightly understanding as much of the nature of everything as ordinary watchfulness will enable any man to perceive, we might, if we looked for it, find in everything some special moral lesson or type of particular truth, and that then one might find a language in the whole world before unfelt like that which is forever given to the Ravens or to the lilies of the field by Christ's speaking of them.²

¹ [From "John Ruskin," by W. J. Stillman, in the *Century Magazine*, January 1888, p. 365; reprinted in *The Old Rome and the New, and other Studies*, 1897, pp. 122–124: "I had been involved," says Mr. Stillman, "in mystical speculation, partly growing out of the second volume of *Modern Painters*, and had written to him for counsel." For Ruskin's subsequent relations with Stillman, see Vol. XVII. p. xxi.]

² [Luke xii. 24, 27.]

This I think you might very easily accomplish so far as to give the first idea and example; then it seems to me that every thoughtful man who succeeded you would be able to add some types or words to the new language, but all this quite independently of any Mystery in the Thing or Inspiration in the Person, any more than there is Mystery in the cleaning of a Room covered with dust—of which you remember Bunyan makes so beautiful a spiritual application,¹ so that one can never more see the thing done without being interested. If there be mystery in things requiring Revelation, I cannot tell on what terms it might be vouchsafed us, nor in any way help you to greater certainty of conviction; but my advice to you would be on no account to agitate nor grieve yourself nor look for inspiration, for assuredly many of our noblest English minds have been entirely overthrown by doing so—but to go on doing what you are quite sure is right—that is, striving for constant purity of thought, purpose, and word;—not on any account overworking yourself—especially in head-work; but accustoming yourself to look for the spiritual meaning of things just as easily to be seen as their natural meaning; and fortifying yourself against the hardening effect of your society, by good literature. You should read much, and generally old books; but above all avoid *German Books*,—and all Germanists except Carlyle, whom read as much as you can or like. Read George Herbert and Spenser and Wordsworth and Homer, all constantly; *Young's Night Thoughts*, Crabbe—and of course Shakespeare, Bacon and Jeremy Taylor and Bunyan: do not smile if I mention also *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Arabian Nights*, for standard places on your shelves. I say read Homer; I do not know if you can read Greek, but I think it would be healthy work for you to teach it to yourself if you cannot, and then I would add to my list Plato—but I cannot conceive a good translation of Plato.² I had nearly forgotten one of the chief of all—Dante. But in doing this, do not strive to keep yourself in an elevated state of spirituality. No man who earnestly believed in God and the next world was ever petrified or materialized in heart, whatever society he kept. Do whatever you can, however simple or commonplace, in your art; do not force your spirituality on your American friends. Try to do what they admire as well as they would have it, unless it costs you too much—but do not despise it because commonplace. Do not strive to do what you feel to be above your

¹ [In the House of the Interpreter in the First Part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*: "This *parlour* is the heart of a man that was never sanctified by the sweet Grace of the Gospel: the *dust* is his Original Sin," etc.]

² [Later on Ruskin himself tried his hand at translating the first two books of the *Laws*: see Vol. XXXI. p. xv.]

strength. God requires that of no man. Do what you feel happy in doing: mingle some physical science with your imaginative studies; and be sure that God will take care to lead you into fulfilment of whatever Tasks He has ready for you, and will show you what they are in His own time.

Thank you for your sketch on American art. I do hope that your countrymen will look upon it, in time, as all other great nations have looked upon it at their greatest times, as an object for their united aim and strongest efforts. I apprehend that their deficiency in landscape has a deep root—the want of historical associations. Every year of your national existence will give more power to your landscape painting; then—do you not want architecture? Our children's taste is fed with ruins of Abbeys. I believe the first thing you have to do is to build a few Arabic palaces by way of novelty—one brick of jacinth and one of jasper . . .

Write to me whenever you are at leisure and think I can be of use to you—with sympathy or in any way, and believe me always interested in your welfare and very faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

1852

[Ruskin remained on the Continent till July of this year. Besides the letters here given to his father, others have been printed in Vol. X. pp. xxx.–xlii. On his return, he settled with his wife in a house on Herne Hill (Vol. X. p. xlii.), and was absorbed in writing the second and third volumes of *Stones of Venice*.]

To his FATHER

VENICE, 9th January, 1852.

You say you are sick of the folly of mankind. I have been so a long time—but the great mystery to me is that so much misery is *mere* folly; that so much grievous harm is done in mere ignorance and stupidity, evermore to be regretted as much as the consequence of actual crime. You say Turner kept his treasures to rot,¹ not knowing or understanding the good it would be to give me some. Yes, but in the same way, I myself, through sheer ignorance of the mighty power of those Swiss drawings, suffered the opportunity of his chief energy to pass by, and only got the two—St. Gothard and Goldau. Had I

¹ [For Ruskin's letter to his father on the death of Turner (19th December 1851), see Vol. XIII. p. xxii.]

had the least idea at the time of the real power of those sketches, I should have gone down on my knees to you night after night, till I had prevailed on you to let me have all that Turner would do. But I *knew it not*; I thought them beautiful, but sketchy and imperfect compared with his former works. This was not *my fault*. It was the necessary condition of my mind in its progress to perfect judgment, yet it had this irrevocably fatal effect—leaving in my heart through my whole life the feeling of irremediable loss, such as would, if I were not to turn my thoughts away from it, become in my “memory a *rooted* sorrow.”¹ I am thankful, indeed, for what I have got, but it is the kind of thankfulness of a man who has saved the fourth or fifth of his dearest treasures from a great shipwreck—it needs some philosophy not to think of what he has lost. And this, you see, is a consequence of innocent ignorance; one does not see the use of it; one does not see what good this gnawing feeling of regret is intended to do, or why one was not allowed to see what was right in time. The more I watch the world, the more I feel that all men are blind and wandering. I am more indulgent to their sins, but more hopeless. I feel that braying in a mortar with a pestle² will not make the foolishness depart out of the world.³ . . .

To his FATHER

VENICE, *Sunday, 24th [?25th] January, 1852.*

When I said that I could not answer hurriedly to your letter respecting religious despondency, I was almost doubtful if I ought, in my own state of mind, to speak farther on the subject at all. But as I believe that you may at some future time fall again into the same state, and that you may at present sometimes suffer in various ways from a conscientious reserve, fearing to speak out lest you should do me harm, it is just as well that you should know there is no danger of doing this, and, therefore, in what state my own mind is with regard to religion.

I have never had much difficulty in accepting any Scriptural statement, in consequence of those *abstract* reasonings which seem always to have disturbed you. That the doctrine of the Trinity is incomprehensible, or the scheme of Redemption marvellous, never seemed to me

¹ [*Macbeth*, Act v. sc. 3.]

² [Proverbs xxvii. 22.]

³ [A passage that follows has been printed in Vol. X. p. 436 *n.*]

any objection against one or the other. I cannot understand what sort of unity there is between my fingers that move this pen, and the brain that moves *them*: so it is no trouble to me that I cannot understand the Trinity; and for the scheme of Redemption, I feel that I cannot reason respecting that unless I had the power of understanding God's nature and all His plans. I am perfectly willing to take both on trust. Neither is the meanness and baseness of man any trouble to me—that is rather a confirmation of Revelation; neither is God's choice of this contemptible creature, to raise above angels¹—for that also I feel is God's affair, not mine: and until I understood all His ways and works, I could not expect to understand that. Nothing of mysterious or strange, so that it be plainly revealed, is any trouble to me.

But on the other hand, while I am ready to receive any amount of mystery in *What* is revealed, I don't at all like mystery in the *manner* of revealing it. The *doctrine* is God's affair. But the revelation is *mine*, and it seems to me that from a God of Light and Truth, His creatures have a right to expect plain and clear revelation touching all that concerns their immortal interests. And this is the great question with me—whether indeed the Revelation *be* clear, and Men are blind, according to that “He hath blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts”;² or whether there be not also some strange darkness in the manner of Revelation itself.

When I was a boy, I used to read the poetry of the prophecies with great admiration—as I used to read other poetry. But now their poetry torments me. It seems to me trifling with what is all-important, and wasting words. I don't want poetry *there*. I want plain truth—and I would give all the poetry in Isaiah and Ezekiel willingly, for one or two clearer dates.

This is my first trouble. But the answer to this is very ready at hand. Although, from the peculiar life I have led, poetry happens to be useless to *me*, to ninety-nine out of a hundred it makes those prophecies more impressive. To *me* it has a suspicious look, a Delphic oracle tone in it, savouring of tripods and hot air from below. But to the mass of mankind it assuredly makes those prophecies more impressive—to *them* poetry appears the proper form of Divine language, and I have no right to expect revelation to be made fit for my particular taste. Then as to the obscurity of it, the answer commonly given is that it is just as clear as it can possibly be, so as to leave human action free. It could not be prophesied that Louis Napoleon

¹ [See Hebrews i. 4.]

² [John xii. 40.]

was to send the Assembly to prison on 2nd December 1851, or the Assembly would have taken care of itself.

This answer is good to a certain extent; but it does not seem to me perfectly good. Though prophecy could not be thoroughly literal and clear, it might yet have been so definite within certain limits, that at the close of these 2000 years after Christ, we should be able *indisputably* to attach a meaning to a considerable portion, and to show, to the conviction of every thinking man, that such and such events were foreshown and none others. Now respecting this there are two questions: (A) how far it is so; (B) how far we have a right to expect it to have been so.

(A) How far is it so? The prophecies respecting Babylon, Nineveh, Alexander, and the Jews, are accomplished visibly in great part, and this is a strong sheet anchor. On the other hand, the book which is especially called the *Revelation of Jesus Christ*, and is said to be a Revelation of things which must *shortly* come to pass, remains altogether sealed; and the most important parts of the prophecies of Daniel and Ezekiel, and *all* our Saviour's prophecies except those respecting Jerusalem, remain subjects of continual dispute. Now observe the main question is—how far these disputes are the result of man's pride and not of God's secrecy. Elliott and Cumming publish a plausible view of the Revelations. Dr. Wordsworth presently publishes a book with a totally contrary view. Is this because the Revelations are obscure, or because Dr. Wordsworth is an University man, and determined not to be led by Dr. Cumming?¹ It is one of the works which I am chiefly desirous to undertake, to ascertain how far the prophecies have been accomplished clearly, and how far the obscurity of their accomplishment has been increased by man's pride and folly.

(B) Then: How far have we a right to expect it to be so? Is it indeed beforehand to be expected that a mathematical proof, such as must convince every thinking man, was to be certainly attainable of the truth of revelation? Or would not even this have been interfering with human free will, more than in this dispensation it seems ever to be intended to do? Is it not rather apparent that God's purpose is to leave every man dependent upon his own conduct and choice for the discovery of truth, shutting it up in greater mystery as men depart from His ways, and revealing it more and more to each man's

¹ [John Cumming (1807–1881) published numerous books on the Apocalypse, maintaining that the "last vial" was to be poured out between 1848 and 1867. The other references are to Edward Bishop Elliott's *Horæ Apocalypticae* (4th ed. 1851) and Christopher Wordsworth's *Lectures on the Apocalypse* (1849; 3rd ed. 1852).]

conscience as they obey Him—and would not this purpose have been utterly defeated by a Revelation which was intellectually and externally satisfactory?

Having got thus far, I believe I must send off my letter this morning, this first difficulty being pretty thoroughly set at rest. I will go on, however, writing this subject out, for to-morrow's letter; meantime I enclose you a fragment of a chapter—much later in the book. I cannot number it at present; it is the chapter on the Tombs of Venice.¹ I shall send you as they are ready a bit of it here and there; it is a chapter I have worked upon at intervals, for some tombs are in draughts where I cannot stand just now, and others are in dark places and require fine weather, and others are here and there out of the way, so the chapter is in a very *unconsecutive* condition at present, but it will read in bits.

To his FATHER

VENICE, 7th February, 1852.

I was reading at breakfast this morning some of Schlegel's criticisms on Shakespeare²—very good and complimentary, but treating the plays much more as elaborate pieces of art than as deep and natural expressions of a great man's mind. This is shallow. I believe Shakespeare wrote with the most perfect ease, but had in each play a simple and very grand purpose, which gives to it that consistency that the common critics think the result of laborious composition. I don't think this purpose has been at all noticed. On the contrary, people have found fault with *Romeo and Juliet* because the catastrophe turned on an *accident*, as if Shakespeare had merely brought in the accident that he might *get* a catastrophe. It was not without a meaning that in *Romeo* and *Othello* both catastrophes are brought on by mistakes—in *Hamlet* by inactivity—in *King Lear* by an old man's weakness and hastiness. I see that Shakespeare knew long ago what I am just beginning to find out—that the sorrow of the whole world is *all* the consequence of *Mistake*; and its chief miseries are brought about by small errors and misconceptions, trifles apparently, which our own evil passions leave us to be the prey of. Thus the whole of *Romeo and Juliet* is evidently written to show the effect of heedless and unbridled passion, exposing men to infinite calamity from *accident only*. Everything concurs to give this lesson. Mercutio fights in a jest—Tybalt in a fury—

¹ [Ultimately part of ch. ii. ("Roman Renaissance") in vol. iii. of the *Stones*: Vol. XI. pp. 81 *seq.*]

² [A. W. von Schlegel's *Vorlesungen über dramatische Kunst und Literatur*, 3 vols., 1809–1811; often translated into French, English, and other languages.]

both are slain. Romeo and Juliet fall in love at first sight, and at the first sight of sorrow, kill themselves. Capulet and Montague are *first* introduced calling for swords, and are last seen reconciled by the loss of all that is dear to them—the whole being a most profound teaching of the character of human passion, and its folly, and its punishment wrought out *by* its folly. In order that this lesson may be more true and inevitable, the passion of the lovers is invested with all the charms of poetry that human passion ever can possess. In *Othello* two of the greatest of human souls are seen by one weakness becoming the prey of the vilest—another awful lesson. Hamlet is exactly opposed to Mercutio—abuse of the intellectual faculties being the sin in both. *King Lear*—the most highly wrought of all—is written to show the evil of irregular passion, in Gloster and Edmund, and of the hasty judgment in the king; but the evil passion to which these follies then expose them is the blackest of all—ingratitude—and therefore Shakespeare seems to have taken more pains to work out the whole.

To his FATHER

VENICE, 15th February, 1852.

When I look back to any of my former work, I am always dissatisfied and feel as if I had utterly lost my time. Thus, as I said to you a few letters ago, the sketches I made when here with you, in May 1846, are now so worthless in my eyes that I would give them all for a single walk with you in the Piazzetta. And so of nearly all I have ever done. But I forget, when I feel in this way, and long for the time to come over again, that those sketches are *not* the result. The dissatisfaction with them is the result. It was necessary I should do them, before I could despise them. If I had not done them then, I should be doing the same kind of things now. It is therefore the knowledge that I have gained to which I ought to look as the true result of these years' labour: and I am only apt to be discontented because I forget in the feeling how little I know now, how much less I knew in 1842.

When I wrote the first volume of *Modern Painters* I only understood about *one-third* of my subject: and one-third, especially, of the merits of Turner. I divided my admiration with Stanfield, Harding, and Fielding. I knew *nothing* of the great Venetian colourists, nothing of the old religious painters—admired only, in my heart, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Turner's gaudiest effects: my admiration

being rendered, however, right as far as it went by my intense love of nature.

In 1843 I studied under Harding,¹ studies now nearly forgotten, but useful in teaching me a little how to lay on colour; in 1844 I made some coloured studies of rocks which are still useful to me. But in 1845 came a total change: I had luckily tried to draw some of Raphael's figures and landscape, and read Rio² on the old religious painters; and bought Turner's *Liber Studiorum*. I went into Italy with a new perception of the meaning of the words drawing and chiaroscuro. My first attempts with my new perception were those of the stone pines at Sestri³ now in your bedroom—the brown avenue, behind the door in the study⁴—the little wild one you liked so much that used to be in the anteroom of the breakfast-room—and my mother's study of trees at Isola Madre—the mountain ones, in the study—Conflans, etc., and many others—all indeed that are framed about the house, except St. Michel, were done in 1845. They cost me great labour, but from that time I understood the meaning of the words "light and shade," and have never since had any occasion to alter my views respecting them.

This course of study altered all my views about Turner's early works, formerly despised. The value I have assigned to the Yorkshire drawings, and the price I made you pay Lupton for his proofs, were all the consequence of this year's work.

But meantime I began to study the religious painters. Till 1845 I had never seen an Angelico—did not know what a Giotto was. In about four months I explored a whole half world of painting in Florence, and was able to write second volume of *Modern Painters* when I came home.

But farther. When I went to Venice with Harding, I was introduced for the first time to the Venetian colourists. The overwork mentioned in my former letter was in studying Tintoret and architecture at once. But I got an entirely new perception of the meaning of the word *colour*: which altered all my views respecting Turner's *latest* drawings, as my spring work of that year had altered them respecting his earliest. I came home, to find that his last works were

¹ [The lessons were begun, however, in 1841–1842: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 308.]

² [See Vol. IV. pp. xxiii. *n.*, 184, 188.]

³ [See Plate 12 in Vol. IV. (p. 346). The Plate (VII.) here introduced seems to be a study made at the same place.]

⁴ [This may be the drawing of Sens (which, however, is dated 1846), Plate 32 in Vol. XXXV. The "Isola Madre" may have been No. 70 at the Fine Art Society (1907). The "St. Michel" was perhaps the "Pine Forest": see Vol. XXXV. p. 637 and *n.*]

his greatest, and that he would never do any more, for his mind failed in 1845.

Now, observe, I say all my views were altered—altered, that is, into higher admiration instead of, as the public thought, into less. And they were altered with respect to two-thirds of his works—I having, as I said above, understood only one-third of my subject. Of his middle drawings, I think what I always did. His early drawings I once despised; but last year you know I gave Lady Baines 100 for two injured ones, which I would not part with for 200 each. His late drawings I at first thought slovenly—now you see them named in my catalogue¹ as above *all* price.

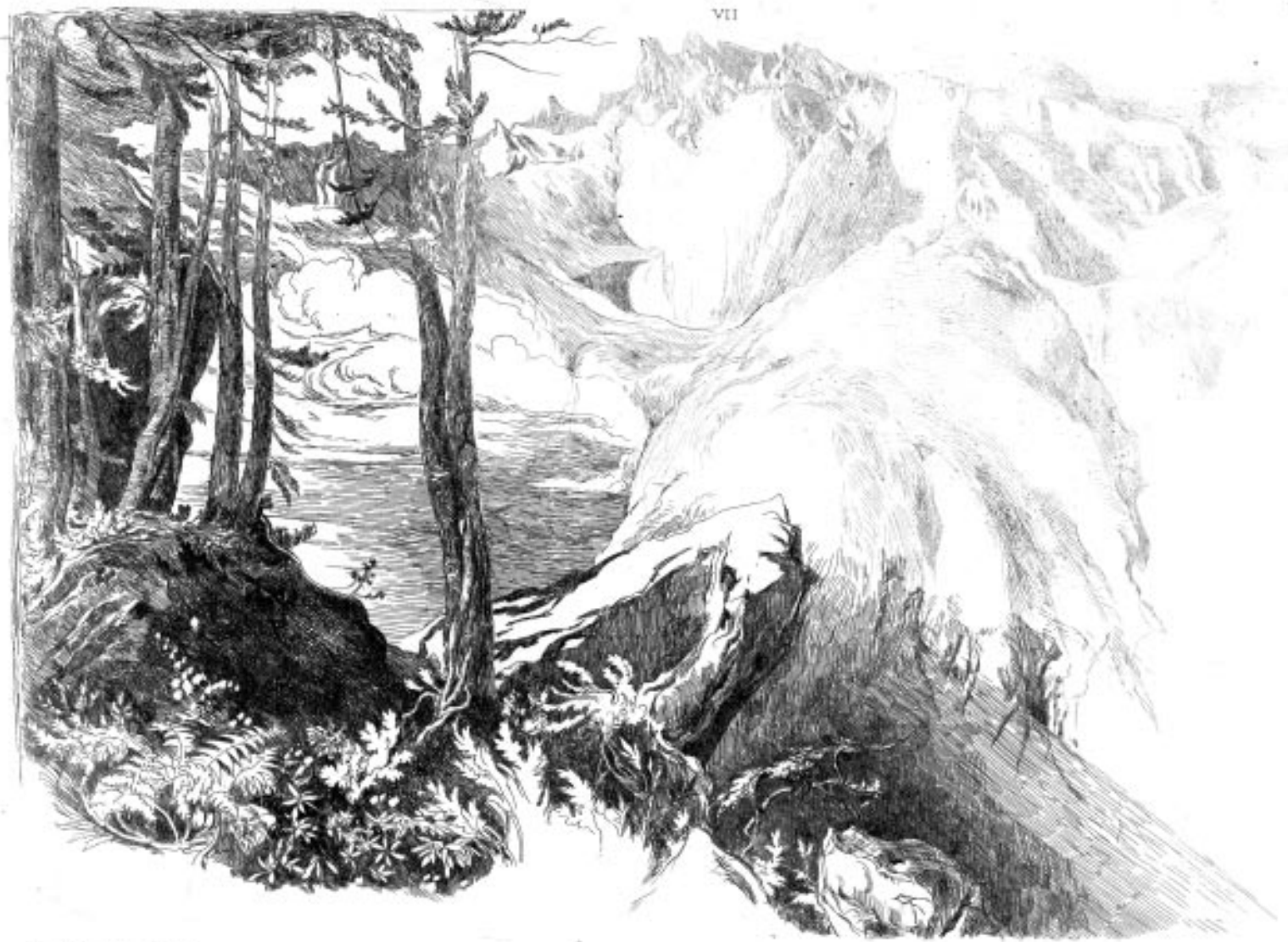
This change, or advance rather than change, in all my views was like being thrown into a great sea to me. I wrote second volume of *Modern Painters* in the first astonishment of it. I then perceived a thousand things that I wanted to know before I could write any more, and 1846 and '7 were passed in floundering about, and getting my new self *together*.

If in 1848 I had got abroad to Switzerland, the fruits of these years' work would have been seen sooner. But being driven into Normandy, my attention was turned in a new direction—and the *Seven Lamps* and *Stones of Venice* were the result.

The materials collected in 1849, in Switzerland, are of immense value to me—the fruit of 1846–7 and '9 is all, I hope, yet to come in third volume of *Modern Painters*. The architectural works have been merely bye-play—this *Stones of Venice* being a much more serious one than I anticipated.

So that my time has not really been lost, though I often feel as if it had been. But it is one somewhat unpleasant result of my work, that I have got to feel totally differently from the public on all subjects connected with art, and that the effect of what I believe to be my superior wisdom is that nobody will attend to me. When I wrote about Stanfield and Harding, there was a large audience ready to hear what I had got to say—and confirm it: but now that I don't care for either of them and write about Millais, nobody attends to me. And I see that this is very natural. It has cost me seven years' labour to be able to enjoy Millais thoroughly. I am just those seven years' labour farther in advance of the mob than I was, and my voice cannot be heard back to them. And so in all things now—I see a hand they cannot see; and they cannot be expected to believe or follow me: and the more justly I judge, the less I shall be attended to.

¹ [The "catalogue," sent to his father on January 23, is printed in Vol. XIII. pp. xlvii.–l.]



To his FATHER

VENICE, 19th Feb., 1852.

The Austrian officers gave their last carnival ball last night, and as there were to be masquers and much festivity, I thought Effie might as well see it, so I took her there at nine, and left her, staying till ten myself to see what was going on. Although they are much earlier here than in London, there was, however, no masquing before I came away; but I saw something worth going for, in the toilette of the Grand Duchess Constantine. Of course, as the Russians have done so much for the Austrians lately,¹ the Russian Grand Duke and Duchess are infinitely fêted, and as there is no person here at present superior to them in rank, the Austrians, whose guests they are, make them the centre of a kind of court, and invest them with a sort of vice-imperial dignity. So the Grand Duchess, who does not dance, is taken up to the top of the room and set in a kind of throne chair, with her ladies behind her, and the circle of officers in front, exactly as if she were our queen, or their empress. She is not exactly pretty, but very delicate and interesting—a face between Marie Antoinette and our Sir Peter Lely beauties—pale by day, but very brightly and sweetly flushed at night; her hair was dressed in the French way, in the small close clustered curls projecting at the side, like La Belle Gabrielle, and the rest of her dress very rich and delicate at once—lace over rose brocade, with a row of six or seven emeralds clasping the dress from the neck to the waist, each about the length of a small walnut. Madame Palavicini was standing behind her, leaning forward to talk to her, and she, though anything but pretty, is exceedingly sweet and refined in feature and expression—dressed in white, all, with a crown of white roses. You never saw anything so courtly or pretty as the group of the two together. In our society, a duchess is generally a fat old woman worse dressed than anybody else, and highly painted, and with a whole jeweller's shop of diamonds shaken over her till she looks like a chandelier; but here there was youth and refinement, and considerable beauty; and though there were at least £20,000 of stones on the front of that dress, they were not put so as to catch the eye. Effie enjoyed herself very much, and came home at half-past one, which I thought very moderate.

¹ [In the war against the Hungarian insurrection.]

*To his FATHER**Saturday Evening, 28th February, 1852.*

I stopped to-day just as I was coming to that part of your letter when you say we shall—or should have too much (£10,000) in Turner, because I should not see my pictures if I went to the Alps. But do you count for nothing the times out of time you see me looking at them morning and evening, and when I take them up to sleep with? I have fifty pounds' worth of pleasure out of every picture in my possession *every week* that I have it. As long as you live, I shall not be so much abroad as in England;—if I should outlive you, the pictures will be with me wherever I am. You count all I “would buy,” but I have named to you all I can hope to get;—supposing I live long and outlive their present possessors—on which I have no business to calculate—I don't think that to have spent by the time I am fifty or sixty, £10,000 in Turners, sounds monstrous. People would not think it extravagant to buy a title or an estate at that price—I want neither. Some people would think it not too much at a contested election. But all depends on the view you take of me and of my work. I could not write as I do unless I felt myself a reformer—a man who knew what others did not know, and felt what they did not feel. Either I know this man Turner to be *the* man of this generation—or I know *nothing*. You cannot wonder that, as long as I have any confidence or hope in myself, I should endeavour to possess myself of what at once gives me so great pleasure, and ministers to what I believe to be my whole mission and duty here. It is a pity that I cannot frankly express my feelings on this subject without giving you cause to dread the effects of enthusiasm; but it is just because I am enthusiastic that I am—*if* I am—powerful in any way. If you have any faith in my genius, you ought to have it in my judgment also. You may say (probably all prudent fathers *would* say), “If he wants to buy all these just now, what will he want to buy as he grows older?”—“He began with one—and thought himself rich with two—now he has got thirty, and wants thirty more: in ten years he will want three hundred.” I feel the force of this reasoning as much as you do, and I know this to be the natural course of human desire—if no bridle be set upon it: nor am I so foolish as ever to expect in this world to have all my desires gratified, or to be even able to say there is nothing more that I wish for. That, I believe, *ought* only to be said by a man when he is near death. But I can very firmly and honestly assure you that I *am*

much more satisfied with my collection now than when it was smaller, and that if I now express more exorbitant desires, it is not because I want more, but because you are more indulgent to me. When I was a mere boy, I had not the impudence to ask you—or even to hope for—a present of more than £50 once a year. Then it came to £160 once a year, and my *expression* of desire has always increased exactly in proportion to the degree in which I thought it might be expressed without giving you pain. The longings were always there, but I did not choose to utter them—knowing that they would cause you suffering—perhaps also knowing that their expression would be of no use,—they would not be granted. Yet you may remember that when Griffith proposed to sell his whole collection, I did in a humble manner lay his offer before you—of fifteen drawings at £50 each. You gave me four, and I did not press the rest; but be assured, I longed for them just as much as I do now—though I did not then know half their value, else I should have permitted myself in more importunity. Again, when the offer of twenty drawings at £40 each was made to us, I laid it before you, in a timid hope that you might take them. I had exactly, myself, as much longing and as large desires as I have now—nay, greater, by the smallness of my possessions—but I had not the face to express them. Now that I am older and wiser, and you are more indulgent, I come out with all that I want, and it looks as if my desires had greatly increased, but they have not increased one whit. I am, on the contrary, infinitely nearer contentment than I was, and if I had the drawings named in my first and second class,¹ and a bundle or two of sketches, I certainly should never feel sickness of heart for a Turner drawing any more. As it is, I think that my going on quietly with my work here, while such things are going on in London, may show you that I am *tolerably* content with what I *have*—though, in sober conscience, I think it right and wise to “ask for more.”²

I intended when I began that this should be a nice long letter on various topics, but having this morning—Sunday, 29th—opened at breakfast my *Stones of Venice*,³ it led me on, and I did not lay it down till near prayer time—and now I must finish my letter for the post. *I* find it a most interesting book—not at all dull—and it gives me a great impression of reserved power, on coming to it with a fresh ear. I am quite sure it will sell eventually.

The Emperor has come here to visit his Russian guests, and

¹ [See, again (as on p. 132 above), the “catalogue” in Vol. XIII.]

² [A quotation from *Oliver Twist* (1838), not then quite so hackneyed as now.]

³ [That is, the first volume.]

Radetsky came to meet him, and sent a most polite message to Effie by his aide-de-camp, saying that he was extremely sorry he could not call upon her himself, but that he was held entirely at the Emperor's service. This is, of course, mere politeness—but it *is* politeness just like Sir R. Inglis's¹—and I find that in reality the Marshal was much pleased at our twice coming to Verona merely to go to his ball, and that, while we esteemed it a favour to be asked, he did not less think it polite in us to come.

To his FATHER

VENICE, 21st March, 1852.

Yesterday being Sunday, I have no text² to send you to-day, but hope to have a sheet to-morrow.

On Saturday evening I went out, wonderful to relate, to an evening party at our landlady's—Mme. Wetzlar's—merely having to step across the landing-place of the stairs in order to hear Rubini³ sing once more. He is now living quietly in his native town of Bergamo, being some fifty or fifty-five years old, and having lost all the splendour of his voice; but I was curious to hear its modulation again. He came to Venice to pay his respects to the Grand Duke Constantine, and then to Mme. Wetzlar as an old friend. I never was so surprised as when he came into the room. I recollected him in grand tragic parts in *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, scowling and striding in a very heroic manner indeed; and there came in a little man in a brass-buttoned coat, with the most good-humoured English-farmer-like look conceivable—how he ever got himself to look like an opera hero I understand not. Everybody is fond of him, saying he is one of the most good-natured of men, and I should think they were right. He put me more in mind of Mr. Severn⁴ than anybody I recollect. He sang twice, but only in concerted pieces with Count Nugent and M. Cinq Mars, who both sing beautifully. Rubini's voice appears quite gone, but his old taste and feeling and quiet comic power are of course still delightful. I enjoyed my evening exceedingly, Mme. Wetzlar knowing how to make people comfortable, and the party being very small—only, I think, about twenty people altogether. A lady, Mme. Marini, sang magnificently, but too loud for

¹ [See above, p. 36.]

² [Of *The Stones of Venice*.]

³ [See *Præterita*, i. § 202 (Vol. XXXV. p. 175 n.).]

⁴ [Joseph Severn; for whom, see above, p. 68.]

me, or for the room; everybody, however, declared it to be sublime. I should have liked to tone it down a little—or to have heard it from the other side of the Canal. The merit of a woman's singing seems, in modern musical society, to be measured by the pitch of her shriek. I really think, without any hyperbole, that I could have listened with great satisfaction to Mme. Marini if she had been on one side of the Mer de Glace and I on the other.

To his FATHER

VENICE, *Easter Day* [April 11], 1852.

I did not in my Good Friday's letter explain enough what I meant by saying I had come to the place where the "two ways met."¹ I did not mean the division between religion and no religion: but between Christianity and philosophy. I should never, I trust, have become utterly reckless or immoral, but I might very possibly have become what most of the scientific men of the present day are. They, all of them who are sensible, believe in God—in *a* God, that is—and have, I believe, most of them very honourable notions of their duty to God and to man. But not finding the Bible arranged in a scientific manner, or capable of being tried by scientific tests, they give that up and are fortified in their infidelity by the weaknesses and hypocrisies of so-called religious men, (who either hold to what they have been taught because they have never thought about it, or pretend to believe it when they do not). The higher class of thinkers, therefore, for the most part have given up the peculiarly Christian doctrines, and indeed nearly all thought of a future life. They philosophize upon this life, reason about death till they look upon it as no evil: and set themselves actively to improve this world and do as much good in it as they can. This is the kind of person that I must have become, if God had not appointed me to take the *other* turning: which having taken, I do not intend, with His help, ever to look back. For I have chosen to believe under as strong and overwhelming a sense of the difficulties of believing as it is, I think, possible ever to occur to me again. No scientific difficulty can ever be cast in my teeth greater than at this moment I feel the geological

¹ [The greater part of the "Good Friday's letter" has been printed in Vol. X. pp. xxxviii.–xxxix. In it, he describes how religious doubts had been quieted, and consolation found, by experimental faith. "I *must* have turned," he added, "either one way or the other. I have come to the place where the two ways meet."]

difficulty: no moral difficulty greater than that which I now feel in the case of prophecies so obscure that they may mean *anything*, like the oracles of old. But I have found that the other road will not do for me, that there is no happiness and no strength in it. I cannot understand the make of the minds that can do without a hope of the future. Carlyle, for instance, is continually enforcing the necessity of being virtuous and enduring all pain and self-denial, without any hope of reward. I do not find myself in the least able to do this—I am too mean, or too selfish; and I find that vexations and labours would break me down, unless I could look forward to a “crown of rejoicing.”¹ My poor friend Mr. George² used to talk of death in exactly the same manner that he did of going to bed—as no evil at all—though expressing no hope whatever of rising from that bed. I cannot do this: so far from it, that I could no longer look upon the Alps, or the heavens, or the sea, with any pleasure, because I felt that every breath brought the hour nearer when I must leave them all. To believe in a future life is for me the only way in which I can enjoy this one, and that not with a semi-belief which would still allow me to be vexed at what occurred to me here, but with such a thorough belief as will no more allow me to be annoyed by earthly misfortunes than I am by grazing my knee when I am climbing an Alp. Of course it is not in any human nature—and assuredly not in mine, which is a very ill-tempered and weak one—to conquer the sense of vexation or of pain; that is not intended. Mental pain is, and must be, as definite as bodily pain—as the aching of the flesh after it is torn, so must the aching of the heart be, after that is hurt: and if you were to write me word that all my Turners were burned, I don’t mean that my heart would not ache about it, but that I could now bear the heart-ache as a thing which in time would pass away, as if it had not been, and not as an additional bitter in a cup of life which, when I had drank out, no more was to be had. So far (Monday morning) from being able to bear great misfortunes as if they were nothing, I find it very sufficiently difficult to bear patiently, at this moment, the return of the bitter March wind, with a temperature nearly down to freezing, to the utter cessation of all out-of-doors work, and the still greater destruction of all ideal of an Italian spring. But it makes *all* the difference whether one regards a vexation as a temporary thing out of which good is to come in future, or a *dead loss* out of a short life.

The March wind came back in its bitterest form on Saturday

¹ [1 Thessalonians ii. 19.]

² [See above, p. 92.]

morning, and all Sunday blew mercilessly—this morning it seems relaxing, and I may perhaps get something done.

I don't mean by what I said above of Mr. George that he *had* no hope beyond this world, but he never *expressed* any—it was not his way. He seemed to have made up his mind to work as well as he could here, and to leave the hereafter in God's hands. His sister said his mind passed through many struggles and changes before his death.

Scientific men are less likely to feel the slightness of this world, because their labours are handed down from one man to another, and though the men die, the work accumulates, and the bit of it that *each* man does is done for ever. But in my field of labour it is otherwise. The work goes, like the man. "All his *thoughts* perish."¹ Perish by time, at latest—or by violence, earlier. A fool may abuse Newton's *Principia*—he cannot overthrow them. But the Venetian Academy repaints a Paul Veronese, and it is as if the painter had not been born.

To his FATHER

VENICE, 10th May, Evening, 1852.

We drank your health after dinner, and I had a most successful day of daguerreotyping and drawing, and a lovely row after dinner, and fine sunset. Your birthday has been the happiest day I have yet spent in Venice. I enclose Macdonald's letter, and my answer. I do not know where he is—will you find him and arrange the matter for me as you think right?

I beg your pardon for sending such short letters, but I am drawing a little more each day now than I have been doing lately, and do not want to try my eyes by anything, more than I can help.

Effie is getting up a little party of pleasure with two Venetian ladies, Madame Palavicini and Madame Arco: all the three are going together to Treviso to visit a gentleman there!—Count Falkenheim—one of the plainest men in Venice, but one of the best, and the ladies are all so fond of him that now he has been sent away to command at Treviso, they must needs go and see him there. It was he who got Mr. Brown's servant put into the Arsenal, for Effie.

Mr. Brown was as much delighted yesterday as I should have been with a Turner, by Effie's gathering three wild strawberries and sending him them in a bit of Venice glass. He likes to be *thought* of, in little things or great.

¹ [Psalms cxlvi. 4.]

*To his FATHER*VENICE, *Sunday Evening, 6th June, 1852.*

I never had time, when I was writing from Verona, to tell you what an interesting investigation we had of the Marshal's secrétaire. He gave Count Thun his private keys that he might show us all the pretty things that had been sent to him by crowned heads, towns, municipalities, etc.; and his orders. Of these last there was a chest full, as much as a man could carry, divided into five tiers and sliding drawers, each filled with some two dozen or two dozen and a half of Orders, generally two of each—the usual one, to be worn commonly, and another in diamonds or otherwise enriched, in compliment to him—an enormous value in mere jewellery: and I suppose no man in Europe, except our own Duke, could show such a box full of honour in its scutcheon form.¹ But, on the whole, the more interesting things were the various freedoms of towns, or other complimentary papers, addresses, etc., bound in velvet with chasings of silver, black, or gilt, wrought out into the most perfect forms of German fancy, and with drawings on their title-pages in water-colours, exquisitely laboured, and many of them full of genius—in fact, all the genius of this century goes into things of this kind. Some of these books were two or three feet long, and so heavy with silver that they were as much as could be lifted, one at a time. It is pleasant to hear that the Marshal enjoys these gifts, and really values them, and keeps his keys very jealously, as I do of my Turners. He has conquered, by consistent kindness, even the sulkiness of the Italians, as far as regards himself. None of them now speak ill of him, however furious against Austrians in general.

And indeed, of both Italians and Austrians, *we* have reason to speak well, for I do not think that either have ever refused us anything in their power that could oblige us. And there is one point in the Italian character which is very pleasing, though the result perhaps of reprehensible ones: the entire freedom with which they throw open their pleasure grounds to any one who likes to use them. You see a garden gate open—you walk in as if it were your own—stare about you—touch your hat to the proprietor if he happens to be there—explore all his grounds at your leisure—and find at the gate his gardener waiting with a bouquet for you. Fancy what Emily would have said, to the bare idea of such a thing!

¹ [See *1 Henry IV.*, act v. sc. 1.]

*To his FATHER*¹[HERNE HILL] *Sunday Evening* [September 1852].

MY DEAREST FATHER,—We heard Mr. Bridge this morning—very pleasant, but I like Mr. Moore better,² and we shall come there with you when it is possible. We had a very pleasant breakfast with Mr. Rogers—his niece Miss Rogers was there, with Lord Glenelg,³ and he himself was very lively and happy, talking much about Homer and much about himself, quoting himself with great enjoyment, and saying naïvely, “How sublime people would have called that if they had found it in the *Iliad*.” The worst point about him is the envy of other poets. I never knew any one conceal it so little. He cannot bear to hear Tennyson so much as named; and some one speaking of Mrs. Browning (Elizabeth Barrett), he sent for one of her poems to read it with a burlesque accent on the ends of the lines, flinging the book from him at last, with an ironical “It’s very affecting.” He was not a little indignant at finding out that we had her last poem, *Casa Guidi Windows*, in our carriage. I was getting it up, for Patmore had invited me to meet her and her husband the same evening. As Frank had the other horse fresh, I went in, the evening, but of course only the husband came—whom, however, I liked; he is the only person whom I have ever heard talk rationally about the Italians, though on the liberal side. He sees all their worthlessness, and is without hope. His wife’s poem takes the same view, and is in most respects very noble. She follows good models in her favourite poets, Dante and Æschylus, and there are some fine pieces about Michael Angelo. Patmore lives in a small house enough, of course, but in a pretty part of the world of London.⁴ I had no idea there were such nice, old-fashioned, quiet lawns and avenues in that direction. I got home at a quarter past eleven, and did not feel the worse for my little transgression of usual rules; but I am certainly gaining very fast in

¹ [This letter, recording Ruskin’s first meeting with Browning, is marked by his mother, “? 1850”; and Mr. Collingwood (*Life and Work of John Ruskin*, p. 163) accordingly states that “Ruskin had met Browning in June 1850.” But, as the *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning* show, the Brownings did not leave Italy in that year. Moreover, *Casa Guidi Windows* was not published till 1851. Mr. Champneys (*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 292) dates the meeting September 1852.]

² [The Rev. S. F. Bridge, of St. Matthew’s, Camberwell; the Rev. Daniel Moore (above, p. 117), incumbent of Camden Chapel, Camberwell, where he succeeded Canon Melvill.]

³ [Charles Grant (1778–1866), created Baron Glenelg, 1831; resigned office as Colonial Secretary, 1839.]

⁴ [At this time, at “The Grove,” Highgate.]

health now, promising some peace, and enjoyment with my Turners. The affection in the throat has taken a great turn for the better, and now hardly gives me any trouble. I lost all appetite for my dinner yesterday, however, in mere delight at a new subject of the *Liber*, on the St. Gothard, which Griffith had got for me; but when I began, the appetite came back, and I finished a partridge and a *half*, to Effie's great astonishment and alarm—"a fat one too," sent us with three more by Mr. Cockburn¹—the young one, who dined here, with a face the colour of scarlet verbena from shooting all the day before.

To GEORGE RICHMOND

[1852?]

DEAR RICHMOND,—Ours is a most difficult house to direct anybody to, being a numberless commonplace of a house, with a gate like everybody's gate on Herne Hill—and a garden like everybody's garden on Herne Hill, consisting of a dab of chrysanthemums in the middle of a round O of yellow gravel—and chimnies and windows like everybody's chimnies and windows;—and what notorieties I might find out—as you might difference between one side of a face and another by diligent examination—will all be, together with the similarities, lost in six o'clock darkness. All I can do for you is to advise you that some half mile beyond my father's there is a turn to the left, which you must *not* take, and after passing it we are some ten or twelve gates further on—upon *the right*—and as, if this weather holds, it seems likely you will have to come Leander fashion, I will play Hero for you, and light the Gas in mine upper chamber, and put two candles in the window besides—and it is not very likely there will be two houses on the hill signalling their garrets by making lighthouses of them for distressed travellers.

Love to Mary and Julia.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To COVENTRY PATMORE²

DENMARK HILL, 20th October [1852?].

MY DEAR PATMORE,—It would have given me *very* great pleasure to be with you to-morrow evening, but I have got a chronic relaxation of the throat which is beginning to make me cautious, and I fear

¹ [For whom, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 103.]

² [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 293.]

I cannot venture out at night during its continuance. I beg your pardon and Mrs. Patmore's for being so long in answering, but I really could not make up my mind to refuse. . . . It is very curious, I particularly want to know Tennyson, and whenever I have had an opportunity of doing so, I have been ill and imprisoned, once at Leamington and now again here.—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL¹

HERNE HILL, December 5th, Evening.

MY DEAR FURNIVALL,—I have only this moment had your letter, and this moment answer it. I am most truly thankful to you for acquainting me with this matter, and, as long as I live, I will never jest any more in any way which could by any possibility be liable to mistake. I am a nervous, shy, awkward person, with a bad manner, and this is not the only instance in which I have found that what I meant for jest has been taken in earnest.

On the day in question I went into the Arundel, having screwed up my courage, after much self-debate, to say some things which I was afraid I should not have the face to say unless I did so at once. In this primed condition I went in, and Mr. Ker² was leaning back in his chair, looking very happy and full of jest—and he said what he told you, and I answered in what I meant for a playful assumption of importance, as he told you. I never saw his countenance change, nor anybody else's. I had no more idea of having offended him than intention to do so. I liked him, and respected him, and should as soon have thought of insulting the Lord Chancellor. The speech I made afterwards—though the things alleged in it were, of course, seriously alleged against the Council—was throughout intended to be playful, and to be said in the way in which I should say to you: "Furnivall, I want to give you a good scolding for not looking after your master toilers"—supposing one of them had run away. It was only my bad manner which gave rise to the other impression, and I will take care no such mistake ever occurs again.

But why in the world did the rest of the Council allow themselves to be deprived of Mr. Ker's help without telling me the reason? I

¹ [No. 7 in *Furnivall*, pp. 22–25, where the letter is dated "1853," but Ruskin was in Scotland on December 5 of that year. "1852" is probable, as Ruskin was at Herne Hill.]

² [Charles Henry Bellenden Ker (1785–1871), conveyancing counsel to the Courts of Chancery.]

wish you would write to Mr. Ker, and either send him this note, or say to him that if he will come down to the Council I will, before all the people who witnessed the insult, express my most sincere regret for it. People don't know how shy I am, from not having ever gone into Society till I was seventeen. I forget who it is who says that the mixture of hesitation and forced impudence which shy people fall into is the worst of all possible manners. So I find it.

Touching the Hunt. I will ask my father about it at once, but it will make an awkward flaw in his room—we have only three, and they hang in a trefoil round our central Turner. But I must know first which it is—a bird? two nests? or some plums?

Pray settle this matter of the offence as soon as you can for me, as it gives me much pain. Thanks for the rest of your letter.—Most faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To W. C. BENNETT, LL.D.¹

HERNE HILL, *December 28th*, 1852.

DEAR MR. BENNETT,—I hope this line will arrive in time to wish you and yours a happy New Year, and to assure you of the great pleasure I had in receiving your poems from you, and of the continual pleasure I shall have in possessing them. I deferred writing to you in order that I might tell you how I liked those which were new to me, but Christmas, and certain little “pattering pairs of restless shoes”² which have somehow or another got into the house in his train, have hitherto prevented me from settling myself for a quiet read. In fact, I am terribly afraid of being quite turned upside down when I do, so as to lose my own identity, for you have already *nearly* made me like babies, and I see an ode further on to another antipathy of mine—the only one I have in the kingdom of flowers—the chrysanthemum. However, I am sure you will be well pleased if you can cure me of all *dislikes*. I should write to you now more cheerfully, but that I am anxious for the person—who, of all I know, has fewest dislikes and warmest likings—for Miss Mitford. I trust she is better, and that she

¹ [From the *Testimonials of W. C. Bennett, LL.D.*, *Candidate of the Clerkship of the London School Board*, 1871, p. 22. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. pp. 267–268. The pamphlet consists of “letters from distinguished men of the time,” and includes some from Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, and others. Ruskin's letter was originally addressed to Mr. Bennett in thanks for a copy of his *Poems* (Chapman & Hall, 1850). The poems specially alluded to are “Toddling May” (from which Ruskin quotes), “Baby May,” and another “To the Chrysanthemum.” The book is dedicated to Miss Mitford.]

² [His wife's younger sisters.]

may be spared for many years to come. I don't know if England has such another warm heart.

I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you here in case your occasions should at any time bring you to London, and I remain, with much respect, most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To W. H. HARRISON¹

[1852.]

DEAR MR. HARRISON,—The plate I send is unluckily merely outlined in its principal griffin (it is just being finished), but it may render your six nights' work a little more amusing. I don't want it back.

Never mind putting "see to quotations," as I always do. And, in the second revise, don't look to all my alterations to tick them off, but merely read straight through the new proof to see if any mistake strikes you. This will be more useful to me than the other.—Most truly yours, with a thousand thanks,

J. RUSKIN.

1853

[The second volume of *Stones of Venice* was issued in the spring, and the third in the autumn, of this year. For the London season, Ruskin took a house in Charles Street. In July he and his wife went to Glenfinlas, where they were visited by Millais, and in the autumn Ruskin delivered at Edinburgh his *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*. Several letters written from Glenfinlas and Edinburgh have been given in Vol. XII. pp. xx.—xxxv.]

To J. J. LAING²

Friday, January 26th [1853?].

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been a good deal embarrassed by your letter, and wanted time to think over it.

It appears to me that the Romanist question depends on the state of your belief respecting Rome.

¹ [A facsimile of this letter, from a collection of autographs in the possession of Mr. T. F. Dillon Croker, appeared in the *Autographic Mirror*, December 23 and 30, 1865. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. ii. p. 278. The book to which the letter refers may be *The Stones of Venice*, and the plate sent the third ("Noble and Ignoble Grotesque") in the last volume of that work.]

² [First printed, with omissions, in the *Westminster Gazette*, 27th August 1894, p. 2. Next (without omissions) as No. 7 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 25–27; it is there dated conjecturally "1855," but the formality of its address implies that it is the first of the series. For an account of J. J. Laing, see the Introduction (above).]

If you think that a Romanist Church is a temple of Baal—if you think it an idolatrous temple in the same sense that a temple of Jupiter or Diana was—I should say, Give no help to such work. If, on the contrary, you think it a Christian Church—in which, though certain erroneous and some blasphemous rites are occasionally performed, yet God and Christ are in the main worshipped—I would make no objection to work at it, being paid for my work.

I can only tell you, therefore, what I should do myself in your case. I would rather, if it might be, choose a Protestant service: but, if the opportunity seemed in any wise specially opened to me, I would take the place, trusting both that I might learn what would be very useful to me respecting ancient art, and Romanist traditions of art; and that also. I might be of use among Roman Catholic workmen or other persons with whom, in my labour, I might happen to be connected.

Your other question I can answer more easily. If you are out of employment in wood drawing, it would be immeasurably more advantageous to you to maintain yourself by that work and obtain hours for exercise and study, than to go into an Architect's office—provided that you know at present enough to enable you to undertake practical work—otherwise I suppose technical matters are not easily learned after a certain age: one does not like going back to the alphabet.

I don't want to delay this line any longer. Will you tell me, when you have determined what kind of life you are going to lead, and then I shall be able to suggest method and subject of reading, as you wish me to do so? You speak also of temptations to excitement, to idleness, and sin. Would you mind being a little more explicit, and telling me what temptations try you most? I may perhaps be able to help you a little.—Yours most truly,
J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL¹

6 CHARLES STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE

May 12th [1853].

DEAR FURNIVALL,—You are very good not to be offended with me never thanking you for your most interesting book on Words.² But I am afraid it will not convert me, for this single reason that a clever man will bring good out of whatever he examines, and might, for

¹ [No. 4 in *Furnivall*, pp. 14–15.]

² [Dr. Furnivall, who was in the habit of lending various books to Ruskin, had perhaps sent him Trench's *On the Study of Words* (1851).]

instance, deduce quite as many, quite as interesting—and more accurate—conclusions from the study of Dress than this little volume does from that of Words, without making Costume, for that reason, one of the noble sciences.

I shall be delighted to see you and your lady friends, and their impedimenta in the shape of husbands, either on Wednesday, Friday, or Saturday, between two and five o'clock. I am obliged to limit the hour, for I am busy till two, and we dine at five. But please let me know as soon as you can what day you fix.

Write to, or come to tea at, above address for a month to come. I am at Denmark Hill in *day time*, generally, but my letters come better here.—Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

*To COVENTRY PATMORE*¹

6 CHARLES STREET, GROS. SQ., 2nd June [1853].

DEAR PATMORE,—I received the volume of poems, with the letter, and am very much interested in them; their versification is quite beautiful, and much of their thought. If they were Tennyson's, everybody would be talking of them, but they are a little too like Tennyson to attract attention as they should.

I am horribly busy at present, but I really shall be done with such work this spring, *D. V.*, and hope hereafter to see more of you and Mrs. Patmore, who I hope is well.—With sincere regards to her, believe me faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

WALLINGTON,² Saturday, 26th June [1853].

DEAR ACLAND,—I have not answered either your letter or Mrs. Acland's, because there has been some uncertainty as to our nest in the Highlands, which indeed is not yet quite done away with, but I think there can be little doubt that we shall be nearer you at Edinburgh than we at first intended; and, most certainly, not farther away. I

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, by Basil Champneys, 1900, vol. ii. pp. 277–278, where the letter is conjecturally dated “1850,” but the address fixes the year as 1853. The letter seems to refer to a copy of Patmore's early *Poems* (1844), which the poet may have sent to Ruskin.]

² [Where Ruskin was staying with Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan: see Vol. XII. pp. xix.–xx.]

hope to get somewhere about Callander or Killin—within about four hours of Edinburgh in the first case, and I suppose six or seven in the second; in fact, I mean to stop wherever Millais likes, so that we can find a place to put our heads into, and certainly he will want to stop at the first Highland place we reach. So I do hope you will be able to get a few days more leave, and to come and join us: I will write to you (as soon as we are settled) both at Oxford and to Dr. Alison's¹ to make sure. Millais is in such a state of excitement at some bits of streams with a few pebbles and some trout in them which run over the Northumberland moors here, that I don't know what will become of him in the Highlands. We are going to post over Carter Fell and down to Jedburgh and Melrose—so to Edinburgh. What dear people there are here at Wallington! I called on Richmond after I saw you, and frightened him a little, I hope, for he was talking of *mysts* and other such ridiculous words, and yet lay down on the floor while talking to me.

Our best love to Mrs. Acland. There was no mistake as far as I could make out, about anything. You said you were coming about the 20th of July, did you not? We shall be in the Highlands from 1st July to the middle of August, if not longer.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To RAWDON BROWN

GLENFINLAS, 26th July.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—I did not much wonder that the abominable delay and vacillation of the bookseller's and editor's proceedings had reduced you to the state of despair expressed in your last letter, in which you had reported to the shade of Giustiniani that he was likely to have to wait till 1856 before his second appearance at the court of London.² But I hope, nevertheless, we shall manage to raise the ghost sooner than that, though I am a good deal provoked at not having yet received any of Mr. Rich's MSS. to look over. I am expecting them daily, however, now; and as before he began making his selections he intended to acquaint himself thoroughly with the various topics chiefly touched upon in the letters, I imagine the main part of the work is already done, and that there will be no difficulty whatever in

¹ [W. P. Alison, Professor of Medicine at Edinburgh, with whom Acland was to stay.]

² [The letter refers to the following work, for the publication of which Ruskin was making arrangements, on Brown's behalf, with Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.: *Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII. Selection of Dispatches written by the Venetian Ambassador, Sebastian Giustinian, and addressed to the Signory of Venice, January 12th, 1515, to July 26th, 1519.* Translated by Rawdon Brown: Smith, Elder & Co., 1854, 2 vols. For another reference to the book, see the letter of April 2, 1854 (below, p. 162); and compare Vol. X. p. 353 *n.*, Vol. XI. p. 265.]

bringing the book out next season. They already wish to advertise it, and I don't think they would venture to do this more than four or five months before publication: it is therefore time to determine the title, and as I do not quite recollect whether you authorized us to make this important selection, *I stop the advertisement* until you are consulted. The publishers especially wish that the first part of the title should be “Leaves from the Golden Book of Venice”; which, considering the whole correspondence as peculiarly illustrative of the character of the Noblesse of Venice, might perhaps be allowable, though rather a bold metaphor: it would catch the public eye and attention, and as some allusion might be made in the preface to probable subsequent publications of other writings of the Venetian ambassadors, might be sufficiently explained. But I have written to the publisher to furnish you with some selections of other titles, which will be forwarded to you together with this letter.

I shall now be able to attend to this business, and as far as I can be of any use, you may thoroughly depend upon me. I was much thrown off my work when I first got back to London by business connected with Turner's will, his house being in great disorder and his loose drawings left by hundreds crumpled up in bundles, which I had to unfold, name, number, and secure; and when I had got through this, with the help of another executor, and then got quit of the whole business—which will be, I suppose, a succession of Chancery suits for the next hundred years—I found that my own memoranda¹ would take up two volumes instead of one, and not being very well in the winter, and able only to work for a few hours each day, the thing occupied me twice as long as I expected. But I find the book pleases people, and I believe it will be worth the trouble, eventually. You will receive the second volume in the first box which we have to send to Venice, together with one for Lorenzi and one for St. Mark's Library, and I shall burden you also with one for the Count Morosini;² the indexes have detained the third volume, as I could not finish them till all the sheets were thrown off, but it will soon be out now.

Effie sent you yesterday the publisher's letter about the Giustiniani binding; I would not recommend you to allow them to go to much expense in this matter, as the increase of price involved by a handsome binding often checks the sale of a book more than the effect of the binding forwards it. Few people care much in reality about bindings of books, unless it be of their own favourite volumes, or of

¹ [That is, on Venice.]

² [For Lorenzi, see below, pp. 439, 480. The Count Carlo Morosini is mentioned, and a letter from him to the author is printed, in *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (Vol. XI. pp. 100, 257).]

important series in the general effect of their bookcases: in the case of a single volume, unknown by its contents, I believe the outside has much less influence with the purchaser than is commonly supposed. But I am always giving people credit for more sense than they possess, and may be quite wrong in this, only it was altogether against my will that my own books were so showily bound,¹ and I think their sale has been hurt by it.

I suppose Effie has told you all about our present abode, and companions;² as these will be in a minute or two more riotous for their breakfast, I must say good-bye, hoping to have more interesting information for you in a few days.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To J. J. LAING³

GLENFINLAS, *September 2, 1853.*

I should have written to you before now, if I had not felt extreme difficulty, as I more and more considered your particular case—in saying anything that might not involve some risk of discouraging you unnecessarily. When a young man has not made any serious effort to check a sinful feeling, it is often possible to assist him to do so—but when, as in your case, it has come to very solemn and prayerful resistance there can be but little said by a stranger. On the one hand, however, it may perhaps check an unjustifiable despondency in you if I put you in mind that the greatest and most holy men have suffered grievously from this temptation, and that the annals of all ascetics are filled with records of perpetual struggle against it—never of final *victory*—on the other hand, you know that with every temptation there is a “way to escape,”⁴ but it cannot be, when the passions are strong, without much suffering; and the only way to meet the trial is, I affirm boldly, to front it *as* a suffering, and bear it like burning or the rack; endeavouring to look upon it as much as possible as a species of torment which you are called upon to endure *now*, instead of the physical torments and persecutions of other days

To pass to architecture. I must tell you that Melrose is not a very good study for you, with the exception of the cloister arches, which are wonderfully fine in leaf ornament, and the little dog-toothed

¹ [See the facsimiles of bindings in Vol. III. p. lvii., Vol. VIII. p. 185, Vol. IX. p. liv.]

² [See above, p. 144 *n.*²]

³ [From “Some Ruskin Letters” in the *Westminster Gazette*, August 27, 1894, where the date was wrongly given as “1857.”]

⁴ [1 Corinthians x. 13.]

arches opposite them are very beautiful, and the only old part of the building. All the rest of it is evidently much antedated¹ in the guidebooks—*it* must be much earlier than 1400–1450.

I have ordered a second volume² to come to you, and remain very truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

[GLENFINLAS] 6th September [1853].

DEAR ACLAND,—I not only meant to write to you long ago, but actually began a letter and left the first page of it in my desk, till the lapse of time left it high and dry on the sands of bygone hour-glasses, utterly inapplicable to things as they were.

I was *so* delighted to hear you had been drawing a bluebell at Dunblane, for I was quite sure you would get a new pleasure in art, only tell Mrs. Acland that I was just as frightened as she says she is of me, lest she should be very angry at you being led away from symbolical art, and very sorry at the loss of all the sketches she had hoped for; but I am partly put at my ease by the account of your first Pre-Raphaelite experiment, which, though it could in the nature of things only terminate as it did, considering the ambition of it, must have a great deal in it still that Mrs. Acland may be very proud of.

I am truly thankful that you and she are pleased with my book, for I should be grieved to feel that I had wasted so much of the best part of my life as I have given to working it out, and sometimes, as I got wearied of it, I began to suspect so. And I am very glad also to know that the Oxford people would like—or suppose they would like—to have me lecture to them, but I must try my hand first at Edinburgh; perhaps I shall find I have not voice or manner to make any impression, and besides, the lectures I prepare for Edinburgh would not do for Oxford—not that I think you Oxford people such great folks in comparison, but only I have illustrated my Edinburgh lectures from Scotch scenery and architecture, chiefly Dunblane, Crichtoun, Holyrood, Melrose, etc.,³ and have enlarged on the topics which could thus be illustrated; at Oxford I should speak of quite other matters. If I find I get on well at Edinburgh, however, I will consider what I *could* say, as I fully feel the value of such an audience.

¹ [That is, in the guide-books which assign the same date to all parts of the building. By "*it*" in the next line, Ruskin must mean the best, and, according to him, the oldest part, as indicated above.]

² [Of *The Stones of Venice*.]

³ [See *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, §§ 14 (and Fig. 7), 22, 24 (Vol. XII. pp. 31, 45, 48).]

At all events I will certainly come to Oxford to see you and Mrs. Acland soon—I mean, before I go abroad in the spring—but I hardly know yet when it can be, because poor Millais has been so hindered by the weather that it is a question whether the *background* of the portrait¹ can be finished before I go to Edinburgh, so I stay here to the last day I can spare, and shall have to pay a visit to Effie's parents after the end of the lectures, 11th November, and my father and mother are wearying to see me already, so I fancy it will be in the earliest spring that I shall be able to get to Oxford.

Your little Harry is too clever a child to expect anybody to *love* him without having seen him out of his long clothes, so I shall send him no messages till I have made his better acquaintance.

Our best love to Mrs. Acland.

Millais' sincere regards, but he says he can't come to Oxford—(I don't know why)—even in the hope of shuttlecock in the Radcliffe.² He *may* come, for all that.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. W. L. BROWN

EDINBURGH, 8th November [1853].

DEAR MR. BROWN,—I have really appeared very ungrateful to you, but I only delayed answering your first letter till I could do so with care; and I wanted complete rest when I went into the Highlands, and now I cannot sit down to answer, but merely to thank you. I have been very busy about my lectures, and have only to-day obtained a little leisure—much to my regret, by the intervention of a violent cold and hoarseness which has forced me to put off speaking for a day or two at least; but as I am a little feverish and unwell, I will not set myself to answer the various points in your letter, at present. Only this much. That the system of our universities is not so bad, it seems to me, in itself as in being considered the end of a youth's efforts for many previous years. It is vain to say that University distinction ought not to be made an end. It is so—by *all* weak young men; including all men up to my calibre, and perhaps some considerably above it, and therefore many who have power enough to make them of considerable importance. The very few who have *perfectly* rational parents, and perfectly well educated minds, may turn our university system to good advantage, but *they* would do the same with anything.

I will tell you frankly what I feel respecting myself. I was as

¹ [Of Ruskin: see the frontispiece to Vol. XII.]

² [The Infirmary.]

fond of nature at five years old as I am now, and had as good an ear for the harmony of words: only I was ready to take more licenses than I should allow myself now—that is to say, that the eye for colour and form, the affection for the mysterious, and the ear for sound, God gave me when I was born, as He does, it is my entire conviction, whatever is to constitute the man's real *power*, to every man. My mother early made me familiar with the Bible, and thereby rather aided than checked my feeling for what was beautiful in language. I owe much to having early learned the 32nd of Deuteronomy and the 15th Exodus *thoroughly* by heart. My mother had excellent taste in reading, besides being an unwearied reader. She could not have given me the *ear*, but the ear being there, she educated the taste in emphasis and never allowed a theatrical or false one.¹ Here is one of the beginnings of wholesome education. There was no teaching of elocution, but merely of common sense and plainness.

I was naturally vain and cowardly; it took all the best care of my father and mother to keep me from lying; and the vanity, they not perceiving and partly sharing in, encouraged in the most fatal way. Here was one of the things which should have been set at, and crushed, if not annihilated, which I suppose it could not have been.

I went on till I was to go to College, *educating myself* in mineralogy, drawing, and the power of stringing words together, which I called poetry. My intense vanity prevented my receiving any education in literature (which otherwise might have been possible), except what I picked up myself; but my father never in any instance read a book to me which was bad in style, his taste being excellent; and having Johnson, Goldsmith, and Richardson read to me constantly, led me in the right way. I imitated Johnson for a long time; perhaps if I were to look at these imitations I might find them bombastic; but if I do not write bombast now, it is only my own choice thus exercised that has rescued me from the danger of it, for I never would receive a hint from any one. Do you not recollect my coming to you to ask how far I might hold to my own judgment against Keble's? I recollect now how right, of course, Keble was; but I was not the least benefited by his remarks, only thought him "no poet" for his pains.³ Education might perhaps have been possible here (but for the intense vanity), and perhaps some of the remarks you made on

¹ [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 41.]

² [In *Præterita*, i. § 68, he names Johnson and Goldsmith, but not Richardson, as being read aloud to him (Vol. XXXV. p. 61). For his own reading of Richardson, see ii. § 70 (*ibid.*, p. 308).]

³ [Keble "cut out all my best bits from my prize poem": *Præterita*, ii. § 193 (Vol. XXXV. p. 422).]

one or two prose essays I sent you had more effect on me. But, on the whole, I am conscious of no result from the University in this respect, except the dead waste of three or four months in writing poems for the Newdigate, a prize which I would unhesitatingly do away with. No man who could write poetry ever wanted a prize to make him do it, and the present of a small book to a child at five years old will do more than three years' labour with him at fifteen.

Touching mineralogy and drawing, my whole heart went to these; and if education had been understood at the time, and the university system other than it was, I should have had the best masters in both, and obtained complete knowledge of the one, and power in the other, by the time I was twenty. As it is, they were both learned in play hours, which *ought to have* been play hours, and all my most precious time was given to the attempt to learn things which I *never could* learn: at least at that time. The result was that I knew neither the one thing nor the other, and left the University with broken health and lost hope—an execrable scholar, with a smattering of mineralogy and geology, and about as much power of drawing as I *ought* to have had at fifteen.

I recovered my health by vomiting up, so to speak—that is, to my totally forgetting—whatever I had learned *by force* all my life, more especially all my Greek history and Latin grammar. I can't translate three sentences to this day without a mistake. And when I was two-and-twenty, going into a small lodging at Leamington with a few books in the bottom of my portmanteau, my education—properly so called—began by my beginning to acquaint myself with modern history. I then began to draw, for the first time carefully, and under good masters; and have got on pretty well, in judgment, but shall regret to the end of my life the loss of the dexterity of hand and quickness of eye only to be gained in childhood. About six-and-twenty, my disgust for Greek and Latin having subsided, I set myself to learn Greek grammar properly; enjoyed it; and should have made some progress, had not I still had to learn so much about art, which I felt was of more importance to me. Had I known as much [as] I ought of art and of mineralogy at that time, I should by this time, as far as I can judge, have been an excellent Greek scholar also, and in strong instead of feeble health.

You must believe, my dear Mr. Brown, that I should not write thus frankly to you, or have so long expressed, and with all sincerity, the high value I set on your friendship and advice, if I had thought *you* to blame in this matter. I look upon you as I do on my father and mother, as doing all you could, and quite paralyzed by the system.

My political opinions have been formed entirely by thinking out in quiet walks—they are as yet partly unformed. Half the men I meet seem never to have thought upon the subject.

My religious opinions were originally taught me by my mother *dogmatically*. I have seen no ground for changing them, though much disturbed by Church divisions. It has always seemed to me that unless religion could be taught dogmatically, it was of no use to teach it at all.

My body, in all manly developments, has been entirely neglected; and unless I had run the risk of my life daily, must have been so in the present system, as I never had strength for athletic exercise except in a systematic way under the eye of a master.

How garrulous one gets, talking about myself! I intended to write only a few lines, and have left the principal points of your letter unanswered.

The whole system of modern society, politics, and religion seems to me so exquisitely absurd that I know not where to begin about it—or to end. My father keeps me in order, or I should be continually getting into scrapes. I have instanced myself, because I could dissect myself. But look what has become of the most amiable men whom I knew at Oxford—half of them Roman Catholics, the others altogether unsettled in purpose and principle.

I must really finish for to-day.

P. S.—Too late for post yesterday; I add a line, still about myself. I forgot to speak of my fondness for mathematics, which was excessive—partly partly in vanity, but more in love of the employment. I laboured for at least six months, three or four hours a day, at the trisection of the angle for my own pleasure. This, of course, should have been cultivated. It was so—but how? By pushing me forward into class books, and giving me so much more than I could carry, that I had to forget it all. At this moment, I cannot solve a quadratic equation, and don't know the equation to the parabola! I ought never to have been allowed—but stop: I will tell you exactly what ought to have been done with me—had the University been working on a healthy system.

I should have been first asked what I liked and had been in the habit of studying. I should have answered—Mineralogy, natural history, drawing, poetry, and mathematics: that I *rather* liked Greek.

“Good,” you should have answered. “Show me your poetry; write me a prose essay on any subject that at present interests you. Go to Dr. Buckland and ascertain how much time he can spare you, and to

Dr. Daubeny and Mr. Hill.¹ Let them examine you first closely, and ascertain where you ought to begin.”

When I gave you my poetry and essay, you would have seen in a moment that the poetry was uninventive and valueless, but that the prose writing had some thought in it, and that the talent of putting words together was worth cultivating. You should then have consulted with Buckland, Daubeny, and Hill, and on their report, have addressed me next day as follows:—

“Sir, you will not, of course, expect that our estimate of your powers and of what is best to be done for you should *altogether* agree with yours—but if we are wrong, you will have plenty of time to show us that we are so, in your after life; meantime, we hope for your diligence in following out the plan of study we shall adopt for you. We think that your prose writing is good. You will furnish us with a short essay every week, on which we will make such remarks as we think proper. *We do not expect you to follow our advice, unless you see the justice of it. Every writer, however young, must form his own style by his own judgment.*

“We do not think it advisable at present to cultivate your taste for poetry, and we beg of you to give us your word of honour that you will not occupy your time in writing so much as a single verse while you are at the University. This is the only thing in which we wish to put constraint upon you.

(You would not have hurt my vanity very dreadfully by this, and have saved me much loss of time.)

“We will give you every advantage in our power in the study of mineralogy, botany, and astronomy, but as we find you are unacquainted at present with the first laws of chemistry, you must begin with these.

“You will find it not irksome to give an hour a day to the study of Latin grammar—an hour to Greek: and an hour—or as much more as you like—to Mathematics.

“In all your studies, we have only one request to make you, and that we expect you scrupulously to comply with: That you work with *patience* as well as diligence, and take care to secure every step you take: we do not care how much or how little you do—but let what you do, *be done for ever.*”

Then, when I began to work, my different tutors should all have appointed a half-hour in each day when I could come to them to *ask questions*; lectures are, I think, pure vanity. Every now and then, each tutor should have examined me *down to the root* in all that I was learning, taking especial care to see that however little was learned,

¹ [See above, pp. 14, 13.]

nothing was learned partially, and nothing forgotten; watching also, in my case, that I did not overwork myself either in vanity or in enthusiasm.

With another boy, of course, another kind of treatment would have been required. You will say, "But this would have needed totally different machinery." Yes, verily, and totally different machinery I trust we shall soon have. They have too long forgotten at Oxford the exclamation of the old cavalier—"By G—, sir, men cannot be stuffed as they stuff turkeys"—when his friend sent to him in his prison to ask what he could do for him before his execution.

Well, I must really stop at last. Pardon me—not my thus speaking out, which I know you wished, but whatever has been added, by egotism, to the length of this letter.

I have not said a word yet about your nice *first* letter. Most of it is very valuable to me, but I must make you a request. When next you are amusing yourself with turning, please turn a bit of wood into the form of a circular disk an inch thick and four inches over. Gather a bit of the smallest ivy you can find on your walls, and twist it and tie it into a little circle small enough to lie on the disk, so [sketch]; lay this circle of ivy on a piece of paper beside you, and try to carve out some resemblance of it on the disk of wood. I suppose a few different tools will be required from those necessary for the lathe, but you will find the work more amusing, and I should like much to know whether you come to any new conclusions in the course of executing it.

P. S. No. 2.—There is really nothing funnier among the various odd, wild ways of the world, than the way the "practical" people turn round upon Carlyle and Tennyson and Kingsley, and all Thinkers whatsoever, who find fault with said "practical" persons, saying, "You find fault with what is going on—why don't you tell us what would be right?"

Ay, just as if "what is Right," in the sway of a mighty nation, were to be picked up from the ground, handy, and shown to all comers at once in a neat box, like a diamond ring in a shop window. You go up to a fellow in the street who is beating his child to death, and you tell him, "Come, my fine fellow, this won't do; that's not the way to bring up your child."

"D—n you," says the practical parent, or "D—n the little wretch, what *is* the way to bring him up?"

Yes, that is a question, not to be settled on the pavement in the sunshine, only assuredly not to give him black eyes every morning.

So what is Right in the administration of a nation is not to

be said, nor seen, in a breath or a glimpse. You may have to see your way to it through glasses stained red with blood, or fight your way to it through the valley of the Shadow of Death. If you ask what it is, sincerely, you will soon see where this first blow is to be struck or *not* struck; strike *that*—or *don't* strike it—and you will see where to lay another—no otherwise.

Yes, and another of the funny things—in which, by the way, you took your share when we had a chat last—is the practical people's way of saying, "That has been tried, and failed." Why, of course it failed. Do you suppose everybody ever played off a piece of Right on the Eternal Piano without striking false notes at first? Failed!—yes—and yes—and it *will* fail fifty times over, depend upon it, as long as your fingers are baby's fingers; your business is not to mind your fingers, but to look at the written notes.

When people first try to walk with an Alpine pole, they always use it the wrong way. You show them the right way, which upon proceeding to practise, they, as a matter of course, immediately get a very awkward fall, and get up rubbing their shins. If they were "practical people," they would immediately say in a grave manner, "That has been tried, and failed." But most Alpine prospective walkers having some poetry in them, they say in an unpractical manner, "Well, we'll try again," and thus "walking by faith,"¹ after a few more tumbles, come to be able to cross a glacier.

To F. J. FURNIVALL²

[EDINBURGH] November 14th, 1853.

DEAR FURNIVALL,—In the mass of nonsense and foolishness, salted with goodness of heart and honesty of intention, which you lent me in the form of *Mazzini's Italy*,³ I am as like to write you questions at every sentence, as to what you think the poor, mouthing, good-natured idiot really does mean. I happened to open it just now at the 212th page, where he says the *Regnum meum non est de hoc mundo*⁴ is incorrectly translated, and should be *nunc*, not *est*. He says it is wrong in the Vulgate. I looked first to the Greek and found it perfectly right—ἡ βασιλεία οὐκ ἐστίν, followed, of course, by the well-known and always rightly given sentence, "*But now* is my kingdom

¹ [See above, p. 115.]

² [No. 6 in *Furnivall*, pp. 19–21.]

³ [*Royalty and Republicanism in Italy; or, Notes and Documents relating to the Lombard Insurrection, and to the Royal War of 1848*, by Joseph Mazzini: London, 1850. Ruskin afterwards came to know Mazzini better, and to "love" him (see below, p. 473).]

⁴ [John xviii. 36.]

not from thence." I looked to the Vulgate instantly, my own thirteenth-century MS., and found it perfectly right. *Nunc autem* for the Greek *νῦν δέ*, only a little more in Mazzini's favour than the original, for the Latin *nunc* might be by forced interpretation understood to refer to the present time, while the Greek *nun de* means nothing more than opposition to the former member of the sentence.

And in this sort of way the poor creature drivels on. I happen to be kept from church by cold this Sunday, to which unaccustomed leisure you must lay the charge of my inflicting this commentary on you.

I shall still be a month or six weeks in Scotland, I believe, but home, *D. V.*, before Xmas.

Millais has gone home already in disgust at the weather. Very little done, must come back. Effie's best regards. She is pretty well.—Yours most truly,
J. RUSKIN.

*To LADY MATILDA MAXWELL*¹

[EDINBURGH] 28 Nov. [1853].

I have been detained in Edinburgh by Mr. Beveridge's orders, and thought it was of little use to trouble you with a letter until I knew when my Giant *Hope* (*not* Despair) would allow me to escape from his dungeon. I find I cannot obtain my liberty for a fortnight yet, and must go round by Perth, where my wife is staying with her father and mother . . . I am delighted with the fresh air and beautiful scenery of Edinburgh, and mean, if possible, always to spend the autumn or part of it at Edinburgh or Perth: our London November is terrible. I am *amazed* to hear people in the streets saying it is *cold*, on days which appear to me, for the season, quite tropical. In walking to Granton to-day, the sunshine obliged me to take my great-coat off, even when the beautiful view of the Castle and the Pentlands obliged me also to stand still.

*To HENRY COLE*²

PERTH, December 12th, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have too long delayed my acknowledgment of your favour of the 5th.

I am sincerely glad that you think what I have said about

¹ [From *A Catalogue of Books . . . also a Collection of Important Autograph Letters*, No. CXXXI. (William Brown, Edinburgh, 1900), p. 39.]

² [Cole had recently been appointed joint-secretary of the Science and Art Department, of which he was sole secretary from 1858 to 1873.]

education¹ just in itself and likely to be useful; and I would at once adopt your suggestion as to reprinting it, but I am hampered by my publisher, who has a most unaccountable dislike to join with me in any measures of this kind. I think he does not know his own interest, but for the present I am entirely in his hands. I trust, however, in a very little while to be able to get out some cheap editions of those parts of my books which have been judged likely to be useful.

Thank you for the paper on drawing. Very sensible, but I fear very hopeless. I think it would be much *more* sensible to consider drawing as in some degree teachable in concurrence with other branches of education. Geography, for instance, ought to introduce drawing maps and shapes of mountains. Botany, shapes of leaves. History, shapes of domestic utensils, etc. I think I could teach a boy to draw without setting *any* time *apart* for drawing, and I would make him at the same time learn everything else quicker by putting the graphic element into other studies.—Faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

1854

[The winter of 1853–1854 was spent at Herne Hill. Ruskin's wife left him in April 1854, and from May to October he was in Switzerland with his parents (see Vol. V. p. xxxi.). The drawings of Thun (Plate VIII. p. 168) and Fribourg (Plate IX. p. 172) were probably made during this tour. On his return, he resumed life with them at Denmark Hill, and among other work took drawing-classes at the Working Men's College, which was opened in October of this year.]

To C. T. NEWTON

HERNE HILL, 20th January, 1854.

DEAR NEWTON,—I only heard yesterday of your distress in the loss of your father, or I should have written long ago to assure you how sorry I am for you, and how sincerely I can sympathise with the feeling which such a loss must excite when you are so far away, and so completely alone. Mrs. Prinsep told me that you were very sorrowful and that you had no one near you towards whom you could feel any regard. I am afraid I must have added to this pain in some degree by my own long silence, which, after sending me so kind a letter and so cordial an invitation, you must have thought worse than heartless. I put it off from day to day, always thinking I had not time to write a letter worth sending to Mitylene,² and always feeling that I had so

¹ [In Appendix 7 to vol. iii. of *The Stones of Venice* (then recently published): Vol. XI. p. 258.]

² [Where Newton was Vice-Consul.]

much to say it was no use to try to put it into a letter. Much to say, yet perhaps little that would interest you now—the whole current of your mind having been necessarily turned in other directions—and mine, since we parted in Milan,¹ having become still more rigidly fixed in its old ones; to a degree which would make you very angry if you were much with me;—I having come to look upon the Elgin marbles as a public nuisance, and to find no pleasure but in Turner, Tintoret, and Gothic of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—whether I find said Gothic in stone work or in missal painting. I do not mean to say I have become blind to the merit of the Greek work, but that it is a kind of merit for which I do not care. I therefore think I shall interest you more by asking you questions than by talking about myself—you may easily imagine me going on in my old way copying Turner clouds to be engraved, and talking and writing all I can in defence of Gothic against Greek, and now producing impression enough to provoke the architects, as a body, into very virulent abuse of me, which is a considerable point gained; at all events it shows I am hurting them.

One of the principal things, however, which I want you to tell me is the general impression you have arrived at respecting the point of *pause* in Byzantine art. I believe that modern Greek painting and fresco are precisely the same as those of the twelfth century, but was the twelfth century work like that of the ninth? When did the petrification take place—when were the types of the Byzantine artist fixed for ever—and what work have you found that interested you of Greek artists anterior to the tenth century? I ask this with the more curiosity, because I have lately been looking over some Greek manuscripts of the tenth century, which appear to me full of life, and far more like Italian art of the early fourteenth century, than the intermediate Byzantine mosaics in Italy out of which that art arose.

I have not written to you merely to ask this question, as you will perhaps think, but I put it to you that you may know what to tell me about if you happen to have leisure for a chat, and to show you that I have some interest in the things which now surround you, though I cannot come so far to see them. I have now to thank you for some beautiful calotypes of Rhodes just delivered to me by Edmund Oldfield,² who had kindly taken charge of them at the Museum till I returned from the country; they are indeed very interesting, but I can't leave my old beats. Thank you also for the offer about manuscripts—will you tell me how I may send you some cash to pay for the

¹ [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 386.]

² [For whom, see *ibid.*, p. 384.]

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tracings? I should at once have asked you to buy some manuscripts for me, but in general I do not like the Byzantine missal painting, and I do not like to trouble myself with exchanges, or else I daresay I might exchange Greek manuscripts very advantageously with the dealers here against Norman French ones, which are what I want. But if you come across any very interesting MS.—interesting I mean in *art*, for I don't care about old texts—and can secure it for me, I will instantly reimburse you to the extent of fifty pounds; only I should expect a great deal for that price out of those old convent lumber-rooms. I don't mean only to buy one, you may buy half a dozen small or one large, as you think best—I had rather indeed have several smaller, as they are more conveniently managed. Advise me of anything sent, if of value, in time to let me effect insurance on it. What a horribly selfish letter you will think this, and yet I certainly did not intend it to be so when I began, but thought you would be glad to hear from an old friend—and a very sincere friend still, though you might think he had forgotten you; but no one would more rejoice in having you back here again.

Effie joins me in sincerest regards.—Believe me ever, my dear Newton, affectionately yours,
J.
RUSKIN.

TO RAWDON BROWN¹

HERNE HILL, *Sunday Evening* [April 2, 1854].

DEAR MR. BROWN,—I have been thinking over what you said to me as you were going away last night, and am going into town to see Mr. Smith about it to-morrow. I believe there is no chance of their being disposed to bind and bring out the book as the first of an extended series, proposed;—but I think they would be glad if I would write them a short preface, and in such preface I could introduce a proper mention of the materials in your hands, and so describe the present letters as that, if the work succeeds, it would be easy, by referring to its preface, to *constitute* it the first of a series to be called Anglo-Venetian Memorials.

The result of my talk I will let you know to-morrow evening—and in the meantime, it might not be amiss to show the Cromwell papers to some other publishers, and ask him his opinion of their

¹ [For the book referred to in this letter, see above, p. 148. The Preface proposed by Ruskin was not written; but it was the publication of this work which procured Brown his appointment to edit the Venetian Archives: see the Introduction (above). He called further attention to the historical importance of the Venetian Despatches (including “the Cromwell Papers”) in a paper (“Avisi di Londra”) which appeared in the volume of tracts issued by the Philobiblion Society in 1854.]

availableness. As far as regards the present publication, I have no doubt of being able to get them to adopt good-looking type, etc., but I am anxious about the typographical difficulties. I have faith enough to expect you to receive a sheet on Wednesday—but I fear the promised month may stretch into six weeks in the course of printing; even if it do not, I fear I shall hardly be able to read the proofs with the care I had hoped, just in the course of preparations for leaving town; and even if I could, my knowledge of the eighteenth century is very contemptible, and not at all such as to secure you from awkward mistakes on *my* part. Now Effie's friend, Miss Boswell, leaves us on Friday. On Saturday next, a comfortable room here would be ready for you—and my study, a large and light room, at your service all day long, as I have another at Denmark Hill. We should leave you on the 9th of May, master of the house—with two servants, not together perhaps equal to Joan,¹ but enough to boil your kettle and warm your soup. Mr. Rich would see the sheets through all the *mess* and confusion of the first proofs, and the last clean proofs would be sent out to you daily, so that you might see them clear of mistakes. If you could spare five or six weeks and bear the dullness of the place, this would be the safest way. I would write the preface immediately, and the publishers would let you and me together pretty nearly do what we liked.

I trust you will believe my very grave assurance that you will give me heartfelt pleasure if you will adopt this plan, and with Effie's best regards, both to yourself and to our kind friends with whom you are staying, believe me affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—If you cannot afford the time, I will have the sheets sent after me to Switzerland, as I at first intended, and read them there; but this will involve another ten days' delay, and your own supervision would be better.

To F. J. FURNIVALL²

DENMARK HILL, *April 21st*, 1854.

DEAR FURNIVALL,—My behaviour is disgraceful. But I had been reading your books³ with great delight and sorrow, both. That paper on the poor is indeed wonderful, and most touching; and the Mackay

¹ [Brown's servant at Venice; Ruskin in later letters often asks to be remembered to her, as also to Panno, a gondolier: see below, pp. 440, 480.]

² [No. 9 in *Furnivall*, pp. 28–29.]

³ [Books, not by Dr. Furnivall, but lent to Ruskin by him. The "Mackay poetry" was by Charles Mackay (1814–1889). For other references to Lowell's *Biglow Papers*, see Vol. XVII. p. 477, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 464.]

poetry is very pleasant poison—much the same, in relation to good poetry, as hemlock to celery. The *Biglow Papers* gain on me; they are very wonderful. I have much to thank you for in many ways. What are the rules about boys getting into the Wilson candle place, can you tell me? My servant has a brother, who is a heavy load on him, and who wants to get into the Wilson establishment, if he could.

I have to apologise to you for my father's unkindness to one of your social cork-cutters the other day; I am truly sorry he is so violently prejudiced.—Ever most affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

(*Thursday Evening.*) This was written three days ago, and not posted. I have not only a good deal to do, but have had a good deal of annoyance lately, into the particulars of which I cannot enter, and I am more confused than usual, which is saying much. I shall be delighted to see you and all your friends on Tuesday afternoon. I wish I could say Monday, but I have an engagement, already *once* put off, for that day.

To MARY RUSSELL MITFORD¹

Saturday Evening, April 22, 1854.

DEAR MISS MITFORD,—I have just finished “Atherton,” to my great regret, thinking it one of the sweetest things you have ever written, and receiving from it the same kind of refreshment which I do from lying on the grass in spring. My father and mother, and an old friend and I, were talking it over to-day at dinner, and we were agreed that there was an indescribable character about it, in common with all your works—an indescribable perfume and sweetness, as of lily of the valley and honey, utterly unattainable by any other writer, be it who he or she may.

I perhaps feel it the more from having read very little lately, except of old books, hardly any poetry even among *them*, but much of dry history. I do not mean *dull* by dry, but dry in the sense of faded leaves, the scent and taste of it being as of frankincense instead of the fresh honey. I am sure that your writings will remain the type of this peculiar character of thought. They have the playfulness and purity of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, without the naughtiness of its occasional wit, or the dust of the world's great road on the other side

¹ [From *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford*, vol. ii. p. 119. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, April 1890, vol. i. pp. 122–123, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 10–11. *Atherton and other Tales*, by Mary Russell Mitford, was published in three vols. in 1854; “Atherton” occupying vol. i.]

of the hedge, as it always is there. I don't know where one can get a PERFECTLY innocent laugh, except with you. All other laughing that I know of, even the best, is either a *little* foolish and therefore wrong, or a *little* malicious and therefore wrong too. But I think my five-minutes-long laugh over Jacob Stokes "passing the greater part of his time in the air which was not spent in the water"¹ was absolutely guiltless and delicious, as well as another, softened by a little pity for the hedgehog, over Marigold's behaviour to that incomprehensible animal. Landseer has done much for dogs, but not so much as you.

I have not read the succeeding volumes yet. I keep them literally for cordials—the most happy and healing when one is weary. I suppose it is because such thoughts are always floating in your mind that you yourself can bear so much, and yet be happy.

(*April 23rd.*) I have had one other feast, however, this Sunday morning, in your dear friend's poems—Elizabeth Browning. I have not had my eyes so often wet for these five years. I had no conception of her power before. I can't tell you how wonderful I think them. I have been reading the "Valediction," and the "Year's Spinning," and the "Reed," and the "Dead Pan," and "Dead Baby at Florence," and the "Caterina to Camoens," and all for the first time! I only knew her mystical things—younger, I suppose—before.

(*Tuesday.*) I kept this to put another sheet, but can't keep it longer.—Yours gratefully,

J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL²

Monday Evening [April 24, 1854].

DEAR FURNIVALL,—Many and sincere thanks for your kind note. You can be of no use to me at present, except by not distrusting me, nor thinking hardly of me, yourself. You cannot contradict reports; the world must for the present have its full swing. Do not vex yourself about it, as far as you are sorry, lest such powers as I may have should be shortened. Be assured I shall neither be subdued, nor materially changed, by this matter. The worst of it for *me* has long been passed. If you should hear me spoken ill of, ask people to wait a little. If they will not wait, comfort yourself by thinking that time and tide will not wait either.

Your letter has been a great pleasure to me. I shall not probably

¹ [See *Atherton and other Tales*, vol. i. p. 242; and for Marigold (a greyhound) and the hedgehog, p. 220.]

² [No. 11 in *Furnivall*, pp. 34–35.]

be able to see you before I leave town, but I will write to you from abroad and let you know as soon as I return. I cannot be very long away. I shall always, of course, be grateful for a letter from you. Send it to Denmark Hill with “to be forwarded” on it.

It gave me great delight to know that you and your friends enjoyed yourselves here the other day. So did I heartily.—Believe me gratefully and truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*¹

DENMARK HILL, 2 May, 1854.

DEAR MR. ROSSETTI,—You must have been surprised and hurt at my not having written to you before—but you may perhaps already have heard, or at all events will soon hear, that I have had much upon my mind during the last week, and have been unable to attend to my daily duties—of which one of the most urgent would at another time have been that of expressing to you my sympathy with you on the occasion of your late loss.²

I should be sincerely obliged to you if you would sometimes write to me (as I shall not, I fear, be able to see you before I leave town), telling me how you are, and what you are doing and thinking of. I am truly anxious that no sorrow—still less, undue distrust of yourself—may interfere with the exercise of your very noble powers, and I should deem it a great privilege if you would sometimes allow me to have fellowship in your thoughts and sympathy with your purposes.

I have ordered my bookseller to send you copies of all that I have written (though I know not of what use it can possibly be to you³); and if you will insist in having so great an advantage over me as to give me a little drawing of yours in exchange—as Glaucus gave his golden arms for Diomed’s brazen ones⁴—I shall hold it one of my most precious possessions—but *besides* this, please do a drawing for me as for Mr. Boyce,⁵ for fifteen guineas. Thus I shall have two

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, arranged and edited by W. M. Rossetti, 1899, pp. 2–3. For Ruskin’s friendship with Rossetti, see the Introduction (above).]

² [The death of Rossetti’s father, which had occurred on April 26, 1854.]

³ [“I received from Ruskin,” wrote Rossetti to his aunt, “the very valuable present of all his works—including eight volumes, three pamphlets, and some large folio plates of Venetian architecture. He wished me to accept these as a gift, but it is such a costly one that I have told him I shall make a small water-colour in exchange—which idea seems to please him” (*Dante Gabriel Rossetti: his Family Letters, with a Memoir*, vol. ii. p. 134.)]

⁴ [*Iliad*, vi. 236.]

⁵ [George Price Boyce, the water-colour painter.]

drawings instead of one. And do them at your pleasure—of whatever subjects you like best.

I send the piece of opal of which I spoke, by parcels-delivery company, this afternoon. It is not a fine piece, but I think you will have pleasure in sometimes letting your eye rest upon it. I know no colours possessing its peculiar character, and a magnifying glass used to its purple extremity will show wonderful things in it. I hope to be back in London about the middle of August, and will immediately come to see your pupil's¹ drawings. A letter directed here—Denmark Hill, Camberwell—with “to be forwarded” on it, will always find me. Meantime believe me always faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

*To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*²

GENEVA, 5 June, 1854.

DEAR MR. ROSSETTI,—I have just scratched out the Mr. in the above address [and hope] you will *leave* it out in your answer to me this time. [We will not] go on Mr.-ing each other. . . . I know that, so far from being envious of them, you are thoroughly happy in their success; but yet you feel that there is as much in you as in them, and you have a kind of gnawing pain at rot standing side by side with them. You feel as if it were not worth while now to bring out your modern subjects, as Hunt has done his first. Now, as to the original suggestion of the power which there is in *modern life* if honestly treated, I firmly believe that, to whomsoever it in reality may belong in *priority of time*, it belongs to all three of you equally in *right of possession*. I think that you, Hunt, and Millais, would, every one of you, have made the discovery, without assistance or suggestion from the other. One might make it quicker or slower than another, and I suppose that, actually, you were the first who did it. But it would have been impossible for men of such eyes and hearts as Millais and Hunt to walk the streets

¹ [Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, afterwards married to Rossetti.]

² [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 11–14, where it is noted that “the letter is wofully torn.” The words in square brackets are Mr. W. M. Rossetti's conjectural restorations; except in the second paragraph on p. 168 (not printed by him), where they are similarly inserted by the present editors. A few corrections now made are noted in the Bibliographical Appendix (Vol. XXXVII.). Rossetti's subject of modern life was “the picture called ‘Found,’ which work,” says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, “he was now inclined to lay aside on the ground that Hunt, in his picture ‘The Awakened Conscience’ (begun and finished at a date later than the beginning of ‘Found’), had been treating a modern subject of somewhat similar bearing.” Mr. Holman Hunt, however, strongly combats the suggestion that his picture of “The Awakened Conscience” was anticipated in idea by the design of “Found”: see his *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, 1905, vol. ii. pp. 428 *seq.* There is a photogravure of the “Found” at p. 44 of H. C. Marillier's *D. G. Rossetti*.]

of London, or watch the things that pass each day, and not to discover also what there was in them to be shown and painted . . .

Now for your subjects. I like the two first—the “Found,” and the “Mary Magdalene at the door of Simon’s House”¹—exceedingly: the latter, however, much the best, partly because I have naturally a great dread of subjects altogether painful, and I can be happy in thinking of Mary Magdalene, but am merely in pain while I think of the other subject. This first also (the “Found”) is a *dreadfully* difficult one, and I can imagine you half-killing yourself in trying to get it what you want, in vain. There is one word I do not understand in your description of your third subject²—the most important word; referring, I suppose, to some piece of literature I do not know. But as to what you say of your wish to unite several scenes in it on an elevated (?) horizon, I most entirely agree with you. No pictures are so interesting [as those] which tell a story in this consecutive way; and it would [never have] been given up but for the ridiculous “unities” which the bad [critics of the] last two centuries insisted upon. The fact is—taking [the matter in the] most prosaic and severe way—you merely paint three [several pictures, and] unite them by *interlude* of background, instead [of painting them] separately. What possible objection can there be to [this]? . . .

[I mean to devote myself] to an examination of the spirit . . . of the period 1150–1350 . . . years I imagine the most pregnant and powerful which have [been in] this world of ours.³ I shall examine all the architecture . . . in England, France, and Italy; and I hope to be able to get [some] knowledge of the literature—the hope of your help may [make me more] sanguine than I was in this respect, and I shall study the politics as carefully as I have time; in fact, concentrating what strength I have on this subject for, I daresay, the best part of my life. Please send me some of your translations⁴ when you have time.

At present I am resting among the mountains, and trying to draw them a little. I do wish, when you find yourself in need of a little change of thought, you would run as far as Rouen, and look at the thirteenth-century sculptures, going fast to decay, at the bottom of the doors of the north and south transepts. I am thinking of casting them; but they are so mouldered away or choked with dust [that I

¹ [Rossetti made several versions of this subject: see Nos. 78, 83, 168, 169, and 234 in the Chronological List, appended to H. C. Marillier’s *D. G. Rossetti*.]

² [“Possibly some subject from Dante’s *Vita Nuova*” (W. M. R.).]

³ [Compare Vol. X. p. 306, Vol. XII. p. 108, Vol. XVI. p. 276 *n.*; and, for Ruskin’s intention to write a history of the thirteenth century, Vol. XIX. p. 462, Vol. XXII. p. 285.]

⁴ [No doubt, from the *Early Italian Poets*: see below, pp. 214, 362.]



The Towers of Thun

From the drawing in the possession of Helmh. Bruckleben, Esq.

fear] the additional bluntness of the cast will set them off [to very poor] advantage. You would, I think, be infinitely touched [with these sculptures]. They are on a level with the eye—little panels . . . about 150 on each door; . . . the finest things I know in all the world . . .

I sincerely trust that your best anticipations with respect to your pupil¹ may be fulfilled.—Believe me always most faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

A letter sent to No. 7 Billiter Street will always be forwarded.

To F. J. FURNIVALL²

VEVAY, June 9th, 1854.

DEAR FURNIVALL,—I was very glad of your kind letter, very heartily glad that you liked my lectures,³ very supremely glad that . . . has made up his mind to go into Scotland and finish his work properly. What did he say to you, and what do other people say, about his reason for wishing *not* to go into Scotland? I have no personal reason for asking this, but I wish to know for . . . 's own sake, poor fellow, and you need not fear surprising me by telling me. I know the *facts*, but I want to know the *sayings*!

You need not think it *great* in me to risk my reputation, such as it is, for young men. I don't risk my reputation at all. If I don't know what is good and right, my reputation will not stand for ten years. If I do, I shall increase my reputation by defending the right in another's instance, and of another kind. But the fact is that I do not at all care for reputation in the matter. I *must* speak if I see people thinking what I know is wrong, and if there is any chance of my being listened to. I don't say I wouldn't care for reputation if I had it, but until people are ready to receive all I say about art as "unquestionable," just as they receive what Faraday tells them about chemistry,⁴ I don't consider myself to have any reputation at all worth caring about. I see I can do some good, when people are already partly of my mind. But I have no authority yet, such as I want to have, or such as that I feel I deserve to have. I shall get it, but, I fear, too late to do much good with it. It is an odd world. The thirteenth-century cathedrals are all being destroyed, just some twenty years before the world will find out that they were worth keeping.

I like your clever printer's idea about the bird very much. I couldn't make out the action of it; the paint had chilled in that

¹ [Miss Siddal: see below, p. 190.]

² [No. 10 in *Furnivall*, pp. 30–33.]

³ [The *Lectures on Architecture and Painting* (Vol. XII.), issued in April 1854.]

⁴ [Compare Ruskin's Preface to vol. iii. of *Modern Painters* (Vol. V. p. 5).]

place. Nor do I understand the meaning of the boy with the trumpet asleep among the tapestry-corn; do you?

I never meant the “Denmark Hill” at the end of my letter as a date, merely as my general address; I put no date after it. I have been looking at *Ruth*¹ since I got your letter. It is indeed *very* beautiful, and must do infinite good, I should think. I am very happy among my Alps. I have been drawing a little in a more finished way than usual, and shall have something to show you, I hope, when I come back in August. I have found a delightful anti-socialist book for you, too, but I have quantities of letters to answer, and must say good-bye.—Affectionately, yours always,

J. RUSKIN.

To MARY RUSSELL MITFORD²

GENEVA, July 29, 1854.

MY DEAR MISS MITFORD,—I merely write a single line to tell you how glad I am to hear from your letter to my father that the dramatic works will soon be published.³ I am very curious to see them, and I am sure by what you say of them that they will be a delight to us all; also, in my peculiar disposition to general quarrelsomeness with the public, I begin to put my feathers up, like a fighting cock, in the hope of discovering something especially good which the public have not yet acknowledged. I am sure that what has so much of your own feelings in the woof of it must be *good* in the abstract; but whether good as a *play* is another matter. I wish it was more the custom to write in a dramatic form without that subduing and chiselling, and decorating down to the dimensions, and up to the sparkle, which is needed for the stage patience and the footlights. I have met with *one* example of this kind of writing which has delighted me beyond measure. You know everything that ever was written, I believe, but in case by accident almost inconceivable you should *not* know Octave Feuillet’s *Scènes et Proverbes*,⁴ I have ordered my bookseller to send it you instantly, thinking that perhaps you might be refreshed, even in your present time of extreme pain, by the exceeding sweetness of “La Clef d’Or.” There is something exceedingly like your own thoughts—and what can I say more?—in one of the scenes of it—that between Suzanne and her baby at the bridge, and between her and her husband when she leaves him settling the

¹ [Mrs. Gaskell’s novel. For a letter to Mrs. Gaskell, see below, p. 479.]

² [*The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford*, vol. ii. p. 122. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, April 1890, vol. i. pp. 123–124, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 11–12.]

³ [They appeared in 2 vols. later in the same year, 1854.]

⁴ [Compare Vol. V. p. 370.]

accounts of the estate with what he thinks a flash of “trionphe diabolique” in her eyes. “Redemption” is also a fine thing, but perhaps a little too painful and exciting for you just now.

I do not want to lose this post, and must say good-bye. You do not know how much you have done for me in showing me how calamity may be borne.—Ever most respectfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To J. J. LAING¹

FRIBOURG, August 6th, 1854.

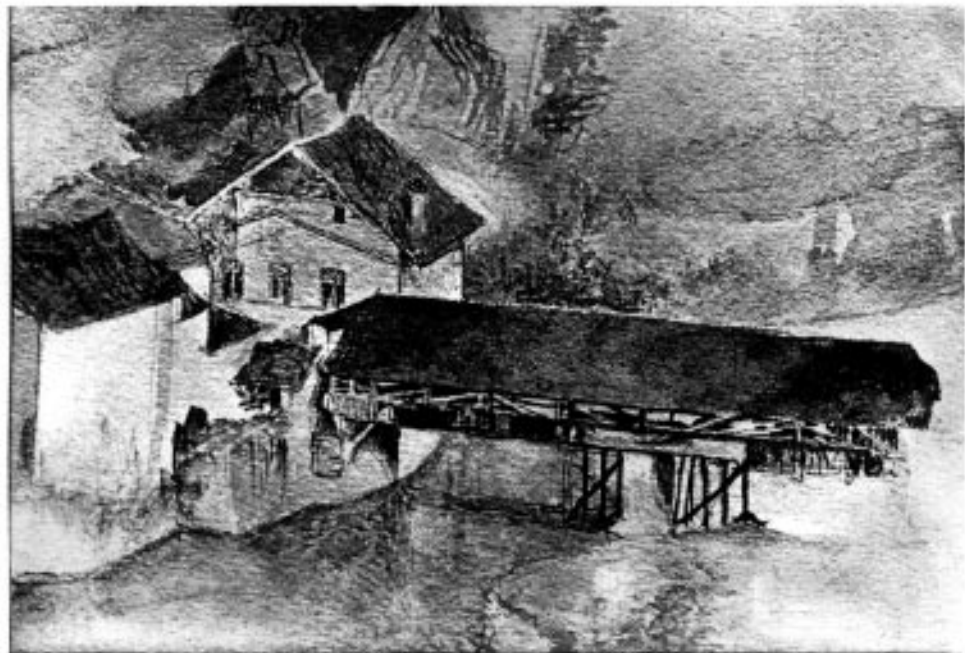
DEAR MR. LAING,—I was indeed very glad, as you thought I should be, to have your long, chatty letter—one can never have letters too long when one is travelling—only some parts of said letter are founded on a little misapprehension of my meaning. I am sure I never said anything to dissuade you from trying to excel, or to do great things. I only wanted you to be sure your efforts were made with a substantial basis, so that just at the moment of push, your footing might not give way beneath you: and, also, I wanted you to feel that long and steady effort—made in a contented way—does more than violent efforts made for some strong motive, or under some enthusiastic impulse. And I repeat, for of this I am perfectly sure, that the *best* things are only to be done in this way. It is very difficult thoroughly to understand the difference between indolence and *reserve* of strength—between apathy and serenity—between palsy and patience. But there is all the difference in the world, and nearly as many men are ruined by inconsiderate exertion as by idleness itself. To do as much as you can healthily and happily do each day, in a well-determined direction, with a view to far-off results, and with present enjoyment of one’s work, is the only proper, the only eventually profitable way. I find scattered through your letter some motives which you have no business to act upon at all—“that I may show those of my own blood that they may be proud of me,” “if for nothing else than to show my prejudiced folks that I could do something,” are by no means sufficient reasons for going into the life class. I am afraid of this prize-getting temper in you: chiefly, I suppose, because I have suffered much from it myself—vanity of various kinds having caused to me the waste of half my life, in making me try to do things better than I could, or to do things that I couldn’t do, or to do them in

¹ [First printed in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, vol. x., No. 119, August 1893, pp. 780–781. Next, as No. 3 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 7–15. Portions of the letter (“I am sure . . . profitable way”) had previously been printed in the *Queen*, August 1885; thence reprinted in *Igdrasil*, August 1890, vol. i. pp. 303–304, and in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 57–58 (No. 56). Also in W. G. Collingwood’s *John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 147.]

ways that would bring me credit, instead of merely in the proper way. I lost half the good of my college life by over exertion in cramming for honours; half the use of my vacations, when I ought to have been at rest, in writing prize poems:¹ not to count the innumerable vexations and irritations which pride causes, throughout one's life. And I would the more earnestly press the consideration of this on you because, though I see you act under the influence of many good and noble motives, wishing to keep and comfort your mother and to do good to your fellow creatures, yet it seems to me that you do not quite know how inexpressibly subtle and penetrating the principle of pride is: how it mingles itself with, and even pretends itself to be, and takes the likeness of, the noblest feelings in the world; and what a constant struggle it needs even to detect, much more to expel it. It is like oxygen in iron—the hottest fire will not expel it altogether; and it steals in with the very air we breathe, turning all our steel into rust. Therefore it is that I urge on you the consideration of what I know to be true—that it is not by any effort of which you can possibly be vain, that you will do great things. Things that require steady labour there are indeed for all of us to do, but they are the coal-heaving part of our life, and to be done with a slow step and a bent back, patiently, not in a passion, not trying to beat our brother coal-heavers, but only to carry as many coals as we can comfortably. But the great things, which require genius to do, are done easily if you have the genius. If you are to do anything that is really glorious, and for which men will for ever wonder at you, you will do it as a duck quacks—because it is your nature to quack—when it rains.

However, the short and the long of it is that if you can at all afford time to practise it, I think you should certainly go into the drawing and modelling classes. As for the life, I don't know. I think you will have changed some of your ideas about drawing before you come to it, and then we can talk over the matter. Figure sculpture cannot now be introduced in architecture, because we have no costume, and our nakedness is ignoble, so that all our figure sculpture is necessarily mere imitation Greek or imitation mediæval. It makes me as sick as if people were to feed me with meat that somebody else had chewed. We can have beasts, and plants—for beasts, thank God, still keep their old manners, and their old coats. How far drawing the human figure from the life is necessary to enable you to understand beasts I don't know; but I rather think it might be well, for you can't get beasts to stand still to be studied, and when you can draw a man you can draw anything.

¹ [Compare Vol. XXXV. pp. 612, 613.]



J. Kuehn

Allen & Co. St.

Fribourg
1854.

You say you must work hard to keep you from evil. Will not hard *play* do as well? I don't think God has put any passions in the human frame which may not be subdued in a healthy manner as long as it is necessary to subdue them. I wish you would ask a clergyman about this.

I would accept your promise with gratitude, if I thought that it would be safe for you to make it. But I believe there is no means of preserving rectitude of conduct and nobleness of aim but the Grace of God obtained by daily, almost hourly, waiting upon Him, and continued faith in His immediate presence. Get into this habit of thought, and you need make no promises. Come short of this and you will break them, and be more discouraged than if you had made none. The great lesson we have to learn in this world is to *give it all up*. It is not so much resolution as renunciation, not so much courage as resignation, that we need. He that has once yielded thoroughly to God will yield to nothing but God.

As to the Missal, it is the first page, 3, 4 Genesis, that I would like. Mind you don't do it but at your leisure. I shall be delighted to see you in London. I shall (*D.V.*) be there from about 1st December, and all winter. I shall be out of town in October and November.

In order to draw the page conveniently I should like you to invent a little desk for it, to slope to any angle, with little flat ivory teeth to hold the pages open at any place—mere pegs cut the leaves. I should like the ivory holders to be broad, as at *a, b, c, d*,¹ so attached as always to fit without pressure, sliding out or in according to the thickness of book opened: then the whole to be enclosed in a good frame of the best wood, and covered with the finest plate glass; frame and glass so lifting together as to show the book to the copyist. If you can get such a thing well made, subject to the approval of the Librarian, I will make a present of it to the Advocates' Library for this Bible.—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To J. J. LAING²

[CHAMOUNI] *September 1st* [1854].

MY DEAR LAING,—I am very thankful to hear of your tolerably steady health, and consistent employment. At the risk of hurting your health a little, I answer one or two of the questions you ask me. Perhaps it is better to hurt you a little at once than to allow you to overwork yourself.

¹ [Ruskin drew a slight pen sketch of the kind of desk suggested.]

² [First printed in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, vol. x., No. 119, August 1893, pp. 784–785. Next as No. 5 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 20–22.]

You are, I see, still under the impression that people can become great painters, or great anything else, by application. If you read my books a little more carefully you will see this denied in every other page nearly.¹ A great painter, a great man, is born great—born for ever. No other person can ever approach or liken himself in the *slightest degree* to him. A man is born a painter as a hippopotamus is born a hippopotamus: and you can no more *make* yourself one than you can make yourself a giraffe. Moreover a great man's work always tells more in advancing him than other people's, so that the older other people are, the *farther they are off from* the great men. A little baby is very like a big baby—Infant Chalon² like Infant Michael Angelo. When they are each seventy years old, the difference is *infinite*. I don't know what *you* are: nor can you yourself know till you give up wishing to be what you are not. All work may be made to benefit you, if you do it wisely. All work will injure you, if you strive to do it egotistically. Your wood drawing may be made most beneficial to you, if you just try to bring out all the virtues of the Wood, instead of the virtues of J. J. Laing.

The best thing you can at present think of is making your work pay—that is to say, getting much effect with few touches. You have got into a cramped and minute way of work, and should study *coarseness*. The drawing of Lucca you made for the *Builder* was uselessly fine. A lovely drawing, but nobody could have cut it at the required cost. Have you my pamphlet on *Pre-Raphaelitism?*—In haste, yours affectionately,
J. R.

I shall trust to you, then, not to be in want of money without letting me know.

*To LADY TREVELYAN*³

PARIS, 24th September, '54.

DEAR LADY TREVELYAN,—I received your letter two days ago at Sens, and we are all most truly sorry for Sir Walter, and for you. Poor Sir Walter has indeed had much to suffer—first in his anxiety about your health, and then when you were getting better these bitter sorrows striking him again and again, like the Northumberland rain beating on his bare forehead as we crossed the moor. You are both of you good people, and I think that must be the reason you have so much to suffer—you would have been *too* happy, but for such

¹ [See, for instance, Vol. V. pp. 67–68; Vol. XII. p. 344.]

² [See Vol. X. p. 87 *n.*; Vol. XII. p. 465; and below, p. 290.]

³ [For Ruskin's friendship with Pauline, Lady Trevelyan, see the Introduction (above).]

things as these. Men *must* have sorrow in this world, and it takes *hard* blows to make them sorrowful when they are good.

I should think you must often have read the verses for the twentieth Sunday after Trinity in the *Christian Year*¹ as you were wandering among the Scotch hills. I had some times of painful feeling myself when I came abroad first, and I found that book very useful to me. I did not understand it before. But I have got over my distress and darkness now, thank God, and I am very full of plans, and promises, and hopes, and shall have much to talk to you about when I see you, though I do not think I shall be able to come north this autumn now. I have stayed so much longer than I intended in Switzerland, and I have been sadly idle, and want to do something. Not exactly idle either, for I have been learning a good many things, and have convinced myself of some things which I had long suspected; for instance, that most Raphael are not worth ten pounds apiece—I settled that matter only yesterday in the Louvre; and you may tell Sir Walter I have great misgivings that the science of geology is good for very little. It never tells me anything I want to know.

I think that seems to be one of the wants of this age—people that will tell one what one wants to know, as you do about my flowers (I have a whole parcel for you dried—to find out—from Source of Arveron and the front of the Cathedral at Sion²), and I am going to set myself up to tell people anything *in any way* that they want to know, as soon as I get home. I am rolling projects over and over in my head. I want to give short lectures to about 200 at once in turn, of the sign painters, and shop decorators, and writing masters, and upholsterers, and masons, and brickmakers, and glass-blowers, and pottery people, and young artists, and young men in general, and school-masters, and young ladies in general, and school-mistresses; and I want to teach Illumination to the sign painters and the younger ladies; and to have prayer books all *written* again (only the Liturgy altered first, as I told you), and I want to explode printing, and gunpowder—the two great curses of the age;³ I begin to think that abominable art of printing is the root of all the mischief—it makes people used to have everything the same shape. And I mean to lend out *Liber Studiorum* and Albert Dürers to everybody who wants them; and to make copies of all fine thirteenth-century manuscripts, and lend *them* out—all for nothing, of course; and to have a room

¹ ["Where is thy favoured haunt," etc.: compare Vol. V. p. xxxiv.; and for other references by Ruskin to the *Christian Year*, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 566, Vol. XXIX. pp. 117, 194, Vol. XXXIII. p. 449.]

² [The Sion flowers are described and named in *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 413 and *n.*)]

³ [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 264, Vol. XXIX. p. 205 and *n.*]

where anybody can go in all day and always see *nothing* in it but what is *good*, with a little printed explanatory catalogue saying *why* it is good; and I want to have a black hole, where they shall see nothing but what is bad, filled with Claudes, and Sir Charles Barry's architecture, and so on; and I want to have a little Academy of my own in all the manufacturing towns, and to get the young artists—Pre-Raphaelite always—to help me; and I want to have an Academy exhibition, an opposition shop, where all the pictures shall be hung on the line—in nice little rooms decorated in a Giottesque manner—and no bad pictures let in, and none good turned out, and very few altogether—and only a certain number of people let in each day, by ticket, so as to have no elbowing. And as all this is merely by the way, while I go on with my usual work about Turner, and collect materials for a great work I mean to write on politics—founded on the thirteenth century—I shall have plenty to do when I get home.

We stayed in the Alpine air, thinking it healthier than London air just now;—my father and mother waited for me at Geneva, and I went to the Montanvert and into the Valais, for a month. I have got rather beaten again by those big Alps—it is very ungenerous of them to take such advantage of their size. But I will take the conceit out of them yet, some day. Meantime I am enjoying a little of the Louvre. Nothing is more curious than the effect of perfect art upon one's mind, after being a long time among wild nature. I always go straight to Paul Veronese, if I can—after leaving Chamouni; this time I had very nearly cried: the great painting seemed so inexpressibly sublime—more sublime even than the mountains—owing to the greater comprehensibility of the power. The mountains are part of the daily, but far off, mystery of the universe—but Veronese's painting always makes me feel as if an archangel had come down into the room, and were working before my eyes. I don't mean in the *piety* of the painting, but in its power. I would go to Tintoret if I could, but there are no Tintorets in the Louvre except one—hung sixty feet from the floor¹—and after Tintoret there is nothing within a hundred miles of Veronese. The Titians and Giorgiones are all very well—but quite *human*. Veronese is *superhuman*.

I find Angelico's and Perugino's rather thin and poor work—after Alps. Or perhaps I am getting every day more fond of matter of fact, and don't care to make the effort of the fancy they ask of one. As I said, I have made up my mind that Raphael is a take-in; I must be a little cautious, however, before I communicate the discovery to the public. I am going to take three more days here, and then we go

¹ [See Vol. XII. p. 411 and *n.*]

leisurely homewards by Amiens—we hope to be at Denmark Hill by the 2nd or 3rd August. Then I must run to Oxford on the 14th about Acland's museum, and stay two or three days; but shall after that, I hope, settle at D. Hill for the winter. Please write to tell me all about the drawing you have done. I shall want you to help me a great deal, when I get my plans organised, and with my flowers, directly. I have got a book by Lindley on Botany,¹ which tells me larkspurs and buttercups are the same thing. I don't believe it, and won't—and of course it doesn't tell me the name of any of *my* flowers. I have got such a pretty blue one—for mosaic. I suppose *you* will say it isn't blue, but red, or yellow, or any colour *but* blue—at all events it appears to me Blue, and I mean to call it a blue flower. Please tell me how you liked Dunblane Abbey, and Doune—if you were there; but I suppose you have been there often. Mr. Hill² showed me some sketches of grand subjects about the Bridge of Allan.

My father and mother join in sincere regards to Sir Walter and you.—Believe me always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI³

[DENMARK HILL. ? 1854.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I think you are mistaken respecting that play. I have read a great deal. Portions are good descriptively, and some Potiphar's wife is good; but as a whole it is wrong. But can you dine with us on Thursday at 6? (and not be *too* P.R.B. as Stanfield is coming too!)—but I've no other time for a chat.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To LOWES DICKINSON⁴

[October, 1854.]

DEAR DICKINSON,—I think it will be best if you help Rossetti's men on with their birds, etc., playing into his hands as much as you can, so as to get as much done on the movable and corruptible models

¹ [See Vol. XXV. p. 236 *n.*]

² [See above, p. 61. Ruskin met him in Edinburgh in 1853, describing him as "a landscape painter, amiable and unobtrusive; must be attended to."]

³ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 31–32. The play is *Joseph and his Brethren*, by Charles Jeremiah Wells, published by him in 1824 under the pseudonym of "H. L. Howard"; praised by Rossetti in his supplementary chapter to Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*; reprinted in 1876 by Swinburne with a eulogistic introduction.]

⁴ [No. 2 (pp. 5–6) in *Letters on Art and Literature by John Ruskin*, edited by Thomas J. Wise, privately printed, 1894. (The book is hereafter referred to as *Art and Literature*.) Mr. Lowes Dickinson, painter, assisted Ruskin at the drawing-classes of the Working Men's College. "I was proud and happy," he says, "to

as may be. On the Thursdays I shall keep mostly to stones and leaves, not disturbing your models. I have no doubt the whole thing will go on better, if we all keep to this somewhat humbler material of study.—Most truly yours and gratefully,

J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL¹

October 19th, 1854.

DEAR FURNIVALL,—I don't want to move in the matter of the chapter² myself, having been pamphleteering, etc., as much as I care to do lately, and they say I merely get up *jobs* for Smith and Elder. Print the chapter as you think best, just as it is—saying, if you like, “by the author's permission for the Workmen's College.” If you lose by it, I will stand the loss; if you make anything, give it to the college funds.

I have your two notes to answer. I never said³ that I wanted people to believe in *material* hell; all I said was that *eternal* torment of some sort or other had been believed by all great men, and all great nations, from the beginning of time; by Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, Italians, and Goths; and that I had little patience with the form of modern conceit which supposes itself more loving and compassionate than St. John.—Faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I write to Smith and Elder to tell them to send you another second volume; you had better keep the new one, and tear up the old one for the printer when you get it back. I also write to ask Smith and Elder to send you the necessary wood blocks. Please send a line to

work with him and under him during the four or five years he held the leadership, so ably, so courteously, so indefatigably. He was himself a very great artist. His aim was not to make great artists of working men—though, as might have been anticipated, more than one or two of the students did become professional artists of repute—but that all men should be taught and encouraged to note and observe, to perceive, and not merely to see, the wonder and beauty of this mysterious universe into which we are born. To teach under the great master was to learn, and I hope never to forget my indebtedness for all I learned from him as I stood by his side as assistant and student during those precious years of his work and sacrifice at the Working Men's College” (*The Working Men's College*, 1854–1904, edited by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, pp. 34–35.)

¹ [No. 12 in *Furnivall*, pp. 36–39.]

² [Chapter vi. of vol. ii. of *The Stones of Venice* (“On the Nature of Gothic”). For particulars of its separate publication, see Vol. X. pp. lx., lxxviii. Ruskin's “pamphleteering” and other publications at this time had been *Giotto and his Works in Padua*, *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, and *The Opening of the Crystal Palace*.]

³ [Presumably, either in conversation or at the Working Men's College; but see also vol. iii. of *Stones of Venice*, Vol. XI. p. 165, and the Preface to vol. iii. of *Modern Painters*, Vol. V. p. 8.]

them saying where the blocks are to be sent and when. I want Mr. Burton's exact address—I can't read it on his letter.

I think you had better begin *your* chapter with "I shall endeavour"—missing the word *therefore*—line 12, p. 151. You must miss the 45th paragraph, beginning the next with *What then*, p. 184, line 2 from bottom; and you must miss from 17th line p. 224 to the beginning of CVIth paragraph.¹—With best thanks for doing all this, yours always.

To J. J. LAING²

DENMARK HILL, 1st November, Evening [?1854].

MY DEAR LAING,—After a very fatiguing day, I can only—for it is near midnight—write you this line to say I accept your promise, and am about to pray for you that you may be enabled to keep it. Only remember that no human strength can keep it except by instant flight from all temptation—*instantly* turning the thoughts in another direction. No reasoning or resolution will stand. To turn away the eyes and thoughts is the only way.

If you have not been hitherto enabled to do this, you will find that in perfect chastity, of thought and body, there is indeed a strange power, rendering every act of the soul more healthy and spiritual, and giving a strength which otherwise is altogether unattainable. Spenser has set it forth perfectly under the image of the all-conquering Britomart.³ When I say "no human strength can keep it except," etc., I mean not that even by flight human strength can conquer without perpetual help. But God has appointed that His help shall be given only to those who "turn their eyes from beholding vanity";⁴ nay, it is by this help that those eyes are turned. I can only say a *word* on the question of your letter to which this leads. I never met with but one book in my life that was clear on the subject of works and faith, and that book is the Bible. Read *it* only on this subject. And I think you will come to the conclusion that though works are not the *price* of salvation, they are assuredly the *way* to it, and the only way. I do not mean the Way in the sense in which Christ is the Way, but the way in the sense of the Strait Gate.⁵ For Christ the Door is not strait, and Christ the Way

¹ [For the omissions actually made in the separate reprint, see Vol. X. p. lxxviii.]

² ["Some Ruskin Letters," in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, August 1893, pp. 782, 784.]

³ [Compare Vol. X. p. 383.]

⁴ [Psalms cxix. 37.]

⁵ [The Bible references here are: John xiv. 6; Matthew vii. 13; Luke xvii. 10; Matthew vii. 24; Philippians ii. 13; John vii. 17.]

not narrow. But the short of it is—Christ says—“When ye have *done* all that is commanded you, then say we are unprofitable servants.” He does not say—Do *nothing* that is commanded you, and all is right if you say you are unprofitable. Read the Sermon on the Mount. It is work, work, work, from beginning to end. And I believe all the divisions of Christians are caused by their hatred of the simple text—“Whoso heareth my words and *doeth* them.” The Romanists substitute paying and praying for doing; the Scotch, believing for doing; the English, reverence for doing; and so on. Plain taking up of the hard, heavy cross is the last thing with them all. Strive always to *do*—acknowledge continually that it is Christ which worketh in you, both to will and do. And you will soon know the doctrine whether it be of God.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To COVENTRY PATMORE¹

2nd November [1854].

DEAR PATMORE,—I cannot tell you how much I admire your book. I had no idea that you had power of this high kind. I think it will—at all events it ought to—become one of the most popular books in the language—and *blessedly* popular, doing good wherever read.—With sincere regards to Mrs. Patmore, yours ever faithfully,

J. RUSKIN.

To J. J. LAING²

Sunday, November 5th [1854].

MY DEAR LAING,—After sitting up to write to you I put the letter very carefully in my pocket-book to post, in town, next morning—and walked about for two days and a half with it in my pocket, under the impression of having posted it. I don't understand how men of much business manage. I am always doing these kind of things!

I forgot to say that the pleasantest and most useful reading I know, on nearly all religious questions whatsoever, are *Ryle's Tracts*.³ I forget his Christian name, but you will be sure to find them at Edinburgh. They are not professedly doctrinal, but chiefly exhortations. The doctrine, however, comes in incidentally, very pure and clear.

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 278. The “book” is *The Betrothal* (1854), the first part of *The Angel in the House*.]

² [First printed (with some omissions and mistakes) in the *Westminster Gazette*, 27th August 1894. Next as No. 6 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 23–24.]

³ [J. C. Ryle (1816–1900), afterwards (1880) Bishop of Liverpool; a voluminous writer of evangelical tracts.]

I hope you will soon get another situation, as you have differed with your master.

I shall be glad of the illumination, if you *can* do it, this Autumn, as I shall have, I hope, a good many people to show it to.

I am truly happy that you feel *power* in yourself to do something.—With With best wishes, believe me, faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL¹

November 17th, 1854.

DEAR FURNIVALL,—I am very anxious to get the room left open for the men to practise in during the day. Several of them, and especially the best draughtsmen of them all, have very earnestly pleaded for this. I do not know how the organization of the house is managed, and do not like to trouble Maurice about it. Can you tell me, or get it done for me? And, if it can be done, despatch the two notes enclosed, merely filling up the blanks left in them for hours. What nice people Mr. and Mrs. Burton are—immensely nice!—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND

[November, 1854.]

DEAR RICHMOND,—The enclosed scarp, expressing opinion that you ought to be sent to Rome forthwith, may amuse you a little. Accept with the writer's thanks, mine, for the loan of the beautiful drawing, nor less for kind long letter about brush work.

I quite agree with you that one can only draw accurately with the point. But at the Louvre, this year,² I made up my mind conclusively that the Raphaels were worth about £10 apiece, not more—the Leonardos were all mere black and white studies—not paintings at all—and that, on the whole, there was nobody in the world worth looking at but Paul Veronese and Titian—no Tintorets being in the Louvre. Now I fancy Paul didn't deal much in silver *point*, whatever he did with silver *colour*. I think I shall make my men³ work firmly with pen and ink, and lay flat coats of grey over the whole, as soon as possible. I shall see how they get on.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I made your man—I forget his name—take the drawing entirely under his charge.

¹ [No. 13 in *Furnivall*, pp. 40–41.]

² [For Ruskin's Notes on the Louvre in 1854, see Vol. XII. p. 471.]

³ [At the Working Men's College.]

*To COVENTRY PATMORE*¹

OXFORD, 18th Nov. [1854].

DEAR PATMORE,—I only got your note yesterday afternoon, owing to my absence from London for the moment. What you tell and show me of the notices of the *Angel* is only consistent with what I have long observed of press criticism. No thoroughly good thing *can* be praised or felt at once.

You need be under no apprehension as to the ultimate success of your poem. I don't think you will even need much patience. It has purpose and *plain* meaning in every line, it is fit for its age—and for all ages—and it will get its place. Its *only* retarding element is the strong resemblance to the handling of Tennyson, but this will not tell against it ultimately any more than Bonifazio's resemblance to Titian ought to make us cast Bonifazio out of our galleries.

The circumstances of my own life unhappily render it impossible for me to venture to write a critique on it for any publication,² but whatever my private influence can do shall be done.

Believe me, with regards to Mrs. Patmore, faithfully and respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

*To F.J. FURNIVALL*³[DENMARK HILL] *Monday Afternoon* [December 11th, 1854].

DEAR FURNIVALL,—I have just returned from a visit to my old engraver, Mr. Lupton, who has most kindly promised to help me in all ways in my plan for etching the Turner drawings, and here I find your delightfully encouraging letter, falling precisely in with some plans I had been thinking over. If my health is spared I mean to give some lectures in May.⁴ I did not intend to make people pay for

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. pp. 278–279. Patmore wrote to Monckton Milnes about the press criticisms thus: “If you have seen the minor literary journals, you will be somewhat surprised by the contempt with which the *Angel* has, in most cases, been received. The *Literary Gazette* says it is so bad that it would pass for a joke, but for the respectable name of the Publisher (J. Parker & Son). The *Athenæum* goes out of its way to write a contemptuous squib in rhyme . . . Unless the *Quarterlies* come to my rescue, my poetical career is at an end: for though while men like yourself, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin think highly of what I do, my confidence cannot be exhausted, my ability to print books at my own cost, and to devote to verse time that could be turned to immediate advantage, is” (*Memoirs and Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 170).]

² [At a later time (October 1860), however, Ruskin wrote in the *Critic* in defence of Patmore: see Vol. XXXIV, p., 488.]

³ [No. 14 in *Furnivall*, pp. 42–43.]

⁴ [That is, at the Working Men's College.]

the lectures, but hoped to be able to persuade them to spend their money as I wanted, *after* the lectures. But we can talk over this.

I will come to the tea, of course, and with great pleasure—only in talking over the tea arrangements, if you *can* arrange that I haven't to sit in a draught, I shall be much obliged. Please ask Mr. Dickinson to come to the room on Thursday, as I shall like him to see what the men are doing, if he would be so good. I have never thanked you for those books. I have got nearly through the sacrifice sermons; they are quite noble. It seems to me a little too much is taken for granted—for instance, the manner in which the necessity for sacrificing Isaac was impressed on Abraham's mind. But they are full of suggestion, and of tenderness. I have plenty of the pamphlet, thank you, at present—the *Gothic*—don't want any more.—Affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I hope you did not get cold with carrying those things out for me on Saturday.

To F. J. FURNIVALL¹

December 16th, 1854.

DEAR FURNIVALL,—The Cathedrals were built by companies of men who travelled about, popularly known as “Logeurs du Bon Dieu.”² They had a Master of Works, whose name might, or might not, be of celebrity. He would sketch, plan, and give each inferior workman his bit to do, as he liked best. I will bring you a book, which has something about it, on Wednesday.—Always yours, J. R.

1855

[Ruskin was at home at Denmark Hill for the greater part of this year, at work on the third volume of *Modern Painters*. For a letter to Mrs. Carlyle, giving a lively account of his occupations, see Vol. V. p. xlix.]

To THOMAS CARLYLE³

DENMARK HILL, CAMBERWELL,

Monday, 23rd January [1855].

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I had some thoughts of making a true *foray* upon you this evening—having been rendered desperate by Woolner's telling me that it was *three years* since I had seen you—but this

¹ [No. 15 in *Furnivall*, p. 44.]

² [See Vol. XVII. p. 280, and Vol. XX. p. 67.]

³ [For Ruskin's friendship with Carlyle, see the Introduction (above).]

morning it looks so much as if, could I once get to Chelsea, you might have some difficulty in getting quit of me again till a thaw came, that I will not venture. Only I warn you that I really must come and see you one of these days—if you won't come and see *us*.

People are continually accusing me of borrowing other men's thoughts, and not confessing the obligation. I don't think there is anything of which I am more utterly incapable than of this meanness; but it is very difficult always to know how much one is indebted to other people, and it is always most difficult to explain to others the degree in which a stronger mind may guide you, without your having at least intentionally borrowed this or the other definite thought. The fact is, it is very possible for two people to hit *sometimes* on the same thought, and I have over and over again been somewhat vexed as well as surprised at finding that what I really *had*, and *knew* I had, worked out for myself, corresponded very closely to things that you had said much better. I entreat you not to think when (if you have ever patience to do so) you glance at anything I write—and when you come, as you must sometimes, on bits that look like bits of yourself spoiled—to think that I have been mean enough to borrow from you knowingly, and without acknowledgment. How much your general influence has told upon me, I know not, but I always confess it, or rather boast of it, in conversation about you, and you will see what—considering the way malicious people catch at such confessions—is certainly a very frank one, at the close of the lecture of which I send you a *Builder* containing a report. I have marked the passage, p. 639.¹

With sincere regards to Mrs. Carlyle, believe me, my dear Sir,
most faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

*To WILLIAM WARD*²

[DENMARK HILL] *February 5th*, 1855.

MY DEAR WARD,—I was just going to write to you about your drawing, which is very good, though I can't give you much for it, or I should unjustifiably raise the hopes of the other men. We must finish a little more before we can command price. I am only going to give you ten shillings for this. It is *worth* that to me, though

¹ [A report of Ruskin's third lecture on "Decorative Colour" (December 9, 1854): see Vol. XII. p. 507 and n., and on the subject of Plagiarism generally, Vol. V. p. 427.]

² [This letter, the first from Ruskin to Mr. Ward, a pupil in his drawing-class at the Working Men's College, who became Ruskin's assistant and an accomplished copyist of Turner (see the Introduction, above), is reprinted from *Letters from Ruskin to William Ward*, edited by Thomas J. Wise, privately printed, 1893 (hereafter referred to as *Ward*), vol. i. pp. 3–5.]

more to you; but as you get on you will put more value on your work, in less time. I will send you a prettier model; and then, I think, you will make a very lovely drawing.

Don't allow yourself to dwell on the evil, or you will fall into despair; and you will come across veins of good some day. There are beautiful people—beautiful in sense of all goodness—in the world, here and there; the worst of it is, most of them are apt to be foolish.

I am more oppressed and wonderstruck by people's *absurdity* than anything else in the world; and then, what wonderful power a single fool has—the wrong way!

But you know all your annoyance, as well as mine, comes of their disbelief. If you really suppose there is a master to the household, you have nothing to do but to attend to his business, and be quiet and comfortable.—Truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Always write to me when it does you good, as it does *me* good too.

To WILLIAM WARD¹

DENMARK HILL, 1855.

MY DEAR WARD,—I am much obliged to you for both your letters, and for this last the more in acknowledging the first. I should be glad indeed if I thought that so many of the workmen were of your mind as to admit of your using that large "*we* would relieve ourselves." At all events I am truly glad to know whom I can count upon to help themselves in such a spirit.

But, as I said to you, I do not count upon such a temper as an available practical element. All I hope for is to be able to show, and to make men understand, how they may live more comfortably—get better wages—and be happier and wiser than they are at present. If, after that, they are led on to better things—well! But at present, it seems to me, that good fellowship—reciprocal help—exercise of brains with the hands—and such other matters, may be got out of (or into) thousands who would not listen for a moment if one were to begin talking to them of the Influences of the Holy Spirit. All these things *are* His influences; but I think we have to advise and preach them just as simply as one would advise children, who were fighting in a ditch, to get out of it, wash their faces, and be friends—without endeavouring, at that moment, to instil into them any very high principles of religion.

¹ [No. 2 in *Ward*, vol. i. pp. 6–9.]

I am very glad you are thinking of the Protestant Convent plan.¹ I have *no doubt* we shall carry it out, and that all over the country; but just because it is so important a scheme, we must not attempt it till we are sure of succeeding. Let us all work, but still the main word for us all must be *patience*. I hope to meet you, then, at Norwood on Saturday.—Truly yours always,

J. RUSKIN.

To J. J. LAING²

[?1855.]

MY DEAR LAING,—I wanted to think more over this matter, and I have not time. I shall put the points which need thought before you as clearly as I can. I could give you the bare means of support in London, at all events for some time, and you could be of great use to *me*, and would have much leisure to study what you liked. But, in the first place, your connecting yourself with me, and distinctly declaring yourself to have adopted my principles, might very possibly be seriously prejudicial to all your prospects in life. It might, or might not, but the alternative is one on which you ought to have the best advice. I do not doubt that you *will* endeavour, when you obtain influence or employment, to carry out my views; but I believe that a distinct adherence to me at present might be adverse to your *obtaining* employment. The architects are, of course, all hostile to me. Scandal and determined, carefully studied calumny have for the present destroyed what influence I had over the very senseless people who form the larger portion of the upper classes of society, and it may be long—God knows how long—before my good word is good for anything again.

Farther, I do not like to take you away from your own country and your relations. If I did, your mother would look upon me as in some sort responsible for your future fate, and I cannot take this responsibility. I would take it in your case more willingly than in

¹ ["At this time (1855) Mr. Ruskin had an idea of forming a community of Art Workers, who were to be employed by the public in copying illuminated MSS., and various other kinds of Art work. Nothing ever came of the scheme in this particular form, but the idea was carried out by the employment by Mr. Ruskin himself of people to work for him in copying pictures, making architectural drawings, engravings, etc., always in the hope that the public would become interested in the work, and assist with their patronage. It cannot be going too far to say that the formation of the Guild of St. George was in reality a late development of the 'Protestant Convent Plan'" (W. W.).]

² [From the *English Illustrated Magazine*, August, 1893, p. 785. Laing accepted Ruskin's offer, and became installed as one of his assistants, in which capacity he is referred to below, p. 200.]

that of any one that I know, but I am not learned in the ways of men, and my pursuits are already so much too numerous and too difficult for me that I am compelled, above all things, to avoid any responsibility or ground for anxiety in matters in which I have little experience. If you came to London I would do you what kindness I could, but your success would depend entirely on your own perseverance and on opportunities which might never occur, and which *I* could not hunt up for you.

If, under these circumstances, after considering them carefully, you like to run the risk, I will give you at the rate of £—a year from the day you set foot in London, continuing this salary as long as I see you are studying properly and conducting yourself well; or until you are able to find a better position for yourself. I would first wish you to learn to draw—as far as I could show you how—in an artistical way, and then your work for me would consist sometimes in copying missals, sometimes in making the most careful and perfect drawings of the architecture of Northern France, where you would be much better off for your £—a year than in England.

If things go as I hope, I *might* be able to bring you forward as an architect; that is to say, if you have really powers of design; and gradually you would be thus able to shake yourself free of my help, and obtain an honourable position. But this is contingent on your powers of invention, and on *my* recovering my influence. You might not be able to do this, and might remain, making drawings for me at £—a year, until you were disgusted. And then remember, I will not be accused of having spoiled your prospects in life. I make you this offer, not being at all able to say whether it would be wise in you to accept it or not—it is certainly for you to decide. But one thing be assured of, that though I cannot help you, I will not hinder you in advancement; that you should be at liberty at all times to look after any situation that offered, and at any moment to quit mine. And if—as might possibly happen—your drawings came to have market value, you should have a certain time at your disposal for the execution of works of a saleable kind.

Do not answer this hastily. Ask much advice about it.—Faithfully
yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Of course, the advantage of the thing would be your having leisure, power of studying what you chose, occasional use of valuable books in my library, and the run of the British Museum—besides the estimable advantage of being under positive orders always to go to bed at ten o'clock. The disadvantages are *very* poor lodging—little can be had

for £—a year in London; slight chance of getting on; danger of getting associated in my warfare; chance of illness—far from friends—in France. As far as regards *me*, you need not trouble your mind at all. Your work would be worth much more to me than what I offer you, and I should like to have you near me. On the other hand, I could not help being anxious about you, and worried if you did not get on. So that I really cannot tell whether I should like you to come or not; and if you come, you need of course feel under no obligation to me; and if you refuse, you need not fear offending me. I shall be in either case precisely the same to you that I have been.

You understand that you will have to find board, lodging, and all for this salary. I live in my father's and mother's house, where I cannot give rooms to any one.

To WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI¹

DENMARK HILL, 13 *February*, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was much gratified by receiving your letter, as it assured me of being able to send a satisfactory reply to Mr. Stillman, and, which is a matter of somewhat more importance, assured me of the American public being well and faithfully guided in matters of art, so far as they trust to the London correspondent of the *Crayon*.

I will not *thank* you for your letter in the *Artist*;² for I believe that you are one of the few who understand the real rank of a critic, and who do not think that the assertion of truth ought to be considered as a personal favour. But I may perhaps express to you the pleasure I felt (and it is the very rarest of all the pleasures I have) in meeting with some one who can understand, or who will take the pains to understand, what I have written, *reasonably*. I know plenty of people who can be tickled by fine words, or moved by the expression of a sentiment they like. But of people who can see the four sides of a square at once, or follow the steps of an argument for ten

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 53–54. The letter refers to the American art-paper *The Crayon: a Journal devoted to the Graphic Arts, and the Literature devoted to them* (New York: Stillman & Durand, Proprietors, 1855). Its editor, W. J. Stillman, had asked Ruskin to name some person who could write a monthly summary of art-matters in England. Ruskin recommended W. M. Rossetti, who contributed a series of "Art News from London," vol. i. pp. 263, 327, etc.]

² ["There was a short-lived art-review in London entitled the *Artist*, to which I was a contributor; and, finding there some petulant mis-statements as to Ruskin's published opinions on some questions of architectural or other art, I wrote to correct them" (W. M. Rossetti's *Some Reminiscences*, 1906, vol. i. p. 180.)

minutes, I do not, among all my acquaintance, know half-a-dozen. I have written to Mr. Stillman, and hope you will soon hear from him.—Believe me, with many thanks, very faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[? February 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—Will you thank Mr. Cayley exceedingly for his kind present? I deeply regret that I cannot give him and you the pleasure which I am conceited enough to think you would both feel in my concurrence in your estimate of this translation. I think Mr. Cayley has failed simply by endeavouring the impossible. No poem *can* be translated in rhyme, for the simple reason that in composition a poet arranges his thoughts somewhat with respect to the rhyme. The translator cannot do this, and therefore must sacrifice all grace and flow to his rhyme, and often truth also. You call this a literal translation. I open it at random, and I come upon the reading of the exquisite *Come i gru*, etc.² Now observe—

“And as the cranes, chanting their lays, *do* fly.”

This “*do fly*” is bad English—that is to say, useless double wording for the sake of the rhyme. But also Dante doesn't say “fly.” He says “go.” The “fly” is for the sake of the rhyme, and substitutes insipidity for simplicity. But further—“chanting their *lays*.” *Lai* is not *lays*. A lay may be a merry song. *Lai* are *lamentations*—as accurately as possible translated by Cary “dolorous notes.” Here the *apparent* literalness of the new translation is *actual* infidelity. Further—

“In one long line upon the air *outspread*.”

“Outspread” is for the rhyme. It is not in Dante, and it is nonsense. A line cannot be spread. It can only be extended or continued. Cary is accurate—“Stretched out in long array,” only using “sky” for “air” in the line before.

And so I could go on. I write this for *you* only, because I think your taste is as yet unformed in verse, and, so that the thought be good, you have not enough studied modes of expression. Would you

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 56–58. The “present” was a copy of *Dante's Divine Comedy, translated in the original ternary rhyme*, by C. B. Cayley, B.A., 1851–1855. Ruskin occasionally cites Cayley's translation, though more often Cary's: see General Index.]

² [*Inferno*, v. 46:—

“E come i gru van cantando lor lai,
Facendo in aer di sè lunga riga.”]

kindly thank Mr. Cayley simply for me? if he wants to know my opinion, telling him as gently as possible. I am particularly sulky at his retaining that old blunder about Semiramis—*succe* instead of *sugge*—making milk and water of the sting of the whole passage.¹

Please give the enclosed to your brother. I was utterly astonished the other day by finding it in my letter-drawer. You see by the date how long it has been there. I have written to your pupil;² there is some treason in the letter about you; ask her to show it you.

I am afraid I must put off the pleasure of seeing you and your brother on Tuesday, because I want you both to come and dine with us, and I am in arrears of work and it is tumbling on my head, and I can't get *two* evenings this week. I will write again to-night to tell you which day I want you to come if you can; but it will be after Tuesday.—Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI³

[DENMARK HILL, ? March, 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I expect Kingsley, the *Alton Locke*, to come out here on Monday in order to be converted to Præraphaelitism. I have borrowed one of Inchbold's pictures,⁴ but I can't show him anything with feeling in it. Could you lend me that end of Blackfriars Bridge⁵—the black drawing, I mean—till Tuesday; and, if you have any other ideas by you that you could spare for me to talk over with him, it would be, I think, a thoroughly proper thing to send them for him to see—I mean by "proper" it would be wrong not. For he ought to understand what sort of work you and all of us are about. I can show him Miss Siddal's, but he *may* think them morbid. Please don't be ridiculous and say you've nothing fit to be seen. I will bring what you send back with me on Tuesday, and have sent a folio in case you have not one at hand.

¹ [*Inferno*, v. 58, 59, where the ordinary reading is:—

“Eli' è Semiramis, di cui si legge,

Che succedette a Nino, e fu sua sposa.”

“This is Semiramis, who, as you read,

Ruled after Ninus, and had been his bride” (Cayley).

An old variant is, however: “Che sugger dette a Nino, e fu sua sposa”—“Who suckled Ninus, and was his wife”—a reading which the modern editors do not accept. A letter from Cayley to W. M. Rossetti, showing cause against this reading, is printed in *Rossetti Papers*, p. 86.]

² [Miss Siddal.]

³ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 96–97.]

⁴ [Which Ruskin had praised in *Academy Notes*, 1855: see Vol. XIV. p. 21.]

⁵ [A preparatory drawing for the picture “Found.”]

My best regards to your brother. I have a letter from America, saying he was just going to be written to. I suppose he has heard by this time.—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

DENMARK HILL, *March 4th*, 1855.

DEAR MRS. BROWNING,—I have only not written to you because it was impossible for me to say, in any manner of writing, all that I wanted to say—but I must now, though merely a line to ask if you are still at Florence, and if I may write to you there to tell you of my last visit to your dear Miss Mitford,¹ and about her last letters to me. I have very little time for writing, and I should like to know that the letter in which I gave you this account would not be lost. I am nervous about foreign letters, for I have often been made so anxious by their missing me, or my friends, and I fear that one has been lost which I sent to Dresden to two American gentlemen whom your husband was so good as to make known to me. I wrote asking them to come to Denmark Hill, but have never heard of them since, and I should be grateful if you could assure them that the letter which they sent me from your husband was not received with inattention.

I will only add to this line of bare inquiry that I have been lately reading your poems with an admiration which I fear you might be offended with me if I were to express to the full (I am not sure, by-the-bye, if I could) to yourself, but at least you will permit me to thank you for the hallowing and purifying influence of their every line—a *baptism* of most tender thoughts, which to me—whom many untoward circumstances of life have had too much power to harden and darken into deadness and bitterness—is of unspeakable preciousness.

I trust that you may be a little pleased by some things I shall have to say of you in the book I am about just now.² I am going to bind your poems in a golden binding, and give them to my class of working men—as the purest and most exalting poetry in your language.

Only, pray, in the next edition, after that first verse of the “Drama

¹ [Who had died on January 10. The letter in which he described his last visit is not available; Mrs. Browning's reply to it (November 5, 1855) is printed at vol. ii. p. 216 of the *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. See the Introduction, above, p. xxx.]

² [In *Modern Painters*, vol. iii., there is only a bare mention of Mrs. Browning (Vol. V. p. 323); the reference is, therefore, probably to *The Elements of Drawing* (Vol. XV. pp. 224, 227), which, though not definitely taken in hand till the winter of 1856–1857, nor published till June 1857, was in Ruskin's mind at a much earlier date.]

of Exile”—Gehenna and when a¹—and I must try to coax you to send some of the long compounded Greek words—which I, for one, can't understand so much as a syllable of—about their Greek business. Please send me the merest line to say if this reaches you. Give my sincerest regards to Mr. Browning, and believe me faithfully and respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I have just heard from one of your friends that you have a bad cough. Please let me know of your health.²

To Mrs. HUGH BLACKBURN

17th March[?1855].

MY DEAR MRS. BLACKBURN,—I sent you a horrible scrawl of a letter the other day; and put off the answer to your interesting questions about people and places, not because I wanted time to think over them, but because I wanted to explain why I must answer at random—or nearly so. First—my knowledge of history is limited to few times, to few places, and few people. Secondly, my knowledge of Romance is nearly as narrow in compass, and perhaps even more vague in memory; and thirdly, I love and hate so many places so very cordially that I know not which to choose to make an example of. And besides all this, it is no use beginning to think about it—for if one once begins weighing characters, one might spend one's life in reflection and reinvestigation before one could be willing to answer. So I shall answer just at random, as if you had asked me across the table; and though I have been all this time in writing, that is not because I wanted to think over the questions, but because I had this long explanation to write before venturing to answer.

In the Bible, then, my favourite, on the whole, is Job—Daniel is a little too high above me—and John too fond of saying the same thing over and over again. I should have liked excessively to have known

¹["Rejoice in the clefts of Gehenna,
My exiled, my host!
Earth has exiles as hopeless as when a
Heaven's empire was lost."]

² [Mrs. Browning's reply (Florence, March 17) to this letter is printed in vol. ii. pp. 190–192 of *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, edited by F. G. Kenyon, 1897. In the course of it she says: "The soul of a cynic, at its third stage of purification, might feel the value of 'gold' laid on the binding of a book by the hand of John Ruskin. Much more I, who am apt to get too near that ugly 'sty of Epicurus' sometimes! Indeed you have gratified me deeply. There was 'once on a time,' as is said in the fairy tales, a word dropped by you in one of your books, which I picked up and more for a crown." The reference is to an incidental reference, in the first vol. of *The Stones of Venice* (1851), to the "spirituality of Elizabeth Barrett": Vol. IX. p. 228.]

Habakkuk, but, *not* having known him, cannot quite say whether I should have liked him or not. My chief antipathy, putting *monsters*—Judas and Nabal and such like—out of the question, is Jacob.

In History, I am absolutely at a dead stand between Cromwell and St. Louis; but I suppose if I had known them both I should have *drawn* a little more to St. Louis. I have never examined the histories of rascals enough to make a choice. The first who comes into my head is King John.

In Romance. I am again divided between Sir Charles Grandison and Don Quixote. If Don Q. had not been mad, I should have liked *him* best—on the whole I believe I do. Of ladies—Imogen. I had liked to have insulted the blessed creature and you, by saying *where* she was. For romantic antipathies there are, of course, too many well-got-up monsters to render the choice either easy or interesting. I think Glossin in *Guy Mannering* as disagreeable a fellow as one often comes across.

Lastly for places. I agree quite with you respecting the old iron and decayed bonnet—for the purely horrible—but there is sublimity in such a scene—and *some* picturesqueness. The principal street of a modern German town, with a Court in it, is far worse. My greatest horror in Europe is the main street in Carlsruhe.

If, for an affection, you want a *narrower* answer than Chamouni, I am a little puzzled between the top of the Montanvert and a small rock on the flank of the Breven.¹ I have been *happiest* on the Montanvert, but *oftenest* at this rock, where I generally pass my evenings when at Chamouni. Next to the valley of Chamouni, and even running it rather hard, I love the little Scaliger churchyard at Verona. I think I have been more intensely happy for a little while in the churchyard, but not so enduringly.

Now, please, tell me yours.—With best regards to Mr. Blackburn,
ever yours affectionately, J.
RUSKIN.

To FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE²

DENMARK HILL, March 22 [1855].

DEAR PALGRAVE,—I have read your essay with great interest and satisfaction. As far as regards the method and manner of it—you

¹ [No doubt the spot described in Vol. IV. p. 363: see also Vol. V. p. xxxiii., Vol. XXVI. p. xlvi.]

² [From *Francis Turner Palgrave: His Journals and Memories of his Life*, by Gwennlian F. Palgrave, 1899, pp. 50–51. The letter refers to the "Essay on the First Century of Italian Engraving," contributed by Palgrave to the third edition (1855) of the English translation of Kugler's *Handbook of Painting*.]

know, as well as I, that it is a most valuable contribution to the history of painting. I shall use it for reference when I come to the subject of engraving—(meaning shortly to have full tilt at Marc-Antonio¹)—however, I have been meaning so many things and so long that I had better say no more of my meanings till something is done. I *have* done something, however, this winter, as I hope to show you soon in certain drawings which I have got done by carpenters and painters. I shall be delighted to see you any day next week, or any other week, in the afternoon, about one or two o'clock, if you will let me know a day or two before. When I say I have read your essay, I mean so much of it as refers to people whom I know; which is not, I am sorry to say, the greater part of it. I have no doubt if I knew more about it I should find one or two matters to fight for; but at present it all seems to me much of my own way of thinking—and I have not a single cavil to make. You will do immense good by setting people to think about engraving. Pray come and have a chat as soon as you can.—Believe me always most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To W. J. STILLMAN²

DENMARK HILL, *March* 28, 1855.

DEAR MR. STILLMAN,—I have put off answering your letter because I wished to do so at some length. I cannot do this after all the delay, and must just say a few words. I am very busy here in England, and cannot at present separate any time from my busy days, in order to write regular papers for *The Crayon*. And this the less, because with every desire to be of the best use I could to the cause of Art in America, I should feel it utterly presumptuous to speak to Americans in the way of advice—as Americans—unless I had time for a most earnest inquiry into the condition of Art among them, and into the tendencies of their national mind. Even had I such time at my disposal, I doubt if I should do well in so employing it. I have often been both amused and irritated at the way in which even the best-informed French and Germans speak of our English Art, and I have no doubt that they equally feel my ignorance in what I say of theirs. So that except so far as it bears upon my own country, I do not mean to write about foreign Art. And as for papers on general

¹ [Ruskin did not “shortly” carry out his intention; but see, later, Vol. XXI. p. 185; Vol. XXII. pp. 44, 373, 447.]

² [From *The Crayon* (New York), of which journal Stillman was proprietor and editor, No. 18, May 2, 1885, vol. i. p. 283.]

subjects, all that I have to say I put into my books. But, it occurs to me that I might be of use by simply answering such questions as any of your American readers might like definitely to put to me, and to have definitely answered by me, as far as might be in my power. And this I should be most willing to do. If any of your readers wish to know anything that I can shortly tell them, and you will put the questions in a clear, short way, I will answer, as soon as may be, according to my ability. I often get letters from private persons which I have thus to answer, and the correspondence would be just as easy to me in the public form, and might be more useful.

If this plan seems at all worth thinking of, you must think of it for me, and put it before your readers in the way you think best, always understanding that I should not reply at much length, and would always do so in a very simple way—as I should write a letter—not as I write what I want to say as well as I can say it, for that is very painfully. . . . I have much to thank America for—heartier appreciation and a better understanding of what I am and mean, than I have ever met in England. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than the thought of being of use to an American; and, if I can in any way oblige any of your friends who are interested in Art, I beg that you will call upon me. . . . Believe me, in haste, faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Saturday, 6th April [1855].

DEAR MRS. BROWNING,—It is not often that I have time to see myself quietly to a letter to any one I care about. It seems to be a law of nature that the more leisure people have, the less they know how to use it; and although I am my own master from dawn to sunset nominally, I find that time and the hour¹ get the mastery of me in the end. However, whether I can now write down the half of what I have to say, or not, does not so much matter as that I should tell you how thankful I was to get your letter and to know that you were not seriously ill, and to know also that my line had given so much pleasure to your husband.² For I know that I shall to-day give him more—in the more confirmed assurance of the good I have had from reading your books lately; I don't say *pleasure*—for that is the

¹ [*Macbeth*, act i. sc. 3.]

² [In replying to Ruskin's previous letter (pp. 191–192), Mrs. Browning spoke of “the pleasure it has given me—yes, and given my husband, which is better. ‘When has a letter given me so much pleasure?’ he exclaimed, after reading it.” (*Letters of Mrs. Browning*, vol. ii. p. 191).]

least of it. One may have much pleasure in verses which merely serve to amuse the hour. But I have had *good*. My work and my fortunes—such as they have been—have made me harder than I like to be; and every day I find myself more and more dried and stiff—I hope not in reality—worse than I was, but very much what a raisin is to a grape (a raisin with the bloom off), and your poems make me feel fresh again; they are just like what I suppose the dew and honey are, mixed, when the bees are out, early, in the bottoms of the cup-shaped flowers: and coming out of one's daily work to them is just like leaving a room full of gaslights and ugly people, and plunging into the spray of a hill cascade and lying down to sleep among the Alpine roses. I used to think, when I knew no better, that you were mystical and forced. I always admired you a great deal—still I thought something was sickly in the tone—I did not think you were really *great*. But you are; and I know it, now. Only there are one or two things I want to talk to you about.

Whenever I find anybody else who is verily great—and there are not many people whom I put into that circle—I am always ready to believe in them, to almost any extent. I would accept them, faults and all, reverently, thinking that their faults are a part of them and may have some secret connection with what is best in them, inseparably, so that in general I should hold it an impertinence absolutely to pronounce that they *were* faults. In art I can say positively *that* is true, and *that* is false; and there can be no mistake in praise or blame. But in poetry the expression which seems to me now imperfect or objectionable might possibly, if I could only raise myself quite to the writer's level, be the only right and clear one to me; and, whether it would be so or not, still it is interesting as a fact that the good writer did *like* that, and feel in it what I cannot feel.

A writer must be very powerful to obtain entire carte-blanche and submission of this kind; but I should almost give it to you, except only in this respect: that assuredly you ought to consider with yourself, not merely how the poetry may be made absolutely as good as possible, but how also it may be put into a form which shall *do* as much good as possible; and if an expression, though really a good one, be such as to startle away a large number of careless readers, who otherwise might gradually have become careful ones, I think, unless there be very strong justification for it, you would agree with me in thinking it right to cancel that expression. For instance, the “nympholeptic” in “The Lost Bower.”¹ I don't, myself, know what it means,

¹ [In stanza xlii.:—“Though my soul were nympholeptic.”]

and I haven't had time to look in the dictionary for it; and what is still worse, I don't expect to find it when I *do* look. I mean to mark things of this kind—there are not many, but all those which I feel painful I will mark. I do not know if your friends usually can feel such faults, for I suppose you generally find the world divide into those who can't understand a single syllable of you, and those who think you cannot do wrong. I should be much disposed to join the last group, and fling my cap up for you—write as you would—but my business is to be a critic, and I find it goes against my conscience to be in this matter unprofessional. For truly, I want these books of yours to be estimated as they deserve, and I know that some of these phrases are heavy impediments.

Among various works I have in hand at present, one is the endeavour to revive the art of Illumination.¹ And the day before yesterday, I made my best workman, who has recovered thoroughly the art of laying on the gold, copy out the beginning of the *Catarina* to Camoens, which, on the whole, is my favourite,² and which I mean to make one of the most glorious little burning books that ever had leaf turned by white finger. I intended to have begun with a canto of Dante; but afterwards I thought it would be of better omen to choose an English poet, and finally I chose this. I shall put one stanza in each vellum page, with deep blue and purple and golden embroidery; but I am afraid (I ought rather to say, I hope) it will not be finished before you come to England. After that I think I like the "Drama of Exile" best (all but the first stanza of it).³ I don't say it is finer than Milton, but I like it better; it seems to me far more true. That is, Milton was writing a poem to introduce as much learning and picturesque thought as he could—not believing that his angels ever did what he says they did. But you believe in your angels, and are, I am certain, much nearer the verity of them than Milton.

¹ [See above, pp. 175, 186 *n.*]

² [Mrs. Browning's answer (Florence, June 2) to this letter is printed in vol. ii. pp. 198–202 of *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, edited by F. G. Kenyon, 1897. In the course of it she says: "My husband is very much pleased, and particularly pleased that you selected 'Catarina,' which is his favourite among my poems for some personal fanciful reasons besides the rest. . . . I think you quite wrong in your objection to 'nympholept.' Nympholepsy is no more a Greek word than epilepsy, and nobody would or could object to epilepsy or apoplexy as a Greek word. It's a word for a specific disease or mania among the ancients, that mystical passion for an invisible nymph common to a certain class of visionaries. Indeed, I am not the first in referring to it in English literature. De Quincey has done so in prose, for instance, and Byron talks of 'The nympholepsy of a fond despair,' though *he* never was accused of being overridden by his Greek."]

³ [See above, p. 192.]

I find I can't write any more to-day, so I must just send this, and go on when I can.

My best regards to your husband.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

My father and mother beg their compliments. My mother says, if you would when you write tell her something about your child, it would greatly gratify her.

*To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*¹

24 April, 1855.

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I am so thoroughly unwell with cough and feverishness that I fear I shall scarcely be able to come to school on Thursday, nor to see you on Friday. I will write again if I am.

Meantime, I should be very grateful if you thought it right to take me entirely into your confidence, and to tell me whether you have any plans or wishes respecting Miss S[iddal] which you are prevented from carrying out by want of a certain income, and if so what certain income would enable you to carry them out.

In case I should be run over, or anything else happen to me, I have written to my lawyer to-day, so that the plan we have arranged at present² cannot be disturbed by any such accident. It may be as well that you should keep this letter (if you *can* keep anything safe in that disreputable litter of yours), in order to identify yourself as the Mr. D. Gabriel Rossetti named in my letter.—Believe me always respectfully and affectionately yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.³

*To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*⁴

Friday.

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I have been writing to Miss Siddal to-day, chiefly to prevent her from writing to *me*; but there are various details suggested in the letter which you and she must consult over. I will come into town to see you on Tuesday next, and you can then tell me what

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 69, 70.]

² [The plan of the purchase by Ruskin of Rossetti's drawings up to a fixed sum per annum: see Vol. V. p. xlii.]

³ [The next letter in *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism* (pp. 70–76) has been printed in Vol. V. pp. xlii.–xlv.]

⁴ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 28–31, where the letter is placed among those of 1854, but more probably it was later than the one of April 24, 1855.]

conclusions you have come to. But don't write, on this subject at least; or, if you want to see me before, just write that you want to see me, and I will come.

Now about yourself and my drawings. I am not more sure of anything in this world (and I am very positive about a great many things) than that the *utmost* a man can do is that which he can do without effort. All beautiful work—singing, painting, dancing, speaking—is the *easy* result of long and painful practice. *Immediate* effort always leads to shrieking, blotching, posturing, mouthing.

If you send me a picture in which you try to do your best, you may depend upon it it will be beneath your proper mark of power, and will disappoint me. If you make a careless couple of sketches, with bright and full colour in them, you are sure to do what will please me. If you try to do more, you may depend upon it I shall say "Thank you for nothing," very gruffly and sulkily.

I don't say this in the slightest degree out of delicacy, to keep you from giving me too much time. If I really liked the laboured sketch better, I would take it at once. I tell you the plain truth—and I always said the same to Turner—"If you will do me a drawing in three days, I shall be obliged to you; but if you take three months to it, you may put it behind the fire when it is done." And I should have said precisely the same thing to Tintoret, or any other *very* great man.

I don't mean to say you oughtn't to do the hard work. But the laboured picture will always be in part an *exercise*—not a result. You oughtn't to do many careless or slight works, but you ought to do them sometimes; and, depend upon it, the whole cream of you will be in them.

Well, the upshot of all this is, however, that I am very much struck by these two sketches of the Passover,¹ and that I want you to work out the doorway one as soon as possible, with as much labour as you like; but no more rubbings out. And when it is done, I want you to give me the refusal of it—at the price at which you would sell it to any indifferent person. I shall be very grateful if you will do this, and if you will do it soon. But my two sketches² are, please, to be done first

¹ [The water-colour of this subject (unfinished) has been reproduced on Plate XXXIV. in Vol. XXXIII. (p. 288). The two designs for the subject, of which Sir Henry Acland became possessed, are reproduced at p. 68 of H. C. Marillier's *D. G. Rossetti*. With regard to the rubbings out, "I had to carry the drawing off," said Ruskin, "finished or unfinished. You see Rossetti has cut the head of Christ out and put in a fresh one. He put it in and scraped it out so many times, that I feared he would end by scraping the whole thing clean away—so I carried it off" ("Personal Recollections of John Ruskin," by Selwyn Image, in *St. George*, vol. vi. p. 299).]

² [See above, pp. 166–167.]

and fast. It may perhaps rather help you than encumber you if I suggest to you some, for example:¹—

1. Buonconte of Montefeltro and Pia of Siena waiting behind him, Buonconte uttering the line, “Giovanna o altri,” etc., with any possible suggestion of line 102–105—in the distance.

2. Purgatory, canto 7, verse 72 to 78, combined with canto 8, verse 8 to 15, and 26 to 30; choosing whichever you think it was of the spirits that sang “Te lucis,” and one other as a type of the crowd.

3. Purgatory, canto 9, verses 60–66.

4. ” ” 9, ” 96–116.

5 ” ” 27, ” 97–108.

6. ” ” 28, ” 52–55, combined

with 68, 69. I merely name them by way of example of the sort of thing I should like—don’t limit yourself to these if you have been thinking of any other.

Stay, I must make out a complete number—suppose for seventh Piccarda and Costanza in the moon.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*²

30 April [1855].

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I shall try to get this letter posted early tomorrow, to wish you a happy month of May. If you would kindly stay in the afternoon, my assistant, Mr. Laing, will bring you a note, which I shall tell him to give into your own hands, with our beginnings in it. I am much better, but can’t speak yet clearly, nor hardly think, and I have had no time yet to think over your letter; but my feeling at the first reading is that it would be best for you to marry, for the sake of giving Miss Siddal complete protection and care, and putting an end to the peculiar sadness, and want of you hardly know what, that there is in both of you.

I shall be able to send you before the end of the week as much

¹ [For No. 1, see *Purgatorio*, v. 88. The “possible suggestion of line 102–105” would consist of figures of an angel and a devil. No. 2 is the Valley of the Kings, with the angels with flaming swords. No. 3 is Dante set down by Lucia at the gate of Purgatory. No. 4 is the angel guarding the gate. No. 5 is the vision of Rachel and Leah, quoted in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. pp. 277–278). No. 6 is Matilda in the Garden of Eden, referred to in the same place. For No. 7, see *Paradiso*, iii. (compare Vol. XIX. p. 82). Of the subjects suggested by Ruskin, Rossetti made water-colour drawings of Nos. 5 and 6. For the “Rachel and Leah” (with a figure of Dante in the background), Ruskin paid thirty guineas, and afterwards parted with it to Miss Heaton of Leeds. A reproduction of it is given at pp. 66–67 of H. C. Marillier’s *Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (1899).]

² [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 76–77.]

as will secure her comfort, with a companion, for a week or two at Jersey. Then, if she could make up her mind to take you, and go quietly away together to Vevay for the summer?—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I write this more hastily than I ought, because I think you will be anxious to know what I think. I will write at length to-morrow, or the day after. Don't bring Munro¹ yet. I want to see him, but I can't see; and to speak to him, but I can't speak.

*To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*²

[DENMARK HILL. ? May 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I am very sorry I could not answer as you bid me, but I did not know till to-day how my week would be cut out. I am afraid I cannot come this week, for Inchbold is going to leave town and I want to see his things,³ and I can't pay more than one exploring visit in a week. It is inconceivable how one's time slides away, and I am afraid I must go down to examine the choir of our chapel with its newly-painted windows some day soon.⁴ Mr. Moore wanted you very much to come too, but I suppose you cannot leave your work in the daytime?—at least, for so long.

I forgot to say to you when I saw you that, if you think there is anything in which I can be of any use to Miss Siddal, you have only to tell me. I mean, she might be able and like, as the weather comes finer, to come out here sometimes and take a walk in the garden, and feel the quiet fresh air, and look at a missal or two, and she shall have the run of the house; and, if you think she would like an Albert Dürer or a photograph for her own room, merely tell me, and I will get them for her. And I want to talk to you about her, because you seem to me to let her wear herself out with fancies, and she really ought to be made to draw in a dull way sometimes from dull things. I have written to her to tell her how much I like the Witch;⁵ but I don't tell her what I think about her drawing, until you give me leave. I shall try to find you to-morrow about one, but, as I see you have scratched out Tuesday, I daresay you may be out. Never mind.—Always yours, J. R.

¹ [Alexander Munro, the sculptor; for whom, see Vol. XIV. p. 119 *n.*]

² [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 79–80.]

³ [For Ruskin's notices of his pictures of 1855, see Vol. XIV. pp. 21, 22.]

⁴ [Camden Church, Peckham Road, where the Rev. Daniel Moore succeeded Canon Melvill as incumbent. Ruskin added a chancel to it, with painted windows and sculptured pillars. The church was much damaged by fire in 1907.]

⁵ [Possibly an illustration to Rossetti's *Sister Helen*: see below, p. 236.]

*To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*¹

[May 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—How you must wonder what I am about! I am a little tired and shaky—have been going to grass, and filing my teeth for a snarl at Academy.² I want you to do me a troublesomish favour. To come out next Saturday, and sit down, and make out for me as well as you can what certain colours are that Turner uses, and how they have been laid on. Come out as early as you can, and lunch.

Meantime, the following is the list of my colours:—Emerald-green, cobalt, smalt, Prussian blue, indigo, pink madder, carmine, Venetian red, light red, vermilion, blue black, burnt sienna, madder brown, burnt umber, Roman ochre, brown ochre, yellow ochre, gamboge, yellow lake, cadmium yellow, lemon yellow, chrome yellow, orange chrome. Could you kindly write those you find useful besides, on another sheet of paper, and tell bearer where to get violet carmine? The others you name he can get at Winsor & Newton's, as their half cakes fit my box.—Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

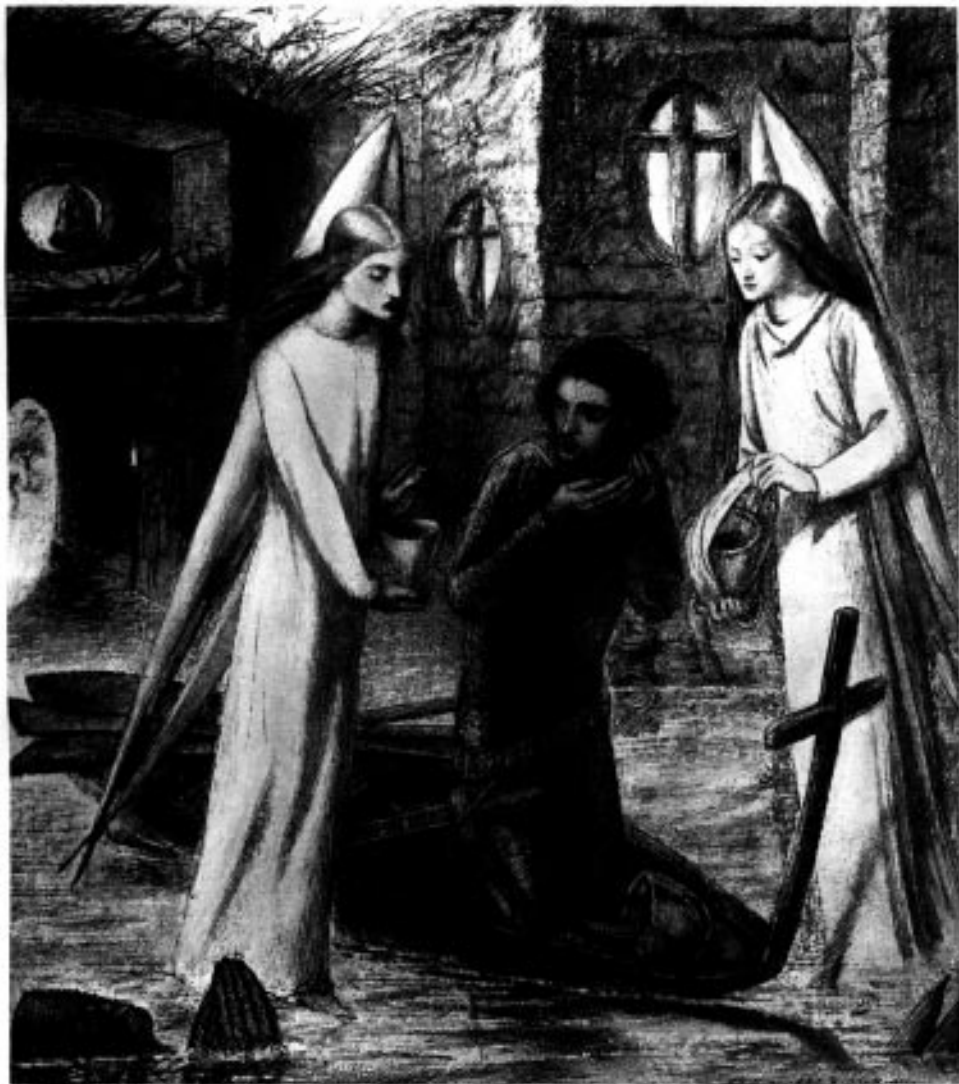
*To Miss ELIZABETH ELEANOR SIDDAL*³

[DENMARK HILL. ? May 1855.]

DEAR MISS SIDDAL,—I merely write this line to prevent your having any hesitation, or feeling any discomfort, in accepting the offer I asked Rossetti to convey to you. It is very possible you may feel as if it involved a sort of pledge on your part to do a certain quantity of work, and that, if you could not do as much as you thought you should, you might get unhappy.

Now, I believe you have imagination enough to put yourself in other people's places (even *I* have imagination enough sometimes to do this), and if you will put yourself in my place, and ask yourself what you would like any other person to do who was in yours, I believe you will answer rightly, and save both me and yourself much discomfort. For I think you will then see that the best way of obliging me will be to get well as fast as possible; not drawing one stroke more than you like.

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 77–78.]² [The first number of *Academy Notes*: see Vol. XIV.]³ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 64–67. “This letter again is imperfect.” For Ruskin's arrangements to help Miss Siddal, see the Introduction; above, p. xliii. The drawing of “The Holy Grail,” here reproduced (Plate X.), is among those which she did for him.]



Miss E. E. Siddal

Allen & Co. So.

I should like you to go to the country immediately. The physician whom you consult will probably give you some suggestions, but doctors nearly always have some favourite watering-place. He may, however, recommend south of France or Italy. I shall be most happy to meet the expense (which will not be great) of your journey to any point recommended to you, but I *strongly* would oppose your thinking of *Italy*, which would be so fearfully exciting to you that I believe you would be thrown into a fever in a week. South of France might perhaps be well; but, if you were my own sister, I should plead hard for a little cottage in some sheltered Welsh valley. My own belief is that you want calm, sweet, but *bracing* air, rather than hot, relaxing air. Of this we can talk afterwards.

Once established with some one to take care of you in a cottage—if possible near a cattle shed—you must try and make yourself as simple a milkmaid as you can, and only draw when you can't help it. One thing remember, that if ever you try to do anything particularly well, to please me or any one else, you are *sure to fail*. Nothing is ever done well but what is done easily. You must never draw but at an easel so placed as that you need not stoop. You ought to have a little one to screw to your chair.

What you do you are to send me, whether you think it bad or good, nothing or something, except what you like to give Rossetti or to keep yourself. As for Rossetti, I will sometimes give him some of mine if he begs very hard.

Work as much as possible in colour. I do not care whether they be separate drawings or illuminations, but try always to sketch with colour rather than with pencil only—I mean so far as is agreeable to you. The slightest blot of blue and green is pleasanter to me than a month's work with chalk or ink.

Be sure to travel *comfortably*, and not too far at once. Of this, however . . .

To Miss ELIZABETH ELEANOR SIDDAL¹

[DENMARK HILL. ? May 1855.]

. . . would not receive such a present from me, though you knew that it was as much my duty to give it as yours to take it.

The world is an odd world. People think nothing of taking my *time* from me every day of my life (which is to me life, money, power,

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 62–64. "This," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "must have been a long letter. I only find the second sheet of it."]

all in all). They take that, without thanks, for no need, for the most trivial purposes, and would have me lose a whole day to leave a card with their footmen; and *you*, for life's sake, will not take that for which I have no use—you are too proud. You would not be too proud to let a nurse or friend give up some of her time, if you needed it, to watch by you and take care of you. What is the difference between their giving time and watchfulness and my giving such help as I can?

Perhaps I have said too much of my wish to do this for Rossetti's sake. But, if you do not choose to be helped for his sake, consider also that the plain *hard fact* is that I think you have genius; that I don't think there is much genius in the world; and I want to keep what there is, in it, heaven having, I suppose, enough for all its purposes. Utterly irrespective of Rossetti's feelings or my own, I should simply do what I do, if I could, as I should try to save a beautiful tree from being cut down, or a bit of a Gothic cathedral whose strength was failing. If you would be so good as to consider yourself as a piece of wood or Gothic for a few months, I should be grateful to you. If you will not, I shall not be.

I don't see what more of objection there is. I have tried to fancy myself in your place, and I believe, though certainly sorry I could not work, I should not torment myself about it. All I have to say is, finally, that I don't expect you to be able to work at all for about four months yet; that by that time I believe you may have gained strength enough to do a little water-colour drawing, and next year to begin the oil; and that if I hear of your being any more restive I shall be very seriously saddened and hurt—and there an end.—Believe me affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

If you would send me a little signed promise—"I will be good"—by Rossetti, I should be grateful; you can't possibly oblige me in any other way at present; you would only vex me if you sent me the best drawing that ever was seen.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.¹

[? 1855.]

MY DEAR ACLAND,—I am going to burden you still with some other cares on the subject of Pre-Raphaelitism, of which you have already had painful thoughts enough.

¹ [A few words of this and the next letter ("She has more . . . fresco." "She is the daughter . . . save her") are printed in J. B. Atlay's *Memoir of Acland*, p. 227.]

I have not asked Rossetti for permission to tell you (but I am sure I only do both him and you justice in assuming such permission) that one of the chief hindrances to his progress in art has been his sorrow at the state of health of the young girl, some of whose work I showed you. I fear this sorrow will soon be sealed—and with what effect upon him, I cannot tell; I see that his attachment to her is very deep, but how far he is prepared for the loss I know not.

She was examined a fortnight ago by a leading London physician (I know not which)—one side of the lungs pronounced seriously affected. She is uncomfortable in her family, who, though kind enough in other matters, set their faces steadily against all her artist's feelings—and have in no wise any sympathy with her, so that she goes up to her room without fire in winter to hide herself while she draws. The physician strongly recommended change of scene and air. I fear no good can be done, but at least it would put Rossetti's mind at peace if he knew she was in pure air—and at rest.

She has enough to enable her to support herself in a little cottage or lodging somewhere in the country—and Rossetti is deeply anxious to get her out of town and out of the element that grieves her, but at present he can find no companion for her. Do you, among any of your Devonshire peasantry, know a kind woman in some pretty place by the seashore, who could take charge of her? I should not think she was wayward, or troublesome; I have only seen her twice, but she has a perfectly gentle expression, and I don't think Rossetti would have given his soul to her unless she had been both gentle and good. She has more the look of a Florentine fifteenth-century lady than anything I ever saw out of a fresco

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

[? 1855.]

DEAR ACLAND,—I am truly obliged and Rossetti will be put at rest by your kindness in this matter. Miss Siddal had a fancy for going to Jersey to see the sea, and for sake of sea voyage, but I thought Devonshire would be better, and begged Rossetti to make her wait till I could write to you. She cannot go about to see things much, but I should be very glad if you would get her a lodging at Oxford for a little while and examine her—and direct her how to manage herself—then sending her to the place you think fittest. She will be able, I have no doubt, to pay the two pounds a week. I answer in haste, doubting not that when I have shown your letter to Rossetti he will

be able to persuade her to give up the Jersey plan—but she cannot move for some days yet. I will let you know when to get the rooms for her.

She is the daughter of a watchmaker. Rossetti first got her to sit to him for his higher female faces, and thus found out her talent for drawing, taught her, and got attached to her, and now she is dying unless the rest and change of scene can save her. She is five-and-twenty. I went in yesterday and hunted through all Rossetti's folios, but he always gives away or throws away everything as it approaches completion. I found one noble thing of the Virgin and St. John long after the Ascension—in St. John's house at evening—he reading, and the Madonna standing at the window watching the sunset; but it had got all torn and dirtied and half effaced.¹ So that I have determined for the present to send you the one you liked here, of the group at the table of the Passover,² and I have taken instead of it a coloured sketch, which was not what you wanted at all, but will be very useful to me. I was very glad to extricate it from the mass of the condemned—it is a single figure in a golden dress singing.³ I gave Rossetti the five pounds and took this for it, as *for you*, so that properly it *is* yours, only I send you the other because you will like it better, and I will “ketch hold” of the first thing that Rossetti does of the sort you want, and if you like it better than the Passover I will exchange with you; but the Passover is a fine thing, and I shall be very glad that such a drawing is seen at Oxford. Only mind and tell people that it was merely a *waste piece of paper given* to me, and sent to you because I knew you would like it, otherwise they won't understand the half-rubbed-out St. John. I hadn't a frame that would fit it properly; the one it was in was all over knobs and wouldn't carry, but you can keep the one it is sent in, if it will at all do (I write before I have tried).

What a strange, sensitive creature you are about talking to people! As if you had said anything to me about my aims, other than what was encouraging to me! It was depreciatory of Turner and landscape, and J. M. W. T. considers himself insulted by you, certainly, but not *I*. I was, on the contrary, very thankful to find that you thought I *was*

¹ [A water-colour of this subject was finished by Rossetti in 1858, and a replica of it in 1859. The former was owned by Lady Trevelyan; the latter by Miss Heaton (Nos. 79 and 85 in H. C. Marillier's list). Ruskin refers to the drawing in *Art of England*, §§ 5, 31 (Vol. XXXIII. pp. 270, 287).]

² [A pencil design for “The Eating of the Passover”; reproduced opposite p. 68 of H. C. Marillier's *Rossetti*.]

³ [The “Girl playing a Lute,” a small water-colour, afterwards given by Ruskin to Mrs. Churchill; it is reproduced at p. 42 of Mr. Marillier's book.]

good for something, for I had a notion before that you had been talked out of all faith in me.—Ever in haste, affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

You have not understood about Arundel Society. *You* will not have to subscribe, for I shall send you all the publications as they come out. I have spare copies always. I only meant to let other people see.

To Miss ELIZABETH ELEANOR SIDDAL¹

[? May 1855.]

DEAR MISS SIDDAL,—Forgive me for pressing you to do anything you do not like, but I do so only because you do not know my friends and I do. I hold it of the very highest importance that you should let Dr. Acland see you, because he will take that thoughtful and tender care in thinking of your case which only a good and very unusually sympathetic man is capable of. You shall be *quite* independent. You shall see no one. You shall have your little room all to yourself. Only once put your tongue out and let him feel your pulse. Mrs. Acland may perhaps trespass on you for a quarter of an hour. As for children, when I tell you they never brought them into *my* way, you may be sure they will not into yours. In fact, I have explained to Acland all about it, and I am so certain it is the best and happiest thing for you that I have taken upon me even to tell him to get your lodgings for you at £1 a week as you desire, until he has ascertained where you should go in Devonshire. Please therefore pardon me, and get ready to go to Oxford, for every day lost is of importance. Could you get one of your sisters to go with you on Monday? I have told Dr. Acland to write to you when the rooms will be ready—I hope on Monday. Please do excuse my pressing you in this way, and believe me most respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

If one of your sisters cannot go, Rossetti says he will take charge of you to Oxford.

To Miss ELIZABETH ELEANOR SIDDAL²

[DENMARK HILL. ? May 1855.]

DEAR MISS SIDDAL,—You are a very good girl to say you will break off those disagreeable ghostly connections of yours. I do hope you will

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 80, 81.]

² [*Ibid.*, p. 82. “The opening sentence seems to refer to some design of a spectral subject that Miss Siddal was making: perhaps ‘The Haunted Tree,’ a good water-colour now in my possession” (W. M. R.).]

be able to go to Oxford on Saturday. I have asked Rossetti to write and tell Dr. Acland if you will. The Doctor will let you see a little sea, if you tell him you like it, and you will see rocks too and heather, and what not, down in Devonshire. But I know it is difficult to be cheerful when one is ill. I could sit down to-day and cry very heartily. Only keep your mind easy about work, and all will I trust be well.—Truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss ELIZABETH ELEANOR SIDDAL¹

[DENMARK HILL, *May* 1855.]

MY DEAR IDA,—I shall be anxious to see Dr. Acland's answer, or at least to hear the substance of it. I should *think* there was no *necessity* for your going south for two months yet. My principal theory about you is that you want to be kept quiet and idle, in good and pure—not over warm—air. The difficulty is to keep you quiet, and yet to give you means of passing the time with some degree of pleasure to yourself. You inventive people pay very dearly for your powers—there is no knowing how to manage you. One thing is very certain, that Rossetti will never be happy or truly powerful till he gets over that habit of his of doing nothing but what “interests him,”—and you also must try and read the books I am going to send you, which you know are to be chosen from among the most *uninteresting* I can find. I will write more when I send them.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI²

[DENMARK HILL] 11 *May*, 1855.

DEAR ROSSETTI,—The enclosed note, posted, will, I doubt not, bring you the £35 by return of post. But, unless it is really a question of sheriff's officers, I would *rather* you would make an effort to finish the picture and send it here to me, and let me remit you the money in a business-like way; for the fact is, I have not the sum by me, and cannot ask my father for it *in advance* without ruining you in his mercantile opinion, which I don't choose to do; so my only other resource is to state the facts, which I have done in the enclosed note, to my publisher, who will remit you the sum instantly. But I do not quite like his knowing that I do anything of this kind without my father's knowledge. Do not put yourself to inconvenience, but, if you can keep the wolf from the door without using the note, I would rather.

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 89. “Ida” was Ruskin's name for Miss Siddal, taken presumably from Tennyson's *Princess* and included in *Siddal*.]

² [*Ibid.*, pp. 83, 84.]

When you send the drawing down, send a note with it merely saying: "Dear R.—I promised you the refusal of this, and I must part with it immediately; let me know as soon as you can if you would like to have it."

You may be pretty sure I shall "like to have it"; but I wish you to put it in this way, as I shall state my arrangement with you to my father on these terms—that I am to have the drawings I like best. Besides, I am sure you would like me to have this choice.

I am very sorry to hear what you tell me from Oxford. But I can write no more to-night. Forgive my long explanations and the trouble I give you, and believe me most affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*¹

[DENMARK HILL, 12 May, 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I wrote in great haste and considerable puzzlement, merely glancing your letter through yesterday. By all means, make use of the note. I did not then see how much you wanted the money. I write chiefly to tell you that I have a *quite* favourable opinion from Acland of Miss Siddal, only saying she *must* be absolutely idle, but he thinks there is no really unarrestable or even infixed disease as *yet*. I am very glad you saw and liked him.

I have written to Allingham.² I quite forgot to answer about your brother's wish to show the Turners. They shall always be open to him and to his friends when the covers are off again; but you see what a state the house is in.

Now, have done talking about efforts (?), and get up instead of down. I only wish it were *my 27th birthday*.—Ever yours affectionately,

J.R.

*To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI*³

[? May 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I hope to come and work with you, according to your kind wish, sometimes during the summer, when our house here will be turned inside out by French people.⁴

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 85. "This note is a good deal torn. The concluding sentence indicates that it was written in reply to a letter from Rossetti, saying that he was then just twenty-seven years of age, which occurred on 12th May 1855" (W. M. R.).]

² [Rossetti in a letter to William Allingham (May 11) had written: "Yesterday I took the MSS. to Ruskin, who, on hearing that they came from you, said you were one to whom he owed and would yet pay a letter of thanks, which he was sorry remained so long unwritten; and therewith spoke again with great delight of your poems" (*Letters of D. G. Rossetti to William Allingham*, edited by G. B. Hill, p. 122).]

³ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 86.]

⁴ [That is, by a visit from the Domecq family.]

I should like to consult with you and hear your reasons about *oil-painting*. I don't think that this form of study is quite necessary,¹ and it will involve much trouble and expense. For one thing, I cannot have any *oil-painting* whatsoever in the room in which my class works, otherwise I could not leave my books and prints about. Please don't go into this further till I see you. The worst of it is, I am so shaky that I must put off again your promised visit on Wednesday, my cough being still violent, and I may perhaps have to lay up altogether. There is, as far as I know—and I know pretty well—no danger in it, but merely that which would become dangerous if I were careless with it.—Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Best regards to your brother. The cheque is all right. You have only to present it and be paid in cash.

To W. J. STILLMAN²

DENMARK HILL, *May* 14 [1855].

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received No. 13 of *The Crayon*, and hasten to assure you that you are quite right in your explanation of the circumstances which must have let to the exhibition of a drawing of mine at New York.³ Not only is it exhibited without my knowledge—but it would have been difficult for any of my bitterest opponents to have given me more annoyance in a small way, than is thus caused me, by what I presume to be the act of some injudicious friend. I have not the remotest idea what the sketch is; but I know that it *can* be nothing but some of my boy's work—literally thrown aside for waste paper; or perhaps given, just because it was boy's work, to some old domestic. This last possibility occurs to me, because I remember that some time ago, when I was abroad, an American gentleman called at my father's house, and by the regret he expressed at my absence, and the interest which he kindly showed in anything that concerned me, so won the heart of the confidential servant who has care of our Turner

¹ [That is, at the Working Men's College.]

² [Editor of *The Crayon*. The letter is reprinted from No. 23 of that journal, June 6, vol. i. p. 361.]

³ [There had been correspondence in *The Crayon* (p. 283), ridiculing a sketch, or, according to one report, "three pictures by the great Ruskin," on view at the New York Academy of Design. In the next number the Rev. E. L. Magoon explained that in 1854 he had made a pilgrimage to Denmark Hill, and received from a servant "probably the first preserved drawing Ruskin ever made." Subsequently he bought a sketch from a clerk in the employ of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and this latter was the one exhibited. The gentleman responsible for accepting it for exhibition maintained that "though slight, it would do credit to any artist" (p. 298).]

drawings, that she hunted through the stores of the servants' hall for some of these scraps of my old sketches, and by way of a most costly gift, presented, it appears, her new friend with three of them. It does not at all follow that it must be one of those which is now, I am grieved to hear, *not* the admiration of New York—but I name the circumstance, because it is only in this way that any drawing of mine *can* have got before the public at all—and any such drawing must assuredly be one of the worst and earliest of my efforts—and that is saying much—for until I was eighteen or nineteen, I was totally ignorant of the first principles of drawing—and as I never had any invention, it would be difficult to produce anything more contemptible, in every way, than the sort of sketch I used to make in my boyhood. Nor do I at present rest my hope of being of service as a critic on any power of painting. When I praise Turner, I do not think I can rival him, any more than in praising Shakespeare I suppose myself capable of writing another *Lear*. But I *can* now draw steadily, thoroughly, and rightly, up to a certain point, and as the American public have seen my child work, I shall be grateful to them if they will do me the justice to examine, with some attention, the drawing which I shall take care to have in the next New York Exhibition, if it may there be accepted.

You sent me two rather formidable queries in your last private note to me. On one—"What are the limits of detail?" I have something like sixty pages of talk, in the third volume of *Modern Painters*,¹ which, if I live, will be out about Christmas—but I may answer hurriedly, as you will at once understand what I mean—that as far as you can *see* detail, you should always paint it—if you intend your picture to be a finished one, and to be placed where its finished painting can be seen. It is of no use to detail the hair of figures on a dome 300 feet above the eye—and there are many pictorial thoughts which may be expressed in ten minutes, without detail at all. But in every picture intended for finished work, and intended to be seen near, the limit of detail is—visibility—and no other.—Always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL²

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, *May 22nd*, 1855.

MY DEAR FURNIVALL,—I return the plan as you bid me. It is very nicely and wisely put, and very nobly felt! I say as I did at first, I am afraid of it.

¹ [See ch. ix. (Vol. V. pp. 149–168): presumably curtailed on revision.]

² [No. 18 in *Furnivall*, pp. 50–51.]

Hardly a fortnight has passed since the College began without some new plan. I cannot worry myself with this everlasting “What is to be done?” Maurice must manage the College, and I will teach there, minding my own business. I never was thoroughly ashamed of you and your radicalism till you sent me that ineffably villainous thing of Victor Hugo’s. Did you ever read *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*? I believe it to be simply the most disgusting book ever written by man, and on the whole to have caused more brutality and evil than any other French writing with which I am acquainted.

De Balzac is sensual, but he is an artist of the highest touch, and a philosopher even in his sensuality. Engène Sue paints virtue as well as vice. Dumas is absurd and useless, but interesting. Béranger blasphemous, but witty. George Sand immoral, but elegant. But for pure, dull, virtueless, stupid, deadly poison, read Victor Hugo.

I am going to consult with Dickinson about drawing class. If you could come with Mr. Hole to the drawing class on Thursday, I would make an appointment for chat about Leeds.

Truly yours, if you will utterly and for ever disclaim Victor Hugo,

J. RUSKIN.

To J. J. LAING¹

[? 1855.]

I wish you would keep yourself *quiet*. You cannot help *me* in any other way than by doing simply what I have got to do—and you can only help *yourself*, by doing at present as little as possible, till you are stronger in health.

As for any effectual progress in architectural power, you need not hope for it until you can draw properly—that is, artistically. There are no different kinds of drawing but two, Bad and Good. Architectural drawing—so called—is merely Bad drawing precisely done. I value the precision, but not the Badness. Perhaps you will understand better what I mean when I say such drawing is merely a mass of lies neatly told. I knew you were a good workman as far as precision went, and told you so, if you remember, when first I saw your drawings; and I will *find you out* quite fast enough. First of all, learn to draw and colour, and not to *fret*. You must learn to draw well and fast, and then you will begin to see your way. Imitations of engravings are simply abortions and abominations.

Your illuminations are all *excellently* done, except here and there a line which *must* be wrong. I will show you when I get home.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [“Some Ruskin Letters,” in the *Westminster Gazette*, August 27, 1894.]

To W. J. STILLMAN¹

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, May 31, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,—I answer your two last questions as well as I can.

What is the origin and use of fluting in columns? The origin, I believe, was a conventional expression or imitation of the roughness of the bark of trees. But architects are not agreed on this point. The use is to give greater energy to the vertical character of the pillar by marking it with upright lines of shadow, which are more beautiful than those of the triglyph, because continually varied (by the necessary effects of perspective, and light and shade) in apparent depth and diameter. Your correspondent will find further observations on the subject in the chapter on "The Shaft" in first volume of *Stones of Venice*.²

2nd. Whether is the artist's feeling or the nature he represents, of more importance in a picture?

Suppose you were looking thro' Lord Rosse's telescope³—which would you think of more importance to your enjoyment—the telescope or the stars? The artist is a telescope—very marvellous in himself, as an instrument. But I think, on the whole, the stars are the principal part of the affair. The artist, however, is, when good, a telescope not only of extraordinary power, but one which can pick out the best stars for you to look at—display them to you in the most instructive order—and give you a mute but, somehow or other, intelligible lecture on them. We thus become of considerable importance, but may always be dwarfed in a moment by the question—Suppose there were no stars? And the best artist is he who has the clearest lens, and so makes you forget every now and then that you are looking thro' him.—Believe me always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—You sent me a question about the fall of Raphael. A very interesting one, but too serious to be answered in this sort of way. You will see much of what I have to say in the third volume of *Modern Painters*.⁴

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI⁵

17 June [? 1855].

DEAR ROSSETTI,—You must have wondered at my never speaking of the poems in any of my letters—but I was for a long time when I first left London too ill to examine them properly.

¹ [Editor of *The Crayon*. The letter is reprinted from No. 26 of that journal, June 27, 1855, vol. i. p. 409.]

² [Chap. xxvi. ("Wall Veil and Shaft"): see Vol. IX. pp. 354–358.]

³ [The great telescope constructed by William Parsons, third Earl of Rosse (1800–1867).]

⁴ [Vol. V. pp. 78–82.]

⁵ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 229–231, where the date "1859" is added, but this, as appears from what follows, is unlikely. "The poems"*\mjccont

You have had an excellent critic in Allingham—as far as I can judge. I mean—that I would hardly desire for myself, in looking over the poems, to do more than *ink* all his *pencil*. But—as a reader or taster for the public—I should wish to find more fault than he has done, and to plead with you in all cases for entire clearness of modern and unantiquated expression.

As a mass, the poems are too much of the same colour. I think a considerable number of the love poems should be omitted, as, virtually, they repeat each other to a tiresome extent. The dialogue with Death, which is the finest of all, should be finished up to the highest point of English perfectness; so also the war sonnets about Pisa and the wolves¹ and so on—and if possible more of this general character should be found, and added to the series. Great pains should be taken to get the two despatches of ballads right; they are both exquisitely beautiful. You must work on these at your leisure. I think the book will be an interesting and popular one, if you will rid it from crudities.

I am very glad to find you can stick up for your work, as well as burn it. We will say no more about the drawing until you see it again. I am beginning to have a very strong notion that you burn all your best things and keep the worst ones. Virgil would have done so, if he could;²—and numbers of great men more.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Kind regards to your brother.

There was nothing noticed in the pamphlet³ that was out of my way. My *business* is to know all sorts of *good*—small and great, no matter how small—and to attack all sorts of *bad*, no matter how great. I am going to run full butt at Raphael this next time.⁴

are Rossetti's translations from the Italian, which Ruskin presently enabled him to publish. It appears from *Rossetti's Letters to William Allingham* (p. 58) that Rossetti had, as early as 1854, shown some of the translations in MS. to Allingham, who "liked them so much" but advised the omission of some of them. In one letter of 1855 (p. 101) Rossetti speaks of an intention to show them to Ruskin, with a view to obtaining his help towards publication; and in another of the same year (p. 121) he mentions having given them, with Allingham's criticism on the margin, to Ruskin. In 1858 (p. 212) he was again asking for Allingham's annotations on a revised MS. A letter printed above (p. 168) shows that as early as 1854 Ruskin had asked for sight of the translations.]

¹ [See Guido Cavalcanti's "A Dispute with Death" (p. 377, ed. 1861), and Folgore da San Geminiano's sonnet "To the Guelf Faction" (p. 99). The "despatches of ballads" are pieces in which ballads are despatched by the poets: Lapo Gianni's "Message in charge for his Lady" ("Ballad . . . Hie thee tot her," etc.), p. 427; and Guido Cavalcanti's "In Exile at Sarzana" ("Ballad . . . Go thou for me," etc.), p. 364.]

² ["In his last illness he . . . called for the cases which held his MSS., with the intention of burning the *Aeneid*" (Sellar's *Virgil*, p. 123).]

³ [If the date of the letter be 1855, "the pamphlet" would be the first number of *Academy Notes*.]

⁴ [That is, in the third volume of *Modern Painters*: see above, p. 213.]

*To ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING*DOVER, *June 19th* [1855].

DEAR MRS. BROWNING,—I was truly glad to have your letter yesterday,¹ being a little anxious lest you should have been made ill by this bitter spring, and when I got it I was very sorry to hear that you were coming north. I am afraid for you. You say, I cannot understand how difficult it is to leave Florence. But the only thing I can't understand is, why you should come here, in such a year as this at all events, and no dear Miss Mitford to see. I *should* like to see you, myself, truly, but if I had any influence with you, I should say nevertheless: go and look at the exhibition—wave your handkerchief to the Emperor—give a kind thought and hope to the Empress—and away with you back to the Val d'Arno.

However, this is a strange welcome, and yet I cannot help it. I wonder if the wind whistles down the Avenue des C. E. as it does round this Dover Harbour, stretching all the pendants out on a perfect rack of undulations. But if you are foolishly kind enough to, come—and you will make us very happy, if you keep well. I merely send you this line to say we are going home to Denmark Hill to-morrow, and to beg you to let me know where you are as soon as you arrive in town. I suppose I am more frightened for you than is reasonable, having suffered much myself this spring, from the bitter cold of it. It quite beat me at last, and I was forced to leave London and come down to Tunbridge Wells, in a very shaky state indeed. When you have succeeded in all your designs upon the English language, I might perhaps most graphically describe it as

Tesseric, pentic, hectic, heptic,*
Phœnico-dæmonic, and dyspeptic,
Hipped-ic, Pipped-ic, East-wind-nipped-ic,
Stiffened like styptic, doubled in diptych,
Possi-kephaly-chersecliptic.

That last line, by-the-bye, is really a triumph of expression—at least it will be, when it is “distributed to the multitude.”² Apropos

* Anglice—all at sixes and sevens.

¹ [The letter (of June 2) is printed in the *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. pp. 198–202.]

² [The reference is to the following passage in Mrs. Browning's letter of June 2: “The longer I live in this writing and reading world, the more convinced I am that the mass of readers *never* receive a poet (you, who are a poet yourself, must surely observe that) without intermediation. The few understand, appreciate, and distribute to the multitude below.”]

of that same distribution, it is all very well in theory, but if you overbake your verses in the poetic fire, who is to chop them up?

We will have it out, when we meet. I was truly obliged to you for introducing Mr. Tiltan and Mr. Jarves.¹ I liked them both exceedingly. I haven't been able yet to look at Mr. Jarves's book with any care, but it seems well felt. I hope the Americans will soon create a school of art for themselves.

Accept all our sincerest regards both for yourself and Mr. Browning. I am so glad I like the same poem that he does.

Good-bye and Good-speed.—Ever most faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

My mother's especial and most sincere thanks for the bit about your boy.

To Mrs. ACLAND²

TUESDAY, 10th July, 1855.

DEAR MRS. ACLAND,—I write to you, by Henry's bidding, touching a partly planned expedition in search of foam, very typical of wiser men's pursuits in general.

I find for this year that I must give it up. The arrangement of materials which I have been collecting for ten years brings with it perpetual memories of things which were left to be done at the last—*i.e.*, just now—and the quantity of mortar which I want, to put all together,³ is so great that I must needs go to gather stubble, for myself—nobody being able to help me, and time a hard taskmaster. But, God permitting, I mean to have a book out at the New Year which will settle a good many things about art that will be better settled. Meantime, every morning that I wake, I find more things in my head, to be fitted into it, here and there, than the day serves me to put down; and it is so excessively difficult to keep a good grasp on the whole thing that I dare not distract myself in any way till it is done. If I should have to go to bed it does not matter, for a

¹ [James Jackson Jarves, of Boston, author of *Art Hints* (1855) and other books of art and travel, and the owner of a collection of pictures formed by him during a residence of many years in Italy. "Our American friend Mr. Jarves," Mrs. Browning had written to Ruskin (June 2, 1855), "wrote to us full of gratitude and gratification on account of your kindness to him, for which we also should thank you." It was Mr. Jarves who presently introduced Charles Eliot Norton to Ruskin.]

² [Some sentences of this letter ("These geniuses . . . any good") are printed in J. B. Atlay's *Memoir of Acland*, pp. 228–229.]

³ [In the third and fourth volumes of *Modern Painters*, which came out in January and April 1856.]

little resting illness only delays, does not confuse me. But if I were to go with Henry and Liddell anywhere, I should fall into all kinds of new trains of thought—not manageable together with this. I don't *think* I shall need rest of any kind, for when I say I "have not time" for a thing I don't mean, as Henry does, that I have worked since five in the morning and that it is now twelve at night. But I mean that I have worked for four hours and that it is my time for going to see how the grass grows, and what the ants are about, and that I haven't time for anything but that. But next year—if all should be well, I will make a *promise* to meet Henry in any part of Switzerland, at any time he likes.

I don't know exactly how that wilful Ida¹ has behaved to you. As far as I can make out, she is not ungrateful but sick, and sickly headstrong—much better, however, for what Henry has done for her. But I find trying to be of any use to people is the most wearying thing possible. The true secret of happiness would be to bolt one's gates, lie on the grass all day, take care not to eat too much dinner, and buy as many Turners as one could afford. These geniuses are all alike, little and big. I have known five of them—Turner, Watts, Millais, Rossetti, and this girl—and I don't know which was, or which is, wrong-headedest. I am with them like the old woman who lived in the shoe,² only that I don't want to send them to bed, and can't whip them—or else that is what they all want. Poor Turner went to bed before I expected, and "broth without bread" the rest are quite as likely to get, as with it, if that would do them any good. My father and mother are at Tunbridge Wells, or would desire to be kindly remembered to you. All anecdotes about Tiny, or Angie, or Harry are very acceptable to my mother, should you have time to set them down; and by no means unacceptable to me. My kind love to them all.—Always truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Dr. W. C. BENNETT³

DENMARK HILL, *July 11th*, 1855.

DEAR MR. BENNETT,—Many thanks for your interesting poems. I like all the war songs very much, but am truly sorry to see you taking up that Dickensian cry against Capital Punishment.⁴ You, with all

¹ [Ruskin's name for Miss Siddal: see above, p. 208 *n.*]

² [Compare below, p. 303.]

³ [No. 27 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 71–73. The book referred to is *Poems*, by W. C. Bennett; London, 1850.]

⁴ [See "The Execution and how it Edified the Beholders"; pp. 17–22 of Dr. Bennett's *Poems*. And on "the Dickensian cry," see Vol. XXVII. p. 667.]

others on that side, seem to think that a man is hanged by way of an example. A man is hanged because it is written (wholly irrespective of the Mosaic Law) that “whoso, etc.,” Genesis ix. 6; and you might as reverently try, and as *mercifully*, to take the rainbow out of heaven, as to overthrown or disobey that ordinance.

A man is hanged publicly, because it is necessary that the fact of his being hanged should be incontrovertibly known—not for a lesson to the mob.¹ Those who go to see it will not be mended by it; but the assurance (and *I* would make it an assurance that should include every kind of murderer—mad, drunk, or what not—except of course accidental murderers) that every one who kills will be killed, has a most wholesome restraining influence on thousands of villains in a progressive state.

I need not say a word after Wordsworth² as to the other, and more far-extending, phases of the question. But I cannot forbear protesting, whenever I come across it, against the fallacy of thinking that people are hanged by way of a salubrious show.—Believe me, always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL³

DOVER, July 17th, 1855.

MY DEAR FURNIVALL,—I shall be delighted to see Munro⁴ with French, and he can then tell me what he thinks can be done with this ugly head of mine, which I often look at very carefully, asking myself what I should think of it if it were on anybody else’s shoulders, with much discomfiture and humiliation. If I could paint I could make something of the front face, but I cannot conceive how Munro could make anything fit to be seen, without gross fallacy, out of the side. He knows best, however, and, merely as a matter of curious difficulty, I should like to see him try.⁵ When people know me better, I have

¹ [In reference to the closing lines of Dr. Bennett’s poem:—

“And lovers of the good old times and gibbet walk off loud
In praises of the moral good the hanging’s done the crowd.”]

² [See his *Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death*, 1839:—

“Lawgivers, beware,
Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare
The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought,
Seemingly given, debase the general mind;
Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,” etc.]

³ [No. 19 in *Furnivall*, pp. 52–54.]

⁴ [Alexander Munro, sculptor: see above, p. 201 *n.*]

⁵ [See below, pp. 365, 467.]

no objection to their knowing as much about my nose and cheeks as may in anywise interest them; but I should like neither to be flattered, nor to leave what appear to me to be the facts in my face subjected, at all events for a year or two yet, to public animadversion. Whatever of good or strength there is in me comes visibly, as far as I know myself, only sometimes into the grey of my eyes,¹ which Millais ought to have got, but didn't, and which Munro certainly cannot get. On the whole, I think (while I am very much delighted that Munro thinks he could make something of me) that nothing should be done, or shown, for a year or two yet. I will promise Munro that no one but he shall try it, when it is a proper time to try it, and shall be very grateful to him if he then will.

I scratched out "faithfully" because I don't mean my promises generally to be anything else; but you may bring the scratched-out word down to the *Yours* always,
J. RUSKIN.

On the twenty-fifth, then, I expect you all three. I fear I cannot see you sooner, unless you are at the College on Thursday.

To F. J. FURNIVALL²

CAMBERWELL, July 25th, 1855.

DEAR FURNIVALL,—I am *very* happy to know that your friends were so yesterday, and I can only assure them in return that I had very great pleasure from their visit—meaning what I say, though the thing is said so often that it seems to have no meaning. How can, or could, it be otherwise? You let me ride my hobbies over you all, backwards and forwards. What can human being desire more? I fully appreciated your delicacy in not speaking again of Mrs. Browning; and yet, as it happened, both you and I suffered for your politeness, for I wanted you to stay,³ and was truly vexed when it suddenly came into my head that you were gone! In general, with me, do not be delicate. Ask for what you want, and if I have not answered speak to me about it again, for you may be sure I have forgotten it. It is never a form of refusal with me. If I don't want to do the thing, I shall say so at once; and if I hadn't wanted you to stay, I should have remembered, and said so, early in the day. And so I

¹ [Compare what Ruskin says of his face in *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 281.]

² [No. 21 in *Furnivall*, pp. 56–57.]

³ [To meet Mrs. Browning, who was coming to tea at Denmark Hill.]

shall do always, simply, so that you must always simply ask for everything you want, and then I shall neither hesitate to say no nor feel uncomfortable in saying so, if it has to be said.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

You must come the next time Mrs. Browning comes, which I hope will be soon.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[? July 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I am truly sorry to hear of your illness and all your vexations. *Nothing* would give me more pleasure than to take a little holiday with you, and ramble about sketching and talking. You know I do not say this—or anything else—without meaning it. But this pleasure I must at present deny myself. I am deep in difficult chapters of *Modern Painters*. I cannot be disturbed even by my best friends or greatest pleasures. When I have to work out a chapter on a difficult subject, it is precisely the same to me as a mathematical calculation—to break into it is to throw it all down back to the beginning. I do as much in dreamy and solitary walks through lanes as I do at home. I could not have a companion.

I want you *next year* to take a little run to Switzerland. I will either go with you or meet you, if our times should not suit for starting. And then we will do some Alpine roses and other things which the world has no notion of. Will you come? Meantime, as soon as you get this, pack up your drawing, finished or not, in the following manner:—

1. Sheet of *smoothest* possible drawing-paper laid over the face, and folded sharply at the edges over to the back, to keep drawing from possibility of friction.
2. Two sheets of pasteboard, same size as drawing, one on face, the other behind.
3. Sheet of not too coarse brown paper, entirely and firmly enclosing drawing and pasteboards.
4. Wooden board, a quarter of an inch thick, exact size of drawing, to be applied to the parcel—drawing to have its face to board.
5. Thickest possible brown paper firmly enclosing board, parcel, and all, lightly corded, sealed, and addressed to me, “Calverley Hotel, Tunbridge Wells. *Paid, per fast train.*”

Take it to London Bridge Station yourself, and be sure to say it is to go by fast train. And there is no fear.

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 90–92. This letter has been given in part in Vol. V. p. xlix.]

I have told my assistant to bring you this morning four pounds which he happens to have of mine (they may be of some little use, as you have been longer than you expected in finishing this), and will send you cheque the moment drawing arrives.

Acland continues to give a hopeful opinion of Miss Siddal.—Ever in haste most affectionately yours,
J.
RUSKIN.

The £4 will be in part advance for the “Passover”¹—I shall send you fifteen. I wish you could take £4 worth of fresh air and rest.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI²

[DENMARK HILL. ? *July* 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—The enclosed note puts me in a fix. It is dated Tuesday, but I did not get it till late last night. I had given Mr. Browning leave to bring Leighton “any day next week,” but I understood Leighton was going away before Friday.³ I cannot put them off now, and the question is—

Can Ida and you come on *Saturday* or *Monday* instead?

If Saturday is fine, seize it; I will send for you early, we will have pleasant forenoon here. I will leave you for a couple of hours for my men, and come back to you to tea. If Saturday is wet, then Monday. But, if neither Saturday nor Monday will do, come to-morrow, and never mind Leighton—though you will find them rather too noisy, I am afraid, for Ida.

I send in this for answer, that I may make sure of you one of the days.

How did the elephants behave? How is Ida after her dissipation? How are the ladies in Purgatory? And how are the Buttercups?⁴—Always yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

The carriage will be at your door at half-past twelve on whichever day you choose; so mind you get up in time. Leighton and Browning come to lunch at two. Just received your note. I shall be of course delighted to see your sister.⁵ Please bring out my pencil “Passover.” You don’t want it while you are at work on the others.

¹ [The drawing commissioned in October 1854: see above, p. 199.]

² [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 93–94.]

³ [For a note of Leighton’s visit, see Vol. V. p. xlv.]

⁴ [By “the ladies in Purgatory” Ruskin means the water-colour of “Leah and Rachel,” from Dante’s *Purgatorio* (see above, p. 200), in the background of which a buttercup meadow is shown.]

⁵ [Maria Francesca Rossetti (1827–1876), author of *A Shadow of Dante*.]

To W. J. STILLMAN¹

October 15, 1855.

DEAR MR. STILLMAN, . . . Your first question, “What do we learn from pictures?” I have a long special chapter on, in the third volume of *Modern Painters*, headed “Of the Use of Pictures.”² It is really too wide a question to be otherwise answered; but, surely, what I wrote about the function of the *artist*³ involves an answer to this also.

“What is the distinction between Pre-Raphaelitism and such art as that of Wilkie and Mulready?” None, so far as Wilkie and Mulready ARE *sincere*, but neither of them is so more than half. Wilkie is wholly false and conventional in colour; Mulready usually so in arrangement and sentiment; a great imitator also of Dutch pictures, in his early works. I am wrong in saying None—also in this respect:—Pre-Raphaelitism being natural with heroic and pathetic subjects of the highest order, which neither Wilkie nor Mulready ever dared to attempt. So, in few words, Wilkie and Mulready are only *half* sincere or natural, and that only in familiar subject; the Pre-Raphaelites are *wholly* sincere and natural, and in heroic subject. Dante Rossetti is at this moment painting a Holy Family with the most exquisite naturalism.⁴

I am delighted with all your criticism in *The Crayon*. It is full of sense and justice—I mean by yours, the editorial. The other matter is also very interesting and good. I think you should be well pleased with your London contributor.⁵—Most truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁶

DENMARK HILL, 31 October, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,—On Friday, Monday, or Tuesday next, I should be most happy to see you at any hour after one, and before four. I do not know what work I may have to do, and I may not be able to have more than a little chat. But the pictures should be at your command.—Very truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Editor of *The Crayon*. The letter is reprinted from that journal, November 1855, vol. ii. p. 310.]

² [See Vol. V. pp. 169–191.]

³ [See above, p. 213.]

⁴ [The “Passover”: see above, p. 199 *n.*]

⁵ [W.M. Rossetti: see above, p. 188.]

⁶ [*Atlantic Monthly*, May 1904, vol. 93, p. 577. No. 1 in the collected *Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton*, in two volumes, Boston and New York, 1904. This book is hereafter referred to as *Norton*. This is the first of Ruskin’s letters to Charles Eliot Norton, for whom, see the Introduction; above, p. xcii.]

To a CORRESPONDENT¹

[? 1855.]

Do not send your son to Mr. Leigh's: his school is wholly inefficient. Your son should go through the usual course of instruction given at the Royal Academy, which, with a good deal that is wrong, gives something that is necessary and right, and which cannot be otherwise obtained. Mr. Rossetti and I will take care (in fact your son's judgment is, I believe, formed enough to enable him to take care himself) that he gets no mistaken bias in those schools. A "studio" is not necessary for him—but a little room with a cupboard in it and a chair—and nothing else—*is*. I am very sanguine respecting him. I like both his face and his work.

Thank you for telling me that about my books. I am happy in seeing much more of the springing of the green than most sowers of seed are allowed to see, until very late in their lives—but it is always a great help to me to hear of any. For I never write with pleasure to myself—nor with purpose of getting praise to myself—I hate writing—and know that what I do does not deserve high praise, as literature; but I write to tell truths which I can't help crying out about—and I *do* enjoy being believed and being of use.

I am much vexed with myself for not having written this letter sooner. There were several things I wanted to say respecting the need of perseverance in painting as well as in other businesses—which it would take me too long to say in the time I have at command—so I must just answer the main question. Your son has very singular gifts for painting. I think the work he has done at the College nearly the most promising of any that has yet been done there, and I sincerely trust the apparent want of perseverance has hitherto been only the disgust of a creature of strong instincts who has not got into its own element. He seems to me a fine fellow—and I hope you will be very proud of him some day—but I very seriously think you must let him have his bent in this matter, and then, if he does not work steadily, take him to task to purpose. I think the whole gist of education is to let the boy take his own shape and element, and then to help, discipline, and urge him *in* that, but not to force him on work entirely painful to him.

¹ [This and the following letter were printed in the *British Weekly*, December 20, 1906, with the following note: "A distinguished writer has very kindly placed at my disposal two letters written by Ruskin to his father about his brother some five-and-forty years ago. This brother died young. He was a gifted artist, and a pupil of Rossetti's at the Working Men's College. I make extracts from the letters. It will be seen that they illustrate Ruskin's great generosity, and also his honourable ambition." "Five-and-forty years ago" would make the date 1861, but it is probably earlier, as Ruskin was little at the College in 1861.]

To COVENTRY PATMORE¹

[1855?]

DEAR PATMORE, . . . I have just bought Turner's "Salisbury"²—which I am specially glad to have, because I look upon "Salisbury" now as classic ground.³—With best regards to Mrs. Patmore, most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I am more and more pleased with the *Angel*. You have neither the lusciousness nor the sublimity of Tennyson, but you have clearer and finer habitual expressions and more accurate thought. For finish and neatness I know nothing equal to bits of the *Angel*:

"As grass grows taller round a stone,"
"As moon between her lighted clouds,"⁴

and such other lines. Tennyson is often quite sinfully hazy.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI⁵

[DENMARK HILL. ? Summer 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I think you and your pupil have judged very wisely in this matter, and I will so arrange it with Woodward, and let you know his ideas as soon as may be.⁶ I am delighted with the sketch. Many thanks for explanation about Dante and Beatrice.⁷ Is it not very curious that there should be no mention of her marriage in the *Vita*? Do you know, I cannot help suspecting the antiquaries are wrong in her identification, and that she never was married.⁸ I understand every feeling expressed in the *Vita Nuova* but this calmness

¹ [From the *Memoir and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 279.]

² [See Vol. XIII. pp. 440, 604.]

³ [As being the scene of "The Betrothal" in *The Angel in the House*.]

⁴ [The former line is from Canto ix. Prelude i. (where the emblem is of neglect provoking intenser tenderness); the latter line ("Sweet moon . . .") is from Canto iii. ("Honoriam").]

⁵ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 98.]

⁶ [Rossetti and Miss Siddal were to make some designs for Woodward's use on the Oxford Museum: see Vol. XVI. p. xliv.]

⁷ [With reference probably to Rossetti's drawing of "Beatrice denying her Salutation": see below, p. 235.]

⁸ ["The view which Ruskin here expresses about Beatrice is one that has obtained no little currency of late years, viz., that there really was a Beatrice whom Dante loved, but that she was not the same person as Beatrice Portinari, who eventually married Simon de' Bardi" (W. M. R.).]

of silence on the supposition of her marriage, nor do I quite understand his continued worship being so absolute—the image of her being in no wise *dethroned* by her marriage, but put in heaven as high as ever. What do you feel about this?—Always yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I like the translation exceedingly.¹ I come on Tuesday if fine. Best regards to your brother.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI²

[DENMARK HILL, 1855—? *October.*]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—If I were to find funds, could you be ready on Wednesday morning to take a run into Wales, and make me a sketch of some rocks in the bed of a stream, with trees above, mountain ashes, and so on, scarlet in autumn tints? If you are later than Wednesday, you will be too late; but if you can go on Wednesday, let me know by return of post, or by bearer. I will send funds. I want you to go to Pont-y-Monach,³ near Aberyst with, and choose a subject thereabouts. I shall be very much obliged to you if you will do this for me.—Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI⁴

[1855?]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I never should think of your sitting out to paint from Nature. Merely look at the place; make memoranda fast, work at home at the inn, and *walk* among the hills. Take the “Passover” with you, and finish it there—you would do it better and quicker—and leave the “Dante”⁵ with me till you come back. If you can do this, I think your health will be bettered, and I shall be bettered by having the drawing; but if you would not like to do it, do not do it for fear of *hurting* me, as I don’t set my heart on this. Do it, if

¹ [Presumably Rossetti’s translation of the *Vita Nuova*.]

² [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 103–104.]

³ [A place of early associations to Ruskin: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 95, 300.]

⁴ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 104–105. An extract from the letter was printed in the Catalogue of William Brown, of Edinburgh, No. 162, 1906.]

⁵ [Probably the “Beatrice denying her Salutation.”]

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you can pleasantly to yourself—not otherwise. I think you would win time and health by it.—Yours always, J. R.

Living will be cheap at hotel, Pont-y-Monach, at present. If you can do it, be ready, at any rate, by Thursday—a bit of paper fastened on a board is all you can possibly want. Send me word to-morrow if you go, and I will send funds for Thursday.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[1855?]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—You are a *very* odd creature, that's a fact. I said I would find funds for you to go into Wales to draw something I wanted. I never said I would for you to go to Paris, to disturb yourself and other people, and I won't.

To-morrow (*D. V.*) I will bring you Ida's money, about half-past two to four; please therefore be in; and meantime you can ask at some of the money-changers' in Leicester Square what is the best form to send money in. I always do it through bankers—and I can't do this so, for I don't choose to be heard of as sending to Paris in the matter, and I won't write to Browning about it—for my entire approval of the journey to Paris was because I thought she was to make friends of the Brownings directly. What the—had she to do in Paris but for that?

If you like to write to Browning and to manage it, you can—but I won't. I am ill-tempered to-day—you are such absurd creatures both of you. I don't say you do wrong, because you don't seem to know what is wrong, but just to do whatever you like as far as possible—as puppies and tomtits do. However, as it is so, I must think for you—and first, I can't have you going to Paris, nor going near Ida, till you have finished those drawings, and Miss Heaton's too. You can't do anything now but indoors, and the less you excite Ida the better. Positively if you go to Paris I will. But you won't go, I am sure, when you know I seriously don't think it right. I will advance you what you want on this drawing, but only on condition it goes straight on.—Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

You can get French *notes* for small sums at the money-changers', and send one at a time to be sure they go safe—it is the best way—and tell Ida she must go south directly. Paris will kill her, or ruin her like Sir J. Paul's Bank.²

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 105–107.]

² [Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., 1802–1868, of the banking firm of William Strahan, Paul and Bates, which suspended payment in 1855: see the *Dictionary of National Biography*.]

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[DENMARK HILL. ? October 1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I have been mighty poorly. Nothing serious—but bed, feverish nights, toast and water, and physic. Coming to scratch again gradually. Please oblige me in two matters or you will make me ill again. Take all the pure green out of the flesh in the “Nativity”² I send, and try to get it a little less like worsted-work by Wednesday, when I will send for it. I want the Archdeacon of Salop,³ who is coming for some practical talk over religious art for the multitude, to see it; and with it I want the “Passover” in such state as it may be in, and the sketch of “Passover.” These two last I wish you could let me have either by bearer to-day or to-morrow, as I want to be sure of them; the other I will send for early on Wednesday morning.

I send half of Ida’s money, and the other half on Wednesday. I daresay you want some yourself, poor fellow, but I can’t help you just now for a little bit. I have much on my hands. If you would but do the things I *want* it would be much easier: that “Matilda” I commissioned ages ago I could buy,⁴ because I have a reason to give, but the Monk illuminating⁵ I can’t. But I hope I shall be of use to you if you let me have those things.

Nice letter from Ida at last.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI⁶

[DENMARK HILL. ? October 1855.]

DEAR R.,—I have had a sharp relapse, though I am downstairs at last, and was too late up, after a feverish night, to send for drawing as I intended; and the “Passover” does me so much good that—especially as the Archdeacon hasn’t come yet—I am going to keep it till

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 107–108.]

² [The process satisfied Ruskin: see a letter (numbered 34) in Vol. XXXVII. p 697. The drawing is No. 50 in H. C. marillier’s Catalogue; the present owner is unknown.]

³ [The Rev. William Warning.]

⁴ [See above, p. 200 n.]

⁵ [The water-colour called “Fra Pace” in the collections, successively, of William Morris, William Graham, and Mrs. Jekyll. There is a reproduction of it at p. 72. of H. C. Marillier’s *D. G. Rossetti*.]

⁶ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 109, 110. “The reference to Ida and Rossetti’s ‘fine feeling’ suggests that Miss Siddal, seconded by my brother, had made some move towards relieving Ruskin from the payment of his allowance to her, now that her ill-health and absense from England prevented her giving any equivalent for it” (W. M. R.).]

I am better, and so you needn't send for it nor come, for I am just able to hold pen, and that's all, and I won't hear reason. You can make your study from model separate. I send a tracing of figure and the Monk back: very ingenious and wonderful, but not my sort of drawing.

You and Ida are a couple of—never mind—but you know it's all *your own pride*—not a bit of fine feeling, so don't think it. If you wanted to oblige *me*, you would keep your room in order and go to bed at night. All your fine speeches go for nothing till you do that.—Archdeacon just come. J. R.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[?1855.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—You are quite right in all you say, only I extend my notions of my deservings to such a conceited extent as to plead not only for myself but for my *friends*. That is to say, Miss Heaton and other people, when they put themselves into my hands and say “What pictures shall I buy?” ought, I think, not to be treated as strangers, but as in a sort my clients and protégés. And although Miss Heaton never *heard* of the “Beatrice,”² remember, it was begun for her, and, when I saw it was to be good. I took it for myself. Unless I had told her plainly this trick of mine, I could not have slept with a peaceful conscience; and, having played her this trick, I am bound not to let her pay as much for a drawing she will not like so well, which I think I do in fairness to you by raising my own payment. Indeed, I think your drawings worth *twenty* times what you ask for them, and yet you must consider market value in all things, and a painful and sad-coloured subject never fetches so much, on the average, as a pleasant and gay one.

I forgot; remember, in *market*, oil fetches always about six or seven times as much as water-colour. Very foolish it is, but so it is.

I have just got enclosed from Miss H[eaton]. You see how kind she is to us both. Now I really *must* have both the drawings sent down to her for her to choose. This is not on refusal. For, first, consider *both* mine. Now I have certainly a right to sell them again, and to offer whom I choose choice of them.

So I write to Miss H[eaton] she shall see both, and before *I* see

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 59–61.]

² [“Beatrice at a Marriage Feast denying her Salutation to Dante”: see below, p. 235.]

the new one; so please send it down to her, 31 Park Square, Leeds, immediately, and I will send my Dolls.¹—Ever most affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

You must not be vexed if she chooses the new one. It may do you credit at Leeds

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI²

[? 1855.]

DEAR R.,—I have written to Miss H[eaton] giving accurate account of all our proceedings, and how I have pounced upon the “Beatrice,” which *should* have been hers, offering her either “Rachel” at 25, or “Francesca”³ at 35 guineas. You must not make her pay more than I do. If she does not take it, I will give 35 for it. So instead of *chance* between 40 and 30, you have *sure* 35.—Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To MISS ELLEN HEATON

[November 11, 1855.]

DEAR MISS HEATON,—You are truly a good and kind lady, and you shall have both drawings down to choose from immediately. I will send mine on Monday, and R. will send his the moment it is finished. The Guinevere and Launcelot⁴ is not my pet drawing, though Mr. Browning could not say too much of it—it is one of my imperfect ones—the Launcelot is so funnily bent under his shield, and Arthur points his toes so over the tomb, that I dare not show it to Anti-Pre-Raphaelites, but I value it intensely myself.

The pet drawing is Beatrice *cutting* Dante at the Ball—and Dante just going to faint. I assure you I shall always consider it as your gift to me.—Most truly and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹[Mr. W. M. Rossetti interprets this as meaning that D. G. Rossetti was to send the “Paolo and Francesca” and Ruskin would send the “Leah and Rachel,” a drawing jocularly called “The Dolls” by himself and the artist. The letter of November 11 to Miss Heaton suggests, however, that the drawing which Ruskin sent was “Arthur’s Tomb.”]

²[From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 61.]

³[The “Paolo and Francesca da Rimini,” a diptych. From Ruskin’s possession it passed successively into that of William Morris and Mr. George Rae.]

⁴[“Arthur’s Tomb: the last meeting of Launcelot and Guinevere” (reproduced at p. 60 of Mr. Marillier’s *Rossetti*. Ruskin afterwards gave it away, because he complained that in the course of some retouching Rossetti had “scratched out the eyes” (below, p. 489). The drawing now belongs to Mr. S. Pepys Cockerell. Miss Heaton selected the “Leah and Rachel.”]

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[1855, *Autumn*.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I am a good deal puzzled about this matter in various ways, partly likes of my own, partly respects for proper dealing with Miss Heaton, partly desire to manage well for you. The best I can do at present is to send you a cheque for £20. I have made it payable to Crawley, who will get it for you, if you like at once—and please finish the new picture as well as you can, and then we will see, and at the eleventh hour I am going to put off my lesson of to-morrow, for I find my eyes to-day quite tired with an etching. I expected to have finished and haven't; but as you have that drawing to finish you will still be kept in town now, so I may have my lesson when this nasty etching is done. Please apologise to William very heartily for this rudeness, but I shall enjoy you both so much more when this thing is off my mind. Last sheet to press on Monday—etching I hope finished on Tuesday or Wednesday. Shall we still say Saturday next for our lesson, and the weather will be better?—Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To ALFRED TENNYSON²

DENMARK HILL, 12th November, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hear of so many stupid and feelingless misunderstandings of “Maud” that I think it may perhaps give you some little pleasure to know my sincere admiration of it throughout.

I do not like its verification so well as much of your other work, not because I do not think it good of its kind, but because I do not think that wild kind quite so good, and I am sorry to have another cloud put into the sky of one's thoughts by the sad story, but as to the general bearing and delicate finish of the thing in its way, I think no admiration can be extravagant.

¹ [Part of this letter (“At the eleventh hour . . . is done”) was printed in *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: his Family letters, with a Memoir*, by W. M. Rossetti, 1895, vol. i. pp. 182–183, where it is explained that the “lesson” means “a little friendly instruction, pretty frequently repeated, which, at Ruskin's request, Rossetti gave him in the use of water-colour. I think the instruction extended not much beyond the attendance of Ruskin at times when my brother was in the act of painting, with question and answer as to the why and wherefore of his modes of work.” The letter was dated by Mr. W. M. Rossetti “1855, *summer*”; but it was probably written later in the year (or early in 1856), as the forthcoming “book” and the “etching” must refer to *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (issued April 1856).]

² [*Alfred Lord Tennyson: a Memoir by his son*, 1897, vol. i. p. 411.]

It is a compliment to myself, not to you, if I say that I think with you in all things about the war.

I am very sorry you put the "Some one had blundered" out of the "Light Brigade."¹ It was precisely the most tragical line in the poem. It is as true to its history as essential to its tragedy.—Believe me sincerely yours,
J.RUSKIN.

1856

[The third volume of *Modern Painters* was published on January 15, and the fourth on April 14. Ruskin's classes at the Working Men's College continued, and he gave some lectures, (Vol. XIII. p. xxxi.). He passed the *Harbours of England* for press; wrote his *Academy Notes*, and then went abroad with his parents in May, returning home at the end of September (Vol. VII. p. xx.). He was then absorbed in arranging the Turner water-colours at the National Gallery (Vol. XIII. pp. xxxi. *seq.*.)

To Miss ELIZABETH ELEANOR SIDDAL²

DENMARK HILL, 27, *January*, 1856.

DEAR IDA,—I was heartily glad to hear from you, though I am never angry when people don't write, for I know what a troublesome thing it is to do; one can never do it but when one is tolerably well, and then one always wants to be doing, something else. I am particularly pleased by hearing of your walks, "over the mountains," as the mountains near Nice are real ones, and not to be walked over without some strength. I trust now you will do well. I am rejoiced also at your entirely agreeing with me about the vapid colour of that Southern scenery. I hate it myself. The whole coast of Genoa, with its blue sea, hills, and white houses, looks to me like a bunch of blue ribands dipped in mud and then splashed all over with lime. I except always Mentone, which has fine green and purple, and has a unique kind of glen behind it among the lemons. But as soon as spring comes you must get up among the Alps; it will brace you and revive you; and *there* the colour is insuperable. Even very early in the season I think you might go to Genoa, thence to Turin and Susa at the foot of Mont Cenis; where, if with red campaniles, green and white torrents, purple-grey and russet rocks, deep green pines, white

¹ ["Some friends of excellent critical judgment prevailed upon him to omit this phrase, which was, however, soon re-inserted: for it was originally the keynote of the poem." (Note in Lord Tennyson's *Memoir*.)]

² [Addressed to the Hotel des Princes, Nice. From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 118–121.]

snows, and blue valley distance, you can't make up a sauce to your satisfaction, I shan't pity you.¹

(*April 6th.*) Certainly, Ida, you and Rossetti have infected me with your ways of going on. Never did I leave a letter so long in hand before. One would think I had had to scratch out every word and put it in again, as Rossetti, always does when he is in any special hurry.

However, I must despatch this, and that in all haste—for I had no notion how far the year was advanced, and the peach-buds took me by surprise the other day; and the main purport of this letter is only to tell you that I think you should go up into Switzerland for the summer, not come home. It is as different from Nice as possible, and that is already saying much for it. I *hate* Nice myself as much as I can hate any place within sight of any sort of hill, but I didn't know what you would or wouldn't like, when you went off to Paris instead of Normandy. Switzerland is all soft and pure air, clear water, mossy rock, and infinite flowers—I suppose you like that? If you do, write me word directly, and I will without fail in answer send you a letter of accurate advice; but it's no use my tiring myself if you are going to come home as fast as you can. If you want to leave Nice directly, and yet [not] to go to Switzerland, get (either over Corniche or by sea) to Genoa, and so to Susa. It is quite mild there (Italy, only in the Alps), and must be cheap living. *Don't go* north from Nice into Dauphiné; it is a diabolical country, all pebbles and thunder. If you write to me, it is better to address your letter enclosed to Rossetti, as I may be going down to Oxford and might miss it at home. He will have my address. Now do be a good girl and try Switzerland, and believe me always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI²

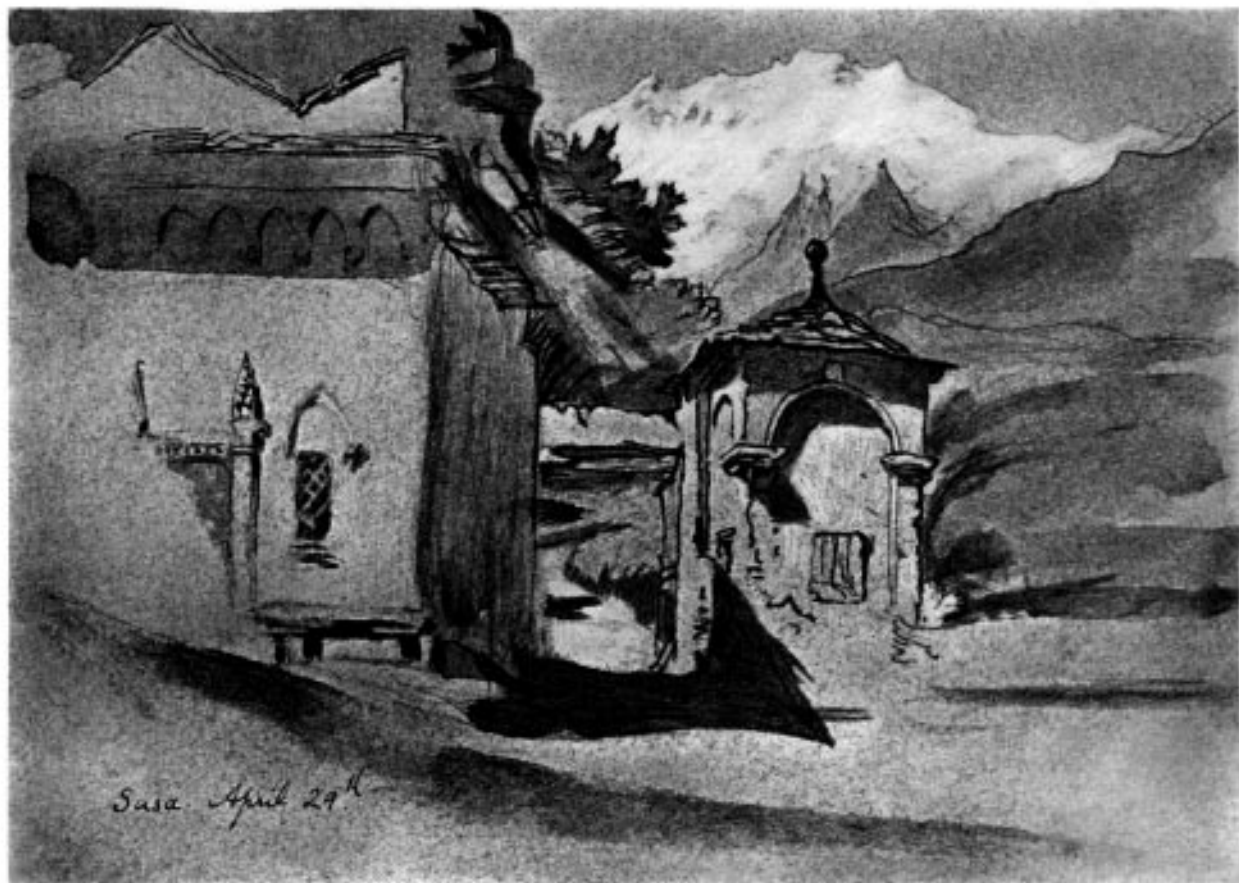
[DENMARK HILL. ? *January* 1856.]

DEAR R.,—You must have thought I had quite forgotten you. I have had serious thoughts of refusing to *give up* the picture now returned, lest you should spoil the Zacharias; but it would be a pity not to finish it.

Hunt is coming to-morrow; but you mustn't come. I want to talk over all your bad ways and scratchings-out with him. Could you

¹ [Plate XI. here introduced is a drawing made by Ruskin at Susa.]

² [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 117. "The Zacharias" is presumably one of the figures in Rossetti's "Passover in the Holy Family."]



J. Ruskin.

Allen & Co. Sc.

and your brother (if he likes) take early dinner or lunch (*I dine*) on Saturday at half-past one? I want you to show me some things in colour, and your brother would or might like looking round the pictures meanwhile.—Always affectionately yours,

J. R.

To WILLIAM WARD¹

DENMARK HILL, *February 24th*, 1856.

DEAR WARD,—As I expect another drawing to-night from you, I have doubled what I said.

I think I may soon want a drawing *master*, under me, to refer pupils to, whom I have not time to undertake. I think you might soon fit yourself for this, and that it might soon enable you to change your mode of life.—Truly yours,

J. R.

To WILLIAM WARD²

[DENMARK HILL, *March* 1856.]

MY DEAR WARD,—Look out at the Architectural Museum, cannon Row, Westminster (where the fly-leaf of this note will get you admission), a pretty, not too difficult, cast of a leaf. Pack it nicely, and send it to Miss Agnes Harrison, Elmhurst, Upton, Essex.³ With it send a copy, consisting of a little bit of cast, drawn with the brush, in *grey*, not in *sepia*, three times over. The first, to show how to begin; the second, carried farther; the third, finished. Explain, as well as you can in a letter, the mode of working. A *very little bit* will do.

I have told Miss Harrison that she is to pay you two shillings, a letter, of course returning your drawing when done with, which will then do for other pupils. You will keep a note of expenses of packing, etc. She will write to you, with her copies, for further instruction.—Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

How did you get on the other night? Monday or Tuesday will do for Miss H(arrison)'s letter.

¹ [No. 3 in *Ward*; vol. i. p. 10. Mr. Ward accepted, and held for several years, the post of drawing master under Ruskin.]

² [No. 5 in *Ward*, vol. i. pp. 13–14. For Ruskin's interest in and lectures at the Architectural Museum, see Vol. XII. pp. lxx., lxxi.]

³ ["Miss Agnes Harrison (now Mrs. Agnes Harrison Macdonell) is a niece of the late Mary Howitt, and the authoress of *Martin's Vineyard*, *For the King's Dues*, *Quaker Cousins*, and various shorter stories and biographies which have appeared in English and American periodicals. She married Mr. John Macdonell, of the American Bar" (W. W.).]

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[1856—? *March.*]

DEAR R.,—You asked me if you might duplicate that sketch for Boyce.² Does Boyce pay you for these drawings? If he does, offer him the sketch at the price I gave you for it. That will always be something in hand. But, if it is only friendship in which you paint for him, see if you can sell that drawing, or the “Francesca,” elsewhere; it will always be a help, and I will *wait* for other drawings when you have time to do them. I am almost certain Ida, or Ida’s travelling incubus of a companion, will have more debts than they say. People are always afraid to say all at once. Hence it is best to be prepared for the worst.

I have changed my mind about Italy, but let Ida, if she really likes scenery at all, try Savoy, near the Grande Chartreuse, as she comes home. If she *wants* to come home, by all means she should; but if she would like to see some Alps and gentians, I think she should. . . . Affectionately yours, J. R.

If any of the dealers would give you a good price for even the “Dante” one (mine), you might take it at this pinch. I could not send money to-day, it was so wet. Be in, please, to-morrow afternoon.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI³

[DENMARK HILL. ? *March* 1856.]

DEAR R.,—Your letter reached me to-day *between one and two.*

I send only the “Francesca.” The Man and his Blue Wife⁴ I won’t part with; nothing else that I have would do you credit with ordinary people. The “Passover” will explain well enough without the sketch now, and I mean to keep the sketch in case anybody should come to

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 126–127.]

² [For George Price Boyce, the water-colour painter, see Vol. XIV. p. 162. He had several of Rossetti’s early works.]

³ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 123.]

⁴ [Mr. Marillier identifies the “Man and his Blue Wife” as the “Belle Dame sans Merci,” dubbed by Ruskin below (p. 235) the “man with boots and lady with golden hair.” “The ‘reredos’ must certainly have been intended for Llandaff Cathedral. This note seems to imply that Rossetti expected to design a flower-border for the reredos, or for the framework connected with his picture ‘The Seed of David’: I do not at all think that he ever did design any such matter” (W. M. R.).]

see me whom I want to talk about you to. I shall rejoice in, and subscribe largely to, reredos and flower-border, *Provided proper studies are made first*.—Always yours,
J. R.

I only underline the last sentence in play, for I know you will not go into a work of this kind carelessly.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[DENMARK HILL, 1856—? *March*.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—You shall have thirty pounds to-morrow, and I will ask Miss Heaton to lend the twenty-five in a way which will leave it quite in her power to refuse comfortably; if she does, I will immediately supply the rest. I am not at all put out; only I want Ida to stay in Switzerland. Don't be jealous—I shall not be near her, for I want her to be on Italian side of Alps at Susa, and I shall be all summer *north* of them; but she must stay, as she is getting better. We must get her out of that hole, Nice, however.

I shall write what little scolding I have—which is for her *companion*—to you to-morrow.—Always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Please send me by bearer a little crumb of violet carmine, and any *black* that you find vigorous—not lamp-black—if you have it. Don't send the carmine if you are using it.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI²

[? 1856.]

DEAR R.,—I think I like that duet between Ida and you better than anything you have done for me yet, for it has *no* faults and is full of power,—except and always that man with boots and lady with golden hair. I have sent your “Beatrice” to-day to somebody who will

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 125–126.]

² [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 114, 115. “That duet between Ida and you” is possibly the “Paolo and Francesca.” The “man with boots and lady with golden hair” is “Belle Dame sans Merci” (see above, p. 234). The other observations relate, to the water-colour “Beatrice at a Marriage Feast denies Dante her Salutation,” referred to above, p. 228. The Plate (XII.) here given is from a version of the same subject, which belonged to H. T. Wells, R.A., and which shows, unaltered, the points to which Ruskin objected. The drawing (which Rossetti touched in accordance with Ruskin's instructions) is in the possession of Professor Norton, having been given to him by Ruskin in 1860: see below, p. 335.]

like to look at it; it will be sent or brought to you on Monday. Please leave word about reception of it, if you must go out. Please put a dab of Chinese white into the hole in the cheek and paint it over. People will say that Beatrice has been giving the other bridesmaids a “predestinate scratched face”;¹ also, a whitefaced bridesmaid in mist behind is very ugly to look at—like a skull or a body in corruption. Also please ask Hunt about young fool who wants grapes, and his colour of sleeve. Then—I will tell you where this drawing is to be sent next to be lectured upon, and am always affectionately yours, J.RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI²

[DENMARK HILL. ? 1856.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I always intended to mount in frame Ida’s drawings, but only proceeded so far as to cut off the edges of thin mounts which I didn’t like, preparatory to full bevelled mounts for them, but time has always failed me.

Sister Helen is *glorious*, and I keep the witch drawing.³ Therefore, you shan’t have it.—Yours affectionately, J. R.

Remember, I am to see the oil-picture the moment it is done, “St. Catharine.”⁴ I hope to take it at once for *money*, leaving old debts to stand as long as you like.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI⁵

[DENMARK HILL. ? 1856.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I suppose that the girl who let me in was up to telling you what I had said, and to *show* you what I had done. I had told her to tell you that I was in such a passion that I was

¹ [*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i. sc. 1.]

² [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 143–144. “As to Rossetti’s small oil-picture of ‘St. Catharine’ (which was painted in or about 1857), and Ruskin’s reference to ‘old debts,’ it will be understood that Ruskin from time to time advanced money for paintings which were not always forthcoming at the stipulated time, and Ruskin *might* have claimed the ‘St. Catharine’ as an equivalent for some such money—but here he waives his claim” (W. M. R.).]

³ [See above, p. 201. Rossetti’s poem, *sister Helen*, was first published in 1853, in an English version of the *Düsseldorf Annual*.]

⁴ [See below, p. 272.]

⁵ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 115–116. As Ruskin had objected (see above) to a head in the water-colour of “Beatrice at a Marriage Feast.” Rossetti had taken the head entirely out, as a preparation for painting a new one. Ruskin called at Rossetti’s chambers during the latter’s absence, and was dismayed at finding how thoroughly he had been taken at his word.]



H. D. Russell

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Beatrice denying her salutation to Dante

like to tear everything in the room to pieces at your daubing over the head in that picture; and that it was no use to me now till you had painted it in again. And I told her to *show* you that I had carried off the "Passover" instead. However, I think it may be well for you to have that picture out of your sight a little before you begin to work on it again; so please send it me by bearer.—Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

How you could think I could look at it with any pleasure in that mess, I can't think. *Before*, the whole thing was explained—there was only a white respirator before the mouth. You have deprived me of a great pleasure by your absurdity. I never, so long as I live, will trust you to do anything again, out of my sight.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[1856.]

DEAR R.,—To-morrow at about half-past one I bring, I hope, translations, etc. Patmore is very nice; but what the mischief does he mean by Symbolism? I call that Passover plain prosy Fact. No Symbolism at all.—Ever yours, J. R.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

27th April, 1856.

DEAR ACLAND,—I write more comfortably and legibly on this paper,² being used to it, and I take more care in writing, that I may set your mind at ease in reading. I know I give you a great deal of anxiety, and must try to pacify you a little, first thanking you for so quickly sending me the corrected sheets.³ I have, of course, adopted all those

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 140. The reference is to a letter from Patmore to Rossetti (*Ibid.*, p. 139, and *Memoir and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 231), discussing the artist's drawings of "Dante at the Marriage Feast" and "The Passover in the Holly Family." With regard to the former, Patmore said that he contemplated it "with greater delight and profit than I ever received from any other picture without exception. For the time, it has put me quite out of conceit with my own work, and I must forget the severe and heavenly sweetness of that group of Bridesmaids before I shall be able to go on contentedly in my less exalted strain. The other drawing, at its present stage, does not affect me nearly so powerfully, though I feel the soft and burning glow of colour. The symbolism is too remote and unobvious to strike *me* as effective; but I do not pretend to set any value by my own opinion on such matters."]

² [The letter is one lined blue foolscap, much used by Ruskin.]

³ [Of *The Harbours of England*. For the "unwashed decks" of the humbler merchant-vessels, as distinguished from the prouder vessels carrying wine and tea, etc., see § 15 (Vol. XIII. p. 26). For "80," *ibid.*, p. 28; for "hip," *ibid.*, p. 31 (10th line from foot).]

useful side-notes and proper and necessary corrections, “hip” for “elbow,” “80” for “120” etc.; but I have kept the nonsense, very *justly* so called, about unwashed decks, because my feeling about such matters is a simple fact, which, right or wrong, I cannot help, and which I do not state as an argument at all, but as a piece of private feeling, and truly if there were no more wine or tea either at Denmark Hill or anywhere else, I am not sure the world would be much the worse.

I enjoyed the quiet time you were kind enough to spare to me at Henley as much as you did—perhaps more—as I was under no panic about *your* politics. And if you consider the following *facts* I don’t think you will see ground to fear mine.

First, I have a clear mathematical head. This is just as certain as that I have a head at all, which I suppose is objectively certain. I know it is a mathematical head, because at my little go I offered to do any problem in Euclid’s three first books without a diagram, writing it out by reference to an imaginary diagram in my head.¹ I can do that to this day, to almost any extent; that is to say, reason out any geometrical question without pen or paper, and dictate its statement blindfold.

Secondly. I have reasoned out a good many principles of general philosophy and political economy by myself, and I have *always* found myself in concurrence with Bacon and Adam Smith as soon as I had settled said principles to my own satisfaction; and as I believe those two people to have been no fools, I see no reason for concluding that I am one myself.²

Thirdly. I am forced by precisely the same instinct to the consideration of political questions that urges me to examine the laws of architectural or mountain forms. I cannot help doing so; the questions suggest themselves to me, and I am *compelled* to work them out. I cannot rest till I have got them clear.

Fourthly. I am perfectly honest in all my purposes. It is precisely and accurately against my own dearest interests that I am acting in praising Turner. No landed proprietor ever coveted land more earnestly than I covet possession of Turners. Yet I am every day putting my whole strength into the declaration of their merit to others, raising their price to myself. I have proved a right to say, therefore, that I am upright in my other purposes.

¹ [Compare *Præterita*, i. § 228 (Vol. XXXV. p. 201).]

² [For Bacon Ruskin’s admiration remained unabated (see, e.g., Vol. XXVIII. pp. 516, 519). With regard to Adam Smith, though he continued to recognise the validity of the Free Trade Theory, he came to condemn the hypothesis on which much of Smith’s Political Economy was based: see Vol. XVII. p. 26.]

Fifthly. I am good-natured, and desirous of making people about me happy, if I can. There are many people who are *proudly* honest, yet hard-hearted: I am *instinctively* honest, yet kind-hearted. I do not mean that I am affectionate¹—that is to say, dependent for my pleasure on the society of others,—far from it; but I am kind, in a general way, to all human creatures.

Sixthly. I am wholly unambitious. I don't mean I am not vain—that is, fond of praise; I am *intensely* fond of it, and very much pained by blame. But I don't care for POWER, unless it be to be useful with; the mere feeling of power and responsibility is a bore to me, and I would give any amount of authority for a few hours of Peace.

Seventhly. I have perfect leisure for inquiry into whatever I want to know. I am untroubled by any sort of care or anxiety, unconnected with any particular interest or group of persons, unaffected by feelings of Party, of Race, of social partialities, or of early prejudice, having been bred a Tory—and gradually developed myself into an Indescribable thing—certainly *not* a Tory.

Eighthly. I am by nature and instinct Conservative, loving old things because they are old, and hating new ones merely because they are new. If, therefore, I bring forward any doctrine of Innovation, assuredly it must be against the grain of me; and this in political matters is of infinite importance.

Lastly, I have respect for religion, and accept the practical precepts of the Bible to their full extent.

Consider now all those qualifications one by one. Consider how seldom it is that they all are likely to meet in one person, and whether there be, on the whole, chance of greater good or evil accruing to people in general from the political speculations of such a person.

I ought to have added one more qualification to the list. I know the *Laws of Work*, and this is a great advantage over *Idle Speculations*.

Against all these qualifications you will perhaps allege one—at first ugly-looking—disqualification. “You live out of the world, and cannot know *anything* about it.”

I believe that is almost the *only* thing you can say, but it does sound ugly at first, and sweeping. I answer, that just because I live out of it, I know more about it. Who do you suppose know most about the lake of Geneva—I, or the Fish in it? It is quite true the Fish know a thing or two that I don't—certain matters about feeding places, deep holes, and various other characters of Bottom. Nevertheless as to the general nature of the lake of Geneva, future prospects of it, and probabilities of all said fish ever being entirely broiled by

¹ [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 457.]

a volcanic explosion, or petrified in their beloved bottom by advance of delta, I know more than they.

I do not suppose you will answer—as other people might—that I am too conceited to know anything about it. There are two kinds of self-estimation—a fool's, and that which every man who knows his business has of himself. They look like each other in expression, but they are not the same.¹ And I mean to send you an essay on political economy,² perhaps even soon, with a quiet echo of Albert Dürer's assertion about his engraving—"Sir, it cannot be better done."

Meantime I am still busy enough, having my critique on Academy and Water-colour to write, and another little book to get out,³ beside the *Harbours*, before going abroad, so I shall not be able to write again, I fear, till I get to Interlachen, whence I shall advise you of my plans, as soon as I am able to form any.

I was very happy with you, inspite of the Elements of Disturbance which exist in that household Economy of yours. It seems to me, however, that the house with field and Poney will one day become essential, whereat you might go "home to dinner"—like any other workman—and be inaccessible.

Those are all nice children of yours. I forgot to ask if Harry ever got my letter about his stick. I should be very sorry if he thought I had not answered his to me. So Good-bye for a little. This letter won't give you very much trouble—though rather longer than is fair—for it is pretty legible, I think. I got the books all right. I will send photographs as soon as I can get into London to choose one. Best love to Harry, Willy, Angie. Best small-size love to Theodore. Best regards to Mama. Compliments, of an admiring character, to Fat and Obedient Baby. And Love and thanks to yourself.—Always affectionately yours,
J.RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WARD⁴

THUN, *July 1st*, 1856.

DEAR WARD,—My not having written to you before was owing to my doubt as to what I should be able to do in work while abroad. I am well enough, but quite unable for work of head, for

¹ [Compare Vol. XVI. p. 156, and the other passages there noted.]

² [Probably *The Political Economy of Art*, which Ruskin always considered one of his best books: see (in the next volume) a letter of November 28, 1878. For Dürer's saying, see Vol. XIX. p. 52.]

³ [Apparently (from Ruskin's letter to W. Ward) *The Elements of Drawing*.]

⁴ [No. 8 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 18–19. The little book is *The Elements of Drawing* (ultimately issued in June 1857), in which (Vol. XV. p. 18) Ruskin referred to Mr. Ward.]

the present; and I can't yet get out the little book I spoke of for some time.

But I want you to work for me; and I should like to know whether you have yet got any situation, or whether you could get one not requiring all your time (perhaps only a certain number of days in the week, for a smaller salary), if I could secure you a certain sum annually—say £50—to eke it out.

Meantime I enclose a cheque for £20, for any work you may have been doing for me; and write to me with full accounts of your prospects (Poste Restante, Villeneuve, Canton Vaud, Switzerland).—Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

[GENEVA, 18 July, 1856.]

I am truly obliged to you for showing me this book. Lowell must be a noble fellow.² The "Fable for Critics" in animal spirit and fervour is almost beyond anything I know, and it is very interesting to see, in the rest, the stern seriousness of a man so little soured—so fresh and young at heart.

I hope you have enjoyed yourselves. Can you send me a line to Union Hotel, Chamouni, to say you have? Pray come to see me, if you can, before leaving England.—Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI³

CHAMOUNI, 14 August [1856.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—You would have heard from me before now, but I did not know if you were in town, and whether I could safely send a cheque to Ch[atham] Place. Luckily, Miss Heaton has just paid us a visit here, and I have begged her to take charge of a letter to you, which contains Ida's August money, with my love to you both. You will get it, I hope, about 3rd or 4th September.

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, May 1904, vol. 93, p. 578. No. 2 in *Norton*; vol. i. p. 7.]

² [Mr. Norton, after his visit to Denmark Hill in 1855 (see above, p. 222), had not expected to see Ruskin again; but they chanced to meet next year, as Ruskin has described in *Præterita* (Vol. XXXV. p. 519), on the steamer on the Lake of Geneva. Norton called on Ruskin in the evening, taking with him a copy of Lowell's *Poems*.]

³ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 140–143.]

I am very anxious to hear how you are getting on. I suppose it is my own fault that I have not; but I thought I had said in my last that any letters directed to me at 7 Billiter Street, with “to be forwarded” on cover, will reach me in due course. If you like to send one now, directed Hôtel de Zähringen, Fribourg, *Suisse*, it will reach me quickly; but you must not despatch it before the 24th August, nor after the 30th, or it may miss me. Tell me all about your pictures, and yourself and Ida; I don’t care to hear about anything else. Have you got my Dante picture and the “Francesca”? I ordered them to be sent to you soon after I went away.

I found soon after I wrote to you, on trying to draw a little,¹ that I was really exhausted, and I have been so idle ever since that now it is quite a trouble to me to take up a pen from the table. I do nothing but walk and eat and sleep, and get stupider and lazier every hour. You see I write even worse than usual, and I haven’t a single idea in my head on any subject. There is the most exquisite view of Alps from my window at this moment under morning sunshine, but I am so stupid that I don’t much care about it. I wanted to find out a few simple geological facts when I came here, but I am so stupid that I can’t. I had promised a friend to draw him a bit of snow and a pine or two, and I have just sense enough left to see that it is no use trying. I slept from half-past nine last night to six this morning, and am half-asleep now—nothing but breakfast will in the least brighten me.

We are all pretty well; my mother much better; my father a little oppressed by the heat (for, though not what it is in the plains, the summer sunshine is glowing enough even here), and I, as above described. I daresay I am pretty well, but am not clear about it.

We have been staying at different places in Switzerland, whose names are of no consequence to you, and doing nothing at them, which it is no use telling you about.

All goes on in Switzerland just as usual; they make large quantities of cheese and cherry-brandy, and a great many of them are born idiots.

20th August (Geneva). The above interesting communication having been interrupted by breakfast, I kept it three days by me in hopes of getting an idea about something; but I haven’t got one. It is nine o’clock, and I am very sleepy. So good-bye.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

¹ [The drawing of Bonneville, here reproduced (Plate XIII.), belongs to this year.]



J. Ruskin.

Allen & Co. Sc.

Bonneville

1856.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

Sunday [August, 1856.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I am wild to know who is the Author of the "Burden of Nineveh" in No. VIII. of *Oxford and Cambridge*. It is glorious. Please find out for me, and see if I can get acquainted with him.—Ever yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To LADY TREVELYAN

DOVER, 26th September, '56.

DEAR LADY TREVELYAN,—I have been reproaching myself many a day for not writing, but somehow I have got into quite a stupid state of indolence for these three or four months, and the sight of a pen and ink has frightened me so that I hadn't a word to say; nor have I now, only I know you will be glad to hear that we are on this side the water again, and all well. We have been dividing our time between Interlachen, Thun, Fribourg, Chamonix, and Geneva; and I have done nothing but ramble in the sun, and eat breakfasts and dinners, and sleep. I am not so much the better for it as I ought to be, because I don't like it. I get sulky when I can't do anything—and getting sulky puts one out of order, and I don't feel refreshed or up to my work again; nor do I intend to do anything much for some time yet—perhaps not all winter. I am going to read—for I have been using my own brains too much and other people's not enough

¹ [From *Dante Gabriel Rossetti: his Family Letters, with a Memoir*, vol. i. p. 197. No. 8 of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, edited by Morris's friend, the Rev. W. Fulford, had appeared in August 1856, Rossetti's (anonymous) poem occupying pp. 512–516. The first lines of the poem, as printed in the *Magazine*, were afterwards altered; they ran:—

"I have no taste for polyglot.
At the Museum'twas my lot
Just once to jot and blot and rot
In Babel for I know not what.
I went at two, I left at three.
Round those still doors I tramp'd, to win
By the great porch the dirt and din;
And as I made the last door spin
And issued, they were hoisting in
A wingèd beast from Nineveh."

Rossetti, in reply to Ruskin's letter, avowed the authorship of the poem (see the Introduction, above, p. xlvii.); "and I fancy," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "that a very large 'Bravo!' which forms the commencement of another letter from Ruskin may be the response to this avowal. The word is shaped out of a series of notes of admiration."]

lately—and to see manufactories, and take long walks in the snow. I expect to get on better so, for in Switzerland I am tormented by the beauty of the things, when I can't draw them, or by the people building hotels on my picturesque places, and so on. I have begun my readings by a large course of French Novels; but I am not sure that *those* are very good for me, for I have fallen in love with three of George Sand's heroines, one after the other—no, with four—and am quite vexed because I can't see them—seriously vexed I mean; made uncomfortable. I was also thrown into a great relapse at Paris by finding the whole of the apse of Notre Dame, and the most of the rest of it, *utterly* restored—fairly knocked down and built again, New, so that Notre Dame now exists no more for *me*, and every day of my life I regret Turner's death more, and—which will perhaps surprise you—*Prout's*; there are so many things turning up now, that I want to ask Prout about, and there is nobody to take his place, or feel with me as he did—and altogether I am a good deal put out at present, not to speak of the disagreeableness of finding oneself nearly forty;—while one is busy one does not think how old one is getting, but one finds it out in idleness. I calculate that, if I am spared for so long, it is only some 11,780 days till I shall be seventy,¹ and I give away every day with a grudge—if it happens to be a wet or an idle one; and a great many have been wet and idle lately. Out of four months on the Continent, I have taken only ten days of whole work, and ten days half work: those were to make some drawings of old bits of Thun and Fribourg, likely to be destroyed before I get back to them again; for I have a plan for etching views of seven Swiss towns,² and bequeathing them to foolish posterity, that it may mourn and gnash its teeth in its Hotels. I mean to draw, if I can, Basle, (1) Schaffhausen, (2) Lucerne, Thun, (3) Fribourg, Sion, and (4) Bellinzona; the 1, 2, 3, 4 elaborately to illustrate Turner's multitudinous sketches of them. There are at least sixteen of Fribourg, seven or eight of Lucerne, thirty of Bellinzona, and four or five of Schaffhausen among the sketches left to the nation, and I can realise these a little with detail, so as to explain them—and the other three I shall do, one view of each; Thun and Sion because I am fond of the places, and Basle in compliment to Holbein; and I hope that Berne and Geneva will be properly humiliated at being left out of the list, as too much spoiled to be worth notice.

I made myself of some use in Chamouni also, I think—not by working, but by setting others to work. Sir Walter may perhaps have

¹ [See the reference to his diary in Vol. VII. p. xxiii.]

² [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 483.]

noticed that there is a great dispute among the geologists whether Studer and Favre are right in saying that the limestone goes under the gneiss at Chamouni—poor Mr. Sharpe,¹ who was killed last summer by a fall from his horse, having said it was only cleavage, not bedding. So I had a hole dug under Mont Blanc, and I got fifteen feet down between the limestone and gneiss,² and found it all as Studer and Favre and I myself had supposed; only the gneiss was so rotten that I couldn't go on underneath it without regular mining apparatus—wooden shield and so on—so I stopped till next year, and if the geologists aren't satisfied, I will dig as deep as they like.

Among the other minor matters for grumbling, the weather worried me—always wet or burning hot—and we made a nice finish of it yesterday afternoon; the steamboat—a small packet—waiting off the pier of Calais three hours for train from Paris. Train arrives with 80 passengers—170 altogether on board the boat. We got away about six o'clock—squally afternoon, and sea rather high from wind before. The 170 passengers soon presented the appearance of a series of heaps of some sort of awkwardly made brown fish being sold by Dutch auction, and kicked about with no buyers. It got pretty dark, with clouds over what moon there was—long swells of sea racing by with crashing light; and half-way over, really a very violent squall with rain in pailfuls—and large pailfuls, too. My father and mother had to sit it out all on deck—we are none of us ever ill—and the cabins were unenterable, except by creeping on all-fours over the fish-heaps. My mother, instead of being the worse, is the better for it this morning; it seems to have been a kind of water cure for her; she was terribly frightened, and perhaps that kept her from taking cold.

On the whole, we are all very much the better of our journey, and perhaps we shall find the good of it more when we get home, and so I think I have given you enough of ourselves. You are never explicit enough about *yourself*. I am only afraid you are not so well as you ought to be. I am very sorry for poor Miss Mackenzie—I should like to see her again. I daresay I may come down Wallington way next spring, but I have no notion clearly what I shall do. It depends on many things—most of all on what is done about the Turner bequest, which I mean now to make as much noise about as I have voice for. My love to poor Peter,³ and condolences and congratulations; but I cannot but attribute his recovery to his having such a *very* bad temper. Good-natured dogs always die when anything happens to

¹ [Daniel Sharpe (1806–1856); F.R.S., 1850; President of the Geological Society, 1856.]

² [For these diggings see Vol. XXVI. pp. xxvi.–xxvii., 545–547.]

³ [See below, pp. 395 *n.*, 414–5.]

them; the sulky ones have a kind of “I shall live to bite somebody yet” spirit in them, which is better than medicine. I have a good deal of that feeling myself—always when I am unwell.

We hope to be at home next Wednesday, and then you have only to tell me when you are likely to come south, and I will take care to have plenty leisure days, and we will have some nice chats; and I shall convince you of the beauty and necessity of my new botanical system, and make a botanist of you at last, as well as an artist. I am heartily glad to hear the colour does so well at Wallington. I am quite clear for colour now—everywhere—and my mother was converted from certain predilections for white work by the inside of the Sainte Chapelle, last week.

She and my father beg their sincere regards to you both. Love to Sir Walter, and kind remembrances to Mr. Scott.—Ever, dear Lady Trevelyan, affectionately and gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

*Saturday Morning [October, 1856].*²

DEAR MR. NORTON.—In case I don’t find you to-day (and I can’t be at home this afternoon), could you dine with us to-morrow at half-past four—or if not able to do that, come in at any hour you like to tea in the evening?—Yours affectionately, J. RUSKIN.

Of course you will only find my father and mother and me, and perhaps an old family friend.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

[November, 1856.]

DEAR NORTON,—It will of course be a privilege to me to take charge of the vignette⁴ while you are travelling, and of course I

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, May 1904, vol. 93, p. 578. No. 3 in *Norton*; vol. i. p. 8.]

² [“In the autumn, my mother and sisters having returned to America, I was in London, staying at Fenton’s Hotel in St. James’s Street, much out of health. I had promised to let Ruskin know of my coming to London, and on hearing of it, he at once came to see me, and while I remained there, few days passed in which he did not send me a note like the following, or come to my parlour, laden with books and drawings for my amusement, or carry me off in his brougham for an hour or two at Denmark Hill.”—C. E. N.]

³ [No. 7 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 24–25.]

⁴ [“Turner’s water-colour drawing of Scott’s house in Castle Street, Edinburgh; ‘the very thing for you to have,’ Ruskin had written to me a few days before in advising me to purchase it.”—C. E. N.]

should do whatever you bid me faithfully in all matters—but I think a little arrangement of leather case and glass might make the drawing portable for you, and a pleasant companion on your journey.¹ If I see you to-day I will tell you how; if I don't, please let me know quickly if you have already Rogers's *Italy*, and if you haven't—no, it would be too late, perhaps. I will send one in this evening if I don't find you, and if you haven't got it, keep it, for it's a proof copy—and I'll write your name in it when I see you again. If you have it, send it me back, and I'll find something else that you haven't during the winter.—Affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To ROBERT BROWNING

DENMARK HILL, 27th November, 1856.

MY DEAR BROWNING,—I think *Aurora Leigh* the greatest poem in the English language, unsurpassed by anything but Shakespeare—not surpassed by Shakespeare's *sonnets*, and therefore the greatest poem in the language. I write this, you see, very deliberately, straight, or nearly so, which is not common with me, for I am taking pains that you may not think (nor anybody else) that I am writing in a state of excitement; though there is enough in the poem to put one into such a state.² I have not written immediately either, partly because I did not know if you were at Florence yet, partly because I wished to read the poem quite through. I like it *all*, familiar parts and unfamiliar, passionate and satirical, evil telling and good telling, philosophical and dramatic—all. It has one or two sharp blemishes, I think, in words, here and there, chiefly Greek. I think the “Hat aside”³ a great discord in the opening—it tells on me like a crack in

¹ [Ruskin himself was in the habit of taking some of Turner's drawings with him as companions of his travels.]

² [Rossetti also was rapturous over *Aurora Leigh* (published in the autumn of 1856). “An astounding work,” he wrote; “I know that St. Francis and Poverty do not wed in these days of St. James' Church, with rows of portrait figures on either side, and the corners neatly finished with angels. I know that if a blind man were to enter the room this evening and talk to me for some hours, I should, with the best intentions, be in danger of twiggling his blindness before the right moment came . . . ; yet with all this knowledge I have felt something like a bug ever since reading *Aurora Leigh*. Oh, the wonder of it!” (*Letters of D. G. Rossetti to William Allingham*, p. 189).]

³ [“Such scholar-scrap he talked, I've heard from friends,
For even prosaic men who wear grief long
Will get to wear it as a hat aside
With a flower stuck in't.”]

the midst of the sweetest fresco colour. *Phalanstery*¹ I can't find in Johnson's dictionary, and don't know what it means. *Dynastick*² hurts me like a stick—one or two passages in the art discussion I haven't made out yet. For the rest, I am *entirely* subdued and raised—to be Mrs. Browning's very humble votary and servant. I feel, for the time, as if I could do nothing more in describing, or in saying anything—as if, indeed, nobody *could* say anything more now, without appearing to be saying something weak in thought and melodious in English, so far does her Saying seem to me above present Best and sweetests. I am better in every way for reading the poem—perhaps not the least because I feel so crushed by it; but also because it is like breathing the purest heavenly air; it makes one healthier through every nerve and purer through every purpose.

It is the first also perfect poetical expression of the Age, according to her own principles. But poor Scott! and the sellers of old armour in Wardour St.!³ I see Mrs. Browning herself has sometimes *no* compassion.

I have heard from Miss Heaton that Mrs. Browning and you are both well, and happy in your Florence home. God grant you, both, long life and peace, you happy, good, great people that you are.

I will write you again to tell you anything that may interest you of what is doing here. I do not feel inclined to talk of anything but the poem just now, and for that I should only weaken the true sense I would give you of my admiration of it if I tried to put it any more into words. Only believe me affectionately yours and hers,

J. Ruskin.

My father and mother beg their sincerest regards. I never saw my father so taken with a poem in my life. He doesn't usually care for

¹ [See Book iii.:—

“Have you heard of Romney Leigh,
Beyond what's said of him in newspapers,
His phalansteries there, his speeches here,
His pamphlets, pleas, and statements, everywhere?”

The word had been coined by Fourier, about twenty years before, to denote a building or set of buildings occupied by a *phalanx* or socialistic community. Kingsley adopted it in *Alton Locke* (1850).]

² [Book v. 308: “The rulers of our art, in whose full veins Dynastic glories mingle.” “Hurts me like a stick”: see Butler's *Hudibras* (as quoted in *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 387 *n.*).]

³ [The reference is to such a passage in Book v. as this:—

“Nay, if there's room for poets in this world
A little overgrown, (I think there is)
Their sole work is to represent the age,
Their age, not Charlemagne's,” etc.]

that kind of poetry (likes Pope, and Crabbe), but he sat at it till one in the morning, and never let the book out of his hand, when he was in the house, till he had finished it and said it quite did him good—made him better from a little ailing that he was. To my mother I am reading it out aloud every day.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[DENMARK HILL, *circa* Christmas 1856.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I enclose a letter from John Lewis, and we must now have your *final* answer. I object, myself, to the whole system of candidateship, but, as it is established, neither you nor I can at present overthrow it. I don't believe there is the least risk of your rejection, because Lewis is wholly for you, and the others know that you are a friend of mine and that I am going to write a "notice" in 1857 as well as 1856. I don't say that, if they rejected you, I might [not] perhaps feel disposed to go into further analysis of some of their own works than might be altogether pleasant. But don't you think *they* will suppose so, and that your election is therefore rather safe?

But suppose the reverse. All that could be said was that they rejected—not Rossetti but *Pre-Raphaelitism*. Which people knew pretty well before. But it would give me a hold on them if they did, which would be useful in after attacks on this modern system, so that, whether they took you or not, you would be helping forward the good cause. But all the chances are that you get in, and if you do, consider what good you may effect by the influence of your work and votes in that society, allied with Lewis and Hunt!

So *pray* do this. Write to Lewis instantly, saying you accept. I will write to Oxford for "Dante." Morris will, I am sure, lend his, and I will lend my "Beatrice,"² and there we are, all right.—Yours affectionately, J. R.

I will send Ida's drawings by first hand coming into town. Send me a line saying what you do.

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 148, 149. J. F. Lewis was at this time President of the Old Water-Colour Society, of which Ruskin wanted Rossetti to become a member; he declined, however, to stand. He agreed with Ruskin in regarding Lewis and William Hunt as the best water-colourists (see his *Letters to Allingham*, p. 164).]

² [Works which Ruskin proposed that Rossetti should send to the Old Water-Colour Society. "Dante" is "Dante Drawing the Angel," owned by Thomas Coombe, of the Oxford University Press, and now in the University Galleries. The drawing then in possession of William Morris was "Fra Pace" (see p. 249); and for Ruskin's "Beatrice," see p. 235 *n.*]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

[LONDON] 28th December, 1856.

DEAR NORTON,—Railways are good for letters, assuredly; it seems very wonderful, and is very pleasant, to hear from you in Rome only a week ago; for I got your letter yesterday, and should have had it the day before, but that I was staying in town for a few days. And I hope the enjoyment of that damp and discordant city and that desolate and diseaseful Campagna, of which your letter assures me, may be received as a proof of your own improved health, and brightness of heart and imagination.

I think, perhaps, I abuse Rome more because it is as sour grapes to me. When I was there² I was a sickly and very ignorant youth; and I should be very glad, now, if I could revisit what I passed in weariness or contempt; and I do envy you (sitting as I am just now in the Great Western hotel at Paddington, looking out upon a large number of panes of grey glass, some iron spikes, and a brick wall) that walk in sight of Sabine hills. Still, reasoning with myself in the severest way, and checking whatever malice against the things I have injured, or envy of you, there may be in the feelings with which I now think of Rome, these appear to me incontrovertible and accurate conclusions,—that the streets are damp and mouldy where they are not burning; that the modern architecture is fit only to put on a Twelfth cake in sugar (*e.g.*, the churches at the Quattro Fontane); that the old architecture consists chiefly of heaps of tufa and bricks; that the Tiber is muddy; that the Fountains are fantastic; that the Castle of St. Angelo is too round; that the Capitol is too square; that St. Peter's is too big; that all the other churches are too little; that the Jews' quarter is uncomfortable; that the English quarter is unpicturesque; that Michael Angelo's Moses is a monster; that his Last Judgment is a mistake; that Raphael's Transfiguration is a failure; that Apollo Belvidere is a public nuisance; that the bills are high; the malaria strong; the dissipation shameful; the bad company numerous; the Sirocco depressing; the Tramontana chilling; the Levante parching; the Ponente pelting; the ground unsafe; the politics perilous, and the religion pernicious. I do think, that in all candour and reflective charity, I may assert this much.

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, May 1904, vol. 93, pp. 583–584. No. 8 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 25–31.]

² [He was there in bad health in the winter of 1840–1841. See *Præterita* Vol. XXXV. pp. 270 *seq.*]

an English painter would mean by beauty
 or interest in a subject her eyes had been
 accustomed to glimpse that she caught at it
 wherever she could find it, and in the midst
 of beautiful stony cottages & rugged rocks
 & wild foliage - would take this kind
 of thing for her main subject.



or - if she had to draw a mountain pass.
 she would select this scene in the road. -



~~and to do~~,
 just where
 the liberal
 minded people
 had recently
 planted it
 and put
 a new plantation
 on the hill opposite.

In her, the contrary instinct of delirance
 is not yet awake - or I don't know how
 to awake it. In you, it is in its fullest
 energy - & so you like weeds - and those
 will trampled-to-faces things at Rome.

Still, I can quite understand how, coming from a fresh, pure, and very ugly country like America, there may be a kind of thirst upon you for ruins and shadows which nothing can easily assuage; that after the scraped cleanliness and business and fussiness of it (America), mildew and mould may be meat and drink to you, and languor the best sort of life, and weeds a bewitchment (I mean the unnatural sort of weed that only grows on old bricks and mortar and out of cracks in mosaic—all the Campagna used to look to me as if its grass were grown over a floor); and the very sense of despair which there is about Rome must be helpful and balmy, after the over-hopefulness and getting-on-ness of America; and the very sense that nobody about you is taking account of anything, but that all is going on into an unspelt, unsummed, undistinguished heap of helplessness, must be a relief to you, coming out of that atmosphere of Calculation. I can't otherwise account for your staying at Rome.

You may wonder at my impertinence in calling America an ugly country. But I have just been seeing a number of landscapes by an American painter of some repute; and the ugliness of them is Wonderful. I see that they are true studies, and that the ugliness of the country must be Unfathomable. And a young American lady¹ has been drawing under my directions in Wales this summer, and when she came back I was entirely silenced and paralyzed by the sense of a sort of helplessness in her that I couldn't get at; an entire want of perception of what an English painter would mean by beauty or interest in a subject; her eyes had been so accustomed to ugliness that she caught it wherever she could find it, and in the midst of beautiful stony cottage and rugged rocks and wild foliage, would take this kind of thing² for her main subject; or, if she had to draw a mountain pass, she would select this turn in the road,² just where the liberally-minded proprietor had recently mended it and put a new plantation on the hill opposite.

In her, the contrary instinct of deliverance is not yet awake, and I don't know how to awake it. In you, it is in its fullest energy, and so you like weeds, and the old, tumbled-to-pieces things at Rome . . .

I shall be writing again soon, as I shall have to tell you either the positive or negative result of some correspondence which the Trustees of the National Gallery have done me the honour to open with me (of their own accord), which, for the present, has arrived at a turn in the Circumlocution road,³ much resembling in its promising aspect that

¹ [Possibly Mrs. Beecher Stowe's daughter: see Vol. XVII. p. 477.]

² [See the facsimile, opposite.]

³ [A reference to Dickens's satire on Government Departments ("The Circumlocution Office") in *Little Dorrit*, published in the preceding year.]

delineated above,¹—but which may nevertheless lead to something, and whether it does or not, I accept with too much pleasure the friendship you give me, not to tell you what is uppermost in my own mind and plans at the moment, even though it should come to nothing (and lest it should, as it is too probable, don't speak of it to any one). Meantime I am writing some notes on the Turner pictures already exhibited,² of which I shall carefully keep a copy for you; I think they will amuse you, and I have got a copy of the first notes on the Academy,³ which you asked me for, and which I duly looked for, but couldn't find, to my much surprise; the copy I have got is secondhand. You haven't, of course, read Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, or you would have spoken in your letter of nothing else. I only speak of it at the end of my letter, not to allow myself time to tell you anything about it except to get it; and to get it while you are still in Italy.

This will not reach you in time for the New Year, but it will, I hope, before Twelfth day; not too late to wish you all happiness and good leading by kindest stars, in the year that is opening. My Father and Mother send their sincerest regards to you, and do not cease to congratulate me on having gained such a friend.—Believe me, affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

You never saw your vignette framed; it looks lovely.

To ROBERT BROWNING

28th December, 1856.

DEAR MR. BROWNING,—Out goes the Mr.—for I love you, and you know how much I honour you besides, so I needn't be respectful. I do hope, however, you have got my letter about *Aurora*—I sent one, ever so long ago, declaring my entire faith in it as the greatest poem in the English language. It has turned my head altogether and I can't talk of anything else. Last week I chanced to be sitting at dinner next Lord Byron's granddaughter,⁴ and quite forgetting who she was, I must needs come out with this energetic confession of faith in *Aurora Leigh* the moment it was named—to my great discomfiture the moment after, when I recollected whom I was talking to. But it's no use saying how magnificent it is, for you know, and the world

¹ [See, again, the facsimile.]

² [The *Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House*, 1856. See Vol. XIII. pp. 91 *seq.*]

³ [Vol. XIV. pp. 5 *seq.*]

⁴ [Lady Anne Milbanke (married, 1869, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt).]

is acceptant to the best of its ability. I have not seen, nor heard, a single bad word or sneer about it, and all the best people shout, with me, rapturously.

I merely send this line to bid you Good New Year, and to say how thankful I was to see a statement in the *Athenæum* the other day,¹ and that you can now buy a Giotto or two when they come in your way—and I am sure Giotto's Spirit will send them. Though I doubt not, you are both of you sorrier for your friend's loss than glad of anything else.

I am well, thank God, and getting into work. The trustees of the National Gallery have opened a Circumlocution Office correspondence with me,² and we are just in the first whorl of the shell. Whether any Blue is at the Murex bottom I know not yet—the Pudding Pause of Xmas has stopped us for the present.

Please send me a single line to say how you are, both.

If Mrs. Browning wants to know what I like best, I like the mice on the scarlet thread, and the dog watching Aurora (when, my mother says, she only wanted a good shaking), and the aunt's death, and the child's life of Marian, and the madness (the Christ wading through the corn), and all the Italian part, but chiefly "peak pushing peak they stood," etc.—and the *bats*, and the *Frogs* and the *lizards*: and the prayer about the lottery, and Marian crying (the leaping back bit), and Aurora's confession.

There,

and Aurora's scolding letter to Lady W., which made me cry and laugh till I had to give up, for that day.³—Ever affectionately yours and hers,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [A paragraph in the issue of December 20 (No. 1521, p. 1573), stating that Mr. John Kenyon had bequeathed £10,000 to Mr. and Mrs. Browning.]

² [See above, p. 251 *n.*]

³ [The passages indicated are (1) in the description of the English country in book i.:—

". . . the sheep run
Along the fine clear outline, small as mice
That run along a witch's scarlet thread."

(2) In book ii.—"The very dog Would watch me from his sun-patch on the floor";

(3) just after which passage comes the death of Aurora's aunt. (4) The description of Marian Earle's madness is at the end of book vi.:—

"While every roadside Christ upon his cross
Hung reddening through his gory wounds at me,
And shook his nails in anger, and came down
To follow a mile after, wading up
The low vines and green wheat, crying 'Take the girl!' "

(5) Aurora's "scolding letter to Lady Waldemar" is towards the beginning

1857

[Ruskin was much engaged during this year in arranging and describing various exhibitions of Turner's works at the National Gallery (Vol. XIII. pp. xxxii.—xxxviii.). He also delivered several lectures, including those at Manchester on *The Political Economy of Art* (Vol. XVI. p. xviii.). In July he went with his parents to Scotland; returning thence to continue his work at the National Gallery (Vol. VII. pp. xxv.—xxvi.).]

To C. T. NEWTON

DENMARK HILL, 11th January, '57.

MY DEAR NEWTON,—You oughtn't to have been so long in writing to me; but I am glad to know of your being well, and having so much in your power;¹ and I sincerely trust you may do all that you hope, and encourage the Government in this sending of ships to pick up what they can get—yes, and even to entice fulfilment of the old nursery rhyme, “Five—six—Picking up sticks,” or, as we might read it in your case, “bricks.” I should think this must reward you for a dull year or two at the British Museum. I don't much care for adventures, myself, but I had always a turn for digging and for the sea, and the idea of a digging cruise would be very pleasant to me, if I were in your place;—in fact, I suppose the *idea* wouldn't be unpleasant to anybody; but there are dark sides to digging, as to every other pleasure

of book vii. (6) The approach to Italy from the Riviera is described in book vii.:—

“Peak pushing peak
They stood: I watched, beyond that Tyrian belt
Of intense sea,” etc.

(7) Later, in the same book, come the “bats, frogs, and lizards”:—

“. . . the silent swirl
Of bats that seem to follow in the air
Some grand circumference of a shadowy dome
To which we are blind . . .
. . . the large-mouthed frogs
(Those noisy vaunters of their shallow streams);
And lizards, the green lightnings of the wall.”

(8) A little later still, in the description of the faces in a Florentine crowd, comes the old woman who prays to the Madonna for a prize “in Thursday's lottery.” (9) “Marian crying (leaping back)” is the passage towards the end of the poem where she renounces Romney; (10) soon after which comes Aurora's confession of her love for him.]

¹ [Newton, through the good offices at Constantinople of Lord Stratford, the British Ambassador, had procured a firman to enable him to undertake excavations at Halicarnassus.]

in this world. I began digging under the Mont Blanc this last summer, and went on till my back ached not a little and till my arms wouldn't lift pickaxe. I made no very serious impression on Mont Blanc, but a little on some geological theories¹—and a great deal on myself—in giving me acuter sympathies with those who have to dig all day long.

I am occupied at present chiefly in my old way concerning Turner—and most likely shall continue to be so, as the adjudgment of all his sketches to the nation puts it in my power to study him far more fully and easily than formerly. I offered to arrange and catalogue them all (and they are some twenty thousand in number according to Wornum's statement), and have had some official communication with the Trustees about it. I believe, in the end, whatever they may determine upon just now, I shall have to do it for them, for the simple reason that they *cannot* do it themselves; nor get it done, there being literally nobody, except myself, who knows where Turner's subjects were taken, or their sequence, chronologically. I have written a catalogue of the oil pictures, explaining them as well as I can, by way of specimen of what may be done in this way, and if the public like it, they will perhaps want the drawings catalogued too.

I'm sorry you don't like my rambling book² so well as my old one, and surprised too; for you rightly criticised my old writing as showing no *reserve*; and this book is all full of reserve—less said always than I could say. Besides, though it seems to ramble, and does so as far as arrangement goes, it doesn't touch on anything, except the war, that it could (according to my first plan of it) have let alone.

Can you send me any informing sort of sketch of the ways of Mr. Wornum—he seems to have a good deal on his hands; and I want to know how he is likely to manage it—how, also, he ought himself to be managed.

I hope to hear something of you, at Little H[olland] H[ouse], on Tuesday, but at present I know not where this line is likely to find you—in fact, I suppose you very often don't know, at present, where you are likely to find *yourself*. You rather remind me of the Count of Monte Christo in search of his treasure, if he had taken his friend with him—I forget his name—Watts may stand for him³—on his first voyage.

Don't trouble yourself to write long letters—I never do, myself—but send me a line now and then saying what you are doing and how Watts is, and believe me, sincerely yours, J. RUSKIN.

¹ [See above, p. 245.]

² [The third volume of *Modern Painters*, entitled "Of Many Things"; for the passage on the Crimean War, see pp. 410–417 (Vol. V.).]

³ [G. F. Watts was with Newton during part of the excavations at Halicarnassus.]

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[DENMARK HILL. ? 1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I have the drawing safe, and enclose cheque, which you have nothing to do but to present at Union Bank (close to Royal Exchange). Please send me word you have received the cheque, as anybody might present it if it were lost.

I see that you are unwell, and must rest. You shall make me a sketch instead of this some day; and just remember, as a general principle, never put raw green into *light* flesh. No great colourists ever did, or ever wisely will. This drawing by candlelight is all over black spots in the high lights. The thought is very beautiful—the colour and male heads by no means up to your mark. I will write more to-morrow.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WARD²

[DENMARK HILL, 1857.]

DEAR WARD,—I have no doubt that you will draw landscape very beautifully; both because I know your carefulness and feeling, and because you so entirely understand the Turnerian character; very few people perceive it in that way. You are quite right about the character of inimitable, unattainable inspiration. There is nothing quite like it, that I know of, in Art.

My book for beginners actually goes in to the publishers to-morrow, and will not take long to print. *Don't* be discouraged. I have tried your patience sadly, but hold out for two months more. The beasts won't do you much good, I think.³ I must have a talk with you some day soon, before term opens.⁴ I will write to you when I can see you.—Truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

[1857.]

DEAR MRS. SIMON,—I did not answer your kind note, because the threatened dissolution of Parliament might have sent Mr. Pritchard⁵ and his wife, whom we wanted you to meet, into the country again,—

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 157, where the letter is dated as above. Possibly, however, it belongs to 1855, and the allusion in the "green" is to the "Nativity": see above, p. 227.]

² [No. 9 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 20–21. The "book for beginners" was *The Elements of Drawing*.]

³ ["This was in reply to a proposal of Mr. Ward's that he should make some studies of animals at the Zoological Society's Gardens, Regent's Park" (W. W.).]

⁴ [*i.e.*, at the Working Men's College.]

⁵ [M. P. for Bridgenorth. The dissolution, which seemed imminent at the beginning of the session, came in March.]

but as matters are now arranged, they are coming, and if you can come too, it will give us all very great pleasure;—and so it will not be selfish of you; and John will come some day, when you have any kind of work to do that needs staying at home, by *himself*, to make it all fair—always provided you come both together very soon. I am not well pleased with Kingsley myself. This is his second sneer at me,¹ the first being in his book on the sea shore, which I only answered by praising and quoting *Alton Locke*. And whatever he may or may not think of me, he ought not to shorten my hands when I am working precisely in the way he wants people to work, with the lower classes. I don't understand it—for not long ago he sent to me a mightily polite letter, which makes the matter rather worse. I have half a mind to let him see a little bit of tusk-point one of these days.

All is settled at National Gallery, and I do my hundred drawings,² thanks to John and you, I believe, chiefly—for which and other matters—new bread especially—I am always gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To a CORRESPONDENT*³

1857.

DEAR—, Would you be so very kind as to write down for me the titles in English of those illustrated works by Richter, with the place where you got them—so that I can send the same to Printers, in my catalogue of works to be studied at the end of my book for beginners?⁴—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Tell Jones his glass won't quite do. I want to talk to him about

¹ [The lines (quoted in Vol. X. pp. lv., xxxiv., 609) introduced in the poem called *The Invitation* (August 1856). For the first "sneer," see *Glaucus; or, The Wonders of the Shore*, 1855, p. 57: "What a variety of forms and colours are there, amid the purple and olive wreaths of wrack . . . and the delicate green ribbons of the *Zostera*, . . . surely contradicting, as do several other forms, that somewhat hasty assertion of Mr. Ruskin, that nature makes no ribbons, unless with a midrib, and I know not what other limitations, which seem to me to exist only in Mr. Ruskin's fertile, but fastidious fancy." (The reference is to *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. pp. 148–149.) The praise of *Alton Locke* was in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 238). Kingsley had been to see Ruskin at Denmark Hill (see above, p. 190). Ruskin was afterwards sore at what he considered Kingsley's lack of staunchness in the Eyre affair, and gave him a large "bit of tusk-point": see Vol. XXXIV. p. 609.]

² [See Vol. XIII. pp. xxxiii., 183–226.]

³ [From p. 28 of George Birkbeck Hill's *Talks about Autographs*, 1896, where the date is given as "about 1858"; but for bibliographical reasons (see Vol. XV. p. 224) it must be 1857. Burne-Jones, Dr. Hill explained, "has no doubt, he sends me word, the criticism was entirely just, but no one had the hardihood to tell him of it, so he has never heard it till now."]

⁴ [See *The Elements of Drawing*: Vol. XV. p. 224.]

it, but can't find a day—but he ought to get a bit of pure thirteenth-century glass *done*, and put beside his; then he would feel what is wanted, I fancy—namely, greater grace in the interlacing forms and more distinctness in the figures as emergent from ground.

To Mrs. HUGH MILLER¹

DENMARK HILL, *April 9th*, 1857.

MY DEAR MADAM,—I received yesterday evening the book which I owe to the kindness of your late husband, and which I receive as from his hand; with mingled feelings, not altogether to be set down in a letter, even if I could tell you them without giving some new power of hurt, if that be possible, to your own sorrow. But there are one or two things which I *want* to say to you. Humanly speaking, I cannot imagine a greater grief than yours, or one which a stranger should more reverently or more hopelessly leave unspoken of, attempting no word of consolation; and yet I can fancy that there is one point in which you may not yet have enough regarded it. To all of us, who knew your late husband's genius at all,—to you, above all, who knew it best,—it seems to me that the bitterest cruelty of the trial must lie in the sense of his work being so unaccomplished, of all that he might have done, had he lived; and of the *littleness* of the thing that brought about his illness and death. It seems so hard that a little overwork, a few more commas to be put into a page of type, a paragraph to be shortened or added, in the last moment, should make the difference between life and death. Perhaps your friends have dwelt too much—if they have attempted to help you at all—on ordinary beaten topics of religious consolation, not, it seems to me, applying to the worst part of this sorrow, and they may not have dwelt enough on what does fully bear upon it, namely, the general law of Providence in God's "*strange work*."² We rarely *see* how small the things are which bring about what He has appointed, nor do we see, generally, the strange loss, which takes place continually, of the powers He gives. If you *could* see this, you would not feel that He had set you up as a mark, and spared no arrows.

¹ [From the *Life and Letters of Hugh Miller*, by Peter Bayne, 1871, vol. ii., pp. 486–488. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, April 1890, vol. i. pp. 125–126, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 13–14. Ruskin had met Hugh Miller (1802–1856), geologist and editor of the *Witness*, at Edinburgh in 1853. The book referred to was probably *The Testimony of the Rocks*, finished just before, and published soon after, his death.]

² [Isaiah xxviii. 21.]

That which has befallen you, though you do not think it, is yet the common lot of man. The earth is full of *lost* powers; no human soul perishes, but, if you could only read its true history, you would find that not the thousandth part of its possible work had been done; that even when the result seemed greatest the man either was or ought to have been conscious of irreparable failure and shortcoming; that, in the plurality of cases, the whole end and use of life had been more or less lost, and, in *many* cases, in the cruellest way, by accident or adversity. And in like manner, if you could only see the *origin* of all diseases, you would see that what we called a natural disease and received as an inevitable dispensation, did in reality depend on some pettiest of petty *chances* (I speak humanly): on the man's having untied his neckerchief near a window, when he should not; on his having stopped at the street-corner in an east wind to talk to a friend for half a minute; on his having worried himself uselessly about an overcharge in a bill: nothing is so trivial but it may be the Appointed Death-Angel to the man. And when once you feel this fully (my own work has taught me this more than most men's, for no wreck is so frequent, no waste so wild, as the wreck and waste of the minds of men devoted to the arts), when once you feel it, and understand that this waste, which seems so wonderful to us, is intended by the Deity to be a part of His dealing with men (just as the rivers are poured out to run into their swallowing Death-sea, only a lip here and there tasting them), and that this law of chance, which seems so trivial to us, is as entirely in His hand as the lightning and the plague-spot: then, while to all of us who are still counting the hours, the truth is a solemn one, to those who mourn for their dead, it ought not to be a distressing one. It is only to our narrow human view that anything is lost or wasted. God gave the mind to do a certain work, and withdrew it when that work was done; we, poor innocents, may fancy that something else should have been done; so, assuredly, in all cases, it should; but in no special and separate instance can we say,—here is a destiny peculiarly broken, here a work peculiarly unfulfilled. I read that God will say to His good servants, "Well done!"¹ but not, "*Enough* done." It is only He who judges of and appoints that "enough."

Pardon me if I pain you by dwelling on this, but I know that many persons do not feel this *generalness* in human shortcoming; we are all too apt to think everything has been right if a man lives to be old, and everything lost if he dies young.

¹ [Matthew xxv. 21.]

I have not been able to look much at the book yet, but it seems a noble bequest to us.

Believe me, my dear Madam, always respectfully and faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Sir JOHN MURRAY NAESMYTH, Bart.¹

DENMARK HILL, *Saturday*, 11th April, '57.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was so sincerely obliged by your letter that I wished to write at some length to thank you, when a sharp fit of a contemptible, but troublesome, illness, toothache, put me out of humour for writing to anybody, and now in recovering the lost ground of work (lost water of work would be a better metaphor, for work is worse than uphill where one misses it at the right time, and comes to be against stream as well), I can only send you this word of thanks to-day. I am grateful for encouragement, especially from people who can see the sort of work there is in the last things I have done; for nearly all people who care about me at all keep telling me there is nothing I do now like the first volume of *Modern Painters*—and I, who know that the first volume is hasty and ignorant, and the second spoiled by a well-meant but childish affectation,² and that there is five times the knowledge and twice the sincerity in the work I do now, am wearied at this, and sometimes feel as if it were no use to know things better than boys do—or to say them in plain English—since people like short sight and vapouring so much better.

I hope this shabby little letter will find you—I only send it lest, if I put off any longer, you should have left Bonn. If you are not going to leave it, don't answer this—and I will write again in a few days; if you are going to leave it, tell me where I may write to you.—Believe me, gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

[Undated, but *May* 1857.]

DEAR NORTON,—Very good it is of you to write to me again; and to think of me before the snowy mountains, in spite of my unsympathising answer to your first letter, and my no answer to your second;

¹ [The fourth baronet. He had written to Ruskin thanking him for the third and fourth volumes of *Modern Painters*. He had not met Ruskin when this letter was written, but afterwards became on very friendly terms.]

² [In its imitation of Hooker: see Vol. XXXV. p. 14.]

³ [The greater part of this letter (“I went through so much . . . marble and of Mud”) was printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction to the American “Brantwood”) edition of *The Stones of Venice* (pp. ix.–xii.): and the same part

which, nevertheless, I was grateful for. And so you are going to Venice, and this letter will, I hope, be read by you by the little square sliding pane of the gondola window. For I hope you hold to the true Gondola, with Black Felze, eschewing all French and English substitutions of pleasure-boat and awning. I have no doubt, one day, that the gondolas will be white instead of black,—at the rate they carry on their reforms at Venice¹

Well I suppose that you will look at my Venetian index in *The Stones of Venice*, which is in St. Mark's library, so that I need not tell you what pictures I should like you to see,—so now I will tell you a little about myself here. First, I am not quite sure I shall be at home at the middle of June—but I shall not be on the Continent. You will, of course, see the exhibition of Manchester,² and if not at home, I shall be somewhere in the North, and my father and mother will certainly be at home and know where I am, in case we could plan a meeting. And I shall leave your vignette³ in my father's care. Secondly, you will be glad to hear that the National Gallery people have entrusted me to frame a hundred Turners at their expense in my own way; leaving it wholly in my hands.⁴ This has given me much thought, for had I done the thing at my own cost, I could have mended it afterward if it had gone wrong in any way; but now I must, if possible, get it all perfect at first, or the Trustees won't be pleased. It will all be done by the time you come. Thirdly, I have been very well all the winter, and have not overworked in any way, and I am angry with you for not saying how you are. Fourthly, my drawing-school⁵ goes on nicely, and the Marlborough House people are fraternizing with me.⁶ Fifthly, I have written a nice little book for beginners in drawing,⁷ which I intend to be mightily

was repeated in his Introduction (pp. ix.–xi.) to *A Joy for Ever*, 1891, where it is wrongly dated "1859." Another part of the letter ("Mind you leave . . . quiet walks, now") was printed in the same Introduction (p. ix.). The complete letter was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, May 1904, vol. 93, pp. 585–587. No. 9 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 32–39.]

¹ [The passage here omitted has been cited in Vol. IX. pp. xxvii.–xxix. from one of Mr. Norton's Prefaces, where, however, the text differed from his subsequent publication of the same letter (see Vol. XXXVII. p. 685).]

² [The "Art Treasures" Exhibition of 1857: see *A Joy for Ever*, Vol. XVI. p. 11.]

³ [See above, p. 246.]

⁴ [See Vol. XIII. pp. xxxiii.–xxxiv.]

⁵ [His class at the Working Men's College: see the Introduction, above, pp. lviii. seq.]

⁶ [Marlborough House was at that time occupied by the Department of Science and Art, and Turner's pictures were placed there for exhibition pending the provision of a suitable room or rooms for their reception at the National Gallery.]

⁷ [*The Elements of Drawing*, published in June 1857; Vol. XV.]

useful; and so that is all my news about myself, but I hope to tell you more, and hear a great deal more when you come.

My father and mother beg their sincere regards to you. Mine, if you please, to your mother and sisters when you write.

Please write me a line from Venice, if you are not, as I used to be, out so late in St. Mark's Place or on the lagoons, that you can't do anything when you come in. I used to be very fond of night rowings between Venice and Murano—and then the crossing back through the town at midnight—we used to come out always at the Bridge of Sighs, because I lived either at Danieli's or at a house nearly opposite the Church of the Salute.¹

Well, good-bye, I can't write more to-night, though I want to.—Ever, my dear Norton, affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

Monday Morning.

I was half asleep when I wrote that last page, or I wouldn't have said anything about night excursions, which aren't good for you. Go to bed. Moonlight's quite a mistake; it is nothing when you are used to it. The moon is really very like a silver salver,—no, more like a plated one half worn out and coppery at the edges. It is of no use to sit up to see that.

If you know Mr. Brown, please give him my kind love; and say I shall have written to him by the time you get this.

Mind you leave yourself time enough for Verona. People always give too little time to Verona; it is my dearest place in Italy. If you are vindictive, and want to take vengeance on me for despising Rome, write me a letter of abuse of Verona. But be sure to do it before you have seen it; you can't afterwards. You have seen it, I believe, but give it time and quiet walks, now.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI²

[DENMARK HILL. ?*June* 1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I don't know when I have been more vexed at being out of town, as I have been since Saturday; as Ida's mind and yours must have been somewhat ill at ease *thinking* I was vexed, or something of that kind.

I shall rejoice in Ida's success with her picture, as I shall in every opportunity of being useful either to you or her. The only feeling

¹ [A house which now forms part of the Grand Hotel: see Vol. X. p. xxviii.]

² [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 167–168.]

I have about the matter is of some shame at having allowed the arrangement between us to end as it did, and the chief pleasure I could have about it now would be her simply accepting it as she would have accepted a glass of water when she was thirsty, and never thinking of it any more.

As for Thursday, just do as you and your sister and she feel it pleasant or find it convenient. . . . I hope to see you and arrange to-morrow, if you can be at home about four o'clock. If I don't see you or hear from you I shall expect you to dinner at two if it be fine. If Ida can't come, it's no reason why Miss Rossetti shouldn't.—Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

If it would be more convenient to you to put it off a week, or even till full strawberry time, do. The garden is duller than I expected just now. I shall be at home these three weeks yet

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

OXFORD, 3rd July, 1857.

MY DEAR P.R.S.,¹—I wish I had better reason for remembering Foord's address for you—and that you had two pictures to frame instead of one. But though I could easily have done the Folkestone for John before I left, I did not feel that I could do it with spirit or heart: being a little hard and weary with London; so I wait till I come back—and it shall be done then the first thing. Foord's address is not his address at all, he being a business fiction altogether, but Mr. Dickinson, Messrs. Foord, 90 Wardour Street, will do all you would like.

I have got lodgings in a farmhouse in the middle of a field,² with a garden of gooseberries and orange lilies; and a loose stone wall round it, all over stone-crop. It is two miles and a half from Oxford, and I write there—here—I don't know if it is "here or there" grammatically—till half-past twelve every day: then walk into Oxford and dine with my friend Dr. Acland, and after dinner take a lesson in bricklaying.³ He is building a study; and I built a great bit yesterday, which the bricklayer my tutor in a most provoking manner pulled all down again. But this bit I have done to-day is to stand.—With best love to John, ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ ["Pre-Raphaelite Sister," or "Sibyl," by which name Ruskin was in the habit of calling her (Vol. XIII. p. 400 *n.*); hence in many of the letters she is addressed as "S."]

² [At Cowley, where Ruskin wrote *The Political Economy of Art*: see Vol. XVI. p. xxxiv.]

³ [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 427–428.]

To Mr. WILKINS¹

DENMARK HILL, *July 12th*, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have looked over your paintings and sketches with care, and see that they are carefully studied from Nature. But you have disabled yourself by your endeavours at permanence. It is necessary that Art should be first *good*, then permanent: not permanent without being good. Music perishes in a moment. Painting had better do so, than prolong its existence in a state of paralysis for want of materials.

I can give you no other advice than entirely to give up working at present with any limitation of means. Use all the colours commonly used—not grossly fugitive—and try if you can do half an inch from Nature, at all near the standard given you by any good Pre-Raphaelite work. Perhaps Hughes's "April Love" in the Exhibition² is as good a model as you can have. Once manage a bit of drapery or foliage so as to be anything near that, and you will get on.

I have seen your pictures put up in the order you wished. I am sorry you gave yourself the trouble of sending them, or coming for them, as I told Mrs. Wilkins I would send for them myself.³—Very truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To ALFRED TENNYSON⁴

EDINBURGH, *July 24th*, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is a long time since I have heard from you, and I do not like the mildew to grow over what little memory you may have of me.

It is, however, no excuse for writing to say that I wanted to congratulate you on the last edition of your poems. Indeed it might be, and I hope will be some day, better managed; still, many of the plates are very noble things, though not, it seems to me, illustrations of your poems.

¹ [No. 9 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 49–50.]

² [That is, in the "Art Treasures Exhibition" at Manchester (No. 572). The picture had been exhibited in London in the previous year: see *Academy Notes*, 1856, Vol. XIV. p. 68.]

³ [At the foot of this letter Mr. Wilkins has added the following note: "At Mr. Ruskin's request I sent him some of my Studies from Nature (landscape and portrait), telling him what faults they had, the originals in Nature had the same. They were all exhibited afterwards, and the best of them were sold."]

⁴ [From *Alfred Lord Tennyson: a Memoir by his Son*, 1897, vol. i. p. 420. The subject of the letter is the edition of Tennyson's *Poems* illustrated by Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt, and others. For another reference to it, see *Elements of Drawing*, Vol. XV. p. 224.]

I believe, in fact, that good pictures never can be; they are always another poem, subordinate but wholly different from the poet's conception, and serve chiefly to show the reader how variously the same verses may affect various minds. But these woodcuts will be of much use in making people think and puzzle a little; art was getting quite a matter of form in book-illustrations, and it does not so much matter whether any given vignette is right or not, as whether it contains thought or not; still more, whether it contains any kind of plain facts. If people have no sympathy with St. Agnes, or if people as soon as they get a distinct idea of a living girl who probably got scolded for dropping her candle-wax about the convent-stairs, and caught cold by looking too long out of the window in her bedgown, feel no true sympathy with her, they can have no sympathy in them.

But we P.R.B.'s must do better for you than this some day: meantime I do congratulate you on "The wind is blowing in turret and tree,"¹ and Rossetti's *Sir Galahad* and *Lady of Shalott*, and one or two more.

Please send me a single line to Denmark Hill, Camberwell, and believe me faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To J. J. LAING²

ABERFELDY, *August 27th* [1857].

MY DEAR LAING,—The "long letter" has been put off from day to day, not because I could not find time for it, but because I am not at all sure whether I *can* say anything at present that will be of use to you. I have not knowledge enough of individual human character to be able to give advice except in general terms. I am very glad to hear that you are in good health, and able to spare time for designs, etc. You know I have always—as far as I considered myself justified in offering you advice—dissuaded you from attempts of this kind, thinking the time is not come for them: but then they *may* be a means of advancing you in your profession, which you ought not to neglect. On this point I am no judge: and therefore cannot, as I said, give you any serviceable counsel.

But my advice to you, as far as I feel any power of advising you,

¹ [Millais's illustration to "The Sisters" (p. 109). Rossetti's "Sir Galahad" is at p. 305, his "Lady of Shalott" at p. 67.]

² [First printed in the *Westminster Gazette*, 27th August 1894; next as No. 4 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 16–19. Hitherto dated "1854"; but Ruskin was not in Scotland in that year.]

is simply to work for Mr. Woodward,¹ and to use *all* your powers for the best service of your employer, not *thinking* of any other work but his. When you have nothing to do for him, and want to do something, design some ornament for any of *his* buildings, or practise drawing from nature, showing him what you have designed: and if he does not see good to use it, taking no offence. Neither think of *my* work, nor of prizes, nor of other situations; but do all you can where you are, only working *so far* for yourself as to lose no opportunity of gaining useful knowledge, or of practising any useful kind of art bearing on your work for Mr. Woodward. If, after fairly doing this, you don't think you are getting on with Mr. Woodward, try for some other position: but while you're staying with him, work for him only.

I shall not accept the office of juryman on any competition. It is not worth my while to give the time necessary to examine designs merely that I may give a vote. If ever people trust me to choose a design wholly, I will take the necessary trouble: not otherwise. You must, of course, consider all this as written without reference to the usual ways of advance in the architect's profession. To get reputation and business is, in these days (I am sorry to say), a very different matter from getting to be a good artist. Of such matters you must judge for yourself. All that *I* can judge of is your capacity for advance in your art, and the best means of doing so: and, so far as these are concerned, I entirely disapprove of all competitions and of all designing. I had rather hear you had drawn, or carved, a single hollyhock bud perfectly, than carried off all the prizes and got all the great commissions that are at this moment offered or open in Europe. I say "of all designing," because you have as yet no materials for design: but so far as you do design it should be only minor ornaments, as I said above, for Mr. Woodward's work. You should also practise moulding in clay whenever you can.—Always yours affectionately, J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI²

[MANCHESTER, 23 *September*, 1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I have a confused notion of having intended to thank you particularly for those recollections of Turner which you got from your friend for me, and of having never done it, but I was very

¹ [Laing, as stated in *Fors Clavigera* (Vol. XXVII. p. 151), had after a while left Ruskin's employment, and entered other employment—that of Mr. Woodward, the architect (for whom, see Vol. XVI. p. xliv.).]

² [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 178–179. "I cannot now recollect who it was that had given me some information about Turner, which I

glad of them. It is excessively difficult to get any statement of that kind fairly put down on paper with a name to it; pray thank your friend for it very heartily for me, and get me any more such things you can. You must have thought me very hard not to help you with American Exhibition; but I have no knowledge of America, and do not choose to write one word about things which I know nothing of.¹

I am anxious to hear of Gabriel's doings. I heard a malicious report the other day from an envious person that "he was going to Florence and we should hear no more of him." Please write me word to Post Office, Manchester, what he is about.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN

Do you know, my bankers say the account for Mrs. Seddon is only about £380, or *was* only, about three weeks ago. There was £60 in three 20 subscriptions unpaid, I observed.²

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

PENRITH, CUMBERLAND, 24th September, '57.

DEAR NORTON,—I was very thankful to know you had arrived safely, and without getting any blue put on your wings by that Atlantic, and I am trying to conceive you as very happy in the neighbourhood of those rattlesnakes, bears, etc., though it seems to me much the sort of happiness (compared with ours at home here) that a poor little chimney-sweeper is enjoying below on the doorstep, to whom I have just imparted what consolation there is in sixpence for the untowardness of his fate, his master having declared that if "he didna get a job, he suld stop oot all day." You have plenty "jobs," of course, in your fine new country; but you seem to me, nevertheless, "stopping out all day." I envy your power of enjoyment, however, and respect it, and, so far, understand it; for truly it must be a grand thing to be in a country that one has good hope of, and which is always

imparted to Ruskin: possibly Mr. F. O. Finch, the water-colour painter, whom I met two or three times about this date. I met him in connexion with the American Exhibition, alluded to in the letter—*i.e.*, an Exhibition in America of various pictures of the British School, with a certain bias towards Præraphaelitism. This was a scheme for which I had been engaged as Secretary" (W. M. R.)]

¹ [Compare the letter to Stillman, above, p. 194.]

² [On this subject, see Vol. XIV. pp. 465–466 *n.*]

³ [*Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, pp. 797–799. No. 10 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 50–55. Parts of the letter ("it must be a grand thing . . . Britonship," and "Truly, however . . . east, to-day") had previously been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (pp. xii.–xiii.) to the American ("Brantwood") edition of *Munera Pulveris*, 1891.]

improving, instead of, as I am, in the position of the wicked man in one of the old paraphrases my mother used to teach me:—

“Fixed on his house he leans; his house
And all its props decay,—
He holds it fast; but, while he holds,
The tottering frame gives way.”¹

And yet, I shouldn't say that, neither, for in all I am doing, or trying to do, I assume the infancy of my country, and look forward to a state of things which everybody mocks at, as ridiculous and unpopular, and which holds the same relation to our present condition that the said condition does to aboriginal Britonship. Still, one may look triumphantly to the advance of one's country from its long clothes to its jacket and yet grudge the loss of the pretty lace on the baby caps. Not, by the way, that baby caps ever should have any lace (vide, *passim*, my political economy). Truly, however, it does look like a sunset in the east, to-day; and my baby may die of croup before it gets its jacket; but I know what kind of omen it is for your American *art*, whatever else may flourish among the rattlesnakes, that the first studies of nature which I get sent me here by way of present are of Dead leaves,—studies of hectic red² and “flying gold of the ruined woodlands”³ by a young lady. I have accepted them gratefully, but send her back word that she had better draw *buds* henceforward.

I am just returning through Manchester to London to set to work on the Turner sketches, which are going finally to be entrusted to me altogether;⁴ and a pretty piece of work I shall have of them; pretty, I hope to make it at last, in the most literal sense.

We have had a wonderfully fine summer, and the harvest of oats in Scotland is quite as pretty as any vintage,—prettier, I think, for a vintage is a great mess, and I always think it such a pity the grapes should be squeezed. Much more when it comes to dancing among the grapes with bare feet,—and other such arcana of Bacchanalian craft.

¹ [From the paraphrase of Job viii. 11–22 in the *Translations and Paraphrases collected, and prepared by a Committee of the General Assembly*. The third line is “He holds it fast, but faster still.”]

² [Shelley: *Ode to the West Wind*:—

“O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes.”]

³ [Tennyson: *Locksley Hall*.]

⁴ [See Vol. XIII. pp. xxxiii.–xxxiv.]

Besides there is, so far as I know, no instrument employed on vines, either for pruning or cutting, half so graceful or metaphorical as the sickle. I don't know what they used in Palestine for "the clusters of the vine of the earth,"¹ but as far as I remember vintages, it is hand work. I have never seen a maize or rice harvest (have you?), and, for the present, think there is nothing like oats: why I should continue to write it in that pedantic manner I know not; the Scotch word being "aits" and the English "whuts,"—the *h* very mute, and the *u* full. It has been such fine weather, too, that all our little rivers are dried up. You never told me enough about what Americans feel when first they see one of our "celebrated" rivers; Yarrow, or Tweed, or Teviot, or such like; consisting, in all probability, of as much water as usually is obtained by a mischievous boy from the parish pump, circling round a small stone with a water-wagtail on it.

I have not often been more surprised than I was by hearing of Mrs. Stowe² at Durham. She had an introduction to the librarian, of course, and there are very notable manuscripts at Durham, as you probably know; and the librarian is very proud of them, and was much annoyed when Mrs. Stowe preferred "going in a boat on the river." This preference would have seemed, even to me, a great manuscript hunter, quite justifiable in a novelist; but it puzzled me to account for Mrs. Stowe's conceding the title of "River" to the water at Durham, or conceiving the idea of its floating a boat, seeing that it must, in relation to an American river, bear much the aspect of a not very large town drain.

I shall write you again when I get some notion of my work for winter; I hope in time for the letter to get over the water by the 16th November; I have put it down 16th in my diary; and yet in my memory it always seemed to me you said the 17th. I can't make out why. I am very glad that you found all well. Present my sincerest regards to Mrs. Norton and your sisters. My father and mother unite in kind and grateful remembrances to yourself.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

6th November, 1857.

DEAR NORTON,—It is quite inconceivable how time goes, but I hope this note will catch the steamer, and reach you not long after

¹ [Revelation xiv. 18: "Thrust in thy sharp sickle, and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth."]

² [For Ruskin's acquaintance with Mrs. Beecher Stowe, see below, pp. 321, 337.]

³ [No. 11 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 55–56.]

the 16th. I hope you will have believed that I was thinking of you; as I shall be, and that I love you, and long to see you here again, where a birthday is something; in that new country one must feel as if it was birthday all the year round. But I hope you'll have as many as if you really cared for them.

My true regards to your mother and sister.

I have your books and thank you deeply for them. What do you think of my trust in your friendship when I tell you—that I haven't yet read a word!—Ever yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

[Nov. 28, 1857.]

MY DEAR S.,—I just write a line to relieve your mind, and say I understand all that about the inspiration, and think it helpful and nice; and I think you are quite right in the main about Turner. But the odd thing is that there should have been plenty men of irregular or even wicked lives who could yet draw a *pretty* face sometimes, or a handsome one; and besides, they show degradation in all they do of animals or living creatures, as much at least as in their human figures. But Turner discerns the most exquisite subtleties of beauty in a fawn—the utmost majesty in an eagle—the utmost naïveté and innocence in a donkey—and yet never draws *one* beautiful or even pretty human face or form. I am so much the more struck with this at present that I see his hard *tries* to do it sometimes—to paint the landing of Prince Regents—the opening of the Walhalla—or the parting of Romeo and Juliet—and it seems so amazing to me that he should be able to paint a fawn rightly, but not an Italian girl—and a pig, but not a Prince Regent—and a donkey, but not a German philosopher. I don't know when I have been so entirely puzzled about anything—I've got the toothache with thinking over it.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, 5th December, 1857.

DEAR NORTON,—I am now beginning to be seriously anxious lest you should not have got either of my letters—and if not, what you are thinking of me by this time I cannot guess—kindly and merciful as I

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, pp. 799, 800. No. 12 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 56–58.]

know your judgment always is. I sent you one letter from Manchester, not a long one, but still a "letter"; then a "salutation" rather than letter, posted as I thought very cleverly, so as to get over the water just in time for your birthday, about ten days afterwards. Just about then—No, it must have been later, perhaps five days after the 16th, I got your letter of the 30th October; but I supposed at all events my birthday letter would have reached you and explained matters. My letters were directed Cambridge, near Boston. I knew nothing of Rhode Island or Newport,¹ nor do I know more now, but this line must take its chance.

I was delighted with the magazine² and all that was in it—but I won't write more just now, for I feel doubtful even of your Rhode Island address and in despair lest I should never catch you with a letter in that fearful American Wilderness, from which you will shoot barbed arrows at me, or poisoned once of silence.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I see you are to stay at Rhode Island some months, so I may risk a little bit more chat—not that I can chat at present, for my head and hands are full to choking and perpetual slipping through thoughts and fingers. I've got all the Turner sketches in the National Gallery to arrange,—19,000: of these some 15,000 I had never seen before, and though most of them quite slight and to other people unintelligible, to me they are all intelligible and weary me by the quantity of their telling, hundreds of new questions beyond what they tell being suggested every hour. Besides this I have to plan frames—measure—mount—catalogue—all with single hand and double hands only: and under the necessity of pleasing other people no less than of satisfying myself—and I've enough to do.³ (I didn't know there was anything graphic on this side of the paper.⁴)

I'm very grateful for your faith in me through all this unhappy accident of silence.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

What a glorious thing of Lowell's that is⁵—but it's too bad to quiz Pallas, I can stand it about anybody but her.

¹ ["I was spending the winter in Newport."—C. E. N.]

² [The first number of the *Atlantic Monthly*—that for November.]

³ [For Ruskin's account of the condition in which he found these drawings, and of his work on them, see the Preface to vol. v. of *Modern Painters* (Vol. VII. p. 415), and Vol. XIII. pp. xxxvi.–xxxvii., 319 *seq.*]

⁴ ["Two fragments of drawing."—C. E. N.]

⁵ ["The Origin of Didactic Poetry," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November 1857 (the first number), vol. i. pp. 110–112.]

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[DENMARK HILL. ? 1857.]

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,—I was put out to-day, as you must have seen, for I can't hide it when I am vexed. I don't at all like my picture now; the alteration of the head from the stoop forward to the throw back makes the whole figure quite stiff and stupid; besides, the off cheek is a quarter of a yard too thin.

If there is any one else who would like the picture, let them have it, and let the debt stand over; but if you would like to have it off your mind, you must take out the head and put it in as it was at first, or I never could look at it.

That "Magdalene"² is magnificent to my mind, in every possible way: it stays by me.

I must see Ida; I want to tell her one or two things about her way of study. I can't bear to see her missing her mark only by a few inches, which she might as easily win as not.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI³

[DENMARK HILL. ? 1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—All's quite right. I don't want the money a bit, and I think your note reads rather sulky in talking about wanting to send it back. "Stays by me" meant stays in my eyes and head. But I do wish you could get the "Magdalene" for me. I would give that oil picture for it willingly, at 50 guineas.

You are a conceited monkey, thinking your pictures right when I tell you positively they are wrong. What do *you* know about the matter, I should like to know?

You'll find out in six months what an absurdity that "St. Catharine" is.—Yours affectionately,
J. R.

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 183–184. The picture referred to must be the "St. Catharine" (see above, p. 236)—an oil-picture (shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1883) representing a mediæval artist painting from a lady a full-length picture of St. Catharine, with her wheel.]

² ["Mary Magdalene at the door of Simon the Pharisee": see above, p. 168.]

³ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 184.]

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[DENMARK HILL. ?1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—You must not take that Turner—it has been hawking about in London this 18 months—it is the worst drawing Turner ever made. I would not give £20 for it, suspecting it even of being retouched. McCracken² ought not to have tried to fasten it on you. It was quite fair two years ago—but not after he had tried to sell it everywhere and failed.

Don't annoy yourself about anything you owe me—but do your commissions for other people and Llandaff³ as fast as you can.

Or if you like to do another side of the Union⁴ I will consider that as 70 guineas off my debt: provided there's no absolute nonsense in it, and the trees are like trees, and the stones like stones.

I hope to see you to-morrow, but write this in case of missing you.—Yours always affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI⁵

29 Dec., '57.

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I'll look to the accounts⁶ directly. Miss Swale and Miss Heaton I have down as received, Marshall I have not; which surprises and vexes me, as I thought I had been perfectly methodical in the whole affair. I remember Gabriel's giving me something, and my giving him a receipt, so I have no doubt your account is right. Would Mrs. Seddon kindly take the trouble to come to the bank herself? I would meet her there, and the whole sum might be at once transferred into her name. Any day at three o'clock would do for me.

The Roof⁷ is—and is *not* satisfactory. Clever but not right. You know the fact is they're all the least bit crazy, and it's very difficult to manage them.—Yours always truly,
J. RUSKIN.

If you use enclosed card,⁸ you'll hear me go over a good deal I've said before, but I hope more clearly.

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 191–192.]

² [For McCracken, see Vol. IV. p. 38, Vol. V. p. xli., Vol. XII. p. xlvii.]

³ [A triptych for Llandaff Cathedral; sketches for it were made in 1856; the work itself was executed 1860–1864.]

⁴ [The Hall of the Union Debating Society at Oxford: see Vol. XVI. p. xlviii.]

⁵ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 192–193.]

⁶ [Of the Seddon Memorial Fund: see Vol. XIV. pp. 464–465 *n.*, and above, p. 267.]

⁷ [Of the Oxford Union Debating Society.]

⁸ [For the lecture on “Conventional Art,” delivered on January 13, 1858 (*Two Paths*, Vol. XVI.).]

1858

[In the early part of the year Ruskin was still engaged in sorting the Turner water-colours at the National Gallery. He also gave several lectures (Vol. XVI. p. xvii.). He went abroad by himself from May till September (Vol. VII. p. xxviii.). Many letters to his parents, besides those here given, are printed in those volumes (see Contents, Vol. VII. pp. xi., xii., Vol. XVI. pp. x., xi.)]

To JOHN SCOTT¹

DENMARK HILL, *January 3rd*, 1858.

DEAR MR. SCOTT,—I have been looking at the collier in the plate Mr. Mackay spoke of, and I do think her jib is too small,—but also this afternoon in *Guesses at Truth* I met with Coleridge's criticism on Chantrey's "Wordsworth":² "it's a great deal more like Wordsworth than Wordsworth himself." So I think of this ship of Turner's. Tell Mr. Mackay "it's a great deal more like a ship than a ship is itself."—Always truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To J. H. LE KEUX³

[? 1858.]

DEAR LE KEUX,—The subjects of the next volume are Trees, Clouds, Waves, Buildings, Dragons, Moral Sentiments, and things in general. You shall engrave a dragon or a moral sentiment if you like: but something, please, for I shall be sadly short of my illustrations in this volume.—Yours always most truly,
J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL⁴

[? 1858.]

DEAR FURNIVALL,—I am investigating the coils of the Dragon of the Hesperides, and the awfulness of Squints and Casts in the eye as elements of the Sublime.

I can get myself into no other coils, nor squint at any other subject, at present. Your question, and Brown's letter, require a

¹ [No. 11 in *Art and Literature*, p. 34. The letter was printed in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue for 28th April 1892, and quoted in the *Sunday Sun*, April 4, 1892.]

² [Chantrey's bust of Wordsworth. The reference is to *Guesses at Truth*, first series, p. 395 (ed. 1847).]

³ [No. 8 in *Art and Literature*, p. 28 (where it is wrongly dated "1855" and explained as referring to vol. iii. of *Modern Painters*). The reference is obviously to vol. v. For Mr. J. H. Le Keux, see Vol. V. p. lxii. and Vol. VI. p. xxvii.; he engraved four plates for the fifth volume (see Vol. VII. p. xiii.).]

⁴ [No. 28 in *Furnivall*, pp. 68–69.]

stout quarto volume with notes in answer, and I can't write it just now. The enclosed two scraps of paper contain verily all *I* can say, or mean to say. Let Brown speak for himself. There is much sense in his letter, and, if given as suggestions, many of the propositions may be useful. If you try to fix notions yet on such matters you will get into a fix.

If you look at page 59 of the book I send, *Oxford Associate Examination*,¹ you will find my idea of arrangement of subjects, which you may refer to if you like; but send me back the book, as I can't get another. Please don't talk more nonsense than you can help here, about asking Blackies to tea. I shall never hear the end of your last attack on Mrs. Edwardes.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Mr. and Mrs. BROWNING

24 January [1858].

DEAR MR. AND MRS. BROWNING,—I only received your letters yesterday evening, and am so very sorry you vexed yourselves for a moment about my letters—for I know you care for me, as I do for you, to the point of full faith that whether we write or not we are not forgetful of each other, and all that I needed to be assured of was that Casa Guidi *was* enough address, and knowing that, I will write whenever I like, and never question about answers or any other forms; only indeed I had no letter about Penini² from Lucca—it must have miscarried—I heard he had been ill only lately, through Miss Heaton. My mother rejoices in his getting stronger after eight, which she declares to be a critical age, and I rejoice in your being teased out of the rosy domino. I do think that is a piece of civilization which profoundly needs recalling; it is so tiresome that one can't meet *some* people without recognition, it would be delightful to be able to wear masks again. Now for the questions. First touching Spurgeon. His doctrine is simply Bunyan's, Baxter's, Calvin's, and John Knox's—in many respects not pleasant to *me*, but I dare not say that the offence is the doctrine's and not mine. It is the doctrine of Romish saints and of the Church of England. Why should we find fault with it specially in Spurgeon and not in St. Francis or Jeremy Taylor? The "Turn or Burn" is merely a vulgar modernism of Proverbs i. 23–32, but the vulgarity of it is the precise character which makes it useful to vulgar people; and it is certainly better to save them vulgarly than lose them gracefully—

¹ [Ruskin's letter to Temple on "The Arts as a Branch of Education": see now Vol. XVI. p. 449.]

² ["Penini," "Peni," "Pen," the pet-names of Mr. Robert Wiedemann Browning, the poet's son.]

as our polite clergymen do. Evangelicalism (Dissenter's Evangel at least) is, I confess, rather greasy in the finger; sometimes with train oil; but Spurgeon's is olive, with the slightest possible degradation sometimes—in the way of Castor. As for his views of dancing, he and I agree in them altogether [erased]—no, I won't say that, but just—before we say more on the subject—look at the enclosed woodcut from *Punch*,¹ and be so kind as to compare it with the dance in Simon Memmi's—no, in whosoever's the last German professor says it is—Call of St. Ranieri² in the Campo Santo of Pisa, and tell me your conclusions thereupon.

Next, for my last little book,³ I am so glad it has been calumniated to you (*iated* is a nasty, long, useless finish of an ugly word, isn't it?), because you really will be pleased when you see what it *does* say about Italy. I dispatch it to Casa Guidi by this post. I can't write any more this evening. I'll write again in no time—all our loves to you both.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

The leaf of *Punch* will be sent in another letter—it might be seen through this, and stopped.

To WILLIAM WARD⁴

DENMARK HILL, *January 25th*, 1858.

MY DEAR WARD,—I will bring a cheque for ten pounds with me to the college on Thursday—which will be due to you from New Year's Day for six weeks and a bit—which please keep account of.

Don't make any appointment for Friday or Saturday, but come to Marlborough House,⁵ as I want to employ you there on some drawings for me. But call as soon as possible between ten and eleven, morning, on Mrs. La Touche, 10 Great Cumberland Street. She wishes you to teach her daughter.⁶ Draw the ball with her first—then casts.—Truly yours always,

J. RUSKIN.

Be at Marlborough House next Friday morning, at eleven o'clock—with some pencils, lampblack, and pen, and white paper on small boards, a foot or so square—and wait till I come.

¹ [An illustrated skit in *Punch* of January 16, 1858, on "The Spurgeon Quadrilles," "as authorized by the reverend gentleman who has discovered that dancing is proper, but that partners being of opposite sexes is not so."]

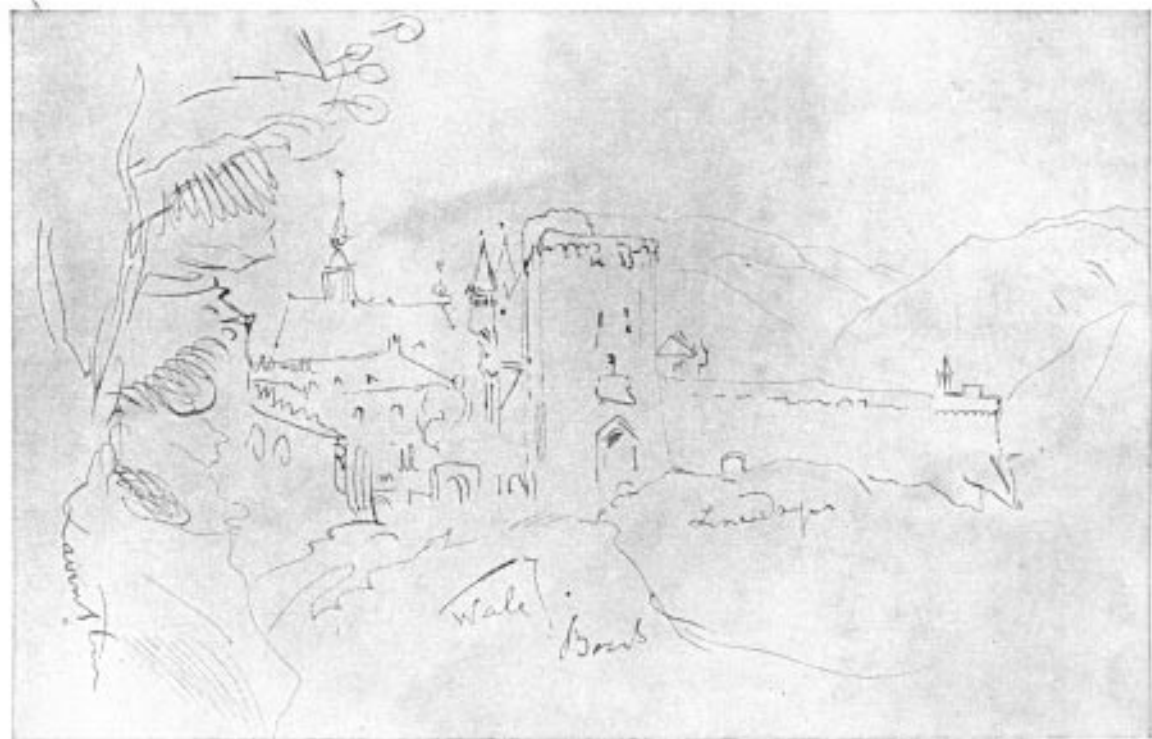
² [For this fresco, see Vol. XXXV. pp. 353–354, 389.]

³ [*The Political Economy of Art*, published in December 1857: for its references to Italy, see Vol. XVI. pp. 68 *seq.*]

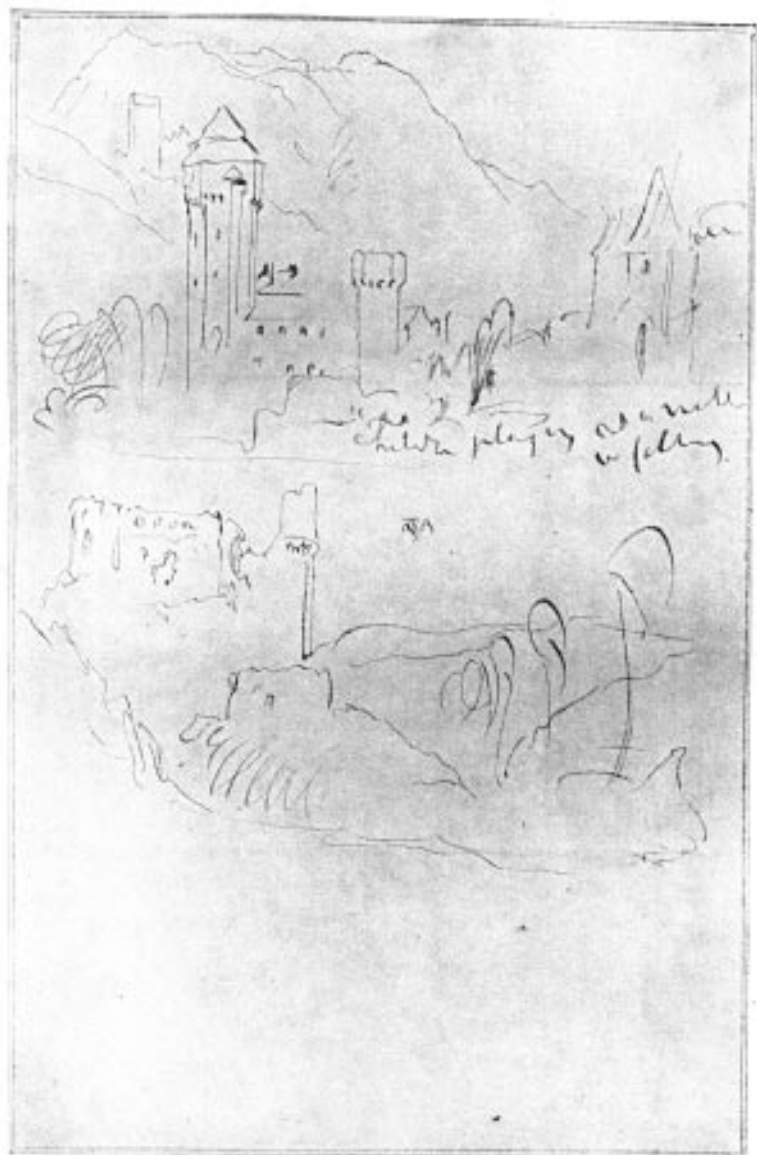
⁴ [No. 13 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 27–28.]

⁵ [See above, p. 261 *n.*]

⁶ [Miss Rose La Touche. See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 525.]



A PAGE FROM TURNER'S NOTE-BOOK



A PAGE FROM TURNER'S NOTE-BOOK

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

[February 28, 1858.]

MY DEAR NORTON,—Your letter for my birthday and the two little volumes of Lowell² reached me as nearly as possible together—the letter on the ninth of February—so truly had you calculated. I know you will have any patience with me, so here is the last day of the month, and no thanks sent yet.

To show you a little . . . is the machicolation of the tower.

Fancy all this coming upon me in an avalanche—all in the most fearful disorder—and you will understand that I really can hardly understand anything else, or think about anything else.

Thank you, however, at least for all that I can't think about. Certainly I can't write anything just now for the magazine.³ Thank you for your notice of my mistake about *freno* in Dante⁴—I have no doubt of your being quite right . . .

I've been reading Froissart lately, and certainly, if we ever advance as much from our own times as we have advanced from those of Edward III., we shall have a very pretty free country of it. Chivalry, in Froissart, really seems to consist chiefly in burning of towns and murdering women and children.

Well—no more at present—from—as our English clowns say at the ends of their letters. I assure you this is a longer letter than I've written to anybody this four months. Sincerest regards to your mother and sisters.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.⁵

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, p. 800. No. 13 in *Norton*, vol. i. pp. 59–62. Part of the letter (“To show you . . . machicolation of the tower”) is not here reprinted, as it has already been given in Vol. XIII. pp. 324–325 *n*. The passage describes some of Turner's sketch-books in the National Gallery, and was accompanied by facsimiles. One of these (previously published by Mr. Norton) has been reproduced in Vol. XIII.; others, first published in *Norton*, are here included.]

² [*The Poetical Works of James R. Lowell*, complete in two volumes (12mo): Boston, Ticknor & Fields, 1858. The frontispiece to vol. i. is a portrait of the author; vol. ii. contains *A Fable for Critics*, with a new preface (see below, p. 294).]

³ [*The Atlantic Monthly*.]

⁴ [So in *Norton*, but without explanation, and the Editors are unaware of any passage in Ruskin to which it can refer. Perhaps *freno* is a misprint for *bruno*, in which case see Vol. V. p. 300 and *n*.]

⁵ [Ruskin went abroad shortly after the date of his last letter to Professor Norton, whose next letter was from Ruskin's father:—

“LONDON, 31 *May*, 1858.—MY DEAR SIR,—Being authorized to open Letters addressed to my Son Mr. J. Ruskin during his absence (a privilege not always accorded to Fathers), I have had the pleasure of perusing your Letter of 17 *May*, and a part of it requiring immediate reply will account for my intruding my Correspondence upon you.

“I beg of you to detain the Drawing of the Block of Gneiss, being quite certain

To J. J. LAING¹

2nd March, 1858.

DEAR LAING,—Write immediately to—and say that you cannot stay in your present position unless your salary is paid regularly. If he is offended, you may come to me. I never intended you to take my place when the salary was not a settled matter. Leave it instantly, unless it is paid, and stipulate for a regular sum, not one dependent on work, or come to me.

Only if you do so—at your old salary—you must observe the following conditions:—

1st. You must now work for me only, and put all other matters out of your head. If you think you are not getting on with me, leave me.

my son would so wish. He will tell you himself when he wants it—your Letter will go to him to-morrow, at Lucerne.

“He has spent seven months, nearly, in reducing to something of Order a Chaos of 19,000 Drawings and Sketches by Turner, now National property—getting mounted or framed a few hundred of such Drawings as he considered might be useful or interesting to young Artists or the public. These are at Marlborough House, and he is gone to make his own Sketches of any Buildings about the Rhine or Switzerland or north of Italy in danger of falling or of being restored. His seven-months work, though a work of Love, was still work, and though sorry to have him away I was glad to get him away to fields and pastures new. It may be the end of October before he returns *D. V.* to London. I conclude you have seen his Notes on Exhibitions, or I would send one. The public seem to take more interest in the Pictures as Artists take more pains. It is long since I have bought a Picture (my Son going sufficiently deep into the Luxury), but I was tempted by 3 Small ones at the first glance,—Plassan’s Music Lesson, *French Exhn.*; Lewis’s Inmate of the Harem, *‘Rl. Academy*, Lewis’s Lilies & Roses, Constantinople, *Rl. Ac’y.* I did not tell my Son I had bought the first till his Notes were printed—not that it could bias him, but it might have cramped his Critique. When his Notes were out I told him the picture was his, and I was glad he had spoken, nay written so well of it [see Vol. XIV. p. 159]. As the *Times* calls the Inmate of the Harem a Masterpiece of Masterpieces, and the *Spectator* stiles it a marvelous Gem, it is a pretty safe purchase. I had it at home before the public saw it.

I forward to my Son your Photograph of the Giorgione, and I cut out and send Stillman’s Lecture, as the present Post Master of France, Nap’n 3rd, is not to be trusted with a newspaper. You are fortunate in possessing a picture of Gainsborough—neither spot nor blot of him ever appear for sale here.

“If I have used a freedom in my mode of addressing you at the commencement of this Letter, you have yourself occasioned it. In the too few visits you made to us here you almost endeared yourself to Mrs. Ruskin and me as you had already done to my Son. We beg to offer our united Regards and best wishes for your Health.—I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

JOHN JAMES RUSKIN.

“Will you present our Kind Remembrances to your Mother and Sisters. I send a copy of *Notes* to make sure.”

This letter was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, pp. 800–801; and as No. 14 in *Norton*, vol. i. pp. 62–65.]

¹ [“Some Ruskin Letters,” in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, August 1893, p. 782. Laing, it will be seen, was now proposing to return to Ruskin’s employment.]

2nd. You must do what I bid you, about not working at late hours. I was more displeased by your disobeying my positive orders on this point, given you before you went to Chartres, than pleased by all the work you did. Understand, once for all, I will not have this done. You may think I have no right to dictate to you in this matter, but your ill-health gives me trouble and anxiety, and unless you choose to let me regulate your hours of work, I will not have you working for me.

3rd. You are not to come to me with new plans once a fortnight, or with speculations about your not getting on. I have no time for that kind of thing. You shall be at liberty to leave me whenever you like, but don't talk about it until you intend doing it.

I would rather for the present year you stayed with—at a fixed salary, but you may come to me whenever you like on these terms. I send the thing, and remain yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

To MR. AND MRS. BROWNING

Monday, 29th March [1858].

DEAR MR. AND MRS. BROWNING,—You are the only husband and wife whom I write single letters to this way, but I never think of you two separately—never of one without the other: I like getting those nice double letters too¹—a bit of white and brown like a blackcock's breast.

Only, dear lady, this time you are the least bit in the world too white, more innocent and feminine in your defence of flounces than you ought to be—Aurora would really have put her cousin all out in his plans if she had been such a bad political economist. Think it over again. I assure you, as Albert Dürer did his friend of his picture,² my book is all right, in its principles. How far its proposals are right is questionable, but its principles are every one mathematically demonstrable (or arithmetically, which is as strong, if not as grand, demonstration).

I've just come back from Spurgeon's³—he is a little bit emptier than he was at first: he ought to be shut up with some books—or sent out into the fields. And touching that great question you put to me, I am all at sea myself—all that I am sure of is that we live in very “dark ages” compared with ages which will be; and that most churches are in a sad way because they all keep preaching the wrong

¹ [Such as the one printed in *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. pp. 299–302.]

² [See above, p. 240. “My book” is *The Political Economy of Art* (above, p. 276).]

³ [For record of their Conversations, see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 659, 660.]

way upwards, and say “Know and you shall do” instead of “Do and you shall know.”¹ As I read the Bible my main result in way of belief is that those people are to be exalted in eternity who in this life have striven to do God’s will, not their own. And so very few people appear to me to do this in reality that I don’t know what to believe—the truth as far as I can make it out seems too terrible to be the truth. All churches seem to me mere forms of idolatry. A Roman Catholic idolizes his saint and his relic—an English High Churchman idolizes his propriety and his family pew—a Scotch Presbyterian idolizes his own obstinacy and his own opinions—a German divine idolizes his dreams, and an English one his pronunciation;—and all their mistakes, and all their successes and rightnesses, are so shabby and slight and absurd, and pitiable, and paltry, and so much dependent on early edu—no—early teaching of prejudices, and on the state of their stomachs in after life, and of the weather, that I can’t conceive any great Spirit’s ordering them either into hell or heaven for anything of the kind; their beliefs and disbeliefs seem to me one worth about as much as the other, their doings and shortcomings alike blind and ridiculous—not by any means worth being d—d for. It always haunts and forces itself upon me that the Creator’s voice to them is always, “You poor little, dusty, cobwebby creatures, go and lie down in your graves, and be thankful you’ve come to any sort of end at last.” I am very ready to accept the notion of their immortality, but it seems to me just as *natural* to expect the immortality of the bloom on a plum and to talk of the little blue creatures that make it up being made Kings and Priests, as of our being made so.

And so, that’s just where I am—and if you can help me any way, either of you, please do. And so good-bye for the minute. I haven’t seen those poems of W. Morris’s you speak of, but I’ve seen his poems, just out, about old chivalry,² and they are most noble—very, very great indeed—in their own peculiar way.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

RHEINFELDEN, 22nd May, 1858.

Reading this morning Plutarch’s life of Phocion, who, if I recollect right, is one of my mother’s two chosen ones among the ancients I was struck by this passage as bearing upon the question of merriment

¹ [See John vii. 17.]

² [*The Defence of Guinevere and other Poems*, 1858. It is not clear what other poems Mrs. Browning had alluded to (as this was Morris’s first volume)—possibly poems in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*.]

in our Houses of Parliament:—"No Athenian ever saw him laugh, or cry; or move his hand from under his mantle when he appeared dressed in public: wherefore when Chares the orator handled him one day roughly concerning his morose looks, and the Athenians seemed pleased with him for it, Phocion answered, 'The Gravity of my countenance never made any of you sad; but the laughter of these sneerers has cost you many a tear.'"¹

How strange it is that in all our classical education, the last thing our youth are made to notice is just the one thing which all classical literature mainly inculcates, the connection of simplicity of life with strength of character. And I warrant that all the Latin they teach young ladies nowadays, or Greek either, will not enable them to read or remember how the ambassadors of Alexander found Phocion's wife "employed in the pastry work with her own hands," or how she answered to the Ionian lady showing her jewels, "My only ornament is my good man Phocion."

Yesterday was one of the cloudless Swiss days, which it seems a shame to waste on this side Jura, but if I left this town now, I should never have the chance of it again—its towers show evident signs that their stones must soon lie in Rhine-bed. I never saw such a country for wild strawberries and raspberries. Elsewhere, the strawberries grow only in beds; but here, they are the regular roadside weed, fresh leaved and large blossomed.

To WILLIAM WARD²

RHEINFELDEN, *May 23rd*, 1858.

DEAR WARD,—I have your sketches, which are quite what I want.

If a Mrs. Elizabeth Beeby write to you from Croydon, will you be so good as to give her what help you can, without making any charge? She wants to teach drawing in our way, and seems to me a deserving person.

Please make for me another outline of that "Geneva"³ at Marlborough House, and send it me by post as soon as you can. Make

¹ [See chaps. iv. and v.; and for the following passages, xviii. and xix.]

² [No. 15 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 31–33.]

³ [A pencil drawing by Turner in the National Gallery. "My copy of Turner's 'Geneva,'" writes Mr. Ward, "was etched by George Allen. Mr. Ruskin made a drawing of Geneva from Turner's point of view, and this was also etched by Allen. I believe they were intended to be contrasted in *Modern Painters*. I have these two etchings." They are here reproduced (Plates XIV., XV.). Ruskin's drawing was made in 1861.]

it on this paper, dip it in boiling milk,¹ and send it folded in a letter. I'll put it to rights here. If you send it to-morrow week, direct: Post Restante, Schwytz, Switzerland.—Always truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WARD²

BELLINZONA, *June 21st*, 1858.

MY DEAR WARD,—I have your letter with the sketch of Geneva, which is very nice, and useful to me. I do not know, however, if you got a letter requesting you to do some Naples subjects for me—or whether Mr. Wornum gave you leave to copy them. He speaks in a letter I have to-day of looking over the Naples subjects for you, so I hope it is all right. But please send me a line addressed Poste Restante, Bellinzona, and tell me all about what is going on. And please bear apologies from me, respectfully, to Miss Helps³ for my carelessness in not leaving out the *Libers*, as I said I would. I was so driven the last day that I left (as you know) very important documents of my own behind me, and on the morning of starting I locked up everything in a heap where *no* one can get at them. Those I left with you are for your pupils generally, and I wish you to have them in service as much as you can; so that you must ask Miss Helps to be kind enough to choose one, and finish working from that, and then exchange it for another; as I left you quite few enough for your work. And so with all your pupils; you had better lend one only at a time,—it gains better attention for it.

I shall be able to answer anything you want to ask me by return of post, if you send your letter to Bellinzona within a couple of days after receiving this.

Send me word especially how we stand in money matters.—Yours always faithfully,
J.
RUSKIN.

P.S.—I have just got a letter from Mr. Wornum involving some more business. Please go to Mr. Rudland,⁴ at Marlborough House. I don't know if he *has* got rid of the packets of my old *Catalogue*⁵ by sending them anywhere, but I suppose not. Please take them

¹ [To fix the pencil lines.]

² [No. 17 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 35–38.]

³ [Daughter of Sir Arthur Helps.]

⁴ [A curator of the Turner collection exhibited at Marlborough House in 1857.]

⁵ [*Catalogue of Turner Sketches and Drawings exhibited at Marlborough House in 1857–1858.*]



J.M.W. Turner

G. Allen

Geneva



J. Ruskin

G. Allen

Geneva
1861

away with you, and put them into any cellar or lumber-room. I want you to be able to get at them, because the prefatory remarks may be generally useful to your pupils, and to other people to whom I may want to send one now and then. Ask Mr. Rudland, also, how the new *Catalogue* is selling; if he has made any progress with his first batch, and is likely to want some more. Send me one of the *Catalogues* here instantly, as I must look it over before any more are printed. Send it to Poste Restante, Bellinzona. J. R.

Please call at 4 Russell Place, Fitzroy Square. Inquire for Miss Hill,¹ and ask her to write a line to me at the above address. Also—find out Butterworth;² he was last staying at 2 Cold Harbour Place, Camberwell. Give, or send, him the enclosed note.

To his FATHER

LOCARNO, *5th July, Monday Morning.*

It is quite worth coming here, if only to see the ugliest costume in Europe. There may perhaps be elsewhere something as ugly—uglier cannot be. It consists of a round, simple, strong straw hat of this shape,³ wholly guiltless of any sort of turn, twist, coquettish plait of straw, variety of curve, curl of rim, riband, knot, flower—or any other conceivable relief. It is simply a pickle jar in the middle of a flat dish, and so strongly made as to be not at all liable to any picturesque discomposures of form by wind or rain. Under this, the head appears with the hair chiefly concealed in the hat: a little only left at the side of the face. The nature of petticoat or bodice cannot be seen, for a kind of pinafore is fastened a little below the neck, just above the heart; and with holes to let down the arms, falls at once like a sack to a little below the knees. Then appear white thick woolen trousers, not full enough to be Turkish, but quite full enough entirely to hide all shape of limb, and slouched down at the ankle over a very thick, solid shoe; giving the idea of the foot of a coal-heaver thrust through a pair of old sailor's trousers. An Italian maiden of the Val Maggia is, therefore, in her national costume one of the most remarkable objects which I have ever seen in the course of

¹ [Miss Octavia Hill.]

² [For whom, see the Introduction; above, p. lxiv.]

³ [A rough sketch was here given; the shape being like a silk "top-hat."]

my travels; and I mean to apologise to Mr. Vacher in my next Notes for finding too much fault with his figures.¹

(BELLINZONA, *Monday evening*.) I have just got yours of the 30th, and am much relieved by hearing you are not anxious about letters, tho' despondent at my being away. I'm sure I do not wonder; I often miss you and mama very sadly in the midst of all this interest of work and beauty of scene; how much more must you in the quietness of home and the oppressiveness of a feverish summer and dull business. However, I hope my letter saying when I was coming home will have given you some little pleasure in looking forward.

To his FATHER

BELLINZONA,² *Tuesday, July 6th, 1858.*

I was saying that I had been disgusted at Locarno. The chapel stations, as usual, (going up to church on top of rock called of the Madonna del Sasso) are filled with representations of the Passion—that of the Last Supper is highly curious, representing the table with a real cloth on it—bread, knives and forks, plates, and wine, all in very well imitated disorder, (as after supper) made in plaster; but the notable point is that the preparers of the scene have not known what the Last Supper was really made of. It is all of fish (fish of the Lago Maggiore, by the way)—not a bit of lamb anywhere. We dwell far too much on Romanism as a false religion, instead of a merely shallow and ignorant condition of religion; anybody who has much respect for its traditions ought to go to Locarno. When I got to the top of the rock, I met a number of peasant girls—fortunately not in Val Maggia costume—carrying huge stones on their shoulders like the proud people in the *Purgatorio*; only the girls had each a wooden frame formed of a plank with two cross bars for the shoulder, so [sketch]. They were giving their Sunday's forenoon to work of the church, and carrying sand and stones for the repairs up the hill alternately: about a hundred pounds weight, Couttet said, in each load; when twelve o'clock came, they had some soup in a room beside the convent kitchen, and afterwards came out into the garden and sat under an oleander tree all burning with blossom, and sang hymns to the Virgin as loud as they could, till the rocks thrilled again, the voices being strong and lovely—not always, I am sorry to say, in harmony. The whole thing very sad and painful, as well as beautiful; testifying in various ways to superstition, and misery: to superstition,

¹ [See *Academy Notes*, 1857: Vol. XIV. p. 137.]

² [Plate XVI., here given, is from a drawing made "near Bellinzona" at this time.]



J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. So.

Near Bellinzona
1858

From the drawing in the possession of M H Spielmann, Esq.

in so far as the hymns to the Virgin were sung clearly for mere recreation, with loud laughs when any voice went wrong; to misery of life, in the worn features, and evident habit of labour in ways unfit for women. Four or five, but for this strain in the features, would have been very beautiful—one with a twisted olive branch in her hair made some amends for the Val Maggia damsels.

To WILLIAM WARD¹

BORROMEAN ISLANDS, LAGO MAGGIORE, ITALY, *July 9th*, 1858.

MY DEAR WARD,—I have now received all your letters, and am much obliged for all you have done.

I like the piece of Naples outline² well, but it has failed in some important way in the piece of foliage in the centre. Please do that bit over again with intense care, and send it me.

Your corrections of the *Catalogue* are all quite true and useful.³ The "Okehampton" is a great mistake; I intended to change the drawings and forgot to do so. The "Carew Castle" mistake (until I get a new *Catalogue* prepared, which I will immediately) may be a little mended by your going up to Mr. Halsted's, in Bond Street, and getting a print of "Carew Castle"—or proof if he has no print—telling him to put it to my account. Get a decent portable frame for it, and give it to Mr. Rudland to show, or nail up, as he thinks best. If Halsted has not a print, inquire before buying a proof at any of the other print-shops; the old Wardour Street ones often have these things. A print is quite as good (if neatly mounted it often gives a better idea of the drawing than a proof) for all that is wanted. If you buy a proof, don't cut its margin,—if you buy a print, cut its margin, and give it a raised mount like the drawings.

Write to me to say if you have this to Poste Restante, Arona, Lago Maggiore, Italy.

Nothing can be better than all you are doing; I am glad to hear of the coloured study.

You may comfort the young lady whose hand runs away with her by telling her that when once she has bridled it, properly, she will find many places where she can give it a pleasant canter—or even put it to speed—in sketching from nature. But it must be well bitted (braceletted, perhaps, would be a better word) at first.—Always most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 18 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 39–41.]

² [A study from one of Turner's sketches at the National Gallery.]

³ [For note of these, see Vol. XIII. pp. 233, 234.]

To JOHN SIMON, M.D.¹

TURIN, 20th July, 1858.

DEAR MR. SIMON,—I hope this will welcome you to peace and unremorseful rest: Mrs. Simon gives me a pensive account of you which much vexes me, for I don't quite think you right in allowing yourself to be so tormented—or at least in doing so much work with no probable result at present. It seems to me you ought simply to do what is absolutely necessary, and to reserve your health and power for a proper time of action—not to grieve because you cannot act immediately. Every day opens more and more the public mind to the necessity of some observance of laws of health, and execution of their requirements—how sorry you would be if an opportunity suddenly opened to you and you were too ill to seize it. Surely this statistical work, aided by the authority of your position, can neither be useless nor uninteresting; and when you have done all you can do in a formal way, ought you not to be glad if the temporary inactivity of your department leaves you leisure to carry on inquiries which may make its future activity more telling? Of course it must be tormenting to know that 4000 people die annually because A. or B. is indolent or nervous; but I don't see why it should be more tormenting than to see countries left savage because nobody will pay to cultivate them, or devastated, because kings quarrel with one another—to see millions ruined or starved by the madness of an absurd demagogue or two, or kept dead in soul by the cunning of a priest or two. Surely, if, as you are described by Mrs. Simon, you are suffering deeply in the sense of the degradation of belonging to a perforce useless department, we all of us ought to suffer as much in the sense of belonging to that useless department “the world.” Please make yourself quite cheerful directly, and you shall have a bout, some day, at fever and ague, as I have had at Turner sketches. I am staying at Turin, having found three grand Paul Veroneses there. On Monday I leave for the Vaudois valleys, and I will write to Interlachen to say how I get on. A line addressed Poste Restante, La Tour, near Pignerol, will find me for a week yet. Please give enclosed line to Mrs. Simon, and believe me affectionately and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

You know you really *are* to teach me some medicine one of these days. I begin to think it's almost the only thing in the world *worth* knowing. History one can't know, and other things one needn't—but to know how to stop pain must be wonderful.

¹ [Who, since 1855, had held the post of Medical Officer to the Privy Council.]

To WILLIAM WARD¹

TURIN, July 21st, 1858.

MY DEAR WARD,—I send you eleven slips (two stuck together) with corrections of my *Catalogue* in them. Get a *Catalogue* from Mr. Rudland, and pin these slips on the pages they belong to. Take the whole to my printers (Spottiswoode's, New Street Square, Fleet Street); show them this note, requesting them to make the alterations and to throw off fifty copies, and send them to Mr. Rudland. Ask Mr. Rudland to make use, as soon as he receives them, of these altered ones, not selling any more of the present ones. I know there's only a month yet to run, but I want the alternations made, nevertheless.

If the engraving of "Carew"² is not put up *by* the sketch, as I have now stated it to be, you and Mr. Rudland may put in any sentence explanatory of what you have done; or you may leave the sentence in parenthesis out, if you have done nothing.

Please write immediately, Poste Restante, Turin, saying if you have this note all right.—Most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

[TURIN] Wednesday, 4th August [1858].

This must be a short letter, for I have stayed at drawing longer than usual. Solomon³ is getting on nicely; I hope great things of him. The weather here is quite delightful—just warm enough to let one live in the open air by always having the windows open, yet not at all oppressive. I could not understand why I thought so much less of the Alps seen from here than I used to do; but yesterday evening they appeared again in all their glory, and I see that the effects of atmosphere have been too clear in general hitherto, and made them look small, (except only on that one stormy night that I told you of,) but yesterday there was a great deal of soft mist, and they looked magnificent.

I went to the Protestant church last Sunday (having usually spent all the forenoon in hunting regiments)—and very sorry I was that I

¹ [No. 19 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 42–43.]

² [Engraved by W. Miller for Turner's *England and Wales*. For the explanation of the corrections here noted, see Vol. XIII. pp. 233, 234, 314 n.]

³ [In Paolo Veronese's picture of the Queen of Sheba, which Ruskin was copying: see Vol. XVI. pp. xxxvii.–xl.]

did go. Protestantism persecuted, or pastoral in a plain room, or a hill chapel whitewashed inside and ivied outside, is all very well; but Protestantism clumsily triumphant, allowed all its own way in a capital like this, and building itself vulgar churches with nobody to put into them, is a very disagreeable form of piety.¹ Execrable sermon—cold singing. A nice-looking old woman or two of the Mause Headrigg type;² three or four decent French families; a dirty Turinois here and there, spitting over large fields of empty pew; and three or four soldiers, who came in to see what was going on and went out again, very wisely, after listening for ten minutes, made up the congregation.

I really don't know what we are all coming to, but hope for something better from the Vaudois. Monte Viso looks very inviting, but by the maps he seems terribly difficult to get at.

To his FATHER

TURIN, *Sunday, 29th August, 1858.*

(Afternoon.) I've been in the gardens to see the company and hear bands, and then at Protestant Italian afternoon service—the Band gratis—the Sermon two francs (poor-box), and very dear at the money. But the gardens were beautiful to-day, and the autumn season is just going to begin, and some of the better people have come back to town, so that there were a great many pretty ladies; and the Italian ladies are delightful in the way they stand to be looked at. An English woman, the moment she finds out what you are about—which of course she does directly—looks like a Gorgon, or turns her back; but the Italian ladies, provided of course you look properly and as if you weren't looking, will stand for you quite quietly through the variations of a whole air, and even give you the front face when you had only ventured on a position commanding the profile—if the front is the best, and you don't go too near. I maintain the English proceeding to be at once dishonest, foolish, and rude—dishonest, because if a woman doesn't want to be noticed, why does she dress? foolish, because if she does want to be noticed, she is none the prettier for the Gorgon expression; and rude, because she couldn't behave worse to you if you weren't a gentleman and had really stared at her impudently, while the Italian lady says frankly, “Of course you know that I put on this nice bonnet and braided my hair so

¹ [For a reference to this service, see *Præterita*, iii. § 23 (Vol. XXXV. p. 495).]

² [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 63–64.]

carefully that people might see how pretty I am; and you are quite right in thinking me so, for I *am* one of the prettiest ladies in the gardens to-day, and provided I see *you* are a gentleman, and you see that *I* am a lady, you may look as long as you like, and welcome."

With these advantages, I came to some further conclusions respecting Italian beauty. It may be the work I have had with Paul Veronese, but I am getting rather to admire the type of countenance which I mentioned to you as having a slight shadow of the negress in it: there were several very fine to-day; the lips slightly too thick, but very perfectly cut; complexion dark, but rich and pure—eyes nearly black—foreheads very square—hair dark and magnificent. A head of this kind does not look well in a bonnet, depending as it does chiefly on the noble hair for its character; and I was surprised to see how thoroughly the women of the type accepted it, and dressed with points of colour which suggested the form of the head and extinguished the bonnet. One in particular I noticed for her daring treatment of her bonnet itself; she wore two earrings of blue enamel, which caught the eye and kept it to the outline of the head, and she had fastened her back hair with a golden pin, with a ball of chased gold nearly an inch in diameter, thrusting the pin right through the bonnet and so nailing it to her hair; of course the imagination went straight to the hair, and the bonnet went for nothing. She could not have done this in London or Paris, but here, the ladies' real national costume is a black silk dress, with white veil fastened by a golden pin of this kind to the back hair; so that the cruel treatment of the bonnet was not so conspicuous. (I fear the above account gives some impression of the thing's being done roughly. Mama and Mrs. Edwardes will understand, I doubt not, that the bonnet was transfixed with exquisite tenderness and precision, in the right place—no surgical operation could have been performed with greater care, or more accomplished science, or better deserved success.)

In another case, the bonnet was overwhelmed by the circular orb of the dark hair in front of it: but I have been haunted by a sorrowful suspicion, all yesterday afternoon and this morning (Monday), that the said noble orb of darkness was fastened over a cushion; it is the wickedest thing that ladies do, to extend their *chevelure* in this hollow manner, for it is not fair to the women who have the mass of hair naturally. If a woman paints, it is quite fair—everybody knows paint from blushes—but the extended tresses (much more, and dreadful to think of, the false tresses among true) are an unfair appropriation of admiration.

To MRS. HEWITT¹

LANSLEBOURG, 1st Sept., '58.

I don't think women were in general meant to reason. I never knew but one rational woman in my life, and that is my own mother (when one doesn't talk about actors or Mr. Gladstone, or anybody she has taken an antipathy to) . . . For the Imaginative side there is more to be said. The great painters evidently have all their ideas so completely "*imaged*" before they begin that they would paint you the grief of the people they have put into their picture from the other side, if you wanted it.

To his FATHER

Sunday Evening, PARIS, 12th September, 1858.

I never was present at so disgraceful an English service as this morning. Rue d'Aguesseau is shut up, and the church was a school for gymnastics, with all the ropes and poles swinging among the chairs, and a tattered canvas covering over the broken glass of the roof. The sermon worse than the church, utterly abominable and sickening in its badness. I went away straight to the Louvre, and found it worse arranged than ever, and the great Paul Veronese² (which I thought more of than ever) with its varnish chilled and in a shocking state. Came back through Tuileries—a wonderful view, it being a quite cloudless day, with exquisite quietness of air, yet not sultry; all Paris under fourteen years old was in the gardens, and a good deal of old Paris besides, and I am amazed to find that the Parisians will not for a moment bear comparison with the Turinoises.

I can only explain to you the difference by the fact that the Turinoises always reminded me of Titian—at their best, and of Sir Peter Lely—at their worst: but these Paris women remind me of no one but Chalon.³ There is a terrible and strange hardness into which the unamiable ones settle as they grow old. An Italian woman, at the worst, degrades herself into an animal; but the French woman degrades herself into a Doll;—the gardens looked to me as if they were full of automata or waxworks. So with the men—the sexagenarians for the

¹ [This extract is No. 158 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, February 26, 1906. The word "grief" in the last line but one must be a misprint; perhaps for "chief." For other letters to the same correspondent, see below, pp. 312, 424, and Vol. XXXVII. p. 732. In one of those at the latter place, Ruskin calls her "My dear ward." She was a friend of Ruskin and his father (see below, p. 436), and she drew under Ruskin's instructions, but was not his "ward" in any other sense.]

² [Either the "Wedding Feast at Cana" or the "Dinner at Simon the Pharisee's": see Vol. XII. p. 449.]

³ [See above, p. 174.]

most part have a quite cruel and heartless expression without the least grandeur;—an Italian, however ferocious or sensual, always looks like a man, or like a beast; but these French look like nutmeg-graters—they don't make tigers, or snakes, or sloths of themselves, but thumbscrews. The children, of course, always pretty, but spoiled by over-dressing; even the poorest get themselves up with little short petticoats and caps, and boots, and all sorts of artificialness. In Italy one constantly sees a wild, graceful, confessed poverty, without abject misery; but here, there is no interval between starvation and toilette. One of the finest things I saw at Turin was a group of neglected children at play on a heap of sand¹—one girl of about ten, with her black hair over her eyes and half naked, bare-limbed to above the knees, and beautifully limbed, lying on the sand like a snake; an older one did something to offend her, and she rose with a spring and a shriek like a young eaglet's—as loud as an eaglet's at least, but a good deal sweeter, for eagles have not pleasant voices. The same girl, here, in the same station of life, would have had her hair combed and plaited into two little horns on each side of her head—would have had a parasol and pink boots, and would have merely pouted at her companion instead of shrieking at her. I don't, of course, think it proper for girls to lie bare-legged on heaps of sand, or to shriek when they are displeased; but it is picturesque, if not pleasing, and I think also, something better than a picture might have been made of the little Italian eaglet, if anybody had taken her in hand: but nothing whatever of the parasoled and pink-booted children.

I walked after dinner to Notre Dame—(now utterly destroyed—I went merely to make sure of that fact)—and so back to see sunset from the fountains of the Place de la Concorde, which were beautiful beyond description in the golden twilight.

I can't tell till to-morrow at Calais about the boats or trains, but will telegraph to you by which train I come. I left Geneva at six o'clock yesterday morning, dined at Tonnerre, and arrived here comfortably at ten minutes past nine.

And thus, I hope, terminates my diary for the year 1858, except my small notes of weather and work which I keep at home.

To ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

[DENMARK HILL] *October 14th*, 1858.

DEAR MRS. BROWNING,—You must, of course, be quite sure by this time that something has been the matter with me. Well, it is quite

¹ [The scene is described in *The Cestus of Aglaia* (Vol. XIX. p. 82).]

true. I have had cloud upon me this year, and don't quite know the meaning of it; only I've had no heart to write to anybody. I suppose the real gist of it is that next year I shall be forty,¹ and begin to see what life and the world mean, seen from the middle of them—and the middle inclining to the dustward end. I believe there is something owing to the violent reaction often after the excitement of the arrangement of Turner's sketches;² something to my ascertaining in the course of that work how the old man's soul had been gradually crushed within him, leaving him at the close of his life weak, sinful, desolate—nothing but his generosity and kindness of heart left; something to my having enjoyed too much of lovely things, till they almost cease to be lovely to me, and because I have no monotonous or disagreeable work by way of foil to them;—but, however it may be, I am not able to write as I used to do, nor to feel, and can only make up my mind to the state as one that has to be gone through, and from which I hope some day to come out on the other side.

The year stole away without my knowing how; nevertheless, I went to the north of Switzerland to sketch—Habsburg, Königsfeld, Morgarten, and Grütli. None of them, I'm sorry to say, much worth drawing. Habsburg has only a window or two and a rent or two of old wall left; Morgarten is beside the ugliest and dullest lake in all Switzerland. I went on to Bellinzona and stayed there long—six weeks—but got tired of the hills and began to think life in the City Square was the real thing. Away I went to Turin! of all places—found drums and fifes, operas and Paul Veroneses, stayed another six weeks, and got a little better, and I begin to think nobody can be a great painter who isn't rather wicked—in a noble sort of way.

I merely write this, not by way of a letter, but just that you may know there *is* something the matter with me, and that it isn't that I don't think of you nor love you.

Don't answer this till I send you another;³ perhaps I shall be in a better humour. I had nearly come to see you at Havre, but couldn't. They wanted me so much at home after I had been four months away.—Ever affectionately Robert's and yours,

J.RUSKIN.

¹ [On "8 February 1859," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "I was asked by Ruskin to meet him at Long's Hotel in Bond Street, share his dinner there, and go on to the National Gallery. As we were leaving the hotel, he said to me, 'To-day I am forty years old: how much time gone, and how much work demanding to be done!' " (*Some Reminiscences*, 1906, vol. i. p. 181).]

² [Compare what Ruskin says on this subject in Vol. VII. p. 5.]

³ [But the other was long delayed, as Mrs. Browning complained in her reply of January 1, 1859: see the *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. p. 299.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, 24th October, '58.

DEAR NORTON,—At last I begin to write letters again. I have been tired, ill, almost, and much out of heart during the summer; not fit to write to you, perhaps chiefly owing to the reaction from the intense excitement of the Turner work; partly because at 39 one begins to feel a life of sensation rather too much for one. I believe I want either to take up mathematics for a couple of years, or to go into my father's counting-house and sell sherry for the same time—for otherwise, there seems to me a chance of my getting into a perfect Dryasdust. I actually found the top of St. Gothard “dull” this year. Besides this feeling of weariness, I have more tiresome interruption than I can bear; questions—begging for opinions on pictures, etc.—all which I *must* put a stop to, but don't yet see my way clearly to the desired result;—the upshot of the matter being that I am getting every day more cold and sulky—and dislike writing letters even to my best friends; I merely send this because I want to know how you are.

I went away to Switzerland this year the moment Academy was over; and examined with a view to history Habsburg, Zug, Morgarten, Grütli, Altdorf, Bürglen, and Bellinzona—sketching a little, but generally disgusted by finding all traditions about buildings and places untraceable to any good foundation; the field of Morgarten excepted, which is clear enough. Tell's birthplace, Bürglen, is very beautiful. But somehow, I tired of the hills for the first time in my life, and went away—where do you think?—to *Turin*, where I studied Paul Veronese in the morning and went to the opera at night for six weeks! And I've found out a good deal—more than I can put in a letter—in that six weeks, the main thing in the way of discovery being that, positively, to be a first-rate painter—you *mustn't* be pious; but rather a little wicked, and entirely a man of the world. I had been inclining to this opinion for some years; but I clinched it at Turin.

Then from Turin I came nearly straight home, walking over the Cenis, and paying a forenoon visit to my friends at Chamouni, walking over the Forclaz to them from St. Gervais and back by the road—and I think I enjoyed that day as if it had been a concentrated month: but yet—the mountains are not what they were to me. A curious mathematical question keeps whispering itself to me every now and then, Why is ground at an angle of 40, anything better than ground

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, pp. 801–802. No. 15 in *Norton*, vol. i. pp. 65–68.]

at an angle of 30—or of 20—or of 10—or of nothing at all? It is but ground, after all.

Apropos of St. Gervais and St. Martin's—you may keep that block of gneiss altogether if you like it; I wish the trees had been either in the sky, or out of it.¹

Please a line to say how you are. Kindest regards to your Mother and Sisters. My Father and Mother are well and beg kindest regards to you.

I have written your initials and mine in the two volumes of Lowell² (how delightful the new prefaces to the *Fable!*). He does me more good in my dull fits than anybody, and makes me hopeful again. What a beautiful face he has!—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To J. J. LAING³

[1858?]

DEAR LAING,—I am much pleased with all your letters, and all shall be done as you wish. The money will come to-morrow. I was not surprised at your account, but I had not had time to turn round since I got to London.

One sentence surprised me—your saying “Don't think I want to equal you.” Why should not I think this? Do you really suppose that I want to keep you back? I have many faults—sensuality, covetousness, laziness—lots of things I could tell you of—but God knows, and I take Him solemnly to witness thereto this day, that if I could make you, or any one, greater than myself in any way whatever, I would do so instantly, and my only vexation with my pupils is when I can't get them to do what I think good for them; my chief joy, when they do great things.—Truly yours, J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

[DENMARK HILL] 29th November [1858].

DEAR NORTON,—I'm so intensely obliged to you for your letter and consolations about Paolo Veronese and Titian, and Turner and Correggio and Tintoretto. Paolo and Titian are much deeper, however,

¹ [See above, p. 277. “Some trees originally painted against the sky had been practically washed out, leaving only traces” (C. E. N.). The drawing is here reproduced (Plate XVII.).]

² [See above, p. 277.]

³ [“Some Ruskin Letters,” in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, August 1893, p. 782.]

⁴ [*Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, pp. 802–803 (the postscript was omitted). No. 16 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 72–75.]



J. Ruskin.

Allen & Co. Sc.

Study of Rocks and Trees near Chamouni

1858.

than you know yet, immensely deeper than I had the least idea of till last summer. Paolo's as full of mischief as an egg's full of meat—always up to some dodge or other—just like Tintoretto. In his Solomon receiving Queen of Sheba, one of the golden lions of the Throne is put into full light, and a falconer underneath holds a white falcon, as white as snow, just under the lion, so as to carry Solomon on the lion and eagle,—and one of the elders has got a jewel in his hand with which he is pointing to Solomon, of the form of a cross; the Queen's fainting, but her dog isn't,—a little King Charles spaniel, about seven inches high,—thinks it shocking his mistress should faint, stands in front of her on all his four legs apart, snarling at Solomon with all his might; Solomon all but drops his sceptre, stooping forward eagerly to get the Queen helped up—such a beautiful fellow, all crisped golden short hair over his head and the fine Arabian arched brow—and I believe after all you'll find the subtlest and grandest *expression* going is hidden under the gold and purple of those vagabonds of Venetians.¹

Yes, I should have been the better of you—a good deal. I can get on splendidly by myself if I can work or walk all day long—but I couldn't work, and got low because I couldn't.

I can't write more to-day—but I thought you'd like this better than nothing.

I'm better now, a little, but doubtful and puzzled about many things. Lowell does me more good than anybody, what between encouraging me and making me laugh. Mr. Knott² makes me laugh more than anything I know in the world—the punning is so rapid and rich, there's nothing near it but Hood, and Hood is so awful under his fun that one never can laugh.³

Questi poveri—what are we to do with them? You don't mean to ask me that seriously? Make pets of them, to be sure—they were sent to be our dolls, like the little girls' wax ones—only we can't pet them until we get good floggings for some people, as well.—Always yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

Good of you to send me that birthday letter. I'm so glad you are better.

¹ [For other descriptions of Veronese's Queen of Sheba" at Turin, see Vol. VII. pp. 293–294, and Vol. XVI. pp. xxxvii.–xl., 185–186. A reproduction of the picture is Plate III. in the latter volume (p. 186).]

² ["Lowell's rollicking poem, "The Unhappy Lot of Mr. Knott."—C. E. N.]

³ [For Ruskin's view of Hood's "exquisite puns," see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 82 (Vol. XXIX. p. 223).]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, 28th December, 1858.

DEAR NORTON,—I am sadly afraid you have not got my answer to your kind letter written on your birthday. The answer was short, but instant; and you must rightly have thought me unfeeling when you received none—it is doubly kind of you to send me this poem of Lowell's and your good wishes.

Indeed, I rather want good wishes just now, for I am tormented by what I cannot get said, nor done. I want to get all the Titians, Tintorets, Paul Veroneses, Turners, and Sir Joshuas in the world into one great fireproof Gothic gallery of marble and serpentine. I want to get them all perfectly engraved. I want to go and draw all the subjects of Turner's 19,000 sketches in Switzerland and Italy, elaborated by myself. I want to get everybody a dinner who hasn't got one. I want to macadamize some new roads to Heaven with broken fools'-heads. I want to hang up some knaves out of the way, not that I've any dislike to them, but I think it would be wholesome for them, and for other people, and that they would make good crows' meat. I want to play all day long and arrange my cabinet of minerals with new white wool. I want somebody to amuse me when I'm tired. I want Turner's pictures not to fade. I want to be able to draw clouds, and to understand how they go, and I can't make them stand still, nor understand them—they all go sideways, *πλάγια*² (what a fellow that Aristophanes was! and yet to be always in the wrong in the main, except in his love for Æschylus and the country. Did ever a worthy man do so much mischief on the face of the Earth?) Farther, I want to make the Italians industrious, the Americans quiet, the Swiss romantic, the Roman Catholics rational, and the English Parliament honest—and I can't do anything and don't understand what I was born for. I get melancholy—overeat myself, oversleep myself—get pains in the back—don't know what to do in any wise. What with that infernal invention of steam, and gunpowder, I think the fools may be a puff or barrel or two too many for us. Nevertheless, the gunpowder has been doing some work in China and India.

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, pp. 803–804. No. 17 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 75–78.]

² [*Clouds*, 325. See the Preface to the second edition of *Modern Painters*, vol. i., where Ruskin quotes and comments upon the passage (Vol. III. p. 26 *n.*).]

Meantime, thank you for Lowell.¹ It is very beautiful, but not, I think, up to his work. Don't let him turn out any but perfect work (except in fun). I don't quite understand this. Where is "Godminster"? How many hostile forms of prayer are in the bells of the place that woke him? or where was it? "Ointment from her eyes" is fine, read in the temper it was written in; but the first touch of it on the ear is disagreeable—too much of "eyesalve" in the notion.

I've ordered all I've been writing lately to be sent to you in a parcel. Thank you always for what you send me. Our sincerest regards to you all.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I want also to give lectures in all the manufacturing towns, and to write an essay on poetry, and to teach some masters of schools to draw; and I want to be perfectly quiet and undisturbed and not to think, and to draw, myself, all day long, till I can draw better; and I want to make a dear High Church friend of mine sit under Mr. Spurgeon.²

1859

[In the early part of this year, Ruskin gave lectures afterwards published in *The Two Paths*. Letters to his father of that time are printed in Vol. VII. pp. xlvii.–xlix., and Vol. XVI. pp. lxi.–lxv. He then went abroad with his parents, studying the German pictures among other things. Letters to Clarkson Stanfield giving his impressions of them are printed in Vol. VII. pp. li.–liv. Returning home at the end of September, he settled down to finish the last volume of *Modern Painters*.]

To Dr. CHAMBERS³

3rd January, 1859.

MY DEAR CHAMBERS,—As I said in my note yesterday, what I am going to suggest to you here will be nothing more than would have

¹ [His poem of "Godminster Chimes." The verses Ruskin refers to are:—

"Whilst thus I dream, the bells clash out
Upon the Sabbath air;
Each seems a hostile faith to shout,
A selfish form of prayer.

One Mary bathes the blessed feet
With ointment from her eyes,
With spikenard one, and both are sweet,
For both are sacrifice."]

² [For Ruskin's regard for Mr. Spurgeon, see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 659–661. A copy of the fourth volume of *Modern Painters* bears the autograph inscription, "The Revd. C. H. Spurgeon, with the author's sincerest regards. February 1857" (*Quaritch's Catalogue*, No. 252, 1906).]

³ [Dr. Chambers had been selected as physician to accompany the Prince of Wales (his present Majesty), with Colonel Bruce, Captain Grey, and the Rev. C.

been, I doubt not, suggested to you as clearly by your own reflections; and I only put it down in order to give you more confidence in the truth of the conclusions which you will see are substantially the same whatever side of the subject an earnest man approaches it upon—yours, the scientific, and mine, the æsthetic.

Of course the first thing one has to urge on a young Prince is in this as in all other matters, that he should think for himself. Not, that is, take up an opinion carelessly, and maintain it positively, because it is his, but that he should himself do the hard and painful work of making the thought really his own, and for himself testing its truth. A King is, of course, exposed to all kinds of efforts to deceive him; the interest in obtaining his approval is so great that all mean persons are for ever striving to blind him to the merits of others and recommend their own—impartial teaching is a thing almost impossible in his case. I am myself rough and bold enough in general in what I say, but I never would say so hard a thing of a living artist in the Prince's hearing as I would say in the hearing of a person of small power; so that the honestest men are influenced and warped by his rank, and the dishonest men put to their skilfullest pinches. Above all, therefore, let him be taught to ask of himself sternly, "Is this so indeed? Do I personally and for myself judge that it is so?" You must struggle, therefore, to get his mind to act as freely as possible, never, so far as you have power, to let him admire a picture because it has fame; if possible, let him judge of it before knowing its master. Never tell him whom a picture is by, till he has guessed; this I mean in the ordinary course of guidebook study. The study of art may be made far more amusing as well as more useful by such methods. Whenever you know that a picture or statue is a celebrated one, be unhesitating in setting him the example of unbiassed judgment. Think of it exactly as if it were just done by a young painter or sculptor, and criticise it as boldly. I am entirely convinced that as a well-founded reverence is the most precious of all the results which the study of art produces on the human mind, so an ill-founded reverence—that is to say, a reverence founded on public opinion, instead of your own perception of the goodness of the thing—is the most harmful of all obstacles to the attainment of real knowledge. Public opinion should be respected always so far as to give the most diligent study to what it has declared to be admirable. But let your study be honest as

Tarver, on a visit to Italy. The Prince, it was announced (*Times*, January 4, 1859), was to pursue his studies there for five months; he went to Rome, but owing to the outbreak of war in Italy, returned home quickly (see Sir T. Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. iv. p. 434).]

well as diligent, and if at the end of it you don't like the thing, be sure to declare this fact boldly to yourself and others;—if you, as a man of science, can detect an anatomical fault in a chef d'œuvre, mind and declare it; don't be deterred by fear of being thought narrow-minded. By the way, however, note that an anatomical fault is only rightly condemned when it is a fault of representation, not of omission. You must not find fault with Titian if he conceals a muscle which is generally visible. But you may find fault with even Michael Angelo if he shows a muscle which ought to be invisible. The omission may be a noble sacrifice. The insertion is either an error or an impertinence, and must have been induced either by ignorance or vanity.

Secondly, a King is peculiarly exposed to delight in and encourage art as a means of luxury or pride—to like it for its state and glitter. Therefore one of the chief results of your travels in Italy ought to be to convince the Prince of Wales that the ruin of that country, and nearly of all other countries which have ever been notably ruined, has been in great part brought about by their refinements of art applied in luxurious and proud office;—that Emperors, Kings, Doges, and republics have risen and reigned by simplicity of life; fallen and perished by luxury of life. Be assured that all the arts, followed in wantonness, and for show and state, lead straight to destruction. You will not want for proofs of it, as you wander in Italy. Then, having convinced the Prince thoroughly of this first great fact, you have further to show him that art as a means of Knowledge, as a stimulus to noble emotion, and as a source of national wealth is of the very highest importance among the instruments in a Prince's hands for the good of the nation he governs; and lead him to look upon it in general as a dangerous but noble and mighty Influence, infinitely dangerous if abused, infinitely useful and exalting if set to its right work. Holding these two great principles always in view, you may find endless interest in disentangling the various political results of different schools of art.

Thirdly, a King is exposed, if he has no special feeling which would naturally make him a lover of art, to be a vigorous despiser of it. He is apt to think it mere trifling; to consider politics, war, and science as the only serious pursuits of men; art as a petty ornament. Therefore one of the chief objects of your studies in Italy should be the ascertaining what great men its great artists were, how universal in power, how lofty in temper, how graceful in companionship; and the observing what depth of purpose or meaning there is in all truly great works. In general it is a good question to ask when you approve a work of art—What was the use of this? What was it

done for? Then, you will find in the case of all the mightiest you can at once answer—This was to record the victories of such and such a republic; this, to give dignity to its councils of state; this, to record its political faith and visibly embody a code of political instruction; this, to teach the truths of Revelation or do honour to a God in whom they believed. And when you can answer none of these things you will, for the most part, find the work to be a bad one, or to have been executed at the point of commencing decadence. The habitual practice of carefully reading the frescoes and sculpture of large buildings, as a kind of precious manuscript,¹ is in this respect the most beneficial of all modes of study.

Lastly, whatever view may be taken of the duties of Princes in general, certainly at the period in which we live their principal duty is that of Conservation. We are all disputing what is right, what wrong; we shall find out in due time; in the meantime, let us keep both. The tendency of Europe is to destroy existing art, and to amuse herself with clumsily making more: her aim ought to be, to preserve existing art, and calmly learn how to make more. Point out this to the Prince, whenever you have an opportunity; never lose a chance of exciting his regret for a perishing fresco, or his indignation for an abolished monument. Take care as he passes through the studios of the modern artists in Italy to point out to him their servile egotism—servile, in want of originality; egotistical, in that they at heart like their own vile imitations better than all they imitate. Show him the true motives of miserable vanity, and mercenary interest, which rule the modern schools, and teach him how the noblest patronage of art, for a prince, is nearly always the patronage of those who cannot flatter him; others, in the crowd, may wisely, kindly, impartially, give their hands to the living, let *him* from his high throne stretch his sceptre over the dead.

The duties to his own people must be suggested by his own bent, and his own knowledge. They fall mainly into three divisions—employing the noblest artists when he has work to be done, setting the right men over the schools of art and the right curators over the galleries of art, and then helping both, as they ask him to help them. At present, all that you should try to lead the Prince to is the assuring his own principles of judgment. The application of them to the need of the nation will be for after consideration. And pray be assured, both for your own sake and for his, that right principles of judgment in art as in other matters are pre-eminently

¹ [Compare the description of St. Mark's in *St. Mark's Rest*, Vol. XXIV. p. 204.]

those of Common-sense. A great picture is pre-eminently and always a Rational and Right picture; a noble statement of clear, simple, absolute, comprehensive Truth. Simple not from shallowness, but from depth. And therefore, above all things, avoid hurry and quantity of sight-seeing. A very useful practical rule in this matter is never to consider that you have seen a picture at all, unless you have deliberately observed what every figure in it is doing, and considered whether it is doing it well. This is a plain rule, but you will find the practice of it steady you in a gallery marvellously; and infinitely disquiet and disgust cicerones, chatterers, and important persons of all species. It is especially to be recommended with Venetian pictures. All hurried and crowded observation is literally worse than useless; its conclusions are sure to be wrong, and its impressions deaden not only past impressions, but the power of receiving future impressions.

Much more occurs to me as tangible on this matter, but I have no doubt it will occur to you also; if there are any points about which you would like me to say more, tell me, and I will answer all questions as speedily as possible. I do not name to you any works for especial study. You know probably my opinions in the main; and in a first journey to Italy, special study is hardly possible or desirable. One must seek first to gain the power of wise choice, afterwards the time will come for using the power.—Believe me, my dear Chambers, always faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[DENMARK HILL. ?1859.]

DEAR R.,—You shall have the picture again immediately. I have never scrubbed it—more by token it has *never once* been out of the frame since I had it. It has the most curious look of having been rubbed—but it is impossible unless it was taken out of frame by you. But this is not the only case of failure of colour from your careless way of using colours. My pet lady in blue is all gone to nothing, the green having evaporated or sunk into the dress—I send her back for you to look at—and I think the scarlet has faded on the shoe. You must really alter your way of working, and mind what you are about.—Always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 58 in *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 225–226. “The picture” may be the “St. Catharine,” for which see above, pp. 236, 272. “My pet lady in blue” is presumably the “Belle Dame sans Merci”: see above, pp. 234, 235.]

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

[DENMARK HILL. ?1859.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I am unfortunately hindered from coming tomorrow—but hope to be with you on Wednesday at 3. I won't say "I hope Miss Herbert isn't coming to-morrow," for I want you to get her beautiful face into your picture as soon as possible—but I hope it will take you a long time, and that I shall be able to come next time.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

Keep my letter if you've got one, till I come.

To Mr. and Mrs. BROWNING²

15th January, 1859.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. BROWNING,—It is very, very good of you to write to me and to love me a little still—indeed I did not pass through Paris when you were there: you were at Havre, and when I get to Paris on my road home, a day more or less makes a great difference to those who are waiting for me, after a four months' absence. I am much helped by all you say in your letters—being apt, in spite of all my certainty of being right in the main, to be seized with great fits of vexation;—for the truth is that my own proper business is not that of writing; I am never happy as I write; never want to utter for my own delight, as you singers do (with all your pretences to benevolence and all that, you know you like singing just as well as the nightingales). But I'm truly benevolent, miserably benevolent. For my own pleasure I should be collecting stones and mosses, drying and ticketing them—reading scientific books—walking all day long in the summer—going to plays, and what not, in winter—never writing nor saying a word—rejoicing tranquilly or intensely in pictures, in music, in pleasant faces, in kind friends. But now—about

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 236. "Miss Herbert (whose name off the stage was Mrs. Crabb) was an actress whose beauty was much admired by Rossetti. The picture into which Ruskin expected her face to be painted was 'The Seed of David.' . . . My brother did in the first instance paint the head there of the Madonna from Miss Herbert, but he afterwards substituted the head of Mrs. William Morris" (W. M. R.). A picture of Miss Herbert, and a reminiscence of her beauty, will be found at vol. i. p. 187 of *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*.]

² [The letters to which this is an answer—from Mr. and Mrs. Browning (January 1)—are printed in *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. pp. 299–302.]

me there is this terrific absurdity and wrong going on. People kill my Turner with abuse of him—make rifle targets of my Paul Veroneses—make themselves, and me, unendurably wretched by all sorts of ridiculous doings—won't let me be quiet. I live the life of an old lady in a houseful of wicked children¹—can do nothing but cry out—they won't leave me to my knitting needles a moment. And this working in a way contrary to one's whole nature tells upon one at last—people never were meant to do it. They were meant to be able to give quiet pieces of advice to each other and show, without any advice, how things should be done properly (such as they had gift and liking for). But people were never meant to be always howling and bawling the right road to a generation of drunken cabmen, their heads up through the trap-door of the hansom, faces all over mud—no right road to be got upon after all—nothing but a drunken effort at turning, ending in ditch. I hope to get just one more howl executed, from which I hope great effects—upon the Moon—and then, see if I don't take to Kennel and Straw, comfortably.

There was another thing in your letters comforting to me—your delightful want of patriotism—loving Italy so much; for I sometimes think I am going quite wrong when I don't feel happy in coming home. I have a right to love Italy more now, since it has made Mrs. Browning so much stronger. Poor Italy, there won't be much of her left to love, I'm afraid, soon.

I'm so glad to hear of new edition of *Aurora*. Not that I wanted it mended—I didn't think it had anything in it that could be bettered. I'm afraid you (Mrs. Browning) have been doing mischief. Why did you (Robert) let her? Why haven't you (Elizabeth) more faith in yourself and in the first setting of the first thought? Don't you (Robert) know that *repentirs* in pictures are wrong always, and I believe they are in verses. Have you been getting any good ones lately?—pictures, I mean. Do pray look out if there are any ragged fragments of Paul Veronese about. I've been working at him lately, and find he's just as deep as the other two; and now between Titian and Tintoret and him, I never know which is noblest or dearest. I've had to give up all the old monkish pictures, for their sakes.

I'm still unable to write letters with any good in them. Mere complaints which I've no business to send. My kind regards to Miss Heaton, please, when you see her, and tell her I like Mr. Talfourd's drawings, and am enjoying her Turners *very* much, and am very grateful for having them. I've given up counting days or years, but

¹ [Compare above, p. 217.]

always I wish you both all that days or years can bring and can't take away, and am ever yours gratefully and affectionately,

J. Ruskin.

There now, I had nearly missed just the main thing in my letter. My mother was so grateful to you for the account of Penini. And I rejoice with you. Think of this as a woman's postscript. I'm so glad he is going on quietly, not too wonderfully.

To Mr. and Mrs. CARLYLE

[March 1859.¹]

DEAR MR. AND MRS. CARLYLE,—When may I come and see you?
Friday—Saturday—Monday—or Tuesday—evening?

I've been in Yorkshire. In, also, lands of figurative Rock and moor—hard work—and peat bog puzzle. No end visible.

Not getting on with German.

Frederick yet unread.

Nothing done.

All sorts of things gone worse undone—Stitches run down.

Entirely dim notions about what Ought to be done. Except—that I ought to come and tell you all about it.—Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To COVENTRY PATMORE²

[1859?]

DEAR PATMORE,—Thank you for what you suggest about the Millais³—I rather doubt his having any typical intention carried out so far, though I heard he intended the cloud to be like a coffin. He has the highest dramatic power; I doubt his reflective faculty.

¹ [The letter is undated; but the first two volumes of Carlyle's *Friedrich* were published at the end of 1858, and in March 1859 Ruskin was in Yorkshire: see Vol. XVI. p. lxvi.]

² [From the *Life and Letters of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 289, where the letter is conjecturally dated "1859," because it was in that year that "The Vale of Rest" was exhibited. In the absence of Patmore's letter, it is impossible to say with certainty what "the remonstrance about your lines" was. The "book now binding" seems, however, from the context to have been *Two Paths* (issued May 10, 1859), in which Ruskin depreciated his own descriptive writing as "not worth four lines of Tennyson" (Vol. XVI. p. 416). It may, therefore, be conjectured that Ruskin had sent to Patmore proofs of (1) *Academy Notes* for 1859, and (2) the part of *Two Paths* in question. To which, Patmore replied (1) suggesting a further note about Millais's picture, and (2) questioning Ruskin's depreciation of himself and exaltation of Tennyson, "your lines" thus being lines to which Patmore had objected.]

³ ["The Vale of Rest": see Vol. XIV. p. 212. The picture is now in the Tate Gallery (No. 1507).]

The remonstrance about your lines is too late—as you will see by book now binding and I hope to be soon sent. I assure you it is true. My *gift* is wholly rationalistic and deductive—my descriptions are genuine in emotion, but wholly wanting in highest quality: and I am in all matters of this one mind, that four lines of Best is worth *any* of quantity of Seconds. I've written a good deal about waterfalls—pneumatically enough. But the single line,

“That, like a broken purpose, waste in air,”¹

is worth all put together.

With sincere regards to Mrs. Patmore and best wishes for Tennyson's boy²—believe me faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN

You'll see I *don't* depreciate myself in *all* ways.

To COVENTRY PATMORE³

[? 1859.]

DEAR PATMORE,—My head is good for nothing just now: and I don't know when I've felt more inclined to knock it off. But I assure you I forget my own business as well as other people's.

Can you come out to-morrow, Sunday—either to dinner at half-past four or in the evening?

I should not have forgotten this matter had I ever found I *was* useful to my friends. But I have so many enemies that it is enough to ruin any man that I should take the slightest interest in him. I assure, you this is true—but I'll convince you of it when I see you.—Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Sincere regards to Mrs. Patmore.

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

MÜNSTER, 2nd June, 1859.

DEAR MRS. SIMON,—We are getting on very well and comfortably, in spite of war. The Germans are very good to us and serve us with cold soup, cucumbers, oil, melted butter, inconceivable pastry, asparagus

¹ [Tennyson: *The Princess*, vii. 199. Compare what Ruskin says of another “single line” in Tennyson: Vol. II. p. xxviii. *n.*]

² [Patmore's second son, godson of Tennyson and named after him. Ruskin gave him a presentation to Christ's Hospital: see Vol. XXXVII. p. 694.]

³ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 297.]

white at the wrong end, and everything you can think of that one can't eat. We find it a difficult matter on German railroads to do more than sixty miles a day, and are making our way patiently to Dresden, in fine weather, over flat country, and in a tranquil state of mind. I find the German Gothic abominable—Cologne Cathedral an enormous failure—the Rhine not half so grand as the Thames at Chelsea. I have, however, two good reasons for admiring the Thames at Chelsea,¹ so I am perhaps partial. But Cologne Cathedral is assuredly good for nothing—old or new, it is all bad.

I am much puzzled by the German character in its first aspects, its mixed bluntness and refinement, simplicity and erudition, fine feeling and intense Egotism. The last quality I think rules all. In painting it does—to utter destruction.

(HANOVER, 3rd June.) I intended to fill this quite up, but I must send it as it is, for this town is full of wonderful Gothic houses which I must go and draw,² and then the letter might be put off for a week.

I'll write that out about Holiness on Sunday for you.³

I am sure if John were here, he would long to be back again under the Markis.⁴ There is not a German Gutter capable of making away with itself—there's a green line of fever at the side of every street, and *black* marshes round every fortification. Düsseldorf, Hamm, Münster, all alike—the first more magnificent in Putridity, however, having black water in its gardens for swans to swim in.

A line will find me at Dresden for three weeks to come, I hope—we are going first to take a look at Berlin.

Love to John, and a kiss to Boo. All the little German girls are like Boo, so that I think of her often. My father and mother send their sincerest regards.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON.

BERLIN, Tuesday after Whitsunday, 1859.

. . . Before I write you anything about Holiness—work it a little out by yourself.

You say “in its old sense of Freedom from all Stain or Blemish—it assuredly does belong to the Lord for ever.” I daresay, but, in

¹ [Presumably Turner and Carlyle.]

² [The drawing of Hanover is in the collection of Mr. F. R. Hall.]

³ [Ruskin had apparently written something to Mrs. Simon in the sense of a passage presently printed in *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. pp. 206–207), and she had asked for further explanation. See below, pp. 307–308.]

⁴ [See below, p. 309 n.]

that sense, would it be such a grand thing that it did? May not a bit of snow be free from all stain—a pearl or a diamond free from Blemish? You don't talk of Holy Snow and diamonds?

If ever of the First—anywhere—was it only because it was White?
Or because it was something more than white?
What was that *more*?

To Mrs. JOHN. SIMON

NUREMBERG, 5th July, 1859.

DEAR MRS. SIMON,—*This* is no disappointing place: next to Venice and Verona, the most interesting and beautiful town I have ever seen. I hope to get some drawings,¹ though I have already lost great part of my power of drawing architecture of this kind, in throwing free my hand for figures. *Such* a hard try as I've had at a little boy's head (Veronese), and a lady's wristband (Titian), at Dresden!²

The little boy is Veronese's own. His wife and children are being presented to the Virgin by Faith, Hope, and Charity. Veronese himself is in the background, his hands clasped.³ This little fellow has hidden himself behind a pillar, and is just making up his mind to peep round it to see the Madonna, his eyes wide open with resolution. The Faith is very noble—Charity, being a working virtue, has very stout arms.

Our word “holy” is indiscriminately used for various Greek ones. *One* of its senses is undoubtedly the Latin *sanctus*, or set apart—but this sense is, I believe, an inferior one. The main sense is “Life-giving,” and the word is applied to God as Lord of Life, and giving *help* every instant to all Creatures. If you merely read Helpful instead of Holy, keeping this deep and awful sense of the kind of Help, by giving the stream of life for ever to creation, you will light up half the texts wonderfully.⁴

“Helpful—Helpful—Helpful—Lord God of Sabaoth (*Hosts*),”
i.e., all creatures.

“Look down from the habitation of thy Helpfulness and thy Glory.
Where is the zeal and thy strength?”

¹ [See, in vol. v. of *Modern Painters*, the engraved “Moat of Nuremberg” (Vol. VII. p. 305).]

² [Probably a study from the “Red Lady”; see Vol. VII. p. 490.]

³ [The picture is more fully described in the same volume: p. 290, where also Ruskin's copy of a portion of it is given.]

⁴ [The Bible references are:—Revelation iv. 8; Isaiah lxiii. 15; Leviticus xix. 2; Revelation vi. 10; Isaiah xlvi. 15; 2 Kings xix. 22; Genesis ix. 4; Matthew vi. 9; Acts iii. 6. On the general subject of “Holy” and “Helpful,” compare *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 206); and Vol. XVII. pp. 60, 225, 287.]

“Be ye Helpful—for I am helpful.”

“How long, Oh Lord, Helpful and True, dost Thou not avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth.”

(Examine carefully Hannah’s use of it, 1st Samuel ii. 2.)

“I am the Lord, your Helpful one, the Creator of Israel, your King.”

So “The Helpful One of Israel” always, and the “Helpful Spirit,” Life-giving Spirit. Read “life-giving” for helpful, if you like it better, all through. All the ideas of Awfulness are properly connected with this primary one. God is chiefly Awful as the Lord of Life, not as Lord of Death. A child can slay, but God only make alive.

Hence the sacredness of Blood—the Blood is the life. (When I spoke of Healing, it was only with respect to the derivation of the word, not to its full sense.)

If you examine well the idea of *Impurity* you will find it is only the appearance or evidence, in matter, of some contrariety to Life. All foulness is either corruption, or an impediment to life. Dust is not foul on the road—on yours hands it is.

Helpful day is the true meaning of Holy day. He blessed the seventh day and made it Helpful, Restful, Life-giving. “Hallowed be thy name” means “Let thy name be Helpful throughout the earth,” *i.e.*, “In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.” That is “Hallowing” the name.

Most of the prevalent and current notions of sanctity are remnants of Judaic or Papal superstition. Some are true, but of entirely secondary import. The habit of using Holy as synonymous with Innocent or Sinless is merely one of the verbal carelessnesses and absurdities which modern religious phraseology has rendered universal, even among sensible people. The idea attached to it in most minds is a mixed one—it stands for an aggregation of all manner of things, and may be laid hold of by any of its sides or meanings to support any sort of mistake. Much monasticism and other fatal practical error of the world has arisen out of these ungrammatical and inaccurate apprehensions of the word Holy, supported by the force of the lurking sense beneath which people could not unmask. Thus “Holy Baptism” *is* Holy if it is Life-Giving—no otherwise. Holy Church ceases to be Holy in ceasing to be helpful—the Set-apartedness being secondary, and by itself wrong.

I will write you some more about our journey soon. We are all quite well; my father and mother enjoy it more than they ever did before, partly because they did not expect to enjoy so much. They have been in new places also, and on the whole in comfortable inns;

and the railroads are nicely managed and give very little trouble or fatigue.

No end of congratulations on the fall of Salisbury.¹ All our loves to you all. Boo won't be so like a German girl with her short hair, though. Kiss her for me.—Ever affectionately yours,
J.RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, A.R.A.

MUNICH, 15th July [1859.]

DEAR RICHMOND,—I have this moment got your kind little note written at the small hours. Indeed I am very grateful to you for all you have done, and for your kindness in sparing me labour here, and I hope I feel this as I ought—not without very great and painful regret at being unable to divide this work with you.

Your account of things is a relief to my mind in one great point, for I had feared that the work would be worse—instead of lighter than last year; but your good arrangements, and happy home-helpers, have, I suppose, thus shortened the toil. And I am rejoiced to hear the work has been so much better than last year. For myself I think I have been—to something almost like the extent of my deserts—punished for leaving you. Never in my life have I yet been thrown into such a state of hopeless and depressing disgust as by this journey in Germany. The intense egotism and ignorance of the modern German painter (in his work) is unspeakable in its offensiveness. The eternal vanity and vulgarity mistaking itself for Piety and poetry—the intense deadness to all real beauty, puffed up into loathsome caricatures of what they fancy to be German character—the absorption of all love of God or man into their one itch of applause and Fine-doing, leave me infinitely more sorrowful than the worst work of the French or Italians. In France one gets some really vigorous Slaughter-house work—some sense of a low sort of beauty—some Natural concupiscence at least, if nothing else natural. But the German is too vain to enjoy *anything*. I doubt not their painters are all excellent men. Virtuous—Domestic—amiable—kind—Cream of everything—Fancy cream of everything mashed up in a bowl—with an entire top of Rotten eggs—and you have the moral German art with its top of vanity.

The German architecture—even the old—is all detestable; Cologne Cathedral a miserable humbug—every bit, old and new, one as bad as another. If it had't been for two Titian portraits—a lady in pink

¹ [The Marquis of Salisbury (father of the Prime Minister), Lord President of the Council (and thus Simon's official chief) in Lord Derby's Administration 1858–1859, which had just been defeated.]

and a white girl with a flag fan, at Dresden—and a Paul Veronese of his own family,¹ I don't know what would have happened to me; it was enough to make one forswear art and all belonging to it for ever.

I've been at Düsseldorf, to see their sentiment—at Hanover, to see their Kingship—at Berlin, to see—well, Dr. Waagen has done it better than anybody else. The Berlin gallery is very beautiful. Of course, all the best pictures are at the top, and all the bad at the bottom, but the gallery is very beautiful.

Did you ever see Holbein's portrait of George Gyzen?² Quite worth going to Berlin to see nothing but that. I've been at Brunswick. Saw the Hartz in the distance—this shape [slight sketch], highly interesting. So to Dresden, got a little comfort; now here, where I am entirely out of all words, and where, I think, a real change is likely to be effected in my general modes of appeal to people. Hitherto I've spoken to them sincerely, in the hope of doing some little good that way. It doesn't seem to me that it is possible to be sincere to such creatures. They cannot understand one syllable one ever says. So one may as well be False to them. I think I shall begin flattering people now and praising them. I've always spoken truth even to my dogs, because my dogs understood it. Many and many a time I've put myself to great inconvenience to keep a promise of a walk made to my little Wisie.³ But to these gallery and Epic art people I don't see any use in being true. I think I shall come out in a new light. I hope you enjoy the figure Prussia and England are making politically? *I* do.⁴ It's the only comfort I have at present (though Louis Napoleon has done a capital stroke of work—but he shouldn't have left poor Venice and Verona so).

Love to Mrs. Richmond and Willy, and your secretaries and songsters. My Father's and Mother's kindest regards.—Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*⁵

SCHAFFHAUSEN, 31st July, '59.

MY DEAR NORTON,—I have been too unwell or sick at heart lately to write to my friends—but I don't think there's another of them who has been so good as you, and believed still in my affection for them.

¹ [For Ruskin's notices of these pictures, see Vol. VII. pp. 490–491, 290, 330.]

² [See Vol. VII. p. 490, and Vol. XIX. p. 10 (and Plate II.).]

³ [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 499.]

⁴ [Written in the character of insincerity which he had just proposed to adopt: for his real opinions on the subject, see Vol. XVIII. pp. 538–545.]

⁵ [*Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, pp. 804–805. No. 18 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 79–82.]

As I grow older, the evil about us takes more definite and overwhelming form in my eyes, and I have no one near me to help me or soothe me, so that I am obliged often to give up thinking and take to walking and drawing in a desperate way, as mechanical opiates, but I can't write letters. My hand is very shaky to-day (as I was up at three to watch the dawn on the spray of the fall, and it is hot now and I am tired),—but I *must* write you a word or two. The dastardly conduct of England in this Italian war has affected me quite unspeakably¹—even to entire despair—so that I do not care to write any more or do anything more that does not bear directly on poor people's bellies—to fill starved people's bellies is the only thing a man can do in this generation, I begin to perceive.

It has not been my fault that the Rossetti portrait² was not done. I told him, whenever he was ready, I would come. But when I go home now, I will see to it myself and have it done. I broke my promise to you about sending books—there was always one lost or to be got or something—and it was put off and off. Well, I hope if they'd been anybody else's books, or if I really had thought that my books would do you any good, I'd *not* have put it off. But you feel all I want people to feel, and know as much as anybody need know about art, and you don't want my books. Nevertheless, when the last volume of *M. P.* comes out, I'll have 'em all bound and sent to you. I am at work upon it, in a careless, listless way—but it won't be the worse for the different tempers it will be written in. There will be little or no bombast in it, I hope, and some deeper truths than I knew—even a year ago.

The Italian campaign, with its broken faith,³ has, as I said, put the top to all my ill humour, but the bottom of it depends on my own business. I see so clearly the entire impossibility of any salvation for art among the modern European public. Nearly every old building in Europe, France, and Germany is now destroyed by restoration, and the pictures are fast following. The Corregios of Dresden are mere wrecks;⁴ the modern Germans (chiefly at Munich) are in, without exception, the most vile development of human arrogance and ignorance I have ever seen or read of.⁵ I have no words to speak about them in. The English are making progress, which in about fifty years might possibly lead to something, but as yet they know nothing and can know nothing, and long before they gain any sense Europe is

¹ [See Vol. XVIII. p. xxiii.]

² [Of Ruskin, commissioned by Norton: see below, pp. 329, 335, 405, 497.]

³ [The Peace of Villafranca, July 11: see Vol. XVIII. p. xxiii.]

⁴ [Compare Vol. VII. p. 492.]

⁵ [Compare Ruskin's letter to Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.: Vol. VII. p. liii.]

likely to be as bare of art as America. You have hope in beginning again. I don't see my way to it clearly.

I want to be as sure as I can of a letter reaching you just now. I shall send this with my London packet to-day, and the next sheet with the next packet next week, so as to have two chances. My health is well enough. I draw a great deal, thinking I may do more good by copying and engraving things that are passing away.

Sincere regards to your Mother and Sisters.—Ever, dear Norton, affectionately and gratefully yours,

J.RUSKIN.

To Mrs. HEWITT¹

THUN, 9th August, '59.

That is an excellent idea about the mosaic pavement. I never thought of it before; but of course it must be mosaic. For there are the good intentions of well-meaning people who do the great mischiefs in the world, which must be stones of the colour of blood—and there are the good intentions of weak people, which must be grey; and of wicked people, which must be black; and then there are finally the good intentions of good and wise people, which must be white—and not much to the previous fancy, only necessary to make out the pattern.

To GEORGE ALLEN²

THUN, August 9, 1859.

I've lent Mr. Rossetti's Harp-sketch³ to somebody and forget whom. Tell Mr. Rossetti to mind and do the best he can; for he and the good P.R. B.'s may really have Europe for their field some day soon. The German art is wholly and everywhere imbecile to a degree quite unspeakable. The P.R.B.'s are the only living figure-painters of this age.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

THUN, 15th August, [1859.]

DEAR NORTON,—Scrap No. 2 is long is coming—if it hand't been for the steamers here, which keep putting me in mind, morning and

¹ [From Sotheby's *Sale Catalogue of Autograph Letters*, June 3, 4, 1907, No. 25.]

² [From the Preface to *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. xii.]

³ [Possibly one of many sketches for a water-colour, afterwards executed, called "The Return of Tibullus to Delia" (see p. 149 in H. C. Marillier's *D. G. Rossetti*).]

⁴ [*Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, p. 805. No. 19 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 83–86.]

evening, of the steamer on lake of Geneva,¹ I don't know when it would have come. It's very odd I don't keep writing to you continually, for you are almost the only friend I have left. I mean the only friend who understands or feels with me. I've a good many Radical half friends, but I'm not a Radical and they quarrel with me—by the way, so do you a little—about my governing schemes. Then all my Tory friends think me worse than Robespierre. Rossetti and the P.R.B. are all gone crazy about the Morte d'Arthur. I don't believe in Evangelicalism—and my Evangelical (once) friends now look upon me with as much horror as on one of the possessed Gennesaret pigs.² Nor do I believe in the Pope—and some Roman Catholic friends, who had great hopes of me, think I ought to be burned. Domestically, I am supposed worse than Blue Beard; artistically, I am considered a mere packet of squibs and crackers. I rather count upon Lowell as a friend, though I've never seen him. He and the Brownings and you. Four—well—it's a good deal to have—of *such*, and I won't grumble—but then you're in America, and no good to me—except that I'm in a perfect state of gnawing remorse about not writing to you; and the Brownings are in Italy, and I'm as alone as a stone on a high glacier, dropped the wrong way, instead of among the moraine. Some day, when I've quite made up my mind what to fight for, or whom to fight, I shall do well enough, if I live, but I haven't made up my mind what to fight for—whether, for instance, people ought to live in Swiss cottages and sit on three-legged or one-legged stools; whether people ought to dress well or ill; whether ladies ought to tie their hair in beautiful knots; whether Commerce or Business of any kind be an invention of the Devil or not; whether Art is a Crime or only an Absurdity; whether Clergymen ought to be multiplied, or exterminated by arsenic, like rats; whether in general we are getting on, and if so where we are going to; whether it is worth while to ascertain any of these things; whether one's tongue was ever made to talk with or only to taste with. (Send to Mr. Knott's house³ and get me some raps if you can.)

Meantime, I'm copying Titian as well as I can, that being the only work I see my way to at all clearly, and if I can ever succeed in painting a bit of flesh, or a coil of hair, I'll begin thinking "what next."

I'll send you another scrap soon. I'm a little happier to-day than

¹ [On which Ruskin and Norton had met in July 1856: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 519–520.]

² [Matthew viii. 30–32.]

³ [See above, p. 295. Mr. Knott's house was haunted by "raps that unwrapped mysteries."]

I've been for some time at the steady look and set of Tuscany and Modena.¹ It looks like grey of dawn, don't it? Sincerest regards to your Mother and Sisters.—Ever affectionately yours,
J.RUSKIN.

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

THUN, 15th August, 1859.

DEAR MRS. SIMON,—I see in looking over your last letter you had been a little vexed by thinking that I thought you cared about “pure diamonds” or “monarchism”²—or other absurd things. If you look at my letter again you will see it may be read—as it was meant—as a merely general statement. It had no bearing or allusion whatsoever to what you thought, but only put some hints in your former letter in a shape which I supposed would lead you into the discovery of what you really did think or feel. I never suspected you of liking either diamonds or nuns. I merely write this line to comfort you—for I don't know where I am going—or staying. I don't care, for I am working at clouds and trees and I can get them anywhere; so I let papa and mama stay where they find themselves happy, and am getting a little comfortable again by help of physical science, which is the only thing I can think of at present without getting into a dumb fury which makes me ill. But the clouds puzzle me sufficiently, and do me good. Never mind what people say of me—men or women. I think I've told you that before. Make yourself quite well and comfortable, and then you may help me, but you can't by fidgeting. I've told Allen to send you all that is printed—I don't know how much is, but hope all—of the three letters,³ for part of which you made a face at me. Why did you like that abusive bit about the Italians and “its all being their own fault.”? Of course when a child is spoiled it could cure itself—if it would—but it won't.

My gondolier was—is—a man of about forty, works hard, and starves himself nearly to death, to keep his children and wife in macaroni. I noticed he went punctually to church in the morning. One day—

R. “What do you say there, Panno?”

P. “I say the Pater noster, sir.”

R. “Can you say it well—all through?”

P. “Yes—certainly.”

¹ [These States had after Villafranca shown themselves firmly set upon union with Piedmont: see Bolton King's *History of Italian Unity*, vol. ii. pp. 96 *seq.*]

² [See above, p. 307, for “diamonds,” and p. 308 for “monachism.”]

³ [On the Italian question: see below, p. 331 *n.*]

R. "Would you mind letting me hear you?"

P. Repeats Lord's Prayer in Latin like Dean Gaisford without a flaw.

R. "Well—now—what does all that mean?"

P.—Much astonished—such a question never having occurred to his mind—"Mean—why—it—means—it means to ask for—for—for everything—for God's blessing—for all that is good."

R. "But you don't know what it really *does* ask for?"

P. "No, sir."

Now, I would of course rather take Panno's chance in next world than that of most English clergymen, but nevertheless his state of mind and body might be both bettered—for he is very thin—and he might as well know the Lord's Prayer in Italian as not. And how is *he* to better them? What would you tell him to do? I shall be writing to him this winter, and will give him any advice you tell me. Love to John and Boo.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

To E. S. DALLAS¹

THUN, August 18th (1859).

MY DEAR DALLAS,—I had your kind letter some three weeks it must be ago, and it gave me great pleasure from its heartiness and friendliness. I am very much helped in all ways when I find anybody cares for me at all; and it is very good of you, seeing how little we have been able to be with each other lately. I hope to have a chat about many things as soon as we get home, say about six weeks hence. I must say in writing first I did not say that political economy of mine was 200 (did I say *two*? perhaps *one*—allowing for steam—would have been enough) years in advance of the age, because I thought it either my own best work, or a good book absolutely; but simply because, as far as it goes, it is founded on principles which it will take the world still another 100 years to understand the eternity of. If you like to look at the *Galignani* of to-day, you will see it gravely stated as a great and recent discovery, in a Russian journal, that the interests of a nation are not to be sacrificed to those of an individual. In another 100 years England may discover that human beings have got souls, which are the eminently Motive part of the Animal; and that to get as much Material result as you can out of

¹ [No. 6 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 19–24. Extracts from the letter were printed in Messrs. Sotheby's Sale Catalogue of November 26 and 27, 1891, and reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 21, 1891. Eneas Sweetland Dallas (1828–1879), leader-writer in the *Times*; author of *The Gay Science*.]

the animal, his soul or Heart must be in a healthy state—also his stomach (including liver and intestines); and his brains not in a state of congestion. Political Economists of this age fancy they can reason about men without their souls as mathematicians do about lines—as length without breadth. But they are slightly wrong in this matter, for the mathematician reasons on his line in Ideal perfection: and they on humanity in Ideal and even more impossible Truncation. They have founded a vast series of abstruse calculations, made with profound skill and accuracy, on the original hypothesis that a triangle has only two sides. I would have taken up these subjects more seriously, were it not still in question with me how far certain truths connected with them *can* be spoken in the present state of the public mind. It is often impossible, often dangerous, to inform people of great truths before their own time has come for approaching them; and there is much which people will one day know as well as their alphabets, which I should be sorry to tell my class at the Working Men's College at present.

Meanwhile it will be very naughty of you to growl at me and my book, while I am thus muzzled. But you may have your go at it, for I shall write nothing more on such matters for some time to come, till I can paint a little better, at all events. I'm very busy with clouds and colours, and in a state of disgust with my and everybody else's country, which makes me perforce dumb.

I hope, if not in Paris, that you *have* gone somewhere out of town with Mrs. Dallas this year; for until the last three days the heat has been hereabouts as great as ever. It is cooler to-day—at least one begins to know the difference between warm and cold water.

But we have been all¹ well on this journey. I was nearly made seriously ill by the German frescoes: it was as bad as living in Bedlam or a hospital for crétins, to look at Cornelius's² things long: but I got little consolatory peeps at Titians and such things, which the Germans hang out of the way in corners, and so got over it.

Nice sensible discussions you're having in England there about Gothic and Italian, aren't you?³ And the best of the jest is that

¹ [That is, Ruskin himself and his parents.]

² [For other references to Cornelius, see Vol. VII. p. 489; Vol. XVIII. p. 309; and Vol. XXII. p. 486.]

³ [The reference is to the "battle of the styles" then raging around the designs for the new Public Offices. Gilbert Scott's Gothic design for the India Office had been accepted; but he was subsequently made by Lord Palmerston to convert it into the Italian manner: see Vol. XVI. pp. xxxi.–xxxiv. There is an amusing letter from Palmerston on the subject in *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, vol. iii. p. 566.]

besides nobody knowing which is which, there is not a man living who can build either. What a goose poor Scott (who will get his liver fit for *pâté de Strasburg* with vexation) must be, not to say at once he'll build anything. If I were he, I'd build Lord P[almerston] an office with all the capitals upside down; and tell him it was in the Greek style, inverted, to express typically Government by Party: Up to-day, down to-morrow.

I don't know where this letter mayn't find you. I hope somewhere where you will be too idle to read it; and it won't matter if you don't, except that my father would be sorry if you didn't get his message of sincere regards.—Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN

My mother's kind regards also.

To E. S. DALLAS¹

BONNEVILLE, *September 4th*, 1859.

MY DEAR DALLAS,—By some fatality it seems to happen just now that I can't get on with my own business without being perpetually distracted by something more interesting in other people's. Everybody is so absurd that it's like trying to paint in the midst of a pantomime, and I never can write a serious word about anything for the public, without feeling as if I were talking sentiment to the Pantaloon.

Here, now, are those ineffably rich letters which people are writing every day to the *Times*, about this Builders' strike²—and the delightfully moral and intellectual efforts of your political economists to persuade the men that labour can't be organised, when the half of the labour of the country of all kinds (from your cabman's sixpenn'orth of oaths and flogging, up to your premier's five thousand pounds' worth—or how much has he?—of architectural³ and other useful knowledge) is organised already. Your soldiers kill people; your Bishops preach to them; your lawyers advise them; and your physicians purge them; for a shilling—or six-and-eightpence—or a guinea—according to the stated value of murder or physic; and you never think of offering your Bishoprics to the people who will confirm cheapest, or getting yourself cured of the gout by contract. And it seems to me, brick-laying (though it is not easy, and susceptible of many degrees of

¹ [No. 7 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 25–30.]

² [See *Unto this Last*, § 4 (Vol. XVII. p. 27), and for the principle of fixed salaries and wages, *ibid.*, p. 33.]

³ [Again a reference to Lord Palmerston's interference with Sir Gilbert Scott.]

fineness in the art¹) is rather a more organisable kind of labour than sermon-making, or diagnosis.

I haven't any patience left to write; but if you have any, you might do a great deal of good just now by examining this subject of the organisation of labour thoroughly, and putting, as far as you can make it, an exhaustive article in the *Times* about it. And if you cannot do this, at least point out (à propos of this unhappy strike of the poor builders) that whatever the rights or wrongs of the question may be, they will probably suffer more than they gain by their present way of dealing with it; and that the true way of carrying out their views is to acquiesce, so long as they are workmen, in the present state of things; but to strain every nerve to become masters; and then, when they *are* masters, to carry out the principle of the organisation of labour among their own workmen—and to die for it, if need be; it being a principle quite worth dying for, if it be true. And there is some likelihood of its being so, ever since a great master workman went into his market to hire his labourers at their penny a day—and had a roughish quarrel with some of them, on this very matter of the organisation of labour, before night.²

You may think that's a fair day's work enough that I propose to *you*—the “examination of the organisation of labour thoroughly.” But you would find it easier and simpler than it looks if, among the innumerable examples of good, and evil, apparently arising sometimes from organised and sometimes from free labour, you keep hold of this main clue—that organisation which is intended for the advantage of either separately, injures *both*; but chiefly those for whose advantage it was intended. There is another still surer clue, but one which, though you may use it yourself, you can't at present suggest with hope of toleration to the British public—namely, that what is Justest, is also Wisest.

There is no way in which that verse, “The Fool hath said in his heart, No God,” was ever so completely fulfilled as in the modern idea that Political Economy depends on Iniquity instead of Equity and on *ανομία* instead of *δικαιοσύνη*.

We keep to our plan of being home in early October (just in time for dead leaves and fogs). I resolved six years ago never to pass another October out of a mountain country—and have never been in a mountain country in October since. Few people have seen this part of the world in October, and it is perhaps more wonderful then than at any time, the mountains being literally clothed with

¹ [As Ruskin had found from practical experience: see above, p. 263.]

² [Matthew xx.; the next Bible reference is Psalm xiv. 1.]

gold and purple. The worst of it is that in cold weather one likes one's dinner, and the cookery hereabouts is free labour, and done cheap. So is the guiding at Zermatt, and they have just dropped a traveller into a crevasse, and left him there.

Always with all our kindest regards, believe me, my dear Dallas,
affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.¹

¹ [No. 8 in *Various Correspondents* (pp. 31–35) is a letter to the same correspondent from Ruskin's father (October 31, 1859):—"I was delighted with a Letter shown to me by my Son (written to him by you in September, on your Return from the Sea-Side) with your definition of Whig and Tory, and some remarks on artificial organisation. As a City man I am half with the *Times* in believing my son and Dr. Guthrie innocent of Political Economy; but these Geniuses sometimes in their very simplicity hit upon the right thing, whilst your ponderous Economy discusser twaddles on in endless mazes lost. I say this from a single glance at the last article in the *Edinburgh Review*, just out; and from my son, who is in Cheshire, writing to me as follows: 'Mr.—told me last night that at the Social Science meeting one of the principal Speakers said that if my recommendations as to the Employment of the workmen had been adopted, there would never have been any strikes; and that this reference and statement were accepted as quite just and true by the members of the meeting. The whole discussion in which this occurs is omitted in the *Times*.' Of course the *Times* omits what it regards as of minor importance, but call you this backing of your friends? Neither does it ever notice a Book of his, though it notices smaller Books. However, as I formerly said, the Critique on his *Stones of Venice* given in the *Times*¹ was beyond all price, and leaves me eternally its Debtor.

"In my son's last little book, *The Two Paths*, he calls himself a safe Guide in Art, but says as a writer he cannot approach Carlyle or Tennyson. The Reviews quote the arrogant assertion, and leave out the modest one. Is this allowed to be honest Criticism?

"By the way, if the Letter in the *Times* to-day is really Napoleon's,² my pet Emperor is losing some of his sagacity. I am curious to see to-morrow's paper, doubting the authenticity of the Letter. Well, we are getting all armed and less alarmed. I had a long talk with an old French Notary related to several men high in office in passing lately through Paris, and entirely agreed with him in believing the Emperor, whom alone we load with abuse, to be the last man in France who would wish to invade England. Take his subjects, however, from the Count to the Costermonger, or from Cellar to Garret, and they would without exception give any few francs they ever like to part with towards equipping Fleet or Army to invade us.

"I got a chill on the Lake of Geneva, followed by Dysentery, and came home ill. I hope by the time my son returns, three weeks hence, to be better, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here.

"P. S.—I can just remember our wars since 1797, and anything more thoroughly stupid or more painfully disastrous and humiliating than the China Affair I recollect not. It is nearly a checkmate: useless to go forward, and you cannot go back. The old East India Company could,—but neither Palmerston, Russell, nor Bowring can manage China."]

¹ [A long review in three instalments, September, October, and November 1853: see Vol. X. p. xlvi.]

² [The open letter to the King of Sardinia, dated "Palace of St. Cloud, 20th of October 1859," in which the Emperor laid down the bases on which he intended to settle the Italian question ("Italy to be composed of several independent States, united by a federal bond"), The letter was genuine.]

To ALFRED TENNYSON¹

STRASBURG, Sept. 1859.

DEAR MR. TENNYSON,—I have had the *Idylls* in my travelling desk ever since I could get them across the water, and have only not written about them because I could not quite make up my mind about that increased quietness of style. I thought you would like a little to know what I felt about it, but did not quite know myself what I did feel.

To a certain extent you yourself of course know better what the work is than any one else, as all great artists do.

If you are satisfied with it, I believe it to be right. Satisfied with bits of it you must be, and so must all of us, however much we expect from you.

The four songs seem to me the jewels of the crown, and bits come every here and there—the fright of the maid, for instance, and the “In the darkness o’er her fallen head”²—which seem to me finer than almost all you have done yet. Nevertheless I am not sure but I feel the art and finish in these poems a little more than I like to feel it.³ Yet I am not a fair judge quite, for I am so much of a realist as not by any possibility to interest myself much in an unreal subject to feel it as I should, and the very sweetness and stateliness of the words strike me all the more as *pure* workmanship.

As a description of various nobleness and tenderness the book is without price; but I shall always wish it had been nobleness independent of a romantic condition of externals in general.

“In Memoriam,” “Maud,” “The Miller’s Daughter,” and such like will always be my own pet rhymes, but I am quite prepared to admit this to be as good as any, for its own peculiar audience. Treasures of wisdom there are in it, and word-painting such as never was yet for concentration; nevertheless it seems to me that so great

¹ [*Alfred Lord Tennyson: a Memoir by his Son*, 1897, vol. i. pp. 452–454. The *Idylls of the King*, published in 1859, were “Enid,” “Vivien,” “Elaine,” and “Guinevere.” The “four songs” were thus (in “Enid”) “Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel,” (in “Vivien”) “In Love, if Love be Love,” (in “Elaine”) “Sweet is true love tho’ given in vain,” and (in “Guinevere”) “Late, late, so late!”]

² [For both of the “bits,” see “Guinevere.”]

³ [The present Lord Tennyson says that “So far as the word *art*, as used here by Mr. Ruskin, suggests that these *Idylls* were carefully elaborated, the suggestion is hardly in accordance with the fact. The more imaginative the poem, the less time it generally took him to compose. ‘Guinevere’ and ‘Elaine’ were certainly not elaborated, seeing that they were written, each of them, in a few weeks, and hardly corrected at all. My father said that he often did not know why some passages were thought specially beautiful, until he had examined them. He added: ‘Perfection in art is perhaps more sudden sometimes than we think; but then the long preparation for it, that unseen germination, *that* is what we ignore and forget.’”]

power ought not to be spent on visions of things past, but on the living present. For one hearer capable of feeling the depth of this poem I believe ten would feel a depth quite as great if the stream flowed through things nearer the hearer. And merely in the facts and of modern life—not drawing-room, formal life, but the far-away and quite unknown growth of souls in and through any form of misery or servitude—there is an infinity of what men should be told, and what none but a poet can tell. I cannot but think that the intense, masterful, and unerring transcript of an actuality, and the relation of a story of any real human life as a poet would watch and analyze it, would make all men feel more or less what poetry was, as they felt what Life and Fate were in their instant workings.

This seems to me the true task of the modern poet. And I think I have seen faces, and heard voices, by road and street side, which claimed or conferred as much as ever the loveliest or saddest of Camelot. As I watch them, the feeling continually weighs upon me, day by day, more and more, that not the grief of the world but the loss of it is the wonder of it. I see creatures so full of all power and beauty, with none to understand or teach or save them. The making in them of miracles, and all cast away, for ever lost as far as we can trace. And no “in memoriam.”

I do not ask you when you are likely to be in London, for I know you do not like writing letters, and I know you will let Mrs. Prinsep or Watts send me word about you, so that I may come and see you again, when you do come; and then on some bright winter’s day, I shall put in my plea for Denmark Hill.

Meanwhile believe me always faithfully and gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE¹

[1859.]

Well, I have read the book² now, and I think nothing can be nobler than the noble parts of it (Mary’s great speech to Colonel Burr, for instance), nothing wiser than the wise parts of it (the author’s

¹ [From the *Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe*, by her son, C. E. Stowe (London: Sampson Low & Co., 1889), pp. 336–338. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, November 1890, vol. ii. pp. 68–69, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., pp. 96–97. The following is a passage (p. 313 of the *Life*) from a letter (June 1857) by Mrs. Stowe to her daughter: “Mr. Ruskin lives with his father at a place called Denmark Hill, Camberwell. He has told me that the gallery of Turner pictures there is open to me or my friends at any time of the day or night. Both young and old Mr. Ruskin are fine fellows—sociable and hearty—and will cordially welcome any of my friends who desire to look at their pictures.” See, further, p. 337 below.]

² [The *Minister’s Wooing: a Tale of New England*, by Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, with illustrations by H. K. Browne. London: Sampson Low, 1859.]

parenthetical and under-breath remarks), nothing more delightful than the delightful parts (all that Virginie says and does), nothing more edged than the edged parts (Candace's sayings and doings, to wit); but I do not like the plan of the whole, because the simplicity of the minister seems to diminish the probability of Mary's reverence for him. I cannot fancy even so good a girl who would not have laughed at him. Nor can I fancy a man of real intellect reaching such a period of life without understanding his own feelings better or penetrating those of another more quickly.

Then I am provoked at nothing happening to Mrs. Scudder, whom I think as entirely unendurable a creature as ever defined poetical justice at the end of a novel meant to irritate people. And finally, I think you are too disdainful of what ordinary readers seek in a novel, under the name of "interest,"—that gradually-developing wonder, expectation, and curiosity, which makes people who have no self-command sit up till three in the morning to get to the crisis, and people who have self-command lay the book down with a resolute sigh, and think of it all the next day through till the time comes for taking it up again. Still, I know well that in many respects it was impossible for you to treat this story merely as a work of literary art. There must have been many facts which you could not dwell upon, and which no one may judge by common rules.

It is also true, as you say once or twice in the course of the work, that we have not among us here the peculiar religious earnestness you have mainly to describe.

We have little earnest, formalism, and our formalists are, for the most part, hollow, feeble, uninteresting, mere stumbling-blocks. We have the Simeon Brown species, indeed; and among readers, even of his kind, the book may do some good, and more among the weaker, truer people, whom it will shake like mattresses—making the dust fly, and perhaps with it some of the sticks and quill-ends, which often make that kind of person an objectionable mattresses. I write too lightly of the book—far too lightly—but your letter made me gay, and I have been lighter-hearted ever since; only I kept this after beginning it, because I was ashamed to send it without a line to Mrs. Browning¹ as well. I do not understand why you should apprehend (or rather, anticipate without apprehension) any absurd criticism on it. It is sure to be a popular book—not as *Uncle Tom* was, for that owed part of its popularity to its dramatic effect (the flight on the ice, etc.), which I do not like; but as a true picture of human life is always

¹ [Who was a friend and admirer of Mrs. Beecher Stowe: see *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. pp. 107, 110, 258, 408.]

popular. Nor, I should think, would any critics venture at all to carp at it. The Candace and Virginie bits appear to me, as far as I have yet seen, the best. I am very glad there is this nice French lady in it: the French are the least appreciated, in general, of all nations by other nations . . . My father says the book is worth its weight in gold, and he knows good work.

To W. EDWARDS¹

DENMARK HILL, 8th October, '59.

DEAR MR. EDWARDS,—I cannot see you at Church to-morrow without having first expressed my own and my father and mother's sincere sorrow for your sorrow. We heard of it at the time; but I did not write to you, thinking all words were insult to such a grief in its first fall.

Nor am I now going to say anything of what people seem to think it right—though they know it to be useless—to say in such cases. This only I will say, though it may seem a hard and strange thing—but it has often struck me as I watched the course of a sorrow of bereavement—that we are too ready, it seems to me, to admit the terrible feeling that the void left in the heart can never be filled in *any* wise. A father, left sonless (you are not), might in a holier and higher sense than others read the words, become a Father to the Fatherless.² Though the object of the intensest parental love and hope be taken away, love and hope may still be felt for others. How many need the love, how many might fulfil the hope, if we could in any wise, for the sake of the lost one, try to give part of the feelings which he had no more need of, away to another.

I do not know if there is any dim feeling of solace also in knowing how others have suffered in like manner. As we returned from Switzerland we met a Mother and Father with their family, very sweet girls, and one young boy. But their eldest was in *all* things as yours. This mother was Mrs. H. B. Stowe.³

Some day, if you would like to see it, I will let you see her letter about her son. How strange it seems that such things should fall on those who feel the deepest. Pray accept, the expression of our sincere sympathy with you all, and believe me, my dear Mr. Edwards, always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [On the death of his eldest son, William Threlkeld Edwards.]

² [Psalms lxxviii. 5.]

³ [Whose eldest son had been drowned in 1857.]

*To J. J. LAING*¹

October, 1859.

MY DEAR LAING,—I am glad to hear of the proposed lessons in illumination, which you are quite competent to give, and as far as execution goes I have not yet met with your equal.

You must not, however, associate yourself as in any way connected with me, nor should you in prudence “set up” as the promoter of any cause or the mouthpiece of any party. I entirely disclaim all parties, and all causes of a sectarian or special character, and, *à fortiori*, so should you, as you have not yet experience enough to judge of the real nature of the subjects of dispute. Call yourself a student of drawing—and, if you like to do so, a student of drawing on the principles I have advocated; but only so far as you perceive them useful and true.

You would do harm to the Pre-Raphaelites by leading the public to think that severe architectural or decorative drawing formed any part of their peculiar system.—Believe me always, faithfully and affectionately yours,

J.RUSKIN.

To Miss ELLEN HEATON

16th November [1859]

MY DEAR MISS HEATON,—It is quite vain to excuse myself. I have nearly given up writing letters, and feel as if I should have to give up writing books too, being at present in an entirely idle and good-for-nothing condition—yet trying to do something—never doing it.

I went and saw your Rossetti² the other day. It is good, but not as good as he ought to do. Still—a possession; but I expected far more of this subject.

I saw Mrs. Browning.³ It is a better than the photograph, but not at all satisfactory to me. I am in so bad a humour just now, however, that my opinion is not good for much. Mr. Richmond gave me the Sacred and Profane Love,⁴ and the ultramarine, for which sincere thanks. That must certainly be a most noble picture. I entirely agree in Mr. Richmond’s estimate of it.

¹ [“Some Ruskin Letters,” in the *Westminster Gazette*, August 27, 1894.]

² [Probably the water-colour “Mary in the House of John,” now in possession of Mr. Beresford Heaton.]

³ [The chalk drawing done at Rome in 1859 by Field Talfourd; it is in the National Portrait Gallery (No. 322), having been presented by Miss Heaton in 1871.]

⁴ [By Titian, in the Borghese Gallery at Rome.]

Thanks for contribution to museum.¹ It will be most useful to help in carving the front windows, which it is very difficult to get funds for. I leave it to my friend Dr. Acland to choose inscription, forbidding anything of mine.

I have been thrown into my present state of inanition chiefly by intense disgust with German art, of which I was forced to look at quantities at Munich, and which in its hypocrisy, stultification, and ugliness, acted on me like a real poison, and made me quite ill at the time, and half sick ever since.

I note your wishes respecting Turner. I have no power for the moment, but will take care to effect the exchange as soon as possible—Believe me always most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD²

DENMARK HILL, *November 20th* [? 1859].

DEAR LADY WATERFORD,—I risk this to Ford Castle, in hope of its being pitifully forwarded to you, and at last relieving my conscience respecting the drawings you have trusted me with so long. They are all quite safe. I could not answer your line sent in the Spring, as you passed through London, till too late.

I have been in Switzerland, but am much tormented by not being able to draw things to my mind; and, for the present, I am every way out of heart. *Would* you kindly send me Mrs. La Touche's address in Ireland? I want to write to her; and tell me where to send your drawings.

I have just been re-reading an old letter of yours, in which you lament your want of power of expressing *action*. I am sure it is not this you want; no action could possibly be better caught than this of the figure in Sir Joshua's picture. You only want practice—and habit of completion.

In the end of the letter you say, "Talk to me about Italy." Would you like to see a letter of Mrs. Browning's which I have just received, with much talk about Italy in it?—Believe me, always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN

There now—I've blotted all the back of the sheet, like a schoolboy! If I had half your power, I would turn it into a sketch. But the blot is better than any sketch I could make—out of my head! You might take the hint, and make a sketch in *action* of the Blots!

¹[A donation to the fund for the Oxford Museum: see Vol. XVI. p. xlvi.]

²[No. 24 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 62, 63.]

To Miss WOODS¹

DENMARK HILL, 3rd December, '59.

MY DEAR MISS WOODS,—I am entirely obliged to you (in all sorts of ways, I mean by “entirely”) for those sketches and extracts; they will both be very useful to me. I am working hard at the tree-buds, and find them marvellously puzzling and amusing. A bud is really nearly as capricious and curious and charming a thing as a schoolgirl—there’s no knowing what it will do next.

Mind you do not work too hard at this index work; it may not be unamusing, but it is trying.

I think the plan of the extracts of things seen and unseen will be very fruitful and delightful in carrying out, though you will find generally that when you begin extracting from a real Seer’s poetry, you may simply write it out all—for he sees always. Perhaps one of the most wonderful pieces of sight in all poetry is—Nay, that’s just it; I was going to say a bit of Tennyson—the piece of Alp in the “Princess”²—but Tennyson’s all alike, one thing as perfect as another. What an epithet of elephants’ trunks—“Their Serpent Hands,”³

Miss Bell says I am to write you more Sunday letters. I shall like to do so, only I think they perhaps cost you too much trouble in working out the texts afterwards. How long does it generally take you—because I must take care and not over-task you in all ways at once?—Believe me always sincerely yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.⁴

DENMARK HILL, 5th December, 1859.

DEAR MR. LOWELL,—It was indeed a happy morning for me this, bringing me your letter⁵—besides a delightful one from Norton. For many causes lately I have been needing some help, and this from you

¹ [A member of Miss Bell’s staff at Winnington School. The girls there prepared the index at the end of *Modern Painters*, vol. v.; see below, p. 362.]

² [The “Small Sweet Idyl” in division vii. of the poem—“Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height”—“written in Switzerland (chiefly at Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald),” and counted by the poet as amongst his “most successful work” (*Alfred Lord Tennyson: a Memoir by his Son*, vol. i. p. 252).]

³ [In *Vivien*:—

“the brutes of mountain back
That carry kings in castles, bow’d black knees
Of homage, ringing with their serpent hands,
To make her smile, her golden ankle-bells.”]

⁴ [No. 20 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 86–89.]

⁵ [“To ask Ruskin to write for the *Atlantic Monthly*.”—C. E. N.]

is the greatest I could have, and best, though there are few days pass without my getting some help from you and finding something strange and beautiful, bearing on the questions which are teasing us here in the old world; with none of the rest of age, only its querulousness and sleeplessness. I am myself in a querulous and restless state enough,—what head I have nearly turned, or turned at least in the sense in which the cook predicates it of our cream when she can't get any butter. I can get no butter at present (couldn't even get any bread at two guineas a page), being on the whole vacantly puzzled and paralyzed, able only to write, a little now and then of old thoughts, to finish *Modern Painters*, which *must* be finished. Whenever I can write at all this winter I must take up that, for it is tormenting me, always about my neck. If no accident hinders it will be done this spring, and then I will see if there is anything I can say clearly enough to be useful in my present state of mystification. I told Norton in my last letter a few of the things I am trying to find out, and I've found out none yet. I like other people's writings so much better than my own—Tennyson's, Carlyle's, yours, Helps's, and one or two others'—that I feel much driven to silence and quiet, trying to paint rather than write more. In the meantime *Modern Painters* is giving me more trouble than I can well stand, and I *can't* do anything else till it is out of the way.

You gave very great delight to a good many good little hearts the other day. One of my best and wisest friends is the mistress of a large girls' school in Cheshire, a pretty old English hall in large park sloping down to river side;¹ It is one of my chief pleasures sometimes to go and stay there a few days. Last spring I promised the children to bring *you* to them in the autumn; they did not know you before. You know Norton sent me the two volume edition,² so I had you all, nearly. We had Columbus and Cromwell and nearly all the prettiest minor poems on successive evenings; the last evening I got a nice blue-eyed girl to be Minerva, and recited the "When wise Minerva yet was young."³ You should have heard the silver laughing. (*N. B.*—I had studied curtsying all the afternoon before in order to get myself nicely up as Venus.)

I've just seen the new edition of the *Biglows*, with Hughes' preface.⁴

¹ [Winnington Hall, Northwich: see Vol. XVIII. p. lxiv. (Plate V.)]

² [See above, p. 277.]

³ [The first line of the piece called "The Origin of Didactic Poetry"; referred to above, p. 271.]

⁴ [*The Biglow Papers*. By James Russell Lowell. Newly edited with a Preface by the Author of *Tom Brown's School Days* (London, 1859). In explaining and defending Lowell's association of humour and Christianity, Mr. Hughes says (p. xvi.), "Does not the Bible itself sanction the combination by its own example?" and proceeds (pp. xvi.—xviii.) to give instances.]

He is a noble fellow and deserves the privilege of editing them, but one passage in his preface I regret about the sarcasm of the Bible. He might better have proved his point in other ways, or, rather, had better not have tried to prove it, for the either people feel strongly enough to understand the *Biglows*, or they don't. If they don't, no precedent or principle will make them comprehend the temper of them. But I like the rest of preface, and the edition looks well, and will do much good.

I have been interrupted during the day; but would not sleep without thanking you for your letter. How good and kind you Americans are, when you *are*. I've only one English friend, after forty years of drawing English breath, whom I would class with Norton and you.—Believe me always, gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. CARLYLE¹

[Dec., 1859.]

DEAR MRS. CARLYLE,—I am so very glad you liked the things, and especially the flowers—for indeed the Melancholy² is not exactly likeable. What it means—no one *knows*. “Cavernous meaning” is just the word for it.

In the main, it evidently means the full sense of the terror, mystery, turmoil, responsibility of the world, ending in great awe and sadness—and perpetual labour—(as opposed to French *légèreté* lightly, crowned with budding bay—winged, as in true angelic service. (The Wolf hound of fiercer sorrow laid asleep at her feet.) Strong bodied. Having the Keys of all knowledge. Compare Tennyson's:—

“Seemed to touch it into leaf,
The Words were hard to Understand.”³

—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Poor little Nero! But he will love you just as much, even, when he is blind—and move his little paws just as prettily.

¹ [Undated, but before 1860, as Mrs. Carlyle's pet dog. Nero, died in January of that year: see *Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, by Mrs. Alexander Ireland, p. 259. A previous letter (December 3) announces the gift of the Dürer plate.]

² [For Dürer's “Melencolia,” see Vol. VII. p. 312 and Plate E.]

³ [*In Memoriam*, lxix.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, 10th December, 1859.

MY DEAR NORTON,—The first thing I did when I got home was to go to Rossetti to see about the portrait. I found him deep in work—but, which was worse, I found your commission was not for a little drawing like Browning's, but for a grand, finished, delicate oil—which R. spoke quite coolly of taking three or four weeks about, wanting I don't know how many sittings. I had to go into the country for a fortnight, and have been ill since I came back with cold and such like, and I don't like the looks of myself—however, I'm going to see R. about it again immediately;² but I'm now worried about another matter. The drawing he has done for you³ is, I think, almost the worst thing he has ever done, and will not only bitterly disappoint you, but put an end to all chance of r.'s reputation ever beginning in America. Under which circumstances, the only thing to be done, it seems to me, is to send you the said drawing indeed, but with it I will send one he did for me, which at all events has some of his power in it. I am not sure what it will be, for I don't quite like some bits in the largest I have, and in the best I have the colour is changing—he having by an unlucky accident used red lead for vermilion. So I shall try and change the largest with him for a more perfect small one, and send whatever it is for a New Year's token. I shall put a little pencil sketch of R.'s in with it—the Virgin Mary in the house of St. John⁴—not much—yet a Thing such as none but R. could do.

I have your kind letter with Lowell's—both quite aboundingly helpful to me. Please take charge of enclosed answer to Lowell.⁵

I am finishing 5th vol.,⁶ and find it is only to be done *at all* by working at it to the exclusion of *everything* else. But—that way—I heartily trust in getting it done in spring and having my hands and soul so far free.

I had heard nothing of that terrible slave affair,⁷ till your letter came. I can understand the effect it may have—but here in Europe

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, pp. 805–806. No. 21 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 89–92.]

² [This commission was never executed; but a crayon portrait, made in 1861, is in the Oxford University Galleries and is here reproduced (Plate XVIII.).]

³ [The "Banner picture": see below, pp. 404, 423.]

⁴ [See No. 79 in the catalogue in H. C. Marillier's *Rossetti* for various pencil studies of this subject.]

⁵ [The letter on p. 326, printed by Professor Norton.]

⁶ [Of *Modern Painters*.]

⁷ [John Brown's raid.]

many and many a martyrdom must come before we shall overthrow our slavery.

I hope to write you another line with drawings—meantime love and all good wishes for your Christmas time, and with sincerest regards to your Mother and Sisters, ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To Miss FRANCE*¹

December [1859].

MY DEAR MISS FRANCE,—I am entirely amazed at your success. Executively I have not yet seen any copy of this kind of work so wonderful. I have no time to-day to examine it properly, but only am sure my astonishment will not diminish as I examine it. I will write again on Monday (it's no use writing to-morrow). With your power of prolonged attention, and your singularly fine and firm handling, you ought to do much.—Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN

Please tell Miss Bell I had a pleasant forenoon yesterday. Miss Bradford and her cousin came. Also tell Miss Mary the Dürers are quite right and nice.

To Mr. and Mrs. BROWNING

DENMARK HILL, 11th December [1859].

DEAR MR. AND MRS. BROWNING,—It has not lately, I think, been a time for writing. For looking, working, weeping, not much for talking. My work does no one much good, but on it must go—as so much of life has already been given to it, though often I feel as if it were the weakest of vain things and the cheapest of valueless ones—at this time, I mean. Not merely because of the time's sorrows or injustices, or any other more stern calls: but because even its mechanism is becoming too strong for any hope of resistance, and what of worth can be done must be done by accepting that spirit (or that spring, I had better have said), and out of wheels and spindles bringing what whirring result one can, till they have had their day, and pass to the bourne

¹ [Written to Miss France (Mrs. Barington Jones, of Dover) when a governess at Miss Bell's school at Winnington. Ruskin had seen a pen-and-ink copy which she had made of Albert Dürer's "Cock and Crest," greatly admired it, and signed it "Very beautiful, J. Ruskin." The letter was first published (without the postscript) in the *Dover Express*, January 25, 1900; and next (complete and in facsimile) in her "Recollections of Mr. Ruskin" in the *Ladies' Pictorial*, March 3, 1900.]

from which it is to be hoped neither wheels nor spindles can return. The sense of this, and the sight of the mechanical, and worse, art of Munich (and all Germany in its train), depressed me exceedingly this summer, and I am only now getting back to something like tranquillity of mind—by ceasing to read the papers, and taking desperately to buds of trees and wreaths of clouds.

I wrote three letters to one of the Edinburgh papers, whose editor I knew, concerning European, especially English, political conduct, just about the time I got your letter. Two of them were printed, after much delay. The third was declared by the able editor unprintable—“it would lose him a hundred subscribers next morning.”¹ You may judge by this it was what wise people do not consider a temperate or chaste production.

The two that were printed bore some bold witness, however, and I am glad to be able to refer to them, as fearless words, whether wise or unwise. Some day I will send them to you; you have at present enough to think of, and to feel.

So, waiving all talk about such things, I write merely to ask of Mrs. Browning's health and Penini's, and to say that I am very curious about what I have heard of your taking up art seriously, and should like infinitely to know what you are doing. I think it possible you may find a quite new form of expression of yourself in that direction.

Among *us* at present there is little progress. Hunt spends too much time on one picture,² without adequate result (though a result indeed which could not be otherwise got). Rossetti is half lost in mediævalism and Dante, leaving the opposite party most untoward advantage, and nearly all the smaller fry have been led astray in Rossetti's wake. It will all come right again, but time will be needed.

I earnestly hope to get my book done, and all literary work with it, this winter, and to be able to take a few years of quiet copying, either nature or Turner—or Titian or Veronese or Tintoret—engraving as I copy. It seems to me the most useful thing I can do. I am tired of talking.

In sincere and continual love to you both, believe me faithfully
yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [This passage and one in a later letter (below, p. 347) clear up a matter hitherto left in some obscurity. The two published letters, on “The Italian Question,” are printed in Vol. XVIII. pp. 537–544. They, and a third which has never seen the light, were sent, as now appears, to Peter Bayne, then editor of the *Edinburgh Witness*. He refused to insert them; the first two were printed by the *Scotsman*, but the third was rejected.]

² [“The Finding of our Saviour in the Temple” (now in the Birmingham Gallery), a picture which was the work of years.]

1860

[The fifth volume of *Modern Painters* was published in June of this year, and, after sending it to press, Ruskin left for Switzerland in May, remaining abroad till September. At Chamouni he wrote *Unto this Last*: see Vol. XVII. pp. xx. seq. Several letters dealing with that book are given there.]

To FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

[January 27, 1860.]

MY DEAR PALGRAVE,—I was very glad to hear from you, though I cannot be of any use, having just given away my presentation.¹ I shall not have another for five years.

Your account of Portugal is quite what I should have expected. I have never had the least curiosity to see either Portugal or Spain. You must have had a very pleasant tour, however, meeting Tennyson.² Yes, Good art is—has been—will be rare, and I fear your anticipations respecting our English art are not likely to be fulfilled. The time has come, I hope, for comfort, peace, and science, but Art cannot coexist with Steam, or over much iron. The Delphian knew a little more than people think in his πῆμ' ἐπί πῆματι εἶται.³

I am finishing *Modern Painters* now as fast as I can, and hope to get it done in three or four months.—Believe me most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I think you will ultimately find my statement in *The Two Paths* a tolerably true one, that there never have been any great schools of art save three—Athenian, Florentine, Venetian.⁴

To MISS E. F. STRONG⁵

[LONDON, March 3rd, 1860.]

DEAR MISS STRONG,—You may do things out of your head purely to amuse yourself—but always look upon them as one of the completest ways of wasting time.

¹ [To Christ's Hospital.]

² [In August 1859 Palgrave accompanied Tennyson to Portugal. See *F. T. Palgrave: His Journals and Memories of his life*, 1899, pp. 58 seq., and *Alfred Lord Tennyson, a Memoir by his Son*, vol. i. pp. 438 seq.]

³ [Herodotus, i. 67: see Vol. Viii. p. 69 n.]

⁴ [In 20: Vol. XVI. p. 270.]

⁵ [No. 9 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 36–37. The letter had previously been printed in the *Literary World* for August 24, 1888 (p. 158). For Miss Strong (Mrs. Mark Pattison and, later, Lady Dilke), see Vol. XX. p. 7 n.]

Nothing can be *starker* nonsense than the idea of practice being needed for invention. All practice destroys invention by substituting Habit for it. Invention comes of *materials* first—and Heart and intellect afterwards.

Be sure you have got, or get, a head before you think much of drawing “out of it.”—Most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

[March 21, 1860.]

DEAR MRS. SIMON,—I trust I shall have better report of you all to-day, that being very, very sad last night.

I would have come in to ask myself—if it had been any good—but you would only have been vexed at not being able to see me.

I had to attend a committee of House of Commons “on Public Institutions” yesterday. I’ve got some things said clearly, which I hope you will like.

You would have been amused at seeing some of their faces as I got out, in repeated and clear answers, my hatred of Competition. At last, on my saying finally that all distress mainly came from adopting for a principle the struggle of man *with* man, instead of the help of “man by man,” Sir R. Peel burst out with—

“Most extraordinary sentiments, I must say, Mr. R.”

“Do you think so, Sir Robert?” (To the reporter) “I hope that comment is down.”

“It’s all right,” said the Chairman, laughing. What he meant by “all right,” I don’t know.¹

Love to John, and three kisses to Boo.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

To MISS JULIA RICHMOND

WINNINGTON HALL, 23rd March [1860].

MY DEAR JULIA,—You guess rightly that I am out of town, or I should have taken Papa at his word, and you at yours, and come for tea and duets long ago. I have some very nice duets here, by the way—for “Winnington” is a young ladies’ school—but nothing like your choral English songs (nor like Laura’s musical box!), but the duets are very good—and quartets better (two pianos)—and the

¹ [For the official report of Sir Robert Peel’s examination of Ruskin (which, however, did not give this comment), see Vol. XVI. pp. 485–487.]

dancing is very pretty—for the girls have a great park and no end of gardens to run in, and they're as active as hares, and dance like Will o' the wisps. I shall be back, however, by the end of next week, and hope to see some of your Easter doings. Papa's interpretation of the bunch on the Spear¹ is wholly Unacceptable. I won't listen to evidence on the subject—not that I believe there is any. (How nasty!) Besides, it isn't a sponge—nor a mop neither—but clearly a dry for, electric almost, with strong repulsion of the Devil. I can't write here but at odds and ends of time—and then I write illegibly (ill enough certainly at home, but *this* is unpardonable). I'm so glad to hear Willie's pictures are getting on, and that Papa is working hard—Love to you all, and believe me ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Never mind how slowly the Dürers get on, but don't tire yourselves—never mind doing the rocks well. Dürer couldn't draw them himself—draw them any way, keeping them quiet enough for background. I like Horses when they draw railroad carriages, and get out of the way in time not to be made buffers of—have you seen them doing that?²

To FREDERIC LEIGHTON³

[DENMARK HILL, 1860.]

DEAR LEIGHTON,—Unless I write again I shall hope to breakfast with you on Friday, and see and know evermore how a lemon differs from an orange leaf. In cases of doubtful temper, might the former more gracefully and appropriately be used for bridal chaplet?—Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

[DENMARK HILL, *May* 15, 1860.]

DEAR NORTON,—My hand is so tired that I cannot write straight but on this ugly paper . . . I have had much trouble in concluding my own work, owing to various perceptions of sorrowful things connected with the arts; and occurrences of all kinds of insuperable

¹ [In Dürer's "Knight and Death": see Vol. VII. p. 310 and Plate D.]

² [See Ruskin's description of the railway horse in Vol. XVII. p. 335.]

³ [From *The Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton*, by Mrs. Russell Barrington, 1906, vol. ii. p. 42. The letter refers to the celebrated pencil drawing of a Lemon Tree made by Leighton at Capri in 1859. In 1883 Leighton lent the drawing to Ruskin for his Oxford schools: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 319, where a reproduction of it is given.]

⁴ [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, p. 9. No. 22 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 95–97.]

questions, as you will see in due time. I have still to put in a sentence or two in the last two chapters; else I had hoped to be able to tell you to-day it was done. But it is so to all intents and purposes, and I hope (the last sheet revised) to leave for Switzerland on the 22nd inst.

I pressed Rossetti hard about the portrait, till I got so pale and haggard-looking over my book that I was ashamed to be drawn so. I think your chief object in getting it done would not have been answered. I hope to get into a natural state of colour (red-nosed somewhat, by the way) among the Alps, and to send you the Portrait for a New Year's gift, and to behave better in all ways than I've done.

I will tell you by letter from abroad all about myself and my life which can interest you, or be useful to any one.

I am so *very* glad that you like the Rossetti.¹ It was really a nice chance his having done that subject. It came so pat for your *Vita* . . . Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P. S.—I'm going to have the portrait done: to-morrow R. begins.

To E. S. DALLAS²

Tuesday Evening (circa 1860).

MY DEAR DALLAS,—The real controversy is not so much between English and Foreign glass-painting as between the thirteenth century and modern Germanism. It will rage, inextinguishably, until people know a little more about drawing and colour generally: and do not think Winterhalter and Landseer as good as Titian or Rubens. It is impossible to draw in colour properly on glass: all efforts to do so are absurd and *barbarous*, showing a total ignorance of the value of noble painting. A painted window should be a simple, transparent harmony of lovely bits of coloured glass—easily mended again if smashed, and pretending to no art but that of lovely colour arrangement, and clear outline grouping.³ The style of the thirteenth century is the only good one—but in this style the British are as yet tyros while the French are masters. A modern English glass painter thinks that

¹ ["Ruskin had sent to me Rossetti's characteristic water-colour picture of the Meeting of Dante and Beatrice at a Wedding-festival" (C. E. N.). For the picture, see above, p. 235 n.]

² [No. 12 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 35–38.]

³ [For a summary of references on this and other points in the art of glass-painting, see Vol. XXX. pp. 227–228.]

to caricature a religious scene, and patch his caricature with gay colours at random, is thirteenth-century art. The French masters compose their windows as exquisitely and elaborately as Mozart his music. I cannot now distinguish between old French thirteenth-century glass, and modern filling of its rents. The windows of the Sainte Chapelle are filled with modern glass to a height of about six feet—all above is ancient, but I cannot by either the eye or the judgment discern the junction. The Germans likewise excel us far (in all instances that I have seen) in this school of elaborate figure painting on glass. The whole school is false and ridiculous—but our fallacies are the foolishest.

It will be some time, of course, before the school of Mud¹—in general—Winterhalter and Modern German sentimental glass, is got rid of, and you must trim sail a little between the parties; but depend on it—the principle is irrefragable—Don't try to make a transparent thing look opaque, just where you want to use its transparency. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you some day soon.—With compliments to Mrs. Dallas, and my father and mother's kind regards to you, believe me truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I scratched out Ary Scheffer's name because, though one of the heads of the Mud sentiment school, he does *draw* and *feel* very beautifully and deeply²—and doesn't deserve to be classed with the German window painters: or with the dim blockhead Winterhalter.

To J. H. LE KEUX³

DOVER, May 22nd, 1860.

DEAR LE KEUX,—I cannot tell you how much obliged I am by your kindness, in all you have done for these plates.

I hope to begin some work of completer character with you soon.

Meantime you would add infinitely to your already great kindness, by giving some lessons in etching and biting to my man Allen. I will pay for him whatever he costs you in time, willingly—and I don't think you need fear any *rivalship* in skill, though he will be able to help *me* in my own work.

I have told him to call upon you and ask if you could do this. I want him to have a plate and try to etch something himself, and then to be shown how to bite it in.

¹ [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 351).]

² [Compare *Academy Notes*, 1858, Vol. XIV. p. 180.]

³ [No. 10 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 38–39.]

I was up at five this morning and am sleepy with sea air, so I can [only] just write this piece of impertinent request, and say good-bye. You shall have a fifth volume soon, and I hope you will like what I've said of your work in it.¹—Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE²

GENEVA, June 18, 1860.

DEAR MRS. STOWE,—It takes a great deal, when I am at Geneva, to make me wish myself anywhere else, and, of all places else, in London; nevertheless, I very heartily wish at this moment that I were looking out on the Norwood Hills, and were expecting you and the children to breakfast to-morrow.

I had very serious thoughts, when I received your note, of running home; but I expected that very day an American friend, Mr. S.,³ who, I thought, would miss me more here than you would in London; so I stayed.

What a dreadful thing it is that people should have to go to America again, after coming to Europe! It seems to me an inversion of the order of nature. I think America is a sort of "United" States of Probation, out of which all wise people, being once delivered, and having obtained entrance into this better world, should never be expected to return (sentence irremediably ungrammatical), particularly when they have been making themselves cruelly pleasant to friends here. My friend Norton, whom I met first on this very blue lake water,⁴ had no business to go back to Boston again, any more than you.

I was waiting for S. at the railroad station on Thursday, and thinking of you, naturally enough—it seemed so short a while since we were there together. I managed to get hold of Georgie as she was crossing the rails, and packed her in opposite my mother and beside me, and was thinking myself so clever, when you sent that rascally courier for her! I never forgave him any of his behaviour after his imperativeness on that occasion.

¹ [See Vol. VII. pp. 305, 436.]

² [From pp. 353–355 of Mrs. Stowe's *Life* (above, p. 321 *n.*). Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, November 1890, vol. ii. pp. 69, 70, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, pp. 97–98. Also (in part) in W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 194. For other mention of Mrs. Stowe and her daughter, see above, pp. 269, 321; and for the tour of 1856, *Time and Tide* (original newspaper edition), Vol. XVII. p. 476, and *Præterita*, iii. § 49 (Vol. XXXV. p. 523).]

³ [W. J. Stillman: see Vol. XVII. p. xxi.]

⁴ [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 519, 520.]

And so she is getting nice and strong? Ask her, please, when you write, with my love, whether, when she stands now behind the great stick, one can see much of her on each side?

So you have been seeing the Pope and all his Easter performances! I congratulate you, for I suppose it is something like “Positively the last appearance on any stage.” What was the use of thinking about *him*? You should have had your own thoughts about what was to come after him. I don’t mean that Roman Catholicism will die out so quickly. It will last pretty nearly as long as Protestantism, which keeps it up; but I wonder what is to come next. That is the main question just now for everybody.

So you are coming round to Venice, after all? We shall all have to come to it, depend upon it, some way or another. There never has been anything in any other part of the world like Venetian strength well developed.

I’ve no heart to write about anything in Europe to you now. When are you coming back again? Please send me a line as soon as you get safe over to say you are all—wrong, but not lost in the Atlantic.

I don’t know if you will ever get this letter, but I hope you will think it worth while to glance again at the Denmark Hill pictures; so I send this to my father, who, I hope, will be able to give it you.

I really am very sorry you are going—you and yours; and that is absolute fact, and I shall not enjoy my Swiss journey at all so much as I might. It was a shame of you not to give me warning before. I could have stopped at Paris so easily for you! All good be with you!—Remember me devotedly to the young ladies, and believe me ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

NEUCHÂTEL, 12th July, '60.

DEAR NORTON,—I fear you have not received my last letter, sent, I think, just before I left England, to tell you how happy I was that you liked the Rossetti, and also to warn you against liking it too much, either for my sake or his, it being by no means above his average work (rather, below it), but still the best I could send. Now, I have yours and Lowell’s, which I need not say give me more pleasure

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, pp. 9, 10. No. 23 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 97–99.]

than any letters I have received or could receive on this subject.¹ They are the more comforting to me because the changes in feeling which you both accept as wise, or conclusive, in me, are, to me, very painful pieces of new light, and the sunshine burns my head so that I long for the old shades with their dew again. That depreciation of the purist and elevation of the material school is connected with much loss of happiness to me, and (as it seems to me) of innocence; nor less of hope. I don't say that this connection is essential, but at present it very distinctly exists. It may be much *nobler* to hope for the advance of the human race only, than for one's own and their immortality; much less selfish to look upon one's self merely as a leaf on a tree than as an independent spirit, but it is much less pleasant. I don't say I have come to this—but all my work bears in that direction.

I have had great pleasure, and great advantage also, in Stillman's society this last two months. We are, indeed, neither of us in a particularly cheerful humour, and very often, I think, succeed in making each other reciprocally miserable to an amazing extent; but we do each other more good than harm—at least he does me, for he knows much just of the part of the world of which I know nothing. He is a very noble fellow—if only he could see a crow without wanting to shoot it to pieces.

We made a great mistake in staying half our time at Chamouni, which is not a place for sulky people by any means. I hope you have got a letter which Stillman wrote to you from St. Martin's, where we thought much of you, and I looked very wistfully often at the door of the room in which you introduced me to your Mother and Sisters, and at the ravine where we had our morning walk . . .

To Dr. JOHN BROWN²

LAUSANNE, 6th Aug. '60.

DEAR DR. BROWN,—Many and many a time have I been thinking of you and wishing to write to you, but pens drop from my fingers when I take them up now. However, I must just send this line to thank you first for your note about fifth volume, and then for your enclosure of Manchester merchant to my father, which is very touching and interesting, and also for all your good interest and care for me, even though it alarm you sharply at some of my vagaries. you will*\mjcont

¹ [The fifth volume of *Modern Painters*, which had been published in June.]

² [No. 4 of "Letters from John Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 291–292. Passages of the letter have already been cited in Vol. VII. p. lviii., and Vol. XVII. pp. xx., xxiv., xxxiv., 270 n.]

perhaps like the *Political Economy* better as it goes on; meantime, you must remember that having passed all my life in pretty close connection with the mercantile world and hearing these subjects often discussed by men of business at my father's table, I am likely to know pretty well what I am about, even in this out-of-the-way subject, as it seems, so you must just wait patiently to see the end of it. I find it rather refreshing to do a little bit of hard thinking sometimes; even here among the hills it is very dull work to be quite idle, and I don't know what would become of me if I had to amuse myself all day long. I am forced to try to do so, being more tired out than the bulk of that last volume¹ would apparently justify, but not half the work I did is in it. I cut away half of what I had written, as I threw it into the final form, thinking the book would be too big; and half, or nearly half, of the drawings were left unpublished, the engraver not having time to do them. There are only three etchings of mine in the book, but I *did* seven, of which one was spoiled in biting, three in mezzotinting, so that I was very fairly knocked up when I got the last sheet corrected. I have since been chiefly in the valley of Chamouni drawing Alpine Roses, or rather Alpine Rose-leaves, with little result, but mortification. Chamouni itself and all the rest of Switzerland are completely spoiled by railroads, huge hotels, and architects out of employ, who persuade the town councils to let them knock down the old town walls for the sake of the job.

My old disgust of the three letters of last year² stays by me just as strongly as ever, and plagues me with indignation whenever I have got nothing else to do, but it has got to a point now at which I don't care about writing letters or anything else. The annexation of Savoy to France will be an immense benefit to Savoy.³ Already some stir is being made in the cretinous torpor of the country, and French engineers are surveying the Arve banks. The river has flowed just where it chose these thousand years, on one side of the valley to-day, on the other to-morrow. A few million of francs judiciously spent will gain to Savoy as many millions of acres of fruitfulest land and healthy air instead of miasma.

Among the things which have given me chiefest pleasure in my news from home was the late account of decided improvement in Mrs. Brown's health.

Accept my heartfelt wishes, for her, and for you. Love to Helen and Jock.—Believe me, ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [The last volume of *Modern Painters*: compare Vol. VII. pp. 3, 8.]

² [See above, pp. 314, 331.]

³ [Compare *Munera Pulveris*, § 147 (Vol. XVII. p. 270 n.).]

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

DENMARK HILL, 4 September [1860].

DEAR ROSSETTI,—This is the first letter I have written since my return. I specially wished to congratulate you and Ida² by word of mouth rather than by letter: but I could not get your address at Chatham Place yesterday. Please let me come and see you as soon as you can, and believe in my sincere affection and most earnest good wishes for you both.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I am trying to get into a methodical way of writing letters; but, when I had written this, it looked so very methodical that I must put on a disorderly postscript.

I looked over all the book of sketches³ at Chatham Place yesterday. I think Ida should be very happy to see how much more beautifully, perfectly, and tenderly you draw when you are drawing *her* than when you draw anybody else. She cures you of all your worst faults when you only look at her.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI⁴

[DENMARK HILL. ? 1860.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I have read *Jenny*, and nearly all the other poems, with great care and with great admiration. In many of the highest qualities they are entirely great. But I should be sorry if you laid them before the public entirely in their present state.

¹ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 245. Partly printed also in *D. G. Rossetti: his Family Letters, with a Memoir*, vol. i. pp. 209–210.]

² [Rossetti and Miss Siddal had been married on May 23, 1860.]

³ [“A large handsome volume given to Rossetti by Lady Dalrymple, into which he inserted a great number of pencil and other drawings” (*D. G. Rossetti: his Family Letters, with a Memoir*, vol. i. p. 209).]

⁴ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 233–235 (No. 60), where the date “1859” is suggested, but 1860 is more probable. With regard to Ruskin’s criticisms, Mr. W. M. Rossetti remarks that Ruskin “had misapprehended the relation, the merely casual and extempore relation, which the poem intends to represent between the male speaker and Jenny” (*Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 233). Ruskin’s objection to rhyming “Jenny” to “guinea” was (properly, as many will think) rejected; that to “fail” and “Belle” must have been accepted, for no lines so rhyming appeared in the published poem. “The *Nocturn*” is “Love’s *Nocturn*” (“Master of the murmuring courts”). Ruskin’s criticisms of *The Portrait* were accepted; the words to which he objected did not appear, and the whole poem (first composed in 1847) was “considerably revised” (*The Collected Works of Rossetti*, edited by W. M. Rossetti, 1886, vol. i. p. 519).]

I do not think *Jenny* would be understood but by few, and even of those few the majority would be offended by the mode of treatment. The character of the speaker himself is too doubtful. He seems, even to me, anomalous. He reasons and feels entirely like a wise and just man—yet is occasionally drunk and brutal: no affection for the girl shows itself—his throwing the money into her hair is disorderly—he is altogether a disorderly person. The right feeling is unnatural in him, and does not therefore truly touch us. I don't mean that an entirely right-minded person never keeps a mistress: but, if he does, he either loves her—or, not loving her, would blame himself, and be horror-struck for himself no less than for her, in such a moralizing fit.

My chief reason for not sending it to Thackeray¹ is this discordance and too great boldness for common readers. But also in many of its verses it is unmelodious and incomplete. "Fail" does not rhyme to "Belle," nor "Jenny" to "guinea." You can write perfect verses if you choose, and should never write imperfect ones.

None of these objections apply to the *Nocturn*. If you will allow me to copy and send that instead of the *Jenny*, I will do it instantly. Many pieces in it are magnificent,—and there is hardly one harsh line.

Write me word about this quickly. And could you and William dine with us on Wednesday—to-morrow week? I hope to see you before that, however,—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Or I will take *The Portrait* if you like it better. Only you must retouch the two first stanzas. The "there is not any difference" won't do.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI²

[DENMARK HILL. ? 1860.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—Thank you for your kind letter. I . . . quite understand your ways and way of talking . . .

But what I *do* feel *generally* about you is that without intending it you are in little things habitually selfish—thinking only of what you like to do, or don't like: not of what would be kind. Where your affections are strongly touched I suppose this would not be so—but it is not *possible* you should care much for me, seeing me so seldom. I wish Lizzie³ and you liked me enough to—say—put on

¹ [Editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, founded in 1860.]

² [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 252–254.]

³ [Rossetti's wife (Miss Elizabeth Siddal), generally called "Ida" by Ruskin.]

a dressing-gown and run in for a minute rather than not see me; or paint on a picture in an unsightly state, rather than not amuse me when I was ill. But you can't *make* yourselves like me, and you would only like me less if you tried. As long as I live in the way I do here, you can't of course know me rightly.

I am relieved this morning from the main trouble I was in yesterday; and am very affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Love to Lizzie.

I am afraid this note reads sulky—it is not that: I am generally depressed. Perhaps you both like me better than I suppose you do. I mean only, I did not misinterpret or take ill anything *yesterday*: but I have no power in general of believing much in people's caring for me.¹ I've a little more faith in Lizzie than in you—because, though she don't see me, her bride's kiss was so full and queenly-kind: but I fancy I gall *you* by my want of sympathy in many things, and so lose hold of you.

To WILLIAM WARD²

DENMARK HILL, *October 1st*, 1860.

DEAR WARD,—Come any evening you like. Those drawings by Miss Dundas³ are wonderful—can't well be better, except outline a little hard. Has she examined Hunt well in this respect? The land-scapes I will talk to you about. If she comes to town I should like to see her; I can perhaps show her something about landscape which will save her trouble. She don't seem to me to care enough about it to bring out her strength. Her sense of colour is superb—she ought never to work but in colour, and pencil outline; she needn't do chiaroscuro separate from colour.

Come any evening about half-past seven o'clock.

I'm so glad you like those economy papers. The *next*⁴ will be a smasher,—I'm only afraid they won't put it in. If they don't, I'll print it separate.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Compare *Præterita*, ii. § 225 (Vol. XXXV. p. 457).]

² [No. 23 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 50–51. The "economy papers" were those in the *Cornhill Magazine*, called *Unto this Last*.]

³ [Miss Ada Dundas and her sister—of the old Scottish family of Largo, Fife, and Polton, Midlothian—were, as will be seen, among pupils whom Ruskin had sent to Mr. Ward. Ruskin counted Miss Ada Dundas among his "jewel friends," though he knew her by correspondence only: see a letter to Dr. Brown, of Feb. 6, 1881, in the next volume.]

⁴ [Chapter iv. It was inserted, but Ruskin was informed that it must be the last: see Vol. XVII. pp. xxviii., 143.]

*To COVENTRY PATMORE*¹

[October, 1860.]

DEAR PATMORE,—We've just had some grapes sent us from the country, which appear to me in the present state of English weather phenomenal;—we send them therefore to you, as a poet, as an example of grapes grown entirely under the influence of Imagination, for they must have fancied all the sunshine that has ripened them (if ripe they be?).

In case you have not got my yesterday's letter, I am glad of another bit of paper whereon to testify my intense delight with the new poem.² My Mother is confined to bed just now, and I read it to her nearly all through yesterday, neither of us liking to stop.

I want to see the *first* letter of advice which Mrs. Graham wrote to Jane.

Also I want some more letters from Mildred. Knock out some of the midshipman, and put in some more Mildred, please, in next edition. I like poetry very well—but I like fun better.

You certainly deserve to be made a Bishop. Won't the people who live in Closes, and the general Spirits of Mustiness, preside over your fortunes benevolently—henceforward! Also all the people who have nothing to do but to be graceful. My word! when you go out this season you'll be petted. More than Mr. Punch himself.—Ever affectionately yours, with sincere regards to Mrs. Patmore,

J. RUSKIN.

To LADY TREVELYAN

[DENMARK HILL, October, 1860.]

DEAR LADY TREVELYAN,—I've just got my last incendiary production (for November)³ finally revised, and am in for a rest, I believe, which your letter begins pleasantly. My rest at home began badly, six weeks ago, by my mother's falling down the stairs in her dressing-room and breaking the thigh bone; all has gone on since as well as could be; and I did not write to tell you, because it was no use your being anxious for her and my father and me. The doctors say now the limb will be quite useful again. The worst of the thing has been the confinement, which my mother has, however, borne admirably (with the help, be it confessed, of some of the worst possible evangelical theology which she makes me read to her, and I'm obliged of course

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. pp. 279–280.]

² [*Faithful for Ever* (1860), the third part of *The Angel in the House*.]

³ [Chapter iv. of *Unto this Last*.]

to make no disparaging remarks of an irritating character. You may conceive *my* state of mind after it!).

You shall have a lily next year—if I get over the water. It is a true lily, about this size in the bell [small sketch], pure white, and growing in clusters—something like this; it is mingled in the pastures of the Varens with a ranunculus or buttercup-leaved plant, also growing in clusters, and like an anemone in the flower—very beautiful—and with, I believe, a true anemone, golden and magnificent in size, single flowered.

If you look at my *Political Economy of Art*, you will see what to do with your coal merchant.¹ The price of coals is to be fixed by the guild of coal merchants; the carriage to be paid like postage at a uniform rate, and coals of given quality delivered anywhere at one price—for certain fixed periods. But I can't enter into details yet for a long while—till I've corrupted people's minds more extensively.

So Sir Walter likes iron hay-makers. Well, we'll have it out some day. I haven't recovered my angelic temper yet, it having been disturbed by seeing a steam engine devouring a wheat stack at Tunbridge Wells, and hearing it growling over its prey a mile and a quarter down the valley.

My father is pretty well—recovering from the shock which my mother's accident caused to him; and contemplating my *Cornhill* gambols with a terrified complacency which is quite touching.

I'm very poorly—philanthropy not agreeing with me, as you very properly say it shouldn't. The other thing suits me much better. I send this scratch merely to thank you for nice letter. I'll write more soon.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To J. H. LE KEUX²

DENMARK HILL, *October 13th* [1860].

DEAR LE KEUX,—I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to you for all your goodness to Allen.³ I have not been able to look round since I came home, owing to an accident which has happened to my mother; and a good deal of trouble I've had in wading through the rubbish of modern political economy—which one must do before one can send it to the devil, to whom it properly belongs.

¹ [See Vol. XVI. p. 97, where Ruskin advocates the re-establishment of Trade Guilds, though he does not specifically mention the fixing of prices among their duties.]

² [No. 11 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 40–41.]

³ [See above, p. 336.]

I hear that my people have been practising it on the plates, by beating down the printers. Would you kindly send me word what the printers ought to have, for good and careful printing, and I will see about it.

This is the first quite free day I've had, and I begin it by thanking you for all you have done for Allen. I hope we shall do you credit. I've been trying to rest in Switzerland, but find that doing nothing is dull work, and am very stupid in consequence.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

*To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*¹

DENMARK HILL, *4th November*, '60.

DEAR NORTON,—I had your kind and delightful letter, with Lowell's, on Lake Lucerne, and waited till I could give some tolerable account of myself before answering it. Which time of tolerableness seems hardly likely to come at present, for I am resting now, and find myself in a general state of collapse. I hate the sight of pen and paper, and can't write so much as a note without an effort. I don't think about anything, and feel consequently like Nothing,—my chief sense of existence lately having been in thinking or trying to think. Stillman knows all about me and will tell you whatever you want to know. When I begin to think at all, I get into states of disgust and fury at the way the mob is going on (meaning by mob, chiefly Dukes, Crown Princes, and such like persons) that I choke; and have to go to the British Museum and look at Penguins till I get cool. I find Penguins at present the only comfort in life. One feels everything in the world so sympathetically ridiculous; one can't be angry when one looks at a Penguin.

I enjoyed my Swiss sojourning with Stillman exceedingly—I don't know what I should have done without him, indeed, for I couldn't work, and yet moped when I did nothing. Even as it was we moped a little, both of us being considerably out of heart; but we did better than either of us would have done by himself.

I've nothing to tell you either, specially pleasant. I think Rossetti is getting on, but he does such absurd things in the midst of his beautiful ones that he'll never get the public with him. He has just been and painted a Madonna with black hair in ringlets, like a George

¹ [No. 24 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 100–103. A passage from the letter (“When I begin . . . get cool”) had previously been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. xiii.) to the American “Brantwood” edition of *Munera Pulveris*, 1891.]

the 2nd wig, and black complexion like a Mulatto—*nigra sum*¹—not that he meant that, but he took a fancy to the face.

It is very pretty, however, to see how much better he draws his wife than any other model. When he was merely in love with her he used to exaggerate all the faults of her face and think them beauties, but now that he's married he just draws her rightly,² and so much more tenderly than other women that all his harshness and eccentricity vanish whenever she sits.

I see hardly anybody now. I've got so fastidious and exacting that I never praise anybody enough to please them—so they turn me out of their rooms in all haste. One or two love me; but though I admire their work, it's quite out of my way. Munro the sculptor, like all sculptors, lives in a nasty wood house full of clay and water-tubs, so I can't go without catching cold. Jones is always doing things which need one to get into a state of Dantesque Visionariness before one can see them, and I can't be troubled to get myself up, it tires me so. So I make old William Hunt draw me Nuts and Oyster-shells, and other non-exciting objects. I think I may as well, now, instead of Shells have Oysters. I'll ask him. Read my last bit of Political Economy, please, in *Cornhill Magazine* for this month.³ I think there's some force in it.—And take my best love, and give some of it to your mother and sisters, and believe me ever affectionately and gratefully yours, J.RUSKIN.

To ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

5th November [1860].

DEAR MRS. BROWNING,—I have been these two years back in a state of mind quite unfit for letter-writing. Partly tired and melancholy: partly in an unspeakable condition, not knowing what to say of myself—or to any one else. You, I believe, were made ill by Villafranca; but you could say your say about it⁴—I could not. I wrote three letters about it to a Scotch paper which I thought would insert them—the editor was frightened at the strong language. I got two put in another paper;⁵ the third, the strongest and worthiest, nobody would

¹ [Song of Solomon, i. 5.]

² [Compare Ruskin's words on this point to Rossetti himself; above, p. 341.]

³ [The last part of *Unto this Last*, Vol. XVII. pp. 77 *seq.*]

⁴ [In her "Tale of Villafranca." In one of her letters of the time, Mrs. Browning describes the Peace as a "blow on the heart" (Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, vol. i. p. 320).]

⁵ [See above, p. 331.]

have. You also *can* write what you feel—I can't. I can only say what I think—in a slow way which nobody will listen to. I'm obliged, I find, now at last quite to hold my tongue, and am taking quietly to birds and beasts and worms—and bones—finding some peace in them. People are indeed shooting all the birds as fast as they can; still there are some yellow-hammers and robins left—and a few field-mice and squirrels—Cathedrals and pictures there will soon be an end of.

I've been working pretty hard, too, to get my book done (are you going to stay in Florence long enough now for me to send it you there?), and have now fallen into the lassitude of surrendered effort and the disappointment of discovered uselessness, having come to see the great fact that great Art is of no real use to anybody but the next great Artist; that it is wholly invisible to people in general—for the present—and that to get anybody to see it, one must begin at the other end, with moral education of the people, and physical, and so I've to turn myself quite upside down, and I'm half broken-backed and can't manage it.

I should hardly have had spirit to write to you even now, but that there is in to-day's paper at last something like a Voice from England. Late—how late! Yet, thank heaven, at last a voice, and I suppose she has been in an occult and cowardly way, yet still, positively, helping for some time back. I never thought to have to thank Lord John for anything; here, however, is—whether his own or not—the first piece of steady utterance we've had.¹ Now, if Italy can only be true to herself; but alas, for her inveterate Idleness. What do you think she *can* do, in way of foodful, soulful work? However, with what oscillation or failure may be appointed for her, she will—as all nations will—now go forward, I believe, not Hades-way, as Carlyle says. There are more now in the world who see than ever before, that I can hear of.

Just a line, please, to say if I may send book. Love to Mr. Browning.—Ever faithfully and devotedly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

We always want to hear of Penini—my mother, as you know, with especial pleasure.

¹ [Lord John Russell's despatch of October 27, 1860 (published in the *Times* of November 5), to Sir James Hudson, British Minister to the Court of Sardinia, justifying the King for furnishing the assistance of his arms to the Roman and Neapolitan States, and quoting Vattel: "When a people for good reasons take up arms against an oppressor, it is but an act of justice to yourselves to assist brave men in the defence of their liberties." "H. M. Government," he said, "turn their eyes to the gratifying prospect of a people building up the edifice of their liberties and consolidating the work of their independence amid the sympathy and good wishes of Europe."]

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

11th November, 1860.

DEAR DR. BROWN,—I have your kind letter, and am thankful at least to hear that Mrs. Brown’s health is no worse, and most happy to hear of the new book, which, now that I have for the most part done my own troublous businesses, I shall have time to read and enjoy. I am glad you like the last paper better, and shall be gladder still when you perceive this main fact concerning me and my work, that all those descriptions and sentimentalisms are of an entirely second-rate and vulgar kind, quite and for ever inferior to either Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, or any other . . . The value of these papers on economy is in their having for the first time since money was set up for the English Dagon, declared that there never was nor will be any vitality nor Godship in him, and that the value of your ship of the line is by no means according to the price you have given for your guns, but to the price you have given for your Captain. For the first time, I say, this is declared in purely accurate scientific terms; Carlyle having led the way, as he does in all noble insight in this generation. . . Remember me affectionately to Noel Paton.²

To ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING³

DENMARK HILL, 25th November, ’60.

DEAR MRS. BROWNING,—Not two years, but two days, this time, and those already too long to have delayed my thanks for your comforting letter, chiefly to me comforting in its own cheerfulness and happy account of your hopes for Italy. Too sanguine, as I think: my word “idleness” referring not to immediate work done, but to the habit of national life, not for yet half a century, as I suppose, to be cured. Nay, already it begins to show—at least by the accounts we have here—quite as much dark as bright. And indeed it will be strange to me if the just cause of the Italians is allowed by Heaven to prosper, in spite of the crimes and withdrawal of aid among and by the natives who should have helped her. I believe the work will not,

¹ [No. 5 of “Letters from John Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 293. Part of this letter has been already given in Vol. XVII. p. xxxiv. For the “new book,” see below, p. 365 n.]

² [For whom, see Vol. XIV. p. 50 n.]

³ [Written when the result of the long Italian siege of Gaeta, the last remaining stronghold of the Neapolitan Government, was still in suspense. Gaeta fell on January 15, 1861; the Kingdom of Naples was annexed by plébiscite, and Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed King of Italy at Turin.]

cannot be done; and that we, and Prussia, chiefly, shall be punished hereafter for having hindered it. If the Italians had any real life in them, Gaeta already had been drawn into the sea with ropes, as Hushai said to Absalom.¹ But—it is not life. It is only galvanism—or at least the first staggering motion of a man, blind and bound for half his life, at first loosening and light. I tremble every paper I open, but am prepared for the worst; perhaps my present despondency is because I have thoroughly anticipated all the probable worsts. I think of Venice as utterly destroyed, with Verona; and with all the pictures in them, which, to me, means nearly half the pictures in the world. I think of Italy in a state of utter anarchy and helplessness, and Russia and England fighting for, or dividing, her spoil, as chance may rule it.

Supposing all were true which you say so kindly about what I have been able myself to do, you must consider how empty it all looks, in the face of these things; nay, as regards itself it is in its outcome useless. I have got people to look a little at thirteenth-century Gothic, just in time to see it wholly destroyed (*every* cathedral of importance is already destroyed by restoration)—and have made them think about Turner only when he has been ten years dead, and when all his greatest works, without exception, are more or less in a state of decay, and *all* the loveliest of them, utterly and for ever, destroyed. What I am now to do, I know not. I am divided in thought between many things, and the strength I have to spend on any seems to me nothing. I find the study of the figure in art, and of human interests in literature, wholly incompatible with the pursuit of landscape. Natural history will go with landscape, but men are too beautiful and too wicked—the moment I begin to draw them at all intelligently, I care for nothing else; a girl's hair and lips are lovelier than all clouds; a man's forehead grander than all rocks. If I begin to think and write about the creatures, I get enraged and miserable. If I don't, I feel like a baby, or a brute. I never shall draw thoroughly well, nor write thoroughly well. I believe Natural History would be the best thing for me; but I neither like to give up my twenty years' cherished plans about Turner on the one side, nor to shrink behind the hedges from the battle of life on the other. The strange thing of all is that whenever I work selfishly—buy pictures that I like, stay in places that I like, study what I like, and so on—I am happy and well; but when I deny myself, and give all my money away, and work at what seems useful, I get miserable and unwell. The things I most regret in all my past life are great pieces of virtuous and quite heroic self-denial;

¹ [2 Samuel xvii. 13.]

which have issued in all kinds of catastrophe and disappointment, instead of victory. Everything that has turned out well I've done merely to please myself, and it upsets all one's moral principles so. Mine are going I don't know where.

I hope the book will get to you safely—it is very little for the work it cost me. Half the plates failed and had to be cancelled.¹

I'm so glad, and so is my mother, to hear that Penini has no application—does in any wise, in short, admit human imperfection. We were afraid he would get ill and weak from his sensibility—the poems frightened us. I am so glad also to hear that Mr. Browning has been at work. So glad of all that you are, and have done and said, and are doing and saying.—Ever yours and his in all affection,

J. RUSKIN.

*To WILLIAM WARD*²

DENMARK HILL, *December 17th*, 1860.

DEAR WARD,—I've told Allen all about the drawings he has to show for examples of sketching. Of the Turners, make him give you especially the body colours out of table on my right hand. The "Rouen" and "Yarmouth" (storm)³ in that series are the most instructive drawings perhaps in the house. But if the Misses Dundas⁴ can manage to come on Wednesday instead, I'll be home by then (though they should come before to see the drawings), and on Thursday would stay at home for them. If you don't come to-morrow, write both to Allen here, and to me, care of the Earl of Lovelace, Worsley Towers, Ripley, Surrey, to say if Wednesday or Thursday, as I needn't hurry home if the young ladies are away to Nice.—Yours affectionately,

J. R.

*To W. M. THACKERAY*⁵

DENMARK HILL, *21st December*, 1860.

DEAR MR. THACKERAY,—I think (or should think if I did not know) that you are quite right in this general law about lecturing, though, until I knew it, I did not feel able to refuse the letter of request asked of me.

¹ [See above, p. 340.]

² [No. 24 in Ward; vol. i. pp. 52–53.]

³ [For the "Rouen," see Vol. XIII. p. 451. The "Yarmouth Sands" (in which there is a heavy storm-cloud) was afterwards given to Cambridge: see Vol. XIII. p. 558 (No. 10).]

⁴ [See above, p. 343.]

⁵ [From *Records of Tennyson*, Ruskin, and Browning, by Anne Ritchie, 1892, pp. 126–127. For M. Louis Marvy, see Vol. VIII. pp. 16, 279.]

The mode in which you direct your charity puts me in mind of a matter that has lain long on my mind, though I never have had the time or face to talk to you of it.

In somebody's drawing-room ages ago you were speaking accidentally of M. de Marvy. I expressed my great obligation to him, on which you said that I could now prove my gratitude, if I chose, to his widow, which choice I then not accepting, have ever since remembered the circumstance as one peculiarly likely to add, so far as it went, to the general impression on your mind of the hollowness of people's sayings and hardness of their hearts.

The fact is, I give what I give almost in an opposite way to yours. I think there are many people who will relieve hopeless distress for one who will help at a hopeful pinch, and when I have choice I nearly always give where I think the money will be fruitful rather than merely helpful. I would lecture for a school when I would not for a distressed author, and would have helped De Marvy to perfect his invention, but not—unless I had no other object—his widow after he was gone. In a word, I like to prop the falling more than to feed the fallen.¹ This, if you ever find out anything of my private life, you will know to be true; but I shall never feel comfortable, nevertheless, about that Marvy business unless you send to me for ten pounds for the next author, or artist, or widow of either, whom you want to help.

And with this weight at last off my mind, I pray you to believe me always faithfully, respectfully yours,
J.
RUSKIN.

All best wishes of the season to you and your daughters.

To Dr. W. C. BENNETT²

DENMARK HILL, *December 26th*, 1860.

DEAR MR. BENNETT,—Christmas visits, and Christmas thoughts, coming in crowds, admit hardly of any due or kind return in acceptable time: but pray believe in my sincerity of thanks for your beautiful little book. I am very glad to have the detached poems in this

¹ [But Ruskin's practice was more indulgent. "I don't know," says Lady Ritchie, "if it is quite fair to quote the story of the man who had grossly lied and cheated at Brantwood for years, and whose wages Mr. Ruskin went on paying because he could not give him a character and could not let him and his children starve."]

² [No. 28 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 74, 75.]

form.¹ I will also endeavour to see the pictures of Mr. Benton, of which you speak so highly and, I doubt not, justly.

I admire, more and more, the gentle and loving mind which displays itself in all your poems; and with most true wishes that you may long enjoy what you enjoy, and love what you love,—remains, with all Christmas warmth of salutation, gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To COLONEL ROBERTSON²

[? 1860.]

DEAR COLONEL ROBERTSON,—It may perhaps be useful to you to have the Copy you sent me of your scheme of Education, so I return it. It is very good; but, like the scheme of a battle, will I suppose lead in the course of it to unforeseen eventualities. I don't know if in my last letter I said how strongly I felt that a boy's *likings* ought to be consulted in every way. Teach a duck always to swim—but don't allow it to swim inelegantly. Put its whole strength and self-command into its swimming. People are always trying nowadays to teach ducks to fly and swallows to swim.—Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

1861

[In the spring of this year Ruskin gave some lectures (Vol. XVII. p. xxxvi.). In June he went by himself to Boulogne, where he stayed for some weeks. In August he went on a visit to Ireland. In September he left for Switzerland, where he remained until the end of the year. Letters to his father, in addition to those here given, are printed in Vol. XVII. (see its "contents," pp. xii.–xiii.)]

To JOSEPH SEVERN³

DENMARK HILL, 23rd January, 1861.

DEAR MR. SEVERN,—Indeed it gives me great and unqualified pleasure to hear that you wish to obtain the Roman Consulate. What testimonial can I offer to you, that will not be a thousand-fold out-testified by the consent of all who know you, and who knew, in those

¹ [Dr. Bennett was in the habit of printing his poems on slips and sending them to his friends. A collection of poems thus printed, consisting of copies presented to Sir. T. N. Talfourd, is in the British Museum.]

² [No. 35. in *Letters to Various Correspondents*, pp. 98, 99.]

³ [*Life and Letters of Joseph Severn*, pp. 217–218. Severn was appointed to the consulship a few days later, and held the post till 1872.]

old times of happy dwelling in the ruinous Immortality of Rome: where English and Italians alike used always to think of Mr. Severn as of a gleam of living sunshine—in which there was no malaria of mind—and which set at one, and melted into golden fellowship, all comfortless shadows and separations of society or of heart.¹ Consul! Truly and with most prosperous approbation, it must be! I shall say with Menenius, “Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.”² As for Raphael Cartoons or frescoes—you know I mind them not profoundly, but all that I do mind profoundly, I know that you have eye for also, and as I cannot fancy anything pleasanter for English people at Rome than to have you for Consul, so I can fancy nothing more profitable for English people at home than that your zeal and judgment should be on the watch for [such] straying treasures as in these changeful times may be obtainable of otherwise unhopd-for Italian art. I would say much more, but in the hearing of your many and dear friends I feel all that I can say would be but impertinence, and so pray you only to believe in my most earnest wishes for your success, on all conceivable grounds: and to believe me here and at Rome and everywhere, affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Sincerest regards to Miss Severn. I rejoice to hear Mr. Newton’s coming to Rome.³

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI⁴

[DENMARK HILL, *January* 24, 1861.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I sate up till late last night reading poems. They are full of beauty and power. But no publisher—I am deeply grieved to know this—would take them, so full are they of quaintnesses and

¹ [Compare the description of Severn in *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 278.]

² [“*Volumnia*. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let’s go. *Menenius*. Ha! Marcius coming home? *Vol.*. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation. *Men*. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.”—*Coriolanus*, Act ii. sc. 1.]

³ [Miss Mary Severn was married to Mr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Newton; her elder sister, Claudia, to Mr. Frederick Gale, the well-known amateur cricketer; and their youngest brother to Miss J. R. Agnew (Mrs. Arthur Severn).]

⁴ [*Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 258–259. The “letter relates to MS. poems by Christina Rossetti which Dante Gabriel had left with Ruskin, with a view to his facilitating some move for publication. The set of poems probably comprised many of those which were published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1862 in the *Gobin-Market* volume, and which immediately commanded a large measure of general attention, for which Mr. Ruskin was apparently not quite prepared” (W. M. R.). For Rossetti’s comment on Ruskin’s strictures, and Ruskin’s later appreciation of the poems, see the Introduction, above, p. xlvi.]

offences. Irregular measure (introduced to my great regret, in its chief, willfulness, by Coleridge) is the calamity of modern poetry. The *Iliad*, the *Divina Commedia*, the *Æneid*, the whole of Spenser, Milton, Keats, are written without taking a single licence or violating the common ear for meter; your sister should exercise herself in the severest commonplace of meter until she can write as the public like. Then if she puts in her observation and passion all will become precious. But she must have the Form first. *All love to you and reverent love to Ida.*—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WARD¹

DENMARK HILL, February 22nd, 1861.

MY DEAR WARD,—I will furnish the materials—i.e., paper, pencils, casts, but not drawing-boards or other apparatus of room furniture. I think long tables, and rough boards with a prop, will do well enough. Take this note with you to Winsor and Newton's; and get what materials you want, after arranging with Mr. Robins about tables, and tell them to put them to my account J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

[DENMARK HILL] 25 February, 1861.

MY DEAR NORTON,—I received your kindest letter this morning. I am so glad your memory is truer than your note-book about me. Am I to write about myself then? First, thank you for the anecdote about the Bishops, from the St. Louis book, which I will get directly. I never heard of it.³ I should like you to have two leaves of the

¹ [No. 27 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 57–58. “The Rev. C. M. Robins, of 14 Clement’s Inn, who had a Mission Chapel in the neighbourhood, had in 1861 started the Colonnade Working Men’s Club in Clare Market. A drawing class was formed, Ruskin finding materials, whilst Mr. Ward undertook the teaching. Unfortunately the class lasted for one term only. It appears that the men expected the teaching to aid and advance them in their various trades, but the knowledge imparted was not of a sufficiently technical character for that purpose” (W. W.).]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, pp. 10–11 (the first sentence being omitted). No. 25 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 104–109. A part of the letter (“I suppose, on the whole, . . . wrong could be”) had previously been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. xiii.) to the American “Brantwood edition” of *Munera Pulveris*, 1891.]

³ [*Mémoires de Jean Sire de Joinville, ou Histoire et Chronique du Roi Saint Louis*. The most delightful personal narrative and biographical sketch which the Middle Ages have bequeathed to us. It is incomparable in its simplicity, sincerity, and vividness.”—C. E. N.]

St. Louis missal;¹ it is imperfect as it is (wanting three psalms) so that there is no harm in its losing two leaves more, since they will give you pleasure, and be more useful in America than here. If these sink on the way. I will send two others,—but I hope they won't sink. One, from the later part of the book, is all charged with St. Louis's crest; the other is an exquisite examples of thirteenth-century linear ornamentation. The book, I grieve to say, was in all probability never in his hands; not only it wants three psalms, but some of its leaves are unfinished. (By the way, I will send an unfinished one as well, so that will be three.) There is no shadow of doubt of its having been done for him, but it must have been while he was away on his last fatal crusade, and it then remained unfinished in the Sainte Chapelle Convent.

Touching my plans, they are all simplified into the one quiet and long:—to draw as well as I can, without complaining or shrinking because that is ill, for ten years at least, if I live so long: in hopes of doing, or directing some few serviceable engraved copies from Turner and Titian. I am getting now into some little power of work again. My eyes serve me well, and as I have no joy in what I do (the utmost I can do being to keep myself from despair about it and do it as I would break stones), I am not tempted to overwork myself. I hope to finish my essay on Political Economy some day soon, then to write no more. I felt so strongly the need of clear physical health in order to do this, and that my present life so destroyed my health, that I was in terrible doubt as to what to do for a long time this last summer and winter. It seemed to me that to keep any clearheadedness, free from intellectual trouble and other pains, no life would do for me but one as like Veronese's as might be, and I was seriously, and despairingly, thinking of going to Paris or Venice and breaking away from all modern society and opinion, and doing I don't know what. Intense scorn of all I had hitherto done or thought, still intense scorn of other people's doings and thinkings, especially in religion; the perception of colossal power more and more in Titian and of weakness in purism, and almost unendurable solitude in my own home, only made more painful to me by parental love which did not and never could help me, and which was cruelly hurtful without knowing it; and terrible discoveries in the course of such investigations as I made into grounds of old faith—were all concerned in this; and it would have been, but for the pain which I could not resolve to give my parents.

I don't in the least know what might have been the end of it, if

¹ [See below, p. 556.]

a little child (only thirteen last summer) hadn't put her fingers on the helm at the right time, and chosen to make a pet of herself for me, and her mother to make a friend of herself . . . certainly the ablest and I think the best woman I have ever known . . . For the present I settle down to my work, without the least further care as to what is to come of it—having no pleasure in it and expecting none, but believing that I am in a better state than I was, understanding a few things about Angelico again, which, I had lost, and do not think that I shall now lose any more.

You have also done me no little good, and I don't feel alone, now that I've you on the other side of the Atlantic, and Rosie and her mother by the Mediterranean, all wishing me well, and I don't think there's any chance now of my going all to pieces. you see I answer letters more prettily than I used to, don't I?

So there's a letter—about myself and nothing else. I wonder I have the face to send it, but you know you asked me once to write you a sort of account of the things that made me, as you were pleased to say, “what I am,” which is at present an entirely puzzled, helpless, and disgusted old gentlemen.

As for things that have influenced me, I believe hard work, love of justice and of beauty, good nature and great vanity, have done all of me that was worth doing. I've had my heart broken, ages ago, when I was a boy—then mended, cracked, beaten in, kicked about old corridors, and finally, I think, flattened fairly out. I've picked up what education I've got in an irregular way—and it's very little. I suppose that on the whole as little has been got into me and out of me as under any circumstances was probable; it is true, had my father made me his clerk I might have been in a fair way of becoming a respectable Political Economist in the manner of Ricardo or Mill—but granting liberty and power of travelling and working as I chose, I suppose everything I've chosen to have been about as wrong as wrong could be. I ought not to have written a word; but should have merely waited on Turner as much as he would have let me, putting in writing every word that fell from him, and drawing hard. By this time, I might have been an accomplished draughtsman, a fair musician, and a thoroughly good scholar in art literature, and in good health besides. As it is, I've written a few second-rate books, which nobody minds; I can't draw, I can't play nor sing, I can't ride, I walk worse and worse, I can't digest. And I can't help it.—There Good-bye, love to your mother and sisters.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To HENRY ACLAND

March, 1861.

DEAR ACLAND,—I have the wave safe, it is very beautiful—it seems to me bettered in the near part, less tiny.

I'm so glad you like to have the Turner.¹ I fancied you would like the Acropolic one, for old times' sake at Athens. It is also the best vignette I have; though not as fine in colour as Turner usually is; very full of marvellous drawing, as you will see.

I *have* two, still—Asthestiel and Linlithgow²—kept for love of Scott, and for my father, who likes Linlithgow, but both are bad ones. I have still seven or eight first-rate body colours, small, which will serve all my purpose of reference when I am myself at work.

Of those sent to Oxford the numbers 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 12, 18, 19, 21, 22, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29 are entirely first-raters.³ The 12 is as peculiar as it is masterly, but its price is of course absurd. I wanted it a long time, and at last got it from its possessor (Mrs. Cooper, wife of master at St. Paul's⁴) for 50 guineas, on the condition that she might claim it again for the same sum when she chose. I didn't like the condition, and offered her the sketch No. 9, for which I had given 40 guineas, if she would give up Meuse finally. She accepted; tired of the yarmouth, which I ransomed for 30—the two drawings thus finally costing me the one 80, the other 40, but I've marked the Meuse only 70, as there was 10 guineas' worth of mere gift in the matter.

No. 17, though containing hardly half-an-hour's work, is so first-rate that I would have given anything for it, and *gave* 50, but of course in the market it would bring only 30 or 35. On the contrary, No. 1 and 2 would, I believe, each fetch from 100 to 120, and 3 and 4 at least 100 each. No. 21 is the best of the Loire series, is priceless, and 24 nearly so. 28 and 29 entirely magnificent in their own quiet way. 35 is inferior, owing to a repenter in the left corner. Turner never recovered after a repentir. 25 has two repentirs, if not more, one in the sun, the other in the flags, but has high qualities here and there. 30 and 36 are full of repentirs and are entirely bad, but I sent them

¹ [The "wave" was a drawing by Acland; the "Turner" a drawing lent or given to him.]

² [The "Ashestiel" Ruskin subsequently gave to Cambridge (Vol. XIII. p. 558). The "Linlithgow" was shown at the Fine Art Society in 1900 (*Ibid.*, p. 456).]

³ [These are the drawings (chiefly "Rivers of France") presented to Oxford in 1861: see Vol. XIII. pp. 559, 560. Unfortunately the numbers in the Oxford Catalogue do not correspond with those in this letter. No. 12 (here)—"Scene on the Meuse"—is No. 25 (there); No. 9 (here)—"Yarmouth"—is No. 5 (there).]

⁴ [See Vol. XIII. p. 462.]

with the rest, lest it should be thought I had kept the two best—many people might think them so. They are instructive, as showing the ruin that comes on the greatest men when they changes their minds wantonly.

Let me hear you are better.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

P. S.—The frames into which the drawings are to be put by the people I've sent down are only temporary, being those they were in here; for public use they must have much stronger and better ones. Williams will tell you about the National Gallery cases and give you all the information necessary for determining the arrangement.

Yes, if the Oxford people would put up with a thistly teacher, it is possible to get one useful enough.

Prices paid by me, for the drawings sent to Taylor Gallery, March 12th, 1861:—

No. of Drawing	Price in Guineas	No. of Drawing	Price in Guineas	No. of Drawing	Price in Guineas	No. of Drawing	Price in Guineas
1	90	8	55	15	40	51	15
2	90	9	40	16	40	52	20
3	80	10	50	17	50		
4	80	11	50	18	40		2220 g.
5	70	12	70	19	40		
6	55	13	40	20-36	1000		£2321
7	55	14	50	37-50	100		

To his FATHER

[WINNINGTON] *Tuesday* [March, 1861].

It certainly worried me very much to have this invitation from the Palmerstones just now—not because I want to stay here, but because I give great pleasure by staying and because I don't want to go *there*¹ Nor would it, I fancy, be good for me. I am but just recovering a little energy and breath; to-day and yesterday are the first days I have been able to join in the games with anything like force or pleasure, and they all notice—Mr. Cooke² and his sister with great

¹ [For Ruskin's account of his visits to Lord Palmerston at Broadlands, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 504–5.]

² [The Rev. S. H. Cooke, rector of Budworth, near Northwich: see Vol. XVIII. p. lxvii.]

anxiety—that jaded, bilious look in the face. Miss Cooke thought I must be threatened with disease of the heart, and spoke almost with tears in her eyes to me about minding what I was about in time—she is herself a sufferer from heart disease. It is terribly hard work, that talking among people at Broadlands; and the children here will have their Easter holidays quite spoiled—for they don't play with half the fire the romp when I'm not among them. All my lectures diagrams¹ will be broken, and unfinished, and I shan't get even my lecture well prepared, for I had just set aside this week of quiet forenoons to do it in. However, if you are really set upon it, give me four more of Griffith's or Mrs. Cooper's sketches² (which will, I suppose, be soon in the market) for the four days Iose—and I'll leave on Thursday, call at Chepstow to see what it is like, and go on to Broadlands on Friday morning, and come up to down with them on Monday. Two whole days is enough for anybody at these great houses. I write to Mr. Cowper³ saying I don't *think* I can come, but that if I can I'll telegraph on Thursday and arrive on Friday.

You needn't think I'm in love with any of the girls here, and get me out of it therefore—Rosie's my only pet. But I get through romps and rest here; and there were a cluster of new girls when I came, who did not quite get over their shyness till a day or two ago; so that the games are ten times as good as they were—and it's a great pity to spoil their holiday, for they'll just give up their plays and go to sauntering and reading when I'm gone. And besides I don't think it is the least necessary to accept *every* invitation one gets from that kind of people. They'll think twice as much of me if I don't go this time, and ask me again all the sooner.

You had much better take me at my word, and let me stay here as I intended till Monday; after Monday I can't stay, positively, as I've got to examine things, at the Geological Society; so you'll have me home on Monday evening (*D. V.*) *either way*, positively.

If you make up your mind to-morrow morning about this, send me telegram what I'm to do.

It's very tiresome the way people notice my face now. A lady, the mother of one of the girls, was dining here to-day, and I had no sooner gone out of the room than she asked Miss Bell if I had heart disease—Miss Bell told me, because she thinks herself I don't attach enough importance to the matter. To-morrow about religion, etc.

¹ [The lecture on "Tree Twigs" given at the Royal Institution on April 19: printed in Vol. VII. p. 467.]

² [By Turner; for Mr. Griffith, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 257.]

³ [Mr. William Cowper (Temple).]

To Sir JOHN MURRAY NAESMYTH, Bart.

WINNINGTON, 5 April, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR JOHN,—I have only received your letter this morning, and hasten to thank you. It is a very serious piece of comfort to me to receive such a letter; though I do not think it would be right to trouble you with any account of the sort of despondency which renders it *so* valuable to me (valuable as it must have been at any time—chiefly now), because I know that this discouragement depends much on mere disturbance of health, and will, if I can get such disturbance ended, in large measure pass away; but for the present it is not less difficult to bear because I know it to be unreasonable; and as one form of it consists in dislike of my own writing—drawing—doing—of whatever kind, it is a marvellous lightening of it to hear of nice people who disagree with me in this particular.

Indeed I will write to you, not only in answer to such kind letters as this, but to tell you how I am "getting on," which (you see what frank trust I put in you already) you will like to know, after these grumblings. My hope is to be able to get to Switzerland and to pass some time in entirely practical geology, taking my thoughts off all difficult or distressing subjects and forcing me to climb up and run down a few thousand feet of crag every day. I will write to tell you, if I can manage this; and if I can get myself into healthy trim at all, I will write again to ask you and Lady Naesmyth. At present I am so lifeless and senseless that I can't bear anybody to see or hear me. Please don't say to any one that I may be in Switzerland this year—be strict about this, for I don't want to come across common acquaintances when I am among the Alps.

It is a great pleasure to me that you like the fifth volume. I feared there were things in it which might give great pain to many of my friends, from their being left in an imperfectly hinted form, which might perhaps be taken to mean more harm than good: and yet it was impossible for me in the space or time, or with the knowledge I had, to develop them more.

If I go to Switzerland I shall be somewhere about the St. Gothard or lake of Thun, I fancy, but could come to meet you almost anywhere.

I've begun my relaxation by a fortnight's very pleasant form of play. Winnington—or more properly Winnington Hall—is a young ladies' school in which mistress and pupils are and have been for some years back, in various ways, helpers and scholars of mine. I always

spend a day or two here when I pass north or south. The house is in a large park, sloping down to winding river; meadows and sandstone hills beyond. The children, having room to run wild, are as active as hares, and run, or dance, or ball-play me out of breath all day long; all day at least in these Easter holidays, for they can work in due time. They made the Index to the fifth volume,¹ unhelped by me, and it was much better as they send it me than it is now—the painters and revisers spoiled it by trying to shorten: the girls were very angry about it, and I think they would go and print it themselves if they could get a press—like the London workwomen.

How one feels the *current* of human life in such a place—the child of a last year is the woman of this; and the faces seem to change almost from day to day—it is like a dream. I have very happy evenings when it is fine; they sing for me in choir, leaving the windows open, and I can walk away under the quiet trees and hear the clear young voices ever so far. I'll write again in a fortnight or so. Pray thank Lady Naesmyth for letting you tell me about her; and believe me ever gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI²

[DENMARK HILL. 1861—? May.]

DEAR (I had nearly written Bear) ROSSETTI,—I'm so delighted with the book; I opened at those sonnets about the year, and have been rambling on all the forenoon. I'm so much obliged about the picture and will settle about [it] directly, but you must really give me Norton's to send to him. I'll bring your sister's poems to-morrow.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Love to Ida. I like the “inscription” so much.

To Professor RICHARD OWEN, F. R. S.³

DENMARK HILL, *May 12th*, 1861.

DEAR PROFESSOR OWEN,—How often have I been coming to find you, to thank you for your kindness, and every day passed and I could not, and still put off writing, and at last got laid by with

¹ [See above, p. 326.]

² [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 273–274. “The book” is *The Early Italian Poets*, published in 1861 (see the Introduction, above p. xlvi.). “Those sonnets about the year” are the series written by Folgore da San Gemignano: see pp. 369–383 in the ed. of 1874.]

³ [No. 36 in *Letters to Various Correspondents*, pp. 100, 101.]

cold. And now I must forth with get across the water, and shall not see you till my return. I have always, however, a dim feeling that the best expression of thanks is to give you no trouble that I can help, even in reading a note. So I will only say in briefest terms that you made me very happy, and that of all this long winter in London, there will remain few things to me so pleasant to remember as the walk in the park; the pleasant dinner with its pretty pause of hospitality; and the reading of *Vivian*. I wish I could hear the lectures on the Birds. But I am ordered to migrate instantly: with some hope, however, of return in the summer. I've got some work about fresco to do in Italy,¹ which may make me long for a sea breeze and a green field. Remember me gratefully to Mrs. Owen and heartily to your son.—And believe me, ever faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

RICHARD OWEN, Esq., etc., etc., etc.

I can't fancy any "titles" that are not impertinences.

To ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

13th May [1861]

DEAR MRS. BROWNING.—I have your letter this morning, and answer it before I do anything else, it being a great comfort to me. I am fighting through all kinds of doubts and wonder; and have no strength—cannot look things in the face—they come instead and grimace at me. What a strange thing that was of Newman to say—I wonder it "struck" you. To me it seems very weak and foolish in this respect, that if a man has seen no hand of God on nations till he is (fifty?) years old, that which he sees and supposes to be such, in the last two years, must logically bear only the character of a coincidence; not of an evidence. If any person had treated him unkindly or neglected him, for forty years, and suddenly appeared to observe, or be kind to, him in the last two, would he not assume either that the character was changed, or—since in the case before us that is impossible—that the *last* appearances were deceptive? But the idea of looking for God's hand in that *sense*—in dealing with nations—or with anything—is in the very outset absurd; immeasurably, infinitely absurd. You cannot tell *why* God acts, unless you could see not only the Hearts and minds of every man in the nation, hear *every one* of their prayers, know all their temptations, and, much more, know all God's

¹ [Not actually undertaken till 1862: see Vol. XVII. p. liii.]

final purposes respecting them. What seems to you good may be evil, and *vice versa*. What seems to you the punishment and reward of this or that is in reality the punishment and reward of things you never knew nor heard of—things that happened in the Abyss of time. God's *laws* you can trace. His Providence *Never*. If you could, you would share in that Providence—you would be seeing with God's eyes. But His laws—that courage and chastity and honesty and patience bring out good; and cowardice and luxury and folly and impatience, evil, in their exact and unfailingly measured measure—this is written in letters of Gold and Blood and Tombstone-moss, on the foreheads and the Skull-foreheads of all nations that march or moulder, on this earth. I am stunned—palsied—utterly helpless—under the weight of the finding out the myriad errors that I have been taught about these things; every reed that I have leant on shattering itself joint from joint—I stand, not so much melancholy as amazed—I am not hopeless, but I don't know what to hope for. I have that bitter verse pressing me, "I am a worm, and no man."¹ What is a worm to hope for?—to keep out of the spade's edge way and crawl its time in the twilight, while the great Providence lights all the stars in their Courses.² Many a year ago I wrote this verse:³—

"God guides the stars their wandering way,
He seems to cast their courses free,
Yet binds them to Himself for aye,
And all their chains are charity!"

I saw the terrible *Seeming* then; the charity I see still—but not the Form of it in this time or that; for this person or that. And you can't conceive how lonely I am in all this—and in more than this. All my old religious friends are casting me off; or, if they speak, their words are as the brass and the cymbal.⁴ I am ill, and can't work at things. I have fallen back into the physical sciences, but they are hard and cold, and I don't care about them, but am resolved to master my geology thoroughly, and I'm thinking of buying a little bit of ground, enough to grow currant bushes and red daisies in, somewhere in Switzerland,⁵ and going and living cottage life, walking and digging, till I've recovered tone of mind; or making it my home—for I've a horrible feeling just now of having no home. I shouldn't mind though it were ever so little a one, of only I had one.

¹ [Psalms xxii. 6.]

² [Judges v. 20.]

³ [In 1842, see Vol. II. p. 212: Ruskin quotes not quite as he wrote.]

⁴ [1 Corinthians xiii. 1.]

⁵ [See, on these schemes, Vol. XVII. pp. xxii.–xxiii.]

So you are hopeful about Italy. I neither hope nor fear. I don't know what God means to do for Europe—for India—for America. Italy is but sounding a solitary trumpet tone; I know not whether she be "Death's angel," the trump an inch from off his lips, which the next moment shall put out the Sun. Sun indeed! much sun spiritual we have on this earth to put out!! an Iron Sun. You know they've just found out that the sun's made half of iron—the greatest physical science discovery, out and out, since Newton's time—perhaps the greatest of all time in its issues.

Photograph of me indeed! You shan't have anything of the kind.

I can't conceive why I'm so ugly, but I *am* so ugly—the sun says so. If I get a little strong again I'll let Munro or some other falsifying friend make me in clay, and put in the little good which that tire-some iron sun won't, though I know it's there (x) in spite of this ugliness—but the ugliness must be razed down a little before it can be seen—(x) it *must* be there; because I know that, not merely in great human causes, but even to make anybody else very happy, I shouldn't mind *anything* that happened to myself. And so Robert has made Cytherea in clay.¹ I've been trying to draw her, so hard, but couldn't. It's very odd we (there's conceit for you!) should take the same fancy together, but alas! I've astonished no learned people, no one but poor myself, to find how little I can do. I've given up in despair for the time and gone back to the stones. Tell me always when to write to you. I'm going to write often now.² Dear love to you both. My father and mother send all thanks and regards. There's actually not a word of Penini for my mother!—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN³

[1861.]

DEAR DR. BROWN.—I return the book so quickly that at first you may think I haven't read it, but I have, though not to my mother. Both she and I are somewhat melancholy people, never in the common sense of the word "low" or "out of spirits," but never "high," and

¹ ["Robert has brought me home a most perfect copy," Mrs. Browning wrote to Miss Browning (May 11, 1861), "of a small torse of Venus—from the Greek—in the clay. It is wonderfully done, say the learned. He says 'all his happiness lies in clay now'" (*Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. p. 443). Ruskin at this time was drawing from the figure: see Vol. XVII. p. xxxvi.]

² [But Mrs. Browning died on June 29, six weeks after the dates of this letter.]

³ [No. 8 of "Letters of Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 294–295. The "book" was *Rab*, of which an illustrated edition appeared in the following year.]

not easily recovering spring after depression. You, with wife and children and friends, can easily witness, not without noble compassion, but without more than passing sorrow, what I, having no such sources of happiness springing beside me day by day, cannot even read of without a dead loss of energy and health from which I don't recover for a week. I *never* read sad stories," not if I know it," and you have written this one much too well and forcibly to admit of my reading it twice. But touching the illustrations there can be no doubts, I think,—line engraving or woodcut, nothing that ends in "graph" of any sort whatsoever. The best woodcutting of the day is better than line engraving in general; to be good, line engraving must be very costly. I should like costly line engraving best, but I doubt that courage of any publisher to pay boldly enough, and cheap line engraving is the worst of all things, worse even than the graphs.

The tale is beautifully written and will do good. But to me it has only done this much harm,—given me one more melancholy association, like a real one, with the Pentlands.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

Sunday, 2nd June, 1861.

DEAR NORTON,—I am so very grateful to Miss Agassiz, it is so nice of her.² I do not know anything about these things. If I get strength again to go on with leaves, I will begin with this letter of hers and try to work on. I've been so uncomfortable I never have had the heart to write to you. I set to work really the day I wrote, to choose your missal leaves,³ and could not please myself—some were not of nice psalms, nor some of nice letters—and so it wasn't done and wasn't sent, and all's wrong, and I don't know what to do now; but truly hope to send the leaves, taken at random (for I shall never be able to choose) to-morrow, and to abuse Rossetti into sending your drawing; never were such wicked, good-for-nothing people as he and I. I stayed at home, as I told you I should, and drew, till I found finally it was of no use to draw; I never shall draw well. They I

¹ [No. 26 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 109–113.]

² ["In the last volume of *Modern Painters* Ruskin had written of the arrangement of leaves on the stem. Since its publication the late Chauncey Wright had worked out the principle. Miss Agassiz, at my request, made some drawings to illustrate it, which I was glad to send to Ruskin, with her explanatory letter."—C. E. N.]

³ [See above, p. 356.]

tried to find out where I was in geology and the sciences leaning on it, and I'm reading in a sick, careless way; the first books I opened of the modern writers showing me that I never now could recover the lost ground of the last twenty years so as to know anything thoroughly. Then I got a cough and fell ill—and so remain—not caring much about it, though I know I ought to care, nor having the heart to go anywhere; and it's no use your writing to me, because I know all you can say about it. I've been nearly as hard put to it before, only I wasn't so old, and had not the great religious Dark Tower to assault, or get shut up in by Giant Despair. Little Rosie is terribly frightened about me, and writes letters to get me to come out of Bye-path Meadow¹—and I won't; she can't write any more just now, for she's given herself rheumatism in her fingers by dabbling all day in her hill river, catching crayfish. And Bye-path Meadow *is* bad walking in this Will-of-the-Wispish time; but as for that straight old road between the red brick walls, half Babel, quarter fiery furnace, and quarter chopped straw, I can't do it any more—Meadow of some sort I must have, though I go no further.

Well, what have I to tell you? Of Stilman I have not heard for a month, and fear to write. So many melancholy things are happening to me all at once that I shrink from asking. Rossetti, as you know I suppose, is married (Beatrice in your drawing²). She was very ill for long before her marriage, but is getting stronger now, and he is looking well. Jones is married, too—he has got a little country violet with blue eyes and long eyelashes, and as good and sweet as can be. I took them both to the theater the other night. She had only been twice before in her life, and had never seen a ballet—and unluckily there was one, and the deep astonished pain of the creature, not in prudery, but in suddenly seeing into an abyss of human life, both in suffering and in crime, of which she had had no previous conception, was quite tragic.

(17th June.) I was ashamed to send you that, and this will be very little better. But I am a little better, and have resolved to go and live for some time at a French fishing seaport—small and out of the way, and to learn to sail a French lugger and catch dogfish. After that I'll think of learning something else. I shall make friends with the little fishing children and with their priest, and read about the Madonna to them, and some Arabian Nights and other apocryphal literature besides, and I hope to recover a little so,—what with conchology, sunsets, and early bedtime, besides.

¹ [The Pilgrim's Progress, part ii.]

² [The drawing of "Beatrice denying her Salutation": see above, pp. 235, 335.]

I'll soon, if I don't get drowned, write and tell you how I get on with the fishing. The Missal leaves are chosen, and verily come with this.—Ever affectionately yours,
 J.
 RUSKIN.

Kindest regards to your mother and sisters.

To Miss ROSE LA TOUCHE¹

BOULOGNE, 21st June, 1861.

MY DEAREST POSIE,—I'm going to have my letter ready in case I want to write in a hurry, that it may not disappoint you by blank paper again. I used to write long pieces of diary when I was abroad, now I am too lazy; but I will do a little bit sometimes, for Wisie and you—if you care to read it: sometimes I might like to be put in mind of a thing which I had forgotten myself. (You see I've fixed on "Wisie";² I think it's very funny and nice.)

Well, to-day, by the way of beginning well, I overslept myself. Then breakfast in a penitent manner. Then wrote a business letter—to make amends. Then took my umbrella in one hand, and stick in the other, and went out to market.

The market was all white and red, with clean caps and strawberries. Choosing a nice-looking head and cap, I request her to choose me a basket. She produces one which looks unexceptionable.

St. C. "Maid—tout les les plus belles sont en haut, n'est ce pas, et toutes les mauvaises en bas?"

White Cap. "Monsieur, je viderai le panier devant vous!"

St. C. "C'est pas la peine. Je me fie a vous."

White Cap. "Je vous assure, Monsieur, elles sont toutes bonnes. Est que la petite n'ira pas avec vous pour les porter?"

St. C. "Ça serait trop loin. Je m'en vais jusqu'a Portel" (three miles).

White Cap. "Ah, bein oui—c'est trop loin."

La Petite. "J'y serais aller, Monseiue, tout de mÊme."

St. C. "Nous verrons, peut Être, quand J'aurai deux paniers a porter. Mais, Madame—vous allez me faire cadeau d'une feuille de choux, pour que ca se tienne fraiche."

White Cap. "Mais bien volontiers, Monsieur."

¹ [A copy of this letter was sent by Ruskin to his father and mother, and by them preserved. "Copying," he wrote, "is good, quiet, unexciting work for me."]

² [As his pet name for the elder Miss La Touche: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 526, where it is also explained that "St. C." was the children's name for Ruskin.]

This being thus satisfactorily arranged, I shoulder my umbrella, put my stick through handle of basket (weighing about three pounds), and march off for Portel.

Portel is the first fishing village south of Boulogne. My immediate object there is a little cabaret close to the village school and church, inhabited by a triple-traded aubergiste (who makes hooks for mackerel and catches crabs), his wife, and their three children.

The youngest boy (to whom I had yesterday made the present of a plate of cherries, for family distribution, which he immediately took possession of by thrusting his whole hand down thro' the middle) announces my approach. The wife receives me graciously and shows me into sanded parlour. I beg her to provide me with some milk, sugar, *pain de ménage*, and four plates, the whole to be ready in an hour. Which being faithfully promised, I proceed to descend the hill which leads to a large farm on the other side of the village, and meet, coming up to it, my hostess's little eldest daughter (9) with a sad blue mark on her forehead, continuous down the middle of the pretty little French nose, and terminating in a red scar on the upper lip. On my inquiring the reason of these unaccustomed appearances, Clotilde explains to me how coming out of church, "on m'a poussée," how being "poussée" I fell with my face on the corner of a step, and how "ça m'a fait bien mal."

St. C. "Va seulement chez toi, petite; nous allons manger des fraises, et nous nous guérirons bientôt."

Clotilde disappears with a slightly incredulous, but nevertheless illumined countenance; and I, following the cart road a few steps further, turn aside into a narrow footpath with a steep bank of grass on one side crowned by a cornfield; on the other, a hedge of wild roses; with gaps here and there into a sloping field at the bottom of which lies the great old French farm, with grey stone gates and rusticated columns of the time of Louis XV. Far beyond on a sweep of open hillside, and crowning it, rise the thatched roofs of another "domaine," ended by a huge old round tower, which looks like a donjon, but is only a pigeonnier. Looking back, I see between the grass bank and the wild roses a little blue half-moon-shaped piece of calm sea. I walk slowly and more slowly and at last take to examining the newly eared wheat.

Rose, dearie, did you ever notice the way the ears come out of the thin grassy envelope of the stalk? You know that verse, "First, the blade; then, the ear; after that, the full corn *in* the ear."¹ You

¹ [The Bible references here, and later, are:—Mark iv. 28; Matthew iii. 12; Psalms cxxix. 7; Matthew xiii. 8; 1 Corinthians xiii. 8; Isaiah xli. 16 (combined with Psalms ciii. 16).]
xxxvi. 2A

know it is usually read as if it meant three stages of growth only as if the blade *became* the ear; and the ear *became* the corn. But I believe St. Paul means deeper things. If you look at the young plant you will see that it has *one* broad leaf or “blade” at the *top* as the most conspicuous part of it: the ear at this time being entirely wrapped up and hidden, deep down in the seeming stalk. Gradually the stalk gives way: the ear bursts *through* it; and rises, rises, till it *passes* the blade, which, once uppermost, remains now an appendage to the risen ear. But there is yet no *corn* in the ear. It must blossom first; and little by little the white, precious farina forms in its alternate buds.

Now whether you suppose the “kingdom of God” to be spoken of the world, or of change in a single human heart, does it not seem that each condition is, as it were, the defence of and preparation for another?—the Last only being the precious or perfect one. The Jewish dispensation enclosed the Christian as the blade does the ear: the Christian itself, blossoming partly, partly blighted, has yet to undergo the winnowing by Him whose Fan is in His hand; who will gather the grain into His garner and burn the chaff with fire. Or if you take it of a single soul, does it not seem as if each successive condition of mind, though for a time good and necessary, were only the covering and guiding preparation for better things; better, that is to say, more useful and fruitful. First the leaf, like fresh religious feeling which may pass away—(whereof he that binds the sheaves fills not his bosom)—but if it hold, beneath it springs the ear, which we may take for well-formed purpose—that also may be blasted before it be grown up;—lastly the good fruit forms, some sixty, some an hundred-fold, which is like charity that doth not fail—the blade and the chaff failing and ceasing like prophecies and like knowledge. We thought the green was good—but it passes: we thought the gold was good—but the winds carry it away and it is gone: we thought at least the grain was good—but even that must be crushed under the millstone,—and only at last the white is good.

I did not of course quite think out this by the side of the wheat field; but partly felt it. For I was disturbed by a feeling of remorse at spoiling some of the most beautiful ears by pulling them open, and besides, disturbed a little by the rose hedge on the other side, which led me into some reflections upon the symbolism and destinies of Roses; but as these could not be of the slightest interest to you, Pet, I shall not set them down.

I was also interrupted by some Poppies, in which the grey-golden-green, or whatever you can call the indescribable colour of the stamens, was of peculiar refinement, and the leaves of quite blinding scarlet.

I could not moralize on the poppies, partly because I was bent on discovering the cause of the bronze colour with my magnifying glass, and partly because a sentence of Edmond About's about *mauvaise honte* came into my head. "Les coquelicots sont bien rouges—mais je le fus davantage en entendant," etc.

Having got past the poppies, I found myself in a narrow lane leading down to the gate of the old farm. Approaching which, and standing to observe the interior, I surprised and shocked two of the farm dogs, who immediately trotted to the gate and remonstrated with me upon my conduct. I pretended not to understand French, which made them very angry, and as all angry people do, they barked louder in order to make themselves understood. For peace's sake I stepped out of their sight behind the gate pillars, and, after addressing some general remarks upon the English, of a deprecatory character, to the pigeons, they returned to their kennels. Whereupon I set myself to sketch the gate in profile, delighting myself with imagining what the state of their minds would have been, if they could have known I was still there, making sketches of their master's gate.

The gate pillars were all overgrown with moss, and large white daisies, in fringed rows, white on the blue sky. Before I had drawn half of these it was time to think of Clotilde's strawberries; so I put up my book and walked briskly back to Portel.

A white cloth on the table, the basket with undisturbed cabbage leaf, a jug of milk and four plates, were "duly set." The children had been withdrawn from temptation into the inner room.

I chose and carefully drew from the stalks thirty-six model strawberries, and put twelve on each of the three plates. I then looked for the largest in the basket and put that in the middle of Clotilde's plate. Then I filled with milk; and touched the crests with sugar after the manner of Alps, and then summoned the children. Nervous excitement preventing the two youngest from carrying their plates even, I had to carry them myself into the inner room, where we found Mama laying cloth for dinner. "Ah, monsieur, vous les gâtez," said she,—"*ça sera pour le dessert.*"

I returned into my *salle* and eat my own twelve strawberries—(the *pain de ménage* is exquisite).

Then I returned to the inner room, to see how dinner is going on.

Clotilde has arranged her own strawberries and her sister's in a perfect circle round the plates. But the little boy has apparently refused absolutely to eat his strawberries on decorative principles; and has got his plate close to him in its original Alpine chaos.

In the centre of the table is a magnificent dish of fried skate,

with (as Madame explains to me) “Sauce à la matelote” (which is brown and has more vinegar in it than I like), and surrounded by delicatest new potatoes. The head of the family, for more dignity and ease, eats out of the dish. Mama and the children have plates, and little black-eyes, resolute in all things, has possessed himself of the largest knife on the table, with which he is vainly but perseveringly endeavouring to cut segments out of a new potato, naturally polished—slippery, moreover, with *sauce à la matelote*, and so large that he cannot hold it, though he applies to it the whole acquisitive power of his left hand. The arrangements are farther enlivened by a jug of brown liquid, about which I am unfortunately curious, for it turns out to be flat and sour cider; and a discussion arising on the relative merits of our English, bottled, it seems probable that I shall be obliged to finish my glass in order to convince me of the futility of my English prejudice. To avoid which penalty, I rise somewhat hastily, pay for my bread and milk, present the strawberry basket with remaining contents to the children (thereby dispersing a slight cloud which had arisen on the face of the *ménagère* because her mother would not eat the large thirteenth, which she had set aside for her): and walked down to the beach. Low tide and black rocks, as far as the eye can reach.

To FREDERICK J. SHIELDS

BOULOGNE, 7 July, '61.

MY DEAR MR. SHIELDS,—I have the photograph safely—I think the design¹ quite magnificent, full of splendid power. I wish you could send me a photograph, not enlarged, and more sharp, to give me more idea of the drawing, which I should think must be wonderful, and quite beyond the power of any woodcutter I know.

I will think about it and write you more when I receive your second packet.—Most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—If there is any question about expense in the cutting, I shall be most happy to contribute towards having it done well—but I fear no money can get it done.

¹ [Of Vanity Fair in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was ultimately cut by Herr Gaber, who cut the Richter designs. The volume was entitled *Illustrations to Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress by Fredk. J. Sheilds (sic)*. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.; Manchester: A. Ireland & Co. 1864.]

To his FATHER

BOULOGNE, 12th July, 1861.

I was out looking at the comet last night (I am delighted to hear my mother saw it), and was much tickled by an old French (shop) lady who was out on the pavement looking at it through her spectacles, and repeating, in a voice of commendatory surprise, "Mais elle est bien haute—excessivement haute." Her idea of a comet was evidently that it was something of the nature of a kite, and that it had been got up that evening rather higher than usual. Tell Mr. Harrison this. It was not indeed altogether to see the comet that I was out, for I was returning from hearing one of the sweetest of (second-rate) operas—Auber's *Haydée, ou le Secret*—(the plot being Scribe's and at Venice—nothing to do with Byron's)—very sweetly sung at least in its two principal parts. It began at seven o'clock, and when I went out *en grande tenue*—white gloves and so on—having to walk half a mile along the main street facing the quay, I was mightily pleased to find one of my little fish-children friends, who was going home bare-footed, coming up to me, and without the least impudence, on the one side, or the least idea that I mightn't like it, on the other, walking beside me, and talking the whole way, mostly in the gutter, with her basket on her arm.

To Mrs. BURNE-JONES¹

BOULOGNE, Saturday [July 20, '61].

MY DEAR GEORGIE,—I can't get this to you in time to wish you joy to-morrow. I've already been made a great deal more wicked than I should have been by the Post Office. I'm always so angry because I can't get letters delivered on Sundays—if it hadn't been for that, I might have been a "Sabbatarian." I was bred one. I think I shall send you a telegram. I can always do that. And this you will get on Monday morning early, indeed and in truth wishing you all good (whatever good may be), for both your sakes. But don't trust to that strength and health of yours having been so unbroken. You soft blue-eyed people, I know, have always *cœurs de lion*, but I'm not so sure about the *poitrine*. Do take care. In those chest affections, remember, the old proverb is fearfully true—What's done can't be undone.

¹ [Passages from this letter are printed in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 232.]

And don't be too sad about your friends. I am sorry about Plint,¹ but for his own sake and for that of others much more than for Edward's. Ed. is sure to have always more than he can do. But Mrs. Wells² is the main sorrow unless there are other friends, whom I don't know, of whom you are speaking. *I* am very, *very** sorry. I did not know her much, but I always counted upon her as a friend whom I could *make*, if only I had time. And there's Mrs. Browning gone, too, who *was* a friend, and such a one; but one must not think about oneself in talking of her, it is all the Earth's loss. I get horribly sad whenever I give myself time to think; and can only keep up by help of those things which you think so *sad*, when you see them going out. I was on the deck of one all Wednesday night, it blowing hard: and the sea a blaze with phosphoric foam, one perpetual torrent of white fire rushing over the lower side of the deck; for we were going fast, and when the moon went down at one the night was nearly black, all but the fire of the waves. We began mackerel fishing off Hastings at five in the morning, but after holding on by ropes all night, I got tired of having spray come over me, and I couldn't breathe in their hole of a cabin forward, so I made them take me home. We set all sail, and of all the noble and gay things going, I don't think there are many gayer than a good boat when she gets leave to go and has the wind as she likes, and plenty—it is like a sea gull and an *always conquering* knight in a tournament, at once—half flight, half crash, as she meets the waves. I had the helm for an hour and a half, and my arms are not well *on* again yet. We got in to Boulogne about ten. No, there's no real *sadness*, though much solemnity in the life. The man at the helm during the night was just as happy as if he had been asleep, smoking, and just glancing now and then at the relief of the sail in the moonlight, to see that it was rightly filled. The other men were snoring in their hole like dormice, as merry when they began fishing as if they had been in an alehouse—nay, what say I? immeasurably more; they came out of their oily, tarry, salt black hole in perfect peace of mind to meet the face of Dawn, and do their daily work—would they have come in the same peace of mind out of the alehouse? Nay, are not they happier even than the well-conducted peasant in their homes, seeing wife and child by daylight instead of dark? And then their “sense.” One of the pilots I've been sailing

* I speak selfishly. I hardly knew her husband—it's no use thinking of him or of her brother.

¹ [See below, p. 377 *n.*]

² [See Vol. XIV. p. 30 *n.*, where a letter from Ruskin to his father, lamenting her death, is given.]

with—I was out with him all day on Monday, when it was calm enough for talking—is precisely of my way of thinking on all points of Theology, morality, politics, and economy. He kept saying, in good French, just the very thing I meant to have tried to say in bad. There's wisdom for you! Do you think any of your clodpolly¹ country people could have done that, Miss? (I beg pardon, Mistress.) Well, that was very funny, your talking about Rosie being better than a current bush. Only a letter or two before I had been describing to her a cottage I was going to have in the Alps, and I described contents of garden thus:—

“With daisies in it; yes, and violets, yes—and—current bushes, and cabbages, and other useful vegetables.”

She hasn't written me a word since the scolding about Victorie and Louise, so I've sent her a letter on the natural history of shellfish, and seaweed, which I hope she'll like better. I shall not see her till November. Nay, I shall never see *her* again. It's another Rosie every six months now. Do I want to keep her from growing up? Of course I do. Should I like more than half to see you over here? Of course I should—full three-quarters. Do come if you can. But come by *yourselves*. I won't have *anybody*. Stop, I see you're to be with friends, without Ned—no, that won't do for me. But I think you and Edward may manage to come before I leave my little sea parlour and look out of it, and be lulled, not kept awake by far off-sea. I can't write more to-day. Write to me and tell me all about the troubles.—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

P.S.—So glad to hear of Nativity and nice “feet in grass” Annunciation.²

To his FATHER

BOULOGNE, *Sunday, 21st July, 1861.*

The boat goes early to-day, so that I cannot think over the contents of your letter, so as to be able to answer in any definite way to-day. It happens to be complicated by a very earnest invitation from the La Touches for the month of August—after the fuss of the Court visits are over³—and Bethune's⁴ note, though I've hardly had time to read it, is very nice. I had no idea that I had given him an

¹ [Coined by Ruskin from the Shakespearean *clod-pole*.]

² [Possibly the Annunciation “in which the Virgin kneels by her bed while the Angel appears amongst blossoming apple-trees” (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 261).]

³ [See below, p. 383.]

⁴ [The husband of Caroline Domecq: see *Præterita*, ii. § 178 (Vol. XXXV. p. 408).]

impression of being kind. I should, and should not, like to go and see them. I am ashamed of my bad French, and of my weak health, and of my not being able to ride nor dance, nor do anything like other people, so that I'm always, in a small, minor way, tormented when I'm with people who don't know my forte—such as it is—and with these French people I should be doubly uneasy, because I know they would wish to be kind and put themselves out of their way to be so. Then I've *nearly* promised to go to the Cookes¹ in the autumn, for a day or two, and I believe the best thing for me would be to do none of these things, but go on—not here, perhaps, but in some quiet place—as I am doing.

My opinion of my drawing is not morbid. It is the same fixed opinion which I have formed of my poetry, and will never more change, being grounded on clear and large knowledge of what is really noble and good in human work. I would I could lose the knowledge again, for it is an awful one, making the common world and its ways look half death and half dust; but as I have wrought for it, and this is all I have got for my labour, I suppose it will be of some use in time. My drawing may perhaps still be of use to me in illustrating natural history, or such things.

Sir Joshua was the last healthy painter, because he was the last painter whose work was received. Turner was a painter also—but his work was not received, and he died mad. There has been no other man, since Sir Joshua, worth the bread he ate—or the grave he will lie in—I mean, of course, as a painter. Every man deserves his bread—who fairly wins it; but they win it with sorrow—not having the true gift—which makes half the work as easy and unconscious as that of winds and rain.

To FREDERIC J. SHIELDS

BOULOGNE, 3rd August, '61.

DEAR MR. SHIELDS,—I have not been ill but idle—at least, I *was* ill when I wrote you last, and have been resting since. The photo (Vanity Fair) arrived quite safely, but I have not been able to attend to any business since—and really getting this drawing engraved is no small piece of business. I expect my assistant from London soon now, and will consult with him, and write to you.

Nothing can be more wonderful than the drawing, but I think your conception of Christian false—Christian was no Puritan. I consider Puritanism merely Pachydermatous Christianity, apt to live in

¹ [See above, p. 359 *n.*]

mud. The Christ in Mercy fainting, I think a failure also, but it is almost impossible in rude outline to give beautiful expression. You need study among the higher Italians. You have been too much among the Northerners.—Ever yours faithfully,
J. RUSKIN.¹

To GEORGE ALLEN

BOULOGNE, August 4, 1861.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I shall not be up for a fortnight yet, but it does not matter; go on with Geneva² as you say. What was it that upset you? Reading for education consists mainly in reading attentively and only what you wish permanently to know or remember. Never pass a word, if you can help it, without understanding it, and all about it. Read always with maps, if possible, when you read about places, and leave the book at every sentence if necessary to hunt down a difficulty. What does Punjaub mean? Where is the district? How large? Bunnoo³—where?—Afghanistan—where?—and so on. What is a “Sikh”—how are Sikhs armed—what is the origin of their race?—etc., etc. Indian money—a rupee—how much?—a lac of rupees—how much?—origin of word rupee? Pronunciation of it? Half a page read this way is worth more than half a volume read for amusement.—Always affectionately yours,
J. R.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI⁴

[DENMARK HILL. 1861—? August.]

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,—I was very glad to hear from you, and will certainly recommend Mr. Plint’s executors—if I am referred to by them—to act for their own or the estate’s interest as you propose.

¹ [The book with the designs by Mr. Shields was published later in the year by Messrs. Ireland & Co., to whom Ruskin wrote (30th November 1861): “I have just received the copy of the *Pilgrim’s Progress* with Mr. Shields’s illustrations, which you favoured me by forwarding. I have not seen anything at all approaching these designs in power or originality in any modern illustrated work that I remember. Will you please set aside six copies with good impressions and I will take them and settle account for all the seven when I am in Manchester, as I hope to be next week?”]

² [See above, p. 281 n.]

³ [Ruskin, it is clear, had been reading Herbert Edwardes’ *Year on the Punjab Frontier* (published 1861), which he afterwards re-edited under the title *A Knight’s Faith*: see Vol. XXXI.]

⁴ [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 288 (No. 66). Mr. Plint, of Leeds, one of Rossetti’s patrons, had unexpectedly died; he had advanced several

But I hope somebody will soon throw you into prison. We will have the cell made nice, airy, cheery, and tidy, and you'll get on with your work gloriously. Love to Ida.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I will not mention your name. I should recommend the arrangement you propose entirely in *their* interest.

To LADY NAESMYTH

LLANGOLLEN, N.W., 22nd August.

DEAR LADY NAESMYTH,—I have been waiting for a cheerful day when I might write to you. I have your last kind letter, and am so very glad you are going to Venice, though I cannot now, as I could once have done, rejoice in the privilege of being your guide there. All my favourite pictures have been, I believe, “restored.” I suppose there is no untouched Titian left, so that I cannot say now “Look at that till you like it” any more. Nay, I am not sure that obedience to such direction is the shortest or safest way of learning. I believe looking at just that which we ourselves enjoy, in an earnest and progressive way, is the true way to get on, as well as to be happy in seeing. Titian's Assumption was one the noblest picture in Kosmos,¹ as far as human creatures know it. But I hear there is more of cosmetic than of Kosmos in it now. If you mention my name to Mr. Lorenzi in St. Mark's Library, he will find my *Stones of Venice* for you there; and if you glance at the account of the Scuola di San Rocco in the Venetian Index² it will help you with Tintoret. Don't go to Torcello. I made more fuss about it than it is worth.³ The John Bellini in San Zaccaria is the best I know, and it is better to study him by that and the picture in the Frari than by any in the Academy.⁴

Read the chapter on Tombs in *The Stones of Venice* (it is in the third volume under either Roman Renaissance or Grottesque Renaissance—I

hundred pounds on account of work commissioned, much of which Rossetti had not even put in hand. The executors were pressing for delivery; and Rossetti solicited Ruskin's good offices in inducing them either to wait or to accept other finished works. For further particulars, see *D. G. Rossetti: his Family Letters, with a Memoir*, vol. ii. p. 167, and H. C. Marillier's *Rossetti*, p. 104.]

¹ [An opinion, however, which Ruskin afterwards modified: see Vol. XXIV. p. 153.]

² [See now Vol. XI. pp. 403–428.]

³ [In ch. ii. of vol. ii. of *The Stones*: see Vol. X. pp. 17 *seq.*]

⁴ [Compare Vol. XI. p. 379 and *n.*]

forget which¹)—the study of Venetian feeling as manifested in them is most interesting.

It is quite safe and very enjoyable to fasten your gondola without its felze to a fishing-boat stern, and be butterflied along the long lagoon channels on a breezy day.

Give yourself time for Verona. It is very lovely.

I am a little better than I was, having been mackerel fishing at Boulogne; the sea air, and steering, refresh one wonderfully in rough seas. Still I'm far from right, and mean to persevere in uttermost idleness. I'm going into Ireland for a day or two to see my little child-pet, Rosie; and what I shall do next I have no conception. Whatever she teazes me into doing, I suppose, but I don't mean to be sent to her horrible "west coast" if I can help it, and I think rather of coming to Switzerland for the fall of the leaf. Would you be likely to be returning towards the end of September? If I come, I shall probably come straight to Interlachen first, and perhaps stay there—at all events after mid September, a note there is likely to find me.

I've put off and off writing this, always intending to write you a nice letter. But I find these Welsh mountains duller than the sea, and have no talk in me. I work at natural history, slowly, but it is very dreadful. The immeasurable Wisdom—the Merciless laws—the perpetual misery, mystery, misunderstanding—the fathomless abyss of time and space—one feels every day more and more like a poor weary bee I saw yesterday on the top of a thistle, half dead and falling off the flower into the spikes, and nobody caring for it. Only a stonechat ready to eat it, and shorten its pain.

I shall be saying something more comfortable still if I don't stop. Comfortable or not, I shall always be to Sir John and you, your faithful and grateful

J.

RUSKIN.

A note to Post Office, Bangor, would be likely to find me soon.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

HOLYHEAD, 26 August, 1861.

DEAR NORTON,—Glad, and glad, and glad again have I been of your letters—though I do not answer them, because if I did, it would make you sorry. This last, however, I must—though but to say it is

¹ [The tombs are described in both chapters: see Vol. XI. pp. 81–149.]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, pp. 11–12. No. 28 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 116–120.]

impossible for me to come to America.¹ The one thing I need seems to be, for the present, rest; and the power of slowly following some branch of natural history or other peaceful knowledge; not that natural history is in one sense peaceful, but terrific; its abysses of life and pain, of diabolic ingenuity, merciless condemnation, irrevocable change, infinite scorn, endless advance, immeasurable scale of beings incomprehensible to each other, every one important in its own sight and a grain of dust in its Creator's—it makes me giddy and desolate beyond all speaking; but it is better than the effort and misery of work for anything human.

It is of no use for me to talk or hear talking as yet. What can be said for good, I have for the most part well heard and thought of—no one much comforts me but Socrates. Is not this a glorious bit of anti-materialism, summing nearly all that can be said: Εἰδώς ὅτι γῆς τε μικρὸν μέρος ἐν τῷ σώματι, πολλῆς, ἔχεις, καὶ ὑγροῦ βραχύ, πολλοῦ

¹ [On this invitation, Professor Norton received the following letter from Ruskin's father:—

“DENMARK HILL, 3 August, 1861.—MY DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure to receive your most kind Letter of 16 July repeating an Invitation previously sent to my Son, who will not fail to appreciate your friendship and to value, as his Mother and I do, these marks of your continued remembrance and regard, Remembrance and Regard which we well know to be mutual.

“Of his going to America we have neither spoken nor written to him, because although we have both hoped and desired he might not have occasion to take any long voyage during our Lives, our first thought now is for his Health, and if that could be benefited it is not the crossing of the Atlantic nor the Sea of Troubles raging on the other side of it, that would now dismay us. It is a most pleasing feature in your Letter that no allusion to any political troubles is found in it. I doubt not my Son has already answered your Letter and thanked you and family for all your Kindness. He has been at Boulogne since 17 June, and is recovering from the exhaustion complained of, and has got quite well of a severe cold which he took with him. I am happy to say Dr. Watson, his Physician, saw little the matter with my Son, and his Mother and I have heard more of his being out of Health from those to whom he has complained than from himself, which, however, might arise from consideration for us.

“It seems to me to be as much a want of purpose as a want of Health. He has done a good deal, but thinks he has done little, and all to little purpose.

“He was somewhat wearied with work, and I think is just beginning to get wearied with want of work and with not exactly knowing what to turn to next, but I should be sorry to see him begin another work till a pleasant and long Tour and Journey or Voyage had recruited his frame and spirits. I never saw him less than cheerful in society, and when Carlyle comes to see him, and with some Ladies, and a few favourite Children, his spirits are exuberant. He has promised to pay a visit to an interesting family, the Latouches, near Dublin, but the crowd following Majesty there may keep him back.

“Referring to his own letters, allow me to repeat my warmest acknowledgements for your Kindness and for that of your family, in which Mrs. Ruskin joins, as she does moreover in kindest regards to yourself, your Mother and Sisters. I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

JOHN JAMES RUSKIN.”

This letter was No. 27 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 114–116.]

Ὄντος, ... νοῦν δέ μόνον ἀρα οὐδαμῶ ὄντα σέ εὐτυχῶς πως δοκεῖς συναρπάσαι; Καί πλήθος ἀπειρα δι' ἀφροσύνην τινά οὕτως οἶει εὐτάκτως ἔχειν;¹ (*Memorabilia*, i. 4, 8).

This is all well, but it is to me so fearful a discovery to find how God has allowed all who have variously sought Him in the most earnest way, to be blinded — how Puritan — monk — Brahmin — churchman — Turk — are all merely names for different madneses and ignorances; how nothing prevails finally but a steady, worldly-wise labour — comfortable — resolute — fearless — full of animal life — affectionate — compassionate. I think I see how one ought to live, now, but my own life is lost — gone by. I looked for another world, and find there is only this, and that is past for me: what message I have given is all wrong: has to be all re-said, in another way, and is, so said, almost too terrible to be serviceable. For the present I am dead-silent. Our preachers drive me mad with contempt if I ever read or listen to a word; our politicians, mad with indignation. I cannot speak to the first any more than I could to pantaloons in a bad pantomime, or to the last more than to lizards in a marsh. I am working at geology, at Greek — weakly — patiently — caring for neither; trying to learn to write, and hold my pen properly — reading comparative anatomy, and gathering molluscs, with disgust.

I have been staying at Boulogne nearly two months. I went out mackerel fishing, and saw the fish glitter and choke, and the sea foam by night. I learned to sail a French lugger, and a good pilot at last left me alone on deck at the helm in mid channel, with all sail set, and steady breeze.² It felt rather grand; but in fact would have been a good deal grander if it had been nearer shore—but I am getting on, if I don't get too weak to hold a helm, for I can't digest anything I think. I tried Wales after that, but the moorland hills made me melancholy, utterly. I've come on here to get some rougher sailing if I can—then I'm going over to Ireland for a day or two. . . . Then I'm going straight to Switzerland, for the fall of the leaf; and what next I don't know. There's enough of myself for you. . . . I'm so glad you think hopefully about the war. It interests me no more than a squabble between black and red ants. It does not matter whether people are free or not, as far as I can see, till when free they

¹ ["Knowing that of earth and of water, both so plentiful, you have in your body but a small portion, do you really think that mind is the one thing, existing nowhere else, which you have had the lucky chance to snatch up? and that all these mighty and countless things are thus kept in order by some senseless power?"]

² [For these experiences, see above, p. 374, and Vol. XVII. p. xxxvii.; and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74 (Vol. XXIX. p. 51).]

know how to choose a master.¹ Write to me, please, Poste Restante, Interlachen, Switzerland. I'm hoping to find out something of the making of the Jungfrau, if the snows don't come too soon, and my poor 42-year-old feet still serve me a little. . . . Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN

To THOMAS CARLYLE

HOLYHEAD, *Wednesday, 28th August, '61.*

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I was *so* glad to get Froude's letter,² with your little endorsement, and I would have set to work instantly, but you can't think how ill I am; indeed I've not been able to do a sentence of anything all this summer. The heaviest depression is upon me I have ever gone through; the great questions about Nature and God and man have come on me in forms so strange and frightful—and it is so new to me to do everything expecting only Death, though I see it is the right way—even to play—and *men* who are men nearly always do it without talking about it.

But all my thoughts and ways are overturned—so is my health for the present, and I can do nothing this year.

I'll write to you and to Mrs. Carlyle from Ireland, where I'm going to-day, wind and weather serving.

I have written to Mr. Froude by this post, and I am ever your and Mrs. Carlyle's affectionate servant (though you have Charlotte³ too),

J. RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

HARRISTOWN, *Thursday Morning [August 29].*

I hope you received the telegram rightly; it was sent from Dublin a little after seven, with some difficulty, Crawley⁴ having to return two miles to another station across the town. I had what people would call a beautiful passage—that is to say, an entirely dull one—in huge steamer. I had no idea of the disagreeableness of these large boats. Their enormous fires vomiting volcanofuls of smoke continually through two funnels nearly as big as railway tunnels; the colossal power of the engines making everything else subordinate to it, so

¹ [Compare *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 82 (Vol. XIX. p. 129).]

² [Probably encouraging Ruskin to continue his essays on Political Economy, in spite of the suppression of them in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The later essays appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, under Froude's editorship.]

³ [See "Mrs. Carlyle and her Servants," in *From a Woman's Note-Book* (Mrs. E. T. Cook), p. 229.]

⁴ [Ruskin's servant.]

that the feeling is not of being in a boat at all, but on a timber framework surrounding a fearful engine which is crushing the sea—roaring and storming its way along; the want of all healthy wave motion, and the substitution for it merely of a continual sense of giddiness, which makes one fancy one's legs or head are failing somehow; the whole bow of the boat planked over, not a deck, but a roof, so [sketch], the top of which is forbidden to passengers, so that one can't go near the head of the boat; the huge saloons, and perpetual draught through all of them, caused by boat's railway speed—make the whole thing the most disagreeable floating contrivance imaginable. It went over in four hours. Dublin Bay is larger and grander, far, than I expected, but not half so pretty, and I am entirely aghast at the town. I expected rather a fine city. It joins the filth of Manchester to the gloom of Modena, and the moral atmosphere of St. Giles's. Far the melancholiest place I ever entered. I couldn't stop in it—there was a train for Harristown, at a quarter before eight. It set me down at half-past eight, at their stopping station, still eight miles from Mr. La Touche's; got on Irish car, and took them a little by surprise at half-past nine. Mr. La Touche, who received me, seemed entirely glad to see me—even by surprise. The children (I'm happy to say, for I feared they had been getting into late hours) had all gone to bed—but not quite into it—and Percy scampered down bare-footed like a little Irishman; Rosie followed presently in tiny pink dressing-gown; and Wisie, like Grisi in *Norma*—all very happy and very well. Mrs. La Touche looks well, notwithstanding severe work in receiving Prince of Wales. They gave *déjeûner* to eighty people, and allowed a quantity of the villagers to come on the lawn to see the Prince, besides feeding them, and making everybody very happy.

The place is frightfully large—the park, I mean: not quite so pretty as I expected. The stream—brown and clear—is pretty, and has fine pebbly bottom, but that is all. Winnington is far prettier both in house and grounds. Lord Palmerston's chalk stream and hills are far more interesting—Wallington grander. This is just no end of trees and park, with peeps of Wicklow hills in the gaps, but no appearance of pleasant walks or odd, out-of-the-way places; the Addington Hills and fields incomparably better.

What I have seen of the Irish themselves—in just the two hours after landing, like one's first impression of Calais—will, I suppose, remain as the permanent impression. I had no conception the stories of Ireland were so true. I had fancied all were violent exaggeration. But it is impossible to exaggerate.

I wanted some tea when I got to the railroad station in Dublin, having forty minutes to wait before train left for Harristown. The station smelt close and foul. I crossed to an "Hotel" which had "refreshment rooms" on its sign. They gave me good tea and good bread: but the squalor of the rooms, of the waitress, of the old prints, of the tablecloth! Far worse than the worst of Italy. There, it is a desolate, savage squalor; this was ale-housy, nasty, ignoble—I never saw its like.

The glare of the eye is very peculiar in the Irish face. And yet, through it all, such heart, and good-nature, and love of fun. At the station I was taking my ticket (fearing Crawley would not be back from telegraph office in time). I was doubtful of a shilling—asked ticket giver if he would take it. "It's good, sir; if it isn't, I'll know ye when ye come back, and I'll thry to pass it upon ye."

Rosie herself wears a little red cap here and is very wild—and very angry at my insisting on staying in my room and doing letters and geology till lunch time, which takes away all hope of her escaping any of her lessons. After lunch we're going to build a bridge across the Liffey, as I used to do at Coniston and Low-wood—at least if it keeps fine. I have announced my mother's parcel to them and they are delighted. I'm going to take it down at lunch, but this letter must be ready for post first. I've tried to write it steadily, but one can't write about Ireland quite without Irish irregularity.

To his FATHER

BONNEVILLE, *Saturday, 5th October, 1861.*

I have your kind note of the 2nd, saying you would give half of all you have if I were feeling like the Nun at Le Puy.¹ Would you rather, then, have me kept in the ignorance necessary to produce that state of feeling? It might have been, once. Never can be now—once emerged from it, it is gone for ever, like childhood. I know no example in history of men once breaking away from their early beliefs, and returning to them again. The Unbeliever may be taught to believe—but not Julian the Apostate to return. However, if you look at the world—take America—Austria—France—and see what their form of Christianity has done for them—possibly the form that is coming may do more, and I may be more useful, as I always have been, as an iconoclast, than as a conservative.

¹ [See *Præterita*, iii. § 4 (Vol. XXXV. p. 478).]

To his FATHER

LUCERNE, *Sunday, 27th Oct.*, 1861.

You will see by my past letters that I have had only one Irish letter since I wrote first about Rosie. Rosie can't write herself; Emily is nursing her, and her mother is nursing Miss Bunnett.¹ I could only have bulletins at the best, and I should only make Rosie more anxious about herself, by asking for these frequently. I expect a letter, however, on Wednesday next, or thereabouts, in answer to mine of Wednesday last.

I am sorry to say I quite forget where that Gerizim and Ebal passage is.² It is profoundly true. It is not discretion that is wanting, where there is real talent; but education. If Spurgeon had been nobly trained, taught natural history in its great laws, and made to feel what was dignified in language and bearing, he would not make jests for a mob on a stuffed Gorilla. Of the two Athenians, Pericles and Phocion,³ who had most universal and benevolent influence on their nation, it is recorded that neither were ever seen to smile from their youth up. The passage you refer to about Fortune is Juvenal. It is in completeness,

“Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia; nos te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam cœloque locamus.”

You will find it at the end of one of the Satires, but I forget which.⁴ The view which Juvenal took of the power of Fortune was, however, Lucretian, and infidel; characteristic of the late times of Rome. Not so Livy, who dwells on her terrible power in the instance of Brutus and his sons: “Et qui spectator erat amovendus, (he who ought not to have been allowed to remain even as a spectator) eum ipsum Fortuna exactorem supplicii dedit.”⁵ Dante makes her the Ministress of divine power, adding that she is blessed and rejoices in being so—“e beata si gode”⁶—in another place also speaking of her as typical of the course of the world—

“Però giri Fortuna la sua ruota,
Come le piace, e 'l villan la sua marra.”⁷

But Juvenal is right in a certain limited sense.

¹ [Rosie's governess.]

² [Deuteronomy xi. 29.]

³ [For Phocion, compare above, p. 281; of Pericles, Plutarch says (§ 5) that he had “an imperturbable gravity of countenance.”]

⁴ [Satire x.]

⁵ [Livy, ii. 5, 5.]

⁶ [*Inferno*, vii. 96: quoted in *Munera Pulveris*, Vol. XVII. p. 223 n.]

⁷ [*Inferno*, xv. 95: compare the letter of March 19, 1887 (Vol. XXXVII. p. 586).]
xxxvi. 2B

To his FATHER

LUCERNE, *1st November*, 1861.

I have your kind note of the 29th about verses, etc. Am very glad you think me right in not sending the earlier ones. I now enclose a little note of Rosie's, received yesterday, that you and mama may see her hand—it is a little more slovenly than it used to be, but I hope this is only owing to enforced idleness making her careless. In my letter to her mother, I had said she wasn't to write me letters, only to sign her name at the bottom of her mother's notes (whence the beginning of this). The trees having their "flounces" crushed is very funny and Rose-aceous.

This note came with one from her mother, saying that Miss Bunnett is not expected to live, and that she is very sad; but that Rosie herself is quite well, though not allowed to do anything. Rosie's illness has assuredly *nothing* to do with any regard she may have for me. She likes me to pet her, but it is no manner of trouble when I go away; her affection takes much more the form of a desire to please me and make me happy in any way she can, than of any want for herself, either of my letters or my company.

Miss Bunnett is, or was, a good girl, and Mrs. La Touche was very fond of her, and so I am sorry for her.

There is no danger whatever in boating on this lake, provided one does not sail. I know this perfectly, merely by their form of boat. If ever the lake became seriously tempestuous, their ordinary service boats for traffic would be swamped every fortnight; no water can be dangerous on which the regular traffic boats are tubs. All the stories about it are romantic fables. I have indeed seen the wind much too strong to be rowed against; in which case one simply rows with it, landing wherever one likes. There is no place hereabouts for twenty miles in any direction along the shores where one *cannot* land, and even in the bay of Uri there are never two hundred yards of cliff without a shingle beach at one end or the other. At Boulogne I was often out in sea where with bad management of the boat there would really have been some danger; but here, I should not be the least afraid to go to sleep in the boat in the middle of the lake—(not that I ever do, for it's too cold)—and let wind and wave do exactly what they chose.

*To his FATHER*¹

LUCERNE, 2nd November, 1861.

I shall have pleasure in seeing the "Romance of a dull life"—but not if there are more of my verses in it. These are melodious enough—but alas, they are but nonsense, written in the loosest and most inaccurate English. A sound and close criticism of them would be as follows.

1. "The couchant strength, etc., Of thoughts they keep, and throbs they feel."

If a throb is felt, its strength cannot be "couchant"; if unfelt, it cannot be a "throb." By "thoughts they keep," does the writer mean "thoughts they keep thinking"? or "thoughts they keep to themselves"? In either case, the completed phrase is as ungraceful as the contracted one is obscure.

2. "May need an answering music," etc.

It is difficult to see how anything can be answered, when nothing has been said.

3. "Music to unseal."

"Couchant strength" is not usually "unsealed." You do not "unseal a lion." In the use of objects which can be unsealed, such as documents or old wine, music is not the instrument likely to be employed.

4. "What waves may stir the silent sea."

Waves do not stir the sea. They are a result of the sea's being stirred.

5. "Beneath the low appeal . . . Of winds unfelt," etc.

This would have been rather a pretty image if, in the course of the preceding five lines, the writer had not forgotten what he was talking about. The rise of waves in consequence of the action of wind at a distance might prettily illustrate the existence of emotion for which there was no visible cause, but it cannot illustrate the absence of emotion for which a cause is presumed to exist.

6. "Within the winding shell . . . of those that touch it well."

Shells used for musical purposes were of two kinds. Spiral shells were not "touched," but blown like trumpets, and made loud and disagreeable noises, for the tones of which, indeed, no one could be

¹ [Who had been finding romance in a dull life, it seems, by re-reading his son's early verses. The lines here dissected are stanza v. of "The Hills of Carrara" (Vol. II. pp. 209, 210).]

answerable but the performer. The shells which (or, more accurately, the strings of which) were “touched” to produce sound, were originally tortoise shells, and had no “windings.” The writer’s fancy appears to be as much at fault as his information, for we are much mistaken if the whole passage is not merely a blundering reminiscence of two others, one of which he has not understood, and the other he has never appreciated—namely, Shelley’s beautiful “Up from beneath his hand a tumult went”¹ of Mercury playing the first tortoise-shell lyre; and Wordsworth’s exquisitely accurate—

“Applying to his ear,
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell.”²

I should not at the time have liked this criticism to appear in the *Times*, but it would have done me “yeoman’s service” if it had.³

You may nearly always know in a moment whether poetry is good and true, by writing it in prose form. If it then reads like strong and sensible or tender and finished prose, and is perfectly simple, it is good:—

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet; where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone? of two such lessons, why forget the nobler and the manlier one?⁴

But, when the dawn came, dim, and sad, and chill with early showers, her quiet eyelids closed. She had another morn than ours.⁵

Mais elle était du monde, où les plus belles choses Ont le pire destin; Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses, L’espace d’un matin.⁶

In some cases reversion is admissible—or even desirable—but it is always a fault if it will not read as a vigorous prose form also. Intense simplicity is the first characteristic of the greatest poetry. I wish I could let you hear the melodious simplicity of the Greek epitaph on the Slave, Zosima:—

“Zosima, while she lived, was a slave in her body only,
Now, she has gained freedom for that, also.”

¹ [From the translation of *Homer’s Hymn to Mercury*, ix.:—

“and there went
Up from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds.”]

² [*The Excursion*, book iv.]

³ [*Hamlet*, Act v. sc. 2.]

⁴ [On these lines from Byron (*Don Juan*, iii. 86), compare Vol. XXXI. p. 348 Vol. XXXIII. p. 321. Compare a letter to Coventry Patmore in Vol. XXXVII. p. 253.]

⁵ [Hood’s *The Death Bed*: for another reference to the lines, see Vol. XVIII. p. 79 n.]

⁶ [“Consolation à Monsieur du Périer, Gentilhomme d’Aix en Provence, sur la morte de sa fille,” in the *Poésies of Malherbe*, No. xi. 13–16 (vol. i. p. 39 of *Œuvres de Malherbe*, ed. 1862).]

Or this, on Epictetus:—

“I was Epictetus, a slave, and a cripple,
Penniless, and Beloved of the Gods.”¹

I had a beautiful walk yesterday on the flanks of Pilate. I’ve written an account of it to Rosie, which, when it is done, I shall send to you to read first, and send on to her.

To Mrs. SIMON

LUCERNE, *Wednesday, 6th November, ’61.*

DEAR MRS. SIMON,—I have just heard from my father, to my sorrow, that you are unwell; and I must just send you a line to say that I *am* sorry, though perhaps you will not believe it, seeing that in four days it will be a month since you left me on the road to Geneva, and I have not written a line, which is horrid of me, and that’s the short and long of it.

I’ve had a drawing fit, and if the cold weather had not come on so violently all at once, I really believe, for once, a drawing would have been finished. I suppose now its fate will be like that of all the rest.

I change mind and plans and—hopes I was going to say, but I have no more of those—from day to day. The sense of the extreme absurdity of my writing what I feel or think, any morning or evening, is a good deal the cause of my not writing. Some days I am utterly gloomy and lifeless; others—occasionally a little cheerful; sometimes sanguine—for ten minutes. What would be the use of my writing an account of myself in any of these faces?—phases, I meant to write—but I’m tired to-day—(sleepless with toothache last night) and the pen slips. On the whole I am a little pleased with what I’ve done, and am coming in a thin crescent out of my interlunar cave;—if I ever get on into something like moonlight I shall be thankful—Sunlight there’s no chance of.

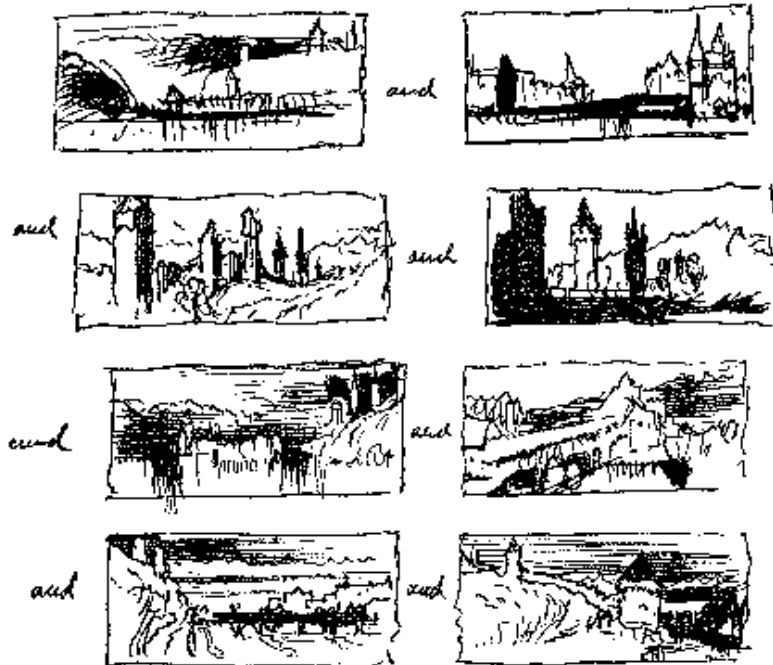
It would be only provoking if I were to tell you—in those London November fogs—what glorious light I have here;—and it would only vex you to tell you how little use I make of it, or with what apathetic eye I can look upon these Alps before my window covered with radiant new-fallen snow—I only wish the snow were up again where it came from.

There was only one letter to be got out of the Brunnen Post Office, and that did not look like one of Boo’s; was it the one you

¹ [For these epitaphs, see Vol. XVII. p. 522.]

expected? John wrote me some nonsense about wine from Geneva, which please say I took due note of nevertheless, but the accounts had been so made out by my orders, because I was answerable for the Bonneville vintage and cellarage, good, or bad.

Couttet desires his respectful regards. I have been sketching out of doors here as much as I could, but when I get to Altorf I hope to draw Couttet. I shall be, if all remains well, still a week or ten days here, and "Schweizer Hof, Lucerne" will find me—even when I go on to Altorf. I'm immensely vexed to lose Amsteg—but it will be too cold, I'm afraid (Q. Rosine there during winter?), and cold will not do for me now; it seems to take half the strength I have merely to meet the wind, if it is frosty. I've actually found a view of Lucerne in which the Schweizer Hof comes in—not disadvantageously. But whether my views be bad or good, I will answer for one thing about them. They won't get the like of them out of the place by photograph. Let me see—how many have I in hand? There's



and about ten or a dozen more. Good-night. Love to John and Boo.—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

To Mr. and Mrs. CARLYLE

LUCERNE, 7th November, '61.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. CARLYLE,—Two days before hearing from my father of Mr. Carlyle's kind little visit, I had sent an underlined charge of gravest character to let me know how you both were. I should have written myself, but was, for a month after leaving home this last time, in a state of stupid depression which there was no use in giving any account of. I am now settled here, with a bright room—fire—and view of lake. I draw and paint a little every day—very little, but what I do is now accumulative, and I hope will come to something. I am gaining strength gradually; and learning some Latin and Greek. I do everything as quietly and mechanically as I can. I have little pleasure, and no pain—except toothache sometimes. I forget, resolutely, all that human beings are doing of ridiculous, or suffering of its consequences; try to regret nothing—and to wish for nothing. I am obliged to pass much time in mere quiet—and standing with one's hands behind one's back is tiresome. I make up my mind to be tired and stand. The nights, if one wakes in them, are sadly long—one tries to think “after all—it is life—why should one wish it shorter?” and one is thankful, in spite of such philosophy, when the clock strikes. (I wonder if one would be—or will be—when it is a passing bell that strikes—which will be the same thing, once for all.) When I've read Xenophon's *Economist*, and Plato's *Republic*, and one or two more things carefully, I shall finish, if I can, my political economy. Of other plans or hopes, I have none for the present. There is enough, and a great deal too much, of myself. Mr. Carlyle will be angry with me for not going on with German, but it is impossible among Germans; the people make me (or would make me if I contemplated them) too angry to endure their language. Switzerland is degenerating—at least its people are—(and the lakes are not so clear as they used to be). The peasantry seem still nearly what they were—(that is to say, little more than two-legged cattle). The townspeople imitate and hate the French, having neither dignity enough to stand on their own ground, nor beauty or modesty enough to respect those they borrow from. By rifle practice, and much drinking and making disgusting noises in the streets all night, they are preparing themselves against French invasion. But what of silent and worthy is yet among them I do not see, and have no business to abuse them in general terms.

I hope to get home before Christmas: but will write again as soon as I know about the time. It would be a great delight to me if

Mrs. Carlyle would send me just the merest line to Schweizer Hof, Lucerne, saying how you are both—and that you still believe me to be affectionately yours,
 J. RUSKIN.

To ROBERT BROWNING

LUCERNE, 17th November, 1861.

DEAR MR. BROWNING,—I do not know what others of your friends may have ventured to write or to say to you. I could say nothing—*can* say nothing—but that I love you, and there are few people whom I do—and that when you care to see me, or hear from me, I shall thankfully come if I can, or write if I cannot.

I think also I may venture to say this: that however enthusiastic the love, or devoted the respect, borne by all, whose respect or love was in any wise worthy of her, to Mrs. Browning, there was not one among them who more entirely and reverently shared in aim and hope with her than I: nor one who regards her loss with a more grave, enduring bitterness and completeness of regret—not the acute, consolable suffering of a little time, but the established sense of unredeemable, unparalleled loss, which will not pass away.

I have been ill—not a little, neither; and am so still, more mentally than otherwise, however—and am little fit to face sad thoughts—not that I have many others to face. But I cannot write to you—indeed, of what should I write to you?—every way my superior in powers of thought, and of suffering. You might possibly have been in some sort relieved if I could have asked you to forget yourself for a moment, and to think of me or of things that interested me; but I cannot even do this, for I am myself in a state of sick apathy, or dull resolution—plodding on with work which will probably be as fruitless as it is pleasureless. I shall be here probably for three weeks more. I stay here to get light and peace, neither of which I can have in London; but I must get home before the end of the year, for my father and mother's sake. If you care to say anything to me, a letter *Poste Restante*, Lucerne, or Denmark Hill after New Year's Day, would find me.—Ever, dear Mr. Browning, believe me affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

[1861.]

DEAR DR. BROWN,—I am so much obliged to you for that beautiful book about your father. I like it better than anything I ever read

¹ [This letter (without the *P.S.*) is No. 6 of "Letters from John Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 293, where it is dated "Novr. 1861," but

about religious people. The story about the old woman's "He'll lose more than I'll do" is the most exquisite instance of the way strength and pathos and humour may join I ever heard of human creature. The Rabbit story is *delicious*.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

The story about the whisky is very instructive as to the horrible and inconceivable way in which the evangelical religion shuts up the hearts of its miserable votaries, when even a man like that could have lived to be old, and not known what the human heart was. No Bestial idolatry of the Egyptian was ever so horrible as that Evangelicalism in the essence of it.

To Mr. and Mrs. BURNE-JONES¹

LUCERNE, Nov. 22nd, '61.

DEAR "EDWARD AND GEORGIE,"—I answer truly by return of post, though you will be surprised and troubled at the length of time it takes to hear from Switzerland. I can get you all the information you want—though I'm not a committee L.F. man, but the secretary is one of my old friends.² You will receive, probably two days after getting this letter, all that you want, and I think it will be all nicely manageable by 3rd December.

I'm delighted to hear of the woodcutting. It will not, I believe, interfere with any motherly care or duty, and is far more useful and

"the book about your father"—the *Letters to John Cairns, D.D.*—appeared in 1860, separately issued and bound, but paged continuously with the *Memoir of John Brown*, by John Cairns, D.D. The story about the old woman (p. 479) is this: "A poor old woman was on her deathbed. Wishing to try her faith, Mr. Brown said to her, 'Janet, what would you say if, after all He has done for you, God should let you drop into Hell?' 'E'en as He likes; if He does, He'll lose mair than I'll do.'" The "rabbit story" is of Dr. John Brown himself as a boy and two pet rabbits: "I had just kissed the two creatures, when my grandfather met me. He took me by the chin, and kissed me, and then the rabbits. Wonderful man, I thought, and still think! doubtless he had seen me in my private fondness and wished to please me" (p. 480). The "whisky story" is of "Uncle Ebenezer," who was helped in an accident at a ferry by some carters who were bringing up whisky casks. "He was most polite and grateful, and one of these cordial ruffians, having pierced a cask, brought him a horn of whisky, and said, 'Tak that, it'll hearten ye.' He took the horn, and bowing to them, said, 'Sirs, let us give thanks!' and there by the roadside, in the drift and storm, with these wild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverance, and took a tasting of the horn" (p. 485). The *P.S.* explains a reference in the next letter to Dr. Brown (see below, p. 396).]

¹ [Part of this letter is printed in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 233, where Lady Burne-Jones says that the scheme for her engraving her husband's designs dropped through.]

² [W. H. Harrison, Secretary (or, rather, Registrar) of the Royal Literary Fund: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 99.]

noble work than any other of which feminine fingers are capable without too much disturbance of feminine thought and nature. I can't imagine anything prettier or more wifely than cutting one's husband's drawings on the wood block—there is just the proper quantity of *echo* in it, and you may put the spirit and affection and fidelity into it, which *no* other person could. Only never work hard at it. Keep your rooms tidy and baby happy, and then after that as much wood work as you've time and liking for.

I am getting stronger gradually, I think. The winter suns and scenes are very glorious here. If I can only work, I don't care about anything else, and the work cut out for me, as far as I see it, is likely to be none the worse done because I'm sulky, which I am, very—but always glad of your letters, and always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. CARLYLE

LUCERNE, 24th Nov., '61.

DEAR MRS. CARLYLE,—Indeed I was just going to write again, and did not expect any answer, for I knew you were ill; but it's so good of you, and I'm sure it made you worse. Doing nice, good things always makes people worse. Only it's wicked of you to tease me so about that romantic thing—so perhaps it wouldn't hurt you after all.

No, I can't come home yet. There's a difference, I assure you—not small—between dead leaves in London fog, and living rocks, and waters, and clouds. I never saw anything so entirely and solemnly *divine* as the calm winter days are here. Dead or living—calm, whichever you choose to feel or call it. Intense sunshine—the fields green, as in summer, on the slopes sunward—but sparkling with clear dew, frost, and the white hoarfrost on their shadowy sides—mounded and mounded up and far to the pines. *They* all lost in avenues of light, and the great Alps clear—sharp—all strength and splendour—far round the horizon—the clear streams, still unchained, ringing about the rocks and eddying into green pools—and the lake, taking all deep into its heart under the hills. It is like the loveliest summer's morning at five o'clock—all day long. Then in ordinary weather, the colour of the beech woods and pine on the cliffs—and of the rocks in the midst of the frost clouds! I never saw such things—didn't know what winter was made or meant for, before. I walked through the Reuss the day before yesterday, just for delight in its clear green water—not many people can say they've done that, for it is the fourth river of the Alps (Rhine, Rhone, Aar, Reuss): and it would have given a good account of me if I had tried it in the summer time—even as it was, it ran like a mill race in the middle, and needed steady walking. No, I can't

come home yet;—must manage it by New Year's Day, though, I believe. Yes, it is quite true that I not only don't know that people care for me, but never can believe it somehow. I know I shouldn't care for myself if I were anybody else. Yes, we'll bring home a Lion¹—and I think we shall have some satisfaction in looking at it.

I'm just away to-morrow deeper into the Alps to Altorf to see how the Grimmiest of them look in their snow. I'm better than I was, a good deal. Still very sulky—and reading Latin and Greek, or rather beginning to learn them—but a little comforted in feeling that I am really learning *something*—and in the entire peace—and rest—and being able to swear at people and know they're out of hearing.

There's more cracking of whips and barking of dogs than I like—than Slender would have liked, and there are no Anne Pages.² The Swiss are frightfully ugly; but when I get tired of it, I can always get away into the pine woods—where it is quiet as the night—or row into the middle of the lake—where there is often not a ripple. It would be good for both of you to come here to finish *Frederick*—you would have no influenza, and Mr. Carlyle might enjoy his pipe in peace.

I'll write again from among the deeper Alps. Mind and get the head and the martyrs all right.—Ever affectionately Mr. C.'s and yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN³

LUCERNE, 3rd December, '61.

MY DEAR DR. BROWN,—I have been this last year somewhat seriously ill, though no one knows it but myself. I am now better, but nothing else than illness could have prevented my telling you of the great admiration, and what, if pleasure had been possible to me, would have been pleasure, in and with which I looked over your *Horæ*. It is very noble writing and feeling and thinking, and will help and heal and cheer, in all ways, among all people. To me, at the time, the most available part was that dedicated to poor dear old Sulky Peter⁴—*monumentum aere*, etc.; but I will read all carefully when I get home.

It was actually pleasure to me to see in your note to my father that

¹ [An engraving, or other representation, of the "Lion of Lucerne": see below, p. 401.]

² [*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. sc. 1: "Slender (to Anne Page). 'Why do your dogs bark so?'" etc.]

³ [No. 7 of "Letters from John Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 293–294.]

⁴ [The paper on "Our Dogs" (*Horæ Subsecivæ*, Second Series, 1861) was dedicated to Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan's glum and faithful Peter—thus immortalised in Horace's way (*Odes*, iii. 30, 1). The whole volume was dedicated to Gladstone, A. C. Dick, Thackeray, and Ruskin.]

you were busy in your profession. I have been reading to-day the account of the successful trial of the metal plates of the *Warrior*. Has progress as definite yet been made in human Defences against Death, or worse than death—decrepitude? I cannot fancy any study or work in this age so noble as that of a physician.

I don't know to whom I wrote, but it was not to you, some word of an impression made on me by part of the *Horæ*.¹ Did it never strike you what a marvellous, what a frightful fact it was that the tenets of a sect should prevent a great, good, and loving man from knowing that there was Humanity out of and apart from that sect, until he was lifted by strangers from a snow-drift into which he had sunk in his old age? You say you have heard of me from Lady Trevelyan—that I am busy and well. I suppose she knows. But I have been busier and better, and hope to be so again.

I am seriously annoyed by my father's sending you those effete and vile verses of mine, in which the good which they do me by humiliation is neutralised by the unhealthiness of the discouragement and disgust which seize me whenever I see or hear of them.

To his FATHER

LUCERNE, *Friday, 13th [December, 1861].*

I'm very glad you like Emerson. Mamma has a horror of these people—Carlyle, etc.—because she thinks they “pervert” me; but I never understand them till I find the thing out for myself. After ten years' hard work I find out that “every man does his best thing easiest.”² Then I find the brief sentence in Emerson and am pleased: but he does not teach it me. My “perverters” are Mr. Moore and Mr. Bayne and the Bishop of Oxford, and Lord Shaftesbury; the single speech of the latter on geology is enough to make more infidels than Voltaire, Carlyle, Rousseau, and Gibbon, in all their works. I name Mr. Moore first, however, for the most damaging thing to Christianity I ever yet heard in my life was a sermon of his on a verse in Psalms, “Thou hast magnified *thy word* above all thy name,”³ in which, applying the phrase “thy word” to the Bible, he sent, or endeavoured to send, his congregation away with the impression that David had a neatly

¹ [That is, by the *Letter to Cairns*, which was included in the Second Series of *Horæ* Subsecivæ. It was to Brown that Ruskin had written on the subject: see the *P.S.* to the preceding letter (p. 393).]

² [From the first chapter (“Uses of Great Men”) in Emerson's *Representative Men* (“Every one can do his best thing easiest. ‘*Peu de moyens, beaucoup d'effet*’”). For Ruskin's sayings to like effect, see *Pre-Raphaelitism*, § 3 (Vol. XII. p. 344), and General Index (under “Ease”).]

³ [Psalms cxxxviii. 2.]

bound volume in the Bible Society's best print always on his dressing-table, with a blue string at his favourite chapters of St. John, and I fully expected to hear, before the sermon finished, how Masters Amnon and Absalom were good boys and always learned their texts correctly, but little Solomon generally had to have a Watts' hymn to learn besides, for having made a mess of his pinafore in Bathsheba's back garden.

To his FATHER

LUCERNE, *Thursday* [December 19, 1861].

I had a row of ten miles yesterday, but no ducks and drakes, for the North wind came down round Pilate, and my shoulders were stiff and hands sore, before I could get home.

All the better work for me. I found your nice letter, with answer to Mrs. Simon, when I got in; nothing can possibly be better. I like your suggestion about *Interpres* very much; it is far better than mine.¹ It would amuse you sometimes to think and hunt out a matter of this kind. Good news of Laing, pleasant.

Articles in *Times* on Prince Albert very good. I have, however, the bad habit of liking better to speak evil of the dead than the living, and would add to the eulogium, that while he educated his own family, indeed, very nicely, the German policy of the English Court would fain have kept all the millions of Italy in Brigandage and Romanism, and *has* to a great extent succeeded in doing so.

The Queen, by first accounts in paper, seems behaving well. Widowed Queens generally get on pretty well—if you look to history;—it is odd how a woman seems to take to the notion of government, considering that they are not supposed to be intended for it.

To LADY NAESMYTH

LUCERNE, *20th December*, 1861.

DEAR LADY NAESMYTH,—Some reason there has been—good reason, I fear it is only by Sir John's gracious indulgence it can be called—for my not writing. It is simply that I have always been ill and sad, and not inclined to write and say so. I am now better, though not blyther; better by reason chiefly of rest and freedom from all anxiety or charge. I am not blyther, because—there are too many causes to be talked of; the principal one being, I suppose, that in human life, the hour of half-past two or three in the afternoon—if one is not

¹ [A reference to earlier letters in which Ruskin had asked his father to look up the etymology of the word and had made a conjecture of his own, which, however, he afterwards abandoned.]

pleased with one's forenoon's work, and yet expects to be called early to tea, or even early to bed—is not a cheerful one. But as there is a St. Martin's summer in the year, so there is a kind of St. Martin's Morning, in the seventy years, to be sometimes hoped for—and if I ever get over the habit of regretting, and the hope of accomplishing, I may yet get through the “sufficient evil” of every day, not without utility.

I told you before that one reason why I would not come to you was that I was not myself, and as far as I can see at present—I shall remain somebody else. When I write *another* book—if you like *it*, perhaps I may venture to come and see you; but it will be so different from these old ones—you can't think.

In the meantime you will be glad in your kindness to hear that I have enjoyed the autumn and early winter among these hills—it is a pity Sir John and you and Miss Naesmyth went to Venice. Sir John would not have been ill, I think, had you remained among the Alps. I was two winters at Venice—it is far colder than hitherto it has been here; and, to my delight and amazement, I gathered a large handful of the *Gentiana Verna* on Sunday forenoon last, having “gone to church” 1500 feet above the lake, and got through what we (have learned from the beadle) ridiculously call “Divine Service” without the objectionable accompaniment of any Preaching—except from the above-named *Gentians*.

One great delight of the winter is that all the streams are clear and not too large. I walked through the Reuss half a mile below Lucerne—just before it receives the Emme—on the 22nd November, after two days' frost. It took me to mid-thigh for about twenty yards of its breadth—running like a mill race, so that I had to hold my pole firm, and fix it cautiously; but if you have seen the Reuss in summer, you may imagine what a difference there must be in the mass of the stream. On the St. Gothard, one may dabble in it nearly anywhere as one would in a Highland stream, and the crystalline clearness of the higher summits is almost intolerable in brightness. I stayed a week at Altorf early this month, and was obliged to come away because of the over-excitement caused by the intense beauty and light: it seemed to make me giddy, like strong wine. The beauty of the autumnal colours among the woods, from the mid-October to end of November, is “a sight to dream of, not to tell”¹—(only in the

¹ [From Part i. of *Christabel*, describing the unrobing of Geraldine:—

“Behold! her bosom and half her side
—A sight to dream of, not to tell!”

—quoted also in Vol. XIX. p. 115.]

contrary sense, spoken of the mountain sides, from that in which it is written of Geraldine's). But truly, I never did so much as dream of beauty of colour like it, nor did I know before what Autumn was meant for—I thought it was only for grapes and apples.

The best, however, is now over, and I return home, *D.V.*, for the New Year, but shall be back among the Alps probably early in Spring, to be out of the way of the Exhibition and its belongings.

A line to Denmark Hill, with your forgiveness and good news of Sir John, would find grateful welcome any day after the first January—no matter how short, so only that it assured me you still believe me faithfully and gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

LUCERNE, *Saturday, 21st [December, 1861].*

I have your nice line of the 18th about Political Economy, etc. My own feeling is that I should like those essays, or any bits of them, published anyhow—anywhere—it will certainly be years before I write anything else. I might republish the whole four in large print with a word or two of preface perhaps.¹ But I don't care about the matter. I have to settle foundations so new and so deep for myself; to learn so much, and think so much, before I again speak, that what I do now is wholly immaterial to me. Thank you for flowers and sweets sent to Chelsea. When you have little, send there, not to Park Street. Rosie is better—and if she were not, the flowers would do her no good—and they do do good to Mrs. Carlyle.

I have such a coaxing letter from Rosie that I might perhaps have come home three days sooner for it; only perhaps Mamma and you might have been more jealous than pleased, and Mrs. La Touche have thought me absurd. Here is a funny little dialogue between her and Rosie, the other night, which she (Mrs. L.) sends me.

Mrs. L. “Rosie, don't you wish St. C. would come home?”

Rosie. “Yes, indeed I do. How tiresome of him!”

Mrs. L. “Do you think he wants us at all?”

Rosie. “Well, perhaps he does. I think he wants to see me, Mamma.”

Mrs. L. “And doesn't he want to see me?”

Rosie. “Well—you know—well—Mamma, I think he likes your letters quite as much as yourself, and you write so very often—and I can't write often. So he must want to see me.”

¹ [As was done in the following year: see *Unto this Last*, Vol. XVII.—followed at no long interval by *Munera Pulveris*.]

The mainly pleasant contents of Rosie's letter are, however, in the brief terms, "I'm all right." She is forbidden to work, compose, write letters, or use her head in any way, but the doctors say she may draw. What a satire on the popular notion of drawing. "*That* requires no brain!"

I shall not let her touch a pencil, if I can help it.

You know in that matter of universal salvation, there are but three ways of putting it.

1. Either "people *do* go to the devil for not believing."
2. Or "they—don't."
3. Or—"We know nothing about it."

Which last is the real Fact, and the sooner it is generally acknowledged to be the Fact, the better, and no more said about Gospel, or Salvation, or Damnation—not one of which three words is even understood by one in ten millions of the persons who use them, in the sense in which they are used in the Bible.

To Mr. and Mrs. CARLYLE

[December, 1861.]

DEAR MR. AND MRS. CARLYLE,—Only to wish you as happy a Christmas as anybody has any business to have. Nice peace on earth and good will to men we have preached and practised—this many a day—have not we? But I do wish that people had feeling enough, when they want a word synonymous with beef and pudding, to use a less solemn one. My father sent me Mrs. Carlyle's love, and it came quite nicely. I'm coming home for New Year's Day at any rate, *D.V.*

I write you cheerful scraps, because it makes me cheerful to think of you—but it was very cool of Mr. Carlyle to say I was leading a life "with a trace of sadness" in it. I'm entirely miserable—that's all; but it's all right—and I believe I'm stronger than I was. It is not muscular power that I want so much, though I've no large allowance of that: but the least over thought—above all, the least mortification or anxiety—makes me ill so quickly that I shall have, I believe, to live the life of a monster for some years and care for nothing but grammar. If I could make a toad of myself and get into a hole in a stone, and be quiet, I think it would do me good. My eyes (and toads have got those too) and ears (which asses have also) are too much for me. "Non veder—non sentir (m')è (sarebbe) gran ventura."

I can't write letters—but I love you both, and would if I could,

and long ones. I've got the Lion,¹ photographed—and engraved—and neither are the least like;—and it doesn't matter, for the real thing is good for nothing—like the useless “fidelity” (query “stupidity” and “obstinacy”) which it commemorates. I've no patience with the Swiss, now—nor with anybody—myself included. Good-bye.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

LUCERNE, *Monday, 23rd* [December, 1861].

... I got some good reading done indoors, and in these three months and a half I have done at least twice as much effective work as I ever did in any single term of my Oxford life (irrespective entirely of sketching). That is to say, I have read two books of Livy, the whole of the Odes of Horace, a considerable quantity of Xenophon, and a little Homer, with such care as I never before gave, or knew how to give, to reading anything. With the Geology and German I read at Boulogne this makes a profitable half year: and though it seems a long while to be from home, both absences together are not like that of 1845, from April 11th, when I crossed the Jura in snow, to October 26th, when I crossed the Simplon to return, or that of '51, from 7th September, day of arrival in Venice, to same day of June, when I got back to Park Street, certainly no gainer in health—if in anything.

The Boulogne part of this year, however, was much the best for me, both for its forms of exercise, and because I had then some dim vestiges of idea about the possibilities of a more happy close of life than beginning, which, vague as they were, somewhat cheered and animated me. I did not then quite feel how old I was, nor, though I was much tired and despondent, had I ascertained the unfitness for active life in society of which I am now certain, and which involves the duty of some sharp self-denial and watching, for the time—most likely arrived even now—when I must give up my “pettie” or at least begin to give her up.

I must manage at Denmark Hill to be as quiet as possible, to have a settled time for painting, reading, and walking. You must let me be very firm in the matter of visitors. I have now no power of talking to people. I have no animal energy left. I do not believe in their religion, disdain their politics, and cannot return their affection—how should I talk to them?

¹ [Thorwaldsen's monument to the memory of the Swiss Guards during the French Revolution, August 10, 1792. For Ruskin's appreciation of the monument in his boyhood, see Vol. I. pp. 253, 256.]

I will give Couttet his napoleon with great satisfaction—but I shall want a circular note of £20 sent to Meurice's to make me quite safe. I see you are disappointed at my apparent loss of a day in Paris: but if you look to my first plan, it was to stay Sunday at Boulogne, and I cross by the same steamer on Monday, only coming up by the Paris train for it. I think it will be right to call on the Paris people,¹ and I will do it. I leave this the day after to-morrow. Thursday, sleep at Basle, take the mail train to Paris next day. It does not leave till three, but there is no other way of managing without risk of damp bed at Troyes. I hope to telegraph from Paris at or about ten o'clock on Saturday morning. Write to Meurice's with full addresses of French people and what I am to say to them. Write me word also of the names of all their children. Clotilde has two, has she not?

I am sorry to have stayed here so long as I have, but I had several things to make up my mind about very seriously, and under circumstances of some ambiguousness—what my conduct should be to the La Touches was the chief of these: and *that* depended partly on my thoroughly knowing the state of my own health, and partly on my finding out if possible whether Rosie was what her mother and you think her, an entirely simple child, or whether she was what *I* think her, that is to say, in an exquisitely beautiful and tender way, and *mixed* with much childishness, more subtle even than Catherine of Boulogne.

1862

[Ruskin had returned home on the last day of 1861, and for the next four months he was at Denmark Hill, preparing *Unto this Last* for publication. In May he went to Switzerland and Italy, with Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones: see Vol. XVII. p. liii. In August he established himself for the autumn and winter at Mornex. Several letters written thence are in Vol. XVII. pp. liv. *seq.*]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

DENMARK HILL, 6 January, '62.

DEAR NORTON,—At home again at last, after six months' rest. I have two letters of yours unanswered. But after six months of doing nothing I feel wholly incapable of ever doing anything any more, so I can't answer them. Only, so many thanks, for being nice and writing them. Thanks for *Atlantic*. Lowell is delicious in the bits,

¹ [Various members of the Domecq family: see below, p. 409.]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, pp. 12–13. No. 29 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 121–123.]

“The coppers ain’t all tails,”¹ and such like; but I can’t make out how it bears on the business—that’s laziness too, I suppose. Also, for said business itself, I am too lazy to care anything about it, unless I hear there’s some chance of you or Lowell or Emerson’s being shot, in which case I should remonstrate. For the rest, if people want to fight, my opinion is that fighting will be good for them, and I suppose when they’re tired, they’ll stop. They’ve no Titians nor anything worth thinking about, to spoil—and the rest is all one to *me*.

I’ve been in Switzerland from the 20th September to day after Christmas. Got home on last day of year. It’s quite absurd to go to Switzerland in the summer. Mid-November is the time. I’ve seen a good deal—but nothing ever to come near it. The long, low light,—the floating frost cloud—the divine calm and melancholy—and the mountains all opal below and pearl above. There’s no talking about it, nor giving you any idea of it. The day before Christmas was a clear frost in dead—calm sunlight. All the pines of Pilate covered with hoar-frost—level golden sunbeams—purple shadows—and a mountain of virgin silver.

I’ve been drawing—painting—a little; with some self-approval. I’ve tired of benevolence and eloquence and everything that’s proper, and I’m going to cultivate myself and nobody else, and see what will come of that. I’m beginning to learn a little Latin and Greek for the first time in my life, and find that Horace and I are quite of a mind about things in general. I never hurry nor worry; I don’t speak to anybody about anything; if anybody talks to me, I go into the next room. I sometimes find the days very long, and the nights longer; then I try to think it is at the worst better than being dead; and so long as I can keep clear of toothache, I think I shall do pretty well.

Now this is quite an abnormally long and studied epistle, for me, so mind you make the most of it—and give my love to your Mother and Sisters, and believe me ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN²

DENMARK HILL, 16th January, ’62.

DEAR DR. BROWN,—There’s no use in telling you these lay sermons are delicious, for everybody will be telling you as much, but you may

¹ [“But groutin’ ain’t no kin’ o’ use; an’ ef the fust throw fails, Why, up an’ try agin, thet’s all,—the coppers ain’t all tails.”

Birdofredum Sawin, Esq., to Mr. Hosea Biglow.]

² [No. 9 of “Letters of Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 295. The “lay sermons” were *Plain Words on Health*, published 1861.]

be glad to know, at least, that I'm getting the good of them. And partly the Bad of them, for all such wise and good sayings make me very selfishly sorrowful, because I had them not said to me thirty years ago. All good and knowledge seems to come to me now

“As unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.”¹

But you yourself, I remember, were despondent about yourself when you went (to Spain, was it not?), and now you're able to write these jolly things and preach them too!

Am I not in a curiously *unnatural* state of mind in this way—that at forty-three, instead of being able to settle to my middle-aged life like a middle-aged creature, I have more instincts of youth about me than when I was young, and am miserable because I cannot climb, run, or wrestle, sing, or flirt—as I was when a youngster because I couldn't sit writing metaphysics all day long. Wrong at both ends of life

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

DENMARK HILL, 19th January, 1862.

DEAR NORTON,—I am at home again, or at least in the place which ought to be home; but I cannot rest—the fields around me all built over, and instead of being refreshed and made able for work by my long holiday, I only feel more discontented with all around me. One weight upon my mind, slight but irksome, is, however, at last removed. Rossetti was always promising to retouch your drawing,³ and I, growling and muttering, suffered him still to keep it by him in the hope his humour would one day change. At last it has changed; he has modified and in every respect so much advanced and bettered it, that though not one of his first-rate works, and still painfully quaint and hard, it is nevertheless worthy of him, and will be to you an enjoyable possession. It is exceedingly full and interesting

¹ [Tennyson, *The Princess*, iv. 34: quoted also in Vol. VII. p. 459, Vol. XIX. p. 101.]

² [No. 30 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 123–126.]

³ [The water-colour drawing known under the title of “Before the Battle”—done in 1858, and retouched in 1862. “The drawing which I have for you,” Rossetti had written in the former year, “represents a castle-full of ladies who have been embroidering banners which are now being fastened to the spears by the Lady of the Castle.” It is reproduced at p. 100 of H. C. Marillier's *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*.]

in fancy, and brilliant in colour, though the mode of colour-treatment is too much like that of the Knave of hearts. But at last it is really on the way to you; and to-morrow I go in to give him the first sitting for the portrait, and will get it done as fast as may be.¹

I am no better than I was last winter—perhaps worse—certainly more depressed; but the year has been a hard one for me in various ways, not likely again to occur; and I gained somewhat in the summer in spite of these—perhaps this year will bring better chances. But all things seem to go wrong at present. Jones, who promised to be the sweetest of all the P.R.B. designers, has just been attacked by spitting of blood, and, I fear, dangerously.² I have earache, indigestion, and appear on the whole to be only beginning my walk through the "Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer" on the way to "das ewige Nein."³ My Father and Mother are—the one well—the other patient—under much pain which accompanies every movement. She reads good books and makes herself happy, and me profoundly sorrowful. Is happiness, then, only to be got thus? Are lies, after all, the only comfort of old age; and are they the sons of God, instead of the Devil's?

(*Sunday, 9th February.*) I kept this note by me to be quite sure the drawing had gone, and to tell you the portrait is in progress, and Rossetti seems pleased with it.⁴ I have just got Holmes' poems⁵ and am *so* delighted with them, at least with some of them—"The Boys," and "Sister Caroline," and some other such, more especially. Jones is a little better—no more blood coming.

I am trying to draw a little. I've done the coil of hair over the Venus de' Medici's right ear seventeen times unsuccessfully within the last month, and have got quite ill with mortification.

Did I tell you the winter was the real time for Switzerland? It is. Fancy being able to walk everywhere among the wild torrent beds, and see all their dreadfulest places, with only a green streamlet singing among sheaves of ice—as a gleaner among laid corn. And such sunshine, long and low, rosy half the day.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [See above, p. 329 *n.*, and pp. 311, 335.]

² [Happily "the hemorrhage was from the throat, not the lungs, and it never returned" (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 234).]

³ [See Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, book ii. ch. vii. ("The Everlasting No"): "Full of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dogday, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*. . . . Thus had the everlasting No (*das ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being."]

⁴ [But see below, p. 497.]

⁵ [*Songs in Many Keys* (Boston: Ticknor & Fields). "The Boys" is at p. 208. Professor Norton, in printing the letter, queries "Sister Caroline," but the poem is at p. 382 of the same volume ("Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline").]

To Miss ELLEN HEATON

[DENMARK HILL, *March 12*, 1862.]

DEAR MISS HEATON,—Do not buy any Madox Brown at present. Do you not see that his name never occurs in my books—do you think that would be so if I *could* praise him, seeing that he is an entirely worthy fellow? But pictures are pictures, and things that ar'n't ar'n't.

Well, you can, I think, do real good, and very, very much please and oblige me, by helping Jones a little just now. He has been very ill—is deeply depressed about Rossetti¹—and much about his own work. If you would buy something of him you would be doing a kindness and service, and you would get not a first-rate work by any means, but a work with some qualities of the highest order, quite unique and unapproachable, in a most pure and lovely way of their own. I will look what he has and tell you.—Yours gratefully,

J. RUSKIN.

To FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE²

[1862.]

. . . I looked at your book—it is very nice—but I have come to feel profoundly how right Turner was in always telling me that criticism was useless. If the public don't know music when they hear it—nor painting when they see it—nor sculpture when they feel it—no talk will teach them. It *seems* to do good—but in truth does none—or more harm than good. (Art is an emanation of national character: not a taught accomplishment.) This is not a cheerful or very kind acknowledgment of your memory of me: but I am glad of it for all that

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

DENMARK HILL, *28th April*, 1862.

DEAR NORTON, . . . Where one's friends are, one's home ought to be, I know—whenever they want us; but every day finds me, nevertheless, sickening more and more for perfect rest—less and less able for

¹ [See below, p. 411.]

² [*Francis Turner Palgrave: his Journals and Memories of his Life*, by Gwenllian F. Palgrave, 1899, pp. 72–73. Palgrave, says his daughter, marked this letter as “Very true.” The letter was written in acknowledgment of Palgrave's *Handbook to the Fine Art Collections* of the Exhibition of 1862.]

³ [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, p. 13. No. 31 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 127–128.]

change of scene or thought, least of all for any collision with the energies of such a country and race as yours. Nay, you will say, it would not be collision, but communion—you could give me some of your life. I know you would if you could. But what could you do with a creature who actually does not mean to enter the doors of this Exhibition of all nations, within five miles of his own door?

14th May.

I have kept this hoping to be able to tell you some cheerful thing about myself, but few such occur to me. To-morrow I leave England for Switzerland; and whether I stay in Switzerland or elsewhere, to England I shall seldom return. I must find a home—or at least the Shadow of a Roof of my own, somewhere; certainly not here.

May all good be with you and yours.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

Look in *Fraser's Magazine* for next month—June—please.¹

To RAWDON BROWN²

DENMARK HILL, May 10th, 1862.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—So many and many thanks for all your kind and kindest letters. I can't write letters just now. I am always tired, somehow, but I mean to take your advice and hope to get round a little, yet. I have no house of my own—not even rooms; and living with two old people, however good, is not good for a man. I should have tired to get abroad again before this, but found they had let all the Turner drawings get mildewed at the National Gallery during its repairs.³ So I stayed to get the mildew off as well as I could, and henceforward I've done with the whole business; and have told them they must take it off themselves, next time, or leave it on, if they like. I shall not enter the Exhibition; it is merely a donkey race among the shop-keepers of the world; and when once I get away this year, say in a week or ten days, if I don't break down, I will try and follow your advice.

I do not care the least about people's religious opinions. What I meant to say was, that for a man who has once at any time had any

¹ [In which number appeared the first of the essays afterwards called *Munera Pulveris*: see Vol. XVII. p. 119.]

² [No. 12 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 42–46.]

³ [On this subject, see Vol. XIII. p. xliv.]

hope of life in another world, the arrival at conviction that he has nothing to look for but the worn-out candle end of life in this, is not at first cheerful.

The Boot Jack has come: come for a long time too. I like it, but I've no boots to pull off for the present, but thank my good old collaborateur and friend for it very heartily. It will be a very pretty little piece of furniture, if ever I have a house of my own; but I never shall have the "heart"—as people say—"want of heart," as they ought to say—to tread on white carved marble with dirty boots.

This note was begun, with a better pen, three weeks ago, as you may see. Since then my discomforts have come to a climax, and, I think, to an end (one way or another, for I feel so languid that I'm not sure I'm not dying), but to an end of better comfort, if I live. For the only people whom I at all seriously care for, in this British group of islands, and who, in any degree of reciprocity, seriously care for me (there are many who care for me without my caring, and *vice versâ*), wrote three days ago to offer me a little cottage dwelling-house, and garden, and field, just beside their own river, and outside their park wall. And the river being clear, and brown, and rocky; the windows within sight of blue hills; the park wall having no broken glass on the top; and the people, husband and wife and two girls and one boy, being all in their various ways good and gracious, I've written to say I'll come, when I please; which will, I suppose, be when I want rest and quiet, and get the sense of some kindness near me. Meantime I am coming, if it may be, as far towards *you* as Milan, to see the Spring in Italy once more. But I don't think I can come to Venice, even to see *you*. I should be too sad in thinking—not of ten, but of twenty—no, sixteen years ago—when I was working there from six in the morning till ten at night, in all the joy of youth.

Will you send me a line to Poste Restante, Lucerne, in case I don't get so far as Milan?—And believe me ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

PARIS, *Monday Morning* [May 19, 1862].

I went to dinner uncomfortable and with a headache, but returned much cheered—I never knew anything like the kindness of them all. I suppose you had been putting them up to it, but they were all quite irresistible, and I was forced to promise seriously and absolutely that I would visit Mme. de Maison, Mme. des Roys, and Mme. De

Bethune, in the course of the summer. They were all five there,¹ and all kind—I was surprised most by Cécile's courtesy, as she was apparently quite indifferent ten years ago. I was surprised also to find how, in spite of the apparent fatigue of talking and hearing, I was less wearied by far at the end of the evening than at the beginning. The intensity of the animal spirit and gaiety seemed magnetic.

Jeanne (Mdlle. des Roys) was there, very sweet and nice. Caroline's boy is very beautiful, *so* like his father. The Grandfather, the old Prince de Bethune (eighty-six), was the life of the whole circle—shouts of laughter round him all the evening—it was very wonderful.

The Vicomtesse des Roys says she is going to write me such long letters. Her husband says, if I'll take his wife and daughter over to England, they'll come, but not otherwise. I can't *conceive* how it is that people can be so affectionate after twenty years—and to *me*, of all people, it seems to me, the dullest and unlikest to them.

P.S.—I forgot to say in printing *Unto this Last* the words are too often seen, if on every page. Let the titles of chapters be put on both sides of the book, at tops.

To Mr. and Mrs. BURNE-JONES²

[MILAN, June 28, 1862.]

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,—Harry the 8th's a good King, but the notion of his interfering with the Venetian senate in this way is too bad. If Ned's well—(I have the letter about Murano, so nice, and Ned's about Lido; and of course I assume Harry the 8th to be well too—if he's ill, I've nothing to say)—and bettering in health and painting, you ought not to move so soon. And don't make such mighty grand sketches. I want a very slight one of the St. Sebastian in St. Rocco (Scuola),³ and a rough sketch in colour of the High Priest in the Circumcision, in Scuola by the stair foot. And I want you a week *here*. I will have ever so many cwt. of candles lighted in the

¹ [That is, the five daughters of M. Domecq—Diane (Mme. de Maison); Clotilde, see above, p. 402; Cécile; Elise (Mme. des Roys), and Caroline (Mme. de Bethune), see above, p. 375. Diane, the eldest, is mentioned in *Præterita*, i. § 226; Clotilde is the Adèle of Ruskin's poems; the other sisters are mentioned in *Præterita*, i. § 205 (Vol. XXXV. pp. 178–181, 199).]

² [Part of this letter is printed in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 247. Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones had now parted from Ruskin and were at Venice, proposing an immediate return to England in order to rejoin their boy. "Harry the 8th" was a name Ruskin had given to their child.]

³ [The study of this subject made for Ruskin is at Oxford: No. 139 in the Reference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 40). For Ruskin's description of the picture, see Vol. XI. p. 419.]

Monastero,¹ and you must sketch the two Christs for me, please. This is more important than anything at Venice to *me*.

I don't care about the Salute Cana one,² but finish it as is best for your own work.—I'm pretty well, and ever your affecte.

PAPA, J. R.

To his FATHER

[MILAN] *Wednesday* [July 2, 1862].

Fine weather and St. Catherine³ still going on well.

Reading over your yesterday's and some other letters, I can't help being a little amused by your sudden desire for my "reticence" as to my feelings—recommended by Lady M. Montagu and others. Your great favourite Lord Byron was especially reticent as to his feelings? My favourite Dante—in the same measure. You did not mind my proclaiming to all the world in print the foolish passions of a boy, but you are frightened at my telling my own few friends the difficulties in which the strong life of the man needs their help—or patience. But you need not fear my reserve—the fear is lest I should be *too* reserved.⁴ There is not at this moment a living creature to whom I choose to tell either my inner thoughts or my final plans, and you will find me always in future, if I live, wasting *anything* rather than words. I often wish other people had been more reticent. St. Paul, for instance, with his "Oh wretched man that I am,"⁵ etc., which has been the origin of religious whining over all the Christian world of which the quantity is as incalculable as the mischief unspeakable.

But every man who is worth anything, in this world, must, in his own piece of the Christian membership, find the echo of that saying—and has in his own weak way to say it—or not say it—as he determines. Not to speak of the Master's saying—which His servants again have all in some sort to feel, if not to utter—"My soul is exceeding sorrowful—even to death." Which, by the way, whenever people do feel the

¹ [The Monastero Maggiore, or San Maurizio, painted by Luini. "I am drawing from a fresco," wrote Burne-Jones, "that has never been seen since the day it was painted, in jet darkness, in a chapel where candlesticks, paper flowers, and wooden dolls abound freely. Ruskin, by treacherous smiles and winning courtesies and delicate tips, has wheedled the very candlesticks off the altar for my use, and the saint's table and his everything that was his, and I draw every day now by the light of eight altar candles" (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 248).]

² [That is, he did not care about Burne-Jones making a study of it; the picture itself, he greatly admired: see Vol. XI. p. 429.]

³ [The copy of Luini's fresco on which Ruskin was engaged: see the frontispiece to Vol. XIX., and pp. lxxiii., lxxiv.]

⁴ [Compare below, p. 572.]

⁵ [Romans vii. 24; and (below) Matthew xxvi. 38.]

meaning of it, is a sign that their friends are pretty sure in the meantime to fall asleep—or run away.

The most reticent man I know is Goethe—and if I live people will know just as little what to make of me in my small way as of him in his large.

I get on better here for my reticence. I am certainly gaining strength—but still no flesh. However, I walked half round the town, 3½ miles, and out and in—two miles more, by way of rest after drawing to-day.

Nice paper to-day with fine row in the House—Mr. Cowper in scrape. *Times* and Mr. Higgins delicious.¹

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI²

MILAN, 12 July, 1862.

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,—So often I've tried to write, and could not, having had to fight with various fears and sicknesses such as I never knew before, and not thinking it well to burden you with them. I write now only to thank you for your kind words in your letter to Jones. I do trust that henceforward I may be more with you, as I am able now better to feel your great powers of mind, and am myself more in need of the kindness with which they are joined. There are many plans in my thoughts: assuredly I can no more go on living as I have done. Jones will tell you what an aspen-leaf and flying speck of dust in the wind my purposelessness makes me. They are dear creatures, he and his wife both, and have done much to help me; and I believe there is nothing they would not do if they could.

¹ [The reference is to a dispute about the Thames Embankment, in which Ruskin's friend, the Right Hon. William Cowper (then First Commissioner of Works) was concerned. The Committee, to whom the matter had been referred, had just reported, and was charged by the *Times* with having been subservient, in its recommendations, to the interests of the Duke of Buccleuch. It was suggested by Lord Robert Montagu that the line of the *Times* was inspired indirectly by Mr. Cowper, who had written on the subject to its contributor, Matthew James Higgins (famous as "Jacob Omnium"). There had been a comedy of errors about this communication, for Mr. Cowper had inadvertently addressed his letter to the wrong Mr. Higgins. The latter was represented by Lord R. Montagu as having authorised a disclosure; the right Mr. Higgins was authorised by the wrong Mr. Higgins to deny this, and so forth, and so forth. There was a motion for the adjournment of the subject on June 27, and a further debate on June 30. On the latter occasion Lord Palmerston intervened with the remark, "There is nothing in the world more calculated to lead to no result than a discussion about what 'I said' and 'you said' and somebody else said, because it is quite certain that no two individuals will agree as to what was said." If, however, any reader desires to hear more on the subject, he may refer to *Hansard*, 3rd ser., vol. 167, pp. 1138–1150, 1214–1221.]

² [From *Rossetti Papers*, pp. 13–14. Rossetti's wife had died from an overdose of laudanum on February 11, 1862.]

I am vexed, and much (perhaps more than about any other of the inconveniences caused by being ill), that I have missed William, who must be by this time at Venice, as far as I can hear. A letter of his, received just as I was leaving town, got thrown into a drawer by mistake instead of my desk, and I could not answer it.

Among the shadowy plans above spoken of, the one that looks most like light is one of spending large part of every year in Italy, measuring and copying old frescoes. Perhaps some time we might have happy days together, if there were any place in Italy where you cared to study, or be idle. I've been thinking of asking if I could rent a room in your Chelsea house;¹ but I'm so tottery in mind that I have no business to tease any one by asking questions.

Jones has done me some divine sketches. How he does love you, and reverence your work! Did Norton—of course he did—write to you about the Banner picture?² I've kept his letter to me about it. How he appreciated it! I never knew a picture so enjoyed.

I don't deserve a letter, but I've had things sometimes before now that I didn't. I'm here at all events, if you have word to say to me. Remember me with deep and sincere respect to your sister, and believe me ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To LADY NAESMYTH

MILAN, 18th July.

DEAR LADY NAESMYTH,—I find it is unreasonable in me any longer to hope for a return by Lucerne; the work I began here taking me twice as long as I thought, and a couple of papers on Polit. Econ. which I have had to do for Froude³ as well as I could, occupying all the little amount of intelligence that is in me, so that I am obliged to keep to my quiet and dreamy life—or half-life. I say obliged; but the truth is that the state of indignation in which I have lived for these three or four last years, mixed with considerable personal suffering, have made me for the present dislike face of man. I can't speak for horror at the way things are done and undone;—these American and Austrian wars, and our English brutal avarice and stupidity, force me now to dead silence and keeping out of people's way. No friends are

¹ [Nothing came of Ruskin's suggestion that he might possibly become an inmate of the house which Rossetti had now taken in Cheyne Walk (see above, p. xlvii.). The actual sub-tenants for a time were Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. William Rossetti: see the latter's *Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, 1895, vol. i. p. 228.]

² [The water-colour called "Before the Battle": see above, p. 404.]

³ [The essays (afterwards called *Munera Pulveris*) in *Fraser's Magazine*, edited by Froude.]

of any use to me—a year's ploughing or digging or fishing would be if I had strength for it, which I have not; nevertheless, by help of mute work of some temperate sort, I hope still to keep alive. You say I want kindness and love; I don't, because I can no longer answer them; all men are alike to me, except one or two—whom the world hates, and whom I can be of no help to. Sir John wrote in his last kind letter that a pleasant dream of his would be dissipated, if I could not come back to you. If so indeed, and I am pleased to think it so, let him remember that my change from what I was once, capable of giving and taking kindness, to a hard and helpless creature, is merely part, and an infinitely small part, of the wreck which is taking place everywhere through the baseness of the national feeling of England. Mrs. Browning was killed by the peace of Villafranca. *I* have never been the same since—nor shall be—and what are we compared to the myriads of noble souls whose blood is poured out as water, while smooth English propriety maintains the Austrians at Venice and the Pope at Rome—and the Devil everywhere? You will think this letter wildly morbid, of course. It must read so, unless I could show you all the long courses of thoughts which lead to such states of feeling. But I cannot, and you must think of me as hardly or as contemptuously—nay, not that—you will not. But don't think that soothing does me any good. If men were being shot in the street beneath me, I could shut the shutters and work—or sit still. But I couldn't go out to breakfast, and chat pleasantly and enjoy myself.

I can shut my shutters here, and fiercely draw lines or write sentences—or sit silent. But I can't come and see you or any one.

Forgive me, and believe me gratefully and always yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Sincere regards to Sir John and your daughter. I don't say love, for I don't love anybody, and one shouldn't use noble words lightly.

To LADY TREVELYAN

MILAN, 20th July, 1862.

DEAR LADY TREVELYAN,—I have your nice rambling letter about everything, and answer forthwith—though I have nothing to say, for I do not know how I am, nor what I am going to do, and I don't know anything about anything. You ask if I have been ill—I wish I knew. There are symptoms about me which may be nothing or may be everything—but I am better than I was, and when I can be quiet, it seems to me that some strength is coming back, but the least bustle or worry puts me all wrong again. I know my father is ill, but I

cannot stay at home just now, or should fall indubitably ill myself, also, which would make him worse. He has more pleasure if I am able to write to him a cheerful letter than generally when I'm there—for we disagree about all the Universe, and it vexes him, and much more than vexes me. If he loved me less, and believed in me more, we should get on; but his whole life is bound up in me, and yet he thinks me a fool—that is to say, he is mightily pleased if I write anything that has big words and no sense in it, and would give half his fortune to make me a member of Parliament if he thought I would talk, provided only the talk hurt nobody, and was all in the papers.

This form of affection galls me like hot iron, and I am in a state of subdued fury whenever I am at home, which dries all the marrow out of every bone in me. Then he hates all my friends (except you), and I have had to keep them all out of the house—and have lost all the best of Rossetti—and of his poor dead wife, who was a creature of ten thousand—and other such;—I must have a house of my own now somewhere. The Irish plan¹ fell through in various unspeakable—somewhat sorrowful ways. I've had a fine quarrel with Rosie ever since for not helping me enough. Whom do you mean that my father is glad I should be with, if he thinks they do me good? Who does do me good in his present belief? I've had the Joneses (you know them, do you not?) a good deal with me on this journey—the hotel waiters much puzzled to make out whether he was my son or Georgie my daughter. I really didn't think I looked so old—but nobody ever has thought she belonged to me, except the mate of the Folkestone steamer, and that was only because I took care of her when her husband couldn't. But they're very nice, both of them, and he loves me very much. What a funny thing a mother is! She had left her baby at home in her sister's charge, and she seemed to see everything through a mist of baby. I took them to see the best ravine in Mont Pilate, and nothing would serve her but her husband must draw her baby for her on the sand of the stream. I kept looking up Massacres of the Innocents, and anything else in that way that I could to please her—he has made me some good sketches. I'm only doing St. Catherine in water-colour²—body white, thick, is very like fresco. The dress has come all very well—but I can't say as much for the face yet. Thanks for notice of Carlyle, Lady Ashb[urton], Dr. Brown, etc

By the way, haven't you got a new dog yet?³ Peter used to write part of your letters for you, I fancy—they've been a little stupider since he died. There are nice little ones about the streets

¹ [See above, p. 408.]

² [See the frontispiece to Vol. XIX.]

³ [For "Peter," see above, p. 395.]

here who take to the national institution of muzzle with the greatest spirit, and turn up their wired noses at unmuzzled dogs, like the American reporters. Did you see the *Times* on the Church Congress at Oxford—isn't it nice?¹ I should like to see Henry Acland reading it, mightily.

It is too hot to write any more to-day, the first really hot day we have had, though it has been blue and soft enough. It is no wonder Sir Walter has gout—from what I hear of your weather in London. Come here. If you'll telegraph you're coming I'll wait for you—there's no chance of my ever getting north of London; I hate cold and moors and nasty rivers all over green moss. I'm getting quite fond of the Renaissance architecture, because it looks civilised and not like Northumberland. Come and see. Love to Sir Walter.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

MILAN, 22nd July, 1862.

I have your letter stating receipt of second part of paper.² I am quite content that you should do anything with it that you like in your present state of health, but as far as mine is concerned the one *only* thing you can do for me is to let me follow out my work in my own way and in peace. All interference with me torments me and makes me quite as ill as any amount of work. That letter written under the poplars was just at the time when I had got into my subject again with some interest, and was taken by it from painful thoughts—now the putting off this publication disheartens me—checks me in what I was next doing, and has very considerably spoiled my two last days. I don't mind this a bit if it does you any good to stop the paper—only, don't think of me in such matters—the one only thing I can have is liberty. The depression on that German tour was not in writing the letters,³ but in having them interfered with. The depression I am now under cannot be touched by any society. It can only lessen as I accomplish what I intend, and recover in some degree the lost ground of life. My opinions will never more change—they are now one with Bacon's and Goethe's—and I shall not live long enough to be wiser than either of these men. (I trust I shall not change by becoming foolisher.)

¹ [A leading article on July 15, chaffing the Congress and its members (including Dr. Acland) on the nature of its proceedings: "Plausibility, plausibility, plausibility, plausibility have the first, second, and third place on these occasions," etc.]

² [Chapter ii. of the "Essays on Political Economy" (collected as *Munera Pulveris*) for *Fraser's Magazine*.]

³ [On the Italian question in 1859: see above, pp. 314, 331, 340, 347.]

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

Monday Morning [1862].

Sunshine at last, looking as if it would stay, puts me into some little heart again. Among many subjects of discouragement lately, I am not sure that any told upon me, among personal matters, more than my amazement at finding out how little you knew of me. That, after all the work I had done, and the kind of quiet labour with which I had brought to bear the elements of various sciences on my own apparently unscientific subject, you should think I did not know the look of a science when I saw one, or that I would blurt out an assertion on a matter affecting the interests of every living creature in the world, which could be overthrown by an article in the *Scotsman*.² Nothing perhaps has ever shown me how futile my work has really been hitherto, and how necessary it was to set about it in another way. For this “science” of political economy, it is perhaps not quite the damndest lie the Devil has yet invented, because it does not wear so smooth a face as his monasticisms and sanctifications did, but it is at all events the broadest and most effective lie, and the most stupefying. Nothing in literature or in human work of any sort is so contemptible, considering the kind of person (well educated, well meaning, and so on) from whom it proceeds, as the writings of political economists. In no other imaginary science did its disciples ever start without knowing what they were going to talk about; that is to say, to talk about “necessaries and conveniences” (*vide* first sentences of Adam Smith³) without having defined what was Necessary or Convenient. Ricardo’s chapter on Rent and Adam Smith’s eighth chapter on the wages of labour stand, to my mind, quite Sky High among the monuments of Human Brutification; that is to say, of the paralysis of human intellect fed habitually on Grass, instead of Bread of God. They are two of quite the most wonderful Phenomena in the world, and the tone of mind which produces such, together with Cretinism, Cholera, and other inexplicabilities of human disease, will furnish people, one day, with notable results for *real* scientific analysis.

¹ [No. 11 of “Letters of Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 297–298.]

² [See the following letter.]

³ [“The annual labour of every nation is the fund which originally supplies it with all the necessaries and conveniences of life.”]

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

[August, 1862.]

DEAR DR. BROWN,—Yes, indeed, I shall always regard you as one of the truest, fondest, faithfulest friends I have. It was precisely because I did and do so that your letters made me so despondent. “If Dr. Brown thinks this of me, if *he* supposes that my strong, earnest words on a subject of this mighty import are worth no more than the Editor of the *Scotsman’s*² or (who is it?—Mr. Heugh’s?), and that they can be seen to the bottom of in a day’s reading, what must others think of me?” You say I have effected more revolution than other writers. My dear doctor, I have been useful, in various accidental minor ways, by pretty language and pleasant hints, chiefly to girls (I don’t despise girls, I love them, and they help me, and understand me often better than grown women), but of my intended work I have done nothing. I have not yet made people understand so much as my first principle that in art there is a Right and Wrong.

At this instant nineteen thousand Turner sketches are packed in tin cases without one human being in Europe caring what happens to them. Why, again, should you suppose that I would be unjust in any such serious work as this, if I could help it? Those expressions of mine may do me harm, or do me good; what is that to me? They are the only true, right, or possible expressions. The Science of Political Economy *is* a Lie . . .³

There is no “state of mind” indicated in my saying this. I write it as the cool, resolute result of ten years’ thought and sight. I write it as coolly as I should a statement respecting the square of the hypotenuse. If my hand shakes, it is from mere general nervousness, vexation about my mother (who, however, is going on quite well as far as the accident admits), and so on. The matter of this letter is as deliberate as if I were stating an equation to you, or a chemical analysis. You say I should “go and be cheerful.” I don’t know what your Edinburgh streets afford of recreative sight. Our London ones afford not much. My only way of being cheerful is precisely the way I said, to shut myself up and look at weeds and stones; for as soon as I see or hear what human creatures are suffering of pain, and

¹ [No. 10 of “Letters of Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 296–297.]

² [For notices of the article in the *Scotsman on Unto this Last*, see Vol. XVII. pp. 69 n., 71 n.]

³ [The passage here omitted is printed in Vol. XVII. p. lxxxii.]

saying of absurdity, I get about as cheerful as I should be in a sheep-fold strewed hurdle-deep with bloody carcasses, with a herd of wolves and monkeys howling and gibbering on the top of them. I am resting now from all real work and reading mineralogy and such things, amusing myself as I can, and hope to get rid of nervousness and so on in good time, and then have it well out with these economical fellows.

It puzzles me not a little that you should not *yet* see the drift of my first statement in those *Cornhill* papers. I say there is *no* science of Political Economy yet, because no one has defined wealth. They don't know what they are talking about. They don't even know what Money is, but tacitly assume that Money is desirable,—as a sign of wealth, without defining Wealth itself. Try to define Wealth yourself, and you will soon begin to feel where the bottom fails.

To GEORGE ALLEN

GENEVA, 9th August, 1862.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—Instead of coming to Dieppe, I shall want you to come for a month or so to Switzerland, there to draw and consult about future operations.

I am going to look for a house here—near Geneva—and I think it most probable that it will appear on consideration desirable that you and your family should all “emigrate” also—and here pursue your work in good light and air. The children would have to live a rough country cottage life, which probably would be better for them, and their mother too, than their present one.

I write you word of my own conclusion, so soon as I have determined it, that you may begin talking it over with your wife. . . .
Always faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

GENEVA, Sunday, 10th August, 1862.

It is now one of the evils of Geneva that one must despatch one's letter just as the letters from England are put into one's hand. This must be written before I receive yours. I know my resolution to stay here must give you much pain, and I shall receive some painful letters in consequence. I am sorry, but it is unavoidable. I answer in advance some things I know you will say.

That I have failed just at the most provoking moment?—It is

true. The horse fails just at the leap, not as it crosses the ploughed field. If it is a good horse, the rider should know it has rightly measured its powers, and that he had better be shaken in his seat a little, than go down together.

That I have broken my promises?—My promise was of course made, and to be understood, on terms of health and life.

My mother and you have such pain at present in thinking my character is deteriorating?—Now—once for all—though this assertion may somewhat pain you on the one side, it should more pleasure you on the other. I could easily prove to you, if I chose, but take it on my word, and do not force me to humiliate you by doing so—that I am an incomparably nobler and worthier person, now, when you disapprove of nearly all I say and do, than I was when I was everything you and my mother desired me.

To his FATHER

GENEVA, 12th August, 1862.

I was very deeply grateful yesterday for your kind letter written on receipt of telegraph which I knew would make you anxious and sorry. I trust things will now go better, with all of us. I have great comfort and peace of mind in the thought of staying among these old hills; and Couttet says I shall be all right in three months, if I will only rest.

I am going out to-day to look again at a house which I can rent for a month, or for two, on the slope of the Salève, about five miles between this and Bonneville, two miles to the right of the mail road. It is in exquisite situation and air, but has not good view from the windows, though perfectly divine view from the garden. But I could get good meat every day from Geneva, and my letters as now, and it would be a good site whence to look for a permanent house

There is no chance of my changing my idea about a house. I have intended it for twenty years; and should have done it long ago, but I could not bear to leave you and my mother so much alone, nor should I now, but that—beyond all doubt or mistake—my health compels me to leave London. There was a question in my mind, until lately, between this Swiss house and taking part of a house with Rossetti,¹ to follow out our work together in London; but the experiment I have made in painting at Milan has shown me that I must for the present rest in mountain air. This autumn I shall take up the botany and geology of the Salève; and I feel, as I said, in much more comfort and peace than I have done for years.

¹ [See above, p. 412.]

To his FATHER

[MORNEX] *Sunday, 17th August, 1862.*

If you write such nice letters in answer, it is enough to make me go on writing half cruel letters: but I hope they are over now; I can hardly account for the instinct which forced them from me just at that time, unless it was, by showing you how sulky I was, to make you less regret my visiting nowhere. But there was a very bitter feeling of distress, both for you and for myself, in my mind as I came over the Simplon, thinking how much otherwise it might have been for both of us if we had understood and managed each other better, of which it is needless to speak more.

I am in great comfort in this place,¹ and feel decidedly better, though weak to a degree; partly as one always feels weak when one first gives in, and throws oneself down to rest. I've got a garden—not a very pretty one, but as much as for the present I want; backed by a rough stone wall, with rougher espalier over it, facing south and covered with vine; luxuriant fig, full of fruit; gourd; convolvulus, and semi-standard peach, of rough old stem, yet getting warmth of wall and with fruit more picturesque than promising, but pretty to look at, growing in bunches, like grapes, four or five peaches in a knot. Then there are a few beds of vegetables, a rose or two, and some sycamore and pine trees, and view beyond up the two valleys of Varier(?) and Bonneville, Môle, Brezon, and Reposoir forming a jagged chain of crests against morning light. Above, a little bit of Burgundian Gothic château of fifteenth century, and then the Salève, like Malvern Hills, below, a broken sandstone dingle; and beyond it, between me and the plain of Bonneville, a hill covered with noble woods of Spanish chestnuts and pine, mixed with blocks of grand gneiss and granite, the moraine of the great antediluvian glacier of Geneva, in places heaped up high enough to make the ground like a piece of Chamouni. The air is divinely pure and soft, so that I can sit out and read in the covered gallery round the house, as comfortably, or more so, than inside, and (which is a great point) the country people are not only civil and gentle, but pretty, half Swiss, half Savoyard, without the rudeness of the one, or the ugliness of the other.

Moreover, which happens curiously by good fortune, as it seems to me, my “landlady” (this is certainly the right word—how has it come

¹ [Compare the description of his house at Mornex in Vol. XVII. pp. liv.–lvi., where an illustration of it is given. The “Burgundian château” is seen in Plate IV., Vol. XVII. (p. lx.).]

in English to mean an inn-keeper?) is the widow of the late professor of history in the University of Geneva:¹ a well-educated woman of about fifty, having not only her husband's large library still in his house at Geneva, but free access to the books and manuscripts of the University, which I find from her account, and from her husband's catalogue of them, must be far more interesting than I had any idea of. I have been out weeding a little and looking at convolvulus bells in the sunshine before breakfast, and after despatching Couttet with this to make sure of its right posting (after this the Messageries will be answerable, so you must not be alarmed if a letter or so misses), shall go out for a quiet ramble, and especially to complete an examination begun yesterday of the growth of wild thyme, on the slopes of the Salève. I dine at three, take tea at six, then, if I like, can in a quarter of an hour reach the brow of the Salève so as to see the sunset over Jura and Geneva plain on the other side without losing my own view of Mont Blanc on this, and so to bed at nine

Dearest love to my mother. It makes me very sad to think how in her time she would have enjoyed this place, with its little ruralities of garden and ground, its pure clear air, and its quiet.

To LADY TREVELYAN

MORNEX, SAVOY, 17th Aug. [1862.]

DEAR LADY TREVELYAN,—I do not know if you ever got a long letter I sent to your London (Brompton) address; if not, it does not matter, there was nothing in it.

I've lain down to take my rest at last, having rented experimentally a month or two of house—preparatory to fastening down post and stake—but except as I used to come abroad, I come home no more. For the present, I have a bit of garden, with espalier of vine, gourd, peach, fig, and convolvulus—shade of pine and sycamore—view over valley of Bonneville to the Savoy mountains—and Mont Blanc summit—above me, like Malvern Hills, the rocky slopes of the Salève in front, a dingle and rich wood of Spanish chestnut and pine, strewn with blocks of the tertiary glaciers, granite and gneiss, moss covered. I am within six miles of Geneva (Poste Restante *there* the best address); the air is so soft that I can sit out all day, and as pure as 2000 feet above sea and fair ground (and no furnaces) can make it;

¹ [M. Gaullieur, author of a history of Switzerland, used by Ruskin (see, *e.g.*, Vol. XXXV. p. 510).]

and if I don't get better here, it will be a shame (but that's no reason why I should). I've been out before breakfast weeding a little and looking at the convolvulus bells in the sunshine, and the morning clouds on the Mont de Reposoir. What a sad thing a *yesterday's* convolvulus bell is, when you pull it open. I feel *so* like one, and like a morning cloud, without the sunshine—yet better a little—even of a few days' peace—but more still of the resolve to *have* peace at any price if it is to be had *on* any Mont du Reposoir, and not only *under* the green little Mont du Reposoir—or out of any “Saal” but that which is “auf kurze Zeit geborgt Der Gläubiger sind so viele.”¹ Have you ever looked at the second part of *Faust*? It is a perfect treasure-house of strange knowledge and thought—inexhaustible—but it is too hard for me just now. I'm going dreamily back to my geology, and upside-down botany, and so on. I'm very sorry for them at home, as they will feel it at first—but no course was possible but this, whatever may come of it. I trust they will in the issue be happier; they will if things go right with me, and they won't see much less of me, only I shall be clearly there on visit, and master of my own house and ways here—which, at only six years short of fifty, it is time to be.

The father has stood it very grandly hitherto; I trust he will not break down. I could not go home. Everything was failing me at once—brain, teeth, limbs, breath—and that definitely and rapidly. I painted a little at Milan, and would fain have gone on, but could not.

I'll write you soon again, if I get better. Love to Sir Walter.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

MORNEX, HAUTE SAVOIE, 28th August, 1862.

DEAR NORTON,—It seems to me hardly possible I can have left your last kind letter with the photograph unanswered, but it seems also I have become capable of anything. I have to-day your pretty little note asking where I am. Six miles from Geneva on the way to Chamouni I am in body (if the wretched thing I live in can be called a body). But where I am in soul I know not, that part of me having disappeared for the present. During the summer I was at Milan, trying

¹ [See the “Grablegung” scene, at the end of the Second Part of *Faust* (for which compare Vol. XX. p. 208).]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, pp. 13–14; the first sentences (“It seems to me . . . for the present”) were omitted. No. 32 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 128–131.]

to copy some frescoes of Luini's. I suppose it will be the last drawing work I shall ever try, for all my strength and heart is failing. You asked in one of your last letters how I got into this state: do not ask. Why should I, if there be any reason for it, afflict you too, or trouble your faith? Besides, I have no strength for writing. All my work has been done hurriedly and with emotion, and now the reaction has come. I found myself utterly prostrated by the effort made at Milan—so gave in on my way home, and have rented a house for a month on the slope of the Salève. I saunter about the rocks, and gather a bit of thistle-down or chickweed—break a crystal—read a line or two of Horace or Xenophon—and try to feel that life is worth having—unsuccessfully enough. In short, I have no power of resting—and I can't work without bringing on giddiness, pains in the teeth, and at last, loss of all power of thought. The doctors all say "rest, rest." I sometimes wish I could see Medusa.

And you can't help me. Ever so much love can't help me—only time can, and patience. You say "does it give you no pleasure to have done people good?" No—for all seems just as little to me as if I were dying (it is by no means certain I'm not) and the vastness of the horror of this world's blindness and misery opens upon me—as unto dying eyes the glimmering square¹ (and I don't hear the birds) . . .

As for your American war, I still say as I said at first,—If they want to fight, they deserve to fight, and to suffer. It is entirely horrible and abominable, but nothing else would do. Do you remember Mrs. Browning's curse on America?² I said at the time "she had no business to curse any country but her own." But she, as it appeared afterwards, was dying, and knew better than I against whom her words were to be recorded. We have come in for a proper share of suffering—but the strange thing is how many innocent suffer, while the guiltiest—Derby and d'Israeli, and such like—are shooting grouse.

Well, as soon as I get at all better, if I do, I'll write you again. And I love you always, and will. I am so glad you liked Rossetti's banner³ so much. Remember me affectionately to your mother and sisters. Write to Denmark Hill. I stay among the hills all winter, but don't know where yet, so D. Hill is the only safe address.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Tennyson: see above, p. 404.]

² ["Curse for a Nation" (a denunciation of American slavery), one of the pieces in *Poems before Congress*, published in 1860.]

³ [See above, pp. 329, 404.]

To Mrs. HEWITT¹

GENEVA, 13th Sept. [? 1862].

I have your nice letter—you need not mind being amusing—nothing amuses me; the best that people can be to me is—not disagreeable. You ask my plans—I have none, except to live out of England, which I am tired of, and which is, so far as it is acquainted with me, tired of me. You ask how I am in health—I have not the least notion, except that I walk somewhat, eat somewhat, sleep somewhat. You ask, Is the Burden of Life lighter?—Much less I have of it now and less in prospect. Of Associates? Plenty; there are plenty of vipers hereabouts if one looks for them—some large lizards and innumerable small ones—and, what is a mercy, plenty of accessible places which are neither men nor women. I don't mean to sign myself any more "Affectionately" to anybody. Aubrey de Vere is the noblest Person I've yet heard of your getting hold of. He is one of the very few religious men living (I knew him once and know his Work still).² . . .

To Sir JOHN MURRAY NAESMYTH, Bart.

DENMARK HILL, 15th Nov., Saturday.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I got home last Wednesday, and my father this morning transmits to me your kindest letter over the breakfast table—not without well-merited indignation.

Well, I *was* ill—very—after I last wrote to you, and did not know what to do with myself—at last I went into Savoy to old places that I used to like when I was a child, and climbed and got better, and I am now much better and getting on, thank God, as it seems to me to renewed strength.

One great worry is over and settled, and in a way which Lady Naesmyth and you will be mightily sorry for. You will soon hear—if you have not heard—of the Bishop of Natal's book.³ Now for the last four years I've been working in the same direction alone, and was quite unable to tell any one what I was about—and saw it was of no

¹ [This extract from a letter was printed as No. 124 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, February 26, 1906. For mention of other letters to the same correspondent, see above, p. 290.]

² [At a later date Ruskin and he met again at Coniston: see *Aubrey de Vere: a Memoir*, by Wilfrid Ward, 1904, p. 322.]

³ [Colenso's *The Pentateuch Critically Examined*, part i., 1862.]

use—but it forced me to be quite alone—I could not speak of anything, because all things have their root in that, and when you or any of my friends used to speak to me as if I was what I had been, it worried me. And the solitude was terrible—and the discoveries and darknesses terriblest—and all to be done alone.

But now the Bishop has spoken, there will be fair war directly, and one must take one's side, and I stand with the Bishop and am at ease, and a wonderful series of things is going to happen—more than any of us know—but the *indecision* is over.

I am only here for three weeks. Then I go back to Savoy, where I'm going to live, coming to London only on visits.

I've much to do—and am forced to make it a law never to overwork any more. I need not say, forgive—for I see you and Lady Naesmyth *have* forgiven and always will. Remember me affectionately to her and to Miss Ada—and accept the assurance of my grateful affection also. Please write me a line to say how you all enjoy Florence.—Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To C. H. SPURGEON¹

DENMARK HILL, 25th Nov., 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I want a chat with you. Is it possible to get it,—quietly,—and how, and where, and when? I'll come to you,—or you shall come here,—or whatever you like. I am in England only for ten days,—being too much disgusted with your goings on—*yours* as much as everybody else's—to be able to exist among you any longer. But I want to say "Good-bye" before going to my den in the Alps.—Ever, with sincerest remembrances to Mrs. Spurgeon,
affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL²

LONDON, December 5th, 1862.

MY DEAR FURNIVALL,—I'm sick of "feelings," and know nothing more of them. Do you know that people are being roasted alive in Italy, and cut into morsels in America? What has anybody to do with "feelings"? Do you think I'm going to give all the strength

¹ [From *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography, compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records*, by his wife, and his private secretary, vol. iv., 1900, p. 94. For Ruskin's conversations with Spurgeon, see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 659–661.]

² [No. 23 in *Furnivall*, pp. 59–60.]

and brains I have to a subject for years, and then let Shorter¹ or anybody else get up and talk of “whatever fallacies I may have fallen into,” when they don’t understand one word of what I’ve written from beginning to end, and not call them blockheads?

If Shorter had come to me and asked me to tell him what I meant, I would have told him civilly. He might have done so whenever he chose. Let him come here, if he likes, after he has got his feelings mended again. Or—no, I haven’t an hour to spare. Let him read some of the critiques² that will be out in the next two or three days, and then fancy what I should be good for if I let my “feelings” run away with me, and unruffle himself and be wiser next time.—Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

MORNEX, HAUTE SAVOIE, FRANCE, *Shortest day*, 1862.

DEAR NORTON,—It is of no use writing till I’m better; though till I am, I can’t write a pleasant word, even to you. I’ve had a weary time of it since last I wrote, and have been quite finally worried and hurt, and the upshot of it is that I’ve come away here to live among the hills, and get what sober remnant of life I can, in peace, where there are no machines, yet, nor people, nor talk, nor trouble, but of the winds.

I’ve become a Pagan, too; and am trying hard to get some substantial hope of seeing Diana in the pure glades; or Mercury in the clouds (Hermes, I mean, not that rascally Jew-God of the Latins). Only I can’t understand what they want one to sacrifice to them for. I can’t kill one of my beasts for any God of them all—unless they’ll come and dine with me, and I’ve such a bad cook that I’m afraid there’s no chance of that.

You sent me some book, didn’t you, a little while ago? I’ve been in such confusion, bringing things over here from England, and sending Turners to Brit. Museum, and upside-downing myself in general, that I don’t know what has happened or come. I’m bitterly sorry to leave my father and mother, but my health was failing altogether and I had no choice.

I’m only in lodgings yet—seven miles south of Geneva, nearer the

¹ [Secretary of the Working Men’s College.]

² [That is, either of Ruskin’s own essays (*Munera Pulveris*) in *Fraser’s Magazine*, or of Colenso’s book (above, p. 424). The storm created by this latter may be judged from the fact that seven pages of the British Museum Catalogue are occupied with replies, etc.]

³ [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, p. 14. No. 33 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 131–134.]

Alps; but I'm going to build myself a nest, high on the hills, where they are green. Meantime, I've a little garden with a spring in it, and a grey rough granite wall, and a vine or two; and then a dingle about three hundred feet deep, and a sweet chestnut and pine wood opposite; and then Mont du Reposoir, and Mont Blanc, and the aiguilles of Chamouni, which I can see from my pillow, against the dawn. And behind me, the slope of the Salève, up 2000 feet. I can get to the top and be among the gentians any day after my morning reading and before four o'clock dinner. Then I've quiet sunset on the aiguilles, and a little dreaming by the fire, and so to sleep. Your horrid war troubles me sometimes—the roar of it seeming to clang in the blue sky. You poor mad things—what will become of you?

Send me a line to say if you get this. After saying nothing so long, I want this to go quickly.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mr. and Mrs. CARLYLE

Christmas Evening (not Eve), '62.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. CARLYLE,—I'm sitting by a bright wood fire, which flickers on the walls of a little room about twelve feet square—somewhat stiff in finger, as you may see by the try of pen above—and in limb, from a long walk in the frosty sunshine up and down along the piny banks of this river of mine, the Arve, now green and clear, though in summer “drumly”¹ with glacier dust. The snowy mountains form an unbroken chain beyond the elevated plain, above which my own hill rises some five or six hundred feet up to my doorstep, and two thousand feet behind me. I got into my cottage yesterday, and am congratulating myself (somewhat sadly in an undertone) on being out of the way of Everything. The month in London was mischievous to me. I got “off” my quiet work, and now my books seem a little dull to me, and the evening long,—and yet life seems to pass in nothing but dressing and undressing—going to bed and getting up again, a night older.

I saw Lady Ashburton in Paris for a few moments, and promised to write to you, and did not—having no hope to give you, and thinking that you might as well be anxious as hopeless.

I then travelled on through the night, and came in the grey of dawn to the roots of the Alps; while, I see by the papers, there were dreadful gales in England, and keen, but healthy north wind was

¹ [The word (which often occurs in Bishop Douglas's *Virgil*) is used again by Ruskin in *For Clavigera*: Vol. XXVIII. p. 758.]

breaking the Lake of Geneva into chequers of white and blue—dark blue—far laid under the rosy snows of Jura. Now it is quite calm, with clearest light, and soft mists among the pinewoods at morning.

I've been reading *Latter Days*¹ again, chiefly "Jesuitism." I can't think what Mr. Carlyle wants me to write anything more for—if people don't attend to that, what more is to be said? I feel very lazy, and think—in fact, I'm sure—that after February I shan't write anything more till autumn again. I can't correct press in spring time.

I wish you both a happy New Year with all my heart.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

Sunday, 28th December, 1862.

I have your kind, somewhat sorrowful, Christmas letter; and I don't wonder at your not being quite able to read steadily on Xmas morning, but as far as I can make out, it is right that I should be here. To-day showed me how wisely I had chosen the spot for winter's dwelling. It was entirely cloudless (as I thought)—every peak of farthest Savoy clear: and the sun warm on my windows. I went out to go up the Salève: I wear one thick coat, instead of a greatcoat over a thin one, for winter's walking; and though the frost was firm and the snow lay crisp in the rock hollows, there was not a breath of air stirring, and the sun was so hot that I had to take my coat off and climb in my shirt sleeves, as I do in summer. The snow got gradually deeper, and near the top the drifts were knee-deep, making it still hotter work to climb, for it was dry and loose, giving way under the foot. At last I got to the broad summit, where a light south wind was blowing; the most delightful state of air and sun conceivable, if only one's limbs had not been chilled with the snow. I put my coat on and crossed to the brow of the cliff towards Geneva, when behold, the entire valley of Geneva was filled with one mass of white cloud, as dense in aspect as a glacier, reaching one-third up the Salève and Jura on both sides, so that I saw the poor people of Geneva were buried in fog as complete as that of London; it reached some way up the Arve; but stopped about a mile below Mornex—while all on my side was clear in such intense sharpness of calm light as one never sees anything to approach in the summer. Mont Blanc looked close by: the mountains of Annecy glittered with lustrous snow, like wedges of crystal; far beyond them, the mountains of the Grande Chartreuse and Dauphiné lost themselves in mere *light*: there was no mist.

Though I am so much of a heathen, I still pray a little sometimes

¹ [Carlyle's *Latter-day Pamphlets*.]

in pretty places, though I eschew Camden Chapel: so I knelt on the turf at the head of the Grande Gorge, and thanked God for bringing me back safe and well to it. I found only one gentian. I came down at a great pace, and was quite hot, feet and all, when I got home. I found a sweet letter from Rosie waiting for me. I'm very glad you were in when Mrs. Jones called, though not glad for the cause of your being in. She will do capitally with Lady Colquhoun.

I've warned Miss Bell very carefully already, and explained to her the necessity and virtue of hypocrisy in her circumstances, and that it is quite proper to say she believes what she doesn't. I think I've pretty well lectured her out of any foolish honesty; but I can't help people's knowing she knows the Bishop.¹ Rosie's mightily vexed about my heathenism, (her mother has let her see some bits of letters I never meant her to see)—and sends me a long little lock of hair, to steady me somewhat if it may be; of sending which, nevertheless, she won't take the grace—or responsibility—herself, but says, “Mama cut it off for you.” “But for the sake of all truth, and Love, you must not give the one true Good—containing all others—God—up.” I can set her little wits at rest on that matter at any rate, and tell her that being a heathen is not so bad as all that.

I suppose this will reach you on New Year's morning. You won't have a happy New Year without me—but I may still wish you happy summer, and summer will soon come.

1863

[At the end of December 1862 Ruskin had returned to Mornex, and there, or at Annecy, he remained till the end of May 1863. His movements in England during the summer months are noted in Vol. XVII. p. lxxii. In September he returned to the Alps, and had plans of making his home there altogether: see some letters, etc., given in the same volume, pp. lxxii.–lxxvi. In November, however, he came home, owing to his father's failing health.]

To Professor H. STORY MASKELYNE, F. R. S.²

MORNEX, *1st Jan.*, 1863.

DEAR MASKELYNE,—Many Happy New Years to you—and unwearied eyes—and every possible felicity of cleavage to fortune. I believe these three wishes will be brought to you by the Bishop of Natal, who may

¹ [Colenso, whose daughter was a pupil at Miss Bell's school at Winnington.]

² [For whom, see Vol. XIX. pp. 229–230, Vol. XXII. p. 233.]

be glad to refresh himself with a little secure geology after the sandy study of Theology. Seriously, I shall be grateful to you if you can give Dr. Colenso any kind of help in research—or in sympathy. No man has, in these days, a harder battle to fight—or fewer allies—or a better cause, or a truer heart. I wish I were nearer him, for if I'm good for little else, I never failed of plain speaking for fear of the consequences (and never for want of words, by the way, now and then). How about my chalcedonies?

The above address will find me whenever you've anything to say.—Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

MORNEX, 2nd January, 1863.

No letter to-day, but papers in plenty. Is not somebody deprived of them for my good? I can do quite well with *Times* if anybody would like the *Posts*.

This has been the loveliest day I ever saw in the Alps. Entirely without cloud; and in the lower air, dead calm, a silence unparalleled—for in summer there are insects humming, grasshoppers chirping—birds—and voices—one hears the leaves grow almost. But to-day it was the stillness of midnight with the light of Paradise. I climbed the Salève—near the top, a light south wind gradually rose and strengthened to a fresh breeze at the top: I had to keep in the lee of the crags when the snow wreaths were deep, and thought I was tired when I got up; but I was only out of breath, for I found in a few minutes I could run along the ridge, with the wind, at full speed; which pleased me—for even at 400 feet I used some years ago to feel a little headachy. I never saw such a view of Alps in my life—far north, peaks that are never in sight in the clearest summer days, but are mere grey films, rose with every crag defined, and I could see into the interstices and chasms of the Aiguille Dru, as if I had been on the Montanvert. The Jura lay in one long snowy wave as far as above Neuchâtel. The broad summit of the Salève lay, a league long, in white ripples of drifted snow, just like the creaming foam from a steamer's wheels, stretched infinitely on the sea, and all the plain of Geneva showed through its gorges in gold: the winter grass, in sunshine, being nearly pure gold-colour when opposed to snow. I raced along the whole ridge—then took the steepest ravine of the Mornex side to go down by, and was too hot, when I got below the snow level.

There's a great difference between the health one gets out of a walk like this, and one to the Elephant and Castle and back,—or even, to be quite fair, up to Norwood. The frost pinches so much harder there, for one thing.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

MORNEX, 18th Jany., 1863.

MY DEAR ACLAND,—I forget if I answered the letter you sent me saying you were coming abroad. I got it too late to reply in time to catch you before you left—to my great vexation, as I should have liked to have had you with me here a day or two.

In this mid-winter Savoy is still very beautiful. I have been walking far among the pine glades to-day, all dumb with snow and soft with frost cloud; and fringed with icicles. On clear days the great Alpine views are marvellous.

If you have ever anything to say to me, a letter will reach me here in three days from Oxford. I was pleased to see that your brother had written a kind letter to the Bishop of Natal. Wrong be he, or right, the language of clergymen respecting him is in the last degree unwarrantable and unworthy.

What relation is Sir Peregrine Acland of yours? I have little power of conceiving any wickedness greater than his treatment of those Sussex drawings of Turner's, now Sir A. Hood's.¹ Killing men is bad work; killing great men's work is worse. There may be an excuse or a reason for the one—there can be none for the other.

I am pretty well and pretty ill. I don't know which prettiest.

Love to the children, and kind regards to Mrs. Acland.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Have you any news of O'Shea?²

To his FATHER

MORNEX, 18th January, 1863.

I quite agree in your estimate of Dickens. I know no writer so voluminous and unceasingly entertaining, or with such a store of laughter—legitimate, open-hearted, good-natured laughter; not at things merely accidentally ridiculous or at mere indecency—as often even in Molière and Le Sage, and constantly in Aristophanes and Smollett—

¹ [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 253.]

² [The sculptor of the Oxford Museum: see Vol. XVI. p. xlix.]

but at things inherently grotesque and purely humorous; if he is ever severe—as on Heep, Stiggins, Squeers, etc.—it is always true baseness and vice, never mere foibles, which he holds up for scorn. And as you most rightly say of his caricature, the fun is always equal to the extravagance.

His powers of description have never been enough esteemed. The storm in which Steerforth is wrecked, in *Copperfield*;¹ the sunset before Tigg is murdered by Jonas Chuzzlewit; and the French road from Dijon in *Dombey and Son*, and numbers of other such bits, are quite unrivalled in their way. If you think enclosed right, please forward it.

P.S.—I am glad you like the leaves.² I think, if it is fine tomorrow, I shall send Crawley down to Geneva and register and despatch the first juniper bough³—you can get it framed by Williams from Foord's; a white mount about 2 inches or 2½ inches wide, I think, will be best—and light frame; and the when the second comes, if you like it better, you can send this at once to Mrs. Newton. It is not as good, nor nearly as good as I can do, or I should not risk it by post.

The La Touches were at the private view; they say it was so crowded they could see hardly anything—but liked the leaves.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

MORNEX, 10th February, 1863.

MY DEAR NORTON,—Glad was I of your letter, for I had been anxious about you, fearing illness, or disturbance of your happiness by this war. It is a shame that you are so comfortable—but I'm glad of it, and I shall delight in those thirteenth-century lectures.

It is no use talking about your war. There is a religious phrensy on such of you as are good for anything, just as wild, foolish, and fearful as St. Dominic's and as obstinate as de Montfort's. Mahomet's was mild, Christian-like and rational, in comparison. I have not, however, seen a single word, spoken or written, by any American since the

¹ [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (Vol. III. p. 570 n.).]

² [Possibly a beautiful water-colour, signed and dated 1863, in the possession of Miss Harrison—the original from which was made the diagram to illustrate the lecture on "Tree Twigs" (Vol. VII. p. 470). The editors do not know where it was exhibited.]

³ [The drawing of the juniper bough, signed and dated 1863, was given by Ruskin to Mr. Pritchard Gordon.]

⁴ [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, pp. 14–15. No. 34 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 134–137. Some passages of the letter ("The miserablest idiocy . . . liberty," and "This fight is partly . . . everywhere") had previously been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. x.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Ethics of the Dust*, 1891.]

war began, which would justify me in assuming that there was any such noble phrensy in the matter; but as Lowell and you are in it, I am obliged to own the nobility, and only wish I could put you both in strait-waistcoats. The miserablest idiocy of the whole has been your mixing up a fight for dominion (the most insolent and tyrannical, and the worst conducted, in all history) with a *soi-disant* fight for liberty. If you want the slaves to be free, let their masters go free first, in God's name. If they don't like to be governed by you, let them govern themselves. *Then*, treating them as a stranger state, if you like to say, "You shall let that black fellow go, or"—etc., as a brave boy would fight another for a fag at Eton—do so; but you know perfectly well no fight could be got up on those terms; and that this fight is partly for money, partly for vanity, partly (as those wretched Irish whom you have inveigled into it show) for wild anarchy and the Devil's cause and crown, everywhere. As for your precious proclamation—

"A gift of that which is not to be *given*
By all the assembled powers of earth and heaven"—¹

if I had it here—there's a fine north wind blowing, and I would give it to the first boy I met to fly it at his kite's tail. Not but that it may do mischief enough, as idle words have done and will do, to end of time.

As for myself, I am a little better than when I wrote last. I know you would do me all the good you could, and give me all kinds of nice sympathy; but it is all of no use just now. Only don't let me *lose* you, but stay, for me to come and ask for affection again when it will be good to me. I am lost just now in various wonder and sorrow, not to be talked of. I care mainly about my teeth and liver; if those would keep right I could fight the rest of it all: but they don't. I *am* resting, and mean to rest, drawing, chiefly, and sauntering and scrambling. The only thing I shall keep doing—a sentence of, sometimes—only when I can't help it—is political economy. Look at the next *Fraser's Magazine* (for March); there are, or I hope will be, some nice little bits about slavery in it.² . . . There's no building begun

¹ [From Wordsworth's sonnet "On a Celebrated Event in Ancient History"—the proclamation of the freedom and independence of Greece by T. Quintus Flaminius in 197 B.C. Ruskin quotes from memory; Wordsworth in the last line wrote "blended," not "assembled": compare Vol. XVIII. p. 539. The reference in the letter is to President Lincoln's Proclamation of January 1, 1863, declaring the slaves free in those regions yet in arms against the United States.]

² [Chapters v. and vi. of *Munera Pulveris* appeared in *Fraser* for April. For the "bits about slavery," see Vol. XVII. pp. 246, 254.]

yet: I'm trying the winter and spring climate first, and finding out things by talking to the peasants. For this spring I'm well enough off,—with a view from my bedroom window of all the valley of the Arve from the Salève to Bonneville, and all the St. Martin's mountains beyond. But I mean to settle nearer Annecy; this is not quite warm enough . . .

Affectionate regards to your mother and sisters.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

As soon as I've got a house, I'll ask you to send me something American—a slave, perhaps. I've a great notion of a black boy in a green jacket and purple cap—in Paul Veronese's manner. As for concentrated wisdom, if I haven't enough to make me hold my tongue, I haven't enough to put on the end of it.

To his FATHER

MORNEX, *12th February*, 1863.

This afternoon at four o'clock I was lying all my length on the grass on the precise and exact summit of the Salève, in a calm of soft sunset like that of Florence or Naples; the summit, owing to the strong drift of wind over it in storms, is quite free of snow, and the perpetual sunshine of these last days has dried it into a summer bank. All round, the snow lay in sweet, crisp fields; now large in the crystal, like sea-salt, and therefore, in the low sunshine so full of blue shadow as not to hurt the eye, and so hard that they neither wet nor chill the foot. At a quarter before five, as the orange colour was deepening in the sunset, I was sitting on a rock above the "Grande Gorge," holding my straw hat to keep the sun out of my eyes, and bare-headed. The chain of Alps was ridiculously clear, the crags of the Reposoir looking (15 miles off) as if they were little rocks rising directly behind the Salève snow-fields; but the Jura were all bathed in purple mist, and the long sweeping side of the Salève itself; far towards Annecy, stretched purple ranks of pine.

To his FATHER

MORNEX, *Sunday, 22nd February*, 1863.

I have no letter to-day, not having been able to get any up from Geneva. There were plenty holiday folks, if any would have been good enough to bring it, for there was no wind to speak of to-day,

and a sun as of June, with only two or three degrees of frost, so that for people with health and animal spirits, it was just as good as summer. I don't like the cold: feel it inhospitable and ill-natured; still there were nooks in the rocks to-day where it was wonderfully like summer.

I find Allen will be useful to me in a way I did not expect. His carpenter's experience in "grain" of wood gives him a keen eye for rock texture, and I expect with his help to be able to clear up some points in the structure of the Salève which are of great interest. I have hardly any doubt the geologists have mistaken its fractures for its beds. They all state that it has vertical beds on its face. I believe they are merely rents, of extraordinary evenness and symmetry.¹ I have had a long day's scramble to most of the accessible parts of the highest cliff—"accessibility" depending more or less on the lines of the fall of stones than on steepness; one might as well go under the Confederate batteries as beneath some of the shelves in frosty weather, when the sun strikes them—one has not only the stones to look out for, but the icicles, which hang fifteen feet and twenty feet long, and a foot thick where the snow meltings drip from the shelves. They have a disagreeable resemblance to guttering of tallow candles, but their fragments below have a pretty, but warning glitter.

However, it has made me pleasantly sleepy after dinner—so I won't force myself to write any more.

To his FATHER

MORNEX, *Thursday, 26th February, 1863.*

Going down to Geneva with your letter to-day, I got yours of the 23rd—with various enclosures and expression of rejoicing in my promise to Mrs. La Touche.² I am very glad you are glad of it—it was not one I would have given for money, nor for Turners (which I value much more than money), but it was the only thing I could do for Mrs. La Touche, and she would do all she *could* for me. Whatever my writing may be in future, it will not be careless—my careless writing is that which you think has done so much good. What it really is worth in the public mind, I think you may guess by the price they set on my drawings.

I see you were a little hurt by Froude's speaking only of my

¹ [For the result of Ruskin's inquiries, see his lecture "On the Forms of the Stratified Alps of Savoy," Vol. XXVI. pp. 3 seq.]

² [For this promise, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 662.]

mother—but I am very sure that this was only because he would not expect to find you at home in the forenoon. I think there is, however, a curious sympathy between Froude and my mother. But as for your being a nonentity—you have cut me out with half my friends. The Richmonds—Dr. Brown—Bayne—Gordon—the Pritchards—think twice as much of you as they do of me;—you have run me very hard with Lady Trevelyan—might have done anything you liked with Mrs. Prinsep—Mrs. Simon and Mrs. Hewitt are your most obedient—and I shall soon begin to be jealous of you with Georgie herself.¹ I don't know what you would have! I will write to Froude he may come; if you had more faith in him you would find yourself easier with him.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

MORNEX, 10th March, 1863.

MY DEAREST NORTON,—I shall give you the dissyllable henceforward; no one else has it but my father and mother, and my pet Rosie, to whom, because of the passage denying my saintship, I shall send your letter; she canonized me once, but mourns over my present state of mind, which she has managed to find out somehow. I shall send her your letter that she may see that people can yet love me who won't give me any votive candles (not that she ever burnt many for me, or ever will), for she has been scolding me frightfully, and says, "How could one love you, if you were a Pagan?" She was a marvellous little thing when she was younger, but—which has been one of the things that have troubled me—there came on some over-excitement of the brain, causing occasional loss of consciousness, and now she often seems only half herself, as if partly dreaming. I've not seen her for a year, nor shall probably, for many a year to come (if I've many to live, which is hardly likely). But I am a little better, and this quiet may bring me round to some vitality again.

Well, I will do as you say, and write a little word daily, or other-daily, for you. I shall like it; for the loneliness is very great, in the peace in which I am at present,³ and the peace is only as if I had buried myself in a tuft of grass on a battlefield wet with blood,

¹ [Mrs. Burne-Jones. For Mrs. Hewitt, see above, pp. 290, 312.]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, p. 15. Some passages ("no one else . . . vitality again," and "This 10th of March . . . that interests me") were omitted. No. 35 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 138–142. A passage from the letter ("the loneliness . . . eyes daily") had been previously printed (with the omission of a few words) by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. ix) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Ethics of the Dust*, 1891.]

³ [Mr. Norton's printing of this passage has varied, and is here amended: see Bibliographical Appendix (Vol. XXXVII. p. 686).]

for the cry of the earth about me is in my ears continually if I do not lay my head to the very ground. The folly and horror of humanity enlarge to my eyes daily. But I will not write you melancholy letters. I will tell you of what I do and think that may give you pleasure. I should do myself no good and you, sometimes, perhaps harm, if I wrote what was in my heart, or out of it. The surface thought and work I will tell you.

I wrote you a letter the other day—you either have it by this time and are very angry with me for once, or have it not, and are forgiving me for supposed neglect of your kind last letter.

This 10th of March, then, to begin diary: I had headache yesterday, and was late, late up this morning. Read a bit of the first *Georgic* at breakfast, and wondered what *laetum siliqua quassante legumen*¹ precisely meant. Had it been *pease blossom*, I should have accepted the *laetus*; or when I was a boy, and got the peas to shell, should have accepted it for myself, not for the pod. After that I wrote about ten words of notes for a lecture I have promised to give this season in London on the stratified mountains of Savoy.²

Then I drew the profile of the blossom of the purple nettle, and tried to colour it, and couldn't and tried to find out why it was called *Lamium*³ and couldn't.

Then I walked up and down the room watching the pines shake in fierce March wind, which I was afraid of bringing on headache again if I went out in.

Then I got your letter, and was pleased. Then I dined at half-past two, and read some of the papers.

Then I went to my other house (for I've two houses),⁴ which looks up the valley of the Arve, and drew some of a careful drawing I'm making of it⁵—very slowly and feebly.

Then I came back here and swung logs of wood about, to warm myself, and wondered why we had a wretched four-legged body to take care of, with a nasty spine all down the back of it and a sternum in front. Then I had tea, and thought what I should, and what I shouldn't write to you. Then I sate down to write this.

Of course you're not to be diaryed to that extent every day, yet I'll put down anything that interests me.

¹ [Virgil, *Georgics*, i. 74: see Vol. XIX. p. 368, and Vol. XXV. p. 346.]

² [See below, p. 442.]

³ ["Had Ruskin had Dr. Asa Gray's admirable *Manual* at hand, he would have learned that the name was from *laimoV*, the throat, in allusion to the ringent corolla."—C. E. N.]

⁴ [See Vol. XVII. pp. lvi.–lvii.]

⁵ [No doubt the drawing reproduced as Plate IV. in Vol. XVII. (p. lx.).]

Do letters come pretty regularly in these pleasant times of yours?
Remember me affectionately to your mother and sisters.—Ever
affectionately and gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.

I'll get that book of Jean Paul's.

I know well that happiness is in little things,—if anywhere,—but it is essentially within one, and being within, *seems* to fasten on little things. When I have been unhappy, I have heard an opera from end to end, and it seemed the shrieking of winds; when I am happy, a sparrow's chirp is delicious to me. But it is not the chirp that makes me happy, but I that make *it* sweet.

To Mr. and Mrs. BURNE-JONES¹

[GENEVA, March 24, 1863.]

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,—It's all very fine, but I'm sure there never was a good papa who ever had such naughty children before. Fancy, taking his nice theories and etymologies and granite stones out of his mouth; and insisting on the absurd colour of "green"—just on purpose to put him in mind of the stone which he thought was green in the arch at Milan and which was only rubbed over with nasty paint, like the colour that Ned paints his Necromantic skies of. You naughty!

Ah, well: have it your own way. I suppose it's that serpentine, however! that Chaucer meant?—nothing more likely.

Yes, indeed, I had noticed Patience. There's another beautiful prolonged *e*—Dame Paciençè! (Pazienza). Is the "hill of sonde" hourglass sand? It is the finest bit I've found yet, in all Chaucer.² I am on the whole rather better pleased at the idea of Italy next year than this: for I could only have stayed with you a week or ten days altogether this year—but next, I could go on to Florence and we would have *such* games, up at Fésole and in the sweet convent gardens, and wouldn't we draw! So if Ned goes on well, we'll plan it so, shall we? I've lost a whole month here with unexpected bad weather, cold wind, in which I am fit for nothing, and this has narrowed my time for exploring some rock beds, which I've to lecture about, so that I'm well pleased to stay here, for *myself*. I am so

¹ [A few words of this letter have been printed in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 260.]

² [The lines—from *The Assembly of Foules*—

“Dame Paciençèsitting there I fonde,
With facè pale, upon an hill of sonde”—

were presently used by Ruskin in *The Cestus of Aglaia*, § 30 (Vol. XIX. p. 82).]

sorry to hear of Georgie's anxiety and sorrow. It may be that a little run here in the late spring, without going further, would be good for both of you. Consider of that.

As for the tapestry,¹ I think Jason will be delightful. I would rather, too, have something Greek, and personification is always a little tiresome and dead.

The Valentine's Day with shutter opening must be a million of times better than with window.² I'm pleased more than you are that my father likes Rosamund.³

I was a little better—the spring flowers are coming out at last, and do me good.—Ever your affect. Papa,
J. R.

To RAWDON BROWN

GENEVA, 7th April, '63.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—I'm so glad I haven't lost a letter, and I like you so much better for not answering directly—because I used to be quite frightened at you for being so formal with me, and so ashamed of my own unpunctuality. But I'm frightened now about what you say of your eyes; you know it will never do to overwork *them*, whatever else one overworks. Pray rest for two or three months from Calendars—read nothing but large print. Now about Lorenzi's documents.⁴ What quantity of them (in bulk, I mean) will be producible, and what funds are needed for furtherance of plan, or publication of results? I will not let such a plan, in such hands, come to abortive close, if it falls within any manageable limits: and *if the documents bring out any results contrary to my anticipations, I should all the more wish to have some share in the good work of their recovery*. Let me know, therefore, what Lorenzi's materials and plans are. There is, of course, no question about publication, except that of the simple absolute loss, in such a case as this; it is simply building one's own self such monument to the place as is possible. Please give my best

¹ [Which Burne-Jones was to design for the girls at Winnington to make: see Vol. XVII. p. lxxiv.]

² [Mrs. Burne-Jones in an earlier letter to Ruskin had written: "Ned has begun a smaller water-colour of Love flinging open a lady's window in the early morning on St. Valentine's Day" (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 256).]

³ [Ruskin's father had bought Burne-Jones's water-colour of "Fair Rosamond," and was greatly delighted when he found that the drawing was much liked by his son. See the Introduction; above, p. liii.]

⁴ [The documents were ultimately published in 1868 under the title *Monumenti per servire alla storia del Palazzo Ducale di Venezia ovvero serie di alti Pubblici dal 1253 al 1797*, by Giambattista Lorenzi (of the Library of St. Mark). Ruskin provided funds for the publication, and the work was dedicated to him. Compare Vol. XXII. p. 89 n. On the envelope of the present letter, Rawdon Brown wrote: "Ruskin's generous motives for assisting the publication of Lorenzi's work."]

regards to Lorenzi and say I am most happy to hear how he is employed, and shall think myself still happier if I can help him.

If I were to come to Venice for a week or two about 15th September next, should I find you there? and between this and then, could the plan be brought into any manageable form?

I wonder what would be the cost of a little bachelor's den, for a permanency of cupboard to put things away in, with a marble balcony to the window, somewhere on the Grand Canal or by the Ponte dei Sospiri quarter—the only one for me, wherever I live, now. I should not be ever much at Venice, my health requiring hill air, but I should like to find my own door opening to me when I came. I am making many plans at present, which may possibly all end soon in the house with the grass door and no key. But I wrote only yesterday to an advocate at Bonneville, asking if he could buy for me the entire barren top of a crag, with a little grassy cleft in it which I've long been fond of, 5000 feet above the sea. I want to build myself a den there, at any rate, wherever I may wander on lower ground.

Why do I want to shut ears and eyes? In my own country, for the noise and smoke; in others, for the cries and blood. Not but *we* shed enough of that red ink over account books.

Love to Joan and Panno.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

TALLOIRES, *April 23rd*, 1863.

I wonder whether the things which Wordsworth tells in “The Two April Mornings”¹ really took place on an April morning, or whether he chose April afterwards because its mornings are so sweet. Be that as it may, the chance or choice was admirable, for the exquisite softness and purity of the mornings just now among the blossoms are indescribable. A summer's morning, however fine, is always a little hot, misty and languid—at least unless you get up at four; but just now, the calm lake with the clear snowy mountains, at seven o'clock, stirred with a breeze here and there on its surface into a blue bloom, across its reflections—and the soft sunlight on the green of the hill-sides, which touches them as lightly as the dew—being to the rich massed green of summer, just what hoarfrost is to snow; and the air, nearly made up of the life of blossoms; feeling as one could fancy peaches melted into air would feel—with just shade enough of

¹ [A piece quoted by Ruskin in Vol. XVIII. p. 296, Vol. XXIX. p. 269, Vol. XXXIV. p. 349.]

rock and pine to make it all grave and deep—as well as intense in sweetness—all this would be nice, if one were in a good humour, and is helpful when one isn't. But it gets windy in the middle of the day, and then I lose my temper, and don't recover it till after next morning. Though the evenings are well enough too. The cuckoo is always in five or six places at once—and the air is quiet again—Jupiter in the south, Venus in the west, shine like pieces of the moon, brighter for being broken off: the moon holds her old self in her arms, as one recollects one's old round life when only a quarter of it is left—the rest ghostly—the Tournette of Annecy glows like a censer, with "strange fire"¹—the light seeming within her rocks, and warm—and the singing of the birds runs in rivulets down the glades and makes song-falls over the rocks and through the budding thickets. But it is all always going away—fading and one has to go to bed, and try to die for eight hours; and if one doesn't die, one has to be half dead all the next day—which seems to me a very sorrowful arrangement. If one could put one's self out, like the candle, and light one's self with a match, when one wanted one's self to see by—and never run into gutters, nor burn at both ends—what a nice world it might be.

To his FATHER

Saturday, 2nd May, 1863.

I have to-day your interesting letter about Brett.² I am much obliged by what you have done for him: nor do I think it will be useless. I've written to him repeating what I told him three years ago—that painting large studies by way of pictures was simply ridiculous—that he must make small ones first, saleable, and learn to choose subjects. The little Florence will, I think, be very pleasant to me—it is sure to be "preciously" like.

I hope you have got some of your Hunts and Prouts. I was half inclined to say, "Buy more Prouts, if you can get any that you like—for I like all."

I am also much inclined to say—buy the Palestrina. You may have it for nothing, literally—as long as you choose. It will be worth £4000 in five years more—which will pay both interest and insurance. It is *not* a composition³—it is Virgil's Præneste—insisting on the stream

¹ [Leviticus x. 1.]

² [John Brett, afterwards A. R. A.: see Vol. XIV. p. 171 n.]

³ [The title of Turner's picture in the Academy of 1830 had been "Palestrina—a Composition." The picture was sold in 1863 for £1995. It was then in Mr. Bicknell's collection, and had presumably been offered privately to Ruskin. In 1881 it fetched £3150.]

descending from the hills (the bridge evidently being a careful study on the spot), because of the following lines:—

“Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinae
Junonis gelidumque Anienem et roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt” (*Aeneid*, 7, 683).

The way Turner used to fish out the character and meaning of a whole family of scenes in this way is quite miraculous.

I don't know if I have told you the work I shall be upon when I come home. It is to copy in large, permanent, delicate oil, some of Turner's small drawings—to show what is in them. Depend upon it, if I live, Turner's work will yet be worth double what it is; if I die—you won't care for the money.

I may, however, yet want a thousand here—before *coming* home—being in treaty for a pasturage on the Brezon (it is not far advanced yet, but may come to something), and it will be a glorious place for quiet work, and rest if I can get it. But you'll never again have a chance of such a picture as Palestrina for that money.

I am gaining here at last; which I know by some recovered sense of enjoyment; the sleepless nights were chiefly caused by the beginning of lecture diagrams worrying me, while the geology of the hills outside was puzzling me all the time I was out. I've got over the diagram difficulty, and given up the hill one—finding it hopeless: the lecture will be none the worse—perhaps rather better, from avoiding too complex ground—and I'm no longer nervous about it.¹

To his FATHER

TALLOIRES, 4th May, 1863.

I have yours of 30th with notable Turner sales, etc. I am heartily glad you have that Hunt, be it bullace or gage.² I have an impression rather of blackberries than hips in my drawing—but may be wrong. Mama will know in a moment what plums they are.

You say, Why did I not mention Lucerne? I did in my first letter name it as Bicknell's best,³ but I did not say “get it,” for I knew it would fetch an unheard-of price, and I had rather try for early drawings, having a fair series of the late. Our Constance and

¹ [The lecture, “On the Forms of the Stratified Alps of Savoy,” given at the Royal Institution on June 5, 1863: see Vol. XXVI. p. 3.]

² [Perhaps No. 126 in the William Hunt Exhibition of 1879: see Vol. XIV. p. 445.]

³ [The drawing of the Lake of Lucerne mentioned in Vol. XIII. pp. 480, 483; now in the collection of Mr. J. Irvine Smith. It fetched £714 at the Bicknell sale.]

Coblentz¹ are drawings as high in quality. In old time I should have as soon thought of any catastrophe as of letting this Lucerne escape, but now I have been long forced to make up my mind to many things, once unimagined. But I consider no price too high for that drawing—if people have the money to spare. The *mad* prices are only those given for the late small vignettes, every one of which was forced, false, and bad, quite disgraceful to Turner. My yesterday's letter very nearly and curiously corresponds with yours of to-day. I try now to fix my mind on other objects; but I am sadly like Alnaschar²—only more foolish—in that he destroyed his present power in dreaming of what might be, and I, too often, in regretting what might have been. But nothing has more contributed to alter all my views of religion than the somewhat bitter experience that what I did unselfishly and generously, when I was young, brings me nothing but punishment and vexation, and that only what was prudent and selfish is rewarded. I did little that was selfish—less that was wise—and other people seem to get the good of all I do. I meant them to do so, in fairness, but never meant or expected that after taking all the abuse with poor Turner while he lived, I should have all his work snatched over my head when he died.

As I say, I try to think of other things, but botany is after all a mere catalogue of forms: and I am a little too old for geology. I can't walk strongly enough. I like my classics and economy best, if I could keep at them, but they tire me sometimes, and the hankering for old Turner thoughts and plans comes over me. I was thinking of the brook that sang to-day under the apple blossoms—as Byron of the Rhine—

“Even yet—what wants thy stream?—that it should Lethe be.”³

I think if I get into a course of really serviceable painting, some of these feelings may pass. They torment me most when I am unsettled by anything—as just now by the continual hanging on and off of this new house plan; and by the lecture, which requires me to go over more ground than I expected in geological reading. They have found out so much in these last years.

P. S.—I am most thankful to see your complaint lessening. I hope to send a more cheerful letter for your birthday.

¹ [Nos. 63 and 62 in the Exhibition of 1878: see Vol. XIII. pp. 455, 454.]

² [See *The Barber's Story of his Fifth Brother* (called El-Feshshâr in Lane's edition, vol. i. p. 359).]

³ [*Childe Harold*, canto iii. 50 (“Even now,” etc.).]

To his FATHER

MORNEX, 14th May, 1863.

I have your kind letter with the photographs, which delight me: not but that I had rather have Northcote's picture¹—and that not for painting but for true likeness—still there are certain vital and minute resemblances in a photograph highly valuable; these are not, however, as well taken as they might be. Your backgrounds are too dark, and Mr. Harrison's eyes do not show enough. But I'm glad of all. Mr. Thos. Richmond comes admirable, and is wonderful for its true vivacity.

Countess Maison I return with thanks. Not much in it: in fact, I might almost pay it the compliment she pays my book: she is sure it is very good—and does not read it. Touching my Brezon plan, I think it would be foolish to build a mere wooden *châlet* in which I should be afraid of fire—especially as I should often want large fires. I mean to build a small stone house, which will keep anything I want to keep there in perfect safety, and will not give one the idea of likelihood to be blown away. I go to Bonneville on Wednesday next; Couttet is to meet me. Then the first fine day afterwards the Mayor of Bonneville is to go up the Brezon with me, and with his lawyer. I shall show him what ground I want, and a map of it will then be made by a surveyor. It is now property of the Commune. Purchases are made by offer, which is published; if no higher one is made, the grant is given at the next communal meeting. When I have marked out my ground, and, with Dr. Gosse's counsel² and Couttet's, made my offer, I shall leave the rest in Dr. Gosse's management, as the business part of it will be long in Savoy. I mean to have the summit with two or three acres round it, and the cliff below: this is all barren rock, and should cost almost nothing—there is only a little goat browsing on it in summer—it is worse than the Black Dwarf's common.³ But from the flank of it slopes down a pasturage to the south; the ridge of which is entirely secure from avalanche or falling rocks, and from the north wind: it looks south and west—over one of the grandest grouped ranges of jagged blue mountain I know in Savoy. It is accessible on that side only by a footpath, but the summit is accessible to within a quarter of an hour of the top, by a bridle path (leaving only a quarter of an hour's walk for any indolent friend

¹ [Plate VII. in Vol. XXXV. (p. 126).]

² [For Dr. Gosse, see Vol. XVII. p. lxi., Vol. XXXIV. p. 493.]

³ [See the description of Mucklestone Moor in chap. ii. of the novel.]

who won't come up but on horseback). It is about 5000 feet above the sea; which is just the height at which I now find myself most cheerful and able for work, rather more than 1000 feet lower than the Montanvert. I am surprised to find how much the thinking of it and planning it relieves the nervous state of the brain. I have been gaining greatly these last two or three days—the air being soft and fine, and I am able always to be out in it.

To his FATHER

MORNEX, 26th May, 1863.

I find your two pleasant letters on my return from Chamouni, which I ran up to on learning from Couttet that the piece of ground which Mr. Eisenkraemer¹ offered me was the very piece I always was so fond of, with the two châteaux under the Aiguille Blaitière. I went straight up—saw Eisenkraemer, thought it over in a walk up and down the Montanvert, and bought the ground for £720 (18,000 francs). It has, as far as I remember, the richest pasturage of all Mont Blanc side (for from 15 to 20 cows); and entirely splendid rock and wood, the space of ground being altogether about 100 times as large as the village of Chamouni. It is unmeasured; but bounded by communal ground with very accurate limits. Couttet is to get a rough estimate of the space, but they never think of measuring surface—the rocks making it so irregular, both in form and value. The principal smooth bit of it is that on right hand in the finished grey sketch of Chamouni in your room: my limit on that side is the torrent, and I have all the three châteaux. I mean to have the Brezon as well; but the negotiations for that cannot be concluded in less than three months. This Chamouni bit gives me something to fasten on and think of at once.

To FREDERIC LEIGHTON²

[DENMARK HILL, June, 1863.]

MY DEAR LEIGHTON,—I've only just had time to look in, yesterday, at R. Ac., and your pictures are the only ones that interest me in it; and the two pretty ones, peacocks and basket, interest me much.

¹ [See above, p. 118.]

² [From the *Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton*, vol. ii. p. 120. The pictures referred to were No. 382 ("Jezebel and Ahab having caused Naboth to be put to death, go down to take possession of his vineyard; they are met at the entrance by Elijah the Tishbite"); No. 406 ("A Girl with a basket of fruit"); and No. 429 ("A Girl feeding peacocks").]

Ahab I don't much like. You know you, like all people good for anything in this age and country (as far as Palmerston), are still a boy—and a boy can't paint Elijah. But the pretty girls are very nice—very *nearly* beautiful. I can't say more, can I? If once they *were* beautiful, they would be immortal too. But if I don't pitch into you when I get hold of you again for not drawing your Canephora's basket as well as her head and hair! You got out of the scrape about the circle of it by saying you wanted it hung out of sight (which *I* don't). But the meshes are all wrong—*inelegantly* wrong—which is unpardonable. I believe a Japanese would have done it better. Thanks for nice book on Japan with my name Japanned. *It is* very nice too. I wish the woodcuts were bigger. I should like it so much better in a little octavo with big woodcuts on every other page. But I never do anything but grumble.—Faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To FREDERIC LEIGHTON¹

[DENMARK HILL, *June*, 1863.]

MY DEAR LEIGHTON,—The public voice respecting the lecture you are calumniously charged² with is as wise as usual. The lecture is an excellent and most interesting one, and I am very sorry it is not yours.

I am also very sorry the basket *is* yours, in spite of the very pretty theory of accessories. It is proper that an accessory be slightly—sometimes even, in a measure, badly—painted; but not that it should be out of perspective; and in the greatest men, their enjoyment and power animated the very dust under the feet of their figures—much more the baskets on their heads: above all things, what comes near a head should be studied in every line.

There is nothing more notable to my mind in the minor tricks of the great Venetians than the exquisite perspective of bandeaux, braids, garlands, jewels, flowers, or anything else which aids the *roundings* of their heads.

It is my turn to claim Browning for you, though I know what your morning time is to you. I must have you over here one of these summer mornings, if it be but to look at some dashes in sepia by Reynolds, and a couple of mackerel by Turner³—which, being principals

¹ [From the *Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton*, vol. ii. pp. 120–121.]

² [Possibly *A Discourse on Japanese Art, delivered at the Royal Institution*, May 1, 1863, by John Leighton (privately printed).]

³ [The “dashes in sepia by Reynolds” were perhaps those now at Oxford (Standard Series, 29–34), Vol. XXI. p. 24. Turner's studies of Mackerel were also given to Oxford (Educational Series, 182), *ibid.*, p. 91.]

instead of accessories, I hope you will permit to be well done, though they're not as pretty as peacocks.

I have been watching the "Romola" plates with interest.¹ The one of the mad old man with dagger seemed to me a marvellous study (of its kind), and I feel the advancing power in all.

Will you tell me any day you could come—any hour—and I'll try for Browning.—Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I'm always wickeder in the morning than at night, because I'm fresh; so I'll try, this morning, to relieve your mind about the peacocks. To my sorrow, I know more of peacocks than girls, as you know more of girls than peacocks—and I assure you solemnly the fowls are quite as unsatisfactory to me as the girl can possibly be to you; so unsatisfactory, that if I could have painted them as well as you could, and *had* painted them as ill, I should have painted them out.

To FREDERIC LEIGHTON²

[DENMARK HILL] *Monday*.

DEAR LEIGHTON,—I saw Browning last night; and he said he couldn't come till Thursday week: but do you think it would put you quite off your work if you came out here early on Friday and I drove you into Kensington as soon as you liked? We have enough to say and look at, surely, for two mornings—one by ourselves?

I want, seriously, for one thing to quit you of one impression respecting me. You are quite right—"ten times right"—in saying I never focus criticism. Was there ever criticism worth adjustment? The light is so ugly, it deserves no lens, and I never use one. But you never, on the other hand, have observed sufficiently that in such rough focussing as I give it, I measure faults not by their greatness, but their avoidableness. A man's great faults are natural to him—inevitable; if *very* great—undemonstrable, deep in the innermost of things. I never or rarely speak of them. They must be forgiven, or the picture left. But a common fault in perspective is not to be so passed by. You may not tell your friend, but with deepest reserve, your thoughts of the conduct of his life, but you tell him, if he has an ugly coat, to change his tailor, without fear of his answering that

¹ [For each instalment of *Romola* as it ran through the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*, Leighton supplied illustrations. The "old man with dagger" (Baldassare), illustrating ch. liii., was frontispiece in the *Cornhill* for May 1863. See vol. ii. p. 220 of the illustrated ed. of 1880.]

² [From the *Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton*, vol. ii. pp. 121–122.]

you don't focus your criticism. Now it so happens that I am in deep puzzlement and thought about some conditions of your work and its way, which, owing to my ignorance of many things in figure painting, are not likely to come to any good or speakable conclusion. But it would be partly presumptuous and partly vain to talk of these; hence that silence you spoke of when I saw you last. I wish I had kept it all my life, and learned, in peace, to do the little I could have done, and enjoy the much I might have enjoyed.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Send me a line saying if you will give me the Friday morning, and fix your own hour for breakfast to be ready; and never mind if you are late, for I can't give you pretty things that spoil for waiting, anyhow.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

[DENMARK HILL, *June*, 1863.]

MY DEAR ACLAND,—So many thanks. I should have liked the walk with you and the Dean and Newton, but could not have come. The soreness shown in my letter to Mrs. Acland hinged mainly on what I thought you both—being religious people—ought to feel when your friends went towards the Dead Sea. I thought you ought to have been either plaguing me, or at least inquiring whether I had yet been made salt or bitumen of—supposing you couldn't get me back—and it began to take a little the look of excommunication when I saw how Colenso's friends—really good people, who had loved him—treated him. Then the Bishop of Oxford was very rude to me at the last breakfast I met him at in London, and I had a fancy he might have been giving you some episcopal views of friendship. He was wonderfully civil once, and used to pretend to be interested in pictures—he never took me in—but I couldn't think what made him all at once as studiously uncivil; for I never supposed he had taken the pains to search out the mischief underlying a strange stray paragraph or two of the last vol. of *Mod. P.*, which as far as I know, nobody has ever read; and which, if they had, I had kept so carefully unintelligible that I thought no human creature would know what they meant. I'll send you the Institution abstract of the lecture,¹ which I must draw up myself. There are two new things in it, as far as I know what in geology is new or old.

¹ ["On the Forms of the Stratified Alps of Savoy," at the Royal Institution, June 5, 1863: see Vol. XXVI. p. 3.]

I stay here till August—will come and see you some day if you'll tell me your movements.—Ever affectionately and gratefully yours and Mrs. Acland's,
J. RUSKIN.

I will send the sketches before the 16th—I have been suddenly occupied on coming home by this lecture and by R. Academy evidence¹—this last is of importance, as you will see.

To WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI²

DENMARK HILL, 15 June, 1863.

DEAR ROSSETTI,—The book is delightful, and thank you much for sending it. I should like to go and live in Japan.

I'm going to hunt up Gabriel, but am so good-for-nothing and full of disgusts that I'm better out of his way: still, I'm going to get into it.—Always yours truly,
J. RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, A.R.A.

16th June [1863].

Dear Richmond,—I can't tell you how much I liked Willy's picture.³ I only saw it yesterday, or should have written before. It is very wonderful and beautiful—the prettiest thing to me in the room (except little head which takes my fancy more by chance than anything else—"The First Sitting"—in corner of large room). Your Lord Shaftesb. is a grand drawing—ugly subject. I hope Willy's all right again. He's going ahead too fast. Love to all the children.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

[DENMARK HILL] 29th July, '63.

DEAR NORTON,—I answer your kind note instantly—to-day. I *would* have rejoiced with you, if I could have rejoiced in anything,

¹ [Given on June 8 before a Royal Commission: see Vol. XIV. pp. 476–489.]

² [*Rossetti Papers*, p. 25. "This note refers," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "to a book of uncoloured Japanese landscapes, of a direct naturalistic treatment, which I had recently bought, and had produced for Ruskin's inspection. He is more complimentary here to Japanese art than he has been in some other utterances." See *Time and Tide*, Vol. XVII. pp. 340–341 n.]

³ ["Mary, daughter of J. W. Ogle, M. D.," by W. B. Richmond, No. 679 in the Academy of 1863. G. Richmond's portrait of Lord Shaftesbury was No. 798. "A First Sitting," by W. Fisher, was No. 108.]

⁴ [No. 36 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 142–144. Parts of the letter ("I am still very unwell . . . helpless," and "It is not theology . . . truth") had previously been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. x.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Ethics of the Dust*, 1891.]

but the world is much too horrible in its aspect to me to allow me to take pleasure in even the best thing that can happen in it. That a child is born—even to my friend—is to me no consolation for the noble grown souls of men slaughtered daily through his follies, and mine.

I kept a diary for you a little while,¹ but when I read it, it was loathsome to me, and I burnt it. I am still very unwell, and tormented between the longing for rest and for lovely life, and the sense of the terrific call of human crime for resistance and of human misery for help—though it seems to me as the voice of a river of blood which can but sweep me down in the midst of its black clots, helpless. What I shall do I know not—or if dying is the only thing possible. I would have written to you, but it is no use talking *of* myself—nor *to* you, in your present blind, sweet, blessed life, as of birds and flowers; I would fain not trouble it (more than these short lines must do) but you cannot give me share of it.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

I am at home with my father and mother; am going back to Savoy for the autumn, but hope to spend winter here.

I find only a ragged scrap of foreign paper, but it would have been of no use to take a larger—for I can't talk of things. It is not theology that plagues me, but base injustice, selfishness, and utter scorn of thought or truth.

To LADY NAESMYTH

[DENMARK HILL, July 30, 1863.]

DEAR LADY NAESMYTH,—I have had your nice second letter a long time. It is very nice of you to care about me still. I'm so glad you are at Lucerne and enjoy it. Yes, you are quite right in quoting me against myself—"To love—to hope—to pray,"² but I should have added—"wisely." One may do all three unwisely, and get no good, until at last one ceases to do them at all. "Hope," for instance, I have just now none of any sort—which is not a lively state of being.

I was pleased that you noticed my seal. It is not an old one. In the Heralds' College there is a shield belonging to the name "*Rusken*" (not "kin") which has six spear's heads, silver on sable—with the chevron. This, as we have no genealogy, my father put three

¹ [As promised above; see pp. 436–7.]

² [See *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 382).]

crosses on, that he might purchase the right to use it. I chose—or made—the motto only lately, and had it cut as you see on a solid piece of rock chalcedony, dropping in stalactites from the lava of Iceland—the kind of thing which I am getting to be myself—flint out of hot rock. It is about a pound in weight, and the little seal is an irregular circle, being cut on the end of a stalactite.

You won't be able to read a word on this thin paper. The motto means—as you say—a great many things. *You* may read it—"To-day if ye will hear his voice"—or "To-day, while it is called to-day."¹

To me it has another meaning, which is of no consequence to anybody else. But practically, and especially, to help me to cure myself a little of procrastination, if it may be.

Well, perhaps to-morrow, or the day after, I may really look after Sir John's *Liber Studiorum* at last.

This enclosed abstract may perhaps amuse you a little on the zigzag of Lake Lucerne.—With sincere and affectionate regards to Sir John and Miss Ada, yours ever gratefully,
J. RUSKIN.

To his FATHER

CORNHILL, *Wednesday Evening, 19th* [August].

I have all your nice letters with picture cleaning, Bayne, Solomon, etc. I hope to post this at Thirsk to-morrow, so you will know when you get it I am so far south again. I have had a long, pleasant, though melancholy walk by Tweedside this afternoon—it is so intensely like the Tay, it makes me feel as if all the air were full of ghosts. The Eildon Hills came out against the sunset. I stopped to outline them with some bits of the Tweed bank, and a small house opposite which came prettily among the trees; just as I was drawing the roof and chimneys, it came tumbling into my head that it must be Ashestiel, but I forget where Ashestiel was; and nobody here knows that Sir Walter ever lived anywhere but at "Abbotsford House." So I must wait to find out. I drove over to Ford about eleven o'clock. Lady W(aterford) is living in a little flowery cottage all clematis and geranium, under the hill on which she is rebuilding her castle—or at least its turrets. It is an ugly castle enough, but wonderfully beautiful in position—looking over Flodden Field, which, with "King James's mountain throne,"² is part of the estate. She has been planting part

¹ [Psalms xciv. 7; Hebrews iii. 13.]

² [" . . . From his mountain throne King James did rushing come."—*Marmion*, vi. 25.]

of the hill with wood lately,—and the descent on the side towards Twizell bridge is studded with trees like the hills in Raphael's backgrounds. But she has not been getting on with her frescoes as well as I expected.¹ . . . She got lunch for me, but I took nothing; and drove back here to dinner at four, our old-fashioned travelling hour, getting my walk by Tweedside afterwards. I am going to drive to Berwick to-morrow, that I may get a glance at Norham, and then catch the south express. Write to Mr. Kingsley's.²

To his FATHER

WINNINGTON, 30th August, '63.

I have your kind note of yesterday, with the *Cornhill* number,³ which is the most interesting to me I have ever read. The art article is entirely right and admirable—and pleasant, because it puts me into great good-humour with myself. There is a delicious passage about David Roberts in it.⁴ I wonder who wrote it.

The description of the night at the Jura Châlet is refreshing and interesting—(I am afraid I shall be answerable for another such madcap excursion some day, for I have been giving the girls some sketches of Savoy geology, and—having insisted somewhat on the difficulty of getting up to the Rochers de Lanfon above the Lake of Annecy—two who are always together in mischief, and in good, have vowed to meet at the foot of them “some day” and get up or perish in the attempt).

Then the bits of novel, “Allington” and “Out of the World,” are both good. And the opera—and several more;—and the “antirespectability” looks interesting—but I have not read it.

¹ [“Ruskin's visit,” wrote Lady Waterford, “was only a morning one, as the cottage was quite full. He condemned (very justly) my frescoes, and has certainly spirited me up to do better” (A. J. C. Hare, *The Story of Two Noble Lives*, vol. iii. p. 254).]

² [The Rev. William Kingsley, Rector of South Kilvington, near Thirsk: see the Introduction, above, p. ciii.]

³ [The number for September 1863, containing *inter alia* an instalment of Anthony Trollope's *The Small House at Allington*; the first part of a short story, “Out of the World”; a paper on “The Opera 1833–1863” (pp. 295–307); one on “Anti-Respectability” (pp. 282–294); and a paper on “Art Criticism” signed “P. G. H.” (no doubt P. G. Hamerton; pp. 334–343); and an account (pp. 317–333) of “How we Slept at the Châlet des Chèvres,” illustrated by Du Maurier. To the latter Ruskin refers in Vol. XVIII. p. lxix.]

⁴ [The passage on Roberts (not mentioned by name) is: “A certain famous painter, whose services as an illustrator of interesting buildings were before the invention of photographic printing of quite inestimable value, has for some years exhibited a peculiar kind of cleverly tinted drawings in oil of which he is the inventor,” etc. Compare Ruskin's own remarks, Vol. XXXV. p. 625.]

Apropos of which, I hear from Mrs. Scott about the simplicity and good housewifery of the Queen at Balmoral; perhaps one of the nicest being that, some time ago, one of the little princesses having in too rough play torn the frock of one of her companions (a private gentleman's daughter), the Queen did not present the young lady with a new frock, but made the princess darn the torn one. I would not at first believe that the princesses had learned to "darn"; but Miss Bell was able at once to refer me to a notice of one of their exclamations at the great Exhibition about the sewing-machine, which showed—being an expression of an earnest wish to have one, "for it would save so much trouble"—that they had real experience of what sewing meant. I hear a good deal also about the Princess Alice's husband—or rather his family, his only sister being the chief friend and constant correspondent of one of my old favourites among the children here—a simple country clergyman's daughter (Miss Bramwell). The English family were staying accidentally at Darmstadt or some such place—the young princess wanted an English girl-friend—and they have been fast friends ever since. The English girl was well worthy of her choice—being now one of the hardest working and most useful young women (among the manufacturing poor) in all the country. There are many good girls here now, but I think none quite like her.

To his FATHER

CHAMOUNI, 14th [Sept. 1863].

The first thing after breakfast this morning I sent for the notary and Couttet to take counsel with, and we have got the act drawn up in form; it is very simple and unmistakable. Couttet has been inquiring while I was in England into the titles of the property, and finds them all right. There is a Government duty on purchases of land which is either 6 or 6½ per cent., which will add £50 nearly to the price. But, on the other hand, being proprietor in the Valley gives me the right to a share of all the common pasture and wood, which is much more than £50 worth. You had better now send me a credit to Geneva for £1000—the odd £200 I shall want for travelling, for Allen, etc. . . . Gordon likes the look of this place very much—nobody seems to approve of the Brezon—it suits me, however, perhaps all the more. The only thing that grieves me is when these old mountain feelings pass from me. It is a cloudless day, and at this moment—25 minutes past ten—a little black cluster of five people are just visible creeping up the last snow wreath of the Mont Blanc

summit—it is all glittering and smooth about them and blue above. The glaciers below have sunk and retired to a point at which I never saw them till this year; if they continue to retire thus, another summer or two will melt the lower extremity of the Glacier des Bois quite off the rocks. This is no advantage, as large spaces of fearful rubbish are left bare. I am pretty well and in fair spirits.

To his FATHER

CHAMOUNI, *Sept.* 18, 1863.

I have written to Rossetti to scold him for letting that photo. get abroad.¹ The broad-hatted individual I always forget to tell you is Scott, the painter of Lady Trevelyan's hall—a very good and clever man, and one of the honestest and best scions and helpers of the best part of the Pre-Raphaelite school. He has painted for Lady Trevelyan a very interesting series of historical pictures, from the building of the wall against the Picts by the Romans down to the forgery of Armstrong guns at Newcastle. So I have no reason to be ashamed of my company.

*To F. J. FURNIVALL*²

CHAMOUNI, *September 26th*, 1863.

DEAR FURNIVALL,—It is too late to congratulate you on your marriage, but I may on the getting your amanuensis back from the country, with all my heart. I wish I had one—for the sake of other people, my readers, if not for my own.

Yes, let Jeffrey³ get an artist to help him if he can. I don't mean to give in because I'm forty, but I'm unable at present to do, or to plan, anything. Carlyle says I'm moulting, and I hope that's all. But it has been a good deal like dying, and very unpleasant, and I'm not fit for anything yet. As soon as I'm at all good for anything you'll hear of me pitching into Mill again, so you may look out for that as the first sign of my recovery. That I can look forward to recovery is always something.

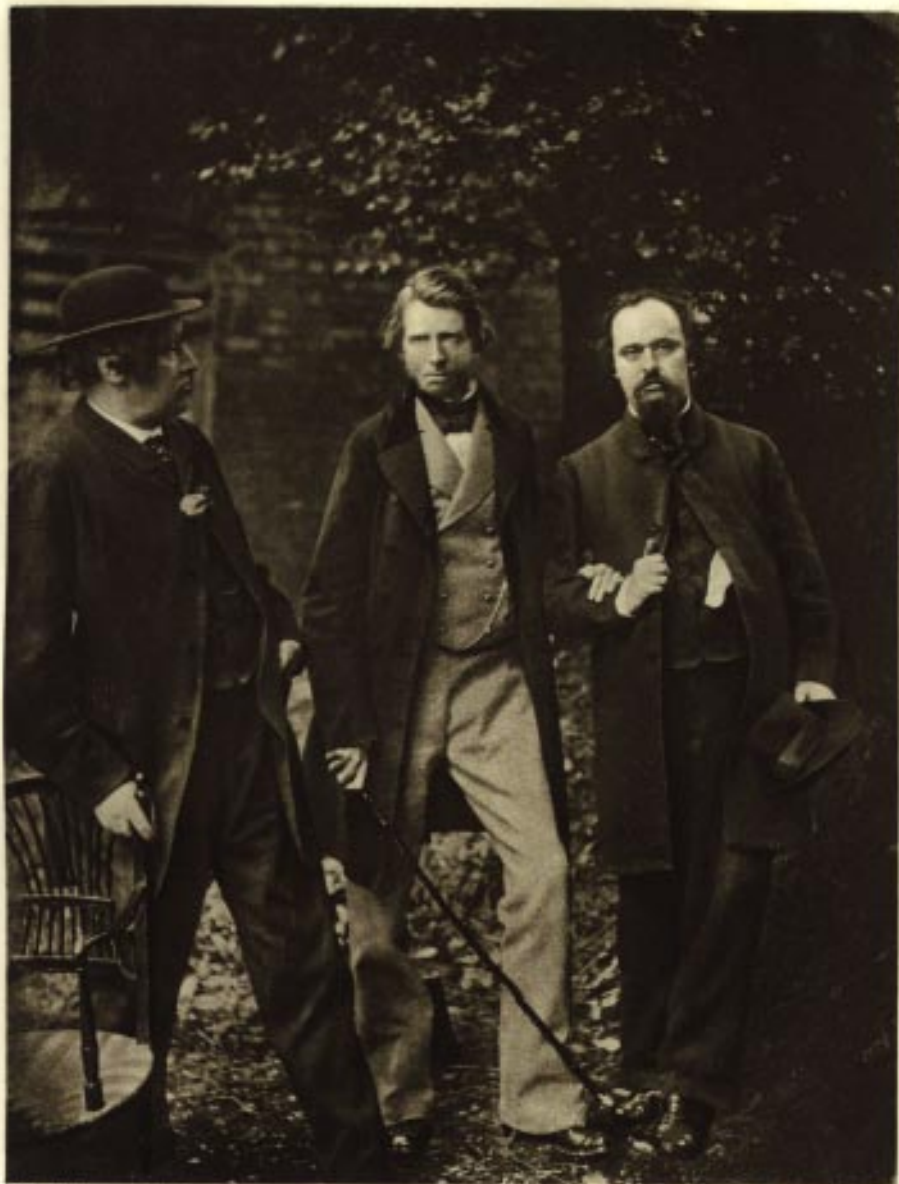
Kindest regards to Jeffrey. I hope to be of some use as a visitor at any rate. I am to be home, *D.V.*, by the end of November.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Plate XVIII.; a photograph by Messrs. Downey of Rossetti, Ruskin, and William Bell Scott, taken in Rossetti's garden at Chelsea. For Scott's frescoes at Wallington, and a less favourable account of them, see Vol. XIV. pp. 491–493.]

² [No. 25 in *Furnivall*, pp. 63–64.]

³ [Mr. Jeffrey, an early member of the Working Men's College, and at this time an assistant art-teacher there: see *The Working Men's College*, 1854–1904, 1904, p. 37.]



W. & D. Downey, Photo.

Allen & Co. Sc.

W. B. Scott, Ruskin, and Rossetti

1863

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

CHAMOUNI, *Sunday, 27th Sept. '63.*

DEAR MRS. SIMON,—Please tell John I have his nice letter, and on receiving it yesterday walked down to Judith's—a wet afternoon partially clearing. Found her washing and making *sérac*¹ out of buttermilk, and not at all well. I blew her fire up for her, and took my first lesson in *sérac*-making—if I don't ultimately mend their *sérac*-manners, call me any names you like—nasty sour stuff she put into it, enough to poison the Arve.

Well, she isn't well, and I made an appointment for her to come here after mass to-day, and John shall have the "Prognostics" tomorrow.

I'm a little better than I was, and going on with mineralogy and such like. Ned Jones has teased me out of my Brezon plan,² and I don't know what's to happen to me next—I've put myself pretty nearly into his hands to do what he likes with me; I may as well do that as "lean unto my own understanding."³ Did John tell you of the delightful Eastern poem I've got, of eleventh century? Here's such a jolly stanza out of it:—

"Then to the rolling Heaven itself I cried,
Asking 'What Lamp had Destiny to guide
Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?'
And 'A blind understanding,' Heaven replied."⁴

I wish the old Persian could see how much better I write for love of him.

At all events, I'm coming back to London before the last day of November, as far as I know my destiny at present.

Tell John *this* is going to be a German bath next year, so he needn't send me anywhere else. The streams have been playing billiards over the valley meadows to purpose, and have left too many of their white balls about to look pretty—they can't complain of humans after that.

¹ [A cheese made in the Alps, which splits into rectangular pieces; hence applied to the towers of a glacier ice-fall.]

² [See above, pp. 442, 444, 453, and Vol. XVII. p. lxxviii. A letter from Burne-Jones dissuading Ruskin from taking up his abode on the top of the Brezon is printed in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 267.]

³ [Proverbs iii. 5.]

⁴ [Stanza xxxii. in the *first* edition (only) of FitzGerald's *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*. For Ruskin's appreciation of the poem, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 705.]

I sleep a good deal better than I did, tell John also, and came down from the Tapia in only a quarter of an hour more than he saw me come down in—ever so many years ago, when I used to think myself fast. Love to him and Boo . . .

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

CHAMOUNI, *October 6, 1863.*

MY DEAR NORTON,—I've no heart to write to you while this war is going on, nor much to write of anything going on here; but I have been asked to write, and beg of you to send us, or put us in the way of getting, the pamphlet or magazine (*Q. Atlantic?*) which contains Oliver W. H.'s speech on the 4th of last July.² There is also an American periodical which gives an account of a blind man's interview with Carlyle—can you tell me anything of this?

I hope you are well, in that walled Paradise of yours—don't try to get out. There's a great deal too much elbow room in Hades (for all that the roads that way are crowded) I can assure you.

I'm trying to get interested in geology again, and should be, thoroughly, if there were any chance of living long enough to make anything out. But since my time crystallography alone has become a science for nine lives, and there are seven new elements or so, names ending in Um, in Chemistry.

For the rest, I'm a little better, I believe—but very slowly. Send word to Denmark Hill, please.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[From Chamouni, Ruskin went to sketch in Northern Switzerland: see Vol. XVII. p. lxxvi. The drawing of Baden (Plate XIX.) was made at this time.]

To MISS ELLEN HEATON

DENMARK HILL, *18th Nov., 1863.*

MY DEAR MISS HEATON,—I wish this week chiefly to ask you to give me immediate authority to take the Dante's vision³ away from Rossetti—he may any day take a fancy to rub it half out; and he is

¹ [No. 37 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 144–145. Part of the letter (“I'm trying . . . a little better”) had previously been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (pp. x.–xi.) to the American “Brantwood” edition of *Ethics of the Dust*, 1891.]

² [*Oration delivered before the City Authorities at Boston on the 87th Anniversary of the National Independence of America*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Philadelphia: printed for Gratuitous Distribution, 1863.]

³ [This may be either “The Vision of Rachel and Leah” (see above, p. 200 *n.*) or “Dante's Dream”—both of which drawings belonged to Miss Heaton.]



J. Ruskin.

Allen & Co. So.

Baden, Switzerland
1863.

in a state of transitional and enfeebled powers just now, in which every touch would be destructive. Never let the drawing get near his house again—I will send it wherever you like—but don’t leave it there. Never mind about the Caius Cestius¹—don’t leave your walls disconsolate; I’ve plenty. I shall probably be in town the whole of the winter after the middle of December. I may be over in France again for a day or two, and shall be at Winnington a few days before then, but then shall be settled. The better way to manage about the Dante will be to write immediately to Rossetti, making him promise not to touch it, and to tell him to let me have it if I ask for it. I will ask in a few days, and when you get it back, don’t send it about any more, to *any* one. It should never be moved, or somebody will always be asking for it.

I knew perfectly that you did not doubt my being useful at Winnington. What I thought you did *not* see was that they were useful to *me*—which poor little, good Constance can’t be at present, but I am very glad to know about her.

You seem mightily scandalised about Sidonia—I have never read the book.² Edward told me only she was a witch. I never told him the drawings were for a young lady, or he would have told me more about it—as it was, I saw no more harm in it than in his drawings of Medea and Circe, or any other of his pet witches and mine. I’m devoted to Circe, for instance; and he’s making me a drawing of her poisoning the meat and going all round the table like a cat—it will be lovely.

I was glad to hear of the Manchester Courts.³ I shall not be in Leeds or anywhere else north this year, but still hope to see you in London.—Always faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To MISS ELLEN HEATON

[DENMARK HILL] *Sunday, November 23, 1863.*

DEAR MISS HEATON,—Thank you for pleasant letter. I am glad to hear what you and my other friends say of the photograph. I don’t think it like me—on the evil side it is as scandalous as both the

¹ [Probably Turner’s drawing of “Rome from Monte Testaccio” (with the Pyramid of Caius Cestius in the foreground), engraved in Hakewill’s *Italy*.]

² [William Meinhold’s *Sidonia the Sorceress*, a romance for which Rossetti had “a positive passion” (W. M. Rossetti’s *D. G. Rossetti*, vol. i. p. 101), and which inspired two small water-colours by Edward Burne-Jones, “Sidonia von Bork” and “Clara von Bork.”]

³ [For another reference to the Manchester Law Courts, see Vol. XVIII. pp. lxxv.–lxxvi.]

Mr. Richmond's are caricatures on the good side. But I dislike my face on entirely simple and certain laws—because it is bad in colour and form. I judge it as I would anybody else's, and don't like it; but I'm glad to know other people can put up with it if they are used to it, and am glad to know that its expression is intelligible when I'm talking. I'm not going to talk any more yet, though, for some time. Also, I'm glad to know you weren't so much put out about the Sidonia.

I've been to Rossetti's to-day; the picture is safe, and I have made him assured that I should think it entirely unfriendly and false of him if he touched it. He can't bear to be forced to anything, and so muttered that "it wasn't *going* to be touched," so my mind is at rest about it for the present. I had no excuse for taking it away, as I'm not at Denmark Hill just now; but after he has had it a little longer, if he has not used it, I shall insist on having it.

He has improved the work I saw some time back considerably, and is in better state of mind, I hope coming round.

What do you quarrel with "faithfully" for? It is one of the most serious words I ever use. I would often write "gratefully"—and *do*—don't I?—to you, and I don't write that to many people. Hardly any now get an "affectionately," for I've very little affection left—it dries out of one as one gets old. But I'm very heartily yours (Will that do?).

J. RUSKIN.

*To his FATHER*¹

WINNINGTON, *Monday Evening, November 23, 1863.*

As I was running down here I scribbled a letter to Bayne, merely to show him that I paid him some attention and did not despise his paper. I promised you to publish no more letters without letting you see them, so just glance over this and send it or not as you like—I rather think you will *not* like, and I daresay you are quite right. I cannot possibly write now in a proper temper of anything, or to anything, clerical. This letter may perhaps amuse

¹ [A few words of this letter have been printed in Vol. XVII. p. lxxix.; and a few others in Vol. XVIII. p. lxxi. The *Weekly Review* of November 21, 1863, had (1) a letter by "J. D." defending the policy of non-intervention from the attacks of "impulsive men like Mr. Ruskin," and (2) a leading article upon the same letter, taking the other view, and saying: "A sketch of British policy in its ethical bearings, since the period of the Russian war, from the pen of Mr. Ruskin would be worth perusing; and if he enters the lists against 'J. D.'—a foreman not unworthy of his steel—we shall joyfully give place to these right noble warriors."]

Carlyle a little some day. If you do not send it, perhaps this torn off might go?

“To the Editor of the ‘Weekly Review’

“SIR,—I am grateful to you for the notice you have taken of my letter to the Liverpool Institute: but I cannot take up the challenge in your leader of the 21st. If the religious people of England as a body do not themselves discern their duty, it is not I who can show it them: and you have yourself, in your excellent article, anticipated the greater part of what I should have endeavoured to advance in reply to your correspondent. Might I request you to correct the misprint of ‘anything’ for ‘any’ in the last sentence of my Liverpool letter,¹ and to believe me, very respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

If you tear this off and send it, it will do nicely.

It is curious that I feel older and sadder, very much, in now looking at these young children—it is especially the young ones between whom and me I now feel so infinite a distance—and they are so beautiful and so good, and I am not good, considering the advantages I’ve had, by any means. The weary longing to begin life over again, and the sense of fate for ever forbidding it, here or hereafter, is terrible. I daresay I shall get over it in a day or two, but I was out in the playground with them this afternoon, and the sun was on the grass, and on them, and the sense of loveliness in life, and of overbrooding death, like winter, was too strong. If it were not that they are very happy to have me, and that I can do them good, I should run away again to Abbeville directly: I was very cheerful there—perhaps if I get to drawing instead of play here I shall be better.

P.S.—On second thoughts, I am so sure you won’t like this letter that I’ve merely made one of the children copy it that you might see it, and sent this scrap of thanks to Bayne—so never mind about it.

To his FATHER

WINNINGTON, *Wednesday, December 15, 1863.*

I have your nice letter to Hereford.² I *have* quite given up all thoughts of that house in Switzerland now, though my doing so indicates a certain hopelessness and abandonment of all old thoughts

¹ [In this edition, Vol. XVIII. p. 547.]

² [Where Ruskin had been staying (in a “mopy” condition, as he wrote) after a visit to Lord Somers at Eastnor Castle.]

and ways which would be little likely to serve me for church-building. I could build a beautiful little museum—or gallery—I could not build a church—most deeply do I wish I could. And it would be wrong in me to wish that you or my mother could suffer the pain of knowing assuredly and clearly how irrevocably this is impossible; and yet, so long as you think that my present ways and words are things of the surface, not of the deep, how can we in anything understand each other?

I never answered that nice letter of yours about the Glasgow paper and your “first appearance associated with my fame.” It is really very hard upon you that my courses of thought have now led me out of the way of fame—and into that of suffering—for it is a dark world enough towards the close of life, with my creed. One thing, however, I wish you could put out of your mind—that either Carlyle, Colenso, or Froude, much less any one less than they, have had the smallest share in this change. Three years ago, long before Colenso was heard of, I had definitely refused to have anything more to do with the religious teaching in this school: my promises to Mrs. La Touche¹ would never have been made if I had thought it likely any such stir would be caused thus early, as Colenso has excited, but I was *then* far beyond the point at which he is standing now. Alas, I cannot build churches.

Would you please send over directly and ask for Mrs. Carlyle? I hear she is seriously ill.

P.S.—Those verses Miss Bell sent you were mine: I wrote them for the children to dance to.²

To his FATHER

WINNINGTON, *Thursday, December 16, 1863.*

I have your nice letter of 15th. I'm so glad you were moped at Hereford. For though you think me so weak in indulging regrets of the past, the fact is, my main mistake is perhaps attributing a quite natural dulness to *illness*. I have always been so able until now to shake off regret and amuse myself with work of some sort, that now, when my mountains and cathedrals fail me, and I find myself feeling dull in a pine forest or a country town, I directly think I must be dying. Those extracts you sent me from St. Olave's are excellent—but you see the first implies that “people of more ardent temperament *are* crushed by dead hopes.” It is not that we have

¹ [See above, p. 435.]

² [The verses headed “Awake! awake!” in Vol. II. p. 245. See also Vol. XXXV. p. 641.]

not the will to work, but that the work exhausts us after the distress. I stopped at this Bishop's Castle to draw, and if I could have drawn well, should have been amused, but the vital energy fails (after an hour or two) which used to last one all day, and then for the rest of the day one is apt to think of dying, and of the “days that are no more.” It is vain to fight against this—a man may as well fight with a prison wall. The remedy is only in time, and gradual work with proper rest. Life properly understood and regulated would never be subject to trials of the kind. Men ought to be severely disciplined and exercised in the sternest way in daily life—they should learn to lie on stone beds and eat black soup, but they should never have their hearts broken—a noble heart, once broken, never mends—the best you can do is to rivet it with iron and plaster the cracks over—the blood never flows rightly again. The two terrific mistakes which Mama and you involuntarily fell into were the exact reverse *in both* ways—you fed me effeminately and luxuriously to that extent that I actually now could not travel in rough countries without taking a cook with me!—but you thwarted me in all the earnest fire of passion and life. About Turner you indeed never knew how much you thwarted me—for I thought it my duty to be thwarted—it was the religion that led me all wrong there; if I had had courage and knowledge enough to insist on having my own way resolutely, you would now have had me in happy health, loving you twice as much (for, depend upon it, love taking much of its own way, a fair share, is in generous people all the brighter for it), and full of energy for the future—and of power of self-denial: now, my power of *duty* has been exhausted in vain, and I am forced for life's sake to indulge myself in all sorts of selfish ways, just when a man ought to be knit for the duties of middle life by the good success of his youthful life. No life ought to have *phantoms* to lay.

Yes, I shall be home (*D.V.*) on Saturday, and will go to the Cowpers on Monday. I am much better in general tone of mind, for all this—but what I might have been!—you are happy in not being able to fancy. I hope you are right about my general health, but am more nervous than ever I was before about physical symptoms. I shall enjoy my mineralogy, etc., but I don't know how to get exercise. The house is empty now—comparatively—only fourteen children in it; we had such a game of hide-and-seek yesterday in the attics and empty rooms. I was as hot at last as if I had been up and down the Montanvert, and it did me good. I must have wood to saw or something to work at daily.

¹ [Tennyson: *The Princess*.]

To Mrs. WILLIAM COWPER¹

WINNINGTON, NORTHWICH, *Friday* [December, 1863].

DEAR MRS. COWPER,—Thank you for your pretty letter—I'll come and dine, then; there's always a sense of hurry after breakfast. But it will be ten days or a fortnight, yet, before I can get home. I will write to you as soon as I know, and then you have only to tell me your day. Don't tremble; if I can be of use to you at all, it will be in casting out all Fear. If I hurt you it can only be in crushing an uncertain hope. If it should seem even that the Faith of Virgil was founded as firmly as Dante's, and more reasonably, it might be conceived as not the less happy.—With sincere regards to Mr. Cowper, ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

1864

[On March 3, 1864, Ruskin's father died. Except for some lectures in the provinces and visits to Winnington, Ruskin remained throughout the year with his mother at Denmark Hill. Some letters on his father's death, in addition to those here given, will be found in Vol. XVIII. pp. xxvii.—xxix. It was in this year that he was led through his friend Mrs. Cowper (Lady Mount-Temple) to attend some spiritualist séances: see the letters to D. D. Home and to her in Vol. XVIII. pp. xxxi.—xxxiii. An account of his literary and artistic studies during this year is given in a letter to Acland, *ibid.*, p. xxxiv.]

To GEORGE ALLEN

[DENMARK HILL] *1st January*, 1864.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I have not written, being quite unable to give you any accounts of myself, or any clue as to my possible plans. Perhaps I am getting a little better, but do not know, and at all events, I have not energy enough at present to carry out any of the plans I had about Switzerland. The people have disgusted me beyond endurance, and I find I have a painful association now with every place I have been staying at. Also, I hear on further inquiry that there is real danger—almost certainty—of goitre coming if one stays in Savoy in the winter; it will be of no consequence if you now bring your children home, or if I took you into Italy, but I must give up my Savoy plans.

This has unsettled and vexed me, and I cannot tell you what is likely to be my next notion. The etching is very nice—can't be

¹ [Afterwards Lady Mount-Temple: see the Introduction, above, p. xcvi.]

better—and I send you the chiaroscuro I did (crumpled up) to go on with; but I don't think you will be able to finish without being near me.

Probably I shall just come about June for a little ramble about Sixt to Meillerie and then pack you all up, and bring you home again, unless you really like to fight it out with the climate, where there is less bise.

Meantime I wish you all health and happiness. I am to be at Denmark Hill for two months yet, and shall be perhaps able to answer a letter or two or get things for you. Kind regards to Hannah and the children.—Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

To W. SMITH WILLIAMS¹

15th Jan. '64.

DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—I am so ashamed at not having thanked you before for the Doyle book. I wanted to look at it carefully. It is full of power, but entirely wrong in feeling. A form of satire which will do no good, but there is wonderful work in it, and I am glad to have it. I liked the *Manners and Customs* far better, however; *that* I have had a long while as a classical work. I wish you all sorts of happiness for this and all coming years . . . My kindest regards to Mr. Smith.—Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To a CORRESPONDENT²

1864.

Well, it is nice of you to answer so. It is always so provoking and shamefaced a business with me, when I take up my own early volumes myself, that I can't endure my friends liking them.

I want you to be interested in my present work and discoveries. Now what a curious one that is about the names of Shakespeare in my last paper in *Fraser*,³ it's worth a dozen of my old chapters. Still the boy's freshness is good, I admit that,—only I want you, as I grow older, to sympathise with me as I grow old. I can't say any more to-day.—Always most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [The "Doyle book" is *Birds' Eye Views of Society, drawn by Richard Doyle, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel*, 1864. The earlier one was *Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe drawn from ye Quick by Richard Doyle*, 1849. For Mr. W. Smith Williams (literary adviser to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.), see Vol. VIII, p. 275 *n.* and General Index. It was he who suggested the volume of *Selections* from Ruskin, 1861 (see Vol. XVII, p. li.). There is a notice of him at vol. i. p. xix. of the Supplement to the *Dictionary of National Biography*.]

² [No. 39 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 95–96.]

³ [*Munera Pulveris*, ch. v., "Government," § 134—published in *Fraser's Magazine*, April 1863 (Vol. XVII, p. 257 *n.*).]

To CAPTAIN BRACKENBURY¹

DENMARK HILL, 19th Jan. '64.

. . . I do not feel that Christianity has failed—it is Simonry that has failed—not the Sermon on the Mount—not Peter's impetuous one—but his antagonist's.² Pray for me that none of these things come upon me. I believe men are always failing from trusting to their own imaginations, and reconciliations of religion with them, and that a practical economy of the Sermon on the Mount has to be tried. I *would* say more about art if I had anything to say. But have I not been always lecturing “it is only to be great if founded on Faith”?—and now what is our faith? I am in too great trouble of thought and heart to have any fire left in me.

To Mrs. WILLIAM COWPER

24th Jan. [1864?].

DEAR MRS. COWPER,—I can dine with you any day after Monday next week, if you are alone; but I want to talk about the Turners, so please don't let anybody else come. I had a long talk with Carlyle yesterday. He says Spiritualism is real witchcraft, and quite wrong (Wicked he meant—no, I mean, he *said*). It is all very wonderful; I have a great notion he's right—he knows a thing or two.—Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN³

[February, 1864?]

MY DEAR DR. BROWN,—It is very happy for me to think I have been able to do you any good. I never speak of your sorrow. I have no comfort for any one in sorrow, nor for myself. And remember that whatever distress may come on us through our once happily fixed and satisfied affection, there is a more evil-doing sorrow in the desolateness which never has known what it was to have love answered, or ever to have love for an instant at rest, which has known nothing *but* suffering ever to come of affection one way or another.

Now at this time there are one or two people whom I care for

¹ [From a *Catalogue of Autograph Letters . . . on Sale by Walter V. Daniell*, 53 Mortimer Street, London, July 1904, No. 826.]

² [Acts ix. 18–20.]

³ [The first portion of this letter is No. 12 of “Letters of Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 298–299. Dr. Brown's wife had died on January 6, 1864.]

and can never see, and many who care for me and cannot see me . . .¹ And this is only part of the way of fate in this wonderful wilderness of a world, which the happy people say is all happy, and the good people say is all right, and then they go and make it more miserable for others, and more wrong for others, and say they are serving God.

Yes, I like that Lily. It has chanced that I read just her and no more, for novels make me too sad. I try to keep to stones, but the road is thirsty and dusty sometimes. I'll tell you a good novel with the absurdest faults and failings, *David Elginbrod*.² Read about Harry's education at end of first volume. . . . You say you have "no future in this world." Why should you? What does that matter if you love Christ and expect to see all you love with Him? *I* have no future in ANY world.

And now I'm going to see about some cracks in a vein of carbonate of lime, which I daresay I shall be soaked into some day myself, (if there are any phosphates in it,) for it runs near my place that I'm going to die at. And so I can't write any more to-day. They're such pretty cracks you can't think. Just like people's veins with stone blood in them, quite as human as a great deal of human hearts' blood.

To JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

[? February, 1864.]

MY DEAR FROUDE,—I am very glad to have the lecture.³ It is very nice, but it seems to me a great talk, and wise one, about what nevertheless could have been settled in two sentences. There is no law of history any more than of a kaleidoscope. With certain bits of glass—shaken so, and so—you will get pretty figures, but what figures, heaven only knows. Add definite attractions and repulsions to the angles of the tube—your figures will have such and such modifications. But the history of the world will be for ever new.

The wards of a Chubb's lock are infinite in their chances. Is the Key of Destiny made on a less complex principle?

When *are* you coming?—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

We've all been very ill, and I am still, or I should write better.

¹ [A piece of the letter is here cut off.]

² [By George Macdonald, 3 vols., 1863.]

³ [Probably the lecture on "The Science of History," delivered at the Royal Institution, February 5, 1864. For Ruskin's friendship with Froude, see the Introduction; above, p. xcvi.]

To E. S. DALLAS

DENMARK HILL, *February 10, 1864.*

MY DEAR DALLAS,—Do you recollect the German story of Dummling and the golden goose?¹—which first the clerk got hold of and couldn't let go, and then the parson ran to pull away the clerk got hold of and couldn't let go, and then the bishop ran after the parson. I forget who ran after the bishop,—the Devil, I suppose—and he wouldn't let go. But this blessed Shakespeare business is just like it.² I refused twice in terms of great contempt for the whole business; then I thought it had all come happily to grief, when I got a letter from Stratford saying that Tennyson, Lord Carlisle, and Charles Buxton had come on to a new Committee,—would I join? I didn't like to look as if I thought myself wiser than Tennyson; so I wrote saying, as far as my own judgment went, I could only repeat what I had said—that Shakespeare needed no memorial, that I thought we dubbed ourselves idiots if *we* wanted one of him;—and that nothing could be done anyhow, but that nevertheless, if I could be of any use, my name was at the disposal of *those three gentlemen*. I would not have gone so far as this, but I thought it just possible that *some* effort might be made to get a pure and lovely type of theatrical performance set before the public—the better sort of them. I've had this at heart for years. But I've no ideas. I'm not well. I should like to come, and see you, but we're all sick and sad, and I've no heart for anything, but I'm always most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

You *can't* have a monument. No human creature alive is fit to do a stone of it.

To Miss HUNT³

DENMARK HILL, *10th Feb., 1864, evening.*

I thank you for your letter: no one living of your father's friends will mourn for him more deeply than I:—it was my pride, that I

¹ [See pp. 122 *seq.* of *German Popular Stories, with introduction by John Ruskin.*]

² [Various schemes had been set on foot for celebrating the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth (1864), Ruskin's friend, William Cowper (Cowper-Temple) being a prominent member of the Executive Committee of a "National Memorial" scheme. The whole thing came to nothing, owing to dissensions and delays (see a letter in the *Times*, January 20, 1864).]

³ [These extracts from letters to the daughter of William Hunt, the artist, were Nos. 353, 354 in a *Catalogue of Autograph Letters* issued by Messrs. Robson & Co., 23 Coventry Street, W.]

could recognize his unrivalled powers in art—and one of my chief happinesses that I could sometimes hope he took pleasure in my sympathy and admiration.

DENMARK HILL, 14th Feb., 1864.

I have your kind letter, and I entreat you not to think that because I cannot come to you to-morrow I am wanting in respect or regard for your father. I am naturally of sad disposition, and I simply *cannot* go to funerals—I was not at *Turner's*. I differ from every one nearly in my dealings with the living and dead. Most people thwart, malign, distress and dishonour the living—and then build fine tombs for the dead. *I* try to honour the living as best I may.¹ Once lost it is a matter of indifference to me how many plumes are at the grave.

To Miss JULIA RICHMOND

LONDON, S., Feb. 17, '64.

MY DEAR JULIA,—I am really and utterly vexed at not having been able to inquire for you. I am kept from getting to town by the great kindness of Mr. Munro—who comes out here to make a study of my unmanageable face—and I can't put more difficulties in his way than the thing itself does. I am sure he will be glad when he has done.

Would you be at home on Saturday evening if I were to come to tea?

I can't answer your sad letter. I have no words of comfort in me just now—for anything—but believe me faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To EDWARD BURNE-JONES²

Saturday [DENMARK HILL, March 5, 1864.]

MY DEAREST NED,—I have a nice line from Miss Bell this morning—you have not such nice ones from me. But Mama and I are still well, and I hope she is quite safe. I'll write again on Monday, if I can.

Meantime, you are to be a good boy and amuse the children and draw pretty things for them, and I can send you any little things—

¹ [Compare Vol. XXXIV. p. 559.]

² [Then staying at Winington. Ruskin's father had died two days before. A few lines at the end of this letter have already been given in Vol. XVIII. pp. xxvii.–xxviii.]

casts and such like—that you want, perhaps better than if I were at my old work, for this sort of petty business will be good for me. Also it seems to me rather an occasion for you to practise, every now and then, painting with fewer colours than you usually allow yourself. I should say, for instance, put the black out of the box, and the browns, and the indigo blue—or perhaps it might be shorter to shake everything out of the box and then put back in it the vermilion and the violet carmine, and the cobalt and smalt, and chinese white, and perhaps a little emerald green or so, and try what you can do with those, on gold ground, so as not to have any nasty black and brown things to make me look at when I come to ask what you've been about.

I rather think I shall do some awful thing in the way of dress just now. I can't conceive, for instance, considering how all over *this* world one is bothered with people's talk about another, why women who don't want to marry again (which I suppose at eighty-three is not probable) can have the impiety, and—general wrong-iety, to call themselves “Widows” and wear horrid caps and things.¹ But I can't write more about this to-day. Tell Emma that I haven't answered her, not because I love her less than my other children, but because I think she can bear worse treatment than the others. Tell Annie I'll write her a long letter soon, and tell pet Stella that it's cloudy weather for her to shine in and she must twinkle all the brighter. Tell Lucy I'm sure she will be very sorry for me; the rest have had plenty messages lately. I had a rough time of it from Tuesday evening to Thursday morning, which I'll tell you about some day, but I find a curious thing, that natural sorrow does not destroy strength, but gives it, while an irregular, out-of-the-way, avoidable sorrow kills, according to its weight.—Ever, with love to Georgie, your affectionate

PAPA.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

DENMARK HILL, 7th March, 1864.

MY DEAR ACLAND,—When you said to me some few months ago that you had always thought I was under a peculiar blessing because of my carrying myself kindly to my parents—and when in the Highlands you told me that you thought I lived the life of an Egyptian slave with them—you were in each case just as wrong as you are now

¹ [Lady Burne-Jones, on a visit to Denmark Hill presently, noticed that Ruskin's mother “wore no widow's cap. Afterwards I learned that this was from love of her son, for, knowing how much he disliked that conventional sign of mourning,

in supposing that I ever spoke so as to cause my father much sorrow; but you have certainly chosen a curious time to say what you thought in *this* instance. If (as I suppose is always the case) death invariably makes us remember what we have done wrong to the dead, and forget what we did faithfully to them, I think our friends may generally leave Death to give his own somewhat rude messages in his own words. His voice is quite loud enough, considering the peculiar advantages also of the four sounding-boards of his pulpit.

I *was* surprised, certainly, as I held my father in my arms during the last day and night of delirium (which were, in fact, merely twenty-four hours of dissolution), and especially when I felt the heart beating under my hand still literally for *hours* after the rest was dead (for it was a phenomenal death, I believe, in slowness—John Simon and my cousin both say so)—I *was* surprised to feel how much light was thrown on all the occasions, and they were numberless, on which I might have given my father pleasure by the mere expression of my love of him, and never did. For the pain I have given him—*much*, only in cases where it was not my fault, but error—I feel bitter regret; it was never given without more in myself, a hundred-fold; but for the pleasure I have *not* given him, I shall mourn in the past, as whenever anything happens that would have rejoiced him I shall mourn in the future. This appears to me a very impious state of mind—why you religious people ever should be sad about anything, or expect others to be so, I can't think. You can get all your sins forgiven (for the asking), and suppose you are no worse, but rather the better, for them, don't you? I'm rather out of practice in my theology lately, but that is the proper faith, is it not?

My mother is marvellously well—I hope quite safe, now—all the worst danger over. Yet it took her and me, both, wholly by surprise. On Saturday week I was out at dinner, came home at one in the morning—a very unusual hour for me—found my father sitting up for me, very proud of two business letters he had written on a difficult subject, during the evening. Well he might be! they were monumental works of a master hand in its craft, splendid in writing, faultless in expression.

So he read them both to me (boring me mightily, for I was dogtired, though he wasn't, for the fever was coming on him). I listened to and praised the first: the second—and this I shall be always,

she never put one on, but had instead a soft, closely-fitting cap of another shape, with delicate net quiltings round the face and narrow white satin strings. These were pinned with a fine diamond and emerald brooch, and later on she told me with tender remorse why she always wore this bright fastening upon her mourning dress" (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 278).]

though foolishly enough, sorry for—I got thinking of something else in the midst of, which he seeing rose and bade me good-night. In the morning, when he came down to breakfast, he was shivering, and had cut himself in shaving, in several places. I have seen him apparently as ill before, but I said, after breakfast, “Father, if you won’t mind, I’ll bring my work out of my study and sit beside you this morning, in case I can fetch you anything.” So he said at once I might—which frightened me more, for it was not like him. I brought down my things and began working on a coin of Syracuse (fountain Arethusa); presently I wanted a softer pencil, and ran up to get it; as I was choosing it I heard my father come upstairs, go into his bedroom, and lock the door. He was constantly in the habit of doing this, so for a little while we took no alarm, but as he stayed long—etc., etc., etc.—he never spoke rationally more, and died at half-past eleven on Thursday morning—*expired*, that is: he died, I should say, some time on the Tuesday night. The pitifullest thing to look at was a resolved effort he made to brush his teeth that (Tuesday) morning—partially succeeding.

There were other curious points about the thing which will be highly valuable, I doubt not, to all my medical friends.

Don’t worry yourself about having been ridiculous—you are so much less than most others, who have been as prosperous and happy—and I’m not a bit angry with you though I’ve scolded you, because you needed it.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Don’t write any more just now, for I should have to answer again if you wrote something pretty, and I haven’t time.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.¹

9th March, 1864.

MY DEAR ACLAND,—You will be glad to hear that my mother keeps well—she slept quite well last night. The upholsterers are to have their dramatic entertainment to-morrow, but I hope I can keep her out of hearing of everything but the wheels on the gravel—if this snow holds she may not even be troubled with that. You must not be too much hurt at my losing my temper with you—it is just because I know your regard for me that I was provoked at the want of understanding of the relations between my father and me, which you were one of the very few who might have understood—and helped me to mend, perhaps—in proper time. You might be puzzled by what

¹ [A few lines of this letter have been given in Vol. XVIII. p. xxviii.]

I said about "prosperity" for those whom you love—you at least may claim as much as Dogberry of his money.¹ You are "one that hath had losses." But you never have had—nor with all your medical experience have you ever, probably, seen—the loss of a father who would have sacrificed his life for his son, and yet forced his son to sacrifice his life to him, and sacrifice it in vain. It is an exquisite piece of tragedy altogether—very much like Lear, in a ludicrous commercial way—Cordelia remaining unchanged and her friends writing to her afterwards—wasn't she sorry for the pain she had given her father by not speaking when she should?

I enclose you a line of Froude's to look at, which is pretty—it's not quite fair to him to let any one else see it, but I send it you as a type of the sort of thing one expects on these occasions, so that yours came like sand in one's teeth. You may write again now, only don't bother, about this or anything else. But send me back Froude's note, which I'm proud of—though it lies.²

It's a great lark, to me, that debate about Jowett's money.³ That Oxford disgraces itself in the decision is of no particular consequence, but that the decision, right or wrong, is made and received in the spirit of boat-racing and a Ch. Ch. meadow mob, is a very black piece of evidence concerning the ecclesiastical system.

To Mrs. BURNE-JONES⁴

[DENMARK HILL, March 11, 1864.]

MY DEAREST LITTLE NARROW GEORGIE,—You may expand in mind as much as you like, but don't get fat otherwise—or I shan't like you at all.

¹ [*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv. sc. 2: "A rich fellow enough, go to: and a fellow that hath had losses."]

² [For an extract from Froude's letter, see Vol. XVIII. p. xxviii. Ruskin's remark here applies not of course to the appreciation of his father there given, but to some remarks which Froude added about Ruskin's own behaviour to him.]

³ [The reference is to an incident in the long-drawn opposition to the University voting Jowett's salary as Professor of Greek, on account of the alleged "heretical" character of his contribution to *Essays and Reviews*. As a compromise, Pusey proposed that the salary should be granted "on the understanding that the University shall be held to have pronounced no judgment upon his writings." When the proposal came before Convocation (March 8), "a curious incident occurred, characteristic of the flurry and excitement which had seized the whole assembly." The Senior Proctor announced the result of the voting wrongly. There was much hurrying to and fro, and many cheers and hisses. The vote was negatived by 467 to 395: see *Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, vol. i. pp. 314, 315.]

⁴ [At Winnington. Part of this letter ("The tapestry . . . progress") is printed in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. pp. 275–276, and has been cited in Vol. XVIII. p. xxviii.]

The tapestry is just as much to me as it ever was, and far more likely to come into direct use now, than it was before—not that I either have, or can form, any plans yet; my mother would live wherever I asked her to live, but I am not at all sure that I shall wish her to live elsewhere than here—her old friends are useful to her, and such London gossip as I can bring her is very pleasant to her, and I find that beautiful things don't make one happy (except only eyes, and hair, and Turner drawings, but there are more of those in England than elsewhere), but only one's own quiet order and work, and progress, which may be more here than, even, on Lago Maggiore, where (I have it recorded in my diary!) I've been sometimes mightily bored.

My mother is well, and so calm and self-possessed that she actually began talking the day before yesterday of sending me to Winnington by myself, because she thought it would do me good! And indeed, so confident am I now in her power of *peace*, that if I thought it would do either you or me good, I should have no hesitation in coming—but it would only trouble me just now. I could not go *into* things, and should be vexed at vexing—etc. etc., etc. I am better here, and when I can get my mother down with me, I'll come.

But don't be making yourselves miserable about me. I am nearly always the same—very sulky, when everybody says I should be happy—not a bit sulkier when everybody thinks I should be dying. You have seen me, without knowing it, under sharp sudden sorrow which in many ways was far more deadly to me than this. Love of loves to Ned.—Ever your affectionate Papa,
J. RUSKIN.

What you tell me of yourself, and of Ned's being so well, gives me great delight.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

12th March [1864].

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—You will not think it was out of thoughtlessness or disrespect that I have not written to you. You had enough sorrow of your own, and could by no means help us in ours. To-day I have a note from Lady Trevelyan saying Mrs. Carlyle is much better—this gives me courage to ask for you both. My mother and I are in all practical and necessary ways able for what has come upon us. *She* is very wonderful to me; I have little doubt but that I may yet, if I am spared, procure her some years of no false or slight, but peaceful and hopeful, *happiness*.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, A.R.A.

[DENMARK HILL, *March*, 1864.]

DEAR RICHMOND,—I am very much touched by your note. I never think anybody likes me—I fancy the best they can do is to “put up with me”—somehow I never feel as [if] they *could* like me. I always thought you fond of my father, and that you endured me a good deal for his sake. So I’m glad of your note, as you may fancy. *Please* read the book¹ now, slowly. It’s very dull in parts, but there *is* occult mischief in others, which will make you laugh a little when you come on it, and I assure you it is all mathematically right; and quite unshakable by any quantity of abuse—and doing, little by little, and invulnerably, the work I meant it to do.

I am so very glad the children enjoyed their evening; we did, too, and I was the better for it this morning, though in general mere stupidly vegetative rest is more helpful to me than pleasant things. How nice all your children are! How unfair it is that some fathers and mothers have all nice, and others have none nice; and I’m sure it has nothing to do with education, for children are—what they are—and there’s an end.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL²

DENMARK HILL, *May 12th*, 1864.

DEAR FURNIVALL,—I can write nothing just now. Somehow my friends *can’t* understand that I’m ill. But otherwise, though I love Mazzini, and fear nobody, I could not go in for it with him just now. I have to go in with Colenso far deeper than I intended. Had I kept fair with the black coats I could have done something for the red caps; but I should only swamp myself uselessly, and do Mazzini no good, besides shutting myself out of Austrian Italy—though I would do *that* if I could be of real use to the rest of Italy, but I can’t.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Can you come out for a talk on Sunday evening?

¹ [No doubt *Unto this Last*.]

² [No. 26 in *Furnivall*, pp. 65–66.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

[DENMARK HILL] 6th August, 1864.

MY DEAR NORTON,—The truth is, I am quite too lazy, with a deathful sort of laziness, to write. I hate the feeling of having to drive pen up and down lines, quite unconquerably, and I have really nothing to say. I am busy with Greek and Egyptian mythology, and all sorts of problems in life and death—and your American business is so entirely horrible to me that, somehow, it cuts you off from all possibility of my telling you any of my thoughts. It is just as if I saw you washing your hands in blood, and whistling—and sentimentalizing to me. I know you don't know what you are about, and are just as good and dear as ever you were, but I simply can't write to you while you are living peaceably in Bedlam. I am getting my house in order, and perhaps shall die as soon as I've done it—but I'm a little better. When I'm quite settled, I will write to you with some general facts.

Ever, with faithful regards to your mother and sisters, yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.²

[Autumn, 1864.]

It is my fixed opinion that if you had come to see me long ago you would not have had scarlet fever now, and that you ought to have come and looked after me. For you know well enough that there are very few people who have any influence over me at all, and it seems to me much more the duty of those who have, to use it when I am in need of them than to cure indifferent people of stomach aches and colds in the head! There are times in a man's life when his profession must be everything; and if the cholera were in Oxford, I shouldn't say "Come and see me." But no man's profession ought ever to occupy him so as to render it impossible for him to look after his friends—I don't say this angrily but steadily and dogmatically. I know you did what you thought right, and couldn't but do it, and I say it

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, p. 16. No. 38 in *Norton*; pp. 146–147. A sentence from the letter ("I am busy . . . my thoughts") had previously been printed by Professor Norton (p. xi.) in his Introduction to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Ethics of the Dust*, 1891.]

² [This part of a letter is printed (with some omissions) in J. B. Atlay's *Memoir of Sir Henry Acland*, p. 321. It was the postscript of the letter printed in Vol. XVIII. pp. xxxiv., xxxv.]

was wrong and you've got scarlet fever for it. And now you must indeed just look after yourself a little while, but next year I shall make you come and see me.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mr. and Mrs. BURNE-JONES¹

[DENMARK HILL, *September 13, 1864.*]

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,—It is very good and dear of you to tell me how you enjoy yourselves, and to write me such lovely letters. I wish all churches were damp and full of spiders (not merely to please you), with all my heart, and that churchyards were full of—nothing but sheep. The Canine St. Peter coming “round the corner” must have been delightful. It is very good of Ned to make *Seven Lamps*. I came on a glorious building of a house (Pyramid, *i.e.*) on the *sand*, by the Egyptians, thus [sketch]. S, sand walled in by W W, ramparts enclosing a square of level sand, on which the pyramid *floats* as a ship on water held in by dock gates.

When Ned begins again to paint where only angels, not flies, stick on, he must do some Egyptian things. Fancy the corslet of the King fastened by two Golden Hawks across his breast, stretching each a wing up to his shoulder, and his quiver of gold inlaid with enamel—and his bow-gauntlet of gold—and his helmet twined round with a golden asp—and all his chariot of divers colours—and his sash “of divers colours of needlework on both sides”—and a leopard running beside him, and the Vulture of Victory over his head.

I intended this to be a long letter, but have been interrupted, I must try and write more to-morrow.—Ever your affecte. Papa,

J. R.

To W. H. HARRISON

Saturday [November, 1864].

DEAR HARRISON,—I am so entirely vexed—but I can't help it. Here have two people written to me (Litchfield and Lushington) that they are coming on Sunday, whom I can't put off in time—and Mr.

¹ [At Littlehampton. His friends had written to Ruskin telling him about the old church (then unrestored) at Climping, “and how while we were there a passing flock of sheep had played follow-my-leader into the churchyard and been fetched out again by the sheep-dog in a masterly way” (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 281, where part of this letter is printed). For the references in the latter part, see Vol. XVIII. p. xxxiv., where it is quoted.]

Bayne, who is coming too, is too far off to reach—and poor mama is horror-struck at the idea of being hospitable on Sunday, and letting as many friends come as might on a week-day (God, according to Evangelicalism, being offended in proportion to the width of your reception and affection), so I am forced to ask you to let me keep the Sabbath Holy, and not see your profane face. But we'll have a nice dinner, instead, when I come back from Manchester.¹ I shall, I hope, be better then (after ten days it should be, not more). And look here, I'm going to deliver two lectures; one's nearly done, and the other half done; one is on "Kings' Treasuries," the other on "Queens' Gardens," and I'm going to publish them afterwards with motto on title-page—The King was in the Counting House—etc., etc., etc.—and, *won't you* have a game! They're all nothing but parentheses and bad grammar, and when I can't help coming to the end of a Parenthesis, I turn it outside in and put the bit of the text nearest, inside it.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To E. S. DALLAS²

DENMARK HILL, *November 21st*, 1864.

MY DEAR DALLAS,—I am glad to hear from you always, and return you your poor friend's letter with cheque for £10. I have usually a sad, hopeless feeling about literary misery, and like better to give what I have to give where it seems likely to help a stronger, if less delicate, life. But I trust to your judgment in this case.

I never go out at all: all talk being at present impossible to me in strange society. If my old friends like to come and see me, they can—you shall, if you like. The talk is impossible to me, owing to the state of quiet rage and wonder at everything people say and do in which I habitually live.—Yours faithfully always,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES HALLÉ³

WINNINGTON HALL, NORTHWICH, CHESHIRE,

Dec. 3, 1864.

DEAR MR. HALLÉ,—My "children" tell me you were sorry because I liked that "Home, S. H." better than Beethoven—having expected

¹ [Where Ruskin went in December 1864 to deliver the lectures.]

² [No. 13 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 39–40. Part of this letter was printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, November 19, 1891, in an account of a sale of autograph letters.]

³ [From *Life and Letters of Sir Charles Hallé*, edited by his son, C. E. Hallé, and his daughter, Marie Hallé, 1896, pp. 164–165. The letter was reprinted in

better sympathy from me? But how could you—with all your knowledge of your art, and of men's minds? Believe me, you *cannot* have sympathy from any untaught person, respecting the higher noblenesses of composition. If I were with you a year, you could make me feel them—I am quite capable of doing so, were I taught—but the utmost you ought *ever* to hope from a musically-illiterate person is honesty and modesty. I do not—should not—expect you to sympathise with *me* about a bit of Titian, but I know that you would, if I had a year's teaching of you, and I know that you would never tell me you liked it, or *fancy* you liked it, to please me.

But I want to tell you, nevertheless, *why* I liked that H. S. H. I do *not* care about the air of it. I have no doubt it is what you say it is—sickly and shallow. But I did care about hearing a million of low notes in perfect cadence and succession of sweetness. I never recognized before so many notes in a given brevity of moment, all sweet and helpful. I have often heard glorious harmonies and inventive and noble succession of harmonies, but I never in my life heard a variation like that.

Also, I had not before been close enough to see your hands, and the invisible velocity was wonderful to me, quite unspeakably, merely as a human power.

You must not therefore think that I only cared for the bad music—but it is quite true that I don't understand Beethoven, and I fear I never shall have time to learn to do so.

Forgive this scrawl, and let me talk with you again, some day.

Ever, with sincere regards to Mrs. and Miss Hallé, gratefully and respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

There was perhaps one further reason for my being so much struck with that. I had heard Thalberg play it after the Prussian Hymn. I had gone early that I might sit close to him, and I was entirely disappointed; it made no impression on me whatever. Your variation therefore took me with greater and singular surprise.

the *Academy*, January 2, 1897. Ruskin had asked Hallé to come and play at the Winnington School. "My father," says his biographer, "was careful to select what was most great and beautiful, and played his very best." When it was all over, the girls asked him for Thalberg's arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home." "To his chagrin, Ruskin, who had been politely appreciative, now became enthusiastic, and told him *that* was the piece he liked best far and away. Of course my father said nothing at the time, but it got to the ears of the Professor how disappointed my father had been." Ruskin describes the occasion of Hallé's playing "Home, Sweet Home" in a letter given in Vol. XVIII. p. lxx., and in *The Cestus of Aglaia*, § 27 (Vol. XIX. p. 78): for another reference to Hallé, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 79 (Vol. XXIX. p. 155).]

To LADY TREVELYAN

MANCHESTER, *Thursday* [December 15, 1864.]

DEAR LADY TREVELYAN,—I got on very well last night,¹ speaking with good loud voice for an hour and a quarter, or a little more—reading, I should say, for I can't speak but when I am excited. I gave them one extempore bit about Circassian Exodus, which seemed to hit them a little as far as Manchester people can be hit. But in general I find my talk flies over people's heads—like bad firing. I shall be glad to get back to my quiet study and my minerals and casts of coins. These last I find very valuable and precious, and when you come to see me again I've quantities of things to show you—perhaps even I shall have some flowers to amuse you, for I'm getting all the *old* ones that will grow under our glass, and I daresay you'll find some forgotten ones, prettier than present favourites.

I've given the gardener carte-blanche in ixias, amaryllis, gladiolus, and the lily and flag tribes generally—everything that he can get and grow, he's to have—and *wild* roses in masses all round the garden; and I've planted twenty peach and almond trees alternately, down the walk, where they'll catch the spring sunsets; and I'm going to lay on a constant rivulet of water,² and have water-cresses and frogs and efts and things. I daresay I can get as much water as that driblet of yours down the park—for twenty pounds a year or so; and if I were as littery as you and as fond of weeds, I'd have dock leaves and everything in a mess, too, but *my* stream will be tidy.

If I want any nettles in the dry places, you can spare me some, I daresay. I never saw any so fine as yours, anywhere.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I find nettles always wither quickly when they can't sting anybody; mind how you pack them, please—(you ought to know just now how ill they feel when they're helpless).

To COVENTRY PATMORE³

24th Dec., 1864.

MY DEAR PATMORE, . . . I've been quoting you with much applause at Manchester, but it is a great nuisance that you have turned Roman

¹ [In his lecture "Of Queens' Gardens." For the "extempore bit about Circassian Exodus," see Vol. XVIII. p. 127 n.]

² [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 560.]

³ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. pp. 282–283. The reference is to Ruskin's quotation, in his lecture "Of Queens' Gardens," of a passage from *The Angel in the House*, Vol. XVIII. p. 120.]

Catholic, for it makes all your fine thinking so ineffectual to us English—and to unsectarian people generally—and we wanted some good pious thinkers just now to make head against those cursed fools of Conservation-of-Force Germans. But what must be, must be; if it had been me, I should have turned Turk, and taken sixteen wives—"At Paris one, in Sarum three."¹—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

1865

[During this year Ruskin was mostly with his mother at Denmark Hill. *The Cestus of Aglaia*, *Sesame and Lilies*, and *Ethics of the Dust* were published, and various lectures given (Vol. XVIII. p. xvi.).]

To GEORGE RICHMOND, A.R.A.

15th Feb. '65.

DEAR RICHMOND,—I had not seen Willie's picture² till to-day. I've written to his wife about it. I must just catch the post to send you also my deep and most solemn congratulation. I don't know what you feel about it, but I would rather have the head of that girl in green than anything in oil by whomsoever you like to say of the Florentine or Southern Italy men; and although there is as yet no enjoyment (thank Heaven) of painting as such—no Correggio or Reynolds quality—there is a divine ideal of human beauty and sight of it, which as his skill perfects itself ought to make him another name among the fixed Stars.

I am very wild about it just now, not having thought that the deep harmonies were in him, but expecting only clever and pretty popular work. But this looks to me quite limitless—pardon what presumption there may be in my thought that my telling you what I feel about it will give you a pleasure which I want to catch the post for, and so can't say more, nor say this less conceitedly. Love to his mother. I hope John is better.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. GASKELL³

February 21, 1865.

. . . I have just been reading *Cranford* out to my mother. She has read it about five times; but, the first time I tried, I flew into a

¹ [A parody of the lines in the *Angel* in which Felix gives a list of the scenes of his immature loves.]

² [Of the three Miss Liddells: mentioned by Ruskin in *The Cestus of Aglaia*, Vol. XIX. p. 152 and *n.*]

³ [From p. xxiv. of A. W. Ward's Introduction to *Cranford*, vol. ii. of *The Works of Mrs. Gaskell*, 1906 ("Cranford Edition"). Mrs. Gaskell's reply to the letter

passion at Captain Brown's being killed and wouldn't go any further—but this time my mother coaxed me past it, and then I enjoyed it mightily. I do not know when I have read a more finished little piece of study of human nature (a very great and good thing when it is not spoiled). Nor was I ever more sorry to come to a book's end. I can't think why you left off! You might have killed Miss Matty, as you're fond of killing nice people, and then gone on with Jessie's children, or made yourself an old lady—in time—it would have been lovely. I can't write more to-day.

To RAWDON BROWN

23rd February, 1865.

MY DEAR BROWN,—It is not often now that things give me real pleasure, but I was really dancing round the room with delight this morning at and over those Titian documents—and in pride at having been permitted, even in this merely instrumental way, to share in bringing them to light. I will pay fifty pounds to your credit at Coutts' directly—which under present conditions seems to include the payment to Joan and Panno¹ of this year—but if more is required, it is wholly at Lorenzi's disposal; let the work be done just as he thinks it ought, and carried down to whatever point it is fittest to close it at.

I cannot give you any opinion about Cadore; I do not know how anything is written by Italians of that date—or of any date, indeed. I do not think Titian would sacrifice his love of any place, much less of his native place, to a fashionable affectation—yet I may misjudge him. Cadore must be a glorious place, by what I see of sketches.²

I am busy again—people plague me for lectures and so on—and I want to read and learn, not to talk—one can't get any peace in the present world. I wonder if the worms and chemical affinities are as disagreeably disturbing in the other.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

My faithful regards to Lorenzi, please.

is given in the same Introduction (pp. xi.–xii.). "*Cranford*," she says, "is the only one of my own books that I can read again. . . . I am so glad your mother likes it too. I will tell her a bit of *Cranford* that I did not dare to put in . . . The beginning of *Cranford* was one paper in *Household Words*; and I never meant to write more, so killed Captain Brown very much against my will."]

¹ [See above, p. 163 n.]

² [To Josiah Gilbert's illustrated volume *Cadore, or Titian's Country* (1869), Ruskin contributed the view from Venice, given above, p. 118 (Plate VI).]

To THOMAS CARLYLE¹

[February, 1865.]

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—*Pray* come—as you kindly think of doing—and let us have talks, and looks. Geology is just in its most interesting stage of youth—a little presumptuous, but full of strength and advancing life. Its general principles and primary facts are now as certain as those of astronomy, but of—Central fire, we as yet know nothing. You shall look at stones, and give them *time*, and see what will come out of them for you, in your own way. I know you will find them interesting. But all the books are dismal, yet full of good work. I will stay in any day for you after Friday. You are sure to catch me before I go out any day, if you are as early as one.—Ever your affecte.

J. RUSKIN.

I wish you would read the tenth chapter, especially pp. 112–113, in the book of Lyell's² which I send, with some care. The facts are those closest to us, and they are distinct, and very wonderful. If one once understands the relation of the formations of such an island as Ischia to the existing Fauna, all the after steps of geology are thereby measurable.

To ROBERT BROWNING

[Feb. 25, 1865.]

DEAR BROWNING,—I am so sorry; but these illnesses must be, I suppose. One has spiritual measles, too, sometimes—which are worse. Thank you so much for that extract. I was deeply grateful for Milsand's review.³ What he was surprised at, I suppose, was simply my saying, and *feeling*, he was right where he had said I was wrong. One generally sucks all the praise and throws the blame back in the critic's face with a “and be damned to you” for all thanks—at least that's the way the P.R.B.'s serve *me*.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

¹ [In answer to the letter of 22nd February (Vol. XXVI. p. xxx.), in which Carlyle says, “I have a notion to come out some day soon, and take a serious lecture on Rocks,” asking especially about the idea of “a central fire.”]

² [Ch. x. (“Recent and Post-Pliocene Periods”) in Lyell's *Elements of Geology*, 6th ed., 1865.]

³ [*L'Esthétique Anglaise Étude sur M. John Ruskin*. Par J. Milsand. Paris, 1864. Milsand was an intimate friend of Browning, and to him was dedicated “in memoriam” *Parleyings with Certain People* (1887).]

To FREDERIC J. SHIELDS

NORTHWICH, *March* 28, 1865.

I was away from here when your interesting letter came. No idea can be less justifiable than that you have of your own inferiority. I know no one in England who could have made that drawing of *Vanity Fair*¹ but yourself. Even should you never be able to colour, you may perhaps be more useful, and, if that is any temptation to you, more celebrated than any painter of the day. What you want is general taste, and larger experience of men and things, and peace of mind.

I cannot recommend you to pursue colour until I see your attempts at it. When you have leisure to set to work for a serious trial, I will send you anything you want of books, and a little bit of William Hunt's to look at and copy,² and have a talk about it. Meanwhile do put the idea of giving up art out of your mind, as you would that of suicide if it came into it.—Most truly yours,

J. R.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW³

[DENMARK HILL] *8th May* [1865].

. . . I must thank you for your line received this morning, which both my mother and I were glad, and sorry, to receive. My mother misses you much more than I thought she would, and says "she does not know how she could replace you at all;—indeed, she knows she could not." . . . I attach more importance to marriage, especially early marriage, than she does, and as you know I am very remorseful about keeping you mew'd up here. But fancy, I've been unpacking another *Lostwithiel* box this morning, and I found you had been wonderfully quick and light-handed in unrolling the papers,—it took me twice the time—at least, that does not allow quite for the loss of time, when you are there, in mischief, and insisting on having things your own way . . . but in merely unrolling I lost a great deal of time in comparison.

¹ [See above, p. 372.]

² ["Mr. Ruskin," says Mr. Shields, "sent a fresh herring in water-colours by William Hunt—of exquisite colour—and I had the reward, when I took it and my copy to him at Denmark Hill, of hearing him say, 'Well! if you had brought back your copy, and retained the Hunt, I should never have known the difference.' That settled the question of my eye for colour, hitherto hanging in doubt."]

³ [The first letter of a long series. Miss Agnew (Mrs. Arthur Severn) had now come to live with Ruskin's mother (see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 537).]

To W. H. HARRISON

DENMARK HILL [1865].

MY DEAR HARRISON,—I send you a dozen of port; half of which are Cockburn's; old, but now, for my taste, too old—some people may like them. But the fat, musty bottles are molten ruby; I have only five dozen left and no more such, I believe, can be had—Quarles Harris¹ of ever so long ago—as rich as ever. I hope you will like them.

Your notes have been very valuable to me. I noticed, however, only with something of reverent wonder at a state of primeval innocence, your query about the “poor priests.” My dear Harrison, there are myriads of things in history of which I am doubtful, but this I *know*—that up to, and down from, the days of Caiaphas, priests have had the same general character; if you want to have a great work stopped, a great truth slain, or a great Healer crucified, your chief priest is the man to do it, and he *only*. All the worst evil on this earth is priests' work—all the completest loss of good has been by priests' hindrance.

I now leave the book² in your hands, for I am forced to run away for a little fresh air. I have told them to send the last revises to you, I don't want to see any more. If any word of preface comes into my head to-day on rail, I'll send it you; meantime, please let them get on. The binding is to be plain russet, no decoration whatever on title-page or elsewhere.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Mr. MACKAY³

DENMARK HILL, 25th June, 1865.

DEAR MR. MACKAY,—I have written you a cheque for £105, since I would have given that for the Walpole book,⁴ if you had asked it, without a moment's hesitation; it is of course worth much more, but I should have paused beyond that; but for a hundred guineas I look upon it as a prize for which I very heartily am grateful to you. What a divine thing is laziness! I owe whatever remains of health I have to it in myself, and the getting hold of these things which I have so long been in search of to the same blessed virtue in you.

¹ [A well-known importer of Oporto wines, on Tower Hill; the port is mentioned also in Vol. XVII. p. 553.]

² [*Sesame and Lilies*, published in June 1865.]

³ [No. 97 in Messrs. Sotheby's *Catalogue of Autograph Letters*, sold by them May 21st, 1890. Reprinted, under the heading “The Value of Laziness,” in *Igdrasil*, and thence (No. 105) in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 95.]

⁴ [Probably an extra-illustrated edition of Walpole's *Painters*: compare a letter of 17th May 1881 (Vol. XXXVII. p. 359).]

What I suffer, on the other hand, from the “industries” of human beings, there’s no talking of. What a busy place Hell must be! we get the look of it every now and then so closely in our activest places—what political economy there, and Devil take the hindmost in general! etc. You know you owe me one more copy of the Fawkes photo. yet.—Always yours truly and obliged,

J. RUSKIN.

My favourite archer with the sitting woman is much spotted:¹ could anything be done with it?

To GEORGE RICHMOND, A.R.A.

[1865?]

DEAR RICHMOND,—Best thanks for your kind note. I’ve written to Walwood to know what is the matter. I didn’t mean to attack Rembrandt on the score of impiety, but on that of vulgar art.² I get tired of those lamplight effects—can’t look at them for indefinite time, and I feel all that is painful in them more and more forcibly as the effects lose their attractiveness. I have no other test of art than this—beyond a certain point—I can say from grounds of reason that things are clever and full of mind, but it is only by their permanent power that I can come at the real amount of goodness and foundation in them.—Ever most affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss ADELAIDE IRONSIDE³

DENMARK HILL, *about* 1865.

DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—The second shell is much better than the first; quite right, I think, in the perspective of spiral—this is a great gain already, and I understand all the talk in your letters.

The first thing you have to do is to get sleepy. Nothing can be done with shaky hands and beating heart. There is no occasion for either. You have plenty of time and power and good-will. Only don’t torment yourself, and you will soon find things go smoothly.

¹ [Probably an impression of “Procris and Cephalus” (*Liber Studiorum*).]

² [The reference may be to ch. v. of *The Cestus of Aglaia*: see Vol. XIX. p. 107.]

³ [This and the nine following letters, which are here given consecutively as a typical collection of letters sent by Ruskin to a young artist, were printed in the *Catholic Press* (Sydney), February 3, 1900. (For other slight notes belonging to the same series, see Bibliographical Appendix, Vol. XXXVII. p. 670.) Miss Ironside, to whom they were addressed, was born in Sydney in 1831, and, showing much talent in art, went to Europe with her mother in 1855 and settled in Rome. She was made much of by Gibson, the sculptor, and enjoyed considerable vogue in

I can't draw a triangle straight, or I would. The convolvulus not bad—the lips very good. Nobody can do such things in a hurry.—Yours always faithfully, J. R.

DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—I will come on Friday, please, about two o'clock. I can't stay long, but will stay long enough to be of all the use I can. I hope to help, not scold. I should only scold you for going into heroics or for being careless, and you haven't in this case any chance of heroism, and I am sure that you never are careless. Have the shell in the light you drew it in, all ready for me, please.—Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

MISS BELL'S, WINNINGTON HALL, 2nd June, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—I was hindered from calling on Wednesday by the coming to town of an old friend in illness, whom I was forced to go out and see. I was not sure where to write to you, or I should have let you know in time. I shall be back in town in a few days, almost before you are well set to work. Draw the cast first at a foot or a foot and a half from the eye, then at three feet. Notice the differences in outline produced by the distance. Shade it in perfect subordination of the parts to the rounding of the whole mass, and completely, not leaving any part sketchy. I think you will find yourself in some difficulties before you finish even the first study. Write to me here to tell me if you do, and what they are. The wrinkles of a shell are the best introduction to the treatment of the hair in great sculpture and painting, those of a shell being more simply concurrent and orderly, and one finds out one's tendencies to mistake better than in the more complete folds.—Always truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I am very sorry to have detained your books. They will be sent to Upper Berkeley Street.

Rome both as a painter and as a spiritualistic medium. Mention of her in both capacities will be found in *The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn*, by William Sharp, pp. 261, 266, 267. She used, among other subjects, to paint visions which she had seen in crystal balls. It was perhaps through Joseph Severn that, on coming to London in 1865, she made Ruskin's acquaintance. "Full of nervous sensibility," says a writer quoted in the *Catholic Press*, "she was the impersonation of genius; her mind was too active for the delicate frame in which it dwelt." It may be gathered from this how sound was Ruskin's advice. She died at the age of thirty-five, in 1867, and Brunton Stephens, the Australian poet, has written a piece in her memory.]

DENMARK HILL.

DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—I should have come this afternoon to Lancaster Gate, but it was so dark and treacherous I thought it quite useless, mere waste of time. Now, please, tell me what day you can be at home in afternoon at half-past two, quite at leisure, and with your shell in the light you draw it in ready for me; and also just make a careful, but not finished little study in pen and brown worked with sepia—the real shell I send you by this post—in the position and light as opposite (sketch set out on opposite sheet), with its curved head towards you. I just want you to feel what a little bit of difficult work is, and then go on again with the easy. Sketch the brown stains with the sepia.—Truly yours always,

J. R.

DENMARK HILL.

MY DEAR CHILD,—I can't see you to-day—I've to go into town—nor is it worth while to teach in such weather as it is likely to be for a day or two. Here's a Dürer book. Draw anything you like out of it with the pen—the Madonna at page 24, to begin with.

Remember all the lines are drawn with a deliberate freedom. Even the flourishes are made calmly, with intention throughout. I want to cure you of your slovenly way of seeing things in a hurry. Never do one touch in a hurry any more.—Yours truly,

J. R.

DENMARK HILL.

DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—We have all been having headache or tic or toothache—it has been in the air; but I should like to know what your curative simples are.

Don't work too eagerly at the shell. It will beat you—and I knew that it would—that is all right, and I am ever so glad that you know when you are beaten. Then one is sure to get on, but if you had written me that you had done the shell six times over triumphantly, I should have had no more hope of you.

Work at it quietly, being satisfied with finding out the difficulties—the conquering will come in due time. Take care to get the entire breadth and mass of it in pale tone, showing that it is a white object, and then as much inner detail as you can give within the limits.—Ever truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL.

MY DEAR CHILD,—You shall come here if you like. I think it will be better; and if you're too fireworky I'll give you some ice

cream; but do be good and quiet—or you'll kill yourself, and then you'll never be able to draw shell nor faces neither, for I suppose there isn't any shade on those blessed angels—or else they're all charcoal, even when they come upstairs—and one couldn't draw them either way. Friday, if you don't hear from me.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *8th July*, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—It is partly the state of your health, partly the excitement in which you have continually lived, which make it so difficult for you now to be quiet. Remember, the quieter you can keep, the more the fire (what fire is within you) will achieve, and the longer it will last. I think I shall be able to be of some use to you in the way you tell me. You have borne a great deal from me already, considering the real powers you have and the way you have been spoiled.

Never get a more difficult model until you have quite mastered the easy one. But that one is by no means easy. Nothing is easy to do well. When you can draw a shell quite rightly you will be able to do anything. Meantime, if Mr. Leaf will kindly give you a pretty purple convolvulus to-morrow or Monday morning (I draw or I write on Sunday if need be), just put it so that the top lip is level, and draw it very firmly in mere outline with a pen in the position opposite (sketch opposite). I want to see if you find out a particular subtlety about its final structure. The worst fault in your shell was your having drawn its exquisite enlarging lips (sketch showing what it should be) like this (sketch caricaturing you to show what I mean). You execute beautifully—never mind about that—think only of getting line and shadow right, not of texture. And draw an easier (if you can get one) shell next.

With sincere compliments to Mrs. Leaf, and regards to your mother, truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL.

MY DEAR CHILD,—It's all right if only you'll keep yourself quiet. Never ask for things. I only said "convolvulus" because I thought there would be thousands out every morning at Mr. Leaf's. Anything will do—for anything. You may learn drawing as well out of the next greengrocery as out of the Garden of the Hesperides (if they were open). I'll come to see the shell soon. I want to see it. Monday, I think, at latest.—Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL.

MY DEAR CHILD,—Thank you for your letter and presents and the bit of newspaper. I will get that book of gems. Of the four Tyrdenan coins, one is very beautiful, and I will keep it gratefully. The others are late and not good, and they will be worth much to historical purpose; but I never keep anything but what is intrinsically good, if I can help it, so these three you shall take back.

The shells are very pretty—thank you for them.

Now observe how you waste your strength and fancy for no purpose. You find out instinctively a book in the library, which tells you nothing essentially. Without instinct I simply ask Dr. Gray or Mr. Owen,¹ who know their business, whether there is a stone in a toad's head. They at once say no, and there is an end to all trouble and "magic" in the matter. What is the use of your fine instincts—only to lead you astray.

And now consider more gravely this: You call me a materialist. Perhaps I am. You call yourself a spiritualist and a Christian, and think that in time I shall be in a higher sphere, by being like you in these matters.

Now, if I loved anybody, and they cared for somebody else, I should try to help them in their affection, whatever it might cost me. But you know what you said you would do. Which of us in this (and it is a great test of one's nature) is the most really spiritual and Christian?—Always faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI²

DENMARK HILL [1865].

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,—What a goose you are to go about listening to people's gossip about me! I have never parted with any of your drawings but the "Francesca."³ I leave the "Golden Water" and "Passover" at a Girls' School, because I go there often,⁴ and enjoy

¹ [For Dr. J. E. Gray, of the British Museum, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 308; for Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Owen, above, p. 362.]

² [*Rossetti Papers*, pp. 132–133, where it is stated by a confusion of names that "Butterworth (? Butterfield) is the distinguished architect." He was, in fact, a carpenter, a student at the Working Men's College, who became one of Ruskin's assistants: see p. 489.]

³ ["Paolo and Francesca"; afterwards in the collection of William Morris, and now in that of Mr. G. Rae: see above, pp. 229, 234, 242.]

⁴ [Miss Bell's school at Winington. Ruskin afterwards gave "Golden Water" to Mrs. W. H. Churchill: see Vol. XXXV. p. 638.]

them more than if they were hanging up here—because *here* I dwell on their faults of perspective and such like. Am I so mean in money matters that I should sell Lizzie?¹ You ought to have painted her better, and known me better. I'll give you her back any day that you're a good boy, but it will be a long while before that comes to pass.

You scratched the eyes out of my "Launcelot,"² and I gave that to Butterworth—that was not my fault. If you could do my Dante's Boat³ for me instead of money, I should like it—but I don't believe you can. So do as you like when you like.—Ever yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI⁴

DENMARK HILL [1865].

DEAR ROSSETTI,—It is all right—do not come till you are quite happy in coming—but do not think *I* am changed. I like your old work as much as ever. I framed (only the other day) the golden girl with black guitar,⁵ and I admire all the old water-colours just as much as when they were first done. I admire Titian and Tintoret—and Angelico—just as I used to do, and for the same reasons. The change in you may be right—or towards right—but it *is* in you, not in me. It may not be change, but only the coming out of a new element. But Millais might as well say I was changed because I detest the mode of painting the background and ground in his Roman soldier,⁶ while I praised and still praise "Mariana" and the "Huguenot," as you say that *I* was changed because I praised the cart-and-bridge picture⁷ and dislike the Flora.

It is true that I am now wholly intolerant of what I once forgivingly disliked—bad perspective and such like—for I look upon them

¹ [A portrait of Miss E. Siddal (Mrs. Rossetti), "perhaps the one named *Regina Cordium*" (W. M. R.)—No. 104 in H. C. Marillier's Catalogue.]

² [The drawing of "Arthur's Tomb": see above, p. 229.]

³ [Of this subject, suggested by Ruskin from Dante's sonnet, Rossetti made an oil-monochrome, called "The Boat of Love," which is now in the Birmingham Gallery.]

⁴ [*Rossetti Papers*, p. 134.]

⁵ [The "Girl singing to a Lute": see above, p. 206 n.]

⁶ [The picture called "The Romans leaving Britain," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1865.]

⁷ [The picture called "Found." "The Flora" is the picture called "Venus Verticordia."]

as moral insolences and iniquities in any painter of average power; but I am only more intensely now what I always was (since *you* knew me), and am more intensely, in spite of perspective indignation, yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

DENMARK HILL [1865].

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,—It is very good and pretty of you to answer so. I have little time this morning, but will answer at once so far as regards what you say you wish me to tell you.

There are two methods of laying oil-colour which can be proved right, each for its purposes—Van Eyck's (or Holbein's) and Titian's (or Correggio's): one of them involving no display of power of hand, the other involving it *essentially* and as an element of its beauty. Which of these styles you adopt I do not care. I supposed, in old times, you were going to try to paint like that Van Eyck in the National Gallery with the man and woman and mirror.² If you say, "No—I mean rather to paint like Correggio"—by all means, so much the better;—but you are not on the way to Correggio. And you are, it seems, under the (for the present) *fatal* mistake of thinking that you will ever learn to paint well by painting badly—*i.e.*, coarsely.

At present you lay your colour ill, and you will only learn, by doing so, to lay it worse. No great painter ever allowed himself, in the smallest touch, to paint ill—*i.e.*, to daub or smear his paint. What he could not paint easily he would not paint at all—and gained gradual power by never in the smallest thing doing wrong.

1. You may say you like coarse painting better than Correggio's, and that it is righter. To this I should make no answer—knowing answer to be vain.

2. If you say you do not see the difference, again I only answer—I am sorry. Nothing more is to be said.

3. If you say, "I see the difference and mean to do better, and am on the way to do better," I answer I know you are not on the way to do better, and I cannot bear the pain of seeing you at work as you are working now. But come back to me when you have found out your mistake—or (if you are right in your method) when you *can* do better.

All this refers only to laying of paint.

I have two distinct other counts against you: your method of

¹ [Rossetti Papers, pp. 135–136.]

² [No. 186: for other references to it, see above, p. 98 *n.*]

study of chiaroscuro; and your permission of modification of minor truths for sensational purposes.

I will see what you say to this first count before I pass to the others.

I am very glad, at all events, to understand *you* better than I did, in the grace and sweetness of your letters.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

DENMARK HILL [1865].

DEAR ROSSETTI,—You know exactly as much about Correggio as I knew in the year 1845, and feel exactly as I did then. I can't give you the results of twenty years' work upon him in a letter, so I say no more.

I purposely joined him with Titian to poke you up. I purposely used the word "wonderfully" painted about those flowers. They were wonderful to me, in their realism; awful—I can use no other word—in their coarseness: showing enormous power, showing certain conditions of non-sentiment which underlie all you are doing—now . . .

You take upon you, for your *own* interest, to judge to whom I should and should not give or lend your drawings. In *your* interest only—and judging from no other person's sayings, but from my own sight—I tell you the people you associate with are ruining you. But remember I have personally some right to say this—for the entirely blameable introduction you gave to a mere blackguard, to me, has been the cause of such a visible libel upon me going about England as I hold worse than all the scandals and lies ever uttered about me. But, if there is anything in my saying this which you feel either cruel or insolent, again I ask your pardon.

Come and see me *now*, if you like. I have said all I wish to say, and can be open—which is all I need for my comfort. I have many things here you might like to see and talk over.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [*Rossetti Papers*, pp. 136–137. "It would appear," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "that, between the dates of Ruskin's last letter and of this one, Rossetti must have reminded him by letter that he had, at some previous date, and said by word of mouth that the flowers (roses and honeysuckles) in the 'Venus Verticordia' were 'wonderfully' painted. After replying on this point Ruskin proceeds to make some rather strong observations. The person whom he calls 'a mere blackguard' was the highly-reputed photographer Mr. Downey, who took about this time some photographs of Rossetti. In one of these Ruskin posed along with Rossetti, but the photograph which he terms 'a visible libel' was (I take it) a different one, representing Ruskin (alone) seated, and leaning on a walking-stick. It went all over the country at the time; and (if I may trust my own opinion) was a good though not an advantageous likeness."]

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI¹

DENMARK HILL [1865].

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I am also very thankful these letters have been written—we shall both care more for each other. Please come now the first fine evening—tea at seven. I will stay in till you do come, so you will be sure of me.

Before I see you, let me at once put an end to your calling me, whatever you may think (much more, any supposing that I think myself), a “great man.” It is just because I honestly *know* I am not that I speak so positively on other known things. I entirely scorn all my own capacities, except the sense of visible beauty, which is a useful gift—not a “greatness.” But I have worked at certain things which I know that I know, as I do spelling.

I never said you were not in a position and at an age to know more of Correggio than I did in '45. I said simply you *did* know no more of him. But your practice of painting in a different manner has been dead against you—it is much to allow for you that you know as much of him as I did then. You hardly do, for I then knew something of his glorious system of fresco-colour—which you very visibly do not; and had gathered a series of data and notes at the risk of my life on the rotten tiles of the Parma dome, with a view of “writing Correggio down.”² It was one of the few pieces of Providence I am thankful for in my past life, that I did not then write a separate book against Correggio. I know exactly how you feel to him, and would no more dispute about it than I would with Gainsborough for knowing nothing about Albert Dürer, or saying he, A. D., drew nothing but women with big bellies.

But we won't have rows; and, when you come, we'll look at things that we both like. You shall bar Parma, and I Japan; and we'll look at Titian, John Bellini, Albert Dürer, and Edward Jones; and I'll say no more about the red-eyed man and the phot(ograph)s.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI³

DENMARK HILL [? July, 1865].

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,—I am very grateful to you for this letter, and for the feelings it expresses towards me. I was not angry, and

¹ [*Rossetti Papers*, pp. 137–138.]

² [For Ruskin's depreciation of Correggio in 1845, see Vol. IV, pp. xxxv., 197 n.]

³ [*Rossetti Papers*, pp. 141–144. “This remarkable letter,” says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, “brought to a close the interchange of views which had just now been

there was nothing in your note that needed your asking my pardon. You meant them—the first and second—just as rightly as this pretty third, and yet they conclusively showed me that we could not at present, nor for some time yet, be companions any more, though true friends, I hope, as ever.

I am grateful for your love—but yet I do not want love. I have had boundless love from many people during my life. And in more than one case that love has been my greatest calamity—I have boundlessly *suffered* from it. But the thing, in any helpful degree, I have never been able to get, except from two women of whom I never see the only one I care for, and from Edward Jones, is “understanding.”

I am nearly sick of being loved—as of being hated—for my lovers understand me as little as my haters. I had rather, in fact, be disliked by a man who somewhat understood me than much loved by a man who understood nothing of me.

Now I am at present out of health and irritable, and entirely resolved to make myself as comfortable as I can, and therefore to associate only with people who *in some degree* think of me as I think of myself. I *may* be wrong in saying I am this or that, but at present I can only live or speak with people who agree with me that I *am* this or that. And there are some things which I know I know or can do, just as well as a man knows he can ride or swim, or knows the facts of such and such a science.

Now there are many things in which I always have acknowledged, and shall acknowledge, your superiority to me. I know it, as well as I know that St. Paul’s is higher than I am. There are other things in which I just as simply know that *I* am superior to you. I don’t mean in writing. You write, as you paint, better than I. I could never have written a stanza like you.

Now in old times I did not care two straws whether you knew or acknowledged in what I was superior to you, or not. But now (being, as I say, irritable and ill) I do care, and I will associate with no man who does not more or less accept my own estimate of

going on between Ruskin and Rossetti; from this time forward they met hardly at all and corresponded but very little. The letter bore at first a date of the day of the month—seemingly 18: but this was cancelled by the writer and a? substituted. Towards the middle of the letter Mr. Ruskin speaks of ‘this affair of the drawings.’ I understand him to mean the question which Rossetti had raised as to the mode in which Ruskin disposed of some of Rossetti’s old water-colours; or perhaps the point is the preceding suggestion that Rossetti might paint ‘The Boat of Love,’ followed, as it probably was, by some demur on the artist’s part, or else the point at the top of p. 494 (here). I am not wholly sure which was the ‘last picture’ of a different painter of which Ruskin entertained so bad an opinion. I give the initial G., but this is not correct.”]

myself. For instance, Brett told me, a year ago, that a statement of mine respecting a scientific matter (which I knew *à fond* before he was born) was “bosh.” I told him in return he was a fool; he left the house, and I will not see him again “until he is wiser.”

Now you in the same manner tell me “the faults in your drawings are not greater than those I put up with in what is about me,” and that one of my assistants is a “mistakenly transplanted carpenter.” And I answer—not that you are a fool, because no man is that who can design as you can—but simply that you know nothing of me, nor of my knowledge, nor of my thoughts, nor of the sort of grasp of things I have in directions in which you are utterly powerless; and that I do not choose any more to talk to you until you can recognize my superiorities as *I* can yours.

And this recognition, observe, is not a matter of will or courtesy. You simply do not see certain characters in me, and cannot see them: still less could you (or should I ask you to) pretend to see them. A day may come when you will be able. Then, without apology, without restraint—merely as *being* different from what you are now—come back to me, and we will be as we used to be. It is not this affair of the drawings—not this sentence—but the ways and thoughts I have seen in you ever since I knew you, coupled with this change of health in myself, which render this necessary—complicated also by a change in your own methods of work with which I have no sympathy, and which renders it impossible for me to give you the kind of praise which would give you pleasure.

There are some things in which I know your present work to be wrong: others in which I strongly *feel* it so. I cannot conquer the feeling, though I do not allege that as a proof of the wrongness. The points of knowledge I could not establish to you, any more than I could teach you mineralogy or botany, without some hard work on your part, in directions in which it is little likely you will ever give it. It is of course useless for me, under such circumstances, to talk to you.

The one essential thing is that you should feel (and you will do me a bitter injustice if you do *not* feel this) that, though you cannot now refer to me as in any way helpful to you by expression of judgment to the public, my inability is no result of any offence taken with you. I would give much to see you doing as you have done—and to be able to say what I once said.

With respect to G., the relation between us is far more hopeless. His last picture is to me such an accursed and entirely damnable piece of work that I believe I have been from the beginning wrong

in attributing any essential painter's power to him whatever, and that the high imitative results he used to obtain were merely accidental consequences of a slavish industry and intensely ambitious conscientiousness. I think so ill of it that I cannot write a word to him—though otherwise I should have felt it my duty to warn *him*, before I spoke to others. I cannot, of course, allow such work to pass as representing what I used to praise, but I speak of it, as I do at present of yours, as little as I can. For you there is all probability of recovery: of him I am hopeless.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, 15th August, 1865.

MY DEAR NORTON,—I have just received your book on the portraits, which is very right and satisfactory, and pleasant to have done.² There won't be many old walls left, frescoed or whitewashed either, in Florence now. I should have liked to have seen it once again, before they build iron bridges over Arno, but it is no matter.

Now you've done fighting, I can talk to you a little again, but I've nothing to say. I keep the house pretty fairly in order, and keep my garden weeded, and the gardeners never disturb the birds; but the cats eat them. I am taking up mineralogy again as a pacific and unexciting study; only I can't do the confounded mathematics of their new books. I am at work on some botany of weeds, too, and such like, and am better, on the whole, than I was two years ago. My mother is pretty well, too; sometimes I get her out to take a drive, and she enjoys it, but always has to be teased into going. Carlyle has got through the first calamity of rest, after Frederick, among his Scotch hills, and I hope will give us something worthier of him before he dies. Rossetti and the rest I never see now. They go their way and I mine; so you see I've no news, but I'm always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Church's Cotopaxi is an interesting picture. He can draw clouds as few men can, though he does not know yet what painting means, and I suppose never will, but he has a great gift of his own.³ . . .

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, p. 17; the postscript was omitted. No. 39 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 149–151. Part of the letter (“Now you've done . . . two years ago”) had previously been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. xi.) to the American “Brantwood” edition of *Ethics of the Dust*, 1891.]

² [*The Original Portraits of Dante*, a privately printed volume on occasion of the celebration in Florence of the sixth centenary of Dante's birth.—C. E. N.]

³ [For another reference to this painter, see Vol. XXII. p. 15.]

To Miss VIOLET SIMPSON¹

DENMARK HILL, 30th August, 1865.

MY DEAR VIOLET,—I did not answer your kind little note because I was much embarrassed by it. When you told me you went to church every day, I knew at once that the entire spirit of my present teaching would be contrary to your father's wishes—that I should be continually telling you things were trivial or unnecessary, or were wrong, which you had been trained to look upon with reverence. I did not like, on the other hand, to say I would give you no help, and therefore, thinking about you not a little, left you letter unanswered. But the plain truth is the only right thing for me to say to you—my opinions are entirely adverse to our present English Church system—and whatever I told you to read would be leading you out of *that* direction; it would be entirely wrong in me to do this, and so I can only thank you for your affectionate trust, and assure you of my hearty good wishes for you in all things.

Show your father this letter—(it is, on the whole, well for daughters to show their fathers *all* letters).

If you ever get into any trouble of thought, and want out-of-the-way help, I may be able to give it you; but in your present modes of thought and system of life, I could only do you harm.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

DENMARK HILL, 11th September, 1865.

MY DEAR NORTON, . . . I should have written to you some news of myself, though the war has put a gulph between all Americans and me in that I do not care to hear what they think, or tell them what I think, on any matter; and Lowell's work and Longfellow's is all now quite useless to me. But I shall send you an edition of my last lectures, however, with a new bit of preface in it, and anything else I may get done in the course of the winter, and I am always glad to hear of you. I am somewhat better in health, and busy in several quiet ways, of which, if anything prosper in them, you will hear in their issue, and nobody need hear until then.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Mrs. Marsden; the "Violet" of *Ethics of the Dust*: see Vol. XVIII. pp. lxxii.–lxxiii.]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, p. 17. No. 40 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 151–152.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, 10 *October*, 1865.

MY DEAR NORTON, . . . I am quiet, and likely to be so for many a day at D. Hill, amusing myself as I may; it is a grand thing, and makes up for much, to be within reach of the B. Museum. I am cutting down a bush here and a tree (or what we call one in England) there, and making little fishponds and gutters and such like, and planting peach trees, for the blossom, and wildflowers, and anything that is bright and simple. And I am working at mythology and geology, and conchology, and chemistry, and what else there is of the infinite and hopeless unknown to be stumbled among pleasantly; and I hope to get various little bits of work printed this Xmas, and to send you them. I will think over that plan of cheap edition, but I always hitherto have hated my own books ten years after I wrote them. I sat to Rossetti several times, and he made the horriblest face I ever saw of a human being.² I will never let him touch it more. I have written to-day to Edward Jones, to ask if he'll do one for me and one for you. *He* can. And this is all I can say to-day, and if I put off, there's no knowing when I might write at all. So with affectionate regards to your mother and sisters, ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To W. SMITH WILLIAMS³

DENMARK HILL, *November 6th*, 1865.

DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—Nothing can possibly be nicer than this page, print, and way of doing the thing, and I am perfectly well pleased with the offer. But you had, perhaps, better wait till you see more of the book⁴ before we consider anything concluded. I will say, however, at once, *tinted* paper please, for I think I shall quite save you five pounds of estimate by the fewness of the corrections I shall make in this book, compared to my usual way of managing. I send two more chapters, so that I think if the printers like to set it in hand, I can now keep them going. Please send word that they note the remark on the cover of the second Lecture.

I have not the least idea what it was I said to hurt Mr. King.⁵

¹ [No. 41 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 152–153. A portion of this letter (“I am working . . . Xmas”) had previously been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (pp. xi.–xii.) to the American “Brantwood” edition of *Ethics of the Dust*, 1891.]

² [See above, pp. 311, 329, 335, 405; and for the proposed portrait by Burne-Jones, below, p. 504 *n.*]

³ [No. 31 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 80, 81.]

⁴ [*The Ethics of the Dust*, published in December 1865, although the title-page is dated 1866.]

⁵ [Henry Samuel King, partner of George Smith in the firm of Smith, Elder & Co.]
xxxvi. 21

I never intend to hurt anybody—and my friends ought to know that by this time, I fancy. I hope you continue better.—Always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To W. HUTTON BRAYSHAY¹

DENMARK HILL, 18th November, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR,—I must say, in answer to your interesting letter, simply what I think—I have not time to give you my reasons. To attempt to become a painter with no competency of support is always rash, and though you *may* succeed, you always lose much more time and ground in painting and trying to paint what the public will buy than you will if you do what I should advise you. Throw your energy *full* into your father's business, as he wishes you, at *present*: show him what you *can* do in that, and take the conceit out of the business people about you. Meantime, never read (in your hours of rest) frivolous books; never go shooting. Quietly, and without talking about it, educate and discipline yourself, with a view to becoming a painter, and save every farthing you can win, like a miser—you can always pass part of your mornings and evenings in learning the real *skill* of draughtsmanship. There is no need to draw from nature—you may like it, but it is often wasted time when you don't know *how* to draw. Learn perspective, get steadiness of hand, and study light and shade on models. By the time you are thirty you will have a competence, and a draughtsman's hand. *Then*, if you still are in the mind to be a painter, go at it, live on your income, and do what you choose. You will give a lesson so at once to merchants and painters. If you have resolution to do this, there is the stuff in you which will make a painter; but if you have not the courage and self-denial capable of doing this, in all probability you would fail if you left your father's business now, and bitterly regret it afterwards. Only mind, in the hours of business, that you do *that* with your whole strength, and don't let the business men laugh at you.—Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To R. TALLING²

[1865?]

It is quite one of the sorrowfullest things I see every day, that incredulity of the poor that one can really wish to help them without

¹ [Of Wharfedale, Yorkshire. Ruskin in this letter seems to have assumed opposition on the part of Mr. Brayshay's father, but this was not the case. On the contrary, he acquiesced in his son's taking up art, in accordance with Ruskin's subsequent advice. Mr. W. H. Brayshay became a near friend of Ruskin, whom he visited at Brantwood in later years. The editors have to thank him (1908) for permission to include this letter.]

² [From a *Catalogue of Autograph Letters . . . on Sale by Walter V. Daniel*, 53 *Mortimer Street, London*, July 1904, No. 824. The extract is given from an

knowing them. But there is a reverse feeling, which is often very inconvenient—I help people a little, they get to know me, they are full of gratitude and love, then they think because they love me I must love them, that I could not be kind to them *without* loving them, and then they come to me at all times with their distresses, till I can't stand it any more—so don't give my name to anybody; but when you see deserving cases, help them in a moderate and necessary way, as you would if the money were your own, and I will answer it.

To W. SMITH WILLIAMS¹

DENMARK HILL, *November*, 1865.

DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—I don't know when I have been more disappointed or (in a sort of way) provoked than by your quietly saying "I hope" that volume will be out before Xmas. My notion of business is to say either it can or can't—and shall or shan't. And certainly, having sent four sheets for press to-day, and being ready to send the last sheet but one revised to-morrow, I don't see why it should be a matter of "hope." I know that binding must take time; but I fancy all these things are matters of mere *energy*. I've seen books advertised as "ready" a week or two after the occasion for them. Meantime, what about the binding and price? That's another thing that much provokes me. I have no idea of "business" in which my 3s. 6d. book is allowed to sell over counter in retail for 2s. 10d.—which is the sum my friend T. Richmond bought *Sesame and Lilies* for the other day. I think it is very shameful. My father never saw his wine sold so. He has seen his £60 but sell for £70—but not the other way. Well, I know it is for no want of good will on your part, but I don't like it. Please, I want cards engraved for my cousin Miss Agnew. Can you order them for me? Not showy—just—"MISS JOANNA AGNEW." I don't know how young ladies' cards are done nowadays; but I like some quaint letter better than mere writing—if it is allowable.

I hope you continue better.—Ever truly yours,
RUSKIN.

J.

"Unpublished Correspondence consisting of 51 Autograph Letters, covering about 84 pages, addressed to Mr. R. Talling, of Lostwithiel, Cornwall, between the years 1865 and 1873." For Mr. Talling, from whom Ruskin purchased many minerals, see Vol. XXVI. pp. 449, 450, 451.]

¹ [No. 33 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 83–85. A portion of the letter was reprinted in the Literary Notes of the *Westminster Gazette*, May 6, 1907. The "volume" is *The Ethics of the Dust*, issued in December 1865.]

1866

[The first months of this year, during which *The Crown of Wild Olive* was being prepared for publication, were spent at Denmark Hill. Ruskin then went abroad, with Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan, Miss Constance Hilliard, and Miss Agnew. Several letters to his mother, written from Switzerland, are printed in Vol. XVIII. pp. xxxvii.–xliv. During his absence his private secretary, C. A. Howell, was in charge of his affairs: *ibid.*, pp. xlvi.–xlix. He returned home in July, and during the autumn was much occupied with Carlyle in the business of the Governor Eyre Defence Committee: *ibid.*, pp. xlvi.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, 10th January, 1866.

MY DEAR NORTON,—I wrote you a letter of thanks for your book on Dante, some months ago.² I fear you have not received it and you must think me worse than I am, but I'm bad enough. I never shall be able to forgive any of you for the horror of this past war—not but that I know you'll all be the better of it. But I've never cared to read a word of Lowell's or anybody on the other Atlantic's side, since—only I love you still, and wish you the best that may be for this year. Not that anything that *I* wish ever happens, so it's no use.

I send you my last book,³ and with faithful regards to your mother and sisters, am ever your affectionate
J.
RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

DENMARK HILL, 11 January, 1866.

DEAR NORTON,—I got your letter yesterday evening, after posting one to you by the 5 o'clock post. I can only answer quickly to-day that I *have* written this morning to Edward Jones, begging him to have me to sit instantly; and that I hope you'll find something more of me in the little book of new lectures I have sent you.

But how can you expect a man living alone, and with everything gone cross to him, and not in any way having joy, even of the feeblest sort,—but at the best only relief from pain, and that only when he

¹ [No. 42 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 153–154.]

² [See above, p. 495.]

³ [*The Ethics of the Dust*.]

⁴ [No. 43 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 154–156. Part of the letter (“But how can you expect . . . is in him”) had previously been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. xii.) to the American “Brantwood” edition of *Ethics of the Dust*, 1891.]

is at work,—to show anything but a cramped shadow of the little there is in him? Turner is dead—all his works are perishing, and I can't see those that exist. Every thirteenth-century cathedral in France, and every beautiful street in my favourite cities, has been destroyed. Chamouni is destroyed—Geneva—Lucerne—Zurich—Schaffhausen—Berne,—might just as well have been swallowed up by earthquakes as be what they are now. There are no inns, no human beings any more anywhere; nothing but endless galleries of rooms, and Automata in millions.—I can't travel. I have taken to stones and plants. They do very well for comfort; but dissecting a thistle or a bit of chalk is pinched work for me, instead of copying Tintoret or drawing Venice. I could get, and do get, some help out of Greek myths—but they are full of earth, and horror, in spite of their beauty. Persephone is the sum of them, or worse than Persephone—Comus. Natural science ends in the definition which Owen gave me the other day, of a man, or any other high vertebrate, "a clothed sum of segments." And my dearest friends go rabid in America about blacks, and poor white Italy and Greece are left in a worse Hell than any volcano-mouth—unhelped. And you expect me to write myself smooth out, with no crumple.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

*To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*¹

DENMARK HILL, 28 *January*, 1866.

DEAR NORTON,—The £50 have arrived safe. I don't tell Ned Jones the enormity of the sum, for it would make him nervous, and he would vow "he couldn't do anything worth the fifth of it—and if you expected fifty pounds' worth out of him, it was no use his doing anything." So I go and sit, and he makes various sketches; some one is pretty sure to come out fairly, and I'll pick up two or three besides and some bits of what he calls waste paper, of old designs—and so will make out our money's worth at last, I hope. All that you say of expression is very nice and right. But it's a wide world, and there's a great deal in it, and one's head is but a poor little room to study in after all. One can't see far into anything.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Have you read Swinburne's *Atalanta*?² The grandest thing ever yet done by a youth—though he is a Demoniac youth. Whether ever he will be clothed and in his right mind, heaven only knows. His foam at the mouth is fine, meantime.

¹ [No. 44 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 156–157.]

² [Compare the Introduction; above, p. xlix.]

To C. A. HOWELL¹

DENMARK HILL, *Wednesday* [22nd February, 1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL,—I really was very sorry for you, because you *thought* you had missed so much. I can't be sorry for you any other-how. My dear boy, is life so jolly a thing that one should find troubles in missing an hour's talk? But it *was* provoking.

Here's something, please, I want done very much. Will you please go to the Crystal Palace to-morrow or the day after, which is the last day, but to-morrow better, and, if it is not sold, buy the lizard canary (£1) No. 282, page 17 of the Catalogue, in any name you like *not* mine, nor yours, and give the bird to anybody who you think will take care of it, and I'll give you the price when I see you—which must be soon—and I'm ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To C. A. HOWELL²

24th February, 1866.

I am heartily obliged to you for managing this little business of the bird so nicely, and for the promise that your cousin will take care of it. If she gets fond of it, she need not fear my claiming it; but I am glad it will be safe.

I am sorry to have to ask you again on Sunday, but if you *could* come over at ½ past 4 to-morrow and tell me about Cruikshank,³ etc., I should be very glad. *Say nothing* about the bird.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

DENMARK HILL. *Just at the beginning of 4th March,*
1866, *clock having struck 12.*

MY DEAREST JOANNA,—You have been very kind and good during all this past year, and have helped *me*, especially, in more ways than I can well thank you for. If I knew what would make you happy, or if my wishes could bring it you, I might wish you many things; but my judgment is often false—my wishes always vain. I will only trust that your own amiable disposition, and the love you win from

¹ [For some time Ruskin's secretary and factotum: see the Introduction, above, p. li. This letter is reprinted from the *New Review*, March 1892, p. 275. The latter portion was also printed in M. H. Spielmann's *John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 49.]

² [*New Review*, March 1892, p. 275.]

³ ["At this time George Cruikshank was in severe straits, and his friends, not for the only time in his life, were bethinking themselves how they might aid him. Ruskin was considering how he might gild his charity in a commission involving the issue of a fairy-book for children with the great etcher's illustrations" (*New Review*, p. 275).]

all who know you, may continue to render life very bright to you: and if in future years you are able to do as much for others as you have done in this, you will feel yourself to have gained the years, which selfish people round you will only complain that they have lost,—and you will be richer, with the best riches, for every hour that passes over your head.—Ever believe me, Joanna dear, your affectionate Cousin,
J. RUSKIN.

To C. A. HOWELL¹

[March 8, 1866.]

MY DEAR HOWELL,—Here are £20: please take the bird sovereign out of it. (Does he sing at all?) And don't let me keep anything of your fifty unless you can spare it. Thanks for your note about the boy,² and infinite thanks for kindest offer. But I've no notion of doing so much as this for him. All I want is a decent lodging—he is now a shopboy—I only want a bit of a garret in a decent house, and means of getting him into some school of art. I fancy Kensington best—and you should look after him morally and I æsthetically.—Ever yours affectionately,
J. R.

To C. A. HOWELL³

DENMARK HILL [27th March, 1866.]

MY DEAR HOWELL,—Please tell me about your illness. I am anxious. How curious all that is about the Grimm plates! I wish you would ask Cruikshank whether he thinks he could execute some designs from fairy tales—of my choosing, of the same size, about, as these vignettes, and with a given thickness of etching line; using *no* fine lines anywhere?

Thanks about the boy, and please let me know the particulars of the address.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

DENMARK HILL, 27th March, 1866.

MY DEAR NORTON,—I have not yet answered your my birthday letter, and here is another, kind as always.

¹ [New Review, March 1892, p. 276. The greater part of the letter was also printed in M. H. Spielmann's *John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 49.]

² [A few days before Ruskin had written: "Did Ned [Burne-Jones] speak to you about an Irish boy whom I want to get boarded and lodged, and put to some art schooling—and I don't know how?" This scrap is printed in M. H. Spielmann's *John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 49.]

³ [New Review, March 1892, p. 276.]

⁴ [Atlantic Monthly, July 1904, vol. 94, p. 17. No. 45 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 157–159.]

First, please be assured, as I think you must have been without my telling you, that when I would not write to you during the American war, it was not because I loved you less, but because I could no otherwise than by silence express the intensity of my adverse feeling to the things you were countenancing—and causing; for of course the good men in America were the real cause and strength of the war. Now, it is past, I have put in my protest, and we are the same full friends as always, except only that I can't read American sentiment any more—in its popular form—and so can't sympathize with you in all things as before. . . . Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

The portrait has been a little checked, but is going on well. In about three weeks I am going to try to get as far as Venice, for change of thought. I want to see a Titian once more before I die, and I'm not quite sure when that may not be (as if anybody was), yet, on the whole, my health is better. I've some work in hand which you will like, I think, also. Affectionate regards to your mother and sisters.

To EDWARD BURNE-JONES¹

[April? 1866.]

I'll come on Monday and then be steady, I hope, to every other day—Proserpine permitting. Did you see the gleam of sunshine yesterday afternoon? If you had only seen her in it, bareheaded, between *my* laurels and *my* primrose bank!

To C. A. HOWELL²

DENMARK HILL, 2nd April [1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL,—I have sent the *Félise*³ to Moxon all right. I don't want to lose an hour in availing myself of Mr. Cruikshank's kindness, but I am puzzled, as I look at the fairy tales I have within my reach, at their extreme badness; the thing I shall attempt will be a small collection of the best and simplest I can find, retouched a little, with Edward's help, and with as many vignettes as Mr. Cruikshank will do for me. One of the stories will certainly be the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*—but I believe in prose. I only can lay hand just

¹ [From *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. pp. 299–300. Burne-Jones was at this time making drawings for Ruskin's portrait, "but as these were not preserved, I suppose," says Lady Burne-Jones, "they were unsatisfactory, and the plan was never carried out." "Proserpine" is Miss Rose La Touche.]

² [*New Review*, March 1892, pp. 276–277.]

³ [Possibly the MS. or a proof of the poem "*Félise*," included in Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* (published by Moxon). "Edward" is Burne-Jones.]

now on Browning's rhymed rendering of it, but that will do for the subject. I want the piper taking the children to Koppelberg hill—a nice little rout of funny little German children—not too many for clearness of figure—and a bit of landscape with the cavern opening in the hillside; but all simple and bright and clear, with broad lines: the landscape in Curdken running after his hat,¹ for instance, or the superb bit with the cottage in “Thumbling picked up by the Giant,” are done with the kind of line I want, and I should like the vignette as small as possible—full of design and meat—not of labour or light and shade.²

I would always rather have two small vignettes than one large one. And I will give *any* price that Mr. Cruikshank would like, but he must forgive me for taking so much upon me as to make the thick firm line a *condition*, for I cannot bear to see his fine hand waste itself in scratching middle tints and covering mere spaces, as in the Cinderella³ and other later works. The Peewit vignette, with the people jumping into the lake,⁴ I have always thought one of the very finest things ever done by anybody in pure line. It is so bold, so luminous; so intensely real, so full of humour, and expression, and character, to the last dot.

I send you my Browning marked with the subject at page 315, combining 1 and 2, and perhaps in the distance there might be the merest suggestion of a Town Council, 3—but I leave this wholly to Mr. Cruikshank's feeling.

Please explain all this to him, for I dare not write to him these impertinences without more really heartfelt apology than I have time, or words, to-day to express.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To C. A. HOWELL⁵

DENMARK HILL [April 9th, 1866].

DEAR HOWELL,—I do not know anything that has given me so much pleasure for a long time as the thought of the feeling with

¹ [See Cruikshank's vignette illustrating “The Goose-Girl,” at p. 154 of the edition of *German Popular Stories*, for which Ruskin wrote an introduction; and for “the superb bit with the cottage,” etc., p. 182.]

² [The design which Cruikshank made and etched accordingly is here for the first time printed (Plate XX.).]

³ [A volume of *George Cruikshank's Fairy Library—Cinderella and the Glass Slipper*, edited and illustrated with ten subjects. Designed and etched on steel by George Cruikshank. London: David Bogue, 86, Fleet Street. Small 4to, with six etchings (1854).]

⁴ [See p. 202 of *German Popular Stories*.]

⁵ [*New Review*, March 1892, p. 277.]



The Pied Piper

which Cruikshank will read this list of his Committee. You're a jolly fellow—you are, and I'm very grateful to you, and ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I re-enclose Cruikshank's letter, which is very beautiful. I think you must say £100 (a hundred) for me.

[April 16.]

Letter just received—so many thanks. It's delightful about Cruikshank.

To his MOTHER

HOTEL MEURICE, *Thursday, 20 April, 1866.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—The weather has been so superb here, that it cannot but have been beautiful with you too. But here it has been just what I remember of best in French weather, perfect balm of air, and burning sunshine, all day long. The lilacs were all out, and some over, and the flags in full bloom in that garden at Amiens where my father and you came on Sunday after church. We had a lovely walk in Boulogne market-place in the morning, seeing French children, and then we went to Mme. Huret's¹ and found her a little in déshabille—Joan will tell you all about it. My godson is a splendid fellow, with eyes as black as two cherries, and the children were delighted. We had a luxurious drive to Paris in a carriage to ourselves, and are here in pleasant front rooms at Meurice's, but the Hotel is now in the hands of a company, and all that I see of Paris and of France, as changed from what it was even three years ago, is wholly towards the most degrading conditions of senseless evil. But I must be off to the Louvre, the light is so lovely.

The children² are going for a drive with Sir Walter and Lady T.

Ever, my dearest mother, your most affectionate son,

J. RUSKIN.³

*To C. A. HOWELL*⁴

PARIS, *27th April, 1866.*

DEAR HOWELL,—We are getting on nicely. My address will be Poste Restante, Vevay, Canton Vaud, Suisse. Send me as little as you possibly can. Tie up the knocker—say I am sick—I'm dead. (Flattering and love letters, please—in any attainable quantity. Nothing else.)

¹ [Widow of the Boulogne pilot, who had taught Ruskin "to steer a lugger": see Vol. XXIX, p. 50.]

² [Miss Joan Agnew and Miss Constance Hilliard.]

³ [So Ruskin's letters to his mother always ended.]

⁴ [*New Review*, March 1892, p. 278.]

Necessary business, in your own words, if possible, shortly, as you would if I was really paralytic or broken-ribbed, or anything else dreadful; and after all explanation and abbreviation don't expect any answer—till I come back! But, in fact, I've a fair appetite for *one* dinner a day. My cousin likes two, but I only carve at one of them. Tell Ned this. The Continent is quite ghastly in unspeakable degradations and ill-omenedness of ignoble vice, everywhere.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To his MOTHER

HOTEL BELLEVUE, THUN, 20th May, 1866.

We got here yesterday at three o'clock, in the most glorious day conceivable; all the Alps clear as we came near; and this town and place are still, to my amazement, unchanged—except only that your terrace, on which you used to come out and walk before your bedroom windows, has been built upon; a series of narrow rooms raised on it, up to the top of the house, so that Joan and Constance slept last night *above* that balcony terrace of yours. They slept like two dormice, and I had nearly to beat their door down to wake them at seven o'clock, when I was going out, and they weren't ready for breakfast when I came in; and lost all the beauty of the morning; so I'm going to *depose* them to-day to a room with half the view, and take the best room myself, for it's of no use to *them*; a box full of wool would be the right place for them.

I have just taken them for a walk in the woods, and down by the lakeside road. We met peasants returning from church in full costume—and I think, on the whole, *that* pleased them more than all the mountains, or woods either. I had really no idea what a power dress had over the minds of girls, even such intelligent ones as Constance's.

But the costumes *were* very beautiful and perfect; more so than I ever saw them before: I am pleased at this and think it a hopeful sign of the country. The younger women nearly all had their straw hats with wreaths of scarlet and blue and white flowers quite round; and superb silver chains over their velvet bodies, and deep red patterned petticoats, and looked really as complete as they do in the picture-books. In the ten minutes we spent at Berne we saw one very beautiful girl in splendid dress; she must have been at a wedding or something—she was the first Constance had seen, and Con was struck speechless—it was so much more than she expected, for I had told her she must not be disappointed if she saw little costume. I am but just in time for post to-day. All our loves.

To his MOTHER

INTERLACHEN, 11th June, 1866.

It is a perfect day at last; cloudless; the Jungfrau bright, like silver frosted; and the haymakers in their white sleeves busy in the meadows; and the place itself quiet—the war having kept the English out of it, hitherto, to the great sorrow of the shopkeepers—but to my present contentment.

I fear I have given you too many envelopes for the Giessbach; what you have now sent there will be forwarded to Lucerne; but I shall be without news of you now for two or three days (perhaps I can get one back from the Giessbach here on Thursday)—we shall be on the Wengern Alp, I hope all day, to-morrow.

I have a pleasant line from Lady Waterford. She says: “I am grieved to hear of Lady Trevelyan’s death; though I did not know her, I had heard much of her and knew she was one of the best of women.” I have sent the note to Sir Walter. I enclose you a nice one from Professor Owen, and a signed requisition about the Oxford Professorship of Poetry,¹ which you may like to have to show to some friends. I can register my letter to-day, for once.

I look up to the Jungfrau from the table at which I write with window wide open. I never yet saw it so splendid from this place, that I recollect.

In looking over some of your past letters I see you ask about a waterfall which Joan wrote about, on the lake of Thun. You never saw it, nor did I before. It comes out of a cave, and is joined by various springs at the mouth of it, and then leaps down to the lake in a labyrinth of happy streamlets—all flash and play—with no appalling strength or terror;—the waterfall I took the children to see on Sunday was another kind of thing—a great torrent leaping a cliff full three times as high as St. Paul’s, but there was no getting near it through the colossal spray cloud; and the children could not conceive its size, but were much impressed, nevertheless (for *them*; though, as Carlyle says, “a canary bird can hold only its own quantity of astonishment”). They’re mighty busy packing wooden toys this morning. We dine at one (always now breakfast at seven! and then drive up to Lauterbrunnen, to tea).

I have told Tyrwhitt they may do what they like about the Poetry Professorship at Oxford.

¹ [On this subject, see Vol. XVIII. p. xliv.; and below, p. 524.]

To RAWDON BROWN

INTERLACHEN, *June 11th*, 1866.

MY DEAR BROWN,—I received some time since the notification of the arrival of the parcel of photographs—with your letter. I had then been for some days on my way to—Venice! with two old friends, and two young ones—nice little ladies, whom I thought to get to sing for you by moonlight in gondolas. Well—or rather, Ill—(how much fitter that other word would be for a general conjunction) one of my old friends—Lady Trevelyan—who had long been ill, but for whom we all hoped much from the air of Italy, became suddenly worse, and died at Neuchâtel three weeks ago. I had to do what best I could for her husband, but the best was little, and it was all very sad. When he left me, with the two children to take care of, the rumours of war were loud, and I did not like to write to you till we knew what it would be wisest to do. And now, at last, we have had to give up all hopes. If I had not been planning this journey to Venice, I should not have been so long silent, but I thought to surprise you. Your last letter needed an answer, for it was very kind (all your letters are that) and it asked some questions. You said you wanted to hear more of “Mary.”¹ But there is nothing to be heard of her, except that she is a very good girl whom I like to help and talk to;—the child of whom I wrote to you is not at all mentioned or alluded to in that school book. I may perhaps be able to tell you about her some day—perhaps never;—at present she is still suffering from the effects of long illness, and does not like to talk seriously of anything, least of all of anything likely to give pain either to her parents or to me, and she knows she can’t please both. So she stays my child pet, and puts her finger up if ever I look grave. But they won’t let her write to me any more now, and I suppose the end will be as it should be—that she will be a good girl and do as she is bid, and that I shall settle down to—fifteenth-century documents, as you’ve always told me I should.

Meantime I’ve thus had much discomfort this winter, and the deaths of Mrs. Carlyle and of Lady Trevelyan take from me my two best women friends of older power; and I am not very zealous about anything; but as soon as I get home, I hope to give you report upon the photographs, and I’m very glad to have this printed record about

¹ [One of the characters in *The Ethics of the Dust*: see Vol. XVIII. p. lxxii. n.]

the Bacchus, and its companions.¹ Please tell Signor Lorenzi so with my love, and believe me ever your affectionate
J.
RUSKIN.

Do you stay at Venice? I should like to know if you get this—could you send me a line to Poste Restante, Schaffhausen?

To C. A. HOWELL²

GENEVA, 4th July [1866].

DEAR HOWELL,—All's right now. I have all your packets, and will send some talk to-morrow. I can only [say] to-day that I'm delighted about the Cruikshank matters, and if the dear old man will do anything he likes more from the old Grimms it will be capital. Edward and Morris and you and I will choose the others together.

My little daisy, Miss Hilliard, is wild to-day about jewellers' shops, but not so wild as to have no love to send you. So here you have it, and some from the other one, too, though she's rather worse than the little one, because of a new bracelet. They've been behaving pretty well lately, and only broke a chair nearly in two this morning, running after each other.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

You did very nicely about Munro. I return the signed cheque. Please send it with my love, for I can't write to-day. *Is he better?*

To Miss LILY ARMSTRONG³

DENMARK HILL, 3rd August, 1866.

MY DEAREST LILY,—I was very glad to see your little square letter, for I had heard of your being ill, and wished to write, but was hindered. Indeed, I should like to see you once more, but there is no chance of my being able to come to Ireland or to Winnington—my mother cannot spare me any more this year. I was longer away from her than I intended, owing to the death of a friend who was travelling with me. I suppose there is no chance, neither, of mama and papa's being able or willing to spare you for a day or two to come and see *me*; so I must just recollect my little Lily when she *was* little, and be content without seeing her changed—perhaps I should not think her so nice—(I *couldn't* think her nicer).

¹ [The pictures by Tintoret painted for the Anticollegio in the Ducal Palace. The document referring to the paintings is No. 880 (p. 449) in Lorenzi's book (for which, see above, p. 439 *n.*.)]

² [*New Review*, March 1892, p. 279.]

³ [Daughter of Serjeant Armstrong, M.P.; the "Lily" of *Ethics of the Dust*; afterwards Mrs. Kevill Davies.]

I have not noticed the votes on this great Parliamentary quarrel yet.¹ Can you tell me which side Papa voted on? I should like to know what he thought. To me all suffrage questions are wholly immaterial. All good men's "votes" are deeds—of helping forward good men whenever they can, and depressing bad ones . . .

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

DENMARK HILL, 18 August, 1866.

DEAR NORTON,—I have been in hopes every day of announcing completion of drawing for you, but Edward works at it and gets angry with himself, and then gives in; he is not well, and has gone into the country for a week or two. I have not drawn your cheque. I'll get him on if I can, as soon as he comes back.

I've had rather a bad summer. I went abroad with an old friend, Lady Trevelyan, and her husband. She died at Neuchâtel. . . . I am not well myself, and do not care to write nothing but grumbles to you. I am working at botany and mineralogy, however, with some success.

My mother is pretty well, and I daresay if ever I get any strength again, I shall find I've learned something through all this darkness. Howbeit, I fancy Emerson's essay on Compensation must have been written when he was very comfortable. Forgive this line—I have put it off so long—and you can't write to me while I'm swindling you out of your fifty pounds, without seeming to dun me for it.

I am drawing some slight things rather better than of old. That's the only promising point at present.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To C. A. HOWELL³

DENMARK HILL, 22nd August [1866].

DEAR HOWELL,—The enclosed is from a funny, rather nice, half crazy old French lady (guessing at her from her letters), and I have a curiosity to know what kind of a being it is. Would you kindly call on her to ask her for further information about the "perdicament," and, if you think it at all curable or transitable, I'll advance her £20 without interest? I've only told her you will call to "inquire into the circumstances of the case."—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Lord John Russell's Government had been defeated by 11 votes (315 to 304) on an amendment to the Reform Bill. Serjeant Armstrong was M.P. for Sligo.]

² [No. 46 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 159–160.]

³ [*New Review*, March 1892, p. 280.]

To C. A. HOWELL¹

DENMARK HILL, 2nd Sept., 1866.

DEAR HOWELL,—I am wholly obliged to you for these Cruikshanks. The Jack Shepherd one² is quite awful, and a miracle of skill and command of means. The others are all splendid in their way—the morning one with the far-away street I like the best;—the officials with the children are glorious too,³—withering: if one understands it. But who does? or ever did? The sense of loss and vanity of all good art—until we are better people—increases on me daily.

I can't understand the dear old lady's letters, nor see the main point—*i.e.*, if she has got the receipt from Maple. I sent them a cheque as soon as you had left. I suppose it is all right, but I return you the letters. Please look after her a little. I shouldn't mind replacing placing the overcharge sum at her banker's besides.

Also look over the enclosed from B—. I'm very sorry about this man—anything more wretched than the whole business can't be. He'll never paint!—and how to keep him from starvation and madness, I can't see. I can't keep every unhappy creature who mistakes their vocation. What can I do? I've rather a mind to send him this fifty pounds, which would be the simplest way to me of getting quit of him—but I can't get quit of the *thought* of him. Is his wife nice, do you know, or if you don't, would you kindly go and see? I've written to him to write to you, or to explain things to you, if you call. What a tidy, nice way you have of doing things—the hymn to Proserpine looks like a set of pictures. What did you find among the photos of Llewellyn Correspondence? The man wrote to me yesterday for a letter of Lord Derby's. I knew no more who he was than the Emperor of China.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

I—wrote to me in a worry for money, the day before yesterday. I wrote I couldn't help him. All the earlier part of the week an old friend of my father's, a staff writer on the *Times*, was bothering and sending his wife out here in cabs in the rain, to lend him £800, on no security to speak of, and yesterday comes a letter from Edinburgh saying my old friend Dr. John Brown is gone mad—owing to, among

¹ [*New Review*, March 1892, p. 280, where "I—" is identified as "a very well-known painter of great merit, recently dead." It is believed that "B—" also is now dead.]

² [This should be *Jack Sheppard*, the reference being to one or other of the 27 etched plates by Cruikshank (perhaps "Jack Sheppard visits his mother in Bedlam") in Harrison Ainsworth's novel, published in *Bentley's Miscellany*, 1839.]

³ [These are etchings in *Sketches by Boz*. The "morning one" is "The Streets—Morning" (the first of the "Scenes"); the "officials with the children" is the illustration to "Public Dinners," in which portraits of Dickens and Cruikshank are introduced among the officials who conduct the procession of "Indigent Orphans."]

other matters, pecuniary affairs (after a whole life of goodness and usefulness).

At page 449 of the Venetian Documents¹ is Paul Veronese's estimate of the Tintoret pictures of which you have two photos—at 50 ducats each—pretty well for those days?

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

DENMARK HILL, 7th Sept. '66.

MY DEAR MRS. SIMON,—I thank you, heartily, for your long letter just received. There is much in it that gives me pleasure—nothing that alters my opinions or feelings in any serious degree. I never doubted of, or failed in, affection to Mme. Eisenkraemer for a single instant. I would not receive her because I did not feel able to speak on the subject² before her, nor to be with her husband, as she would have expected me to be. I thought it would be his part to explain to her, as he would feel, why it was.

Couttet I know better, as I think, than he knows himself, having long been in the habit of playing *into* his foibles, that he might not think I saw them. I never doubted his trustworthiness in whatever was definitely trusted to him, and of which he perceived the importance. But he doubted of *my* word—before I doubted *his*. I left him in charge of that land, telling him no wood was to be cut upon it, though Eisenkraemer was to have the pasture of it for that year, and that I would buy it in the autumn on my return—cash down. This point of cutting no wood was a special one, as I had favourite trees, five or six hundred years old.

On my return, I found the place covered with *charcoal* burners' refuse—many of my favourite trees destroyed. I was in a violent passion, but said little. Couttet answered to the little I did say, “Quand l'argent est payé la terre est à vous—pas avant—on ne scait pas à quoi s'en tenir” (an unforgiveable speech, to *me*).

This whole matter was apparently a little thing, but it is one of many by which I judge of Couttet's “regard” for *me*. There is not a word in your letter which does not principally regard himself—the movement with the hat most of all.

Such, however, being the feeling in the valley, I will write a simple statement of the facts, and of my feelings to them, and have it put in good French and print it, and send it for whosoever cares to read

¹ [Collected by Lorenzi: see above, p. 439 *n.*]

² [Ruskin's purchase of land at Chamouni: see above, p. 445.]

it. I never, of course, countenanced my lawyer in that act of violence to Payot; he shall himself answer for it to you, and to Mr. Simon, and to everybody else. He will probably, however, ask first to be satisfied why the deed of sale itself was removed by Eisenkraemer's lawyer from the public office in which it ought to have been found, and found only by my lawyer's energy, among his effects after his decease.

My lawyer's entire subsequent action and mine was under the advice of the leading lawyer in Geneva.

Thank you for all your trouble and kind feeling in the matter. Let the land be assured to me, within due limits (no *boundaries* could be traced, or even agreed upon, when I was there), and I am ready to take it still, at the price agreed upon. I have never retreated from my bargain. I said I will to-day buy the land, if you can *give* it me—not if you cannot.

I'm afraid this letter and its enclosure are alike too late, but you give me no new address.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To C. A. HOWELL¹

DENMARK HILL [Sept., 1866].

DEAR HOWELL,—I send you the Rhine, with much love. I'm so glad you don't like those north stories. Wouldn't Cruikshank choose himself subjects out of Grimm? If not,—to begin with, the old soldier having lost his way in a wood comes to a cottage with a light in it shining through the trees. At its door is a witch spinning—of whom he asks lodging. She says "He must dig in her garden, then."²—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To C. A. HOWELL³

DENMARK HILL [11th Sept., 1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL,—Thank you for all trouble and for the etchings, etc. I have been looking at the fairy tales, but don't like any. I think the best way would be to make that old Grimm a little richer,—there are plenty of subjects in it.

¹ [*New Review*, March 1892, p. 281. "The Rhine," as appears from the next letter, was a drawing by Prout.]

² [The design which Cruikshank made and etched accordingly is here for the first time published (Plate XXI.). It illustrates the opening of the story called "The Blue Light" in *German Popular Stories*, p. 168.]

³ [*New Review*, March 1892, p. 281.]



The Soldier and the Witch

How horrid all that is—like a story in Dickens—about the old lady and lawyers. Thank your cousin for all her niceness. Look here—without saying who it is for, or talking about it, whenever you come across *any pencil* drawing of Prout's, tell me of it. I'm glad I had that one for you, for I think you must sometimes enjoy it a little. I've got plenty for *myself*, but I've a plan about them.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

To THOMAS CARLYLE¹

DENMARK HILL [14th Sept., 1866].

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—How can I ever thank you enough for being to me what this Milan letter says (and your saying is like nature's—one with deed) that you are—and for trusting and loving me enough to be able to write so to me? then—oh me—if I had lost this letter!

God keep you and give you back some of your care to use your inner strength—the strength is itself unbroken.

I cannot say more to-day.—Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

To C. A. HOWELL²

September, 1866.

Please just look over enclosed and see if any little good can or ought to be done. I want you to go to Boulogne for me to see after the widow of a pilot who died at Folkestone of cholera. They were dear friends of mine, both as good as gold—she now quite desolate. When could you go, taking your cousin with you, if you like, for a few days? You would be well treated at the Hôtel des Bains. I'll come over to-morrow and tell you about it.

To C. A. HOWELL

September, 1866.

I don't think it will be necessary for you to stay at Boulogne longer than the enclosed will carry you. It is more as a bearer of the expression of my sympathy that I ask you to go than to *do* much. The poor woman ought to be able to manage very well with her one child, if she lives, and I doubt not she will do all she ought; but at present she is stunned, and it will do her good to have you to speak to.

¹ [Carlyle had lost his wife on April 21, 1866, and Ruskin had written to condole with him. Carlyle's reply (May 10, 1866) has been printed in Vol. XVIII. p. xlvii. It had apparently been forwarded to Milan, where Ruskin had intended to, but did not, go, and ultimately reached him in London.]

² [This letter, and the following, are from M. H. Spielmann's *John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 51.]

To C. A. HOWELL¹

DENMARK HILL, 26th Sept., 1866.

MY DEAR HOWELL,—My mother is terribly nervous about the cholera at Boulogne—so, I find, is Rossetti. I am not, and I hope you are not—most assuredly I should have gone myself just now, but for leaving my mother alone. But, under the circumstances, I feel it my duty to beg you to return instantly. I mean this for as much of an order as it would be becoming to our friendship for either of us to receive from the other under any circumstances, and I shall be seriously annoyed if you do not immediately comply with it (your good-nature might else make you delay).—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To C. A. HOWELL²

DENMARK HILL, 1866.

DEAR HOWELL,—This H—business *is* serious. Write to Miss B—that I do not choose at present to take any notice of it, else the creditor would endeavour to implicate me in it at once, if there was the least appearance of my having been acquainted with the transaction—and I don't at all intend to lose money by force, whatever I may do for my poor friend when she is quit of lawyers. If people in this world would but teach a little less religion, and a little more common honesty, it would be much more to everybody's purpose—and to God's.

The etching will not do. The dear old man has dwelt on serious and frightful subject, and cultivated his conscientiousness till he has lost his humour. He may still do impressive and moral subjects, but I know by this group of children that he can do fairy tales no more.³

I think he might quite well do still what he would feel it more his duty to do—illustrations of the misery of the streets of London. He knows that, and I would gladly purchase the plates at the same price.

¹ [*New Review*, March 1892, p. 282, where the letter is given in *facsimile*.]

² [*Ibid.*, pp. 282–283, and Spielmann's *John Ruskin*, pp. 52, 113.]

³ [Nearly twenty years later, Ruskin thus again referred to Cruikshank's lost power, as testified in these two plates of the "Pied Piper" and Grimm's "Story of the Blue Light": "It was precisely because Mr. Cruikshank *could not* return to the manner of the Grimm plates" (published in 1822), "but etched too finely and shaded too much, that our project came to an end." See Vol. XXXIV. p. 566.]

Here is the cheque for this, and Miss B—'s note.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Give my dear love to Mr. Cruikshank, and say, if he had been less kind and good, his work now would have been fitter for wayward children, but that his lessons of deeper import will be incomparably more precious if he *cares* to do them. But that he must not work while in the country.

To THOMAS CARLYLE¹

DENMARK HILL, 29th Sept., 1866.

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I went in to Waterloo Place and gave Mr. Hume that letter about Lord Russell, yesterday, and the bearer of this has already delivered his pamphlet to him to-day. I asked him also whether he might not be helped in his present work by the lawyer's precision of my friend Mr. Pattison—(I heedlessly called him Harrison to you the other night—having another lawyer and politico-economist friend of that name). But Mr. Hume looked a little disconcerted at the proposal—so it is best, I suppose, at present to leave matters in his

¹ [In answer to the following letter from Carlyle about business connected with the Governor Eyre Defence Committee:—

“CHELSEA, 27 Sept., 1866.—DEAR RUSKIN,—I have again read all those letters, but do not, from Mr. Price or his *Jamaica Standard*, get the least glimmer of light about ‘The Tramway Swindle’ or any of the other miracles alleged, which I can only conceive as more or less natural *misbirths* of that nearly *inconceivable* little *Chaos in a Coalbox* (probably very violent, and sure to be *fuliginous*) which they call ‘House of Assembly’; and all intent upon *talk* of various kinds, while their Governor was pushing towards work and result. A mere heap of flaming soot; abstrusely equal to zero to us! Mr. Price, I have no reason to doubt, was and is perfectly honest and *bona-fide*; but need not concern us farther.

“The best thing you can now do is to consult seriously that practical Mr. Harris; and if, unfortunately, he won't be of the Committee, get him to undertake that lucid Digest, or conclusive little Summary of facts and principles, which *must* be set forth, and addressed to the British People for their answer. Such a thing would have immense results, if rightly done; and, to all appearance, he is the one man for it. Be diligent. I bid you!

“The letter from Christie (ex-Brazilian Excellency, and a very shrewd fellow) came this morning. I leave a *memorandum* of it with Hume; to whom, if you chance to look in, you may give it *in corpore*:—otherwise, keep or return hither. I expect you again about Wednesday, and hope to be alone and get more good of you. *Ay de mi!*—Yours ever.

“T. CARLYLE.”

In a later letter (October 11) Carlyle complains of a statement as “presented as if wrapt in bales of wool, or by the *broadest* end, or even by the *side*, instead of the *point*,” and bids Ruskin see what he can do to help the author to mend it.]

very willing and active hands. I spoke to him about the Price matters; your kind note being, for the rest, quite enough for me;—however, I spoke to Hume about it, and he read me Eyre’s own letter about Price—which is conclusive.

The reason I attached overdue weight to Price’s letter you might partly guess from his niece’s, which I left with you, not inadvertently. I do not know if you looked at it again or thought of it in any wise; but if you could be troubled to glance over this two-in-one letter enclosed, which you see bears (receptive) postmark, “Luzern, 28th Nov., 1861,” you will see how it is that I can’t work now so well as I used to do; and why you must not scold me for not always being able to “look valiantly upon these things.”—Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

The passage about governesses refers to a gallant thing she did in defiance of all scoldings by her friends—namely, nursing her children’s sick governess herself, through a month’s long illness requiring closest watching, during some part of it, night and day.

I have opened my letter to put in also one that has come by this post, which I think you will like—in answer to what I told her of your impression of Mr. Price.

I’ll come over on Wednesday as usual. I am so glad you *like* to have me alone.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

DENMARK HILL [*Oct.* 1, 1866].

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—Please, I’ll come over and take you to the Committee¹ on Wednesday. Then I’ll come on Thursday evening for talk if that will do—or Friday—as you like best.

I’ve been looking for accounts of Gustavus—Lutzen, etc.—can’t get anything human about them.

It seems to me that a magnificent *closing* work for you to do would be to set your finger on the turning points and barriers in European history, to gather them into train of light,—to give without troubling yourself about detail or proof, your own *final* impression of the courses and causes of things—and your thoughts of the leading men, *who* they were, and *what* they were. If you like to do this, I’ll come and write for you a piece of every day, if after beginning it you still found the mere hand work troublesome. I have a notion it would be very wholesome work for me, and it would be very proud and dear for me. But that’s by the way—only think of the thing itself.—Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [The Eyre Defence Committee: see Vol. XVIII. p. xlvi.]

To C. A. HOWELL¹

DENMARK HILL, 3rd November [1866].

DEAR HOWELL,—I enclose your cheque for the 8th. You are now quits with me, and we come to our 50 at February, but let me know always fearlessly when you want any quicker help. . . . You can't at all think what complicated and acute worry I've been living in the last two months. I'm getting a little less complex now, only steady headache instead of thorn fillet. I don't mean to be irreverent, but in a small way, in one's poor little wretched humanity, it best expresses the difference. That's why I couldn't think about Cruikshank or anything.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To C. A. HOWELL²

DENMARK HILL, 9th November [1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL,—All that you have done is right and nice, but I am sorry to see you are yourself overworked also. I will take some measures to relieve you of this nuisance by writing a letter somewhere on modern destitution in the middle classes. I hope to be able to do this more effectively towards the beginning of the year, and to state that for the present I must retire from the position necessarily now occupied by a publicly recognised benevolent—or simple—person. In the meantime, whenever you don't think a letter deserves notice, merely say you "have forwarded it to me." Forward them to me in packets, merely putting a cross on the back of any you wish me to read. I may, or may not, but I will take the onus of throwing the rest into the fire.

I simply have at present no more money, and therefore am unable to help—in fact, I am a long way within my proper banker's balance, and I don't choose at present to sell out stock and diminish my future power of usefulness.

I think I shall do most ultimate good by distinctly serviceable appropriation of funds, not by saving here and there an unhappy soul—I wish I could—when I hear of them, as you well know. I am at the end of my means just now, and that's all about it.

I am going to write to Rutter³ to release Cruikshank from the

¹ [*New Review*, March 1892, p. 283.]

² [*Ibid.*, pp. 283–284.]

³ [Mr. Henry Rutter, LL.B., junior partner in the firm of J. C. Rutter & Son, whose senior partner was executor to Ruskin's father.]

payment of that hundred.¹ He gave some bonds which may be useful to him, and I shall put the 100 down—as I said I would—to the testimonial.

Take care of yourself. Don't answer letters at all—when you're tired. Suppose you are me, myself—of course *I* can't answer them.—Ever, with love to your cousin, your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss LILY ARMSTRONG

DENMARK HILL, 19th November, 1866.

MY DEAREST LILY,—I am in great pride and delight with my letter to-day; I think it so kind and pretty and good in you and Lotty not to forget me—through all this long time; and it is so nice of you to write out this long, tiresome lecture which I wanted. I do so wish I could come and see you—but I am thoroughly ill at present, though the doctors say they could make me quite strong again if only they could keep me in good humour; but they can't, I'm so naughty. However, I'm just a little better than I was in the summer—and perhaps I shall be able to make another little drawing for Lanty by Christmas time. You have done me a great deal of good by writing to me to-day, you darlingest of Lilies; and so have Susie and Nellie. I'm so glad Nellie is there still with you; I must write to her—but I can't more to-day, for I've been studying “Desiccation of Calcite” till I'm giddy. I want to do a little sequel to the *Ethics* this winter (only it will all be quite dead detail—with plates—no dialogue),² and I'm doing a great deal with botany—if only I had more strength for work I should have some really useful books for you soon done; they're all in my head, but they do me no good there, except make me giddy—they're ever so much worse than Irish jigs.

Yes, it is nice that Venice is free from the Austrians,³ but Venice and all Italy are still enslaved to an emperor they know not of—and there is no hope for them till they have broken his yoke asunder, and cast *his* cords from them.⁴ For as *our* true monarch is not Victoria but Victor Mammon, so theirs is Victor—ah—not Emmanuel, but Belial—

“To vice industrious—but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful.”⁵

¹ [See letter of 9th April 1866.]

² [This intention was not carried out.]

³ [By the treaty of peace between Italy and Austria signed on October 3, Venice was annexed to the kingdom of Italy.]

⁴ [See Psalms ii. 3.]

⁵ [*Paradise Lost*, ii. 117.]

And the only idea of the Venetians, in regaining what they imagine to be liberty, is not to recall the Toil of Venice—by which she Rose—but the Pleasures by which she Perished.

To WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI¹

DENMARK HILL, 2 December, 1866.

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,—I don't often read criticisms (disliking my own as much as or more than other people's), but I have read this; and like it much—and entirely concur with you as far as you have carried it. But you have left the fearful and melancholy mystery untouched, it seems to me, . . . the corruption which is peculiar to the genius of modern days.

I hope George Richmond will dine with me on Tuesday next, the 4th, at six: if this reaches you in time, I wish you could come too. It is so long since I have seen you. Love to Gabriel always.—Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

DENMARK HILL, 28th December, 1866.

MY DEAR NORTON,—I have not written to you because I *did* hope to have sent you some account of the portrait, but both Jones and I have been ill,—I very seriously, as far as any chronic illness can be serious,—being variously tormented, down into the dust of death and near his gates, and no portrait seems finishable, for the present, so I have cancelled your cheque, sending you back the enclosed torn bit to assure you thereof; and if either he or I (for I suspect I can draw myself better than anybody can³) can do anything worth your having, you shall have it for nothing.

I am working at geology and botany, and hope to get something done in that direction, of a dry and dim nature, this next year. Which, as it will be my 7 x 7th, is likely, not merely for that reason—but for many, to bring many troubles to an end for me, one way or another.

My mother is wonderfully well, and I am in some sort better than for some time back. The doctors say there's nothing the matter with me but what it isn't their business to deal with.

Did I tell you anything of my summer tour this year? I forget. Let me know how you are.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

¹ [*Rossetti Papers*, by W. M. Rossetti, pp. 216–217. The “criticism” is the pamphlet, *Swinburne's Poems and Ballads. A Criticism*. By William Michael Rossetti (John Camden Hotten, 1866).]

² [No. 47 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 160–161.]

³ [Afterwards Ruskin sent two portrait-sketches of himself to Mr. Norton: see Vol. XXXVII. p. 92.]

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[This was a year in which Ruskin's literary output was for him small: see Vol. XVIII. p. xvii. His life at Denmark Hill during the earlier months is noted in Vol. XIX. pp. xxii.–xxvi. After receiving an honorary degree and delivering the Rede Lecture at Cambridge in May, he went for some weeks to the Lake District. Letters to his mother written thence are given in Vol. XIX. pp. xxviii.–xxxiv.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, 23rd January, 1867.

DEAR NORTON,—I have just got your New Year's letter (for which a thousand thanks and thoughts); but I am vexed because you seem never to have got mine, giving account of Burne-Jones's breakdown with the portrait and enclosing a fragment of your fifty-pound cheque to show that it was destroyed; and promising, if ever I can draw again, to try and do you a sketch of myself. This letter was sent a good while ago; I forget how long, but you should certainly have had it before the end of the year, it seems to me. However, it is always late enough to hear of failures. I am painting birds, and shells, and the like, to amuse myself and keep from sulking, but I sulk much.

Yes, it is indeed time we should meet—but it will be to exchange glances and hearts—not thoughts—for I have no thoughts—I am so puzzled about everything that I've given up thinking altogether. It seems to me likely that I shall draw into a very stern, lonely life, if life at all, doing perhaps some small work of hand with what gift I have, peacefully, and in the next world—if there is any—I hope to begin a little better and get on farther. I want to send this by "return of post" and must close.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

My mother's love. She is well, but her sight is failing fast now. She may revive a little in spring,—perhaps may only last long enough to let her see my father's tomb. I have made it quite simple, with a granite slab on the top—so²—supported by a pure and delicate moulding from my favourite tomb of Ilaria di Caretto, at Lucca (a slender green serpentine shaft at each corner), and on the granite slab,—this,—

[Here followed the inscription, which is printed in Vol. XVII. p. lxxvii.]

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, pp. 17–18. No. 48 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 162–164.]

² ["Here was a slight drawing."—C. E. N.]

To ERNEST CHESNEAU¹

DENMARK HILL, *February 1st*, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR,—My publisher has forwarded your letter to me; and while I am deeply flattered and gratified by its contents, I must yet respectfully pray you to waive your intention of making extracts from my works at present. There are many imperfect statements and reasonings in them, which I wish to complete before their publication is extended. Some papers begun last year in the *Art Journal*, under the title of *The Cestus of Aglaia*,² were intended to do this; they were interrupted by broken health. As soon as I am able to resume and complete these, I should be very grateful to any translator who would honour me by putting them before the public in France.—Believe me, Sir, with sincere respect, your faithful servant, J. RUSKIN.

To ERNEST CHESNEAU³

DENMARK HILL, *February 13th*, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely obliged by the favour of your letter, and of the volumes which accompanied it, and I am heartily grateful for the flattering expression of your wish to translate, and write an introduction to, some of my works. I am quite sure that I could never hope for more just and more charitable interpretation. I am entirely convinced that the spirit (*body* I would more sadly say) of the age is such as to render it wholly impossible for it to nourish or receive any great art whatsoever. It has polluted and crushed our Turner into the madneses which you saw (and which none mourned more than I); it has turned your Gustave Doré into a mirror of the mouth of Hell; made your Gérome an indecent modeller in clay instead of a painter, and puffed up the conscientious vanity of the Germans into unseemly mimicries of ancient error and hollow assumption of repulsive religion. I have no hope for any of us but in a change in the discipline and framework of all society, which may not come to pass yet, nor perhaps at all in our days; and therefore it is that I do not care to write more, or to complete what I have done, feeling it all useless. Still less to send it abroad in its crude state.—Always, believe me, my dear Sir, faithfully and respectfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 1 in *Letters from John Ruskin to Ernest Chesneau*, edited by Thomas J. Wise, privately printed, 1894, pp. 3–4. For M. Chesneau, see the Introduction, above, p. lxx. The original letter was sold at Sotheby's, July 5, 1888 (No. 332). On M. Chesneau's scheme for putting Ruskin's works before the French public, see Vol. III. p. 683.]

² [Vol. XIX. pp. 41 *seq.*]

³ [No. 2 in *Chesneau*, pp. 5–6.]

To THOMAS CARLYLE¹

DENMARK HILL, 17th February, 1867.

DEAREST MR. CARLYLE,—I should indeed have written to you, as you bade me—long ago, if it had not been that I had nothing to say except either what you knew very well—(that I loved you—and because I did, was glad, for the time, I had lost you)—or—what it would have made you very angry with me to know. Which, as it must be told, may as well now be at once got confessed. Namely, that one day—soon after you left—I sate down gravely to consider what I could say about poetry, and finding after a weary forenoon that the sum of my labours amounted to four sentences, with the matter of two in them, that also my hands were hot—and my lips parched—and my heart heavy—I concluded that it was not the purpose of fate that I should lose any more days in such manner, and wrote to the Oxford people a final and formal farewell. For which they have graciously expressed pretty regrets: but I have since felt none—except those which related to the letter I had some day to write to Mentone.

One pleasant thing I had to tell you of, however, was a most happy evening we had with your sister. I think she enjoyed it too. My mother was entirely happy with her at once, and my cousin rejoiced in her, and I rejoiced in all three. Her modest gentleness of *power* is notable to me above anything I have yet seen of womankind.

She saved a little bit of *Frederick the Great* from the housemaid—and sent it me—for which I am ever her grateful servant.

She told me a little thing that touched me closely also—that you had thought it worth while to keep—labelled—that little scrawl of curved lines I made one evening. And I think I shall be able to show you, when you return, that my poor little gift, such as it is, *does* lie in eye and hand—not in brains—for, since I finally gave up the Oxford matter, I set myself (chiefly to put some too painful thoughts from me) to do in painting one or two little things as well as I could. (Which I never did before—for all my drawing hitherto has only been to collect data—never for its own sake.) And, doing as well as I could, I have done—not ill—several things—a dead partridge,

¹ [This letter was written to Carlyle, who was seeking change of scene, after his wife's death, at Mentone; hence Ruskin was glad of his absence. The letter is exhibited at the Carlyle Museum, and is the property of the Carlyle House Memorial Trust, by whose permission it is here given. It is an answer to the letter from Carlyle, of February 15, given in Vol. XVII. p. 339 *n*. The first part refers to Ruskin's proposed candidature (approved, it would seem, by Carlyle) for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, in succession to Matthew Arnold. Ruskin's withdrawal left the field clear for Sir Francis Doyle (see W. H. Hutton's *Letters of Bishop Stubbs*, p. 114). For a note on the *facsimile*, see the Introduction, above, p. cxii.]

Dixfield Hill, S.

17th February
1867

Dearest Mr Carlyle

I should indeed have written to you,
as you bade me - long ago, if it had not
been that I had nothing to say except
either what you knew very well - / that I loved
you - and because I did, was glad, (in the time,
I had lost you) - or - what it would have
made you very angry with me to know.
which - as it must be told may as well
now be at once got ^{confessed} over. namely that
one day - soon after you left. I sat down
gravelly to consider what I could say about
poetry. and finding after a weary forenoon,
that the sum of my labours amounted to
four sentences, with the matter of two in them,
- that ^{also} my hands were hot - and my
lips parched. and my heart heavy -
I concluded that it was not the purpose of
fate that I should lose any more days
in such manner - and wrote to the Oxford
people a final & formal farewell
for which they have graciously expressed

A PAGE OF A LETTER TO THOMAS CARLYLE

(WITH A NOTE OF CARLYLE'S)

and a wild drake, and a small twisted shell.¹ That sounds despicable enough, I fear, to you in your olive woods at the feet of Witches of Endor;²—nevertheless, poor as it may be, I think it *is* my work. For, Turner being dead, I am quite sure there is no one else in England now who could have painted that shell, but I; and it seems to me, therefore, I must have been meant to do it.

I need not say how happy the kind sentence about your wishing to have me again on Wednesday evenings made me. Nevertheless, I must still unselfishly pray that you may be enchanted away by magical “hair of the head”—to Florence at least, if not to Rome. That satiety of travel is surely a kind of lichenous overgrowing of one’s thoughts when one has been *too* long at rest—very good for most people, if they would only have patience to take the colouring—but surely not for you? I think your interest in seeing would increase the more you were tempted to see, and that the mere change of air and of slope of sunray, by whatever endurance of irksome motion obtained, would be—oh, so much better for you than the monotonous effluvium of Chelsea shore. the fog was so dark to-day that I had candles at nine-o’clock breakfast. Think of that! and look up to your sky “with recognition.”²

My mother thanks you much for your good message. I hope to have some interesting little gossip to write to you about my cousin, next week.

I am so ashamed of my writing. I *can’t* help it, unless I write so very slow that I should forget what I had to say. Sincere regards to Lady Ashburton.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

DENMARK HILL, 12th March, 1867.

DEAR NORTON,—I have drawn your fifty pounds this time, and will render you, I trust, better account of it. I have not been able to attend to anything lately, having been in all kinds of bitter, doubtful, useless, wretchedness of pain, of which it is no use to write. I think this 7 x 7th year may put some close to it, one way or another. I hardly know how far it is hurting me—perhaps I make more fuss about pain than other men, because I can’t understand how people

¹ [The “dead partridge” is at Oxford, Rudimentary Series No. 178 (Vol. XXI. p. 226, Plate XXXVIII.). The “wild drake” is in the British Museum. The particular study of a shell, here mentioned, cannot be identified; there are such studies in Mrs. Cunliffe’s and other collections.]

² [See Carlyle’s letter, Vol. XVII. p. 340 *n.*]

³ [No. 49 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 164–165.]

can give it me—and it gives me a horror of human creatures; I don't in the least see how it can come right any way, but it must end.

The drawing by Jones will be, I hope, easily gettable; the *Liber Studiorum* is more difficult,—impossible, I might say,—but perhaps the prices which had become utterly wild and monstrous may lower a little in these bad times of trade.

The far-spread calamity caused by these villainous speculators meets me at every turn; friend after friend is affected by it, directly or indirectly, but it does not seem yet to lower art prices, which is the only good it could do me.

I've been painting a little, and writing some letters on politics,¹ but otherwise I'm all but dead—and why should I go on whining about it to you?—Ever, with sincere remembrances to your mother and sisters,
most affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To THOMAS CARLYLE²

DENMARK HILL, 31st March, 1867.

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I have had a heavy time of it since I wrote last, in various ways of which I cannot tell you; not that there is anything in my mind which I would not trust you to know, but because there are some conditions of trouble for which one has no business to ask sympathy even from one's dearest friends. I am now recovering some dim tranquillity and writing a few letters on political econ.,—which I hope you will say it was better to write than not,—though I am too unwell to take pains with them: and the entirely frightful and ghastly series of unnatural storm and frost which lasted through the beginning of this month (far into it, indeed), followed by severe March blights and bleak swirlings of bitter rain, has kept me from any wholesome walking or breathing until I can hardly think or stand.

(4th April.) And now I do not know if it is of the least use to send this to Mentone; but I will let it take its chance—the main thing that I wanted to say to you being that I have had to meditate somewhat closely over educational questions lately, and I am more than ever impressed with the sense of the greatness of the gift you could bestow in the good close of all your labour by a summary of your present vision of history, and of its causative forces—not writing

¹ [*Time and Tide* (Vol. XVII).]

² [At Mentone: for Carlyle's letter thence, of February 15, see Vol. XVII. p. 339 n.]

the history of any country, but marking the conclusions to which you had come in reading its history yourself; and telling us the events that were of essential significance; and separating them, in their true relations, from things useless.

Suppose I were to ask you, for instance, briefly (not being able to read for myself any history of Spain)—what had made the Spaniard of to-day what he is? You would sit down in your fender-corner, and roll me out an entirely clear and round statement of the main dealings of Providence and of the Devil with him, and of his with them. Now, if you were to write down such an answer—of its quarter of an hour's length—and then amplify and illustrate it as you saw good, it would be a perfect guide to me, for such labour as I could undertake on the subject, but which without such a guide would be wholly thrown away—so that indeed I should never undertake it.

Do think of this, in your rambles under the olive trees. I hope, wherever you are, that this weather has found you still in Italy; and that you will outstay the Firefly time. I always think that nothing in the world can possibly be so touching, in its own natural sweetness, and in the association with the pensive and glorious power of the scene, as the space of spring time in Italy during which the firefly makes the meadows quiver at midnight. And then if you were to get up to the lakes, in May! and go up the Val Formazza over the Gries and Grimsel, and so to the Giessbach Inn on the lake of Brienz, you would find that in early June the happiest, coolest, warmest, cosiest, wildest work! and two dear good Swiss girls would wait on you, who would remember my two little girls and me, last year, and do everything they could—and they could a great deal—to make you comfortable. And now I must say good-bye—and please forgive this nothing of a letter. I might have told you a great deal, that only would have vexed you,—nothing is better.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

*To his MOTHER*¹

CAMBRIDGE, 23rd May, 1867.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—All went well to-day—and pleasingly, if anybody had been there to please. But it is a great deal, yet, to have one's honour thought of, by Mother—and Mistress—and by a loving little cousin like Joan. Else, what good would there be in it? The form of admission is—first that you put on a scarlet gown, furred

¹ [A few lines of this letter have been given in Vol. XIX. p. xxvii. Ruskin was at Cambridge to receive an honorary degree and deliver the Rede Lecture (Vol. XIX. pp. 161 *seq.*).]

with white: then the Latin orator takes you by the hand (right hand by right hand, which you reach across to him), and leads you up the middle of the Senate House, to the front of the Vice-Chancellor's seat. There, putting you to stand by yourself before the Vice-Chancellor, he himself stands aside, turns to the spectators, and delivers a Latin laudatory speech (commendatory of you for the honour of degree), some ten minutes or fifteen minutes long; in my case, there being nothing particular to rehearse—except that I had written books “exquisite in language and faultlessly pure in contention with evil principles,” with much more to a similar effect, which, having been all said in Latin, I wished that the young ladies present could better understand that learned language than I fear even Cambridge young ladies may be expected to do (*N.B.*—One a very sweet, though shortcoming, likeness of Rosie, with her *very* smile, so that it made me start). The orator dwelt more on the *Crown of Wild Olive* than on any other of my books, which pleased me, as it was the last.

The Oration finished, he takes your hand again and gives it to the Vice-Chancellor (but it made me think of Somebody else—whom it much more belongs to). The Vice-Chancellor stands up, and after a little bit more of Latin which I didn't understand, because I was looking him full in the face (having kept my eyes on the ground through the Oration, I thought it proper to show that I *could* look straight) and I was wondering if he would think it impudent, instead of minding what he was saying. But presently came “I admit thee doctor of this University—in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.”

Which I heard, not inattentively, and retired backwards about six steps, and then turned and went down to join the rest of the Masters at the lower part of the Senate House. (The little bit of backing was said by one of the young ladies *here*, to have been very gracefully done.) Once can hardly get any directions from anybody, and so I had to do what seemed to me fittest, out of my head.

After that, I had a walk of a mile and a half in the country, and thought over many things. I am to have a quite quiet evening here, with a little music and mineralogy, so I hope to be fresh for my lecture to-morrow. It is rather bright—but terribly cold. I have a very comfortable room, however, and hope that nothing is now likely to interfere with my success.

I will telegraph after lecture to-morrow, and then write to Joanna.

Dear love to her

Ever, my dearest mother, your most affectionate son,

J. RUSKIN, LL.D.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

EASTHAMPSTEAD,¹ 9th June, '67 (*Whit Sunday*).

. . . The lecture² went off excellently, but Mrs. Cowper had a cold and could not come, and it put me out a little; but Mr. Cowper was there, and Lady Florence—and as I was going to praise Edward Jones, I asked Georgie to come. I never before saw how complete the unity is between a loving husband and wife. After the lecture Georgie was in exactly the hot-blushing, oppressed state which she would have been in if she had been praised herself. I hope there will be a good report of it published by the Institution itself to-morrow, which I will forthwith send you.

To Miss JEAN INGELOW

DENMARK HILL, 11th June, 1867.

DEAR MISS INGELOW,—I shall be deeply and truly grateful for your book—more so the oftener I open it (and that will not be *un-often*). I should be more grateful still if you would come over here some forenoon and have strawberries and cream (not that I mean to compare the one visit to the many poems—but I *could* have otherwise got the poems—and I have been long hoping to see *you*), and look at a picture or two, if you care to do so, or not, if you do not; and give me the comfort of understanding what kind of creature it is that sings so sweetly in those, to me mysterious, books.—Ever respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss JEAN INGELOW

MELROSE, 2nd July, 1867.

MY DEAR MISS INGELOW,—I had hoped, before now, to have called upon you; but chance required me suddenly to go into Scotland; and once here, I mean to get some sea and mountain air, and see some “delicate lifting up of wings,”³ and lift up my own weary and penguinish representatives of wings a little, if I may.

I have brought the *Story of Doom* with me—among few books.

¹ [Where Ruskin was staying with the Rev. Osborne Gordon.]

² [On “Modern Art” at the Royal Institution: for the reference in it to Burne-Jones, see Vol. XIX. pp. 197 *seq.* (for the references to Burne-Jones, see pp. 206–208). No abstract of the lecture appeared in the *Transactions*.]

³ [From Miss Ingelow’s “Sea Mews in Winter Time,” one of the “Songs on the Voices of Birds” included in *A Story of Doom, and other Poems* (1867).]

I have not yet read the Story itself;—all the rest is—one thing more beautiful than another. I like the “humble imitation” best of all.¹ Better than the original, which has always seemed to me a little empty in its pompous melody. The fifth stanza of this is very glorious to me, in the imagination of it, but I think you should retouch the last line. It won’t scan, as far as I can make it out, without laying full emphasis on the Ga in Galilean, and it seems to me that syllable won’t rightly bear leaning on. The last line of the eleventh stanza is a very perfect and sweet illegality; and “the oldest running river” is *delicious*. About Laurance, and the bit in page 34, and some other such, I never cease wondering—with a wonder which has been always with me—how women know the way men love. We don’t know *your* way of loving—it is a mystery to us, which we accept but cannot imagine. But you can imagine ours. How is this? If you care to send me a word—and you *should* care, I think, because I should value it—it would find me if it rested in the post-office of Keswick, Cumberland. With sincere regards to your mother (I hope they will be brought by some roses in the pride of thinking they may deserve painting), believe me, ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To his MOTHER

KESWICK, 4th July, '67.

I had a delightful walk with Mary Kerr up Rhymer’s Glen yesterday.² Anything more entirely after Scott’s mind couldn’t be—the little brook among the rocks, and winding path, and Melrose tower seen down the valley, and a very perfectly beautiful Catholic girl of old family for one’s guide, tête-à-tête. Afterwards (I complaining that my walk had been too short) she took me round by Chiefswood Cottage, Lockhart’s

¹ [“Song for the Night of Christ’s Resurrection (*A Humble Imitation*).” For quotations by Ruskin from Milton’s Ode, see Vol. XXII. p. 257 and Vol. XXVII. p. 420. The fifth stanza in Miss Ingelow’s song is:—

“All men of every birth,
Yea, great ones of the earth,
Kings and their councillors, have I drawn down;
But I am held of Thee,—
Why dost Thou trouble me,
To bring me up, dead King, that keep’st Thy crown?
Yet for all courtiers hast but ten
Lowly, unlettered Galilean fishermen.”

The last line of the eleventh stanza is:—

“His desert princess, being reproved, her laugh denied.”

For “the oldest running river,” see stanza 18. “Laurance” is one of the poems in the volume. The “bit in p. 34” is the end of “A Poet in his Youth, and the Cuckoo-Bird.”]

² [See *Præterita*, iii. § 83 (Vol. XXXV. p. 557).]

old house¹ (where Miss Lockhart was born), which is still a lovely place and prettily kept by its tenant. I was sorry to come away, but I want to put myself into a regular course of training, which, when one is staying at anybody's house, is impossible. So I've come here. The old Royal Oak is now only a commercial Inn. The great Keswick Inn is at the railroad station. I have come farther on, towards Bassenthwaite, and have got quiet rooms, where I shall certainly stay a few days. It is finer this morning, and I want to get out, so will be short.

To his MOTHER

KESWICK, 24th July, 1867. Evening.

I am certainly gaining—though slowly, faster than I expected, for when one has been more than a year falling back, one does not expect to turn and get far up again in a month. However, every day mends me a little, and above all, I am beginning to recover some of the innocent old delight in the wild, grand, and clear water, without the oppressive melancholy which has lain on me these six years past. Since Rosie sent me that last rose after refusing her other lover, I have felt so sure of her that everything else begins to be at peace with me. But also, I find that as for other people there is a sure reward for steady perseverance in doing *anything*, so with me there is great reward for steady perseverance in doing *nothing*. I pass hours and hours in patient ennui—not reading, not thinking, not looking at anything—with only one pleasant feeling to relieve the thirst for employment, namely, the sense of peace, that I'm not in a hurry, that I've nothing to see to, and that there's no fear of the lodge-bell ringing and somebody coming who *must* be let in.

Well, after an hour or two of that perfect ennui (on a rainy day, suppose, though I take the same medicinal idleness on any other day—it is hardest on the wet ones), when I get out, the least things begin to have a charm which they are wholly incapable of, when the remnant of one's own busy thoughts still haunts about the brain, or when the interest and excitement of pleasurable occupation makes the walk afterwards a blank. The way to make oneself enjoy, is to be resolutely for a certain time *without* enjoyment—not sulking over it, or being impatient, but breathing the air and seeing the light with a placid, beastly, resignation; if one frets one upsets the digestion, and then

¹ ["A nice little cottage," wrote Scott from Abbotsford, "in a glen belonging to this property, with a rivulet in front and a grove of trees on the east side to keep away the cold wind. It is about two miles distant from this house, and a very pleasant walk reaches to it through my plantations" (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, ed. 1869, vi. 224).]

everything goes wrong. This piece of philosophy is as much as I ought to indulge in to-night. I don't mind having written a little more carelessly than usual; Joan will be there to read this letter.

To his MOTHER

KESWICK, 1st August, 1867.

It was fine yesterday, and I took a light carriage, and drove with Downs up Borrowdale, and round under Honistar Crag to Buttermere—and played a little while at the edge of the same stream which I got scolded for dabbling in till I was too late for dinner, when I was a boy. The dinner was a very bad one, I remember; and I used it afterwards in my speech at Oxford, on education of the lower classes¹—because the girl at Buttermere had a piano in the parlour and nothing in the kitchen.

We came home through the Vale of Newlands. Both passes were higher and grander than I expected; but driving a long way through moors is duller than walking, for at least in walking one has to look where one is going, and that is amusing.

I've just got your most nice letter of yesterday. I understand it all *perfectly*. I'm very glad you like the *Selections*, and about Mr. Simon's garden.

To his MOTHER

8th August, Evening.

I have been walking on the old road between Low-wood and Amble-side. On the old *ground*, I should have said, for the old *road* is no more. Widened, walled, levelled, deformed—desolated with fineries and town-conveniences—and very profoundly woeful to my eyes, and more so to my mind. But the beauty of the lake and hills is far beyond all my memories. To SEE it so much more—to FEEL and rejoice in it so much less—and yet though less, so much more nobly and rightly!—how strange it is to be old!

I rowed up the Brathay. The stones we used to drift upon are all taken away, and until one reaches the quite impassable rapid, all is smooth and like the Thames—for the pleasure boats of the villas.

I promised you a long letter, but if it were long to-night it would be sad—although (as you rightly say, there should be a motive for climbing among loose rocks) I am able partly to see some God's reason to be conceivable for sadness itself, when compelled upon us; and I would rather have my perfect sadness than the gaiety of the

¹ [The lecture is reported (without mention, however, of this incident) in Vol. XVI. pp. 431–436.]

entomologist who breakfasted with me the other day, and who said of Dante's *Inferno*, that it was "delightful." More accurately, that it was "the most delightful part of the book"—a speech much to be remembered, by me.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

AMBLESIDE, 8 August, 1867.

MY DEAR NORTON,—I was *very* glad of your letter. . . . I want to say a word about the Turners,² which I am very thankful for all your kind thoughts about—but indeed the only "kindness" of mine is in putting you, as it were ten years back, on fair terms of purchase. I wish I *had* the pleasure of giving; all my art treasures are now useless to *me*, except for reference; the whole subject of art is so painful to me, and the history of Turner and all my own lost opportunities of saving his work, are a perpetual torment to me, if I begin thinking of them.

But this was what I wanted to say: Your American friends, even those who know most of art, may be much disappointed with the *Liber Studiorum*, for the nobleness of those designs is not so much in what *is* done, as in what is *not* done in them. Any tyro, looking at them first, would say, Why, *I* can do trees better than that—figures better—rocks better—everything better. "Yes—and the daguerreo-type—similarly—better than *you*," is the answer, first; but the final answer—the showing how every touch in these plates is related to every other, and has no permission of withdrawn, monastic virtue, but is only good in its connection with the rest, and in that connection *infinitely* and inimitably good;—and the showing how each of the designs is connected by all manner of strange intellectual chords and nerves with the pathos and history of this old English country of ours; and on the other side, with the history of European mind from earliest mythology down to modern rationalism and *ir*-rationalism—all *this* showing—which was what I meant to try for in my closing work—I felt, long before that closing, to be impossible; and the mystery of it all—the God's making of the great mind, and the martyrdom of it, and the uselessness of it all for ever, as far as human eyes can see or thoughts travel. All these things it is of no use talking about.

I am here among the lakes resting, and trying to recover some

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, pp. 18–19. No. 50 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 166–169.]

² ["Some plates from the *Liber Studiorum*, and some pencil drawings."—C. E. N.]

tone of body. I entirely deny having lost tone of mind (in spite of all pain) yet. And yesterday I walked up Helvellyn, and the day before up Skiddaw (and walked twelve miles besides the hill work yesterday)—both of them 3000 feet of lift—so I think there may be some life in the old dog yet

All you say of religion is true and right, but the deadly question with me is—What next? or if anything is next? so that I've no help, but rather increase of wonder and horror from that.

One word more about Turner. You see every great man's work (*his* pre-eminently) is a *digestion* of nature, which makes glorious HUMAN FLESH of it. All my first work in *Modern Painters* was to show that one must have *nature to digest*—not chalk and water for milk. . . .
Ever lovingly yours, J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WARD¹

[AMBLESIDE] August 12th, 1867.

MY DEAR WARD,—Write “Derwentwater Inn, Keswick,” telling me if you think a rest in the country would do you good. I think you should *not* draw, but walk, and rest, and eat, just as you feel inclined; only, when you are kept indoors by wet, practising such outline drawings as will not make you nervous or anxious, but will confirm your hand. It ought to be as unagitating as the practice of writing.

Yet, if you feel that you would be better for some work from nature, I could suggest some which would show you what Turner *meant*. I think a tour up or down the *Meuse* would be highly useful to *you*, and to *me*. Suppose you go and look at Luxemburg! The fortress you are now drawing? And then walk up the bank of the Meuse, and draw Dinant for me; the one you did the yellow sunset of?

I think you ought to fix your mind on this Turner work quite as the thing you *have to do*. You know me well enough to trust me that I do not say this to keep you captive for my own purpose. If I thought you could be a successful artist, I would not let you copy. But I think your art gifts are very like mine; *perfect* sense of colour, great fineness of general perception, and hardly any invention. You *might* succeed in catching the public with some mean fineness of imitation, and live a useless, though pecuniarily successful, life; but even that would be little likely. Whereas, in rendering Turner, you will live a useful life; and, I think very probably, a highly prosperous one.²—Always faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 38 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 73–75.]

² [For the importance of this copying work, as a means of spreading the knowledge of Turner, see Vol. XIII. pp. 529–531. “The work,” writes Mr. Ward, “was

To WILLIAM WARD¹

KESWICK, August 15th, 1867. Evening.

MY DEAR WARD,—I am very glad that you feel disposed to work a little during your holiday; it will be best so every way.

The reason copying has been (justly) despised is that people have never done it but for money only, and have never therefore given their hearts to it. I have known one or two exceptions (and those have been generally ladies) happy and useful in their work,—see note at end.

To copy Turner, and any one else rightly, you must always know what he means; and this requires constant looking at nature from *his* point of view. There is no degradation in doing this, any more than in letting him, if he were alive, teach you. For instance, your own point of view, or De Wint's, or Constable's, of a tree might relate only to the green of its leaves, their quantity. Turner might disregard the colour, and imagine half the leaves gone from the branches in autumn, in order to express the grace and anatomy of the limbs. All these views are *natural*,—but in looking at nature with a view to illustrate the work of any given Master, you must look at her not “*with his eyes*” (which you cannot, and should not) but from his *place*, and *to* his purpose. It will do you great good to see more clearly what Turner *means* by those old touches and scratches in his outlines of French towns and fortresses, and to see the character of the scenes he tried to render.

You and Allen are on good enough terms, are you not? I should like to send you together; for I want him to engrave *your* drawings, and I should like you both to make memoranda on the spot of the important features in scenes of Turner's views.²

For instance, in that “Dinant” with yellow sun.³ I should like you to outline the two churches and bridge, and any of the more interesting houses in the towns, from the Turner point,—as near as you could guess it.

Luxemburg I believe you can *do* nothing at; the sentinels would

both close and trying, and the copies produced were minutely examined by Ruskin with lens and compasses. But I learned more of the marvellous subtleties of Turner, and of nature, than would have been possible by any other means.”]

¹ [No. 39 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 76–79.]

² [This suggestion resulted in a knapsack tour taken by Mr. George Allen and Mr. Ward up the valley of the Meuse, from Liège to Givet. Mr. Ward refers to it as being “a most delightful month of walking and sketching.”]

³ [Here Ruskin drew a rough “thumb-nail” sketch of Turner's “Dinant.”]

stop you instantly. Turner could draw with his hands in his coattails, or while the sentinel walked the other way; but you cannot, and need not go out of your way to see it; but if it comes easily into plan of tour, take it.

I hope to be at home by the 24th, and I should like to see Allen and you, and that you should start in the following week. I've no letter from Allen yet in answer to one I wrote on the subject. As soon as I receive it, I will think over the best plan of tour, and write to you again.—Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

If I had to make my own bread, I should at once endeavour to get employment in copying the great Italian frescoes—while at least half my time would then be spent in anatomical and other studies from nature; and I should feel myself quite usefully and rightly employed putting my whole energy into the business. I should do so, even now, with far more satisfaction to myself than my present desultory work, of teaching in various ways, gives me; but I do not feel justified in abandoning intellectual labour altogether, or giving up the rudder which is in my hand.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

KESWICK, 15th August. Evening.

. . . I thought I should like a long, quiet day on Skiddaw by myself, so I gave Crawley some work at home, in packing stones, and took my hammer and compass, and sauntered up leisurely. It was threatening rain, in its very beauty of stillness,—no sunshine—only dead calm under grey sky. I sate down for a while on the highest shoulder of the hill under the summit—in perfect calm of air—as if in a room! Then, suddenly—in a space of not more than ten minutes—vast volumes of white cloud formed in the west. When I first sate down, all the Cumberland mountains, from Scawfell to the Penrith hills, lay round me like a clear model, cut in wood—I never saw anything so *ridiculously* clear—great masses 2000 feet high looking like little green bosses under one's hand. Then as I said, in ten minutes, the white clouds formed, and came foaming from the west towards Skiddaw; then answering white fleeces started into being on Scawfell and Helvellyn—and the moment they were formed, the unnatural clearness passed away, and the mountains, where still visible, resumed their proper distances. I rose and went on along the stately ridge towards the summit, hammering and poking about for fibrous quartz—when I met people—an elderly English gentleman and his wife (the right sort

of thing—not vulgar, but homely)—coming down in a great hurry, frightened at the masses of approaching cloud. They asked me if they “should be lost in the fog”? I told them there was no fear, the path was plain enough, and they would soon be out of the cloud as they went down. “Well—but—are you going to stop up here all night?” asked the lady. “No, not quite,” I answered, laughing—“but I’ve my compass in my pocket, and I don’t care what happens.” So they went down as fast as they could, and I went on, rejoicing in having all Skiddaw summit “hale o’ mine ain”; for this couple were the only people who had come up to-day—it looked so threatening. It was very beautiful, with the white cloud filling all the western valley—and the air still calm—and the desolate peak and moors, motionless for many a league, but for the spots of white—which were sheep, one knew—and were sometimes to be seen to move.

I always—even in my naughtiest times—had a way of praying on hill summits, when I could get quiet on them; so I knelt on a bit of rock to pray—and there came suddenly into my mind the clause of the Litany, “for all that travel by land or water,” etc. So I prayed it, and you can’t think what a strange, intense meaning it had up there—one felt so much more the feebleness of the feeble there, where all was wild and strong, and there “Show they pity on all prisoners and captives” came so wonderfully where I had the feeling of absolutely boundless liberty. I could rise from kneeling and dash away to any quarter of heaven—east or west or south or north—with leagues of moorland tossed one after another like sea waves.

Then I got up, and set to my hammering in earnest: hiding the bits I wanted to carry down in various nest-holes and heaps, and putting signal stones by them, for I’m going to take a pony up with panniers to-morrow, to bring all down. Presently the clouds came down to purpose—as dark as some of our London fogs—and it began to rain too; but the air still so mild that I went on with my work for about two hours; and then sauntered down as leisurely as I had come up. I did not get back to the inn till seven.

*To his MOTHER*¹

KESWICK, 16th August, 1867.

The letter I have sent to Joanna to-day will seem a strange answer to your hope “that I have always some one with me on my mountain rambles”—but that would be quite impossible. If I have a definite point to reach, and common work to do at it—I take people—anybody—

¹ [From W. G. Collingwood’s *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, pp. 200–201.]

with me; but all my best *mental* work is necessarily done alone; whenever I wanted to think, in Savoy, I used to leave Couttet at home. Constantly I have been alone on the Glacier des Bois—and far among the loneliest aiguille recesses. I found the path up the Brezon above Bonneville in a lonely walk one Sunday; I saw the grandest view of the Alps of Savoy I ever gained, on the 2nd of January 1862,¹ alone among the snow wreaths on the summit of the Salève. You need not fear for me on “Langdale Pikes” after that; humanly speaking, I have never the least fear on these lonely walks—I always think them the safest—for as I never do anything foolhardy, nor without careful examination of what I am about, I have always, even in my naughtiest times, felt that I should be taken care of, and that—though if I was to suffer any accident, it might come, of course, at any time—yet it was *more likely* to come when I had people with me, than when I was alone.

And, in mere paltry and arithmetical calculation of danger, I assure you there is more, nowadays, in a walk in and out of London—from possible explosion of all sorts of diabolical machines and compositions, with which its shops and back streets are filled—than in twenty climbings of the craggiest peaks in Cumberland.

I have, however, been very shy of the *bogs*, which are a new acquaintance to me, and of which I had heard awful stories—usually I have gone a good way round, to avoid them. But that hot day, whether I would or no, I couldn’t get from one pike of Langdale to the other without crossing one. I examined it carefully—and I am sure all the bog-stories about these *mountain* bogs are nonsense: it was as sound brown earth under the squashy grass as anybody need wish to walk on—though, of course, in a dark night, one might have tumbled into pools, as one might on Clapham Common into a horsepond.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

KESWICK, *Sunday Morning*, 18th Aug. [1867].

It’s very odd, I always feel so much better after these wet days than after dry ones. I’m as fresh as a daisy this morning. Not much inclined to go to church, though—but I shall, and see what is said to me . . .

I notice in one of your late letters some notion that I am coming to think the Bible the “Word of God” because I use it . . . for daily

¹ [A slip for 1863. Ruskin’s diary for January 2 in that year records: “To top of Salève in snow: the purest and most perfect view I ever had of the Alps.” See also the letter above, p. 430.]

teaching. But I never was farther from thinking, and never can be nearer to thinking, anything of the sort. Nothing could ever persuade me that God writes vulgar Greek. If an angel all over peacock’s feathers were to appear in the bit of blue sky now over Castle Crag, and to write on it in star letters, “God writes vulgar Greek,” I should say, “*You* are the Devil, peacock’s feathers and all.”

If there is any divine truth at all in the mixed collection of books which we call a Bible, that truth is, that the Word of God comes *directly* to different people in different ways; and may to you or me, to-day, and has nothing whatever to do with printed books, and that, on the contrary, people may read that same collection of printed books all day long all their lives, and never, through all their lives, hear or receive one syllable of “God’s word.” That cross in the sky was the word of God to you, as far as I can at present suppose anything, in such matters—at all events it may have been. And in the clouds of 19th July, and the calm sky of last Monday morning, there may have been the Word of God to me. And continually, by and through the words of *any* book in which we reverently expect divine teaching, the word of God may come to us. . . . But one must above all things be cautious of allowing one’s vanity to meddle in the matter—or of expecting a perpetual Divine help and interference. Most people’s religion is so in woven with their vanity that it, their religion, becomes the worst thing about them.

Well, I’ve been to church, and have made up my mind that I shall continue to go. First, you see, the psalms for the day seemed to go straight at what was troubling me in numbering the days (90th, 12th and 15th¹), and the 91st had *many* things in it for me, and the 92nd, 4th,² was always an old standard verse of mine. Well, then came the Obadiah and Elijah chapter,³ which fell in with much that I had been thinking about the fight I should have with the clergymen, showing how priests of Baal really *believe their own* mission, and have to be exposed and kicked out of it—*can’t* be put to shame in their own hearts. I got a great deal, too, out of all the chapter—the rainy bits especially. Then in the second lesson, the bit about Timotheus’ father being Greek, and Paul’s giving way to the useless matter of form, was very useful to me, and other things, too many to speak of. . . . I came away on the whole much helped and taught, and satisfied that . . . I was meant to go to church again.

¹ [That is, verses 12 and 15: “So teach us to number our days,” etc., and “Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us.”]

² [“For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work; I will triumph in the work of thy hands.”]

³ [For the two lessons, see 1 Kings xviii., and Acts xvi.]

To GEORGE ALLEN

LANGDALE, 21st August [1867].

MY DEAR ALLEN,—You must have been anxious about your drawing, but I must tell you about it by talk. Your great fault is taking tremendous pains in a random, desperate way, not knowing what is wanted. You must always hereafter solemnly obey this precept—

“When you don’t know what to do, Don’t do it.”¹

All that stippling on this brown drawing is simply so much mischief—making it look like bare moss or lichens instead of air.

You should have attended to the placing of the dark touches, determined your depths of shade, and washed all in with the clearest possible tint, in a quarter of an hour. Now the brown drawing is of no consequence, but you must *not* throw away your strength and time on plates in this way, nor spend them at all, unless you are sure they’ll tell.

I’ve done it *myself* on drawings, often enough, but then I had no one to tell me not. I couldn’t send the drawing as you can—to me at any time—saying, what next?

Direct your whole attention now to Turner work, and try to get, first, a rapid, easy way of gradating from pure mezzotint. And on the whole I should say—Get your whole plate always covered well with black to begin with—and work fiercely and with a mighty hand into it—and take what God sends you of luck. I don’t like these nibbling and dibbling ways that Lupton has been teaching you—I know that Turner always dashed straight into the black devil of it, and let light through him.

For the ten years apparently spent in vain—be sure I am more disappointed with myself than with you. But they ought not (as human life on the whole is cast for human creatures) to have been *unhappy* years to you—and when we have lived ten happy or moderately happy years (of course a wife and children are nuisances, but *they* were your fault, not mine), and had one’s existence, as far as bread and cheese go, safe—and some dexterity in one’s hand—there’s nothing to grumble about.

Write to Ward, and tell him I want you both to start for the Meuse next week. I can see you both on *Tuesday*—but can’t tell where, yet.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [The converse of Mulready’s saying, cited at the beginning of *Seven Lamps of Architecture* (Vol. VIII. p. 19).]

To his MOTHER

MATLOCK, 23rd August, 1867.

I do not know when I have had a more pleasing or pathetic walk than this morning before breakfast. It was sweet, quiet sunshine, with dew on the grass, and the rocks beginning to emerge from the mist in the valley. I am at the old Inn, which Mary¹ drew in the old times. It is added to a little, but what was of it remains and looks much as it did. The grass plot in front, and the tree, are just the same—the garden where I used to play, and gather bits of lead ore, is still there—and the walks still sprinkled with spar—and to my great delight the old fishpond, with superb water-lilies and goldfish, and above, the green, fresh, dewy fields still untouched and pure.

And I've had your nice letter—and a nice walk since breakfast—and I've seen a cavern, and examined some strange rocks, and got a mineral or two, and had a chat with the old woman in Mr. Smedley's shop, who has been there fifty-three years; and to-morrow by about this time I hope to be very near home, and shall be very glad to be so.

To WILLIAM WARD²

DENMARK HILL, September 8th, 1867. Sunday.

MY DEAR WARD,—I got both your letters yesterday; they gave me much pleasure. I was sure you would enjoy the Meuse, and the Flemish architecture; and, for my own part, I can assure you that though for general enjoyment in natural beauty, and for exercise, I go to Switzerland, for purposes of art, I should rarely go beyond the French and Flemish landscape and buildings. A river is, in most of its circumstances, far more picturesque than any lake. You get *two* shores dovetailed together, instead of a single independent one with an horizon line; and the motion of the water, and traffic, furnish endless incident.

You will be much struck with Huy. But it has been often drawn, and need not long detain you. Give me a good account of the river *above* Dinant, if it is interesting; it is little known.

I am *very* glad you get on so nicely together. I will give what strength I have this winter to giving you both fair start in this Turner work.

¹ [See *Præterita*, i. § 83 (Vol. XXXV. p. 75).]

² [No. 40 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 81–83.]

Details of windows, roofs, boats, and the like, will not bother you like whole landscape; and will explain much of Turner's obscure work.

Write to me *often*, but it need not be more than a word or two, telling me how you get on. Of course, when a wet day comes, I should like to have more. Allen's letter also highly pleasing.—With regards to you both, faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WARD¹

DENMARK HILL, *September 18th*, 1867.

DEAR WARD,—I sent you a line yesterday to post office, Dinant; and to-day I had yours from Dinant, which gives me great pleasure (you could not have had answer on *9th* to yours of *6th*). I've sent the cheque to your wife, and, if you find the work is doing you both good, you need not watch the decline of your funds anxiously, as I am quite ready to prolong your stay somewhat, if you feel it would be right that I should.

You cannot enjoy Turner's "fairy" work too much. *That* is divine to the very day of his death.

But haste—weariness—*Death*, in its widest sense, as it begins to seize on what is called old age—all the effects of solitude, of absence of all human sympathy and understanding; and finally sensuality proceeding clearly from physical disease of the brain, are manifest to me in those later works in a degree which is proportionate to my increasing reverence and worship of the divine fact of them.

Allen is not to be jealous of my writing to you instead of him;—if he has any geological or other questions to answer he shall have his turn.

I have no idea what that Dinant Rock is. Chalk, I imagined, but am not sure.

You have two important views to analyze, then; one mine in which I imagine the houses and the cliff are fine in detail, and the other the amber sunset.²—Truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.³

20th Sept. '67.

MY DEAR ACLAND,—Nothing is below my mark; and *this* is not below any man's. But I sorrowfully assure you of one of the few

¹ [No. 41 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 84–86.]

² [Here Ruskin drew two rough pen-sketches of Turner's "Dinant on the Meuse."]

³ [Who had written to Ruskin, suggesting his acceptance of the office of a curator of the Oxford University Galleries. For another letter by Ruskin on the subject, see Vol. XIX. p. xxxiv.]

things which I myself know assuredly—that all art whatsoever rises spontaneously out of the heart and hands of any nation honestly occupied with graven human and divine interests. It cannot be taught from without; and you and Tyrwhitt are merely directing artificial inspiration in a dead body. Anything deader cannot be; and its resurrection must be otherwise—if ever—attained.

I utterly disdain to speak a word about art in the hearing of any English creature—at present.

Let us make our Religion true, and our Trade honest. *Then* and not till then will there be even so much as *ground* for casting seed of the Arts. Of course, with diligent sowing you may get a blade here and there on the housetops now. But of such the mower fills not his hand.¹

The first thing to look after is religion. If the nation can heartily believe even that the Sun is God (like poor Turner²) and act on such belief—and make Sun-Bishops, with eyes—it may see its way to better things. With its present guttered candle-ends of Bishops—it *may* perhaps explode some fire-damp, which will be beneficial in the end (however for the present unexpected and unpleasant), but it needn't talk about "art."—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Believe nothing that you ever hear of me or my health, except what I tell you. I am neither better nor worse than I have been these seven years. I can still walk up Skiddaw after dinner, as a digestive saunter, and come down it in an hour. And I can't be bored, and that's pretty nearly all about it.

To WILLIAM WARD³

DENMARK HILL, *October 31st*, 1867.

MY DEAR WARD,—I have only time to-day to say that the house in the square, with its beautifully well-judged omission of detail in shadow; and the tall street-view, with the balcony on left, splendidly swept in, in white, delighted me most. But all are good.

Try for a little more definiteness in outline: they are a little too vague. Don't be afraid of a falsely-strong line or two to express *form*, as long as they are *lines* only. The eye always *forgives* a well-meant outline, but not a false colour, or a *careless* form. Keep such outlines in colour harmonious with their place.

¹ [Psalms cxxix. 7.]

² [See Vol. XXII. p. 490, Vol. XXVIII. p. 147.]

³ [No. 45 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 91–93.]

You may write me whatever you like to talk about, provided you write large and clear. You may trust to the *truth* of my sympathy; but you must remember that I am engaged in the investigation of enormous religious and moral questions, in the history of nations; and that your feelings, or my own, or anybody else's, at any particular moment, are of very little interest to me,—not from want of sympathy, but from the small proportion the individuality bears to the whole subject of my inquiry.

I have *no* affections, having had them, three times over, torn out of me by the roots,—most fatally the last time, within the last year. I hope to be kind and just to all persons, and of course I *like* and *dislike*; but my word “affectionately” means only—that I *should* have loved people, if I were not dead.

As a matter of practical fact, you may always trust to my kindness in a *due* proportion, as you stand among other people who require it; and to my understanding sympathy in proportion also. But I have no *pleasure* myself, now, in any human relation. Knowing this, you will be able to understand a good deal in my ways of going on, otherwise inexplicable.—Faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To W. SMITH WILLIAMS¹

DENMARK HILL, *November 14th*, 1867.

DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—I am very much obliged to the printer for his correction—the word should be “treble,” not “double.” It gives me great pleasure to have a little word from you again, and I take the occasion to ask a question respecting Messrs. Routledge.

They have been teasing me to write for the *Broadway*. I positively refuse at present to write anything *for* anything. But I find my books, so far as read, are so wholly *misread*, and—I won't say misunderstood (for there is no understanding to miss), but mis-swallowed in America, that they do no end of mischief. So I offered to Messrs. Routledge, if they could make their peace with Messrs. Smith and Elder, to extract for them the facts of my books about Art which I wished chiefly to be read, with a comment or two to prevent indigestion, and some necessary re-arrangement.

So they accepted and asked me to write to Mr. King about it. I really want to do this, and unless I have some stimulus and poking

¹ [No. 34 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 86–88.]

periodically, I never shall. When it was all *done*, I would add some important new bits, put it all into better form—and then, if you liked, you should publish it yourselves, being the *practical* art of *Modern Painters*, separated from the Criticism, Theology, “Natural” Descriptions, and Politics. You might make your own terms with Messrs. Routledge for the permission to have the bare extracts periodically. *I* shall charge them nothing for these, nor add anything of importance till all is done.

My mother begs her kindest regards.—Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

20th November, 1867.

DEAR NORTON,—If I could have replied with any certainty to your questions about the Turners, I should have done so long ago; but I have had a great deal more of various doubt and suffering to go through, of which I can at present say nothing, except only this, that while I can still do what my hand finds to do, I am incapable of any right speaking or feeling, and am as numb as if every nerve in me had been cut; but I am putting my old work together, that had been wasted, and drawing a little—not ill, and variously getting myself together, what is left of me.

In the meantime your letters have given to me continual pleasure. . . . Also, your various presents. Longfellow’s excellent *Dante* and your own *Vita Nuova*,² with all their good help to me, came to hand, one by one—they are all in my special own shelf of bookcase, and will take me back again to long-ceased Dante studies, though in returning to him, the terrible “What *do* you mean, or believe of all this?” fronts me with appalling strangeness. Longfellow’s translation is excellent and most helpful. The *Vita Nuova* falls in much with my own mind—but, when death or life depends on such things, suppose it should be *morte nuova* day by day? I am also working at Greek myths and art, and the like, and hope to give you some account of myself one day, and of my time.

Of the Turners I can tell you nothing, except that I wholly concur in your judgment of their relative merits, and that the subjects you inquire about are, I think, all on the Rhine, but none of them

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, July 1904, vol. 94, p. 19. The first part (“If I could . . . been cut; but”) was omitted. No. 51 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 169–171.]

² [*The New Life of Dante*, translated by C. E. Norton: 1867. Originally published, in a limited edition, in 1859, and mentioned by Ruskin in a letter of 1860 (see above, p. 335). Longfellow’s translation of the *Divina Commedia* was published in 1867.]

absolutely known to me. I shall try and find one or two more for you, and give you some better account of them.

I am thankful that you believe such things can be of service in America. My own impression is that they are useless, everywhere—but better times may come.

I wish you would come here once again—I *need* you now. I only enjoyed you before.—Ever your affectionate
J.
RUSKIN.

1868

[The early months of this year were spent at Denmark Hill: see Vol. XIX. pp. xxxv.–xxxviii. After a visit to Winnington, Ruskin went to Dublin to deliver his lecture on “The Mystery of Life and its Arts.” At the end of August he went for two months to Abbeville. Extracts from his diary written there are given in Vol. XIX. pp. xxxviii.–xliv. On his return home he was much occupied upon a Committee for the Relief of the Unemployed.]

To MARIANNE CAROLINE PATMORE¹

DENMARK HILL, 9th January, 1868.

DEAR MRS. PATMORE,—I have been truly desirous of waiting upon you this week, to thank you for the happiness I had, and which I think you must have seen I had, in the hours of Friday evening. But the weather has at last beaten me down with an oppressive cold, and I cannot leave the house.

Pray, however little I may be able to avail myself of the great privilege which I feel it to be, to know your husband and you, do not—ever—doubt my respect and regard.

I cannot break through the too long fixed habits of my secluded life, and may perhaps only get glimpses of you and your children from time to time, but be assured always of my faithful rejoicing in your happiness.

I send a little book of Richter’s, a favourite of mine—if my little Godson² has it not, I should like him to have it from me (nor will *you* be without pleasure in it). But if he has it, give it to any of your child-friends who would care for it.—With great love to your husband,
ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I did *so* like my left-hand companion—that evening too—and looking over at the quiet, intelligent sweetness of your daughter’s face.³

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. pp. 298–299. Addressed to Patmore’s second wife; married 1864.]

² [Henry John, Patmore’s youngest son.]

³ [Emily Honoria Patmore, Patmore’s eldest daughter (by his first wife), born 1853.]

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

DENMARK HILL [Jan. 10, '68.]

. . . Do you recollect Miss Helps and I having such hard work over "that *book*" in the study? It was the Queen's, which I see is just out.¹ A fine bother I had of it, for Mr. Helps wanted to put all the "Queen's English" to rights—and I insisted on keeping it as it was written—only cutting out what wouldn't do at all. There were some little bits wonderfully funny in their simplicity, but I got most of them kept in. But I didn't want the book to be published at all, for though all the mamas and nurses will like it, there are some failing points in it which are serious—if people find them out. However, I did my duty in the advice I gave—and now I'm very glad it wasn't taken. I always *hoped* it *wouldn't* be, for several reasons which I mean to keep to myself.

To W. H. HARRISON

DENMARK HILL, 20th February, 1868.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—Many thanks for the shells. I do not know the fossils of these upper beds, nor indeed the fossils of any beds, my quests being only among the wilder hills where the fossils are few or effaced—but my impression is that these are cockles from the hats of pilgrims who bowed before a Pre-Historic Pan Anglican Synod,² and dropped the shells out of their hat-bands in making their reverences as low as possible.

Not but that Pan-Anglia Ecclesiastica has done something worth doing, after all. I think the sheet of Newspaper I had in my hand at breakfast this morning—(*Daily Telegraph*—but I suppose others had the same)—with its announcement of the ratification of the Primate's letter by the Commons,³ the most important bit of rag and type I ever had between fingers, since I *had* fingers.

I have not yet answered, in seriousness, the part of your beautiful speech on the 8th about "dissolved partnership." Do not think, in verity, that I am less sensible of your kindness and of its value—if I ever write anything serious again, you shall see every sentence. But

¹ [*Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands from 1846–1861* (Smith, Elder & Co., 1868; edited by Sir Arthur Helps).]

² [The first Pan-Anglican Lambeth Conference had been in session during September and December 1867, and had, *inter alia*, discussed at great length, and (as Ruskin would have thought) with much futility, the heresies of Bishop Colenso.]

³ [So in the transcript of the letter supplied to the editors, but "Commons" should be the Lower House of Convocation. The *Telegraph*, *Times*, and other papers of February 20 reported the endorsement by that body of the letter (known as "The Address to the Faithful") written by Archbishop Longley, on the occasion of the Lambeth Conference, to the Patriarchs of the Eastern Church.]

that letter book¹ contained things that I thought you would remonstrate and bother about, and so I did it on the sly.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

DENMARK HILL, 4th March, 1868.

. . . I make you a poor little present (though, indeed, the poorest present to my wee *amie* would be any foolish trinket that thought it could make her look prettier!). This is only a foolish trinket, that will try to amuse her. Respecting which, however, she may sometimes, not unprofitably, reflect—

1. That the great virtue of Kinghood is to be unmoved on attack.
2. That the worthiest person on the field is a woman.
3. That Knights are active creatures who never let anything stand in their way.
4. That Bishops are people who never look—or move—straight before them.
5. that Castles may not unwisely be built in the air, if they are carried by an Elephant—who is the type of prudence. And that a Castle which has been useless on one side, may usefully pass to the other.
6. That Pawns and Patience can do anything.

7th—and generally. That when things are seemingly at the worst, they may often mend—that we should always look well about us; and that everybody is wrong who isn't helping everybody else within his reach.

Finally—let me hope for you that in all things, as in chess, you may bear an equal mind in loss or conquest, and remain your gentle self in both.

To COVENTRY PATMORE²

DENMARK HILL, 26th April, 1868.

MY DEAR PATMORE,—You know that I am bound to write no needless word. It is needful to thank you for the book you sent me, and for these odes; it is, I hope, needless to tell you that I recognize the nobleness of the last, and that the first shall help me, as it may.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [*Time and Tide*, issued in December 1867. Ruskin refers, in his paper on Harrison, to “printing his political economy on the sly”: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 94.]

² [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 284. The “book” alluded to was probably some treatise on Roman Catholicism. The other was Patmore's *Nine Odes*, privately printed (1868).]

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

WINNINGTON, *Friday Morning* [May, 1868].

I hope for a little letter to-day, but I write this before I get one, to tell you how sorry I am to let you leave me, and how little all the pleasantness and brightness of affection which I receive here makes up to me for the want of the perfect rest which I have in your constant and simple regard. There are many here who care deeply for me, but I am always afraid of hurting them—or of not saying the right thing to them—or even of not being myself grateful enough—grateful though I always am for affection more than most—to deserve the regard they give me. But with you I am always now at rest—being sure that you know how I value you, and that whatever I say or don’t say to you, you won’t mind; besides all the help that I get from your knowledge of all my little ways and inner thoughts. So I am rather sulky just now—even with my best pets—though I value some of them more than ever. . . . Do you know, I am making an approach to a curious conclusion—namely, that people who write very firm, consistent, immovable hands are false, or capable of falsehood. . . . I’m very glad yours goes first I this way and then that \ way—and then some other way.

To his MOTHER

DUBLIN, *14th May. Evening.*

We are all going, except Lady Napier, on an excursion into the country to-morrow, by an early train, and I merely enclose envelope. (No, I need not, for there is no answering post till Monday morning, when you shall have one.)

I was pulled about, all day, to different institutions—yesterday—was as polite as I could be—but am more and more struck every day by the intense egotism of humanity—always pleasing themselves, *by way* of pleasing other people—never taking a moment’s time to consider what other people really wish—and doing it.

But everybody *means* to be kind.

Your letters are lovely.

The morning was wet—we stayed for later train—and I’ve got a line from Mrs. Cowper enclosing one from Rose, in which she says I *may* tell you that this has been a happy May to me, happy enough to throw a light over all the rest of the year, however cloudy that may be.

To his MOTHER

Monday, 25th May, 1868.

I am very glad my longer account of things gave you pleasure—my writing is so entirely at present the picture of my mind, that it seems to me as if the one must be as inscrutable as the other. For indeed I am quite unable from any present circumstances to judge of what is best for me to do;—there is so much misery and error in the world which I see I could have immense power to set various human influences against, by giving up my science and art, and wholly trying to teach peace and justice; and yet my own gifts seem so specially directed towards quiet investigation of beautiful things, that I cannot make up my mind, and my writing is as vacillating as my temper.

However, I am very thankful that I came here, and that I know this family. I have never imagined anything more beautiful than their relations to each other and to their widowed father. I think I told you, did I not? that I had accepted Froude's invitation to spend some time at his Irish place, near Killarney. Everybody tells me it is more beautiful than Killarney itself,—but I do not quite know when I shall go. Meantime, as I said, I hope to be with you on Saturday. There are several things I want to see and arrange at Winnington, and I promised to return either before or after their holidays, but it will be better at once, so I send you envelope for it.

To his MOTHER

WINNINGTON, May 29th, '68. Friday.

I have your sweet letter of yesterday—certainly the dates *are* a little loss of time, but they make the letters more entirely model letters. I wish mine were. I am more and more delighted with Mr. Williams the Engineer. I went up to see him at his house. He has the loveliest ferns, convolvuluses, amaryllises, and those coloured leaves that Downs is so fond of, but all in the most athletic and superabundant health that I ever saw in plants—he is a chemist, photographer, optician, all beside his work of entire superintendence of the river and its locks. He showed me a photograph of one of his lately built locks, with sluices to let the water in at the sides, so that the smallest and most deeply laden boats may be unaffected by the rush of water though the gates—such a lovely bit of *building!*

If I chose to give up my own studying and writing and to use my social influence now to the utmost, I see I could do no end of good. It is curious that in these days in which I do no work of

my own, but all for other people, though I have no *pleasure* in the day, I have no serious despondency. But when I am at work, I *enjoy* my work as long as I can go on, exceedingly—but am wholly depressed and melancholy afterwards. The worst of sociality is the terrible quantity of inevitable note and letter writing now required, and the continual feeling of neglecting or mortifying six, while you please the seventh—from school girls up to Doctors of divinity. But I believe it is on the whole the best thing to be done.

To FREDERIC HARRISON¹

DENMARK HILL, 8th July, 1868.

DEAR MR. HARRISON,—I thank you much for your letter, and shall be most happy to hear of the principles you state in it being promulgated, under *any* man's name, but my own work is already done. I proposed those questions ironically, not as being in any wise questions to *me*. I worked them all out in the year 1862, and their answers are given in the most accurate and brief English I am master of, in the papers I wrote for Froude in that year.² I cannot now, being occupied with my own more special natural-history work, read through a severe philosophical treatise, merely to ascertain that its author is or was before me, of one mind with me as to two and two's usually making four: nor do I care at present to ascertain wherein Comte differs from me, which he certainly does (I hear) in some views respecting the spiritual powers affecting animal ones. In all that is necessary at present to be taught, of political economy, all men who can think, and who will think honestly, must soon agree;—both you and Mr. Ludlow³ see, and have long seen, quite clearly how matters stand; and in your practical and earnest work, my independent determination of the same laws which Comte has made the basis of his system should be a far greater accession of strength to you than any mere coherence to an aggregate of disciples: but it seems to me that I have gone farther in definition of "welfare"—in that I have separated distinctly the productive occupations, which maintain life, from those which refine it, and shown how the common political economy fails in enunciation even of the first; and I have been not a little provoked both with Ludlow and you for not helping me long ago to beat at least *this* into people's heads—that very different

¹ [For Ruskin's friendship with Mr. Harrison, see the Introduction; above, p. lviii. The questions "proposed ironically" are those which Ruskin had submitted on July 4 to a meeting of the Social Science Association: see Vol. XVII. pp. 537–538.]

² [*Munera Pulveris*.]

³ [Mr. J. M. Ludlow, C. B., one of the founders of the Working Men's College.]

consequences were likely to result from making a cannon-ball, or a pudding.

However, it is now for you to find out as many people as you can who have agreed in what is right, and to use their testimony collectively. I have seen your papers with great interest,¹ and admire them always. You know how happy I am always to see you yourself. My cousin and I dine quietly at five nearly always. She is rarely out—I never—and if you care to come so far to tell me more about Positivism, I shall delightedly listen.—Ever most truly yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

DENMARK HILL, *July 20th*, 1868.

MY DEAREST NORTON,—I am very deeply glad that you are with us again. I cannot write to you—cannot think of you rightly—when you are so far away. I will be here at any time for you, but the sooner you come the better, as exhibitions are fast closing.

My mother, confined now unhappily to the *level* of her room, requires both quiet and space in that story of the house, and in many ways this renders it impossible for me to make arrangements that would be comfortable in receiving friends. I can always make up a bed for you, but could not make it at all right for Mrs. Norton also; you will see, when you come, how it is so; come soon, please—but yet (except for exhibitions) not in any haste interfering with your comfort. I *must* be here for three or four weeks longer at all events.—Ever your affectionate

JOHN RUSKIN.

My true regards to all with you.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

DENMARK HILL, *22nd August*, 1868.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Five of the little pebbles were sent yesterday to be polished, and will be sent, or brought to you, next week; if the children are told on “Saturday” next, they can’t be disappointed. I have looked out to-day a few fossils of the chalk—flints and the like—of which I know nothing, though I have them as illustrations of certain methods of mineralisation. But they will show you what kind of things are now under your feet, and in the roadside heaps of stones;

¹ [Perhaps on *The Political Future of the Working Classes* (1868).]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 162. No. 52 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 179–180.]

³ [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, pp. 162–163. No. 53 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 179–182.]

and the first time Darwin takes them in his hand¹ they will become *Prim-Stones* to you (I am glad to escape writing the other word after “Prim”), and *Stones-Lips*, instead of Cows. Not that they’re worth his looking at, otherwise than as the least things have been. (They are worth carriage to America, however, as you haven’t chalk there.) But the little group of shattered vertebræ in the square piece of chalk may have belonged to some beast of character and promise. When is he going to write—ask him—the “Retrogression” of *Species*—or the *Origin of Nothing*? I am far down on my way into a flint-sponge. Note the little chalcedony casts of spicula in the sea-urchins (wrapt up more carefully than the rest).

Next, as Mrs., Norton remembered that bird of Hunt’s, I thought she might like to have one a little like it, which would otherwise only be put away just now, and I’ve sent it, and a shell and bit of stone of my own which I’m rather proud of (I want Darwin to see the shell—only don’t say I did, please). I can do much better, but it looked shelly and nice, and I left it. . . . Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

HOTEL DE FRANCE, ABBEVILLE, 31 August, 1868.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Just send me the merest line here to say how you all are. I am settled now to my work, and am the better for my rest. When it is a little more forward, I shall try to persuade you to spend a couple of days with me here, as you will never, after this autumn, see such a piece of late Gothic as the front of St. Wulfran in its original state, more; it is the last I know left untouched, and it is to be “restored” in the spring. It is not good, but wonderful, and worth setting sight on before its death, and there

¹ [Professor Norton with his family was established during the summer of 1868 at Keston, with Darwin for a neighbour. On Ruskin’s return from Abbeville, Professor Norton arranged a meeting. “I will come to-morrow,” wrote Ruskin, “and shall have very great pleasure in meeting Mr. Darwin.” “They had never before met,” says Professor Norton, “and each was interested to see the other. The contrast between them was complete, and each in his own way was unique and delightful. Ruskin’s gracious courtesy was matched by Darwin’s charming and genial simplicity. Ruskin was full of questions which interested the elder naturalist by the keenness of observation and the variety of scientific attainment which they indicated, and their animated talk afforded striking illustration of the many sympathies that underlay the divergence of their points of view, and of their methods of thought. The next morning Darwin rode over on horseback to say a pleasant word about Ruskin, and two days afterward Ruskin wrote, ‘Mr. Darwin was delightful’ ” (*Norton*, vol. i. pp. 194–195). For Ruskin’s later meetings with Darwin, see Vol. XIX. pp. xliv.–xlv.; Vol. XXV. p. xlvi.; Vol. XXXIII. p. xxi.]

² [No. 54 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 182–183.]

are other things I shall have found out to show you. It is only six hours from that pretty English home of yours.

I daresay you have been writing something to me; but my letters could not be sent on, as I did not know where I should be. So now send me just a word, for it is dull here, somewhat, among the grey stones and ghastriness of Catholicism in decadence.

Love to all with you.—Ever your affectionate
J.
RUSKIN.

*To his MOTHER*¹

ABBEVILLE, 1st September, 1868.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I may first give you the pleasant birthday news that you never sent me a more beautifully written letter than yesterday's enclosing Mr. Richmond's. It is quite wonderful in decision and freedom. Also, it will be pleasant for you to hear that I am certainly getting into a good line of useful and peaceful work; for I feel convinced that the sketches I make now will please people, and be important records of things now soon to pass away. And thirdly I may hope, for you, that in the sense of my being undisturbedly and healthily occupied, in a way to bring out whatever genius I have, poetical or not (for there is room for every kind of sentiment in the treatment of drawings), you will have much happiness even when I am absent from you, and a happiness gathering up what seemed to be lost when I come back. Nor do I think that you will be much troubled now with people in the house, even when I return, for I hope to come back in so much stronger health as to enable me to pursue my work steadily, and justify me in refusing visitors, and I have no doubt that with more quiet, all these nervous feelings will go away and leave you to enjoy perhaps the best part of your old age that has yet been possible.

The day is exquisite here, and if to-morrow is like it, you may think of me as happily at work in the brightest and purest air in the world (which that of North France is, to my thinking), and every now and then thinking of you and Denmark Hill.

I will not tax your sight with more, for my hand is always difficult, though better than it was once. It was not because I was nervous about you that I thought of coming home, but only in case you were feeling too lonely. Now I am going to my afternoon's work, which would not be done so well but that I trust you will still be able to see and enjoy some of it; and that for many a day yet to come.

Ever, my dearest mother, believe me, with every prayer for you,
your most affectionate son,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [A few lines of this letter have been printed in Vol. XIX. p. xli.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

ABBEVILLE, 11th September, 1868.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,. . . Come whenever it is most convenient to you; I shall have my work in a more comfortable state in about a week's time than it is now, but come at your own time . . .

I have often thought of setting down some notes of my life, but I know not how. I should have to accuse my own folly bitterly; but not less, as far as I can judge, that of the fondest, faithfulest, most devoted, most mistaken parents that ever child was blest with, or ruined by. For myself, I could speak of my follies and my sins; I could not speak of my good. If I did, people would know the one was true; few would believe the other. Many of my own thoughts for better things I have forgotten; I cannot judge myself—I can only despise and pity. In my good nature, I have no merit—but much weakness and folly. In my genius I am curiously imperfect and broken. The best and strongest part of it could not be explained. And the greatest part of my life—as Life (and not merely as an investigating or observant energy) has been . . . a series of delights which are gone for ever, and of griefs which remain for ever; and my one necessity of strength or of being is to turn away my thoughts from what they refuse to forget. Some day, but not now, I will set down a few things, but the more you understand, the less you will care for me. I am dishonest enough to want you to take me for what I am to you, by your own feeling—not for what I am in the hollowness of me. I bought a cane of palm-tree a week ago; it was a delightful cane to me, but it has come untwisted; it is all hollow inside. It is not the poor cane's fault; it would let me lean upon it—if it could. . . . Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

ABBEVILLE, 22nd September, 1868.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . The time you have named will do excellently for me³—and it is worth your while to come, for I can show you as much of the principles of declining French architecture

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 163. No. 55 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 183–185.]

² [No. 56 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 185–186.]

³ [Professor Norton paid the visit, and a day or two after his return to England Ruskin wrote (Abbeville, October 9):—]

“It is cold, and I am spoiled a little by Paris and Americans. But the light is lovely, and I feel well up to my work (for me)” (*Norton*, vol. i. p. 179).]

here, and explain to you more of my own mistakes and delights in the *Seven Lamps* epoch, than I could in any other place in the world. I shall let you go on by yourself to Chartres; but I want to arrange to meet you at Paris on your return (or at Rouen, and so back here through Paris), that we may have a talk in the Louvre together and see the Hours of St. Louis together. I've never seen it, and I know it is the only thirteenth-century MS. in the world which can match the one you have two leaves of.¹

Love to you all.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

I've a great deal to *say*, but I can't write.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

ABBEVILLE, 8th Oct., 1868.

. . . Longfellow dined with Norton and me yesterday, and we *all* enjoyed it. Norton said I was more than usually agreeable, and I thought things went smoothly myself. Then they both came as far as Amiens this morning with me, or rather, I as far with them; they going on to England. I wanted to see Amiens again, so said good-bye there. Longfellow is a quiet and simple gentleman, neither specially frank nor reserved, somewhat grave, very pleasant, not amusing, strangely innocent and calm, caring little for things out of his own serene sphere

I should be grateful to you if you would now take means of ascertaining when this Glasgow election is decided,² as I have several plans just now, held in abeyance by the possibility of this Scottish journey. And please find out for me also, accurately, what will be required of me—and when—in case of the election being favourable to me.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

ABBEVILLE, Thursday Evening [18 October, 1868.]

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have been walking along the brow of the hill opposite that on which we walked on that dark evening—on the other side of the valley, and feeling very dull without you

I was glad that I stopped at Amiens. Fearfully destroyed—it is

¹ [That is, the leaves of the Psalter and Hours now in the library of Mr. H. Y. Thompson (see Vol. XXI. p. 15 *n.*). See above, p. 356.]

² [It would appear from this that there was some idea of bringing forward Ruskin as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship. The candidates ultimately nominated were, however, Lord Stanley and Mr. Lowe.]

³ [No. 57 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 186–187.]

still majestic and pure, and in its interior, far beyond what I remembered. I have much gained in feeling and judgment lately.

I think you must come *there*—not here—in November. Tell me how the little doll with the shoulder straps is liked.—Ever your affectionate

J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

ABBEVILLE, *Monday [21 October, 1868].*

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I was struck by a wearisome little feverish cold on the Saturday after I left you, which has kept me from writing even to thank you for the lovely message from Longfellow, and from working since; and now I must come home because of the Employment committee, and I'm a little sad at leaving—but that is my destiny—plans unaccomplished, of every kind, in little and great things; I can't finish a word properly. If you could dine and sleep at Denmark Hill either on Saturday or Sunday (or both) . . . we could talk over Employment of Roughs (much either of us know about those Antipodes of ours). I am so vexed not to be able to go to Paris again to call on Mr. Longfellow, and the vexing myself variously keeps the cold upon me; but I am beating it gradually.

Tuesday's post (to-morrow's) will still find me here. After that write home. I have got the negatives of all the best of those photos. Thanks for letter about government. Love to you all.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

To ERNEST CHESNEAU²

DENMARK HILL, *October 25th, 1868*

MY DEAR SIR,—Arriving at home, I find your very interesting book³ and your obliging letter. I am very proud of the interest which you do me the honour to take in my work; but all that I have said or tried to say, is so incomplete and so brokenly arranged, that I have little satisfaction in any one's reading it until I can, if life is spared me, fill up the deficient and confused portions, and then reduce all into clearer form. My secretary rightly sent you the volume containing the clearest statements of principle respecting landscape which have yet been possible to me. Your work seems to have been most conscientiously performed, and the characteristics of the different schools

¹ [No. 58 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 187–188.]

² [No. 4 in *Chesneau*; pp. 8–9.]

³ [Probably *L'Art et les Artistes Modernes en France et en Angleterre* (1863).]

admirably delineated. But I think you interest yourself in too many people. There are never more than one or two great painters in any nation at one time; and when *they* are once understood, the schoolwork is easily massed around them. Nevertheless I admit that there is considerable interest in all modern schools, about the men who have missed their destiny, and would have been great, if this or that evil star had not afflicted them.—Believe me, my dear Sir, sincerely and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

[October, 1868.]

MY DEAR SUSAN,—I can't come to-day after all. Committee adjourned. Fight confused between the men who consider the poor a nuisance to be repressed, and those who consider them a material to be worked up. Twelve o'clock to-day, meeting. I mean to define the two parties if I can get the last into mass. Sir W. Crofton is to be there. I mean to propose, and carry if I can, the resolution on the opposite side of this; you can make it out—I can't copy it. Everybody sends me their opinions privately; I pick out what I want and prepare it as Mr. So and So's, patting it hard on the back, but it's hard work.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

[Resolution]

That this society believes that no ultimate good will be effected by any law which is based on the separation of the poor from other classes of society as objects of a scornful charity or recipients of unearned relief; but that every increasing social evil may be attacked at its foundation by the giving of useful employment at fixed rates of remuneration to all who are capable of work, and by the training to such useful employments of those who are now capable of them, under such systems of discipline as may tend at once to the encouragement of manly and honourable principles, and the direct repression of crime.

(No thick note paper in drawer!)

To Mrs. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

DENMARK HILL, *Saturday*.

MY DEAR SUSAN, . . . I am tired to-day, for I had two committees yesterday—one *sub*; one general—and hard fighting and harder

¹ [No. 59 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 189–190.]

² [No. 60 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 190–192.]

flattering, in both. In the *sub* three only of the five members came, including me; three were a quorum, and I was one against two—only able to hold my own by fencing for two hours. I got harm averted, and we parted like the three friends of the lake of Uri.

In the general committee I had hard straight fighting with an old stick of a Social Science man—Mr. Hill—for another two hours, but with the majority of the committee helping me, however, or at least backing me. The hard part of the fighting was in holding my tongue and watching for breaks in squares. At last I got him into a bad temper. Archbishop Manning smoothed him down, and he got worse, and at last, to my intense delight, he threatened the Committee with the penalty of his retirement from their body if they didn't pass his motion. Whereupon, we managed to get the Archbishop to prepare an amendment (nobody else seemed inclined to venture in face of the penalty) which I seconded, and it was carried at once. It took another two hours (as I said)—two and a half, nearly—to get this one victory (the old gentleman held his own by talking against time for a long while), and everything else had to be adjourned till Tuesday; but they appointed a sub-committee,—Archb. Manning, Sir W. Crofton, Mr. Fuller, *me* (and somebody else—I think, but am not sure), with an excellent whip in Mr. Jolly, the Independent Clergyman (I like him so much, really)—and now I think we shall get on.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, *Friday*.

MY DEAR SUSAN, . . . Yes, I wish I could have talked over this business with somebody—but not in the immediate push of it. Getting things through Committee—which is like threading many needles not in a line (and some restive) with a thread fluffy at the end—is bad enough; when one has a thing to do one's self, one must do it. I've never found two heads better than one, unless neither could be much worse for being alone, or unless the weakest was uppermost. I accept the adage under quite a different—I hope to you acceptable—reading: "Two *hearts* are better than one." We poor bachelors, whose workaday ones are so early cracked into chequers that the water of life runs out through them—and the chimes all ring dead—should be very glad if we had a spare one handy.

¹ [No. 61 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 192–193.]

To Mrs. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, *November 5* [1868].

MY DEAR SUSAN, . . . I should have been over to-day, but have received a note from a poor little sick girl—who is kept in London by spine complaint, very painful, and wants to see me, and trusts me to come—so I can't fail her. She is a Roman Catholic of the old Scotch Kerr race; her brother, once (and very young) captain of a ship of the line, has become a monk; and I had a walk with the only sister she has *out* of convent, up Rhymer's glen at Melrose last year,² which was the likeliest thing to a scene in the beginning of a *Waverley* novel that ever I had fortune of any part in—the girl being truly one of Walter Scott's women, as opposed to the heroines of modern romance. In this sick one the disease has touched the brain, and she is wildly gentle, inconsistent, restless, wonder-stricken—like a person half changed into a child—with great joy and peace in her religion. It's a wild, ungentle world, with its broken wrecks of spirits—and of Fates.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

7th Nov.

. . . If you are about on the rocks at all, pull me some of that deep large moss that grows in wettish places, five or six inches long, with starry leaves, and any other nice bits of tufts of moss; please put in a little basket and bring with you, for I've just chanced to be thrown upon some difficult moss-questions.

I've such a beautiful letter from Longfellow this morning. He says: "The lamplight picture of the four-at-table, in the little room at Meurice's, is precious to me." I'm afraid of trusting the letter itself by post—but here is the envelope, which will give you a nice idea of the hand.

To his MOTHER

BROADLANDS, *Sunday, 6th December, 1868.*

We got down quite comfortably, and found every one well, and very kind and glad to see us. But the longer I live, or rather the nearer I come to the end of life, the more I am oppressed and unhappy unless when I am at my own pursuits and in my quiet home.

¹ [No. 62 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 193–194.]

² [See above, p. 530.]

Joanna has, I hope, enjoyed herself, and I think Mrs. Cowper is very fond of her. Lady Palmerston is very kind and nice to her, and I am glad she has had this opportunity of seeing people whom you have so long been interested in. But I cannot stand more of it just now, and so we hope to be with you again to-morrow about four o'clock. I will not try your eyes with more writing. Dinner at seven as usual. Or perhaps, as Joan will not have had much lunch, I had better say *six*.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

DENMARK HILL, 19th Dec., 1868.

DEAR RICHMOND,—I return you at once this very valuable letter of your son's, which surely ought to make you very happy. The excitability, error, and vacillations of youth are as inevitable as the changes of form and feature, or passings by of one phase of thought as better knowledge opens the field of another; but the *one* thing that is necessary between father and child is absolute confidence; all happiness is possible where that exists—love only deepens the suffering of the truest hearts, where it does not.

And that it may exist, the older and the wiser must be able to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please himself. The Father must be prepared beforehand to endure quietly the difference of mind between himself and his child, which is the law of heaven—while one generation passes away and another cometh—keeping in mind that the great Authority of his Fatherhood is granted him because he of all men ought to be able with least selfishness—with most self-abnegation—to judge and guide his child; and the greatest trial, to good people, is this of seeing their children *thinking* wrong; but the one great need is that the children should always fearlessly tell their thoughts—avow their acts—hide nothing to avoid giving pain. A noble youth can bear his father's anger, but not his grief; and is likely to draw aside from him chiefly for fear of hurting him. I have not written to—, for I do not feel as if the sense of *any* one's coming between you and him would be good for him, but if *you* only laugh at his first letter, and thank him for his second, and beg him always to tell you all he thinks, and to spend his fretfulness on *you* rather than on anybody else, he will be so grateful—happy and safe—that you will thank the Pope and the “poor” powder-lighters for all they have troubled him and you in. Only, you know, you *must* be prepared for—'s thinking dreadful things! He would not be strong in his art if he were not intense in his belief and his disbeliefs. And

the world is now in a state to make us all very uncomfortable—if we look at it. And—*must* look at it. *You* need only look at what you like of it, for you have chosen your part. But—has to choose. We all have, some day or other, and his day has come, or is coming—you cannot avert—you can only help him to sustain.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

1869

[In January of this year Ruskin delivered a lecture on Abbeville, and was then engaged in writing *The Queen of the Air*. At the end of April he went abroad, and remained in Switzerland and Italy till the end of August. Letters written thence, in addition to those here given, are printed in Vol. XIX. pp. xlvi.—lxi. He was called home by his appointment to the Slade Professorship at Oxford: see Vol. XX. pp. xix.—xxi. The latter months were spent at Denmark Hill, in preparation for his lectures.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, *February*, 1869.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—The enclosed is not a Washington autograph, but I think you will like to have it, as evidently the first sketch of the Moral Theory of his work by the great author of *Modern Painters*. . . . Ever your affectionate
J. R.

The Guide came all right—it is so very useful.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

DENMARK HILL, *11th March*, '69.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I am much glad of your letter—of Christian name greatly. It used to chill me a little because you did not take it when Tom did, long ago.

And there is truly no man living whom I would have so much desired to please—in my way of doing or saying anything that I want to do or say so as to reach sympathy. I know that you would not have liked it² unless it had been right, and it gives me confidence in my power of rendering what is in me; for though I know that the

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, pp. 163–164. No. 63 in *Norton*; vol. i. p. 196. The enclosures were the letter and verses printed above, pp. 2, 3.]

² [Ruskin's lecture on "Greek Myths of Storm," given at University College, London, on March 9, 1869, and printed as Lecture i. in *The Queen of the Air*: see Vol. XIX. p. 295.]

innermost strong feeling in me is good—and is a true desire to enforce truth—still there is so much upper weakness of vanity and self-consciousness that I was always afraid these meaner feelings showed more than the stronger ones—and above all, I have never been comfortable about voice, fancying it was both wooden and weak. So I am immensely happy that you came, and were pleased.

Also I hope that I may be selfish enough to pursue this subject of Greek mythology—in the pleasure it gives me, without the evil conscience of wasting time. I am much torn by various dispositions to work in fifty ways at once, and can only hold on when I find people are pleased.

I was very happy in Julia's visit, and in all she told me—of Willie as well as of herself. What a pretty letter that last of Willie's is!

But whatever the picture may be, I shall try to persuade him to trust a little the public voice of call.

The more I see, and the older I grow, the more I am sure that men's true and good gifts always make the "Borgo Allegri,"¹ though it is (as there are easy mockeries of all good) too often made joyful by their evil gifts instead.—Ever your affectionate "JOHN."

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

DENMARK HILL, April 12, 1869.

DEAREST CHARLES,—I must stay six days longer—till Monday fortnight, this work has grown under my hands so. It is to be called *The Queen of the Air*, and divided into three sections:—

1. Athena in the Heavens.
2. Athena in the Earth.
3. Athena in the Heart.

That is to say, of course, the spirit in the winds, the spirit in the potter's clay, and in the Invention of Arts; and I'm going to get what I mainly mean about "*didactic* Art" said unmistakably in the last section,³ against the rascally "*immoral Gift*" set of people on the one side.

I've sent you three uncorrected sheets about species; please look at them and tell me what you think the scientific people will say. . . . Ever yours,
J. R.

¹ [See Vol. XXIII. p. 330.]

² [No. 64 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 199–200.]

³ [See §§ 108, 110; and for the passage about species, §§ 62–63 (Vol. XIX. pp. 394, 395, 358, 359).]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, S.E., April 13, '69.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—It will indeed be a help of the very highest value to me if you can glance through the proofs in their present state—marking anything that you chance to notice wrong or mendable. Here is the first section; there's a good deal added at the end which is at least interesting to me myself—I think Mars' opinion of Minerva at page 56² is great fun. I have never thanked Susan yet for my lovely Japan cup. The children were so happy with her and you last night.

I fear I cannot afford the Rievaulx—I know it, and wholly agree with your estimate of it. But I *must* have Nemi and Terni. They are Athena *pure*; and there are six more Hakewells³ in the next sale, and a hope of a *Yorkshire* or two beside. And the Rievaulx will bring—Heaven knows what. But of all the England drawings, except Carnarvon, it is perhaps the loveliest.—Ever your loving J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

April 27, 1869.

DEAREST CHARLES,—I have referred printers and everybody to you.⁵ My old friend Mr. Harrison may be a little troublesome, but bear with him, for he is very good, and has seen all my large books through press; I'll soon write from abroad.

Meantime, please come out to Denmark Hill. I've addressed the bookcase key to you—on my right as I sit in study.

Open this, and in the two upper drawers of it you'll find St. Louis and my other favourite manuscripts. I have not had time to put them up, and you may like to look at them. Please take them away at your leisure, and leave them at the British Museum with Mr. Edward

¹ [No. 65 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 201–202.]

² [Of ed. 1 of *The Queen of the Air*; § 40 (Vol. XIX. p. 341).]

³ [Drawings by Turner for Hakewell's *Italy*, which with the other drawings named were to be sold at Christie's. The Nemi fetched £388, 10s.; the Terni, £593, 5s.; and the Rievaulx, £1029.]

⁴ [No. 66 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 202–203.]

⁵ [Before setting out for Italy: see Vol. XIX. p. xlvi. "He had overworked himself," says Professor Norton, "in spite of his conviction, of which he had recently written to me, that 'one never quite recovers from overwork,' and at length he got into such a worried and nervously overstrained condition, that he broke away from home, regardless of engagements and of half-completed matters of important concern. He left me in charge of many of these matters, tossing them pall-mall into my hands, with full authority, but with scanty specific direction."]

A. Bond, sealed up and addressed to me, or to Charles Norton, Esq., so that you could get them at once, if anything happened to me.—Ever your loving
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

HOTEL, MEURICE, 28 April, 1869.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—It makes me feel as if you were always coming in at the door, . . . to be here again. We had a lovely day yesterday, and leave by 11 train for Dijon to-day; but I shall stop at Vevay till you write to me with anything you have to say. Please look over the part of preface already written (I've still to add a word or two), and write me a title-page accordingly, . . . *i.e.*, a title to go with all the series, and with the “Queen of the Air” subordinate.²

Love to you all.—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

I'll write better to-morrow.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

VEVAY, 1st May, 1869.

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I just got the *Frederick* in time; it is so nice to have it in this manageable form—with my own marked edition safe at home. I have been travelling every day since. I could not write before, nor now, for the sunshine and fresh air of the last four days have made me dull with their excess of brightness—only just this word of thanks.

I have the *Sartor* with me also—it belongs to me now, more than any other of your books. I have nearly all my clothes to make—fresh, but more shroud shape than any other.

I'll write again soon. I was very thankful to be with you again.—Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss CONSTANCE HILLIARD³

VERONA, 9th May, 1869.

MY DEAREST CONNIE,—Your letter, which came here to-day from Baveno, did me much good. I wanted a loving word or two very sadly, for I am more alone among the people here than in a desert;—they are so sunk beneath all sympathy, and have become detestable—

¹ [No. 67 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 203–204.]

² [*The Queen of the Air* was intended to be the first volume of a new series in the author's works: see § 101 (Vol. XIX. p. 389). The title-page which Professor Norton suggested seems not to have met Ruskin's views: see below, pp. 571, 572.]

³ [Lady Trevelyan's niece: see the Introduction, above, p. lxxxix.]

down to the very children—and the best that I can hope of any place that I care for is that seventeen years of ruin may have passed over it since I saw it last—neglected by every living soul (for if a human hand touches, it is to destroy). Seventeen years! There was no Connie at all when last I saw the marble pillars which now gleam in the lamplight outside of my tall dark window!

I don't know how the seventeen years have passed. Three, heavily enough—but they're gone, like the rest, and have left nothing of work done, or so it seems to me.

However, I have been making wonderful plans all the way over the Alps, which I can't tell you to-night, but which I shall want all sorts of help in—especially Connie and Ettie¹ sort of help—in making things pretty and tidy; and cheerful—and, if meat, eatable. Nothing I have ever written is more profoundly true than all about dressing and cooking in the *Ethics* (I think I shall call them Ethelics) *of the Dust*.

(10th May.) My Father's Birthday.

I was up this morning at ½ past 4, and have been drawing out of my window a better study of my old favourite tomb that hangs in the hall in the narrow frame,² red, and I've been backwards and forwards to see the effects of changing light on the Scaliger tombs—which are not 200 yards off—round the corner; and now it's just eight and I'm going to breakfast, and then to make another bit of drawing at Can Grande's tomb; and then at one I'm going to Venice, to see my old friend Mr. Brown, whom also I haven't seen for seventeen years, and who is to be waiting at five o'clock for me—and I'll soon write you again from Venice, and am, with dear love to Ethel, ever your loving
cuzzie, J. RUSKIN.

I am so very glad auntie³ saw you, and that I'm out of the way! She would be *so* much happier if she took to loving you a little.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

VENICE, 12th May, 1869.

I can't tell anybody (except φιλη, whom I've told already) my great plan, before I tell you—so I shall tell you this main part of it and then send some more to Dora,⁴ and you can lend each other the letters.

The whole upper valley of the Rhone, sixty miles long and two wide, with three or four miles of hill on each side—say some 700

¹ [Miss Hilliard's sister.]

² [The old drawing of the Castelbarco Tomb, here referred to, was done in 1852, and is reproduced in Vol. IX. Plate D. The drawing done "out of my window" was No. 15 in Ruskin's Exhibition of 1869: see Vol. XIX. p. 452.]

³ [That is, Ruskin's mother.]

⁴ [The Dora of the *Ethics of the Dust* (Vol. XVIII. p. lxxii. n.).]

square miles of land—is a mere hotbed of pestilence (marsh fever), and barren of all food, owing to the ravages of the river. Now I see perfectly how this could be prevented, and it only needs a little good engineering, and employment of idle hands, to turn the entire valley into a safe and fruitful and happy region.

Now, nothing in mere farming or gardening would interest me enough to keep my mind engaged in work in the open air; but here is a motive, and an employment which will last to the end of my days.

I am happy here at Venice in looking at my favourite old pictures, and shall hope every year to do good work on them, and on Italy. But as soon as I return to town I shall get at the leading members of the Alpine Club, talk it over with them, and get what help I can from them, in maturing my plan about the Alps.

Then I'll get me a little garden and barn somewhere in a healthy nook of hillside, and direct what work can be done, till I'm seventy, if I live so long. And wee Pussie must come to look and teach Swiss girls to be kind and tidy.

Here's Crawley come for the letters.

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

28th May, 1869.

MY DEAR S.,—I was very glad of your note, though very angry with you for thinking I didn't know what could or couldn't be done for the Alps.

It is not to arrest *their* fall. It is to arrest the Rainfall on their sides that I mean to work. I will take a single hillside; and so trench it that I can catch the rainfall of three average years at once, if it came down in an hour (that's exaggeration, for the rush would carry all before it). But I will so trench it (as I say) that I can catch any rainfall without letting a drop go to the valley. It shall all go into reservoirs, and thence be taken where, and when, it is wanted. When I have done this for one hillside, if other people don't do it for other hillsides, and make the lost valleys of the Alps one Paradise of safe plenty, it is their fault—not mine.* But, if I die, I will die digging like Faust.¹

* Of course, to deal with the *rainfall* is easy; but it will be much to do that. The great devastations are caused by snow melting, and for that I must have a great work of Fortification at the narrowest point of every great lateral valley, sacrificing the ground above my fort, and making it a small lake with capacity of six foot rise in an hour. I know I can do it, but I must succeed in the less thing first.

¹ [See the end of the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust*.]

I am doing good work here, and hope it will give you some pleasure to know this, and that I am getting stronger at the same time.

I've written to Couttet asking him about that land—if I can have it, I'll begin there at once.¹

Please, when you can, go again on a fine day, and ask for Mrs. or Miss Scott.² You will find either of them very dear and good, and you will be glad they are there. Love to dear John always, and to whatever is left of little Boo.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

VERONA, ALBERGO DUE TORRI, 13th June [1869.]

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—That is very delightful, your being at Vevay. I knew we should see each other again. I should have returned by the Simplon at any rate, for I have a great and strong plan about the valley of the Rhone. It is very fortunate for me to have come to look up into it. But as for time of stay, it depends on my mother and my work here—it cannot be long, at the best, but we'll have a talk. I can't write much to-day. As for Will and Book, I have been able to do nothing but my work here. I have not even looked at the draught of the Will, and didn't get it till too late to answer to London. The only excuse I made to myself for giving you the burden of seeing that book out, was that *no questions* might come to me—I intended *you* to decide.

The moment I found questions sent I wrote home in a great passion, "Publish, *anyhow*." After that, they sent to ask me if I couldn't find a better word for "manifest,"⁴ and nearly drove me crazy with the intense desire to knock them all down with the types.

What they're about now I haven't the slightest idea. What I'm about, I can't tell you to-day. The horror of living among these foul Italian wretches and seeing them behave exactly like dogs and flies among the tombs and churches of their fathers, is more than I can bear, with any power of rational speech left—about anything. But I am doing good work, and I'm very thankful you are at Vevay. Long-fellow is in search of you on the Rhine. We had an afternoon here.⁵

¹ [To this proposed purchase, and its abandonment, Ruskin refers in *Præterita*: Vol. XXXV. p. 437.]

² [Friends of Ruskin who at his request stayed at Denmark Hill during his absence abroad.]

³ [No. 68 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 204–206.]

⁴ [Ruskin appears to have kept his own word, which occurs several times in *The Queen of the Air* (Vol. XIX. pp. 357, 391, 397).]

⁵ [See the account of this meeting in a letter from Ruskin to his mother: Vol. XIX. p. liv.]

He was so nice. I was drawing in the Piazza die Signori when he and his youngest daughter came up and stood beside, looking on.

Don't you think that some people would have liked a photograph of the old square, with those figures on it? Antwerp spire *is* very fine; but its details are all bad. It is of the last period of Gothic decline, but a noble piece of proportion and mass.

I did not forget you at Neuchâtel. But they had built a modern church at the castle—and made me sick—and I wouldn't have had you go there. Love to you all.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

VERONA, 14th June, 1869.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . Have you studied the architectural Developments of Montreux, and the quarry opened in the little glade behind the church, which was *one* of the spots that were unique in Europe (Q. also in America?). The walks on the hill above Montreux when you get as high as the pines are very lovely. The narcissi are all over, I suppose?

I can't tell you anything about my work—there's too much in hand. It is chiefly drawing, however; but I can do little of that in the way I try, and must try, to do it.

Everything is a dreadful Problem to me now; of living things, from the lizards, and everything worse and less than they (including those Americans I met the other day²), up to Can Grande—and of dead, everything that *is* dead, irrevocably, how much!

You know I'm going to redeem that Valley of the Rhone. It's too bad, and can't be endured any longer. I'm going to get civil to the Alpine Club, and show them how to be a club indeed—Hercules's against Hydra. If they won't attend to me, I'll do *one* hillside myself. There shall not one drop of water go down to the Rhone from my hillside, unless I choose—and when it does, it shall water pretty things all the way down. And before I die I hope to see a rampart across every lateral valley holding a pure quiet lake full of fish, capable of six feet rise at any moment over as much surface as will take the meltings of the glaciers above it for a month. And if I don't master the Rhone that way, they shall shut me up in Chillon for the rest of my days if they like.

I'm not mad; I've had this in my mind for many years, ever since I wrote the "Mountain Gloom" chapter;³ and I planned it all the

¹ [No. 69 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 206–208.]

² [For a second experience of American fellow-travellers, see below, p. 577.]

³ [See *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. xix. §§ 27, 30 (Vol. VI. pp. 409, 411).]

way from Vevay over the Simplon this last year. How far people will do it, I know not, but I know it can be done.

I am up always at ¼ before 5, and at work at 6, as I used to be in 1845. But my hand gets shaky by 12 o'clock—like this—and you can't read more of it than this in a day, I'm sure.—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

VERONA, 16th June, 1869.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have perhaps alarmed you by the apparent wildness and weakness of the two letters I have sent you. But I am neither wild nor weak, in comparison with what I have been in former days: and in thinking of me, you must always remember that it is impossible for you at all to conceive the state of mind of a person who has undergone as much pain as I have. I trace this incapability continually—in all your thoughts and words about me. Chiefly, in your thinking it possible (or right, if it *were*) for me to write dispassionately.

But in many other little ways. However, this is to assure you that I can still write tolerably straight, and add up (a few) figures, and re-word the matters I have in brain and hand. And I have many serious ones just now; the knittings together of former purposes, with present anger and sorrow. Of which—in due time.—Ever your loving friend,
JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

[VERONA] 19th June, 1869.

I have your nice letter about the novels—and *Enoch Arden*.

Yes, that is what I felt, when I read it—how much we have to be thankful for, in wee Pussies and Cuzzies that are within three days' post.

To my mind, the saddest and strangest thing—yet *so* like human life—but the deepest piece of the tragedy—is the *deceiving* of the wife by the *True Dream*, “Under the Palm Trees.”² The *Vain Providence*,

¹ [No. 70 in *Norton*; vol. i. p. 209.]

² [The passage where Annie, praying for a sign whether Enoch be indeed dead—

“Suddenly put her finger on the text,
‘Under the palm-tree.’ That was nothing to her:
No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:
‘He is gone,’ she thought, ‘he is happy’”]

the Good Spirit becoming a Lying one. Every day the world and its ways get more terrible to me.

But I'm drawing a Griffin!¹

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

VERONA, 21st June, '69.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Do you recollect that line of Horace's about Ulysses, "Adversis rerum immersabilis undis"?³ I do not know any sentence in any book that has so often helped me as that, but there is so strange a relation between it and the end of Ulysses in Dante. I recollect no evidence of Dante's knowing Horace at all: and it is so very strange to me that he has precisely contradicted Horace, in his mysterious death, "Infin che il mar fu sopra noi richiuso."⁴ It is the most melancholy piece in all Dante—that—to me.

I wish I could give you, for an instant, my sense of sailing on lonely sea, and your writing to me from far away about things so very practical and important—on the shore. Which, of course, I ought to care for, and to leave all properly arranged—"fin che il mar sia sopra me richiuso." But I don't care about them. Or, take the comic side of it; Jonathan Oldbuck leaves Lovel, who is sensible and practical, to bring out his essay on the Prætorium. Lovel doesn't bring it out, and writes its title-page, calling it "an attempt at identification⁵ of the Kaim of Kinprunes, with the landing place of Agricola," and keeps teasing Jonathan to write his Will! . . .

24th June.

And, indeed, if I were to die now, the life would have been such a wreck that you couldn't even make anything of the drift-wood. It really is more important and practical for me to try before I die to lead two or three people to think "whether there be any Holy Ghost,"⁶ than even to make sure that you have my watch and seals to play with—though I *should* like you to have them. Only I'm not

¹ [The griffin sustaining the pillar on the north side of the Duomo porch. The drawing is at Oxford: see Vol. XIX. p. 449, Vol. XX. p. 82.]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, pp. 164–165. No. 71 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 210–214. Some sentences from the letter ("Don't send me any letters . . . hadn't got any," and "One doesn't 'attempt' . . . let alone a bridle") had been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. xiii.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Queen of the Air*, 1891.]

³ [*Epistles*, I. 2, 22.]

⁴ [*Inferno*, xxvi., last line. Ruskin comments on the passage in *Munera Pulveris*, § 93 (Vol. XVII. p. 214), and *Eagle's Nest*, § 75 (Vol. XXII. p. 176).]

⁵ [See above, p. 565; and Scott's *Antiquary*, chaps. iv. and xiv. Ruskin imagines what Mr. Norton would have done as Lovel, and, in the matter of the will, makes Lovel do what Mr. Norton was doing. For in the novel it is Oldbuck who provides Lovel with a title for his Epic, to which his own essay is to be an appendix.]

⁶ [Acts xix. 2.]

sure after all whether it is really me, or an ideal of me in your head, that you love. I don't believe anybody loves *me*, except my mother and poor little Joan.

. . . I really *am* getting practical. Last night—full moon—the metal cross on the tomb summit, which I have named in *The Stones of Venice* as “chief of all the monuments of a land of mourning,”¹ reflected the moonlight as it rose against the twilight, and looked like a cross of real pale fire—for the last time I believe from the old roof, for they take it off to-day, or to-morrow, to “restore it.” Well, in old times, I should have thought that very pretty; whereas now I reflected that with four tallow candles stuck on the cross-ends I could produce a much brighter effect. And I'm thinking of writing Hamlet's soliloquy into Norton-&-Millesque. “The question which under these circumstances must present itself to the intelligent mind, is whether to exist, or not to exist,” etc

Don't send me any letters that will require any sort of putting up with or patience, because I haven't got any. Only this I'll say—I've suffered so fearfully from *Reticences*² all my life that I think sheer blurting out of all in one's head is better than silence

By the way, Charles, when I'm dead, do you mean to publish my sketches entitled “An attempt to draw the cathedral of Verona,” etc., etc., because that would be quite true; but remember, one doesn't “attempt” to interpret an inscription.³ One either does it right or wrong; it is either a translation or a mistake. Of course, there are mistakes in all interpretation, but the gist of them is either a thing done or undone; it is not an attempt, except in the process of it.

This Italy is such a lovely place to study liberty in! There are the vilest wretches of ape-faced children riding on my griffins⁴ all day long, or throwing stones at the carvings—that ever were left to find the broad way to Hades without so much as a blinker, let alone a bridle. Can't write any more to-day.—Ever your loving
J. R.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

[VERONA] 28th June.

There *is* something very curious in the Spirit-world of this Verona; I am sure of that. The principal—or at least the most beautiful—

¹ [Vol. IX. p. 177. For the “restoration” of this Castelbarco Tomb, see Vol. XIX. pp. xlix., 453.]

² [Compare above, p. 410.]

³ [“This sentence must have reference to some ill-judged suggestion of mine which I have quite forgotten, in regard to the title of his book which now stands in full as *The Queen of the Air: being a Study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm.*”—C. E. N.]

⁴ [The griffins on the porch of the cathedral of Verona.]

tomb I am at work upon is of Can Mastino della Scala—who had three daughters. The first, Madonna Beatrice, who, the old history says, “had all the graces that heaven could give a woman—beautiful in all her person—wise, having a manly mind, and all lofty customs” (manners and behaviour!), “so that, by all, she was deservedly called the Queen” (Regina—and, in fact, in other histories she *is* never called Beatrice—but *Reina* della Scala; so that I never knew till the other day it was not her real name). Then the second daughter was “Madonna Alta-Luna” (“Lady Moon in her height”). And what do you think the third was called? “Madonna Verde”¹—Lady *Green*.

Now you must recollect that here in Italy—in the heated and arid ground—Green is of all colours the most refreshing—so that “Lady Green” is as pleasant to an Italian ear as Lady Rose would be to us. And then—fancy her memory kept in the garden always by the green Roses!

To his MOTHER

VENICE, *Monday, 2nd July, 1869.*

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I have been about all day with Holman Hunt.² Wind against me in the Grand Canal—just in time for post and no more. Quite well—and ever your loving son,

J. RUSKIN.

Not so late as I thought, after all. I am made very thoughtful by this review of Tintoret—after so many—seventeen years—by thinking what grand things I might have done, by this time, if I had gone on consistently working as I did those angels.³ And I am so anxious at least now to spend my last ten years well—and so puzzled what to choose out of the much I can do that no one else can—Tintoret or Turner—neither of them visible to any one but me—nor the colours of architecture—nor of skies. And life so short at best.

*To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*⁴

VERONA, *11th July, 1869.*

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I am glad the heat has come, for your sake and the vines’, though on this side of the Alps there has been no cold, though no settled weather. The heat does not hurt me—it is always cool in the churches—and I have not done half the things

¹ [See *Le Historie e Fatti de Veronesi nelli tempi d’il popolo et signori Scaligeri*, by Torello Sarayna: Verona, 1542, p. 35. For other references to the book, see Vol. XIX. pp. 439 *n.*, 455.]

² [See Mr. Hunt’s recollections: Vol. XXXIV. pp. 661, 662.]

³ [See Plate 11 in Vol. IV. (p. 332).]

⁴ [No. 72 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 214–216.]

I want yet, nor shall I, but must stay as long as I can and do all I can; they are destroying so fast, and so vilely, not merely taking away the old, but putting up new, which destroys all round. They have pulled down the remains of Theodoric's palace on the hill¹ (there being no spot of Italian ground on which they could build a barrack but that) and they have built a barrack about the size of the Vatican, which, as Murray's Guide complacently and reverently remarks, "forms a principal object in all the views of Verona." I am in no humour for talk—nor for rest—except sleep, of which I get all I can.

Why do you call Byron insincere? I should call his fault "incontinence of emotion." I call him one of the sincerest, though one of the vainest, of men; there is not a line he has written which does not seem to me as true as his shame for his clubfoot. He dresses his thoughts,—so does Pope, so Virgil,—but that is a fault, *if* a fault, of manner; it is not dishonest. And the more I know, whether of scenery or history, the truer I find him, *through* his manner. He is only half educated, like Turner, and is half a cockney, and wholly a sensualist, and a very different sort of person from a practical and thorough gentleman like Joinville.² But he is not insincere—and he cared for Greece, and could understand all nobleness. If he were only at Venice now, I think we should have got on with each other. It is very wonderful to me to be either in Venice, or here. Such a Dead World—of other people's lives and one's own.

Write, care of Rawdon Brown, Esq., Casa della Vida, Venezia.

Love to you all.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To his MOTHER

VENICE, *Friday, 16th July, 1869.*

I have your beautifully written letter of the 12th, and I do not think I have missed any—if I have not properly acknowledged them, it is only because they are always so beautifully written that I should just have to say the same thing over and over again, and it would look as if I only wanted to flatter you.

I will arrange then so as not to have to come abroad again after coming home. You seem to think I do not like coming home while you are alone; but you never were more mistaken. If life and time were unlimited I would come home instantly, and never leave you, but for little changes of air. But I am fifty, and my sight *may* fail soon of its present power—and I am quite certain that my duty is just as

¹ [See "Verona and its Rivers," § 8, Vol. XIX. p. 433.]

² [See above, p. 355 *n.*]

much here, and not at Denmark Hill, as if I were a rector ordered to a foreign church, or a colonel sent abroad on active service.

I am enjoying Venice very much, however, as a rest. I have not thought it so beautiful since I was a boy. Whatever I do, or do not, I will be at home for your birthday, and we will have happy times.

I think this last letter of yours *is* the best written of all, it is so free and strong.

To Miss JEAN INGELOW

PADUA, 19th July, 1869.

DEAR MISS INGELOW,—Thank you much for your letter with the mended words and dotted i's. I had not answered the question I asked you in my own mind. I do not treat you with levity, nor disrespect, in any matter—least of all in this. It was a very grave question, and I am not quite sure how far you have answered it in saying, that perhaps you can help me to set forth my plan, though you cannot (may not, at least) act on it. For as soon as you are quite convinced of the need for action, I think you will act, either on my principles, or on some wiser person's, or as you yourself see good. But you *will* act.

Now for your question about Education. It is one of the greatest mistakes of this age to think of it as a Leveller. It is the greatest of Separators.¹ Leave Newton and Justice Shallow both on their village green, and you will hardly know one from the other. Educate both *as well* and as far as you can, and see what a gulph you set between them! I never said all were to be educated alike, but the best possible done for each. Everything made of them that can be—but that means, very plain things made of some and very great of others.

Distinctions of rank *are* merely formal already. They do not now depend either on education, intellect, or merit, though an English nobleman usually knows Latin and the European languages and a little of most other things (except art, or policy); but distinctions of rank are now everywhere matters either of custom or convenience, and founded on no personal distinctions except accidentally. Even thus, they are in the highest degree useful and vital, and it would be one of my chief aims to mark them more severely than now, and to attach gradually, by systematic teaching, so much sense of responsibility to them as would ensure, on the average, higher attainments.

¹ [Compare *Time and Tide*, § 170 (Vol. XVII. p. 456).]

(20th July, Morning.) I have just returned from my morning walk, in this, perhaps most venerable—now, certainly, in comparison of its former self, most deeply sunk—of all cities of Italy—might I not say, of the Earth? For the revival of all its best learning came from this school.

There is an old tomb, at a narrow turning of a street, called—and long believed to be—the Tomb of Antenor. It is a Gothic tomb of the twelfth century—but the lower Italians themselves still think it Antenor's. Were it so, it would be the most precious of all monuments known. Even now—with its mere traditionary character—and Dante's words, in the most touching passage, to me, of all the *Purgatorio*—the fifth book—where there is the story of Buonconte of Montefeltro—"Giovanna—nor none else—have care for me"—and just before, Jacopo of Cassero's words—

"The deep passages,
Whence issued out the blood wherein I dwelt,
Upon my bosom—in Antenor's land . . ."¹

it has great power over me.

I have dealt somewhat too much in *most's*, in this page. At all events, there are few spots in the world more venerable than that street—and its tomb.

The house beside it is now the "Caffé e Bigliardo all' Antenore." The tomb itself has bills stuck upon it—its base is made a fruit-stall—(*N.B.*—fruit unripe—the Italians have not even sense or patience ever to taste a ripe peach)—and there are notices all round it of lotteries and horse races.

Remember, the one thing to be done—so far as I see or know—is to show *how beautiful* life may be made, while self-supporting. Think of this—till I write again.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

VERONA, 9th August, '69.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . Several things have concurred lately in furthering my preparation for the plan I told you of about the Valais. To-day, in coming from Venice, I met an engineer who is

¹ [Ruskin quotes from Cary, Book v. 88, 73–75. The "Tomb of Antenor," the legendary founder of Padua, is now commonly supposed to be that of some Hungarian invader in the ninth century.]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, pp. 165–166. No. 73 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 216–219. One passage of the letter ("The more I see of your new fashions . . . by means of 'Liberty' ") had been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (pp. xi., xii.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *The Queen of the Air* (1891).]

negotiating a loan of four millions of francs for an aqueduct to Venice, and had various talks with a Venetian merchant about the lagunes just before. Of course, the thing to be done is to catch and use and guide the rain, when first Heaven sends it. For 1200 years, the Venetians have been fighting vainly with the Brenta and its slime. Every wave of it is just so much gold, running idly into the sea, and dragging the ruin of kingdoms down with it. Catch it when it first falls, and the arid north side of the Alps would be one garden, up to 7000 feet above the plain, and the waters clear and lovely in what portion of them was allowed to go down to the plain for its cultivation. Not a drop should be allowed to find its way into the sea from Lombardy, except as much as would make the Po navigable as far at least as Pavia, or, better, Casale; and the minor rivers constant with clear water in one fifth of their present widths of bed . . .

Omar is very deep and lovely.¹ But the Universe is not a shadow show, nor a game, but a battle of weary wounds and useless cries, and *I* am now in the temper that Omar would have been in, if somebody always stood by him to put mud into his wine, or break his amphora. You don't quite yet understand the humour of thirsty souls, who have seen their last amphora broken—and “del suo vino farsi in terra lago.”²

The Valais plan, however, is only the beginning of a bigger one for making people old-fashioned. The more I see of your new fashions the less I like them. I, a second time (lest the first impression should have been too weak³), was fated to come from Venice to Verona with an American family, father and mother and two girls—presumably rich-girls 15 and 18. I never before conceived the misery of wretches who had spent all their lives in trying to gratify themselves. It was a little warm—warmer than was entirely luxurious—but nothing in the least harmful. They moaned and fidgeted and frowned and puffed and stretched and fanned, and ate lemons, and smelt bottles, and covered their faces, and tore the cover off again, and had no one thought or feeling, during five hours of travelling in the most noble part of all the world, except what four poor beasts would have had, in their den in a menagerie, being dragged about on a hot day. Add to this misery every form of possible vulgarity, in methods of doing and saying the common things they said and did. I never yet saw

¹ [For another reference to FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyám*, see above, p. 455.]

² ["Delle mie vene farsi in terra lago."—*Purgatorio*, v. 84.]

³ [The first time is alluded to above, p. 569, but the experience is not detailed in the letters published by Mr. Norton. Ruskin worked up his second experience in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 20, §§ 17, 18 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 345–346).]

humanity so degraded (*allowing for external circumstances of every possible advantage.*) Given wealth, attainable education, and the inheritance of eighteen centuries of Christianity and ten of noble Paganism, and this is your result—by means of “Liberty.”

I am oppressed with work that I *can't* do, but must soon close now. Send me a line to Lugano. Love to you all.—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

LUGANO, 14th August, '69. ½ past seven, morning.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I am sitting in a splendid saloon with a French Turqu-oise² carpet and a French clock, and two bad pictures, one in the French, one in the Italian style, and some French china, and velvet chairs, and a balcony composed of blocks of granite, 7 inches thick by 9 over, carried jauntily on rods of beautifully designed cast iron—thus.³ But I can't give you the lovely Blondin-like effect of the granite balanced on the edge of the iron fence at *a* (and I've rounded it, to the great injustice of the trim cutting). I *leave* Italy here, but at Baveno, where I entered Italy, I had a balustrade similarly constructed, composed, however, of *half* balusters of cast iron, hollow and painted to imitate the granite. Outside, I have a garden, with a Chinese pagoda in it painted vermilion, and a fountain.

I have been vainly ringing for my breakfast, and have had to order it successively of two waiters, the first not being orthodox—I mean not the right Lord in Waiting. The magnificent pile which I thus triumphantly inhabit, with granite pillars outside, and Caryatides of rough marble in the great arm and leg and eyebrow style, is built, or, rather, jammed straight up against the wall of Sta. Maria degli Angeli, where Luini's Crucifixion is—thus.⁴ Observe, in passing, that the Crucifixion fails in colour, all its blues having changed; nor was it ever high in that quality, Luini having in it too many instruments to manage (great musician as he was) to come well out of it. Nobody but Veronese or Tintoret could have tackled a wall of this bigness, and *they* only by losing expression of face, which Luini won't.

Also, observe—Luini can't do *violent* passion. As deep as you like,

¹ [No. 74 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 220–224.]

² [See Vol. X. p. 447 *n.*]

³ [“Here was a rough sketch.”—C. E. N.]

⁴ [“Here another rough sketch.”—C. E. N. For another reference to the Luini, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 725.]

but not stormy; so he is put out by his business here, and not quite up to himself, because he is trying to be more than himself.

But with all these drawbacks, and failing most where it tries most, it is, as far as I know, the greatest rendering of the Catholic conception of the Passion existing in the world; nor is there any other single picture in Italy deserving to rank with it, except Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment"; no other contends with it, even, in qualities of drawing and expression—and for my own part, I would give the whole Sistine Chapel for the small upper corner of this, with the Infidelity of St. Thomas and the Ascension.

Well, I walked in there, just out of the "Salon de Lecture" of my divinely blessed and appointed Inn—and out of it I walked down to the lake shore, which was covered with filthy town refuse—rags—dust—putrid meat—and the rest of it, except at one place where they were carting lime from a newly built villa into it; so I came back to my breakfast almost blind with rage, and sat down between the first and second Lord in Waiting's arrivals to write to *you*, who, on the whole, are the real Doer and Primal cause of whatever is done in Modern days. For all this essentially comes from America, and America only exists, as other things only exist, by what little good there is in them and it—so that you, being the foundation of America, are the Real Doer of all this, when one sees far enough.

Well, I had meant to write to you before about the granite business, for at Como yesterday I found the old houses in its principal street pulled down and replaced by big ones over shops, behind a vast colonnade of granite pillars, with *Roman* Doric capitals (the ugliest, you know, in all classicism), and this base,¹ (neither more nor less)—each pillar about 18 feet high by 6½ round ! of solid granite.

Now, my dear Charles, it is entirely proper for you in America to know your political economy rightly. Also, while I play, and have pleasure in your play, about this bar between us respecting Mill, remember, it *is* a bar—and a very stern one, however covered with creeping jessamine. Also, you cannot study any history rightly, ecclesiastical or otherwise, until you have so far made up your mind on certain points of political economy, as to know in what directions certain methods of expenditure act for good and evil.

Here is a very simple problem for you. Think out the exact operation of the money from first to last, spent on those granite columns, as affecting the future wealth of Italy. And write to me

¹ ["Here another sketch."—C. E. N.]

your result. I'll tell you where, to-morrow—I'm not quite sure to-day, till I get my letters, and I must send this first.

Love to you all.—Your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

FAIDO, 15th Aug. '69.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I got letters at Lugano yesterday which, as I feared, may necessitate my running home soon.² . . . I know you will be sorry I cannot come to Vevay—but remember, I am in too steady pain to be able to enjoy *anything*—my *work* is an opiate, but is most so when quietest; few things are worse for me than the sight of domestic happiness—and since I have come to Italy, I have seen horror of which I had no conception before, in social destruction of law, which makes me at present quite speechless. You might as well expect a starved hyena to enjoy himself with you, as me, just now. I am going to see a poor sick girl at the Giessbach, the only Swiss girl I ever knew with the least understanding of her own country, and the only one I have known *lately* with any grace and courtesy of the old Swiss school left—but, of course, she's dying.³

Meantime, look here: No one can do me any good by loving me; I have more love, a thousand-fold, than I need, or can do any good with; but people do me good by making *me* love *them*—which isn't easy. Now, I can't love you rightly as long as you tacitly hold me for so far fool as to spend my best strength in writing about what I don't understand. The best thing you can do for me is to ascertain and master the true points of difference between me and the political economists. If I am wrong, show me where—it is high time. If *they* are wrong, consider what that wrong extends into; and what your duty is, between them and me.—Ever your affectionate friend,

J. RUSKIN.

Write to Hotel Giessbach, Lac de Brientz. I write this two miles below Turner's⁴ Now, Turner chose the Ticino as his exponent of Alpine torrent rage from the first day he saw it, and, eighteen years after his death, I find its devastation so awful that alone of all Alpine streams it gives me the idea of being unconquerable.

¹ [No. 75 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 224–226.]

² [Letters announcing his appointment to the Slade Professorship of Fine Art at Oxford: see Vol. XIX. p. lviii.]

³ [For "Marie" of the Giessbach Hotel, see Vol. XVIII. p. xliii., Vol. XIX. p. lix., and Vol. XXVIII. p. 131.]

⁴ [Here was a rough sketch of Turner's "Pass of Faïdo."]

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

LAKE LUCERNE, 16th Aug., 1869.

... If we don't take care ... we shan't be able to write or talk anything but pussy talk soon!¹ I declare I feel quite awkward trying to write English now, but I must write a word or two to-night. Seriously, it is very dull and sad here, utterly bad weather—and I have so many weary associations now with this dark lake

I feel out of my element here, too, *now*—and bitterly sad because I am so. I can't climb as I used to do, and the cold high air puts me all wrong in my whole system. It has the most curious effect on me—just like eating unwholesome things. The warm Italian air seems life to me, and I work on the buildings happily in my increased knowledge of history—but on the hillside, it is always “Would I were a boy again!”

I've been trying to write to Mr. Richmond, but in vain. I could say so much, but all sad. I have done some drawings which will interest him when he comes to Denmark Hill again.

I saw at Count Borromeo's, the loveliest Nativity I ever yet saw in all my life—a little Luini.² The difference between it and every other was in its extreme simplicity, with extreme joyfulness, everything pretty and tender and *gay*. It is easy to be tenderly grave—but to be tenderly *gay*!

I have seen many exquisitely decorated and graceful designs of nativities, but never one so naïve, yet so infinitely sacred and pure. The Virgin is just going to lay the Child into the little crib of the oxen, and it is half full of hay, and two delicious little angels,—boy angels, with ruby-coloured wings, and as full of fun as any mortal boys—are *shaking up* the hay with the lightest, prettiest, half haymaker's, half chambermaidish touch and toss of it, to make it all nice and smooth for the baby, the Virgin looking into the child's face as she lays it down with the most passionate mother's look of love—not adoration at all, but just all her face suffused with a sort of satisfied *thirst* of perfect love, and in the distance, a dainty little blue angel, like a bit of cloud, coming at the heads of the shepherds like a swallow, in *such* a hurry! None of your regular preachers of angels, that put their fingers up and say, “Now, if you please, attend particularly and do this,” or “Be sure you don't forget to do that,” but an eager little angel saying, “Oh, my dear shepherds, *do* go and see!”

¹ [The reference is to letters in the “little language” which Ruskin sometimes used in writing to his cousin: see the Introduction, above, p. lxx. n.]

² [The picture (now in the Museo Borromeo at Milan) is noticed in *Verona and its Rivers* (Vol. XIX. p. 444).]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BECKENRIED, LAKE LUCERNE, 16th Aug., 1869.

I should have written long ago, if I had had pleasant things to write, but my life is much more like a strange dream of things that I once cared for, than a reality.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I can't go on with this begun letter [to another correspondent]—one of my long ago foretellings has come true at last. They are making a railroad up the Rigi!² I never cared for the Rigi, but fancy Wordsworth, after writing his poem "Our Lady of the Snow,"³ hearing of it. And think of all that it means. I came on the steamer to-day in a crowd of animals smoking and spitting (English and German—not American) over the decks till they were slippery. Upon my word, I haven't been afraid of going mad, all through my sorrow; but if I stay much in Switzerland now I think my scorn would unsettle my brain, for all worst madness, nearly, begins in pride, from Nebuchadnezzar downwards. Heaven keep me from going mad *his* way, here, for instead of my body being wet with the dew of Heaven,⁴ it would be with tobacco spittle. All Mill and you, when one looks into it.—Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁵

GIESSBACH, 18th Aug., [1869].

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—You need not doubt the reality of my wish to see you here, because I cannot come to Vevay to take my pleasure. I can take pleasure now no more in anything that used to make me happy, but I can be soothed and helped by my friend, if he is well enough to come; but do not, for *any* motive, cause me the pain of knowing that you are running any risk to come to me. If you can *safely* come, it will be good for me to see you. If *unsafely*, you could not do anything *less* good for me.

Above all, do not come in the thought that I feel otherwise to you in your absence, or in your letters, than I do in your presence. All that in your present letter you say "you thought I knew" I did

¹ [No. 76 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 227–228.]

² [The two railways up the Rigi were built respectively in 1869–1873 and 1873–1875.]

³ [No. xviii. in the *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, 1820.]

⁴ [Daniel iv. 15.]

⁵ [No. 77 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 228–235.]

and do know. And what I write to you is not with reference to any of your late letters. It is in consequence of the entirely quiet time I have had to think over all you have said to me, from Abbeville to now; over all you have told me of America; over the lives of the young Harvard soldiers; over Longfellow's, Lowell's, Emerson's work, as I read it now by the light of the dying embers of Italy. And what I have just written to you on the economy question is in consequence of precisely the views which your present letter again states:—that you still confuse my morality with my economy, that you do not yet clearly see that I do not (in my books) dispute Mill's morality; but I flatly deny his *Economical science*, his, and all others of the school; I say they have neither taught, nor can teach men *how to make money*—that they don't even know so much as what money is—or what makes it become so—that they are *not* wise men—nor scientific men (nor—I say *here* good men); that they have an accursed semblance of being all these, which has deceived you and thousands more of *really* good and wise men; and that it is your duty to ascertain whether their science, *is*, in its own limits, false or true, and to understand thoroughly what they are, and what *it* is.

But if you come here, I shall not talk of these things. What I want most to say, I always write. I am never sure, in talk, of saying just what I mean. If you come, you shall see my drawings at Verona; hear, and help me in my plan for the Valais; rest among some of the purest Swiss scenery yet left in spoiled Switzerland; and give one gleam of light more to the close of the life of a Swiss girl, who, I think, in serene, sweet, instinctive, penetrative power, surpasses one's best ideal of youth in women. I shall be free till Thursday week; but if you come, give me a day's warning that I may have a nice room ready for you.—Ever your loving

J.

RUSKIN.

Thursday morning. Alas, only till this day week, and the weather seems wholly broken . . . When you get this letter, and determine what to do, just telegraph to me, if you come, on what day—and then I will get a room for you at Thun, and you will have a quiet morning at lovely Thun, and I'll meet you at the end of the lake of Thun (it was Turner's favourite quay in all Switzerland, from first to last¹) nearest here, and save you all trouble and noise when you quit the steamer. I will write you again to-morrow with details of steamer time, etc.

Now, one word more about polit. econ., because I'm not going to

¹ [Compare the *Notes* on Ruskin's Turner Drawings, No. 7 (Vol. XIII. pp. 417–418).] 418.]

talk of that. *Don't tell me* any more about good and wise people “giving their lives” to the subject, and “differing from me.” They *don't differ* (look in dictionary for *Differo*) from me. They are absolutely contrary to and in *Collision* with me; they don't know the *alphabet* even of the science they profess; they don't know the meaning of one word they use; not of Economy, for they don't know the meaning of *Nomy* nor of law, nor of the verb *νέμω* not of a House, for they have no idea of Family; not of politics, for they don't know the meaning of a city; not of money, for they don't know the meaning either of *nummus* or *pecus*; and if you were to ask Mill at this moment, he couldn't tell you the historical facts connected with the use of alloy in precious metals—he could tell you a few banker's facts, and no more.

They don't know even the meaning of the word “useful”—they don't know the meaning of the word “to use,” nor of *utor*, nor *abutor*, nor *fruor*, nor *fungor*, nor *potior*, nor *vescor*; the miserable wretches haven't brains enough to be prologue to an egg and butter, and you talk of their giving their lives! They haven't lives to give; they are not alive—they are a strange spawn begotten of misused money, senseless conductors of the curse of it, flesh-flies with false tongues in the proboscis of them. Differ from *me*, indeed. Heaven help me! I am bad enough and low enough in a thousand ways, but you must know the “difference” between them and me, a little better, one day. And that's “just what I mean.”

Here's a pig rhyme, to finish with, I made to amuse Joan the day before yesterday. There were two little brown pigs on the pier at Beckenried—I never in my life saw such splendid obstinacy, nor so much trouble given in so little time by two little beasts; it was lovely; and, you know, I've written a whole “In memoriam” of Pig verses to Joan, so this is only one of the tender series.

“Dear little pigs—on Beck'ried pier,
Whose minds in this respect are clear,
That, pulled in front, or pushed in rear,
Or twirled or tweaked by tail and ear,
You *won't* go there, and *will* come here,
Provided once you plainly see
That here we want you—*not* to be;*—
Dear little pigs! If only we Could learn a little of your he-
Roism, and with defiant squeaks
Take Fortune's twitches and her tweaks,

* Mind you read with the Hamlet phrase. I haven't left room enough to mark the pause after “you.”

As ancient Greeks met ancient Greeks,
 Or clansmen, bred on Scottish peaks
 To more of bravery than breeks,
 Will quarrel for their tartan streaks,
 Or Welshmen in the praise of leeks,
 Or virtuosi for antiques,
 Or ladies for their castes and cliques,
 Or churches for their days and weeks,
 Or pirates for convenient creeks,
 Or anything with claws or beaks
 For the poor ravin that it seeks.—
 Dear little pigs,—if Lord and Knight
 Would do but half the honest fight
 In dragging people to do right
 You've done to-day to drag them wrong,
 We'd have the crooked straight, ere long."

Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

GIESSBACH, 18th August, [1869.]

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have your letter from Lugano . . .

I must get that book on Italian irrigation.² Strangely enough, I have just finished and folded a letter to the banker Carlo Blumenthal at Venice, with some notes on a pamphlet he lent me by the engineer who has the management of the lagoons. My letter was to show that the Lagoon question was finally insoluble, except as one of many connected with the water-system of Lombardy; and that the elevation of the bed of the Po was the first evil they had to deal with—being merely the *exponent* of the quantity of waste water which they allowed to drain from the Alps, charged with soil it had no business to bring down, when every drop of it was absolutely a spangle of gold let fall from Heaven, if they would only take the infinitesimally small trouble of catching said drop *where it fell* (and keeping it till they wanted it) instead of letting it drown the valleys of the Ticino and Adige first, and then flood (eventually) Lombardy—in the meantime running waste

¹ [No. 78 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 235–237.]

² [*Italian Irrigation: a Report on the Agricultural Canals of Piedmont and Lombardy*, by Captain Richard Baird Smith, 2 vols., London, 1852. "The great system of irrigation by means of canals which has been carried out by the Government of India during the last fifty years was begun with the construction of the Ganges Canal, and Captain Baird Smith, one of the ablest officers of the corps of Bengal Engineers, had been sent to study the system and methods of canalisation and the distribution of water in upper Italy. His admirable report is a book of permanent value, and it has interest, not only for the student in its special subject, but also for the student of Italian economical history, and especially of the engineering work and practical inventions of Leonardo da Vinci."—C. E. N.]

into the lagoons and bordering all the plain with fever-marsh. I shall hold on quietly, enforcing this on every one who will listen, getting especially at such Alpine Club men as have sense or heart, and so gradually work on, with this very simple principle of Utopian perfection, “Every field its pond—every ravine its reservoir” (and that on both sides of the Alps), or reservoirs, if necessary, all down, off the bed; but proper *upper* pools would generally be all that was wanted on the main tributaries of each torrent, just where they came together off the rounded ground. Then, beautifully planned drainage to throw the weight of water to the hardest part of the hill, where it could be dealt with sternly, and to relieve shingle and slate, as far as possible, from attrition. And so on . . . Ever, my dear Charles, your affectionate

J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DIJON, 30th August, 1869.

I do not know what it was in my last letter² that gave you the impression of arrogance. I never wrote with less pride in my heart. Was it my comparing myself to the Antiquary and you to Lovel? Is not Lovel, throughout, the more sensible of the two?³

It was very natural that you should think me ungrateful in the matter of the Will. But remember, in all that you did for me in that, you were really working for the feelings of others after I am dead—not for me. I do not care two straws what people think of me after I am dead

But I do care, and very much, for what is said of me while I live. It makes an *immense* difference to me *now*, whether Joan and Dora⁴ find a flattering review of me in the morning papers, or one which stings and torments them, and me through them. And the only vexation of my life which you have it really in your power to allay is the continual provocation I receive from the universal assumption that I know nothing of political economy, and am a fool—so far—for talking of it . . .

Now, I *am* going to write arrogantly—if you like—but it is right that you should know what I think, be it arrogant or not. . . . I came yesterday on a sentence of Ste.-Beuve’s, which put me upon writing this letter (it is he who is your favourite critic, is it not?): “Phidias et Raphael faisaient admirablement les divinités, et n’y croyaient plus.”⁵

¹ [No. 79 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 238–242.]

² [“That of August 18th.”—C. E. N.]

³ [See letter of 21st June; above, p. 573.]

⁴ [See above, p. 566.]

⁵ [From the article on M. Victor de Laprade in *Nouveaux Lundis*, vol. i. p. 12.]

Now, this is a sentence of a quite incurably and irrevocably *shallow* person—of one who knows everything—who is exquisitely keen and right within his limits, sure to be fatally wrong beyond them. And I think your work and life force you to read too much of, and companion too much with, this kind of polished contemplation of superficialities, so that I find I have influence over you, and hurt you by external ruggednesses, of some of which I was wholly unconscious, and did not fancy that those I was conscious of would be felt by you.

But, whether this be so or not, there is really no question but that a man such as you should once for all master the *real* principles of political economy; know what its *laws* are—for it *has* its laws as inevitable all as gravitation; know what national poverty really means, and what it is caused by, and how far the teachings of present professors are eternally false or true. And then I want you to say publicly, in *Atlantic Monthly*,—or elsewhere,—what you then will think respecting my political economy, and Mill's.

And what I meant by saying that I could not love you rightly till you did this, was simply that until you did it, you were to me what many of my other friends and lovers have been,—a seeker of my good in your own way, not in mine. If I had asked my father to give me forty thousand pounds to spend in giving dinners in London, I could have had it at once, but he would not give me ten thousand to buy all the existing water-colours of Turner with, and thought me a fool for wanting to buy them. I did not understand his love for me, but I could not love him as much as if he had done what I wanted.

So, I know perfectly well that you would work for five years, to write a nice life of me; but I don't care about having my life written, and I know that no one *can* write a nice life of me, for my life has not been nice, and can never be satisfactory.

But if you work for one year at what will really be useful to you yourself (though I admit some discourtesy in my so much leaning on *this*—yet I should not urge you to help me if it would be all lost time to you), you can ascertain whether I am right or wrong in one of the main works of my life, and authoritatively assist or check me.

Before you see the Crucifixion at Lugano, you must study Luini carefully at Milan, giving several days to him. If you saw the Crucifixion first, its faults would be too painful to you—deficiencies, I mean, for Luini has no “faults,” at least, no sins, for “fault” *is* deficiency—and I will ask Count Borromeo to show you *his*.—Ever, with faithful love to you all, your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

PARIS, 31st August [1869].

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—It was a happy, or wise, thought to write to me here. I got your letter after a somewhat weary day—to give more zest to a pleasant arrival in the luxuriously minute, luxuriously quiet cell of Meurice's.

I walked, after dining, up the Rue de la Paix, and to Rue Tronchet, and got a prettily, and I hope strongly, bound copy of the *Cent Ballades*.² I have always “meant to” conquer that old French, and shall work at it all the way home to-day. Already I have got much out of the songs. What a lovely one—that “nul n'y peut nuire, si non Dieu”!³

The printing is beautiful, but wanting in legibility to aged eyes. I am going to do all I can to get a fine, quiet, and graceful type introduced. But there is no such thing as Cheapness in the universe. Everything costs its own Cost, and one of our best virtues is a just desire to pay it. Cheapness, in the modern notion of it, is least of all to be sought in books. The price of a month's eating is enough to supply any of us with all the books we need—the price of a month's pleasure of any other kind, with all the books we could delight in, provided the books needful and delightful were in print, which they are not, always; and well-bound books, well treated, will last for three generations. Had I a son, he would now be reading, under orders of trust, my father's first edition of the Waverley novels, from which not a leaf is shed—on which not a stain has fallen . . .

I will send you the *Queen of the Air* and—which is all I want you to read carefully—the four papers on Economy I wrote for Froude.⁴

Even the few people who read them at the time did not see their meaning, because they thought the leaning on verbal derivation frivolous. But the first point in definition is to fix one's idea clearly; the second to fix the word for it which the best authors use, that we

¹ [No. 80 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 242–244.]

² [*Le Livre des Cent Ballades . . . publié d'après trois manuscrits . . . par le Marquis de Queux de Saint-Hilaire*: see Vol. XXIII. p. xxiii.]

³ [No. lxxxv. (p. 169):—]

“Donques, mon très doux chier enfant,
Se pour tel meschef eschever,
Et pour recevoir joie grant,
Et pour tost en hault pris monter,
Vous plaist loiauté forjurer,
Au moins d'amer en un seul lieu,
Vos maux verrez en bien tourner:
Nul n'y peut nuire si non Dieu.”]

⁴ [*Munera Pulveris* (Vol. XVII.).]

may be able to read *them* without mistake. If the reader knows the essential difference between “cost” and “price,” it does not matter at present which *he* calls which; but it matters much that he should understand the relation of the words *Consto*, and *Pretium*, in Horace; and the relation between “For it *Cost* more to redeem his brother,” and “A goodly *price* that I was prized at of them” in the Bible.¹—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

To THOMAS CARLYLE²

DENMARK HILL, 2nd September, 1869.

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I am at home at last. I only got your lovely letter to-day—it was sent to a wrong address abroad, as well as Joan’s account of all your goodness to her.

I will come to-morrow evening if I may. I would have come to-night, but it is my mother’s birthday.

I should have written to you again and again from abroad, if all things had not been full of sadness to me—and of labour also—detaining me for this year from my happy work on your German Castles.³ Italy is in a ghostly state of ruin, and I did all I could on a few things I shall never see more. Your German castles will, I think, be yet long spared—but I hope to get some of them next year.

Just send a verbal “Yes” by the bearer if I may come to-morrow.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To the Rt. Hon. W. COWPER-TEMPLE

DENMARK HILL, 4th September, 1869

MY DEAR ΦΙΛΟΣ,—Yes, I knew you would! I told φίλη you would laugh at me—ages ago. Never mind—I’ll have my dig in spite of you, and get my roots too—and live in a cave. I’m *not* going to be kept in England by this thing. I’ve taken it because I believed I could on the whole teach more sound and necessary things than any one else was likely to do. But I am not going to be the Oxford drawing master—I do not say my own work is one bit higher than that would be, well done—but I am not going to make Oxford a main business of my declining life;—I shall set things, as far as, with the help of the many good men who, I know, are ready to help me

¹ [Psalms xlix. 7, 8 (Prayer-book version); Zechariah xi. 13.]

² [In reply to Carlyle’s letter of August 17 (printed in Vol. XIX. p. lxx.).]

³ [This—the drawing of “the old castles that were the cradles of German life”—was a task commended by Ruskin to his Oxford pupils: see Vol. XX. p. 106.]

there, I can put them in right train, and say as much, in the course of the year, as any one is likely to remember—in a quiet way. But I'll bridle that Rhone, or I'll know why. All the arts began in Italy with good engineering—and all the pieties begin with good washing. And your flood of pauperism will find then work and land both. I was shocked by the Rhone and Toccia Valley as I went into Italy.

But the Ticino Valley was worse than either. Every tributary of the Ticino comes down into it off granite—not a drop is caught by the way, and the streams seemed one and all to have chosen in their fury to go each straight through a village. In Giornico, not one house in three was left standing. Well, come home as soon as you can, and laugh at everybody else, as well as poor me,—they all deserve it—worse.—Ever affect. yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Love to φιλῆ Say to her she may write whatever she likes to write about to me; I shall not mistake light in the West for light in the East now—I know the evening and morning.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

[DENMARK HILL] *Sunday, 12th September, 1869.*

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—It seems that, last session in Parliament, Mr. Bright declared—and the saying was not in any grave manner questioned—that “in a common sense commercial community the adulteration of food was to be looked upon only as a form of competition.”

The words are from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, presumably approximating to the true ones.²

Now, my dear Charles, when I accused *you* of being a supporter of American ill-manners, I was wholly in play—(my bad habit of mingling play with earnest has of late led you into some mistakes about my letters which have caused you pain).

But when I accuse Mill of being the root of nearly all immediate evil among us in England, I am in earnest—the man being looked up to as “the greatest thinker” when he is in truth an utterly shallow and wretched segment of a human creature, incapable of understanding *Anything* in the ultimate conditions of it, and countenancing with an unhappy fortune whatever is fatallest in the popular error of English mind.

I want you to look a little at the really great statements of

¹ [No. 81 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 245–247.]

² [For the actual words, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 37, § 4 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 17).]

³ [For this phrase, see Vol. XXVII. pp. lxxvii., 33, 64, 65.]

Economical principle made by the true Men of all time; and you will gradually feel what deadly cast skin of the carcasses of every error they abhorred, modern “Economists” have patched up their hide with.

Here is the last sentence of Linnæus’s preface to the *Systema Natureæ*:—

“Omnes res creatæ sunt divinae sapientiae et potentiae testes, *divitiarum* felicitatis humanae; ex harum usu bonitas Creatoris; ex pulchritudine sapientia Domini; ex oeconomia in Conservatione, Proportione, Renovatione, potentia Majestatis elucet. Earum itaque indagatio . . . a vere eruditis et sapientibus semper exculta; male¹ doctis et barbaris, semper inimica fuit.”²

The use of the word “Economy” in this sentence and in the one just preceding,—“Naturalis quum scientia trium regnorum fundamentum sit omnis *Diaetae, Medicinae, Oeconomiarum, tam privatae quam ipsius naturae,*”—is, of course, the eternally right and sound one; the vulgar abuse of the term itself is one of the first causes of blunder in the modern systems—the great part of which consist only in the explanation of the methods by which one pedlar, under favourable circumstances, may get an advantage over another.—Ever your affectionate

J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

DENMARK HILL, 21st September, 1869.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . Yes, that Republican voice of thunder is very terrible. Does it never make you feel how much of what will most destroy true Liberty (ἐλευθερία) has arisen from those who were the first guides of the new passion having invoked “Liberty” instead of “Justice”?

Do not, in reading anything of mine on “Economy,” confuse what I add about *Government* with the science itself. It is a point of Economical Science that a house must be kept in order. But whether it can be kept in order best by a Master, or by the discussions and votes of the operative helps, may be questionable. Doubt my conclusions as much as you will, but distinguish them always from the

¹ [“The original reads ‘perverse,’ as I find in Ruskin’s own copy, once that of the poet Gray, and full of notes and drawings by him” (C. E. N.). Ruskin mentions the book in *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. p. 200 *n.*), where it should be noted by way of correction that the book was after Ruskin’s death given by Mrs. Severn to Mr. Norton, who published *The Poet Gray as a Naturalist, with Selections from his Notes on the Systema Naturæ of Linnæus, and Facsimiles of some of his Drawings*: Boston, 1903.]

² [From vol. i. p. 8 of *Caroli Linnæi . . . Systema Naturæ, Editio Decima: 1758*. For other references to the spirit in which Linnæus undertook his work, see Vol. IV. pp. 4–5, Vol. XXVI. pp. 339, 343.]

³ [No. 82 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 247–249.]

facts which are the base of them. I claim to have established the principles of the Science, not their final results.

And, again, do not confuse my Spiritual Platonism with my Economical abstractions. It is not Platonism, but a mathematical axiom, that a Line is length without breadth. Nor is it Platonism, but an economical axiom, that wealth means that which conduces to life.

So far from studying things that Are not, one of the chief purposes of *Munera Pulveris* is to show that wealth as at present gathered is an εἶδωλον—Phantasm; and to prove what substance is, and is not, in it.

I have £50,000.

What does £ mean?

I have *not* 50,000 sovereigns.

Nor could I have them, if everybody else who suppose themselves to have money asked for theirs at the same time. What I really have is fifty thousand possibilities of—a quite uncertain amount of possession, which depends wholly on other people's fancy and *poverty*. For, if *everybody* had fifty thousand pounds, everybody would be as helpless as if he had nothing.

Also, remember this great distinction,—All common political economy is bound on the axiom, “Man is a beast of prey.” (It was so stated in those words by Mr. Mill at a social science meeting.¹) My political economy is based on the axiom, “Man is an animal whose physical power depends on its social faiths and affections.”

Which of these principles do you reckon as a theory, and which as a Fact?

Ever your “affectionate” (theoretically and platonically)

J. RUSKIN.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

DENMARK HILL, 25th September, 1869.

MY DEAR ACLAND,—I have a somewhat heavy cold upon me in its beginnings, but I could easily come and see you next week—only I don't think there would be much good in it. I have not yet thought out anything rightly of what is to be done—and I can only do it slowly. Right thoughts only come of themselves in quiet—it will be three months before I can talk about any of these things to any one. But I could come and see you.

What can be done at Oxford in any wise depends on wide matters.

¹ [Not by Mill, but by Mr. T. J. Dunning: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 102 *n.*, and for the actual passage, *ibid.*, p. 159.]

To be the best drawing master in the world (if I were) would be of no use *there*. Nor would I *be* a drawing master.

We are on the edge of a revolution in all countries, of which none of us can know the issue. But we must be armed for *any* issue—otherwise otherwise than with palettes and pen-knives—be sure of that.

Also—please remember this—many men who live emotional lives die at fifty.¹ And I have gone through what would have made some men die earlier—and have at present considerable difficulty in keeping myself alive; I cannot count (even in any human modification of hope) on more than very few years of active and healthy power, and I am as jealous of every hour as of beaten gold.

Remember, whatever I now do or say, I do or say as a man does on his deathbed. Not the worse for that, I hope—nor the less gaily, sometimes. Nevertheless, you must henceforward think more of what you can do for me than of what I can do for you. For I can do little except the work that is in my hand.

I read your brother's sermon,² and your preface to it. But you are both of you dreaming, yet; and only half conscious of what is coming.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

DENMARK HILL, *Sept. 30th*, 1869.

MY DEAR ACLAND,—I am very grateful for your kind letter. I saw it was Tom who wrote that introduction as I read it; but forgot, in thinking it over again.

Yes; there are other facts—hopeful and beautiful. But all evil succeeds. In its own time, and kingdom, it is always powerful to its utmost. Every blot is effective—as far as it reaches; while a hundred good touches may yet at last fail in their result—for want of a hundred and first—and be as though they had not been. Now the evil of this time is a *marvellous* evil. Nothing that I yet know of, in the records of human stupidity, equals the saying of Bright, in the House, that “in a common-sense mercantile community the adulteration of food can only be considered a form of competition.”³ And, as far as I can read history, nations as well as men are punished more for their follies than their crimes. The greater part of English wrong is unconscious and idiotic. But every jot of it is set down to our

¹ [Compare the Preface to *Deucalion*, Vol. XXVI. p.95.]

² [A sermon by the Rev. Peter Leopold Dyke Acland.]

³ [See above, p. 590.]

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account, for future payment. Whereas what you, and the best of other Englishmen are doing, may be altogether, and *must* be greatly, in vain, yet for a time.

Take *this* following fact also, and balance it with good, if you can.

I have been three months this summer in two of the chief towns of Italy. During all that time, I have not seen among the Italians *one* truly happy face, nor *one* nobly intelligent face. The best were the bronzed, melancholy, enduring, partly animal-like in strength, of the peasantry. In the towns, all countenances were evil or mean: and some of those of the younger men, and boys, the most dreadful in utter insolence and cruelty I have ever yet seen in sunk creatures.

I *would* come, not only without being teased, but joyfully, were I at all able to speak. But I cannot say what I am thinking—whatever I say is too little, or wrong, and never truly gives any account of the things I mean. I cannot bear to speak—even to my best friends; and I have so much now of old thought in various states of crystallization, shapeless—yet taking shape—that I can receive no more—till I have got *these* into order. (See—I cannot even *write* intelligibly.) This is no reason for not coming to pass a Sunday with you in *not* speaking. But I am putting some notes in order, to be got done with before I turn to the Oxford work; and it would greatly disturb me to come and see the gallery, and get into that work, whether I would or no—for the gallery would set me thinking, and I could not stop.

With your help and the Dean's I hope to keep *out* of it, while I am with you (or at least out of sight, in it), all useless and second-rate art, and give to what good art may be there its full power—whatever that may be—and the lectures that I *must* give will ultimately, I trust, contain a quiet statement of principles of art as they have been told, or acknowledged, by all its great masters . . .

To FREDERIC HARRISON

[1869.]

MY DEAR HARRISON,—I have read the proof,¹ and return it, for fear of loss, at once.

It describes precisely what I had before supposed was your feeling. If indeed these enthusiasms give you any consolation in the loss of any person whom you care for, or the decline of any personal faculty

¹ [Probably of Mr. Harrison's article, "The Positivist Problem," in the *Fortnightly Review*, November 1869 (vol. vi., N. S., pp. 469–493).]

of your own,* Heaven forbid anybody should interfere with them. But that this supposed Religion of Humanity should leave you so entirely without sympathy in the feelings of ninety-nine out of every hundred people about you as to make you fancy such a “religion” could be of use also to them, makes it quite one of the most microscopic “isms” which have ever become particles of coagulation for the wandering imaginations of the Sons of Men.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R. A.

DENMARK HILL, 6th October, 1869.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—It was very naughty of you not to keep to our last faith in Christian names, and to Ruskin me again. And it was not naughty in me to command the ill temper which I could not but live in, all day, and dream in, all night—alone at Verona (among the saddest and evillest sights and souls—I am well certain—that may now be found on this dusty globe)—and not to spend any of my spite on you or any other loving friend. I have neither done superlatively, nor positively, beautiful drawings, but I have done some that are more sensitive than photographs, and a little more faithful to the fair—and a little more blind to the foul—aspects of things, and Tom likes them, and thinks them good,¹ because he likes me too, and *I* did them. But they are just barely good enough to render it possible for me to endure the sight of them as I work, which it never was till now, so that I used to spoil all my poor little in raging at it. But now—I—let it stand for what it can. If this letter finds you still—but it won't, so it's no use—but I was going to ask you to ask Lady Waterford why she never writes me a word now about anything.

But this little note had better miss you, and so we all shall see you the sooner.

Come—please—as soon as may be. I have much to ask you about, and always to tell you how faithfully and affectionately I am yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* Turner's—and Scott's—bursting into tears as their hands ceased to obey them! *Your* time has not come for that.

¹ [Some of the drawings are reproduced in this edition:—the Tomb of Can Signorio, Vol. XIX. Plate XXII.; a niche from the same, Vol. XXI. Plate XXVI.; the Piazza dei Signori, Vol. XIX. Plate XXVI.; the Tomb of Can Grande, Vol. XIX. Plate XXIII.; study of a capital from the same, Vol. XXI. Plate XLIV]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

LONDON, 16th October, 1869.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I cannot tell you how opportune and in all likelihood how useful your Geneva letter was and will be, unless I first told you of many plans and difficulties—which I cannot, for I want to answer your more important first letter.

In putting the two questions “respecting the being of a God” and “respecting Immortality” together, you render it almost impossible for me to speak but prefatorily and not to the point of your letter.

That I am no more immortal than a gnat, or a bell of heath, all nature, as far as I can read it, teaches me, and on that conviction I have henceforward to live my gnat’s or heath’s life.

But that a power shaped both the heath bell and me, of which I know and can know nothing, but of which every day I am the passive instrument, and, in a permitted measure, also, the Wilful Helper or Resister—this, as distinctly, all nature teaches me, and it is, in my present notions of things, a vital truth.

That there are good men, who can for some time live without perceiving it, does not make me think it less vital, than that, under certain excitements and conditions, you could live for a certain number of days without food would make you think food not vital. (Did ever a civilised being’s sentence get into such a mess before?)

If you had to teach your children that there was no evidence of any spiritual world or power, I think they would become separate from their fellows in humanity, incapable of right sympathy,—in many ways themselves degraded and unhappy.

But to teach them that they must live, and *Die*—totally—in obedience to a Spiritual Power, above them *infinitely*,—how much more than they are above the creatures whose lives are subject to them—if you can teach them this, I think you show them the law of noblest heroism, and of happiest and highest intellectual state.

But, if you cannot do this, I know that you can, and will, teach them a life of love and honour. This is wholly independent of right opinion on any questionable point of belief, and it seems to me so entirely a matter of mere example and training, in certain modes of thought and life, that I cannot understand your feeling any fear about

¹ [No. 83 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 250–253.]

it. I am not the least afraid of Sally's beginning to tease her pet bird or kitten, because you and Mr. Darwin choose to teach her that their tails grew by accident, or that feathers were once fur; while, on the contrary, I should be much afraid that both you and I might be teased, very literally, to Death, with fire or brimstone, by some very pious persons, if they could read both our letters and were allowed then to do what they liked with us.

(I wish the Spirit *would* help me to write straight. You would believe in it after such a miracle.) And, lastly, it seems to me that a father ought to tell his children, as their teacher, only what he knows to be true; and as their friend, he may tell them, without his paternal sanction and authority, many other things which he hopes, or believes, or disbelieves; but in all this, he need fear no responsibility beyond that of governing his own heart. It is the law of nature that the Father should teach the children, openly, fully, fearlessly, what is in his heart. Heaven must be answerable for the end—not you.

I am alone, and often weary, but doing good work. But I can't write more than is necessary, having no heart for anything,—or else there's so much it ought to be the best Rest to write to you; but I am ever, with love to you all, your faithful

J.RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, 17th November, 1869.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . This is what I am doing:—

1. I write every day, if possible, a little of my botany;—as much of it as is done by my birthday I shall then collect and print, promising, if I keep well, to go on next year. It is to be called *Cora Nivalis*, “Snowy Proserpine”: an introduction for young people to the study of Alpine and Arctic wild flowers.²

2. I am translating or transferring “Chaucer's Dream” into intelligible and simple English, and am going to print it with the original, and a note on every difficult, or pretty word, for the first of my series of standard literature for young people.³ I hope to get *it* out also about my birthday.

¹ [No. 84 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 253–256.]

² [The scheme was postponed, and the title changed to *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV.).]

³ [On this scheme, compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 61, § 14 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 500).]
xxxvi. 2p2

3. I am translating the *Cent Ballades*¹ into the same kind of English (our own present simplest), and am going very soon to write to the publishers for leave to edit that for the second of my standard books. I have worked through 57 of the 100, but am much puzzled yet here and there.

4. I am correcting *Sesame and Lilies* for a new edition, adding the Dublin lecture,² and a final, practical, piece of very plain directions to those young ladies who will mind what I say. Q. How many?

5. I am preparing a series of drawings of natural history, and from the old masters, for use in the schools of Oxford. I have done a prawn's rostrum and the ivy on a wall of Mantegna's.³

6. I am writing this following series of lectures for Oxford in the spring:—

1. The meaning of University Education; and the proper harmony of its Elements.
2. The relation of Art to Letters.
3. The relation of Art to Science.
4. The relation of Art to Religion.
5. The relation of Art to Morality.
6. The relation of Art to Economy.
7. Practical conclusions.

7. I am writing two papers on agates, and superintending the plates for the *Geological Magazine* in December and January.⁴

8. I have been giving—lessons in French and drawing, and am giving—lessons in Italian and directing her as a vowed sister of our society with one or two more.

9. I am learning how to play musical scales quite rightly, and have a real Music-master twice a week, and practise always half an hour a day.

10. I am reading Marmontel's *Memoirs* to my mother . . .

Now, I hope you'll get this letter, for you see I haven't much time left for letters. Love to you all.—Ever your faithful

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [See above, p. 588.]

² [On "The Mystery of Life and its Arts," first added to *Sesame* in 1871: see Vol. XVIII. p. 9.]

³ [The prawn is No. 198 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. pp.92, 136); the study from Mantegna, No. 298 in the Rudimentary Series (*ibid.*, p. 234).]

⁴ [See Vol. XXVI.]

To Miss R. S. ROBERTS¹

DENMARK HILL, [November 18.]

DEAR MISS ROBERTS,—It is *very* delightful to be able to give so much pleasure as I saw—and as you now tell me—you had yesterday. I ought to be much helped by that alone. But you can, and shall, help me in many ways—I have only time for the merest word to-day.

“In *everything* give thanks.”² Yes—but I find myself always thanking God for what I like—and not thanking Him at all for what I dislike. If I ever can say that His praise is *continually* in my mouth, I shall be very different from what I am.

But my main feeling about it is: Suppose, when I shake the crumbs out of the window for the sparrows, they were all to come to the window and say, “How very good and great you are—and how beautifully you draw—and how very much obliged we are for the crumbs, for it is very cold.” Shouldn’t I say, “My dear sparrows, I am glad the crumbs came when you wanted them, but I am not anxious for your thanks, or for your opinions of my works”?

On the other hand, one would be glad of the *Love* even of much less things than sparrows. So one may love as much as one likes, always.

That is what I always feel about thanks and praise. That they must be constant, and entirely submissive, or none.—Ever truly and very gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Poor little Lizzie³ is delighted with your letter to her. She begs me to thank *you* for *that* at all events. But she says she is a butterfly, and can’t be anything else, which is perfectly true.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

DENMARK HILL, 27th November.

. . . I’m going to give my Woolwich lecture this way.⁴ I shall say that I’m tired of finding fault, even if I had any right to do so;

¹ [For Miss Roberts and her visit to Denmark Hill, here referred to, see Vol. XVIII. p. 1.]

² [1 Thessalonians v. 18.]

³ [Miss Lizzie White, sister of the Florrie of the *Ethics of the Dust* (Vol. XVIII. p. lxxii.).]

⁴ [On “The Future of England,” delivered on December 14, and printed in *The Crown of Wild Olive*: see Vol. XVIII. pp. 494 *seq.* (and, more especially, p. 507).]

that henceforward, I'm only going to say what *ought* to be done—not what ought *not* to be done.

That there are two great parties in the state—the Radical and Conservative—that I have thought over their respective wishes, and that they have two opposite watchwords, which are both right—and only right *together*—namely:—

Radical, “Every man his chance.”

Tory, “Every man in his rank.”

I shall ask leave of my audience to make myself a Thorough Radical for the first half-hour, and to change into a Thorough Tory in the second.

And I'll say my best on these two mottoes.

Arthur¹ is doing such beautiful woodcuts for me.

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

DENMARK HILL, *Christmas Day*, 1869.

DEAR MRS. SIMON—S., I mean,—Thanks for that bit of Athens—it is very beautiful and precious to me.

I did not answer a bit of your former letter, about what the last ten years of my life might have been.

It is one of the strangest and greatest difficulties of my present life, that in looking back to the past, every evil has been caused by an almost exactly equal balance of the faults of others and of my own. I am never punished for my own faults or follies but through the faults or follies of others.

Nevertheless, it will be justest in you to blame either Fate or me myself, for all that I suffer, and no other person. My Father—my Mother—and R. have all done me much harm. They have all done me greater good. And they all three did the best for me they knew how to do.

Would you have me, because my Father prevented me from saving Turner's work—and because my mother made me effeminate and vain—and because R. has caused the strongest days of my life to pass in (perhaps not unserviceable) pain—abandon the three memories and loves? Or only the most innocent of the three?

¹ [Arthur Burgess.]

I am in a great strait about it now—whether to think of these ten years as Divine or Diabolical.

Whether to live still in the weak, purifying pain—or to harden myself into daily common service.

I *must* do the last—for some time. But think of it for me.—Ever
your loving
J. R.



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LIBRARY EDITION
VOLUME XXXVII

THE LETTERS OF
JOHN RUSKIN
1870-1889

THE COMPLETE
WORKS OF
JOHN RUSKIN

Two thousand and sixty-two copies of this edition—of which two thousand are for sale in England and America—have been printed at the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh, and the type has been distributed.



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John Ruskin
at Brantwood-1885.

LIBRARY EDITION

THE WORKS OF
JOHN RUSKIN

EDITED BY

E. T. COOK

AND

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN



LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO
1909

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JOHN RUSKIN**

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VOLUME II

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Note.—Of the drawings by Ruskin, the following have been previously published:—No. III. (see below, p. xiii.); No. VII. in H. M. Cundall's *History of British Water-Colour Painting* (John Murray, 1908), p. 122; and No. IX. in the *Magazine of Art*, January 1888.

The following, of the drawings by Ruskin, have been exhibited:—No. IV. at Boston, 1879. No. V. at the Ruskin Exhibition at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 1901 (No. 364), and at the Fine Art Society, 1907 (No. 57). No. VI. at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours (No. 357), and at the Fine Art Society, 1907 (No. 50). No. VII. at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours (No. 160), and at the Fine Art Society, 1907 (No. 161). No. X. at Coniston, 1900 (No. 209), at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours (No. 38), and at the Fine Art Society, 1907 (No. 97).

INTRODUCTION TO THIS VOLUME

THE Introduction printed in the preceding volume deals with the contents of the Letters included in the present volume also; here, therefore, it is only necessary to give the usual particulars about the Illustrations.

These are of two kinds—portraits, and reproductions of Ruskin's drawings. The *frontispiece* is from a photograph taken in 1885, showing Ruskin standing against his garden-wall at Brantwood. Plate VIII. is from Sir Hubert von Herkomer's portrait of Ruskin, now in the National Portrait Gallery. This, with the frontispiece to Vol. XXXVIII., completes the series of portraits of Ruskin, included in this edition, by eminent artists. These, in order of approximate date, are—by James Northcote, R.A., in 1822 (Plates II. and III. in Vol. XXXV.); by George Richmond, R. A., in 1843 (frontispiece to Vol. III.); by Millais in 1853 (frontispiece to Vol. XII. and Plate A in Vol. XXXVI.); by George Richmond in 1857 (frontispiece to Vol. XVI.); by George Richmond again, a little later (Plate C in Vol. XXXVI.); by Rossetti in about 1861 (Plate B in Vol. XXXVI.); by Ruskin himself in 1861 (frontispiece to Vol. XVII.); by Mr. Creswick (bust) in 1877 (Vol. XXX. Plate III.); by Herkomer in 1879; by Boehm (bust) in 1880 (Plate LXX. in Vol. XXI.); and lastly by Mr. Severn, in 1898 (Vol. XXXVIII.).

The portrait of Mrs. Arthur Severn (Plate I.) is from the picture in water-colour by her husband, Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I.; that of Mrs. Cowper-Temple (Lady Mount-Temple) is from the portrait by the late Edward Clifford, and seems to be the one referred to by Ruskin on p. 36 below: it was reproduced (by half-tone process) in Mr. W. G. Collingwood's *Ruskin Relics*.

The drawings by Ruskin either illustrate passages in the text, or are characteristic examples of his work at the several dates at which they are introduced. His copy (at Oxford, Reference Series, No. 92) of Turner's "Arona" (Plate III.) is given, in connexion with a mention of the original, because it has already been published; copies of a photograph of it were placed on sale by Ruskin himself. This was an

instalment of many schemes which he projected at various times for popularising Turner's drawings.

"The Falls of Schaffhausen" (Plate IV.), in water-colour, given by Ruskin to Mr. Norton and mentioned in the text (p. 92), is of special interest as a drawing which attracted Turner's attention when he was dining at Denmark Hill. The date is probably 1842 (see Vol. XIII. p. 583).

The two next Plates (V. and VI.) are of drawings made at Rome in 1874 (or possibly in 1872). The "Temple of Saturn" (water-colour, 11x15½) is in the possession of Mrs. Rutson; the "Cloisters of St. John Lateran" (water-colour, 9½x12) in that of Mr. Douglas Freshfield.

The "Vineyard Walk at Lucca" (Plate VII.) is at Brantwood (water-colour, 13¼x17); a reproduction of it is included, as an example of Ruskin's work, in Mr. H. M. Cundall's *History of British Water-Colour Painting*.

The other two drawings of Lucca are of later date (1882). One (pencil and tint) is slight (Plate IX.); the other (Plate X.) is an excellent example of Ruskin's finished architectural studies. It is in water-colour (20x13½) and is at Brantwood.

Finally, there is a careful drawing, in pen and slight wash (8#fr3/8x11#fr3/8), of Neuchâtel (Plate XI.). For permission to include this, the editors are indebted to Miss Trevelyan. It was made by Ruskin for her uncle, the late Sir Walter Trevelyan, in memorial of Lady Trevelyan, whose grave (with the words "Tyme tryeth Troth" on the stone) is shown in the foreground.

E. T. C.

LIST OF THE CORRESPONDENTS

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Arthur Severn. P. I.

Allen & Co. St.

Joan Ruskin Severn
1873.

THE LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN

1870–1889

*(Except where otherwise stated, the letters are here printed for
the first time)*

1870

[In February and March of this year Ruskin delivered his Inaugural Course of Lectures as Professor of Fine Art at Oxford. He also began the arrangement and cataloguing of a Collection of Examples there (see pp. 3, 5). At the end of April he went abroad with Miss Agnew and Mrs. and Miss Hilliard (Vol. XX. p. xlix.), returning at the end of July. Some letters written from Italy and Switzerland are given in that volume, pp. 1.–lv. On his return, he prepared a second course of lectures (*Aratra Pentelici*), which were delivered in November and December.]

To Miss JOAN AGNEW¹

DENMARK HILL, 1st January, 1870.

I write to you first of all people this year, and shall next write to Norton.

I trust that you will have more happiness this year than you can at present hope, or even imagine, though you will have to make it out of more serious matters than happiness is usually contrived from. I have many plans—resolved upon in their general directions and objects, not yet in detail—which you will have to help and encourage me in, and of which you will share with me—a little perhaps of the self-denial—and much of the pleasure of feeling that one is doing one's best—in ways which, if *at all* successful, will be productive of much good, and in which even failure is nobler than not attempting anything.

You will find many good and dear people more and more every day loving and honouring you. And, in being a mother to the motherless, and (for this also would be a blessed duty, if we knew any of

¹ [Written on the death of her sister, Kate (Mrs. Simson). "William and Mary," mentioned at the end of the letter, are Miss Agnew's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Milroy.]

our duties rightly) sister to the sisterless, you may in a solemn and yet not less precious way, regain in your heart the opening of the well of love which Death has now so bitterly restrained.

Give my love to William and Mary, and with all good thoughts and wishes for you all, believe me ever, your devoted cousin,

ST. C.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

1 January, 1870.

. . . I have been thrown a little out of calculation by finding that Professorship-years are from summer to summer, not winter to winter, so I have to give twelve lectures this spring,² the third of the entire necessary course. I have been forced, therefore, to throw up the botany for this winter, and I take up Oxford with what strength I have. The twelve lectures are to be (I think I shall not now change³):—

1. Introduction.
2. Relation of Art to Religion.
3. Relation of Art to Morality.
4. Relation of Art to (material) Use. (Household Furniture, Arms, Dress, Lodging, Medium of Exchange.)
5. Line.
6. Light and Shade.
7. Colour.
8. Schools of Sculpture, Clay (including glass), Wood, Metal, Stone.
9. Schools of Architecture—Clay, Wood, Stone, Glass in windows.
10. Schools of Painting (Material indifferent⁴) considered with reference to immediate study and practice—
 - A. of Natural History.
 11. B. of Landscape.
 12. C. of the Human Figure.

I've no more time to-day.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

To DEAN LIDDELL⁵

January, 1870.

I was very grateful for your letter. I was beginning to feel great discomfort in the sense of inability to do—not indeed (for that I never hoped) what I would wish to do—but what with more deliberation I

¹ [No. 85 in *Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton*, Boston and New York, 1904 (hereafter referred to as *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 253 257.)]

² [This requirement was waived: see the next letter.]

³ [The scheme was adhered to in the case of the first seven lectures, which formed the Inaugural course, but was greatly changed thereafter: see Vol. XX. p. lv.]

⁴ [On this point, compare *Lectures on Art*, § 128 (Vol. XX. p. 119).]

⁵ [From *Henry George Liddell: A Memoir*, by the Rev. H. L. Thompson, 1899, pp. 228–229.]

might be able to do. Your permission to give only seven lectures this spring will give me ease of mind, and, I hope, better power of thinking. I am happy in the general thoughts of what may be possible to me; clear enough, for all practical purposes, as to what I have to say; and a *little* sanguine (yet not so as to be hurt by disappointment) respecting the effect of carefully chosen examples of more or less elementary art, put within the daily reach of all students, with notes enough to enable them to look at once for their main qualities. It is pardonable to be sanguine when I have you and Henry Acland to advise me and help me. I am well assured you know that I will do my best, and that not in any personal vanity.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW¹

DENMARK HILL, 21st January, 1870.

Has Isola got Morris's last—3rd book of the *Earthly Paradise*?² I can't understand how a man who, on the whole, enjoys dinner—and breakfast—and supper—to that extent of fat—can write such lovely poems about Misery. . . . There's such lovely, lovely misery in this Paradise. In fact, I think it's—the other place—made pretty, only I can't fancy any Paradise to-day but a Paradise of rug. But only hear this:—

“Hast thou not cast thine arms round Love
At least, thy weary heart to move,
To make thy wakening strange and new,
And dull life false, and old tales, true;
Yea, and a tale to make thy life
To speed the others in the strife,
To quicken thee with wondrous fire,
And make thee fairer with desire?
Wilt thou, then, think it all in vain,
The restless longing and the pain,
Lightened by hope that shall not die?
For thou shalt hope still certainly,
And well may'st deem that thou hast part,
Somewhat, at least, in this my heart,
Whatever else therein may be.”

It's not one of the best bits at all, but it's nice.

Mind you write me nice long letters, or I can't possibly let you stay.

¹ [Staying with Mrs. Cowper-Temple (“Isola”) at Broadlands.]

² [*The Earthly Paradise, Part III*. (“September,” “October,” and “November”); the title-page bears the date “1870,” but the volume was issued in November 1869. The lines which Ruskin quotes are from “The Land East of the Sun.”]

To Miss JOHN AGNEW

DENMARK HILL, *Saturday* [Jan. 22, '70].

. . . Perhaps, on the whole, it would be well to stop grumbling and mewing all day long. It may be that, a little, that makes the Gods so angry. Let me see what I can say that's nice.

First. Auntie's¹ behaving beautifully, and let me run ever so often up and down stairs without calling out.

I've written some nice bits of lecture, and the worst work's over now.

I can do no end of good—nearly every day—if I like.

I'm 51, not 61. You know I might have been 61, mightn't I? Some people *are* 61. Poor People. To think of that!

I'm humpbacked.² All humpbacked people are remarkable people—intellectually.

Though I'm humpbacked, I'm not Richard III.

I've got such a lovely piece of green flint on the table. Bloodstone.

I've got two hundred pounds odd—at the bank.

I've got some Turner drawing—about eighty or ninety, I suppose.

I've got a Pussie.

I've got an Isola.

Now I think a good many people would like to be me.

Oh me—there's Sunday coming. (If I wasn't just going to grumble again!) That delicious Sunday. It's so cheerful and nice, keeping out of church and thinking how many unlucky people are in it!

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

DENMARK HILL [Jan. 25, 1870.]

. . . The lectures³ are coming nice; though they're giving me sad trouble—and, in fact, I oughtn't to be teased to talk any more at my time of life, but should be left to paint snail-shells—and live in a big one. . . .

Has Isola read *Realmah* carefully? What a delicious book it is in its dialogues—containing everything one wants to say, and ever so much besides—better than one ever wanted to say.⁴

¹ [Ruskin's mother.]

² [A playful exaggeration of the student's stoop.]

³ [The Inaugural Oxford *Lectures on Art* (Vol. XX.)]

⁴ [For a quotation from one of the dialogues in this book by Sir Arthur Helps, see Vol. XIX. p. 266.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

26 March, 1870.

. . . I should only have made you anxious if I had written. Just as I had set myself to my Oxford work (I began on the New Year's day properly), on the 7th of January I met with an experience which made me ill for a month, so that all I wrote was bad; and in the first days of February I had to re-write almost the whole of the inaugural lecture to be given on the 8th, being thrown full a month behind with everything, and with all my brain and stomach wrong. . . .

My lectures have pleased the people well enough, but they're all so far below what I thought to make them, and they were all done against time,—not half put in that I wanted to say,—and I caught a violent cold besides, and could not go out to take exercise, so that I was very near breaking down at one time; also, making the drawings for them [the students] to copy has taken me three times the trouble I expected.

But I think it will be well done at last. I have started them on a totally new and defiantly difficult principle; drawing all with the brush, as on Greek vases, and I'm choosing a whole series of the Greek gods, old and young, for them to draw every detail of with the brush, as the Greeks did;² and if they don't understand something more about Apelles and Protogenes than English draughtsmen ever did yet, I shall resign my chair.

I've had to give up everything else; botany, Chaucer, *Cent Ballades*,³ friends, and Fortune, for she has set herself to thwart me and to torment me like a Fury. But I've given the last lecture for this spring, and now I hope I shall never more be so far behindhand with my work. . . .

To his MOTHER⁴

MARTIGNY, *Friday, 13th May, 1870.*

I am enjoying my rest here very much, though after the hard Oxford work, I find the reaction considerable, and that I am very languid and unwilling for the least mental exertion. I see much that\

¹ [No. 86 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 258–259.]

² [On "learning to draw with the brush," see *Lectures on Art*, § 145 (Vol. XX. p. 136): for the series of vase-paintings, see the illustrations in that volume and the Catalogues in Vol. XXI.]

³ [See Vol. XXXVI. pp. 588, 597.]

⁴ [Some words from this letter have already been printed in Vol. XX. p. 1., and Vol. XXIX. p. 475 *n*. See the latter place for other references to the inn at Martigny.]

I should like to draw, but cannot venture. So I saunter about among the rocks and woods and listen to the nightingales, who are very happy. It is exceedingly pretty to see the swallows flying in and out of the corridor here, without minding anybody. They come in at the open arches, and satisfy me that the air is better than is usually thought. I am also examining the mountains with a view to my plan for the redemption of their barren slopes.¹ There is just difficulty enough to make it a sublime piece of manual work.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

VENICE, 11th June, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Your letter reached me this afternoon, and I reply before 12 of the midnight. Stay—there *is* the earliest clock striking,—with full moon like morning. . . .

Day by day passes, and finds me more helpless; coming back here makes me unspeakably sad. I am doing, I hope, useful work—I can only breathe freely when I *am* at work. I send you a few proof-sheets which may interest you and show you what I am trying to do.

12th June, Morning.

My absurd fault is that I never take a minute or two of the pleasure of saying nothing worth, yet you would be glad of the worthlessness.

My hand shakes more than usual, but I am not worse than usual. I have been standing since 7 o'clock on a chair, stretching up to see the lizard that carries the signature under the elbow of St. Jerome's dead body,³ and drawing it for Oxford zoological class; it is as bad as drawing from life, the thing is so subtle; it is worse than motion.

Send me a line to the Due Torri, Verona. I shall have left Venice, and I am going into the Alps for a little rest. I don't know what it will be to do, whether Alpine Roses, or if I shall come back here to work on Tintoret.

"There *is* none like him—*none*."⁴

Love to you all.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

¹ [See Vol. XXXVI. pp. 567, 569, 577.]

² [No. 87 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 259–261.]

³ ["Here a sketch of the lizard and Carpaccio's signature" (C. E. N.). The drawing is now at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. p. 152.]

⁴ [Tennyson: *Maud*.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

VENICE, *Saturday, 17th June* [1870].

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have just got your letter; yes, I will come to Siena.² I have to go for a fortnight up into Switzerland with Joanna and our friends to see Alpine roses. Then I'll run straight south to you. I cannot write more to-day, but will this evening. It seems to me as if every saving power was at present being paralyzed, or stupefied, or killed. I know, too well, the truth of what Dickens told you³ of the coming evil.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

VENICE, *19th June*.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I knew you would deeply feel the death of Dickens. It is very frightful to me—among the blows struck by the fates at worthy men, while all mischievous ones have ceaseless strength. The literary loss is infinite—the political one I care less for than you do. Dickens was a pure modernist—a leader of the steam-whistle party *par excellence*—and he had no understanding of any power of antiquity except a sort of jackdaw sentiment for cathedral towers. He knew nothing of the nobler power of superstition—was essentially a stage manager, and used everything for effect on the pit. His Christmas meant mistletoe and pudding—neither resurrection from dead, nor rising of new stars, nor teaching of wise men, nor shepherds. His hero is essentially the ironmaster; in spite of *Hard Times*,⁵ he has advanced by his influence every principle that makes them harder—the love of excitement, in all classes, and the fury of business competition, and the distrust both of nobility and clergy which, wide enough and fatal enough, and too justly founded, needed no apostle to the mob, but a grave teacher of priests and nobles themselves, for whom Dickens had essentially no word. . . .

Please send me a line to post office, Lugano, saying how long you stay, and I will do my best to come as soon as I can, if your “summer” means not quite into the hot months. My faithful love to you all.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 88 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 4.]

² [For Professor Norton's account of Ruskin's visit to him at Siena, see Vol. XX. p. liii.]

³ [For Dickens's friendship with Professor Norton, see Forster's *Life*, vol. iii. pp. 189, 411.]

⁴ [No. 89 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 4–6.]

⁵ [Which Ruskin accounted “in several respects the greatest” of Dickens's books: Vol. XVII. p. 31 n.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

Monday, 20th June [1870].

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have changed my purpose, suddenly, and am going to make sure of seeing you at once—though I cannot at present stay—but for many reasons, chiefly the danger of losing hold of what I have just been learning here, it is better for me not to stay in Italy, but to go home quietly and write down what I have got—else I should learn too much, and get nothing said.

Yes, necessarily, there is a difference in manner between writing intended for a professor's class and that meant to amuse a popular audience;² also, I hope at fifty I *am* mentally stronger than at twenty-five. But the pain has not done anything for me. Indignation has sometimes—but always more harm than good, the now quite morbid dislike of talking being one result of it very inconvenient at Oxford.

I shall have to trespass on you (ultimately I do not doubt you will be glad I have) by bringing not only J. and C.,³ but C.'s good and sweet (and infinitely sensitive in all right ways) mother, for whom, mainly, I made all the plans of this journey; a most refined English gentlewoman, who had never seen Italy. But, alas, I can't stay more than three days at the utmost. I must be three days in Florence for my own work. I shall take those at once, at the Grande Bretagne, before coming to you.—Ever your loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

I am very glad the Medusa is not Leonardo's,⁴ but I speak of his temper from general examination of his drawings. I never remember seeing his signature, except as "Lionardo." Why do you like "e" better?

¹ [No. 90 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 6–8.]

² [This must be in reply to remarks made by Professor Norton on reading "an advance copy" of the first volume of Ruskin's Oxford lectures—the *Lectures on Art*, issued to the public in July 1870.]

³ ["Joanie" (Mrs. Arthur Severn) and Miss Constance Hilliard.]

⁴ [Ruskin had referred to the head of Medusa in *Lectures on Art*, § 150 (see Vol. XX. p. 142). On the vexed question of the authenticity of this famous picture in the Uffizi, M. Eugène Müntz writes in his *Leonardo da Vinci* (vol. i. p. 49, Eng. ed.): "The oracles of art have now decided that this could not have been produced till long after the death of da Vinci, and that it is the work of some cinquecentist, painting from Vasari's description. We know, however, from the testimony of an anonymous biographer that a Medusa painted by Leonardo was included in the collections of Cosimo de' Medici about the middle of the sixteenth century. Cosimo's inventory is not less precise; it mentions 'un quadro con una Furia infernale del Vinci semplice.'"]

To his MOTHER¹

SIENA, Monday, 27th June.

I never in my life knew any weather so superb or so delicious as the three days we have past here—cloudless and pure, and cool in morning like exquisitest spring. We leave to-day for Florence and the north. But I have learned *so* much.

The fire-flies are almost awful in the twilight, as bright as candles, flying in and out among the dark cypresses.² The people are *so* good, too—I mean the country people.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

[FLORENCE] 29 June, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—It's no use trying to write thanks, or good-byes, but here's what I wrote yesterday for heads of talk about Lippi—for J.'s satisfaction if any may be, out of me, just now:—

1. Laying on of gold as paint, for light, all exquisite—none lost.
2. Chiaroscuro perfect, when permitted.
3. Faces all in equal daylight—conventional.
4. No unquiet splendour in accessories.
5. Essential colour as fine as Correggio.
6. Expressional character the best in the world—individual character feeble, but lovely.
7. Essential painting as good as Titian in his early time.
8. Form, in invention, perfect; in knowledge and anatomy, false.
9. Colour in invention very feeble; in sentiment exquisite.

There—and I've seen the Strozzi Titian⁴—and it's Beyond everything, and I'm ever yours,
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁵

BELLINZONA, Thursday, 8th July [1870].

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I find here your long and interesting letter of June 20th. . . .

I quite feel all that you say of Dickens; and of his genius, or

¹ [A few words of this letter have been given in Vol. XX. p. liv.]

² [The memory of these fire-flies at Siena returned to Ruskin in the last passage that he wrote for the press: see the end of *Præterita* (Vol. XXXV. p. 562).]

³ [No. 91 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 8–9.]

⁴ [Then at Florence, now at Berlin; for Ruskin's description of it, see Vol. XXII. pp. 223–224 (Plate XIX.).]

⁵ [No. 92 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 9–11.]

benevolence, no one, I believe, ever has spoken, or will speak, more strongly than I. You will acquit me, I know, of jealousy; you will not agree with me in my acknowledgment of his entire superiority to me in every mental quality but one—the desire of truth without exaggeration. It is my stern desire to get at the pure fact and nothing less or more, which gives me whatever power I have; it is Dickens's delight in grotesque and rich exaggeration which has made him, I think, nearly useless in the present day. I do not believe he has made *any* one more good-natured. I think all his finest touches of sympathy are absolutely undiscovered by the British public; but his mere caricature, his liberalism, and his calling the Crystal Palace “Fairyland”¹ have had fatal effect—and profound. . . .

I believe Dickens to be as little understood as Cervantes, and almost as mischievous.

We had a lovely day at Padua, and I see Mantegna with ever-increasing admiration.² (By the way, on the 4th we all drank to the prosperity of America—I recommending Mrs. H. to put her good wishes for it into the form of the prayer in the Litany for “fatherless children and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed.”) Then some Luini study at Milan, Como, and Lugano,³ and such a drive from Lugano here as I think never was driven by mortal before, for beauty.

I fear I must close this before I get yours—if there is one, but will write again from the Giessbach. Love to you all from all of us.—Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

GISSBACH, 12th July, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—We have been travelling so fast that I have had no time to look at anything in my folios. I have now been examining your present of the “Mantegnas” very carefully, and must again thank you for it most earnestly. I have never seen more wonderful or instructive work—the richness of its life and strength, and utter masterfulness of hand, surpass all I know of this kind. What a strange hardness and gloom pervades it all, nevertheless,

¹ [See *Ethics of the Dust*, § 32 (Vol. XVIII. p. 243).]

² [Ruskin placed in his Oxford school several studies from Mantegna's fresco in the Church of the Eremitani at Padua: see Vol. XXI. p. 24.]

³ [For a tourist's note upon “Ruskin on Luini at Lugano,” see Vol. XXXIV. p. 725.]

⁴ [No. 93 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 11–12.]

and what a strange element of Italian character this is, in Sandro Botticelli, and even in the Pisani, partly, also.

I feel that I have left Italy too soon for my purposes, and I must come back in the autumn for a few weeks. I shall most likely run down to you, if you are still at Siena, and finish my lioness and cubs,¹ who are not at all what I want, yet, and show Eliot one or two things I promised and did not. . . . Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To W. H. HARRISON

GIESSBACH, 17th July, 1870.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—I have your kind letter, but I can't get any of my preface² to my mind—the more I think, the more it puzzles me. As to the queries, of course where you have found the references wrong they *are* wrong, and must be put right;—it *should* be Immortality, not Mortality—the modern philosophy being that general life is immortal, but that each of *us* can only have his little bit. The “croce” is missed out of the Dante line as unnecessary to my purpose in the quotation, but I heartily thank you for the accuracy of notice. I shall soon be home now, I hope, and we will get the thing off the stocks.

I shall think Providence more merciful if it doesn't let you fall downstairs again, than if it merely limits the consequences of such catastrophes; but I am glad to see how well and like to yourself you seem to be, both by the text and handwriting of your letter.

Upon my word, if Joan and Connie want to come abroad again, *you* must take care of them. I entirely decline all future responsibility. They want now to come down the Rhine, and “be taken prisoners,” but send you their loves, notwithstanding.

I note what you say of poor Dickens—no death could have surprised or saddened me more. I suppose no man was ever, not only more popular, but more truly beloved by his friends. Mr. Norton is never weary of speaking of him, and I have made him almost angry with me by maintaining that precious as Dickens's books have been,

¹ [Studies from the pulpit: see Vol. XX. p. 363 (Plate D).]

² [The Preface to *Sesame and Lilies* in the “Works” edition, ultimately dated January 1, 1871. For the passages in the text of the book queried by W. H. Harrison, see (a) § 105, “swallowed up in immortality”; and (b) § 25, where the “croce” is missed out in the quotation of *Inferno*, xxiii. 126, “disteso in croce,” etc. (Vol. XVIII. pp. 152, 77.)]

they have on the whole done harm to the country. I wish he had lived to do us more mischief, however.

I am glad Macmillan have attended to my directions in sending book.¹ The last three lectures you must not be plagued with—the first four will, I daresay, give you some pleasure.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS²

DENMARK HILL [? July, 1870].

DEAR MR. ELLIS,—Thank you for getting the *Utopia* for me. What an infinitely wise—infinately foolish—book it is! Right in all it asks —insane, in venturing to ask it, all at once—so making its own wisdom folly for evermore; and becoming perhaps the most really mischievous book ever written—except *Don Quixote*.

Please send me by bearer, if you can, a complete series of Morris's poems from first to last. I see a nice review in the *Pall Mall* of this last volume.—Truly yours,
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

DENMARK HILL, 29th July, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . The war is very awful to me: being as I think all men's fault as much as the emperor's; certainly as much Prussia's and England's.

Paris looks infinitely sad, but I took Mrs. H., J., C., and C.'s two brothers to the theatre (Comédie Française), and we heard the Marseillaise sung about as well as it could be. The cry of the audience, "à genoux," at the last verse, was very touching.

C. was singing the Marseillaise all the way to Boulogne at the top of her pretty voice, to my no small discomfiture, who was reading Sainte-Beuve's *Étude sur Virgile*, which is very nice as far as it reaches, curiously shortened in its reach by the writer's never for a moment admitting to himself the possibility of a True, as well as an Ideal, spirit, or God.

¹ [The Oxford *Lectures on Art* (Vol. XX.), which was published by Messrs. Macmillan for the University Press.]

² [No. 40 (the last) in *Art and Literature*, where it is conjecturally dated "1872"; but there was no review of any volume by Morris in the *Pall Mall* during that year. The date may be July 1870, and the reference to a long review on June 23 of *The Story of the Volsungs and Niblungs, with certain Songs from the Elder Edda* (F. S. Ellis, 1870).]

³ [No. 94 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 12–13.]

I have been endeavouring this morning to define the limits of insanity. My experience is not yet wide enough: I have been entirely insane, as far as I know, only about Turner and Rose; and I'm tired; and have made out nothing satisfactory.

All the grass burnt up everywhere—drought like Elijah's, and priests of Baal everywhere with nobody to kill them.¹ My mother is wonderfully well, but home is very sad, and I haven't got my pups at Siena half as well as I thought I had.

Please write a line to me often. I am anxious about you.—Ever
your loving

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

DENMARK HILL, 7th August, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Your letter and the photographs, which are delightful, arrived last night; it is better to send some little word of answer at once . . . to your two questions about Turner. His "I have been cruelly treated" was reported to me by his friend Mr. Griffith (who was much with him before his death) as having been said one day almost without consciousness of speaking aloud, as he was looking sorrowfully at the pictures then exhibiting at Pall Mall, from his gallery, everybody admiring them too late. The other saying came from an unquestionable quarter. Mr. Kingsley's cousin was in Turner's own gallery with him. They came to the "Crossing the Brook"; a piece of paint out of the sky, as large as a fourpenny piece, was lying on the floor. Kingsley picked it up, and said, "Have you noticed this?" "No," said Turner. "How can you look at the picture and see it so injured?" said Kingsley. "What does it matter?" answered Turner; "the only use of the thing is to recall the impression."³ Of course it was false, but he was then thinking of himself only, having long given up the thought of being cared for by the public.

It was very curious your reading Ste.-Beuve's *Virgil* with me. You will have seen by the lectures⁴ already that I feel as strongly as

¹ [1 Kings xviii.]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, pp. 166, 167. No. 95 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 13–16.]

³ [There is a reference to this story in Ruskin's MS. of *Lectures on Landscape*, § 13 (Vol. XXII. p. 20 n.). Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. (Vol. VI. p. 276 n.).]

⁴ [*Lectures on Art*, § 70, where Virgil and Pope are given as "two great masters of the absolute art of language": Vol. XX. p. 76.]

he, and much more strongly. (I like Ste.-Beuve much, and see why you spoke of his style as admirable; but he is altogether shallow and therefore may easily keep his agitation at ripple-level.¹ Please compare his translation of Homer's *Æolus* at p. 204 with mine in *Queen of Air*, p. 22, and see how he has missed the mythic sense of the feasting, and put in "viandes savoureuses" out of his head, not understanding why Homer made the house misty.²) But for *Virgil* all you say of him is true—but through and under all that there is a depth and perfectness that no man has reached but he; just as that Siena arabesque,³ though in a bad style, is insuperable, so *Virgil*, in (not a bad, but) a courtly and derivative style, has sterling qualities the most rare.

Thank you for writing what you had told me, but what I am only too glad to have written, of Cervantes. I will look at the two parts carefully.

Yes, I'll write often now—little words to tell you what I am feeling and trying to do. Loving memory to you all.—Ever your grateful

J. RUSKIN.

To a JOURNALIST⁴

DENMARK HILL, 8th August, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am much interested and obliged by your letter, and I think the series of papers you have begun are likely to be of great use. Please forward them to me regularly.

I send you to-day a book of mine, of which I should much desire

¹ [See Vol. XXXVI. p. 587.]

² [The passage translated is *Odyssey*, x. 1–10. Ruskin's translation is in *Queen of the Air*, § 19 (Vol. XIX. p. 311). Sainte-Beuve's is as follows:—"Nous arrivâmes dans l'île d'Éolie; là, habitait Eole, fils d'Hippotès, cher aux Dieux immortels, dans une île flottante. Elle est tout entière environnée d'un mur d'airain imbrisable; un haut rocher lisse court et règne alentour. Là, il avait donné ses filles à ses garçons en mariage; et tous, sans déceffer, auprès de leur père et de leur mère vénérable, ils festinent, et on leur sert des régals en abondance. La cour de la maison, où fument des viandes savoureuses, retentit tout le jour. . . ."]

³ [Possibly the one engraved on Plate XXIXA. in Vol. XXI. (p. 39).]

⁴ [This and the five following letters were printed by "One of the staff of the *Liverpool Daily Post*," in that newspaper, on January 22, 1900, p. 8. Ruskin's correspondent was in 1870 "editor of a Shropshire newspaper, printed in a pretty little town under the shadow of the Wrekin. I wrote leaders," he says, "and took reports, assisted to set them in type, and on the eve of publication helped to fold the papers that came damp from an old cylinder machine. I was free to write what I liked, and I started a series of articles on 'How the Working Classes live.'" The writer was a student of Ruskin's books, and sent him the first of the series of articles, receiving this letter in reply. The following letters to the same correspondent are here placed together, somewhat out of chronological order.]

that you would read from page 134 to page 154.¹ These twenty pages contain the force of what I want most to say to our working men generally. When you have read these, I will send you a book of Carlyle's. I would have sent his first, but had it not by me to-day; and one book at a time is enough for any of us, if we only all knew it.—Believe me, sincerely yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *August 20, 1870.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I am greatly delighted, both with the paper you sent me yesterday in the — *News* and with your letter to-day. I have not yet received so much encouragement from anything as from what you tell me respecting the feelings of other workmen. For up to the present time I have literally felt that, as Carlyle once wrote to me—“We are in a minority of two,” and that, whatever sympathy here and there people might feel either with his genius or with my poor little art-gift, there was no one who would or could believe a word of what we said touching the vital laws and mortal violations of them which regulate and ruin states, and are not doing the first for us in England.

I have been called back for the present, and for two years to come, if I live, to my mere art-work. It will not be mere art-work, indeed. Still it is my duty to do it as thoroughly as I can, and so done, it will be the foundation of much more.

But the lesson given the country—in common with all countries—by this marvellous and ghastly war may perhaps render it possible to do what otherwise it would have been vain to think of yet—take² up the sixth volume of Carlyle's *Frederick*, sift out of it the great principles of government, which have made Prussia what she is, and ally a few of our workmen, who have self-command and sense, into a nucleus to be gradually enlarged for simple obedience to these laws among themselves, wholly careless and scornful of what is done above them by so-called governments, and neither troubling themselves to vote or to agitate for anything, but calmly to enlist, man by man, those who are worthy to join them.

I hope to write to you again to-morrow on this matter. The note you never got was, I found afterwards, never sent. I have much more

¹ [The book was *The Queen of the Air*, and Ruskin's references are to the first edition (§§ 120–134): see now Vol. XIX. pp. 404–406, Vol. XVII. pp. 541–545, Vol. XIX. pp. 406–408. Presently Ruskin sent to his correspondent a copy of Carlyle's *Friedrich*.]

² [A conjecture for “. . . vain to think of. Yet to take . . .” in the *Liverpool Daily Post*.]

on my hands than I can do rightly, but it is better to do it miserably than not at all. I am utterly sorry, for instance, to send you such an ill-written letter as this; but my hand is utterly spoiled with making hasty notes when I am tired on margins of sketches and the like, and I can only write, even as well as this, by taking more time than can be spared.—Ever sincerely yours, J. RUSKIN.

Go on with your papers on your own plan. They are excellent.

DENMARK HILL, *1st September*, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,—This paper on adulteration seems to me altogether excellent. I have been several times on the point of writing to you, but the many subjects touched upon in your plan always set me thinking till there's no time to write.

Do not in anything you have to prepare at present for the public, insist much on punishments. They are necessary; but education in the common principles of honour and justice is required first for our children. Then—if so taught, they fail—punish like the fates. But at present people do the vilest things in ignorance or stupor.—Ever most truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *Sept. 20th*, 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry not to have answered your last note, nor acknowledged your valuable paper, until now. It seems to me entirely good and useful (except in the over-enthusiastic reference to myself), and I sincerely believe you may become an instrument of great good, understanding your own class so thoroughly, and the laws of right which are dominant over all classes.—Ever truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

September 30th.

MY DEAR SIR,—I ought at least to have said in my last letter, in reply to your expression of sorrow about your clerical friend, that, as a body, clergymen are at present incapable of understanding the first conditions of social improvement. They are a form of plaster on a continually increasing sore, imagined to be curative, when in reality they are vitally weakening their constitution. I should strongly advise you only to concern or associate yourself with the *young* ones, and not with many of them. Many English clergy are the best of human beings, but they are also—the majority—among the foolishest.—Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *November 30, 1870.*

DEAR MR.—, Don't be vexed about your MSS., and don't overwork; and get well as fast as you can. I'll make some use of the MSS.

I wrote two or three private letters of violent abuse to Mr. Brooke myself (he having been a rather close acquaintance before), and told him to wait and he should have some more—so he shall—and I'm very glad of your help.¹—Always truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

9th August, '70.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I did not, in my last letter, enter at all on my real meaning in saying *Don Quixote* was mischievous, and I want you to know it.³

I never discerned the difference you point out between the parts. But *I* read the whole as the first, not as the last. It always affected me *throughout* with tears, not laughter. It was always *throughout*, *real* chivalry to me; and it is precisely because the most touching valour and tenderness are rendered vain by madness, and because, thus vain, they are made a subject of laughter to vulgar and shallow persons, and because *all* true chivalry is thus by implication accused of madness, and involved in shame, that I call the book so deadly.—Ever your loving J. R.

To WILLIAM WARD⁴

DENMARK HILL, *August 9th, 1870.*

MY DEAR WARD,—*I don't* want *any* of these leaves painted. You are to work on them for practice, doing one or two over and over again—fifty times, if needful.

¹ [The editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* had, explains Ruskin's correspondent, “published, or allowed to be published, some remarks which I considered either offensive to the working classes or betraying considerable ignorance of their mode of living, or both. I wrote a reply, which was duly returned with the chilling excuse that controversy could not be permitted in the columns of *Macmillan*. I forwarded the rejected MS. to Mr. Ruskin, from whom I received this reply.” The reference is probably to Mr. Stopford Brooke's paper upon Ruskin's *Lectures on Art* in the November number of the *Magazine*; it contained incidentally a disquisition on how the poor live. For Ruskin's printed expostulation upon the review, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 502.]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 167. No. 96 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 16–17.]

³ [See letter of July 8; above, p. 10.]

⁴ [No. 51 in *Ward* (see below, p. 701); vol. ii. pp. 11–12.]

Of course *all* painting—oil, water, fresco, and everything—is done at *one* coup, when it is right. But certain processes of colour require laying of two or three different colours over each other; *then* the under one must dry first, etc., etc., etc., All this mechanism you have to learn, but the French know hardly anything about it.

Of course Meissonier paints at a blow; and his work is like a plasterer's, as all French work is. Titian also paints at a blow—but *his* work is not like a plasterer's. Titian paints with a sense of mystery, and Meissonier with none; and Titian with a sense of true hue, and Meissonier with no more sense of colour than a common stainer of photographs.

But learn of *anybody* how to do what *they* do—it will always be useful.—Ever truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

Sunday Morning, 14th August, '70.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . I got yesterday in London a—guess what? *Roman de la Rose*, of about 1380, with beautiful little dark grey vignettes.² Very typical of the course of all *my Roman*, and therefore exquisitely sweet in feeling—not particularly wise in execution. But they are *so* pretty, the Dieu d'Amour, with a little stiff crown and his hair coming out in crockets like Richard the II. It is perfect from end to end, and in the French form Chaucer must have read it in (I had to give £200 for it! and feel very much ashamed of myself).

Look here—will you please, when next you go into Siena, look at the bosses of the dragon panel of pulpit at the corners and tell me if this one³ is indeed flatter than the other three, or has had its central boss broken away?—Ever your loving
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

Morning, 17th August [1870].

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I was looking for accounts of thunder this morning, and took your despised Virgil. *N.B.*—Behind me in my own special bookcase I have only two books,—Burmam's Virgil and the

¹ [No. 97 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 17–18.]

² [For another reference to the MS., see Vol. XXVIII. p. 161 *n.*]

³ ["Here a hasty sketch."—C. E. N.]

⁴ [No. 98 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 18–20.]

large “della Crusca Dante,”¹ with Longfellow’s translation beside it (Europe and America). Well, Burmann’s Virgil (get this edition, Amsterdam, 1746; it is every way so useful with its serious notes and full index) has, on two of its pages, the 441st to the 456th line of Æn. 8th—ending with the 456th.²

Please read those very slowly—stopping first at the 453rd, and going over the 441st to that, again and again, till you have got them *thoroughly* into your ears and mind. Then go on and read the last three, 454 to 456, very slowly also.—Ever your loving
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

[August, 1870].

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have your beautiful letter to-day, about Don Quixote, etc. I’m just beginning to-day, seriously, my autumn course of lectures, which are to be on Greek coins, with the Tortoise of Ægina,⁴ and I’m in my writing element again, and almost happy, chiefly because I heard the day before yesterday that somebody else was very *unhappy*. (Did you ever think there was such monstrosity in me?)

That is indeed an important mistake about the bag.⁵ Of course these stories are all first fixed in my mind by my boy’s reading of Pope—then I read in the Greek rapidly to hunt out the points I want to work on, and am always liable to miss an immaterial point. But it is strange that I hardly ever get anything stated without some grave mistake however true in my main discoveries.

That use of κνισσῆν⁶ is precisely the most delicious thing in the

¹ [P. V. Maronis Opera cum Commentariis . . . quibus et suas in omne opus anim-adversiones et variantes in Servium lectiones addidet P. Burmannus. Amstelædami, 1746, 4to.]

[La Divina Comedia . . . ridotta a miglior lezione dagli Accademici della Crusca. Firenze, 1595.]

² [The first thirteen of the lines are from the vivid passage where Vulcan orders the forging of the shield which Venus gives to Æneas—followed immediately by the dawn at Evander’s dwelling and the singing of the birds under the eaves.]

³ [No. 99 in Norton; vol. ii. pp. 20–23. Some sentences of the letter (“But it is strange . . . main discoveries,” and “My long training . . . Homer saw”) had previously been printed in Professor Norton’s Introduction (p. vi.) to the American “Brantwood” edition of *Aratra Pentelici*.]

⁴ [“Beginning to-day” means beginning to write the lectures. That on “The Tortoise of Ægina” was never delivered; but was afterwards (1894) published for Ruskin: see Vol. XX. pp. lviii., 381.]

⁵ [In *The Queen of the Air* (§ 19), Ruskin, writing of the myth of Æolus, said, “Æolus gives them [the winds] to Ulysses, all but one, bound in a leathern bag.” For the correction, see Vol. XIX. p. 312 n.]

⁶ [In the description of the house of Æolus, at the beginning of the tenth book of the *Odyssey*. For a note on this passage, see Vol. XIX. p. 311 n.]

myth—it is that which makes it an enigma. Had Homer used any other word than that he would have shown his cards in a moment—which he never does, nor any other of the big fellows. Yet it ought at once to lead you to the mythic meaning when you remember that meat smoke is precisely what winds would carry away—that the house being full of the smell of dinner is precisely the *Unwindiest* character you could have given it. Well, that ought to set you considering: and then you will see that while the *Calm* cloud is high in heaven, the Wind cloud rises up from the earth, and is actually the Steam of it, under the beneficent Cookery of the winds, which make it good for food. “Thy Dwelling shall be of the Dew of Heaven, and of the *fatness* of the Earth.”¹

My long training in Hebrew myths had at least the advantage of giving this habit of always looking for the under-thought, and then my work on physical phenomena just gave me what other commentators, scholars only, can never have, the sight of what Homer saw.

I bought a picture by Holman Hunt this year, of a Greek sunset,² with all the Homeric colours in the sky—and the κνισσήεν cloud just steaming up from the hills, so *exactly* true that everybody disbelieves its being true at all. Then I found out the Piping and Fluting³ from the Pindaric ode which describes Athena making the Pan’s pipe out of Medusa’s hair. You’ll be aghast at the lot of things I’ve got together about Ægina,⁴ but they are so pretty, the whole story of the Æacidae and Myrmidons and ever so much political economy—with the Phœnician Aphrodite to soften it all into correggiosity of Correggio.⁵—Ever your ridiculous and loving
J.R.

ὄνειατα is a perfectly heavenly word⁶—it means the benefit of *well digested* anything; all my books are ὄνειατα — it means a dinner ate imaginatively—ασον ἐν ἀσφοδέλω⁷—the Barmecide’s dinner sometimes.

¹ [Genesis xxvii. 39.]

² [“Sunset at Chimalditi”: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 169 and *n.*]

³ [The reference is to *The Queen of the Air*, § 41. For the passage in Pindar, see Vol. XIX. p. 343 *n.*]

⁴ [See, again, Vol. XX. pp. 381–389. The “Phœnician Aphrodite,” however, does not figure in the lecture as printed.]

⁵ [For this phrase of Carlyle’s, see Vol. XX. p. 106.]

⁶ [It occurs in the lines of the *Odyssey* (x. 9 *seq.*) which Ruskin has been discussing.]

⁷ [This is a correction for νῖον ἐν ἀσφοδέλω (*sic*) in *Norton*, the sense of which it is impossible to see. Ruskin of course wrote ὄσον, intending to recall to his friend’s mind the well-known passage in Hesiod (*Opera* 41), where also the word ὄνειαρ occurs:

Οὐδέ ἴσασιν ὄσω πλέον ἡμισυ παντός,

οὐδ’ ὄσον ἐν μάλαχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλω μεγ’ ὄνειαρ-

The half is more than the whole, and there may be great ὄνειαρ in mallow and

Look at Liddell's last reference to the Homeric Hymns:

Δημήτηρ
Ἦδύ καταπνεουτα, καί ἐν κόλποισιν ἔχουσα . . .
Ἀθανάτοις, θνητοῖς τ' ὄνειρα καὶ χάριμα τέτυκται.¹

*To Miss CONSTANCE OLDHAM*²

DENMARK HILL, 22nd August, 1870.

. . . It is very nice of you to write me all that account of your Yorkshire journey, and it gave me pleasure, for I saw that you had been enjoying just the right things in the right way—sweetly and peacefully—getting all the good of them. And there is nothing in all that I know of the world, so full of a deep, quiet good, as those Yorkshire vales and moors with their abbeys and waters.

I know them all, and have long known—*too* long (though I have seen most of them, except Fountains, within the last ten or twelve years). I am deeply fond of Bolton, and have earliest child memories—at *least* forty years old—of that dripping well at Knaresborough. High Force is really a very notable scene, though on a small scale—it is so far away and wild in character. I hope you will go on loving and travelling in English and Welsh scenery for some years. To see larger spoils it, in some degree.

*To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*³

DENMARK HILL, 26th August, '70.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Your little Siena picture and my bas-relief, which I'm delighted with, came a week ago.

Your absurdest of all conceivable, and very charming letter came the night before last. I was too much astonished to answer. And the photograph of my Florence door came last night, and so I must answer, to say it's the very thing I want, and I'm ever so grateful.

You'll never make me miserable any more by thinking you may be

asphodel, eaten imaginatively; as also, even in a Barmecide's feast on empty plates. Ruskin assumed, too, that his friend would remember the quotation of the words ὅσον ἐν ἀσφοδῆλω μεγ' ὄνειρα in *Unto this Last* (Vol. XVII. p. 114). For "Barmecide's feast," an allusion to *The Arabian Nights*, see Vol. XII. p. 388 *n.*]

¹ [*Hymn to Demeter*, lines 238, 269—the passage last referred to in Liddell and Scott *sub* ὄνειρα.]

² [Ruskin's god-daughter, her mother being a Miss Oldfield: see Vol. XXXV. p. 381.]

[No. 100 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 23–25.]

right and Carlyle wrong, after all, when I see how you misread this French war; this war is, on the one side, the French, the purest and intensest republicanism (choosing a fool for a leader, and able to kick him off when it likes) joined to vanity, lust, and lying—against, on the German side, a Personal, Hereditary, Feudal government as stern as Barbarossa's, with a certain human measure of modesty, decency, and veracity, in its people.

And dear old Carlyle—how thankful I am that he did his *Friedrich* exactly at the right time! It's the likeliest thing to a Providence I've known this many a year, except my getting the *Roman de la Rose*.¹

You're more absurd about that than even about the French—but it's of no use talking.

Weren't you pleased when the photograph of the Pisano Lions came, to see how pitiful it was, compared even to that rude sketch of mine?—and that we poor draughtsmen are still worth our salt?

I'm in hopes of bringing out enough from the Greek coins to make you not sorry I stay at home. I wish I were with you, but that's all "*Roman*"—put it out of your head.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

To EDWARD BURNE-JONES²

27th Aug. [1870].

DEAREST NED,—I would have asked you to spend your birthday here, but I am so inconceivably more than usually dead and stupid (not depressed, but lifeless and dreamy), that I can't but think you will both be happier by yourselves. Besides, Sunday's always wretched here, from old idle habits, and the servants keep it by going out larking, and are piously vicious if one asks them to do anything.

Many and many returns of day, and of strength renewed with it. I send you a little bit of eatable thing—that's all I care for just now—for to-morrow.—Ever your affectionate Papa,

J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

9th September, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I don't know if any letters are likely to reach you just now. Have you got mine on Æolus and fat smoke? I have two kind ones from you. . . .

A letter you sent to me in March on Michael Angelo is of great

¹ [See above, p. 22.]

² [From *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 16.]

³ [No. 101 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 25–26.]

value. (It quotes Lucretius, *tantum religio*, but you are not to pity me out of Lucretius, whom I much dislike.¹) I am greatly sorry not to be with you. But you may be pleased for one reason. Had I come back to Italy, I might never have taken up my broken Greek work again, whereas this has thrown me back on it, making not only my past labour of service, but laying a more formal foundation for all. But I'm very weary and sad. Joan is gone away—and the evenings' sitting beside my mother only makes me sadder still. . . . Love to you all.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

COWLEY RECTORY, UXBRIDGE, 30th Sept., 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . Thanks for reference to Boutmy.³ I was glad you named it, for I had picked it up at a railway stall, and read it with attention, and was wondering, till I got your letter, whether it represented average French criticism, or was really what it appeared to me—a work of separate merit. It is very good, and suggestive from its French point of view, but very narrow and shallow. It is most interesting in the utter incapability of the Frenchman to penetrate the solemnity of Greek thought. The quantity of pain that I have myself actually suffered has been greatly useful to me in this respect, and it has not been less useful because in many ways my own fault or folly. I know in every shadow the meaning of the word *Μοίρα*.

Its analysis of the Parthenon is exactly the kind of thing I used to do, of separate buildings that I had closely studied—ignorant of others. I could write a similar essay on any good building whatsoever, and show it to be alone in the world—from the great Pyramid to Chartres; and the reason that my Greek work is so imperfect now is precisely because I did *not* begin with it, but have reached it and worked it into a complete, or nearly so, panorama of methods of art. I think when you see what I am doing, even now, for Oxford this

¹ [See Vol. XXXV. p. 613. For the words quoted, see Lucretius, i. 101.]

² [No. 102 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 26–28. A few sentences from the letter (“I think that when you see . . . dead Greek forms,” and “As soon as you have . . . guesser”) had previously been printed in Professor Norton's Introduction (pp. v., vi.) to the American “Brantwood” edition of *Aratra Pentelici*. At Cowley, Ruskin was staying with his friends, the Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Hilliard.]

³ [*Philosophie de l' Architecture en Grèce*, par Émile Boutmy. Paris, 1870. For Ruskin's criticism of the book, see *Aratra Pentelici*, § 166 (Vol. XX. p. 317).]

year, you will admit it to be of more value than any existing statement of Greek style; and that while other people could, and will, do as good or better work than I in mediæval study, no one but I could have put true life into those dead Greek forms.

You yourself know more than I (in many points) of mediæval art—and incomparably more than I of mediæval literature, but as soon as you have a little more confidence in me, you will find me opening out much both new and firm ground to you in the classics. In *both* fields I am but a gleaner and guesser—but I can *understand* Diomed's mind, or Diogenes's, infinitely better than I can a Venetian soldier's or a Florentine monk's. Love to you all.—Ever your affectionate

JOHN RUSKIN.

To his MOTHER

COWLEY, 1st October, 1870.

The sunshine is very beautiful this morning on the autumn leaves, and I had a long walk yesterday in a perfectly lovely afternoon beside the river Colne, which you know runs down by Colnebrook near Langley. I was amazed to find it quite clear and lovely, running between pretty grass banks over a shingly bed. I really did not know any such pretty things were left—least of all near London. But I would much rather be at home—though I wish my home was in pure country; the contrast is very great between my dingy garden and the fresh fields here; though even this is not far enough away. I have no more news about Rose, yet.

I am going to Windsor to-day, and shall then know how soon I can come home.

*To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*¹

10th November, 1870.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . I am busy on my work. I wish *that* wanted less mending, after first draught of it—the patching is most of the business.

The third lecture, on coloured sculpture, will be amusing, I think. I enlarge first one of the fish from those little ivory Japan circlets you bought for me at Paris, then, saying simply that for execution it is an ideal of true Greek ideal of sculpture, I give beside the fish profile the profile of the self-made man from *Punch*,—enlarged also to

¹ [No. 103 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 28–30.]

bas-relief size, and then a Greek Apollo beside both,¹ to show them how all real design depends on νοῦς τῶν τιμωτάτων.² A great deal comes out nicely, as I work on. . . .

C— and her mamma came last week to help Joan to give a party—Dance! I went with C— to the dressmaker's a month ago and got her first low dress, and she wore it for the first time at Joan's party, and looked lovely. Meantime, I had gone to a dinner of the Metaphysical Society, where Huxley was to read a paper on a Frog's soul—or appearances of soul.³ The Deans of Westminster and Canterbury, Bishop of Worcester, Master of Lincoln, Duke of Argyll, Archbishop Manning, Father Dal—something,⁴ who said the shrewdest things of any, and Chancellor of Exchequer (who only made jokes) might have made a nice talk of it, but the Duke of Argyll got into logical antagonisms with Huxley, and then nothing came of it. I wanted to change the frog for a toad—and to tell the company something about eyes—but Huxley wouldn't let himself be taken beyond legs, for that time. I came back impressed more than ever with the frivolous pugnacity of the world,—the campaign in France not more tragic in reality of significance, than the vain dispute over that table. . . . Ever your loving
J. Ruskin.

To Miss JOAN AGNEW

Friday Evening [OXFORD, Nov. 25, 1870].

. . . I dined at Balliol yesterday with Father Hyacinthe.⁵ We spoke French—at least, I meant mine to be, and supposed his was—across the table, to the great edification of everybody. I should get on pretty well, still, if I had anything to say, but when one stops for want of an idea, the audience think you stop for want of a word, and give you no credit for stupidity—in French!—I'm very dismal as well as stupid.

¹ [In *Aratra Pentelici*, as printed, the Japanese ivory was not engraved; the Apollo and the self-made man were. See Vol. XX. p. 287 and *n.*, and Plate IX. (p. 294).]

² [See *Aratra Pentelici*, § 112 (Vol. XX. p. 276).]

³ [This meeting of the Metaphysical Society was on November 8: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 64, § 4 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 564).]

⁴ [Father Dalgairns (1818–1876), priest of the Brompton Oratory. In describing a later meeting of the Society, Magee similarly notes Dalgairns as “very masterly” (J. C. Macdonnell's *Life and Correspondence of Magee*, vol. i. p. 284). The Deans of Westminster and Canterbury were Stanley and Alford; the Bishop of Worcester, Henry Philpott; the *Rector* of Lincoln, Mark Pattison; the Chancellor of the Exchequer was Robert Lowe.]

⁵ [For whom, see Vol. XXII. pp. 424, 428.]

To SAMUEL CARTER HALL¹

DENMARK HILL, *December 18th*, 1870.

DEAR MR. HALL,—The beautiful book is in every way valuable to me, deeply interesting in itself, with interest upon interest (like Lord Overstone's income) in all being true—and interest at triple usury, in being all truth of the kind it is most helpful to know; besides all this it assures me that I am not forgotten by friends whose memory of me is one of the few things I still care for, in a very weary time of my life and heart.—Affectly. yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To JOHN SIMON, M.D.²

DENMARK HILL, *31st Dec.*, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER JOHN,—You will get this to-morrow morning (perhaps to-night); whenever it does reach you, I trust it may give you some pleasure in my acknowledgment, with the deepest thankfulness, of the great love you bear me, and the noble example you set me in all things. I begin this next year in the fixed purpose of executing—at least of beginning the fulfilment of—many designs, long in my mind, up to such point as I may. I trust that, except in times of illness, I shall not be a burden to you any more by complaint or despondency, that sometimes I may amuse you a little, sometimes gravely please you, and always be thought of by you as loving you in a very true and deep way, though much frost-bitten in soul as well as body, winter and summer, and in New Years as Old.

Love to Jane also, and deep gratitude.—Ever your

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [From S. C. Hall's *Retrospect of a Long Life*, 1883, vol. ii. pp. 1–2. The letter was reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. pp. 98–99, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 109. It was written in acknowledgment of the gift of a copy of S. C. Hall's *Book of Memories*, 1870 (2nd ed., 1877). Hall (1800–1889), editor of *The Art Journal* (1839–1880), and his wife were old acquaintances of Ruskin; for mentions of him, see Vol. XXXV. pp. 43 n., 631.]

² [For Ruskin's friendship with Dr. Simon, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. ci.]

1871

[In the January of this year Ruskin began to publish *Fors Clavigera*. In January and February he delivered three lectures at Oxford on *Landscape* (Vol. XXII.). In April his cousin, Miss Joan Agnew, was married to Mr. Arthur Severn. At Matlock in July Ruskin had a serious illness. A letter to Acland, written on his recovery, is given in Vol. XXII. p. xviii. In September Ruskin bought Brantwood, and went on a visit to Scotland. In December his mother died. Some letters of this period are given in Vol. XXII. pp. xxi.–xxiv.]

To Mrs. COWPER-TEMPLE

DENMARK HILL, 10th Jan., 1871.

MY DEAREST ISOLA,—I am grieved to have made you write when you were so sorely burdened, but I needed the letter greatly. It is a great comfort to me to see you really out of patience at last. I think perhaps if Job’s wife had been patient, it WOULD have been too much for him. Yes, we’ll do something desperate directly now—only it’s very cold, and difficult to get one’s courage up for anything *quite* over head and ears. But we’ll really take the centre arch presently, I daresay we shall have to go very slowly up stream at first; William will run along the bank in a greatly alarmed state. I’ll send you *Fors Clavigera* when I get the second number out, and then the crocuses and things will be getting their heads up, and we’ll get ours.

There ought to be a letter of mine in the *Telegraph* to-morrow; please look.¹ I am almost in a fever myself. Would you come and nurse me if I got into—just a very little one, so as not to be trouble-some, but only to want some orange juice and things? It’s no use telling you if you won’t. Joan’s always away now, somewhere. Seriously, I’ve got so utterly savage that it has done me good, only I’m greatly tired—but not out of heart—and it *is* so nice *your* being “desperate” (Spirits and lilies and all).—Ever your loving

ST. C.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

DENMARK HILL [Jan., 1871.]

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I don’t quite know what to say about the Pantomime.² I think you might get so *very* angry! and poor little

¹ [The letter, on Italian inundations, appeared on January 12: see Vol. XVII. p. 547.]

² [To which Ruskin, greatly daring, had proposed to take Carlyle, as well as his niece.]

Mary, who would only think it amusingly foolish, herself, might think it—as it is—wickedly foolish, if she saw you angry. You know I want you to come with us, if you can *at all* enjoy a foolish thing, well done in its way in some parts. But I'm a little frightened. We will be with you at 20 minutes past six, or soon after—and will of course bring Mary home to you, if she comes alone with us; and if you will be *good*, and come too, we'll all come home to Chelsea together.—Ever your affe.
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

OXFORD, 23rd February, '71.

I am always unhappy, and see no good in saying so. But I am setting to my work here, recklessly, to do my best with it, feeling quite that it is talking at hazard, for what chance good may come. But I attend regularly in the schools as mere drawing-master, and the men begin to come one by one—about fifteen or twenty already,—several worth having as pupils in any way, being of temper to make good growth of.

I am living in a country inn, or, rather, country-town inn, the Crown and Thistle of Abingdon,² and drive in, six miles, to Oxford every day but Sunday—two days every week being stately in the schools—and contingently there or in the Bodleian on others. This seems to put an end, abruptly, to all Denmark Hill life.

To S. B. Bancroft³

DENMARK HILL, S. E., March 16, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. BANCROFT,—I cannot refuse myself the indulgence of thanking you for the great pleasure we had at the play⁴ on Wednesday last. As regards myself, it is a duty no less than an indulgence to do so, for I get more help in my own work from a good play than from any other kind of thoughtful rest.

It would not indeed have been much use to me to see this one

¹ [Partly printed in Professor Norton's Introduction to *The Eagle's Nest*; more copiously in *Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, p. 167; fully, *Norton*, vol. ii. pp. 31–32 (No. 105). For variations in Mr. Norton's various texts of the letter, see Bibliographical Appendix (below, p. 688).]

² [For Ruskin's sojourn at this inn, see Vol. XX. p. xl.]

³ [From *Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft On and Off the Stage*, vol. i. p. 324 (Bentley, 1888). Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, December 1890, vol. ii. p. 99, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., p. 109 (No. 119).]

⁴ [*Ours*, by Robertson. Mr. Bancroft played Hugh Chalcot; Mrs. Bancroft, Mary Netley; and Mr. Hare, Prince Perovsky.]

while Mrs. Bancroft could not take part in it; but much as I enjoy her acting and yours, I wish the piece, with its general popular interest, did not depend so entirely upon you two, and, when you two are resting, on the twins. I was disappointed with Mr. Hare's part—not with his doing of it, but with his having so little to do. However, that was partly my own mistake, for I had a fixed impression on my own mind that he was to wear a lovely costume of blue and silver, with ostrich feathers, and, when he was refused, to order all the company to be knouted, and send the heroine to Siberia.

In spite of his failure in not coming up to my expectations, will you please give him my kind regards? and believe me, yours very gratefully,

J. RUSKIN.

To ALBERT GOODWIN

ABINGDON, 19th March.

MY DEAR GOODWIN,—I should have written before, but was not able to tell you anything certain of my plans, the state of the Continent being still so troubled.

I find it will be necessary to delay Verona for a little while, but it cannot be for long, and meantime I want you to come and help me here, where I think you will have much pleasure, and do great good.¹

I want you to come back with me on the 9th or 10th of next month, here: and to stay with me at a nice country inn about which I find the loveliest subjects; but I can't paint them—unless you are unable to come. Also, I have a great many questions to ask you, and arrangements to consult you about; and I will give you what price you think right for your drawings as fast as you can make them, and you will get used to me a little before we start for Verona. Send me a line here to Crown and Thistle Inn, Abingdon, Berks, to say if you can come back with me.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

[DENMARK HILL] 3rd April, '71.

. . . I have had much disturbed work at Oxford, and coming home a few days ago for rest, my poor old Annie dies suddenly, and I've

¹ [Two drawings made by Mr. Goodwin at this time—of "Ferry Hincksey Church" and a "Farm near Abingdon" respectively—are Nos. 141 and 142 in the Rudimentary Series at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. p. 211.]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 167. No. 106 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 32–34. A part of this letter ("At Oxford . . . what I can do") had previously been printed by Professor Norton, with a few slight textual variations and omissions, in his Introduction (p. viii.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Eagle's Nest*, 1891.]

just buried her to-day, within sight of her old master's grave. It is very wonderful to me that those two, who loved me so much, should not be able to see me any more.

At Oxford, having been Professor a year and a half, I thought it time to declare open hostilities with Kensington, and requested the Delegates to give me a room for a separate school on another system. They went with me altogether, and I am going to furnish my new room with coins, books, catalogued drawings and engravings, and your Greek vases;¹ the mere fitting will cost me three or four hundred pounds. Then I'm going to found a Teachership under the Professorship—on condition of the teaching being on such and such principles, and this whole spring I must work hard to bring all my force well to bear, and show what I can do.

It is very sad that I cannot come to Venice, but everything is infinitely sad to me—this black east wind for three months most of all. Of all the things that oppress me, this sense of the evil working of nature herself—my disgust at her barbarity—clumsiness—darkness—bitter mockery of herself—is the most desolating. I am very sorry for my old nurse, but her death is ten times more horrible to me because the sky and blossoms are Dead also.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

DENMARK HILL [April 29, 1871.]

... All the pictures in the Academy are one worse than another—and I'm so spiteful that it's put me in the best spirits I've been in for many and many a day. Oh, they *are so* bad!—*so* bad!—*so* badd—with a double “d,” all but young Leslie's,² which is immensely pretty and clever (but only upholsterer's prettiness and cleverness), and a new, nameless man, who has painted a scene from Henry the Sixth, which I would have bought if I could have afforded it.³

To THOMAS CARLYLE⁴

DENMARK HILL, 1st May, 1871.

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I am deeply thankful to have your letter on this day itself. I think the great help it gives me is not so much in

¹ [“Vases which I had obtained in Italy for him.”—C. E. N.]

² [No. 103, “Nausicaa and her Maids.”]

³ [No. 501, “Scene in the Temple Gardens: *Henry VI.*, Part i. sc. 4,” by “J. Pettie, A.R.A.”—presumably the artist's name was omitted in the first edition of the catalogue. For another reference to Pettie, see Vol. XIV. p. 283.]

⁴ [In reply to Carlyle's letter of April 30 (Vol. XXVII. p. lxxxvi.) on *Fors Clavigera*.]

the actual encouragement, great as that is, as in the pleasure of giving you pleasure, and knowing that you accept what I am doing as the fulfilment, so far as in me is, of what you have taught me.

Also, I needed your letter much, for I am at a strain in all directions at once, and was despondent, not for cause, but by overwork, about my work—and I have nothing else to fall back upon now, and can scarcely rest. So many thanks to you.—Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—Dear love to Mary.

*To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*¹

18th May.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—The Fortune has come. She is enough to change mine, for life—the Greek darling—and a globe made of Hexagons.² And the vases, the thirty, not one broken and every one lovelier than the last. What *can* I send you for such a gift³ (and the very thing I wanted in the nick of time)?

It's late afternoon, and I have to go out and can only send this. I'm better, but I've so much on my mind just now—among other things I'm going to give £5000 of stock to found a sub-mastership of drawing at Oxford, and to-day I've been painting the white Florentine lily⁴ for him to teach with.

I'll send you something of catalogues⁵ that will please you soon.—Ever your grateful

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. COWPER-TEMPLE

ABINGDON, 25th May, '71.

MY DEAREST φίλμ,—Do you really think scythes were never whetted nor set against swathes of grass “under the hawthorn in the dale,”⁶ before patent farming? All that is alleged against such labour is by the absurd over-workers of modern trade. I have swept dew away with the edge, before now, myself. I should have been wiser and happier if I had kept my own lawn smooth daily. I want to see Mr. Harris more than he can possibly want to see me. I'll make him my way across the country to you on Saturday evening, somehow, and stay till Tuesday morning.

¹ [No. 107 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 34–35.]

² [“A little Fortune, standing tiptoe on the globe of the Earth, its surface traced with lines in hexagons”: see *Aratra Pentelici*, § 179 (Vol. XX. p. 328).]

³ [“Not a gift in the usual sense.”—C. E. N.]

⁴ [See Vol. XXI. pp. 76, 113, Plate XXX.]

⁵ [The *Catalogues of Examples* at Oxford: see Vol. XXI.]

⁶ [Milton *L'Allegro*, 67.]

Yes, I saw what was to be in the New Forest, and thought that both were happy, beyond most.

I don't in the least believe you'll come to Utopia, so you needn't pretend you will, but I'm ever your loving
ST. C.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BROADLANDS, 28th May, '71.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have your little note about Titians, Tintorets, etc. I am so glad you have been fortunate enough to get those Tintorets—they are worth anything. I fear *I* cannot afford to buy anything more, so set am I now on my political work, as far as money is concerned, for my main actual work is all in art now, but I can't do the tenth part of what I plan; above all I *can't* get things printed; I've nine lectures full of good work, all but ready, and can't get them into final form.

But I hope you'll see news of me in the papers in mid June, at Oxford. You have my joyful note over the Greek girl and the vases, I hope—they are quite priceless to me. Domestic matters very bad with me. My mother steadily declining—I obliged to leave her in patient solitude sinking towards less and less possibility of pleasure or exertion. I am here with the φίλμ² to whom the book is dedicated, which I hope you will receive either with this or by next post. . . .

Business matters heavy on me, too. I want to found an under-mastership at Oxford before June, and I can't sell the houses I want to found it with. And altogether! Forgive me when I don't write. My hand is so weary and heart so sick—but ever lovingly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To the VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY

OXFORD, 6th June, 1871.

DEAR MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR,—I should have replied instantly to the communication with which you honoured me, and the Resolution of the Curators passed on the 18th of last month, had not inevitable delays occurred in the arrangements necessary to enable me to

¹ [No. 108 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 35–36. A few words (“I cannot afford . . . political work”) had previously appeared in the Introduction to the *Eagle's Nest*, p. ix.]

² [Lady Mount-Temple. The book was the edition of *Sesame and Lilies* in the “Works” series, 1871: see Vol. XVIII. p. 47.]

place the sum I intended for the establishment of a sub-mastership of practical art at once in your hands. I will undertake, however, before the 21st of this month, to transfer £5000 Three per cents. to the Keepers of the University chest, for this purpose, securing the master in an income of £150 a year, on condition of certain principles of tuition being observed in the schools which such master shall superintend.

I am prepared also to furnish the schools under him with whatever material may be necessary for their immediate usefulness.

I am not prepared at present to make any definite reply to the suggestion of the Curators that there should be space enough provided in the lower storey of the Taylor buildings, to set free the Raffaele galleries. I am under the impression, on the contrary, that no room in the building will be found eventually so well adapted for the practical work of the Members of the University as the Raffaele Gallery now divided into compartments, but I will not venture to make any definite statement on this subject, until the Curators have before them, in completeness, the system of teaching defined in connection with the establishment of the Mastership.—Believe me, dear Mr. Vice-Chancellor, faithfully and respectfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

May I beg you to convey my sincere thanks to the Curators for the flattering terms of their Resolution?

To THOMAS RICHMOND¹

MATLOCK, 24 July, 1871.

MY DEAR TOM,—Really your simplicity about naughty *me* is the most comic thing I know, among all my old friends. *Me* docile to Doctors! I watched them—(I had three)—to see what they knew of the matter: did what they advised, for two days; found they were utterly ignorant of the illness and were killing me. I had inflammation of the bowels, and they gave me ice! and tried to nourish me with milk! Another twelve hours and I should have been past hope. I stopped in the *middle* of a draught of iced water, burning with insatiable thirst—thought over the illness myself steadily,—and ordered the doctors out of the house. Everybody was in agony, but I *swore* and raged till they had to give in; ordered hot toast and water in

¹ [No. 285 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 1, 1891; reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 23, 1891 (see below, p. 734).]

quantities, and mustard poultices to the bowels. One Doctor had ordered fomentation; *that* I perserved in, adding mustard to give outside pain. I used brandy and water as hot as I could drink it, for stimulant, kept myself up with it, washed myself out with floods of toast and water, and ate nothing and refused *all* medicine. In twenty-four hours I had brought the pain under, in twenty-four more I had healthy appetite for meat, and was safe—but the agony of poor Joanna! forced to give me meat, for I ordered roast chicken instantly, when the Doctors, unable to get at me, were imploring *her* to prevail on me not to kill myself as they said I should. The poor thing stood it nobly, of course—none of them could move *me* one whit. I forced them to give me cold roast beef and mustard at two o'clock in the morning!! And here I am, thank God, to all intent and purposes quite well again; but I was within an ace of the grave, and I know now something of Doctors that—well—I thought Molière hard enough on them, but he's complimentary to what *I* shall be after this. Thanks for all your good love, but do try to understand me a little better—*indocilest*, when I choose, of human creatures, but your most affectionate

JOHN RUSKIN.

*To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*¹

DENMARK HILL, 10th August, 1871.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,. . . I have to thank you for your letter on Michael Angelo, but I think I must have missed one since, for I am nearly certain you must have written after reading my Lecture to say that you were pleased at our feeling so exactly alike.

I am much better, but my mother is so very feeble that I cannot in the least say whether there is any chance of my getting away from home. I have also things on hand which I think it will do me less harm to go on with quietly, than to bear the chagrin of neglecting—but you may trust me to go on quietly now, and I will soon write again.—Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

LANCASTER, 12th Sept., Morning.

I've had such a wonderful walk up over *such* a hill, to a bit of moorland with *such* air blowing over it, and a view of Lancaster!!!

¹ [No. 109 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 36–37.]

exquisite even though spoilt by half an infernal pitfull of smoke between. And I feel as if I had two legs again, instead of two stumps only.

(CONISTON, *Evening*.) Yesterday afternoon at Lancaste an American, whom I don't know, left me a Dante he has just translated; then Mr. Moore came; and this morning, Mr. Edward Sharpe (a nice old architect¹); and the Mayor of Lancaster left his card.

I've had a lovely day. The view from the house is finer than I expected,² the house itself dilapidated and rather dismal. I want my Doanie to come and see it directly with Arfie (when I come back from Scotland), and tell me what she thinks.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 14th September, 1871.

. . . In haste—more to-morrow. I've bought a small place here, with five acres of rock and moor, a streamlet, and I think on the whole the finest view I know in Cumberland or Lancashire, with the sunset visible over the same.

The house—small, old, damp, and smoky-chimneyed—somebody must help me get to rights.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 15th September, '71.

. . . My address as above for three weeks. I could not come to Dresden any more than Venice, being too ill to look at pictures or do more than I had engaged to do of thought. Here I have rocks, streams, fresh air, and, for the first time in my life, the rest of the purposed *home*. I may by some new course of things be induced to leave it, but have no intention of seeking ever again for a home, if I do. I have been directing the opening of paths to-day through copse, from a little nested garden sloping west to the lake and the sunset. I'll send you some little sketches of it soon.

¹ [See the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xxi. n.]

² [He had bought it unseen: see below, p. 39.]

³ [First printed (with the omission of the first four words) in Professor Norton's Introduction (pp. x., xi.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Eagle's Nest*, 1891. *Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 168. No. 110 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 37.]

⁴ [No. 111 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 38. The sentence "Here I have . . . home" had previously been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. xi.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Eagle's Nest*, 1891.]

To Mrs. COWPER-TEMPLE

CONISTON, 20th Sept., '71.

MY DEAREST ISOLA,—I don't know where you are—such a floating Island—or indeed Island of the Blessed, nobody knows where—you have become. This semblance of you is very pleasant to me, in the character of Nurse,¹ to which I owe so much. I have a nice line from William asking me to meet Mr. Harris, but it was too late. I am at work in my *own* little garden among the hills, conscious of little more than the dust of the earth—more at peace than of old, but very low down. I like the place I have got. The house is just the size I wanted; the stream, not quite, but (they say) ceaseless—all I know is, after a week's dry weather there isn't much of it left, now. I have some real rocks and heather, some firs and a copse, and a lovely field, with nothing visible over the edge of its green waves but the lake and sunset—when the sun is there to set, which, thanks to Lancaster smoke, he no more always is than at London.

“Brantwood, Coniston Lake, Ambleside” will find me (within a day or two) for three weeks to come (and always hereafter somehow).—Ever your loving
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

MELROSE, 24th September, '71.

. . . I shall in all probability be fairly settled in the house in November, for one of the reasons of my getting it is that I may fully command the winter sunsets, in clear sky—instead of losing the dead of day in the three-o'clock fog of London. Meantime, I am very thankful for that sense of rest, which you feel also; but it is greatly troubled and darkened and lowered by the horrible arrangement of there being women in the world as well as mountains and stars and lambs, and what else one might have been at peace with—but for those other creatures!

What a lovely Tintoret that one at Dresden must be! I never saw it; and what a gigantic, healthy, Sea-heaven of a life he had, compared to this sickly, muddy, half *eau sucrée* and half poisoned wine—which is my River of Life; and yet how vain his also! except

¹ [Probably the picture by Edward Clifford (Plate II.), showing Mrs. Cowper-Temple under the beech-trees at Broadlands. She had helped to nurse Ruskin during his illness at Matlock.]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, p. 168. No. 112 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 38–40. The passage “I am writing a word or two . . . an impression” had previously been printed (with some trifling omissions) by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. xi.) to the American “Brantwood” edition of *Eagle's Nest*, 1891.]



Edward Clifford

Allen & Co. Sc

Mrs. Cowper-Temple
at Broadlands

to you and me. I am writing a word or two on his work—as true “wealth” opposed to French lithographs and the like, in the preface to second volume of my revised works, *Munera Pulveris*.¹ (The Oxford lectures on sculpture will soon follow, for the third). I send you two of their illustrations,—not photo, but permanent engravings,—and *Fors Clavigera* is, I think, going on well. It takes more time than I like, but is beginning to make an impression. Folio plates are in preparation, several successfully accomplished,² for a series of examples to be issued to the public from the Oxford schools, with a short text to each number, to replace my *Elements of Drawing*. They begin with Heraldry (what will your backwoodsmen say to that?), then take up natural history in relation to it.

To “GERARD”³

ARBROATH [September, 1871].

MY DEAR GERARD,—The thing that I had chiefly to say to you in reply to your interesting and for the most part right letter, was that you must be on your guard against trying to cultivate yourself too consciously. The intellectual and religious element in which you have been brought up necessarily makes you thoughtful, but will be dangerous to you if it make you thoughtful beyond the need of your day. So far as there are necessary duties to be done which are painful to us, we must be very grave about them; but I should like you, for the most part, to do what you enjoy most, in a resolute manner, and to be sure that what you most enjoy doing or learning, Heaven means you to do and learn. Do not try to be great or wise. We none of us can be either—in any degree worth calling so. But try to be happy first, and useful afterwards—(no man *can* be useful who is not first happy)—we can be both of those all our lives, if we will.

For the visit to Denmark Hill. Count the available hours in the year, then reckon over the various work I have at present on hand. You know—or ought to know—some measure of it; remember that I am fifty-two, and that I am not well, and judge for yourself if in saying that I am forced to receive no visits, I wholly deprive myself of the claim to say that I am still affectionately your sister’s and yours,

J. RUSKIN.

(All that you say of modern and ancient art is in great measure true—but you are scarcely yet at an age when it should be interesting

¹ [See Vol. XVII. pp. 132–134.]

² [Reproduced in this edition; little of the intended text was written. See Vol. XXI. pp. 311 *seq.*]

³ [From the *English Illustrated Magazine*, November 1891, p. 106.]

to you. I would rather have you interested in living lions than in Greek ones—always providing you didn't want to hunt them.)

My best regards to your Father and Mother.

To Miss ACLAND

DR. ACLAND'S, OXFORD, 21st October, 1871.

MY DEAREST ANGIE,—There isn't a corner of the house looks right—when your corner is empty. Papa has set some Devonshire Carpenters to chip Devonshire wood all over the hall—he has put brass Devonshire milkpans on the floor of the dining-room—he has put a Devonshire Turf-cutter, six feet long and ever so broad, in the corner of his bedroom, and he won't sleep in the room himself! but has put Me there; and the Turf-cutter stands up terrific—like Anne Boleyn's Axe in the Tower—it's all I can do to go to sleep in the presence of it.

My old room is all topsy-turvy—you're to be in that, now, I hear. What your own corner is like, I havn't ventured to look.

I'm furnishing *my* rooms at Corpus, and ought to be choosing carpets at this moment, by appointment. I'm sure any carpet that I think comfortable will be declared Inapplicable to the modern foot—or taste—and I'm quite shy about going, so I put it off, and write to Southsea instead.

If only Papa would be content with his Devonshire wood, and milkpans and shovels, and things; but—you wouldn't believe it, but it's true—he has been shovelling *me* all summer—out of the first floor to the ground at the University galleries—and I find myself lodged on the ground floor in what Papa says is “all my own” room; and I suppose it will remain so, for I don't think the college men will come to work in it, and I don't see my way to letting anybody else in. Everything is a magnificent blank, and everybody is saying, “When are you going to begin?” and I wish I was *under* the floor, whenever they catch sight of me.

You'll see Camille at last!—he is here (*i.e.*, at Mr. Hilliard's lodgings opposite Wadham), within ten yards of the garden gate, and behaves like an angel, or something between an angel and a kitten, and he will be the very joy of your heart—whether of Bustle's¹ I am not sure.

Love to Willie, and tell him I had his letter, and am glad the old *Victory* is still afloat; I must have her drawn for my class to learn

¹ [For another reference to Dr. Acland's dog, see Vol. XXII. pp. 225, 227.]

what a Ship means. It's bad enough when rooms are turned upside down; it's too much when ships are. Nelson's always kept right side upmost—one might as well go to sea in a brass thimble as the things they build now-a-days. Joan and Connie send you their love—not that they're here, but I know their minds—and mine you have always, and I'm ever your loving Cricket,

J. RUSKIN.

To THOMAS CARLYLE¹

DENMARK HILL, *Monday, 23rd Oct., '71.*

MY DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—Your loving letter greeted me returning to-day from Oxford. My illness indeed very nearly ended me, and left me heavy in limb and otherwise helpless for some weeks. Gradually —(people say with unusual rapidity)—my strength came back, but I cannot yet run or climb as I could before.

As soon as I could use my hand or head, I had to get ready for press two books at once—lectures on Sculpture and the old *Fraser's Magazine* polit. econ.² This last I had to read and revise, and the Sculpture lectures—to *think* much as I finished them. My mother was, and is still, slowly declining, and liked to have me near her for a little while in the evenings—so passed, with great fear of relapse into illness, the month of August.

In the course of the month, a letter came to me from America. In my illness, at most feverish fit, my one saying was, “If only I could lie down in Coniston water.”³ The letter from America was from a friend³ in need of money, to ask if I could buy his cottage by Coniston water, and a few acres of copse and rock with it. I answered, Yes, without having seen the place—sent to his lawyer—concluded the purchase—and went down early in September, like the wicked person who wouldn't come to supper,⁴ to see my piece of ground.

It is a bit of steep hillside, facing west, commanding from the brow of it all Coniston lake and the mass of hills of south Cumberland. The slope is half copse, half moor and rock—a pretty field beneath, less steep—a white two-storied cottage, and a bank of turf in front of it;—then a narrow mountain road, and on the other side of that—Naboth's vineyard—my neighbour's field, to the water's edge.

¹ [In reply to Carlyle's letter of October 21 (printed in Vol. XXII. p. xix.) inquiring about Ruskin's illness at Matlock.]

² [*Aratra Pentelici* and *Munera Pulveris*.]

³ [W. J. Linton: see Vol. XXII. p. xx.]

⁴ [Luke xiv. 18.]

My neighbour will lease me enough of field and shore to build a boathouse and reach it.

If I could write better, I should have told you all this before, but I am ashamed to inflict my writing on my friends.

From Coniston, I went on to see the coast of the *Antiquary* at Arbroath, and then back to superintend the putting of roof on my house. No workmen could be had, and it is but begun now. I had given 5000 pounds to found a Drawing Mastership at Oxford. To set this rightly on foot, I had to prepare an entire system of elementary teaching, and am at work on the material of that—drawings and the like—still, and have just been to Oxford, and have returned much tired, and send this miserably written letter to you with my love, and will come, if I may, to see you, at ½ past 8 to-morrow evening.—Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

I need not say I am grieved at what you tell me about poor Mary.¹ My mother is, I fear, more than slowly sinking, now, and other sad things have happened to me.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

[DENMARK HILL] 1st November, 1871.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have to-day your most kind letter. When I came back from Lancashire I found my mother ill. I had to leave her to go to Oxford—returning, found her nigh, as I thought, to death. She has rallied, and may yet be spared some weeks to me, but that is all the respite I can hope, though a longer one, the physicians say, is possible.

I am still heavily overworked, but you will soon see, now, not uselessly. By Christmas I hope to send you three books at once, all carefully revised or written this year.

There is no fear of my sucking the orange at Coniston. There is none to suck. I have simply light and air, instead of darkness and smoke,—and ground in which flowers will grow. All I look for is light and peace—those, unless by some strange chance of evil, are sure to me. What little pleasure I still look for will be in Italy, mixed with bitter pain—but still intense in its way. In Cumberland³ I merely breathe and rest.

¹ [Miss Aitken had lost her elder brother.]

² [No. 113 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 40–41.]

³ [Coniston is, however, actually in Lancashire.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

[DENMARK HILL] 3 November, 1871.

I am working very prosperously. About Xmas, there (*D.V.*) will be a complete volume of *Fors*, a volume of lectures on sculpture, a volume of revised Political Economy, and a begun *Natural History and Mythology of Birds* and the same of Fishes.² My poor Mother will only look from afar (*if so*)—and I suppose not care to read—out of Heaven.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

[Dictated] DENMARK HILL, 6th November, 1871.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have really to-day posted—Joan will bear witness to that—an order to send you the numbers of *Fors* you want. I have only been remiss in sending you anything because you cannot have any notion of what I am trying to do till the end of the year, when you will get, *D.V.*, three books at once. However, I shall send you the last revises of the Lectures as they are printed, so that any helpful comment or caution may reach me, so as to leave me yet a moment for repentance. . . .

I don't wonder that you find Dresden a little dull. Since they got coal there it has been all spoiled; nevertheless, even in wintertime there must surely be loveliness in the granite valleys to the South, and all the hills on the other side of the bridges used to be beautiful, not to speak of Königstein and its district within so easy reach; and then, you've got Titian's pink lady in the Gallery,⁴ and Veronese's Magi—I won't reckon George the Fourth's plate, which I was once taken to see, nor the little monsters with pearl stomachs in the Green chamber.⁵ But there must be music also—and surely some blue eyes worth looking at. . . .

Tell me what you are working at, and give me more specific accounts of your health.—Ever your lovingest

JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 114 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 41. The letter had previously been printed (with the omission of the last sentence) by Professor Norton in his Introduction (pp. xi.–xii.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Eagle's Nest*, 1891.]

² [For his proposed lectures on fishes, see Vol. XXII. pp. xxv.–xxvi.; those on birds were delivered later (*Love's Meinie*).]

³ [No. 115 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 42–43.]

⁴ ["Portrait of a Lady in a Red Dress," No. 176 in the Dresden Gallery. For a note upon it, see Vol. VII. p. 490. Veronese's "Adoration of the Magi" is No. 225.]

⁵ [See Vol. XI. p. 234, and Vol. XVI. p. 470.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

15 November, 1871.

. . . To-day I believe the first five sheets of the lectures are sent you—still in a very rough state apparently, for I catch two errors in the same leaf.² Please read “fair” instead of “air” in fourth line page 75, and put a full stop after “Duces” and none after “proles” in page 76. The meaning of the title is that I have traced all the elementary laws of sculpture, as you will see in following sheets, to a right understanding of the power of incision or furrow in marble. The Greek girl you gave me³—she is standing on tiptoe just now, very much pleased at what I am saying, in the corner of my study, and looks as if she never had heard anything that made her quite understand herself before—is made, if you recollect, a girl instead of a block of marble, by little more than a few fine furrows traced to and fro.

To the Rev. Dr. DIXON⁴

16th Nov., '71.

I am more than pleased in knowing the minerals give your boys pleasure, and are likely to be serviceable to them. I think it would not be well to call the collection by any name, or to arrange it as to give any inconvenient unalterableness to it,—you can easily honour me by some little tablet somewhere about the school, stating that I helped the boys a little at their mineralogy.

To W. H. HARRISON

DENMARK HILL, S. E.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—Pray forgive me; I have much—much more on my hands just now than I can hold, and simply let what I cannot hold fall through my fingers. I could not send you the revise of lectures; they drove me half mad with my own corrections and the Greek, and I could not look over them again. You'll have a glorious triumph over the grammar of Oxford.

There is a thing in which I shall soon want your help and advice

¹ [No. 116 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 43–44.]

² [*Aratra Pentelici*, §§ 79, 80 (Vol. XX. pp. 251, 252). The mistakes were corrected before publication.]

³ [The “Fortune”: see above, p. 31.]

⁴ [Of the High School, Nottingham. From a *Catalogue of Autograph Letters* . . . issued by William Brown, 26 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 1900, No. 150.]

seriously—I want to make an application for leave to organise a squad of broom men, to keep a little bit of London perfectly clean.¹ In going to Brit. Museum in this weather I stick to the ground, and slip back half of every step. I want to *show what a clean street is*. That involves appeal to parish authorities, and all sorts of difficulties—as you will know in a moment.

Think over it, and then come up some evening and talk over it.—Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

My Mother has been merely asleep—speaking sometimes in the sleep—these last three weeks. It is not to be called paralysis, nor apoplexy—it is numbness and weakness of all faculty—declining to the grave. Very woeful: and the worst possible sort of death for *me* to see.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

DENMARK HILL, 25th Nov. [1871].

MY DEAREST RICHMOND,—Thanks, always, for your kind thoughts and feelings concerning me and mine. It is true, nevertheless, that I would rather you congratulated me on what I do, if it is worth doing, than on the mere public appearance of it. In the present case, if I am fit for the position,² the students are to be congratulated—not I. If *unfit*, nobody is to be congratulated. My mother is lying unconscious of everything except the sort of household interest which blessedly occupies a woman's mind to the last, if she has been a housewife.

When you are next in Oxford, if you like to look at the collection I have made and the drawings I have executed—for the students there—and congratulate me on those, it will give me pleasure—and I must have a talk with you soon, over the arrangement of the Raphaels. If you chance to see Mr. Boxall, you may just hint to him that he had better content himself with exhibiting spurious Turners in London; he will certainly find it unadvisable to exhibit spurious Raphaels in Oxford, or advise the Vice-Chancellor to do so. I have been in some real sorrow—and it takes not a little now to give me sorrow still—about poor Julia's lovely child. The loan is cruelly short—the interest of grief surely heavy. Are the heavens avaricious, then—like us?—Ever your affectionate
J.
RUSKIN.

I sincerely trust that Mrs. Richmond continues better. Love to Cis, Edie, Willie.

¹ [For this experiment, see Vol. XXVIII. pp. xvi.–xviii.]

² [The Slade Professorship at Oxford.]

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

DENMARK HILL, 6th Dec. [1871].

MY DEAR RICHMOND,—I believe Joan has written to you—but I intended to write myself. Your other of the two old friends of that Christmas time in Rome, went on her pilgrimage to the Holy Land yesterday.

She looks very pretty and young. It is just possible you might like to come and see her—please do, if you would. In *any* case I know she had no more faithful friend, so mind you don't come merely for fear I should think you didn't care about her—I know perfectly well what you care about.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

DENMARK HILL, 9th December, '71.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—It is Saturday—and on Tuesday last my mother died, and yet I have not written to tell you, feeling continually the same dread that I should have of telling you anything sad concerning yourself. I am more surprised by the sense of loneliness than I expected to be,—but it can only be a sense, never a reality, of solitude, as long as I have such friends as you.

I have been very curious to ask you—since you will not admit Frederick to have been a hero—what your idea of heroism is.

I believe I shall have to give a subject for an essay at St. Andrews this year—the oldest University of Scotland. I am going to give “The definition of Heroism, and its function in Scotland at this day.” —Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

P.S. [by Mrs. Severn].—He hasn't told you that he has been made Lord Rector of St. Andrews.²

To THOMAS CARLYLE

Wednesday [? December, 1871].

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—Your lovely letter made me very sad—in some ways happy, too, in your sympathy.³

¹ [A few words in Mr. Norton's Introduction to *The Eagle's Nest*, p. xii. The whole letter in *Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, pp. 168–169. No. 117 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 44–45.]

² [It was found, however, that, as a professor in another university, he was disqualified: see Vol. XXII. p. xxv.]

³ [Probably Carlyle's letter on the death of Ruskin's mother (December 5): see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xxiii.]

You must not cease enjoying your coffee. All your work is grandly done, and it is just time for coffee, and pipe and peace. If one could do good by being unpeaceful, it would be another thing. But what's the use of dying uselessly? Better to live uselessly, but for the joy of one's friends.

I enclose a letter from Joanna to your niece. I sincerely hope you can spare her to us to-morrow; I've a bright Irish girl here; and the two Scotch ones will make the delightfulest trefoil possible, and I'll do what I can to make her happy, for writing me your letter. *Tell* her, and she will tell me, why you call Bitzius¹ "cruel"—he seems to me an entirely sweet and loving person.—Ever *your* loving J. RUSKIN.

I sent the slip yesterday at last. It wasn't worth.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

23rd December, 1871.

This will, I hope, reach you not long after Xmas day. My wishes are of no use, but are always very earnestly for you, and with you and yours.

Last night I saw a proof of the last of the 21 plates for sculpture-lectures, quite right. Nothing now but binding wanted for those and *Munera*. To-day I have my series of casts and shields from Tomb of Queen Eleanor and Aymer de Valence,³ to begin my drawing class in Heraldry, and of little statues from same tombs, to begin them in Propriety.

I have the first lecture written, and the rest planned, of series on connection of Science and Art, for next spring (ten),⁴ beginning 8th February, I hope. In a book on Heraldry I find the 8th February, in Gothic times, began spring.

I have my Xmas and January *Fors* printed. February nearly all written.

I have a lecture on "The Bird of Calm" nearly ready for Woolwich in a fortnight.⁵ It is to be given to the cannon-making workmen.

I have got a "Danthe"⁶ of 1490 printed at Venice, out of Kirkup sale, with woodcuts to every canto.

I have got a wonderful new piece of opal, and some mineralogy in hand.

¹ [Whose pen-name was Gotthelf: see Vol. XXXII. p. xxxiv.]

² [No. 118 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 45-47.]

³ [See Vol. XXI. pp. 174, 189.]

⁴ [The course was published under the title *The Eagle's Nest* (Vol. XXII.)]

⁵ [See Vol. XXII. p. 239 n.]

⁶ [So. spelt in most of the early editions. For Kirkup, see Vol. XXIV. p. 33 n.]

And I'm very well, for me, but the day's foggy, and I've forgotten the chief thing I meant to put down—I'm keeping my accounts since the shortest day beautifully.

That's all I can say to-day, except love. Oh—I forgot again the other chief thing I've to say—I've been going into the Americans as hard as I can go in *Fors*, lately;¹ but I don't mean *you*, you know, and I'll come round presently to the other side.—Ever your loving

J. R.

To Miss LILY ARMSTRONG

DENMARK HILL, 23rd December, 1871.

I have just got your letter with the white flowers, and it is very good for me; and I answer before doing anything else, to ask you to believe me so far as to have faith in your own future power of being quite happy again, even though now everything seems endlessly grievous to you. When I was your age, I thought that all my life was spoiled by one thing that had hurt me very much. I acted with infinite folly, and against much loving entreaty, in allowing my mind to dwell on what hurt it. But in spite of all, the impression wore away, and the *real* crisis of my life—in matters of that kind—was between 40 and 50, instead of between 15 and 25.

For you, the *whole* of life may be, in its best strength and service, entirely happy. Believe this, and let me do better than *wish* you a happy Xmas. You say I can make you a little happy—then let me show you how to become so, beyond the power of chance or wish. . . .

1872

[In March of this year Ruskin left Denmark Hill, which had been his home for nearly thirty years. In February and March he delivered the Oxford lectures entitled *The Eagle's Nest*. From April to July he was in Switzerland and Italy. There are no letters available describing this tour, as Mrs. Severn was among his travelling companions and his mother was now dead: extracts from his diary are given in Vol. XXII. pp. xxvi.–xxviii. In August he paid a visit to Mrs. Cowper-Temple at Broadlands; in November and December he delivered the Oxford course of lectures entitled *Ariadne Florentina*.]

To Miss MARY AITKEN²

DENMARK HILL, 3rd January, '72.

MY DEAR MARY,—I was very glad of your note, as you may well think—it is so dear of your uncle wanting to see me. He likes me better—does he not—to come in the forenoon? Tell me this (and

¹ [See Letter 12 (December 1871): Vol. XXVII. pp. 205, 215, 216.]

² [Carlyle's niece and companion.]

say this letter is between you and me, and he is not to see it). I've sent him some books. Get him to look at the Preface to *Munera Pulveris*—and the sentence at the end of the Appendix, which I think is very pretty. I've sent you a little Venetian chain, which my mother used to wear. She liked it best of all her chains. The gold is very pure, and if you will be at the pretty pains of washing it, will, I hope, gleam out with Venetian light.—Ever your affectionate

JOHN RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

[DENMARK HILL] 4th January, 1872.

I have been so singularly, even for me, depressed and weak since the beginning of the year, that I could not write to you. One of the distinctest sources of this depression is my certitude that I ought now to wear spectacles; but much also depends on the sense of loss of that infinitude of love my mother had for me, and the bitter pity for its extinction. . . .

I much delight in this coin of Frederick, and very solemnly and with my whole heart prefer it to the Hercules. I should even prefer my own profile to the Greek Hercules, though mine has the woofullest marks of folly, irresolution, and disease. But Frederick and I had both of us about the worst education that men could get for money, and both had passed through rough times which partly conquered us—being neither of us, certainly not I, made of the best metal, even had we been well brought up. One of the quaintest things in your last letter was your fixing, in your search for bad epithets for Frederick, on “Unsociable.” And yet you love *me!*

But not to continue so insolent a comparison any longer, take the one instance of Frederick's domestic and moral temper, that having been in danger of death under the will—almost sentence—of a father partly insane, he yet never accuses, but in all things justifies, and evidently reverences that father through life. . . .

To ALFRED TYLOR

DENMARK HILL, 4 January, 1872.

I have had a fit of depression and general illness on me which has almost prevented my doing anything, and altogether prevented my writing to any of my friends in their cheerful time. But you will be wondering at my delay to put before you, in clear form, the

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 169. No. 119 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 47–48.]

request I have to ask you to present for me at Croydon. I wish to engage such workmen as may be recommended to me, resident at or near Croydon, and to pay them a fixed salary on condition of their keeping the pond and spring¹ we looked at perfectly clean in every sense of the word; with daily watchfulness to remove any offensive substance thrown into it. Also, I wish to be allowed to plant the edge of it, at the side of the road, with grass and flowers—not interfering with the roadway nor with the present access to the spring—and to keep this flower border as pretty as the passers-by will let me keep it, at my own cost. Also, I desire to erect a low arch of marble, slightly sculptured in the manner of Pisan-Gothic, over the larger of the two springs, and to inscribe it to my mother's memory. I can come to Croydon to represent any matter further to the proper authorities any day before the 20th of this month except Saty. 13th.

I send you a book of mine,² of which I should be grateful to you if you would read the preface. I was looking again at your paper on quaternary gravels,³ and I am more and more surprised at the goodness and quantity of the work in all you do—and you certainly ought not to read more than the preface, but the book is occasionally referred to in the letters called *Fors Clavigera*,⁴ which I have ordered now to be sent to you regularly; I shall have the first year bound for you.

To F. W. PULLEN⁵

DENMARK HILL, 16 January, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely obliged by your letter, but I think you may very easily and simply silence objections on the score of personality by merely observing that *Fors Clavigera* is a series of letters, and intended to be—as letters should be—personal. If people want treatises, let them read my *Munera Pulveris*; if lectures, I have written enough, it seems to me. These letters I write for persons who wish to know something of me, and whom I hope to persuade to work with me, and from beginning to end will be full of all sorts of personality.—Always sincerely yours,
J. R.

¹ ["St. Margaret's Well," at Carshalton, in memory of his mother: see Vol. XXII. p. xxiv.]

² [Works, vol. ii., *Munera Pulveris*—"To Alfred Tylor with the Author's sincere regard."]

³ ["On the Quaternary Gravels of England," in the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, vol. xxv. pp. 57–100. For a list of Mr. Tylor's scientific papers, see *Geological Magazine*, new series, decade ii., vol. ii. pp. 474–476; and for references by Ruskin, Vol. XXVI. pp. xxv., 290, 316, 365.]

⁴ [See (in numbers of *Fors* which had at this time appeared) Vol. XXVII. pp. 174 n., 249.]

⁵ [Who had written to him about the manner of *Fors*.]

To the Rev. NEWMAN HALL¹

DENMARK HILL, 20th January, '72.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely obliged by your letter; the paragraph flattered and amused me, and I wished it had been true—not less, because it never can be true in any sense. I wish I could either design a church, or tell you a workman that could build one, or that I saw good cause for such building. So far from that, I believe all our church building, all our preaching, and all our hearing, is as great an abomination to God as ever incense and new moons,² in days of Jewish sin. I believe you clergymen have but one duty to do, to separate those who believe from those who do not; not as wheat from tares—but as fruitful from fruitless. You cannot look on the heart, but you can on the deeds, and when you have gathered round you a separate body of men, who will not cheat, nor rob, nor revenge, it may be well to build a church for them; but I think they will scarcely ask you. I would be at home after Monday, whenever you liked to call, but I fear I should only pain you by what I should endeavour to say.³—Always faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

C.C.C., 7th February, 1872.

I write to you my first letter on my new writing table, in my—own—college.

It is very pleasant to me, the room—and the feeling of all—in a quiet, sad way. Thirty-five years since I sat down first in my own rooms in college, not two hundred yards from the spot where I write.

¹ [From *Newman Hall: an Autobiography*, 1898, p. 316. Mr. Hall had written to Ruskin for advice about a new church then in contemplation.]

² [Isaiah i. 13; for the following Bible references, see Matthew xiii. 25 and 1 Samuel xvi. 7.]

³ ["I gladly availed myself," says Mr. Hall, "of this courteous invitation, and told Mr. Ruskin that we should be glad of any hint. . . . He replied, as he had already written, that we should not build up stones, but gather together a few people who would not steal nor tell lies. I said that we had many hundreds of such, and needed a building where under shelter they might worship and be taught. He repeated his opinion, and I said I had made a mistake in troubling him, as I thought I was speaking to the author of *The Stones of Venice*. He said, 'No, you are not. Every one who does something in teaching passes through three stages of life. At first he teaches what is inaccurate; then he unlearns it; and lastly, he teaches the Truth—which stage I have now reached.'"]

Your lovely letter and an exquisite one from Connie came to cheer me this morning, and I had a walk in the evening, in quiet sunshine!

Arthur and you must soon come down to see me. I've bought an embroidered tablecloth—green, with black edge, all over flowers, which I am very proud of.

To a CORRESPONDENT

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am glad of your letter—but tell me which of my writings you have read; why you admire them, and why you wish to read more.—Truly yours,
J.
RUSKIN.

*To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*¹

D. HILL, 13th February, '72.

. . . I am, as usual, unusually busy—when I get fairly into my lecture work at Oxford, I always find that the lecture would come better some other way, just before it is given, and so work from hand to mouth. There are to be ten this spring. Two are given, and I have two a week for four weeks, on the relation of art to natural science,² and am printing them as I go on—besides all the work of changing into my rooms at Corpus, and sending the rest that's in the house to Brantwood, and business connected with all, etc., etc.,—and I want to draw some things this spring for the men.

I keep pretty well, and have not, if I sleep, time to be sad, though living in my quiet rooms at Corpus is very wonderful to me; but not painful. Going about London is *very* dreadful to me, every street having some bitter memory; but when I get away from it, and everybody is kind to me, I can't keep sulky. . . .

*To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*³

St. Valentine's Eve, 1872.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I sent you a little line this morning. I've just seen at Ellis's your *Triumph of Max*⁴—it is a very nice copy,

¹ [No. 121 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 49–50.]

² [*The Eagle's Nest*; the lectures were not issued, however, till the following September.]

³ [No. 122 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 50–51.]

⁴ [A copy of the volume of woodcuts known as the *Triumph of* (the Emperor) *Maximilian*.]

and I told them I would write and say so. I had just seen a large paper one not much better in any way, and not at all so pleasant to look at.

I do not know if I ever told you how much I admire it, but you will like to hear that I am going to cut one all to pieces, and frame in raised mounts, the square banners with the women shield-bearers, for the Oxford men to learn pen drawing from, and some of the knights that carry them, the half length, only without the horses, so as to compel attention to the faces, plumes, and body armour.¹

I think you *will* like, as nobody yet has liked, going over the schools, when you come *home*—to England. It's absurd to think of yourself as American any more; but even if you do, all good Americans should live in England, for America's sake, to make her love her fathers' country—if not in the past, at least now.—Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WARD²

[OXFORD, *February* 14.]

MY DEAR WARD,—In the large picture by Marco Marziale,³ as you turn into the Italian room, is a greyish white damask sleeve with a dark pattern on it, like this.⁴ I want the white unshadowed part copied most accurately, with pattern, for me to have a paper made for my new house. Arrange with Mr. Severn (Herne Hill) to meet and consult on Friday at the Gallery.

To W. H. HARRISON

DENMARK HILL, *26th March*, 1872.

MY DEAR HARRISON,—I write to you on my last evening in the old home, to thank you for all the love you have borne its inmates for the last quarter of a century.

I have not been able to ask you to come and see me. I am much depressed, and much overworked. The last ten years have been very tragic to me, and cannot be spoken of. What the next years may bring I suppose neither you nor I now much fear—or hope; but I

¹ [See Vol. XXI. p. 177.]

² [No. 61 in *Ward*; vol. ii. pp. 24–25.]

³ ["The Circumcision"—No. 803 in the National Gallery. The pattern (copied from the robe of the officiating priest) was used for the walls of the drawing-room and study at Brantwood.]

⁴ [Here Ruskin drew a slight pen-sketch of the pattern required.]

think we may have some happy times yet, at Joan's;—I may perhaps see you there before I leave for the Continent.

I have sent you the old Pæstum and one or two things that used to be on the drawing-room table. You have more books than you care to read, or I could have sent you shelves. . . . When once you get used to think of Joan's as "the *old house*"¹—which it is—you will not think any of us less than we were of old faithfully Yours;—certainly in houses old or new I am not less affectionately Yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *Easter Sunday*, '72.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I left my Denmark Hill study, to go back no more, on Thursday, and have passed my Good Friday and Saturday here, quite alone, finding, strangely, one of my Father's diaries for my solace, giving account of all our continental journeys, from the time I was six years old, when he and my mother, and I, and a cat, whom I made a friend at Paris, and an old French man-chambermaid, were all very happy (yet not so much in degree as completeness) at Paris—my Father some twelve years younger than I am now. . . .

We leave England, *D.V.*, on Tuesday the 9th. A line to "care of Arthur Severn, Herne Hill, London," would find me probably sitting writing before breakfast at the window of my old nursery—whence I visited Paris for the first time. . . .

I am going to sell my Venice Rialto by Turner.³ It is too large for Brantwood, and I have enough without it, and it makes me sad. . . . I am so tired that this which I have written, in the idea of its being quite a slow and careful and proper letter, looks as slovenly as if I cared nothing for you, but I care for you though I can't write.—Ever yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

HERNE HILL, *10th August* [1872].

I am myself going to give, this autumn, at Oxford, a summary of the points in the lives of the Florentines and their school as related by Vasari; *i.e.*, assuming Vasari to be correct, what thoughtful conjecture

¹ [That is, Ruskin's old house at Herne Hill, which he had made over to Mrs. Severn on her marriage.]

² [No. 123 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 51–52. The first paragraph had previously been printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, p. 169.]

³ [It fetched £4000: see Vol. XIII. p. 606.]

⁴ [No. 124 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 53.]

may be made as to each life. Then I shall correct Vasari afterwards as I can, to make him understood, first sifting the points in each life from the rubbish. I shall do Verrocchio, Mantegna, Sandro Botticelli, Pollajuolo, Lorenzo di Credi, Perugino, and the Lippis, with what else comes in naturally—and I think it will be interesting.¹ Nothing I have ever seen in mythic and religious art has interested or delighted me so much as Sandro and Perugino in the Sistine Chapel—Perugino at Perugia was another piece of new life to me.

To F. S. ELLIS²

BRANTWOOD, *September 19th*, 1872.

DEAR MR. ELLIS,—I find I want the *1st and 2nd* vols. of the *Earthly Paradise*. I had them complete at Oxford, but only my two last vols. here.

Thanks, so much, for explanation about Savonarola.

Tell me how Mr. Green is?

Any effect produced on customers' minds yet by our burnt sacrifice?³

Also the best modern French Dictionary, and Kingsley's book on Heroes.

Also the oldest, if attainable, and the best, not modern edition of (Italian) Vasari.—Ever truly yrs.,

J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON⁴

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *November 1st*, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely obliged for your letter; I am always necessarily in a false position with people whom I cannot speak to as I have spoken to you. They assume—naturally—that on the whole I am very well off—enjoying my work—doing as I choose—and hypochondriac perhaps from having too much my own way. You will

¹ [Ultimately Ruskin's autumn course was on "Sandro Botticelli and the Florentine Schools of Engraving," published under the title *Ariadne Florentina* (Vol. XXII).]

² [No. 6 in *Ellis*, pp. 8–9.]

³ [The inquiry is a jest—the story is this. Ruskin saw in Mr. Ellis's possession a fine copy of *Capriccios de Goya*, and commented on its hideousness, adding that "it was only fit to be burnt." Mr. Ellis agreed with him; and putting the volume into the empty grate (for it was in August), he and Ruskin set light to it, and the book was burned to ashes. "Mr. Green" was Mr. Ellis's partner.]

⁴ [No. 1 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleison: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 184; and for Mr. Malleison, a neighbour of Ruskin in the Lake Country, see *ibid.*, p. xxxii.]

henceforth understand me better—though no happy man, least of all a man happy in his family, *can* understand the separation from God which a life so wretched as mine signifies. No matter how foolish one may have been—one can't expect a moth with both its wings burnt off, and dropt into the hot tallow, to sing Psalms with what is left it of antennæ.—Ever truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 18th November, 1872.

. . . I will never take anybody's advice any more. I want somebody to help me against you—you're always too strong for me—the more foolish they are the better. . . .

You spoke of coming down with Ned on Thursday. Please do.²

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD³

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, *Shortest Day*, 1872.

SIR,—I have been in London during the last seven days, and though your Royal Highness's kind letter came to me, there, I was afraid to send for the book lest any mischance should come to it, and have only been able to look at it to-day.

But now, much more than most books, I have looked at and learned from it. I am very heartily glad to know that your Royal Highness likes it, but it seems strange to me—you are very happy in being enough sad to enter into the feeling of these poems—already.

The "John Baptist" seems to me entirely beautiful and right in its dream of him. The "St. Paul" is not according to my thought—but I am glad to have my thought changed. I wish the verses were less studiously alliterative, but the verbal art of them is wonderful. Some of the minor poems are the sweetest of their kind I ever read—Wordsworth with a softer chime. I wish I had something adverse to say, for this note must read to you as if I only wanted to say what would please you. That is indeed true—but I should neither hope, nor attempt, to do so by praising what I did not like.

¹ [No. 125 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 53–54.]

² ["I was established for the winter in London. 'Ned' was Burne-Jones."—C. E. N.]

³ [This letter—referring to a copy of *Poems* by F. W. H. Myers (1870) lent by the Prince to Ruskin—has been printed in *Fragments of Prose and Poetry, by F. W. H. Myers*, edited by his Wife, 1904, pp. 24–25.]

I will venture, unless I receive your Royal Highness's command to the contrary, to keep the book until your return to Oxford—when I hope you will find some occasion of enabling me to show how truly I am your Royal Highness's very grateful and loyal servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

LANCASTER, 27th December, '72.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I brought your Siena² home from Oxford with me, and have been reading it all the way down, having carriage to myself.

It is curious that the first drawing I ever made of Italian art should have been from Duccio, and that I should have sent it to you the day before I read the account you give of him—twenty times more interesting than Cimabue.

I was greatly surprised by the early dates you assign and prove for the fall of Siena, and also by your ascribing it in the end, so completely, to the failure of religious faith.

Q.,—and this is the only thing which during the whole day I wanted my pen to suggest, all the rest being unquestionable,—should we not rather say, the failure of the qualities which render religious faith possible, and which, if it be taught, make it acceptable?

How far religion made—how far destroyed—the Italians—is now a quite hopelessly difficult question with me. My work will only be to give material for its solution.

My cold is nearly gone. I will do S—her drawing and you yours, at Brantwood. I have been dining on turtle soup and steak, and have had more than half a pint of sherry, and feel comfortable—here in King's Arms Inn, with picture of Dickens's Empty Chair behind me, and his signature to it, cut out of a letter to the landlord. Volunteer band playing, melodiously and cheerfully. Mind you get acquainted with a conscientious Punch.

P. S.—Pitch dark day.

Q. (not a critical one). After that time of homicide at Siena, Heaven sent the Black Plague. "You will kill each other, will you? You shall have it done cheaper."

We have covered ourselves with smoke. "You want darkness?" says Heaven. "You shall have it cheaper."

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, August 1904, vol. 94, pp. 169, 170. No. 126 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 54–56.]

² ["An account of the building of the Duomo at Siena, afterwards published in my *Church-Building in the Middle Ages*."—C. E. N.]

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday, 28th Dec., '72.*

I have had almost the divinest walk to-day I ever had in my life. It cleared steadily from the morning on; I went out at about ½ past 12, the blue then gaining steadily from the west. I felt quite tired and listless when I went out—but the farther I walked, the less I was tired, which was a satisfactory sort of feeling for an old gentleman of 54. By the time I got to the rock which I took you and Lily¹ up, I was as fresh as could be, and the sky cloudless—the rocks already dry—the sun making all Coniston Water one silver shield. I went on to our tarn, . . . and it got brighter and brighter—then round and to the Waterhead—and there was a sunset like a Roman one—the lake of Thrasymene never more glorious.

The place *is* more beautiful in winter than summer—the loss in foliage at *first* seems terrific, and in dark days it is fatal, and the view from the window here *does* lose more than I expected, everywhere looking like barren moor. But when the sun comes out, the hills are all gold and purple instead of grey, as in summer—one sees their outlines everywhere through the copses—the sun coming down among their woods is like enchanted light, and the ivy and walls and waters are all as perfect as ever. So that I never had a walk among the lakes so lovely, and few in Italy, and I'm actually in good spirits to-night, reading Cowley,—and arranging my teacups . . . Love to Arfie.

1873

[This year was spent by Ruskin at Oxford and at Brantwood. In March and May he lectured on Birds (*Love's Meinie*); in October and November, on *Val d' Arno*. Some letters to Mrs. Severn, and extracts from his diary recording his life at Brantwood, are given in Vol. XXIII. pp. xx.–xxii.]

To BERNARD QUARITCH²

BRANTWOOD, *1st January, '73.*

MY DEAR QUARITCH,—I am greatly flattered by your thinking of taking up my books yourself—and I am sure there is no one who would do what should or could be done for them more energetically—but I

¹ [Miss Lily Armstrong.]

² [For Ruskin's friendship with Mr. Quaritch, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxiv. Ultimately, upon Mr. Allen's advice, Ruskin decided not to sell the copyright of his books.]

am not sure whether I stated in my last letter one limitation which may make the whole thing unacceptable to you, namely, that I retain the right to publish *myself* in my own continuous expensive edition, what portions I like of the older books. That edition of my own is to continue, in volumes priced either 9s. 6d. or 19s. each, as I can issue them; I will include, in altered forms, much of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th vols. of *Modern Painters*—some of the *Seven Lamps*—and perhaps the half of *The Stones of Venice*. For this edition of my own I shall prepare entirely new plates and woodcuts. The offer I make is of the copyright of all my books published before 1870,—to be issued in their present text, with no omissions or alterations, but in any form—cheap, or periodical, or what not—the publisher chooses. All the plates and woodcuts in their present state are to form a part of the purchase. I mean the whole thing—copyright and plates—to go for one round sum, and so save bother; the purchaser having, of course, the right to prepare other plates from them if he chooses. I shall interfere in nothing, except only in the one proviso that the texts are to be unaltered.

I never thought you were likely to care about the thing. I was advised to put it up to auction, which indeed I have given directions to do, not in the least knowing what would be a fair price to ask. If you care to move in the matter further, I will send you proofs of the Plates of *Modern Painters* in their present state.—I enclose cheque for Ovid and Vocabularies, and am always truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, 15th January, 1873.

MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . I have had fourteen days of incessant wind and rain, and am stupid with disgust and wonder that such things should be. Nature herself traitress to me—whatever Wordsworth may say.² No light to paint, nor temper to think; but I have been working at the instructions to my drawing-class.³ Everything now takes so much more time than I calculate—it is terrible. . . .

Love to you all, especially to S. I've done a bit of ivy, but it looks gloomy, and hope to get a bit of cup-moss for her instead.—Ever your lovingest
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 127 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 56–57.]

² ["Nature never did betray," etc.: see the title-page of *Modern Painters*.]

³ [The *Instructions in Use of Rudimentary Series*: see Vol. XXI. p. 161.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, 7th February, 1873.

. . . I will have the marbles sent down here.² I am going to make more and more a perfect home of this place. I have the gift of sucking bitters, and am just now quite uncomfortable because my house is too pleasant, and I don't like going back to Oxford.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

BRANTWOOD, 8th February, 1873.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I send you an old sketch-book, full of scrawls done in the cold (with that excuse for never doing anything that I ought to have done to them) in the winter of '62, I think, or '61—Crawley⁴ will know.

They now only give me sorrow and shame to look at—both deep. I ought perhaps to be very thankful that I am wise enough to think my ten years old self a fool, and that I am unhappy only by *not* getting what I wanted, instead of getting it.

I walked seven miles yesterday on heavenly short, sheep-bitten turf; climbed 1800 feet above lake among the snow; rowed a mile; superintended the making of a corner window in my "lodge," to be Crawley's house, and worked at Greek coins all the evening, without spectacles. I oughtn't to grumble, at 54, to be able to do that. And, indeed, I *am* less discontented than I was at Lucerne, that winter. Perhaps I shall be quite happy just before I leave the world.

If there's anything in the sketch-book you would like name put to, I'll do it when I come to town, if you leave the book with me.

All good be to you that can be.—Ever your loving J. R.

To HENRY ACLAND, M. D.

[1873?]

MY DEAR HENRY,—I am very glad of your little note. There is no sacredness (much that is much the contrary) to keep me from speaking, but simply that I can only get through my day by fiercely

¹ [No. 128 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 57.]

² ["Some pieces of late thirteenth-century Pisan sculpture, fragments of a font, which I had obtained for him in Italy."—C. E. N.]

³ [No. 129 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 57–58.]

⁴ [His old servant: see below, p. 64.]

thinking of it, and of nothing else. This walking with a ghost behind one would not be a bad form of drill for me; the worst of it is that I don't see the things in *front* of me well; the blue being taken out of the sky, and the red out of roses. My work was all spoiled in the autumn; but, on the other hand, I should not have gone in now for *Fors*, nor perhaps been every Tuesday and Saturday in the Galleries, if I had been in better humour, and I think some good will come out of both. Touching St. John,¹ I know you cannot feel with me, nor should I ever try to make you do so—only I want you to understand that what of unbelief is in me, is not at all founded on the vulgar rationalism of the day, but on my bitter feeling of human imperfection in the so-called Revelation. It is precisely as if George Richmond were to tell me that a Revelation was necessary. “By all means,” I should answer—“I think so with my whole soul.” But if he then went on to tell me that a picture by Claude was a revelation—“No,” I should answer, “if that is all you have got, I'll do without any.”—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To C. FAIRFAX MURRAY²

BATH HOTEL, PICCADILLY, *February 14th*, 1873.

MY DEAR MURRAY,—I am heartily obliged by all your notes, especially by the field-marshal bit. You will be able to help me in this sort of way so often. Of course, the absurdity of a lance having no [grip³] for its handle, and of a knight's using or holding the stump of it at all, is more absurd than the mythic truncheon, of which I forget the origin.

The Arundel man had a grand movable [scaffolding⁴] about sixty feet high, I fancy: probably thirty or twenty-five—can't be allowed at Easter. I entirely forgot to speak to Manning! but will use all the personal influence I have—no fear on that score.

I've been going to French play and pantomime, and staring at the Sir Joshuas in Old Masters.⁵ My stars, what that fellow could do!

I hope you know Botticelli already well enough not to think you'll

¹ [See *Fors*, Letter 27 (January 1873): Vol. XXVII. p. 489.]

² [No. 15 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 43–44. Mr. Murray at this time did some work for Ruskin which he greatly valued: see Vol. XXIV. p. xl., Vol. XXX. p. lix.]

³ [A rough sketch of the “grip” of a lance.]

⁴ [Here again a slight sketch, instead of the word.]

⁵ [The Exhibition of 1873 included twenty-three pictures by Sir Joshua. Ruskin refers to the Exhibition in a different connexion in Vol. XXV. p. 17.]

have to copy stuff like that arms-akimbo thing.¹ By the way, what have they all got, like truncheons? They look like a lot of opera-directors.

I couldn't, what with pantomime, etc., find a minute quiet. I'm off to Coniston again to-morrow. Write there. You need never fear tiring me by your letters, though I may not answer them at once.—Always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To C. FAIRFAX MURRAY²

BRANTWOOD, *February 15th*, 1873.

MY DEAR MURRAY,—I am glad you wanted to see me; but there were at least fifty people in London who wanted it more than you did, and had more right to call me unkind for *not* seeing them.

And there were at least five hundred things in London more necessary for me to do than to see your Bassano, yet which were not done.

You ask which of the Sir Joshuas I liked best. If you ask me which was the best, I will tell you. Which I *liked* best, matters not a straw to you or anybody else. The *worst* was certainly that one in the black hat.³ Sir Joshua ought not to have gone in like a Dutchman for tricks of light and shade.

I am greatly puzzled by your sentence, “What do you think of your Gainsborough *now*?”⁴ I can hardly credit, or discredit, you with the idea that I never saw a Gainsborough till last Tuesday, but what else the sentence *can* mean I can't see. However, I did learn something about him, the sitting Miss Somebody,⁵ afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, being worse drawn than I ever saw him draw,—and the rouged face of the dancer opposite, the vilest thing I ever saw him paint.

The Adoration of the Magi⁶ had prettinesses in it, but was poor stuff. The Signorelli I never saw, nor was likely to see.

¹ [No. 191 in the Exhibition, the Duke of Hamilton's “Assumption of the Virgin,” now in the National Gallery, No. 1126, ascribed by some critics to Botticini.]

² [No. 16 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 45–47.]

³ [Either No. 6, “Henry the Earl of Abergavenny as a boy,” or No. 231, “Portrait of Richard Holmes Laurie as a boy.”]

⁴ [The picture of a Country Girl (frontispiece to Vol. XXII.): see in that volume pp. xliii., 393, 396, 481.]

⁵ [No. 35, “Portrait of Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan,” lent by Baron Lionel de Rothschild. The other picture was No. 56, “Portrait of Madame Baccelli, Dancer,” lent by Lord Buckhurst.]

⁶ [No. 193 in the Exhibition; now in the National Gallery, No. 1124, where it is ascribed to Filippino Lippi. The Signorelli (“The Circumcision”), No. 162 in the Exhibition, is also in the National Gallery, No. 1128.]

Please look at the Raphael¹ and tell me how far the colour may have changed in St. John's shoulder, and in Judas' dress, and how far the fantastic shot silks of this last are absolutely as they were, as far as you can judge.—Always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday, 15th Feb., '73.*

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—I can't in the least make out why you wished me to look at this enclosed letter. It seems to me out of quite one of the woolly-headiest of sheep's heads, and by no means to be noticed in any wise. It is the sort of thing that makes me feel as if I had to fight a scarecrow stuffed with dirty cotton—that choked one with fluff if one cut it. You are too good-natured to put up with such people. And I was a little surprised, also (I must speak true, you know), by the book you gave me, or I should have written of it before. It is boastful and pompous, not the sort of thing I should have thought you would have been pleased with—the more as I have heard you laugh at Humboldt for an old woman—though his little finger was thicker than this man's loins.²

I got down here yesterday in the evening, and at five o'clock—crossing Lancaster Sands—saw what I thought the most wonderful thunder-clouds in the sunset light, that I had ever seen in my life. In five minutes more, I saw they were my own opposite snowy mountains! I had no conception anything so beautiful was possible with such low elevation. I would rather have drawn that view over Lancaster Bay than any I ever saw from Venice.

Thanks so much for what you told me of your grandmother and mother. Happy, this northern land—in snow of lofty soul—as of sweet hillside.—Ever your loving
JOHN RUSKIN.

To Dr. W. C. BENNETT³

BRANTWOOD, *February 16th, 1873.*

DEAR MR. BENNETT,—I am heartily glad of your book, and hope it may do good. I see, however, that you are in the wretched mess of

¹ ["The Raphael" was the "Agony in the Garden" (No. 176 in the Exhibition); it also was bought for the National Gallery, No. 1032, where it is now ascribed to Lo Spagna.]

² [1 Kings xii. 10.]

³ [No. 29 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 76–77. The book is *Songs for Sailors* (1872), a volume of patriotic verse with much sentiment about "baby in the cot"; also a poem on "The Anglo-American Boat-Race," in praise of athletics, the Northern cause, etc.]

thought which sympathises with the North Americans,—and with our damned “athletics,” which have made schoolboys of all our public men—and end in horse-racing—and the devil’s work, of all sorts. In all this vapouring of yours about glory and babies, will you have the goodness to tell me what you really are fond of in the Englishman of to-day,—or the English baby of to-day?—Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. COWPER-TEMPLE

BRANTWOOD, 17th Febr., '73. *Morning.*

. . . I am getting this place into some form, and I think it will soon be pretty enough to ask you to come and grace it with more sweetness than even its best spring flowers can. Fancy how I was taken in, the day before yesterday. I came down from London without stopping, and was therefore crossing Lancaster Sands at five o’clock. It had been steadily cloudy, and I was reading and not looking out, when, the train stopping at a little station, I saw, looking up, an opening in the west, and a range, as I thought, of thunder-clouds in red light. I was greatly amazed, and said to myself, “Well, I thought I knew something of skies, but those are the grandest clouds I ever saw yet.” In five minutes more, as the train went on, I saw they were my own mountains in their snow. And I would rather have had a Turner drawing of that view over Lancaster Sands than even my “Arona” on the Lago Maggiore.¹ I’ve got a cat, but she scratches, and I can’t keep her tail out of the candles in the evening; and I’ve got a dog—a shepherd’s—who won’t do anything wrong—but it’s so horribly moral, it’s more dull than I am myself. Love to William.—Ever your loving

ST. C.

To W. B. PULLAR

BRANTWOOD, 18th Febr., '73.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am deeply interested by your letter, and heartily glad of it—thankful above all for the change in your religious feelings, and for your being able to see what Carlyle means, and how one may live in peace and honour in spite of science.

I have no time to write but of essential points.

¹ [Described in Vol. XIII. p. 456. A copy of Turner’s drawing by Ruskin (photographs of which he placed on sale) is here given (Plate III.).]



J. Huskin after Turner

Allen & Co. So.

Arona, Lago Maggiore

Accepting frankly your offer to help our cause, you can do so at present only by staying in your present position, and making the best of it that honesty can. You tell me you are "a manufacturer in a middling way." *That* is your Door in the House of the Lord.¹ What do you manufacture? and what are the chief difficulties and liabilities to failure in that manufacture? Tell me, as briefly as you can, these.

The actual scheme of *Fors* depends on money help. I must collect enough to buy a considerable piece of land before I can do anything; and even then, should probably put no settlers on it, but merely cultivate it by paid labour, for some time.

And I should never move any one out of any now tenable position if I did not find some extraordinary qualities in them.—Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

BRANTWOOD, Ash Wednesday, 26th February, 1873.

DEAREST CHARLES,—Your lovely little note just come, and with it the Dante marbles.³ Far beyond what I had hoped, and quite beyond all price to me. I haven't been so pleased for many a year.

I ought to be very good, now—such a study as I have. Must tell you about it, or, rather, you must all come and see, in May.—Ever your loving

J. R.

To ARTHUR SEVERN

BRANTWOOD [Feb. 27, 1873].

MY DEAREST ARFIE,—Please I must have a swallow directly if it's to be had in London, and a chough and a common tern—*Sterna hirundo*—as soon as *possible*.⁴ What are the people about?

Please note also Carlyle's language is of no consequence.⁵ There is no historian but Carlyle of the French Revolution or of the English one. All the others give you an utterly false impression. Alison is very good as a calendar, nothing else.

¹ [See Psalms lxxxiv. 10.]

² [No. 130 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 59.]

³ [See above, p. 58. Ruskin believed the marbles to be pieces of the font broken by Dante: see Vol. XXII. p. 343, Vol. XXIII. p. xxviii., Vol. XXVII. p. 272.]

⁴ [Ruskin was about to deliver his lectures on birds, *Love's Meinie* (Vol. XXV.).]

⁵ [Mr. Severn had mentioned in a letter that he had been reading Alison's account of the French Revolution.]

That's a *very* small allowance of Joanie. Please—I want some more. If I could scream, like the baby, you'd treat me better.

Nice line enclosed from Helps.

Dearest love to wee Joanie.—Ever affly. yrs.,

J. R.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

BRANTWOOD, *4th March*, '73.

I am only thinking of you, all the day long, and thanking the fates—and the Master of Fate—for giving me my comforting Joanie to-day. All you are, and say, and do, is so good for me.

And so you want to know if the lodge is begun! The Roof is on. Nothing wanting but window mullions! That is why I came back here so quickly. I needed to watch what they were about. I was annoyed because the plan of the house inside did not admit of a door to the front—as in my sketch—without great loss of space and comfort within. So I gave up my door; but we will have a creeping tree instead, and manage to make it all pretty. It is larger than I meant, because Crawley and his wife and children are to live in it; but it does not spoil the place at all, and adds much to its convenience.

My darling, I hope every birthday of your own will now be a double joy, and every spring like a new entrance into life.

To OSCAR BROWNING¹

BRANTWOOD, *March 11th*, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have not replied to your favour of the 6th, because I felt the matter to be one of great importance, and was not certain—nor am I so now—what my engagements would be this spring.

If I could repeat (with some modification) the lectures I am just going to give at Oxford, on the Drawings of Birds, do you think it might be interesting for the Eton Literary Society enough to prevent their feeling hurt at my not preparing a special lecture for them? I have not now energy enough to trust to extempore lecturing, and I

¹ [Assistant-master at Eton, 1860–1875, and founder of the Literary and Scientific Society there. For Ruskin's lectures, arranged for in this and the following letter, see Vol. XXV. p. 5. The letters are reprinted from "Personal Recollections of John Ruskin" in *St. George*, vol. vi. pp. 134–143.]

see no chance of my being able to prepare more than my Oxford work this spring.

Will you kindly write me a line to C.C.C., Oxford, and believe me very respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

*March 24th, 1873.*¹

MY DEAR SIR,—I could not instantly reply to your kind letter, not having determined my time of coming here next term, but I have now arranged matters so as to be able to lecture at Eton on the first days you name—10th and 17th May. The two lectures will be quite enough for the main things I want to say, and please don't think of putting yourself or anybody to any disarrangement to find rooms for me; for when I have lecturing to do I always go to inns, partly because I like to be sure of quietly thinking over, first, what I read, and also because one's host is always liable on such occasions to be teased in various ways by people whom one does not bring upon him in an ordinary visit.—Ever very truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

BRANTWOOD, 15th April, '73.

I am so constantly in sadness that your beautiful letter can hardly make me more sorry; but it makes me feel more resolution to be what I can to you, always, to the best of my power. Not that "resolution" is ever needed to be kind to *you*, but sometimes—to be kind to myself, for your sake. Now that I must, so far as is in me, be mother as well as father to you, I must strive to have peace in my own heart, that I may preserve it in yours.

I will write to Mary.

Elkanah's saying to Hannah, "Am not I better to thee than ten sons?"² has been murmuring in my ears up and down the woods. *One* mother *is* better than ten sons. But you are that yourself, Joanie, now—and I will be at least all I can to you.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

BRANTWOOD, 20th April.

I am very glad you wrote to me all that was in your heart. Pray do so always. It would not be right for me to tell you all that is

¹ [*St. George*, vol. vi. p. 139.]

² [1 Samuel i. 8.]

saddest in mine. Sometimes the flowers make me much more sad than the wind and rain: and the distant views always make me think of my father in his grave. And the mystery of it all becomes perpetually more terrific to me. But it is because I am not moved *enough* by it, that I am so woeful,—because I am not trying enough to do right, and feel base as well as unhappy. I know you can't understand this, but it is so. The only thing to be done by any of us is to be kind and cheerful always.

The harbour *will* be a beauty, but will take me, as near as I can guess of my Robinson Crusoe work, till the year 1880, before it is done. But Arfie will be able to get in soon enough. . . .

To W. B. PULLAR

BRANTWOOD, 28th April, '73.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely obliged by your letters—this one about the workman is invaluable to me. I suppose, keeping all clue to name and locality out of it, I may use the main text in *Fors*?¹

In your general work, keep cool, and never waste energy in trying to teach people who don't want to be taught. Form your own opinions firmly—act on them quietly, without hope, fear, disappointment, or anger. If any one wishes to hear, speak; if any one questions you, answer—and be ready to meet all honest questioning.

Chiefly, take care of your health, and secure your own peaceful livelihood before everything.—Ever truly yours,
J.
RUSKIN.

I am much ashamed of my writing—by way of your “master's” it is discreditable, but spoiled by constant work against time and original bad habits.

To H. E. LUXMOORE²

[OXFORD], 15th May, '73.

DEAR MR. LUXMOORE,—I am very heartily sorry your letter has remained a day unanswered. No one ever cheered me so much. I am so thankful to be able to interest the boys, and so glad to answer

¹ [It does not seem that the letter in question was printed in *Fors*.]

² [For many years an assistant-master at Eton, and a member of the St. George's Guild.]

any questions on the subjects of *Fors*. Yours are the first that have been patiently and seriously put to me.

To prevent overcrowding would be the first work of a rightly educational State system. To see that baby, boy—and man, had everywhere their Play-grounds.

Imagine all the energies and resources we now spend for war, spent in energetic, adventurous, lovingly national colonisation—fighting with ice, with desert, and with sea. Binding sand, breaking ice, building floating gardens—instead of ships of the line.

And for many a day to come, you would not have men, nor women, nor children *enough* for your work. . . .

The question of interest is entirely fairly stated by you—supposing its mischief rested only on the point of criminal exaction. But the chief guilt of it is the acceptance of Borrowing *at all* as a Normal state. No man in a well-regulated family, or State, should ever borrow anything, except as I might say to you, “Lend me your penknife a minute” (ashamed at the same time of not having my own in my pocket).

The father should provide the son with education and *tools*, not with Fortune.

The State—where Fathers are not—should be the Father. And where is your Borrower?

Besides, think of the folly and wickedness which all National Debts imply!

And of the further folly of the common mercantile world in thinking Interest a natural Fruitage of Money!! instead of a fine on Improvidence? Always thinking who *gets*, instead of who *pays* it. And see what Rascality must be implied in the system which makes men like Mill and Fawcett write stark idiotisms in defence of it. And you will then accept the 15th psalm in its Perfectness—and peace. That saying of your boy about sermons greatly delighted me, because, at Oxford, they always pitch into me straight if I preach at them the least bit, and tell me to mind my own business, and show them how to mix colours. And, if only I could but get them to think of it, they can't even do *that* without all sorts of Virtues—which to state will be preaching.

I mistook, carelessly, the book you asked for, and have sent copies of the school drawing-book instead of the catalogue—but you shall have that as well, directly. I fear I cannot be with you much before lecture time on Saturday, but if you and the other masters find that I can be of use to the boys, you shall be my masters too—for all such service—and I always faithfully and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To an ARTIST*¹

OXFORD, 20th May, 1873.

MY DEAR—, I have your interesting letter, with the (to me very charming) little sketch of “The Peace.” By the Virtues on the left I meant what perhaps my memory fails in placing there—on the left-hand wall, standing with your back to the window. “The Peace” is opposite window, isn’t it? I can only say, Do any face that strikes you. In this composition I care more for completeness of record than for accurate copying. There is nothing in it that I esteem exquisite as painting; but all is invaluable as design and emotion. Do it as thoroughly as you can pleasantly to yourself. For me, the Justice and Concord are the importantest. As you have got to work comfortably on it, don’t hurry. Do it satisfactorily; and then to Assisi, where quite possibly I may join you, though not for a month or six weeks.

Keep me well in knowledge of your health and movements (writing now to Coniston), and believe me, very faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

. . . I shall soon be writing to the good monks at Assisi; give them my love always.

Do not spare fees to custodes, and put them down separately to me.

People talk so absurdly about bribing. An Italian cannot know at first anything about an Englishman but that he is either stingy or generous. The money gift really opens his heart, if he has one. You can do it in that case without money, indeed, eventually, but it is amazing how many people can have good (as well as bad) brought out of them by gifts, and no otherwise.

LONDON, 15th June, 1873.

MY DEAR—, I am very glad to have your letters, and to see that you are on the whole well, and happy in your work. One’s friends never do write to one when one’s at Siena; somehow it is impossible to suppose a letter ever gets there.

You may stay at your work there as long as you find necessary for easy completion. It will be long before I get to Assisi.

I don’t care about anything in the Villa Spannochchi. All my

¹ [This and the following letter are printed from *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*, by Anne Ritchie, 1892, pp. 132–133. “The Peace” is one of the frescoes by Ambrogio Lorenzetti in the Palazzo Pubblico at Siena: see Plate I. in Vol. XVI. (p. 54).]

pleasant thoughts of it—or any other place nearly—are gone. Do “The Peace” as thoroughly as possible, now you are at it.

I have intense sympathy with you about Sunday, but fancy my conscience was unusually morbid. I am never comfortable on the day. Of course the general shop-shutting and dismalness in England adds to the effect of it.

Your day is admirably laid out, except that in your walk after four you go to look at pictures. You ought to rest in changed thoughts as much as possible, to get out on the green banks and brows, and think of nothing but what the leaves and winds say.

I have nothing to tell you of myself that is pleasant; not much that is specially otherwise. The weather has been frightful in London. It was better at Coniston, but it appals me; it is a plague of darkness such as I never believed nature could inflict or suffer.—Always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, 25th June, 1873.

DEAREST CHARLES,—I am not doing as you bid me. It is Saturday, and a month since your letter was written, and this is my first. I am very hard at work on my new elements of drawing.² The scheme is too large for arrangement. I must do it piece by piece. When I was systematic, nobody believed I was, so it matters little.

But the time it takes one to determine how large a quatre-foil is to be drawn, how thick a line, etc.! Things wholly unallowed for as taking time at all.

But really, I think I have done much lately, and that it *must* tell soon. I mean to get the Botticelli lectures³ out, somehow.

I am more curious about you and your life that is to be than about anything not my own business. I am more thankful for your friendship every hour. Love to you all—as much as I have left for any one living.

I hope you will be better pleased with the pieces about Scott than you are usually with *Fors*, this next month.

Alfred Hunt has been staying with me. He is very faithful and affectionate to me, as I am to you and ever your devoted

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 131 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 65–66.]

² [*The Laws of Féssole* (Vol. XV.).]

³ [*Ariadne Florentina*, of which the first two Parts were issued in November and December 1873 (Vol. XXII. p. 293).]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 15th July, 1873.

. . . I am writing, not against time, but constantly, what is becoming (in *Fors*) almost a life of Walter Scott, and an important analysis of *Frederick*.² Merely digests of Lockhart and Carlyle, but useful. My great mental gift is Digestion, and my great bodily defect, Indigestion—it's odd enough; but really, the best authors appear to me very often as I suppose her cubs do to a bear. I hope Carlyle will take his licking as it's meant.

Also, I am slowly, but steadily, getting both "Birds"³ and "Botticelli" published, but the press correction is very painful to me.

And I am gardening and walking a good deal. And before breakfast—*i.e.*, from half-past six to nine—I read (finding that one must have some fresh wool on one's staff to spin with): *i.e.*, half-past six to seven, Greek Testament of eleventh century, partly to master early Greek writing,⁴ partly to read the now to me very curiously *new* Testament with a witness: seven to eight, *Romance of Rose* in fourteenth-century MS., a little before Chaucer; the very text he translated—delicious old French—worse than Joinville⁴ to make out, a great deal: eight to half-past, *Cent Ballades*, completing (slowly) begun translation: half-past eight to nine, *Callimachus*—very delicious and fruitful to me. I rest almost entirely after two o'clock. My woods want thinning, and I saunter through them, bill in hand. . . .

I am happier than I was at Denmark Hill—and yet look back to Denmark Hill, enraged at myself for not knowing its blessings.—I am always your lovingest
J. R.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

BRANTWOOD, 8th August, 1873.

DEAREST CARLYLE,—I've been putting off writing to you till I could send you my notes on *Friedrich*; but I've got so deep into it that I

¹ [No. 132 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 66–68.]

² [For the notes on the life of Scott, see *Fors* Letters 31–33 (Vol. XXVII.); and for the analysis of *Friedrich*, appendix to *Crown of Wild Olive* (Vol. XVIII.).]

³ [*Love's Meinie*, of which the first two Parts were published in July and August (see Vol. XXV. p. 6).]

⁴ [See Vol. XXXIV. p. 703 and the facsimile there given; the MS. of the *Romance of the Rose* is mentioned above, pp. 18, 22; for Joinville, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 355. For Ruskin's reading of *Callimachus*, see Vol. XXIII. p. xxiii.]

can't get it done yet awhile.¹ Some of your bits of small print have so much in them. One I'm going to take bodily out, and print in gold, and I think you will like what I am about generally.

One great question forces itself daily on me more and more. "Throw a quilt over it."² They are beautiful last words. But why is Friedrich never, apparently, solicitous about the succeeding reign, when solicitous about his dog's comfort?

I am working hard at many things. Much at old chivalresque French, which is full of things—as you know.

And I always love you more and more every day, and am ever more and more devotedly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WARD³

BRANTWOOD, *August 18th*, 1873.

Would you like to take a trip to France, alone, and do some more servile copying work, there, from nature? If so, get ready, and I'll send you funds and directions. Mont St. Michel the first place.

BRANTWOOD, *September 10*, 1873.

I am delighted with your letter, and accounts of St. Michel. I've half a mind to come off to you. I couldn't draw when I was there, for convicts.⁴

What sort of Inn are you in? If I brought Mr. and Mrs. Severn, how should we lodge?

OXFORD, *November 16*.

I am very glad you are safe at home again. I wrote again about a fortnight since to St. Michael, asking how you were to get away; but I suppose you did not get my letter. Heaven stop the steam demon from helping either you or me there! But, God willing, I'll see it this coming summer. I look anxiously for the drawings. That moonlight walk *must* be wonderful.

¹ [The notes on the earlier chapters of *Friedrich* were published in December 1873 as an appendix to *The Crown of Wild Olive*: Vol. XVIII. pp. 514 *seq.* For the passage which Ruskin "would much rather print in large golden letters than small black ones," see *ibid.*, p. 524; and for a note on the "unadvised modesty" of Carlyle's small print, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 515.]

² ["One of his dogs sat on its stool near him; about midnight he noticed it shivering for cold: 'Throw a quilt over it,' said or beckoned he; that, I think, was his last completely-conscious utterance" (*Friedrich*, Book xxi. ch. ix.).]

³ [Nos. 66, 67, 68, and 69 in *Ward*; vol. ii. pp. 30–34.]

⁴ [The chateau of Mont St. Michel was at that time used as a political prison.]

OXFORD, *November* 30.

Your time has been spent instructively to yourself, and usefully to me;—though the cloister subjects are much less interesting than I expected, and though you have rather too strictly carried out my wishes about outline study. A *few* colour sentimental bits at St. Michael's would have been very desirable. But the outline work is all excellent, and I doubt not you will find the good of it.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, *Oct.*, 1873.

MY DEAREST CARLYLE,—If I were in good heart, or felt happy either for you or for your poor scholar, I should write often. But my own discouragement, and my sorrow at the silence to the public which mere bodily weakness now imposes on you, still in the full strength of your intellect, prevent my ever writing with joy—and practically, my own hands and eyes have generally of late been past writing, before the day was over.

I have not the least pleasure in my work any more, except as you and Froude and one or two other friends still care for it. One might as well talk to the March dust as to the English of to-day—young or old; nor can they help it, poor things—any more than the dust can;—the general dustman will deposit them, I suppose, some day where something will grow on them—or some beneficent watering-pan, or Aquarius *ex machina*, lay them in “mud-deluge”¹ at rest.

Besides this, the loss of my mother and my old nurse leaves me without any root, or, in the depth of the word, any home; and what pleasant things I have, seem to me only a kind of museum of which I have now merely to arrange the bequest—while, so long as I *do* keep at work at all, the forms of it are too many and too heavy for my digestion (literal)—and therefore only increase, instead of relieving, despondency.

I am very careful, however, about not doing too much. If I do not write to *you*, think how many things I must leave undone, of duty and comfort.

I have ordered two copies of the lectures² to be sent to you and

¹ [A phrase from *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, No. 1.]

² [Proof-sheets of a portion of *Val d'Arno* (Vol. XXIII. p. 5). Carlyle's letter of thanks for the lectures has been printed in the same volume, p. lv.]

one to Froude. (There will be ten altogether, I hope—two a week till 28th Nov.)—Ever, with love to Mary, your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

I read the bit about Servant Tenure in “Shooting Niagara”¹ to my class yesterday—with much (for the moment) effect on them.

To R. H. COLLINS²

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 4th Nov.

DEAR MR. COLLINS,—It’s such a miserable day I shall never be able to write to the Prince. Besides, there’s a matter of business which I don’t want to have to tease him with in formalities of address; will you kindly explain it for me?

In an underground room of the National Gallery are some twelve or more tin boxes, containing sketch-books of Turner’s and perspective diagrams; the former in masses enough to supply all the schools in England with copies in landscape drawing, and the latter, the best ever made.

I want to ask the Prince to get me—he will best know how—these perspective drawings for our Oxford schools, and a portion of the sketch-books, to be mounted leaf by leaf, and brought into use.

They are NOW ABSOLUTELY WASTE PAPER. No mortal can see them, nor can they be handled without destruction, being in soft pencil, or chalk (the best). And I have shown what can be done with them by those I have already mounted at Kensington,³ and I’ll undertake all the trouble and responsibility of it if the Prince and the Trustees will give me leave to choose the books.

I am blind and stupid with the darkness, and can’t say more.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 29th Nov., ’73.

DEAR MISS SUSAN,—I believe in my hasty answer to your first kind letter I never noticed what you said about Aristophanes. If

¹ [“Servantship, like all other solid contracts between men, must become a contract of permanency,” etc., in § 2 of “Shooting Niagara”; but “the bit” may very probably have been a passage in *The Nigger Question* (contained in the same volume), where the same point is made at greater length: see *Miscellanies*, vol. vii. pp. 96–97 (ed. 1872).]

² [Sir Robert Collins (1841–1908), K.C.B., K.C.V.O., Comptroller of the Household of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany; formerly tutor to Prince Leopold.]

³ [Now at the National Gallery: see Vol. XIII. p. xxxvii.]

⁴ [No. 133 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631).]

you will indeed send me some notes of the passages that interest you in the *Birds*, it will not only be very pleasant to me, but quite seriously useful, for the *Birds* have always been to me so mysterious in that comedy, that I have never got the good of it which I know is to be had. The careful study of it, put off from day to day, was likely enough to fall into the great region of my despairs, unless you had chanced thus to remind me of it.

Please, if another chance of good to me come in your way, in another brown spotty-purple peacock's feather, will you yet send it to me? and I will be always your most grateful and faithful J. R.

It is such a delight to me to hear you like my little Joanie.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

OXFORD, C.C.C., *December 2nd*, 1873.

. . . I often hear your sermons over again. I attend to them very much indeed. I think my steady resistance to them the most heroic of all the efforts I make in the service of my poor—"lower than the angels."² Sometimes, when I'm tired in the evening, they nearly break me down, and I'm so proud next morning of not having been beaten.

But I'm very sure you will be better pleased with the *Fors* for next year, if I live.

I go to Assisi early in the spring to work there, with what help I can gather, on a monograph of it.³

I am surprised to find how well my health holds, under a steady press of work; but my sight begins to fail, and I shall begin with spectacles this next year.

I will find a bit of architecture for you, however, or, even with my old eyes, do you a bit that won't be copyable by the "bold" scholars.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, *3rd December*, 1873.

MY DEAREST CARLYLE,—It is a wonderful thing to me, that I do not know your birthday,—that I write this evening, only because a

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 378–379 (the last sentence omitted). No. 133 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 68–69.]

² [Psalms viii. 5.]

³ [This was not written, but Ruskin's material was partly used in some of his Oxford lectures: see Vol. XXIII. pp. xlv., 205 *seq.*]

good girl who loves you—though not so much, I hope, as I do—wrote to me of it, thinking it was, as it ought to be, a festival with me always. I have been irreligious in these things, and would fain have a little altar to-morrow to be wreathed with vervain—and the good girl for a pretty priestess to make a little sacred feast for me, and a— Well, I don't think there's anybody else I would feast with on your birthday, because there's no one who is so entirely thankful for it as I am.

Accept my faithful love on all days, in that largeness of it,—pardon its want of care for one—hitherto—I hope not hereafter.—Ever your loving disciple—son, I have almost now a right to say—in what is best of power in me, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD [1873?].

DEAR MISS SUSAN,—I am entirely grateful for your letter, and for all the sweet feelings expressed in it, and am entirely reverent of the sorrow which you feel at my speaking thus.² If only all were like you! But the chief sins and evils of the day are caused by the Pharisees, exactly as in the time of Christ, and “they make broad their phylacteries”³ in the same way; the Bible, superstitiously read, becoming the authority for every error and heresy and cruelty. To make its readers understand that the God of their own day is as living, and as able to speak to them directly as ever in the days of Isaiah and St. John, and that He would now send messages to His Seven Churches, if the Churches would hear, needs stronger words than any I have yet dared to use, against the idolatry of the historical record of His messages long ago, perverted by men's forgetfulness, and confused by mischance and misapprehension. And if instead of the Latin form “Scripture” we put always “writing”—instead of “written” or “write” in one place, and “Scripture” as if it meant our English Bible, in another—it would make such a difference to our natural and easy understanding the range of texts.

The peacock's feathers are marvellous. I am very glad to see them. I never had any of their downy ones before. My compliments to the bird, upon them, please; and with sincere and affectionate regards to you and your sisters, I am ever faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 130 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 630).]

² [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 36 (Vol. XXVII. pp. 669 *seq.*).]

³ [Matthew xxiii. 5.]

*To Miss SUSAN BEEVER*¹

ARTHUR SEVERN'S, HERNE HILL, *17th Dec.* [1873].

It's so very sweet and good of you to write such lovely play letters to Joanie and me; they delight and comfort us more than I can tell you.

What translation of Aristophanes is that? I must get it. I've lost I can't tell you how much knowledge and power through false pride in refusing to read translation, though I couldn't read the original without more trouble and time than I could spare. Nevertheless, you must not think this English gives you a true idea of the original. The English is much more "English" in its temper than its words. Aristophanes is far more dry, severe, and concentrated; his words are fewer, and have fuller flavour; this English is to him very nearly what currant jelly is to currants. But it's immensely useful to me.

Yes, that is very sweet about the kissing. I have done it to rocks often, seldom to flowers, not being sure that they would like it. I recollect giving a very reverent little kiss to a young pine sapling that was behaving beautifully in an awkward chink between two great big ones that were ill-treating it. Poor me, (I'm old enough, I hope, to write grammar my own way,) my own little self, meantime, never by any chance got a kiss when I wanted it,—and the better I behaved, the less chance I had, it seemed.

*To WILLIAM WARD*²

ARTHUR SEVERN'S HERNE HILL, S. E., *Day before Christmas Day,* 1873.

DEAR WARD,—I am intensely delighted with your sketches—finished sketches I ought to say—just received from Oxford.

They are a complete reward to me for all my patience and work with you, as I hope they will bring reward to you for all your patience and faith in me.

Send me a complete schedule to the end of the year of your "liabilities," as the elegant modern English commercial school call them, at that period.

¹ [No. 134 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

² [No. 70 in *Ward*; vol. ii. pp. 35–36.]

Attend to your health, be as cheerful as you can, and in the beginning of the year (after 12th day at latest) I will set you to correct work. I must see you first, and you shall choose of several things to be done what you like best. In the meantime make pencil outlines of any portion of cloud that stays long enough, especially upper ones of delicate ramification. This is the only work I will prescribe at Christmas time.—I wish you all good, with your family, and am, your faithful Master,

JOHN RUSKIN.

*To Dr. JOHN BROWN*¹

Christmas, 1873.

DEAR DR. BROWN,—I came home this evening from the fireside of a happy and gentle English family, happier myself than of late it has often chanced me to be; and read quietly in the evening alone, for the twentieth time or so, your story of “Her Last Half-Crown,” and the tale of the Shepherd’s dog,² the “wee fell ane,” and I am very grateful to you for these gleams of the Spirit world. Write me a little line soon, please. I want to know that you are well. It is long now since I’ve had a word. I keep fairly up to my work, but I can’t write to my old friends as I want to; I should have so much to say, for there are no days now without repentance for me of some neglect of what I possessed of best in days of old.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

*To Dr. JOHN BROWN*³

ARTHUR SEVERN’S HERNE HILL [29th Dec., 1873].

DEAREST DR. BROWN,—Your letters are so helpful to me, you can’t think, for I am more alone now in the gist of me than ever, only Carlyle and you with me in sympathy . . . and all that I had of preciousness utterly gone, mother, nurse, and just afterwards, in a very terrible way, what I thought I should never have lost. Then this battle with the dragon is far more close and fearful than I conceived.

¹ [No. 14 of “Letters of Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 299–300.]

² [For these two stories, see *Horæ Subsecivæ*, Second Series, pp 165, 194.]

³ [No. 15 of “Letters from Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 300–301. The letters which Ruskin found “so helpful” are given at p. 225 of the same book. One of them was in acknowledgement of Lecture V. of *Ariadne Florentina*: see the extract from the letter given in the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xc. The second letter, more particularly referred to in Ruskin’s reply, contained the following passages: “I see in the *Scotsman* of to-day your letter on Ernest George’s etchings [Vol. XIV. p. 335]. I have seen several men who had read it and felt

Turner only knew quite what it was. I *am* going to etch the Python as well as the Hesperides dragon, God willing, but I'm afraid about my heart a little; it beats quicker and irregularly, the chronic state of rage and grief tells on me slowly, and the never getting any peace out of sky or leaf, or anything, and with a disposition to live just such a "methodic" life as Raeburn's, the perpetual disturbance, hurry, and trying to do what I can't. This Raeburn memoir is most precious. You are entirely right in almost all except that about drawing "in love." One must paint or write truthfully, from a loving heart. But one must not lie in love, nor even conceal truth that can be told. Some truth cannot; there are things one must not say because they would not be understood. . . . I don't think Raeburn ever *flattered*. Drew the essence of the man, whether *he* liked it or not. . . .

The four last lectures on engravings ought to have been out long ago, but press correction plagues me more than anything I have to do. *Please* write as often as you can.—Ever your loving J. R.

. . . After finishing this I re-read yours. I had pounced, in a selfish way, on my own part of it. I now read with the most positive power and will of contradiction your saying that the Raeburn life is the product of a shattered brain. You are still in full possession of the most sweet and splendid faculties, and if you don't overstrain them in kindness, will keep them to the end. Don't write a *word* that tires you, to me, or anybody. . . .

its power. This should cheer you a bit; your circle is always widening. . . . I wonder you don't etch more, after the delight of doing such things as Turner's 'Dragon' [Vol. VII. p. 402, Plate 78] . . . but you would need to be ten men to do all we wish you to do. . . . It will be ten years in a few days since my darling was taken to heaven. . . . You never wrote truer or keener words than these you sent me on Feb. 5, 1860: 'That firm and keen mind, so free from all visionary and weak and wayward modes of thought.' I have often blessed you for them. I send you a notice of Sir Henry Raeburn. It is a thing of shreds and patches, and the product of a shattered brain, so be merciful to it." To Brown's memoir of Raeburn (included in *Horæ Subsecivæ*, Third Series, p. 415) Ruskin refers in Vol. XXVIII. p. 38 *n.*]

1874

[Ruskin was at Oxford in the Lent Term of this year, and organised the famous Hincksey “diggings.” But before they were actually started his health and spirits broke down, and he went abroad for seven months. (For his itinerary, see Vol. XXIII. p. xxx. *n.*) Some letters about the diggings, other than those here given, have been printed in Vol. XX. pp. xli., xliii. His holiday in Italy and Switzerland did him much good, and his letters during this period are very numerous. Several to Mrs. Arthur Severn, besides those given below, are printed in Vol. XXIII. pp. xxxi.–lii. Upon his return he delivered several lectures at Oxford: see *ibid.*, pp. liii.–liv.]

It is in this year that the correspondence with Miss Susan Beever (see Vol. XXXVI. p. cviii.) becomes frequent. Ruskin’s letters to her and her sister were published in 1887 under the title *Hortus Inclusus*; his Preface to that collection of letters is given here.]

PREFACE TO “HORTUS INCLUSUS”

MESSAGES FROM THE WOOD TO THE GARDEN, SENT IN HAPPY DAYS TO THE SISTER LADIES OF THE THWAITE, CONISTON

THE ladies to whom these letters were written have been, throughout their brightly tranquil lives, at once sources and loadstones of all good to the village in which they had their home, and to all loving people who cared for the village and its vale and secluded lake, and whatever remained in them or around of the former peace, beauty, and pride of English Shepherd Land.

Sources they have been of good, like one of its mountain springs, ever to be found at need. They did not travel; they did not go up to London in its season; they did not receive idle visitors to jar or waste their leisure in the waning year. The poor and the sick could find them always; or rather, they watched for and prevented all poverty and pain that care or tenderness could relieve or heal. Loadstones they were, as steadily bringing the light of gentle and wise souls about them as the crest of their guardian mountain gives pause to the morning clouds: in themselves, they were types of perfect womanhood in its constant happiness, queens alike of their own hearts and of a Paradise in which they knew the names and sympathised with the spirits of every living creature that God had made to play therein, or to blossom in its sunshine or shade.

They had lost their dearly-loved younger sister, Margaret, before I knew them.¹ Mary and Susie, alike in benevolence, serenity, and

¹ [Not quite accurate. Miss Margaret Beever died on April 21, 1874, and Ruskin wrote a letter of condolence on May 2 (see below, p. 96).]

practical judgment, were yet widely different, nay, almost contrary, in tone and impulse of intellect. Both of them capable of understanding whatever women should know, the elder was yet chiefly interested in the course of immediate English business, policy, and progressive science, while Susie lived an aerial and enchanted life, possessing all the highest joys of imagination, while she yielded to none of its deceits, sicknesses, or errors. She saw, and felt, and believed all good, as it had ever been, and was to be, in the reality and eternity of its goodness, with the acceptance and the hope of a child; the least things were treasures to her, and her moments fuller of joy than some people's days.

What she has been to me, in the days and years when other friendship has been failing, and others' "loving, mere folly,"¹ the reader will enough see from these letters, written certainly for her only, but from which she has permitted my Master of the Rural Industries at Loughrigg,² Albert Fleming, to choose what he thinks, among the tendrils of clinging thought, and mossy cups for dew in the Garden of Herbs where Love is, may be trusted to the memorial sympathy of the readers of *Fronde Agrestes*. J. R.

BRANTWOOD, *June*, 1887.

*To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*³

HERNE HILL, 11th *February*, '74.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I am sitting in my old nursery, in the afternoon of a clear, *very* cold frosty day, wind outside sharp—I a little numb and weary, after drawing on Giotto's tower for a drawing example (I am pushing them⁴ now at last). The view through the bars put to keep me from falling out when I was little is much as it was—only the Crystal Palace is there, and a group of houses on the ridge of the hill, where the Palace Hotel is,—where my father and mother used to go when they couldn't travel any more with me. . . .

Send me all the remarks you can on Val d'Arno—they will be in plenty of time. I shall go down to Brantwood for a month, and then start straight for Assisi, about end of March. I have no pleasure whatever in the thought of going, but perhaps may find more than if I expected it. But I shall think of Siena, and many sad things, and at present Italy is saddest of all.

¹ [*As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 7.]

² [See Vol. XXX. p. 328.]

³ [No. 134 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 69–70.]

⁴ [Probably the intended folio series: see Vol. XXI. p. 311.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

HERNE HILL, 13th February, 1874.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Your letter came to-night, after dinner,—on one side of the tray on which letters are brought up. . . .

I am so glad you like those Brantwood photographs.

It was a terrible disappointment to me, your not coming. No photograph can give you the least idea of the sweet greys and greens in the intense English richness of the moss vegetation, or the almost Italian beauty of the lower end of the lake—all the photographs lose it in mist. I will send you a little sketch or two this next month, God willing.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

HERNE HILL, Saturday Morning, St. Valentine's, 1874.

. . . I'm going to drive up the hill to the Crystal Palace, and I shall play some games of chess with the automation chess player. I get quite fond of him, and he gives me the most lovely lessons in chess. I say I shall play *some* games, for I never keep him waiting for moves and he crushes me down steadily, and my mind won't be all in my play, to-day, any more than Henry 8th at end of the play³—only the automaton won't say, "Sir, I did never win of you before!"

Thanks for your words about *Fors*.—Ever your affectionate

J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 15th February, 1874.

. . . I played three games with the automaton—not bad ones, considering.⁵ Two other people played him, also,—an hour and a half went in the five games. . . .

I came away here in the evening, and am going down to Brantwood.

¹ [No. 135 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 70–71.]

² [No. 136 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 71.]

³ ["*King Henry*. Charles, I will play no more to-night;

My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suffolk. Sir, I did never win of you before."—*Henry VIII.*, Act v. sc. 1.]

⁴ [No. 137 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 72.]

⁵ [See Vol. XXXIV. p. xlvi.]

xxxvii.

I shall make you a little drawing of myself, positively, before I go abroad.¹ Write for the present to Brantwood.

I have just put up half-a-dozen proofs of Turner's Rivers, etc., for you—all but one have some scratching or pencilling of his own on them.

To R. H. COLLINS

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 20th February, 1874.

DEAR MR. COLLINS,—I am obliged to go away home for a fortnight, but hope, and resolutely mean, to be back in Oxford by next Tuesday fortnight at latest, and to give three lectures on the Alps—two in that week, and one in the following, which will be announced, day and hour, next Monday at the Galleries.²

It was a most interesting dinner, that last, to me; but a trial in some ways. Things came up which are to me like red rags to a bull, and I couldn't try to toss anybody, first for fear of the Prince, and secondly for fear of getting in the way of some too dexterous matador; which, though of course the poor bull is always in the right, and really the strongest, *does* sometimes happen—and constantly to me, in *talk*.

Then, as it chanced, I was in more anxiety and worry of my own than usual—and that is saying much. And lastly, I didn't like the portrait, and would have told the Prince exactly what I thought by ourselves, but didn't like among all those strangers, because I should have had to go into quite strict, though very worshipful, criticism of the Princess's face—or at least of my broken, though bright, memory of it.

And so, I couldn't even tell sixes from sevens at grab, and was altogether at those numbers in my own mind, and much ashamed of myself. I hope I may meet Mr. Myers again. He failed me utterly—receding quite ignobly, I thought, from my Pauline Challenge³—but to *my* great comfort, for I was not in fighting trim at all, even though the Prince gave me leave.—With faithful regards to him, ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

OXFORD, 1874.

MY DEAR FROUDE,—“We fall back out of the clouds”—yes, but ought we ever to have got up into them? If I may only fall soft enough, and not into the Icarian sea—heaven send me such catastrophe.

¹ [See below, p. 92.]

² [For the announcement and subsequent postponement of the lectures, see Vol. XXIII, p. xxx.]

³ [With reference to the poet's *St. Paul*: see above, p. 54.]

I don't want you to go to see the picture till you quite know Hunt's position, and mine, in this matter.

I am not the institutor, still less the guide—(I wish I had been—and not for my own sake)—but I am the Exponent of the Reaction for Veracity in Art which corresponds partly to Carlyle's and your work in History, and partly to Linnæus's in natural science. You put the real men before us instead of ideal ones; Linnæus, real beasts for griffins and basilisks; Turner, Rossetti, Hunt—as against Claude, Angelico, Raphael—declare that Real Yorkshire Rocks, Real Beatrices and Dantes, Real Christs, are better than any of these things or beings constructed by Rules of Idealism.

That, in its general bearing, is a vital truth. Liable to all sorts of degradation and misuse. But on the whole, glorious, and the main thing found or done in these modern days. . . .

No words can express to you the toil Hunt has gone through, nor the difficulties which he has mastered, unmet before in art, nor the serenity and sturdiness of purpose which he has maintained through the trials first of personal hardship, then of scorn, and finally of vociferous and often foolish applause.

Among the men I know, or have known, he is the *One* (literal) Christian, of intellectual power. I have known many Christians—many men of capacity: only Hunt who is both, and who is sincerely endeavouring to represent to our own eyes the things which the eyes were blessed which saw.¹

Of his method, note only these three things:—

(I.) He has never for an instant faltered in his conviction that a picture should be as like reality as possible, down to its minutest detail. This is Dante's conviction. It was Apelles'. It was Titian's. Believe me, *It is right*.

(II.) It is quite true that the greatest painters have been careless of antiquarianism. But the result has been that the knowledge and imagination of the spectators have been confused. Hunt is perfectly right in *daring* to be *Learned*.

(III.) And lastly, distinguish always strictly between mystic pictures and realist.

Mystic pictures (Madonna di San Sisto, and the gilded throne ones of Angelico, etc.) are very beautiful and desirable. But it is not Hunt's business to paint them. It is Perugino's. I wish we had a Perugino also, but don't wish we had him instead of Hunt. (The Light of the World was mystic, however.²)

¹ [See Matthew xiii. 16.]

² [For Ruskin's account of the picture, see Vol. XII. pp. 328–331.]

Realistic pictures—Rubens, etc.—have been, to utter loathsomeness of horror—of the Crucifixion of Christ, and His fleshly agony.

Never yet of His quiet early life—of His real human trials—of His nobleness as a Man, the Example of Men before He is their Saviour—(I speak as a Christian mind—from Hunt's point of thought).

And I only mourn the shortness of that human life—in this true loving disciple, that he who alone is able to give some of this better truth, should be able only to give it us by labour of the twelfth part of a life on one picture. But it is well spent.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To WALTER SEVERN¹

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

MY DEAR WALTER,—I am very glad you like to talk, or write to me, and very much more glad that you are in good spirits and have sold your pictures. They deserved to sell, and you need not vex yourself at being out of the "*Running*." To be *in* the *Walking* is far pleasanter. You do not need to study from nature in the way you have planned; you may make good sketches that way, as you do now, but not so good as the hurried ones. What you do want is to draw any one thing, for once in your life thoroughly, as far as you can, and to get the roundings of it by real drawing. To do this once would open your eyes to an entirely new order of effects in nature, which are at present as invisible to you as if they were of another world. Yes—myriads of people have been wrong by reading *Modern Painters*. But that is because they pick out the bits they like—as for the rest, "Ruskin's all wrong;—we know better than that." But I have never yet known any one go wrong who would do *all* I bid him. Not that I know many such! Of course there are many weak persons, who have really no invention. And these will draw still life badly; but their invention would have been worse.—Ever most truly and affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

¹ [From the *Life and Letters of Joseph Severn*, p. 219. Walter Severn (1830–1904), elder brother of Mr. Arthur Severn, and president of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, married a daughter of the late Sir Charles Dalrymple Fergusson. "He had early turned his attention to the art of needlework and embroidery, and did much to restore its practice in England. When Mr. C. L. Eastlake turned his attention to design in furniture, textile fabrics, and wall papers, he found an able coadjutor in his old friend and schoolfellow, Walter Severn. The movement was eagerly taken up in England, and especially in America, and has since become universal" (*Times*, September 23, 1904).]

To JAMES REDDIE ANDERSON¹

BRANTWOOD, 25th Feb., '74.

MY DEAR ANDERSON,—Your letter gives me very great and unexpected pleasure. I had scarcely any thought that the men would take it up in this frank way, and scarcely had seen even that you yourself would, or saw clearly enough to state perfectly, as you have done, the grounds of the effort.

I am very desirous that the men should feel it is in no desire for notoriety myself, nor in any fantastic scheme of self-humbling or sacrifice for them, that I put this before them: but in the most simple conviction that one can be happy in bodily industry only when it is useful; and that all the best national forms of education and scholarship must begin in agriculture and such other homely art, undertaken for public benefit.

Are there any carpentry-skilled hands likely to join us? We shall want some fence-making, board-fastening, and the like, very soon.

I shall be back myself, *D.V.*, in eight or ten (at latest) days now, and will beat up in Corpus—I mustn't let Balliol have all its own way.

That is very nice about young Mallock. . . .

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

BRANTWOOD, 6th March, '74.

MY DEAR RICHMOND,—It's my fate certainly all my unlucky life to be breaking my friend's china—if I can—and I'm at mischief again on your chimneypiece. My cat broke one of my six best bits only yesterday—but I don't scold her, so please don't even be angry with me, even if I do succeed in damaging anybody (which you resolutely, of course, deny, but I *do*, a little, I can tell you).

But I'm going to have a go at Faraday! this time at Oxford.² Perfectest of men, wasn't he? Domestic, Orthodox, Episcopal, Enchanting, Accurate, Infallible, Modest, Merrymaking! Well, I'm going to have a go at him for all that; but I want to know first, please, how orthodox he was? or was by *way* of being. Did he do his church regularly?—expect to go to heaven?—think chemistry a Divine operation?

¹ [Then an undergraduate at Balliol, and one of those who were zealous in Ruskin's road-digging at Hincksey.]

² [In the projected, but postponed, course of lectures. For other references to Faraday, see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 85, 462, and General Index.]

It is of great importance to me to know this as accurately as I can, and I'm sure you can tell me better than anybody else.—Ever your affectionately incorrigible

JOHN.

P.S.—I hope you will like my pet pig and Venus—they'll come in III. lecture.¹

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

BRANTWOOD [*March*, 1874].

MY DEAR RICHMOND,—Thanks for kind and quick letter. I know Faraday to be invulnerable; but he can be both evaporated and compressed; and I will do a little of both upon him, God willing. They have no God now at Oxford but Nitric acid, and Faraday is his Prophet. I will put some powder of him in Kidron²—not yet awhile, however, for I have been obliged to-day to withdraw my announcement of geological lectures, finding partly that my brains were out of working gear, and partly that I don't yet know all the cracks in Coniston slate as I ought. I must rest awhile, in sunshine, if to be found now anywhere on earth. I hear this black south wind blows everywhere now. I found it—or rather it found me—at Florence, last summer, and Perugia!—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

BRANTWOOD, 16th *March*, 1874.

MY DEAREST SUSIE,—In a state of great defeat and torment, this morning—having much to do with the weather and not living on milk, I have been greatly helped by—one of my own books!⁴ It is the best I ever wrote—the last which I took thorough loving pains with—and the first which I did with full knowledge of sorrow.

Will you please read in it—first—from 65 at the bottom of page 79 as far as, and not farther than, 67 in page 81? That is what helped me this morning.

Then, if you want to know precisely the state I am in, read the

¹ [See *Ariadne Florentina*, Vol. XXII. Plate XXV. (p. 363).]

² [See 2 Kings xxiii. 6.]

³ [No. 1 in the synopsis (see below, p. 621) of the letters which are contained in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

⁴ [*The Queen of the Air*: compare the letter below, p. 381; on the subject of Ruskin's liking for this book, see Vol. XIX. pp. lxx., lxxi. Ruskin's references here are to the sections, and then to the pages of original edition: see now Vol. XIX. pp. 360–361, pp. 312–319, pp. 370–371.]

account of the Myth of Tantalus, beginning at 20—p. 24, and going on to 25—page 31.

It is a hard task to set you, my dear little Susie; but when you get old,¹ you will be glad to have done it, and another day, you must look at page 94, and then you must return me my book, for it's my noted copy and I'm using it.

The life of Tantalus doesn't often admit of crying: but I had a real cry—with quite wet tears yesterday morning, over what, to me, is the prettiest bit in all Shakespeare:—

“Pray, be content;
Mother, I am going to the market-place—
Chide me no more.”²

And almost next to it comes (to me, always I mean in my own fancy) Virgilia, “Yes, certain; there's a letter for you; I saw it.”³—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss BEEVER⁴

[1874?]

I'm so very glad you will mark the bits you like, but are there not a good many here and there that you *don't* like?—I mean, that sound hard or ironical. Please don't mind them. They're partly because I never count on readers who will really care for the prettiest things, and it gets me into a bad habit of expressing contempt which is not indeed any natural part of my mind.

It pleases me especially that you have read *The Queen of the Air*. As far as I know myself or my books, it is the most useful and careful piece I have done. But that, again—Did it not shock you to have a heathen goddess so much believed in? (I've believed in English ones, long ago.) If you can really forgive me for *The Queen of the Air*, there are all sorts of things I shall come begging you to read, some day.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁵

[1874?]

You are like Timon of Athens, and I'm like one of his parasites. The oranges are delicious, the brown bread dainty; what the melon is going to be I have no imagination to tell. But, oh me, I had

¹ [Ruskin, as will be seen, in writing to his aged friend frequently indulged in the pretence that she was still a little girl.]

² [*Coriolanus*, Act iii. sc. 2.]

³ [*Ibid.*, Act ii. sc. 1.]

⁴ [No. 108 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629). Where a reference is thus added, it means that there is some difference of reading to be noted.]

⁵ [No. 152 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

such a lovely letter from Dr. John,¹ sent me from Joan this morning, and I've lost it. It said, "Is Susie as good as her letters? If so, she must be better. What freshness of enjoyment in everything she says!" Alas! not in everything she feels in *this* weather, I fear. Was ever anything so awful?

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

HOTEL DES BAINS [BOULOGNE],

Monday, March 30th, 1874. ½ past one.

I have had an entirely prosperous beginning of journey. You saw how lovely the morning was—for me, crossing, better than lovely—sun and wind together, bright and high. *So* high the latter, that it blew the foresail loose; and I was greatly interested, and entirely amazed, at seeing the trouble so little a thing gave. It was only one rope that broke—the sail fell, and (this is all for Arfie, you know, not for you, except as you're him too) *one* broken rope only was flying out from the mast head. But this could not be got hold of. The sea was breaking sharply over the bows;—there were no rope ladders, and the sailor who tried to get up had slippery boots on and fell, luckily only seven or eight feet, on the deck, between the ropes. He tried again and got up, but could not get at the rope;—they ordered him down, and another sailor—no, one of the officers, with gold lace round his cap, got up on the lee side, and got the rope, and brought it down, partly in his teeth—when he got below the power of the wind—then they set a jib to keep the ship steady while they put the foresail to rights. There were from seven to ten men at work, and for at least twenty minutes, and *hard*, before they got the foresail set again, but the thing that amazed me was, first, the quantity of exertion and skill necessary merely to set the foresail of a steamer; and secondly, the enormous time taken to remedy the breaking of *one* rope. Mercy on us!—in danger of wreck, with a mast coming down, or half the ship's sails blown loose—what on earth—or water—can men do?

The sea was superb. How Arfie would have liked it! But it was all in *my* way of colour, green and blue and white. None of *his* browns, thank you, to-day. But the great waves, coming against the sky as I stood on deck, therefore at least 12 feet and more vertically deep in furrow, coming mostly on the ship's side (so that she only rolled, and got no water over her past the foredeck), with a bright sky above,

¹ [For Dr. John Brown's correspondence with Miss Beever, see his *Letters*, 1907, pp. 226, 227, etc.]

and an old-fashioned, small, and rather slow boat, that one could get about on, anywhere (no beastly omnibus on her deck for the mob), and only about a dozen of steerage passengers—and *they*, mostly soon out of the way—made it the finest day for me I've had for years. At one minute past twelve my cloth was laid for breakfast in the Hotel des Bains—and the French bread and butter after Coniston! my goodness. . . .

What desultory diary I shall write (as opposed to my business one of art-detail), for my own future reference, may just as well be written in my letters to you, if I can only keep them legible enough—for myself, and if you will take care of them. So I shall page them successively, and begin the next on page five!

To JAMES REDDIE ANDERSON

GENOA, 5th April, 1874.

MY DEAR ANDERSON,—I have mismanaged my letters, or to-day ought to have had Dr. Acland's answer, probably endorsing Mr. Harcourt's permission for our work.¹ Assuming that it will be granted, I set down as clearly as I can what it seems to me our little company will be wise and happy in doing.

When, after crossing the ferry, you turn to the left in the lane under the hills, you come presently to a place where the road is depressed in front of a cottage, which has beautiful old steps going up to its door: and this depression in the road is usually full of stagnant water, or otherwise offensive. I want this to be first filled up and levelled and the road made good over it, with a drain beneath to carry the hill drainage clear. In doing this, I should like you all to pet those cottage steps, and if possible, run a little bit of garden ground with a daisy or two, or the like, along the front of the cottage as far as they project. You must appoint one among you to be a general guardian of innocent weeds and moss. What shall we call him? You will find out some pretty Latin and dignified name for him—if you debate this point. I can't stop to think to-day, and besides am always doubtful of my crazy Latin. But this office should be charged with the care of the moss on those steps, and the recommendation of them, also, to the care of the cottage-inhabitant. Minute prizes, offered to the children of any family for well-kept door-steps, would, I think, be a legitimate use of bribes.

¹ [See Vol. XX. p. xli.]

This part of the road being set to rights, when you go a little further you come to a much larger depression—in a space of land about as large as the square before the Duomo of Torcello, but triangular, not square, and with cottages on all sides of it. This space I want filled, and turfed over—which being done, a pretty little piece of grazing ground will be obtained for the geese and the donkeys of the neighbourhood. Without being desirous of expressing too strong a fellow-feeling for those animals, it seems to me wholly desirable that this village green should be kept clean and sweet for them.

Proceeding further, the length of the lane will be found traversed by ruts of depth which, it seems to me, only the cart-wheels of centuries could have cut. Supposing that, when the work is once begun, it should enlist wider sympathies, and our little company become large, *any* force of men might be put, this term, upon the road work required here; making the surface even, the breadth definite, the substance secure—and planting with any transportable common flowers the banks developed by the levelling.

In general, in making a country road of this kind, it will not be necessary to make it strictly level, but only to fill depressions which ditches are likely to overflow, and to secure sub-drainage at proper intervals.

I think you will find Downs¹ a thoroughly good foreman of any labourers whom you have to employ for work too disagreeable for your own hands (there may occur some about those cottages): he will also be useful for some practical suggestions—and entirely eager to carry out your orders. He has also *carte-blanche* to meet any expense necessary for cartage and materials not procurable on the spot. You will each buy your own spade and pickaxe of the weight you like, and take care of these tools as you would of pet rifles. In time to come, I hope to see them beautifully made with a little coquetry of iron work, etc., and devices for various grip, such as will occur to sensible people interested in them.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

SESTRI, *Tuesday, 7th April, Evening.*

It would not be very easy to express to you the extreme sadness with which I listen to-night to the steady, long, perfectly human, sighing of the successive waves on the lightless beach, for the moon is

¹ [See, again, Vol. XX. p. xlii.]

not risen. It is partly the illness that hangs about me (and which, though giving way, still holds with a strange pertinacity new to me in these stomach attacks); partly natural enough—at a place where I was so happy just twenty-nine years ago, and where, year after year, my father and mother came with me, my mother cutting the pages of the second edition of *Modern Painters*, down at the margins, for the post, in that big room you remember;—and partly, it is the increasing sense of the vice and misery of Italy, the dilapidation, bad taste, and filthy idleness being more and more intolerable and pitiable to me. A lovely sunset, like the most exquisite Claude, only made it, this evening, all the sadder with its pure, neglected, useless light. A walk through the Durazzo Palace at Genoa,¹ and sight of a Vandyck painted in the very house from one of the then marchionesses—and never stirred since—perfect as it left his easel, and laboured with successful joy in his work till there are no words worthy of it, only added to the sorrow with which I saw the always empty rooms, and gardens, never entered, of the great palaces whose lords live at Paris, and gamble their useless lives away.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

PISA, 9th April, 1874.

. . . I have always thought you just as wrong in following out your American life, as you think me in following *Fors* to its issue—perhaps we each of us judge best for the other. Suppose we both give up our confounded countries? Let them go their own way in peace, and we will travel together, and abide where we will, and live B.C.—or in the thirteenth century. I will draw, you shall write, and we shall neither of us be too merry for the other—and both much the stronger for the other. I really think this a very lovely plan—and sometimes we'll go and have a symposium at Venice with R[awdon] B[rown].

Meantime, I can't in the least help you about Athens. I've had to give up my Greek work. *Vita Brevis*. It needs a better scholar and younger life. I'm going to draw what I can in Italy, and say a few words for Christ's sake against your Philosophers and Radicals yet, if I live; but I can't do more for Athena.

¹ [For earlier notes on other pictures in this palace, see Vol. XI. pp. 237–238, though at that time, as he notes in *Præterita* (Vol. XXXV. p. 264), he did not study Vandyck.]

² [No. 138 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 72–74. The first paragraph ("I have always . . . R. B.") had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 379.]

I have told Burgess to send you the two beginnings of myself I made for you. All that is good in me depends on terrible subtleties, which I find will require my very best care and power of completion—all that comes at first is the worst. Continually I see accidental looks, which, if I could set down, you would like; but I have been able to do nothing yet, only I let these failures be sent to show I have been trying.¹ . . .

I am writing in the inn where we were together in 1870. I was bitterly wrong to leave La Spina undrawn, and the old River quays.

We had better arrange that Expatriotic plan at once. I'll write again soon from Assisi or Palermo.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

ASSISI, 11th April, 1874.

. . . I have just got here, and have ordered all things to be ready in the upper church to-morrow to begin work with the Arundel Society man, who is really enthusiastic and tender, but weak. I hope to get some important impressions made on him. But how difficult it is, to tell any man not to "improve" his copy! All one's little character and life goes into the minute preferences which are shown in the copy. In one's own feeble sort, it must be prettier than the original, or it is dead. A plum, even by Hunt, must be Huntized, and if your Giotto copyist is, as nearly as possible, Giotto's negative on a small scale, the exact opposite of him, gentle when he is rough, and sad when he is gay, no lecturing will turn said negative to good account. . . .

I'm so *very* glad you like my drawings. That one of the Fall of Schaffhausen³ was the only one I ever saw Turner interested in. He looked at it long, evidently with pleasure, and shook his finger at it, one evening, standing by the fire in the old Denmark Hill drawing-room.

How Destiny does mock one, giving all the best things when one is too young to use them! Fancy if I had him to shake fingers at me now. . . .

¹ [For a note on these "beginnings," see the List of Portraits in Vol. XXXVIII. Ruskin had, however, at an early date completed a portrait of himself: see the frontispiece to Vol. XVII.]

² [No. 139 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 74–75. Some sentences ("I'm so very glad . . . end") had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 379.]

³ [Plate IV. Compare Vol. III. p. 529 n.]



J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc.

The Falls of Schaffhausen

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

ASSISI, 14th April, 1874.

I got to-day your lovely letter of the 6th, but I never knew my Susie *could* be such a naughty little girl before; to burn her pretty story² instead of sending it to me. It would have come to me so exactly in the right place here, where St. Francis made the grasshopper (cicada, at least) sing to him upon his hand, and preached to the birds, and made the wolf go its rounds every day as regularly as any Franciscan friar, to ask for a little contribution to its modest dinner. The Bee and Narcissus would have delighted to talk in this enchanted air.

Yes, that *is* really very pretty of Dr. John Brown to inscribe your books so, and it's so like him. How these kind people understand things! And that bit of his about the child is wholly lovely; I am so glad you copied it.

I often think of you, and of Coniston and Brantwood. You will see, in the *May Fors*, reflections upon the temptations to the life of a Franciscan.³

There are two monks here, one the sacristan who has charge of the entire church, and is responsible for its treasures; the other exercising what authority is left to the convent among the people of the town. They are both so good and innocent and sweet, one can't pity them enough. For this time in Italy is just like the Reformation in Scotland, with only the difference that the Reform movement is carried on here simply for the sake of what money can be got by Church confiscation. And these two brothers are living by indulgence, as the Abbot in the Monastery of St. Mary's in the Regent Moray's time.⁴

The people of the village, however, are all true to their faith; it is only the governing body which is modern-infidel and radical. The population is quite charming,—a word of kindness makes them as bright as if you brought them news of a friend. All the same, it does not do to offend them; Monsieur Cavalcaselle, who is expecting the Government order to take the Tabernacle from the Sanctuary of St. Francis, cannot, it is said, go out at night with safety. He decamped the day before I came, having some notion, I fancy, that I would make his life a burden to him, if he didn't,⁵ by day, as much

¹ [No. 2 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

² ["The Bee and Narcissus."]

³ [Letter 41, §§ 8–10 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 86–89).]

⁴ [See the account in chap. xiii. of Scott's novel, *The Abbot*.]

⁵ [Subsequently, however, Ruskin met Cavalcaselle and liked him: see Vol. XXIII. p. xl.]

as it was in peril by night. I promise myself a month of very happy time here (happy for *me*, I mean) when I return in May.

The sacristan gives me my coffee for lunch, in his own little cell, looking out on the olive woods; then he tells me stories of conversions and miracles, and then perhaps we go into the Sacristy and have a reverent little poke out of relics. Fancy a great carved cupboard in a vaulted chamber full of most precious things (the box which the Holy Virgin's veil used to be kept in, to begin with), and leave to rummage in it at will! Things that are only shown twice in the year or so, with fumigation! all the congregation on their knees; and the sacristan and I having a great heap of them on the table at once, like a dinner service! I really looked with great respect at St. Francis's old camel-hair dress.

I am obliged to go to Rome to-morrow, however, and to Naples on Saturday. My witch of Sicily¹ expects me this day week, and she's going to take me such lovely drives, and talks of "excursions" which I see by the map are thirty miles away. I wonder if she thinks me so horribly old that it's quite proper. It will be very nice if she does, but not flattering. I know her mother can't go with her; I suppose her maid will. If she wants any other chaperon I won't go.

She's really very beautiful, I believe, to some people's tastes, (I shall be horribly disappointed if she isn't, in her own dark style,) and she writes, next to Susie, the loveliest letters I ever get.

Now, Susie, mind, you're to be a very good child while I'm away, and never to burn any more stories; and above all, you're to write me just what comes into your head, and ever to believe me your loving

J. R.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

MESSINA, 28th April, 10 morning [1874].

...Such another sunrise as I saw this morning. Imagine—limestone cliffs of the size of the high tor at Matlock, set on the tops of hills as high again, sloping and sweeping down to the sea in steep ravines—Taormina is set round one of these ravines, looking down over the cliffs to the bay beneath—under the balcony of the inn the cliff was broken into ledges and terraces of orange, over which one looked down into the clear green edge of the breakers, fifteen hundred feet beneath. But my place this morning was the same quiet campo I told you of—the wind and the sea were from the north, so that I had my light greatcoat on; but the smoke of Etna was drifting in

¹ [Miss Amy Yule: see Vol. XXIII. p. xxxi.]

one soft horizontal bar, twenty miles long, eastward from the summit. I know the distance within a mile or two, for Etna summit is ten miles from the shore, and the smoke was like this [sketch]—drifted another ten miles out over the sea.¹ But where it rose from the crater, it was in close, pure, thunderous masses of white, which took the rose of sunrise exactly as a thunder-cloud would, a *white* one, while the rest of the mountain was still dark on the sky;—and on the opposite side, the sun rose so as to shine exactly *through* one of the arches of the Greek theatre, so that on one hand there came Etna in full flush of sunrise—on the other, a Greek building standing up against the light, and the Apolline beams piercing it as if with Apollo's own presence—a glory as of a statue of fire beneath the arch. . . .

(PALERMO, *Wednesday morning, 29th April.*) Back, thus far, safe and well; very glad to have seen Etna, which I've to thank Amy for, for if she hadn't begged me to take her, I certainly should not have gone myself: and I have gained invaluable knowledge. To all intents and purposes I have been in Greece, and seen the Greek sea, and, for a wonder, I've got really near its colour in a dash at the Straits of Messina on grey paper. Also, last night I saw the Rock of Scylla perfectly, and have got its outline.²

I was on deck till ten, watching the Lipari Islands, first against a sunset like Turner's Polyphemus one, and then in moonlight. Between the rise and set of that sun, I had got five several pieces of knowledge, any one of which would have been quite worth coming all the way to Sicily for. Namely—

1. Etna in morning light from rosy Apollo; visible where his statue once stood.
2. Straits of Messina in iris-blue, bordered by golden beach.
3. This third was a wonderful sight—I must come back to it.
4. The Rock of Scylla in shadow, seen against warm-lighted Calabrian mountains.
5. Polyphemus sunset³ behind Lipari (*Aeolian*) islands.

It was quite intolerably too much to *take* in. . . .

Well, that third sight I must tell you about. I owed that to Amy. She knew of an apothecary's shop in Messina that had remained unchanged since the fifteenth century! and went off by herself to see if it was still there, while I made my dash of the Straits of Messina.

¹ [Ruskin made several drawings of Etna: for one of them, see Plate XL. in Vol. XXI. (p. 151).]

² [These sketches—"First View on Leaving Messina" and "Scylla, Crossing to Sicily"—will be found enumerated in the Catalogue of Drawings in the next volume.]

³ [That is, a sunset resembling the one in Turner's picture (No. 508), which, however, as Ruskin held, is rather a sunrise (Vol. XIII. p. 137).]

She came back in triumph to take me to it, and for that *alone* I would have come to Sicily. I never thought to see such a thing in this world. The room was perfectly symmetrical, and thus arranged [plan]. . . . Counter, in exquisite Florentine mosaic of Sicilian marbles; top and sides all inlaid; no Duke's drawing-room in Blenheim or Chatsworth can show grander marble work. . . . Three projecting presses exquisitely designed and carved; holding the more precious or poisonous drugs in glass vases, Venetian—close set on tiny shelves. Each press luxuriantly carved and gilded, but of course the gilt nearly gone, and the wood in places mouldered away; but no abbot's chair in a cathedral chancel could be more beautiful than each of these three presses. Pestle and mortar, fixed on marble pedestal. The mortar in superb bronze, dated with inscription round, M.C.C.C.LXXX. (1480), and standing in bronze above a foot and a half high, all wrought with cinque-cento arabesque—the pestle a bar of iron a yard long—a single blow on this mortar could crush a block of agate.

Then, the intermediate walls were fitted with close-set shelves, on which were ranged in perfect symmetry, as close as they would go, vases of majolica—every one of different, and most of superb design. On each of the six main wall compartments there were from fifteen to twenty shelves (Fool that I was not to count!), with ten or twelve vases on each, say, at the least—15 x 10 gives 150 vases for each compartment, or 900 for the entire shop contents, without the exterior wall towards the street. I think this was occupied in same way. Two majolica vases, standing each three feet high, occupied two arched niches beneath the two lateral presses. Say 1000 vases, exclusive of the Venetian glass, for the entire shop fitting.

The painting of them was in the manner of your *aqua* one, but with coloured medallions, portrait heads, etc., one mass of blue and brown [and] gold over the whole wall.

The shop has come from father to son since 1480, but the wall fittings, vases, etc., date only from 1520, or thereabouts. The present master—a black, sad-looking fellow—has still soul enough to refuse to sell any of his shop property.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

NAPLES, 2nd May, 1874.

I heard of your great sorrow² from Joanna six days ago, and have not been able to write since; nothing silences me so much as sorrow;

¹ [No. 3 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623).]

² [The death of Miss Margaret Beever (April 21, 1874).]

and for this of yours I have no comfort. I write only that you may know that I am thinking of you, and would help you if I could. And I write to-day because your lovely letters and your lovely old age have been forced into my thoughts often by dreadful contrast during these days in Italy. You who are so purely and brightly happy in all natural and simple things seem now to belong to another and a younger world. . . . And your letters have been to me like the pure air of Yewdale Crag, breathed among the Pontine Marshes; but you must not think I am ungrateful for them when I can't answer. You can have no idea how impossible it is for me to do all the work necessary even for memory of the things I came here to see; how much escapes me, how much is done in a broken and weary way. I am the only author on art who does the work of illustration with his own hand; the only one therefore—and I am not insolent in saying this—who has learned his business thoroughly; but after a day's drawing I assure you one cannot sit down to write unless it be the merest nonsense to please Joanie. Believe it or not, there is no one of my friends whom I write so scrupulously to as to you. You may be vexed at this, but indeed I can't but try to write carefully in answer to all your kind words, and so sometimes I can't at all. I *must* tell you, however, to-day, what I saw in the Pompeian frescoes. The great characteristic of falling Rome is her furious desire of pleasure, and brutal incapability of it. The walls of Pompeii are covered with paintings meant only to give pleasure, but nothing they represent is beautiful or delightful, and yesterday, among other calumniated and caricatured birds, I saw one of my Susie's pets, a peacock; and he had only eleven eyes in his tail.¹ Fancy the feverish wretchedness of the humanity which in mere pursuit of pleasure or power had reduced itself to see no more than eleven eyes in a peacock's tail! What were the Cyclopes to this?

I hope to get to Rome this evening, and to be there settled for some time, and to have quieter hours for my letters.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

ROME, 5th May, 1874.

The last days at any place are always pathetic, and the more work one has done, the more one has left *undone*. I try to keep cool, but there's a general view of Rome which I am sure will be spoiled

¹ [On the eyes in the peacocks' tails, compare *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 288).]
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when I come next, and a cloister which I'm sure will be restored, and a sarcophagus which I'm sure will be broken, and a rose thicket which I'm sure will never bloom again—as it does, now.

. . . I was in St. Cecilia's church to-day;—it was thunderous and a little dark outside—within, twilight—and her white statue looked like what it endeavours to look like—her poor little body just after they had killed her.¹ It is a fine, subtle thing, in its sentimental way. And there was her own house, built into the chapel in the aisle. . . .

I begin quite to understand the power of this place over the most noble class of English religious mind. For your average stuck-up orthodox divine—much more, your vulgar independent, who knows nothing of history, and cares for nothing but his own opinions and self—the sight of the prouder priesthood and of the present absurdities of ceremonial must be mere wormwood and abomination. The last place, *they* may well say, Rome, to make a Romanist. But for really earnest, well-informed, and tender-hearted Christians, the being daily brought into the homes and tombs of the persons whose words and lives have been their soul's food must be overwhelming. No matter what takes place *now* around them, the intense reality of the Past becomes to them an irresistible claim on their submission and affection. I never thought to have had the slightest weakness in that direction myself, but I verily believe that, were I a Christian at all, Rome would make a Romanist of me in a fortnight.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

ROME, HOTEL DE RUSSIE, 8th May, '74.

I have your sweet letter about Ulysses, the leaves, and the robins. I have been feeling so wearily, on this journey, the want of what, when I had it, I used—how often!—to feel a burden—the claim of my mother for at least a *word*, every day. Happy, poor mother, with two lines—and I sometimes—nay, often—thinking it hard to have to stay five minutes from what I wanted to do, to write them.

I am despising, now, in like senseless way, the privilege of being able to write to you and of knowing that it will please you to hear—even that I can't tell you anything! which I cannot, this morning—but only, it is a little peace and rest to me to write to my Susie.

¹ [A recumbent statue of the saint by Stefano Maderna (1571–1636). There is a reproduction of it in one of the chapels in the Church of the Oratory at Brompton.]

² [No. 4 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]



J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. So.

Rome: The Temple of Saturn

To THOMAS CARLYLE

ROME, 21st May, '74.

DEAREST PAPA,—I am greatly exercised in mind about the monks here,—one sees more of them than in other towns; and last night, close by the temple of Vesta, in a little eleventh-century church (Sta. M. in Cosmedin), a priest was preaching energetically standing on a raised platform only—no desk or anything before him, but as an actor from a small stage. Energetically—vociferously—it seemed in sincerity. But if one could only be in their hearts for one moment! What puzzles me is that the rougher monks certainly live entirely wretched lives. What do they gain by hypocrisy? My life is one of swollen luxury and selfishness compared with theirs; and yet it seems to me that I see what is right and *they* don't. How is it—how *can* it be?

Anything so dismal as the state of transitional and galvanized Rome I never saw. Two kinds of digging go on side by side—antiquaries' excavations and foundations of factories and lodging-houses. The ground, torn newly up in every direction, yawns dusty and raw round the feet of the ruins of Imperial—that is to say, of clumsy, monstrous, and even then dying—Rome. New chimneys and the white front of the Pope's new Tobacco manufactory¹ tower up, and glare beside the arches of the Palatine—the lower Roman mob distributing its ordure indiscriminately about both, and the priests singing and moaning all day long in any shady church not yet turned into barracks. What *will* it come to?—Ever your loving J. R.

To DEAN LIDDELL

ROME, 23rd May [1874].

DEAR MR. DEAN,—It was very sweet of you to take all that pains for me;² and I am entirely grateful for the secure, and otherwise by me wholly unattainable, knowledge. That digamma frets me, and I see from the passage you give that I must qualify my statement, and that one must gather from the context which flower is meant. But the excessive bluntness of the Greek faculty in discerning vegetable form involves confusion (like the perpetual one on vases between vine and ivy) in the representation and idea alike;—and as it is impossible

¹ [For this, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 125.]

² ["Ruskin would often consult the Dean on matters where wide classical knowledge was needed. There are letters from Liddell, written during the busiest days of his Vice-Chancellorship, discussing at great length, and illustrating by many quotations, the precise meaning of *ion* and its identification with our 'violet' " (H. L. Thompson's *Memoir of Liddell*, p. 229).]

but that the great purple flag and this intense blue one must have had their share of the words meaning blue flower, I think I shall be able to show that Homer's sea colour is derived from the iris, and not from the violet;¹ and this the more that in those precious early Cypriot sculptures the crowns are definitely olive, ivy, and *narcissus*, but never violet; and in all Byzantine mosaics the iris is used constantly, but the violet never. I gathered my first wild iris on the hill under Monreale; and, a quarter of an hour afterwards, showed it to my companion in the mosaic border of the arches of the Duomo—said companion (I confess slightly disposed to over-favour my theories) declaring also that violets certainly never *were* seen wild at Palermo.

The Moss data are exactly what I want;—I felt the difference between our Moss-trooper country² and Sicily very sharply, having just precisely Horace's *puræ rivus aquæ*³ through my own garden, with a *circumlitio*, sometimes a little too soft and damp, of every stone near it, while the only brook bed in Sicily in which I found any water was a sandy cleft, weedy and ragged with confused vegetation, but never mossy, the stormy inundations tearing down its banks annually, under thickets of Indian fig.

Etna surprised me by the beautiful cloud-purity of its smoke. At dawn, when the column of it rose vertically and the morning light came on it first, it was absolutely the Israelite pillar of fire.

In ten minutes, too, I saw more of what Scylla and Charybdis meant than I could have made out by any quantity of reading. The rock of Scylla is really terrific. I never saw such a *jagged* thing on any other coast that I remember. The confounded fast steamer only let me get the slightest scratch of it, but I got neither bark nor scratch for my pains.

I have been grievously hindered by weather; and am literally frightened at this unnatural darkness and cold. To this hour I have not been able safely to make an out-of-door drawing—it is not the absolute cold (I can draw in healthy *frost*, if the air is quiet), but the bitter, blighting, black-clouded *wind* makes all work out of doors impossible to me. I am getting a good study, however, of Botticelli's Zipporah, in the Sistine;⁴ and hope for one of a begging old woman

¹ [On this subject, see Vol. XXI. pp. 112 and *n.*, 243, Vol. XXIII. p. 147; and on the narcissus fillet, Vol. XXIII. p. 147 *n.*, and Vol. XXV. p. 161.]

² [See *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 213.]

³ [*Odes*, iii. 16, 29; compare Vol. XXVI. p. 149.]

⁴ [The frontispiece to Vol. XXIII. The "begging old woman" is probably a figure in the fresco of "St. Lorenzo giving Alms," in the "Chapel of Nicholas V." in the Vatican.]

by Angelico, which, if I succeed with it, will give people an idea or two about alms, new to them. I believe it would be wise in me to spend what best I have of strength for the next five years at least in this kind of work, while I still have eyes and hands. Love to you all. —Ever gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

ROME, 23rd May, 1874.

A number of business letters, and the increasing instinct for work here as time shortens, have kept me too long from even writing a mere mama-note to you; though not without thought of you daily.

I have your last most lovely line about your sister—and giving me that most touching fact about poor Dr. John Brown, which I am grieved and yet thankful to know, that I may better still reverence his unfailing kindness and quick sympathy. I have a quite wonderful letter from him about you; but I will not tell you what he says, only it is so *very*, *very* true, and so *very*, *very* pretty, you can't think.

I have written to my bookseller to find for you, and send, a complete edition of *Modern Painters*, if findable. If not, I will make my assistant send you down my own fourth and fifth volumes, which you can keep till I come for them in the autumn.

There is nothing now in the year but autumn and winter. I really begin to think there is some terrible change of climate coming upon the world for its in, like another deluge. It will have its rainbow, I suppose, after its manner—promising not to darken the world again, and then not to drown.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN²

ROME, 23rd May, 1874.

DEAREST DR. BROWN,—I have your kind note with that quite exquisite description of Susie in it. Never was anything so softly true,—a Holbein portrait with Carpaccio's tenderness. I am so very, very glad you had a photograph of that picture.³ I am getting Botticelli's

¹ [No. 5 in *Hortus Inclusus*. The complete edition of *Modern Painters* was sent for Miss Beever's use in making the selections, which were issued in 1875 under the title *Fronde Agrestes*.]

² [No. 16 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 301. Dr. Brown's letter describing Ruskin's "Susie" (Miss Susan Beever) is at p. 230 of the same book. "Old and yet young," he says of her, "the young lamb's heart in 60 years, playful, fresh, blithe, and less selfish than your real lamb is."]

³ [A photograph of Carpaccio's "St. Ursula" (Vol. XXVII. p. 344). "You have not said one word too much," Brown had written (p. 229); "it is wonderful for purity and quiet intensity."]

Zipporah well enough to give you some idea of *her* too. She's as pure as the other, but altogether a different sort of girl, and has fallen quite irrecoverably in love with Moses at first sight. It is curious that the hem of her robe is an embroidery of golden letters on a blue ground, the letters being all a lovely writing peculiar to Botticelli and Mantegna (so at least says my good and shrewd assistant, Mr. Murray¹), and we can't hear of anybody who can read them. I fancy they have usually been thought merely grotesque ornament, but I have no doubt they are letters. . . .

I wonder what Dora Wordsworth's Journal is that it is to set me on fire.² I am very nearly burnt out, and scarcely show a flash, even on extreme delight of provocation. . . .

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

ROME, 24th May, Whit-Sunday, '74.

I have to-day, to make the day whiter for me, your lovely letter of the 15th, telling me your age. I am so glad it is no more; you are only thirteen years older than I, and much more able to be my sister than mamma, and I hope you will have many years of youth yet. I think I *must* tell you in return for this letter what Dr. John Brown said, or part of it at least. He said you had the playfulness

¹ [For Mr. Murray's interpretation of the embroidery, see Vol. XXII. p. 427.]

² ["We are publishing Dora Wordsworth's Tour in Scotland in 1803, with 'William' and Coleridge, printed entire. . . . It is delightful," Brown had written (p. 230), "and will set you on fire and a-writing."]

³ [No. 6 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623). Miss Beever's letter of the 15th was this:—

"15th May.—I have found such lovely passages in Vol. i. this morning that I am delighted, and have begun to copy one of them. You do float in such beautiful things sometimes that you make me feel I don't know how!

"How I think you for ever having written them, for though late in the day, they were written for *me*, and have at length reached me!

"You are so candid about your age that I shall tell you mine! I am astonished to find myself sixty-eight—very near the Psalmist's three score and ten. Much illness and much sorrow, and then I woke up to find myself *old*, and as if I had lost a great part of my life. Let us hope it was not all lost.

"I think *you* can understand me when I say that I have a great fund of love, and no one to spend it upon, because there are not any to whom I could give it *fully*, and I love my pets so dearly, but I *dare not* and cannot enjoy *it* fully because—they *die*, or get injured, and then my misery is intense. I feel as if I could tell *you* much, because your sympathy is so refined and so tender and true. Cannot I be a sort of second mother to you? I am sure the first one was often praying for blessings for you, and in this, at least, I resemble her.

"Am I tiresome writing all this? It just came, and you said I was to write what did. We have had some nice rain, but followed not by warmth, but a cruel *east* wind." (*Hortus Inclusus*, pp. 171, 172 (ed. 3).]

of a lamb, without its selfishness. I think that perfect, as far as it goes. Of course my Susie's wise and grave gifts must be told of afterwards. There is no one I know, or have known, so well able as you are to be in a degree what my mother was to me—in this chief way (as well as many other ways)—the puzzlement I have had to force that sentence into grammar!—that I have had the same certainty of giving you pleasure by a few words and by any little account of what I am doing. But then, you know, I've got out of the way of doing as I am bid, and unless you can scold me back into that, you can't give me the sense of support.

Tell me more about yourself first, and how those years came to be "lost." I am not sure that they were; though I am very far from holding the empty theory of compensation.¹ But much of the slighter pleasure you lost then is evidently still open to you, fresh all the more from having been for a time withdrawn.

The Roman peasants are very gay to-day, with roses in their hair; legitimately and honourably decorated, and looking lovely. Oh me, if they had a few Susies to have human care of them, what a glorious people they would be!

*To the Rev. E. PETER BARROW*²

ROME, *Whit-Tuesday*, '74.

MY DEAR "PETER,"—I was so very grateful for your letter, that—I haven't answered it all this time, always waiting for "a more convenient season."³ It's a perfect Saint of a Peter's letter, and makes me always think of you when I come in sight of your dome here, and all that you say in it is entirely right, and I've long been wanting myself to collect what is already said about the plan itself, and go on to make it more distinct. But I have been hindered through never yet feeling able to deal with the primary question of religious teaching in the children's schools. I am leading up to this, and leading *myself* up to it, which is the more important business of the two, and I am hindered by my own faults and doubts and poverties of heart, and have been, much more in reality, trying to provoke some one else to come forward, than to formalize my own plan. And I suspect it will have to formalize itself, gradually, out of what practical work I begin. You see

¹ [Compare Vol. XXXVI. p. 511.]

² [From "Recollections of Ruskin at Oxford," by "Peter," in *St. George*, April 1903, vol. vi. p. 110: see below, p. 619.]

³ [See Acts xxiv. 25.]

I have actually begun, at last, in one way, at Oxford. And any day some one may rise up to take it off my shoulders—in the meantime I go on writing what I know is true, of bye-matters, which must come in, some day, serviceably.

I hope, in the October term, to enter on a new system altogether, by having a settled day each week to see any one who likes to come and talk with me. Breakfast for the young—dinner for the old—the breakfast, because I want my wits at their best for the young people; the dinner, because I want the old people to give their wits pleasantly to *me*.¹ *You* shall come to both if you will, for I am ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

ROME, 2nd June, 1874.

Ah, if you were but among the marbles here, though there are none finer than that you so strangely discerned in my study; but they are as a white company innumerable, ghost after ghost. And how you would rejoice in them and in a thousand things besides, to which I am dead, from having seen too much or worked too painfully—or, worst of all, lost the hope which gives all life.

Last Sunday I was in a lost church—found again: a church of the second or third century, dug in a green hill of the Campagna, built underground;—its secret entrance like a sand-martin's nest. Such the temple of the Lord, as the King Solomon of that time had to build it; not "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established above the hills,"³ but the cave of the Lord's house—as the fox's hole—beneath them.

And here, now lighted by the sun for the first time (for they are still digging the earth from the steps), are the marbles of those early Christian days; the first efforts of their new hope to show itself in

¹ [For Ruskin's weekly breakfasts (for his "diggers") and occasional dinners at Corpus, see Vol. XX. p. xxxiii.]

² [No. 7 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623), where it is headed "The Lost Church in the Campagna." The "lost church" is the subterranean Basilica of SS. Petronilla, Nereus, and Achilleus, built between A.D. 390 and 395 at a level between the first and second stories of the Catacombs of SS. Nereus and Achilleus, or of Domitilla. Partially excavated in 1854, the church was more thoroughly explored in 1873, 1874, and following years. A picture of the excavation (showing in the foreground a bas-relief such as Ruskin describes) is given on Plate ii. in vol. i. (p. 176) of *Roma Sotterranea*, by J. S. Northcote and W. R. Brownlow, 1879. Particulars of later discoveries may be read in Lanciani's *Pagan and Christian Rome*, 1902, p. 338.]

³ [Micah iv. 1; and for the references at the end of the letter, see Hosea x. 8, Matthew xxi. 13.]

enduring record, the new hope of a Good Shepherd:—there they carved Him, with a spring flowing at His feet, and round Him the cattle of the Campagna in which they had dug their church; the very self-same goats which this morning have been trotting past my window through the most populous streets of Rome, innocently following their Shepherd, tinkling their bells, and shaking their long spiral horns and white beards; the very same deep dew-lapped cattle which were that Sunday morning feeding on the hill-side above, carved on the tombmarbles sixteen hundred years ago. How you would have liked to see it, Susie!

And now to-day I am going to work in an eleventh-century church¹ of quite proud and victorious Christianity, with its grand bishops and saints loading it over Italy. The bishop's throne all marble and mosaic of precious colours and of gold, high under the vaulted roof at the end behind the altar; and line upon line of pillars of massy porphyry and marble, gathered out of the ruins of the temples of the great race who had persecuted them, till they had said to the hills, Cover us, like the wicked. And then *their* proud time came, and their enthronement on the Seven Hills; and now, what is to be their fate once more?—of pope and cardinal and dome, Peter's or Paul's by name only,—“My house, no more a house of prayer, but a den of thieves”!

I can't write any more this morning. Oh me, if one could only write and draw all one wanted, and have one's Susies here and be young again, oneself and they! (As if there were two Susies, or *could* be!)—Ever my one Susie's very loving
J. RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS²

ROME, June 3rd, 1874.

MY DEAR ELLIS,—I had your kind note, and am heartily glad you were able to get the books for my young and old lady friends.

I have been taking a course of Émile Gaboriau to acquaint myself with modern Paris: he seems to me to have a wonderful knowledge of the town and its evils. As specimens of its average middle-class literature, these novels—generally beginning with a murder, and having some form of theft, or delicate form of adultery, for principal subject—all through, are highly curious.³ But from all I see and read we are advancing faster to revolutions, and miseries of the horriblest kind,

¹ [The diary shows S. Lorenzo to be meant.]

² [No. 9 in *Ellis*, pp. 13, 14.]

³ [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 118).]

than I ever dreamed; and I have not taken a cheerful view of matters this many a day. This Italy is in an unspeakably fearful and perilous state.

My Oxford men can, I hope, bear being laughed at.¹ They are the only sane ones I know of—but I wish I had seen the correspondence about them.—Ever yours most truly and obliged,

J. RUSKIN.

Kind regards to Mr. White. My address is: Poste Restante, Assisi.

To GEORGE ALLEN²

ASSISI, 8th June.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I find your letter here to-day enclosing Tyndall, etc. I have no intention of getting into controversy with him; the glacier lectures³ will state all the facts gravely and sternly, taking no notice of his equivocations or impertinences; and will set the men on glacier work themselves next year.

I shall go to Courmayeur, and study the Brenva glacier; it is the riband structure I want to make out—I think Forbes insufficient on this point only.

I shall be here for three weeks—then a week at Lucca, perhaps, and then come up the Val d'Aosta to Courmayeur. Get ready to start in beginning of July, so as to meet me as soon as I arrive.

I think Burgess is right about the Botany, but *you* are quite right about the error of promising a more perfect book, when bound. You may state to your correspondents that I have changed my mind on this subject, and that no improved edition of any books published in separate numbers will ever appear. My sense of the shortness of life is so greatly increased by what I have seen in these last two months that I should have come to this conclusion on other grounds. I will do the best I can each day and have done with it.

A plate is already promised to be added to *engraving* lectures.⁴ This I will prepare and have ready to publish *with* the sixth, detached number. I can't write more to-night. We can talk over all this better at Courmayeur.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

Your letter from Oxford gave me great pleasure.

¹ [The reference is to facetious allusions in the newspapers to the road-digging by Ruskin's pupils at Hincksey: see Vol. XX. p. xliii.]

² [Partly printed in the *Strand Magazine*, December 1902, p. 713; a few words of the letter have been cited in Vol. XXVI. p. xl.]

³ [See Vol. XXVI. p. xl.]

⁴ [Ultimately several Plates were issued with Part vi. of *Ariadne Florentina*.]



J. Huskin

Allen & Co. Sc.

Rome: the Cloisters of St. John Lateran

(9th June, morning.) I have opened my letter to copy for you a bit of glacier lectures I've just chanced upon, which may amuse you:¹—

“Here then is your first group of questions—What sort of forces are—(were)—these which take (for familiar instance in our own chalk formation) the whole of the North Foreland with Dover Castle on it, turn it slap upside down and put it on the top of the parade at Margate—then sweep up Whitstable oyster beds and lay them in a heap on the top of the bottom of Dover cliffs turned upside down;—and finally strew blocks of Aberdeen granite over the whole—of the average size of an omnibus? That is the sort of thing which produces the north side of the lake of Thun, and provides after-dinner ‘objects of interest’ for the company of the Hotel de Bellevue.”

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

ASSISI, June 9th [1874].

Yes, I am a little oppressed just now with overwork, nor is this avoidable. I am obliged to leave all my drawings unfinished as the last days come, and the point possible of approximate completion fatally contracts, every hour, to a more ludicrous and warped mockery of the hope in which one began. It is impossible not to work against time, and *that* is killing. It is not labour itself, but competitive, anxious, disappointed labour that dries one's soul out.

But don't be frightened about me, you sweet Susie. I know when I *must* stop; forgive and pity me only, because sometimes, nay often, my letter (or word) to Susie must be sacrificed to the last effort on one's drawing.

The letter to one's Susie should be a rest, do you think? It is always more or less comforting, but not rest; it means further employment of the already extremely strained sensational power. What one really wants—I believe the only true restorative—is the natural one, the actual presence of one's “helpmeet.” The far worse than absence of mine *reverses* rest, and what is more, destroys one's power of receiving from others or giving. How much love of mine have *others* lost, because that poor sick child would not have the part of love that belonged to her!

I am very anxious about your eyes too. For any favour don't write more extracts just now. The books are yours for ever and a day—no loan; enjoy any bits that you find enjoyable, but don't copy just now.

¹ [The “bit” appears, much revised, in *Deucalion*: see Vol. XXVI. p. 111.]

² [No. 8 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623).]

I left Rome yesterday, and am on my way home; but, alas! might as well be on my way home from Cochin China, for any chance I have of speedily arriving. Meantime your letters will reach me here with speed, and will be a great comfort to me, if they don't fatigue *you*.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

PERUGIA, 12th June [1874].

I am more and more pleased at the thought of this gathering of yours,² and soon expect to tell you what the bookseller says.

Meantime I want you to think of the form the collection should take with reference to my proposed re-publication. I mean to take the botany, the geology, the Turner defence, and the general art criticism of *Modern Painters*, as four separate books, cutting out nearly all the preaching, and a good deal of the sentiment. Now, what you find pleasant and helpful to you of general maxim or reflection, *must* be of some value; and I think, therefore, that your selection will just do for me what no other reader could have done, least of all I myself; keep together, that is to say, what may be right and true of those youthful thoughts. I should like you to add anything that specially pleases you, of whatever kind; but to keep the notion of your book being the didactic one, as opposed to the other picturesque and scientific volumes, will I think help you in choosing between passages when one or other is to be rejected.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN³

ASSISI, 14th June, '74.

DEAREST DR. BROWN, . . . I'm writing most of my work here in the Sacristan's cell in the monastery, and yesterday morning was reading the honey and butter bit in Isaiah.⁴ Now, isn't it a perfectly monstrous and unbelievable thing that in all Tyndall's talk and the rest of them's (even our James⁵ not out of the mess in this), not one of these scientific gentlemen ever distinguished between a "plastic"

¹ [No. 9 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

² [The selections from *Modern Painters* called *Frondes Agrestes*.]

³ [No. 17 in "Letters of Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 301–302, where part of the letter was omitted (see below, p. 634). For a sketch of the Sacristan's cell, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 172, and for accounts of Ruskin's researches at Assisi, Vol. XXIII. pp. xli.–xlvi.]

⁴ [Isaiah vii. 15, 22.]

⁵ [James Forbes.]

thing (butter) and a "viscous" thing (honey), nor even distinguished between "malleable" and "ductile."¹

I couldn't give my Glacier lectures at Oxford, because I'm not satisfied with Forbes' explanation of the riband structure, and am going to look at it again myself. Meantime, I've got into an awful lot of questions about the mechanical results of mere *abduction* (as your lump of sugar melts, how will it subside?) out of the body of the whole mass of snow from top to bottom, and ever so many about pure squeezing (how much snow goes out at the side from under a given breadth and weight of cart wheel) and the like. And I've got to find out here how much is Giotto's work and how much restorers' and pupils'; restoration is easily caught on, but the pupils are the deuce and all. He sketches a bit for them, lets them do all they can, then mends a little and puts in a head of his own, and it's enough to drive one crazy. And then he's so confoundedly personal to me. One of the things I want to do myself is his Lady Poverty, and she has her head in a thicket of pale red and deep red roses, and just on the wall next her there's "Penitence" driving away Love, and Death, at least AMOR and MORS. Giotto always puts KARITAS for real love.² *She* stands beside Poverty as she is being married and gives her (the antiquaries say) an "apple." It is a heart, but I believe I'm the first person except the plasterers who has ever been up to look at it. St. Francis disappoints me dreadfully in his face, but puts the ring on like a lover.

Susie says she thinks you are sad. Please don't be. That's what my friends say to me too, and I sometimes snarl in return. But there *is* a certain power in us, isn't there, of "please don't be"?—Ever your loving
J. R.

¹ [On this subject, see Vol. XXVI. pp. 124 *seq.*]

² [To an inquiry from Brown on this point, Ruskin wrote on June 27 the letter which is printed in Vol. XXVIII. p. 163 *n.*]

³ [Romans xii. 19. The point here suggested is, however, not made in any of Ruskin's writing about Scott.]

To Mrs. COWPER-TEMPLE¹

[? 1874.]

You are compromising somehow between God and Satan, and therefore don't see your way. Satan appears to you as an angel of the most exquisite light—I can see that well enough; but how many real angels he has got himself mixed up with, I don't know. However, for the three and fortieth time—in Ireland or England or France, or under the *Ara Cæli* perhaps best of all, take an acre of ground, make it lovely, give what food comes of it to people who need it—and take no rent of it yourselves. “But that strikes at the very foundations of Society?” It does; and therefore, do it. For the Foundations of Society are rotten with every imaginable plague, and must be struck at and swept away, and others built in Christ, instead of on the back of the Leviathan of the Northern Foam.—Ever your affectionate St. C.—not the Professor.

To Mrs. COWPER-TEMPLE²

THE SACRISTAN'S CELL, MONASTERY OF ASSISI,
14th June, '74. Before breakfast.

MY DEAREST ISOLA,—I get leave to write here, always now, for the perfect quiet—two little windows looking out into the deep valley which runs up into the Apennines give me light enough, and there's the lower church, with Giotto's fresco of Poverty in it, between me and any “mortal” disturbance. St. Francis in his grave a few yards away from me does not, I find, give me any interruption. I have been thinking as I walked down the hillside to the church, why you couldn't believe in Utopia; and whether you really, since you don't *see Him* either, believe in Christ. Are you quite sure, William and you, that you do as *if* you saw Him? I can guess (I think) what He would say to you if you did. Do you ever try to fancy it, seriously? Suppose He were coming to dine with you to-day, now, Isola, and you've got to order the dinner, what will you have? Now, just get a bit of paper and write down your orders to the cook, on that supposition. Mind you do as I bid you, now, or I'll never write to you any more. And then, think where He's to sit, and where William is to sit, and how you'll arrange the other people, and what you'll talk about, if *He*

¹ [Printed by W. G. Collingwood in his paper “Ruskin's ‘Isola’ ” (*Good Words*, February 1902), and reprinted in his *Ruskin Relics*, pp. 225–226.]

² [A few lines of this letter are printed in W. G. Collingwood's *Ruskin Relics*, p. 226. Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 46, where Ruskin expands the present letter: Vol. XXVIII. p. 180.]

doesn't care to talk. Mind, you mustn't *change your party*; I suppose Him to have just sent Gabriel to tell you He's coming, but *particularly* that you're not to make any alterations in your company on His account.—Ever your affectionate
ST. C.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

ASSISI, 17th June [1874].

I have been having a bad time lately, and have no heart to write to you. Very difficult and melancholy work, deciphering what remains of a great painter among stains of ruin and blotches of repair, of five hundred years' gathering. It makes me sadder than idleness, which is saying much.

I was greatly flattered and petted by a saying in one of your last letters, about the difficulty I had in unpacking my mind. That is true; one of my chief troubles at present is with the quantity of things I want to say at once. But you don't know how I find things I laid by carefully in it, all mouldy and moth-eaten when I take them out; and what a lot of mending and airing they need, and what a wearisome and bothering business it is compared to the early packing,—one used to be so proud to get things into the corners neatly!

I have been failing in my drawings, too, and I'm in a horrible inn kept by a Garibaldian bandit; and the various sorts of disgusting dishes sent up to look like a dinner, and to be charged for, are a daily increasing horror and amazement to me. They succeed in getting *everything* bad; no exertion, no invention, could produce such badness, I believe, anywhere else. The hills are covered for leagues with olive trees, and the oil's bad; there are no such lovely cattle elsewhere in the world, and the butter's bad; half the country people are shepherds, but there's no mutton; half the old women walk about with a pig tied to their waists, but there's no pork; the vine grows wild anywhere, and the wine would make my teeth drop out of my head if I took a glass of it; there are no strawberries, no oranges, no melons, the cherries are as hard as their stones, the beans only good for horses, or Jack and the beanstalk, and this is the size of the biggest asparagus—

I live here in a narrow street ten feet wide only, winding up a hill, and it was full this morning of sheep as close as they could pack, at least a thousand, as far as the eye could reach,—tinkle tinkle, bleat least, for a quarter of an hour.

¹ [No. 10 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

SACRISTAN'S CELL, MONASTERY OF ASSISI,
Morning, June 19th, 1874.

... I am wholly occupied just now with Giotto's "Poverty." I've done Botticelli's Zipporah successfully²—but the "Poverty" is on a vault, and the looking up at it and not being able to change the distance torments me dreadfully. It is fine, but on the whole I am greatly disappointed with Giotto, on close study—and on the contrary, altogether amazed at the power of Cimabue, before wholly unknown to me.

Botticelli remains where he was, only because he couldn't get higher, in my mind, after a month's work on him. I wish I could give him the rest of my life, but it must be broken into small pieces. If a blessing comes on the fragments, they may some day multiply.

I write the supplementary part of my lectures on him here, every morning, in absolute quiet, looking out on the Apennines—St. Francis lying within thirty yards of me.

... The Cimabue is a discovery to me,—wholly unexpected,—Vasari mistaking as usual the place where he is, and everybody passing, as I did myself, the apparently coarse Madonna of the Scuola Greca. At last I set myself on it on a bright day and upset Giotto from his pedestal in a minute or two's close look.

Vasari is all right about the upper church, but not the lower. The large frescoes in upper church are grand, but it is one Madonna in the lower that has knocked me over.³ I'm going to set to work on her to-day, *D. V.*—June 20th.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

ASSISI, INN OF THE LION, June 20th.

... To-day your dear little note finds me after some wanderings about Rome. I am very glad of it, chiefly of your thought of Greece. But I can't travel now, except in comfortable places—so much has my

¹ [No. 140 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 75–77. Some passages are also printed in Mr. Norton's Introduction to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Ariadne Florentina*: "lectures on him" is there printed "Lectures on Line," but the former reading must be correct, the reference being to the lectures on "The Schools of Florence," delivered at Oxford later in the year.]

² [See the frontispiece to Vol. XXIII.]

³ [See the frontispiece to Vol. XXXIII.; and for Ruskin's lecture on Cimabue (with citations from Vasari), Vol. XXIII. pp. 197 *seq.*]

⁴ [No. 141 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 77–78.]

too luxurious life corrupted me—and I don't know what I may have to do, these coming years. So far from being in peace as you think, my days here are passed in daily maddening rage, and daily increasing certainty that *Fors* is my work—not painting—at this time. But *Fors* pursued in deed, not word.

How you, with all the tenderness that is in you, can deliberately see this people perish, and yet tell every fiddler to go on fiddling, and every painter to go on painting, as if there were yet ears to hear or eyes to see, is the most amazing thing to me among all the various amazements which leave me alone in my work, or worse than alone—obliged, at each stone I lay, to drag up with me the lengthening chain of friends' reproof.

Note the date of this letter—you shall have a copy of what I wrote this morning in the Sacristan's cell¹—it will be interesting to you. I'll write to Burgess.
J. R.

To GEORGE ALLEN²

ASSISI, 20th June, '74.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I am very glad you are ready to start, and send you a cheque for £50.

Through from Paris to Geneva. Then diligence to St. Martin's; go up to the fields under the Aiguille de Varen. If the village of St. Martin's is at v, the path goes up in the dotted line—it is a frequented one—two hours' or more climb—and the meadows are where the blot is—and see if there are the low white lilies growing there yet;—they'll be faded, but you'll be able to tell me if they're branched, or how they grow—I've talked of them so often that I forget them.³



Then, go to St. Gervais, take a mule and guide and go over the Col du Bon Homme and Col de la Seigne, sleeping at Chapiu, or any new place they've got since I was there; and if you're lucky in weather, you'll like it. When you get

¹ [See *Fors*, Letter 46, § 7, dated *August* (Vol. XXVIII. p. 171), where therefore "written *last month*" is not strictly accurate.]

² [The first part of this letter (down to "forget them") was printed in *facsimile* in the *Strand Magazine*, December 1902, p. 717. A few sentences of it have already been printed in Vol. XXVI. p. xli.]

³ [See *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 204.]
XXXVII.

to Courmayeur, look out for a nice place for me, as near the *allée* as possible, and begin examining the Glacier de Brenva for examples of the riband structure in places easily accessible, and think over it yourself.

Forbes has shown perfectly that it forms at right angles to the pressure. But he doesn't show how the pressure forms it. He supposes a series of rents, filled with solid ice.¹ But this would not cause a regularly successive structure at all. There would be small cracks running together into large ones, small solid veins ramifying into large ones. But no successive conditions.

Write me word if you understand about Aiguille, and I'll write to you again at Geneva; but don't leave till you get one more letter from me, only get ready as soon as you can.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

MONASTERY OF ASSISI, 21st June, 1874.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I am writing in my cell, within a few yards—just across the cloister passage—of the door into the lower church, in the angle of the transept, just opposite my newly found treasure of Cimabue.

It may be useful to you in your own work to know what I have—I may already almost say—ascertained about him. That he was a man of personal genius, equal to Tintoret, but with his mind entirely formed by the Gospels and the book of Genesis; his art, as you know, what he could receive from Byzantine masters—and his main disposition, *compassion*.

You will comprehend in a moment what a new subject of investigation this is to me, and the extraordinary range of unexpected interests and reversed ideas which it involves. Giotto is a mere domestic gossip, compared to Cimabue. Fancy the intellect of Phidias with the soul of St. John, and the knowledge of a boy of ten years old, in perspective, light and shade, etc.

He can't by any effort make his Madonna look as if she were sitting in her throne. She is merely standing stumpily. But I am prepared to assert her for the sublimest Mater Dolorosa ever painted, as far as my knowledge extends, in the Italian schools.

¹ [See ch. viii. of Forbes's *Travels through the Alps of Savoy*.]

² [Extracts in Mr. Norton's Introduction to *Ariadne Florentina*, pp. x., xi. No. 142 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 79–82. Part of the letter ("I wrote these two pages . . . fountain at her door") had previously appeared (with the date June 20) in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 379.]

I am going to draw her, and think I can, and you shall have a photograph (I hope a little sketch, also, quickly). But do you suppose my power either of drawing or seeing her, is merely because I have a painter's eye? I must have that, to begin with; but the reason I can *see* her, or draw her (*if* indeed I can), is because I have read, this morning, the ninth of Jeremiah, and understand *that* also. (I beg your pardon for the vulgar underlining.)

I wrote these two pages, and then went to my own work, rewriting or completing my lectures on Botticelli after my work on him in Rome. But it is grey and thunderous, and I can't write, somehow—have been awake since four, and am tired. I walk to the window—there's a lovely little scene down in the valley beneath—steep down—five hundred feet. I see the bed of the brook (Tescio) all but dry; a peasant has brought seven or eight sheep to feed on the shrubs among the stones of it; and his wife or daughter is walking up to their cottage in a white jacket with brown petticoat, carrying an amphora on her head, and with a Greek pitcher in her hand, full (I can see almost into the mouth of the amphora, I look so steeply *down* with my glass upon her).

"Such a picturesque figure, and so classical, and of course you'll sketch her," say my London acquaintances, enchanted at the idea—Charles Norton backing them, too. No, my good acquaintances and one friend, I shall go and explain to her why the bed of the stream is dry, why the sheep have to nibble among the stones of it, and why she has to go down to fill her amphora instead of having a fountain at her door.¹

To THOMAS CARLYLE

ASSISI, June 24th, 1874.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I am so very glad of your letter and Mary's. I did not stop in the daily news because I couldn't go on, but because I was afraid you were away from home and would only find an unreadable mass of dead letters when you came back. Now I can go on again nicely. Your pleasure in the Embankment is a great joy to me;² what else you tell me, of your too quiet time, may well be sad. But it seems to me there are some subjects of thought, connected with your own past work, which such too sorrowful leisure might

¹ ["Here a small hasty sketch of the Sacristan's cell, with which the letter ends."—C. E. N.]

² [The Chelsea Embankment, which must have added greatly to the amenity of Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row, had been opened in 1873.]

nevertheless be grandly spent in. None of your readers, I believe—none even of the most careful—know precisely, in anything *like* practical approximation, what sympathy you have with the faith of Abbot Samson, or St. Adalbert;¹ I don't know myself. To me, the question of their faith is a fearful mystery, but one which I am sure is to be solved;—I mean that we shall either live up to Christianity, or refuse it. But I don't know what your own inner thoughts are of the faith, such as you told me of in your mother, and such as so many noble souls have had in Scotland.

What final sayings you would leave to men on this, now quite near and dreadful, arbitration which England has to make, and which you have left her as yet but with dim assertion upon—surely, this might well occupy many an otherwise valueless hour?

I can't write of myself to-day, being tired. I am so glad of all you give me of encouragement and sympathy. The Oxford movement² was, of course, long since planned by me; but I did not intend to begin it till the close of my drawing work, the wholly ineffectual trouble of which prevented all other energy. But one or two of the men themselves asked me to begin now, so I let them. And truly, I think it will grow. Next October, I go out myself with them: and hope to get other tutors to join. Gradually, I mean to develop a plan for the draining of the Oxford fields, which are under water at present all winter; and—well, enough for to-day.—Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

Best love to Mary.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

ASSISI, SACRISTAN'S CELL, 25th June [1874].

This letter is all upside down, and this first page written last; for I didn't like something I had written about myself last night when I was tired, and have torn it off.

That star you saw beat like a heart must have been the Dogstar. A planet would not have twinkled. Far mightier, he, than any planet; burning with his own planetary host, doubtless, round him; and, on some speckiest of the specks of them, evangelical persons thinking our Sun was made for *them*.

¹ [References to *Past and Present and Friedrich*.]

² [Ruskin's "digging" experiment.]

³ [No. 11 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623).]

Ah, Susie, I do not pass, unthought of, the many sorrows of which you *kindly* tell me, to show me—for I know that is in your heart—how others have suffered also.

But, Susie, *you* expect to see your Margaret again, and you will be happy with her in heaven. I wanted my Rosie *here*. In heaven I mean to go and talk to Pythagoras and Socrates and Valerius Publicola. I shan't care a bit for Rosie there, she needn't think it. What will grey eyes and red cheeks be good for *there*?

These pious sentiments are all written in my Sacristan's cell. . . .

This extract book of yours will be most precious in its help to me, provided it is kept within some what narrow limits. As soon as it is done I mean to have it published in a strong and pretty but *cheap* form, and it must not be too bulky. Consider, therefore, not only what you like, but how far and with whom each bit is likely to find consent, or service. You will have to choose perhaps, after a little while, among what you have already chosen. I mean to leave it *wholly* in your hands; it is to be Susie's choice of my writings.

Don't get into a flurry of responsibility, but don't at once write down all you have a mind to; I know you'll find a good deal! for you are exactly in sympathy with me in all things.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

ASSISI, June 25.

MY DEAREST DR. BROWN,—Please, I want to know this. In bending a sword blade of fine temper, there must be great approximation of the particles on one side, and separation on the other. In a solid cube of the same steel, will an equal relative force compress or expand it in the same proportion?²

I have been made, for life, somewhat uncharitable toward scientific men, by a wretched oculist who made all London believe that Turner's last style was only the result of a form of jaundice.³ “Boo-hoo,” said London and the Royal Institution, “here we have it at last; we always said there was nothing in Turner,—now you see!!!”

¹ [No. 18 (with some additions here made, see below, p. 634) in “Letters from Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 302–303.]

² [Dr. Brown pencilled on the letter the following answer: “In all portions of the *same* steel the amount of compression or distortion is always in the same proportion to the compressing or distorting force, provided it is not laminated or fibrous, in which case the compressibility may be different in different directions.”]

³ [For other references to Dr. Liebrich's theories, see Vol. X. p. 458, Vol. XV. p. 357, Vol. XXXIII. p. 387.]

Another quite conclusive thing to me was Faraday's attitude about Spiritualism. First, that a man professing Christianity should deny spiritual power, and necromancy as one ghastly form of it; secondly, that a man professing philosophy should be unable to distinguish the evidence of nervous persons from that of healthy ones; lastly, that any man of feeling or education should be able to cast aside the entire faith and tradition of the previous world, and never so much as wonder what was to come next. I wish you had seen my Sacristan's eyes flashing with joy and faith to-day as he was describing, as fast as his tongue could move, the way in which good Christians used to be able to fly, or stand in the air, like Dr. What's his name's birds and kites with no string.¹

To THOMAS CARLYLE

ASSISI, SACRISTAN'S CELL, 27th June, '74.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—There is the prettiest portrait of you here, close by me, in the lower church, as the leading Wise King, kissing the feet of Christ. It is by Taddeo Gaddi, not Giotto. Terribly high up—I only can see it through my glass—nobody in general sees anything here, or knows even what they come to see, for the monks added chapels all round, and put in dark painted glass, in the fifteenth century; and the frescoes, ever since, have been absolutely invisible, except on perfectly fine afternoons in June and July. What I wanted to say yesterday² was, more distinctly, this.

You have perfectly shown the value of sincerity in *any* faith moderately concurrent with the laws of nature and humanity. Faith in Allah—or Jupiter—or Christ.

You have also shown the power of living without any faith—in charity and utility—as Friedrich.

And what you say of Friedrich's sorrowful surroundings and impossibilities of believing anything is to me the most precious passage of the whole book³—many though there be—priceless.

But you don't say what you would have Friedrich *be*. You don't say what a Master ought now to teach his pupils to believe, or at least wish them to believe.

¹ [For other conversations with this Sacristan, see *Fors Clavigera*, Vol. XXVIII p. 145.]

² [Rather, three days ago: see the letter of June 24.]

³ [See *Friedrich*, Book xxi. ch. ix.]

And this, remember, is now a quite vital and practical question for me at Oxford.—Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

I don't want you to write about these things to me, but to tell me when I come.

I was so grateful to you for seeing my good bookseller—the enclosed scrap shows what pleasure you gave:—

. . . I thought the best way to determine about Mr. Carlyle's health and whereabouts was to run down to Chelsea and ask after him. He very kindly told his housekeeper to ask me upstairs, and to have exchanged a few words with him will be one of the memories of my life. He is, I am happy to say, very well, and he said that it would not be long before you heard from him.¹ . . .

To Dr. JOHN BROWN²

SACRISTAN'S CELL, ASSISI, 28th June, '74.

DEAREST DR. BROWN,—I never in my life yet heard so good a sermon as the Sacristan has just preached to me, on the text "*la donna è facsimile del Diavolo*." Stating that for a first principle, he branched off into a discourse on devils in general, on St. Michael, on baptism, and the calling of Matthew, as fast as his tongue could fly, and entirely splendid and beautiful in its way, his eyes flashing with eager passion of faith—John Knox never more earnest.

Yesterday I was looking at the piece of the hillside whence St. Francis went up in the chariot of Fire. I'm horribly tormented with Giotto's picture of it, because Giotto used Venetian red with a vegetable blue, for his *grey* monks' dresses; wherever the damp has got through the wall, it eats away the blue, and leaves a brilliant red, so that every now and then his Franciscans look the scarlet whore of Babylon, and his chariot of fire, which is Venetian red also, I had like to have taken for an effect of damp.

You scientific people (I beg your pardon and your brother's) are, to my mind, merely damp in the wall, making one look with suspicion on all chariots of fire. (If only they would be content to make me a vegetable blue that would stand, and a Red that there could be no mistake about.)

I've told Joanie (who was a Miss Agnew and is married to Keats's friend's son, whose father, Keats's own friend, I saw in Rome the other

¹ [Carlyle subsequently visited Mr. Allen at Orpington: see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xcvi.]

² [No. 19 (with some additions, see below, p. 634) of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 303.]

day painting the Marriage of Cana¹) . . . to send you a letter dictated by Carlyle to me (written by his niece); it will interest you, and I write now to ask forgiveness for the bit about the “long-eared race.”

But for one final example of the way I feel about scientific men. Will you please pick up the next pebble you see, round, on Arthur’s Seat, or the first bit of rubbish out of a lapidary’s shop like this [sketch]? Pshaw, it looks like a bird’s nest; one can’t draw an agate in a hurry. See the difference between order and disorder [sketch]; that isn’t much better, but I haven’t time. Well, I *mean any* trap agate with its bit of quartz and hollow in the middle. Ask the wisest *geologist* you know (not a *bone*-ologist) how it was made. He’ll tell you in an amygdaloidal trap.

Yes, very good, but how? When did the stuff it is made of get in? In what state? What makes it banded? When does it begin to crystallize? What throws the quartz inside? He’ll stand with his mouth open. He knows nothing whatever about it. Try him next with a bit of variegated marble, and you’ll produce exactly the same effect. And give him my compliments and tell him the scientific men had infinitely better hold their tongues at present on all subjects (and above all on detonating compounds), and work and think.—Ever your affectionate

J. R.

Please, however, note the respect with which I always speak of science applied to use (as yours of medicine), or to beauty. I forgot *another* of the things that fired my mind. There’s a great French Physiologist’s book with gloriously laboured plates. (The book must be in Edinburgh Library, folio.)² Type of human race, a *Hottentot* woman.) He can’t draw a horse, a dove, or a woman, but draws lice or frogs or monkeys, the most horribly true to the lousiest parts of their nature. This is *French Science*. Compare it with French Art in Chartres Cathedral!

To THOMAS CARLYLE

[ASSISI] 29th June, ’74.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I can’t easily answer your question, what I am doing; it is so mixed;—but, mainly writing a patient and true account of this place,³ the source of so much religious passion throughout Europe, and drawing bits that I think nobody but I can draw

¹ [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 561.]

² [For another reference to this book, by Geoffrey Saint-Hilaire, see Vol. XXII. p. 231. The ugly plates (by De Wailly) of the Hottentot woman are the first and second in vol. i.]

³ [See above, p. 74.]

affectionately enough. I have been at work to-day on Love, Death, and the Devil.¹ The latter is the perfect likeness of an average “practical” Englishman. Giotto has the most intense hatred of that sort of person.

Love is blind—with a string of hearts round his neck—and lovely rose and violet wings. “Penitence” is flogging him and Death out of the way. I hope to let you see something very like it, for my drawing is coming well.—Ever your loving
J. R.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

SACRISTAN’S CELL, ASSISI, *Last day of June* [1874].

DEAREST PAPA,—It is the first pure day of summer here. There is no cloud, and no poison-wind. I think you will like to know the view out of my little windows.

As I sit, the cloudless sky and green-and-gold Apennine;—cornfield with grass—clumps of olive, grey, and dark spots of ilex. If I rise, under the window, the hill falls steeply about 500 feet—clothed with broken wood—near the window, fig and Spanish chestnut—below, ilex—down to the stream bed—the Tescio;—(see Dante’s account of St. Francis in the *Paradiso*. No, I’ve got confused; I see Dante doesn’t name it. “L’acqua,” etc., in Canto xi. is it, I *believe*, but I don’t know Tupino²)—which is all but dry; it runs beneath, *across* the window; but fronting me, comes down to it, winding for a couple of miles, a pretty tributary brook between low thickets, with rich cornfields on each side of it, and, in the whole visible space of country up to the hills, there are countable eleven rough farmsteads or cottages, of which four are near enough to be pretty in the broken outlines and roofs of them (too broken for the good of the owners, or virtue). Beside the brook, five reapers have begun their work in a golden field—the white specks of them gleam changefully in the sunshine. A bird or two is singing a little.

The room has a summer murmur of flies in it* (just a fly or two

* Also the frogs down at the edge of the Tescio are talking loudly every now and then. One can always hear *them*, any distance.

¹ [The allegory of Chastity in the Lower Church of Assisi.]

² [Canto xi. 43–45:—

“Intra Tupino e l’acqua, che discende
Del colle eletto dal beato Ubaldo . . .”

—in the description by St. Thomas Aquinas of the situation of Assisi, which stands between the streams of Tupino (on the E.) and Chiassi (on the W.). They are more distant; the Tescio is the local stream.]

too many, brother Anthony the Sacristan not being careful about washing up), and I'm writing down the measures of this Upper Church—very difficult to get accurately. I've been reading Lamentations iv. and thinking that I'm a precious son of Zion, comparable to fine gold, but I can't make out who "they" is, and who "them" is in the 15th and 16th verses.

Love to Mary always, and kindest regards to Mrs. Warner, and I'm
your loving J. R.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

ASSISI, 7th July, '74.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—It is getting very hot here, and if I had not a cave to work in I should have to come away. But the lower church is always cool. You can imagine it easily as two large chimney-pots cut in half and dovetailed, so forming nave and transepts, only, instead of crossing simply at the same height like that¹ where they cross, the *diagonal* arches are semicircular also, which gives a vault like that lifted in the middle. On the four compartments of this vault, as thus;¹ the pictures which I've mainly got to work on are painted, the figures all sloping together to the points of them.

Then the upper church is built over this lower railway tunnel one like that;¹—and finally the tunnel mouths are stopped up and the cloister and convent added—and there you are,¹ on the top of the hill, like Stirling Castle. I'm writing to-day in the convent lumberroom—the coolest place I can find. Here's my table and chair, look—on enclosed leaf²—and all my books before me. I'm sadly ashamed of writing this so badly, but somehow when I'm thinking I *can't* shape the letters.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

ASSISI, 9th July, 1874.

Your lovely letters are always a comfort to me; and not least when you tell me you are sad. You would be far less in sympathy with me if you were not, and in the "everything right" humour of some, even of some really good and kind persons, whose own matters are to their mind, and who understand by "Providence" the power which particularly takes care of *them*. This favouritism which goes so sweetly and pleasantly down with so many pious people is the chief of all

¹ [See the facsimile of the letter, opposite.]

² [See the other side of the facsimile.]

³ [No. 12 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

Assisi. 7th July. 74

My dearest Papa

It is getting very hot here, and if I had not a case to work in, I should have to come away. But the lower church is always cool. You can imagine it easily as two large chimney pots cut in half and dovetailed to



forming a vault and transept, not instead of crossing with a

same height - like that, where they cross, the diagonal arches are semicircular also, which gives



a vault like that lifted in the middle

- on the four compartments of this vault - as at this



the pictures

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together to the points of them. Then the upper church is built over this lower railway tunnel one



like that and finally the tunnel mouths are stopped up and the cloister and convent added



and there you are on the top of the hill, like Hadley Castle. - In writing today in the convent lumber room the coolest place I can find - Here my table and chair, book - or several leaf, and all my books before me in sad advanced of writing, this so badly, but somehow when I am thinking, I can't shape the letters
Ever your loving. PR.



THE SACRISTAN'S CELL, ASSISI

stumbling-blocks to *me*. I must pray for everybody or nobody, and can't get into any conceptions of relation between Heaven and *me*, if not also between Heaven and earth, (and why Heaven should allow hairs in pens I can't think).

I take great care of myself, be quite sure of that, Susie; the worst of it is, here in Assisi everybody else wants me to take care of them.

Catharine brought me up as a great treat yesterday at dinner, ham dressed with as much garlic as could be stewed into it, and a plate of raw figs, telling me I was to eat them together!

The sun is changing the entire mountains of Assisi into a hot bottle with no flannel round it; but I can't get a ripe plum, peach, or cherry. All the milk turns sour, and one has to eat one's meat at its toughest or the thunder gets into it next day.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

PERUGIA, 17th July [1874].

I am made anxious by your sweet letter of the 6th saying you have been ill and are "not much better." The letter is like all yours; but I suppose, however ill you were, you would always write prettily, so that's little comfort.

About the Narcissus, please, I want them for my fishpond stream rather than for the bee-house one. The fishpond stream is very doleful, and wants to dance with daffodils,² if they would come and teach it.

How happy we are in our native streams! A thunderstorm swelled the Tiber yesterday, and it rolled over its mill weirs in heaps, literally, of tossed water, the size of haycocks, but black-brown like coffee with the grounds in it, mixed with a very little yellow milk. In some lights the foam flew like cast handfuls of heavy gravel.

The chief flowers here are only broom and bindweed, and I begin to weary for my heather and for my Susie; but oh dear! the ways are long and the days few.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

PERUGIA, Sunday, 19th July, '74.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I have your lovely letter, so full of pleasantness for me; chiefly in telling that I give you pleasure by putting you in the place of the poor father who used to be *so* thankful for

¹ [No. 13 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623).]

² [See Wordsworth's poem "I wandered lonely as a cloud."]

his letter,—and content with so little. “If only I would date accurately,” said he—(and he never got me to do it).

What *is* the use of that terrible law of Nature that one knows all that is best to know, too late? But it is a great comfort to me to think that *you* also will be glad to see the postman stop sometimes. Your reading all those pieces that my mother chose is very wonderful and helpful to me. To think she should be able to give some new thoughts even to you!

I will note with extreme fidelity and care all you tell me of Germany and France.

I want mainly to ask you to give my love to Froude when you next see him. I will write some morning letters to him also, now, for the little while before he leaves. I am glad he is going on any mission in which he is interested, and thankful that his words are of weight with Government in any matter.¹ But what Colonial problem can there be, soluble by any formula, until the Home problem has become—I do not say soluble, but even intelligible? When your emigration is nothing but the overboiling of a neglected pot, what sort of problems can one have out of the fat in the fire? Our modes of dealing with the Aborigines may indeed be looked into with advantage. I heard—and have no doubt of the truth of the hearing—from the daughter of the Bp. of Natal, that our treatment of the Caffres had been as cruel as dishonourable, and that the effect of it was now remediless.

I am drawing angels carrying buckets of roses here—with peacocks’ eyes in their wings.² Absolutely alone with them in the gallery to-day, till they seemed real. But to think that only one monk, out of the hosts, should have been able to draw such!—and now that they’re drawn, I don’t know anybody who really cares for them but myself. Love to Mary, and thanks for her pretty writing.—Ever, my dearest Papa, your affecte.

J. RUSKIN.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

FLORENCE, 26th July, '74.

DEAREST PAPA,—This is only to say where I am—or where the shell of me is, for the kernel is nowhere; got all black and damp like a bad walnut with biliousness, and sulkiness—the two reacting

¹ [Froude was to visit South Africa, at the instance of Lord Carnarvon (Colonial Secretary), in the hope of forwarding that Minister’s scheme of Federation.]

² [The “Madonna of Perugia” by Fra Angelico; Ruskin’s studies were at one time at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. p. 202 (No. 109). One of them was No. 190 in the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston, 1900, and No. 71 at Bond Street, 1907.]

on each other wonderfully when I find twelfth-century churches being knocked down to build barracks and billiard-rooms, which is the course of improvement here and elsewhere.

There's nobody in Florence and only one room in the inn, not under "restoration." That room is twelve of my paces by thirteen and a half—my pace being about a yard; it has three tall windows, and six tall doors. Over every door is a chandelier with five candles in it, and in the middle of the ceiling a chandelier with sixty-two candles in it—at least I count thirty-one on this side as I sit; the furniture is scarlet and gold, the paper green and gold; the doors all double-folding, hidden by crimson curtains; a landscape, good enough to sell to an American for a Salvator, hangs opposite the windows, and the marble chimneypiece is finely sculptured with vine leaves and a nymph going to sacrifice a goat.

The general sense of being in one of the deepest holes of Dante's *Inferno* which this room produces on me, after my cell at Assisi, is very unpleasant this Sunday morning. And so that's where I am, and what I am; and now I must stop, for I'm behind hand with my letter to the landlords,¹ and it's about the right room to get on with it in. Love to Mary.—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

I've been reading Froude's *Calvinism—State and Subject—Colonies—Progress*,² carefully this last week. What a trick he has of knowing everything and then polishing himself off to nothing!

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

LUCCA, 29th July [1874].

I'm not going to be devoured when I come, by anybody, unless *you* like to. I shall come to your window with the birds, to be fed myself.

And please at present always complain to me whenever you like. It is the over boisterous cheerfulness of common people that hurts me; your sadness is a help to me.

You shall have whatever name you like for your book, provided you continue to like it after thinking over it long enough. You will not like *Gleanings*, because you know one only gleans refuse—dropped ears—that other people don't care for. *You* go into the garden and gather with choice the flowers you like best. That is not "gleaning."

¹ [*Fors*, Letter 45 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 145).]

² ["Calvinism," "Reciprocal Duties of State and Subject," "On Progress," and "The Colonies Once More": in the second series of *Short Studies on Great Subjects*.]

³ [No. 14 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

To THOMAS CARLYLE

LUCCA, 5th Aug., '74.

DEAREST PAPA,—I was out among the vines and maize last night, across the Serchio, now only a mountain stream, running among long banks of shingle, and *almost* clear; but with no voice like Tweed or Twizell. I shut my eyes and listened, to find if by any imagination, or honest defiance of imagination, I could fancy myself listening to Tweed at Melrose. But no—utterly shallow and empty—the Italian stream, in voice, as an Italian opera song to the fullest of Burns, in thought. The reasons were clear enough, on looking. The shingle was as wide as Tweed's, but was of dull limestone instead of ringing quartz—and for twenty *round* pebbles, lay one square stone. The water flowed past, silently, instead of tinkling *through*. In the second place, there were no deep-cut channels through enduring rock, to give gush and hollow tone—the bass to the pebble-treble. Nothing but waste of stone and sand—the signs of the folly and misery which left the river to overflow the plain in winter.

I went on, through winding lanes between maize and vine, sunset turning into little nimbuses the bunches of white filaments at the ends of the ear of maize—the peasants at work, of old Etruscan feature, bidding me good evening rightly and quietly. At last, at the turn of a path, I met a pretty dark-eyed boy of eleven or twelve years old. He knelt down in front of me quickly, silently, like a dog ordered to do so, on both knees, holding out his cap. There was no servility in the action, any more than would be in the dog's—great beauty in it, and in the entirely quiet face, not beseeching, but submitting its cause to you. I never saw such a thing before. The real root of it is in Etruscan religion, and the Ghibelline training of the old town, in Castruccio's time, and before. But, if Castruccio had seen it! in the fields of his own Lucca, as he went out on his triumphal march at Rome!¹—Ever your loving
J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

LUCCA, 10th August, '74.

I have been grieved not to write to you; but the number of things that vex me are so great just now, that, unless by false effort, I could write you nothing nice. It is very dreadful to live in Italy, and more

¹ [For Ruskin's numerous references to Castruccio Castracani (1283–1328), who accompanied the Emperor Louis V. to Rome, see the General Index.]

² [No. 15 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623).]



J. Ruskin

Yale & Crompton, So.

A Vineyard Walk at Lucca

(1874)

dreadful to see one's England and one's English friends, all but a field or two, and a stream or two, and a one Susie and one Dr. Brown, fast becoming like Italy and the Italians. . . .

I have *too much* sympathy with your sorrow to write to you of it.¹ What I have not sympathy with, is your hope; and how cruel it is to say this! But I am driven more and more to think there is to be no more good for a time, but a Reign of Terror, of men and the elements alike; and yet it is so like what is foretold before the coming of the Son of Man that perhaps, in the extremest evil of it, I may some day read the sign that our redemption draws nigh.²

Now, Susie, invent a nice cluster of titles for the book and send them, for me to choose from, to Hotel de l'Arno, Florence. I must get that out before the Day of Judgment, if I can. I'm so glad of your sweet flatteries in this note received to-day.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

LUCCA, 12th August, 1874.

Art. I.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—This "Art. I." was to be the beginning of an art-grammar for a young Italian who besought me at Assisi to teach him something.⁴ In endeavouring to do which, I have taught him a little, but myself much.

Art. I. is to be, in such Italian as I can manage: "Every light is shade to higher lights; and every shade is light to lower shades,"—from the Sun to Night, which alone are Light and Shade absolute.

Art. II. Every colour has its own proper darkness; that is to say, as soon as it can be distinguished from darkness, it is distinguished also from other colours. Therefore, you must not shade any colour with grey, for red darkened with grey is not dark red, but a condition of purple; and blue darkened with grey is not dark blue, but a debased blue; and yellow darkened with grey is not dark yellow, but a condition of green. Therefore, the shade of every colour must be the darkness of itself. Normally, it is the shade of a hollow removed from the influence of reflection in a surface of that colour. A deep fold in red velvet is proper dark red; and a deep fold in yellow velvet, proper dark yellow.

¹ [See above, p. 96.]

² [See Luke xxi. 28.]

³ [No. 143 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 82–84.]

⁴ [With "articles" I. and II., compare the Aphorisms (viii., ix.) in *Laws of Fésolle*, Vol. XV. p. 361.]

Article three is to define red, blue, and yellow, and I am in a fix about dark yellow, or proper brown; which is dreadfully optical and puzzling.

I have your letter in answer to Assisi. My dearest Charles, I never meant to accuse you of not considering the poor,¹ or of ill-management of your own life. It has been an incomparably wiser one than mine. But you are like Henry Morton remonstrating with Habakkuk Mucklewrath, or Pleydell pacifying Dandie—or as Lucy Bertram to Meg Merrillies.²

I can't write more to-day. Write—Hôtel de l'Arno, Florence. I'm there for a month yet.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

LUCCA, 12th August.

DEAREST CHARLES,—I sent you a scrawl this morning, thinking it might amuse you a little, and before going to bed must answer about Cimabue.

Giotto is not dethroned—at least, not diminished—in his own real place, which is of human passion. In mystic and majestic thought, Cimabue leads wholly, and the Byzantines generally. Giotto and Taddeo Gaddi are loving realists of little things. The finest thing of Giotto's in Assisi is not the "Poverty" or "Chastity," but a little group of people in the street, looking at a boy who has just been restored to life, after falling out of a three pair of stairs' window.⁴ The Christ, St. Francis, and Charity, are all three total failures in the great Poverty Fresco; and in the Charity, she herself and Fortitude are quite valueless; while Obedience in the opposite one is monstrous. But the sweetness of a monk reading on the grass while St. Francis receives the stigmata,⁵ and the sudden passion of a woman clasping her hands and thanking God for the boy brought to life, are more pure and exquisite than anything of the subsequent schools.

I find the Spanish Chapel of boundlessly more importance than I

¹ [See above, p. 112.]

² [See *Old Mortality*, ch. 22; *Guy Mannering*, ch. 36, and *passim*.]

³ [No. 144 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 84–86. Part of the letter ("Giotto is not dethroned . . . the subsequent schools") had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 379. Extracts also given in Mr. Norton's Preface to *Ariadne Florentina*, pp. xi., xii., where the reading "rank and place" occurs for "real place" in Mr. Norton's other versions of the letter.]

⁴ [For this fresco, see Vol. XXIII. p. 477.]

⁵ [In the 19th of the series of frescoes of the Life of St. Francis in the Upper Church.]

had imagined. I'm staying a month longer in Italy for this alone, hoping to draw Astronomy and Logic. I think the daring and divine heresy of Zoroaster under Astronomy—enclosed scrawl may remind you¹—quite exquisite; I can't make out whose they are, though. Not Gaddi nor the man called Simon Memmi at Assisi.²

By the way, Geography's globe *was* divided thus, and is thus. . . .³ Here's rather a pretty bit I wrote this morning about the Music: "Under her sits Tubal-Cain, striking on his anvil with two hammers. But he forges nothing. He looks up into the air and listens. And the sounds of the sheep bell on the mountains, of the chime and call and lament on the tower, of clashed cymbal, thunderous organ, farthrilling trumpet—these he forges in thought, from the beginning of the world to its Judgment."⁴

Of course this assumes that Memmi mixes him up with Jubal—on Giotto's tower they are separate. But it is curious that at Perugia, the other day, I heard the only bit of fine choral singing I *ever* heard given in a free-hearted way in Italy—out of a smithy, timed to the hammers—"harmonious blacksmith" to purpose, but very different from Handel's; this was a really grand, show chant.—Ever your loving
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁵

LUCCA, *Feast of the Assumption* [August 15].

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I am writing my account of Giotto's "Poverty," for you, and for others who care for it—and was getting into some feeling and power with it, when I was entirely stopped and paralyzed by a steam whistle at the railway, sent clear through intensely calm and watery air at intervals of about a quarter of a minute for the last quarter of an hour—a sharp, intense, momentary explosive whistle, like a mocking Devil playing the "Lucca trumpet"⁶ in a high key—the most torturing and base thing that in all my St.

¹ [Not here reproduced from *Norton*, as Ruskin's Oxford study of the subject has already been given: Vol. XXIII. Plate XXXVIII. (p. 396).]

² [Further study led Ruskin, however, to attribute the paintings in the Spanish Chapel to the author of some of those attributed to Simon Memmi (Martini) at Assisi: see Vol. XXIII. pp. 371, 455.]

³ [Here a sketch showing the globe divided originally into Asia, Africa, and Europe, now into Asia, America, and Europe.]

⁴ [See *Morning in Florence*, Vol. XXIII. pp. 393, 394, where, however, Ruskin, on finding that the artist did not confuse Tubal-Cain and Jubal, does not use the present passage.]

⁵ [No. 145 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 86–88.]

⁶ [Mr. Norton does not explain the allusion; possibly it is to the "brazen trumpet" used by Bishop Anselm of Lucca on an historic occasion (see Milman's *Latin Christianity*, book vi. chap. iii.).]

Anthony times has happened to me. It comes every morning at my best worktime, and at midnight—it is a luggage train which can't make up its mind to anything, and whistles at every new idea that strikes it.

If you can *read Fors*,—which I don't believe you do,—look at the bit I am writing—it will be the end of the “Squires” *Fors*, for September. I stopped to write this to you at the words, “Charity is crowned with white roses, which burst as they open into flames of fire.”¹ And the whistle of the Lucca devil is going on *all this time*.

I meant to have written to you at any rate, to say that I can't think what I wrote to put you on the self-defensive, to that extent, in this last letter.² My dearest Charles, I never said that you ought to live, or think, otherwise than you do; I am only pained because you think *I* ought. I wish you enjoyed *Fors*, and looked for it, and saw something more in it than a “monthly letter.” I wish also you knew a little more the change there is upon me—unfitting for any other work—fitting me, I think, very definitely for this. . . . Don't you see that one *must* feel “grim” to the full extent of *Fors*; and it's of no use to say one oughtn't or that that “isn't the right method”?—Ever your loving
J. R.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

LUCCA, 16th Aug., '74.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I only got your lovely letter of 30th July this moment at breakfast, having been kept here by unlooked-for difficulties in work, and *delights* in neighbourhood.

I underline that word because I want you to be assured I don't write to you in mere *bilious* misery—I've plenty of that, and know it well. But I never allow it to alter my thoughts of things. I was wretched in that Florence room,³ because I knew it to be English Nidification in Florence, and the Sum of English Influence there. And that it was pure Hell fire—in the midst of what I have here, every evening;—a country of marble rocks—of grass terraces—of olive groves —of chestnut shades—of purple hills, and skies of softest light, under which *still* dwell a people who labour, and pray. You like the “David” because—it is the only piece of true Tuscan sculpture you have been able to see. Its colossal size rescues it from the Kensington lumber⁴—

¹ [See Letter 45, § 18 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 164).]

² [See above, pp. 112, 128.]

³ [See the Letter of July 26, above, p. 125.]

⁴ [A copy of Michael Angelo's “David” in the South Kensington Museum.]

you cannot see any other piece of Florence work, but in its place. I am at work here on the statue carved in the olden times, "Lady Gladness" (Ilaria) of Caretto; it lies on her tomb quite open, at the cathedral wall, as if she had been carried in and laid there while they sang the burial service. Thirty years ago, a modern Radical—one of the school of that Florence drawing-room—put his hat on the face of it as he was talking to me, thinking it would answer handily to keep said hat from the dust.¹

As I was working there, last week, two of the Lucca country-women came in, and stopped at it suddenly; then knelt down, and kissed the hem of its robe. "Yes, she deserves your kiss," I said. They opened their great black eyes wide, half frightened, like wild pretty animals. "Che santo è?" said the bravest of them, at last.

These are the people whom Froude is leaving to be crushed to death—to breed Englishmen on black pepper.² (He had better give them gunpowder at once, for permanent diet, and then set them to—fire eating.) And you, Papa, preaching *patience* to me!

. . . I happen, by For's care, to have under my hand two leaves of an old lecture,³ cancelled and kept to be worked up farther—perhaps Mary won't mind looking over the second before reading it to you. I don't, so she must. Mind it is "sighting," not "fighting."

¹ [Compare Vol. XXIII. p. 233, where, therefore, "two" should have been "thirty" (*i.e.*, in 1845).]

² [A general allusion to Froude's colonial enthusiasms.]

³ [These are as follow:—" . . . thought as the sense of proportion determines its placing of form. To give you a simple instance: Michael Angelo's well-known statue of David represents him watching the approach of Goliath—and without failure of resolution, slightly hesitating and at pause,—his hand on the sling,—but his attitude uncertain;—his enemy is drawing near, but it is not time for him yet to take aim; and as you look at him, you do not think of the action of slinging, but of the entire personality of David as a youth under Divine inspiration, the Champion of the armies of God opposed to the Champion of the armies of the Heathen. That is the longest and deepest view you can have of the contest—that is essentially the Sculptor's view of it. The taste, discipline, and skill of the Sculptor as such will be shown by his leading you, through every line of body and drapery, to that inmost thought; and by his refusing every accessory which could interfere with it. Among sculpture lately exhibited by one of our rising schools, I saw a somewhat clever study of David imagined at this same moment by I suppose a young student—at all events an inexperienced one—and catalogued under the title of 'David *sighting* Goliath.' The youth's mind being probably fuller of rifle practice than of his art, he would not regard the contest otherwise than as a momentary question of handling the thong and pebble—all that he thought of, and desired the spectator to think of, was, 'Will he hit him?' Now, that is essentially an *unsculpturesque* view of the matter; but it would not be of the least use to give the young volunteer a lecture on principles of sculpture, or tell him that he should study Michael Angelo's statue and endeavour to imitate that. In his heart, he cannot but at present think, whatever we say to him, that Michael Angelo's statue is entirely dull and stupid."]

To THOMAS CARLYLE

LUCCA, 17th Aug., Morning.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I've just been reading the prayer of Judith (Judith ix.). (If Froude is with you still, tell him I do so wish he'd stop from his Missionary business, and write a *Philistine's* history of Delilah.) But how glorious those 8th and 9th chapters are!

It is no wonder you disbelieve in Art, papa. Of the history of John the baptist, and of Judith, the practical sum and substance, to the British and other public, is two pretty girls carrying two bloody heads, which is what the Painters and Sculptors as a Body have seen, in these matters, with the utmost of eyes they had—the Italy-French schools giving further flavour to the apocryphal story by scornfully sniffing at Judith's report of the way she passed the night.¹

Yesterday was the loveliest day I have seen in Italy this year. I was up after dinner 1500 feet on the hills of the south, in a little stubble field, hedged with sweet chestnut and wild bay; the field itself terraced out of the steep hillside in banks about four feet high, which lay, like aline of steep bastions, green, successive, fragrant, with all manner of herbs, relieved against the blue mountains of Carrara, twenty miles away.

Have you ever noticed how steady I am to my purpose of terracing the Apennines like this—everywhere on their soft ground, and catching all the rain? The spear into the sickle—the Bastion, into blanks like this [rough sketch]. But I scarcely hoped to see it with my own eyes.

I must get to my work.—Ever your loving
FILIUS.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

LUCCA, 18th August, 1874.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—As soon as you get the illustrated *Val d'Arno* you will be interested by the plate of Niccolo's Madonna,³ and some others; I hope also by the distinction between "Greeks and Greeks"⁴ of the Baptistery font.

¹ [See Judith xiii. Compare what Ruskin says in Vol. XXIX. p. 187 of "the heroic treachery of Judith."]

² [Partly ("As soon as you get . . . The race has held its own to this day," "I have here . . . stone or two at it," "[Niccolo's] great points . . . as it falls," and "With those pincers . . . and mean") printed in Professor Norton's Introduction (p. x.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Val d'Arno*, 1891 (where, however, the date of the letter is given as "August 15"). No. 146 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 88–91.]

³ ["The Pisan Latona," Plate II. in *Val d'Arno* (Vol. XXIII. p. 11).]

⁴ [See §§ 12, 13 of *Val d'Arno*; Vol. XXIII. p. 17.]

I've found it all out now. The effete Greek of St. John Lateran is real Byzantine—polluted at Rome to its death.

The Font of Pisa is native Etruscan. So is that of Pistoja. So are the masons of Como, who formed the Free masons. The race has held its own to this day; one of them drove me last night, with the same black eyes that are inlaid on the Font of Pisa,¹—the same sharp, ridged nose, a breast like a Hercules,—and he drove (and drives every evening if I would let him) like Auriga, before he died for his kiss.² The infallible mark of the race and style in the sculpture is straight hair carved in ridges like a ploughed field.

I have here, side by side in the porch of the Duomo, Niccolo Pisano's first (known) sculpture (the Deposition) and an Etruscan reaper (June), with his straight hair and inlaid black eyes. He and February are the only ones who have their heads left, for modern Italy, taught by America, considers it "the thing" to knock off heads, and the schoolboys rarely pass the porch without throwing a stone or two at it. (The *great* thing to do is to knock off the nose; but that is not always possible when the sculpture is high up.)

Niccolo has the bossy hair of the Greek Jupiter for everybody, and his great points in the Deposition are pulling out the nails with the pincers, and supporting the weight of the body as it falls.³ You will see in a moment how much follows from this, the Etruscan never losing his contemplative religious habit, and caring nothing whatever about Weight going down, but only about Spirit going up, while, on the other hand, Niccolo, with those pincers pulling the nail out, laid hold of the entire scheme of material and naturalistic art, good and bad; and with the arm of Joseph of Arimathea, catching the (*dead*) body of Christ, embraced Michael Angelo and Rubens and all that they are, and mean.

My Etruscan drives me every evening to a valley which is entered through a glade of Spanish chestnuts, like that in the Cephalus and Procris;⁴ then the path goes over and under rocks of the hardest marble I ever struck, into groves of olive, which go up and up the hillside, for which the Pisans can't see Lucca,⁵ but from which, on

¹ [See Ruskin's study, Plate XXXVII. in Vol. XXI. (p. 147).]

² [For a reference to the story, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 24, § 3 (Vol. XXVII. p. 418).]

³ [See *Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, § 52 (Vol. XXIII. p. 226 and Plate XVIII.).]

⁴ [For this plate in *Liber Studiorum*, see Vol. XXII. Plate XV. (pp. 66–7).]

[square]⁵ ["—al monte

[quote]Per che i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno."

Inferno, xxxiii. 30: compare Vol. V. p. 308, and Vol. XXI. p. 268.]

this side of them, I see as I climb, the Carrara mountains in their purple, and Lucca lying like a crown of gold on the Etruscan plain.—Ever your loving
J. R.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

LUCCA, 19th Augt., '74.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—Yesterday morning I was climbing among the ravines of marbles to the south; and came on a cottage like a Highland one—for roughness of look—only the mountain path winding round beneath it, went under a roof of vines trellised from its eaves, and opened, before it entered the darkness of green leaves, into a golden threshing floor—the real “area” of the Latins. That so few people past that the people could make their threshing floor of the path, was the first deep prettiness of it. Then, they *had* been threshing and winnowing—the little level field was soft with chaff. The marble rocks, bright grey, came down steep into it, as at Loch Katrine the rocks into the water—below, on the other side, the hill went down steep to the blue plain of Lucca, itself (the hillside) one grove of olive, but, as I saw, without fruit, or nearly so.

I crossed the threshing floor, and met the peasant under his vines, looking pale and worn—the Lucchese “Good even, Signoria,” given with more than usual gentleness. I said to him what I thought of his happy place, as well as I could. Yes, he said, but it was a “very dry” country. “The olives had no fruit this year—see—the berries had all fallen, withered for want of rain.”—For want of *water*, yes, I said—why don’t you catch it on the hillside, before it runs to the Serchio and the sea? In short, I found him able to hear, and think. He was actually building a cistern behind his house to catch the rain. “From the *roof!*” (And the Roof from which he ought to receive it rose above him—1500 feet of pure marble!) I had a long talk; I examined the place; and though I’ve to go to Florence to-day to hunt down St. Dominic, if I don’t come back to do a little bit of engineering beside that man’s threshing floor, it will be—not my fault, God willing. . . .

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

FLORENCE, 21st August, 1874.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—My discovery of this native Etruscan element has so beautifully cleared and composed my scheme given in

¹ [This letter was first printed (with a few curtailments) in Professor Norton’s Introduction (pp. xi., xii.) to the American “Brantwood” edition of *Val d’Arno*, 1891. No. 147 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 91–93.]

2nd *Ariadne*¹ that I can't help—partly in exultation, and partly because I think you'll like it—stopping in my sketching out notes for next October's lectures on Arnolfo and Brunellesco, to give you the form they have taken.²

School of 1200.

Chartres Cathedral —North.

Monreale —South.

Font of Pisa. (Etruscan)—Centralized.

Still all in a certain sense savage and Pagan. Broken in upon by Niccolo Pisano.

Then the Three Great Successive Christian Schools:

A. Arnolfo's and Dante's. *Christian or Pure Gothic*. Type—St. Paul's tomb under the twelfth-century form of basilica. The Gothic School is entirely Faithful and imaginative.

B. Brunellesco's. *Christian or Pure Classic*. The Classic School, nobly naturalist—beginning to try its faith and rule level lines.

C. Perugino's. *Christian or Pure Romantic*. Horatius Cocles—Cincinnatus—St. Michael—Madonna—all seen through Christian Iris of colour.

Luini, Bellini, Botticelli.

(When I send you a photograph of my Zipporah (she's really come nicely) it will explain to anybody with eyes; of course you'll see it (I mean how pat and pretty it comes) without wanting Zipporah.)

Then—chivalry expiring—we get surgery and optics—Michael Angelo and Leonardo. . . .

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

FLORENCE, 23rd August, 1874.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I'm in the Hôtel d'Arno, itself a palace once, opposite (street only 10 feet wide) one of the grandest of the old towers, with a mason's shop in the bottom of it. . . .

But that is not the point; I've just done such a lovely bit—to my own fancy—of notes for lectures on Contemplative and Dramatic,⁴

¹ [See Vol. XXII. p. 330.]

² [The lectures on *The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Florence*, first printed in this edition (Vol. XXIII. pp. 179 *seq.*)]

³ [No. 148 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 93–95.]

⁴ [The passage, given in the above-mentioned lectures (see Vol. XXIII. p. 205), was printed in *Mornings in Florence* (*ibid.*, p. 326).]

that I must just scratch it over the Atlantic to you. You see, Lord Lindsay always talks of Contemplative and Dramatic, without observing that the nobleness of each school is in *what* you Contemplate and *what* you do. You Contemplate a “Lemon Peel and Pigs,” if you’re a Dutchman, and a Maestà of Cimabue, if you’re an Etruscan. You have for Drama—at present in Naples—a policeman catching two parties who are chopping up a child. Or you have—of old in Pisa—The Last Judgment.

But of all the loveliest bits of acutely piquant drama of the loveliest sort, I think the one in the Spanish Chapel beats. We have our modern dramas of Court introduction, “The Queen receiving the Princess Alexandrina, or Russymutchka, or whatever she may be; His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales receiving the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, etc., etc.” But of all piquant Introductions, here’s the *acutest*—“Eve introduced to Christ, with the Devil looking on.”¹

Simon has done it, oh, so prettily!—Ever your loving

J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

FLORENCE, 25th August [1874].

I have not been able to write to you, or any one lately, whom I don’t want to tease, except Dr. Brown, whom I write to for counsel. My time is passed in a fierce, steady struggle to save all I can every day, as a fireman from a smouldering ruin, of history or aspect. To-day, for instance, I’ve been just in time to ascertain the form of the crown of the Emperor, representing the power of the State in the greatest *political* fresco of old times³—fourteenth century. By next year, it may be next month, it will have dropped from the wall with the vibration of the railway outside, and be touched up with new gilding for the mob.

I am keeping well, but am in a terrible spell (literally, “spell,” enchanted maze, that I can’t get out of) of work.

I *was* a little scandalized at the idea of your calling the book “word painting.” My dearest Susie, it is the chief provocation of my life to be called a “word painter” instead of a thinker.⁴ I hope you haven’t filled your book with descriptions. I thought it was the thoughts you were looking for?

¹ [See Vol. XXIII. p. 375.]

² [No. 16 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 623).]

³ [“The Visible Church,” Plate XXXIX. in Vol. XXIII. (p. 437). For Ruskin’s study of the Emperor, see *ibid.*, Plate XL. (p. 438).]

⁴ [Compare Vol. XXII. p. 302.]

"Posie" would be pretty. If you ask Joanie she will tell you perhaps *too* pretty for *me*, and I can't think a bit to-night, for instead of robins singing I hear only blaspheming gamesters on the other side of the narrow street.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

FLORENCE, 26th August, 1874.

DEAREST CHARLES,—I am not without hope of a change in your thoughts about *Fors* and all my work, as you read the concluding letters of this year, especially one I've been writing to-day,² after returning last night from the Badia of Fésolo, which I thankfully found uninjured—*wholly* uninjured in adjunct and fact, and with only one sign of modern Florentine life on it—a pencil scrawl on one of the pieces of its white inlaid marble, of which I will tell you another day;³ to-day I only want to say that it must have seemed to you I had only half read your letter by not asking you to send the St. Buonaventura life.⁴ Please do, to Oxford when I get there this October; this morning I inquired for those you tell me of,—the *Fioretti* and Fra Jacopone,⁵ and quoted the "utile e humile e pretiosa e casta," appropriately watching the people getting up on the other side of Arno and throwing their slops out of window with great crashes into the river, occasional drifts of spray in the descent—as of the Staubbach—into their neighbours' windows—occurring under the sublime influences of a thunderous and fitful wind.

"And the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."⁶

Cimabue's "Creation" at Assisi is the sum and substance of all others.⁷ God the Father in a circle of closely set, crowded, infusorial Angels; beneath them the Dove—beautifully drawn—in profile, not [a slight sketch], but [another sketch] (Goodness—that I can't draw it!); then Christ descending in the form of Man; and the waters below

¹ [No. 149 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 95–98.]

² [Letter 46 (dated "Florence, 28th August"): Vol. XXVIII. p. 169.]

³ [The inlaid marble in question is reproduced on Plate LXI. and described on p. 266 of Vol. XXI.]

⁴ [*The Life of St. Francis*, by St. Buonaventura. "Fra Jacopone" means the *Cantici* and *Poesie Spirituali* of Giacopone de' Benedetti.]

⁵ [Ruskin refers in *Præterita* to Mr. Norton introducing him to the *Fioretti* of St. Francis (Vol. XXXV. p. 523).]

⁶ [See Genesis i. 2.]

⁷ [Compare *The Schools of Art in Florence*, § 29 (Vol. XXIII. p. 206).]

beginning to take order under them; and the successive events then all crowded below.

I am more and more crushed every day under the stupendous power of Botticelli. But he is always—even at his grandest—a rapturous dreamer, or thoughtful, disciplined, practical reformer, while Cimabue lives in the solemn presence of the Maestà of God and the Virgin—the last of the great Greeks. But Botticelli—there are no words for his imagination, solemnity of purpose, artistic rapture, in all divinely artistic things; mightier in chiaroscuro than Correggio, brighter in jewellery than Angelico; abundant like Tintoret, and intent on completion like Leonardo—I never saw or thought such things possible till I went into the Academy delle Belle Arti this last time.¹—Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

P. S.—That dove's wrong, after all. Cimabue's wings go *up* [sketch]. I confuse things now in a day, if I don't put them down instantly.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

FLORENCE, 1st September, [1874].

Don't be in despair about your book. I am sure it will be lovely. I'll see to it the moment I get home, but I've got into an entirely unexpected piece of business here: the interpretation of a large chapel³ full of misunderstood, or not at all understood, frescoes; and I'm terribly afraid of breaking down, so much drawing has to be done at the same time. It has standard botany and everything.

I was kept awake half of last night by drunken blackguards howling on the bridge of the Holy Trinity in the pure half-moon light. This is the kind of discord I have to bear, corresponding to your uncongenial company. But, alas! Susie, you ought at ten years old to have more firmness, and to resolve that you won't be bored. I think I shall try to enforce it on you as a very solemn duty not to *lie* to people as the vulgar public do. If they bore you, say so, and they'll go away. That is the right state of things.

How am I to know that *I* don't bore you, when *I* come, when you're so civil to people you hate?

¹ [Compare, again, *The Schools of Art*, Vol. XXIII. pp. 265–279.]

² [No. 17 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

³ [The Spanish Chapel at S. Maria Novella: see Vol. XXIII.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

FLORENCE, 7th September, 1874.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I'm writing "A Walk in Florence," for the English Respectable Tourist!—explaining to him Giotto's frescoes of St. Francis in Sta. Croce, and the Gospel of Works; and Simon Memmi's frescoes of St. Dominic and the Gospel of Faith. And I'm very much pleased with my own bit of work as it's coming; only I've so much drawing to do. I'm drawing Astronomy, and Music, and Logic, and Grammar—telling little Florentine boys and girls to enter in at the straight gate² (which really is too straight to be comfortable, as well as Grammar's own stays),—and the Emperor, and the King, and Botticelli's Spring's ankle among the daisies; and I've enough to do.

But in my account of the Gospel of Faith, I'm going to quote Lowell's St. Ambrose, but with the proper contrary of John Bunyan's *Presumption's* "Every vat must stand on its own bottom,"³ and I'm going to finish with this: "At least, you must be sure that you *are* a vase of crystal being filled by an angel with water of life, and not a gobbling little fish wagging your tail in a drain."⁴

I've had such a time of it with Donatello and Luca and all the unfinished M. Angelos to-day in the National Museum.—Ever your loving
J. R.

¹ [No. 150 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 98–99. Ultimately the book became *Mornings in Florence*. Giotto's frescoes and those attributed to Memmi were duly explained, but the references to Lowell and Bunyan were not introduced.]

² [The title of ch. v. in *Mornings in Florence*.]

³ [*Simple* said, 'I see no danger'; *Sloth* said, 'Yet a little more sleep'; and *Presumption*, 'Every Fat must stand upon his own bottom'"] (*The Pilgrim's Progress*, part i.)]

⁴ [The vase of crystal, etc., refers to Lowell's poem. The Saint meets a young man who will not accept the faith:—

"The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near,
Saying, 'Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here!
Six vases of crystal then he took,
And set them along the edge of the brook.
'As into these vessels the water I pour,
There shall one hold less, another more,
And the water unchanged, in every case,
Shall put on the figure of the vase;
O thou, who wouldst unity make through strife,
Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life?'
When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone,
The youth and the stream and the vases were gone;
But he knew, by a sense of humbled grace,
He had talked with an angel face to face."]

To DAWTREY DREWITT¹

FLORENCE, 12 *Sept.* [1874].

MY DEAR DREWITT,—I got your happy letter to-day, but am a little provoked with you for talking nonsense about Darwinism, even in play. Of course you might just as well say that grass was green because the cows selected the flowers, or that moths were brown because sparrows catch the conspicuous ones. Nature shows and conceals exactly as she choose. It is true that *we* have only sparrows because we shoot the kingfishers; but God makes gentians gay and lichens grave as it pleases Him, and by no other law, no other reason. Do you suppose a gnat escapes a trout because it is grey, and that dragon-flies are blue because salmon like red ones—if they do!

Also, I hope you will soon see that modern political economy is not a bore merely, but a lie, and one which it will be incumbent upon you to detect and proclaim.

Thanks for the pretty chequer wings.² They are not the least like a tree trunk, but like a Giotto background.

Those white-billed choughs must have been jolly. I thought I might see some Harpies and Attic owls in Sicily—but nothing but cocks and hens that I am aware of. I shall be at Oxford in October, and you must come and be the first Doctor in the digging squad.—Ever your aff.
J. RUSKIN.

So many thanks for stuffing the swallow like my boat.³ Your drawing of the sails is admirable. I am glad I haven't printed the chough lecture yet.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

FLORENCE, 16th *September*, '74.

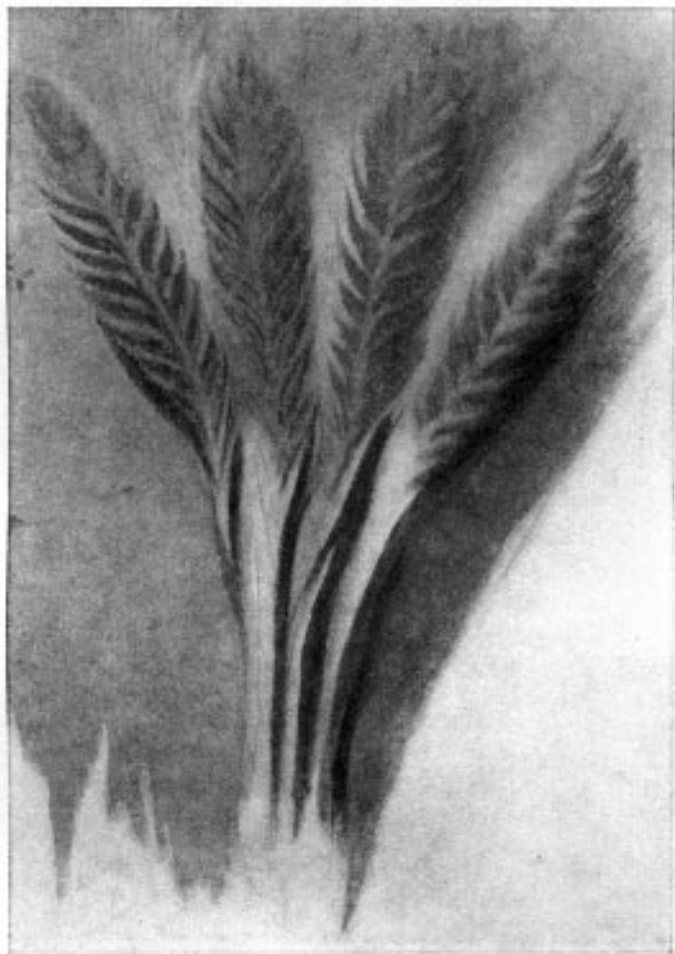
MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I've been writing myself sick, not with fatigue, but interest, in describing the frescoes of Spanish Chapel this morning, and must be off to my work on them in a quarter of an hour, but I have your letter and its scented herb,—very grateful to me,—and the writing is for three cheap Walks or Mornings in

¹ [For Dr. Drewitt, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 424; Vol. XXIV. p. xxvi.; and General Index.]

² [Of a wryneck. The white-billed choughs had been seen in Switzerland.]

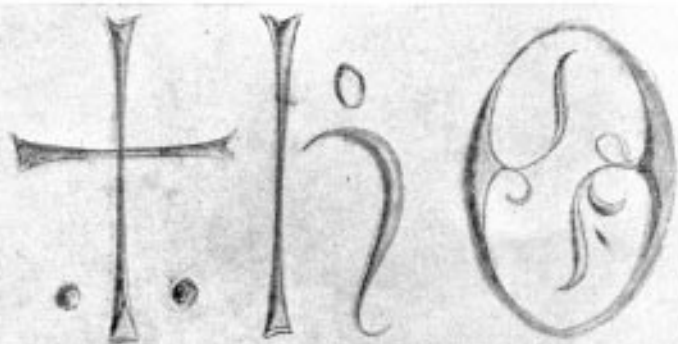
³ [See *Love's Meinie*, Vol. XXV. p. 61. The lecture on The Chough is printed for the first time in this edition: *ibid.*, pp. 152 *seq.*]

⁴ [No. 151 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 99–101.]

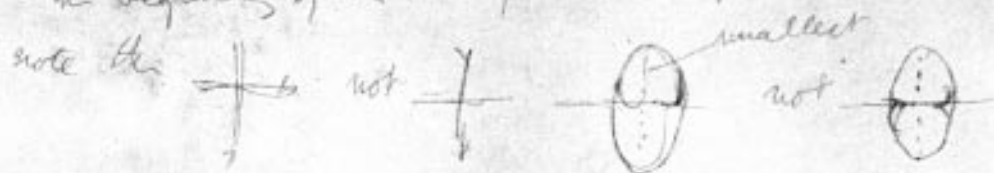


FROM THE PORCH OF THE DUOMO, LUCCA

(Enclosed in the letter to C. E. Norton of September 16, 1874)



Unicon - pure descent from Greek cases of best kind
 this - Real size ^{desired} outside Lucca on Lucca marble
 - the beginning of the inscription. hoc part, be



INSCRIPTION ON THE DUOMO OF LUCCA

(Enclosed in the letter to C. E. Norton of September 16, 1874)

Florence¹ with which I hope to cut out Mr. Murray a little this winter. First Morning, Sta. Croce and Gospel of Works. Second, the Spanish Chapel, and Gospel of Faith. Third, *Mio bel San Giovanni*. Please tell me over again what you told me about Dominican buildings, in San Domenico of Siena; it has got fuzzy in my head (not in my heart).

I send you three scrawls drawn on a ladder from the "June" at Lucca—pure, native Etruscan work, of 12th-13th century—you'll see what they mean; you've got my letter about them by this time, I hope.² I was too sanguine about noses—only February's nose is left now, of all the months. The "divine in all men exercise of the Will," according to Mr. Lowell,³ has produced that effect on them.

What an intensely simple fellow Lowell is! Read his paragraph about "Race" in *My Study Windows*, written in the vain hope of establishing America as a nation. I saw a wall scratched down its new plaster here at Mont' Oliveto the day before yesterday, with a pattern out of the village mason's head, Greek—eighth century B.C. pure—and without a flaw in the genealogy, as I can prove.—Ever your loving
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

LUCCA, 21st September.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Coming here this evening,—dog, cat, and mouse-tired with trying to draw the Etruscan sculpture on the font of Pistoia—I found your dear little note. . . . I had been writing in the morning a piece a little making amends to Giotto, as I hope you will think, about four frescoes I have found, which nobody knows anything of, in a back cloister of Santa Maria Novella.⁵ . . .

It is a very difficult question, that about doing one's best. Here in a month at Florence I've drawn Grammar, Logic, Astronomy,

¹ [His plan, however, was altered and extended, as a reference to Vol. XXIII. will show.]

² [The letter of August 18 (above, p. 133). Mr. Norton published here two of the "scrawls" referred to, and they are reproduced here; the second is of the inscription which has been given (from Ruskin's Oxford study) in Vol. XXI. pp. 266-267.]

³ [This seems to be a reference to a passage in Lowell's essay on Carlyle in *My Study Windows*: "It is indeed strange that one who values Will so highly in the greatest, should be blind to its infinite worth in the least of men." For the "paragraph about 'Race,' " see (in the same volume) a passage towards the end of the essay "On a certain Condescension in Foreigners."]

⁴ [No. 152 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 101-102.]

⁵ [See *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 19-25 (Vol. XXIII. pp. 314-321). Plates (XXVIII.-XXX.) are given of three of the frescoes; the fourth (now much defaced) is mentioned in § 25 (p. 320 n.¹).]

Zoroaster, Tubal-Cain, the Pope, the Emperor, Eve, St. Agnes, Practical Religion, and a “found sheep,” all in a very second or third best way.¹

If I had done my best, I could only have drawn one figure in the time. It is true it would have been worth more than the whole eleven, but I should not have learned the eleventh part of what I have, nor been able to prove what I now can, that poor old Vasari is entirely right in his account of that chapel.

The best thing I got in Florence, however, was a quick, early morning sketch of the woman and the man-child² in Giotto’s Apocalypse.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

PASS OR BOCCHETTA, 1st October [1874].

. . . All that is lovely and wonderful in the Alps may be seen without the slightest danger, in general, and it is especially good for little girls of eleven who can’t climb, to know this—all the best views of hills are at the bottom of them. I know one or two places indeed where there is grand peeping over precipice, one or two where the mountain seclusion and strength are worth climbing to see. But all the *entirely* beautiful things I could show *you*, Susie; only for the very highest sublime of them sometimes asking you to endure half an hour of *chaise à porteurs*, but mostly from a post-chaise or smoothest of turnpike roads. *This* pass, between La Spezzia and Sestri, is very lovely in its way—promontories of olive hills jutting into blue sea. . . .

But, Susie, do you know, I’m greatly horrified at the penwipers of peacocks’ feathers! I always use my left-hand coat tail, indeed, and if only I were a peacock and a pet of yours, how you’d scold me!

Sun just coming out over sea (at Sestri), which is sighing in towards the window, within your drive, round before the door’s breadth of it,* the glittering little waves seen between two masses of acacia copse and two orange trees at the side of the inn courtyard.

* That is, within that distance of the window.—J. R.

¹ [All studies in the Spanish Chapel. That of “Grammar” was shown at the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston (No. 54). For “Logic” and “Astronomy” (Oxford, Reference Series, Nos. 122, 121), see Plates XXXVII. and XXXVIII. in Vol. XXIII.; beneath “Astronomy” is the figure which Ruskin called “Zoroaster” (*ibid.*, p. 379 *n.*). For the “Pope and Emperor” (Oxford, Reference Series, No. 123), see Vol. XXIII. Plate XL. The studies of “Eve,” “St. Agnes,” “Practical Religion,” and “a found sheep” would also have been made in the same chapel: see Vol. XXIII. pp. 375, 452, 402, 444–445.]

² [Revelation xii. 5. Giotto’s Apocalypse is one of the frescoes in the Peruzzi Chapel at S. Croce.]

³ [No. 18 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

HÔTEL DU MONT BLANC, ST. MARTIN'S,

12th October, 1874, 1 P.M.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I received your letter of the 18th September three hours since, as I sate, after a quiet morning's work on Walter Scott,² breakfasting in my father's room, with Mont Blanc grey against the dazzling white eastern light of perfect autumn morning.

No plank, no stone, no garden litter, no cottage roof, has been stirred, so far as I can see, in all this village, since our morning walk.³

This village, observe. Sallenches is entirely spoiled, in the open part of it; but the dingle and all the hills are absolutely unchanged. The trees don't seem to me to have grown. It is like a miracle or a dream.

I saw Sirius rise over Mont Blanc last night at half-past one, like Agamemnon's beacon,⁴ Orion above, blazing like a fixed flash of lightning. All star-lights in Italy as of mere star-dust and faded thrones, in comparison.

And I am *quiet* here,—for the first time these six months,—and after the faces of what is now average humanity in Florence, the face of the worst crétin here is as the face of an angel in its innocence and pitiable, indeed, but not hateful, fatuity. The withered-apple Savoyard of average honest heart and quiet spirit—lovely and divine. The horror of those Italian towns now is unutterable.

I am *re-writing* my glacier lectures,⁵ and much more, in days of cloudless sunshine, one after another from dawn, and golden autumn morning over blue mist, to rose-purple sunset. . . .

Yes, I haven't been thinking of Eastern Italy. I don't know the Ravenna part of it; and I call Venice—Venice, and nobody else. She's no more Italy than I am. She won't fit in but in a world scheme. (Don't think I've modified, anyhow, my notion in the different titles given to the schools in my coming lectures,—they are only a partial glance in one direction.⁶)

¹ [No. 153 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 102–105. The first paragraph of the postscript had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 379, 380.]

² [See *Fors*, Letter 47 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 188 *seq.*)]

³ [In 1856: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 522.]

⁴ [Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, ad init.]

⁵ [Delivered in October and November 1874, and partly printed in *Deucalion* (Vol. XXVI).]

⁶ [For the scheme sent to Mr. Norton, see above, p. 135. He now decided to entitle the lectures "The Æsthetic and Mathematic Schools of Art in Florence." See on the subject, Vol. XXIII. p. 249.]

Thanks for all you say of *Fors*. Very solemn things are happening to me. You see how my mind is leading me to a personal effort, made in simple life. I have also been spending and losing money at a great rate in these last years, and must now live—not extravagantly.¹

I can't think how this horrid leaf got crushed. I can't write on it what I want—must enclose another which will show you I've enough to think on, and decide. Meantime, I'm writing, as I told you, on glaciers, and am ever your loving
J. R.

Also you see in *Fors* how all my thoughts are bent on certain spiritual problems,² only to be approached in, I don't say monastic, but at all events secluded life. These, I believe, you think only morbid remnants of old days. It may be so. I should not be sad, if I did not feel thus. But they are still, you see, *questions* to me, and now getting imperative.

I'll soon write again. I'm always thinking of sending you things, never doing it—wretch that I am! I've a great plan of sending now.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

ST. MARTIN'S—*Evening*.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—The enclosed scrawl (tired in stupidity and writing both) may yet show you I was thinking of you. It was kept to carry news also of my last bit of work in Florence, getting the bas-reliefs photographed on Tower of Giotto. I never did anything more useful. I have ordered a complete set to be sent to you.⁴ . . .

You will see in an instant how precious they are. The Astronomy seeing through the vault of heaven to the Spirits of it, to my (intolerable, almost) humiliation had escaped me, in the bas-relief itself. The Hercules and Antæus, if you remember with it that of Pollajuolo in the Uffizi,⁵—in which they are two exhausted wrestlers, H. himself at the last gasp *but* one, and A. at the one,—is the most striking type of the glory of Contemplative against Anatomical (always,

¹ [Eighteen months later in *Fors*, Letter 76, Ruskin gave an account of his inheritance and expenditure, with plans for economy (Vol. XXIX. pp. 99 *seq.*.)]

² [See for example *Fors*, Letter 45 (Vol. XXVIII).]

³ [No. 153A in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 106–107.]

⁴ [See Vol. XXIII. pp. 461 *seq.* The "Astronomy" is on Plate XLV. there; the "Hercules and Antæus" on Plate XLVII. For Ruskin's notes on the subjects in *Mornings in Florence*, see *ibid.*, pp. 419, 425, 427–8.]

⁵ [One of two small panels, No. 1153.]

I mean)¹ Drama that I have yet got hold of. Turner would have given the Drama, but otherwise than Pollajuolo. The hiding of half the body by the earth—the soft, unconvulsed death—how beautiful—in Giotto's (or Andrea's)!²

I've done a furious six months' work. Went south through Cenis tunnel on 4th of April, back through it on 4th of October. Here since the 6th, or at Chamouni, in cloudless calm. I saw my old guide—80, from 69 when last seen. A beautiful old man.

The Glacier des Bois is no more. Of that of our days is left a little white tongue of ice showing in the blank bed. . . But the saddest of all is Mont Blanc itself from here—it is, to what it was, as a mere whitewashed wall to a bridecake. When the snow is level nearly, it holds on pretty well, but on the steep Bionnassay valley it has all flowed down and consumed away.

I have much to think of in this little room—of things that are as that snow.³

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

CHAMOUNI, 14th Oct., '74.

MY DEAREST S.,—You will like one other little line from the place. I never saw it more seventh-heaven-like than to-day from that smooth field in the wood near Couttet's house. The alders in groves of amber round it, and the blue mountains pure like purple glass. Poor old Couttet, sitting watching his cows, could not come home with me. I, having cold, could not sit on the grass, or wooden log—for Couttet himself used that precaution—but after a little chat went back to see Judith. Back, for I had come from the Bossons, where I walked over the bottom of the bed of the old "pyramides," and found—*No* cause for them; which will give me material for thought to-night, if the sound of Arve keep me awake.

By the way, have you the quick, slight sketch in colour of the Bouchard and Glacier des Bois, now invaluable as a record?⁴

Judith was asking much about you and Miss O'Meara, and greatly impressed still by some exhibition you took her to, with a painting of a man at the door, who she thought was alive.

¹ [That is, in contrasting the "Contemplative" school with "Dramatic" (see above, p. 135), he means by the latter the school of anatomical drama.]

² [Ruskin decided for Giotto: see Vol. XXIII. p. 428.]

³ [Compare the Preface to *Queen of the Air*, Vol. XIX. p. 293.]

⁴ [This sketch was given by Lady Simon to Mr. Herbert Severn, in whose possession it remains.]

But alas! what sorrowful life!—yet they are contented, and I not!
For one discontent, it's too hard that I must go on lecturing and
Fors-writing instead of painting here quietly. I *could* paint a mossy
rock, still, and perhaps something more.

(15th Oct., evening.) I've done my Montanvert, quite splendidly.¹
I thought my strength quite gone when I tried it on the Lucca hills; but
that air relaxes. I walked up and down to-day just as fast as ever,* and
made a drawing, without sitting down, of the dirt bands, for my
lectures, from the cabane window.

I daresay I'm pretty good, if I take care of myself, for another ten
years; and I see it will be as useful for people in general to paint a
châlet as it ought to be painted, as to give the best of lectures in any
quantity. I saw some frost-bitten bilberry to-day, too! My goodness!
that I should have forgotten it.

All the same, the glacier lectures will be rather good, too. I
couldn't help touching up a bit in the old showy style this morning—it
took me a while, too. "Tide, that takes a year to rise; Cataract, that
takes fifty to fall; River, that is ribbed like a dragon; and Rock, that is
diffused like a lake!"² Don't you tell anybody now!

Love to John, over and over again. I wish I had you both here

By the way, if you've been here lately, you might wonder at my
saying it was unchanged, with that huge monster of an inn by the
church. But the actual village was done for, to *me*, when
Eisenkrämer—poor wretch—built the second Union with the cockney
garden; and a big house or two less or more *here* is nothing to me. I
expected to find them up and down all over the valley. There *is one*
accursed thing—but small—built, exactly, of all places, in the
Breévent Fountain!³ and the Montanvert path is smoothed down
sorrowfully: but half of *that* even is as I first knew it, still. Ah, if only
half of Florence or Rouen were left, also,—but of them, it is as the
gleaning when the vintage is done.

It's a pity to leave that nice half-sheet empty. John and you

* Average pace, I mean—I couldn't put steam on now without doing
myself harm.

¹ [That is, made the walk up the Montanvert. The drawing of "the dirt bands" may be
the one reproduced in Plate A of Vol. XXVI. It is there ascribed to the year 1849—the
date given to it in the Manchester Exhibition of 1904, but a later date seems more
probable.]

² [This "bit" was used in the lecture on Glaciers delivered at the London Institution:
see Vol. XXVI. p. 163 *n.*]

³ [For a description of the spot so called by Ruskin, see Vol. IV. p. 363.]

never answered me a word about what I wrote concerning John's anxieties. Is he still worrying himself about the "Government"?

There can't be any government, soon, anywhere; the reds are having it all their own way, and the Ultramontanes, as well as our British snob-shepherds, are simply insane. They think to feed the poor, and stop God's justice, by ringing bells all day and night out of tune. If only Albert Smith were alive again to play "Florentine bells o' Sunday" as I could show him how, though I couldn't play it.¹

I've promised Joan, faithful, to be home on Wednesday next—time and tide serving. Will come soon to see you.—Ever your affe.

J. RUSKIN.

(15*th.*) Your kind long letter just come. Is it only eighteen years! I seem to have known you both all my life.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

GENEVA, 19*th* October 1874.

How I have been neglecting you! Perhaps Joanie may have told you that just at my last gasp of hand-work, I had to write quite an unexpected number of letters. But poor Joanie will think herself neglected now, for I have been stopped among the Alps by a state of their glaciers entirely unexampled, and shall be a week after my "latest possible" day, in getting home. It is eleven years since I was here, and very sad to me to return, yet delightful with a moonlight paleness of the past, precious in its kind.

I shall be at home with Joan in two days now, God willing. I have much to tell you, which will give you pleasure and pain; but I don't know how much it will be—to tell you—for a little while yet, so I don't begin.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

OXFORD, 26*th* October [1874].

Home at last with your lovely, most lovely, letter in my breast pocket.

I am so very grateful to you for not writing on black paper.

Oh, dear Susie, why should we ever wear black for the guests of God?

¹ [Albert Richard Smith (1816–1860), popular entertainer; the "Overland Mail" and "Ascent of Mont Blanc" being among his favourite "sketches."]

² [No. 19 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

³ [No. 20 in *Hortus Inclusus*. Miss Margaret Beever had died on April 21: see above, pp. 79, 96.]

To R. H. COLLINS

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 11th Nov. '74.

DEAR MR. COLLINS,—I shall have sincere pleasure in waiting on the Prince on Tuesday the 17th.

I did not think it necessary to ask you, when I saw you, what, nevertheless, I like at least to say that I need not ask—whether the Prince entirely knew how painful it had been to me to bear the imputation of disloyalty thrown out against me in the casual gossip which followed my refusal of the medal of the Institute of Architects.¹

Had they published my letter, no whisper of the kind would have got abroad. But I had confidence in the Prince's just interpretation of what I did, and did not move further in a matter in which I might have seemed actuated by mere desire for notoriety.—Believe me, dear Mr. Collins, ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *Friday Evening*.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I have been hindered from getting up to town this evening, and must dine at Balliol to-morrow, so that I fear the cold double journey in this snowtime, and must resign myself to the loss of my happy hour to-morrow with you. I was going to have brought poor Rosie to see you, but she is too ill to bear coming out just now; next Saturday, at all events, *I* shall keep tryst, if I'm well; my lectures will be over, and I shall be free-hearted.

I expect a report soon from Mr. Merritt on John Knox;² but he is displeased with me for not going to see *him*, and may be dilatory.

Three of my men have asked leave to come to talk, or learn, about St. George's Company. I've asked them to breakfast on Monday. Love to good little Mary.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

BRANTWOOD [?1874].

I am better, but not right yet. There is no fear of sore throat, I think, but some of prolonged tooth worry. It is more stomachic than coldic, I believe, and those tea cakes are too crisply seductive!

¹ [See Vol. XXXIV. p. 513.]

² [The "Somerville portrait" of Knox. Merritt's report is printed at the end of Carlyle's *Essay on the Portraits of John Knox*.]

³ [No. 121 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

What *can* it be, that subtle treachery that lurks in tea cakes, and is wholly absent in the rude honesty of toast?

The metaphysical effect of tea cake last night was, that I had a perilous and weary journey in a desert, in which I had to dodge hostile tribes round the corners of pyramids.

A very sad letter from Joanie tells me she was going to Scotland last night, at which I am not only very sorry, but very cross. A chirping cricket on the hearth advises me to keep my heart up.

Foolish hedgehog, not to come for that egg. Don't let Abigail be cast down about her tea cakes. An "honest" egg is just as destructive of my peace of mind.

*To Miss SUSAN BEEVER*¹

BRANTWOOD.

It is very lovely of you to send me so sweet a note, when I have not been near you since the tenth century. But it is all I can do to get my men and my moor looked after; they have both the instinct of doing what I don't want, the moment my back's turned; and then there has not been light enough to know a hawk from a handsaw,² or a crow from a ptarmigan, or a moor from a meadow. But how much better your eyes must be when you can write such lovely notes!

I don't understand how the strange cat came to love you so quickly, after one dinner and a rest by the fire! I should have thought an ill-treated and outcast animal would have regarded everything as a trap, for a month at least,—dined in tremors, warmed itself with its back to the fire, watching the door, and jumped up the chimney if you stept on the rug.

The pheasant had come from Lachin-y-gair, with two others, which I've been eating hot, cold, broiled, and devilled, and with your oysters for lunch. Mattie, Diddie, and Joanie have fine times of it together, they say, and that I ought to be there instead of here. Do you think so?

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

BRANTWOOD [1874].

MY DEAR HENRY,—Your letter is of singular value and comfort to me just now, for I have not thought you were so far and tenderly feeling with me—and indeed, I can so little say what I am feeling, myself, that I do not wonder if friends are much withdrawn just now, as most of them are. I know you felt for me in the personal sorrow,³

¹ [No. 105 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

² [See *Hamlet*, Act ii. sc. 2.]

³ [The illness of Miss Rose La Touche.]

but did not think you were with me in the more public anxiety. All that you say of evil is true; but good men are too apt to be content with fighting, not considering if the fight is in the manner and place that Heaven intends to be successful, and one never thinks, in reading of St. George, how many knights the dragon ate first, who had not measured or prepared or rightly directed their strength. And nearly all benevolent effort is at present being swallowed whole, and serves only to whet the dragon's appetite—our best workers are to him like the oysters at the Prince's dinner, which one begins with (and I'm always afraid of taking pepper lest I should sneeze).

But there is one thing of which I am convinced, by what has come on me lately—that for most men, our saddest thoughts are our wisest, and that although our life can only go on by turning away from thoughts when we can do no good, yet it is only when we can bear the oppression of sadness that we see clearly. Our hopes continually deceive us—our cautions rarely; our ambition is foolish—our humility, when painfulest, the most profitable. And I see that strong men do not learn by happiness, or success, what I have learnt by pain and failure. But that is no reason for allowing those to be miserable who cannot learn, and can only perish.

Your paper at the Church Congress seems of extreme value—(not so the Episcopal remarks on Lancashire, p. 20!!).¹ It happens that I just wanted to ask you a practical matter. I don't want to let anything go into the lake from this house. The drains I can deal with, but am puzzled by the dish-washings and other slops which I don't want to dilute the other. What arrangement do you order, when there is no drainage to cottages?

I have not entered in this letter on the principal matter I wanted to speak of: the need of some resolve to penetrate as far as Heaven allows into the relations of the Spiritual powers of Evil to the Guardian angels.

I'll write more to-morrow.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD [?1874].

That is so intensely true what you say about Turner's work being like nature's in its slowness and tenderness. I always think of him as a great natural force in a human frame.

¹ [*The Influence of Social and Sanitary Conditions on Religion: a paper read by desire at the Church Congress at Brighton, Oct. 9, 1874* (Oxford: 1874). On p.20 is a speech by the Bishop of Chichester, in which, *inter alia*, he suggested that machinery in Lancashire had an invigorating effect on the people.]

² [No. 107 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629).]

So nice all you say of the *Ethics*! And I—a monster of ingratitude, as bad as the Dragon of Wantley—don't like Dr. Brown's friend's book at all. It's neither Scotch nor English, nor fish nor flesh, and it's tiresome.

I'm in the worst humour I've been in this month, which is saying much; and have been writing the wickedest *Fors* I ever wrote,¹ which is saying more; you will be *so* angry.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,

Last day of 1874, sun just down.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I cannot employ the last busy hour of 1874 better than in sending you my love. I have been looking out a few fragments of memoranda which may be interesting to you, enabling you to show people who care, how the work was done for *The Stones of Venice*;³ there's a little bit of brown cave bone which I drew for the heads of extinct animals on it,⁴ one day beside Richard Owen; a blot from Tintoret's Annunciation (I wish I had done more of these), and finally a little pen sketch of Edward Frère, on a letter to Gambart.

I am gradually putting my things into some order, I hope, and going over what can be turned to any good. I've been reading your notes on third volume of *Modern Painters* this afternoon, of which I chiefly concur in the frequent one, "All this needs modification." Which I fear me it can never get. Perhaps a single volume of Aphorisms may be possible to me, when I've done Oxford work, telling all I know.

You rebel abominably against my great chapter about Lawlessness.⁵ You know it is all summable in a sentence: "There can be no rule for doing what cannot be done twice."

Well, here's more love to you. Bitter, but bright, frost here, makes me fancy it must be like *there*.—Ever your loving.

JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [Letter 45 (January 1875), Vol. XXVIII.]

² [No. 154 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 108–109.]

³ [There are still at Brantwood many sheets of these memoranda, some of which Ruskin mounted on cards and gave away from time to time to different friends. Mr. Wedderburn has several of them. Plate C in Vol. IX. is an example.]

⁴ [This drawing was exhibited by Mr. Norton at Boston in 1879 (No. 91): see Vol. XIII. p. 587. The "blot from Tintoret" was No. 72 in the same exhibition: *ibid.*, p. 586.]

⁵ [Part iv. chap. vii. ("Of the True Ideal"): see in this edition, Vol. V. pp. 119 *seq.*]

1875

[In this year Ruskin made two posting tours in Yorkshire and Derbyshire (see Vol. XXIV. p. xxvii.). In May Miss Rose La Touche died, to his great distress. The story of this year in his life is told in Vol. XXIV. pp. xix.—xxxiv.]

To F. S. ELLIS¹

BRANTWOOD, *January 3rd*, 1875.

MY DEAR ELLIS,—I am greatly delighted with your letter, because as far as I can guess, it lets me hope you really can come down *just now*; and I am in a state of disquiet with myself from having nobody else to speak to, which will make it a special charity to me if you will,—the rather that there are very few people whom I would ask; many of my best friends having angles, which get into my ribs and hurt me, when we are living together. But I particularly want you to come, because I think you will enjoy a wintry day or two (as many as you can spare, please) in the extreme quiet of this place, and you always help and never hurt me.

If this thaw holds, travelling will be as safe as usual to-morrow; and if you can tell me what day you can come, I will send a carriage for you to the Windermere Station, which you can easily reach now by daylight. I will write, however, to-morrow what trains are best. I can't ascertain to-day, for they change (probably) at the New Year, and I haven't got the new time-bill.—Ever very gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. COWPER-TEMPLE

BRANTWOOD, *16th January*, '75.

MY DEAREST ISOLA,—I am so very glad of your note; but more than usually ashamed of the quantity of trouble I have given both you and William—all turning to no good—and I'll try not to be troublesome by recollections of door steps or garden walks, or the like, in future; and I would come down just now at once, but for mere and absolute need for me to be in my own house all the time I can be, especially as the servants are out of temper with the place and the walls weary of rain. It is curious that I have been reading

¹ [No. 7 in *Ellis*, pp. 10, 11.]

the 24th Ezekiel this morning. Did you ever hear anybody pitying him? Yet, I fancy, he was much more really to be pitied than Job unless—do you recollect Coleridge’s epigram on Job ending “Shortsighted Satan *not* to take his spouse”?¹ The worst of me is that the Desire of my *Eyes*² is so much to me! Ever so much more than the desire of my mind. (You see, that is what William doesn’t allow for, and I think it’s such a horrid shame of him, seeing what he has got himself. But I suppose you are so good, he has no idea you are anything else!) So that the dim chance of those fine things in the next world does me no good, and though I’ve known some really nice girls, in my time, in this world, who wouldn’t perhaps have been so hard on me as some people, none of them had a thin waist and a straight nose quite to my fancy. But you know, if I am to do any great thing in St. George’s way, I needn’t expect to do it without trouble, or ever to be rewarded for it with red lips. But the worst of all to me is that I have not pride or hope in myself. Meantime St. George’s work is now coming fast into literal form, and among other matters, the girl I once spoke to you of is making her will, and her lawyer wants some proper form for St. George’s Company to be expressed in, as well as the names of the Trustees. This, I fancy, must be drawn up now with some care to answer this on all other occasions. Shall William’s lawyer do it, or mine?³—Ever your loving

E MINOR.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

KIRKBY LONSDALE, *Thursday Evening* [January 21, 1875].

You won’t get this note to-morrow, I’m afraid, but after that I think they will be regular till I reach Oxford. It is very nice to know that there is some one who does care for a letter, as if she were one’s sister. You would be glad to see the clouds break for me;

¹ [“Job’s Luck,” printed in Owen’s *Epigrams* (1799):—

“But Heaven that brings out good for evil,
And loves to disappoint the Devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all Job had before,
His children, camels, horses, cows—
Short-sighted Devil not to take his spouse.”]

² [Ezekiel xxiv. 16: “Behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down.”]

³ [Mr. Cowper-Temple was one of the original trustees of St. George’s Guild: see Vol. XXX. p. xxv.]

⁴ [No. 151 (and 153) in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632).]

and I had indeed a very lovely morning drive and still lovelier evening, and full moonrise here over the Lune.

I suppose it is Kirk-by-Lune's Dale? for the church, I find, is a very important Norman relic. By the way. I should tell you, that the *coloured* plates in *The Stones of Venice* do great injustice to my drawings; the patches are worn on the stones. My *drawings* were not *good*, but the plates are total failures. The only one even of the engravings which is rightly done is the (*last*, I think, in Appendix) inlaid dove and raven.¹ I'll show you the drawing for that when I come back, and perhaps for the San Michele, if I recollect to fetch it from Oxford, and I'll fetch you the second volume, which has really good plates. That blue beginning, I forgot to say, is of the Straits of Messina, and it is really *very* like the colour of the sea.

That is intensely curious about the parasitical plant of Borneo. But—very dreadful! Do you know, Susie, everything that has happened to me (and the leaf I sent you this morning may show you it has had some hurting in it) is *little* in comparison to the crushing and depressing effect on me, of what I learn day by day as I work on, of the cruelty and ghastliness of the *Nature* I used to think so divine? But I get out of it by remembering, This is but a crumb of dust we call a "world," and a moment of eternity which we call "time." Can't answer the great question rightly to-night.

To F. S. ELLIS²

KIRKBY LONSDALE, *Thursday, January 21st, 1875.*

MY DEAR ELLIS,—You never did me a greater kindness than in sending me these books to look at. I suppose they are far beyond my power in price,—and for that matter the songs³ I should not care to have, and even the Hogarth⁴ would be a horror in the house. But yet I couldn't part with them before I had to come away, they were full of such intense interest to me.

I never had seriously studied Hogarth before,—and he and Fielding pull so splendidly together, stroke and bow.

The songs entirely justify what you said; but you see they have one quality—to me a very redeeming one—perfect naturalness and

¹ ["Wall-Veil Decoration," Plate xx. (last but one) in vol. i. (in this edition, Vol. IX. p. 425). The "San Michele" is Plate XXI. (*ibid.*, p.432); the drawing for it is No. 83 in the Educational Series at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 123).]

² [No. 13 in *Ellis*, pp. 19–21 (where the letter is wrongly dated "Jan. 25th").]

³ [A collection of seventeenth-century broadside ballads.]

⁴ [A collection of Hogarth's prints in various states.]

openness, while in modern literature every fine passage of sentiment is liable to have a lurking taint in it. At least, these ballads would do *me* not the least harm, while Tennyson's *Vivien* would do me much. However, I feel rather knocked down, on the whole, by them.

May I keep them till I go back? If you want them they can be sent up at any time (for I left them packed ready for sending) if you wanted them.

The Children's books¹ are—what you said. But I've kept all but one, with best thanks for your trouble.

The *worst* I consider Christina Rossetti's. I've kept that for the mere wonder of it: how could she or Arthur Hughes sink so low after their pretty nursery rhymes?²

Oh dear, *how* I wish you had been at breakfast this morning at Brantwood!

Did the Ferns behave well at all?

Please don't forget, or change your mind, about coming in spring with Mrs. Ellis. You *must* see the view from my windows yet.³—Always faithfully and gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.

I'm posting up to Oxford. A line would find me at Post Office, Wakefield.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

BOLTON BRIDGE, *Saturday* [January 23, 1875].

I never was more thankful than for your sweet note, being stopped here by bad weather again; the worst of posting is that one has to think of one's servant outside, and so lose a day.

It was bitter wind and snow this morning, too bad to send any human creature to sit idle in. Black enough still, and I more than usual, because it is just that point of distinction from brutes which I truly say is our only one,* of which I have now so little hold.

* I've forgotten what it was,⁵ and don't feel now as if I had "got hold" of any one.—J. R.

¹ [A number of children's books, which Ruskin had requested Mr. Ellis to procure for him.]

² [The earlier book is *Sing-Song: a Nursery Rhyme Book, with Illustrations* by A. Hughes (1872); the later, *Speaking Likenesses, with Pictures thereof* by A. Hughes (1874).]

³ [During the whole of Mr. Ellis's previous visit, in January 1874, a fog hung persistently over the lake.]

⁴ [No. 24 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

⁵ [See Vol. XVII. p. 63 n.]

The bee *Fors*¹ will be got quickly into proof, but I must add a good deal to it. I can't get into good humour for natural history in this weather.

I've got a good book on wasps which says they are our chief protectors against flies.² In Cumberland the wet cold spring is so bad for the wasps that I partly think this may be so, and the terrible plague of flies in August might perhaps be checked by our teaching our little Agneses to keep wasps' nests instead of bees.

Yes, that is a pretty bit of mine about Hamlet, and I think I must surely be a little pathetic sometimes, in a doggish way.³ "You're so dreadfully faithful!" said Arthur Severn to me, fretting over the way I was being ill-treated the other day by R.

Oh dear, I wish I were at Brantwood again, now, and could send you my wasp book! *It* is pathetic, and yet so dreadful,—the wasp bringing in the caterpillar for its young wasp, stinging each enough to paralyse but not to kill, and so laying them up in the cupboard.

I wonder how the clergymen's wives will feel after the next *Fors* or two! I've done a bit to-day which I think will go in with a shiver.⁴ Do you recollect the curious *thrill* there is—the cold *tingle* of the pang of a nice deep wasp sting?

Well, I'm not in a fit temper to write to Susie to-day, clearly.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁵

BOLTON ABBEY, *January 24, 1875.*

I stopped here to see the Strid again—not seen these many years. It is curious that life is embittered to *me*, now, by its former pleasantness; while *you* have of these same places painful recollections, but you could enjoy them *now* with your whole heart.

Instead of the drive with the poor over-laboured one horse through the long wet day, here, when I was a youth, my father and mother brought me,* and let me sketch in the Abbey and ramble in the woods as I chose, only demanding promise that I should not go near

* In 1837. [Note in *Hortus*

¹ [Letter 51; Vol. XXVIII.]

² [Dr. Latham Ormerod's *History of Wasps*: see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 277, 280. Ruskin here refers to p. 21 of the book. For "our little Agneses," see *Fors*, Letter 50 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 254).]

³ [The reference is to *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 68): "Hamlet leaps into the grave of his beloved, and leaves it,—a dog would have stayed."]

⁴ [See Letter 50 (February 1875), Vol. XXVIII.]

⁵ [No. 25 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

the Strid. Pleasant drives, with, on the whole, well paid and pleased drivers, never with over-burdened cattle; cheerful dinner or tea waiting for me always, on my return from solitary rambles. Everything right and good for me, except only that they never put me through any trials to harden me, or give me decision of character, or make me feel how much they did for me.

But that error was a fearful one, and cost them and me, Heaven only knows how much. And now, I walk to Strid, and Abbey, and everywhere, with the ghosts of the past days haunting me, and other darker spirits of sorrow and remorse and wonder. Black spirits among the grey, all like a mist between me and the green woods. And I feel like a caterpillar,—stung *just enough*. Foul weather and mist enough, of quite a real kind besides. An hour's sunshine to-day, broken up speedily, and now veiled utterly.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BOLTON ABBEY, 24th January, 1875.

The black rain, much as I growled at it, has let me see Wharfe in flood; and I would have borne many days of prison to see that.

No one need go to the Alps to see wild water. Seldom, unless in the Rhine or Rhone themselves at their rapids, have I seen anything much grander. An Alpine stream, besides, nearly always has its bed full of loose stones, and becomes a series of humps and dumps of water wherever it is shallow; while the Wharfe swept round its curves of shore like a black Damascus sabre,² coiled into eddies of steel. At the Strid, it had risen eight feet, vertical, since yesterday, sheeting the flat rocks with foam from side to side, while the treacherous midchannel was filled with a succession of boiling domes of water, charged through and through with churning white, and rolling out into the broader stream, each like a vast sea wave bursting on a beach. There is something in the soft and comparatively unbroken slopes of these Yorkshire shales which must give the water a peculiar *sweeping* power, for I have seen Tay and Tummel and Ness, and many a big stream besides, savage enough, but I don't remember anything so grim as this.

I came home to quiet tea and a black kitten called Sweep, who lapped half my cream jug-full (and I had plenty) sitting on my shoulder,—and Life of Sir Walter Scott. I was reading his great Scottish history tour, when he was twenty-three, and got his materials

¹ [No. 21 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

² [Compare Vol. VI. p. 316.]

for everything nearly, but especially for *Waverley*, though not used till long afterwards.¹

Do you recollect Gibbie Gellatly? I was thinking over that question of yours, "What did I think?"* But, my dear Susie, you might as well ask Gibbie Gellatly what *he* thought. What does it matter what any of us think? We are but simpletons, the best of us, and I am a very inconsistent and wayward simpleton. I know how to roast eggs,² in the ashes, perhaps—but for the next world! Why don't you ask your squirrel what *he* thinks too? The great point—the one for all of us—is, not to take false words in our mouths, and to crack our nuts innocently through winter and rough weather.³

I shall post this to-morrow as I pass through Skipton or any postworthy place on my way to Wakefield. Write to Warwick. Oh me, what places England had, when she was herself! Now, rail-stations mostly. But I never can make out how Warwick Castle got built by that dull bit of river.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

WAKEFIELD, 25th January, 1875.

Here's our book in form at last, and it seems to me just a nice size, and on the whole very taking. I've put a touch or two more to the Preface, and I'm sadly afraid there's a naughty note somewhere.⁵ I hope you won't find it, and that you will like the order the things are put in.

Such vile roads as we came over to-day, I never thought to see in England.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁶

CASTLETON 26th January, 1875.

Here I have your long dear letter. I am very thankful I can be so much to you. Of all the people I have yet known, you are the only one I can find complete sympathy in; you are so nice and young

* Of the things that shall be, hereafter.—J. R.

¹ [On this subject, see Vol. XXIX. p. 541.]

² [For the reference here to Gellatly, see Vol. XXXV. p. 188.]

³ [*As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 5 (song).]

⁴ [No. 22 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624). The book (*Fronde Agrestes*) still underwent, however, some further alteration.]

⁵ [Such notes, he means, as the one appended to § 20 in *Fronde*: see now Vol. VI. p. 12 n.]

⁶ [No. 23 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

without the hardness of youth, and may be the best of sisters to me. I am not so sure about letting you be an elder one; I am not going to be lectured when I'm naughty.

I've been so busy at *wasps* all day coming along, having got a nice book about them—at least *my* “*Frondes Agrestes*” of it will be nice.¹ It tells me, too, of a delightful German doctor who kept tame hornets,—a whole nest in his study! They knew him perfectly, and would let him do anything with them, even pull bits off their nest to look in at it.

Wasps, too, my author says, are really much more amiable than bees, and never get angry without cause. All the same, they have a tiresome way of inspecting one, too closely, sometimes, I think.

I'm immensely struck with the Peak Cavern, but it was in twilight.

I'm going to stay here all to-morrow, the place is so entirely unspoiled. I've not seen such a primitive village, rock, or stream, this twenty years; Langdale is as sophisticated as Pall Mall in comparison.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

ASHBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE, 27th January, 1875.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I think I sent some sort of an answer to yours of November 9th. Perhaps not; for, as you feared, I had rather a bad time just then, . . . and was again somewhat seriously injured in health, going down to Brantwood in a state of torpor and feebleness from which I am but now slowly recovering.

I write to-day to tell you what may be of some value to you. The “Cokayne” tombs in the church here³ are of elaborate fifteenth century and Elizabethan work, and consist of recumbent figures on raised sarcophagi surrounded by niches, correspondent in design to the first Italian and French tombs, but so barbarous, ludicrous, and helpless in all the actual sculpture, so stupid in their savageness, that I feel compelled at once by them to read in a different light great part of our English history and literature. That any noble family, even in the remotest country place, should be such baboons as to put up these tombs in Donatello's time, is quite appalling to me. Also, measuring my strength and circumstances, and possible time, it seems to me now expedient to trouble myself no more with history, mythology, or literature, but to concentrate myself on what I have peculiar

¹ [Again, Dr. Latham Ormerod's *History of Wasps*. Ruskin's references here are to pp. 56, 32. The “German doctor” is Pastor Muller, whose *Beiträge zur Naturgeschichte der grossen Hornissen* (1817) is quoted.]

² [No. 155 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 109–112.]

³ [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 52, § 13 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 303).]

gift for—natural history, including sky (not that we've much left of that in England), in connection with Turner's work only, and so end as I began. I much and bitterly regret that I cannot go on doing fresco copies of the greater Italians; but this would involve, I think, as I get older, too much effort, sorrow, and disappointment, to be consistent with my health.

I have not yet acknowledged the receipt of your catalogue and admirable illustrations of the *Liber*:¹ nothing could possibly be better. But I do not believe you will ever have the satisfaction of seeing any result of your labours in America. There is not a tree of Turner's which is not rooted in ruins; there is no sunset of his which does not set on the accomplished fate of the elder nations.

I have been thinking much of my portrait.² In the autobiography which will develop, I hope, in *Fors*, into something more interesting than I had expected (for as I think over it much becomes interesting to myself which I once despised), I am perhaps going to try to give a portrait or two, and may end with myself. But at present I'm busy on saxifrage and stone-crop.

My best love to you all—particularly to S. And I am your loving
J. R.

All you said about my being among wrong sort of people has come home to me in a deadly way lately. I have been an infinite ass to let myself drift as I have.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD [1875].

DEAR SUSIE,—I am so thankful for that word of Dr. John Brown, and to hear that people are asking for our book.

I am still planning a little. I feel as I read the old bits, as I fancy a wise old goose would feel, who had come to think the meat on her was of more general use for roasting, etc., than the quills: but, who suddenly saw the loveliest little gilded shuttlecock, made of her feathers dropt when a gosling.

I can't see to write,—much less you, without injury to eyes, to

¹ [*Catalogue of the Plates of Turner's Liber Studiorum. With an Introduction and Notes. With heliotype facsimiles of three etchings.* Cambridge (Mass.), 1874.]

² [See above, pp. 82, 91. The portraits given by Ruskin in *Præterita* (into which the autobiographical pieces in *Fors* were ultimately developed) were, however, confined to those of his Aunts.]

³ [No. 36 in *Art and Literature*. "Our book" is *Fronde Agrestes*.]

read such writing; so I won't say more to-day. Book will be *very* soon done.

How glad I am to see you enjoy the stones, and how wonderful it is you do so much.—Ever your loving
J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

HERNE HILL, LONDON, 11th February, 1875.

I have your sweet letter with news of Dr. John and his brother. I have been working on the book to-day very hard, after much interruption; it is two-thirds done now. So glad people are on tiptoe.

Paddocks are frogs, not toads, in that grace;² And why should not people smile? Do you think that God does not like smiling graces? He only dislikes frowns. But you know, when once habitual, the child would be told on a cold day to say "Cold as paddocks"; and everybody would know what was coming. Finally the deep under-meaning—that as the cold hand is lifted, so also the cold heart, and yet accepted—makes it one of the prettiest little hymns I know.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

HERNE HILL, 13th February, 1875.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—If I don't answer your letters on the instant, months go by somehow, so I send scrawl at once. How you can find so much art in those old sketches of mine I can't think; but as it is so, I'll look you out more at once. I am, in fact, putting things, as much as I can now, where I think they should be if I went where last year's roses are,—not that I'm at all beaten yet, but I'm fifty-six; and strongly emotional lives with much disgust at the end of them are not good at insurance offices.⁴ . . . The deadliest of all things to me is my loss of faith in nature. No spring—no summer. Fog always, and the snow faded from the Alps. But even through all this I can fight yet, if I can only carry on with rhubarb pills instead of a stomach. Grief kills me, not by its own strength, but by indigestion.

I think you will be pleased, however, with my Italian work, which

¹ [No. 26 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

² [Herrick's. See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 50 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 265).]

³ [No. 156 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 112–114.]

⁴ [Compare Vol. XXXVI. p. 593.]
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will soon now come to you.¹ My botany also pleases me, and I expect *Fors* will have much that interests you this year.

All that was so terrifically true you wrote about my friends being not fit for me—but it's difficult to make new ones. . . . But really, the one thing that I physically want is one of those Graces out of Botticelli's picture of the Spring. I can't make out how that confounded fellow was able to see such pretty things, or how he lived among them.

I hope Allen has sent you the fifth *Ariadne*, and will soon have sixth out—but press correction hurts me more than any other work.

Bother your Parthenon! I'm really sick of that one thing the Greeks did in architecture. I was in Westminster the other day—thought it finer than ever. But how can I help you in your work? It seems to me as if you gave all sympathy to me, and I none to you. I never feel so selfish in any other relation as I do in all mine with you; but am ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM BARNES TARRANT²

HERNE HILL, 14th Feb., '75.

DEAR MR. TARRANT,—The St. George's Company, on the position of which you are kindly disposed to take Counsel's opinion, has been established by myself, as a co-operative body for the education of agricultural labourers.

The members of it act with me, as they think best, under my sole direction in certain particulars (as for instance that no steam machinery is to be employed, etc., etc.), but the capital of the Company is placed entirely at my disposal, though vested for security, in case of my decease, in the hands of two Trustees, Sir Thos. Acland and the Rt. Hon. W. Cowper-Temple. I simply give account to the Company of the way I spend or may spend their money, but they have no legal claim on me for interest, or principal. My proposed action is to buy or receive gifts of land, wherever offered, in small or large parcels, and to cultivate that land to the utmost perfection by human and animal labour, establishing schools on each estate for instruction in such branches of knowledge as may be found desirable. The agent

¹ [Probably Parts v. and vi. of *Ariadne Florentina*, issued in February and July 1875.]

² [Of the firm of Tarrant & Mackrell, solicitors: see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 579, 628, and compare Vol. XXX. pp. xxiv.–v.]

on each estate will receive salary as when acting for an ordinary landlord, and the rents of the tenants will be kept on their present footing, but otherwise used—namely, for the general benefit of the estates—no profit (beyond the fixed salary of employed overseers or schoolmasters) accruing to the Company.

The regulation of the entire design will be always in the hands of one person, the appointed "Master" of the St. George's Company for the time. I am at present necessarily myself the Master; but shall abdicate thankfully the moment I can find a fitter person.

The Master receives no salary or profit whatsoever, on any of the Company's operations, but will ultimately of course have large patronage.

The small piece of land now offered us is the first of which we take possession, but once at work I do not doubt rapid increase.—Believe me, dear Mr. Tarrant, ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 25th March, 1875.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I was so glad to see your hand, having got anxious about you; and, with all that is distasteful in it, your letter is gladdening to me, in one way, more than usual,—in its showing the longing to be back in our old country. That you and I, with our insights and will to help people, should both be obliged to economise (I have not bought a Turner for years, and miss the most lovely things in MSS. continually), while any rogue with a glib tongue and cool head gets his £100,000 a year, is not one of the least causes of my writing of political economy instead of art,—useless, at present, the last, in our country, as in yours.

But nothing would beat me except the plague of darkness and blighting winds,—perpetual—awful,—crushing me with the sense of Nature and Heaven failing as well as man.

I have also been singularly weak and ill all this spring, and am obliged to take warning of many things, and give up some of the most pet possessions of hope. But many things are over, for me, altogether. My additional years begin to tell now in the fatal sense of there being no time to try anything again.

I want to answer on the day I get your letter, and am too stupid to write more.—Ever your loving
J. R.

¹ [No. 157 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 114–116. Some sentences from the letter had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 380.]

To WALTER SEVERN¹

BRANTWOOD, *March 26th*, 1875.

MY DEAR WALTER,—I had better not put off, though I am hurried to-day, telling you how glad I am to hear of any likelihood of your putting your power of sketching to real service. I have never myself seen anything so wonderful in its way, as your power of obtaining true and complete effects in limited time. And if I were travelling myself in a country of which I wished to convey knowledge to others, I would rather have you for my aide-de-camp than any other artist I know, without exception. I never saw so steady truth united with so dashing rapidity, and I am even in some doubt of the expediency of the advice I ventured to give you as to methods of more detailed study. As a traveller your method is the best possible. If, indeed, you were to stay at home, and wished bringing out all your higher gifts, you would need other kinds of practice, but they would diminish your rapidity and courage, and scarcely add, for *public* service, to your skill.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD [1875?].

I never thought the large packet was from you; it was thrown aside with the rest, till evening, and only opened *then* by chance. I was greatly grieved to find what I had thus left unacknowledged. The drawings are entirely beautiful and wonderful, but, like all the good work done in those bygone days (Donovan's own book³ being of inestimable excellence in this kind), they affect me with profound melancholy in the thought of the loss to the entire body of the nation of all this perfect artistic capacity, and sweet will, for want of acknowledgment, system, and direction. I must write a careful passage on this matter in my new *Elements of Drawing*.⁴ Your drawings have been sent me not by you, but by my mistress Fors, for a text. It is no wonder, when you can draw like this, that you care so much for all lovely Nature. But I shall be ashamed to show you my peacock's feather; I've sent it, however.

¹ [*Life and Letters of Joseph Severn*, pp. 219–220.]

² [No. 135 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631).]

³ [See Vol. XXX. p. 244.]

⁴ [Not fully done, but see the Preface to *Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV.).]

What a naughty child you were to pick out all that was useless, and leave all that's practical and useful, for *Frondes!* You ought to have pounced on all the best bits about drawing from nature!

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD.

I cannot tell you how very apposite to my work these two feathers are. I am just going to dwell on the exquisite result of the division into successive leaves [sketch], which I had never noticed till you sent me some feathers (and which comes in, you will see how, in my new book on geology)—which is the means by which Nature obtains the *glittering* look to set off her colour;² and you just send me two feathers which have it more in perfection than any I ever saw, and I think are more vivid in colour.

How those boys must tease you! but you will be rewarded in the world that good Susies go to.

You must *show* me the drawing of the grebe. The moss is getting on.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 26th April [1875].

I've been made so miserable by a paper of Sir J. Lubbock's on flowers and insects⁴ that I must come and whine to you. He says, and really as if he knew it, that insects, chiefly bees, entirely originate flowers; that all scent, colour, pretty form, is owing to bees; that flowers which insects don't take care of have no scent, colour, nor honey.

It seems to me that it is likelier that the flowers which have no scent, colour, nor honey, don't get any attention from the bees.

But the man really knows so much about it, and has tried so many pretty experiments, that he makes me miserable.

So I'm afraid you're miserable too. Write to tell me about it all.

¹ [No. 26 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

² [The point was made, however, not in *Deucalion*, but in *Laws of Fésole*: see Vol. XV. p. 405.]

³ [No. 105 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

⁴ ["Common Wild Flowers considered in relation to Insects." Address by Sir John Lubbock, F. R. S., at the Belfast meeting of the British Association, August 1874. Printed in *Nature*, vol. 10, pp. 402–406, 422–426. Compare *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 414.]

To W. R. S. RALSTON¹

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *April 29th*, 1875.

MY DEAR RALSTON,—I am sincerely grieved at the contents of your letter, and yet, partly triumphant, in hearing of an English gentleman who resigns himself to live on so narrow an income, farther diminished by duty to relations. I wish you would teach me to do the same. It seems to me more distinctly every day that it may become my own duty to live at least on as little as I can, if I would enforce simplicity of life on others.

Please tell me how you get on, when you have fairly tried. I enclose cheque, and *have* written to my bankers as you wish.—Always respectfully and faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To DEAN LIDDELL

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *10th May*, 1875.

DEAR MR. DEAN,—It is my father's birthday; and it is just forty years since he brought me to Oxford to be matriculated. Looking back, it seems to me as if I had been rebelling in the Wilderness forty years, and were now only received again by the University as her prodigal son.

At all events, I trust gradually to become more and more worthy of the sonship, and therefore I venture to ask you, who first showed me the difference between classic and common art, to be one of the Trustees of the series of drawings permanently placed in my schools of practice; Prince Leopold has accepted in the kindest way, on condition of your coadjutorship, with that of Dr. Acland and Mr. Coxe.² I write also to Mr. Coxe this evening, being sure of Henry; as, I cannot but hope, I am of this good help from the Head of my old College, who knows me, I think, for his faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, *31st May*, '75.

Just as I was settling to my work this morning, after a gloomy fight with things and myself, came in the enclosed note. I went an hour before (at ten, at least), dusted the school, chose out drawings by

¹ [No. 33 in *Furnivall*, pp. 84–85. Ralston, the Russian scholar (1828–1889), had in 1875 resigned his appointment in the British Museum, in the idea that the state of his health rendered him no longer equal to the discharge of its duties.]

² [H. O. Coxe (1811–1881), librarian of the Bodleian: see Vol. XX. p. xxx., Vol. XXI. p. xxiii.]

Macdonald, Burgess, and of my own, my study of Wild Rose, and the Alfred's lily.¹

I had just got all in order when in came the Doctor with the lawyer, and deed of gift of all to the University—Prince Leopold, Trustee. Now it happened by absolute Fors, that I had appointed Eleven, at my rooms, to sign this.

Acland, with much real feeling, said that his first introduction to Prince Albert had been through the Museum work undertaken with me; and, that it was no mere “chance” that made the Princess fetch us all to the galleries—for, as matters stood, the properest witness to the deed would be the Prince Louis.²

Before he could well explain so much to me, the Princess came—and directly into my school.³ Where, having these things out for her, she got thoroughly interested directly, and quite eagerly asked me to “lend” her some drawings for her children. So of course I asked if I might make them for her and give them to her, and of course she was good enough to be pleased; and then I asked her to tell me what she would have, and she said “a water-lily,”⁴ and some tree stems. And I think I shall do one for her that she'll like. For she verily knows what drawing is.

Then they saw the Turners. Then, they—*i.e.*, Prince Louis and Princess, and Prince Leopold—came all into my private Professor room. And then I signed my deed, and Prince Louis witnessed it—Prince Leopold looking on, ever so pleased, as he did. And then—I'm not sure, because I had to thank Prince Louis afterwards and make a little speech to him, but in the meantime I am almost certain that Acland made the Princess sign too beside her husband.

So then we went on all through the room—and at last I had to put the Princess into her little open carriage, and Prince Leopold took the reins, and I think Prince Louis went behind them, and so they said good-bye; and it was all in the brightest summer day I've ever seen in Oxford—almost in England.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 4th June, 1875.

DEAREST PAPA,—I have had so little to say of myself, pleasing to a Papa's ear, that I neither wrote nor came when I was last in London—for the rest, the Academy work⁵ involved much weariness. I had just

¹ [Nos. 13 in the Educational Series (Vol. XXI. p. 76) and 238 in the Rudimentary (*ibid.*, p. 230 and Plate XLVI).]

² [H. R. H. the Grand Duke of Hesse, married to the Princess Alice.]

³ [Compare Vol. XXI. p. xxiv.]

⁴ [For a reference to this drawing, see Vol. XXXV. p. 425 *n.*]

⁵ [*Academy Notes* for 1875: Vol. XIV.]

got it done, with other worldliness, and was away into the meadows, to see buttercup and clover and bean blossom, when the news came that the little story of my wild Rose was ended, and the hawthorn blossoms, this year, would fall—over her. Since which piece of news, I have not had a day but in more or less active business, in which everybody congratulates and felicitates me, and must be met with civil cheerfulness. Among the few rests or goods I get, indeed, the reading of the Knox's portraits¹ has been the chief. I never saw a more close, inevitable piece of picture criticism; and the incidental sketches of Wishart and Knox are invaluable. I am coming to town in a week or ten days now. What possesses Froude to go away again so soon? Love to Mary.—Ever, dear Papa, your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN²

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 18th June.

DEAREST DR. BROWN,—I am very thankful for your kind letter, chiefly in that it shows me I've got *you* still. I was afraid you would be overworking yourself again.

That death³ is very bad for me—*seal* of a great fountain of sorrow which can never now ebb away; a dark lake in the fields of life as one looks back—Coruisk,⁴ with Sarcophagus Mountains round. Meanwhile I live in the outside of me and can still work. Glaciers going on well. *They* have become four first chapters of *Deucalion*, which is to be the Philosophy of Stones in *General*—after Venice! Soon, really, now, out with first chapter.

The death numbed me for some days so that I couldn't work, but am none the worse, as far as I know, only there's no blood in my hands or feet.

PLEASE take care of yourself—for *me*, as Mr. Winkle asked Mr. Pickwick for him.⁵—Ever your loving
J. R.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

[OXFORD, June 26, 1875.]

. . . I'm a good deal better these two or three last days, somehow. I enjoyed my Turners last night greatly.

¹ [Carlyle's *Essay*: see above, p. 148.]

² [A few words of this letter have already been printed in Vol. XXIV. p. xx.]

³ [The death of Miss Rose La Touche: see Vol. XXIV. p. xx.]

⁴ [See Scott's description of Loch Coruisk in *The Lord of the Isles*.]

⁵ ["For my sake," said Mr. Winkle to Mr. Pickwick on the ice (ch. xxix.).]

Carlyle took me to Boehm's¹—who is *such* a duck—the very ideal of noblest intense Germanism, with the grey gleaming eye, and inexhaustible will—rationalism—imagination—and bodily vigour. And he's done the only horse I ever cared for—such a love—rearing, and hitting out straight with his right fore-paw—hoof, I mean. . . .

To F. S. ELLIS²

LICHFIELD, *June 30th*, 1875.

MY DEAR ELLIS,—I have just seen an article in the *Telegraph* on Dr. Schliemann, the excavator in the Troad, which refers to his “autobiography.” I am intensely desirous to see this, but fear there may be no translation. Can you refer me to any completer account of the grand fellow than this absurd *Telegraph* one? Write to Bolton Abbey.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS³

BOLTON BRIDGE, *July 4th*, 1875.

MY DEAR ELLIS,—I am really *very* glad of your two delightful letters, this of *June 28th* only reaching me to-day, and being especially helpful to me in all ways, but chiefly in what you say of the short letter I wrote to the *World*. It is so very valuable to me in confirmation of errors which it has taken me long to make entirely definite even to myself, and which I feared would remain more than disputable to men actively engaged in business. It is this sympathy with my ways of thought which renders me always anxious to know if my books have given you pleasure.

Your letters to-day have brightened an already bright forenoon, the first fair one we have had on our journey; and a walk on the moorland, in the upper reach of Wharfedale, has given me more feeling of return to life than has come to me since those dark days which you helped me to bear patiently (except for your sake) at Coniston.

If at any time you like to follow my, really not unwise, example in this way of travelling, and bring Mrs. Ellis to Coniston to see our fine cascade, you would really find it little else than one delightful

¹ [Sir J. E. Boehm, R. A., for whom see Vol. XIV. p. 288 *n.*]

² [No. 20 in *Ellis*, p. 32. Schliemann's Autobiography was prefixed to his *Ilios*. The article in the *Daily Telegraph* was a “leader” on June 28, in connexion with Schliemann's lecture, to the Society of Antiquaries, on the Site of Troy.]

³ [No. 21 in *Ellis*, pp. 33–35. For the “short letter to the *World*”—on Ruskin's method of publishing—see Vol. XXXIV. p. 519.]

park-drive all the way, in the line I have taken—Oxford, Warwick, Lichfield, Ashbourne, Castleton, Wakefield, and here. There is nothing but the actual towns of Sheffield, Wakefield, and Leeds to pass of entire ugliness; the country is beautiful, even between Wakefield and Leeds; and the drive from Castleton commands one of the finest moorland views in England.

I shall certainly be at Coniston for two months from this time, and Mr. and Mrs. Severn would help me to make the visit as pleasant as we could for you both.—Ever faithfully and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, 15th July, 1875.

DEAREST CHARLES,—I have not been writing, because that death, as you so well understand, has made so much of my past life at once dead weight to me that I feel as I did when I first got out of bed after my illness at Matlock,² as if my limbs were of lead—mentally and bodily. This is so with me just now, and I only fight through by going on with mechanical work all I can—but the effect on my general health has been very paralyzing, and it was no use writing about it; also, my work has now at once and in all things taken the form of bequest, and I am reviewing old notes, drawings, etc., etc., and being my own executor as much as I can . . . and writing, if I can, some things that I want to say before ending—not that I definitely expect to end yet; and to the public I keep my head above water as if I had no cramp; hitherto, at least, I think so. My literary work seems to me up to its usual mark. . . . *Proserpina* is liked, and *Deucalion*, which will have all my geology swept up in it, is liking to myself. If only I can keep my stomach in order.

Now, about the bust. I send you photographs of Carlyle,³ but they are miserable. Perspective of feet of course ridiculous, and all the subtlety of face lost. But Boehm is a jewel, not a Jew. A perfect type of intense blue-eyed, Harz-bred Germany. I *hope* he will like me, and *ask* to do me,—that will be ever so much better than if I asked him, or you either. But if he doesn't I will. . . . Ever your loving
J. R.

¹ [No. 158 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 116–118. A part of the letter (“I have not been writing . . . usual mark”) had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 380.]

² [In the summer of 1871: see Vol. XXII. p. xviii.]

³ [Of Boehm's statue of Carlyle: see Vol. XIV. p. 288. The bust of Ruskin was made some years later: see below, p. 301.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD [1875?].

I hope you will be comforted in any feeling of languor or depression in yourself by hearing that I also am wholly lack-lustrous, *depressed*, *oppressed*, *compressed*, and *downpressed* by a quite countless press-gang of despondencies, humilities, remorsees, shamefacednesses, all-overnesses, all-undernesses, sicknesses, dulnesses, darknesses, sulkinesses, and everything that rhymes to less, mess, and distress, and that I'm sure you and I are at present the mere targets of the darts of the—, etc.,² etc., and Mattie's waiting and mustn't be loaded with more sorrow; but I can't tell you how sorry I am to break my promise to-day, but it would not be safe for me to come.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

BRANTWOOD [1875?].

I am a little better, but can't laugh much yet, and won't cry if I can help it. Yet it always makes me *nearly* cry, to hear of these poor working men trying to express themselves and nobody ever teaching them, nor anybody in all England, knowing that painting is an *art*, and sculpture also, and that an untaught man can no more carve or paint than play the fiddle. All efforts of the kind mean simply that we have neither masters nor scholars—in any rank or any place. And I, alas! what have *I* done for Coniston schools yet? I don't deserve an oyster-*shell*, far less an oyster.

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON⁴

BRANTWOOD, 23rd July, 1875.

Thanks for your note and your kind feelings. But you ought to know more about me. I profess to be a teacher; as you profess also. But we teach on totally different methods. *You* believe what you wish to believe; teach that it is wicked to doubt it, and remain at rest and in much self-satisfaction. *I* believe what I find to be true, whether I like or dislike it. And I teach other people that the chief of all wickednesses is to tell lies in God's service, and to disgrace our Master and destroy His sheep as *involuntary* wolves.

¹ [No. 148 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632).]

² [See Ephesians vi. 16.]

³ [No. 150 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632).]

⁴ [No. 3 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleison: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 184.]

I, therefore, am in perpetual effort to learn and discern—in perpetual unrest and Dissatisfaction with myself. But it would simply require you to do twenty years of such hard work as I have done before you could in any true sense “speak” a word to me on such matters. You could not use a word in my sense. It would always mean to *you* something different. For instance—one of my quite *bye* works in learning my business of a teacher—was to read the New Testament through in the earliest Greek MS. (eleventh century) which I could get hold of.¹ I examined every syllable of it, and have more notes of various readings and on the real meanings of perverted passages than you would get through in a year’s work. But I should require you to do the same work before I would discuss a text with you. From that and such work in all kinds I have formed opinions which you could no more move than you could Coniston Old Man. They may be wrong, God knows; I *trust* in them infinitely less than you do in those which you have formed simply by refusing to examine—or to think—or to know—what is doing in the world about you. But you cannot stir them.

I very very rarely make presents of my books. If people are inclined to learn from them, I say to them as a physician would, “Pay me my fee—you will not obey me if I give you advice for nothing.” But I should like a kind neighbour like you to know something about me, and I have therefore desired my publisher to send you one² of my many books which, after doing the work that I have done, you would have to read before you could really use words in my meanings. If you will read the introduction carefully, and especially dwell on the 10th to 15th lines of the 15th page, you will at least know me a little better than to think I believe in my own resurrection—but not in Christ’s; and if you look to the final essay on War, you may find some things in it which will be of interest to you in your own work.

Please also read carefully the 84th and 85th pages of text. I shall hope to see you with your friends on the day you name.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I will answer the other parts of your letter *vivâ voce*—about money, etc. When you know more of me, you will find I am now a beggar, not a giver. I have given seven thousand pounds to a charity of my own fancy,³ and now—beg of others for that only. I will say one word as

¹ [See Vol. XXXIV. p. 703.]

² [*The Crown of Wild Olive*. For the first and last of Ruskin’s references (which are to the edition of 1873), see now Vol. XVIII. pp. 395 (“On the contrary, a brave belief in death . . . energy of hand”), and 448–450 (§ 74). For the Essay on War (which had, however, in 1873 ceased to be the final essay), see *ibid.*, pp. 459 *seq.*]

³ [The St. George’s Guild.]

to your own letter. You say, "We see the *effects* of the *Resurrection*." Pardon me—you see only the effects of *belief* in it. There is not an ornament on your tongs—poker—or railroad carriage which is not the effect of belief in Jupiter, and the birth of Athena from his head. But they don't prove the facts, for all that.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

BRANTWOOD [4th August, 1875].

DEAREST DR. BROWN,—It has just occurred to me that you can't come to me because, like a stupid beast as I am, I did not ask your sister too. This was pure inadvertence and stupidity. My life has been ruined by stupidity; I am a dolt, a cretin, a log, a dead mole, a stuffed hedgehog, a fossil echinus, not to have thought of it. *Come both* directly. I am convinced by your own last note, Brantwood's the only place for you.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Mrs. COWPER-TEMPLE²

BRANTWOOD, 10th August, 1875.

DEAREST ISOLA,—Your sweet letter has done me so much good, specially the prettiest word about adopting me like Juliet;³ it is so precious to me to be thought of as a child, needing to be taken care of, in the midst of the weary sense of teaching and having all things and creatures depending on one, and one's self a nail stuck in an *insecure* place.⁴ I *should* like to come to Broadlands and feel like that. But if I come, you must let me keep child's hours, and not even come down to dessert; you must let me have my dinner at your lunch time, making then any little appearance, or being of any poor little social use I can; then I must have my tea and bit of toast in my own room at your dinner time, and go to bed at my own time. I can do nothing now unless I keep these primitive hours; and am always hurt by any effort to talk or think in the evenings. It is very dear and wonderful in you to want to have me at all, and really I think you might like having me, so, knowing me to be quite comfortable.

¹ [No. 20 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 303–304. Brown replied (p. 235): "No, my dear friend, my not coming to you in no sense whatever depended, or was in any sense connected with my sister not coming, be assured of this; it was simply my feeling of inability for being even with you. . . . Good-bye, and God for ever bless you and all you love and who love you.—Ever affectionately, J. B." Ruskin, in sending the letter to Miss Anderson, wrote on it: "Keep this for me. I trust he may write often yet, but he may not." Brown at the time was seriously ill (p. 235).]

² [A few words of this letter have been quoted in Vol. XXIV. p. xxi.]

³ [For a letter to whom, see below, p. 182.]

⁴ [See Isaiah xxii. 23.]

And if you—how I repeat myself!—if I could but feel indeed that you had a kind of motherly, being old in holiness of heart, feeling for me, it would be the best thing the world could now give me. And your telling me a little about yourselves is the best thing you can do for me: though I shall need always to be *told* of singing hymns by that river, for I shall never sing anything any more. I may like to hear it through my window, perhaps. I am doing some good work, when there is any weather, however,—things that you will like to see on your table, I hope. And I am getting a little stronger, lately. Write and tell me if William and you will let me have tea in my room.—Ever your loving
ST. C.

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

BRANTWOOD, 20th August, 1875.

SIR,—I received your Royal Highness's most kind letter yesterday, and the Princess Louis of Hesse's drawings were safely placed in my hands by Miss Helps on her arrival the day before.

I should be unwilling to say how highly I thought of these drawings, were I not sure that your Royal Highness has already seen so far through me as to place trust in my frankness, and to feel that however much I may desire to please your Royal Highness and your gracious sister, or to obtain the favour of either, I should neither think insincerity a likely way of doing so, nor use it even if I had the foolish hope that it would be of use. The drawings are in truth of extreme beauty, showing not only very high natural gifts for art, but an energy and patient industry which would be singular and admirable in any woman—how much more in one whose position, while it must so strictly limit her available time for exertion, would in so many cases also take away all serious disposition for it.

I confess to being almost mortified in finding that there remains so little for me to show to her Royal Highness: yet, observing that her intelligence and power show themselves no less in the discomfort with which she regards her work, than in the sterling rightness of all she does, I am at least confident of being able to make some suggestions to her Royal Highness which will prevent this disquietude, and enable her to take some of the delight in her own skill which it must always give to others.

May I trust to your Royal Highness's kindness to inform the Princess of the safety of her drawings, and to say for me, that just in proportion to the little I have to teach, is the much that I must think; so that it cannot but be some days before I am able to return

the drawings with such notes as her Royal Highness expresses her gracious wish that I should make on them.

The brightness of a golden autumn morning on my poor Lancastrian hills leads me to hope that your Royal Highness may have found the sunshine warm to welcome you on the heath of your noble Scottish ones. In that, as in all more serious wishes for your happiness, believe me, Sir, ever your Royal Highness's faithful and loyal servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

*To Miss SUSAN BEEVER*¹

BRANTWOOD [1875].

I am most interested in your criticism of "Queen Mary." I have not read it, but the choice of subject is entirely morbid and wrong, and I am sure all you say must be true. The form of decline which always comes on mental power of Tennyson's passionately sensual character, is always of seeing ugly things: a kind of delirium tremens. Turner had it fatally in his last years.

I am so glad you enjoy writing to me more than any one else. The book you sent me of Dr. John Brown's² on books has been of extreme utility to me, and contains matter of the deepest interest. Did you read it yourself? If not, I must lend it you.

I am so glad also to know of your happiness in Chaucer. Don't hurry in reading. I will get you an edition for your own, that you may mark it in peace.

*To Miss SUSAN BEEVER*³

BRANTWOOD.

I found a strawberry growing just to please itself, as red as a ruby, high up on Yewdale crag yesterday, in a little corner of rock all its own; so I left it to enjoy itself. It seemed as happy as a lamb, and no more meant to be eaten.

*To Miss SUSAN BEEVER*⁴

BRANTWOOD.

Yes, those are all sweetest bits from Chaucer (the pine new to me);⁵ your own copy is being bound. And all the Richard,—but you

¹ [No. 128 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 630).]

² [A book lent by Dr. John Brown, not one written by him.]

³ [Printed in *Hortus*, as part of No. 130, though really from a separate letter: see below, p. 630.]

⁴ [This letter was printed as a part of No. 130 and as No. 131 in *Hortus* (see below, p. 630). For the strawberry incident during Patmore's visit, see Vol. XXIII. p. xxvi. It may be mentioned that Ruskin's name has been given to a variety of strawberry, the "John Ruskin" being an early fruit of Alpine flavour.]

⁵ [See *Romaunt of the Rose*, 1455–64; "the Richard" may be the "Ballade sent to King Richard," or the lines on the death of Richard in the "Nonne Prestes Tale," 527 *seq.*]

must not copy out the Richard bits, for I like all my Richard alike from beginning to end. Yes, my “seed pearl” bit is pretty, I admit; it was like the thing.¹ The cascades here, I’m afraid, come down more like seed oatmeal.

Now it’s very naughty of you, Susie, to think everybody else would have ate that strawberry. Mr. Severn and Mr. Patmore were both with me; and when *I* said, “Now, I don’t believe three other people could be found who would let that alone,” Mr. Patmore was quite shocked, and said, “I’m quite sure nobody but *you* would have thought of eating it!”—Ever your loving, gormandising (Patmore knows me!)

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD.

What a sweet, careful, tender letter this is! I re-enclose it at once for fear of mischief, though I’ve scarcely read it, for indeed my eyes are weary, but I see what gentle mind it means.

Yes, you will love and rejoice in your Chaucer more and more. Fancy, I’ve never time, now, to look at him,—obliged to read even my Homer and Shakespeare at a scramble, half missing the sense,—the business of life disturbs one so.

Will you please thank Miss Watson for the *Queen’s Wake*?³ I should like to tell her about Hogg’s visit to Herne Hill, and my dog Dash’s reception of him; but I’m never pleased with the Shepherd’s bearing to Sir W. Scott, as one reads it in Lockhart.

There’s no fear of Susie’s notes ever being less bright as long as she remains a child, and it’s a long while yet to look forward to.

To Miss SARA ANDERSON

KESWICK, 1st Sept., ’75.

It is really a very great comfort and help to me to know you are so happy. I have a great desire to make all creatures happy—particularly lambs, squirrels, Joanies, and Diddies; and if the squirrel really will come and play with me, and gather nuts with me, and be

¹ [The “bit” is the description of the cascade at “Fairies’ Hollow,” near Chamouni, in *Modern Painters*, vol. v. (Vol. VII. p. 107).]

² [No. 123 and part of No. 124 in *Hortus*; really one letter: see below, p. 629.]

³ [*The Queen’s Wake: a Legendary Poem*, by James Hogg: Edinburgh, 1813. On Hogg’s visit to Herne Hill, see Vol. XXXV. p. 93 *n*. For his “bearing to Scott,” see Lockhart *passim*.]

admired as well as happy, it completes my satisfaction to an almost incredible degree, so that I begin asking myself, over and over again, Now, *is* that squirrel really enjoying itself *here*? But truly, if you'll come again next year, I shall be finally convinced, and I shall be less busy (according to my present plans!), and we'll have some nutting to purpose. But next year, sometimes, seems a long way away—and perhaps you'll be married half-a-dozen times over before then—and so I'm very sulky to-day at being obliged to stay and lose my day in hand for days far hidden in hazel-bush.

I really believe it must be fine even at Coniston, for it is very divinely beautiful here to-day, and there are little white cheerful clouds in the sky, beautiful after the fashion of lambs and Diddies, which do my heart good.

So I hope the woods will be nice and shadowy-warm, and will know, in *their* hearts, what a Dryad means, before I return to them, as *I* shall—being ever your loving taskmaster, J. RUSKIN.

To W. B. PULLAR

BRANTWOOD, 3rd September, '75.

DEAR MR. PULLAR,—I am indeed most grateful for your letter, though I have a quantity of work to do now which forbids all but essential answer. Time only “mollifies” matters to me by killing me. That tranquillity is only a form of death. But I am thankful to have anger enough in me to last me for fifty lives—and love enough to reach some living yet from its home with those who are not. Your sweet wife's message was a true joy to me.—I am ever faithfully and affectionately hers and yours, J. RUSKIN.

To COVENTRY PATMORE¹

BRANTWOOD, 5th Sept. [1875].

MY DEAR PATMORE,—I have put up a stone for Bertha, which would have come before, but I wanted to see the moss on it quite dry, that I might be sure it would reach her in an available state. Let her do any *bit* of it she thinks pretty, about this size [sketch]—the moss and stone background being of course of their real size, as they would

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 294. For Patmore's visit to Brantwood, referred to in this letter, see Vol. XXIII. p. xxvi.]

be seen through a hole cut in paper the size of the proposed drawing, and put *close* to them.

She will thus get practice at once in delivery of arborescent form and shadow of background—which must look transparent and detach the moss from it by the mysterious variety of its half-seen detail, not by any mere trick of painting. *Only* she cannot detach this moss more than she can see it detached in nature by closing one eye, or looking through a small hole,—for nature displays small distances stereoscopically more than by shade.

You made *me* very happy, not by disagreeing with me, but by giving me knowledge. My belief is that our opinions are, on all subjects with which we are equally acquainted, far more at one than our feelings, closely as these often correspond.

Can you tell me, please, where a verse (of yours?) quoted by me in *Sesame and Lilies*—“saddens us with heavenly doubts”¹—comes from? I am divided between you and Blake as author of it.

My true regards to Mrs. Patmore and Bertha—and from us all here to yourself—your affecte.

J. RUSKIN.

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

KIRKBY LONSDALE, 10th Sept., '75.

SIR,—I did not venture to reply further to your Royal Highness's gracious letter on the day I said, because the kind wish it expressed that I should lecture in Oxford this next term, joined with the, to me, very sorrowful foretelling of your Royal Highness's leaving us, gave me much to think of, just when, as mischance had it, I had least time to think. It was my intention only to have given some readings, with comments, on Reynolds's lectures, adding here and there any pieces of *Modern Painters* written with reference to them, and I trust that this design may not be without interest to your Royal Highness, in that you have designed to take the same relation to the school of Oxford which the King held to the Royal Academy when Reynolds was its President. But it may be that when I am again permitted to wait upon you at Oxford, I may have arranged materials for lecture on other subjects more directly connected with the institution of the schools, and more definitely needing the good auspices given by your presence during their delivery, being guided in such choice of subject by your Royal Highness's commands.

The beautiful drawings of the Princess Louis of Hesse are, I hope,

¹ [Neither Patmore nor Blake, but Emerson: see Vol. XVIII. p. 77.]

now safe in her Royal Highness's possession; two of my own were sent also, which the dark weather, joined with my somewhat failing sight, rendered, I fear, too unworthy of being looked at by the Princess, but they may be of some use in showing methods which may be found serviceable.

I did not venture to write, except, as her Royal Highness bade me, on the backs of the drawings; and that without any but the necessary notes as to modes of work, trusting to your Royal Highness to make known to the Princess the admiration which I feared to displease her by too constantly expressing in connection with my criticism, and my true gratitude for the privilege of doing anything for her service, being in all things, also, your Royal Highness's faithful and loyal servant,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

[BOLTON BRIDGE, *Sept.* 15, 1875.]

The letter to Arfie, with all its good news, was a great delight to both of us; and he is really doing quite splendid work. I am entirely taken aback by his rapidity and technical knowledge in these rock subjects; he did in half-an-hour this afternoon as much as I could have done in a day, and better, in all essential ways.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD [? KIRKBY LONSDALE], *17th September*, 1875.

DEAREST CHARLES,—Little deserving a letter, I greatly weary for one. The summer is past, and the dark days are darker to me than ever yet, and fly faster. But I have done a little leaf-drawing and Turner drawing in my old way which may please you a little, and I've been trying to get photos of the Italian book² for you, but they will not come rightly; a very little darkening of the shade vulgarizes all. And in all ways I am disappointed and failing, yet still I hope advancing in main battle. Only you don't care about my main battle. . . .

My old work haunts me. I don't like to let it all rot in the damp here, till you can't read any of its wreck; so I am going to try to edit some, with engravings, as I used to do, if I can find engravers, or else numbering the drawings, and leaving them for reference or

¹ [No. 159 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 118–120.]

² [The book of Italian drawings (*A Florentine Picture Chronicle*) which Ruskin had recently bought: see Vol. XXII. p. xxxviii. It is now in the British Museum, and the drawings have been reproduced by photographic process.]

publication by my executors. The geology and botany will, I hope, become classical books in education. I mean to collect and separate with extreme care what is really known of geology proper from mere theory, and illustrate it as best I can. . . .

I've found myself rather weak in body this summer; the thing that chiefly tires me, however, is the continually dark sky, like a plague—all the rest is chiefly stomachic. If grief would only let one's stomach alone, I would manage the heart, well enough. Oh, dear, what's this brown, horrid stain? Tea? I'm forbidden tea by the doctor, and it's high time if I throw it about like this. All possible good be with you.—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

To ARTHUR SEVERN

KIRKBY, 17th Sept., '75.

MY DEAR ARFIE,—I hope your day was as successful as mine. It was very hot, but more or less sunny, and Weathercote is wonderful. Fancy one of the narrow Tivoli falls plunging into a pit, and disappearing in it, and feeling oneself, as if one might go through a hole into—wherever holes go to,—at any moment. But you couldn't have painted it. The fall fills the cave with spray, and it is always without sunshine, the rottenest—deadliest—loveliest—horriblest place I ever saw in my life. Mind you do some studies of the trees (pine and holly) in that Garden, before you leave it. Oh dear! I'm so sleepy! and I haven't written to Joanie, and must say good-night.—Ever your affecte.
DI PA.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

HERNE HILL, 4th October [1875].

All your letter is delicious, but chiefest the last sentence where you say you like your Chaucer so much. And you need never fear touching that wound of mine. It is never more—never less—without its pain. I like you to lay your pure, gentle hand on it.

But I am not despondent or beaten at all; and I'm at work on your peacock's feathers—and oh me, they should be put into some great arch of crystal where one could see them like a large rainbow. I use your dear little lens, deep in and in, and can't exhaust their wonderfulness.

¹ [No. 27 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

HERNE HILL, 5th October, 1875.

. . . I am more cheerful than I have been for several years. David's behaviour when the child died is I think natural and possible,² not because grief is a form of prayer, but because pure grief is not a disturbing element as the returning waves of steadily ebbing hope are. My actual work, however, is also more pleasing and interesting to me, coming into full ear out of its blade.

I hope you will begin to like *Fors* better, as it now associates itself with other things. . . . I don't like what you say of Froude. I like the man, and have learned much from his work. If it is romance, it is unintentionally so, and at present, to me, unique among history-work since Thucydides, for being of no side. . . .

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

BROADLANDS, 5th October, 1875.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—You are the first person I write to from my new home. The Temples have given me a room here for my own, and leave to stay in it in the evenings instead of coming down to their late dinner—and say they will be generally good to me and take care of me; so I came down here to-day from my old nursery at Herne Hill, and am making myself comfortable in my new nest—a cloudless sunset giving me its good omen, over the sweet river and woods. . . .

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

BROADLANDS, 12th Oct. [1875].

I am very thankful for all your dear letters always—greatly delighted above all with the squirrel one and Chaucer. Didn't he love squirrels!⁵ and don't I wish I was a squirrel in Susie's pear trees, instead of a hobbling, disconsolate old man, with no teeth to bite, much less crack, anything, and particularly forbidden to eat nuts!

¹ [No. 160 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 120.]

² [See 2 Samuel xii. 16–23.]

³ [No. 161 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 121.]

⁴ [No. 84 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

⁵ ["And many squireles, that sett Ful high upon the trees and ete And in his maner made festys."—*The Dethe of Blaunche*, 430.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BROADLANDS, ROMSEY, 18th October.

I was very thankful for your letter this morning—having heard you were unwell and being a little despondent myself—more than of late—an Italian nobleman is here who cares for nothing but shooting, and everybody thinks it perfectly right!

It is a great joy to me that you find so much in *The Stones of Venice*—I hope that book is worth the time it took me to write it; every year of youth seems to me, in looking back, now so precious.

How very strange I should give you *quietness*, myself being always disquieted in heart—a Ghost of poor Samuel—helpless—in sight of ruining Israel.

To think of the difference between those two scenes,—Samuel at his feast sending the prepared portion to the expected Saul.

And Samuel the Ghost—with his message.²

Well—this is a cheering letter to send my poor Susie. It's all that Italian Duke.

To MADAME DESCHAMPS³

COWLEY RECTORY, October 27, 1875.

MY DEAR JULIET,—I was so very sorry to go away without my kiss. Please keep it very carefully for me, and when you've any to spare, put them aside with it, and keep them in rose leaves, with a little ice outside, till I come back in December; just thaw them at the fire the least bit the day before, and give me them all together. And please take care not to hurt yourself in carrying faggots and chopping them, and don't get scratched in the hedges, or anywhere; and play one bar of music right before you come to the next; and be sure that I'm always your loving

RUSK.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

COWLEY RECTORY, 30th October, 1875.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I've just sent—late—to press the November *Fors*, announcing that I have now on hand altogether seven big

¹ [No. 97 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

² [See 1 Samuel ix. 22–24, and 1 Samuel xxviii. 11 *seq.*]

³ [Mrs. Cowper-Temple's adopted daughter, Juliet, aged nine at this time. The letter is printed from *T. P.'s Weekly*, September 25, 1903, p. 538.]

⁴ [No. 162 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 121–123.]

books going on at once¹—and I must always have a little book going on besides, to close the octave, of letters to you; for you will begin to take pleasure in my work again, now, if we both live. . . .

Meantime, I have been resting a little at Broadlands, and it is a great relief to me to be where I've nothing to manage, and can go out in the garden without being asked what is to be sown, or cut, or sold, or bought, or burnt, or manured, or drained, or fenced, or carted, or—something or other that I don't know half so much about as the blackbirds. Then the servants are all nice, the cook especially; and she makes creams and jellies for me, and I go down to the kitchen and make experiments on glacier motion in valleys of napkin and have got the loveliest results.² . . .

To-morrow I go to Oxford to give twelve lectures on Sir Joshua's lectures;³ then I'm going to Brighton for the dark days, to see sunsets over sea, and Aquarium. Then, if all's well, to Brantwood for the spring; and to Fésolé and Siena perhaps, once more, for the summer—home by Venice.

It is very strange to me to feel all my life become a thing of the past, and to be now merely like a wrecked sailor, picking up pieces of his ship on the beach. This is the real state of things with me, of course, in a double sense—People gone—and things. My Father and Mother, and Rosie, and Venice, and Rouen—all gone; but I can gather bits up of the places for other people.

I'm wonderfully well, on the whole, and doing masses of work—only my eyes fail—in languor more than lens. I can only see well by strong light. . . .

Love, very true, to your mother and sisters and children.—Ever your devoted.
J. RUSKIN.

To ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN⁴

[Nov., 1875.]

DEAR WEDDERBURN,—It is so very good of you to copy all so quickly, and I'm so glad you like it; but, my dear boy, have I been so arrogant with you that you think it needful to speak of a useful bit of help as “venturing a criticism”? Indeed I *am* able to be found fault with—please don't confuse my obstinate statements of truth when I know it, with a temper that will not be mended. Tell me

¹ [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 444.]

² [See Vol. XXIV. p. xxi., and Vol. XXVI. p. 177.]

³ [See Vol. XXII. pp. 493 *seq.*]

⁴ [For whose friendship with Ruskin, see the Introduction; Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxviii. The present letter refers to *The Economist of Xenophon* (see Vol. XXXI.)]

anything that pains or disappoints you in this preface—I may have reason for it; but I may also be unconscious, or mistaken, so please tell always: I *am* very slow at my work, having the most irregular things happening to disturb me, yet to help also, but not immediately.

And I shall try your patience—for I see there's no hope of 1st January. You know printers won't work for a week after Christmas. As for *binding*, we must give all thought of that up, and issue in mere Review stitching at first—for people to bind as they will; I can't settle such a matter as binding but in London.—Ever your affectionate

J. R.

Write now to Dr. Oldham, Lucastes, Hayward's Heath.

To COVENTRY PATMORE¹

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *12th Nov.* [1875 or 1877?].

DEAR COVENTRY,—Bertha's drawings came safely, with the books, for which my truest thanks. I can't have too many if you have really more to spare. The drawing is beautiful, but it would not be accepted at an exhibition, nor can I explain to Bertha how it fails, till she has done simpler exercises, whereof I must forthwith provide her. She needs chiefly perception of relation of parts. I shall send her some ornaments in black and white speedily. My love to her, and I am ever yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To F. W. H. MYERS²

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD [1875?].

MY DEAR MYERS,—I cannot tell you how grateful I am for the writing of that noble poem, though I cannot understand how you could have known so much of Death, and of the power of its approach, in your fervid youth,—and though I, in spite of all you and other very dear friends have taught me, feel too fatally the terror still. But it is partly a help to know that one does not work in the shadow alone.

Yes, I can come to Cambridge at the time you ask me—say the

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 296.]

² [This and the following letter are from *Fragments of Prose and Poetry*, by F. W. H. Myers, edited by his wife, 1904, pp. 23, 24. For Ruskin's acquaintance with Myers, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxii. The "noble poem" is probably "St. John the Baptist": see above, p. 54, and below, p. 239.]

last day of this month—staying over the Sunday. I have been greatly pained by reading some of Miss R—'s *Spiritism*, and need some help from nobler hands.—Ever affectionately yours, JOHN RUSKIN.

OXFORD [1875?].

MY DEAR MYERS,—I am *very* grateful for, and infinitely surprised by, your letter. It is a comfort and strength to me in extreme weakness of soul.

The surprise being that, in this weakness, I am able to give you the pleasure you tell me of.

My own feeling is always that the things of which I try to show the force are open to every one who will look at them—and that my own work is merely a dog's quatering a field, and that the very game I put up is not for me; and I don't expect anybody to care for me ever.

I mean that being sure there is a spiritual world, I am so poorhearted and cold that I never think I shall get to it, but I may show the path. It makes me hope better of myself ever so much, that *you* were happy with me. I ought to have written to have thanked you for all things, and to be remembered to all the friends that showed themselves so friendly—very especially to Mr. Stewart, and very earnestly to all.

It is late—and I am weary and cannot say what I would; but I am ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

COWLEY, 14th November, 1875.

. . . You cannot have in America the forms of mental rest with soothed memory of other, far distant, sorrow, not our own, which is so beautiful in these old countries. How different for a man like you, a walk by our riversides under Bolton or Furness, or in cloister of Vallombrosa or Chartreuse, from any blank cessation from absolute toil in that new land! Do come to us again. . . . Let us have a quiet time in Italy together, as soon as days are long, next year. What will a picture less matter to me? or a cipher less in my banker's book? Let us take a pleasant little suite of rooms in Florence or Venice—and we'll economize together, and think together—and learn together—and perhaps—even Hope a little together before we die. . . .

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 380. No. 163 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 123–124.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 20th Nov., '75.

If you only knew the good your peacock's feathers have done me, and if you could only see the clever drawing I'm making of one from the blue breast! You know what lovely little fern or equisetum² stalks of sapphire the filaments are; they beat me so, but they're coming nice.

Joanie says she thinks you are not well; and I'm easily frightened about you, because you never take any care of yourself and will not do what Mary or Joan or I bid you, you naughty little thing.

You won't even submit quietly to my publishing arrangements, but I'm resolved to have that book remain yours altogether; you had all the trouble with it, and it will help me ever so much more than I could myself.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

[OXFORD, November 27.]

DEAREST PAPA,—I'm just putting the notes together for my last of twelve lectures. Here's a nicish little bit just concocted—I rather like it—I hope it'll make you laugh:—

“ENGLISH CONSTITUTION

“The rottenest mixture of Simony, bribery, sneaking tyranny, shameless cowardice, and accomplished lying, that ever the Devil chewed small to spit into God's Paradise.”³

I must write it fair, to be sure it's given without a slip of the tongue.

They say my lectures have made rather an impression this term.

Oh dear, I mustn't go on; the morning is the only time I can find things rightly in my head, and I've two lectures to-day—the closing one here, and one at Eton.—Ever your loving
J. R.

¹ [No. 106 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628). The “book” is *Fronde Agrestes*, published in April 1875. A drawing of a peacock's feather (No. 80 in the Manchester Exhibition of 1904) was noted in the catalogue as inscribed, “For Miss Susie. J. R., Dec. 7, 1873” (where “1873” is probably a mistake for “1875”).]

² [The plant popularly known as Horsetail or Mare's-tail.]

³ [The “nicish little bit” was duly delivered at the lecture: see Vol. XXII. p. 507.]

To W. G. COLLINGWOOD¹

December, 1875.

Now that I have got my head fairly into this Xenophon business, it has expanded into a new light altogether; and I think it would be absurd in me to slur over the life in one paragraph.² A hundred things have come into my head as I arrange the dates, and I think I can make a much better thing of it—with a couple of days' work. My head would not work in town—merely turned from side to side—never nodded (except sleepily). I send you the proofs just to show you I'm at work. I'm going to translate all the story of Delphic answer before Anabasis: and his speech after the sleepless night.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

BROADLANDS, 11th Dec.

Your precious letter, showing me you are a little better, came this morning, with the exquisite feathers, one, darker and lovelier than any I have seen, but please, I still want one not in the least flattened; all these have lost just the least bit of their shell-like bending by having been flattened. You can so easily devise a little padding to keep two strong cards or bits of wood separate for one or two to lie happily in. I don't mind giving you this tease, for the throat will be better the less you remember it. But for all of us, a dark sky is assuredly a poisonous and depressing power, which neither surgery nor medicine can resist. The difference, to me, between nature as she is now, and as she was ten years ago, is as great as between Lapland and Italy, and the total loss of comfort in morning and evening sky the most difficult to resist of all spiritual hostility.

To OSCAR BROWNING⁴

BROADLANDS, December 14, '75.

DEAR MR. BROWNING,—As I heard with profound regret that you were leaving Eton, so it will be with extreme thankfulness that I

¹ [From the *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 310.]

² [No life of Xenophon was, however, included in the Preface to the *Economist*: for some notes on the subject, see Vol. XXIII. p. 162 *n.*]

³ [No. 85 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

⁴ [Ruskin had made Mr. Browning's acquaintance in connexion with lectures at Eton: see above, pp. 64, 65. This letter is reprinted from his "Personal Recollections of John Ruskin" in *St. George*, 1903, vol. vi. p. 143.]

shall hear of your success in the attainment of any authoritative educational position. I am sure that the views you hold on all subjects relating to the education of the higher classes of our youth are brightly and liberally, but not rashly, extended beyond those which have too long checked, if not thwarted, the best spirits among our public schoolboys, and left youths of the highest genius undiscovered for want of timely sympathy. What I have been permitted to see of the relations existing between your pupils and you seemed to me completely to realise the ideal of vital, affectionate, and enduringly beneficent education.—Believe me always, affectionately and respectfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BROADLANDS, 14th December, 1875.

. . . I have heard wonderful things this very afternoon. I have seen a person who has herself had the Stigmata, and lives as completely in the other world as ever St. Francis did, from her youth up, and—this is for *you*—she had the wounds more than once, but on one occasion conveyed instantly by a relic of St. Catherine of Siena.

And I'm as giddy as if I had been thrown off Strasburg steeple and stopped in the air; but thing after thing of this kind is being brought to me. I can't write more to-night. . . .

1876

[Early in this year Ruskin spent some time at Broadlands, going thence to Oxford, where, however, he did not feel equal to lecturing (Vol. XXIV. p. xxxiv.). In April he went on a posting tour, with Mr. Arthur Severn, to Sheffield; several letters written *en route* have already been given (*ibid.*, pp. xxvii., xxx.–xxxv.). After some weeks spent at Brantwood, he went to Venice, in accordance with a suggestion made by Prince Leopold that he should resume Venetian studies: see *ibid.*, pp. xxxiv.–xxxv.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

8th January, 1876.

DEAREST CHARLES,—In case of missing a steamer, I answer your kindest letter by return post—though only a word.

I am most thankful for its warning; and truly I need it, for the

¹ [No. 164 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 124–125. For the spiritualist experiences here mentioned, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxii.]

² [No. 165 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 125.]

forms of disturbance that present themselves to me, not at Broadlands only, are terrific in difficulty of dealing with, because you know the Middle Ages are to me the only ages, and what Angelico believed, did produce the best work. That I hold to as demonstrated fact. All modern science and philosophy produces abortion. That miracle-believing faith produced good fruit—the best yet in the world. . . . Ever your loving
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

13th January, '76.

. . . The pleasure you take in those drawings and scratches is infinitely delightful to me—almost infinitely amazing, except that I suppose you feel through their failure the intense and pathetic love of the places in which they are done.

It is true that I am burning the candle at many ends, but surely in the many dark places I live in, that is the proper way to use one's life. . . . There was a time in my work when it was tentative and stupid—to a degree now quite incomprehensible to myself. . . .

I enclose proof of fifth and roughly bound fourth *Morning*.² It is woeful to have to leave that pleasant work—driven out by fiendish modern republicanism too horrible to be borne with.

Here in England, Atheism and Spiritualism mopping and mowing on each side of me. At Broadlands, either the most horrible lies were told me, without conceivable motive—or the ghost of R. was seen often beside Mrs.—, or me.—Which is pleasantest of these things I know, but cannot intellectually say which is likeliest—and meantime, take to geology.—Your loving
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

20th January, 1876.

. . . I am absolutely certain that were either St. Louis, St. Francis, or St. Hugo of Lincoln here in the room with me, they would tell me, as positively as John Simon would tell me the disease of a muscle, that my ignorance of what they knew was wholly owing to my own

¹ [No. 166 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 126–127. Parts of the letter (“It is true . . . one's life,” “I enclose proof . . . each side of me,” and “Which is pleasantest . . . geology”) had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 380–381.]

² [*Mornings in Florence*.]

³ [An extract in Mr. Norton's preface to *Ariadne Florentina*. The letter as here printed, No. 167 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 127–128.]

lust, apathy, and conceit; and that if I chose to live as they lived, I should learn what they knew.

My perfectly firm conviction of this, and yet the distinct duty which I feel to cultivate the rare analytic and demonstrative faculty of me, rather than the enthusiastic one which has been common to so many, will give a very singular tone to my writings, henceforward—if I am spared to complete any part of what is in my mind. I have sent to-day the first chapter of the *Laws of Fésole* to the printer—and have got the second plate home. Here's a little waste study for the fifth plate, which you may perhaps like to have.

I have been looking at your *Vita Nuova* again lately. I wonder whether, when he was alive, you would have told *him* that “anything that disturbed him was bad for him”? One would think you looked on me as an alderman after dinner. All the same, it's very true, and quiet after dinner is very good for me.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BROADLANDS, 1 February, 1876.

. . . I am being brought every day now into new work and new thoughts, and, whether I will or no, into closer contact with evidence of an altered phase of natural, if not supernatural, phenomena, the more helpful to me, because I can compare now, with clear knowledge, the phase of mind in which J. S. and other noble Deists or infidels are, and in which I have been for ten years, with that which I am now analysing in the earlier Florentines, and recognizing in some living Catholics.

To me, personally, it is no common sign that just after the shade of Rose was asserted to have been seen beside Mrs. T. and beside me, here, I should recover the most precious of the letters she ever wrote me, which, returned to her when we parted, she had nevertheless kept. . . .

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD [1876?].

I am so very glad you like Sir Philip so much.

I've sent for, and hope to get him for you. He was shot before

¹ [No. 168 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 128–129. The first paragraph (“I am being . . . Catholics”) had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 381.]

² [No. 54A in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

he had done half his Psalter—his sister finished it, but very meanly in comparison; you can tell the two hands on the harp at a mile off.¹

The photograph—please say—like all photos whatsoever, is only nature dirtied and undistanced.—If that is all one wants in trees,—they might be dead all the year round.

To COVENTRY PATMORE²

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD [? *February*, 1876].

DEAR COVENTRY,—Yes, I wish I could come. But I have duties here—and many loving friends who want me elsewhere. And talk is delightful, but deed needful, nowadays.

You will see in next *Fors* something of Catholic Faith wider than yours!

Bertha's drawing is quite beautiful. I cannot praise it enough: she must surely have learned a great deal in doing it.

I return it to-day with the copy, which she may keep if she likes, and another photograph, on the back of which are in pencil, directions for what she is to do. It is a Byzantine altar at Rome of extreme beauty in San Nereo and Achilleo.³—Ever your affectionate J. R.

Oh! the Angels have come, and I'm so very glad to have them.⁴

To COVENTRY PATMORE⁵

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD [? *February*, 1876].

DEAR PATMORE,—You are illogical. I did not tell you to look for a "morass" wider than your faith, but for a rock wider.

Gravely, I think you are too scornful even of the morass, in which

¹ [On this subject of the joint authorship of "Sidney's Psalter," see Vol. XXXI. pp. xxiv.—xxvii.]

² [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, by Basil Champneys, vol. ii. pp. 295–296. This and the following letter are addressed, but not dated, by Ruskin. Mr. Champneys conjectures "July 1876," and says that the reference in "next *Fors* to something of Catholic faith wider than yours" is to "a number of *Fors Clavigera* which contains a diatribe against usury." But Ruskin was not at Oxford in July 1876. Probably the date is February 1876, when Ruskin was writing at Oxford *Fors*, Letter 63 (see Vol. XXVIII. p. 545), in which he develops the idea of the St. George's Company, in accordance with "The Catholic Prayer" already given in Letter 58 (*ibid.*, p. 417). The book which Ruskin was trying to get out would in this case be *Laws of Fésolé*.]

³ [See above, p. 103 *n.*]

⁴ [No doubt, copies of the different parts of *The Angel in the House*.]

⁵ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 292.]

there is much bog, heather, and miserable peat. Ought we not all to be redeeming what we may of it?

Love to Bertha. If only I *could* get my book out, but the days melt like snow.—Ever affectly. yours,
J. R.

To Miss MARY AITKEN

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 4th Feb., '76.

MY DEAR MARY,—You should before now have received *Ulrich der Knecht*, and I cannot tell you how very happy I am in the thought of your translating it, with occasionally a flash of guidance or sprinkle of salt from your uncle. It will give three times the value to the book that it has been so done; and the character of Freneli deserves it—no less than of the House-mistress.

I think it would be well to keep the German *Knecht* in our title, and call it *Ulrich the Knecht*. This will serve to lead us to another kind of knighthood.

For, in our company, the title of Servant is to be highest! There are to be three orders of Companions—namely, lowest C. Retainers, who, though taking the vow, are paid as labourers, clerks, etc.; Companions simple, who are paid nothing, but attend more to their own business than the Company's, giving the tenth of their income, however, always; and Companion-Servants, who devote themselves wholly to the Company's work. They will write themselves C. R. of St. George, C. of St. George, C. S. of St. George, which will be equivalent to the knighthood in other orders.

The book has perhaps been sent to Broadlands by mistake, but will soon come. Dearest love to Papa.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

I've told the printers to send you a revise of the Preface to Xenophon's *Economist*, which begins the series.¹

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 19th February [1876].

What a sad little letter! written in that returned darkness. How can *you* ever be sad, looking forward to eternal life with all whom you love, and God over all? It is only so far as I lose hold of that

¹ [*Bibliotheca Pastorum*, in which it was at first intended that *Ulric* should be included. Miss Aitken ultimately abandoned the task of translation: see her letter in Vol. XXXII. p. 344 n.]

² [No. 117 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

hope, that anything is ever a trial to me. But I can't think how I'm to get on in a world with no Venice in it.

You were quite right in thinking I would have nothing to do with lawyers. Not one of them shall ever have so much as a crooked sixpence of mine, to save him from being hanged, or to save the Lakes from being filled up. But I really hope there may be feeling enough in Parliament to do a right thing without being deafened with lawyers' slang.¹

I have never thanked you for the snowdrops. They bloomed here beautifully for four days. Then I had to leave them to go and lecture in London.² It was nice to see them, but my whole mind is set on finding whether there is a country where the flowers do not fade. Else there is no spring for me. People liked the lecture, and so many more wanted to come than could get in, that I had to promise to give another.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD [February 22, 1876].

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Actually, there is American blood in you; strongly as I have denied it. To think that after all your work at Siena, you can still think that the races of men were made to do their best work in heartily believing lies.

I wish you would read the *Memorabilia* again, I understand it so much better than of old.⁴ The enclosed letter may interest you. I think it will at least show you that all Spiritualism, however mistaken, is not cold.

I can only write this scrap to-night, but am your loving

J. R.

Lowell's *Dante*⁵ is very good; *but* the entire school of you moderns judge, hopelessly out, of these older ones, because you never admit the possibility of their knowing what we don't. The moment you take that all-knowing attitude, the heavens are veiled. Lowell speaks of Dante as if Dante were a forward schoolboy, and Lowell his master.

¹ [The reference is to the agitation against Railways in the Lake District: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 135.]

² [The lecture at the London Institution on Precious Stones, on February 17, 1876, repeated on March 28: see Vol. XXVI. p. 165.]

³ [No. 169 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 129–130.]

⁴ [For Ruskin's references to the book, see General Index ("Xenophon").]

⁵ [An essay (1872) in the form of a review of Maria F. Rossetti's *Study of Dante*; included in vol. iv. pp. 118–264 of Lowell's *Prose Works* (1890).]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, 1st March, 1876.

. . . My final work on Angelico at Perugia taught me much, last year, and the real difference between you and me, now, is in my intense "Practicality." . . .

I'm just doing a most careful preface to Xenophon—mapping Greek colonies and religion all over Europe,² and am giddy with the lot of things that focus, now, out of past work.

I heard, day before yesterday, Crookes's lecture on the motive power of light.³ Black things first absorb, and then run away from it. . . . His little pith wafers behaved beautifully, and whirled, being poised *in vacuo*, blackened on one side, white on the other, on the approach of a candle, about five revolutions in a second, for slowest. In sunshine, one had whirled itself to pieces, the black so eager to get away. No saying what this mayn't lead to.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

I don't see why I should be separated from you in our prison, because I hope to get out, now, and you don't. Certainly, it would be better for any prisoner to have his friend in that—however absurd—condition, though he might not find him so literally companionable. . . .

I have no *new* faith, but am able to get some good out of my old one, not as being true, but as containing the quantity of truth that is wholesome for me. One must eat one's faith like one's meat, for what good's in it. But modern philosophy for the most part contents itself in the excremental function, and rejoices in that: absolutely incapable of nourishment.

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD⁴

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 4th March, '76.

SIR,—I pray your leave to be importunate, now that once I have found words, for indeed here is sudden occasion. Yesterday I went to the Brit. Museum, and found the beautiful remains of the Castellani

¹ [Of this letter the following portions—viz., "I don't see why . . . companionable," and "I have no new faith . . . good's in it"—appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 381. The letter was next printed, with one exception as here given, as No. 170 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 130–132. The exception is that the sentence "I don't see . . . companionable" was omitted.]

² [See Vol. XXXI. pp. 7 *seq.*]

³ [Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., first delivered his lecture on "The Mechanical Action of Light," exhibiting his instrument known as "Crookes's Radiometer," at the Royal Institution on February 11, 1876: see the *Proceedings*, vol. 8, pp. 44–67.]

⁴ [The "remains of the Castellani collection" were the portion of Signor Alessandro Castellani's antiquities which remained for sale after the purchases

collection ordered to be packed up to go to Philadelphia—quite priceless Greek marbles—quite marvellous Etruscan gold—and here at Oxford, where what power we have of teaching gentlemen what their name demands of them must always depend on our nurture of them in classic literature—here, we have a single Greek bust, and not an earring nor a brooch, nor a bit of armour, to show what knights and ladies of the Greek days were, or wore (for what they *were*, they show, as all of us do, by their decoration no less than their deed). But just think of it, Sir! here we spend half a million as if it were a handful of dust, to build an iron ship and sink her—and here is an entire history and substance of Greek art, offered us for forty thousand, and we send it to the Americans. Who is answerable for this? Who is Mr. D’Israeli, who is Mr. Robert Lowe, that *they* should decide such a matter as this for the Nation or for its Universities? Why should not your Royal Highness, with your noble brothers and sisters, take such a matter into your own hands, and have it done for England’s good in peace, as if it were needful you would, as her princes did in heroic times, serve her in her heroic war? I am going in again to the Museum to-day to protest to both Newton—if he be there—and Mr. Birch against the utter meanness of their having cheapened (now these two times) collections wholly beyond all estimate for historic value (first Count Cesnola’s¹ and then this), and let them be lost for ever. And what a farce it is, also, calling any one Professor of Art at Oxford or Cambridge, and never so much as writing them word of the discussion of such questions. I have made it a steady law never to act on motives of personal pride. But I am not sure whether it would not become my *duty* to resign my Professorship if this Castellani collection went to America without any question of what the University schools required. In the meantime I write in such disordered haste as the time compels, to beg your Royal Highness to take this matter into your kindly thoughts, believing me always your faithful and loyal servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

made from him by the British Museum in 1872 and 1873. The “remains” were exhibited in the Museum (for an account of them, see *Times*, January 24, 1876), but the Treasury declined to purchase them (see *Athenæum*, March 18, 1876). In 1872 the University of Oxford had also purchased a collection of Greek antiquities (vases, terra-cottas, and bronzes) from Signor Castellani (see W. S. W. Vaux’s *Catalogue of the Castellani Collection in the University Galleries, Oxford*: this was published in 1876, but the work had been in hand for four years). Ruskin’s appeal in 1876 did not prevail, and the Castellani “remains” went to America.]

¹ [For another reference to this transaction, see Vol. XXIX. p. 563. The remarks in Vol. XXV. p. 161 are there noted as referring to the Cesnola collection; they may, however, refer to the Castellani collection (for though the lecture in which the remarks occurred was delivered in 1873, the MS. may have been revised at a later date).]

To C. FAIRFAX MURRAY¹

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *March 10th* [1876].

MY DEAR MURRAY,—I am greatly delighted by your present letters; do you know the writing makes all the difference between the possibility of answer and none! I never could read your former letters without pains which I put off, till to-morrow, for ever.

But you must just charge me for all the photos you sent. I can't find any I don't want.

I enclose cheque for £10, and cannot say how glad I am that you feel that want in chiaroscuro. I believe it can only be remedied by making studies in chiaroscuro only; but it is quite immaterial whether you make them from Carpaccio—Titian—Botticelli—or nature. Merely to take their colour, or natures, with the question concerning it, “*Is this colour darker or lighter than that, and with what gradations?*” and work out that basic scheme, will soon lead you into new views of all they do.

I shall be grateful for any memoranda you can make; any parts that interest you either in the Crowning of Madonna or St. Catherine and Michael Madonna of Botticelli's²—the clouds and angels of the first especially.—Always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

In painting, one should never darken to full chiaroscuro. The use of chiaroscuro study is to enable one to see what are the facts before we modify them, beginning with the highest light, and lowering all below it till we lose ourselves in darkness. In true colour-study, one begins with black, and raises all above it, till one is lost in light.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD [? 1876].

I can only thank you for telling me; and say, Praised be God for giving him back to us.

Worldly people say “Thank God” when they get what they

¹ [No. 17 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 48–50.]

² [For these pictures in the Accademia at Florence, see Vol. XXIII. p. 273. A study made by Mr. Murray from the latter is in the St. George's Museum (Vol. XXX. p. 192).]

³ [No. 154 in *Hortus Inclusus*. Possibly written after Dr. John Brown's recovery from illness.]

want; as if it amused God to plague them, and was a vast piece of self-denial on His part to give them what they liked. But I, who am a simple person, thank God when He hurts me, because I don't think He likes it any more than I do; but I can't *praise* Him, because—I don't understand why. I can only praise what's pretty and pleasant, like getting back our Doctor.

To Miss CONSTANCE OLDHAM

CARSHALTON, 9th April [1876].

. . . For C.'s debate with you, the *essence* of a gentleman is what the word says, that he comes of a pure *gens*, or is perfectly bred. After that, gentleness and sympathy, or kind disposition and fine imagination. After that, training in the accomplishments of his age and time, to the highest point. A certain quantity of self-restraint is generally a result of all this, but it is quite possible to be a passionate pilgrim and yet a gentleman. Ulysses is not more a gentleman than Achilles, and Claverhouse is only more a gentleman than Fergus MacIvor, not because his countenance never shows his emotion, but because all his emotions are unselfish and all his principles honourable. . . .

To COVENTRY PATMORE¹

Easter Monday [April 17], '76.

DEAR PATMORE,—Your letter is of *extreme* interest to me. Will you allow me, with or without your name, to print it, and reply, in my *Fors* Correspondence?

I had really no idea that Bertha was so docile: you told me, you naughty papa, that she liked taking her own way, and I find that so frequent a disposition in young ladies that I easily credited her with it. Love to her, and I had a most *solemn intention* of sending her something by this post, as the first that Easter lets go with parcels. But my heap of letters may take till post time.—Ever yours,

J. R.

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 291. If this letter be rightly dated, that printed in *Fors* must have been not the one of May 15 in Letter 66 (June), but the one on bricklayers reserved for a later number: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 633.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

HERNE HILL, S. E., 20th April, 1876.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I'm leaving H. Hill (my old nursery) to post quietly down to Brantwood; to-day, *D.V.*, to St. Albans—tomorrow to Cambridge, then Peterborough, Grantham—Lincoln, etc. I hope to get down in about twelve days. The rubbishy scrawl with this is the view down the lake (about four miles long) from my own bit of moor—opposite hills from three to five hundred feet only, width from a quarter to a half mile—little Monk island in distance. Looking north, I have Helvellyn and the Wordsworth Fells, but this view to the south is of most rare and sweet beauty.

All these things are little more than a dream to me, now—the destruction of Venice, Florence, etc., being to me simply *fractus orbis*;² and Rosie's death, *fractum cælum* (which Horace might as well have added, when he was about it)—and I am chiefly at present (slightly *pavidus*, however) trying to mend both.

I wonder when you will begin to understand me a little? It is against you that with all my practical and logical faculty—colossal as both are—I can't get my sums in addition right in *Fors*.

The thing that beats me most of all is the Weather; but there's a little watery gleam of sun to-day.—Ever your loving J. R.

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 10th May, 1876.

SIR,—I have just been made very happy (in the midst of many sorrowful matters) by a letter from my dear old friend Rawdon Brown, giving me account of the joy he had in attending your Royal Highness at Venice, and in being permitted to show his affection to me in the many ways of which he tells me, in bringing to your Royal Highness's notice what we have been doing together at Venice about Rino,³ etc.

I cannot conceive pleasure greater than my old friend would feel in all this; and I obey instantly the command he conveys to me to write to your Royal Highness at Nuremberg,—not a little glad myself to have the opportunity of saying how grieved I was not to have

¹ [No. 171 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 132–133.]

² [Horace, *Odes*, iii. 3, 7:—

“Si fractus illabatur orbis, Impavidum ferient ruinae.”]

³ [Copies made by Signor Caldara from the Herbal of Benedetto Rino in the Library of St. Mark: see Vol. XXI. pp. 98, 231, Vol. XXX. p. 357.]

been able to see you when you were last in Oxford; also, to thank you for what Mr. Brown tells me of your kind encouragement to prepare a new edition of *The Stones of Venice*. I hope indeed to go to see my old friend this autumn; and we will consult on the matter in very loyal duty.

rejoice to hear that you had pleasure in the Paradise, and Scuola of St. Roch. The older I grow, the more I reverence the mighty Venetian hand, and soul.

I had a happy time at Cambridge with Mr. Myers: I cannot enough thank your Royal Highness for giving me that friend.

If Mr. Collins is with you, may I be affectionately remembered to him, and will your Royal Highness please always believe me your loyal and affectionate servant

JOHN RUSKIN.

To J. D. SEDDING¹

BRANTWOOD, 27th May, '76.

MY DEAR SEDDING,—Your work is all good, but I do not remember why I spoke so specially of texture. I was under the impression that I had dwelt chiefly on fidelity to light and shade of surfaces—which you are gradually gaining. As for not having time, of course to learn any art takes time, and we must either give it or remain no artist.

Modern so-called architects are merely employers of workmen on commission—and if you would be a real architect, you must always have either pencil or chisel in your own hand. In the meantime you can scarcely do better than you are doing. But you had better copy some of Holbein's ornamental work, to learn use of pen and sepia, fast.—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD.

You could not possibly have sent me a more delightful present than this Lychnis; it is the kind of flower that gives me pleasure and health and memory and hope and everything that Alpine meadows and air can. I'm getting better generally, too. The sun *did* take one by surprise at first.

¹ [John Dando Sedding (1838–1891); entered the office of G. E. Street, 1858; endeavoured to form a school of carvers and modellers from nature; F.R.I.B.A., 1874; diocesan architect for Bath and Wells.]

² [These and the two following letters were run together (with some words from another letter) as No. 101 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628). 1876 is conjectured as the date of the third, as it was in August 1875 that he made the studies of geranium in Malham Cove: see Vol. XXIV. p. xxix.]

BRANTWOOD.

I never heard the like—my writing good! and just now!! If you only saw the scratched notes on the back of lecture leaves!

But I am so very glad *you* think it endurable, and it is so nice to be able to give you a moment's pleasure by such a nothing. I'm better to-day, but still extremely languid. I believe that there is often something in the spring which weakens one by its very tenderness; the violets in the wood send one home sorrowful that one isn't worthy to see them, or else, that one isn't one of them.

It is mere Midsummer dream in the woods, to-day.

BRANTWOOD [? 1876].

Here are the two bits of study I did in Malham Cove; the small couples of leaves are different portraits of the first shoots of the two geraniums. I don't find in any botany an account of their little round side leaves, or of the definite central one above the branching of them.

Here's your lovely note just come. I am very thankful that the "Venice" gives you so much pleasure. . . .

I *have*, at least, one certainty, which few authors could hold so surely, that no one was ever harmed by a book of mine; they may have been offended, but have never been discouraged or discomforted, still less corrupted.

There's a saucy speech for Susie's friend. You won't like me any more if I begin to talk like that.

The nice bred is come. May I come to tea again to-morrow? I never send my love to Miss Beaver, but I *do* love her for all that.

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

BRANTWOOD, 19th June, '76.

SIR,—A delightful telegram from Doctor Acland says that your Royal Highness asked for me, and if you could do anything for me. Yes, a thousand things; but I cannot come to tumultuous Oxford to ask for them. These few long days of summer in the hill-country are the main strength of all my work, and my petitions must be preferred to your Royal Highness—trusting to your own generosity, not to my importunity. Indeed, if besides so much to ask there were but one thing on which I could be of service, I would wait on your Royal Highness instantly. But I know of nothing; I cannot

so much, when I *am* in Oxford, as hold your ponies for you, far less drive. It was always you who were helping me.

And I can tell you better in writing than I could in speaking how rejoiced I was to hear of your kindness to Mr. Brown at Venice, and of your having been interested in some of my dear pictures under his guidance. I cannot imagine anything more rapturous than the good old man's feelings in being able to interest your Royal Highness in praising his old Venetian pupil (for I learned Venice wholly under Mr. Brown's rein), or in having the pride of taking your Royal Highness first into the Great Council Chamber of his beloved and revered State. I wrote instantly, on receiving Mr. Brown's account of it all, to Nuremberg, by his direction; but heard afterwards you had not passed there, and have been in much vexation of heart since.

And now, lest I should trespass too long, if I allow myself to say the half of what I would about Mr. Brown, and the Paradise—and the Rino botany, and the encouragement your sympathy gave to every one of my Venetian friends—I will only name my one chief petition for our Oxford Schools, that your Royal Highness would get Turner's perspective diagrams for them;¹ you can extricate these drawings with a word of your lips, from the darkness of their prison under the floors of the National Gallery—they will perish for mere want of light and air, and, to our schools, would be of inestimable service. They are in one large portfolio, with some unfinished drawings, and Mr. Wornum can lay his hand on them at once. And for other aid and comfort, I will come to your Royal Highness as I need it; but only, do not blame me for want of duty in not attending on you personally. I *am* doing my best duty to your Royal Highness, and to all the gracious Persons of your Family, who have honoured me with their aid, by fitting myself here, in my summer labour, for the better teaching of all that I am appointed to teach, under their auspices. And so believe me, my dear Prince, ever your loyal and faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

[1876.]

I believe you know more Latin than I do, and can certainly make more delightful use of it.

Your mornings' ministry to the birds must be remembered for

¹ [These remained in the cellars of the National Gallery; but a large selection of Turner's sketches was obtained in 1878 on loan for the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford.]

² [No. 83 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

you by the angels who paint their feathers. They will all, one day, be birds of Paradise, and say, when the adverse angel accuses you of being naughty to *some* people, “But we were hungry and she gave us corn, and took care that nobody else ate it.”

I am indeed thankful you are better. But you must please tell me what the thing was I said which gave you so much pain. Do you recollect also what the little bit in *Proserpina* was that said so much to you? Were you not thinking of *Fors*?

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD [1876?].

What *can* you mean about your ignorance—or my astonishment at it? Indeed you are a naughty little Susie to think such things. I never come to the Thwaite but you and your sister tell me all kinds of things I don’t know, and am so glad to know.

I send a book of architect’s drawings of Pisa,² which I think will interest you—only you must understand that the miserable Frenchman who did it could not see the expression of face in any of the old sculptures, nor draw anything but hard mechanical outlines—and the charm of all these buildings is this almost *natural* grace of free line and colour.

The little tiny sketch of mine, smallest in the sheet of 4 (the other sheet only sent to keep its face from rubbing), will show you what the things really are like—the whole front of the duomo, Plate XI. (the wretch can’t even have his numbers made legibly), is of arches of this sweet variable colour.

Please, can your sister or you plant a grain or grains of corn for me, and watch them into various stages of germination?³ I want to study the mode of root and blade development, and I am sure you two will know best how to show it me.

To E. R. S.⁴

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE [1876?].

DEAR MISS—, First, be your mother’s true daughter in all needful service, and above all in educating your thoughts so as to love her as exclusively and deeply as possible.

¹ [No. 99 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

² [*Les Monuments de Pise au Moyen Age*, par M. Georges Rohault de Fleury, Architecte. Atlas, 1866. Plate xi. shows the front of the cathedral.]

³ [See pp. 312—320 and “Line-Study V.” in Vol. XXV. (*Proserpina*).]

⁴ [From the *Girls’ Realm*, April 1906, in an article by E. R. S. headed “A Letter from Ruskin: a Message to all Girlhood.” The date is not given; it is

But be resolute in feeling and saying that you owe duty to others as well as to her. The “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?”¹ has to be spoken, I believe, to all parents, some day or other. They accept it when it is a matter of income, scarcely ever as one of principle.

Secondly. Give up all thoughts of work in London. You might as well work in mines or prisons. There is *no* remedy for London but to destroy its rich luxury, and that is not your business.

Thirdly. Trouble not yourself nor any one else about Church quarrels. Keep yourself invulnerably silent.

Be gentle to everybody who is gentle and loving, helpful when you can help, and sometimes join in any conventicle or household worship that comes handy, as well as in your own.

Don’t call yourself anything. What any of us *are* has no name, for only god knows it.

Fourthly. The “Girls’ Friendly Society” sounds inviting. Tell me what it attempts? *That*, directing what girlhood you can win the friendship of, to learn first itself, and then teach the poor, as much true music and pretty natural history as it can, seems to me a quite luminous sufficient sphere for you.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Yes. I never wrote truer word than that of women, and have been more and more convinced since that the call now is to *them*, more then ever.

To COVENTRY PATMORE²

BRANTWOOD, 7 July, 1876.

MY DEAR PATMORE,—Enclosed letter seems from a more civilised sort of person than usually writes from the other side of the water. I have told him that I believed you had some copies of the *Angel*, and recommended him to write to you. I hope you will be able to give this reference to original sources some encouragement. Why don’t you answer my snap at you in *Fors*? I do hope Bertha’s drawings will soon come out of my hands.—Ever affectly. yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

probably about 1876 (the date of his *Letter to Girls*). The postscript refers to a letter written by E. R. S. to Ruskin telling him how much his *Sesame and Lilies* had stirred her.]

¹ [Luke ii. 49: compare Vol. XXXVI. p. xvii.]

² [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 291. For “the snap in *Fors*,” see Letter 66 (June 1876): Vol. XXVIII. pp. 633–634.]

To COVENTRY PATMORE¹

WEENS, BY HAWICK, *Friday, 21st [July, 1876].*

DEAR PATMORE,—I return the lovely rose at once in case anything should happen to it. It is utterly beautiful, and I doubt not the miracle of finish will be so too. *You* can teach her as well or better than I, that everything done in “pride” will be ill done, that her excellence will be according to her love of beauty, and dutiful, not insolent, industry. No time for more.—Your loving
J. R.

After all, I keep the rose till Monday; can’t part with it so soon, and want to tell B. about the snowdrops.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

DOLGELLY, N. WALES, *2nd August, 1876.*

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I want to write to you every day, but must at last, having had quite a feeling of next door neighbourhood to you this last month, in sight of Mr. Moore first,³ and then in talk with Leslie Stephen,⁴ and with a very pleasant American traveller, Mr. Field.⁵

I was, of course, delighted with Mr. Moore; and had most true pleasure in the time he could spare to me, increased by feeling that I was able to show him things which he felt to be useful.

I left, on Monday, my pleasant Brantwood, and Miss Thackeray, and Leslie Stephen, and my Joanie, and all, to begin movement Venicewards, to meet Mr. Moore in Carpaccio’s Chapel. Alas, every place on the Continent is now full of acute pain to me, from too much association with past pleasure, giving bitterness to the existing destruction. I do not know how I should have felt in returning to the places which my Father and Mother and I were so happy in, had they remained in unchanged beauty—but I think the feeling would have been one of exalting and thrilling pensiveness, as of some glorious summer evening in purple light. But to find all the places we had

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 295. Ruskin was staying at Weens, near Hawick, with Mr. George Barclay. The reference is to a water-colour drawing of a wild rose which Miss Bertha Patmore had sent to Ruskin.]

² [No. 172 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 135–138.]

³ [Mr. Charles H. Moore, then instructor, since professor of the Fine Arts in Harvard University: see Vol. XXIV. p. xli.]

⁴ [For Ruskin and Leslie Stephen, see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 43, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 211 and *n.*)]

⁵ [“Mr. John W. Field, a most friendly and genial man.”—C. E. N.]

loved changed into railroad stations or dust-heaps—there are no words for the withering and disgusting pain. However, when once I get there I shall set to work to make a few pencil outline drawings from general scenes, such as are left, to illustrate the new edition of *Stones of Venice*. It is no use to re-engrave old plates. I will make new drawings, giving some notion of my old memories of the place, in Turner's time, and get them expressed in line engraving, as best may be—then I shall omit pretty nearly all the architectural analysis of the first volume, and expand and complete the third. Your commented volumes will suggest all that needs to be done, though probably the line I shall take in doing it will be more divergent from that you hoped than I care to say, till I find out what it is really likely to be.

I walked up Cader Idris yesterday with good comfort, but find my limbs fail me in my attempt at such swift descent as I used to be proud of.

But I would fain leave all my printing and talking, and set myself to quiet study of geology with such legs and eyes as I have still left,—were not the world too miserable to be let alone. . . .

I shall be away for Venice before you can answer this. It will be best to address there, but let *The Stones of Venice* when you send them (if not already sent) come to Oxford, as I shall not use them till my return. . . . With love to your mother and sisters, your faithful and loving
J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

HOTEL MEURICE, PARIS, 26th August, '76.

I'm so very miserable just now that I can't write to you: but I don't want you to think that I am going so far away without wishing to be near you again. A fit of intense despondency coming on the top, or under the bottom, of already far-fallen fatigue leaves me helpless to-day, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. Oh dear, the one pleasant thing I've to say is that it will make me know the blessings of Brantwood and dearness of the Thwaite, twenty-fold more, when I get back.

¹ [Ruskin made many pencil-drawings at Venice, but they were not used to illustrate *St. Mark's Rest*. Some are reproduced in this edition: see frontispiece to Vol. XI., and Vol. XXIV. Plates A, B, C, and D.]

² [No. 28 in *Hortus Inclusus*. For the Bible reference in line 5, see Psalms cxxxvii. 6.]

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

HOTEL DES BERGUES, *Sunday Morning* [GENEVA, Aug. 27 (?), 1876].

I got your sweet letter to Meurice's, to my great relief, just before leaving last night, and have had an entirely prosperous journey here. Taking two first classes, by good chance I got two corner coupé seats, and was entirely at ease all the way, with the most perfect morning sunshine through the lovely valley from Amberieux. Certainly our Cumberland hills have little to say for themselves in "*form*," but in colour and sweet detail they are lovely. Still, I never felt the superiority of Switzerland more complete.

It is fine still, but has been misty. I am just catching a glimpse of the Buet at last, and I have not seen so much snow on it at this season since I was a boy; and I am convinced at once, that the snows are supplied by dew, not rain!—*i.e.*, by *snow dew*, in fine weather. For here is this unexampled drought and sunshine, covering them with snow!

I am greatly delighted at this discovery, and feel myself again, and the Alps *themselves*. Not that the glaciers can recover themselves, these fifteen years, as they've been more than that going back. But to see the upper snows again right is an immense blessing. . . .

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

SIMPLON INN, *My Mother's Birthday*, 2nd September, '76.

DEAREST DOCTOR,—You would have a longer note than this, but that I am finishing with great care a little bit for 4th *Deucalion*,² which *must* be written in this room, giving account of the evening spent in the next one to it (whence at this moment the voices of the diligence people at breakfast clatter loudly with their knives and forks through the ill-closed door) thirty-two years ago by my father and mother and me, with James Forbes, such account prefacing a needful critique of Master Viollet-le-Duc on le Massif du Mont Blanc!!!

At last my enemy *has* written a book!

Well, next about myself. I'm a good deal shocked at finding how

¹ [No. 21 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 304. For the Bible reference in line 9, see Job xxxi. 35.]

² [Fourth *Part* (chapter x.): see Vol. XXVI. pp. 219 *seq.*]

my old limbs fail me, on the rocks they used to love, and I'm greatly vexed to find the high Alpine air more directly provoking bilious headache than ever, so that even where I *can* climb to, I've no comfort. But I had a wonderful study yesterday of the moraines of the Simplon Glaciers, and of stomachic as distinguished from real despondency; it is very curious that the stomachic despondency is often intensely *sublime!* giving a wild, lurid, fever-struck grandeur to grand things, which, thank God, to-day I shall see none of, for I put myself on chicken and dry toast, and am all right again for the ravine of Gondo, which I'm just starting to walk down. . . .

*To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON*¹

[VENICE] *September 8th, 1876.*

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I am grateful for your letters, but if you will calculate the work necessary for the tasks I have in hand you will find I have absolutely no time for private correspondence, except what is owed to dear friends, and full fellow workers. You have also your own sufficient work—and I do not suppose it will ever bring you much in the way of mine. When you feel inclined to help me, you must find out how by reading *Fors* carefully. I don't debate. I simply say—Whosoever likes to come thus, let him come, else let him attend to his own work and not attempt to judge mine.—Ever faithfully yours,
J. R.

There is nothing whatever said, as far as I remember, in the July *Fors* about “people's surrendering their judgment.” A colonel does not surrender his judgment in obeying his general, nor a soldier in obeying his colonel. But there can be no army where they *act* on their own judgments.²

The Society of Jesuits is a splendid proof of the power of obedience, but its curse is falsehood. When the Master of St. George's Company bids you lie, it will be time to compare our discipline to the Jesuits. We are their precise opposites—fiercely and at all costs frank, while they are calmly and for all interests lying.

¹ [No. 4 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleeson; see Vol. XXXIV. p. 184.]

² [The reference is to the passage in *Fors*, Letter 67, where Ruskin says that St. George's Company must obey a “Dictator” (Vol. XXVIII. p. 649).]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

VENICE, 10th September, '76.

I am a sad long way from the pretty garden steps of the Thwaite, now; yet in a way, at home, here also—having perhaps more feeling of old days at Venice than at any other place in the world, having done so much work there, and I hope to get my new *Stones of Venice* into almost as nice a form as *Frondes*. I'm going to keep all that I think Susie would like, and then to put in some little bits to my own liking, and some other little bits for the pleasure of teasing, and I think the book will come out quite fresh.

I am settled here for a month at least—and shall be very thankful for Susie notes, when they cross the Alps to me in these lonely days.

Love to Mary—I wish I could have sent both some of the dark blue small Veronica I found on the Simplon!

To GEORGE ALLEN²

VENICE, 10th Sept., '76.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I got here on Thursday in great comfort; and find things much less grievous than I feared; and have set to work fairly on the new *Stones of Venice*, which will have all the “eloquent” bits in the second and third volume served up like pickled walnuts, in sauce of a very different flavour—perhaps brandy cherries would be a better symbol of what I hope the book will be.

I have got a drawing well on, with two days' work, already. And I'm not miserable here, as everybody else in Italy. The sea and boats are still sea and boats—the pictures are still pictures, and I have the sense of home, without that of loss, for I had not my father and mother much with me here.

Bunney is doing good work too, which pleases me. I want you to send him a Xenophon³—Fondamenta San Biagio, 2143.

I have some nice pickled walnuts getting ready for Professor Tyndall, too—fourth *Deucalion*⁴ will be a duck. But oh, how the days fly—and get so short!—Ever affectly. yours,
J. R.

¹ [No. 29 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

² [This letter was printed (partly in facsimile) in the *Academy*, October 8, 1898.]

³ [The *Economist* in *Bibliotheca Pastorum* (Vol. XXXI).]

⁴ [Part iv., containing chap. x.; for the references in it to Tyndall, see Vol. XXVI. pp. 226 *seq.*]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

VENICE, 12th September, 1876.

I must just say how thankful it makes me to hear of this true gentleness of English gentlewoman in the midst of the vice and cruelty in which I am forced to live here, where oppression on one side and license on the other rage as two war-wolves in continual havoc.

It is very characteristic of fallen Venice, as of modern Europe, that here in the principal rooms of one of the chief palaces in the very headmost sweep of the Grand Canal there is not a room for a servant fit to keep a cat or a dog in (as Susie would keep cat or dog, at least).

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

VENICE, 18th September, [1876].

I never knew such a fight as the good and wicked fairies are having over my poor body and spirit just now. The good fairies have got down the St. Ursula for me and given her to me all to myself,³ and sent me fine weather and nice gondoliers, and a good cook, and a pleasant waiter; and the bad fairies keep putting everything upside down, and putting black in my box when I want white, and making me forget all I want, and find all I don't, and making the hinges come off my boards, and the leaves out of my books, and driving me as wild as wild can be; but I'm getting something done in spite of them, only I never *can* get my letters written.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

VENICE, September 29th [1876].

I have woeful letters telling me you also were woeful in saying goodbye. My darling Susie, what *is* the use of your being so good and dear if you can't enjoy thinking of Heaven, and what fine goings on we shall all have there?

All the same, even when I'm at my very piousness, it puts me out

¹ [No. 30 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

² [No. 31 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

³ [See Vol. XXIV. p. xxxvi.]

⁴ [No. 32 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]
xxxvii.

if my drawings go wrong. I'm going to draw St. Ursula's blue slippers to-day, and if I can't do them nicely shall be in great despair. I've just found a little cunning inscription on her bedpost, "IN. FANN.TIA." The double N puzzled me at first, but Carpaccio spells anyhow. My head is not good enough for a bedpost. . . . Oh me, the sweet Grange! —Thwaite, I mean (bedpost again): to think of it in this mass of weeds and ruin!

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

VENICE, 5th October, 1876.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—It always seems to me that whenever I write a careful letter, people don't get it. I'm sure one or two long ones to you have been lost. However, I have yours, to-day, and sit down to tell you how my days pass. I wake as a matter of course, about half-past five, and get up and go out on my balcony in my night-gown to see if there's going to be a nice dawn.

That's the view I have from it²—with the pretty traceried balcony of the Contarini Fasan next door. Generally there is a good dawn (nothing but sunshine and moonlight for the last month). At six I get up, and dress, with, occasionally, balcony interludes—but always get to my writing table at seven, where, by scolding and paying, I secure my punctual cup of coffee, and do a bit of the *Laws* of Plato to build the day on. I find Jowett's translation is good for nothing and shall do one myself, as I've intended these fifteen years.³

At half-past seven the gondola is waiting and takes me to the bridge before St. John and Paul, where I give an hour of my very best day's work to painting the school of Mark and vista of Canal to Murano. It's a great Canaletto view, and I'm painting it against him.⁴

I am rowed back to breakfast at nine, and, till half-past ten, think over and write what little I can of my new fourth vol. of *Stones of Venice*.⁵ At half-past ten I go to the Academy, where I find Moore at work; and we sit down to our picture together. They have been very good to me in the Academy, and have taken down St. Ursula and given her to me all to myself in a locked room and perfect light. I'm painting a small carefully toned general copy of it for Oxford,⁶ and

¹ [No. 173 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 138–141.]

² [See facsimile; and for the Palazzo Contarini Fasan, the Plate facing p. 212 in Vol. III.]

³ [Compare below, p. 292.]

⁴ [Ruskin's drawing is the frontispiece to Vol. XI.]

⁵ [That is, *St. Mark's Rest*.]

⁶ [In the Ruskin Drawing School there: Vol. XXI. p. 300.]

Venice. 5th October
1876

My dearest Charles

It always seems to me that
whenever I write a careful letter,
people don't get it. I'm sure one or
two long ones to you have been lost.
However, I have guessed, today, and
sit down to tell you how my days fall.
I wake at a wretched hour, about
1/2 past five, and get up and go out
on my balcony in my nightgown to
stare going to the nice dawn.



shall make a little note of it for you, and am drawing various parts larger. Moore is making a study of the head, which promises to be excellent.

He sits beside me till twelve, then goes to early dinner with Mrs. Moore and Bessie—I have a couple of hours tête-à-tête with St. Ursula, very good for me.

I strike work at two or a little after—go home, read letters, and dine at three; lie on sofa and read any vicious book I can find to amuse me—to prevent St. Ursula having it all her own way. Am greatly amused with the life of Casanova¹ at present.

At half-past four, gondola again—I am floated, half asleep, to Murano—or the Armenians—or the San Giorgio in Alga—wake up, and make some little evening sketch, by way of diary.² Then take oar myself, and row into the dark or moonlight.

Home at seven, well heated—quiet tea—after that, give audiences, if people want me; otherwise read Venetian history—if no imperative letters—and to bed at ten.

I am very much delighted at having Mr. Moore for a companion—we have perfect sympathy in all art matters and are not in dissonance in any others. His voice continually reminds me of yours.

And he's not at all so wicked nor so republican as you, and minds all I say! But for all your naughtiness, I'm always your loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

VENICE, 13th November [1876].

I have to-day your dear little note; and have desired Joan to send you one just written to her, in which I have given some account of myself, that may partly interest, partly win your pardon for apparent neglect. Coming here after, practically, an interval of twenty-four years,—for I have not seriously looked at anything during the two hurried visits with Joan,⁴—my old unfinished work, and the possibilities of its better completion, rise grievously and beguilingly before me, and I have been stretching my hands to the shadow of old designs and striving to fulfil shortcomings, always painful to me, but now, for the moment, intolerable.

¹ [For a reference to the *Mémoires de Jacques Casanova*, see Vol. XXIV. p. 446.]

² [For such a sketch at Murano, see Vol. X. p. 40.]

³ [No. 33 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

⁴ [In 1870 (see Vol. XX. p. xlix. *n.*, and above, pp. 6, 7) and in 1872 (see Vol. XXII. p. xxvi. *n.*). He had also been in Venice, without Mrs. Severn, in 1869 (see Vol. XXXVI. p. 573).]

I am also approaching the close of the sixth year of *Fors*, and have plans for the Sabbatical year of it, which make my thoughts active and troubled. I am drawing much, and have got a study of St. Ursula which will give you pleasure; but the pain of being separate from my friends and of knowing they miss me! I wonder if you will think you are making me too vain, Susie. Such vanity is a very painful one, for I know that you look out of the window on Sundays now, wistfully, for Joan's handkerchief.¹ This pain seems always at my heart,—with the other, which is its own.

I am thankful, always, you like St. Ursula. *One* quite fixed plan for the last year of *Fors* is that there shall be absolutely no abuse or controversy in it, but things which will either give pleasure or help; and some clear statements of principle, in language as temperate as hitherto violent; to show, for one thing, that the violence was not for want of self-command.

I'm going to have a good fling at the Bishops in next *Fors* to finish with,² and then for January! Only I mustn't be too good, Susie, or something would happen to me. So I shall say naughty things still, but in the mildest way.

I am very grateful to you for that comparison about my mind being as crisp as a lettuce. I am *so* thankful you can feel that still. I was beginning to doubt, myself.

To ALBERT GOODWIN

VENICE, Nov. 30, 1876.

MY DEAR ALBERT,—I am very happy in your letter received to-day—grateful for the regard, and glad to think of your wise and happy life, and to be more brought into sweet entanglement with Ivy.³ But I must not let the day pass without saying what seems to me the answer to your questions about painting—that all great efforts are errors, and that we only use our powers fully by doing what we know we can do well and enjoy doing, better and better every day. I have always felt deep regret at your taking to oil and to large canvases. The virtue of oil, as I understand it, is perfect delineation of solid form in deep local colour. It seems to me not only adverse to, but even to negative, partially, beautiful landscape effect.

¹ [When Susie was no longer able to go to church, Mrs. Severn, in driving past on Sunday morning, always waved her handkerchief from the window of the carriage to that of the Thwaite.]

² [See Letter 72: Vol. XXVIII. p. 765.]

³ [Mr. Goodwin's daughter.]

To see a blue mountain varnished is at once an offence to me, and the subtlest conditions of colour in lights which are opal in water-colour are japanning in oil. Farther, large canvases mean the complete doing of what they contain, and the painting of not more than three or four in the year, while I think you have eyes to discern every summer three or four and forty, of which it is a treason to your genius to omit such record as would on small scale be easily possible to you.

And as a mere matter of personal comfort, twenty people can enjoy a small drawing for one who wants to cover half a furlong of wall. Very thankful should I be for some of those Danieli days¹ again. I can't sketch myself and write too; nor now do my eyes serve me as of old. But happiness is at Ilfracombe for you, not here, and I, wishing you to be happy, am ever yours affectionately,

J. R.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

VENICE, 1st December, 1876.

DEAREST PAPA,—I am so thankful to hear from Mary that you are yourself again, and bright,—and reading Shakespeare to her. What a blessed girl that is, to have you and another uncle to “do for,” and to be able to do for them!—and to be witty and insighted besides; and have her uncle liking to read Shakespeare to her.

There is something left in “the Present” still—if we can get the mischief of it quieted—cocks not to crow except on properly far off dunghills, and so on.²

Then it's so nice having your beautiful letter to read. I didn't mean to stay out this winter, and I've no Carlyle with me—not a bit—and I've been reading French novels instead, with no benefit in the change.

All the same, I think if you will glance over two stories in an English-French one, which I told Joanna to get and will tell her to send to Cheyne Row—“Our New Bishop” and “A Hero of the Commune”—you will find some good in them.³

I'm very unhappy in my work here. I don't want to write about Venice, now, but about Sheffield;—and yet I think I ought to finish rightly what I have done so much of, and dot all the i's. I get in a

¹ [In 1872, when Mr. Goodwin was at Venice with Ruskin (Vol. XXII. p. xxvi.), and made for him a large number of small drawings and sketches.]

² [A reference to Carlyle's suffering from the cock-crowing nuisance: see, e.g., Froude's *Carlyle's Life in London*, vol. ii. p. 135.]

³ [*French Pictures in English Chalk*: Smith, Elder & Co., 1876. The author was E. C. Grenville Murray.]

fury, because whenever I come to the original statement of anything it's always a reference to an MS. in the Vatican, or the like.

Fancy, papa, what times you and I should have had if those beasts of aristocrats, instead of spending all their money in horses, had set up printing presses, and printed all the first documents of their own history (the worthless dish-washings that they are)—and nice Indexes!

Please give my love to Froude, and impart the above idea to him. I'm a little proud of it, because it's the first time it ever occurred to me what printing was good for.

Love to Mary, and thank her for her letter, and say I rather like that notion of the bursting bubble—only I fear it's more like a bursting balloon, with small chance for the car.

Forgive my ill writing. I've tried so hard to do better, but it's not in me.—Ever your loving and faithful
J. RUSKIN.

It is very dear of you to revise *Ulric* for me.¹

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

VENICE, 2nd December [1876].

I have been very dismal lately. I hope the next captain of St. George's Company will be a merrier one, and happier in being of use. I am inherently selfish, and don't enjoy being of use. And here I've no Susies nor Kathleens nor Diddies, and I'm only doing lots of good, and I'm very miserable. I've been going late to bed too. I picked myself up last night and went to bed at nine, and feel cheerful enough to ask Susie how she does, and send her love from St. Mark's doves. They're really tiresome now, among one's feet in St. Mark's Place, and I don't know what it will come to. In old times, when there were not so many idlers about, the doves were used to brisk walkers, and moved away a foot or two in front of one; but now everybody lounges, or stands talking about the Government, and the doves won't stir till one just touches them; and I who walk fast³ am always expecting to tread on them, and it's a nuisance.

If I only had time I would fain make friends with the seagulls, who would be quite like angels if they would only stop on one's balcony. If there were the least bit of truth in Darwinism, Venice would have had her own born seagulls by this time building their nests at her thresholds.

¹ [See above, p. 192.]

² [No. 34 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

³ [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 82 (Vol. XXIX. pp. 249–50).]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

VENICE, 11th December [1876].

My mouth's watering so for that Thwaite currant jelly, you can't think. I haven't had the least taste of anything of the sort this three months. These wretches of Venetians live on cigars and garlic; have no taste in their mouths for anything that God made nice.

The little drawing (returned) is nice in colour and feeling, but, which surprises me, not at all intelligent in line. It is not weakness of hand but fault of perspective instinct, which spoils so many otherwise good botanical drawings.

Bright morning. Sickle moon just hiding in a red cloud, and the morning stars just vanished in light. But we've had nearly three weeks of dark weather, so we mustn't think it poor Coniston's fault—though Coniston *has* faults. Poor little Susie, it shan't have any more nasty messages to carry.²

1877

[Ruskin remained at Venice till May in this year; returning home by the Simplon. In November he lectured at Oxford. Records of the year, with some letters additional to those here given, will be found in Vol. XXIV. pp. xl.–xlv., and Vol. XXV. pp. xix.–xxii.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

VENICE, 16th January, '77.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I must at once thank you for your Christmas note, but can scarcely do more, being at very heavy work all day long. . . . I can't get my own studies for Oxford completed, the Carpaccio colour being the most subtle and impossible I ever attempted, except Turner's. Giotto and Angelico tried me; but this is hardest of all. I get on with it, nevertheless, though slowly, and with much else—chiefly in thoughts good for Christmas of which—(7th February) and so it stopped. . . . I've nearly now done three drawings from

¹ [No. 35 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

² [The drawing, submitted to Ruskin, was by a friend of Miss Beever.]

³ [No. 174 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 141–144. Part of the letter (“I have been four months . . . when I was first taught”) had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 381–382; and a few words of it (“Time was . . . mother dead”) had been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (pp. viii.–ix.) to the American “Brantwood” edition of *Stones of Venice*, 1891.]

Carpaccio¹—one of the entire picture, one of the window with vervain leaves, the third, of the hand,—hand and clothes over the breast, full size. The hair has cost me terrific work. I thought Carpaccio had done it by felicity, but found it was art and cunning carried to such a point as to be totally unrecognizable from the felicitous lightness of Gainsborough. I had to do it all over again, putting literally every hair in its place, approximately.

I've been four months at work on these three drawings, with other sketches going on, not slight ones, and a new history and guide in Venice. The detail of each day varies not much; nor in the detail of it ought you to take much pleasure—for I have none—except of a solemn kind. Time was, every hour in Venice was joy to me. Now, I work as I should on a portrait of my mother, dead. I am pleased with myself when I succeed; interested in the questions of the meaning of such and such a bend of lip, such and such a winding vein, pulseless. You will be interested in the history of her life,² which I can thus write. So am I; and “happy”—in that way in my work. But it is a different happiness from having my mother to read Walter Scott to me.

There is also now quite an enormous separation between you and me in a very serious part of our minds. Every day brings me more proof of the presence and power of real Gods, with good men; and the religion of Venice is virtually now my own—mine at least (or rather at greatest) including hers, but fully accepting it, as that also of John Bunyan, and of my mother, which I was first taught. . . .

I hope my next letter will be able to report more actual accomplishment. . . . Ever your grateful and loving J. R.

I have been very “happy”—in such sense as I ever can be—with Mr. Moore, he *is* so nice.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

23rd January, 1877.

I've caught cold, and can think of nothing to do me good but making you miserable by telling you so. It's not a very bad one. And it's a wonder I've got so far through the winter without any.

Things have gone very well for me, hitherto, but I have been depressed by hearing of my poor Kate's* illness; and can't think of Brantwood with any comfort, so I come across the lake to the Thwaite.

* Then, my head servant; now Kate Raven, of Coniston. [J. R.]

¹ [From Carpaccio's picture of the Dream of St. Ursula. The drawing of the whole picture is at Oxford (Vol. XXI. p. 300).]

² [That is, in the story of St. Ursula.]

³ [No. 36 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

A great many lovely things happened to me this Christmas; but if I were to tell Susie of them I am sure she would be frightened out of her bright little wits, and think I was going to be a Roman Catholic. I'm writing *such* a Catholic history of Venice, and chiselling all the Protestantism off the old *Stones*, as they do here the grass off steps.

All the pigeons of St. Mark's Place send you their love. St. Ursula adds hers to the Eleven thousand Birds' love. And the darlingest old Pope who went a-pilgrimage with her, hopes you won't be too much shocked if he sends *his* too!¹ (If you're not shocked, *I* am!)

My new Catholic history of Venice is to be called *St. Mark's Rest*.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

27th January [1877].

Joanie tells me you are writing her such sad little letters. How *can* it be that any one so good and true as my Susie should be sad? I am sad, bitterly enough and often; but only with sense of fault and folly and lost opportunity, such as you have never fallen into or lost. It is very cruel of Fate, I think, to make us sad, who would fain see everybody cheerful, and make so many cheerful who make others wretched.

The little history of Venice is well on, and will be clear and interesting, I think,—more than most histories of anything. And the stories of saints and nice people will be plenty.

Such moonlight as there is to-night, but nothing to what it is at Coniston! It makes the lagoon water look brown instead of green which I never noticed before.

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

VENICE. Written 1st February, Evening, dated 2nd,
Morning, 1877.

MY DEAREST S.,—That is pensive news to me,³ as you partly know—or, it may be, wholly know, understanding me sometimes better than I do myself, and it may be, therefore, knowing beforehand, more than I, how solitary these departures leave me.

To walk up the valley now, in a bright morning, with the dew on the grass, and the eternal light on the snow, and so alone! think of it, for me.

¹ [The references are to pictures Nos. 6 and 7 in the St. Ursula Series: see Vol. XXIV. pp. lii., liii.]

² [No. 37 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 624).]

³ [Mrs. Simon had written to tell him of the death of his old guide and friend, Joseph Couttet (see Vol. XXIX. p. 67).]

Indeed, if ever now *I* begin to think of those old days, there are more fountains of tears in me than ever runlets through the moss of Fairies' Hollow.¹

I scarcely know what sort of life I am living *now*. I have no pleasure in anything, and yet am not unhappy so long as I am not tired—I am surprised at being able for so much; at Keswick in '67—ten years ago!—though I could walk well, I could not work after ten o'clock; my brain seemed tired. But at present, either in writing or drawing, my work is ceaseless from seven to three, and I don't think my friends will say I give a bad account of my time,—if I get home safe in June.

If in 1860, instead of writing *Unto this Last*, I had taken up the flowers of the Alps, and their stories, and if no R. had come in the way, and if my Father had not died, and if—After all, *if* the poor Father had loved the valley as much as, or the tenth part as much as I, perhaps I never should have gone into political economy.

I wonder what John and you would have me do, now.

Poor Judith,² I wonder if she'll miss le papa, as I do mine. She did her duty to him better.

I am very sorry, as you know, that you have been ill. Please write me a little line some day, with more in it of John and yourself.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

Perhaps I am wearing myself out, without knowing, but I rowed more strongly yesterday than when I came to Venice, by much.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

VENICE, 4th February, 1877.

Your praise and sympathy do me double good, because you could not praise me so nicely and brightly without pleasure of your own. I'm always sure a *Fors* will be good if I feel it will please Susie;—but I can only write them now as they're given me; it all depends on what I'm about. But I'm doing a great deal just now which you will enjoy—I'm thankful to say, I know you will. St. Theodore's horse is delightful—and our Venetian doggie—and some birds are coming too!⁴ This is not a letter—but just a purr.

¹ [For this favourite haunt of Ruskin's at Chamouni, see Vol. VII. p. 107, and Vol. XXXV. p. 634.]

² [Couttet's daughter: see Vol. XXIX. p. 67.]

³ [No. 38 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

⁴ [See the legend of Theodore, and his speaking to his "horse of Christ" as to a man, in *Fors*, Letter 75 (Vol. XXIX. p. 66). The story of the "Venetian doggie" and some remarks on birds follow (pp. 68, 71).]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

VENICE, 17th February [1877].

It is very grievous to me to hear of your being in that woeful weather, while I have two days' sunshine out of three, and starlight or moonlight always; to-day the whole chain of the Alps from Vicenza to Trieste shining cloudless all day long, and the sea-gulls floating high in the blue, like little dazzling boy's kites.

Yes, St. Francis would have been greatly pleased with you watching pussy drink your milk; so would St. Theodore, as you will see by next *Fors*, which I have ordered to be sent you in first proof, for I am eager that you should have it. What wonderful flowers these pinks of St. Ursula's are,² for life! They seem to bloom like everlastings.

I get my first rosebud and violets of this year from St. Helena's Island³ to-day. How I begin to pity people who have no saints to be good to them! Who is yours at Coniston? There must have been some in the country once upon a time.

With their help I am really getting well on with my history and drawing, and hope for a sweet time at home in the heathery days, and many a nice afternoon tea at the Thwaite.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

VENICE, 8th March, 1877.

That is entirely new and wonderful to me about the singing mouse.⁵ Douglass's (was it the Douglas?) saying "he had rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak"⁶ needs revision. It is a marvellous fact in natural history.

The wind is singing a wild tune to-night—cannot be colder on our own healths—and the waves dash like our Waterhead. Oh me, when I'm walking round it again, how like a sad dream all this Venice will be!

¹ [No. 39 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

² [See, again, *Fors*, Letter 75 (Vol. XXIX. p. 66).]

³ [For this once beautiful spot, now the seat of an iron foundry, see Vol. X. p. 423 n., and Vol. XXIV. p. xliii.]

⁴ [No. 40 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

⁵ ["A pleasant story that a friend sent me from France. The mouse often came into their sitting-room and actually sang to them, the notes being a little like a canary's."—S. B.]

⁶ [See ch. xxx. of Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth*.]

To COUNT ALVISE ZORZI¹

1877.

CARISSIMO CONTE ZORZI,—That is all the Italian I know, pretty nearly, and I must trust your sweet secretary to interpret my letter to-day. For indeed I must tell you why I am so troublesome and hindering to you. *Indeed* there are most grave reasons for the changes I am making in my letter.² You have been thinking, my dear friend, too much of the Prefecture of Venice—and not enough of the Soul of Europe. It is neither your part nor mine becomingly to play the part of police officers detecting petty theft. We are antiquaries and artists, defending a monument of Christianity.

You shall forgive me—but I *must*, for your sake as for my own, insist on the word “Religion” being introduced in page 12, and on the other alterations made in the pages now sent. Between 14 and 15 the new piece comes in, and I have had to transpose the San Severo bit, for I mean to finish in a much better way. I shall be in my rooms at ten minutes past three this afternoon, and will then finish all. There is, alas! enough, and too much, for your poor, hardworked secretary to do, though for your loving friend,

J. RUSKIN.

Please also—Nothing must be in italics or capitals in Italian which I do not put in italics or capitals in English. True translation is as much of accents as words.

To COUNT ALVISE ZORZI³

ZATTERE, 17March, '77.

MON CHER COMTE,—Je fus hier chez les imprimeurs, et les choses sont bien en train; mais chaque fois que je relis ma lettre, je m'en trouve moins content; je vous prierai bien de venir—non, la prego, aux pieds des colonnes d'Acre comme les conspirateurs, aujourd'hui à 4 heures après midi, pour convenir sur certaines choses que je voudrais y changer: à présent ce n'est presque qu'une réclamation et cri au voleur—ce qui ne me semble pas ni prudent ni politique. Un jour de plus ou moins en telle matière vaut bien la chandelle; en cas donc

¹ [From “Ruskin in Venice,” by Count A. Zorzi, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, September 1906, p. 368. For the Count's reminiscences of Ruskin, see Vol. XXIX. pp. xvi.–xix.]

² [The prefatory letter to Count Zorzi's book on Venetian restorations. Ruskin's references are, as will be seen, to pages in the proof-sheets of his letter. The word “religion” occurs in § 3; the “San Severo bit” in § 7: see Vol. XXIV. pp. 406, 409.]

³ [*Cornhill Magazine*, September 1906, p. 369.]

que vous ne pourriez pas venir l'après midi, je vous attendrai demain soir; l'Imprimerie ne peut travailler le dimanche, je suppose.—Croyez moi, cher Comte, toujours votre ami dévoué,
J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

VENICE, *Thursday, 22nd March, '77.*

I've just done up the nicest little explosive torpedo I've ever concocted, to my own mind;¹ and am in good hope of pitching it into the Academy of Venice, and the general Artistic Mind, for an Easter-Egg. I'm licking my lips over it considerable. Jowett will send you a first proof!

And yesterday, for a companion to little Bear, I began painting the Doggie with the switch in his mouth and his paws on Carpaccio's name.²

To MADAME SZCZEPANOWSKA³

26th March, 1877.

MY DEAR MADAM,—How did you ever know that those flowers were exactly what I wanted to make me quite happy (as far as old bachelors *can* be happy), in my little sunny rooms? Who told you, or how did you guess? I don't recollect talking of my flowers to you—and I had no vervain when you came that fortunate evening for me, to enlighten my solitude in that charming way. Indeed I thank you, I can't tell you how much.⁴

The moment this terrible book of Count Zorzi's and mine (if I may claim in sympathy some part of it) is well out of our way, I do hope that I may be permitted to show that earnest-hearted secretary of ours⁵ some of my earnest ways of drawing study. She shall not be *tired*; but it will certainly help her to express her own graceful fancies with more ease and perfectness, if she submits to a month's work under my tyrannous laws of imitation of the natural facts.

Will you please tell me her name, so that I may write it properly in a book I want to ask her acceptance of—and so believe me, dear Madam, in all ways possible to me, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [The *Guide to the Academy at Venice*, issued in March 1877.]

² ["Little Bear" is Ruskin's study of St. Ursula; the "doggie" is in the picture of "Venetian Ladies and their Pets": see Plate LXVII. in Vol. XXIV. (p. 364).]

³ [*Cornhill Magazine*, September 1906, p. 370.]

⁴ [On the significance of the vervain to Ruskin, see Vol. XXIX. p. 31.]

⁵ [Miss Eugenia Szczepanowska (afterwards married to Count Zorzi), who had undertaken the translation of Ruskin's letter.]

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

16th April [VENICE, 1877].

I have to-day your lovely account of the roses. It is delightful. But alas, only a more graceful form than usual of our English selfishness. Praiseworthy,—as my care of Turners is; all our passions are praiseworthy when innocent and well followed. But we must have, to be right, before God and Man, not only passion, but *compassion*. It is the poor in the East of London, the East and West of Manchester, who really need roses. Not my Puss. It is mere luxury giving them to her, and getting the grateful look of her eyes, in exchange.

To RAWDON BROWN¹

8th May, 1877.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I was a little mortified by your note, for I thought you would have been more pleased, and that you had more confidence in my knowledge of architecture. I don't go by the School of St. Mark's at all—it is quite corrupt and lascivious of the style. I go by the perfectly faultless work of Giocondo's own wholly at Verona, the most perfect Renaissance building in Italy, till its recent restoration—the public palace in the little square where the statue of Dante is. Giocondo also did the most difficult work of the Veronese bridges, and was the complete founder of the style, which the Lombardi merely overcharged with fat babies and succulent ivy leaves. The fantasy of the School of St. Marco is brilliant, but I believe not at all owing to the Lombardi, but to the author, whoever he was, of the *Sogno di Polifilo*.² Also the enormous inconvenience of the double meaning of

¹ [The letter refers to a passage in Ruskin's *Guide to the Academy at Venice* (Vol. XXIV. pp. 169, 170) where he proposed to call the architectural style of the early Renaissance at Venice (see Vol. XI. p. 20)—1480–1520—the “Giocondine.” In the *Stones of Venice* (*l.c.*), Ruskin had instanced the Scuola di San Marco (see Vol. XI., frontispiece) as typical of the style; in the *Guide*, he instances the Scuola di San Giovanni. The style in question is commonly called at Venice “Lombardic” (after Pietro and Tullio Lombardo), and Ruskin himself in his earlier books uses the term: see, *e.g.*, *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 75 *n.*). He now suggests that “Lombard” and “Lombardic” are confusing, and proposes, for the latter, to substitute “Giocondine”—in honour of the building which he considered the masterpiece in the style, namely, Fra Giocondo's Loggia at Verona; this is shown on Plate XVIII. in Vol. XXX. (pp. 207, 208). For Brown's comment on Ruskin's letter, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xciii. *n.*]

² [Ruskin's reference is to the authorship of the designs in the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili* (or “Sogno di Polifilo,” or “Battle of Love in Dreams”) by the monk of Treviso, Francesco Colonna, published by Aldus at Venice in 1499; a copy of the rare first edition is in the British Museum. The designs have been variously attributed to the young Raphael, the Bellinis, Jacopo de' Barbari, Carpaccio, Mantegna, the “master of the Dolphin,” and others; there is a considerable literature about the book: see, *e.g.*, the introduction to Claudius Popelin's French

the word Lombard is a further reason for changing the usual name. I shall keep the Lombardi conspicuous as carvers of Giocondine building, as Bartolomeo Bon, of the Ducal Palace. But the real inventors, as so often happens, were forgotten, in both styles; and Rizzo, I suppose the designer of the finest Renaissance thing in Venice, the Canonica side of the Ducal Palace,¹ effaced himself by his own crime—while Giocondo was as good, I believe, as strong in intellect.

I think you will be pleased when you see how my archivolt and mosaics work out on St. Mark's,² however.—Ever your loving

FIGLIO.

I wonder if my papa would be so very good as to tell me if *ancoratus* is classic Latin for “anchorite”—or only heraldic Latin? I don't seem to recollect seeing the word.

To WILLIAM WALKER⁴

SIMPLON INN, *June 9th*, 1877.

MY DEAR WALKER,—In the late sale of drawings at Christie's there were four which I've been looking after for thirty years—and I would have bought them with my last guinea, as Goldsmith his bottle of claret. Your kind letter has just come. This one will, I doubt not, give you real concern: but, my dear Sir, be assured—and think over your experience of men to confirm what I say—no man who is in real danger of ruin ever takes the public into his confidence, or allows, with thanks, the advice of his friends, even when he does not follow it.—Ever gratefully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁵

BRANTWOOD, *31st July*, 1877.

DEAREST CHARLES, . . . I have no comfort now for anything unless in thoughts which you would not care for my telling you. I am nearer breaking down myself than I meant voluntarily to have

translation (Paris, 2 vols., 1883), the Science and Art Department's reproduction of the designs (edited by J. W. Appell, 1888), and Jos. Poppelreuter's *Der Anonyme Meister des Poliphilo* (Strassburg, 1904). The architectural designs (*e.g.*, the full pages in sig. *c* and *r*) are said to have influenced Palladio and earlier architects.]

¹ [What Ruskin elsewhere calls the “Rio façade”: see Vol. XI. p. 32 and *n*. For the crime of Antonio Riccio, or Rizzo, see Vol. X. p. 354.]

² [See ch. viii. of *St. Mark's Rest* (Vol. XXIV.).]

³ [The word is not given in Du Cange.]

⁴ [No. 37 in *Furnivall*, p. 92. For Mr. Walker, who assisted Ruskin in connexion with St. George's Guild, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 556.]

⁵ [No. 175 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 144–145.]

run,—owing to the extreme need for doing all I could at Venice this winter—and I have reduced myself nearly to the state of a brittle log—which you may break before you can fetch fire out of, or grief—and what I do or seem to do is more a kind of lichenous greenery than anything of my own; else I should have written, as you may well believe, many a day before now. . . .

P.S.—I read your note—knowing how much pleasure it would give—to Joan and Arthur, who are here. You will be glad to know that when I read them the first page of my answer I was stopped by screams of laughter—partly subdued, indeed, complimentary—but real enough, because I was out walking with them yesterday and, it seems, gave neither of them the impression of being a “brittle log.”

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD [1877?].

The feathers nearly made me fly away from all my Psalters and Exoduses, to you, and my dear peacocks. I wonder when Solomon got his ivory and apes and peacocks,² whether he ever had time to look at them? He couldn't always be ordering children to be chopped in two and the like. Alas, I suppose his wisdom, in England of to-day, would have been taxed to find out which mother lied in saying which child *wasn't* hers!

But you *will* like my psalter, I'm sure. Diddie wouldn't copy the wickedest bits, so I was obliged to leave them all out!

Oh dear, I feel *so* wicked to-day, I could even tease *you*, by telling you Joanie was better, and how it came to pass. I mustn't say more, but that I love you ever so much, and am ever, etc.

I began this note especially to tell you how delighted I was with your idea of the flower show; how good it will be for the people,—how nice for *you*.

BRANTWOOD [1877?].

I've been writing to Miss R. again, and Miss L.'s quite right to stay at home. “She thinks I have an eagle's eye.”³ Well, what else should I have, in daytime? together with my cat's eye in the dark? But you may tell her I should be very sorry if my eyes were *no* better than eagles'! “Doth the eagle know what is in the pit?”⁴ *I* do.

¹ [This and the following letter were run together into one, as No. 142, in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631).]

² [1 Kings x. 22: compare Vol. XXIV. p. 445.]

³ [This, it will be seen, is the source of the remark given in Vol. XXXIV. p. 722.]

⁴ [For this quotation from Blake, see Vol. XXII. pp. 138, 151.]

To EDWARD BURNE-JONES¹

BRANTWOOD [? August, 1877].

DARLING NED,—You're a *couple* of darlings, Morris and you—and perhaps I may want you, but I don't think so. It's mere nuts and nectar to me the notion of having to answer for myself in court, and the whole thing will enable me to assert some principles of art economy which I've never got into the public's head, by writing, but may get sent over all the world vividly in a newspaper report or two.

Meantime I've heard nothing of the matter yet, and am only afraid the fellow will be better advised.

Dear love to Georgie, and Phil, and Two-Sapphires. I am so very glad you like poor dear Burgess.²—Ever your loving ST. C.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE³

BRANTWOOD, August 31st, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely obliged by your letter and gift, but must decline on St. George's part to accept the last, because I am sure that you can help us better by retaining all the power you have for meeting expenses connected with right education, in purchase of instruments, engravings, etc., and if you really sympathise with St. George your designs will be continually extending.

I am not, of course, able at once to judge of the character of your proposed Standard Books,⁴ but I think the term "Standard" a little saucy, unless you are more sure of your ground than I perceive you to be; and I am obliged to decline permitting any entire publications of mine to be issued in other forms, else I should have them in cheap small print at every bookstall.—Always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [This letter is printed (with some omissions) in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 86, and a few words have been cited at Vol. XXIX. p. xxii. The libel-action, threatened in consequence of Ruskin's attack on Whistler in *Fors* for July 1877, was brought a year later.]

² [Ruskin's engraver: for whom, see Vol. XIV. pp. 349 *seq.*]

³ [This is the first of Ruskin's letters to the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, Principal of Whitelands Training College (Church of England) for Girls at Chelsea. Mr. Faunthorpe's collection of letters from Ruskin was privately printed, in two volumes, in 1895. For particulars of the book, and of the circumstances in which the correspondence began, see below, p. 641. It is henceforth referred to as *Faunthorpe*. The present letter is in vol. i. pp. 3, 4.]

⁴ [The Whitelands Series of Standard Reading Books for girls—not "standard" in the sense assumed by Ruskin, but graduated according to the several "Standards" of the Education Department.]

*To a CORRESPONDENT*¹

BRANTWOOD, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—The leaves which have very rightly interested you, are those of the common dock. These are entirely grand in their sculpturtesque masses. Turner uses them always, because they are the only ones big enough to be completely and rightly drawn in the scale of his ordinary studies; and also because they enable him to get massier lights of noble form. He sometimes also takes Coltsfoot and Fern for similar purposes; but is afraid of Fern because it takes too much work to finish it rightly, and it draws the eye away from the qualities of finely divided foliage.—Faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*³

BRANTWOOD, *September 5th*, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your very kind and interesting second letter, and the report which accompanied it,³ give me much to think of; but I cannot at present think of it, being in every way overworked and overthoughted. I am entirely sensible, however, of the privilege of being brought into connection with the teaching in an establishment of this character, and hope to be useful to you. Would the Church of England's principles permit you to accept the published series of my books to begin with?⁴ I am unable, to my sorrow, to take part in any prize-givings, or the like, but always most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To GEORGE ALLEN*⁵

BRANTWOOD, *20th Sept.*, '77.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—This orchis plate is not only our best, but it is one of the finest things ever done on steel. It cannot be bettered (so far as we either of us have tried to go)—you have done all that could be done—and I, as much as could be done in a given time. I am delighted with it, and very much pleased also that you like

¹ [No. 23 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 60, 61. The reference may be to the leaves in the foreground of Turner's "Okehampton Castle": see Vol. XXV. p. 303 *n.*]

² [No. 2 in *Faunthorpe* (see below, p. 642).]

³ [Report of Whitelands College.]

⁴ ["Of course we accepted the books, and they now form part of the College Library."—J. P. F.]

⁵ [Some words of this letter have been quoted in Vol. XXV. p. lvi., in connexion with the "orchis plate" in *Proserpina: ibid.*, p. 341.]

Fésole. I have the second part virtually done, but it needs just a touch and stitch here and there, which I must re-read all before I can do, and I'm perfectly overwhelmed under the quantity of things which must be kept in my mind, now, going like a juggler's balls in the air—a touch first to one, then another. I'm doing a fifth *Deucalion* and *Proserpina*, and should have had both done by this time had it not been necessary for me to rest when the fine weather came. I have done so, and am now nearly recovered from Venetian mischief. The mass of work I shall (*D.V.*) bring out this autumn will astonish people, I think, who know what work costs.

I cannot enough praise your admirable orchis work. It shall be Plate VII.,¹ and redeem the somewhat cold Plate VI.

I can't write more to-day. This has missed the post, owing to unexpected interruptions. I shall telegraph to-morrow morning to say how pleased I am.—Ever gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS²

BRANTWOOD [*October 9th*, 1877].

DEAR ELLIS,—I have never answered your kind letter of gentle remonstrance with me, for asking you to get what could not be gotten. But I am very glad to know the rarity of that old German Bible,³ though I am very sorry for it, for its cuts are splendid—nearly all, I believe, designed by Holbein; and the Apocalypse cuts especially seem to me originals by Holbein, afterwards taken and enlarged by Dürer. But I forget all about the dates and relations of these two men—and my days grow shorter and fewer, and I've no time to look.

You will be sorry to hear of a trouble I've had this last ten days in Mrs. Severn's illness. The danger is past, her doctor says (and he is a good one, to whom I am profoundly grateful). But I've had a terrible fright, and feel now stunned a little, and giddy, and can't remember dates.

Please can you find for me Sedgwick's *Letters on Lake District*?⁴

It is a lovely district to-day; cloudless, and the lake an expanse of boiling blue like the blue of ground ivy. Kindest regards to Mr. White.⁵—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

¹ [In *Proserpina*, Plate VI. (Plate XXII. in Vol. XXV.) was "Iris Germanica."]

² [No. 23 in *Ellis*, pp. 37, 38.]

³ [The edition of Froschover, Basle, 1536.]

⁴ ["Three Letters on the Geology of the Lake District," by Adam Sedgwick, in J. Hudson's *Complete Guide*: Kendal, 1843.]

⁵ [Mr. Ellis's business partner.]

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE [October, 1877].

. . . Your letter is *such* a delight to me. You are evidently so well and so strong—reading novels at that rate! but what a cormorant!

There's some more Scott in next *Fors*² planned, and I must get it soon in print, as I want to touch up well for Christmas. It has come well into my head, and will be the best of the longest *Fors* there has been, but I hope, liked. It's still on music, but brings in poetry and *Marmion*, then on the Lydian measures, Sardis, Cræsus, and the II. Apocalypse as addressed to the great group of the Lydian churches. I've got to draw a map of them with Tmolus and Pactolus, and if I don't go in at the Nicolaitanes!

Then it's so lovely working out the correspondence in each case, of the Attribute with the Threat and Promise. The "that shutteth and no man openeth" with the "thou shalt go out no more,"³ etc. . . .

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE [October, 1877].

MY DEAREST S.,—I am so very glad of your letter. Indeed, considering how much you and I have felt *with* each other for many and many a year, it is strange—and partly to my shame—that I do not know enough of your past life to allow for those old shot wounds, nor—as I think you know—has it ever been faith of mine that "crescit vulnere virtus";⁴—the wounds of my own life have in all cases weakened it—although, for some present purposes, such weakness is better than strength. But I feel more and more that all our extreme cares and sorrows are a form of selfishness, in that we centre our affections too much on our own possessions—whether of things, or souls. I found, by

¹ [No. 22 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 304–305. Brown's letter (*ibid.*, pp. 253–254) was in acknowledgement of an early copy of *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 83 (see Vol. XXIX, p. 267): "I am sure you are right about *The Heart of Midlothian*; it is the most innerly, Shaksperian, and spiritual of them all. . . . I have within ten days read *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, *Waverley*, and am now deep in *Pevekil of the Peak*, and am lost in wonder and love."]

² [See Letter 84 (Vol. XXIX.). For Ruskin's fulfilment of the promise to "go in at the Nicolaitanes," see p. 301 of that volume.]

³ [Revelation iii. 7, 12.]

⁴ [Apparently a recollection of the saying of Furius Antias (in Aulus Gellius, 18, 11, 4): "Incalescent animi, virescit vulnere virtus"; for Ruskin's criticism of the sentiment, see Vol. VII. p. 451. For the subsequent Bible reference, see Romans xii. 15.]

the state to which Joanie's illness brought me last week, that I was too dependent on her, as I used to be on Rose; and it seems to me that the forms of affection which thus occupy us wholly must really be ranked as one of the more amiable conditions of self-love; and that all extreme pain is sent to show us that we are thinking too little of others' losses, or not rejoicing enough with those that rejoice. Not that there are many of that sort nowadays—except the devils and their children.

Dear love to John; and I do feel that weight of hot coals—but it's rather comfortable to-day, for the Old Man has fresh snow on him, and a keen north wind has followed a storm from the N.W., which tore the lake up into clouds as if it were being razed by grapeshot.— Ever your loving
J. R.

To HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.¹

1877.

. . . I greatly thank you also for the sentence in your letter about friendship. I do most seriously think that among all my friends there is none with whom I have so complete sympathy. The differences between us seem to me never in the least *contrary*, but to be in each of us some specialty, which as it were goes out on the other side, while we can fit like hand and glove on the fitting side. My other friends fit more or less on many sides, but always with some bumps or grit in the way.

To HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.²

[November, 1877.]

I jumped all about the room when I got your letter. I've been gloating like a good vulture over those vultures ever since I got them, and have got wilder and wilder about them every day; and I'm just going to show them in my lecture here on Tuesday as examples of true natural history drawing; and all you tell me of your feelings about them, and your work, at least the issue of it in the bird-room at the Duke of Westminster's,³ is wholly delightful to me; and that's all I can say, for I've been interrupted, and all my forenoon's gone.

¹ [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, ii. 169. For Ruskin's friendship with Marks, see the Introduction (Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxi).]

² [*Ibid.*, p. 171. Undated; but the date is approximately fixed by the reference to the lectures. At one lecture of the course, entitled "Readings in *Modern Painters*," Ruskin showed some drawings by Marks, who, he said, "produced the first pictures of birds" (E. T. Cook's *Studies in Ruskin*, p. 210).]

³ [One of the smaller drawing-rooms at Eaton, for which Marks was commissioned by the late Duke to paint twelve panels of birds: see *Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. i. pp. 217–219.]

To HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.¹

C. C. COLL., OXFORD.

MY DEAR MARCO,—How I am ever to say enough or pay enough for those most precious drawings, I don't know, even if there's a letter with them, for I'm going to lecture upon them on Tuesday, and mean to open my lecture by showing the carelessness of a really great painter about his work, unfolding the parcel and investigating its crushed contents as I speak.

I've only peeped in without unfolding, just to see how beautiful they are, and when I think of the impression they will make in being unfolded, I can't scold you for sending them so, as much as you deserve.

I think this will begin an entirely new system of things in the Oxford Museum. Can't write more to-night.—Ever your grateful

J. R.

To HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.²

I've been buying Japanese books of birds myself, but only to study their way of extracting the ugliness of things with vicious variety, and the way they gloat over black as if it was blue and gold! There's a "peacock" in my book which looks like a cabful of old straw tucked through a broken gridiron!—Ever your affectionate

CONUNDRUM.

To HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.³

OXFORD, *December*, 1877.

MY DEAR MARCO,—I've just been framing the black crane with the red eyes with Turner and Bewick, and he holds his own against both—a glorious fellow! But look here! you must come and see it between

¹ [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. p. 172. "A few days later I sent a batch of sketches by book-post and rolled up, without any protecting cardboard. Across the top of this letter was written a postscript: 'Note found, after writing this, in a heap of unopened letters. Book-post indeed!' " (H. S. M.)]

² [*Ibid.*, p. 181, undated. "The signature," says Marks, "was owing to my having called Ruskin 'a conundrical professor,' on one occasion when I could not reconcile two of his statements that appeared contradictory, or as I actually put it, 'a man knows not when to have you.' "]

³ [*Ibid.*, pp. 172–3. "And a merry party we made," says Mr. Marks, "at an afternoon performance at Hengler's. . . . Soon after, a brief visit to Ruskin at his rooms in Corpus was settled. Having specified the day and the train I thought most convenient to both, I had this brief but prettily expressed note in reply:—

'I must just say that that's the very nicest and best train you could possibly come by, and that all the birds are dying to see you, and I living more than usual for the same cause.' "]

the 5th and the 10th; all will be lonely, quiet, and you can see the Millais portrait¹ and everything in the perfectest peace. We'll talk it over on Saturday when we meet at half-past two, and will have a time of it at Hengler's and afterwards. Arthur has arranged it all. . . .

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 2nd December, '77.

I write first to you this morning to tell you that I gave yesterday the twelfth and last³ of my course of lectures this term, to a room crowded by six hundred people, two-thirds members of the University, and with its door wedged open by those who could not get in; this interest of theirs being granted to me, I doubt not, because for the first time in Oxford I have been able to speak to them boldly of immortal life. I intended when I began the course only to have read *Modern Painters* to them; but when I began, some of your favourite bits interested the men so, and brought so much larger a proportion of undergraduates than usual, that I took pains to re-inforce and press them home; and people say I have never given so useful a course yet. But it has taken all my time and strength, and I have not been able even to tell Susie a word about it till now. In one of my lectures⁴ I made my text your pretty peacock and the design* of him. But did not venture to say what really *must* be true, that his voice is an example of “the Devil sowed tares,” and of the angels letting both grow together. . . . My grateful compliments to the peacock. And little (but warm) loves to all your little birds. And best of little loves to the squirrels, only you must send *them* in dream-words, I suppose, up to their nests.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁵

HERNE HILL, Sunday, 16th December, '77.

It is a long while since I've felt so good for nothing as I do this morning. My very wristbands curl up in a dog's-eared and disconsolate manner; my little room is all a heap of disorder. I've got a

* Decorative art of his Plumage.—J. R.

¹ [Of Ruskin, belonging to Dr. Acland: see the frontispiece to Vol. XII.]

² [No. 42 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625). For the Bible reference in the letter, see Matthew xiii. 25, 30.]

³ [See Vol. XXII. p. 529.]

⁴ [Perhaps Lecture iv. (of which only a few notes are preserved): see Vol. XXII. p. 520.]

⁵ [No. 43 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

hoarseness and wheezing and sneezing and coughing and choking. I can't speak and I can't think; I'm miserable in bed and useless out of it; and it seems to me as if I could never venture to open a window or go out of a door any more. I have the dimmest sort of diabolical pleasure in thinking how miserable I shall make Susie by telling her all this; but in other respects I seem entirely devoid of all moral sentiments. I have arrived at this state of things, first by catching cold, and since by trying to "amuse myself" for three days. I tried to read *Pickwick*, but found that vulgar,¹ and, besides, I know it all by heart. I sent from town for some chivalric romances, but found them immeasurably stupid. I made Baxter read me the *Daily Telegraph*, and found that the Home Secretary had been making an absurd speech about art,² without any consciousness that such a person as I had ever existed. I read a lot of games of chess out of Mr. Staunton's handbook,³ and couldn't understand any of them. I analysed the Dock Company's bill of charges on a box from Venice, and sent them an examination paper on it. I think *that* did amuse me a little, but the account doesn't—£1, 8s. 6d. for bringing a box two feet square from the Tower Wharf to here! But the worst of all is, that the doctor keeps me shut up here, and I can't get my business done; and now there isn't the least chance of my getting down to Brantwood for Christmas, nor, as far as I can see, for a fortnight after it. There's perhaps a little of the diabolical enjoyment again in that estimate; but really the days *do* go, more like dew shaken off branches than real sunrisings and settings. But I'll send you word every day now for a little while how things are going on.

To HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A.⁴

[HERNE HILL, Dec.23.]

DEAR MARCO,—We had a jolly night of it, of which quite the brightest point to me was your being so pleased with the little blue crane. I send you a rough piece of the rock it came out of, containing various illustrative pieces of colour. It may lie about in your

¹ [The publication of the letter in *Hortus* called forth some strictures on this passage in the *Daily Telegraph*, to which Ruskin replied in the letter printed in Vol. XXXIV. pp. 612–3.]

² ["Mr. Cross on Art," in the *Daily Telegraph* of December 14, 1877.]

³ [*The Chess-Player's Handbook*, by Howard Staunton, 1847.]

⁴ ["A reference to an evening spent at Hamilton Terrace (Marks's house), when Ruskin gave me a small daintily carved crane of opal" (*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 170–171).]

studio wherever you like, being perfectly uninjurable, except by actual hammer-stroke (it could only be scratched by diamond or ruby); only it must not be on the chimney-piece, or otherwise near fire, nor in hot sun; all heat above a certain point diminishes opal colour.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

[HERNE HILL] *Sunday, 23rd* [1877].

I'm going to Oxford to-day (*D.V.*), really quite well, and rather merry. I went to the circus with my new pet, and saw lovely riding and ball play; and my pet said the only drawback to it all, was that she couldn't sit on both sides of me. And then I went home to tea with her, and gave mamma, who is Evangelical, a beautiful lecture on the piety of dramatic entertainments, which made her laugh whether she would or no; and then I had my Christmas dinner in advance with Joanie and Arfie and Stacy Marks, and his wife and two pretty daughters, and I had six kisses—two for Christmas, two for New Year's Day, and two for Twelfth Night—and everybody was in the best humour with everybody else. And now my room is ankle deep in unanswered letters, mostly on business, and I'm going to shovel them up and tie them in a parcel labelled "Needing particular attention"; and then that will be put into a cupboard in Oxford, and I shall feel that everything's been done in a business-like way.

That badger's beautiful. I don't think there's any need for such beasts as *that* to turn Christians.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *24th December* [1877].

This is just for Christmas love, and I'm quite well and up to work this morning, and the first thing I opened here was St. Ursula from Mr. Gould—and I hope the darling will be with me and you and him, and all good lovers and labourers everywhere. Love to Mary. Also to the servants. Also to the birds. If any mice are about—also to them,—and in a hush-a-bye to the Squirrels—wherever they are.

¹ [No. 119 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

² [No. 92 in *Hortus Inclusus*. "St. Ursula from Mr. Gould" means one of Mr. David Gould's coloured reproductions of Carpaccio's picture: see Vol. XIII. p. 526.]

To H. S. MARKS, R.A.¹

Xmas Eve, 1877.

Knowing you as I have learnt to do this year, adds a very broad “bit of blue” to my Christmas sky, and a very bright “bit of red” to my Christmas holly-bush. I am at ease with you as I have not been with any one since I lost my own very dearest relations, and I am not the least afraid but that I shall tell you so again more earnestly next Christmas, if we all live. I can only write you this tiny card to-night with truest wishes that your kindly and modest life may be more and more brightened with daily love, and due and tranquil prosperity. —Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 26th December, '77.

I don't know really whether I *ought* to be at Brantwood or here on Christmas. Yesterday I had two lovely services in my own cathedral. You know the *cathedral* of Oxford is the chapel of Christ Church college, and I have my own high seat in the chancel, as an Honorary Student, besides being bred there, and so one is ever so proud and ever so pious all at once, which is ever so nice, you know; and my own dean, that's the Dean of Christ Church, who is as big as any bishop, read the services, and the psalms and anthems were lovely; and then I dined with Henry Acland and his family, where I am an adopted son,—all the more wanted yesterday because the favourite son Herbert died this year in Ceylon,—the first death out of seven sons. So they were glad to have me. Then I've all my Turners here, and shall really enjoy myself a little to-day, I think; but I do wish I could be at Brantwood too.

Oh dear, I've scribbled this dreadfully. Can you really read my scribble, Susie? Love you may always read, however scribbled.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 27th December, '77.

Yes, I really think that must be the way of it. I *am* wholly cattish in that love of teasing. How delighted I used to be if Rosie would even condescend to be the least bit jealous!

¹ [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 169–170. “A Bit of Blue” was the title of one of the artist's pictures (No. 246) in the Royal Academy of 1877.]

² [No. 44 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

³ [No. 45 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

By the way, what a shame it is that we keep that word in the second commandment, as if it meant that God was jealous of images. It means burning, zealous or full of life, visiting, etc., *i.e.*, necessarily when leaving the father, leaving the child; necessarily, when giving the father life, giving life to the child, and to thousands of the race of them that love me.

It is very comic—the way people have of being so particular about the second and fourth commandments, and breaking all the rest with the greatest comfort. For me, I try to keep all the rest rather carefully, and let the second and fourth take care of themselves.

Cold quite gone.—Now it's *your* turn, Susie; I've got a love letter in Chinese, and can't read it!

1878

[On New Year's Day, 1878, Ruskin went from Oxford to Windsor on a visit to Prince Leopold. Later in the month he visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden. Returning to Brantwood, he was engaged in much hard work, and at the end of February he succumbed to a very serious attack of brain-fever: see, for these events, Vol. XXV, pp. xxii.–xxv. By the end of April he was convalescent; letters written on his recovery to Prince Leopold and Dr. Acland are printed in Vol. XXV, pp. xxvi.–xxviii. In July he was able to go to London, and do various work there. In August he went with Mr. Arthur Severn to Malham. In September he stayed with Mr. William Graham at Dunira, and in October again visited Hawarden.]

To RAWDON BROWN

WINDSOR CASTLE, 1st Jan., 1878.

MY DEAR BROWN,—It is doubly my duty to write you just one affectionate line to-day, for right beginning of the year, and that it may take you the pleasant news of the pleasant memory which Prince Leopold has of you. He was talking of you nearly all through dinner, and seems to have been entirely happy in his visit to Venice (he gave me the story of the brown paper and vinegar—and I took your part and not the Doctor's!—as you may well suppose).

That I am sorry not to be with you again, this winter—I hope you much more than suppose. But I have not got the half of the things done I had to do this summer; and I found my sight would not bear the kind of work I had been doing with the lens, for another winter. I am full of sorrow for a thousand things I cannot do,—do

not add to the fullness by distrusting the regard with which I am ever gratefully and faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

My true love to Toni—and to Mr. Lorenzi—my respectful regards to Signor Veludo.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

WINDSOR CASTLE, 2nd January, '78.

I'm horribly sulky this morning, for I expected to have a room with a view, if the room was ever so little, and I've got a great big one looking into the Castle yard, and I feel exactly as if I was in a big modern county gaol with beautiful turrets of modern Gothic. I came to see Prince Leopold, who has been a prisoner to his sofa lately, but I trust he is better; he is very bright and gentle, under severe and almost continual pain.

My dear little Susie, about that rheumatism of yours? If it wasn't for that, how happy we both ought to be, living in Thwaites and Woods, instead of nasty castles! Well, about that Shakespeare guide?² I cannot, cannot, at all fancy what it is. In and out among the stars; it sounds like a plan for stringing the stars. I am so very glad you have told me of it.

"Unwritten books in my brain"? Yes, but also in how many other brains of quiet people, books unthought of, "In the Book and Volume" which will be read some day in Heaven, aloud, "When saw we thee?"³ Yes, and "When *read* we ourselves?"

My dear Susie, if I were to think really *lost* what you, for instance, have never *found* in your own powers of receiving and giving pleasure, the beautiful faculties you have scarcely venturing even to show the consciousness of them, when it awakes in you, what a woeful conception I should have of God's not caring for us! He will gather all the wheat into His garner.⁴

To HENRY WILLETT⁵

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 8th Jan., '78.

DEAR MR. WILLETT,—Anything more entirely delicious than this book⁶ you've sent me cannot be! It ends the matter—its wit and

¹ [No. 46 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

² [Either *A Book of Reference to Remarkable Passages in Shakespeare*, by Susanna Beever (1871), or a previously published *The Shakespeare Handbook*.]

³ [Psalms xl. 7; Matthew xxv. 37.]

⁴ [Matthew iii. 12.]

⁵ [For whom, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxii. n.]

⁶ [*The English Usurer; or Usury Condemned. . . . Collected by John Blaxton, Preacher. . .* (1634). Ruskin refers to the book in Vol. XXXIV. p. 422. The

truth are flawless. I think I shall issue an entire reprint. Then having the pig's head for crest. It's mine too! and has the double meaning of being *pigsticker* in general and yet having a certain quantity of piggishness for grubbing up ground myself. Where *did* you find it?

Well, I talk of my own affairs first! but now of the picture.¹ All that I can say is what I said before—that there is “even a probability” of its being by Ghirlandajo rather than Botticelli—but I have never studied Ghirlandajo, and am no authority about him. When my friend Mr. Murray comes back, he will tell you at once.

Without the name, the letter will be all I want; but if even that is trespassing on the “private” sign, I will not ask it, and be assured that I shall never do anything without your permission.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

To THOMAS CARLYLE²

HAWARDEN CASTLE, 15th Jan., '78.

DEAREST PAPA,—I am going home to-day, but I think it will be only to bid the servants good New Year, and that I shall be quickly up in Oxford again; and the more that I want to see you again soon, and not let you say any more “How long?”

Also, I want to bring with me to your quiet presence-chamber a youth,³ who deeply loves you, and for whom the permission to look upon your face will be strength and memory in the future, much helpful to the resolution and the beauty of his life, and give *me* also better will to return to my Oxford duty from the Calypso woods of Coniston.—And so, believe me, ever your faithful and loving son,

J. RUSKIN.

To the Hon. ALFRED LYTTTELTON⁴

[1878.]

MY DEAR A.,—I am most thankful for your letter, and much more earnest to see you than you can possibly be to see me, though

“pig's head for crest” refers to the bookplate of a former owner in the copy which Mr. Willett had given to Ruskin. For his own pig's crest, see Vol. XXXV. p. 390.]

¹ [Probably the portrait of Giovanna, wife of Lorenzo Tornabuoni, lent for some time by Mr. Willett to the National Gallery (see E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook*, 5th ed., p. 809).]

² [From *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, 1903, preface, pp. x.–xi.]

³ [The Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, K.C., M.P.; then an undergraduate at Cambridge.]

⁴ [From *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, 1903, preface, pp. xi.–xii. Mr. Lyttelton had consulted Ruskin on his choice of a profession, indicating a predilection for the bar.]

I am not certain that—for many a day yet—I may be able to tell you what you ask in a way acceptable to you. That will depend on the time you take in receiving (I do not doubt your receiving ultimately) the truth I have been trying to teach these ten years, that neither the Holy Ghost—nor the Justice of God—nor the life of man —may be sold.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.¹

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

BRANTWOOD, 16th *Jany.*, 1878.

SIR,—I have waited that from my own home I might in quiet gratitude acknowledge the kindnesses with which you have crowned the beginning of this year to me, and strengthened me with more hope than I have been able to feel for many past years, and indeed, in the same deep and fixed measure, to feel at all.

Your Royal Highness cannot, I feel assured, be doubtful of my especial joy in the gracious letter written by your own hand, which I received two days ago, not only for my Father's sake or my own, but because in the few words that closed it you admitted me so far into the seclusion of your thought as to give me courage in saying to you what only my own experience of very great sorrow enables me to say with certainty—that by our acceptance, at the hand of our Father in Heaven, of all that He appoints whether for those whom we love or for ourselves, as indeed a Father's ordinance,—every distress will become to us at last ordinances, every distress will become to us at last a blessing, chiefly in the power given us to feel for others, but not a little in enabling us to form higher hopes than any which this world has to give, and in quenching and subduing the mean interests and petty prides which inevitably choke the currents of a too happy life. Many good men I have known, untroubled—but none, without pain, brought to high discernment or perfectly beneficent power.

I do not like to speak, after these, of any lower matters, but must yet also most earnestly thank your Royal Highness for your letter to the Trustees of the National Gallery,² of which the issue cannot but complete all that I have been endeavouring to do in the Oxford schools to a perfectness beyond my best hopes hitherto.

¹ ["The man's affection for youth is followed here somewhat abruptly by the prophet's fulmination of his message to the world. But, in another note, he writes:—

'You know I entirely sympathise with your cricketing, though I don't make a fuss about it.'"]

(Mr. George Wyndham's Preface in *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, p. xii.)]

² [In support of Ruskin's request for the loan of a collection of sketches by Turner: see above, p. 201.]

I have much more in my heart to say, but must not be a weariness to you—if in any way I can ever be a comfort, you cannot but know the surety of service in which I shall always remain your loyal and grateful and loving subject,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE¹

BRANTWOOD, 18th January, 1878.

DEAR MISS GLADSTONE,—You are then yet at Hawarden? It has been only my doubt of your stay there that has prevented *my* letter of thanks from dutifully anticipating this lovely one of yours—*after* which, it feels itself very helpless and poor, not so much in actual words, as in ways of showing the pleasant hiding-places of the web of things one doesn't quite like to say; one's flattered little prides being all threaded in among quite real and more close-set humilities—equally unspeakable—and quick little affections which one is greatly ashamed of for having grown so fast, and which one dares not tell of. But I will courageously say this letter of yours makes me very happy.

For the thanks after the J. R.—they mean *both* the things you have all guessed—but are meant, or were on the sudden when you brought me the book, meant, to distinguish the poem² as one which had taught and helped me in the highest ways, from those which one merely reads with admiration or equal sympathy; one falls “upon the great world's altar stairs” helplessly *beside* Tennyson.³ I thank Myers for lifting me up again.

I thank Fors and your sweet sister, very solemnly, for having let me see your father, and understand him in his earnestness. How is it possible for the men who have known him long—to allow the thought of his course of conduct now, or at any other time, having been warped by ambition, to diminish the lustre and the power of his name? I have been grievously deceived concerning him myself,⁴ and have *once*

¹ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 31–33.]

² [Above the poem “St. John the Baptist” (F. W. H. Myers), Ruskin had written, “J. R., with deep thanks.”]

³ [“I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God . . .”

In Memoriam, lv.]

⁴ [So in another letter, also written in January 1878, Ruskin said:—

“It was a complete revelation to me, and has taught me a marvellous quantity of most precious things—above all things, the rashness of my own judgment (not as to the right or wrong of things themselves, but as to the temper in which men say and do them).”

(*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, p. 34.)]

written words about him which I trust *you* at least may never see. They shall be effaced henceforward (I have written to cancel the page on which they are¹). If ever you see them, forgive me, and you will know what it *is* to forgive.

And you will *like* having me with you again, then, in the autumn? I never *can* understand that people can like me at all, if I like *them*. I'll read your letter over and over again, meantime; and am indeed, myself, to your Father and to you all, your grateful and loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

To JAMES REDDIE ANDERSON

BRANTWOOD, 19th January.

What a snail, slug, limpet, crab, slow-worm, pholus, barnacle—and everything that hinders and sticks—you *must* think me by this time. My dear boy, since 1st January I've just rolled over and over down the days without being able to catch at a blade of grass in them. I've got breath at last, and we'll have St. George "lancé" at long last—before I do anything else now in this world.²—Ever your loving
J. R.

To CARDINAL MANNING³

BRANTWOOD, January 25, 1878.

MY DEAR LORD CARDINAL,—It was a great joy to me to receive your letter, in all but that it told me you had been ill. There are few people now left for me in the world whose illness troubles me;— yours does, both for my own heart's sake, and in its anxiety for the good of the Christian Church (when does one get over that wicked foolishness of anxiety?)—which can ill spare you, it seems to me.

Yes, that Oxford Lecture,⁴ in common with all I have written since 1875, means what you desire it should; and that in the ultimate degree implied in what I am well assured you remember me once saying to you, that "no educated man could be a Christian, without

¹ [See *Fors*, Letter 57, Vol. XXVIII. p. 403 (where Ruskin's letter to Mr. Allen cancelling the page is given), and Vol. XXIX. p. 364.]

² [The reference is to the long delayed "Second Supplement" to *St. Mark's Rest*, written by Mr. Anderson; not published till March 1879, though Ruskin's Introduction to it is dated "26th January, 1878": see Vol. XXIV. p. 373.]

³ [Printed from a copy kept by Ruskin: for his friendship with Manning, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxxvi., and Vol. XXXV. p. xxx.]

⁴ [In the *Nineteenth Century* for January 1878: see now Vol. XXII. p. 529.]

also being a Catholic"—and yet, your Eminence's interpretation of that last word would be—is—so much other (and so much narrower!) than mine, that I fear you are a long way yet from being able to rejoice over your "piece which was lost."¹

For, while my own hardness of heart, and folly, and sin do so hinder and blind me that I know not where I am nor what I do, and utterly forbid my speaking with any confidence of the higher truths of Christianity,—so far as I imagine myself to know these, or dare to speak of them, it seems to me that your Catholic Hierarchy is, to the Christian Church it governs now, precisely what the Hierarchy of Caiaphas was to the Jewish Church, and that you are, as a priestly order, leading it to its ruin,—desirous, at heart, the main body of you, only of your own power or prevalence in doctrine, and regardless wholly of the infinite multitude of your flock, who are perishing because you do not separate yourselves heroically from the rich, and powerful, and wicked of this world, but entangle yourselves in their schemes, comply with their desires, and share with them in the spoils of the poor. So that I believe the existing Hierarchies of Christianity must perish—and the King Himself, in some way we dream not of, come to possess His people in peace.

Let me thank your Eminence once more from my heart for your kindness in thinking of me, and pray you to believe me your Eminence's faithful and grateful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

To COUNT ALVISE ZORZI²

BRANTWOOD, 29 Jan., '78.

DEAR COUNT ZORZI,—My silence has been only in sadness. When I left Venice I found myself (measuring my strength and sight on the Alps) far more exhausted than I knew—and was forced to rest utterly through great part of the summer, throwing all my intended work in England out of tune, and at last preventing my return to Venice.

What was the use of writing to tell you this? When I received your book on San Moisè,³ though I entirely agreed with you, I was

¹ [See Luke xv. 9.]

² [From "Ruskin at Venice," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, September 1906, pp. 375-376.]

³ [In 1877, says Count Zorzi, "the Technical Commission of the 'Genio Civile di Venezia' had decreed the demolition of the Church of San Moisè, detested by all the so-called purists, who considered it an artistic atrocity. . . . I opposed the projected destruction, and the scheme was abandoned. I sent the little pamphlet which embodied my views on the subject to Mr. Ruskin" (*Cornhill*, p. 375).]

sorry that you had divided your strength, and appeared as a general caviller, and objector, instead of champion of St. Mark's alone, and I was more and more disgusted with Venice herself and her doings. What was the use of writing to say *this*?

In my own country, all is going wrong too—and my battle here is not only with those who would pull down churches, but who would pull down England—church, people, and God—if they could rake six-pence out of the ruin. All my days are occupied to the last instant when I *dare* work—and of all work, writing is the most painful to me; do you wonder that I shrink from it, when I have none but these things to say! You know, or ought to know, that I care for you, and for your mother and sisters, and for your sweet secretary and her sister and mother. But the more I care, the less I am able to speak when I have only sorrowful things to say.

I got all the pretty cards, but they are not needed to assure me of your affectionate memories.

If only I could be in two places at once! It always seems as if one *ought* to be. But I am sure that my business at present is in England. Only believe me, as much there as in Venice, your affectionate friend,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To H. S. MARKS, R.A.¹

BRANTWOOD, *February*, 1878.

MY DEAR MARCO,—That is just what I want. I like to give Severn the pleasure of buying, and of course you are the man in the whole world to choose what is my taste in animal drawing. Don't go against Leslie. I should like him to have all he cares for. If there's anything you think I should like much, and he doesn't want much, then he, I am sure, won't go against me. *No* anxiety, please, *no* sense of responsibility; just buy, you and Leslie, as you would for yourselves; but with *carte-blanche* for drawings in pencil by his own hands which Leslie does not want. Buy *no rare editions*, *no fine bindings*, *no blocks*; only drawings and any cheap going copies of the *Birds*.²

¹ [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 175–177.]

² [Marks had undertaken to attend, on Ruskin's behalf, the sale of Mr. E. B. Jupp's library, comprising books illustrated by the brothers Bewick, etc. Marks bought for Ruskin thirty drawings in pencil for the *History of British Birds* (43 guineas); two water-colour drawings of a starling and a shrike (13 guineas), and two of a merlin and a quail (60 guineas). "I was *delighted* with my Bewick," Ruskin wrote a few days afterwards; "I hope Leslie and you had nice ones too."]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, 17th February, 1878.

DEAREST CHARLES,—Good things have “chanced” to me to-day. Perhaps, to many besides. I have had a wonderful letter from America, and would fain tell you what some day or other you will be glad to hear of the incredible.

I sent you some etchings. “Fésole” is going on.—Don’t be angry with me—I *can’t* do it faster. Second number all but done—and it is nice. My love to your mother—to your sister.

Oh, how little I ever show you of the gratitude and love I have to yourself!—Your faithful
JOHN RUSKIN.

Written with Sir Walter Scott’s own pen, given by him to Maria Edgeworth, and lent to me by Mr. Butler, to whom it came.²

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

BRANTWOOD, 17th February, 1878.

By Hook or by Crook, by Swans and Cygnets, by Carpaccio and the Queen of Sheba, I’ll come to see you, please, “to-day.”

[The gap in the correspondence at this point was caused by Ruskin’s attack of brain-fever.]

To GEORGE ALLEN⁴

BRANTWOOD, 15th April, 1878.

DEAR ALLEN,—How good and kind you are, and have always been. I trust, whatever happens to me, that your position with the copyright of my books, if anybody cares for them, and with the friends gained by your honesty and industry, is secure on your little piece of Kentish home territory. I write this letter to release you from all debt to me of any kind, and to leave you, with my solemn thanks for all the energy and faith of your life, given to me so loyally, in all that I ever tried to do for good, to do now what is best for your family and yourself.

¹ [No. 176 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 145–146.]

² [See Vol. XIII. p. 400 *n.*]

³ [Printed (without the date) as part of No. 144 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631). Many of Ruskin’s notes to Miss Beever (as also much of his other correspondence) were written in the early morning, and sent across the lake by boat.]

⁴ [Printed (in *facsimile* also) in *St. George*, vol. iii. pp. 90, 120.]

As I look back on my life in this closing time I find myself in debt, to every friend that loved me, for what a score of lives could not repay, and would fain say to them all, as to you, words of humiliation which I check only because they are so vain.

Ever (Nay—in such a time as this what “ever” is there except “to-day”—once more) your thankful and sorrowful friend—Master, no more—

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON

BRANTWOOD, 15th April, '78.

DEAREST S.,—The goodness of all my friends to me—but chiefly John's and yours—through all these wilful and foolish years I have so wasted, would need another life to repay—if real goodness is meant to be ever repaid but in the joy of it, as my own uselessness and selfishness are now brought home to me in pain, which I will not burden you with the bitterness of. Joanie is *so* good, and so—I know not how far in noble *pretence*—cheerful, and has so many and many and manifolded many burdens on her, that I dare not write a word of the sadness that is in my own mind, lest she should see my letter. This I *must* write to you, with beseechings that you and John forgive me for my dull, wretched silence.

J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

BRANTWOOD, 17th April, 1878.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I can yet say nothing to all my dear and noble friends, but what would grieve them:—this illness having been one continued vision to me of my selfishnesses, prides, insolences, failures, written down day by day, it seemed to me, with reversed interpretation of all I had fondly thought done for others, as the mere foaming out of my own vanity.² If only those dear good girls could know how much more I always in truth thought of their doings than of my talkings, and how ashamed I am to cause them any concern, when there are thousands of suffering people, how much worthier than I. And yet how thankful I am to them, and how helpless to say it! I am not allowed to write, but they will believe my gratitude to them, and my sorrow that I have been no more to them, except in fruitless intention.—Ever faithfully theirs and yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 7 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 13, 14.]

² [See *Jude* 13.]

To Miss BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD, 2nd May.

DEAR MISS BEEVER,—I *never* saw anything so wonderful as this Narcissus! The perfect finish and accuracy of its lines, and the development of the Corona into the entire flower, with the petals and sepals becoming mere appendages, interest me in the highest degree. I hope to draw its outline, but have not yet attempted any careful drawing since my illness.

It is so nice to be able to find anything that is in the least new to *you*, and interesting; my rocks are quite proud of rooting that little saxifrage.

I'm scarcely able to look at one flower because of the two on each side, in my garden just now. I want to have bees' eyes, there are so many lovely things.

To Mrs. JOHN SIMON²

BRANTWOOD, 15th May, '78.

MY DEAREST S.,—The Splügen Pass—with all its mountains—was moved here by your faith in me and that of other dear friends, last night. I could be well content to go through a worse illness than that in which John and Dr. Parsons have carried me forth of the shade, to receive the tenth part of the witness it has won for me of manifold kindness which I had not before understood or conceived. But it *does* seem to me rather unfair that I should be so rewarded for being absurd; and receive so many congratulations upon having

¹ [No. 49 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

² [This letter refers to the gift to Ruskin by a body of subscribers of Turner's drawing of the "Splügen": see Vol. XIII. p. 487. The following was the circular which invited subscriptions:—

"*Private and Confidential.*—MR. RUSKIN.—Some friends of MR. RUSKIN'S, who know that he has frequently regretted having on two occasions failed to possess himself of Turner's drawing of the 'Pass of the Splügen,' and who grieve to think that illness has now made him lose this third chance, offered by the Novar Sale, of becoming its owner, have bought the drawing, and intend to present it to him on his recovery, as a mark of affection for himself and gratitude for his teaching.

"They believe that many besides themselves would be glad to take part in presenting to Mr. Ruskin this small token of the feelings with which he is regarded, and they invite the co-operation of all such persons.

"Contributions may be sent to	
The Right Hon. W. COWPER-TEMPLE, M.P., 15 Stanhope Street, Mayfair.	London.
JOHN SIMON, Esq., C.B., 40 Kensington Square.	"
A. W. HUNT, Esq., Tor Villa, Campden Hill, W	"
THOMAS HUGHES, Esq., Q. C., Athenæum Club.	"
Prof. SIDNEY COLVIN, Cambridge.	
The Rev. R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT, Oxford.	

"When One Thousand Guineas, the price of the Drawing, has been received, the Subscription List will be closed."]

tumbled down the stairs of my wits, which never were forthcoming when I kept my feet on them.

I am, however, profoundly thankful both for the sweet gift, and that I have again eyes to see it,—for indeed, I am, as far as I can make out, quite myself again, and for the present *one* self only, and not one—beside myself. I never understood the meaning of that phrase before, but indeed I was a double, or even treble, creature through great part of that dream.

I am more solicitous to know what Master John, of 40 Kensington Sq., is about, than for my own future state just now. For indeed, my dear S., he had got his head fuller of contagion than ever mine was of religion. He is cured, I doubt not, of his notions of my “angelic” character, but I do hope you will persuade him to be less enthusiastic on the subject of “bacteria,” or whatever the things are called in scientific terms, and insist on his taking *true* holiday this summer.

I must not write more,—and whatever I wrote would be alike useless to say how grateful I am to you and my other friends at all times, for loving me at all, which seems to me extremely odd of them¹ (giving me Turners being quite a minor corollary of that marvellous state of their minds).—Ever your loving

J. R.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

BRANTWOOD, 31st May, 1878.

MY DEAREST RICHMOND,—I must not let May-time leave us, this year, without telling the friend who has oftenest gone in heart a-Maying with me, that indeed the pleasantness of beholding the sun has been given me again—now, I think it may be said, as clearly as of old; and that although I must not think of what would trouble me, on peril of more than health, I may still work at things that *don't* trouble me, and have the joy of giving yet some pleasure to those who care for me. Of whom you and Henry Acland are now chief; both of you being always helpers of me in my first days of effort; and *you* especially associated with my Father in his anxieties for me,—and pride, such as he could take.

I should have written to you long ago; but it is a pathetic matter for me, still, to do so, for the chief final result of that long Dream was a terrific impression of my failure in duty to my Father, and of the pain I had caused him, and my best friends.

The dream itself, though full of *merest* fantasy and madness in

¹ [Compare Vol. XXXVI. p. 343; and above, pp. 185, 240.]

many respects, was on the WHOLE a sifting examination of me, by myself, on all the dark sides and in all the dark places; coupled with some passages of proud conceit enough; and others of great beauty and bright jest. I find that among the expressions of this last, given audibly, the references to “George Richmond’s joke” were the most earnest—the fact being that you, Henry Acland, and Mrs. Edward Jones were the three principal real personages recognised as such in the depth of the trance.

I only knew Mrs. Severn and Kate as I got better, and was entirely unconscious of Henry Acland’s living presence at the time when I was most concerned with him in the Dream.

Your Joke was a beneficently practical one, which ended in some Princess’s getting unexpectedly married, and living happily ever after, but, though one of the most interesting pieces of the earlier part of the trance, it got effaced by terrific ones that followed, with which none of my friends had any association except Georgie Jones as a continually protecting and—sometimes disagreeably Advising Matron! (I’m so frightened, in fact, I daren’t write to her!) However, the end of it all has, I trust, come, except in warning memory;—I don’t think that any mischief has been seriously done to my brains, and when you see something I’m saying about Michael Angelo in my new Turner Catalogue,¹ you’ll be very sure no *good* has been done to them!

So that, as far as I can judge, I’m about as wise as I was before; only, knowing the view the public always took of my wisest sayings, I shall perhaps be more chary in future of the expression of those opinions which I myself consider most valuable.

In one way, I *am* wiser than before—I never knew how kind, or how many, friends I had, and my chief present discomfort is not being able to acknowledge their kindness in any—I do not say adequate, but remotely intelligible way.

The more so that the doctors still say I must not write of anything that much excites me. Forgive me, therefore, my silence till now—and give my love to yourself first and then to Mrs. Richmond, and Julia, and all who have any care for love not wholly clear in its wits. I wrote rather a pretty bit about Ophelia almost the last thing before I fell ill, which I think is really better than I could have done if I hadn’t been going crazy—but I’m not going to correct it for press yet awhile.²

I’ve much to say! but must not, more, at present—only I am always ever your loving and grateful

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [See Vol. XIII. p. 520.]

² [Never published, and not now available.]

To the Rev. E. P. BARROW¹

BRANTWOOD, *Friday* [1878].

You are a great darling, and your doings and advice are all delightful, only you needn't be frightened about me. . . . The difficulty of talking amiably in *Fors*, too, was too much for me, and I won't persevere in that pernicious practice.

And, at present, I'm really doing nothing but catch flies (only I've been rather put off that by some nasty Darwinite flowers that do it too!²) and break stones—with other little exercises of one's destructive temper—and find myself quite refreshed and giving plenty of little screeches of satisfaction. . . . Ever your affectionate

J. R.

BRANTWOOD.

The chief effect of my illness, so far as I can myself trace it, has been to make me timid and irresolute, and I can at present form no plans, but I am doing fairly good work on natural history, and perhaps, as the longer days return, may revive into some sense of power and duty, but at present I have neither will nor conscience, and think only of getting any pleasure I can out of the passing day.

If it is really thought desirable that I should keep the Professorship, I believe I can read some short and quiet lectures, without disgust to the audience or harm to myself.³ But I must wait a while yet to see what the spring does for me.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

BRANTWOOD, *23rd June*, '78.

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I have not written to you, because my illness broke me all to pieces, and every little bit has a different thing to say—which makes it difficult in the extreme to write to any one whom one wants to tell things to, just as they are, and who cares very truly whether they are right or wrong. It was utterly wonderful to me to find that I could go so heartily and headily mad; for you know I had

¹ [This and the following letter are reprinted from "Recollections of Ruskin at Oxford" in *St. George*, vol. vi. p. 113.]

² [See Vol. XXVIII. p. 183, and Vol. XXV. p. 224.]

³ [Ultimately, however, he decided to resign: see Vol. XXIX. p. xxv.]

been priding myself on my peculiar sanity! And it was more wonderful yet to find the madness made up into things so dreadful, out of things so trivial. One of the most provoking and disagreeable of the spectres was developed out of the firelight on my mahogany bedpost; and my fate, for all futurity, seemed continually to turn on the humour of dark personages who were materially nothing but the stains of damp on the ceiling. But the sorrowfullest part of the matter was, and is, that while my illness at Matlock encouraged me by all its dreams in after work,¹ this one has done nothing but humiliate and terrify me; and leaves me nearly unable to speak any more except of the natures of stones and flowers.

I have regained great part of my strength, and am not in bad *spirits*,—on the condition, otherwise absolutely essential, that I think of nothing that would vex me. But this means a very trifling form of thought and direction of work, throughout the day.

Nevertheless, I am working out some points in the history and geography of Arabia² which I think will be useful, and reading you, and Gibbon! alternately—or Mahomet! I am going to stigmatise Gibbon's as the worst style of language ever yet invented by man—its affectation and platitude being both consummate. It is like the most tasteless water-gruel, with a handful of Epsom salts strewed in for flowers, and served with the airs of being turtle.

Has Mary done any more Gotthelf?³ I never read him without renewed refreshment.

By the way, *you* are very unsatisfactory about Mahomet's death⁴—which I want to know all that may be known of; and also, in re-reading *Frederick*, the first book I got to, after I got my natural eyes again, I was worried by your never entering on what, it seemed to me, was the question of questions in his life—How far it was good for Silesia to be Prussian or Austrian—whether Silesia itself is Prussian or Austrian—tempered—and how its geography marks its relations to south and north. I might make out this from detached passages; but the great impression left on me was, how blessed it would have been for Silesia, Prussia, and Austria if all their soldiers, generals, and Princes had been made at the first outbreak of the war one grand *auto-da-fé* of, in the style of my recent scenic effects deduced from damp in the ceiling.

I can't write more to-day, but am ever your lovingest

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [See *Ariadne Florentina*, Vol. XXII. pp. 445–447.]

² [Used in the *Bible of Amiens*, see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 92–97.]

³ [See above, p. 192.]

⁴ [Touched on very cursorily in *Heroes and Hero-Worship*.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD.

I'm *so* idle. I look at the hills out of bed, and at the pictures off the sofa. Let us *both* be useless beings; let us be butterflies, grasshoppers, lambs, larks, anything for an easy life. I'm quite horrified to see, now that these two have come back, what a lot of books I've written, and how cruel I've been to myself and everybody else who ever has to read them. I'm too sleepy to finish this note.

To FREDERICK GALE²

BRANTWOOD, *July 2nd*, 1878.

DEAR MR. GALE,—I was at first very grieved at the thought of your going to Australia, even for ever so short a time; not only because of my own loss, but because I thought the papers you were occasionally now writing in our periodicals were so exactly what was chiefly wanted in the present state of English Society, both to warn and stimulate us.

But what I feel in my own case may be also true in yours—that the antagonism, or at least the hubbub, of other voices prevents, among us, any quietude of common sense from obtaining a hearing; and if, indeed, over there in Australia the instruction of harder and simpler life has already so far prevailed that the voice of Old England, as you interpret it, may yet be *there* understood, I quite feel that you do wisely and well in taking such missionary office.

You and I agree so utterly in all our views of life, and its duties and pleasures, that it would be gratuitous and ridiculous in me to say what I think of your teaching, political and other; and I do not know if I keep within the limits of modesty in wishing you success, seeing that I would fain be following in your track, if I had the spirit and zeal to do so. Anyway, I hope you will soon come back to us; and remain, wherever you are—or go—your faithful and grateful friend,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 109 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629).]

² [No. 21 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 67–69. Frederick Gale (1823–1901), a brother-in-law of Mr. Arthur Severn, was educated at Winchester, and for many years was a well-known Parliamentary agent. He was still better known as a cricketer (in the Surrey eleven) and as a writer on games and sports (largely under the *nom de plume* of “The Old Buffer”) in *Baily's Magazine*. He was admitted a Brother of the Charterhouse in 1898, and died there. For references by Ruskin to his articles in *Baily's*, see Vol. XXIX. pp. 162, 220; and see also Vol. XXXIV. pp. 580–1.]

To E. S. DALLAS¹

BRANTWOOD, *July 8th*, 1878.

MY DEAR DALLAS,—I am sincerely obliged to you for your kind letter; but I trust there will be no need to relieve the anxiety of my friends by the intrusion of bulletins on public notice.

I have got into quiet work again, and from time to time I hope that a number of *Deucalion* or *Fésole* will assure the people who care for me that I am still moderately well, and partially sane.

It is pleasant to hear of such clear and bright sunset life as Lady Wood’s. For the question about the green Venetian blind, I have no doubt it was used, as the girl’s apron which Lady Wood will find noticed² in the “Flint Castle”—painful in itself, but having lovely result, on the rest of the picture. While Turner was alive, his eccentricities were too provoking to the public to be forgiven, and the reasons of them were never looked for. But his best pictures were those which needed neither forgiveness nor patience.

Returning for a moment to myself, I must further say that though I hope to be able for quiet work in future, I must never again risk the grief and passion of writing on policy or charity; and scarcely permit myself the excitement of correspondence, much less that of society. But I would not have it thought that I have grown sullen, or that I regret anything that I have said or intended. I merely miscounted my days, and over-rated my strength—but am as much as ever my friends’ and yours, faithfully and affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

[? HERNE HILL, *July*, 1878.]

Your letters always warm me a little, not with laughing, but with the soft glow of life, for I live mostly with *la mort dans l’âme*. (It is curious that the French, whom one thinks of as slight and frivolous, have this true and deep expression for the forms of sorrow that kill, as opposed to those that discipline or strengthen.) And your words and thought just soften and warm like west wind.

¹ [No. 22 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 70–72.]

² [That is, in Ruskin’s then recently-published *Notes on his Drawings by Turner*, No. 41: see Vol. XIII. p. 443.]

³ [No. 116 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629). The letter bears no indication of date or place; but “work at the Arundel Society” perhaps means the address of 1878 (see Vol. XXXIV. p. 634).]

It is nice being able to please you with what I'm writing, and that you can tell people I'm not so horrid.

Here's the *Fors* you saw the proof of, but *this* isn't quite right yet.

The Willy quotations are very delightful. Do you know that naughty "Cowley"¹ at all? There's all kind of honey and strawberries in him.

It is bitter cold here these last days. I don't stir out, but must this afternoon. I've to go out to dinner and work at the Arundel Society. And if you only knew what was in my thoughts you would be *so* sorry for me, that I can't tell you.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

HERNE HILL, *Tuesday* [23rd July, 1878].

DEAREST CHARLES,—I haven't read your last letter! but I can answer it at least, and at last, so far as to tell you with some security that I've got most of my strayed wits together again, for better or worse, and have for the present locked the gate they got out at, and they seem all pretty quiet and very much ashamed of themselves, so I hope the best for them.

The Doctors say it was overwork and worry, which is partly true, and partly not. *Mere* overwork or worry might have soon ended me, but it would not have driven me crazy. I went crazy about St. Ursula and the other saints,—chiefly young-lady saints,—and I rather suppose had offended the less pretty *Fors Atropos*,³ till she lost her temper. But the doctors know nothing either of St. Ursula or St. Kate, or St. Lachesis—and not much else of anything worth knowing.

The chief real danger of the delirium, I believe, was not in the brain disease itself, which was a temporary inflammation, running its course, and passing, but in the particular form it took during the first stages of recovery—the (quite usual, I believe, in such cases) refusal to eat anything; not that I didn't want to, but I wouldn't take it out of a cup with a rose on it, or the like,—and so on, till poor Joan was at her wit's end, nearly—but her wits were longer than mine, and held on. How she ever got through it, I can't think,

¹ [For a reference by Ruskin to Cowley, see Vol. XVII. p. 273. For the "Willy (Shakespeare) quotations," see above, p. 236.]

² [No. 177 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 148–150.]

³ [See Vol. XXVII. p. xxi.]

for I took to calling her hard names at one time, and didn't know her at another.

However, here she is, and well; and here I am, not much the worse in looks, people say; and I believe, if anything, a little bit wiser than I was before,—but *very* little.

Practically, I can go on with my Botany and Geology, and with a *little* Turner work, but nothing else, and no more of that than I can do without the least trouble. *Therefore*, I couldn't read your letter, nor can I take up the Turner etching business in the least. I've far more on my hands for *Fésole* than I shall get through this year with all the time I have or can have, and will not add to it by a grain of pains in any other direction. . . . This is all I can write to-day.—Ever your loving

J. R.

To COVENTRY PATMORE¹

[1878.]

MY DEAR PATMORE,—Your paper has come safe (which I thought it as well to assure you of), and *shall be* safe. Though I do not promise to return it in less than a week, it being intensely interesting to me, as declaring what I now believe to be entirely true (though entirely contrary to my, up to this time, strongly held opinion), that verse must “feel, though not suffer from”² the restraint of metre. My type of perfection has hitherto been perfect and energetic prose:—

“You have the Pyrrhic dance, as yet:—where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?—of two such lessons, why forget the nobler and the manlier one?”³

But I believe you are entirely right. The Gothic simile crushes me. I was afraid, after our walk yesterday, that you would go home in a rage at my depressing and degrading inquiries. It must have been the consciousness of helping that made you feel helped.

I hope to see you again soon and hear that Mrs. Patmore is better.—With all our best regards, yours gratefully, J. RUSKIN.

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. pp. 284–285.]

² [The quotation is from p. 11 of Patmore's essay, “Prefatory Study of English Metrical Law,” published with *Amelia* (1878). For “the Gothic simile,” see p. 12: “The very deformities produced, really or apparently, in the phraseology of a great poet, by the confinement of metre, are beautiful, exactly for the same reasons that in architecture justify the bossy Gothic foliage,” etc.]

³ [Compare Vol. XXXVI. p. 388, where Ruskin quotes these lines from Byron's “Isles of Greece” in the same way and in the same connexion.]

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE¹

NATIONAL GALLERY, *Friday, 28th July, 1878.*

MY DEAR M—, You were a perfect little mother to me last night. I didn't feel safe a moment except when I was close to you. Look here, I've got notice from George Richmond and Acland saying they're both going to try to find me this afternoon. And I should like to see them, and to have that music to hope for all this evening and to-morrow morning; and, besides, I want you to give me a cup of tea this afternoon at about five, and if you can't, you can't, and never mind; but I'll just ask at the door, and it's of no consequence, as Mr. Toots says.² You can't *tell* me you can't, *till* I ask at the door; because I don't know where I shall be. And I'll come for my music at three, to-morrow, instead, and you needn't say I may, because I must and will.—And I'm ever your devoted
J. RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS³

BUCK INN, MALHAM, *August 3rd, 1878.*

DEAR ELLIS,—I was very heartily sorry not to see you again before leaving town, to assure you how much I was pleased with Jones's work,⁴ and much else derivative from it, in the Grosvenor. I shall be compelled to disturb my peace among the hills here by giving Master Mallock his pickle in next *Nineteenth Century*.⁵

Will you kindly get this book for me, and send it here: *The Earth*, by Elisée Réclus? And, if it is gettable, I want a nice copy of James Forbes's *Travels in the Alps* sent to my godson, Phil. Burne-Jones, at the Grange.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE⁶

MALHAM (BY LEEDS), *4th July—no, August, 1878.*

MY DEAR M—, Please thank your Father very dearly for his message, and take dearer thanks still for your own. I will come to

¹ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 35–36.]

² [*Dombey and Son*, passim.]

³ [No. 25 in *Ellis*, pp. 42–43.]

⁴ [Burne-Jones's "Golden Stairs."]

⁵ [The reference is to an article by W. H. Mallock in the *Nineteenth Century* for August 1878 (vol. 4, pp. 289–302), entitled "A Familiar Colloquy," on recent art, with hostile criticism of Burne-Jones and an incidental reference to Ruskin's theory of art and morality.]

⁶ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 36–37.]

Hawarden if I may, towards the close of autumn, for I want the longer days for walks among the hills to get gradual strength, and I shall be better able, I trust, so, for all the happy talk of Hawarden. But papa must mark *branches*, not trees, for me. *I can't cut anything more than inch thick.*

Yes, I wish I had known that about Mr. B.; yet it was perhaps better as it chanced, for I am in a wonderfully sad marsh and pool of thought myself since my illness, and should perhaps only have done him mischief if the talk had touched that shore.—Ever your grateful and loving

J. RUSKIN.

To ALEXANDER MACDONALD¹

12th August [1878].

DEAR MACDONALD,—The enclosed letter from Mr. Burton announces the satisfactory issue of my visit to London, and if you will now wait upon him, first enclosing him this note, and naming your time, I do not doubt but his kindness will allow you to look over the series and make the necessary notes for preparation of the cabinets. I write this only on the supposition that you may still be in Oxford; if not, I will have the drawings packed when finally conceded to us, and sent to Oxford for the Dean and Dr. Acland to take order about.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

There are some larger sketches than any we have got, but I think all will go into my large frames, *temporarily*.

¹ ["Ruskin Drawing Master" at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. p. xxvi. The "enclosed letter" is as follows:—"NAT. GALL., Aug. 7, 1878.—MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I have been kept so closely at work, ever since the Board meeting of Monday, that I have found no quiet moment to spend in writing to you.

"I must now first of all thank you heartily for the two parts of your educational work which you so kindly caused to be sent me. I snatched time on Sunday morning to read as far as was practicable in the first Part, and was powerfully struck by the admirable precepts there inculcated, and by the clear manner in which they are laid down. There are sentences, both in the preface and amongst the Aphorisms, which should be blazoned on the walls of every school of Art in golden characters.

"The Trustees are quite content to acquiesce in the selection you have made out of our Turner treasure, for the Oxford Schools; and there now remains nothing more to be done than to have a form of agreement drawn up between the National Gallery Trustees and those of the Oxford Museums, so that the respective parties to the arrangement may be secured from risk. This will be indispensable, as the Trustees have no power to alienate these works, but only to lend them. But no time will be lost in securing aid from the Treasury in the proceeding above mentioned.—Believe me, dear Mr. Ruskin, yours most sincerely, F. W. BURTON."

The "two parts of your educational work" are Parts I. and II. (see Vol. XV. p. 337) of *The Laws of Féssole*. For the "Turner treasure" lent to Oxford, see above, pp. 201, 238, and Vol. XIII. pp. 560–568.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

INGLETON, 17th August, '78.

It's a charming post here, and brings me my letters the first thing in the morning; and I took care to tell nobody where I was going, except people I wanted to hear from. What a little busy bee of a Susie you've been, to get all those extracts ready by this time. I've got nothing done all the while I've been away, but a few mathematical figures, and the less I do the less I find I can do it; and yesterday, for the first time these twenty years at least, I hadn't so much as a "plan" in my head all day. But I had a lot to look at, in the moorland flowers and quiet little ancient Yorkshire farmhouses, not to speak of Ingleborough, who was, I think, a little depressed because he knew you were only going to send your "remembrances" and not your "love" to him. The clouds gathered on his brow occasionally in a fretful manner, but towards evening he resumed his peace of mind and sends you *his* "remembrances" and his "blessing." I believe he saves both you and me from a great deal of unpleasant east wind.

Well, I've got a plan in my head *this* morning, for the new extracts.² Shall we call them "Lapides (or "Marmora") Portici"; and put a little preface to them about the pavement of St. Mark's porch and its symbolism of what the education of a good man's early days must be to him? I think I can write something a little true and trustworthy about it. Love to Mary and singing little Joan.³ You are very right about its not being good for me to be alone, but I had some nice little times in London with Mary Gladstone, or I shouldn't have known what to do. And now I'm coming home as fast as I can.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE⁴

KENDAL, 19th August, 1878.

MY DEAR M—, I'm going home to-day, and have just been putting these letters, that have been carried in my breast-pocket on the moor, to keep the bleak breezes out, up in their own separate envelopes, written in the corner—F—and M—. I've taken them

¹ [No. 47 in *Hortus Inclusus* (where it is wrongly dated): see below, p. 625.]

² [A projected book of extracts from *Stones of Venice*, to companion *Fronde Agrestes*; the project was abandoned.]

³ [Probably a bird.]

⁴ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 37–40.]

as near the sky as I could reach—always; you have been on the top of every moorland at Malham, and finished with Ingleborough last Sunday after church. Judge how fondly by this time I think of the Hawarden trees! Not but that there are some dark clusters about the older farmhouses very beautiful, and I learned something quite new to me of the majesty of the plane in a group of them which I took, in the distance, for Scotch Firs, and could scarcely believe my eyes as I drew near, and saw the great leaves, the branches had been twisted so grandly by the rock-winds.

Are you really going to be at Hawarden all the autumn? and can you let me come, when the leaves begin to fall? I don't think a pretty tree is ever meant to be drawn with all its leaves on, any more than a day when its sun is at noon. One draws the day in its morning or evening, the tree in its spring or autumn.

But I'm still afraid of myself, whether I shall be able to draw at all. I am not, yet; that is to say, it tires me more than anything, when it's the least difficult. It is but too likely I shall just want you to play to me all day long.

You never told me why you were disappointed that day with Browning, or, did you say, as it seems to me I remember, "*always disappointed*"? He knows much of music, does not he? but I think he must like it mostly for its discords.¹ I haven't had anybody to show off to since you told me whom to talk of, and now I've forgotten his name. It's a great shame to have forgotten anything you told me, but I think it's better to confess at once, and then, perhaps, you'll send me a little note, and tell me, will you?

With truest and most respectful regards to your father, and grateful remembrances to Mrs. G—, and love to your sister.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE²

BRANTWOOD, 27th August, 1878.

MY DEAR M—, I've been trying these three days to make up a plan to please myself, and can't. There's always something to be left out, or dropped, or shortened, or passed by on the other side.

¹ [Ruskin had forgotten perhaps the lines in *Abt Vogler*:—

“And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonised? Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence? Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?”]

² [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 40–42.]

Do you know, I think we children—you, and F—, and I—had better let the old people arrange it all for us; and then we shan't quarrel, and we'll say it's all their fault if anything goes wrong, won't we?

I'm so very glad your Father is interested in *Deucalion*. I never get any credit from anybody for my geology, and it is the best of me by far. And I really think I've got those stuck-up surveyors in a fix, rather! I'm going in at the botanists next, and making diagrams of trees to ask them questions about. I expect him to tell me how to answer them myself.

I never was so lazy as I am just now, in all my life. If only I enjoyed being lazy I should not mind, but I'm only ashamed of myself, and get none of the comfort. Perhaps, after all, you'll have to bring papa here. Sometimes I think I never can stir out of this house any more. But I'm ever your affectionate

J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD, 11th Sept., '78.

That you may not make a complete infidel of yourself with those insidious *Arabian Nights*, or a complete philosopher of yourself, which would be unbecoming at your age, with the Council of friends,² I send you a Western book of a character at once prosaic, graceful, and simple, which will disenchant and refresh you at once. I will find a second volume before you have finished the first, and meanwhile you must come and *choose* the next book that is to be, out of my library, which you never condescend to look at when you're here.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

DUNIRA, CRIEFF, N.B., 25th September, 1878.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—At last I think I may tell you that you need not be seriously fearful for me any more, except as for all mortal creatures, for I have passed a week of total idleness, with some applause from my doctors, and no great discomfort to myself, and think the practice of doing nothing inures me to that hardship far more quickly than could have been expected.

¹ [No. 144 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631).]

² [Possibly the Book of Job; the contrasted Western volume seems to preclude Helps's *Friends in Council*.]

³ [No. 178 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 150–151.]

The *Liber Studiorum* facsimiles are perfectly lovely, and for all practical purposes whatever as good as the originals.¹

Love to you all, ever and ever your grateful J. RUSKIN.

I am doing fairly good work on *Proserpina* I think, and on *Fésole*, which is turning out a different sort of thing from the old *Elements*, and I hope a better sort of thing. But it will include whatever was really useful in them.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE²

BRANTWOOD, Sunday, 30th September, 1878.

MY DEAR M—, How dreadfully I've behaved to you; and it's *not all* F—'s fault, but partly her ponies' fault, who bewilder me by always standing on their hind legs, or going eighteen miles an hour; and partly the dogs' fault, who are always getting between *my* legs, or pulling my hair, or licking my face; and partly her place's fault, which is really too pretty and too good for her or anybody else, and drove me half crazy again because I couldn't paint it up and down and both sides everywhere; and partly her people's fault, who wanted to "show" me things, and wouldn't understand that it was a vain show, and that my heart was disquieted within me;³—and partly my own fault. (I meant to have *said*, "of course," but shouldn't have meant it.) And so I didn't answer your letter; and now here's your forgiving—*partly* forgiving, at least—but laconic note, and, of course, I deserve it—them, I mean, both—the forgiveness and the Laconianism.

Well, yes, I *can* come on the 9th, or on the 10th, or on any day you want me, pretty nearly. ("You" is to have an emphasis, mind, but I've underlined too many words already.) But what does the Duke of A—want to see me for? He used to be so grim, at the Metaphysical, I never ventured within the table's length of him. But look here,—you know—(emphasis on "you" again) that, though I shall mightily like studying wood-craft with papa—papa wouldn't have got me to Hawarden all by himself, and Mr. G—, you know, wouldn't have got me to Dunira all by himself—and I should very

¹ [*Fac-similes of Thirty-three Etchings by the late J. M. W. Turner, R.A., for the plates of the Liber Studiorum, reproduced from copies in the possession of Mr. Ruskin and of the Editor* (C. E. Norton). Cambridge, Mass., 1879.]

² [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 42–45.]

³ [See Psalms xxxix. 6, xliii. 5.]

much like to meet the Duke, of course, yes—but . . . Please, do you know if M. C.'s coming too?¹

You see, I can come on the 10th, but, after this time of utter do-nothingness at Dunira, I really want to see a little bit of, and about, books (they're all standing on their hind legs at present, and the printers rabid). And I meant, really and truly, to have written this morning to say I was at Mr. Gladstone's orders from the 25th, on; but now I'll do just what you tell me will be exemplary, and what I ought to do, and that is, come whenever you please, not *before* the 10th. But, quite seriously, I cannot *stay* more than two or three days at utmost, for I am indeed not well, and the excitement of conversation breaks me or bends me, banefully always. This was so even before my illness, and you know if Mrs. W——had not forced me, I never should have ventured to Hawarden, and you must be a dear good little Mother to me, and take care of me every minute all the while I'm there. Love to Papa, though, and very true and respectful regards to Mrs. Gladstone, and I'm ever your obedient and affectionate

J. RUSKIN

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE²

BRANTWOOD, 2nd October, 1878.

MY DEAR M——, I am most thankful for your letter, and will come on Saturday the 12th, God letting me. It shocks me to have written as I did, not knowing of the Duchess' death, but you know I never know *anything* that happens in these days, unless I am specially told by some one. For my own part, I have so much to do with death, that I am far better in the house of mourning than of feasting, when the mourning is noble, and not selfish.

. . . Yes, I meant Lady Mary; very glad am I she is coming, and more glad still that you still speak of her as "little." I *don't* "know" her a bit. But she came once to take tea in my rooms at Corpus, and she once gave me a smile as she was driving through the narrow street in Kensington. And yes, I know how ill Mrs. Acland is, and I would I could make her well again—and bring the years back again, and move the shadow from the dial evermore. And I am not inclined for "play," therefore, just now, but am fit for no work, and yet the thoughts come into my head, and if I don't set them down, they torment me—the angry ones chiefly; and to keep them quiet, I *must* try

¹ [Lady Mary Campbell: see the next letter.]

² [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 45–48 (where the letter is wrongly dated "1879").]

to set down some of the pretty ones, so I'm going to write about Ned's pics.¹ F—showed me three such lovely ones at Dunira, pencil.

But the worst of all is that I must *not* be—what the things and people I like always make me—in the least crazy again, if I can help it. Have you no notion at all how very *bad* for me you are? how very bad for me Lady Mary will be? how very baddest Ned and F—would be? I don't think I can possibly survive more than—well, anyhow, I'll try to get Ned, for indeed it is quite seriously needful for me to see him and talk to him while I'm writing about his pics.; but F—must not come, for Ned and I should both begin to think about her instead of the pics., and that would never do. Besides, I'm busy on the "Bankruptcy of India,"² and *might* say some things about Indian merchants! and my own throwing away of the money my poor dear father made out of Spain, which she mightn't like to hear. I can't write more to-day. Love to your father, and thanks for sewing up Hector.³—And I'm ever your loving
J. R.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE⁴

October, 1878.

MY DEAR M—, Yes, I think all is best as you have decided; and I will come when you bid, and do as you bid, and for me it is certainly better that I should be at your command and at those children's, for what good they can find in me, than that I should be led into the track of my own special work and thought by my friend's overwhelming strength at present; besides that, much as we love each other there are some points of essential difference in feeling between us, which I sometimes hurt Mr. Jones by showing, and myself much more through him. I am very thankful to know that the children will like me to come.

I have never heard of anything so instantly terrible,⁵ except in

¹ [A notice of Burne-Jones, suggested by some drawings at Dunira, appeared in *The Three Colours of Pre-Raphaelitism*: see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 147 *seq.*]

² [An article by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, so entitled, in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1878 (vol. 4, pp. 585–608).]

³ [The reference is to Mr. Gladstone's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1878, pp. 752–764, entitled "The Slicing of Hector." "Hector," concludes the article, "is likely to survive the ingenious assaults of Homeric dualism; and I hope to have left him, as I found him, in a whole skin."]

⁴ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 49–50.]

⁵ [The sudden death of Elizabeth, Duchess of Argyll, when dining in company with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at 21 Carlton House Terrace, the house of Lord Frederick Cavendish.]

the grief of war; but yet how *infinitely*, in the full sense of the word, better to suffer such grief, than—as so many times it chances in this terrible age—never to have loved enough to be capable of it.—Ever your affectionate and grateful

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE¹

BRANTWOOD, 17th October, 1878.

MY DEAR M——, I got home quite easily and swiftly, though feeling much woe-begone till I got in sight of my own hills. I liked the pony drive and the ideal breakfast in library mightily. The tea at the Rectory, and cake, also a pleasant memory, nor less your father's and mother's kindness, though I think those bright eyes of yours see that I am often pained in talking to your father by not being able, and sometimes by not permitting myself, to say what I want to say. Really and truly, I never can do so, but very slowly, and in books! So I send you another book,² which really says more of what I *want* to say, than any, if anybody cared to hear. See specially pp. 60 to 65.—Your grateful and affectionate

J. R.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN³

BRANTWOOD, 22nd October, '78.

It is so delicious to me that you enjoy those Turners, and my old things so much. I don't recollect what the "Calais" is, but you are utterly and infinitely welcome to it, whatever it is, and to Turner's

¹ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 50–51.]

² [*The Eagle's Nest*: for pp. 60–65 (in the original edition), §§ 61–64, see Vol. XXII. pp. 163–167. They contain reflections in London, and an incidental reference to Mr. Gladstone.]

³ [No. 23 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 305–306. Brown's letters to which this is in answer are at pp. 257, 259: "On my return home I saw these precious things of Turner's and yours . . . What a pair of eyes you have! The Turners are delightful, so modest, so little display for display's sake, so none at all, and what a dog! the corner of his mouth! his tail, the mastery everywhere, the maximum of effect, with the minimum of means. But yours went still more to my heart, and my wonder too. . . . What we all felt was, that if you had not been born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and had had to make your own living, you would have been a great Painter, and we might have lost *Modern Painters* and much else. The 'Calais' drawing is worth £50 to me, if I had it to give." The "Calais" is reproduced on Plate XI. in Vol. XIV., where (p. 408) Ruskin mentions his gift of it to Dr. Brown.]

dog too. It ought to be yours of all people in this world; so please put them both up in any corners there are to spare in the pretty rooms; and for the rest, keep them at present with you, if they're not too troublesome.

Yes, I was at Hawarden last week (three days of it), but I *cannot* now go into society. People are perpetually trying to discuss things with me of which I know the bottom and all round, and have *told* them the bottom and all round twenty years ago; and the deadly feeling of the resilience and immortality of the undintable caoutchouc of which most people's heads are made is too much for me.

The Duke of Argyll was there too, and I couldn't say half I wanted to Mr. Gladstone, because one had to be civil to the Ducality (the more as it as in mourning). My refuge was always Mary Gladstone, who is a very "perfect woman, nobly planned."¹ Papa and Mamma, and the Duke, and everybody went away on the Tuesday, and left Mary to take care of me all Wednesday, and she did, and I was very sorry to come away.

All the same, I'm glad to be at home again, but have to put bridle on my lips. Well, about that blessed Bank. People are beginning to understand a little, then, are they?² . . .

To HALL CAINE³

Nov. 8th, '78.

I have of course the deepest interest in your work—and *for that reason* must keep wholly out of it. I should drive myself mad again in a week if I thought of such things. I am doing botany and geology—and you, who are able for it, must fight with rascals and fools. I will be no more plagued by them.—Ever truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I wrote first page on reading your printed report before reading your letter. My dear Sir, I am entirely hopeless of any good whatever against these devilish modern powers and passions; my words choke

¹ [For other quotations from Wordsworth's "She was a phantom of delight," see *Sesame*, Vol. XVIII. pp. 125, 131, and *Val d'Arno*, Vol. XXIII. p. 126.]

² [Brown had written: "What an awful calamity and crime this Bank Cataclysm is; it will put Scotland back a generation. It is an enormous social crime, and will, I trust, be treated so by the Law." For Ruskin on this stoppage of the City of Glasgow Bank, see Vol. XXX. p. 15.]

³ [Partly printed in *My Story*, by Hall Caine, 1908, pp. 45–46. Mr. Hall Caine was at the time contributing articles to various newspapers on architectural subjects, inveighing against the "restoration" of ancient buildings (*ibid.*, p. 44).]

me if I try to speak. I know nothing of Liverpool; and what can I say there, but that it has first to look after its poor and the churches will take care of themselves.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE¹

BRANTWOOD, 12th November, 1878.

MY DEAR M——, It is very sweet of you not to reproach me with forgetting the poor sick painter.² I have not, but all my scholar-work is so severe that I had no heart to send it him. At last I have ordered a somewhat rough Hunt to be sent to *your* care (for I forget his address), which I think it will be of extreme service to him to copy.

I am very glad to know where F——is, and if either of you will tell me anything of each other, it will be much beatific to me. I am in a despondent state at the short days and shorter years, and need whatever comfort is in either of your hands. I was so glad you noticed what I told you at that last breakfast. It is a wonderful story, if ever I may tell you more of it.

My most faithful and respectful regards to your father and mother.—Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

If the whole drawing be too fatiguing, the blackberries and plums are the essential part.

To T. C. HORSFALL³

BRANTWOOD, 19th November, 1878.

DEAR MR. HORSFALL,—I am entirely delighted with your paper, and quite prepared to act with you in all that it recommends; and that with all my heart, in Manchester or elsewhere; nor did I ever accuse the living manufacturers of being what they are (any more than I do the poor idle upper class women of the capitals of being what they are) by their own fault—I merely say that until smoke, filth, and overwork are put an end to, all other measures are merely palliative. I will write more, but am colded to-day and stupid. In general health,

¹ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 51–52.]

² [A young working-man at Hawarden, dying of consumption, who had been trying to draw according to the teaching he had found in books by Ruskin.]

³ [On receiving a copy of his paper on *Art in Villages*. For previous correspondence with Mr. Horsfall, see Vol. XXIX. pp. 589 *seq.*]

I hope nearly as strong as I was, but warned never more to try to do what I *was* trying to do.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I never pass my bookcase without thanking you again for the Richters in it. Can you find anything out about that man’s private life? I should like to know all I could.¹

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD, 19th Nov. [1878].

I must tell you, interrupting my botanical work this morning, something that has just chanced to me.

I am arranging the caryophylls, which I mass broadly into “Clarissa,” the true jagged-leaved and clove-scented ones; “Lychnis,” those whose leaves are essentially in two lobes; “Arenaria,” which I leave untouched; and “Mica,” a new name of my own for the pearlwort of which the French name is to be *Miette*, and the representative type (now *Sagina procumbens*) is to be in—

Latin—Mica amica.

French—Miette l’amie.

English—Pet pearlwort.

Then the next to this is to be—

Latin—Mica millegrana.

French—Miette aux mille perles.

English—Thousand pearls.³

Now this on the whole I consider the prettiest of the group, and so look for a plate of it which I can copy. Hunting through all my botanical books, I find the best of all is Baxter’s Oxford one, and determine at once to engrave that—when, turning the page of his text, I find: “The specimen of this curious and interesting little plant from which the accompanying drawing was made was communicated to me by Miss Susan Beever. To the kindness of this young

¹ [For Ruskin’s admiration of the designs of Ludwig Richter (1803–1884), see Vol. XXIX. p. 595, and General Index. His autobiography (*Lebenserinnerungen eines deutschen Malers*) was published in 1885, and its revelation of the artist’s simplicity of life—delighting most to sit among his roses, surrounded by laughing children—would have pleased Ruskin greatly.]

² [No. 49 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

³ [*Radiola Millegrana*; or, Thousand-seeded Flax-seed. See vol. iii. 188 in William Baxter’s *British Phanogamous Botany* (1837).]

lady, and that of her sister, Miss Mary Beever, I am indebted for the four plants figured in this number.”

I have copied lest you should have trouble in looking for the book, but now, you darling Susie, please tell me whether I may not separate these lovely pearlworts wholly from the spergulas,—by the pearlworts having only two leaves like real pinks at the joints, and the spergulas, a *cluster*; and tell me how the spergulas scatter their seeds, I can’t find any account of it.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, 26th November, 1878.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I am profoundly thankful for your letter, most chiefly in its assurance of your continued health and power, which are really at my heart more than any other things hoped for relating to my personal friends,—either for their own sake or for that of any desires I have that what I have endeavoured to do may be carried forward

To-day (Monday—date guessed above), I believe the comic Whistler lawsuit is to be decided.² I enclose you a copy of my last “instructions” to my lawyers

I keep fairly well, on condition of doing only about two hours’ real work each day. But that, with the thoughts that come in idleness, or as I chop wood, will go a good way yet, if I live a few years more.

I hope the III. *Féssole* will be with you nearly as soon as the II., and two more *Proserpinas*, not bad ones, are just done, too.³—Ever your lovingest

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

26th November, ’78.

I have entirely resigned all hope of ever thanking you rightly for bread, sweet odours, roses and pearls, and must just allow myself to

¹ [No. 179 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 151–152. Part of the letter (“I keep fairly well” to the end) had previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 382.]

² [See Vol. XXIX. pp. xxii.–xxiv., 580 *seq.*]

³ [Part II. was issued in July, Part III. in October (Vol. XV. p. 337). The “two more *Proserpinas*” (Parts V. and VI.) were not issued till January and April 1879 (Vol. XXV. p. 192).]

⁴ [No. 48 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

be fed, scented, rose-garlanded and be-pearled as if I were a poor little pet dog or pet pig. But my cold is better, and I *am* getting on with this botany; but it is really too important a work to be pushed for a week or a fortnight. And Mary and you will be pleased at last, I am sure.

I have only to-day got my four families, Clarissa, Lychnis, Scintilla, and Mica, perfectly and simply defined.¹ See how nicely they come:—

- A. Clarissa changed from Dianthus, which is bad Greek² (and all my pretty flowers have names of girls). Petal *jagged* at the outside.
- B. Lychnis. Petal *divided in two* at the outside, and the fringe retired to the top of the limb.
- C. Scintilla. (Changed from Stellaria, because I want Stella for the houseleeks.) Petal formed by the *two* lobes of lychnis without the retired fringe.
- D. Mica. *Single* lobed petal.

When once these four families are well understood in typical examples, how easy it will be to attach either subordinate groups or specialities of habitat, as in *Arenaria*,³ to some kinds of them! The entire order, for their purity and wildness, are to be named, from Artemis, "Artemides," instead of Caryophylaceæ; and next them come the Vestals (mints, lavenders, etc.); and then the Cytherides (*Viola Veronica*, *Giulietta*, the last changed from *Polygala*). Don't you think *Willy* will be pleased?⁴

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁵

27th November, '78.

We have all been counting and considering how old you can possibly be to-day, and have made up our minds that you are really thirteen, and must begin to be serious. There have been some hints about the necessity of sending you to school, which I have taken no notice of, hoping that you will be ready at last to make up your mind to do your lessons at home like a dear good little girl as you are. And because to-day you enter upon your "teens," I have sent you a crystal,

¹ [The four families of "Artemides" in Ruskin's classification: see *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. p. 353).]

² [Compare *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74 (Vol. XXIX. p. 33).]

³ [*Arenaria*, the sandwort, a name given as an instance of distinguishing a genus by its habitat (as in this case of the sandwort); printed "America" in *Hortus*.]

⁴ ["Willy" is Shakespeare (above, p. 251), and it was a point with Ruskin in his botanical nomenclature to introduce poetical associations.]

⁵ [No. 51 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626). Ruskin signed himself on this occasion "Old Lecturer," the title taken for himself in *Ethics of the Dust* (Vol. XVIII.).]

and a little bit of native gold, and a little bit of native silver, for symbols of this lovely “nativity” of previous years; and I do wish you all love and joy and peace in them.

To GEORGE ALLEN

BRANTWOOD, 28th Nov., '78.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I am much pleased with all you say, and will in future refer every letter on publication to you absolutely.

Political Econ. of Art I have always held one of my very best books,¹ and should be thoroughly glad to have it out in the series—but I really must begin to realise a little now, and not go on extending ideal capital. And you know the edition of *Stones of Venice* is lying all but done in Jowett's dead type, and he is really very patient about it.²

I am at work just now on the long promised *Prosody*. As soon as you send me a proof of globes³ with any assurance of its coming nice, I will knock off the fourth *Fésole*.

The 5th and 6th *Proserps.* will be very interesting. Comic enough, the whole trial,⁴ the public may think—but I'll make them remember it, or my name's not mine.—Ever your affect. J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁵

BRANTWOOD.

The weather has most grievously depressed me this last week, and I have not been fit to speak to anybody. I had much interruption in the early part of it, though, from a pleasant visitor; and I have not been able to look rightly at your pretty little book.⁶ Nevertheless, I'm quite sure your strength is in private letter writing, and that a curious kind of shyness prevents your doing yourself justice in print. You might also surely have found a more pregnant motto about birds' nests! Am not I cross? But these grey skies are mere poison to my thoughts, and I have been writing such letters, that I don't think many of my friends are likely to speak to me again.

¹ [Compare Vol. XXXVI. p. 240.]

² [Mr. Jowett, manager of Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney's printing works at Aylesbury. For the “Travellers' Edition” of *Stones of Venice*, then in the press, see Vol. IX. p. lvi.]

³ [Plate IX. in *The Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV. p. 447).]

⁴ [*Whistler v. Ruskin*, heard on November 25: see Vol. XXIX. p. 580.]

⁵ [No. 160 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see p. 632).]

⁶ [Mr. Fleming does not know what book is here referred to. The *published* books by Miss Susan Beever are the two Shakespeare handbooks previously mentioned (p. 236), and two small tracts on Ragged Schools, issued at Edinburgh in 1852 and 1853; but she also printed some things at her brother's private press (see above, p. cix. n.).]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD.

I hope you did not get a chill in the garden. The weather is a little wrong again, but I am thankful for last night's sunset.

You know our English Bible is only of James 1st time—Stalk is a Saxon word, and gets into English I fancy as early as the Plantagenets—but I have not hunted it down.—I'm just in the same mess with "pith," but I'm finding out a great deal about the thing though not the word, for next *Deucalion*,² in chopping my wood.

You know, "Funckia" won't last long.³ I am certain I shall have strength enough to carry my system of nomenclature at least as far as to exclude people's individual names.

I won't even have a "Susia"—stay—that's Christian—yes, I will have a Susia. But not a "Beeveria," though.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

BRANTWOOD [December, 1878].

It is very sweet of you to give me your book, but I accept it at once most thankfully. It is the best type I can show of the perfect work of an English lady in her own simple peace of enjoyment and natural gift of truth, in her sight and in her mind. And many pretty things are in my mind and heart about it, if my hands were not too cold to shape words for them. The book shall be kept with my Bewicks; it is in no wise inferior to them in fineness of work. The finished proof of next *Proserpina*⁵ will, I think, be sent me by Saturday's post. Much more is done, but this number was hindered by the revisal of the Dean of Christ Church, which puts me at rest about mistakes in my Greek.⁶

¹ [No. 52 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

² [A slip of the pen for *Proserpina*: see the chapter (ii. ch. vii.), called "Science in her Cells," which, though not issued till 1885, was written in 1879 (Vol. XXV. p. 483). On "pith," see *ibid.*, p. 490; on "stalk," pp. 302, 305, 311, 316.]

³ [See Vol. XXV. p. 339.]

⁴ [No. 136 in *Hortus Inclusus*. In a later letter (No. 141 in *Hortus*) Ruskin says:—

"The little book is very lovely, all of it that is your *own*. The religion of it you know is—anybody's, what my poor little Susie was told when she was a year or two younger than she is now.

"What we should all try to do, is to find out something certain about God, for *ourselves*."]

⁵ [Part v., containing Chapter xi., issued in January 1879.]

⁶ [For Ruskin's letters to Dean Liddell in this connexion, see Vol. XXV. p. xl.]

1879

[Having resigned the Slade Professorship at Oxford, Ruskin spent this year quietly at Brantwood, with occasional visits—to his Museum at Sheffield and elsewhere.]

To DEAN LIDDELL

BRANTWOOD, 4th Jan., '79.

DEAR MR. DEAN,—The Turner sketches¹ are, I hope, by this time at Oxford. Foord has made a mess of my catalogue and lost the numbers, which makes me very savage; but I can't do my work twice over, and they must just be catalogued by Crawley as well as he can, till I can come to Oxford again.

I hope that I may be able to pay a visit to Ch. Ch. and C. C. C. in the autumn term; in the meantime the enclosed letter, which I received yesterday from Mr. Herkomer, will, I hope, relieve you and all other of my friends in Oxford from any further regret at my resigning; for I would have resigned in Herkomer's favour had I even otherwise been minded to stay—and have written to him to say so. If Herkomer be elected,² I can always work with him, or under him, as much as I ever could have done, and if I want to say anything about matters he does not care, for, and feel able to say it, I daresay you will lend me the theatre still. If my health does not fail again, I will certainly come in the autumn term to introduce Mr. Herkomer and put him at ease; and to say a few concluding words about my own Professorship.

I may at once say of Mr. Herkomer, in case you may not have met him, that he is a gentleman; and one of supreme innocence, honour, and healthy genius. You will see by the etching on his note what he can do. It is possible that he may do more, some day—but at all events you see the wholesomeness, simplicity, and entirely beneficial, unmingled with mischievous, qualities of this.

I am happy in the bright frosty days to find that my own hand and eyes can still do what I ask of them: and I am asking a little more than anybody yet has seen of their doing.

I will return the heath sketch as soon as the holidays are over—

¹ [The collection lent by the Trustees of the National Gallery (see above, pp. 201, 238, 255).]

² [Subsequently Mr. Herkomer withdrew his nomination, owing to ill-health, and Mr. W. B. Richmond was appointed Professor in succession to Ruskin. Mr. Herkomer became Professor in succession to Ruskin after his second professorship.]

but it does not show how much the trees had been in flower. You must please tell me all you recollect about them, for—though I suppose heaths have been the ornament of every English greenhouse for the last half-century—I find not one word in any of my botanical books about these great trees!—Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I am waiting to put index and bind the first vol. of *Proserpina*; then I shall send it to Alice. She did treat me shamefully that day, though, didn't she?

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE¹

BRANTWOOD, *January*, 1879.

MY DEAR M—, It is wonderfully good and dear of you to write a word to me, when I've been so long signless, but I've been curiously oppressed by many things, and could not speak. Thank you again and again. I am happy in having given that poor spirit some comfort.² Keep the drawing at present, I'm in confusion, and am only too glad to have it in your care. I would have written—somehow, anyhow—only I wanted to read *Paracelsus* first, but always felt disinclined to begin, but I'm dying to know what it is you call me.³ I do so like to be called names.

Poor F—, I hear, is gone to Africa, and she hasn't sent me a line! but I'm sure I don't deserve half of the sweet notes she did send me during the autumn. Only I did ask her once where *you* were, and she never told me.

Kind regards to Mr. O—, though, I think, if he ever asks *me* where you are I won't tell *him*.

Love to papa and mamma, and Mrs. W—, if with you.—And I am ever your devoted

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 53–54.]

² [See above, p. 264.]

³ [Paracelsus on Aprile—

“How he stands

With eve's last sunbeam staying on his hair
Which turns to it as if they were akin;
And those clear smiling eyes of saddest blue
Nearly set free, so far they rise above
The painful fruitless striving of the brow,
And enforced knowledge of the lips, firm set
In slow despondency's eternal sigh!
Has he too missed life's end, and learned the cause?”

—BROWNING.]

To Miss BEEVER¹

20th January, 1879.

You will not doubt the extreme sorrow with which I have heard of all that was ordered to be, of terrible, in your peaceful and happy household. Without for an instant supposing, but, on the contrary, utterly refusing to admit, that such calamities² may be used to point a moral (all useful morality having every point that God meant it to have, perfectly sharp and bright without any burnishing of *ours*), still less to “adorn a tale” (the tales of modern days depending far too much upon Scythian decoration with Death’s heads³),—I, yet, if I had been Mr. Chapman,⁴ would have pointed out that all concealments, even of trivial matters, on the part of young servants from kind mistresses, are dangerous no less than unkind and ungenerous, and that a great deal of preaching respecting the evil nature of man and the anger of God might be spared, if children and servants were only taught, as a religious principle, to tell their mothers and mistresses, when they go out, exactly where they are going and what they are going to do. I think both you and Miss Susan ought to use every possible means of changing, or at least checking, the current of such thoughts in your minds; and I am in hopes that you may have a little pleasure in examining the plates in the volume of Sibthorp’s *F. Græca* which I send to-day, in comparison with those of *F. Danica*.⁵ The vulgarity and lifelessness of Sibthorp’s plates are the more striking because in mere execution they are the more elaborate of the two; the chief point in the *F. Danica* being the lovely artistic skill. The drawings for Sibthorp, by a young German, were as exquisite as the Dane’s, but the English engraver and colourist spoiled all.

I will send you, if you like them, the other volumes in succession. I find immense interest in comparing the Greek and Danish forms or conditions of the same English flower.

I send the second volume, in which the Rufias are lovely, and scarcely come under my above condemnation. The *first* is nearly all of grass.

¹ [No. 53 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

² [“One of our youngest servants had gone on to the frozen lake; the ice gave way, and she was drowned.”—S. B.]

³ [See Vol. II. p. 57.]

⁴ [Vicar of Coniston.]

⁵ [For the Sibthorp, see Vol. XXV. p. 408 *n.*, and Vol. XXVIII. p. 265; and for the *Flora Danica*, Vol. XV. p. 482, and Vol. XXV. p. 205.]

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE¹

BRANTWOOD, 1st February, 1879.

MY DEAR M,—The enclosed pensive little line lay under yours, this morning, on my writing table. Very thankful I was for both of them, as, indeed, I ought to be. Poor F—is sadly gentle; but I trust the bright Mediterranean sky will revive her father, and raise her into a coruscant F—of fair South France. It’s very pretty of you to give me those lovely lines:² I like them because that child I told you of, who died, who wasn’t usually by way of paying me compliments, *did* once say “Those eyes,” after looking into them awhile.³ If they could but see ever so little a way towards her, now! Tomorrow, Lady-day, it will be thirteen years since she bade me “wait” three,⁴ and I’m tired of waiting.

But I’m taking care of myself, yes; perhaps not quite the greatest, but enough to do. I like the frost. I can’t skate, and won’t run the risk of shaking my shaky wits by a fall; but I was sliding about four miles altogether up and across the lake, yesterday, and came in very hot, and am not stiff, for an old gentleman, this morning. Please imagine me, bowing or kneeling as low as you please, and ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁵

BRANTWOOD [February, 1879].

I’ve had this cold five days now and it’s worse than ever, and yet I feel quite well in other respects, and the glorious sunshine is a great joy to me. Also Prince Leopold’s words,⁶ seen to-day. Very beautiful in themselves—and—I say it solemnly—just, more than ever I read before of friend’s sayings. It is strange—I had no conception he saw so far into things or into *me*.

It is the greatest help that has ever been given me (in the view the public will take of it).

¹ [Letters to M. G. and H. G., pp. 55–56.]

² [On Aprile (*Paracelsus*): see above, p. 271.]

³ [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 281.]

⁴ [See Vol. XXXV. pp. lxx.–lxxi.]

⁵ [No. 95 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

⁶ [In a speech delivered at the Mansion House, February 19, 1879, in support of the Extension of University Teaching; see Vol. XX. p. xxxvi.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD, 4th Feb., '79.

You know I am getting my Oxford minerals gradually to Brantwood, and whenever a box comes, I think whether there are any that I don't want myself, which might yet have leave to live on Susie's table. And to-day I've found a very soft purple agate, that looks as if it were nearly melted away with pity for birds and flies, which is like Susie; and another piece of hard wooden agate with only a little ragged sky of blue here and there, which is like me; and a group of crystals with grass of Epidote inside, which is like what my own little cascade has been all the winter by the garden side; and so I've had them all packed up, and I hope you'll let them live at the Thwaite.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER

BRANTWOOD.

Then here are some more bits, if you will be a child. Here's a green piece, large, of the stone they cut those green-weedy brooches out of, and a nice mouse-coloured natural agate, and a great black and white one, stained with sulphuric acid, black but very fine always, and interesting in its lines.

Oh dear, the cold; but it's worth *any* cold to have that delicious Robin dialogue.² Please write some more of it; you hear all they say, I'm sure.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER

BRANTWOOD.

I cannot tell you how delighted I am with your lovely gift to Joanie. The perfection of the stone, its exquisite colour, and superb weight, and flawless clearness, and the delicate cutting which makes the light flash from it like a wave of the lake, make it altogether the most perfect mineralogical and heraldic jewel that Joanie could be bedecked with, and it is as if Susie had given her a piece of Coniston Water itself. And the setting is delicious, and positively must not be altered. I shall come on Sunday to thank you myself for it. Meantime I'm working hard at the Psalter, which I am almost sure Susie will like.

¹ [This and the two following letters were printed together as No. 54 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

² [An earlier "Robin dialogue" occurs in a letter of Miss Beever's printed at p. 162 (ed. 3) of *Hortus*.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD.

This reminiscence of birds—entirely delightful—puts me on a thought of better work that you can do for me than even the Shakespeare notes. Each day, when you are in spirits,—never as an effort,—sit down and tell me—as in this morning's note—whatever you remember about birds—going back to very childhood—and just chatting on, about all you have seen of them and done for them.

You will make a little book as delightful—nay, much more delightful than *White of Selborne*—and you will feel a satisfaction in the experience of your real knowledge, powers of observation and loving sentiment, in a way to make them even more exemplary and helpful.

Now don't say you can't—but begin directly to-morrow morning.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

BRANTWOOD, 25th February, 1879.

. . . What will come of Dante in America? I believe a good, careful account of the vision of Hell I had myself would be more to the purpose. There was one very tremendous scene of a blue-and-purple hot fire which I wish I could paint. it was very beautiful—other bits were very much the contrary; but as facts of delirium, highly instructive. It was just this time last year. I've got a horrible cold in my head—but otherwise never felt much better. My vile writing means much laziness—not shakiness—and partly cold hands. Lake frozen again this morning, a mile square.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

BRANTWOOD, 27th February, '79.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I took out a feather to begin for you this morning; but shyed it—and took to sorting out sketches. I have found some that I am sure you will think useful;⁴ others which I believe you may take some pleasure in, partly in friendship, partly

¹ [No. 93 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

² [No. 180 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 151–152.]

³ [No. 181 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 153–155.]

⁴ [Professor Norton was arranging an Exhibition of Ruskin's Drawings at Boston and New York. For the Catalogue, see Vol. XIII. p. 582.]

in knowledge of the places. I am putting nearly all I have of Assisi, but the best are at Oxford¹—they will be more useful in your hands than any one else's and perhaps of more in America than in England.

I begin to think that it is of no use talking to a country in her decline. What was the use, even yet, of their teachers to them?—Jeremiah, or Horace, all the same. But in a new country, one way or another, a man will have power.

Many of these sketches I feel disgraceful to me—but I send them for such pleasure as they may give you. Giotto's "Poverty," for instance. The one you ask especially for I am a little afraid to risk, for it is in a part of the fresco that nobody but I could have made out. I will try to copy it: the St. Mark's copy² appeals me a little as I think over it to-day—but I've had bad cold and stomach illness, and am much down. I'm signing and dating all the sketches—on back, if not front. Shall I risk all by one ship? I will wait your answer before sending the best; a certain set I will get ready and dispatch at once.—Ever your loving
J. R.

I have been speaking as if they were all to stay. I'm not sure that they may not.

Friday—28th—evening.

I am better, though I was uncomfortably ill last night, and being summoned to London to give evidence on a charge of forgery, variously painful to me,³ was considering whether I would go or not—I greatly trust in the Sortes Horatiana, as well as Virgilian, at least, for me, —and opening my Horace in the morning at "Mors et fugacem,"⁴ determined at once to go: and have been much more comfortable in mind and body ever since. . . .

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁵

BRANTWOOD [*March*, 1879].

That third Herb Robert one is just the drawing that nobody but me (never mind grammar) could have made. Nobody! because it means ever so much careful watching of the ways of the leaf, and a

¹ [Only three drawings of Assisi remain there: see Vol. XXI. pp. 40, 101.]

² [See below, p. 286.]

³ [See Vol. XXXIII. p. xxi.]

⁴ [Compare Vol. XXXIII. p. xxvi.]

⁵ [This letter, here printed from the original, was made in *Hortus* to contribute its first five lines to No. 48, and its last two lines to No. 101 (see below, pp. 625, 628). "That third Herb Robert" is the third figure on Plate XI. (issued March 1879) of *Laws of Fésole*: see Vol. XV. p. 477.]

lot of work in cramp perspective besides. It is not quite right yet, but it *is* nice.

How blessedly happy Joanie and the children were yesterday at the Thwaite! I'm coming to be happy there myself to-morrow (*D. V.*).

To GEORGE ALLEN

BRANTWOOD [? *March*, 1879].

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I want a Requiem, and a Shepherd's Tower,¹ please—and to know how the *globe's* getting on.²

I never read till yesterday your account of the booksellers' meeting where they groaned at you. It gives me much to think of. You have certainly had a great deal to put up with in fighting this battle—and I had no conception myself of the way my friends would fail me in it, nor of the general folly of the public. It is like beginning a battle with a *man*, and finding him change into a heap of mud. But we'll *wash* him away, if we can't *throttle* him!—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. R.

Just keep this note—will you?

To H. SCHÜTZ WILSON

BRANTWOOD, *17th March*, 1879.

DEAR MR. SCHÜTZ WILSON,—I'm greatly delighted with that review of Goethe—you always say just what I most want to have said. I didn't know Schiller was such a mean wretch, but always heartily disliked his writings. And the only thing I would a little plead for change of or shaving of is your *almost* German estimate of *Faust*. No one has *learned* more from it than I, and especially from the second part, which I don't think many English people can read. But for *you*, a true Shakespeare disciple, to show indulgence to those German notions of the book! For one of many quite vital infirmities remember there is no *character* in Faust: Margaret is *mere* Maiden-hood, Mephistopheles *mere* Devildom, Valentine a *mere* soldier, Faust a mere—philosopher. But Cordelia, Desdemona, Perdita, Imogen, and Juliet are every one different, violets, roses, and lilies, while Margaret is nothing more than a—Marguerite. Then *Wilhelm Meister* is of all

¹ [Part iii. of *St. Mark's Rest* (Vol. XXIV.) and Part vi. of *Mornings in Florence* (Vol. XXIII).]

² [For the *Laws of Fésole*: see above, p. 268. For Ruskin's "battle" with the booksellers, see Vol. XXVII. pp. lxxxii. *seq.*]

stories that ever human being of brains wrote, the intolerablest for dullness and weak romance, mashed up with a precious spice of wisdom—but who has learned anything of it?—except Carlyle. Can't write more, but best thanks.—Ever gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss BEEVER¹

26 March.

I am ashamed not to have sent you a word of expression of my real and very deep feelings of regard and respect for you, and of my, not *fervent* (in the usual phrase, which means only hasty and ebullient), but serenely *warm*, hope that you may keep your present power of benevolent happiness to length of many days to come. But I hope you will sometimes take the simpler view of the little agate box than that of birthday token, and that you will wonder sometimes at its labyrinth of mineral-vegetable! I assure you there is nothing in all my collection of agates in its way quite so perfect as the little fairy forests of dotty trees in the corner of the piece which forms the bottom. I ought to have set it in silver, but was always afraid to trust it to a lapidary.

What you say of the Greek want of violets is also very interesting to me, for it is one of my little pet discoveries that Homer means the blue iris by the word translated “violet.”²

I am utterly sorry not to come to see you and Susie before leaving for town, but can't face this bitter day. I hope and solemnly purpose to be back in a week.

To THOMAS CARLYLE

ARTHUR SEVERN'S, HERNE HILL, Friday [28th March, 1879].

MY DEAREST PAPA,—I *couldn't* come to-day; it was so cold in the train, yesterday—it took all the life out of me, and I've been forced to rest; and now I've no day till Tuesday, when I can come, I hope, whenever you would like me. I am fairly well and can do much, yet—if I keep myself quiet;—but if I read papers, or try to talk, I get excited and weary very soon, so that my days are passed either in my wood or my library, and I dare not come up to London. The lawyers forced me just now.³ I won't say how it grieves me never to see you—or would, if I could now let myself grieve. But I am ever your faithful and loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 103 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

² [See above, pp. 99–100.]

³ [See above, p. 276.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, *Easter Monday* [April 14], 1879.

MY DARLING CHARLES,—I have to-day your delightful note of the 31st. . . .

I think that book on the European power of Italy would be a very glorious thing to do. It is certainly unknown. People fancy they civilized themselves! and that they could have had Shakespeare without Verona, and Blackfriars Bridge without St. Francis. (I've just been finding a place for my *Fioretti*² in my fixed library here; Oxford finally dismantled.) But please set to work on that book at once. I've put off everything I meant most to do, till I feel as if I hadn't ten days to live.

We had snow and hail three days last week, and as I look up from my paper the sun touches silver streaks on the mountains. But we've had snowdrops for six weeks back—they're all over now, and the daffodils all a dazzle.—Ever your loving
J. R.

We launched my own first boat on Saturday—larch-built as thoroughly as boat can be—with a narrow stern seat, for one only, and a Lago di Garda bow. I had a nice pretty niece of Joanie's to christen her for me—the *Jumping Jenny*.³ (*Ste. Geneviève* on the sly, you know)—and the following benediction was spoken over her:—

“Waves give place to thee,
Heaven send grace to thee,
And Fortune to ferry
Kind folk, and merry.”

She's my first essay in marine architecture, and the boat-builders far and near approve!

To JAMES L. DANIELL⁴

BRANTWOOD, *29th April*, '79.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your letter. The book quoted in § 47 of *Sesame*⁵ is *Unto this Last*, of which all my other political writings are only the expansion.

¹ [No. 182 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 155–157.]

² [A copy which Professor Norton had given him: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 523.]

³ [See Vol. XXVI. p. 364.]

⁴ [Secretary of a Literary Society at Bristol.]

⁵ [See Vol. XVIII. p. 103; and for the other references to *Sesame*, pp. 61, 63–64, 85.]

My reason for making my books dear is, I think, almost enough explained by §§ 10, 13, and 32 of *Sesame*, in which, however, I have not said the hundredth part of what I feel about the mischief of cheap literature.

But—if deadly in a thousand ways—it is at least, in *one* way, enough excuse for my obstinacy. If a “poor student” can get a shilling Shakespeare, a sixpenny Bible, and any quantity of poetry or science at 4d. a pound, is there any pitiful necessity for his having J. R. too, at such a price as will enable him to pack his groceries in my best paragraphs?

Yet the poor nation is now at such a pinch in pocket, and in such a comparatively rational state of mind, that I am beginning to think of a pocket edition calculated for this pinch—but can’t tell you more of it to-day.—Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

It may interest the Society to know a fact about *Unto this Last*. A working man copied it all out, from this first word to that last. Somebody came to me pitying him very much. I answered that the poor man had only done once, easily, what I had done myself three times over, with great difficulty, and that he would be very much the better for the business.

Surely it would be much better to read quietly *one* scene of Shakespeare for the evening’s study—and take it line by line!

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD, 5th May, '79.

The whole household was out after breakfast to-day to the top of the moor to plant cranberries; and we squeezed and splashed and spluttered in the boggiest places the lovely sunshine had left, till we found places squashy and squeezy enough to please the most particular and coolest of cranberry minds; and there, each of us choosing a little special bed of bog, the tufts were deeply put in, with every manner of tacit benediction, such as might befit a bog and a berry, and many an expressed thanksgiving to Susie and to the kind sender of the luxuriant plants. I have never had gift from you, dear Susie, more truly interesting and gladdening to me, and many a day I shall climb the moor to see the fate of the plants and look across to the Thwaite. I’ve been out most of the forenoon and am too sleepy to shape letters,

¹ [No. 50 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

but will try and get a word of thanks to the finder of the little dainty things to-morrow. What loveliness everywhere in a duckling sort of state just now!

To Miss SARA ANDERSON

BRANTWOOD, *May 6, '79.*

That rubbish little note looked *too* good for nothing in the great envelope! Did I really never explain in the least what I wanted by the arranged index? I want you to find out all my wisest bits and choose the wisest of the wise, and then put all the other bits that are like it, round it—or in a row beside it—and then, when you've quoted the pretty ones, say "compare" the others up and down the books, and if you see anything you don't agree with or don't understand, mark it and ask me. And don't hurry, and let the order rather tumble into your head and hands than be sought for. And you needn't index things that you don't care about. You're to be a little sieve—to catch what's good, not let it through.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

BRANTWOOD, *11th May, '79.*

DEAREST DOCTOR,—I was on the very "jump-off" of a letter to you to say I had got back to Scott again,² at last, which I thought would please you. Only I shall have sad things to say of him, more than perhaps you think, concerning the waste and the cutting short of his days, by the double sin of writing for money and for mob. My "Alas" comes so often in the margin,³ that I shall have to shorthand it into A for alas, as I had already D for damn, whenever the names of Terry or Ballantyne blot the page.

Never waste your time on people who want their picture looked at to see if they're genuine. they never are, and any dealer will tell them so for a guinea.—Ever your loving

J. R.

¹ [No. 24 of the "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 306.]

² ["Back again," that is, from the studies of Scott in *Fors*, which had pleased Dr. Brown, to studies partly embodied in *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, and partly left in MS. form (see Vol. XXIX. p. 541). For Scott "writing for money," see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, §§ 10, 12 (Vol. XXXIV. pp. 274, 276). For another reference to the Ballantyne partnership, see Vol. XXXV. p. 40. For the pecuniary loss in which Terry's theatrical speculations involved Scott, see Lockhart. Ruskin used to say that Scott was "Terryfied to death."]

³ [That is, in his copy of Lockhart's *Life*.]

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

BRANTWOOD [1879].

. . . You shan't make *any* drawbacks to the *Heart of Midlothian*, or I WON'T be sweet-blooded! "All but the end" indeed!!! Suppose I were to say all but the beginning, which would be more to the purpose? The long Porteous mob business is a duller thing than the beginning of *Waverley*. But that dark first background and the ghastly close are all essential, only it was Heaven and Nature did it for him, not *He*, Scott, who was exactly like Turner, inspired *quite* rightly only when quite passive. I've just been reading the *Pirate* again. THERE is a Farrago of ugly stuff for you at the end indeed, very difficult to analyse,—like Turner's bad work. But the end of the *Heart*! What could have ended it otherwise? Should Staunton's son have had an attaché's place like Cunningham Falconer? Do you know *Patronage*?² There's good and refreshing reading in it.—Ever your lovingest
J. R.

I've got cranberry blossom all aglow on my moorland. It and *Anagallis tenella*! and milkwort! (*Giulietta*³) and the bog-heather just budding—can you fancy all these together, mixed with rain out of rainbows?

To F. S. ELLIS⁴

BRANTWOOD, *May 19th*, '79.

DEAR PAPA⁵ ELLIS,—How are you? and what are you about? Cataloguing, or buying? You happy creature. And I haven't bought a bit of MS. this six months! and have left your account unpaid, haven't I? Please just send me brief word what it is, and I'll remit.

But I write to ask about enclosed gentleman's MS., which I left with you for your opinion. Can you give me any price for it? If so, please write to the owner, and make your offer.

¹ [No. 27 in "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 308 (see below, p. 634). To the *Heart of Midlothian*, Ruskin gave "pre-eminence" among Scott's novels: see Vol. XXIX. pp. 267, 456. For Scott's "passive" imagination, see *ibid.*, p. 263.]

² [For another reference to Miss Edgeworth's story, see Vol. XXXV. p. 504.]

³ [Ruskin's name in *Proserpina for polygala*: see Vol. XXV. pp. 356, 451 *seq.* On *Anagallis tenella*, see *ibid.*, p. 543.]

⁴ [No. 26 in *Ellis*, pp. 44, 45. *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk* (a fragment of Scott's autobiography) was published in January 1816.]

⁵ [See the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxv.]

And, I want a nicely bound edition of Scott's mixed prose and poetry, if there is one; but especially of *Paul's Letters*.

And, I shall have a great lot of old books to sell, now I've done with Oxford. Would you manage it for me? And I am always your affectionate and obedient
J. RUSKIN.

To GEORGE ALLEN

BRANTWOOD, 20th May, '79.

DEAR ALLEN,—I do not know when I have been more pleased by anything than by this lovely study of Hugh's,¹ in its promise of success and distinction of no ordinary kind, in carrying out the work which you and I have laid the foundations of. I hope it will meet your views for him that he should devote himself wholly to drawing with a view to engraving, not in a servile way, but as Dürer and Botticelli engraved. He has evidently a perfect sense of all that can be done in black and white, and, I hope, sensibility to beauty of no common refinement. The rapidity of execution is also wonderful.

I will not enter into table of sections to-day, but it *was* rather a shame of you—after all our cleavage work together—to skip over all my careful cleavage of Aiguille Bouchard, etc., in the upper section.² You'll have a little trouble still to get them right.—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. RUSKIN.

To F. W. PULLEN

BRANTWOOD, 22 May, 1879.

DEAR MR. PULLEN,—I am deeply grateful for your letter, and for all you have done, and wholly glad to hear of the—to me quite wonderful—progress of the Society.³ It is a hard trial for a man to be forced to think himself wise in his generation above others, but God knows I don't want to be so, and would make every soul on earth wiser than I if I could;—but so it is, that in matters of *abstract* principle (I don't mean unpractical! but as distinct from the subjects of debate in one's own conduct) I know that I am at one with the wisest men of all ages, and that the other thinkers of the day are

¹ [A drawing of a branch of bramble, afterwards engraved by Mr. Hugh Allen. Ruskin kept the study.]

² [The reference is apparently to a proof for a Plate in *Deucalion* ("The Strata of Switzerland and Cumberland"), Plate XVI. in Vol. XXVI. (p. 278).]

³ [The Ruskin Society of Manchester: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxvii.]

fearfully divided from them, and I know that it will be well for those who listen to me, in the degree that they obey: and therefore I am most solemnly thankful that your work prospers, and that I am still permitted, with unblighted mind, to give what help there may be in any thankful sympathy to these my friends.—Ever faithfully and affectionately yours,
J. R.

To Miss SARA ANDERSON

BRANTWOOD [22nd May, 1879].

I thought you had been and got married in Camden town, or gone to Africa to nurse the military—or preach to the Zulus. Do you know I haven't had a letter this—twelve months—or so?

What to look at in the National Gallery! a nice little question when it does come! I generally myself don't look at anything now much, but—Well, I don't see any good it would do you to know what—you may guess if you like! Seriously, if YOU look well at Perugino's Raphael with Tobit—and Botticelli's Adoration of the Shepherds (newly bought), and if you're not tired, Bellini's St. Jerome, and ditto's Peter Martyr—it will be a good morning's memory for you.¹

When ARE you coming north?

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

25th May.

This is a most wonderful stone that Dr. Kendall has found—at least to *me*. I have never seen anything quite like it, the arborescent forms of the central thread of iron being hardly ever assumed by an ore of so much metallic luster. I think it would be very desirable to cut it, so as to get a perfectly smooth surface to show the arborescent forms; if Dr. Kendall would like to have it done, I can easily send it up to London with my own next parcel.

I want very much to know exactly where it was found; might I come and ask about it on Dr. Kendall's next visit to you? I could be there waiting for him any day.

I am thinking greatly of our George Herbert, but me's so wicked me don't know where to begin.

¹ [The Perugino is No. 288; the two Bellinis are Nos. 694 and 812. For many other references to these pictures, see the General Index. The "Adoration of the Magi," No. 1033, is now ascribed to Filippino Lippi.]

² [No. 55 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD.

I've only a crushed bit of paper to express my crushed heart upon. It's the best!

That *you* should be thinking, designing, undermining, as Mrs. Somebody says in that disgusting *Mill on the Floss*,² to send to London for port. And *my* port getting crusty, dusty, cobwebby, and generally like its master, just because it's no use to nobody. *I* don't drink it; Joan don't; Arfie's always stuck up with his clarets and French vinegaret things (gave him all his rheumatism, *I* say); and now here's my Susie sending to London, and passing me by and my sorrowful bin. I didn't think she'd have bin and done it! Even the Alpine plants of which I hear, as darlings, don't at present console me. Just you try such a trick again, that's all!

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

BRANTWOOD, 4th June, 1879.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—The sad closing sentences of your letter efface from my mind most of the rest of it. For indeed it is only by my own follies and sins that I have fallen so far short of the knowledge of good as to be now unable to cheer you—by blaming you—and saying, Why should blindness be darkness—and why the coming of Death a Sorrow? It is only in utter shame and self-reproach that I ever allow myself (or cannot help myself) in despondency; and the very wildness of howling devilry and idiocy in the English mob around me strengthens me more than it disgusts—in the definiteness of its demoniac character. To see the devil *clearly* is in the nineteenth century all that less than saints can hope for— but I am content with so much of Apocalypse as all that I deserve; and with the absolute sense that he and I are not of the same mind.

It is very foolish of me never to be able to get over the notion of the Atlantic between us, so as to write notes as I should if you

¹ [No. 124 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629).]

² [For another reference to Mrs. Glegg's "undermining," see *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, Vol. XXXIV. p. 294.]

³ [No. 183 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 157–159.]

were on the other side of the lake. I've much to tell you that would please you—but except that the St. Mark's¹ is well on, and a pheasant's feather and spray of cotoneaster done (I send them to Oxford to be looked at, to-day, to spite them that they're to have no more of the sort but that you are wiser over the water)—I won't tell you anything to-day, that I may be forced into writing again to-morrow—except that the anti-hypæthral pamphlet² is a really grand piece of work, exemplary in matter and manner, and a noble “number one” of such essays. Its glacial tone of infidelity may be forgiven to a youth who has studied Doric only.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Miss VIOLET HUNT³

BRANTWOOD, June 4, 1879.

MY DEAR VIOLET,—I am very glad of your loving little letter, and I hope you will always love me enough to read, with some prejudice in their favour, books which you might otherwise have little cared for, and which I am yet sure contain things that will be useful to you. But you must not waste your heart or your time in what perhaps Papa and Mama might think only a dutiful and necessary memory of me. Make it the first object of your present life to discover among the persons with whom you may have frequent intercourse, those who best deserve your respect and affection, and think it better than the discovery of an Arabian treasure when you have found a human creature—old or young—whom you may reverence, please, and love in constant and prudent ways. Give my love to Papa and Mama and Venice and Sylvia, and then make them all give you a piece of theirs for yourself, and in every piece—and in the whole—believe me, ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [The copy of a portion of his study of the facade which Ruskin sent to Mr. Norton for exhibition (see Vol. XIII. p. 586, No. 69) and afterwards gave to him. It is reproduced as Plate D in Vol. X. The studies of Cotoneaster and a Pheasant's Feather were Nos. 103 and 104 in the same exhibition (see Vol. XIII. p. 588, where it is stated erroneously that the latter is now at Sheffield). Two studies of Cotoneaster were engraved for *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. pp. 535, 536). The drawing of the former (full face) was included in an album presented to Queen Victoria on her Jubilee.]

² [*The Hypæthral Question: An Attempt to determine the Mode in which . . . a Greek Temple was lighted.* By Joseph Thacher Clarke. Harvard Art Club Papers, No. 1.]

³ [From “Ruskin as a Guide to Youth,” by Miss Violet Hunt, in the *Westminster Gazette*, February 3, 1900.]

To DEAN LIDDELL¹

BRANTWOOD, 5th June, '79.

DEAR MR. DEAN,—I don't in the least know what an "honorary" degree means, but I am quite content with my Ch. Ch. Studentship, and don't want any more honours;—and supremely, at present, object to any manner of trouble—so please let the matter drop. I've sent Alice a little book with a word in it she may care to read.—Ever affectly.
yrs.,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD, 8th June.

DEAR MISS BEEVER,—I would fain have come to see that St. Bruno lily; but if I don't come to see Susie and you, be sure I am able to come to see nothing. At present I am very deeply involved in the classification of the minerals in the Sheffield Museum,³ important as the first practical arrangement ever yet attempted for popular teaching, and this with my other work makes me fit for nothing in the afternoon but wood-chopping. But I will call to-day on Dr. Brown's friends.

I hope you will not be too much shocked with the audacities of the new number⁴ of *Proserpina*, or with its ignorances. I am going during my wood-chopping really to ascertain in my own way what simple persons ought to know about tree growth, and give it clearly in the next number. I meant to do the whole book very differently, but can only now give the fragmentary pieces as they chance to come, or it would never be done at all.

You must know before anybody else how the exogens are to be completely divided. I keep the four great useful groups, mallow, geranium, mint, and wallflower, under the head of "domestic" orders, that their sweet service and companionship with us may be understood; then the water-lily and the heath, both four foils, are to be studied in their solitudes (I shall throw all that are not four foils out of the Ericaceæ); then finally there are to be seven orders of the *Dark*

¹ [In a Convocation held on June 18, 1879, it was proposed to confer the degree of D.C.L., *honoris causa*, upon Ruskin. Ultimately, the honorary degree was conferred, without Ruskin's attendance, in 1893: see Vol. XXXV. p. xliii.]

² [No. 50 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 625).]

³ [See Vol. XXVI. pp. 416 *seq.*]

⁴ [Part 5, containing chapters xi. and xii. of vol. i.: see now Vol. XXV. pp. 338 *seq.* The "next number," as at this time intended, ultimately became ch. vii. of vol. ii.: Vol. XXV. p. 483.]

Proserpine, headed by the Draconids (snapdragons), and including the anemones, hellebores, ivies, and—forget-me-nots!

What plants I cannot get ranged under these $12+4+2+7=25$ in all, orders, I shall give broken notices of, as I have time, leaving my pupils to arrange them as they like. I can't do it all.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

BRANTWOOD, 22nd June [1879].

I heard yesterday from Susie that you were a little depressed, and that she thought a letter from me would do you good! Well, I *can* write more cheerful letters, perhaps, than once upon a time, and I really hope it may please you a little to know how often I am thinking of you—and how the idea of *your* liking anything I may do helps me in the languid times, when one says to oneself, or feels, without coming to point of utterance, that it is of no use to do or say anything more.

I think one of my best mythological discoveries was that the Sirens were not pleasures, but *desires*,² and part of the cheerfulness in which I now am able to live is in the accomplishment of that word upon me—“*Desire* shall fail, because man goeth to his long home.”³ The taking away from me of all feverish hope, and the ceasing of all feverish effort, leaves me to enjoy, at least without grave drawback or disturbance, the Veronica blue, instead of the Forget-me-not, and above all, the investigation of any pretty natural problem, the ways of a wave, or the strength of a stem. With the persons whom I most loved, joy in the *beauty* of nature is virtually dead in me, but I can still interest myself in her doings.

I've just finished colouring a section of Cumberland rocks, for pattern to the hand colourers of the last plate in 1st Vol. of *Deucalion*,⁴ and hope soon to send you a copy. Also, I am well into my Scott work again,⁵ and do earnestly hope to send you something to read before the summer's over. Meantime, keep happy, and let us both look for the happy hunting ground where we shall meet all our—dogs again. A darling little hairy terrier who got kicked and killed by a clumsy horse the other day because he was too good for this world, will certainly get between St. Peter's legs as he lets me in. . . .

¹ [No. 25 of “Letters from Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 306–307 (see below, p. 634).]

² [See *Munera Pulveris*, § 90 (Vol. XVII. p. 212).]

³ [Ecclesiastes xii. 5.]

⁴ [See Plate XVI. (p. 278) in Vol. XXVI.]

⁵ [See above, p. 281 *n.*]

To Mrs. BURNE-JONES

BRANTWOOD, 24th June, '79.

So many thanks for sending me this superb address. I had not seen it, and read it at first in dips of delighted astonishment—thinking it was some *new* strong voice at Birmingham. Seeing then who was speaking, you will easily suppose I have some fault to find, and that grave—which may be summed in the finding two words wholly omitted in the address—those which Naboth was accused of blaspheming.¹ Their omission is a form of blasphemy which certainly does not exist in Morris's heart, and ought not to have been accuseable in his work. . . .

Has Ned no St. Mark's news for me?²

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER

27th June, '79.

Everybody's gone! and I can have all the new potatoes, and all the asparagus, and all the oranges and everything, and my Susie too, all to myself!

I wrote in my diary this morning that really, on the whole, I never felt better in my life. Mouth, eyes, head, feet, and fingers all fairly in trim. Older than they were, yes; but if the head and heart grow wiser, they won't want feet or fingers some day.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

[? 1879.]

I am *very* thankful that you like this *St. Mark's* so much, and do not feel as if I had lost power of mind. I think the illness has told on me more in laziness than foolishness. I feel as if there was as much *in* me as ever, but it is too much trouble to say it. And I find myself reconciled to staying in bed of a morning to a quite

¹ [1 Kings xxi. 10: "Thou didst blaspheme God and the King." The address (published as an 8vo pamphlet) was delivered by Morris in the Town Hall, Birmingham, on February 19, 1879, as President of the Birmingham Society of Arts and School of Design.]

² [In reference, that is, to the protest which Burne-Jones was making against "restoration," and to his assistance in Ruskin's "memorial studies": see Vol. X. p. 463, Vol. XXIV. p. 424.]

³ [No. 56 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

⁴ [No. 115 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629). "This *St. Mark's*" may be Part iii., issued in July 1879.]

woeful extent. I have not been affected so much by melancholy, however, since this illness, being very thankful to be still alive, and to be able to give pleasure to some people,—foolish little Joanies and Susies, and so on. You have greatly helped me by this dear little note.

And the bread's all right brown again, and I'm ready for asparagus of any stoutness, there! Are you content? But my own asparagus is quite *visible* this year, though how much would be wanted for a dish I don't venture to count, but must be congratulated on its definitely stalky appearance.

I was over the water this morning on school committee. How bad I have been to let those poor children be tormented as they are all this time! I'm going to try and stop all the spelling and counting and catechising, and teach them only—to watch and pray.

The oranges make me think myself in a Castle in Spain!

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD [1879?].

What infinite power and treasure you have in being able thus to enjoy the least things, yet having at the same time all the fastidiousness of taste and fire of imagination which lay hold of what is greatest in the least, and best in all things.

Never hurt your eyes by writing; keep them wholly for admiration and wonder. I hope to write little more myself, of books, and to join with you in joy over crystals and flowers in the way we used to do when we were both more children than we are.

I have been rather depressed by that tragic story of the Codlin. I hope the thief of that apple has suffered more than Eve, and fallen farther than either she or Adam.

Joan had to be out early this morning and I won't let her write more, for it's getting dark; but she thinks of you and loves you, and so do I, every day more and more.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN²

BRANTWOOD, 1st July, '79.

How lovely of you to write to me when you were so sad, and how very naughty of you to say "good-bye" at the end of the letter. . . .

One thing I want to say to you very specially, playing "Doctor"

¹ [No. 102 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

² [No. 26 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 307–308.]

myself! I am sure it is very bad for you to read stupid and flimsy modern books. I think, of all devils, the *Rubbish* devil is in these days the most dangerous. . . . You should never read anything but the noblest books, or the simplest.

You ask me about this new *Odyssey*.¹ Now you have no business with new *Odysseys*. Old Chapman is entirely insuperable, another *Homer*;—or for us English and Scotch *better* than Homer—an entirely blessed and mighty creature of our own. Here are four lines at random opening for you:—

“The Cheerful Ladie of the Light, deckt in her saffron robe,
Disperst her beams through every part of this *enflowered*
globe;
When thundering Jove a Court of Gods assembled by his
will,
In top of all the topmost heights that crown th’ Olympian
Hill.”²

I send you the old book itself; it may revive you to bathe in it, like the Dysart sea.³—Ever your lovingest
J. R.

I don’t know if there’s an honest modern edition. If you Edinburgh people cared for a real Temple of the Greek Spirit, on your Calton, you would republish it letter for letter, and make a modern Argos of yourselves. Homer was an Achaian, not an Ionian.⁴ Gladstone has shown *that*, and I forgive him all the rest of his existence for it.

The Scott’s life *will* be separate now. *Fors* is wound up on her own authority. You see that sentence about Jael’s nail⁵ was the real finish.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁶

BRANTWOOD, 9th July, 1879.

. . . I get very little done now of anything—but am, on that condition, very well; and I hope that what I do get done is not

¹ [*The Odyssey of Homer done into English Prose*, by S. H. Butcher and A. Lang, 1879.]

² [The opening lines of book viii. of Chapman’s *Iliad*. Brown took Ruskin’s advice, for he wrote later in the month to J. T. Brown: “I am reading Chapman’s *Odyssey* slowly and with great relish; a wonderful poem—read it” (*Letters of Dr. John Brown*, p. 263). For other references by Ruskin to Chapman’s *Homer*, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 52, and General Index.]

³ [Where presumably Dr. Brown had been staying.]

⁴ [See Gladstone’s articles on “The Place of Homer in History,” in the *Contemporary Review*, June and July 1874, vol. 24, pp. 1–22, 175–200, and especially p. 8.]

⁵ [The concluding words of Letter 87 (March 1878), Vol. XXIX. p. 379. In 1880 *Fors* was resumed for a while, irregularly. The intended “Scott’s Life” was never completed: see above, p. 281.]

⁶ [No. 184 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 159.]

apoplectic. I'm doing the *Laws* of Plato thoroughly. Jowett's translation is a disgrace to Oxford, and how much to Plato,—if he *could* be disgraced more than by everybody's neglect of him,—cannot be said, and I must get mine done all the more.¹ I'm at work on Scott again,² too, and some abstract questions about poetry and drama, of which I know more than I did of old.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

BRANTWOOD [June, 1879].

I send you two books—neither, I fear, very amusing; but, on my word, I think books are always dull when one really most wants them.

No, other people don't feel it as you and I do, nor do the dogs and ponies, but oughtn't we to be thankful that we *do* feel it? The thing I fancy we are both wanting in, is a right power of enjoying the past. What sunshine there *has* been even in this sad year! I have seen beauty enough in one afternoon, not a fortnight ago, to last me for a year if I could rejoice in memory.

I've a painter friend, Mr. Goodwin, coming to keep me company, and I'm a little content in this worst of rainy days, in hopes there *may* be now some clearing for him.

Our little kittens pass the days of their youth up against the wall at the back of the house, where the heat of oven comes through. What an existence! and yet with all my indoor advantages I am your sorrowful and repining
CAT.⁴

To the Rev. STEWART D. HEADLAM⁵

BRANTWOOD, 18th July, '79.

DEAR MR. HEADLAM,—I don't know when I have been more pleased, amused, or amazed, than by your letter, and the papers of the Guild. Pleased—both by again hearing from you, and by the fact of this unity between clergymen and actors; amused—by thinking what some people would have said! and some will still say, on hearing of such a

¹ [For references to Jowett's Plato, see above, p. 210, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 37, § 11 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 23 *n.*). Ruskin, as already said (Vol. XXXI. p. xv.), made a translation of the first two books of the *Laws*.]

² [See below, p. 315.]

³ [No. 129 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 630). The diary records very bad weather in June, and a visit from Mr. Albert Goodwin in July, 1879.]

⁴ [A signature which is referred to in other letters: see above, p. 234, and below, pp. 566, 631 (No. 145).]

⁵ [One of the founders of "The Church and Stage Guild."]

thing; and amazed—in a good many ways, but not least by the professional limitation of the word church!—which I should not have expected from clergy so liberal in their notions. Why shouldn't you also—and much more urgently—have a “Church and Ploughed Field” —Guild?—or a “Church and Shepherd” Guild?—(or a Church and Bankers Guild? on modern notions of Christianity and Usury)? Is it the Vocal or the Histrionic character of the professional stager that causes you to burst into this special fit of ecclesiastical sympathy? (Did you ever read to study it—*Faust*?) Well, I wish I could come—but I'm here and can't—only, quite seriously, you have my entire sympathy and good wishes; but as my St. George's Guild includes all “Musica” and all “Paideia,” I can't join partial ones inside—or outside—of it.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. R.

To E. D. GIRDLESTONE¹

BRANTWOOD, 21st July, '79.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely grieved to hear of your having also been suffering from broken strength—but you had better hopes before you than I, and I trust may carry forward your good work happily. I am still mending, however, and able to do more than I ever expected to do again. It is curious that sense of inability to learn æsthetics—but how much better than to fancy oneself able when one isn't. But in fact there's nothing to be learnt in it! People either like rainbows and roses, or don't, and there's an end.—Ever most truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

To C. T. GATTY²

BRANTWOOD, July 24th, 1879.

DEAR MR. GATTY,—Come as soon as you can in August—and I hope I may then be able to say, “Stay as long as you can”; but I am somewhat bound by the convenience of other friends.

Yes, I know a good deal about pottery. But all that I know I can sum the practical issue of in a sentence for you. You can have

¹ [For whom, see Vol. XXVIII. pp. 555, 606.]

² [Curator of the Liverpool Free Public Museum, and of the Mayer collection therein: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 159. The following portion of a letter, written by Mr. Gatty to Mr. Mayer, and descriptive of his visit to Ruskin, is of interest:— “MY DEAR MR. MAYER,—I had a most charming week with Mr. Ruskin. His company is most improving, and I learnt in those few days more than many hours' reading and solitary work could give me. He has great ideas about Museums, and would have a very systematic education given in them. He suggests over and above the ordinary bungle of *everything*, and over and above the ordinary *list*

none good of any sort in a manufacturing country. Let me strongly recommend you to study at present only for your own improvement. You can do nothing for the English people except as students; nor, even so, till you are yourself past the stage of studentship.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE¹

BRANTWOOD 28th July, 1879.

MY DEAR M—, I find it will be quite impossible for me to come to Hawarden this autumn. I am very utterly sorry, and should only make you sorry for me if I were to tell you the half of the weaknesses and the worries which compel me to stay at home, and forbid all talking. The chief of all reasons being, however, that, in my present state of illness, nearly every word anybody says, if I care for them, either grieves or astonishes me to a degree which puts me off my sleep, and off my work, and off my meat. I am obliged to work at botany and mineralogy, and to put cotton in my ears; but you know one can't pay visits while one's climbing that hill of the voices, even if some sweet ones mingle in the murmur of them.

I'm rather going *down* the hill than up just now, it's so slippery; but I haven't turned—only slipped backwards.

Love to your father and mother. I wonder if your father will forgive my sending him a saucy message by his daughter, that I don't think he need have set himself in the *Nineteenth Century* to prove to the Nineteenth Century that "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge"² were valueless.—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

Catalogue,—a case containing selected objects, and photographs and drawings of first-rate objects, teaching such points as 'The right use of ornament,' with an explanatory prettily-printed Catalogue. There would be examples of ornament insufficient or barbarous; of ornament subordinate to, and assisting, construction; of ornament overdone; of ornament faithful and unfaithful to nature; etc., etc. The case to be a sloping desk case, into which frames could be slid, with illuminated MS. pages, drawings, photos, etc.; and above all the plates from books, taken out and *made to do good service for the poor who never see the valuable and beautiful books they possess*. I am *much* struck by all this. I think it fine in the extreme; a considerable advance upon any efforts as yet made in England to apply antiquities for the benefit of all. I met Charles Darwin also at Coniston, who is very charming and interesting."

¹ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 56–58.]

² [Colossians ii. 3. The reference appears to be to Mr. Gladstone's controversy with Mr. Lowe and others on the extension of the County Franchise, in which he had maintained that the judgment of the unlearned multitude was a better guide in politics than that of the educated classes. He had resumed his argument in "A Modern Symposium" in the *Nineteenth Century* for July 1878, vol. 4, pp. 184–189, and the letter may possibly be dated wrongly in *Letters to M. G.*]

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON¹

BRANTWOOD, August 30th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I have your two kind little notes. It is a pleasure to me that Christopher Harvey is not in your library, for it will be a privilege to me to be allowed to place it there. I send it by this post, and I doubt not you will have many a happy hour with it. There comes with it also the first volume of the books of mine I *do* wish the public to read;² and if you can get Mr. Cross³ to look at the opening lecture in it which discusses the office of books in general, I believe he will not think the writer of it likely to let public fancy or demand guide him in his decision which of his books they shall or shall *not* have cheap. This question of book price is touched upon at p. 44, and if Mr. Cross will read on to the sixtieth, he will find more important things—wholly indisputable—stated concerning national policy than all the journals of England have had in them for the last twelvemonth.* You will find the *priest* question also touched on, with others, at p. 22. I will look up the passages in *Fors*, and send you them on Monday, and shall be most glad to answer as I best can, any notes you send me on the subject of the Letters.—Always affectionately yours, J. R.

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON⁴

September 2nd.

That there are only a hundred copies, in that form,⁵ is just a reason why the book should be in your library, where it will be enjoyed and useful; and not in mine, where it would not be opened once in a twelvemonth. It is one of the advantages of a small house (and it

* The passage, for instance, about poor's rates at bottom of page 57 is worth all the five volumes of *Modern Painters*—and five thousand issues of the *Times* in one.

¹ [No. 20 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleeson (see Vol. XXXIV. p. 185). To Christopher Harvey's Poems, Ruskin had referred in one of the public letters on *The Lord's Prayer and the Church*: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 204.]

² [*Sesame and Lilies*: the first volume in the "Works" series (see Vol. XVIII. p. 9). Ruskin's references are to the edition of 1871; see now, *ibid.*, pp. 85–98, 95 *n.*, 68.]

³ [No doubt Mr. Richard Assheton Cross, Mr. Malleeson's parishioner in Broughton-in-Furness, then Home Secretary, and afterwards Viscount Cross.]

⁴ [No. 21 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleeson (see Vol. XXXIV. p. 185).]

⁵ [Grosart's edition of *Poems of Christopher Harvey*: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 204 *n.*]

has many) that one is compelled to consider of all one's books whether they are in use or not.

I yesterday ordered a *Fors* to be sent you containing in its close the most important piece of a religious character in the book¹—this I hope you will also allow to stay on your shelves. The two that I send with this note contain so much that is saucy that I only send them in case you want to look at the challenge, referred to in the Letters,² to the Bishop of Manchester, see October, 1877, pp. 322, 323, and January 1875, p. 11. You can keep as long as you like, but please take care of them, as my index is not yet done. The next letter will come before the week end, but it's a difficult one.³

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON⁴

September 7th, 1879.

It is rather comic that your first reply to my challenge concerning usury should be a prospectus of a Company wishing to make 5 per cent. out of Broughton poor men's ignorance. You couldn't have sent me a project I should have regarded with more abomination.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁵

BRANTWOOD [1879].

The blue sky is so wonderful to-day, and the wood after the rain so delicious for walking in, that I must still delay any school talk one day more. Meantime I've sent you a book which is in a nice large print and may in some parts interest you. I got it that I might be able to see Scott's material for *Pevevil*,⁶ and it seems to me that he might have made more of the real attack on Latham House, than of the fictitious one on Front de Boeuf's castle, had he been so minded; but perhaps he felt himself hampered by too much known fact.

¹ [Not identified by Mr. Malleeson, but probably either Letter 72 or Letter 84.]

² [That is, the *Letters to the Clergy*: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 204. For the references to *Fors*, see now Vol. XXVIII. p. 243 (January 1875), and Vol. XXIX. p. 243 (October 1877).]

³ [No. x. or xi. in *Letters to the Clergy* (Vol. XXXIV. pp. 208, 210).]

⁴ [No. 24 in the synopsis, Vol. XXXIV. p. 185. The Company was to establish a projected Public Hall.]

⁵ [No. 157 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632). The last chapter of vol. i. of *Deucalion*, with the Index, was issued in October 1879.]

⁶ [See chap. 5 for the attack on Latham House; and chaps. 29–31 of *Ivanhoe* for that on Front-de-Bœuf's castle. For Scott's historical authorities, see his Introduction to *Pevevil*.]

I've just finished and sent off the index to *Deucalion*, first volume, and didn't feel inclined for more schooling to-day.

I've just had a charming message from Martha Gale under the address of "that old duckling." Isn't that nice? Ethel¹ was coming to see you to-day, but I've confiscated her for the woodwork, and she shan't come to-morrow, for I want you all to myself; only it isn't *her* fault.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD.

That photograph is indeed like a visit; how thankful I am that it is still my hope to get the real visit some day!

I was yesterday, and am always, certainly at present, very unwell, and a mere trouble to my Joanies and Susies and all who care for me. But I'm painting another bit of moss which I think Susie will enjoy, and hope for better times.

Did you see the white cloud that stayed quiet for three hours this morning over the Old Man's summit?³ It was one of the few remains of the heaven one used to see—the heaven one had a Father in, not a raging enemy.

I send you Rogers' *Italy*, that is no more. I do think you will have pleasure in it.

To WILLIAM WARD⁴

BRANTWOOD, *September 9th*, 1879.

DEAR WARD,—This "Heysham" is entirely wonderful to me—this copy: far the most surprising you've done yet; and faultless, as far as can be. I've nothing to trouble you with, except the softening of one line of ground; and a little finer marking of the branches in willow tree. You shall have it back to-morrow. I must put my signature very plain under the imitated Turner's, or it could not be honestly let out of our hands.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

This note missed post yesterday; and, after further examining the copy, I am so entirely pleased by it that I won't trouble you

¹ [Miss Ethel Hilliard.]

² [No. 104 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628). The "piece of moss" may be the study reproduced in Vol. XXV. p. xxxviii.]

³ [Compare Vol. XXXIII. p. 392, and Vol. XXXIV. p. 11.]

⁴ [No. 87 in *Ward*; vol. ii. pp. 61–62. For "Heysham" (No. 25 in Ruskin's Turner Exhibition), see Vol. XIII. p. 429.]

by sending it back. I will touch the two places myself, and alter “J. M. W. Turner” into “W. Ward *after* Turner”; and send the drawing to Liverpool at your friend’s order.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

*To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON*¹

September 9th, 1879.

There is absolutely no debate possible as to what usury is any more than what adultery is. The Church has only been polluted by the indulgence of it since the sixteenth century. Usury is *any kind whatever* of interest on loan, and it is the essential modern form of Satan.

I send you an old book full of sound and eternal teaching on this matter—please take care of it as a friend’s gift, and one I would not lose for its weight in gold.² Please read first the Sermon by Bishop Jewel, page 14, and then the rest at your pleasure or your leisure.

No halls are wanted,³ they are all rich men’s excuses for destroying the home life of England. The public library should be at the village school (and I could put ten thousand pounds’ worth of books into a single cupboard), and all that is done for education should be pure Gift. Do you think that this rich England, which spends fifty millions a year in drink and gunpowder, can’t educate her poor without being paid interest for her Charity?

To H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

[HERNE HILL] *29th Oct., '79.*

MY DEAR PRINCE,—I venture to write thus to you, at this moment, because the “Sir” won’t have the dear before it, and I want to write *that*.

I write in obedience to your kind command—but I cannot write to-day what I have to tell you, not of much interest, but of enough to

¹ [No. 25 in the synopsis of Ruskin’s Letters to Malleison (see Vol. XXXIV. p. 185).]

² [Blaxton’s *English Usurer* (1634): see Vol. XXXIV. p. 422.]

³ [See above, p. 296.]

justify me in waiting until your Royal Highness is at more leisure, and I myself disengaged from some irksome but necessary work, to do which I am in London.

The only *definite* thing I felt at Broadlands, this time, was a quiet, natural guidance (in all ways) in right directions.¹ One or two instances of this I will give you account of at length—they have been partly connected with former grace done me by your Royal Highness. To-day let me only sign myself as ever—your most grateful and faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

HERNE HILL, 1st November, 1879.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have not answered your last letter—and to-day I take up one of Dec. 20, 1875, when your children, and Moore's little girl, and Henrietta Child were playing (preparing their play of) King Adland and King Estmere, and think of myself as beginning to play in the last act of my world play, and of you, with your not so far carried-on part, but both of us, now, without any one to hear the plaudit (if plaudit be). Was your mother—to you—in this, as mine to me, the inciter and motive-in-chief of what one did for praise? Not that she did not uphold me in all that was right—praised or not—but still—I would have done much to please her with the hearing of it only. As for instance—

Well, it's no matter. . . .

I wasn't quite pleased with your account of their reading *Maud* and so on. Much too close hothouse air they seemed to me to be in—and I fancy that my own early limitations to Shakespeare and Homer were more healthy—but I don't know—perhaps they only made me take more violently to Shelley—who did me no end of harm afterwards.³

I wonder if it will give you any pleasure to hear that my Museum is fairly now set afoot at Sheffield, and that I am thinking of living as much there as possible. The people are deeply interesting to me, and I am needed for them and am never really quiet in conscience, elsewhere.

Write—if at all just now—to Herne Hill.—Ever your lovingest

J. R.

¹ [For Ruskin's earlier experiences at Broadlands, see Vol. XXIV. p. xxii.]

² [No. 185 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 159–161.]

³ [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 183.]

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON¹

November 19th, 1879.

MY DEAR MALLESON,—I have not been able to answer a word lately, being quite unusually busy in France²—and you never remember that it takes *me* as long to write a chapter as you to write a book, and tries me more to do it—so that I am sick of the feel of a pen this many a day. I'm delighted to hear of your popularity,³ being sure that all you advise people to do will be kind and right. I am not surprised at the popularity, but I wonder that you have not had some nasty envious reviews.

I like the impudence of these Scotch brats. Do they suppose it would have been either pleasure or honour to me to come and lecture there? It is perhaps as much their luck as mine that they changed their minds about it.⁴ I shall be down at Brantwood soon (*D. V.*). Poor Mr. Sly's death⁵ is a much more troublous thing to me than Glasgow Elections.

To HENRY ACLAND, M. D.⁶

[Nov., 1879.]

MY DEAREST HENRY,—Yes, everything is pathetic, understood; but surely ought not to be distressful. Is not the sadness and loss of courage in you owing to your over sensitive conception of duty? It ought not to be destructive of the powers at the close of life, that we have been greatly happy in the midst of it; but it assuredly takes away our powers of continuing the same duty, when we have lost the accustomed aid. Whatever rest you can take, whatever pleasure you can find in little things, is *now* your duty, that you may keep what remains of strength for your children, and your country, in the influence which every good man possesses—entirely precious, though not exerted in any laboriously active way. I could make a hundred plans for you, but as you would assuredly adopt none, I won't;—only this fact I

¹ [No. 36 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleison (see Vol. XXXIV. p. 186).]

² [That is, in studies for *The Bible of Amiens*.]

³ [In the press notices of Mr. Malleison's *Life of Christ*.]

⁴ [In the following year, however, Ruskin did accept nomination as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 547.]

⁵ [Landlord of the Waterhead Hotel at Coniston.]

⁶ [Who had been passing through times of private sorrow (Mrs. Sarah Acland had died in the previous year) and public worry and annoyance: see J. B. Atlay's *Henry Acland*, p. 395.]

know—that the sense of fulfilled duty does not support one under grief—while ordinary prudence in managing the mind, if *free*, will gradually deaden, distract, and at last exalt it. (If the duty be in a thing one likes, all is well—but not if it be monotonous or contentious.) . . .
Ever your affect. J. R.

To HENRY ACLAND, M. D.

[Nov., 1879.]

MY DEAREST HENRY,—Your letter is very touching to me. I never *could* understand what use I was to you—or to Sarah either. I always felt that *you* loved me, but I was never clear that Sarah did; nor *sure* that, except in a partial way, she even approved of me.

For the bust, I shall only be too glad¹ to sit to Boehm¹ anywhere and any time he likes, and will stay in town as long as necessary. I suppose I shall have a line from him to-day or to-morrow, and will at once answer, making appointment. Curiously, I gave equal *carte-blanche* to Herkomer yesterday, who wishes to make an etching. I really hope, between them, there may be a little more kindly and useful truth known of me than from photographs.

Joanna is in great delight about both plans, and sends you her love and thanks.—Ever—with dear love to Angie and the boys—your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To H. S. MARKS, R. A.²

November, 1879.

MY DEAR MARCO,—I've not been myself, and couldn't get what I wanted to say of the birds into any clearness for you, but I must, at least, say how entirely glad I am to see the strength of a good painter set upon natural history, and this intense fact and abstract of animal character used as a principal element in decoration. The effort is so unexampled, that you cannot hope to satisfy yourself, or satisfy all conditions of success at the first trial. But you have, at all events, done, and the Duke is happy, more than any patron of art in these times, in having induced you to do, what will be the beginning of a most noble and vital school of natural history, and useful, no less than charming art. I think you will have ultimately to keep the

¹ [For the bust which was to be presented by public subscription to the University: see Vol. XXI. p. 308 (Plate LXX.), and Vol. XXXV. p. 1.]

² [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 177–178. The references is to birds painted by Marks for the Duke of Westminster in one of the drawing-rooms at Eaton: see above, p. 229.]

foliage darker and flatter—and for my own share *I* should like some blue sky and flying birdies behind. But I'm such a lover of blue (except in beards, stockings, and devils) that I'm no safe counsellor.—Ever yours, etc.

To H. S. MARKS, R. A.¹

[?1879.]

. . . And I had indeed a thrill and pang of remorse when I came to your woful little sentence about the humour. It is nevertheless too true, and indeed some very considerable part of the higher painter's gift in you is handicapped by that particular faculty, which nevertheless, being manifestly an essential and inherent part of you, cannot itself be too earnestly developed: but only in harmony with the rest to the forcible point. When you say you are not a colourist, it merely means that you have not cared to be one. You have a perfect eye for, colour, but practically have despised it—just as I despised my Father's taste for sherry, and now, to my shame, don't know it from brandy and water! But that is simply because I never set myself to watch the tongue sensations. Colour is to be learned, just as Greek is learned by reading the best Greek masters; and if we go on colouring and talking Greek out of our heads—however good the heads may be—they never make headway. When you painted your Convocation² you enjoyed the humour of the birds, but not their likeness to the cloud and the snow in relation to earth and sea—and I am certain there is more strnegth in you, by a full third, than you have yet discovered. But it will only come out if you put yourself under Tintoret's eagles and (Carpaccio's parrots, as well as under the wild creatures themselves; just as Tintoret and Carpaccio learned of Jove's eagle his thunder—and of Juno's peacock her eyes—and of Cytheræa's doves her breath.³ Nature never tells her secrets but through the lips of a FAther or a Master; and the Father and the master can say nothing wise but as Her interpreter.—Beklieve me, etc.,

J. RUSKIN.

To. H. S. Marks, R. A.⁴

[1879].

It is a feeling of the same kind which keeps me from writing to Miss Greenaway—the oftener I look at her designs, the more I want a

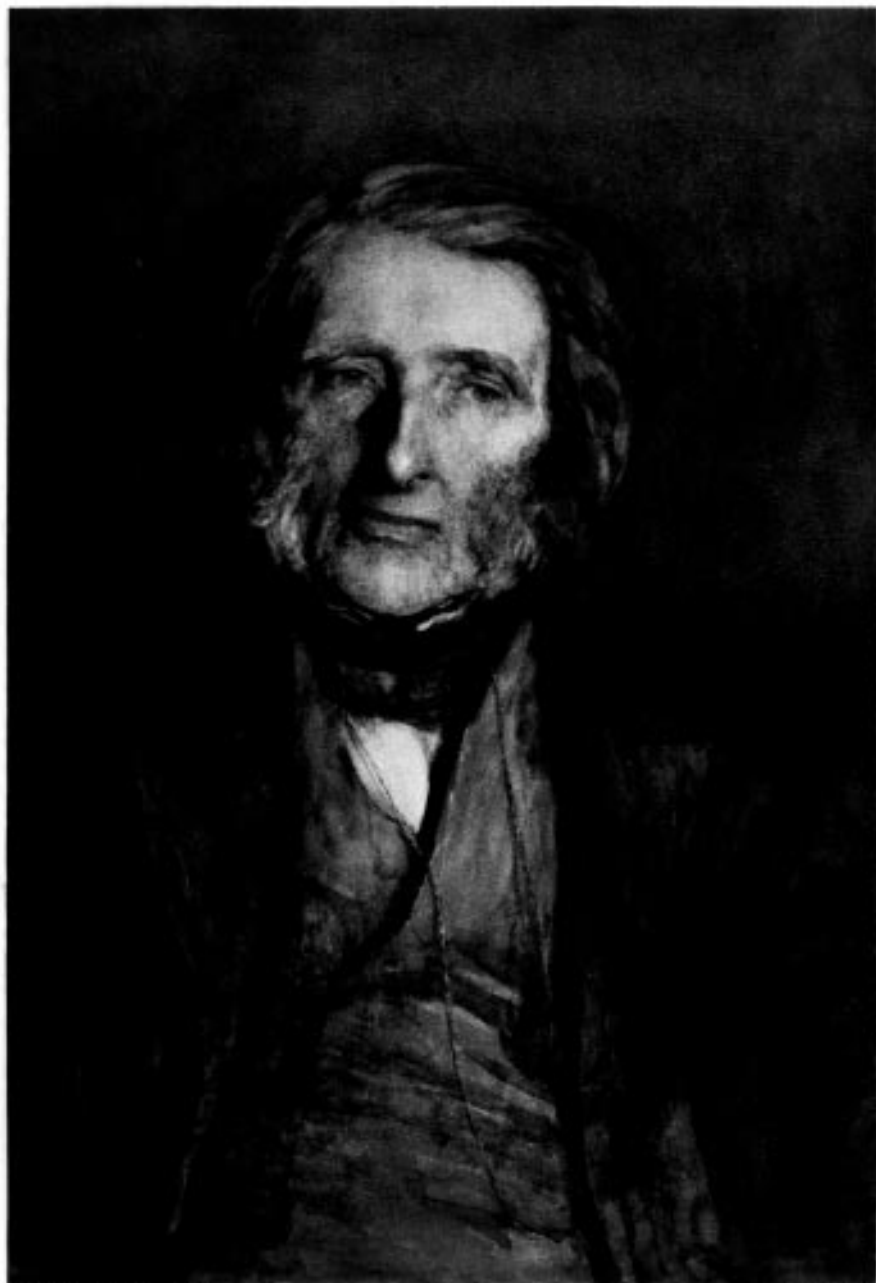
¹ [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 178–179, undated.]

² [No. 286 in the Royal Academy, 1878.]

³ ["But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes

Or Cytherea's breath."—*The Winter's Tale*, Act iv. sc. 3: compare Vol. XXV. pp. 415–416.]

⁴ [No. 7 in *Kate Greenaway*, by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, 1905, p. 109.]



Robert von Herkomer, R.A.

Allen & Co. Sc.

John Ruskin

1879

working, as I never thought to do again, against time lately, and have been writing letters to my clerical friends—*e.g.*, grey pamphlet¹ sent with this, I hope—and a quantity of talk besides—as useless probably—about pictures, which you'll get on Monday; and I hope to be over myself early in the week to get some forgiveness and blessing from you.

Very good it was of Froude to come too—after what I've been writing to him—but certainly the Devil's got into him lately—though he's still himself, all but that contents. Love to Mary.—Ever your faithfullest and lovingest

J. RUSKIN.

To JOHN MORGAN²

BRANTWOOD, *December 19th*, 1879.

DEAR MR. MORGAN,—I'm going to be a brute! but I do wish my friends to know what sort of a brute I am.

This morning I am quietly working on my translation of the Laws of Plato, and enjoying myself; in comes the post, with a lot of letters and your parcel. I take a quarter of an hour to unfold the pink paper—growling and swearing all the time at the supposed young lady who has sent me her drawings to look at. I find the Memorial,³ which brings me instantly back out of the Laws of Plato into the entirely accursed tumult of Modern Venice, and her idiocies. I read your letter, and find I've got to write one of sentimental thanks in return (so here it is!), and to transfer the Memorial to the Society!— and I don't know where “the Society” is! any more than the Pope (perhaps *he* does). And so—with a few more growls and oaths—I roll up the document again, and despatch it to my Bond St. Exhibition,—whence I hope it will find its way where it ought to.

And here's my breakfast coming, and all my letters unanswered—and my friends won't understand that the one thing they can do for me is to let me rest, and mind my own business—while they look after what is, if they understand it, wholly *theirs*.

All the same, I'm much obliged, and always faithfully yours,

J. R.

¹ [The first privately-printed edition (October 1879) of *Letters to the Clergy* (Vol. XXXIV. p. 179). The “talk about pictures” was the *Notes on Prout and Hunt* (Vol. XIV.)]

² [No. 38 in *Furnivall*, pp. 93–94. For Mr. Morgan, of Aberdeen (a Companion of St. George's Guild), see Vol. XIV. p. 312.]

³ [A memorial of protest against the threatened “restoration” of St. Mark's, Venice. Ruskin, however, by no means kept out of the fray; and in the catalogue of his “Bond St. Exhibition” (of drawings by Prout and Hunt) referred to the subject: see Vol. XIV. pp. 428, 429.]

To ANGELO ALESSANDRI¹

BRANTWOOD, 19th Dec., '79.

MY DEAR ANGELO,—I am entirely delighted with your drawing, just received. The *soul* of Carpaccio is in you, and with God's help you will do blessed things for Venice. I speak with the more earnestness and confidence because I have been looking again at that lizard from the St. George and the little pencil head you did of St. Jerome for me, and they are both quite perfect and marvellous. This little drawing is quite exquisite. I send you a cheque for *five* pounds for it; and am ready to take all you can do of that size at that price, the extra pound being to enable you, when needful, to take a little more pains with the boats, which are an essential part of Venice, and which you have not yet drawn carefully or lovingly. The *only* fault in this drawing is that the water is too streaky, and the streaks are straight lines, not sides of waves. In future, either let the water be calm, or *note down* the action of the waves at some given moment—never do them out of your head. The rest of the drawing is consummately good—the sky especially delicious in its light and truth.

Sincere thanks for your affection and fidelity. Now, mind, two things you must guard against. The first, any morbid anxiety to make the drawings laboriously good all over; do not lose time in painting ugly detail, but finish all that is lovely, and put the rest in harmonious tone, with as little trouble as may be. You can't give too much pains to bits of wall like the broken near one in this drawing, but often you will have necessarily vulgar bits coming in—which may be quickly done.

I do not really *fear* this for you—but I think it right to warn you to take care not to let the idea of the money to be gained become at all principal with you. The Devil will try to make you think of it. Don't—but think only how to do justice to Venice, to yourself, and to me.—Ever your loving Padre,

J. RUSKIN.

A happy Christmas to you. (I have not yet come upon the other drawing, but hope to *soon*.)

¹ [The Venetian artist, who did much work for Ruskin, see Vol. XXX. pp. lix.-lxi. "The little drawing" of St. Jerome is at Sheffield (*ibid.*, p. 197). A few words of this letter have already been printed in Vol. XXX. pp. lxi., 197.]

To MRS. BURNE-JONES

BRANTWOOD [Dec. 27, '79].

I'm rather pleased at this business.¹ It is such a pretty little bit of old-fashioned devil's trickery—so neat and clear—one scarcely wants even horns and tail to finish it up with. I think Rooke ought to be immensely flattered—and set to work with twice the heart, when the spring comes. I'll send word to Bunney and authority. Love to Ned and to any pretty Goddesses that happen to be down just now and about the place.

And love to Phil and—Peg—(I hope that's unpoetical enough for you).

To MISS SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD, 30th December.

I heard with extreme sorrow yesterday of your mischance, and with the greater, that I felt the discomfort and alarm of it would be increased to you—in their depressing power—by a sense of unkindness to you on my part in not having been to see you—nor even read the letter which would have warned me of your accident. But you must remember that Christmas is to me a most oppressive and harmful time—the friends of the last thirty years of life all trying to give what they cannot give, of pleasure, or receive what, from me, they can no more receive—the younger ones especially thinking they can amuse me by telling me of their happy times—which I am so mean as to envy, and am doubly distressed by the sense of my meanness in doing so.

And my only resource is the quiet of my own work, to which—these last days—I have nearly given myself altogether. Yet I *had* read your letter as far as the place where you said you wanted one, and then began to think what I should say—and “read no further”³ that day—and now here is this harm that has befallen you—which I trust, nevertheless, is of no real consequence; and this one thing I must say once for all, that whatever may be my feelings to you, you must *never* more let yourself imagine for an instant they can come of any manner of offence. *That* thought is real injustice to me. I have never, and never can have, any other feeling towards you than that of the

¹ [The destruction, by fire on the Mont Cenis railway, of many of Mr. T. M. Rooke's studies of the mosaics of St. Mark's: see Vol. XXX. pp. lviii., 72.]

² [No. 100 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

³ [*Inferno*, v. 144.]

deepest gratitude, respect, and affection—too sorrowfully inexpressible and ineffectual, but never changing. I will drive, walk, or row over to see you on New Year's Day—if I am fairly well—be the weather what it will. I hope the bearer will bring me back a comforting report as to the effects of your accident, and that you will never let yourself again be discomforted by mistrust of me, for I am, and shall ever be, your faithful and loving servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

1880

[In March of this year Ruskin lectured at the London Institution on "Snakes." In August he went to France to study some of the northern cathedrals in connexion with *The Bible of Amiens*: see Vol. XXXIII. pp. xxiii.-xxv.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

I'll look out the dial to-night. What a cruel thing of you to make me "look upon it"! I'm not gone to Venice *yet*, but thinking of it *hourly*.² I'm very nearly done with toasting my bishop; he just wants another turn or two, and then a little butter.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD, 6th Jan., '79 [a mistake for 1880].

MY DEAR MISS GREENAWAY,—I lay awake half (no, a quarter) of last night, thinking of the hundred things I want to say to you—and never shall get said!—and I'm giddy and weary, and now can't say even half or a quarter of one out of the hundred. They're about you, —and your gifts—and your graces, and your fancies, and your—yes, perhaps one or two little tiny—faults; and about other people—

¹ [No. 149 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632). "Toasting my bishop" refers to the *Rejoinder* to Bishop Fraser on Usury (*Contemporary Review*, February 1880): see Vol. XXXIV. pp. xxxvi., 401 *seq.* Ruskin presently went abroad, but not to Venice.]

² [For the Fool looking at the dial and counting the hours (hence Ruskin's italicising *hourly*), see *As You Like It*, Act ii. sc. 7.]

³ [No. 1 in *Kate Greenaway*, by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, 1905, pp. 82–83 (hereafter referred to as *Kate Greenaway*, see below, p. 655). For Ruskin's friendship with her, see the Introduction; Vol. XXXVI. pp. ciii.-cvii.]

children and grey-haired—and what you could do for them—if you once made up your mind for whom you would do it—for children *only*, for instance? or for old people—*me*, for instance—and of children and old people—whether for those of 1880—only—or of 18–8–9–10– 11–12–20–0–0–0–0–etc., etc., etc. Or, more simply, Annual or Perennial?

Well, of the 1000 things—it was nearer a thousand than a hundred—this is anyhow the first. Will you please tell me whether you can only draw these things out of your head, or could—if you chose—draw them with the necessary modifications from nature? For instance: Down in Kent the other day, I saw many more lovely farmhouses—many more pretty landscapes—than any in your book. But the farms had—perhaps—a steam-engine in the yard—the landscapes a railroad in the valley. Now, do you never want to draw such houses and places—as they used to be—and might be?

That's No. 1.

No. 2 of the Thousand. Do you only draw pretty children out of your head? In my parish school there are at least twenty prettier than any in your book—but they are in costumes neither graceful nor comic—they are not like blue china—they are not like mushrooms;—they are like—very ill-dressed Angeli.¹ Could you draw groups of these as they *are*?

No. 3 of the thousand. Did you ever see a book called *Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor*?²

No. 4 of the thousand. Do you ever see blue sky? and when you do, do you like it?

No. 5. Is a witches' ride on a broomstick³ the only chivalry you think it desirable to remind the glorious nineteenth century of?

No. 6. Do you believe in Fairies?

No. 7. In ghosts?

No. 8. In Principalities or Powers?

No. 9. In—Heaven?

No. 10. In—Anywhere else?

No. 11. Did you ever see Chartres Cathedral?

No. 12. Did you ever study—there or elsewhere—thirteenth-century glass?

No. 13. Do you ever go to the manuscript room of the British Museum?

¹ [In the book, misprinted "Angels"; but Ruskin wrote "Angeli," and was thinking of "Non angli, sed Angeli" (see Vol. XVII. p. 406).]

² [By Miss Laffan: for other references to the book, see Vol. XXIX. p. 431, Vol. XXXII. p. 111.]

³ [See *Under the Window*, p. 35.]

true and deep tone of colour,—and a harmony which should distinctly represent either sunshine, or shade, or true local colour. I do not know how far with black outline this can be done, but I would fain see it attempted. And also I want her to make more serious use of her talent—and show the lovely things that *are*, and the terrible which *ought to be known*, instead of mere ugly nonsense, like that brown witch.¹ If she would only do what she naturally feels, and would wish to teach others to feel, without any reference to saleableness, she probably would do lovelier things than any one could tell her—and I could not tell her rightly unless I knew something of her own mind, even what might be immediately suggestive to her, unless perhaps harmfully. Please tell me your own feeling about her things.

J. R.

To Miss SARA ANDERSON

[HERNE HILL] 1st Dec., '79.

I've been quite a prisoner to Mr. Herkomer—who has, however, made a perfectly beautiful drawing of me—the first that has ever given what good may be gleaned out of the clods of my face;—and before that, I had to go over to Kensington every day to Boehm, who is doing a yet more *like* thing in clay,—but I think my eyes are a loss in that.²

And I'm very well (you ask that for postscript in the last letter but one)—and amusing myself! I went to see Mr. Irving last Friday in Shylock, and the Doge of Venice—as I heard afterwards—told all the Senators that I was there—and Irving sent to ask me to come round after his final discomfiture;—and so I went—and made him a pretty little speech³—and have written to him yesterday (Sunday) to ask him to make Portia cast down her eyes when she tells Bassanio what she's good for.

To THOMAS CARLYLE⁴

HERNE HILL [December, 1879].

MY DEAREST PAPA,—And did you come here—yourself—actually—you dearest, kindest papa—to see your poor unfilial prodigal? Oh me, I'm always being routed about by the pigs (not that I mean that, I mean by pigs everything that's bad), and can't get away. I've been

¹ [The witch in *Under the Window* (1878).]

² [Herkomer's portrait is here given (Plate VIII.): for Boehm's bust, see Vol. XXI. Plate LXX. (p. 308).]

³ [On this subject, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 545.]

⁴ [The last of Ruskin's letters to Carlyle.]

No. 14. Strong outline will not go with strong colour? But if so, do you never intend to draw with delicate outline?

No. 15. Will you please forgive me—and tell me—some of these things I've asked.—Ever gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN

To GEORGE ALLEN¹

BRANTWOOD, Jan. 11th, 1880.

DEAR ALLEN,—I should like to know if that friend is *satisfied* with his oak-leaves.² For the pencils, I really don't know how to set price. They are merely curiosities. There are not many of the kind—and *some day* they may be valuable. I'm going to send you another bundle, and you had better wait till you get all. It seems to me for *you* to price—not me—in things of mere curiosity; for my present work, I can say "*It is worth*" this—or that.—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. R.

Busy with Bp. of Manchester³—can't answer a word of your last letter.

I think *Norma Munificentia* might do for Polit. Econ., but should like an English one better.⁴

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY⁵

BRANTWOOD, 15th Jan., '80.

DEAR MISS GREENAWAY,—How delightful of you to answer all my questions! and to read *Fors*! I never dreamed you were one of my readers!—and I had rather you read that than anything else of mine, and rather *you* read it than anybody else.

I am so delighted also with you really liking blue sky—and those actual cottages—and that you've never been abroad. And that's all I can say to-day, but only this, that I think from what you tell me, you will feel with me, in my wanting you to try the experiment of representing any actual piece of nature (however little) as it really is, yet in the modified harmony of colour necessary for printing—making a simple study first as an ordinary water-colour sketch, and then

¹ [A few words of this letter have already been given in Vol. XVI. p. xxxv.]

² [Ruskin was at this time selling a few of his drawings through Mr. Allen.]

³ [The *Reply and a Rejoinder* on Usury: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 401.]

⁴ [That is, as title for the new edition of *The Political Economy of Art*. "A Joy for Ever, and its Price in the Market" was ultimately selected: see Vol. XVI.]

⁵ [No. 2 in *Kate Greenaway* (see below, p. 655).]

translating it into outline and the few advisable tints. So as to be able to say, The sun was in, or out,—it was here—or there,—and the gown, or the tree, or the paling, was of this colour on one side, and of that on the other. I believe your lovely design and grouping will come out all the brighter and richer for such exercise. And then, when the question of absolute translation is once answered, that of conventional change may be met on its separate terms, securely.— Ever gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To F. CRAWLEY¹

BRANTWOOD, *January 25th* [1880].

MY DEAR CRAWLEY,—I think it possible you may like to keep Miss Yule's letter, and therefore return it.

Please, I want the quarto Greek Testament manuscript—with golden letters in many places, two columns of text—from my bookcase next the door.² You must get a box made, so it may as well be big enough for the *Romance of Rose* MS. too, which should be in compartment furthest from window of the great bookcase.

I miss a drawing of my Florentine book,³ *Helena Rapita da Paris*. Please ask Mr. Macdonald if I gave it to the schools: if so, all is right.

Please find the three vols. of Lord Lindsay—in inner room, I think—and send them to Mrs. Talbot, Elm Wood, Bridgwater, Somerset.

I enjoyed the frost very much till I got a sharp fall on the ice, which hurt my left wrist a little, so that I'm afraid to slide any more. It would never do to sprain my right; and since then I'm jealous of the people on the lake, and rather shivering and miserable—but glad it holds on, for the wonder of it.—Ever your affectionate Master,

J. R.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

BRANTWOOD [1880?].

I'm only going away for Sunday, coming back on the Monday, and going to stay for a week longer. Mr. MacD. has begun a pretty drawing of the study (and really depends on my assistant criticism);

¹ [No. 27 in *Letters to Various Correspondents*, pp. 81–83. Crawley was in Oxford, and Ruskin had not yet removed all his belongings from Oxford.]

² [The MS. described in Vol. XXXIV. p. 703. For the MS. of the *Roman*, see above, pp. 18, 22, 70.]

³ [The "Florentine Picture Chronicle" now in the British Museum (see above, p. 179): for a reference to the drawing of Helen, see Vol. XXII. p. 427.]

⁴ [No. 143 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631). The date may be February 1880, as Ruskin spent a few days in Sheffield then. Mr. Macdonald's drawing of the study at Brantwood was shown in 1881; for a reproduction of it, see Vol. XXIII. Plate B, p. xxviii.]

and Diddie, I think, will enjoy her dinner with you to-morrow better than if I had gone for good and all; and I think I shall enjoy my Sunday at Sheffield, if I had gone for evil and all. I've turned the page to say I'm rather pleased with that transmutation (what a stupid thing of me to divide that stupid word) of “for good and all,” mockingest of human phrases. Even if one were going away for a honeymoon, it would only be for better or worse—not for good and all,— or, stay, perhaps it means for good and all *else*. One uses it too without the all,—“for good”—meaning that nothing that isn't good can be eternal. I am puzzled; but I believe I'm coming back “for good” anyhow. And, there now, I've to turn the page once more, and, I was only going to say something stupid about good-bye, a word that makes me shudder from head to foot.

I've found another stone for you—lapis-lazuli, which never fades, and is heaven-colour to all time.

To C. FAIRFAX MURRAY¹

BRANTWOOD, *February 29th*, 1880.

DEAR MURRAY,—It is pleasant to be within such quick post; I never can write a word if the post's a week off. It's great news that those frescoes are yet unsold.² As soon as you have any leisure, go at them hard with photo and colour both before anything else. Yes, the Luca's³ here, in a corner of my study—a perpetual pride and care—quite one of the most precious things I have; but yet how the photograph flattered it in some ways. It must surely have been touched to conceal the defect in the face of the infant, and the forehead of one cherub? also the darkening green of the foliage made it look so much richer.

Your Madonna and roses and little St. John⁴ are glorious; but tell me exactly where the picture is, and what size. How *could* I have missed it!

I enclose your cheque with hearty thanks. Kindest regards to your wife.—Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 20 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 54, 55.]

² [The Botticelli frescoes, formerly in the Villa Lemmi, outside Florence, and now in the Louvre. For Mr. Murray's studies from them, see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 313–315.]

³ [A relief in Della Robbia ware, purchased by Mr. Murray in Florence for Ruskin; see Vol. XXXIV. p. 666 and Plate VII.]

⁴ [The picture by Botticelli in the Pitti Palace, at Florence, in which the Madonna, holding the infant Christ in her arms, bends down to allow him to kiss the little St. John. Mr. Murray's water-colour copy is in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield: see Vol. XXX. p. 192.]

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

HERNE HILL, 24th Morning [March, 1880].

All went excellently,¹ and Arfie received Eleanor and me at supper—quite himself—though he still only gets sleep by snatches—but better every day.

We had nice news for him on the whole. You know, one of the chief *éclats* in the lecture is the unfolding of the constrictor's skin. They put people behind me, under the diagrams, so I can't unfold it and muffle *them* all up—completely. So this time I warned Allen and Burgess that I should get on the table myself, and stand in front of the desk—and they at the two table ends, so—[sketch], and we would hold the skin in a crescent. So, in due time, I jumped on to the table (it's rather high!) apparently much to the satisfaction of the audience, and pulled out the middle of the skin with me, when, turning round to give directions, instead of Allen and Burgess—behold—at the two ends of the skin—for heraldic supporters—Walter! and Henry!!² I couldn't believe my eyes for a moment, but recovered myself, and nodding to Henry, went on with my talk—finishing by a *jump* down from the high table—pretty well for sixty-one—at least Eleanor says so—(I didn't ask Taglioni!³).

When I went to C. Square, she hadn't finished a lesson to some Archduke's children, whom she made shake hands with me as they came downstairs, reverently, three brave little boys and an elder sister of about eleven—Vandyke-like and lovely.

I introduced Wedderburn to them in the theatre. I meant him to take in the Princess,⁴ but he was a minute too late—so she followed me and her grandmother. I got them two lovely chairs, and then brought Eleanor and Wedderburn to flank them—and it was all nice—only Eleanor would rather have sate nearer Tottie and Mattie, who were close on the other side.

Ned and Georgie and Fanny were there—but high up.

I was in fair power—not my best—but people were pleased. Always at the London I'm greatly plagued by having to talk in the Committee room to people I don't know from the Pope—just when I want to be settling myself to my work;—this spoils the “extempore” bits more than could be believed. . .

¹ [At Ruskin's lecture, “A Caution to Snakes,” delivered at the London Institution on March 17, and repeated on March 23. The lecture was printed as ch. i. of vol. ii. of *Deucalion*: see Vol. XXVI. p. 295.]

² [Mr. Arthur Severn's two brothers.]

³ [For whom, see Vol. XXXV. p. 176 and *n.*]

⁴ [Princess Troubetskoi, granddaughter of Taglioni (Comtesse de Voisins).]

I've to go into town early to-day to see Froude—lunch at the Marks's—Theatre—with Eleanor (to Madge¹)—in evening.

Weather lovely but cold. I very well—but can't get up in the mornings—as I always tell you, this is a bad new habit I've got into.

To Miss SARA ANDERSON

BRANTWOOD [*April 7, 1880*].

I am so very glad you enjoy your Herodotus. Whenever I get back to him it makes me young again. And I sometimes wish, of late, there were no books in the world but the Bible and him.

Keep Harrison's² letter. I answered it very sweetly, and don't want it again.

Tell me what the fashions are for summer dresses, and *I'll* choose one—for an Easter gift.

To WILLIAM WARD³

BRANTWOOD, *April 7th, 1880*.

MY DEAR WARD,—I am so glad you like that drawing. I think it a most precious one, and am most anxious to see it copied. But please make the sky just the least bit more forcible. I am sure it is a little faded, and I cannot now myself see the white cloud at all except in the strongest lights. You may quite safely give it a very definitely greater relief, keeping the floating near clouds much as they are,—but, throughout, allowing a little more, rather than less, weight to the defining shadows in sheep, rocks, and clouds.

Thanks for the Giotto references. I'm delighted that the "Fluelen" has been so satisfactory.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss BERTHA PATMORE⁴

BRANTWOOD, *16th April, 1880*.

MY DEAR BERTHA,—It was very dear and kind of you to write to me and to think of me as of one whose pity you would care to have. Many and many a time—and much especially of late—I

¹ [For another reference to Mrs. Kendal, see Vol. XXVI. p. 328.]

² [Mr. Frederic Harrison.]

³ [No. 89 in *Ward*; vol. ii. pp. 65–66. "That drawing" was Turner's "Aiguillette," in the possession of Ruskin: see Plate XVIII. in Vol. XXII. (p. 70). For Ruskin's commendation of Mr. Ward's copy of the "Fluelen," see Vol. XII. p. 577.]

⁴ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 299. The letter was written on the death of Patmore's second wife.]

have been thinking of you, though it is only with extreme difficulty that I get anything I would say written in any way worth sending. Please write soon to me again, saying how your father is: and something also of yourself, and whether this sorrow will cause any change in place or way of life to you. My dear love to your father.—Ever your faithful and affectionate friend, J. RUSKIN.

To COVENTRY PATMORE¹

BRANTWOOD, 20th April, '80.

DEAR PATMORE,—It was good of you to write to me, but your letter still leaves me very anxious about you.

I do not at all understand the feelings of religious people about death. *All* my own sorrow is absolutely infidel, and part of the general failure and meanness of my heart. Were I a Catholic, I do not think I should ever feel sorrow in any deep sense—but only a constant brightening of days as I drew nearer companionship—perhaps not with those I had cared for in this world—and certainly with others besides them. My own longing, and what trust I have, is only for my own people. But I have been putting chords of music lately, such as I can, to Herrick's "Comfort".²—

"In endless bliss She thinks not on What's said or done In earth.	Nor doth she mind, Or think on't now, That ever thou Wast kind"—
----------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------

fearing only that it is too true.—Ever your affectionate.

J. R.

To the REV. F. A. MALLESON³

BRANTWOOD, May, 1880.

MY DEAR MALLESON,—I am heartily glad to hear there's a chance it's a mistake. I can't have any visiting, and if you were clear of all

¹ [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 300.]

² [The full title of the poem quoted is "Comfort to a youth that had lost his Love." The last word in the first line should be "mirth." See *Elements of English Prosody*, § 18 (Vol. XXXI. p. 342). Patmore (like Tennyson, see Vol. XXXVI. p. xl. *n.*) read Ruskin's *Elements* with interest. "I found Ruskin's pamphlet on metre extremely interesting," he wrote to Mr. Sidney Colvin. "It is on the same lines with my essay, which it is a pity he had not read. Like all he writes, this pamphlet is full of lights, but it is not one sufficient light" (*Memoirs and Correspondence*, vol. ii. p. 68).]

³ [No. 43 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleson: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 186.]

the F's and R's and every other pestilent letter in the alphabet, I must make you understand what I've told you now twenty times if once, that I *won't talk*. I see people whom I can teach, or who can teach me—you can be neither pupil nor master. You come simply to amuse *yourself*, and you have not the slightest power of sympathy with other people (else you wouldn't be a clergyman, with the quantity of real sense and feeling that you have!). I can't write any more to-day.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday*, 16th May, 1880.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—We've had two months of fine weather, and I've been painting and digging. I could have sent you a scrap like this before, but was ashamed—and now I've been getting into a lot of new work on Scott, and never get a line of letters written at all—only I won't give any of my drawings to America. They would not be of any real use—I know that more and more, by their uselessness here—and they're worth money to me besides—and I'm not going to fleece myself any more. I've done enough.

But I'm not less your ever loving and grateful. J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM MORRIS²

27th May, 1880.

Please recollect—or hereafter know—by these presents—that I am old, ill, and liable any day to be struck crazy if I get into a passion. And, therefore, while I can still lecture—if I choose—on rattlesnakes' tails, I can't on anything I care about. Nor *do* I care to say on this matter more than I have done, especially since I know that the modern mob will trample to-morrow what it spares to-day. You younger men must found a new dynasty—the old things *are* passed away.³ . . .

¹ [No. 186 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 161–162. The “new work on Scott” was for *Fiction, Fair and Foul* (Vol. XXXIV.).]

² [From a *Catalogue of Autograph Letters*, issued by William Brown, 26 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 1900, No. 149. Morris had presumably asked Ruskin to write, or lecture, in connexion with the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. The lecture on “rattlesnakes' tails” was the one described above, p. 312.]

³ [See Revelation xxi. 4.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD [1880?].

I am indeed most thankful you are well again, though I never looked on that deafness very seriously; but if you *like* hearing watches tick, and boots creak, and plates clatter, so be it to you, for many and many a year to come. I think I should *so* like to be deaf, mostly —not expected to answer anybody in society, never startled by a bang, never tortured by a railroad whistle, never hearing the nasty cicadas in Italy, nor a child cry, nor an owl: nothing but a nice whisper into my ear, by a pretty girl. Ah well, I'm very glad I can chatter to you with my weak voice, to my heart's content; and you must come and see me soon now. All that you say of *Proserpina* is joyful to me. What a Susie you are, drawing like that! and I'm sure you know Latin better than I do.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD, 1880.

What am I about all this while?

Well—I wake every morning at four—can't help it—to see the morning light. Perhaps I go to sleep again—but never for long—then I do really very good work in the mornings—but by the afternoon I'm quite beaten and can do nothing but lie about in the wood.

However—the Prosody and Serpent lecture are just finishing off, and then I shall come to see you in the morning, while I am awake.

I went out before breakfast this morning, half asleep—and saw what I thought was a red-breasted woodpecker as big as a pigeon! Presently it came down on the lawn, and I made up my mind it was only a robin about the size of a small partridge! Can it have been a cross-bill?

To Dr. JOHN BROWN³

BRANTWOOD, 5th June [1880?].

That's the very thing. I'm so glad to know of such a dictionary.

I did not answer one chief bit in your letter, “the difference to me.”⁴ I cannot distinguish in myself the change caused by old age

¹ [No. 120 in *Hortus Inclusus*. The date is conjectural.]

² [No. 94 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 627). The “Serpent lecture” (see above, p. 312) was published in July 1880; the *Elements of English Prosody*, in October.]

³ [No. 28 of “Letters from Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 308–309.]

⁴ [For another reference to Wordsworth's piece beginning “She dwelt among the untrodden ways,” see Vol. IV. p. 393, Vol. XXV. p. 389, Vol. XXXIV. p. 571.]

from that caused by loss. What all the lovely things round me here would have been to me had I had Father or Mother now, or what they would cease to be if I were to lose Joanie, I cannot fancy. The only *real* sorrow is the thought of pain given long ago; the rest is loss, not pain, and even a certain gain of nobleness in bearing loss. But the Difference,—yes, immeasurable.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*¹

BRANTWOOD, *June 6th*, 1880.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—The long letter is in my mind to be written to you, but I think it will come broken into other forms now, about ugliness, and get into my Scott articles.²

I do so wish I could come and see the picture frames, and much else. But what you mainly want, and without which nothing will be of real use, is lovely figure pictures. I shall be in town next month, and will choose you some, and give them to you with St. George's love, —if you will promise to hang up no more beastly Aphides, and Cockroaches, and things.—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*³

BRANTWOOD, *June 8th* [1880].

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—It is wet to-day, but I hope to-morrow to despatch a nice parcel of pretty things. I'm very happy in the thought of being allowed to do so. Please make the girls understand once for all that if I send saints or angels I don't want to make papists of them, but only to give them creatures to think of who have no physical constitutions to bother them, and must be taken as a whole, wings and all, for better or worse.—Ever gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To DR. JOHN BROWN*⁴

BRANTWOOD [1880].

Tell Miss Brown, and please anybody else who remonstrates on the matter, that German isn't "a language" at all, but only a "throatage" or "gutturage," a mode of human expression learnt chiefly of wolves and bears, with half of the things it calls words stitched in the

¹ [No. 9 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 18, 19.]

² [*Fiction, Fair and Foul*: Vol. XXXIV.]

³ [No. 10 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. p. 20.]

⁴ [No. 29 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 309.]

middle like wasps and ants, or ass panniers, and letters scabbled out when people were mostly drunk,¹ so that they didn't know the tops from the bottoms of them.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

Please I want to know what “Dattern” and “thut” are in the following?

“Was haben doch die Gänse gethan,
Das so viel musse leben lan?
Die Gans mit ihrem Dattern,
Mit ihrem Geschrei und Schattern,
Sanct Martin haben verrathen.
Darum thut man sie braten.”²

Evelyn says³ that often on the doors of the houses in the streets of Brieg a wolf's, bear's, and fox's head might be seen altogether. The throatage of modern German Metaphysicians (Fichte) is truly Geschrei and Schattern. . .

To the Rev. E. P. BARROW⁴

BRANTWOOD, 24th June, '80.

It is a shame never to have thanked you for your lovely letter—but my life is *all* a shame to me now, in its weakness and failure. But I have health enough yet, thank God, to do tranquil work, and my friends will, I hope, still be a little pleased about me in seeing it done. Don't plague yourself about personally helping me at Sheffield or in other things, but use your own proper influence to make people do what is wise and right—each in their place—and explain what you care for of my work and me to them;—and, above all, think of the things I try to teach—non-usury, for instance, and agricultural life—in themselves, and not in any connection with me. I hope we may have many talks and plays yet.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN

¹ [Compare Vol. XXXIV. p. 585.]

² [One of various *Martinslieder*: see Grimm's *Deutsches Wörterbuch*, vol. 4, p. 1263. In the *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, the following translation is given:—

“What have the geese done,
That so many must lose their lives?
The geese with their cackling,
With their screaming and chattering,
Have betrayed Saint Martin.
That is why one roasts them.”]

³ [In his account of the Simplon, 1646: “Almost every doore had nail'd on the outside and next the streete a beare's, a wolfe's, or foxe's head, and divers of them all three; a savage kind of sight, but as the Alpes are full of these beasts, the people often kill them.”]

⁴ [From “Recollections of Ruskin at Oxford,” in *St. George*, April 1903, vol. vi. p. 115.]

To the Rev. WILLIAM KINGSLEY¹

BRANTWOOD, 21st July, '80.

DEAR KINGSLEY,—The National Gallery people under Burton are the safest I know of, since poor dear old Merritt's death.² I am sure—if you don't know Burton, that if you use my name to him³—besides it's strict "National" Gallery duty to save all going Gainsboroughs. But I think the people who take such bad care of them should give him one for his pains.

I was greatly shocked to hear of Tom Taylor's death,⁴ that freedom from cynicism was very lovely in him—but he was none the wiser for it. The *Punch* verses are far the best things he did, with some *plots* of plays (the dialogue always poor). I wish he could have kept out of picture galleries.

Did you see my Scott paper? I've got another this month, but shorter.—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WARD⁵

BRANTWOOD, July 28th, 1880.

MY DEAR WARD,—I hold for the "Tivoli"—the others *teach* nothing. People who looked at that, must learn. Send Mr. H. the "Aiguillette" to look at; and if he likes it at all, say he shall have the original to compare it with.

Burgess is doing the photos for lecture,⁶ but he's abroad just now. Say they'll be ready by end of year.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [For Ruskin's friendship with Mr. Kingsley, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. ciii.]

² [For Henry Merritt, picture-cleaner and art-critic, see Vol. XXVII. p. 486 *n.*]

³ [Ruskin does not finish his sentence, but he means that the restorers employed by Sir Frederic Burton (director of the National Gallery) were to be trusted, and that Ruskin's introduction would ensure Sir Frederic's good offices for Mr. Kingsley, who was interested in some Gainsborough needing attention.]

⁴ [For various references to Tom Taylor (1817–1880), art-critic, dramatist, and editor of *Punch*, see the General Index.]

⁵ [No. 91 in *Ward*; vol. ii. pp. 69–70. The letter refers to copies of Turner which Mr. Ward was to execute for Mr. T. C. Horsfall, to be placed in the Art Museum at Manchester. The "Tivoli" is No. 339 in the National Gallery (Vol. XIII. p. 625). For the "Aiguillette" (in Ruskin's collection), see *ibid.*, p. 420, and Vol. XXII. pp. 69–70, where a reproduction of it is given.]

⁶ [Photographs placed on sale with Mr. Ward, illustrating Ruskin's lecture on Snakes: see Vol. XXVI. p. 295 *n.*]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

[1880.]

If you have felt the thunder-heat as I did this morning, you will be thankful I do not come for you—but I think we are almost sure of lighter air and lighter hearts to-morrow, and I've been so beaten to-day by some tiresome people that I don't want you to be the least bit mixed up with them in memory. To-morrow to fresh woods— I've never thanked you for that find about Richie Moniplies, his name meaning Tripe!—it is delightful—but Scott interprets the name himself in the “many plies” of it, in the scene between Richie and George Heriot²—so that it tells every way.

I've been writing a little cat's paw bit about Wordsworth³ which, Joanie says, hits too hard. But Matthew Arnold has been sticking him up—out of all bounds.⁴

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁵

BRANTWOOD [August, 1880].

It is a great joy to me that *you* like the Wordsworth bits;⁶ there are worse coming; but I've been put into a dreadful passion by two of my cleverest girl pupils “going off pious”! It's exactly like a nice pear getting “sleepy”; and I'm pretty nearly in the worst temper I *can* be in, for W. W. But what *are* these blessed feathers? Everything that's best of grass and clouds and chrysoprase. What incomparable little creature wears such things, or lets fall! The “fringe of flame” is Carlyle's, not mine. Nearly all that Jemappes bit⁷ is his; but we feel so much alike, that you may often mistake one for the other now.

¹ [Not printed in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

² [For the meaning of the name, and for the scene in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, see Vol. XXXIV, p. 383.]

³ [One of the Parts of *Fiction, Fair and Foul*: see the Introduction to Vol. XXXIV, p. xxxiv.]

⁴ [In the Introduction to his volume of *Selections from Wordsworth*: see Vol. XXXIV, pp. xxxiv., 318.]

⁵ [No. 137 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 631).]

⁶ [In *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, ii. (*Nineteenth Century*, August 1880). For the “fringe of flame” (fire), see Vol. XXXIV, p. 316.]

⁷ [It should be explained that the “Jemappes bit,” there quoted from Carlyle's *French Revolution*, was in the *Nineteenth Century* printed in large type (though with inverted commas, which Miss Beever missed). For the “worse bits coming,” about Wordsworth, see the third paper, *ibid.*, pp. 325 *seq.*]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

ARTHUR SEVERN'S, HERNE HILL, *14th August, '80.*

I've *just* finished my Scott paper: but it has retouchings and notings yet to do. I couldn't write a word before; haven't so much as a syllable to Diddie, and only a move at chess to Macdonald, for, you know, to keep a chess player waiting for a move is like keeping St. Lawrence unturned.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

[HERNE HILL] *21st August, '80.*

I'm leaving to-day for Dover, and a line from you to-morrow or Monday would find me certainly at Poste Restante, Abbeville.

I have not been working at all, but enjoying myself (only that takes up time all the same) at Crystal Palace concerts, and jugglings, and at Zoological Gardens, where I had a snake seven feet long to play with, only I hadn't much time to make friends, and it rather wanted to get away all the time. And I gave the hippopotamus *whole* buns, and he was delighted, and saw the cormorant catch fish thrown to him six yards off; never missed one; you would have thought the fish ran along a wire up to him and down his throat. And I saw the penguin swim under water, and the sea lions sit up, four of them on four wooden chairs, and catch fish also; but they missed sometimes and had to flop off their chairs into the water and then flop out again and flop up again.

And I lunched with Cardinal Manning, and he gave me *such* a plum pie. I never tasted a Protestant pie to touch it.

To ARTHUR SEVERN³

HÔTEL DE FRANCE, AMIENS, *August 29th, '80.*

DEAREST ARFIE,—You will know how happy your telegram made us all last night. I shall, however, be a little anxious till I get a

¹ [No. 57 in *Hortus Inclusus*. The "Scott paper" must mean the Third Part of *Fiction, Fair and Foul*, published in the *Nineteenth Century* for September (Vol. XXXIV. p. 323).]

² [No. 58 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

³ [Referring to the birth of his youngest daughter, Violet Susannah Severn, whose second name was in compliment to her godmother (see below, p. 322).]

letter also. I hope to find one at Beauvais to-morrow—where, at all events, I shall stay for complete news.

The weather has been entirely glorious for *us*; I fear, too hot for Joan—you will, I trust, have kept ices out of her way.

What a state of joy Susie will be in! I lay awake last night, very happy about you, but am therefore a little nervous this morning. Mamie and Ethel¹ are gone to cathedral service. I stay quietly, writing a new *Fors* which is much wanted. Carriage ordered for afternoon drive along the coteaux, which I think you saw with Mr. Tylor, on the road to Abbeville, always beautiful at this time with harvest and loaded orchards.

Mamie gains strength every day. If only Mr. Hilliard were a farmer or a shepherd, and she had the farmyard and poultry to look after, she might still have long and happy life. As it is, I do not care to think what—it seems to me—*must* be.

Ethel plays delightfully, and all the waiters and chambermaids gather in the courtyard, and gush.

We drank *little* Susie's health last night in champagne—and the rest (not Me) had melon in mid-dinner besides. Slight indispositions the order of the day, for all *but* me, in consequence.—Ever your loving

DI PA.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

AMIENS, 29th August, '80.

You have been made happy, doubtless, with us by the news from Herne Hill. I've only a telegram yet though, but write at once to congratulate you on your little goddaughter.

Also to say that I am very well, and sadly longing for Brantwood; but that I am glad to see some vestige of beloved things here, once more.

We have glorious weather, and I am getting perfect rest most of the day—mere saunter in the sunny air, taking all the good I can of it. To-morrow we get (*D.V.*) to Beauvais, where perhaps I may find a letter from Susie; in any case you may write to Hotel Meurice, Paris.

The oleanders are coming out and geraniums in all cottage windows, and golden corn like Etruscan jewellery over all the fields.³

¹ [Mrs. and Miss Ethel Hilliard.]

² [No. 61 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

³ [Compare the extract from Ruskin's diary in Vol. XXV. p. xxi.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BEAUVAIS, 31st August, '80.

We are having the most perfect weather I ever saw in France, much less anywhere else, and I'm taking a thorough rest, writing scarcely anything and sauntering about old town streets all day.

I made a little sketch of the lake from above the Waterhead which goes everywhere with me, and it is so curious when the wind blows the leaf open when I am sketching here at Beauvais, where all is so differently delightful, as if we were on the other side of the world.

I think I shall be able to write some passages about architecture yet, which Susie will like. I hear of countless qualities being discovered in the new little Susie! And all things will be happy for me if you send me a line to Hotel Meurice saying *you* are happy too.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

BEAUVAIS, 1st Sept., 1880.

I leave this letter behind me at Beauvais, to reach you on poor dear old Auntie's² birthday. I had a sweet evening walk in old places which she knew well, last night, and I hope she's very happy in seeing how you have done all you could for her child, as you did for her.

I should not have been walking now among the vines of Beauvais, but for you.

I got Arfie's delightful letter here yesterday, sent on from Amiens. . . .

We're away for Paris at eleven (*D.V.*), and get there before two. Time to get a "loge" for something. I'm having a run of French novels, but have tumbled into a perfect convent gardenful of proper ones! and don't feel as if anybody knew I was out, yet.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

[September, 1880.]

Now you're just wrong about my darling Cardinal. See what it is to be jealous! He gave me lovely soup, roast beef, hare and currant jelly, puff pastry like Papal pretensions—you had but to breathe on it and it was nowhere—raisins and almonds, and those lovely preserved

¹ [No. 62 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

² [Ruskin's mother.]

³ [No. 59 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

cherries like kisses kept in amber. And told me delicious stories all through lunch. *There!*

And we really do see the sun here! And last night the sky was all a spangle and delicate glitter of stars, the glare of them and spikiness softened off by a young darling of a moon.

And I'm having rather a time of it in boudoirs, turned into smiling instead of pouting service.¹ But I'm not going to stay over my three weeks. How nice that you *can* and will walk round the dining-room for exercise!

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

PARIS, 4th September, '80.

I have all your letters, and rejoice in them; though it is a little sadder for you looking at empty Brantwood, than for me to fancy the bright, full Thwaite; and then it's a great shame that I've everything to amuse me, and lovely Louvres and shops and cathedrals and coquettes and pictures and plays and prettinesses of every colour and quality, and you've only your old, old hills and quiet lake. Very thankful I shall be to get back to them, though. We have finished our Paris this afternoon, and hope to leave for Chartres on Monday.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

HÔTEL DE MEURICE, PARIS, 4th September, '80.

Is it such pain to you when people say what they ought not to say about *me*? But when do they say what they ought to say about anything? Nearly everything I have ever done or said is as much above the present level of public understanding as the Old Man is above the Waterhead.

We have had the most marvellous weather thus far, and have seen Paris better than ever I've seen it yet,—and to-day at the Louvre we saw the Cassette of St. Louis, the Coffre of Anne of Austria,⁴ the porphyry vase, made into an eagle, of an old Abbé Ségur, or some such name. All these you can see also, you know, in those lovely photographs of Miss Rigbye's, if you can only make out in this vile writing of mine what I mean.

But it is so hot. I can scarcely sit up or hold the pen, but

¹ [On the original meaning of the word "boudoir," see Vol. XXVII. p. 570.]

² [No. 63 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

³ [No. 64 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

⁴ [For another reference to these objects, see Vol. XV. p. 483.]

tumble back into the chair every half minute and unbutton another button of waistcoat, and gasp a little, and nod a little, and wink a little, and sprinkle some Eau de Cologne a little, and try a little to write a little, and forget what I had to say, and where I was, and whether it's Susie or Joan I'm writing to; and then I see some letters I've never opened that came by this morning's post, and think I'd better open them perhaps; and here I find in one of them a delightful account of the quarrel that goes on in this weather between the nicest elephant in the Zoo and his keeper, because he won't come out of his bath. I saw them at it myself, when I was in London, and saw the elephant take up a stone and throw it hard against a door which the keeper was behind,—but my friend writes, "I *must* believe from what I saw that the elephant knew he would injure the man with the stones, for he threw them hard to the *side* of him, and then stood his ground; when, however, he threw water and wetted the man, he plunged into the bath to avoid the whip; not fearing punishment when he merely showed what he could do and did not."

The throwing the stone hard at the door when the keeper was on the other side of it must have been great fun for him!

I am so sorry to have crushed this enclosed scrawl. It has been carried about in my pocket to be finished, and I see there's no room for the least bit of love at the bottom. So here's a leaf full from the Bois de Boulogne, which is very lovely; and we drive about by night or day, as if all the sky were only the roof of a sapphire palace set with warm stars.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

HÔTEL DU GRANDE MONARQUE, CHARTRES, 8th September.

I suppose *I'm* the grand Monarque! I don't know of any other going just now, but I don't feel quite the right thing without a wig. Anyhow, I'm having everything my own way just now,—weather, dinner, news from Joanie and news from Susie, only I don't like her to be so very, very sad, though it *is* nice to be missed so tenderly. But I do hope you will like to think of my getting some joy in old ways again, and once more exploring old streets and finding forgotten churches. The sunshine is life and health to me, and I am gaining knowledge faster than ever I could when I was young.

This is just to say where I am, and that you might know where to write. The cathedral here is the grandest in France, and I stay a week at least.

¹ [No. 65 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

CHARTRES, 13th Sept., '80.

I must be back in England by the 1st October, and by the 10th shall be myself ready to start for Brantwood, but may perhaps stay, if Joanie is not ready, till she can come too. Anyway, I trust very earnestly to be safe in the shelter of my own woodside by the end of October. I wonder what you will say of my account of the Five lovers of Nature² and seclusion in the last *Nineteenth Century*?

I am a little ashamed to find that in spite of my sublimely savage temperament, I take a good deal more pleasure in Paris than of old, and am even going back there on Friday for three more days.

We find the people here very amiable, and the French old character unchanged. The perfect cleanliness and unruffledness of white cap, is always a marvel, and the market groups exquisite, but our enjoyment of the Fair is subdued by pity for a dutiful dog, who turns a large wheel (by walking up it inside) the whole afternoon, producing awful sounds out of a huge grinding organ, of which his wheel and he are the unfortunate instruments. Him we love, his wheel we hate! and in general all French musical instruments. I have become quite sure of one thing on this journey, that the French of to-day have no sense of harmony, but only of more or less lively tune; and even *for* a tune, will be content with any kind of clash or din, produced in time.

The Cathedral service is, however, still impressive.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

PARIS, 18th Sept., '80.

What a *very* sad little letter, and how very naughty of my little Susie to be sad because there are still six weeks to the end of October! How thankful should we both be to have six weeks still before us of the blessed bright autumn days, with their quiet mildnesses in the midst of northern winds; and that these six weeks are of the year 1880—instead of '81 or '82—and that we both can read, and think, and see flowers and skies, and be happy in making each other happy. *What* a naughty little Susie, to want to throw any of her six weeks away!

¹ [No. 66 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

² [Rousseau, Shelley, Byron, Turner, and Ruskin. See Vol. XXXIV. p. 343.]

³ [No. 67 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

I've just sealed in its envelope for post the most important *Fors* I have yet written, addressed to the Trades Unions,¹ and their committees are to have as many copies as they like free, for distribution, free (dainty packets of Dynamite). I suspect I shall get into hot water with *some* people for it. Also I've been afraid myself, to set it all down, for once! But down it is, and out it shall come! and there's a nice new bit of article for the *Nineteenth Century*,² besides. Anyhow I keep you in reading, Susie—do you know it's a very bad compliment to me that you find time pass so slowly!

I wonder why you gave me that little lecture about being "a city on a hill." I don't want to be anything of the sort, and I'm going to-night to see the *Fille du Tambour-Major* at the Folies Dramatiques.³

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

DIEPPE, 30th Sept., '80.

Of all the beastly, blockheady, loggerheady, doggish, loggish, hoggish-poggish, filthy, fool-begotten, swindler-swallowed abominations of modern existence—the Railways round Dieppe beat the world. I can't possibly get from here to Amiens in less than seven hours!—hopeless to get home. I telegraph to-day—and hope to arrive to-morrow by regular mail train, crossing at midday—and so to be safe and lively for christening. I invented a lovely name for an autumnal baby as I was driving through the woods of the Château d'Arques yesterday—"Chrysanthe"—which, by the way, is in my botany to be the name of the flower. . . .

I should like, however, best of all, the great Homeric "Chryseis."⁴ We've all of us also, until now, forgotten "Phœbe," which is very pastoral and Brantwoody.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE⁵

AMIENS, 23rd October, 1880.

MY VERY DEAR M—, I only did not answer your first letter because I did not think it was in woman's nature (being in the noble

¹ [Letter 89 (Vol. XXIX. p. 398).]

² [Chapter iv. of *Fiction, Fair and Foul* (*Nineteenth Century*, November 1880): Vol. XXXIV. p. 348.]

³ [Ruskin noticed the performance in a letter to the *Journal of Dramatic Reform*: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 550.]

⁴ [For whom (*Iliad*, i.), see Vol. XXXIII. p. 194, and below, p. 550.]

⁵ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 58–63. (Ruskin, after a short time in England, had returned to France: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxiv.) The explanations

state of a loving daughter) to read any syllable of answer with patience, when once she knew the letter was mine. I wrote a word or two to F—; and now, if indeed you are dear and patient enough to read, I will tell you why *that* letter was written, and what it means. Of *course* it was not written for publication. *But* it was written under full admission of the probability of being some day compelled to allow its publication; nay, it might be, publish it myself. Do not for an instant admit in your mind the taint of a thought that I would privately write of any man—far less of one whom I honoured and loved—words which I would not let him hear, or see, on due occasion. I love and honour your father; just as I have always told him and you that I did. As a perfectly right-minded private English gentleman; as a man of purest religious temper, and as one tenderly compassionate, and as one earnestly (desiring to be) just.

But in none of these virtues, God be praised, is he alone in England. In none of these lights, does it seem to me, is he to be vociferously or exclusively applauded, without *dishonour* implied to other English gentlemen, and to other English politicians. Now for the other side, my adversary side (that which, surely, I candidly enough always warned you there was in me, though one does not show it, “up the lawn nor by the wood,”¹ at Hawarden). I have always fiercely opposed your Father’s politics; I have always Despised (forgive the Gorgonian word) his way of declaring them to the people. I have always despised, also, Lord Beaconsfield’s methods of appealing to Parliament, and to the Queen’s ambition, just as I do all Liberal—so-called—appeals to the Mob’s—not ambition (for Mobs have not sense enough, or knowledge enough, to be ambitious) but—conceit. I could not have explained all this to my Liberal Glaswegian Constituents; I would not, had I been able. They asked me a question they had no business with, and got their answer (written between two coats of colour which I was laying on an oak-leaf, and about which I was, that morning, exceedingly solicitous, and had vowed that no letter should be answered at all)—and in my tired state, “le peintre ne s’amuse (mais point du tout!) à être ambassadeur.”² The answer, nevertheless, was perfectly deliberate, and meant, *once for all*, to say on the matter the gist of all I had to say.

After the election is over—and however it goes—all this will be

in this letter refer to Ruskin’s letter, written during the election for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, in which he had said that he “cared no more either for Mr. D’Israeli or Mr. Gladstone than for two old bagpipes”: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 549.]

¹ [Gray’s *Elegy*, 28: quoted also in Vol. XXII. p. 393.]

² [An adaptation of Rubens’s saying: see Vol. IV. p. 26.]

explained in another way; and you shall see every word before I print it, though there will, and must, be much that will pain you. But there will be nothing that is even apparently discourteous; and, in the meantime, remember, that if your Father said publicly of me that he cared no more for *me* (meaning Political and Economical me)—than for a broken bottle stuck on the top of a wall—I should say—only—Well, I knew that before, but the rest of me he loves, for all that.

I meant this letter to be so legible, and so clear and quiet—and here it is, all in a mess, as usual. . . . Perhaps you'll like it better so; but mind, I've written it straight away the moment I opened a line from my niece¹ saying she had seen Mr. Burne-Jones, and that you *might* be written to! And, my dear, believe this, *please*—if you care to believe it—that I never in my life was in such peril of losing my “political independence” as under my little Madonna's power at Hawarden.—And I am, and shall be ever, her loving servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE²

AMIENS, 28th October, 1880.

MY DARLING LITTLE MADONNA,—You are really *gratia plena* (don't be shocked, I'm writing about the Saints all day, just now, and don't know when I'm talking quite properly to my pets), but it is unspeakably sweet of your Father and you to forgive me so soon, and I'm inclined to believe anything you'll tell me of him, after that; only, you know, I'm a great believer in goodness, and fancy there are many people who ought to be canonised who never are; so that—be a man ever so good—I'm not idolatrous of him. (If it's a—Madonna, it's another thing, you know), but I never for an instant meant any comparison or likeness between Disraeli and your Father—they merely had to be named as they were questioned of. On the other hand, I know nothing about D. whatsoever, but have a lurking tenderness about him because my own father had a liking for him, and was in great grief about my first political letter—twenty (or thirty?) years ago³—which was a fierce attack upon him.

I do trust nothing more will ever cause you to have doubt or pain.

¹ [So he here calls his cousin, Mrs. Severn.]

² [Letters to M. G. and H. G., pp. 63–65.]

³ [Thirty. The letter of 1851, now first printed in this edition, Vol. XII. p. 593. It was suppressed at the time, owing to the objections of Ruskin's father: *ibid.*, pp. lxxviii.–lxxxv.]

I can't get what I have to say said; I'm tired to-day,—have found out things very wonderful, and had—with your letter at last—more pleasure than I can bear without breaking down.

Dear love to your Father.—Ever your grateful ST. C.

To Mrs. W. W. FENN¹

HERNE HILL, 25th Nov., 1880.

DEAR MRS. FENN,—Will you please say for me to Mr. Fenn (I wanted to call, or should have written before) how *very* much I enjoy his new book? I do like a little ghostification, without any undertaker's business, and all your husband's ghosts have such nice silk cloaks and pretty invisibility of faces, and way of dropping pretty things about, that they are delicious. I think Mr. Fenn drops his people a little too much about, over cliffs and into unfathomable rivers, and so on; and in the last book the architect and his trapdoor are a little too—what Joan calls “tebby”—but in this book all the stories are nice, and they are an eminent refreshment to me when longer novels would tire me. Only, it is very tantalising that all Mr. Fenn's bachelor friends always get married—except me! Can't he find a ghost in a green silk gown for *me!*—Ever most truly and gratefully his and yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

HERNE HILL [26th November, 1880].

And to-morrow I'm not to be there; and I've no present for you, and I am so sorry for both of us; but oh, my dear little Susie, the good people all say this wretched makeshift of a world is coming to an end next year, and you and I and everybody who likes birds and roses are to have new birthdays and presents of such sugar plums;—crystals of candied cloud and manna in sticks with no ends, all the way

¹ [From “*Ruskin and Millais in Scotland: a Memory of Ruskin*,” by W. W. Fenn, in *Chambers's Journal*, October 2, 1905, p. 647. William Withieu Fenn (1827–1906), artist and man of letters, had been with Millais in Ruskin's company in Scotland in 1853, and the acquaintance was maintained. He was stricken with incurable blindness just as he had established his reputation as a painter, and took to *belles lettres*. “For forty years he bore his burden with beautiful resignation and the most cheerful buoyancy of spirit. It was his good fortune to meet the most devoted helpmate, whose unremitting attentions and tireless assistance as amanuensis did much to lessen his lifelong trial” (Obituary notice in the *Times*, December 22, 1906). He published in 1878 *Half-Hours of Blind Man's Holiday*, and in 1880 *After Sundown; or the Palette and the Pen*, 2 vols.]

² [No. 155 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632).]

to the sun; and white stones and new names in them;¹ and heaven knows what besides. It sounds all too good to be true; but the good people are positive of it, and so's the great Pyramid, and the Book of Daniel,—and the Bible of Amiens!

You can't possibly believe in any more promises of mine, I know, but if I *do* come to see you this day week, don't think it's a ghost; and believe at least that we all love you and rejoice in your birthday wherever we are.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD.

And I'll come to be cheered and scolded myself the moment I've got things a little to rights here. I think imps get into the shelves and drawers, if they're kept long locked, and must be caught like mice. The boys have been very good, and left everything untouched; but the imps! and to hear people say there aren't any! How happy you and I should always be, if it weren't for them.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD, 7th Dec., '80.

DEAR MISS GREENAWAY,—I have just got home, and find the lovely little book and the drawing! I had carried your letter in the safest recess of my desk through all the cathedral towns in Picardy,—thinking every day to get away for home—(Now is there any little misery of life worse than a hair in one's best pen?), and to see my treasure, and I never *got* away! and now what an ungrateful wretch you must think me!

But—alas—do you know you have done me more grief than good for the moment? The drawing is so boundlessly more beautiful than the woodcut, that I shall have no peace of mind till I've come to see you and seen some more drawings, and told you—face to face—what a great and blessed gift you have—too great, in the ease of it, for you to feel yourself.

These books are lovely things, but, as far as I can guess, from looking at this drawing, your proper work would be in glass painting—where your own touch, your own colour, would be safe for ever,—seen, in sacred places, by multitudes—copied, by others, for story

¹ [Revelation ii. 17: see Vol. XXIX. p. 302 *n.*]

² [No. 56 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 626).]

³ [No. 3 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 83.]

books—but *your* whole strength put in pure first perfectness on the enduring material.

Have you ever thought of this?

Please tell me if you get this note. I am so ashamed of not writing before.—Ever your grateful and devoted
J. RUSKIN.

To PIETRO MAZZINI¹

BRANTWOOD, *December 22*, 1880.

CARO PIETRO,—Mi dolgo e mi vergogno della mia crudeltà non avendoti più scritto e non avendoti più mandato alcun ajuto. Non trovo una scusa; eppure, credimi, ciò non vuol dire che io ti dimentichi. Pardonami, in cortesia; e se ci si insegna che a Natale dobbiamo perdonare un amico crudele. Ti mando qualche soldo perchè a Natale non bisogna soffrire il bisogno, e spero veramente di non trascurarti mai più per tanto tempo.—Sempre affettuosamente tuo,
JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, *Day after Xmas*, 1880.

DEAR MISS GREENAWAY,—I have not been able to write because I want to write so much—both of thanks and petition, since your last letter. Petition—not about the promised drawing: though it will be beyond telling precious to me; I don't want you to work, even for a moment, for *me*—but I do want you never to work a moment but in permanent material and for—“all people, who on earth do dwell.”

I have lying on the table as I write, your little Christmas card, “Luck go with you, pretty lass.” To my mind it is a greater thing than Raphael's St. Cecilia.

But you must paint it—paint all things—well, and for ever.

Holbein left his bitter legacy to the Eternities—The Dance of Death.

Leave you yours—The Dance of Life.—Ever your grateful and glad

JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [Ruskin's gondolier at Venice. The letter, written by Ruskin in English, was translated and published by Signor Ugo Ojetti in an article (dated 27th November 1903) in an Italian illustrated paper. For another such letter, see below, p. 581.]

² [No. 4 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 84. At p. 5 the authors of the biography had quoted Ruskin as writing, “Holbein lives for all time with his grim and ugly ‘Dance of Death’; a note dissimilar and more beautiful immortality may be in store for you if you worthily apply yourself to produce a ‘Dance of Life’ ”—apparently an expansion, by way of paraphrase, of the last words of the present letter.]

To LADY MOUNT-TEMPLE¹

BRANTWOOD, 28th Dec., '80.

DARLING φίλη,—Your lovely letter has come, as often in old days, just when I most needed it, having got myself lost in a wilderness of thoughts again, in the further course of the book² of which the first number should reach you with this, and the wilderness is not even as good as Nebuchadnezzar's. I find no grass in it, nor sound of rain, and as many demons as ever St. Anthony—with no such power of defying them. It is a piece of blue sky, at least, to find that you still care so much for me as [to] tell me all this about William and you.

And Joan is *so* grateful also, and so happy in your rest, as in her own, for her little Lily is now thought entirely out of danger, and has been so good that we are all grateful for the illness, that has showed us what the child was. I am not well, myself, however, these last ten days, and begin to wonder if the number of plans I have been forming are an omen that I shall finish none. I wonder, if I have to leave all behind, how much you will believe *then* of what I have been trying to tell so long. This Irish Vial is the beginning of troubles only.³ I am too tired to send more than dear love to you both.—Ever your devoted J. RUSKIN.

1881

[At the end of February 1881, Ruskin was for a second time laid prostrate by an attack of brain-fever: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxviii. He remained at Brantwood throughout the year, except for a short visit to the sea at Seascale.]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE⁴

BRANTWOOD [January 5th, 1881].

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—It may be very likely that under present conditions you cannot “utilise” at Whitelands one of the most glorious books ever written by any nation in any language.⁵ But I hope I may some day convince you that you cannot utilise Shakespeare by letting

¹ [The Rt. Hon. W. Cowper-Temple had in 1880 been raised to the peerage as Lord Mount-Temple.]

² [The first Part of *The Bible of Amiens*, published on December 21, 1880.]

³ [Compare Vol. XXXIV. pp. 544, 581–2; and see Revelation xvi.]

⁴ [No. 8 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 15–17 (see below, p. 642).]

⁵ [Bishop Gawin Douglas's version of the *Aeneid*: for Ruskin's presentation of it to Whitelands College, see Vol. XXX. p. 339.]

your young women print articles on the character of Ophelia, nor utilise anything for them while they think themselves able to write lives of Dryden,¹ or called upon to do so. Nor is there the smallest reason in your giving them my final definition of money,² any more than in your insisting on the mathematical definition of a line. But you can perfectly well make them understand that two right lines cannot enclose a space, and that three can; and that persons who have money in quantities can order labour in quantities, can employ armies in assassination, fools in machine making, whoremongers in painting lewd pictures, and horse-breeders in destroying the morals of every boy in England. And that all these powers of Money have nothing to do with any matters of Exchange.

And these things you have the power and intellect to ascertain, *if you will*. You entirely waste your time in reading my “Lamp of Truth”;³ you know all that is in *that* beforehand, and it comes to nothing in the end. Master my *Munera Pulveris*, and you will be master of many things beside that.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R. A.⁴

BRANTWOOD, 11th Jan., 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I would fain have written before now—but had no words in my tongue, no strength in my heart. I have not myself since my mother’s death (except one which was rather death to myself than to another) sustained so intimate and irreparable—may I say to *me*, also, domestic loss?—and my personal sorrow is haggard with terror for the future to you, and a cruel sense of the departure of all things that you loved in this the Head of them—and I do not know how far you will be able, in the knowledge of your own dearness to your children and your friends, to take from them what they may yet be able to give you of twilight gladness, and peace in waiting for the day of Restoration—of all things—and of her.

Men say the time is near—a day is near, at least, of such trial of the spirits of all flesh as may well be called one of Judgment. I thank God that I am able still—with you—to be among those that

¹ [The reference is to Papers in the *Whitelands Annual*.]

² [*Munera Pulveris*, § 21 (Vol. XVII. p. 157). See Vol. XXIX. p. 557 for previous correspondence on the subject.]

³ [*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, ch. ii. (Vol. VIII.).]

⁴ [Written on the death of his wife. For the Bible references, see Acts iii. 21, Numbers xvi. 22, and Song of Solomon ii. 10.]

Watch for the Morning—and still able to be thankful beside the places of rest of those whom I have loved, to whom Christ has said, “Arise, thou, my fair one—and come away.”—Ever your loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WALKER¹

BRANTWOOD, *January 13th*, 1881.

MY DEAR WALKER,—I have looked carefully at Mr. Limner’s work, but fear you will get little thanks from him for my opinion of it. He has what his brother rightly calls “enjoyment” of Turner’s superficial qualities, but I never saw drawings showing more utter unconsciousness of the essential ones. Mr. Limner thinks that with painless ease *he* can do what it cost Turner forty years of mill-horse toil to get the power of doing! I should have to put Mr. Limner through at least three years’ training with the pencil-point before he would even *see*, far less copy, one of *The Rivers of France* series.

I have been myself now for forty years, vainly, and always louder and louder, growling and thundering into the deaf ears of the artists who fancied they admired Turner—*Lead pencil-point—Pencil, Sir! Pencil—Pencil²*—till you can manage your black lead—*then* colour if you will.

They never attend to one word that I say, but go on daub—daub—daub to their deaths—and do nothing or worse.

I don’t get mellow-tempered as I get old, and you must extract or melt down what you can for communication to your friend, of this—not kind, but too sadly true—statement of the facts.—But I am, not less, ever most truly yours, and gratefully, J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

BRANTWOOD, *20th January*, ’81.

DEAREST CHARLES,—Very thankful I was for your letter of New Year, received this morning. Many a thought I’ve had of you, but at Christmas time I was not myself—the over-excitement of an autumn

¹ [No. 25 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 65–66. The letter was written in response to a solicited opinion on some water-colour drawings after the manner of Turner.]

² [See, for instance, Vol. XXXIII. p. 532.]

³ [No. 187 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 162–164. Part of the letter (from the beginning down to “undertaken,” “I have still . . . Gothic was,” together with the last paragraph) previously appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 383.]

spent in France leaving me much pulled down. I am better now (though my hand shakes with cold to-day), and can report fairly of what is done and doing.

I found Chartres, both castle and town, far more spared than I had thought possible, and more of historical interest than I had ever dreamed in Amiens; and the book¹ sent with this is the first of what I believe will bring out more of the at present useless feelings in me than any work lately undertaken.

When I first looked at your book² I felt a chill from the tone of it (in the points you know of) far more than I ever feel, or could feel, in talking with you; but it will furnish me with just what I want of the most definite and trustworthy facts—and these curried with a little spice of old Jerome and Knox—as you know they are mixed in me—will give, I believe, more of the zest of that old life than has yet been got in history.

I have still eye and hand enough to draw, or even etch what I want, if I can only get time; and I have just laid my hand on a young assistant who can get more of this spirit of sculpture than I can myself.³ The people over there get interested themselves when I stay a while with them, and I hope to be allowed to cast things for the Sheffield Museum and leave, if I live yet a few years more, more than enough to show what Gothic was. . . .

The Venetian head you gave me is in my new dining-room here, and you should see the view through the window beside it, not to speak of much else which I can't picture to you, of moorland and wood, which you would like to walk in, as we used to do at the Giessbach.

This dull letter will, I hope, bring a brighter one after it, but I answer by return of post, though to-day with cold wits—not heart.—Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss LEETE⁴

BRANTWOOD, 23rd Jan. [1881].

MY DEAR JESSIE,—The cold is quite well: but I'm generally feeble and stupid, this winter.

The Francia is a lovely picture,⁵ but moves you more from its

¹ [The first Part of *The Bible of Amiens*.]

² [*Church-Building in the Middle Ages*.]

³ [Mr. Frank Randal: see Vol. XXX. pp. lxx. *seq.*]

⁴ [For whom, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 21.]

⁵ [The altar-piece, Nos. 179 and 180 in the National Gallery: compare Vol. IV. p. 331.]

pathetic subject and quiet grace than from any very high quality. I'm too stupid to tell you more about it just now.

Lord Kinnaird is entirely right.¹ The loggerhead public can't—or, more *truly*, won't—understand that by doing the dirty work himself, he saves the price of it to enable somebody else to *rest*, and be for the time as happy as a lord! They think, the poor wretches, that it's impossible to give money to buy rest with, or to do cleaner work for. The Universal law for all noble people is, Work *yourself*—that others may *rest* who need it.

All the Tyranny of the Earth may indeed be summed in this one popular order, Black my shoes—that *I* may dance in them and do nothing.—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE²

BRANTWOOD, 25th January, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—*The Queen of Air* shall be sent by to-morrow's post, and thank you for reminding me, and for all your letter.

Very thankfully I will give the annual *Proserpina*, but not as a prize. I have deep and increasing sense of the wrong of all prizes, and of every stimulus of a competitive kind. There should be a strict and high pass-standard in all skills and knowledge required, but one which it should be dishonourable to fall short of, not a matter of exultation or ground of praise to reach. In all competitions, success is more or less unjust. The best marker, for instance, means, first, the best eyes. Why should a poor ill-sighted girl strain herself against a hawk? Let all who have fair sight learn to mark neatly; those who have pride in doing supremely well have enough reward in doing so. And, again, it would not in the least follow that the best marker was the girl who would best enjoy, or use, *Proserpina*. Do you recollect the pretty story of "The Bracelet" in *Parent's Assistant*?³ While I intensely dislike all forms of competition, I believe the recognition of uncontenting and natural *worth* to be one of the most solemn duties alike of young and old. Suppose you made it a custom that the scholars should annually choose, by ballot, with vowed secrecy, their

¹ [Lord Kinnaird was reported to have helped his servants to black the boots, on which some one said he was wrong to take the bread out of a servant's mouth, and that he ought to keep an extra servant.]

² [No. 17 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 42–44 (see below, p. 642).]

³ [For other references to Miss Edgeworth's *Parent's Assistant*, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 619, and General Index.]

Queen of May? and that the elected Queen had, with other more important rights, that of giving the *Proserpina* to the girl she thought likeliest to use it with advantage?¹ It would be a stimulus to me to get out another volume quickly!

I forget what my letter of *December 24th* was.² Perhaps I could mend it if you wish really to use it. I have written nothing lately but half-well.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE³

BRANTWOOD, 28th January, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am mightily delighted by your concession to my romantic fancies, and greatly interested to know how the thing will work! Your idea of intrusting the Queen with some Queenly duties of helping others is very delightful also. In my first endeavour to get this notion realised, it was to be in a country town,⁴ all the school girls over seventeen and under twenty-one being eligible, and the electors to be all between ten and seventeen, and the Queen was to choose two maiden colleagues, whom she would—or “ministers” rather—and, with their advice and personal aid, was to administer a certain sum annually to the poor of the town, for their better comfort and pleasure: not parish relief, nor physic, nor coals and blankets, but nice things, and unheard of and unthought of except by the May Queen. I had nearly got this done by a girl who was at one time a very steady disciple of mine, and Rich! Her relations moved Heaven and Earth to stop it (moved the other place and Earth, I mean), and got it stopped, until the girl fell in love with somebody, who, I suppose, taught her to make a better use of her money, for I have never heard of her since!

But I think in the quieter and yet more dignified conditions under which this experiment will be tried at Whitelands, it has better chance of success. And for my own part of the business, I will give you the entire series of my *constant* publications, every year, from the first to the last. This does not include the *Seven Lamps*, of which the supply

¹ [This was the first suggestion of the “May Queen” Festival at Whitelands College, described in Vol. XXX. pp. 336 *seq.*]

² [No. 14 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. p. 32. Now printed (with other letters referring to the definition of Money) in Appendix ii. to *Fors Clavigera* (Vol. XXIX. p. 556).]

³ [No. 18 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 45–48 (see below, p. 642).]

⁴ [This was at a girls’ school, Winnington Hall, Northwich, Cheshire—the scene of *The Ethics of the Dust*: see Vol. XVIII. p. lxiii. *seq.*]

is limited, nor *Fors*,¹ which is not meant for girls—but all the blue-backed ones, with *Frondes*, the new *Stones of Venice*, the *Bible of Amiens*, etc.; and the Queen shall, by necessary rule, keep for herself either *Sesame* or the *Queen of the Air*, whichever she likes best; and the rest she shall give, one book to each of the girls whom she shall choose for it. And I return bit of letter, which is really very nice, and I can't much mend it—and I want to know if you've room for some more pictures and things, and if any of the girls can draw pretty well in my sort of way—leaves and so on?—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To T. C. HORSFALL²

BRANTWOOD, 2nd February, 1881.

MY DEAR HORSFALL,—I never read any piece of political or religious teaching and counsel with pleasure and concurrence* so unqualified as the 5th letter of the Symposium which I have read (had read to me, not missing a word) this morning. It gives me more hope than I've felt for thirty years.—Ever affectionately yours, J.

RUSKIN.

*“*And admiration*,” I meant to write, but thought you would like “concurrency” best. But the whole is as beautifully (in its mild clearness) said, as wisely.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN³

BRANTWOOD, 3rd Feby., '81.

Your goodness in writing to Susie has given more pleasure and done more good, both to her and me, than even *you* have often in your long and benevolent life been able to give—of your gift of healing. Susie has the blessed reverence which enables her to be proud in her pleasures, and that *you* should write to her, and *I* (for it must

¹ [“Although Ruskin here excluded *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* and *Fors Clavigera* from the series of books promised, both works have always been given.”—J. P. F.]

² [Written after receiving a copy of the *Manchester City News*, December 4, 1880, containing a letter by Mr. Horsfall (the 5th in a “Symposium”) on “Religion and Practical Work.” Mr. Horsfall’s general thesis was that “the true bond of union between Christians is willingness to do the Will of God, not acceptance of the same set of dogmas.” His letter, and Ruskin’s (*minus* the P.S.*), are printed in a pamphlet, *Ruskin on Religion and Life, a Paper read to the Manchester Ruskin Society, by T. C. Horsfall* (J. E. Cornish, Manchester, 1902): see below, p. 666.]

³ [No. 30 of “Letters from Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 309–310.]

out) go to tea to hear the letter, literally “sets her up” in the most innocent, practical, and medicinal significance of the Scottish phrase.

Also the treatment you prescribed has done her real and quite apparent good, and the parts about me and my books please her as if she were my nurse.

They please *me* in many and far-going ways. I had not sent you any of them, fearing that however yet you might sympathise with me in all I am trying to get said, much of it is now repetition, and much more done imperfectly in the perpetual ebb of years, and that sometimes you might not be inclined to read anything. But on the whole, I have thought it best to tell Allen to send you everything from me as soon as I get it out . . .

I'm getting prosy, and here's the maid for the post. All love and light and life be to you,—and—all whom you love—*me*, please, mayn't I say too?—Ever your grateful and loving J. R.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

BRANTWOOD [February 6, 1881].

Your letter is a delight to me even though with it comes the message of Carlyle gone. In this bright day I trust he sees still clearer light at last.

What you say of Turner is such a joy to me, but how did you get to understand Beethoven? He always sounds to me like the upsetting of bags of nails, with here and there an also dropped hammer.

The account of Ada Dundas² is very delicious too. She has been the *wisest* of all my young and stranger correspondents (in my two senses of wisdom,—caring much and troubling little), and I count her among my jewel friends. You're among my more precious frankincense friends. Two or three true ones I have, good in the myrrh manner also, but I don't quite like them so well.

I've just been writing a word or two to a Scotch country clergyman at Abernethy which I hope will get to your eyes somehow.³ They're about the *Monastery* and *Abbot*. How few Scottish youths understand that story, or consider whether Halbert going into the Army and Edward into the Church were more honourable, dutiful to their widowed

¹ [No. 31 of “Letters from Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 310. Carlyle died on February 5.]

² [See Vol. XXXVI. p. 343.]

³ [The letter is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 553.]

mother, or serviceable to themselves, and Halbert happier with Mary than Dandie Dinmont with Ailie or Cuddie Hedrigg with Jenny.—Ever your lovingest
J. R.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R. A.

BRANTWOOD [*February*, 1881].

DEAR RICHMOND,—Please believe in my constant love for you—and sorrow, just now, not for Carlyle, but for *you* who live, not him who is dead—(and behold they are alive for evermore—Amen¹)—but, do you know you were the first person who ever put a book of Carlyle's into my hand?—Ever your lovingest

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE²

BRANTWOOD, 15th *February*, 1881.

MY DEAR M—, I am more than glad to have your letter to-day, for I have been thinking of you quite as often as you of me—to say the least—and wishing, you don't know how much, to see you.

The death of Carlyle is no sorrow to me. It is, I believe, not an end—but a beginning of his real life. Nay, perhaps also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, for having not enough loved him in the days gone by, is not greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this—and all other—moments.

I want woefully to see Alfred³ also. Can neither of you come here? I want *you* to play to me, and spiritualize me; him to play with me and if *he* thinks it so! materialize me.

Please give my love to F—. I have been thinking of her too. I owe her two pounds, and shall try to send her *pious* usury. They have been too long in my napkin.

Don't let her do too much—(nor too little), and I want to see how she looks with more colour—beauty truly blent, etc.⁴

Dear love to your father; but tell him he hasn't scattered the Angelic Land-League,—and that that *Punch* is not a representation of its stick—or shillelagh—power.⁵—Ever your loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [Revelation i. 18.]

² [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 65–67, where in the quotation from Shakespeare “blent” was misprinted “blest.”]

³ [Mr. Alfred Lyttelton: see above, p. 237]

⁴ [“ ’Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.”

—*Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. 3.]

⁵ [The reference is to the cartoon on February 5, representing “Mr. Gladstone Strangling the Monster.”]

To F. S. ELLIS¹

BRANTWOOD, *February*, 1881.

MY DEAR ELLIS,—I've been speechless with indignation since you let go that *Guy Mannering* MS.,² but suppose I must forgive *papa* Ellis,—especially since I want something of him!

Please, will you get me a good edition of *Julian the Apostate*? I find I've got to read him—at least a good lot of him—very carefully, before I can do a sentence more of *The Bible of Amiens*.³

Gibbon quotes the Leipsic edition at the beginning of the 24th chapter (vol. iv. of my Gibbon). But *any* big print will do; and don't be long, for I'm dying to be at him.—Ever your much injured, but dutiful,
J. R.

To F. S. ELLIS⁴

BRANTWOOD, *February 16th*, 1881.

DEAR "PAPA" ELLIS,—I've a particular reason for writing to you to-day—especially because I am *really* angry with you for being so much of a Papa; and I have seen that you were quite right, and I'm entirely and deeply grateful to you. And yet I'm going to be as extravagant as ever at heart, but can't tell you now.—Ever your affectionate
JOHN RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS⁵

BRANTWOOD, *February* [1881].

DEAR PAPA ELLIS,—Why, am not I a "boy"?—and shouldn't I like to be more of one than I am! And I wish your old head was on my young shoulders.

What on Earth do you go missing chance after chance like that for! I'd rather have lost a catch at cricket than that *St. Ronan's*. Do *please* get it anyhow for me this once. I can't telegraph—the

¹ [No. 27 in *Ellis*, pp. 46–47.]

² [This had just been sold by auction, but as it went for more than Mr. Ellis considered it worth, he did not buy it for Ruskin.]

³ [For references to Julian in that book, see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 42, 67, 71, 74, 102, 106, 107.]

⁴ [No. 28 in *Ellis*, p. 48.]

⁵ [No. 29 in *Ellis*, pp. 49–50.]

nasty people won't let me send a man—and—there's the bell ringing for dinner!

Seriously, my dear Ellis, I do want you to secure every Scott manuscript that comes into the market. *Carte-blanche* as to price—I can trust *your* honour; and you may trust, believe me, *my* solvency. But I am deeply grateful for the more than kind feeling which checks you in your bids. Go calmly, but unflinchingly, in next time, and never fear, for—ever your loving
SON GEORGE.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD, 16th Feb., '81.

I've much to tell you "to-day"² of answer to those prayers you prayed for me. But you must be told it by our good angels, for your eyes must not be worn. God willing, you shall see men as trees walking in the garden of God, on this pretty Coniston earth of ours. Don't be afraid, and please be happy, for I can't be if you are not. Love to Mary, to Miss Rigbye, and my own St. Ursula, and mind you give the messages *to all three, heartily*.

To F. S. ELLIS³

BRANTWOOD, Tuesday, March 22nd, 1881.

MY DEAR PAPA ELLIS,—I have just found yours of date Feb. 17th—which I suppose I must have packed away in a confused parcel of other things, just before a nasty attack of that overwork illness I had three years ago came on again.

I'm well through it, I hope; but the *St. Ronan's Well* MS. will be a wonderful balsam to my wounded soul, and more or less broken head. Send it on instantly, if you've got it. Of course I can trust my good old Papa Ellis about price, etc.

Answer this, or please let Mr. White answer, to *me*, at once.—Ever your grateful and affectionate
JOHN RUSKIN.

Hand shaky a little *just yet*,—nothing wrong really with head or heart, thank God!

¹ [No. 68 in *Hortus Inclusus*. For the Bible references in this letter, see Mark viii. 24 and Isaiah li. 3.]

² [The motto on Ruskin's seal.]

³ [No. 30 in *Ellis*, pp. 51–52. For Mr. White, see above, p. 227.]

To ANGELO ALESSANDRI¹

BRANTWOOD, *Tuesday, 22nd March* [1881].

DEAR ANGELO,—I have to-day received your delightful, though too short, letter of the 18th. I cannot tell you how happy it makes me to hear you are at work on the Moses, and the glorious Perugino ceiling, and that you have my lectures on the lower series of Sandro and Perugino, etc. I've had a touch of bad illness again from overwork and sad thoughts, but am myself again, thank God, only can't write much to-day. Write the moment you get this to tell me more. Take care of your health and eyes. Never expose yourself to *chill*, and don't go maundering about by moonlight like the mob.—Ever your much delighted Master,

JOHN RUSKIN.

Don't overwork. Never mind the statuary—but *look* well at Raphael's "Parnassus" and the "Disputa."

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD [1881?].

I'm getting steadily better, and breathing the sunshine a little again in soul and lips. But I always feel so naughty after having had morning prayers, and that the whole house is a sort of Little Bethel that I've no business in.

I'm reading history of early saints too, for my Amiens book, and feel that I ought to be scratched, or starved, or boiled, or something unpleasantest, and I don't know if I'm a saint or a sinner in the least, in mediæval language. How *did* Saints feel themselves, I wonder, about their saintship?

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

BRANTWOOD.

Yes, of course keep that book, any time you like; but I think you'll find *most* of it unreadable. If you *do* get through it, you'll have to tell me all about it, you know, for *I've* never read a word of it except just the plums here and there.

¹ [At Rome, where he was copying the fresco (now commonly ascribed to Pinturicchio) of the "Angel stopping Moses" in the Sistine Chapel: his study is reproduced as Plate X. in Vol. XXX. (p. 194). The "lectures on the lower series" are *Ariadne Florentina* (see Vol. XXII. p. 442). A few words of this letter have been printed in Vol. XXX. p. lxi.]

² [No. 113 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629).]

³ [No. 147 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

Publishers *are* brutes, and always spoil one's books, and then say it's *our* fault if they don't sell!

Yes, that is a lovely description of a picture. All the same, I believe the picture itself was merely modern sensationalism.

They can't do without death nowadays, not because they want to know how to die, but because they're too stupid to live.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

I'm so thankful you're better. Reading my old diary, I came on a sentence of yours last year about the clouds being all "trimmed with swansdown," *so* pretty. (I copied it out of a letter.) The thoughts of you always trim *me* with swansdown.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

BRANTWOOD, 24th March, 1881.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I've just read your dear letter to me on my birthday, after having another bite or two of Nebuchadnezzar's bitter grass.³ I went wild again for three weeks or so, and have only just come to myself—if this be myself, and not the one that lives in dream.

The two fits of whatever you like to call them are both part of the same course of trial and teaching, and I've been more gently whipped this time and have learned more; but I must be very cautious in using my brains yet awhile.

I can't make out why you like that *Bible of Amiens*. I thought you had given up all that sort of thing.

I shall have some strange passages of dream to tell you of as soon as I am strong again. The result of them, however, is mainly my throwing myself now into the mere fulfilment of Carlyle's work.

Say words of him—say you. Are not his own words written in white-hot fire on every city-wall of Europe?

Read *Past and Present* again, *now*.

This was the main part of the cause of my dream. The other was what I talked of once to you at Prato (beside Filippo Lippi).

I'll write soon again—God willing.—Ever your lovingest

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 155 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see p. 632).]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 383–384. No. 188 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 167–168.]

³ [Compare above, p. 333; and see Daniel iv. 33, v. 21.]

To F. S. ELLIS¹

BRANTWOOD, *Thursday, March 24th*, 1881.

DEAR PAPA ELLIS,—Your telegram last night gave me pleasant sleep; and your letter this morning, eager anticipation of the parcel by this afternoon's rail. There will be no question about my keeping the MS.,—but my reason for especially wishing to possess this one is widely other than you suppose.

I cannot but confess myself much mortified that (whether as my papa, or my—may I say?—admirer in literary effort) Papa Ellis should never have read my classification of Scott's novels in my essays on *Fiction in the Nineteenth Century!*

You will there² see that *St. Ronan's Well* is marked as pre-eminently characteristic of the condition of clouded and perverted intellect under which Scott suffered, at intervals, ever since his first attack of gout in the stomach. These two attacks of *mine* have been wholly on the brain—and, I believe, conditions merely of passing inflammation. But the phenomena of the two forms of disease are intensely important to me, in relation to my future treatment of myself.

I am buying Scott's and other manuscripts, observe now, for my future Museum; and shall without hesitation add to the Scott series when any addition is possible.—Ever gratefully and affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To F. S. Ellis³

BRANTWOOD, *March 25th*, 1881.

MY DEAR ELLIS,—There is no doubt of my keeping the MS.,⁴ unless I get sold up, books and all. It is more amazing to me than I can tell you to find it as steady as the others in the hand—even the part he had to re-write to please his accursed printer. I hope your box and *key* will come safe back to you.

¹ [No. 31 in *Ellis*, pp. 53–54.]

² [Vol. XXXIV. p. 292. A visitor to Brantwood in 1893 says that Ruskin “caused some of his treasured autograph Waverley Novels to be brought down, pointing out the beauty of the clear manuscript, without erasures or corrections. Of *St. Ronan's Well* he said, as we turned the leaves, ‘An unfortunate attempt’ ” (*Athenæum*, October 17, 1908, p. 467).]

³ [No. 32 in *Ellis*, pp. 55–56.]

⁴ [The autograph MS. of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Mr. Ellis in his note to the letter added “probably *Woodstock*”; but it was *St. Ronan's Well*, which Scott altered to please “the delicate printer”: see Lockhart, vol. vii. pp. 208–9 (ed. 1869).]

Did you get a letter from me a month back, asking you to look out for a dainty old *Iliad*, of some good large type, for me?

Please, also, I want to know the best large-type edition now extant of Carlyle's earlier books,—chiefly the *Past and Present*. Also of Richardson's *Clarissa*; and of Miss Edgeworth's *Ormond* (or *Harrington* and *Ormond*), and *Helen*.—Ever your grateful “scapegrace,”

J. R.

To F. S. ELLIS¹

BRANTWOOD, *March 27th*, 1881.

MY DEAR PAPA ELLIS,—I am more grateful than you could at all believe for your thought for me. I am so desolate in this world, that the sense of any one's really watching over me, and caring about me in a useful way, is like balm and honey. But you needn't be anxious. I will tell you by the first or second day's post, this coming week, exactly what I am doing, and why. These books are really bought for the Sheffield or other St. George's Museums; and I, with one foot—and perhaps one knee—in the grave, have only to catalogue and describe them. But I daresay I shall be able to stand on one leg, and keep my head above ground yet awhile;—only you really needn't care how much I'm worth at the Bank—where the wild thyme does *not* blow!²

Yes, I *was mortified—deathified*—by your never having seen those Scott letters! I thought everybody read the *Nineteenth Century*, and that these papers on *Fiction* would be matter of gossip all over Town! Such my vanity! and I haven't heard a word of them from any human soul!—Ever your affectionate (but much crushed)

J. R.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN³

BRANTWOOD, *29th March*, '81.

DEAREST DR. BROWN,—Susie tells me those entirely poisonous papers have been frightening you about me. I've been wool-gathering a bit again, that's all, and have come round all right, with more handfuls of golden fleece than on my last voyage to Medea's land.

I'm a little giddy and weak yet, but was up on the hills yesterday in the sunshine and snow, teaching Joanie's three children how to cross snow on a slope. The poor little things had no nails in their fine London boots, but we got about Salisbury Craig height for all that.

¹ [No. 33 in *Ellis*, pp. 57–58.]

² [See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii. sc. 2.]

³ [No. 32 of “Letters from Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 311.]

The illness was much more definite in its dreaming than the last one, and not nearly so frightful. It taught me much, as these serious dreams do always; and I hope to manage myself better, and not go Argonauting any more. But *both* these illnesses have been part of one and the same system of constant thought, far out of sight to the people about me, and of course, getting more and more separated from them as *they* go on in the ways of the modern world, and *I go back* to live with my Father and my Mother and my Nurse, and one more,—all waiting for me in the Land of the Leal.¹

One of the most interesting parts of the dream to me was a piece of teaching I got about St. Benedict's nurse, while I was fancying my own had come back to me, which will be entirely useful to me in the history of St. Benedict.²

Have you read the preface to the *Monastery* lately?

I had scarcely got my wits together again, when they were nearly sent adrift by my getting hold of the MS. of *St. Ronan's*!

I've now got: 1, *The Black Dwarf*; 2, *Nigel*; 3, *Peeveril*; 4, *Woodstock*; 5, *St. Ronan's* (besides all the letters on the building of Abbotsford);³ pretty well for a Lancashire cottage Library.—Ever your lovingest
J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE⁴

BRANTWOOD, 6th April.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I am deeply thankful and happy for your lovely letter, and really trust that I shall live to show my sense of the affection, and all else that is best in heart and thought, which you are all giving me. I'll write to Miss Stanley very quickly.

This one line of thanks is to you and the College, and to say that I've written to-day to a goldsmith in whom I have confidence about a little cross of gold, and white May-blossom in enamel, for the Queen.⁵ I think it will be more proper for the kind of Collegiate queen it is to be, than a crown or fillet for the hair.

I don't think you need be anxious about me any more just now; the illness has done me very little mischief, and that little, mendable in time—nor that a long time, with common prudence.—And so always believe me, ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 601, Vol. XXXIV. p. 291.]

² [See "Mending the Sieve"—the title given by Ruskin to his lecture of 1882 in connexion with a story of St. Benedict's nurse: Vol. XXXIII. p. 236.]

³ [A page of the MS. of *Nigel* is facsimiled in Vol. XXIX. p. 264; Ruskin quotes some of the letters in Vol. XXXIV. p. 305 n.]

⁴ [No. 20 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 50, 51 (see below, p. 643).]

⁵ [See Plate XL. in Vol. XXX. (p. 336).]

To HENRY JOWETT¹

BRANTWOOD, 6th April.

DEAR JOWETT,—Except a cold, I never was better in my life! but is that any reason why I should work like a slave answering letters all spring time? Fancy what it is to answer fifteen or twenty letters a day—every one on *teazing* and difficult business—and not a penny fee! The bestial egoism of the public is wholly immeasurable. Of course, though not *ill*, I am liable always to these fits of delirium. The last *all* BUT killed me—and then people expect me to be as lively as I was at 16 in THEIR business.

So many thanks for the consolatory note about MSS.—But you’ll have a job of the last!

I think this number of *Our Fathers* will be curiously opportune.² Please—are you a Home Ruler? Heaven knows I’m not. Nothing rules here—but baby and the blackbirds.—Affectly. yrs., J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE³

BRANTWOOD, 16th April, ’81.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—It grieves me to answer your kind letters with cavils, but I must say a word or two about Constance. It is surely no proper part of your training at Chelsea to teach your girls to scold? What else can they learn in *King John* or his company? The play is more gross than *The Merry Wives*, without one spark of its humour or tint of its grace; it is as ghastly as *Richard III.*, without its power; and as impossible as *Midsummer Night*, without the relief of Titania and her Donkey! It was written for the lower English audience, which could be pleased by seeing a child kill himself by jumping off a wall, and entertained by the deliberation whether its eyes should be burned out;⁴ there is not one character of honour, strength, or ordinary human intellect in the whole play—*except* the poor boy, who only speaks a sentence or two beyond the one scene with Hubert; and the Bastard is a mere libel and blot on English courage and virtue (see his mean speech on Commodity). As for Constance, if your girls care to study good scolding, they may see it

¹ [From *John Ruskin, a Biographical Sketch*, by R. Ed. Pengelly, where the letter is given in facsimile, pp. 91, 92. For other letters to Mr. Jowett (manager of the printing works of Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney, at Aylesbury), see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 714, 715, and Vol. XXXV. p. liv.]

² [The first Part, containing the Preface, in which Ruskin makes incidental reference to the Irish question: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 21.]

³ [No. 21 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 52–55.]

⁴ [See Act iv. sc. 3, sc. 1; and for the “mean speech,” the end of Act ii.]

fresh and natural in Billingsgate, without the forced and loathsome death metaphors with which the stage-effect is garnished. Have any of them ever read my “Strait Gate”¹ with any vestige of attention? It is the most important educational piece I ever wrote, and touches, as near as I can word it, all I have to say, in this my old age, concerning the weakness of so many young women of good fiery gifts, who think it finer to be a sybil or witch than a useful housewife. But Constance is neither a sybil nor a witch, and never speaks a word or thinks a thought that is either becoming or availing.

After this tirade I console myself with conveyance of a piece of, to me, very pleasant news, that Mr. Severn has made a sketch of our hawthorn cross which I think quite lovely, and I’ve sent it to be put in hand to-day. I send you a “Strait Gate” in case you haven’t one. I would send you a lot if you would give them for lessons. See the account of Rhetoric especially.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I am afraid Mrs. Severn is taking great advantage of your good sempstresses. I hear to-day of entirely new pillow-cases “cut out,” to be sewn up, I suppose, and marked J. R.! What pride and luxury for us, and Frederick the Great with a wisp of straw!

To RAWDON BROWN

BRANTWOOD, *Easter Tuesday, April 19, '81.*

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter is more delicious to me than mine could be to you—for you can’t think how, here in England, I’m plagued by foolish people telling me “not to work at all”—with double insult to me, implying that I’m not fit to work, and secondly, that my work’s good for nothing and always was! A very really dear old lady met me the other day, and said by way of the kindest thing she could, “I am so glad to hear” (she had only heard it from another old lady of the same species) “there’s to be no more printing!” And so your and Lorenzi’s and Toni’s compliments on my hand, and permission to work for six hours, are really balm, and milk and honey, and nuts, and almonds,² to me—and I’ll promise you faithfully I won’t work one minute, ever, over that, and will even stop at “sixty minutes—save one” to be safe. Really I never do, now, *work* so long—but a speech like that old lady’s sometimes makes me rage in my very wood till I chop the wrong branches down—which is bad for both trees and me!

Well, I’ll manage that for Miss Lawley; may I send the book,³ or a line advising her of its nearly readiness, to Aix-les-Bains—sure?

¹ [Part V. of *Mornings in Florence* (Vol. XXIII.)] ² [See Genesis xliiii. 11.]

³ [A copy of the original edition of *The Stones of Venice*: see below, p. 364.]

Also, here's a favour I want of you—a photograph of my own Mowbray drawing—to compare with the words you so kindly noted.¹ But, were I to be questioned now by a base doubter I should answer roundly, “Of *course* they're the plume—what else should they be?—do you suppose they mean a field semé feathers?” Can't write more to-day, but love to you—all three—and to the Lion!

To WILLIAM WARD²

BRANTWOOD, *Easter Tuesday* [April 19th, 1881].

DEAR WARD,—An unexampled following of fine days, and the currant leaves coming out, have checked me a little on the marble leaves—but they're very nearly ready now,—only first let me know what you can, to your present knowledge, get done in reduplication. If I send you twelve—*i.e.*, nine more of the size of your little ones—*can* you get them repeated from my examples of the same size—or larger—with good precision? I can send you larger ones, but all my larger prints seem partly faded. I think if you would call on Mr. Spooner in the Strand, and show him this note, he might be able to supply me with some new proofs of better colour.

Anyhow, you shall have a list of the 36 caps., with comments on the twelve. Or, I could make out a set of twenty—if you liked to risk so many.

How wide *is* the circle of my patrons, and yours—after my forty years of talk?—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Brown, in the letter which Ruskin is here answering, had said, “Lorenzi, Toni, and I all forbid you to work more than six hours of the twenty-four,” and further:—“The other day it delighted me to show Mrs. Oliphant how in 1851 you demonstrated that the three feathers in the Mowbray memorial formed a plume for the Principality of Wales then merged in the crown, and were not detached feathers, your words being: ‘The quills of the three feathers are in increasing proportion; the lowest is the longest, the one above it shorter, the one on the left of the lion the shortest. The one on the right of the lion is also set a little lower than that on the left, so as to indicate *connection* with the one below, and the latter, which appears at first to be below the other, is in reality set further to the right, so that the lower extremities of the quills form an obtuse angle, instead of a right angle. The former is evidently adopted in order to indicate the connection of the three feathers with each other.’ Your playthings of this sort are spontaneous paragraphs in the history of England.” Subsequent letters from Brown show that what Ruskin had made in 1851 was not a drawing of the monumental slab of Mowbray, Shakespeare's “banished Norfolk,” identified by Brown (see Vol. X. pp. xxvii., xxviii.), but only a written account of it: this had been given by Brown to Cheney.]

² [No. 95 in *Ward*; vol. ii. pp. 77–78. This letter refers to a set of photographs of the capitals of the Ducal Palace, with notes by Ruskin, which Mr. Ward proposed to bring out. Some photographs were placed on sale with Mr. Ward, but no notes were written.]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

BRANTWOOD, 21st April.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—In case anything should be already in debate of the May matters (though I hope you're still all at play, and nobody come back), this is just to say that all your letter was delightful to me, and nothing on my part to be said either more or modifying—except only that I think there's just a *soupçon* of too much fuss about the matter. I should rather have liked the girls to have chosen their queen in their own time and way, and presented her to the Principal (who should have been studiously kept out of Sight, Knowledge, and Fear, during the Election, and profoundly in the dark afterwards as to its result! till May morning) in a crown of primroses or violets at breakfast, the Principal being expected to be her Most Obedient all that day, and then think no more about her! That would *seem* to me a little the healthier way; it will be very Awful for the Queen, surely, as you have planned it! but I suppose more Morally Tremendous, and impressive to everybody.

But, quite seriously, we *all* here, Mrs. Severn and I and our sympathetic friends, do wish that *all* the girls, to the very juniorest, junissexest—what *ought* the word to be? littlest, I mean, and foolishest—and that wouldn't be the youngest by any means, as young women are nowadays! or make themselves—down to the youngest anyhow, had a vote! Surely the little minds are one element in appreciation, of a very critical sort indeed?

Can't write a word more to-day, except just over leaf. Surely *Richard II.*, with *Henry IV.* and *V.* and *VIII.*, ought to be read *always* as a part of English History, consecutively by every girl you pass?

And *Coriolanus* is *all* Roman History B.C. in few words, and mighty for evermore. Those would be my five plays for boys and girls alike.—Ever yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss Susan Beever²

BRANTWOOD, 22nd April, '81.

I'm not able to fight or scratch to-day, or I wouldn't let you cover me up with this heap of gold; but I've got a rheumatic creak in my neck, which makes me physically stiff and morally supple and

¹ [No. 22 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 56–58 (see below, p. 643.)]

² [No. 69 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

unprincipled, so I've put two pounds sixteen in my own "till," where it just fills up some lowering of the tide lately by German bands and the like, and I've put ten pounds aside for Sheffield Museum, now in instant mendicity, and I've put ten pounds aside till you and I can have a talk and you be made reasonable, after being scolded and scratched, after which, on your promise to keep to our old bargain and enjoy spending your little *Fronde's* income, I'll be your lovingest again. And for the two pounds ten, and the ten, I am really most heartily grateful, meaning, as they do, so much that is delightful for both of us in the good done by this work of yours.

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON¹

April 23rd, 1881.

MY DEAR MALLESON,—These passages of description and illustration of the general aspect of Ephesus in St. Paul's time seem to me much more forcibly and artistically written than anything you did in the *Life of Christ*; and I could not suggest any changes to you which you could now carry out under the conditions of time to revise, except a more clear statement of the Ephesian goddess. The article in Smith's Dictionary on her is only about twenty lines long, and it's exhaustive. She was not the Greek Artemis at all, but an Eastern Myth of Genesis—the very opposite of Diana—Chastity—an infinite Suckler, and mummy mother of everything that could suck—practically at last and chiefly of the Diabolic Suction of the Usurer; and her temple, which you luckily liken to the Bank of England, was in fact what that establishment would be as the recognised place of pious pilgrimage for all Jews, infidels, or prostitutes in the realm of England. You could not conceive the real facts of these degraded worships of the mixed Greek and Asiatic races, unless you gave a good year's work to the study of the decline of Greek art in the 3rd and 4th centuries B.C

Charles Newton's pride in discovering Mausolus,² and their engineers' whistling over his Asiatic mummy, have entirely corrupted and thwarted the uses of the British Museum Art Galleries. The Drum of that Diana Temple is barbarous rubbish, not worth tenpence a ton; and if I showed you a photograph of the head of Mausolus

¹ [No. 56 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleeson (Vol. XXXIV. p. 187). The letter refers to the following book by Mr. Malleeson—*The Acts and Epistles of St. Paul*, 1881. For the reference to the Temple of Ephesus as a Bank, see p. 390 of his book. The words in this letter "The article . . . practically" were omitted in ed. 6 of Malleeson, but given in ed. 7.]

² [Compare Vol. XXXV. p. 385.]
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without telling you what it was, I will undertake that you saw with candid eyes in it nothing more than the shaggy poll of a common gladiator. But your book will swim with the tide. It is best so.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*¹

BRANTWOOD, 24th April, '81.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—What a lot of work there is in this Colony book of yours!² I've been writing such disagreeable letters lately, that I won't *say* your time might, but only *ask* whether your time mightn't, have been better employed? Anyhow I may say *I* don't care about Colonies, but it looks a perfect book for people who do. Do you really think I've written no more than eighteen books! You'll have to send me some more labels.³ I've ordered the books to be sent directly. The Cross is sure to be ready in good time. I doubt not but the hawthorn blossom will only be in gold, *this* time; I couldn't get enamel done safely.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON*⁴

[1881.]

There is not the least use in my looking over these sheets: you probably know more about Athens than I do, and what I do know is out of and in Smith's Dictionary, where you can find it without trouble.

For the rest you must please always remember what I told you once for all, that you could never interest *me* by writing about people, either at Athens or Ephesus, but only of those of the parish of Broughton-in-Furness.⁵

That new translation could not come out well; that much I know without looking at it. One must believe the Bible before one understands it, (I mean, believe that it is understandable) and one must understand before one can translate it. Two stages in advance of your Twenty-Four Co-operative Tyndales!⁶

¹ [No. 23 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 59, 60.]

² [*Geography of the British Colonies and Foreign Possessions designed as a Handbook to Philips' Atlas of the British Empire*, 1874, by Mr. Faunthorpe (5th ed., 1886).]

³ [The Whitelands College prize label, inserted in each volume, and signed for many years by Ruskin.]

⁴ [No. 57 in the synopsis of Ruskin's letters to Malleison (Vol. XXXIV. p. 187).]

⁵ [See the letters to Mr. Malleison in Vol. XXXIV. pp. 234, 235.]

⁶ [The Revision of the Authorised Version by a company of scholars. Their revision of the New Testament had been published in May 1881.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, 26th April, 1881.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have your little note of the 13th, in a cluster of other variously pleasant in a minor way. . . .

And with the more enjoyment that I don't feel any need for doing or "nothing doing" as I'm bid! but, on the contrary, am quite afloat again in my usual stream, and sent off (retouched) two dozen pages of lecture on Dabchick² to printer, only yesterday, besides painting a croquet of Abbeville³ in the afternoon a great deal better than I could when we were there in '68. (Goodness! thirteen years ago—it *ought* to be better anyhow.) And, the fact is, these illnesses of mine have not been from overwork at all, but from over-excitement in particular directions of work, just when the blood begins to flow with the spring sap. The first time, it was a piece of long thought about St. Ursula; and this year it was brought on by my beginning family prayers again for the servants on New Year's Day—and writing two little collects every morning—one on a bit of gospel, the other on a bit of psalm.⁴ They are *at least* as rational as prayers usually are, but gradually I got my selfishness—the element you warned me of in *Fors*, too much engaged—and, after a long meditation on the work of the "other seventy" (Luke x., beginning) and the later Acts of Apostles, got in my own evening thoughts into a steady try if I couldn't get Rosie's ghost at least alive by me, if not the body of her. . . . Ever your lovingest

J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE⁵

BRANTWOOD [April 26th, 1881].

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—Yes, somebody must write about Colonies; let them do it *in* the Colonies! How you ever get anything done with those Seniors and Juniors to look after, I can't think! If *I* was a girl, I'd like to see anybody calling *me* a "Senior"! They should have their faces scratched if I was put in the coal-hole for it. Also if I was the Principal, I'm not sure whether I shouldn't ordain that the Queen was to be chosen *among* the Juniors!

Of course there's to be a cross every year! The being the likeablest

¹ [No. 189 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 168–169.]

² [See *Love's Meinie*, Lecture iii. (Vol. XXV.).]

³ [Possibly the drawing now in the Manchester Art Museum, which, though dated "1884," may have been begun earlier.]

⁴ [See Vol. XXXIII. p. xxii.]

⁵ [No. 24 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 61, 62 (see below, p. 643).]

or nicest girl of 160 is surely a thing which deserves memory, from all who care for her or will care, worth at least so much fastening of it as may be in a little golden trinket! The books are sure to come all right, but I'm getting nervous about the cross, and must write by this post about it; so, good-bye.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*¹

BRANTWOOD, 29th April [1881].

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—So far from being stupid, or not enough, this letter of yours is as sweet and full as one of our prettiest pools or kindest streams.

I am particularly happy in the change to the Juniors for the Queenship. It seems to me to avoid the harm of serious mortification, or even anger, in the higher minds—*Animis caelestibus*;² it will answer all prudential conditions in the wise handmaidens, and image more completely what should be the typical state of young Queens and Kings, having graver advisers—also, it makes the whole thing less tremendous, more amusing, and in the following year, the position of the Queen much less invidious, or to herself difficult. The little Cross is safe here, and will *do* for this year; but it may be much improved on when I'm able to see after it in time next year. It shall be sent so as to reach you registered. I forgot this was Friday; I had to telegraph for another pattern of the chain, but it is sure to be in time, posted on Saturday. I send a dozen more signed labels; some come more glibly off than others, and there may be a little choice. I really thought the books would have come to two dozen,³ but two or three are out of print. I send only the first volume of *Fors*, which has pictures, and it includes the rest. *The Seven Lamps* may be out of print in a year, but I hope *Amiens* in print—much the better book.

I return the Comparison figures, which are inscrutable by me. *Your* satisfaction is enough for me, in competitive questions. The essays I return also; they seem entirely well done, and would give me more information than I can take in just now, were I to read attentively. It afflicts me to find Edward the Confessor objecting to May jollities.⁴ In case any friends of Mr. or Mrs. Severn, or of mine,

¹ [No. 25 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 63–65 (see below, p. 643).]

² [*Aeneid*, i. 11.]

³ ["They invariably totalled more than *three* dozen."—J. P. F.]

⁴ [The reference is to a statement to this effect made in one of the students' essays.]

should appeal for admission on Monday, I am sure I may trust your kindness to allow them to express their sympathy in the proceedings.—Ever affectionately and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*¹

BRANTWOOD, 1st May, '81.

But what *do* the girls know, then, if they don't know about the cross, or the books! And what a confusion you'll have in their heads all at once! I do hope no accident will hinder the arrival of the cross in due time, but in case such a mischance should befall, the girls can always make a little crown of flowers which will do for the coronation.

I am pleased with the chain now, and think it well worth the little risk of delay. Next year there shall be more than one *thorn* in the cross, however; it isn't moral to be all blossom and no prickle. As I count, the labels I sent will be exactly enough. I threw away the others, but, if any are wanting, they can easily be put in afterwards. I hope you will all have a happy and not harmful day,² and am, ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

You will be a little happier to know that I am really very well myself, and am painting currant leaves, and have proof of the "Dabchick" from Press, this morning, and I think it reads well. Perhaps you might read the first paragraphs to the girls to-morrow. I've put the punctuation in, and if you kindly send the scrap to Mr. Jowett, Printing Works, Aylesbury, on Tuesday, it will be in excellent time.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*³

BRANTWOOD, 3rd May [1881].

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—How *could* you find time to write me such a nice letter in your busy day! But it has made us all here intensely happy. It is very delightful to me that the girls honour each other's beauty, as well as goodness, and I like the three "Queen likes her,"⁴

¹ [No. 26 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 66, 67 (see below, p. 643).]

² ["We all did. On the whole, it was the most perfect May Queen Day, just because no one knew anything about it, and the students elected the right Queen."—J. P. F.]

³ [No. 27 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 68, 69 (see below, p. 643).]

⁴ [A reason often given for the award of a prize: see Vol. XXX. p. 338.]

for reason good. The only thorn to *me* in the matter is a little ashamedness of giving my own books only.

I am so grateful to you for those proof corrections, that I presume farther on them. There is no trouble greater to me than the final revise, and as you would certainly be good enough to me to read the book some time or other, might I send you the last revises to be read? There would be no hurry for passing on to printer, and you should have *carte-blanche* (much more) for emendation or correction, so that you would not have any tiresome questions to write about. May I?

Love to the Queen and her maidens.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

*To BRYCE WRIGHT*¹

BRANTWOOD, 9th May, '81.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,—I hope your box will get safe back to you—that tourmaline is a nasty thing to send about. You will, I regret to say, find all returned except the well crystallized bit of amazon-stone and one of the agates. But I hope you will not be discouraged from sending me things. You OUGHT to know by this time that I *never* buy ores of lead: seldom large detached crystals like the topaz and garnet, that I hate cut stones in *shapes*—and that round eyes can be cut out of agates by the million—if people are fools enough to like them out better than in. I am always open to good silvers—good golds (the one you sent this time was absolutely valueless!)—to anything strange in quartzes (I would have kept the millerite,² but the specimen was not pretty), to anything fine in chalcedonies—and any pretty piece of crystallization in tourmaline—beryl—rutile. With these openings you ought to be able to send me a box thrilling with interest, once a quarter at least.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*³

BRANTWOOD, 16th May [1881].

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—When am I to have my photographs?⁴ I've been getting more and more excited at every post, and there are two a day, even *here*. I have told my assistant who takes care of the

¹ [From *St. George*, vol. vi. p. 358. For references to Mr. Wright, of Great Russell Street, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 727; Vol. XXX. pp. 78, 79.]

² [See Vol. XXVI. p. 410 *n.*]

³ [No. 28 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 70–72.]

⁴ [Photographs of Miss Ellen Osborne, the first May Queen. For Ruskin's letters to her, see Vol. XXX. pp. 340, 341.]

drawings at Oxford, Mr. Crawley, to wait upon you with measures of two, uninteresting, yet more or less decorative and illustrative, bits of oil painting connected with the histories of St. Ursula and St. Jerome,¹ for which I wonder if you can find room, till they go to the—not yet built! (nor begun!!) new room at Sheffield? One is the bit of convent in the distance of Carpaccio's St. Jerome and the Lion, well and freely copied, and curiously graceful as a piece of monastic living and feeling; the other is only the window of St. Ursula's room, full size, to show the free yet subtle way in which the leaves of the pinks are painted. I am having a photograph of the whole picture coloured for you, which will make this piece of it interesting.

With these will come a very lovely, though not quite finished, drawing of the south door of the cathedral of Florence,² but I can't tell you about that to-day. This is only to give Crawley credentials to you. I want to make those college rooms and passages more Romantic! these two oil things may go in any passage corner where there's a little light.—Ever affectionately yours
J. RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS³

BRANTWOOD, *May 17th*, 1881.

MY DEAR ELLIS,—I am exceedingly delighted by your kindness in sending me these drawings. I shall send over to the station this afternoon for them; and, as I doubt not, they will be there at latest by the six train, I shall be able to examine and despatch again to-morrow, quite easily.⁴

I can tell Holbein at a glance, and so, it seemed to me, could Mr. Reid, whose judgment I have found fine and trustworthy beyond any person's I know, in his own branch of Art—(more's the pity! he got hold of the best sepia drawing by Turner in the world!) And if

¹ [These drawings are now in the Ruskin Museum, Sheffield: see Vol. XXX. pp. 195, 197.]

² [Also now in the Sheffield Museum: see Vol. XXX. p. 208.]

³ [No. 34 in *Ellis*, pp. 59–61.]

⁴ ["The drawings referred to were two designs of cups or chalices, supposed to be by Holbein, and so described by Mr. Reid, Keeper of the Prints at the British Museum. They were included in an immense illustrated copy of Walpole's *Painters*, enlarged into 18 vols. folio, by a Mr. Bull, a friend of Walpole's. Mr. A. C. Swinburne had inherited the volumes, with others of a like kind. They were sold at Sotheby's in 1880, and bought by Mr. Ellis for £1800. The volumes were then broken up, and the contents sold by auction as separate drawings and prints. The two drawings in question were bought by Mr. W. Mitchell, a well-known collector, who esteemed them to be genuine examples of Holbein. They were probably re-sold with the rest of his drawings at Berlin, about 1890 or 1891."—F. S. E.]

he wished to bid, I've no doubt the drawings are all right and that I shall return them with *carte-blanc* to you.

I shall keep the lovely edition of *Sidonius*,¹ with sincerest thanks for all your good help lately. I am daily in expectation of the finish of the lawyers with a bit of business, which ended, you shall have cheque for *St. Ronan's* and all, at once.

I am doing as good work as ever, *I think*, at *Amiens*.³ The second chapter will have some bits more in the old *Stones of Venice* manner, than I've troubled myself to write lately.—Ever affectionately and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R. A.

BRANTWOOD, 20th May, '81.

MY DEAREST GEORGE,—I think I may venture once more to write to my lovingest friends, without chance of frightening them by shaky—more than usual—hand—or head—or principles! For a little while, after this last illness, I remained a little too sad to say what was in my heart without hurting any one who cared for me: but now the shadow—so far as it was deeper than it always is, and I think should be, on a life like mine—has given way to the April sunny beams, and I hope I shall no more be cause of anxiety to poor Joanie, at least. She has had two bad times with me now: and says that of all the supports she had, this last time, your letters were the most precious, and that she does not know how she could have got on without them.

There are no words enough for thanking in these deep things;—so I pass to my instant cause for writing—not a shallow one, that, neither; for I believe the enclosed note⁴ will give you very great pleasure in the sweet tone and feeling of it. One is glad to find an English lady thinking nowadays of people that have been.

I know that it is impossible to find any impressions now of the engraving of your drawing—but—I am very anxious to know if any photographs, on the whole satisfactory to you, have been made from your chalk drawings? If so, and there is any photographer whom you would trust rather than another, I would for this object send the drawing to London. Certainly the faintest shadow of *that* would be [more] like “the author of *M. P.*” than anything got straight from the

¹ [*Sidonii Apollinaris Opera*, folio.]

² [The autograph MS. of *St. Ronan's Well*: see above, p. 346.]

³ [*The Bible of Amiens*, ch. ii. (“Under the Drachenfels”), published in December 1881.]

⁴ [From Mrs. Fawkes: see the next letter.]

features—such as they have become—of the elderly person who neither is, nor would be—if he could—the author of anything of the sort.

I think I shall have to write *my* “reminiscences”!¹ If only I was sure of getting a faithful Editor;—what a delicious squatter and croak this Carlyle one has occasioned in the Essex, Wessex, and other British Flats! And what ugly, puffy, perturbed, polycroaks the British public are, to find in that book nothing but the bits of brick that hurt their own puffy personages, and see and feel nothing of its mighty interests—its measureless pathos.

See Mrs. Wedgwood’s article in *Contemporary*; *see*—but don’t read!—for the three sentences she quotes from Carlyle are precisely the only three worth printing in the article.² Oh me! do you recollect when you first made me read *Past and Present*? It was the only book I could get help from during my illness, which was partly brought on by the sense of loneliness—and greater responsibility brought upon me by Carlyle’s death. That and a course of saintly studies for *Amiens*, which I fancy the Devil objected to;—but I’m getting quietly into work again, for all that, and hope he’ll get the worst of it, at last—nor even now has he done me much harm, in teaching me what kind of temper Blake worked in—and one or two more in old days—leaving me, now, just as practical and rational a person as ever I was!—and ever and ever your grateful and loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Mrs. FAWKES³

BRANTWOOD, 24th May, '81.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Your letter has given me more pleasure than anything that has chanced to me for many a day—relating to the old times and lost hopes of my life, or at least, laid down hopes, for I can sometimes lift them again, and recover the trust that some day yet Turner may be known by English people for what he was.

It is more than delightful to me also to find an English lady still caring for the things and the people that have been.

There is no photograph of me that is the least like even what is now left of the youth who loved Turner. The engravings from

¹ [The reference is to Froude’s publication of Carlyle’s *Reminiscences*.]

² [See below, p. 363 *n.*]

³ [“Mr. Ruskin at Farnley,” by Edith Mary Fawkes, in the *Nineteenth Century*, April 1900, p. 619 (see below, p. 648). “I was anxious,” says Mrs. Fawkes, “to place a portrait of Mr. Ruskin in the room at Farnley which tradition says was occupied by Turner, and in which room I placed all the portraits of Turner I could find. I wrote to Mr. Ruskin asking him for his photograph.” George Richmond sent a copy of the print from his drawing of Ruskin, and this hangs in the Turner room.]

Richmond's portrait are out of the market, but I have written to him to-day to ask whether, if I were to send the drawing to London, he could trust any photographer to do from it what would satisfy him. If not, I will try and get a little water-colour copy made for you from Richmond's water-colour sketch;¹ this, I think, might fall in better in every way with your pretty plans for the decoration of the room. May I come to see it when all's done?

With sincere remembrances to Mr. Fawkes, and renewed thanks for your letter, believe me, dear Madam, ever your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WARD²

BRANTWOOD, *May 25th*, 1881.

MY DEAR WARD,—Enclosed cheque for £ 25 is 15 for "Rouen," and 10 for your Giotto expenses, which you may put to the credit of anything you do for me when the book refunds you—if it does.

Enclosed also, two pages of preface, which I hope are fairly clear-written, and to the purpose. I have just given to be packed for rail or post all the materials for Catalogue in lump; which, if you will put into form, at Aylesbury—I have written to Jowett to do your bidding there—I'll glance over in the final proofs. There must be an apology to Eastlake for the recast of everything, anyhow.

The "Rouen" is well worth £15 to me, and figures do well enough till I come to town to look.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS³

BRANTWOOD [*May*, 1881].

MY DEAR ELLIS,—Please send me these Carlyle *Reminiscences*. I'm up reading them now, and that rascally article of Mrs. Wedgwood's has put my bristle up,—and I must give her a hiding—somewhere—short and sweet. The comic thing is, that the three sentences of Carlyle's she quotes above, are the only ones worth printing in the entire article. That on Coleridge is superb.⁴

¹ [The frontispiece to Vol. III.]

² [No. 97 in *Ward*; vol. ii. pp. 80–81. The Giotto "book" referred to is *The Shepherd's Tower* (see Vol. XXIII. p. 463); the "Catalogue" is of the Turner Drawings in the National Gallery (see Vol. XIII. pp. 349 *seq.*.)]

³ [No. 36 in *Ellis*, pp. 64, 65.]

⁴ ["Mr. Froude as a Biographer," a review by Julia Wedgwood of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* in the *Contemporary Review*, May 1881, vol. 39, pp. 821–842. On p. 826 she quotes (as things which Froude ought not to have printed) sentences

Please (to save me the trouble of writing another note) can you, in regular way of business, get a copy of my Prout *Notes* with illustrative photos, from over the way?¹ I gave mine away, thinking I'd half-a-dozen—but no such luck.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To MISS SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD [1881].

If ever a *Gentiana Verna* demeans itself to you at Brantwood—I'll disown it and be dreadfully ashamed for it! The other little things, if they'll condescend to come, shall be thanked and honoured with my best. Only please now *don't* send me more asparagus!

I feel so piggish and rabbitish in eating you out of all your vegetables, that I'm afraid to speak lest it should turn out grunting, and to shake my head for fear of feeling flappy at the ears.

But—please—Is the bread as brown as it used to be? I think you're cossetting me up altogether and I don't like the white bread so well!

To MISS SUSAN BEEVER³

BRANTWOOD [1881].

I have forbidden Joanie's going out to-day, for she got a little chill in the wind last night, and looked pale and *défaite* in the evening; she's all right again, but I can't risk her out, though she was much minded to come, and I am sure you and Mary will say I am right. She will be delighted and refreshed by seeing the young ladies; and the Turners look grand in the grey light.

So I have told Baxter to bring up a fly from the Waterhead, and to secure your guests on their way here, and put up to bring them so far back. I shall also send back by it a purple bit of Venice,⁴ which pleases me, though the mount's too large and spoils it a little; but you will be gracious to it.

What delicious asparagus and brown bread I've been having!!!!!!!

of Carlyle's on Wordsworth (from the *Reminiscences*, ii. 330), on Lamb (ii. 165), and on Coleridge (i. 230): "a puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest." Ruskin did not, however, publish any condemnation of the article.]

¹ [That is, from the Fine Art Society, who published the illustrated edition: see Vol. XIV, p. 370.]

² [No. 98 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

³ [No. 159 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

⁴ [Perhaps the drawing now in the British Museum: see Vol. XIV. Plate XXI. and p. xxxix.]

I should like to write as many notes of admiration as there are waves on the lake; the octave must do. I've been writing a pretty bit of chant for Byron's heroic measure.¹ Joan must play it to you when she next comes. I'm mighty well, and rather mischievous.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD [1881].

You cannot in the least tell what a help you are to me, in caring so much for my things and seeing what I try to do in them. You are quite one of a thousand for sympathy with everybody, and one of the ten times ten thousand, for special sympathy with my own feelings and tries. Yes, that second column is rather nicely touched, though I say it, for hands and eyes of sixty-two; but when once the wind stops I hope to do a bit of primrosy ground that will be richer.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

BRANTWOOD [1881].

You won't refuse to give house room or even parlour room again to the *first* volume of your *Stones*. It has your name in it and feather sketches, which I like the memory of doing, and I found another in my stores to make up the set I have to-day, regretfully, but in proud satisfaction, sent to Mr. Brown's friend Miss Lawley.⁴ You will be thinking I'm never going to write any *new* books more, I've promised so long and done nothing. But No. 2 and No. 4 of *Amiens* have been going on at once, and No. 3 and No. 4 of *Love's Meinie*, and No. 7 of *Proserpina* had to be done in the middle of all four, like the stamens in a tormentilla. And now my total tormentilla is all but out.⁵ But "all-but" is a long, long word with my printers and me. Still something has been done every day, and not ill done lately; and Joanie tells me your friends enjoyed their little visit, as I did seeing them. And I'm pretty well, and asking young ladies to come and see me.

¹ ["On Old Ægina's Rock": see Vol. XXXI. p. 515.]

² [No. 138 in *Hortus Inclusus*. The "second column" is probably in the "purple bit of Venice" mentioned on the preceding page.]

³ [No. 112 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629).]

⁴ [See above, p. 350.]

⁵ [Nos. 2 and 4 of *Amiens* came out in November and December 1881; No. 3 of *Love's Meinie*, in November 1881 (No. 4 was not issued by Ruskin); No. 7 of *Proserpina*, not till April 1882.]

To H. S. MARKS, R. A.¹

BRANTWOOD, June 5, 1881.

MY DEAR MARCO,—I've written seven letters to-day, after my own too hard work, all to people who really need to be comforted, or scolded. I've little comfort in me, and too much crossness, but forgive me when I say that Leslie's book, sweet and honest as it is, has given me a worse notion than I ever had before of the elements of artists' life in London. You associate only with each other, and you want each to be at the top of the tree—when the top of it is far in the clouds above, without any possibility of sight from that Thames level. How many posts has Leslie drawn in that book altogether? Are they the souls of deaf Londoners?

Good heavens! if you and he, and a few of your girlies and laddies, would only put on hob-nailed shoes and start on a walking tour of France and the Tyrol, and see what life means—and the earth, and the sea—and tweak the picture-dealers' noses the first thing whenever you come into a town!—and I could get a glimpse of you *en route*. You never attend to what I say, of course, so good-bye.—Ever, etc., etc.,

J. R.

To COVENTRY PATMORE²

BRANTWOOD, 10th June, 1881.

DEAR PATMORE,—I am very grateful for your letter, and for the book. More I cannot say—except—even of Bertha's exquisite work—and of yours—in most cases, as finished verses.

"The Cat will mew, and the Dog will have his day."³ And therefore—Bertha must bear from me, and for herself, this Cat and Dog message:—

1. Never reduce Angelico angels to blow trumpets in a letter B.
2. Make your work pleasing to the simple—girl's work should never express anything but what will be as generally intelligible as a daisy.
3. Are there no leaves on the earth but ivy-leaves—and no Catholic missals but the Countess Yolande?⁴—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

Leaf returned registered "to-day,"⁵ 10th June, 1881.

¹ [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 179, 180. "Leslie's book" is *Our River*.]

² [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. pp. 296–297. The reference is to a copy of his *Unknown Eros* (now at Brantwood), with a special illuminated title-page by his daughter, which Patmore sent to Ruskin.]

³ [*Hamlet*, Act v. sc. 1.]

⁴ [The *Book of Hours of Yolande of Flanders*, then in Ruskin's library: see Vol. V. p. 267 and Plate 9 (an ivy-leaf border), and Vol. XXI. p. 270 n.]

⁵ [Ruskin's motto.]

To H. S. MARKS, R. A.¹

BRANTWOOD, *June 13, 1881.*

MY DEAR MARCO,—It is a punishment to me for writing too much in attempt, at least, to be sarcastic against my enemies, that my best friends think I can be sarcastic against *them*.

But *you*, with your splendid sense of humour, ought to have known, it seems to me, my earnest from my sneer, and least of all should you have thought that I could be sarcastic on poverty of *any* kind, how much less on a friend's, meritorious and beautiful in its every possible way—except only—living in London!

Also, when I say “I am cross” to any of my friends, it always means for their own sake, much more than for mine.

In this matter, I may be cross with Leslie, for never honouring me during my ten years' work at Oxford with a visit to my schools. And for you, my dear Marks, have not I at least these *ten* times asked you for sketches for my schools? You choose to work for Dukes and Dealers, and I say D. D. *both*.

And that's all I can say “to-day,” but it's for *your* sake, not mine, though you mayn't think it. I'll explain more afterwards.—From your uncle,” JOHN.”

To H. S. MARKS, R. A.²

[?1881.]

MY DEAR MARCO,—Alas, the reason I have not yet written about the Adjutant was—it *must* out—that I didn't like him: and that he gave me a sorrowful impression of your being out of sorts, and thwarted, not to say perverted, in your work by fog. London association of sight and sound—and—Dukes and Academies. If you could take a little cottage at Coniston with Mama and the girls, and paint every one of our birds, from the blue tit to the windhover, as you saw them, and with no reference to decoration, to the line, or the newspaper, you

¹ [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 184–185. “In a letter which I have unfortunately lost,” says Marks, “Ruskin had again recommended a continental trip, or rather a stay of some months abroad, with my wife and daughters. However delightful the project, it was simply out of the question. I had been at heavy expenses, buying the lease of and moving into another house, and I was only just beginning to recover from them. I took the letter too seriously, and, on the impulse of the moment, must have answered it in a like spirit.”]

² [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 182–183. “I once sent Ruskin a water-colour drawing of an Adjutant Stork, either as a birthday or Christmas card. I might have known that he would not care for a creature so quiet in colour, and with less beauty than quaint grotesqueness of form.”]

would do lovely things—but at present, you are literally walled up, every way.

My main fault with the Adjutant is that his bald head makes me feel, every time I look at him, if I've any hair left on my own; next, that he isn't in sunshine, casting no shadow to speak of, and yet that his local colours don't come fresh and clean, and his whole breast is rounded with grey *towards* the light, till it actually comes dark against the wall! while the wall itself is neither brick, stone, nor honest plaster. And I am *amazedly* certain that you are not making literally true studies from natural chiaroscuro enough to keep your eye right. I am sadly tired just now, and can only say in this brutal way what the facts are to my notion—but I'm not a brute, but ever your affectionate uncle,

"JOHN."

To EDWARD A. PETHERICK

BRANTWOOD, 7th July, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have every day been on the point of sending you my thanks—and more than thanks,—a friend's greeting, for your much valued gift of Marmontel's autograph.

Few gifts ever gave me more pleasure,¹ chiefly because it is so seldom that people really know what I shall like—but also because I *do* like this gift exceedingly.

Your letter to Mr. Allen got unfortunately mislaid, and (by me) when that once happens, there's no saying how long the finding may take in my heaps of papers; but I *had* put your letter into a highly esteemed parcel, and have found it to-day, and can only pray you to receive, at last, a frequently-thought-of debt of thanks, and to believe me yours most truly and kindly,

J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE²

BRANTWOOD, 8th July [1881].

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I am so grieved not to have answered before, but could not. Your piece about the Archbishop was lovely. I partly forgot, partly did not know, of his sorrow.³ The invitation for recitation is *lovely too*, but I sadly fear I must not be allowed any excitement, or even stirring from home, this year.

¹ [For Ruskin's sympathy with Marmontel, see Vol. XVIII. p. 48.]

² [No. 33 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 79, 80 (see below, p. 644).]

³ [The deaths of Archbishop Tait's son and wife in 1878.]

I write to-day in haste to say that I've ordered sixty sliding wooden frames to be made, for the college, of my Oxford pattern, to hold little drawings, photo-plates, MS. leaves, etc., such as I can send you presents or loan of.¹ These frames should slide either into a fixed shelf with dentils for them above and below, or, as I have some of mine, and find it handy, into a seat that goes on castors, and may generally be in a window recess or the like, and be pulled about anywhere, the frames sliding down into it, and the lid, cushioned, forming a seat, the frames going into it in two rows. I have told Mr. Williams, from Messrs. Foord's, who has made the frames and has my orders to deliver them at Whitelands, to wait on you as early as possible for any orders you might wish to give him about the placing of them.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To MISS SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD [July, 1881].

I send you Spenser; perhaps you had better begin with the Hymn to Beauty, page 39, and then go on to the Tears;³ but you'll see how you like it. It's better than Longfellow! see line 52—

“The house of blessed gods which men call skye.”⁴

Now I'm going to look out Dr. Kendall's crystal. It *must* be crystal, for having brought back the light to your eyes.

BRANTWOOD, 12th July, '81.

How delightful that you have that nice Mrs. Howard to hear you say “The Ode to Beauty,” and how nice that you can learn it and enjoy saying it!⁵ I do not know it myself. I only know that it should be known and said and heard and loved.

I *am* often near you in thought, but can't get over the lake somehow. There's always somebody to be looked after here, now. I've to

¹ [For the “Ruskin Cabinet” at Whitelands College, see Vol. XXX. p. 348.]

² [Nos. 70 and 71 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

³ [For another reference to “The Tears of the Muses,” see Vol. XXXIV. p. 341 *n*.]

⁴ [Ruskin's quotation is from the *Hymne of Heavenly Beautie*. The other *Hymne in Honour of Beautie* is quoted from in Vol. IV. pp. 131, 207.]

⁵ [“I learnt the whole of it by heart, and could then say it without a break. I have always loved it, and in return it has helped me through many a long and sleepless night.”—S. B.]

rout the gardeners out of the greenhouse, or I should never have a strawberry or a pink, but only nasty gloxinias and glaring fuchsias, and I've been giving lessons to dozens of people and writing charming sermons in the *Bible of Amiens*; but I get so sleepy in the afternoon, I can't pull myself over it.

I was looking at your notes on birds yesterday. How sweet they are! But I can't forgive that young blackbird for getting wild again.¹

To ARTHUR SEVERN

SEASCALE, 15th July, '81.

I have your delicious letter from Schaffhausen saying you'll come home, and go in July to Kissingen, and that Brabazon will go too! and that you'd like me to come too!—would you really? I should like to come so much, and would say at once "I will" if it weren't naughty to be wilful—(and it sounds awful; and like being married). But really if all is well—and willing—I am minded to come, and do a little bandy-dandy idling at Kissingen—and then go and repent and lament at Marburg—(Qu. Mary-burg?—Marry and Amen-burg?), and do the architectural details when you had done the effects—and the dots and titles when Brabazon had done the blots and skittles. . . .

Brabazon's a trump to say he'll come, and I really do want to see him at work on something he'd like. The memory of you both sitting

¹ [The reference is to the "History of a Blackbird," printed at pp. 173–176 of *Hortus Inclusus*:—"We had had one of those summer storms which so injure the beautiful flowers and the young leaves of the trees. A blackbird's nest with young ones in its was blown out of the ivy on the wall, and the little ones, with the exception of one, were killed. The poor little bird did not escape without a wound upon his head, and when he was brought to me it did not seem very likely that I should ever be able to rear him; but I could not refuse to take in the little helpless stranger, so I put him into a covered basket for a while. I soon found that I had undertaken what was no easy task, for he required feeding so early in a morning that I was obliged to take him and his bread-crumbs into my bedroom, and jump up to feed him as soon as he began to chirp, which he did in very good time. . . .

"Very soon my birdie knew my step, and though he never exactly said so, I am sure he thought it had 'musick in't,' for as soon as I touched the handle of the door he set up a shriek of joy! The bird that we nurse is the bird that we love, and I soon loved Dick. And the love was not all on one side, for my bonnie bird would sit upon my finger uttering complacent little chirps, and when I sang to him in a low voice he would gently peck my hair. . . .

"Blackbirds are wild birds, and do not bear being kept in a cage, not even so well as some other birds do; and as this bird grew up he was not so tame, and was rather restless. I knew that, though I loved him so much, I ought not to keep him shut up against his will. He was carried down into the garden while the raspberries were ripe, and allowed to fly away; and I have never seen him since. Do you wonder that my eyes filled with tears when he left?"]

like two disconsolate frogs by Styx, that evening at Picquigny,¹ is a burden on my heart. . . .

I hope you will send for a little word I wrote to Schaffhausen, if you haven't got it, and that you won't let anything at Paris distract you from your Lucerne impressions, and that you'll take care of yourself, and be at Brantwood—as soon as the post—and then we'll have such planning!

Love to Brabazon, and thanks—and tell (oh, if he will smash a German man as he did the Amiens one²—what larks!)—tell him I'm studying music and want always to be well off one note before I'm on another. Perhaps I shall end by writing “Modern Musicians.”

So now it's all settled, and mind you're not to jilt me and go to Rome—or Egypt—and I'll be good and try to keep well—and merry—and am ever your grateful and loving
DI PA.

How I used to love the Trois Rois—the *old* house—and the sweep of the water under the windows.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

BRANTWOOD, 18th July, '81.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Moore writes to me from North Conway, N. H. (“New Hell,” I suppose), but I don't know if he lives there or whether he expects any answer to his letter—anyhow here's one enclosed, if you'll please read it and send it him. There's some general talk on America which you ought to see, too.

. . . It really makes me a little more indulgent to the beastliness of modern Europe, to think what we might possibly have got to see and feel by this time, but for the various malaria from America.

I'm working rather hard on the history of Amiens, and hope to get some bits of historical sculpture cut out of it which will come into good light and shade—chiefly light; and I've just finished two

¹ [In 1880: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxiv.]

² [“Smashing the Amiens one refers to a very nice old Frenchman to whom our landlady at the hotel in Amiens introduced us, asking us all into her private sitting-room to hear him play the piano. But instead of his playing a solo, he and Brabazon played a four-hand piece, Brabazon with such vigour, and gradually quickening the time, that at last the Frenchman could stand it no longer, and pushing himself away from the piano, said, ‘But, sir, you are a master! I am only a coal merchant. Bless me, how I sweat!’ With that he mopped his bald head, and after a few minutes' rest they went at it again. But we all felt that Brabazon had played him out. Ruskin was highly amused.”—A. S.]

³ [No. 190 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 170. For Professor C. H. Moore (at North Conway, New Hampshire), see above, p. 204.]

numbers of *Love's Meinie*, which will come to you the moment I've a clean proof. I've sent in the last revise.

Sheffield also in good progress.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

BRANTWOOD, *Wednesday* [July 20th, 1881.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—Just back from a seaside lodging—saw a sandpiper, and was otherwise blest there. Your charming note just come. I am sure all your emendations² will be right, and you shall have all petitions, except the softening down in general. I don't *anger* my soul nor vex my *own* heart, I relieve it, by all violent language. Of course, if I didn't believe in there being good people about, I should write nothing. *All* I write now is very seriously written as a last will and testament, and with final hammering down of nails in the elm, and in what work I leave behind me. If I live any time there will be a good deal of gentle and pleasant soap and water, served up for washing purposes, besides these sputters of sulphur.

But pray get quit of the notion that these bursts of abuse irritate me. I *live* in chronic fury only softened by keeping wholly out of the reach of newspapers or men, and only to be at all relieved in its bad fits by studied expression. More when the proof comes, only your letter is here to-day.—Ever your affectionate friend, J. RUSKIN.

To Miss GATTY³

BRANTWOOD, *Saturday*, July 24th, 1881.

DEAR MISS GATTY,—I did not answer your note instantly, in the hope of being able to make some useful suggestion; or, at least, to express a definitely hopeful sympathy in the new plans. But I have not been able to get into them, and I can only assure you that I am quite willing to guarantee the hundred pounds in case of failure; and that I entirely approve the idea of giving only one good woodcut monthly by way of a *picture*. But it does seem to me that for rapid line illustration of text, like a scratch in a letter to explain it, no present publication has attempted what might greatly please a rational reader, with scarcely any cost.

¹ [No. 35 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 82, 83.]

² [For a few unimportant emendations in a new edition of *The Queen of the Air*, see Vol. XIX. p. lxxi.]

³ [No. 29 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 86–87. This letter was occasioned by the need of a guarantee fund to keep *Aunt Judy's Magazine* going. David Bogue was the publisher.]

Also, you must not depend on your sister,¹ nor on any other star-writer. Your articles must be kept at a fair level. I think they have been so indeed. But it should be more and more your aim to get *wide* help.—Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

P. S.—This note will, I hope, be accepted by Mr. Bogue as sufficient guarantee; but I will sign any paper you like to send me.

To Mrs. LA TOUCHE²

BRANTWOOD, 3rd Aug., 1881.

What a beautifully written lava-flow of a letter! It's like a lithographed edition of the fleshly tables of the heart.³ Do you always growl and wowl as straight as that, or is it all written clear for me to read? When I have growling to do or to can't help, I write like that,⁴ and get blacker and blacker all down the page, if it's a private letter. Public growling, one oils one's whiskers for, and stands upon one leg with the other disposed of in some stork or flamingo-like manner. By the way, Lacy—did you ever see the crested stork at the Zoo when any one paid him a visit? I don't really mean to say anything nasty—but he *did* just now come into my head, and you should see him if you haven't—only let it be somebody else who's visiting him.

My head's so full of that fluffy foxglove, I can't tell you about anything else, and don't want to particularly (of course *you'll* say that if I don't). I've never seen it before; and it is not in Sowerby, and it is also very clearly a link between the foxglove mulleins, and I believe henbanes; but there may be some touch of ophryd in it. Anyway, it is one of the *links* which are always forms of inferiority, and you mustn't call it "digitalis Mariana," nor be cross if I call it something of my nether kingdom.⁵

I was writing to Knowles yesterday about some more Fiction he wants.⁶ I told him I should rather like to say a little more soon, because now that George Eliot was in Heaven, I could write her Epitaph without any chance of meeting her afterwards. I don't mean to tell anybody else but you unless *he* does.

¹ [Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing.]

² [*The Letters of a Noble Woman (Mrs. La Touche of Harristown)*, edited by Margaret Ferrier Young, 1908, pp. 72–73.]

³ [2 Corinthians iii. 3.]

⁴ [See the *facsimile*.]

⁵ [For the reference here, see *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 358.]

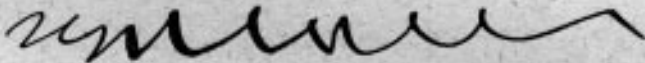
⁶ [That is, a further article (the fifth) on *Fiction, Fair and Foul*; it appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, October 1881. For the reference to George Eliot, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 377.]

Brantwood,
Coniston, Lancashire.

3rd Aug^r 1881

My dear Lacy

What a beautifully written
- lawn-flaw of a letter. It's like
a lithographed edition of the
fleshy tables of the heart. Do
you always grow and wood
as straight as that - or is it all
written clean for me to read?
- When I have growing to do
or to count help - I write
like that.


and get blacker and blacker
all down the page - if it's
a private letter. Public growing
one oil, one whisker for and
stands upon one leg with the other

To Dr. JOHN BROWN¹

BRANTWOOD, 5th August, '81.

. . . I've seen Susie's note now with its wonderful saying about Shakespeare, and the Carlyle gossip. I do not look at the article.² I told Froude just what you say months since,—that the world had no more to do with Carlyle's life than with his old hat. But Froude felt too deeply, and besides had promised this and that. *I* don't care an old hat's brim whether it's printed or not, nor whether the public swears or howls, or squeaks or blazes, only I don't like Froude's wasting his time on old love affairs (as if there weren't always enough on hand), and I can't waste mine on *anything* now, it's running so short. But I'll look up that letter which you say is perfect. What can you possibly mean? When a woman refuses a man she's a mere brute if she pretends to have any reason.

I send you the first proof of the end of my bird-catching for this year. It ends in Scotland, so you must see it first, else I mightn't have bored you with it *yet*, for I think some of it as tiresome as—(Shakespeare?). I've even worked through a proof, but the ending has some mint sauce, and see the Dorcas Society woman's letter!³

That weariness of reading is a totally UNEXPECTED calamity to me also, in growing old. I can read nothing now but Scott, and *Frederick the Great*, and I begin to know them a little bit too well. My drawing does not tire me, but the focus of my best, farthest-seeing eye has altered more than that of the nearer-sighted, weaker one; and now, in small work, they begin to dispute about where the line is to go, which I am sorry for, but shall take to larger work. Suppose I do a Panorama of the Alps, with our Lady of the Snow crowning our blessed old Jamie!—Ever your lovingest
J. R.

To GIACOMO BONI⁴

BRANTWOOD, 30th August, 1881.

DEAR SIGNOR BONI,—I also must omit all formalities, and embrace you as a most dear friend, and hold myself deeply honoured in doing

¹ [No. 33 of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 311–312, where the last word "Jamie" (*i.e.*, James Forbes) is misprinted "Joanie."]

² [Possibly Mrs. Oliphant's notice of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* in *Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. 43, 1881, pp. 482–496.]

³ [See *Love's Meinie*: Vol. XXV, p. 149.]

⁴ [Who had sent a drawing, with an enthusiastic letter of admiration of Ruskin's books and of indignation against modern "restorations" in Venice. For Ruskin's subsequent friendship with him, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI, p. xciv.]

so—for the spirit of your great Fathers and your lovely Land is on you;—surely such drawing I have never seen by living hand—never, by any hand, since the days of Lippi and Mantegna.

It has given me new life and hope to see it, and to read what you have so sweetly and passionately written. Heaven keep you in health and heart. . . .

I write to-day in haste and eager recognition, but you may assuredly command me to the utmost of my power, and believe me your devoted and thankful friend,

JOHN RUSKIN.

*To C. FAIRFAX MURRAY*¹

BRANTWOOD, *October 11th*, 1881.

MY DEAR MURRAY,—The two sketches, for which I am very happy to give ten pounds each, arrived, registered, this morning. I enclose a cheque for them, and for the large drawing from Botticelli's fresco of the Sciences, which I also am extremely glad to have at the price of one hundred pounds.² My cheque therefore is for one hundred and twenty.

I have very positive and instant directions farther to give you, and you will please stay where you are, quietly—that is to say, either at Pisa or Florence—until you get my to-morrow's (intended), or it may be for a week hindered, next letter. I do not know whether the myth of these Botticelli frescoes be in Boccaccio or not—but the Myth *is* the Divine Love and Wisdom in Human Education. The three Graces present the maid to Venus Urania—the Cupid, subdued, stoops his bow. In the other, on the left hand, the bar has fallen to admit the youth who has knocked—who is presented to the Divine earthly Wisdom whose Bow abides in strength. Poetry, Logic, Rhetoric, are on her right hand; Geometry, Astronomy, and Music on her left hand.

And remember, now, that I have many concerns in hand, and *must* know where my men are, or everything will be in a tangle again. And you may depend upon it you will have more final profit, if not satisfaction, in work done for me than for any one else.—Your faithful friend,

JOHN RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*³

BRANTWOOD, *October 18th* [1881].

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—The square bit of gold means that you are an accepted adherent, or outside worker, of St. George's Company,

¹ [No. 21 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 56–58.]

² [See Vol. XXXIII. p. 313 and Plate XXXVII.]

³ [No. 37 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. p. 85. In Letter No. 36 (p. 84) Ruskin's secretary (Laurence Hilliard) had written (October 3): "Mr. Ruskin desires me to send

looked upon by us as our friend, and invited to further co-operation. I am now for the first time thus distinguishing our elect candidates. I hope you will henceforward receive *The Bible of Amiens*, etc., regularly.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

BRANTWOOD [October 21st, 1881].

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—St. George would be poor indeed if he could not give one little bit of gold in acknowledgment for the affection and effort of all a life. I am only thankful to you for accepting it. But, not to be tiresome to you, I will accept your cheque as a contribution to my fund for Amiens photographs, drawings, etc. I've ever so much ready if I only could get it printed; but the work I'm upon now, peeling a piece of bog-land, requires me to be engineering all day long.

The *square* of gold is only because it is more easily and equally cut so. Indeed I want to see you, but *can't* get to town till after Christmas. Anent Strait Gate: I scold Florentines for *their* sakes, but Constance, for her *own* sake.² I hope to send some more lovely Richters soon.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON³

21st October [1881].

I am fairly well, but have twenty times the work in hand that I am able for; and read—Virgil, Plato, and Hesiod, when I have time! But assuredly no modern books; least of all my friends', lest I should have either to flatter or offend. Still less will I have to say to young

you enclosed piece of gold, in reference to which he will write to you in a day or two." At this time Ruskin "presented several copies of the Apocrypha, bound like his own, to friends whom he hoped to interest in St. George's work, with the inscription 'From the Master.' To the same he gave little squares of pure gold, beaten thin, out of which he meant to strike his St. George's coinage (see Vol. XXIX. p. 342). saying: 'Now you have taken St. George's money; and whether you call yourself one or no, you are a member of my Guild. I have caught you with guile!' " (W. G. Collingwood's *Ruskin Relics*, p. 210). Compare Vol. XXX. p. xxiii.]

¹ [No. 38 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 86, 87 (see below, p. 644).]

² [For Ruskin's "scolding" of the Florentines, see Vol. XXIII. pp. 388–389; and for his objection to Constance's scoldings in *King John*, see above, p. 350.]

³ [No. 60 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleeson (Vol. XXXIV. p. 187).]

men proposing to become clergymen. I have distinctly told them their business is at present—to dig, not preach.¹

Let your young friend read his *Fors*. All that he needs of me is in that.

To LADY MOUNT-TEMPLE

BRANTWOOD, 22nd Oct., '81.

DEAREST ISOLA,—I am happy in your kind letter, and would fain that old times could return, but my two illnesses have changed all for me, and forbidden all kinds of excitement or exertion, except in directions instantly serving my main work. I have to resume the entire contents of *Fors*,² with reference to the existing crisis, which it foretold to you all, in vain, and to gather my own past work in drawing or observing into forms available for my schools. I have a staff of good assistants now at work abroad, and hope to make the historical studies of the great churches such a body of evidence respecting the ages of Christianity as no one yet has conceived. But all depends, with God's help, on my allowing no distraction any more to break the courses of labour—and you know, you, for one, are a very distracting person! There will be some pieces about Araceli for you nevertheless!—the plan of *Our Fathers have Told Us* is more laid out than that of any book I ever wrote³—and its three chief Italian sections—Ponte a Mare, Ponte Vecchio, and Araceli—will be done—as well as an old man may. With all resolution to be quiet, I shall have enough on my hands to keep me at least out of danger of monastic serenity. . . .

To FRANK RANDAL⁴

BRANTWOOD, 25th Oct., 1881.

DEAR RANDAL,—I have only sent you twenty pounds in notes, thinking you might not easily cash a cheque at Senlis; the other twenty for this quarter I'll send to Chartres. Go to the Grand Monarque there and you'll be very comfortable.

Fee the sacristan well at once, and begin making careful drawings of *any* piece of glass you can see clearly—matching the colours as well as you can, not troubling yourself about effect of light, but

¹ [See Vol. XXVIII. pp. 36, 238.]

² [Ruskin did not, however, resume *Fors* (suspended since September 1880) till May 1883: see Vol. XXIX. p. 423.]

³ [For the "laid out" plan, see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 186, 187. Only some notes, however, were written for the intended Part III. ("Ara Cœli"); *ibid.*, pp. 191 *seq.*]

⁴ [For Mr. Randal's work for Ruskin, and many letters, see Vol. XXX. pp. lxxv.–lxxii.]

considering it merely as a missal illumination. Don't fatigue your eyes; but inquire round the cathedral for *any* window whence you could be allowed to draw, and it does not matter what part of the cathedral you do draw; all is equally divine, except the upper part of the later spire. Keep to the porches and flanks and you can't go wrong.—Ever affectly. yrs.,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

BRANTWOOD.

How gay you were and how you cheered me up after the dark lake. Please say *John Inglesant* is harder than real history and of no mortal use. I couldn't read four pages of it. Clever, of course.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE²

BRANTWOOD, 3rd November, '81.

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—It is very delightful and pathetic to me, your all enjoying those things so, and thinking so much of the cabinet; but I am especially pleased that Williams has acquitted himself properly, for I want him to do more work at Sheffield. You know it isn't *me*, but St. George, who gives the cabinet. I'm going to charge it to the Guild as a most lovely bit of our best sort of work.

I couldn't send you proofs of *Amiens*, the thing pressed so, and I knew pretty well what I was about in *it*, but not in the *Meinie*. Very thankful I am to have you under my lee when I'm puzzled. It is nice your keeping of All Saints; it is always a great day for *me*; whether I recollect it or not, the Guardian Angles work for me in it.—Ever your grateful
J. RUSKIN.

To EDWARD CLODD³

BRANTWOOD, November 11th, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your book and letter came by different posts. They got separated, and I have duly found and read your obliging, and to me very deeply interesting, letter to-day.

Your book I had looked at—more than once or twice. You must

¹ [No. 56 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see p. 626).]

² [No. 40 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 89, 90. Mr. Williams (of Messrs. Foord and Williams) was Ruskin's frame and cabinet maker.]

³ [Included in *Letters to Furnivall*, pp. 95–99. It is there explained that these two letters, and one below (p. 382), were addressed by Ruskin to Mr. Edward Clodd, the Secretary of the London Joint Stock Bank, and the author of *The Story of Creation*, *Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Huxley*, *The Childhood of Religion*, and other works. They were occasioned, Mr. Clodd says, by "my writing to Mr. Ruskin to suggest a correction in his description of one of Carpaccio's pictures in the chapel of San Giorgio de' Schiavoni, Venice, my letter being accompanied by a copy of *Jesus of Nazareth*. This was sent to Mr. Ruskin *à propos* of some talk

pardon the apparent discourtesy of my telling you that it gave me more pain, and caused me more deadly discouragement, than any book I ever yet opened.

You are surprised? Yes; and sorry? Yes, I hope so. And much puzzled to know what I may mean, for your book is candid, temperate, and well-intended.

You have no notion whatever of the reason for its being to me so deadly? You had no intention of being to me like a dose of arsenic, or of strychnine?

If that be so, and you so little understood me, is it likely that, on what you call historical evidence, you had any better understood Christ?

Are you sure you can, on direct evidence, understand—the first child you pick up in the streets, if one needs picking up as you go home, and you are Christian enough to do it?

Suppose—which would not be really difficult to you, being a Bank officer—you tried to get some insight into what you call my views, about interest, but which are the views of every wise man who ever lived and spoke on earth.

You can understand *them* if you will. But you will never, to the end of your days, be able to understand—I do not say Christ, but any Christian of the noble ages. They lived in a kind of air which no modern chemist can give you one breath of.

I will tell you more, however, if you wish, of my own feelings about your book, which are explicable enough.—Ever faithfully, and not unkindly, yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—Thanks for note on Sultana—I believe you are quite right.

BRANTWOOD, *November 13th*, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR,—In your first letter you say that your book is neither “critical” nor “sentimental,” and of no lofty pretence.

Do you mean that it is without judgment, and without feeling? If so, what does it profess to have?

Nearly in the first page I opened, I found it asserted that much nonsense had been talked about the Dead Sea. Much has; and much on other subjects, with which your own business in life more directly acquaints you. You claim the Faculty of Judgment respecting Sodom. Did you ever hear of such a place as Cahors?¹

that I had had with Mr. Holman Hunt, and of some remarks, on *Lives of Jesus*, by Mr. Ruskin.” The full title of Mr. Clodd’s book is *Jesus of Nazareth: embracing a Sketch of Jewish History to the time of his birth* (1880). Ruskin’s references in the next letter are to pp. 55, 96 of the book.]

¹ [The inhabitants of Cahors are placed, as usurers, by the side of Sodom in the *Inferno*, xi. 50: compare Vol. XVII. p. 220 *n.*]

Your book is of no lofty pretence?

Do you suppose your sentence, "With all his acuteness, Solomon was not wise enough to," etc., is likely to convey to readers of very much smaller calibre than Solomon's, an impression of your extreme modesty?

May I before asking further questions—if indeed you care to answer these—pray you to answer them in a modestly round hand? It has taken me a quarter of an hour to read your note of 27 lines. Not obscure when once read, I grant, but I do not think you will find the act of deliberate writing lost time.—Ever yours faithfully, J. RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*¹

BRANTWOOD, 27th November [1881].

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—But has Miss Stanley no fears for *my* head, then? I'm sure *that's* much more likely to be turned than the Queen's! But, as far as I could make out, you had both been telling her that her letters would only be troublesome, and I was bound for Truth's sake to efface that impression! What a good habit she has of writing *epsilon* for *e*, look at *my* poor little *e* above in trouble-some! and I constantly have to pull open my *e's* afterwards like stiff button-holes.

I have no doubt Mrs. Herringham is right, but I don't know either Ghirl or Poll (it sounds very like an Irish sailor's asseveration!) well enough to have much opinion.² In *either* case, remember the picture is an example of precision in execution only, and neither of colour nor sentiment. To the end of life, Ghirlandajo remained the goldsmith and Pollajuolo the anatomist. In case I haven't time to write to-morrow you will, I hope, receive on Wednesday a *really* valuable gift for the school, the Noble, Half Noble, and Quarter Noble of Edward III.; only mind they're not to "buy what you want with," or whatever you say is the use of such things!³

You have an awful respect for Reports, and Prizes, and Class lists! I think it says as much for the Reporter and Examiner as for you when you're pleased.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

¹ [No. 43 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. i. pp. 96–98. Miss Stanley was then head-mistress at Whitelands College, and the opening remarks refer to Ruskin's correspondence with the first "May Queen": see Vol. XXX. p. 340.]

² [The reference is to Mrs. Herringham's study of an angel in the picture, No. 296, in the National Gallery—ascribed at various times to Ghirlandajo and Pollajuolo. The study is now at Sheffield: see Vol. XXX. p. 194. For Ghirlandajo as goldsmith, see Vol. XXIII. p. 266, and for Pollajuolo as anatomist, Vol. XXII. p. 481.]

³ [See Ruskin's earlier correspondence with Mr. Faunthorpe on the definition of "money": Vol. XXIX. pp. 553 *seq.*]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

BRANTWOOD, 4th December, '81.

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,—I sent off some more books yesterday—rubbish, compared to the former box, but which may be useful in a rubbishy way. The *Orvioto*² is entirely vile, yet contains at least the series of subjects so as to explain the sculptor's intention and industry; and the Gray's Botany outlines are, I have no doubt, very good as diagrams, though as drawings their vulgar thickening of outline on the dark side makes them worthless, and, if much looked at, mischievous. There is, however, an old genealogy book which contains outlines of old towns, always curious, and often characteristic, and, as records of destroyed buildings, very valuable. I valued this book, but practically find that I never use it, and your good Historical lecturer sometimes may.

That the lecture on Botany, and the study of it, should both be "luxuries" is precisely what I have been trying to enforce. Botany, as now taught by its popular preachers, is no pleasure, but only a dirty curiosity.

I am going to try to get for Miss Kemm Humboldt and Bonpland's *Mimosas*³—a miracle of quiet tenderness and perfect art, without a shadow of vanity, insolence, or vulgar investigation. If I can't get it for you, I'll bring it up to town and lend it to you while I stay.

I've just got your nice letter about the prizes, etc. You *can* help me, I do not know to what extent, by, for one thing, colouring outlines of painted glass, etc., for *Our Fathers have Told Us*.⁴ In ornamental needlework, Miss Stanley has had a commission now about three years!—the letter J of *Jeremiah* in my old Bible.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE⁵

BRANTWOOD, December 6th, 1881.

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,—It is a great joy to me that you like *The Queen of the Air*. I shall be so thankful for your revise of it. In the point of original power of thought it leads all my books.⁶

¹ [No. 45 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 5–7 (see below, p. 644).]

² [For this book by Ludwig Grüner, see Vol. XXIII. p. 170. The book next referred to may be one of As a Gray's.]

³ [*Mimosas et autres plantes légumineuses du Nouveau Continent, décrites et publiées par C. S. Kunth*, 1819—being one of the volumes in Part 6 ("Botanique") of Humboldt and Bonpland's *Voyage*.]

⁴ [This scheme was not carried out, but Ruskin placed many drawings of painted windows in his Museum at Sheffield: see Vol. XXX. pp. 227–229.]

⁵ [No. 46 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 8–10 (see below, p. 644).]

⁶ [Compare the letters to the Misses Beever, above, pp. 86, 87.]

My political economy is all in Xenophon and Marmontel; my principles of art were the boy's alphabet in Florence; but the Greeks themselves scarcely knew all that their imaginations taught them of eternal truth, and the discovery of the function of Athena as the Goddess of the Air is, among moderns, absolutely I believe my own. I *meant* to have written a mythology for both girls and boys, but it is playing with thunder, and after being twice struck mad—whether for reward or punishment I cannot tell—I must venture no more.

It is all nonsense, what you hear of “overwork” as the cause of my two illnesses. I've been thrown into fever and dyspepsia and threatening of paralysis by overwork often and often, but these two times of delirium were both periods of extreme mental *energy* in perilous directions.

I've sent you two books to-day, that are worth your having. The first,¹ almost the wisest I ever read, lively, and full of what I should think all the governesses would like for stirring curiosity. My marks are all through it. I've got another copy for myself, which I shall mark at next reading. The other is—I don't know what, for I can't read it, and don't know even its right way upwards!² So I am ashamed to have it among my books any more, but I think with its pretty silken cover, binding and all, it is just the thing to show your girls what sort of a thing a Book should be! They might do much prettier ones themselves with home-made paper, and studies of English flowers, and beautiful writing of things for ever true.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE³

BRANTWOOD, *December 9th*, 1881.

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,—I send you a box to-day containing parts 1–10 and part 12 of Gould's *Birds of New Guinea*. They may serve to astonish some of your little birds, and are only in my way here. I took them to please the old man, and shall continue to take them for his sake, sending you the numbers as they are issued. No. 11 will be found or got in due time.

With them come fifteen more plates for your “box.”⁴ They will not give nearly so much pleasure, but in many respects will be more

¹ [*Dialogues of the Dead*, 1770 (by George, Lord Lyttelton): compare Vol. XXX. p. 266.]

² [An illuminated MS. of the Koran: for Ruskin's inscription in the book, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 426 *n.*]

³ [No. 47 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 11, 12 (see below, p. 644).]

⁴ [That is, “The Ruskin Cabinet” at Whitelands College, in which the Dürers are Nos. 16–30: see Vol. XXX. pp. 351, 352.]

instructive,—being much stronger art than Richter’s. They are fine impressions of twelve of Dürer’s woodcuts from the “Life of the Virgin,” and eight (in 2) of his small engravings of the “Passion”; with three separate plates (in 1). Your cabinet is arranged for sixty, is it not, altogether? I have only time to title the Virgin cuts to-day. The only general comment to be made on them is that nobody need like them if they don’t; and that if anybody will copy any bits of them in pen and ink—they will generally be stronger, sadder, and wiser after that enterprise. . . .¹ The other plates are still more wonderful as engraving. But Dürer has the universal German fault of being better able to engrave Thorn than Flower crowns.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

To EDWARD CLODD²

BRANTWOOD, *December 20th*, 1881.

MY DEAR SIR,—There was no chance of forgetting you, but your book makes me so angry every time I open it that I never can venture to write. Yet the anger is a strange phenomenon in one’s own mind about a thing where no harm is meant, but the want of sympathy and modesty always irritate me more than any quantity of pugnacity, and certainly—without any approach to rivalry in that line—your book is the least sensitive and the most impudent I ever opened. You might just as well have walked into my study and openly annoyed me, as send it to me! How do you ever get on with Holman Hunt? I thought he was more of a bigot than I—by much.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE³

BRANTWOOD, *Shortest Day*, ’81.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—It is ever so sweet of you to write me such a lovely letter, and ever so sweet of the girls to send me that perfectly arabesqued and dainty document of gratitude. But the sad fact is that all these comfortings and caresses are like the kiss and song to the *Talking Oak*,⁴ supposing him a good deal more wrinkled and weather-beaten than *that* one was. . . . You couldn’t comfort Dr. Johnson

¹ [Here follow the titles, as given in the Catalogue of the Cabinet.]

² [No. 41 in *Furnivall*, pp. 100–101. For the book—*Jesus of Nazareth*—see above, p. 377.]

³ [No. 48 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 13, 14 (see below, p. 644).]

⁴ [For another reference to Tennyson’s poem, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 397; and to Johnson’s penance in Lichfield market-place, see Vol. XXIV. p. 279.]

in Lichfield market-place by observing that he had made a nice dictionary. And the girlies might as well thank the gasometer at—wherever it is, for lighting the streets for them, as *me!* It's my proper business, and doesn't hurt me to do.

But I'm very much pleased with the two letters, all the same,—only I can't say more to-day but that I'm to you all, your faithful and affectionate Servant,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD, *Christmas Day*, 1881.

MY DEAR MISS GREENAWAY,—You are the first friend to whom I write this morning; and—among the few to whom I look for real sympathy and help—you are fast becoming—I believe you are already, except only Edward B. Jones—the helpfullest, in showing me that there are yet living souls on earth who can see beauty and peace, and Goodwill among men—and rejoice in them.

You have sent me a little choir of such angels as are ready to sing, if we will listen—for Christ's being born—every day.

I trust you may long be spared to do such lovely things, and be an element of the best happiness in every—English—household—that still has an English heart—as you are already in the simpler homes of Germany. To my own mind, Ludwig Richter² and you are the only real philosophers and Divines of the nineteenth century.

I'll write more in a day or two about many things, that I want to say—respecting the possible range of your subjects. I was made so specially happy yesterday by finding Herrick's Grace among the little poems³—but they are all delightful.—Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN⁴

BRANTWOOD, *28th December*, '81.

You will not at all believe the joy it is to *me* to have a letter from you, and to see that you also are as you used to be—my own

¹ [No. 6 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 105 (see below, p. 655).]

² [For whom, see Vol. XXIX. pp. 594, 595.]

³ [For which, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 265. The little poems (among which Herrick's "Grace" is the fourth) are those contained in *A Day in a Child's Life*, illustrated by Kate Greenaway, with music by Myles B. Foster.]

⁴ [The passage "You will not . . . as morning" is No. 34 (the last) of "Letters from Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 312. Brown's letter (*ibid.*, p. 275), to which Ruskin's was an answer, was in acknowledgment of chapter ii. of *The Bible of Amiens*: see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xc.]

sweet Doctor that had perpetual sympathy with all good effort, and all kindly animated creatures. And I trust we shall both go on yet, in spite of sorrow, speaking to each other through the sweet briar and the vine, for many an hour of twilight as well as morning. . . .

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

Last day of 1881. And the last letter I write on it, with new pen.

I've lunched on *your* oysters, and am feasting eyes and mind on *your* birds. What birds? Woodcock? Yes, I suppose, and never before noticed the *sheath* of his bill going over the front of the lower mandible that he may dig comfortably! But the others! the glory of velvet and silk and cloud and light, and black and tan and gold, and golden sand, and dark tresses, and purple shadows, and moors and mists, and night and starlight, and woods and wilds and dells and deeps, and every mystery of heaven and its finger-work is in those little birds' backs and wings! I am so grateful. All love and joy to you, and wings to fly with and birds' hearts to comfort, and mine, be to you in the coming year.

1882

[In February Ruskin went up to London, and for a while seemed able for much work, but in March he had a third attack of brain-fever. He recovered quickly, and in August he went abroad with Mr. Collingwood. For letters and diaries of this year, compare Vol. XXXIII. pp. xxix.–xlv. The change did him so much good that at the end of the year he decided to resume the Slade Professorship at Oxford.]

To R. C. LESLIE²

BRANTWOOD, 8th Jan., '82.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am more than grateful for your letter. It is seldom I receive any notes on natural history so important, or so clearly and completely expressed.

May I ask if you are in the habit of recording your experiences

¹ [No. 72 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

² [Written in answer to a letter from Mr. Leslie, who, on reading Ruskin's lecture on the Dabchick (Vol. XXV.), wrote to him on the under-water flight of the guillemot. For Ruskin's subsequent friendship with his correspondent, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. cviii.]

in this kind? As far as I have myself observed the Natural history of men, or women, either those who *can* write never do; and those who can see, never tell anybody what they have seen,—while the people who can neither see, nor write, print volumes of their “speculations”! I can only send you this hurried acknowledgment to-day: but please tell me whether you live at Southampton, and more about yourself and birds.—And believe me, ever your obliged and faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

To C. H. L. WOODE¹

HERNE HILL (ARTHUR SEVERN'S), 2nd Feb., '82.

MY DEAR WOODE,—I think the worm theory very likely to be true. If there are not earth worms, there are plenty of sand ones at Venice: nor have I ever held hard by the symbolic notion. The question² could only have been solved by a good master of mosaic—and as the pavement is now destroyed, remains insoluble for ever. Dome—pavement—and question now like the bubbles of a drowned man's breath on the black sea of the modern devilry—and flooding the earth.

Thanks for remembering 8th Feb.

If I got George Richmond and another friend or two, would you care to come *this year*?³—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE⁴

HERNE HILL, 9th Feb., '82.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I'm going to all manner of wicked plays, and pantomimes, and filling up my days with flirtations instead of coming to see Whitelands, and be lectured by you—so it was just as well you looked after me! But, will you please very solemnly reconsider, and then retract, your complaint of my having left you no “enumeration” in *Proserpina* according to Botany *as it is*. I “enumerate” with carefulest sequence Root, Stem, Leaf, Calyx, Corolla, Seed-vessel, and Style;⁵ and the book will, if I live, contain such drawings of all these parts as never were given before in the world. The analysis of *Fruit* is already carried beyond what has been done before, and includes it.

¹ [An old friend: see Vol. XXIX. pp. 532, 533.]

² [Of the undulations in the mosaic floor of St. Mark's: see Vol. X. p. 62 n.]

³ [For the dinner-parties on Ruskin's birthday in earlier years, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 98, and Vol. XXXV. p. 402.]

⁴ [No. 49 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 15–17 (see below, p. 644).]

⁵ [See Ruskin's Index to the book, Vol. XXV. pp. 553–557 (and for “Style,” p. 259). The analysis of wood came in ch. vii. of vol. ii. (“Science in her Cells”), issued in May 1885, pp. 483 *seq.* For the “final examination” of the calyx, Ruskin prepared only some notes: see *ibid.*, p. 548.]

That of *Wood* is coming, and, with the chapters on Vegetation in *Modern Painters*, is also both comprehensive of what has been done, and more than one step in advance of it. . . .

Let me add that the final examination of the parts of plants must follow the particular accounts of the families. I do not choose to examine the calyx of a Veronica without that of a Foxglove, nor either of those without that of a Betony—and so on. And let me add, also, that I would fain consult about my books with you, and many other friends, before printing. But the books in that case would never be written. I should alter, add, wait, find things out, and write over again once a year! I must do the best I can in the time I have.—Ever again yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE¹

[Feb. 1882.]

DEAREST M—, The tea and roses will be exactly the nicest and sweetest for me to-day; but mind, you're not to have a levée, and cheat me of my music. . . . Please think, meantime, if you can find a tune that would go to Scott's "The heath this night must be my bed,"² in *The Lady of the Lake*. It is quite curious how sometimes the prettiest words won't go to note-times. I *can't* get any tune to go to those, unless one puts Marie, with accent as in French, for the two short syllables of Scott's "Mary."—Ever, my dear, your loving

ST. C.

To Dr. JOHN BROWN

HERNE HILL, 13th Feb., '82.

. . . What a delicious note this morning I have from you!³ I *need* some encouragement with *Proserpina*, for there is a good deal of difficult, and in other directions useless, work to be done for it, and

¹ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 68–69.]

² [See *Elements of English Prosody*, § 37 (Vol. XXXI. p. 364).]

³ [The note (February 10) was as follows:—"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Thanks, as I have so long and so often to give you, for the joy and comfort of *Proserpina*, Part vii. It is delightful and informing, and more. I am not sure that I agree with you, or perhaps understand you, as to the injured (or deformed?) flowers. Do you call the Bee Ophryd, p. 144, or the dead nettle (*Lamicun album*) injured, or that most undrawable of flowers, Honeysuckle? George Allen has done his best. In (Plate IX. I suppose that shadowy, or almost smoky, look of the leaves is indication of a sort of wetness. X. is absolutely perfect in drawing and 'pose.' How like a lady she holds herself up and bends her head! That about *Bank* flowers is excellent, and I think quite new. But I must not weary you and your eyes any longer. I hope you are taking care of your body, the instrument of the Soul, as well as its (present) house. My best regards and my sister's to Mrs.

I am apt to neglect it for history, now that I've got once more among Cathedrals.¹

Yes, I should call nettles and honeysuckles, much more all the Ophryds, injured blossoms. Honeysuckle seems to me quite a grievously slashed one, and its growth malignant to other plants. The frightful tangling of it about all my *dying* underwood is one of the chief dangers in my pruning work, the inevitable nets of it are so apt to catch and turn the blow, if one is careless for an instant.

Yes, I take as much care of my body now as I can. It has become to me quite literally a sort of Telescope which I have to shut up and take care of, or like the talisman which the unhappy and obstinate lover of the *Arabian Nights* brought the Efreet up by breaking.² But I feel sadly that it still belongs to me in all its naughtinesses, and that it would do me ever so much good to be flogged and macerated at the Grande Chartreuse, for a year or so, only Joanie wouldn't hear of it. She copied your inquiry to show Connie, and sends you and Miss Brown no end of love with mine.

No, I never heard Miss Wakefield sing the Creation. I always bar Beethoven and Handel before she begins at all, but she sung me the Evening Hymn, Sunday was three weeks, to my extreme satisfaction and moral improvement, for at least half-an-hour afterwards. . . .

The muggy violet leaves are merely imperfect work. My sketch was extremely slight, with scarcely more than one wash to each leaf. I've no time for drawing now, and Allen could not get the clearness of a wash in mezzotint.

To BERNARD QUARITCH³

HERNE HILL, 27th Feb., '82.

DEAR QUARITCH,—I am entirely pleased with the book, and very grateful for the loan of the other.

Severn. I saw the robust and tuneful Miss Wakefield the other day. Did she ever sing to you Beethoven's Hymn of Creation?—Yours ever, my dear, dear friend, affectionately, J. BROWN.—P.S.—Your Shakespeare Women owe you much; they should come trooping to you—in your dreams. You are hardly just to Imogen, I think, or to the play." (*Letters of Dr. John Brown*, p. 280, where "p. 144" should be "p. 199.")

For the references to *Proserpina*, see Vol. XXV. pp. 390 ("injured flowers"), 341 (Plate XXIII., orchid), 387 (Plate XXV., the "smoky violet"), 403 (Plate XXVI., "Viola Canina, structural details"), 389 ("*bank* flowers"), 416–420 (Shakespeare's Women.)

¹ [That is, at work on *The Bible of Amiens*.]

² [In the Story of the Second Royal Mendicant.]

³ [For Ruskin's friendship with the late Mr. Quaritch, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxiv., where Mr. Quaritch's reply to the present letter is given.]

You astonish me as much by your quick attention to the minutest business, as Tintoret by his painter's touch. How you can do it or get it done, is a mere miracle to me. One of your catalogues has as much in it as two of my books! and it takes me a year to *look* at what you print in a fortnight. But I can't buy any Romances just now. I'm out at elbows.—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*¹

[HERNE HILL] 3rd March, '82.

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I am better, but almost dead for want of sleep and fearful cough; and all my friends are throwing stones through my window, and dropping parcels down the chimney, and shrieking through the keyhole that they must and will see me instantly, and lying in wait for me if I want a breath of fresh air, to say their life depends on my instantly superintending the arrangements of their new Chapel, or Museum, or Model Lodging-house, or Gospel steam-engine. And I'm in such a fury at them all that I can scarcely eat. Here's Miss Stanley, who sent me word for three years she "hadn't time," forsooth! to do a thing I specially asked her to do, and then, when I'm at Death's door, comes begging for the lesson in needlework,² which of all difficult and bothering things on earth would be to me the most difficult in my full health . . . If the Duke of Wellington were ill, would she expect him to give her drawing lessons for recreation? In Heaven's name, *be quiet* just now!—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To Miss MARY GLADSTONE*³

HERNE HILL, 28th (29th) March, 1882.

MY DEAR M—, I have been darkly ill again. I do not quite yet know *how* ill, or how near the end of illness in this world, but I am to-day able to write (as far as this may be called writing) again; and I fain would pray your pardon for what must seem only madness still, in asking you to tell your Father how terrified I am at the position he still holds in the House, for separate law for Ireland and England.⁴

¹ [No. 51 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 19, 20.]

² [See below, p. 645 (No. 53).]

³ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 73–75.]

⁴ [The reference is to Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill of 1881, justified by him on the ground that Ireland required exceptional treatment.]

For these seven, nay these *ten years*, I have tried to get either Mr. Gladstone or any other conscientious Minister of the Crown to feel that the law of land-possession was for all the world, and eternal as the mountains and the sea.

Those who possess the land must live *on* it, not by taxing it.

Stars and seas and rocks must pass away before *that* Word of God shall pass away, "The Land is *Mine*."¹

And the position taken by the Parliament just now is so frightful to me, in its absolute defiance of every human prognostic of Revolution, that I *must* write to you in this solemn way about it, the first note I gravely sit down to write in my own old nursery, with, I trust, yet uncrushed life and brain.—Ever your affectionate. JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

Easter Day [April 9,] 1882.

I have had a happy Easter morning, entirely bright in its sun and clear in sky; and with renewed strength enough to begin again the piece of St. Benedict's life where I broke off,³ to lose these four weeks in London,—weeks not wholly lost neither, for I have learned more and more of what I should have known without lessoning; but I *have* learnt it, from these repeated dreams and fantasies, that we walk in a vain shadow and disquiet ourselves in vain.⁴ So I am for the present, everybody says, quite good, and give as little trouble as possible; but people *will* take it, you know, sometimes, even when I don't give it, and there's a great fuss about me yet. But *you* must not be anxious any more, Susie, for really there is no more occasion at one time than another. All the doctors say I needn't be ill unless I like, and I don't mean to like any more; and as far as chances of ordinary danger, I think one runs more risks in a single railway journey, than in the sicknesses of a whole year.

To VERNON HEATH⁵

13th April, 1882.

DEAR MR. VERNON HEATH,—I have seldom received a letter with greater pleasure than yours gave me this morning. If you could know

¹ [Leviticus xxv. 23: see Burne-Jones's design, given as the frontispiece to Vol. XXXI.]

² [No. 73 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

³ [Ultimately used in the lecture called "Mending the Sieve" (Vol. XXXIII.).]

⁴ [See Psalms xxxix. (Prayer-book version).]

⁵ [*Vernon Heath's Recollections*, 1892, pp. 295–296. The reference is to an exhibition of "landscape photographs."]

how often I have paused, in my greatest hurries, at that recessed window in Piccadilly, and how often I have retired from it in states of humiliation and wretchedness of mind, and accused first the sun, and then you, and then the nature of things, of making all one's past labours vain, and all one's present efforts hopeless, you would understand the interest I shall have in really seeing you, and talking over all the unconscious mischief you have done me, if, indeed, I may come some day next week and see these photographs of which you speak.

I am just recovering from a sharp attack of illness, which has scarcely yet let me out of the house; but I do not doubt being able to come the first fine morning next week, on the chance of finding you in: in the meantime am always very heartily, faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*¹

[HERNE HILL] 18th April.

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I forgot where you had my signature put² last year. I need not say that I am sorry to have caused all my friends so much worry of various sorts lately. On the other hand, the ways of the world, and of my friends with it, very considerably worry *me*, and these acute forms of my own brain disturbance are greatly caused by the sense of my total inability to make any impression on the brains of other people.

Do not think that I am less earnest about the May Festival at Whitelands. But I felt last year that there was a great deal too much fuss about it, and that the useful meaning of it as an example to other institutions, not capable of fuss, was thereby lost in a great degree, if not totally.

I have shaken off this third attack, as the former ones, without, so far as I can recognize, any definite injuries to the faculties; but with a sorrowful sense of the shortness of time, which, in all human or divine probability, remains to me for their use.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I should have written of the needlework and drawings before my illness came on, if I had seen my way to giving useful advice about them. But, like every College and School in England, you are without

¹ [No. 54 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 24–26.]

² [That is, on the labels, for the prizes given by Ruskin in connexion with the May-Day Festival at Whitelands College.]

a drawing master, and I don't know where to find one!—even for my own schools at Oxford—since I had to leave them, and virtually I must henceforward leave *all*.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*¹

[HERNE HILL] 23rd April, '82.

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I send the labels signed in the corner, where I think it is more orderly. I don't mind how much fuss the girls make among themselves, but I don't like talk of it in papers; it has a look of my using the college to advertise myself. What must be, must be. I never went to any such festivals when I was at my best in health and hope, and have had through life as much dread of being thanked as Mr. Jarndyce.² My friends must wish for me, during what may remain of life, only the tranquil power of work in the morning, and rest in the evening, of unvaried and uninterrupted days.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

*To HENRY ACLAND, M. D.*³

25th April, '82.

DEAR ACLAND,—Before you wrote about the inkstand, I had bound the two first numbers of *Our Fathers have Told Us*, for the Prince, meaning to ask his permission to send him the numbers as they come out in the same form, as they are lighter in the hand than the whole volumes will be. These two numbers, however, are all that are yet printed,—they shall be at Hyde Park Gardens early to-morrow morning, and I hope I may be able to write some few words with them. But I am in no state for writing, and it may be that I shall only be able to pray your taking of my simple love to the Prince —and even my hope (which it would be difficult to express in a formal, or, at best, a hesitating letter) that the Princess and he may both have a moment in their thoughts of the home that is missing her, to read the little sketch of the Sources of the Weser, pp. 57, 58, Chap. II.,⁴ which I had written long before I heard that the Prince was to bring his bride from Waldeck.

I will send the two numbers besides in their usual form to-morrow,

¹ [No. 55 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 27–28.]

² [See *Bleak House*, chaps. 6, 8, 64.]

³ [About a wedding present for Prince Leopold.]

⁴ [The references are to the first edition: see now Vol. XXXIII. pp. 64, 65.]

with the others, in case your sister likes to keep them, or you to look at the said pages. I'm a little frightened at their impudence, now, and you might look at them on the way to Windsor and see if anything should be said or not.—Ever your affect. J.

R.

The Prince's copy is in white, with blue silk lining—as pretty as I could think of, and the title ends with “History of Christendom.”¹

To the Rev. J. P. FAUTHORPE²

[HERNE HILL,] 25th April, [1882].

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—Your letter to-day much relieves and cheers me: especially the governesses' approval of the signature! and the very interesting report, which is extremely useful to me myself in planning farther. The *School Guardian* notice will be exactly the right, and, I hope, generally usefulest one.³

I never heard of such a thing as a *May Queen* dissolving in tears before! had it been only an *April Play-queen* I should not have wondered. But what is there to be put in tears? Were they not all taken by surprise before on the very morning? I should have liked to hear the lecture to-morrow, but have had too much to do lately with Real Ghosts and Real Witches to venture my poor remains of unbewitched brain near any such subjects.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE⁴

[HERNE HILL] 26th April [1882.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—Difficulties about cross more than last year! English workmen getting every day, literally, more stupid and less docile, under the “iron heel of—*No Despot-ism.*”⁵ I *may* be reduced to send you merely a pretty one out of Bond Street, but there's some chance of the hawthorn yet. Anyhow you shall have it on Saturday evening. Are there any conjectures or complots as to the Coming Queen?

¹ [See Vol. XXXIII. p. 3. Ruskin must thus have had a special page (omitting the final words of the title) printed for the Prince.]

² [No. 56 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 29, 30 (see below, p. 645).]

³ [A concise account of “May Day Festival at Whitelands” in *The School Guardian*, May 6, 1882, p. 300.]

⁴ [No. 57 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 31, 32 (see below, p. 645).]

⁵ [Compare Vol. XXVII. p. 197, and Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, No. 1.]

I forgot to say how glad I was that you had taken up St. Chrysostom, though I am not so sure that his mother¹ was better than the mothers of nearly all great and good men are. The best, I think, are those who send their sons away, not who want to keep them at home. In most cases this form of maternal love says more for the child than the mother. The Church's general consent is of course in the text, "No man hath left Father or Mother,"² etc., but in modern days they had rather leave these than their cattle, and are little likely to leave anything for either God or Gospel.—Ever yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

To H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

HERNE HILL, 26th April, 1882.

SIR,—You will not doubt my being with you in heart, to-morrow, though the almost dumb sickness that is on me has kept me too long from acknowledging the frequent signs of your kindness, traceable in your references to me in public addresses,³ of which no word will ever be forgotten by the English people; I think of them just now not selfishly, but in a solemn confidence that the event which England, and her Saints, too long sorry for her, will consecrate to-morrow in St. George's Chapel, is to be the fulfilment not only of your own happiness, but of all the tender and prudent thoughtfulness for others which hitherto has made your life lovely alike in public and domestic duty, and in future, may give you, God permitting, power of arresting evils now threatening the State—which can never be dealt with in the tumult of the Council—but only by the firmness and gentleness of the Prince.

I have charged my old friend Henry Acland with some manner of message farther—which I knew I could not put rightly—or even only a little wrongly, in a letter. I trust him to put it into best expression about the little book which I pray a place for in your—or might it be, perhaps, even the Princess's library? All that I can say for it is that it is the best I can do, and if I live a little longer, will I trust bear some heartfelt witness to the Grace and Truth of Christian Royalty.

And so, I remain, in much thankful and affectionate memory, your Royal Highness's loyal and obedient servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [Anthusa: for the story of her dissuading her son from retiring to a remote hermitage in Syria, see Milman's *History of Christianity*, Book iii. ch. ix.]

² [Mark x. 29.]

³ [See Vol. XX. p. xxxvi.]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

[HERNE HILL] 29th April, '82.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—The cross is just as far from what we meant as last year; but I'll have the one for next year made (*D.V.*) before I leave London this spring, and the two first queens must be content to *be* the two first, though their crosses are, to me at least, more crosses than anything else. What the workman has meant by the roughening of the flowers, I must see him to ask: we may at least, ourselves at a distance, imagine it meant for Dew! However, I hope people won't think it quite horrid, and that the new Queen² will forgive its going wrong because of my illness. Mrs. Severn's sister-in-law (Mr. Severn's twin-sister), Mrs. Furneaux, and Miss Gale, whom I think you have already been kind to at Whitelands, are eager to come on Monday. I fear Mrs. Severn must not venture to come with them, as at present she has to be very careful of herself as to overfatigue. But I am sure good Miss Stanley would take care of her, and I shall try and get her to come.

Will you bring the Deposed Queen³ to see me again? or will she come [alone]? I don't think she'll ever *feel* un-queened. But I do want to see both of you, now that I'm a little come to myself. Any day would do, and any time, if you give me advice a full day before.
—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

HERNE HILL [? 1882].

Here's your letter first thing in the morning, while I'm sipping my coffee in the midst of such confusion as I've not often achieved at my best. The little room, which I think is as nearly as possible the size of your study, but with a lower roof, has to begin with—A, my bed; B, my basin stand; C, my table; D, my chest of drawers; thus arranged in relation to E, the window (which has still its dark bars to prevent the little boy getting out);⁵ F, the fireplace; G, the

¹ [No. 58 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 33–35.]

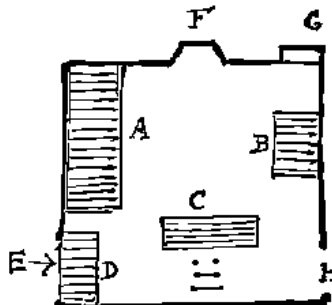
² ["Miss Gertrude Bowes was the second Whitelands College May Queen." —J. P. F.]

³ [Miss Ellen Osborne, the first (1881) May Queen: for Ruskin's letters to her, see Vol. XXX.]

⁴ [No. 125 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

⁵ [The room was his old nursery at Herne Hill (see Vol. XXXV. p. 11).]

golden or mineralogical cupboard; and H, the grand entrance. The two dots with a back represent my chair, which is properly solid and not *un-easy*. Three others of lighter disposition find place somewhere about. These with the chimney-piece and drawer's head are covered, or rather heaped, with all they can carry, and the morning is just looking in, astonished to see what is expected of it, and smiling—(yes, I may fairly say it is smiling, for it is cloudless for its part above the smoke of the horizon line) —at Sarah's hope and mine, of ever getting that room into order by twelve o'clock. The chimney-piece with its bottles, spoons, lozenge boxes, matches, candlesticks, and letters jammed behind them, does



appear to me entirely hopeless, and this the more because Sarah, when I tell her to take a bottle away that has a mixture in it which I don't like, looks me full in the face, and says "she *won't*, because I may want it." I submit, because it is so nice to get Sarah to look one full in the face. She really is the prettiest, round faced, and round eyed girl I ever saw, and it's a great shame she should be a housemaid; only I wish she would take those bottles away. She says I'm looking better to-day, and I think I'm feeling a little bit more, —no, I mean, a little bit less demoniacal. But I still can do that jackdaw beautifully.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

[HERNE HILL] 2nd May, 1882.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—The whole of yesterday evening, and much of this morning, has been spent in various praise and marvelling by all my people who were with you and the girls yesterday, and I am very thankful in and about it all.

If the Queens will indeed grace me by coming to-morrow, far the best time will be to afternoon tea at five, and I will send them home in my carriage. If the evening is at all fine, the sunset here is very wonderful and lovely at this season, and the drive home over Clapham Common by moonlight will be lovelier still. Let them take the nicest afternoon train there is so as not to be *later* than half-past four, always supposing the day fine. If wet, or too stormy, it would be much wiser to wait till Thursday. On Saturday I shall expect *you*

¹ [No. 59 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 36, 37.]

with no less pleasure, and also with some anxiety, for I don't yet at all understand how any of my books or principles can be made compatible with the general requirements of Modern Education and Examination.—Ever gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*¹

[HERNE HILL] 8th May [1882].

DEAR FAUNTHORPE, . . . Your visit, with that of the Queens, gave me much to think of. I suppose, for one thing, the kind of girls who come to you start all under a serious necessity of labour. Those on the contrary, whom I have known, worked, a few only, in their own force of character, and the main body of the class were merely ciphers; while even of the workers some would always be vain, eccentric, or insolent. My *summary* of experience with girls is that the less they are educated the better! Of all creatures with any stomachs for the forbidden fruit of Knowledge, *they* have the feeblest digestions!—Ever yours affectionately,
J. R.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

[HERNE HILL] 12th May.

I wish I had got this written before breakfast, for I've been taken aback at breakfast by Dr. John Brown's death. What business have people to die like that, like a candle snuff? Only seventy-two, too, and I expected him to live till ninety.

I may be thankful I've had him so long, and I hope he's happier where he is—are there any dogs there? I will write to Miss Brown, but can't to-day.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*²

HERNE HILL, May 23rd [1882.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I hope to find prettier things for Muriel at the next spadeful out of my stone heap than those sponges. But to-day I've only found things good for the boys; namely, 1, 2 and 3, characteristic quartz nodules—fragments of, at least—out of trap rocks, the smallest showing very neatly the three stages in formation of chalcedony—white quartz, and amethystine quartz—always the outside—(or inside, if we like to call it so, but the final coat); the second, curious in irregular angles

¹ [No. 60 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 38, 39.]

² [No. 61 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 40, 41 (see below, p. 645). For Ruskin's gift of minerals to Whitelands College, see Vol. XXVI. pp. 528, 529.]

of outside rock and fine amethyst colour; the largest, wholly mysterious, taking cast of fluor with its outside, and with beautifully lined agate between the rock and quartz. The fourth, greenish white and grey, is a pretty piece of Iceland chalcedony and quartz; and the flat one, I suppose a piece of large nodule, is a really beautiful example of spherical and stalactitic concretion of agate with superficial quartz. Nobody has ever explained this formation, but it has always a central rod or small molecule of interior *less pure* substance.

The Three Sirens shall be welcome to-morrow as these sweet days of summer.—Ever gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*¹.

[HERNE HILL] 25th May [1882].

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—The girls sang and played very sweetly and rightly, and much to my pleasure. But I think their code of songs might be placed higher for them and fixed more strictly. Of all they sang (except the Handel) there was only one song, "We had better bide a wee," of fine standard; and it ought surely to be one of the chief functions of the college to enable the pupils to know, for good reasons, good music from bad.

Both Miss Florence and Miss Edith can sing music requiring both power and precision, and I only found out what Edith's voice was capable of by trying her on rather difficult passages. I am sure you won't mind my choosing and sending them some things I should like them to learn. And the Devonshire cream will be very delightful to me if you'll bring Muriel to give me the lost kiss first.—Ever gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I suppose they wouldn't tell you I was talking high treason about Physiology?

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

[HERNE HILL] 2nd June.

... "Caller Herrin'"² is a life-size sketch—or little more than a sketch—but with all the power of a finished picture, of a fisher girl about fourteen sitting with loose hair under a bank at the edge of the beach, with one hand on her basket (with two fish in it), her chin

¹ [No. 62 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 42, 43.]

² [By Millais, exhibited at the Fine Art Society in 1882. For another note on the picture, see *Art of England*, § 36 (Vol. XXXIII. p. 290).]

resting on the other,—and her dark eyes lifted to the sky—the most pathetic single figure I ever saw in my life—though there is no sign of distress about the girl. She has good strong shoes, and dress—nothing to indicate hard life but a little bloodstain on the hand from the fish—but quite unspeakably tragic—and such painting as there has not been since Tintoret.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

HERNE HILL, 8th June, '82.

You write as well as ever; the eyes must surely be better; and it was a joyful amazement to me to hear that Mary was able to read and could enjoy my child's botany. You always have things before other people; will you please send me some rosemary and lavender as soon as any are out? I am busy on the *Labiatae*,² and a good deal bothered. Also on St. Benedict, whom I shall get done with long before I've made out the nettles he rolled in.

I'm sure *I* ought to roll myself in nettles, burdocks, and blackthorn, for here in London I can't really think now of anything but flirting, and I'm only much the worse for it afterwards.

And I'm generally wicked and weary, like the people who ought to be put to rest.³ But you'd miss me, and so would Joanie; so I suppose I shall be let stay a little while longer.

To BERNARD QUARITCH⁴

[HERNE HILL] 15th June, 1882.

DEAR QUARITCH,—It is very kind and pretty of you to write I was very happy and very proud, and had ever so much nice talk with Mr. Edwin Arnold, who is a friend of thirty years! and with

¹ [No. 74 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 627).]

² [Called in Ruskin's nomenclature, "Vestales" (Vol. XXV. p. 355): partly treated of in vol. ii. ch. 6 of *Proserpina*. "St. Benedict" was the subject of his lecture of December 4, 1882, on "Mending the Sieve" (Vol. XXXIII.).]

³ [See Job iii. 17.]

⁴ [The dinner referred to in this and the two following letters was given by Mr. Quaritch in compliment to Captain (afterwards Sir) Richard Burton (1821–1890). The following is a note (supplied by Mr. Quaritch) of Ruskin's little speech on the occasion:—]

"I am indeed glad to be present here on this occasion to see, and extend my welcome to, one who has seen so much of the world and contributed so much to the pleasure which works of travel always confer. I have been almost all my life treading a narrow range geographically, if perchance it may be said a wide range mentally. It is quite true that I have visited Tuscany,

the Cornwall Member,¹ whom I'll try to make one of as many years as I may.

I never was at a dinner, or in a company, where every one was so simply and sincerely desirous to make the others happy.

I was nearly crushed by the great linguist's compliment, but am immensely set up by it now; it was said so sincerely and kindly.

Your own addresses were, as I think more and more all that you do, very wonderful in their full grasp and appositeness, and variously unexpected knowledge.

I got home quite well—and slept well—and am very grateful to you and all your friends. What a *dear* that Captain Cameron² is!—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

15th June [HERNE HILL, 1882].

. . . I went out to my dinner last night, Di Ma! I had so *very* nearly bolted, as I went over Westminster Bridge—if Arfie hadn't been there to back me up, I think I should! Well, it was lucky I didn't for the places were ticketed and the guests' names printed, and Mr. Quaritch had his speech ready for everybody all round—and I should have made a nasty gap, and been very tiresome, if I had failed. As it was, I sate between the Member for Cornwall and the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph!*—and had quite delicious talk with both!

Lombardy, and Venice, and although these spots are rich in associations in that branch of inquiry to which I have devoted myself, they are but very small spots compared with the great surface of the globe. It is only in my old age that I begin to see how great the world is, and how many benefits and advantages are associated with travel.

“Nor must I omit on this occasion to state the obligations which I owe to my good friend, the host of the evening, Mr. Bernard Quaritch. Often when I have been cast down with the unsatisfactory results of some of my performances, or out of heart with my actual achievements as compared with my desires, I have gone to him, and he, with his robust physique and great mental activity, has inspired me with new energy and imparted to me new hopes; at the same time supplying me with works which were essential to my inquiries, and thus he has stood as sponsor to my various efforts and as a true friend during the greater part of my active life. And I have further to say that, during the whole period of my life, no greater honour has ever been conferred upon me than that of being asked to meet the distinguished guests assembled this evening in view of doing honour to our guest, Captain Richard Burton, whose acquaintance I have had the honour of enjoying for more years than I now care to remember.”]

¹ [No doubt, W. C. Borlase, member successively for East Cornwall and the St. Austell Division; an authority upon Cornish antiquities.]

² [Captain Verney Lovett Cameron (1844–1894), the well-known African explorer.]

and the great linguist of the company paid me the most tremendous compliment. . . . And I made my own little speech without looking very uncomfy, and everything went nicely all round. I never saw a company so entirely desirous of being pleasant to each other, and so little thinking of themselves. The speaking was all good and amusing—Quaritch quite wonderful in extent of knowledge of his men, and their lives—the actually best speaker, Sala (his mention of his uneasiness on account of a matter of 12s. 6d. between him and our host being received with great cheers). I got gushing salute afterwards in especial from Captain Cameron.

To GEORGE ALLEN

HERNE HILL, 16th June, '82.

DEAR ALLEN, . . . I consider our victory virtually won, when offers of peace come from the other side, and I find in history the absolute refusal of concession in pursuit of ultimate objects almost always end in total defeat—*e.g.*, the most terrific of examples, Friedrich at Kunersdorf.¹ And I do think that the plan of allowing booksellers to sell the stitched sheets and show our own binding would be really serviceable to us. Without abandoning any of my own principles one jot, I quite see that the kind of people who are fast covering up the country between you and me with villas ten yards cube, set between gardens back and front of ten yards square, can't buy our blue books, but ought to have the offer of *something*.—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. RUSKIN.

I went to a dinner given by Mr. Quaritch to the African traveller, Capt. Burton, on Wednesday last!—enjoyed myself!!—made a speech!!! And fraternized with the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*!!!!

To Mrs. BURNE-JONES

[HERNE HILL] 19th June, '82.

I should have sent instantly for the places, but fear that on Friday I have too much in the earlier part of the day to let me be happy, or perhaps—quite safe, in finishing at the Opera. I have to see the opening of the England and Australian cricket—and, at ½ past 5, an

¹ [For other references to the battle, see Vol. XXXI. p. 479, and Vol. XXXIV. p. 328.]

inevitable appointment with Dentist!—from which interview I fear my proper, or at least advisable, course would be straight home.

Now I want to enjoy our outing with all that's left of me, and that you should come and dine here, and then drive in with me (and prepare me for the Majesty of Beethoven, and tell me how one should behave in the presence). That would be altogether comfortable, and I can keep any day but Thursday the 29th in the following week for you. I've promised to go and hear Wagner! on Thursday, with Francie. I do hope this farther off plan may still find something that you will like, and I am quite truly desirous of hearing some better music, now, than I've been used to.

I am greatly amused and interested by seeing how completely music separates itself in the mind of a musician, absolute, from words! I had written a little tune for "From the East to Western Ind,—no jewel is like Rosalind,"¹ etc., which good old Mr. West² rather liked, and began putting into other keys, and bringing out of them again, and so on. Having got it into what he calls Form, he observed, to my much consternation, how conveniently it would go to—

"Tis a point I long to know—
Oft it causes anxious thought," etc.!!!

I was really very much impressed by that man's playing on Saturday—and should greatly like to sit it all through again—with you beside me, and Phil to lean on. *Was* Margaret really sorry she hadn't come?

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

20th June [HERNE HILL, 1882].

. . . I'm in great feather because yesterday Mr. Davies told me at Brit. Mus. that Mr. Fletcher, the head in mineralogy, had given leave for me to *number* what specimens I liked, for reference, in my catalogue of the Sheffield Museum,³ "Compare Brit. Mus. No.—," etc. —which is an immense step for the use of both collections. I chose twelve specimens at once, and am going in again to-day to choose more. Mr. and Mrs. West at tea last night, quite delightful. Mr. West beat *me* at chess, and Arfie beat Mrs. West, and I never saw four people together fonder of a game; and Mrs. West sang me my

¹ [*As You Like It*, Act iii. sc. 2.]

² [Ruskin's music-master: see Vol. XXXI. p. xxxiv.]

³ [Compare Vol. XXX. pp. 74-5. In the end, Ruskin made little use of such references: see, however, Vol. XXVI. p. 419.]

“Come unto these yellow sands” and “Old Ægina”¹—very prettily—but Mr. West’s alterations always take out exactly the points I’ve been driving at, and leave the things just like everything else! But he’s so good and eager to help me that he’s quite a delight.

To Mrs. BURNE-JONES

30th June, '82.

Yes, I’m very likely to lose the drive into town, indeed! I’ll be at the Grange for a cup of tea, please, about six o’clock, and—as you can’t come out here—can I come back with you, and be hidden in a cupboard or that sort of thing—till the morning? Then on Sunday morning we’d all be good again, and I could see pictures after breakfast and before visitors. . .

Of all the *bête*, clumsy, blundering, boggling, baboon-blooded stuff I ever saw on a human stage, that thing² last night beat—as far as the story and acting went—and of all the affected, sapless, soulless, beginningless, endless, topless, bottomless, topsiturviest, tuneless, scrannelpipest—tongs and boniest—doggrell of sounds I ever endured the deadliness of, that eternity of nothing was the deadliest, as far as its sound went. I never was so relieved, so far as I can remember, in my life, by the stopping of any sound—not excepting railroad whistles—as I was by the cessation of the cobbler’s bellowing; even the serenader’s caricatured twangle was a rest after it. As for the great “Lied,” I never made out where it began, or where it ended—except by the fellow’s coming off the horse block.—Ever your lovingest

ST. C.

To HOLMAN HUNT

3 July [1882].

DEAR HUNT,—I am so glad you want to see me—still more that the wife and daughter do. . . . I will come on Thursday. . . . There

¹ [For these airs, see Vol. XXXI. pp. 515, 520.]

² [*The Meistersinger*: see below, p. 451. On the following day Ruskin went to the opera with Mrs. Burne-Jones, and wrote to Mrs. Severn:—

“July 2.—We had the most delicious performance of *Don Giovanni* I ever was at. Not because of Patti, but because *the whole* cast was good, and the great choruses studied and perfect—as I’ve never heard them yet. It was one feast of glorious sound for three hours—lasting till nearly a quarter to 12, with *very* short intervals. Patti spoiled the ‘*la ci darem*’ by too fast time; but sang all the rest of her songs clearly and carefully—and the men singers were superb. Then we had a lovely moonlight drive to the Grange . . . and Ned gave me his own room to sleep in, full of no end of sketch-books. At breakfast, Morris, whom I was most happy to see.”]

is nothing so deadly useless and mischievous as
 “Perseverance”—Friedrich at Kunersdorf, the English at
 Fontenoy!¹—Ever yours affectionately, J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—If you can do a thing easily, do it well; if not, don’t at all, is
 the only true maxim.

In my scribble of yesterday I pounced, of course, on exactly the
 wrong day. I’ll come on Friday . . . I am quite certain you are teasing
 yourself too much about your work. If I could only make you the least
 bit slovenly and lazy, you would find it such a relief. It has been only
 my strong feeling about this that has kept me from trying to see you,
 lest I should hurt instead of pleasing, but now that you want me, you
 must bear with me.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

Tuesday 4th [? July, ’82, HERNE HILL].

. . . I took my Christie cheque² to Walbrook myself yesterday, and
 found both the partners in—old Mr. Tarrant just beginning his lunch. I
 insisted on his going on. He said Grace before meat in the form of a
 loud “Hallelujah!” when he heard I was coming to *buy* stock instead of
 sell!

To Mrs. LA TOUCHE³

HERNE HILL, S.E., *4th July*, ’82.

Yes, that’s a diamond, and if it amuses you, you’re to keep it.
 They’re not unlucky like opals, and they really are the most wonderful
 thing in the creation—not alive. That one is very clear and good and
 beautiful in its crystalline surfaces, but as you see, flawed internally,

¹ [See Vol. XXXI. pp. 479, 480.]

² [For Meissonier’s “1814,” see Vol. XIV. p. 438 *n.*]

³ [*The Letters of a Noble Woman (Mrs. La Touche of Harristown)*, pp. 80, 81, where
 (pp. 79–80) Mrs. La Touche’s letter is also given (July 1):—“I have just received a
 lovely and mystic Thing, in a registered letter directed by you. It has a small summer
 cloud in its inside, and it has eight outsides, regularity without symmetry, and lustre
 without glitter. I am going to get a lens and look at it till it tells me more; but meanwhile
 won’t you tell me something about it. Is it a Diamond? . . . Is it for me to look at
 and—and send back? Or is it that you recognise me as an other than Lacertine Reptile,
 and send me a precious jewel to wear in my head? Send me a little word, and think of me
 always as your affectionate and grateful LACERTA.” On this letter in Ruskin’s
 handwriting is the following: “I sent her rather a pretty diamond, and have answered
 she’s to keep it. She’s very like J., so very pleased with so little.”]

else it would have been cut by the jewellers at once, and never found its way to you or me. Of the perfect *outside* form of the diamond you can scarcely see a better type.

I thought it so pretty of you to be interested in these things at all, but in some ways they are nicer than flowers or canaries, being found always where one leaves them.

I am writing a Grammar of Crystallography,¹ which you will find quite easy, and I can find you a pretty crystal now and then, if you will like them. I am staying in town, chiefly to work at British Museum and the other, partly for what gaieties I'm up to. There are people who like to have me, and I am really working at music somewhat seriously (necessary for *Our Fathers have Told Us*), and am hearing, too, some good music.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

Saturday [HERNE HILL, July, 1882].

. . . I only wish I had you here to watch me, and tell me when I *am* tired; for often I *am*, when I don't feel it, and am *not*, when I am stomachically languid and miserable. But the fact is, that though I have been going about so much, I have been extremely cautious, all this while, *writing* absolutely nothing except necessary letters, so that all book excitement is withdrawn, and keeping off all subjects of sad thought. In spite of which I *am* always so sad when I am alone, that for the first time in my life I have sought company as a distraction. . .

I had an entirely happy afternoon with him [Holman Hunt]—entirely happy. . . because, first, at his studio I had seen, approaching completion, out and out the grandest picture he has ever done, which will restore him at once, when it is seen, to his former sacred throne. It is a "Flight into Egypt," but treated with an originality, power, and artistic quality of design, hitherto unapproached by him. Of course my feeling this made *him* very happy, and as Millais says the same, we're pretty sure, the two of us, to be right!

Then we drove out to his house at Fulham. . . . Such Eastern carpets—such metal work! such sixteenth-century caskets and chests—such sweet order in putting together—for comfort and use—and *three* Luca della Robbias on the walls!—with lovely green garden outside, and a small cherry tree in it before the window, looking like twenty coral necklaces with their strings broken, falling into a shower.

¹ [See Vol. XXVI. p. lxii.]

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

SALTHROP, WROUGHTON, WILTS,¹ *Tuesday* [July 31? '82].

. . . Mrs. Maskelyne . . . is such a botanist! and to see Sir John Lubbock and her hunting together over every field they could get at without breaking the fences was quite lovely. And the day was delicious—and there was a Druid circle—and a British fort—(and tumuli as many as you liked like molehills)—and a Roman Road—and a Dyke of the Belgæ—all mixed up together in a sort of Antiquarie's giblet pie—it was like dreaming of the things, they were so jumbled up. I was out all day—walk before breakfast—and open carriage or picnic on downs from half-past twelve to half-past seven! And the Brit. Mus. will be rather prosy after it, to-day.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

RHEIMS, *Tuesday, 15th Aug., '82.*

. . . I am still here, for the banks were shut, for the Assumption of the Virgin, and I could not plunge into the unknown realm of Avallon without replenishing my pocket. . .

However, I was glad I stayed, for we had entirely perfect singing in the Cathedral, and saw the "Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims"² in his glory. He went round with a procession of monks and priests before him—down the nave, round the Cathedral, and up nave again—the crowd, of course, opening all the way; while the young mothers stood forward with their babies to have them blessed, and the children from three to four or five years old ran forward to kiss his hand and be blessed, without anybody to lead them. The Archbishop seemed very happy all the while, and let them have his hand as long as they liked. It was very beautiful, and I am very glad to have been forced to stay and see it. . .

I am still visiting the British Museum—by letter. I sent off to-day the revised MS. of the catalogue of a hundred described specimens, which will, I hope, be put apart in a separate table case.³

¹ [Where Ruskin was staying with Professor Story Maskelyne.]

² [A reference to *The Ingoldsby Legends*.]

³ [As was done: see Vol. XXVI. pp. 395 *seq.*]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

AVALLON, 30th August, '82.

MY DARLING CHARLES,—I have just come in from morning work, drawing scrolls and frets—Greek fret with the rest—on the most wonderful twelfth-century porch I ever saw, Pisa not excepted. Pisa (baptistery door) is lovelier, but *this* is the fierier; Greek workmen from the south must have done it—or the devil himself, for such straight away splendiddness in every touch I've never, as I say, seen yet.²

Well, I got your little note with that blessed news of the Carlyle and Emerson letters³ the first thing this morning, before going out. It had been lying for some days at Dijon, but I don't lose time in answering. I had in mind to write to you for a month or two back, ever since shaking off my last illness, but one feels shy of writing after being so extravagantly and absurdly ill. I got faster better this time, because Sir William Gull got me a pretty nurse, whom at first I took for Death (which shows how stupid it is for nurses to wear black), and then for my own general Fate and Spirit of Destiny, and then for a real nurse, . . . and slowly—and rather with vexation and desolation than any pleasure of convalescence—I came gradually to perceive things in their realities; but it took me a good fortnight from the first passing away of the definite delirium to reason myself back into the world.

I have not been so glad of anything for many a day as about those Emerson letters; nevertheless, one of my reasons (or causes) of silence this long time has been my differing with you (we *do* differ sometimes) in a chasmy manner about Froude's beginning of his work.⁴ . . .

I'm fairly well again, but more sad than I need say about myself and things in general. But I can still draw, and to-morrow I'm going to Dijon, and on Thursday I drive to Citeaux, and on Friday I hope to get to the Jura, and drive over them once more, getting to Geneva and Bonneville early in next week; then by Annecy over little St. Bernard and so on to Genoa and Pisa. You might be there nearly as soon as I shall be, if you liked to!—Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 194 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 174-176.]

² [For other notes on Avallon, and for the studies made for him there, see Vol. XXX. pp. 222-224, and Vol. XXXIII. p. xxxv.]

³ [*The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 1834-1872, which Mr. Norton was at this time editing; published in 1883.]

⁴ [On this subject, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xcii.; and below, pp. 436, 441, 569.]

To ERNEST CHESNEAU¹

ST. CERGUES, VAUD, SWITZERLAND, *September 4th*, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR,—I got your kind letter at Champagnole, but could not reply till to-day; partly because I felt some hesitation in venturing to suggest anything to you beyond the conclusions which you have taken so great care in arriving at; and my chief object in writing to-day is to thank you with all my heart for the books you have favoured me by sending to England, and to assure you of the sincere interest with which I shall examine them on my return. And, as I said in my former note, you should at once have any of mine that bore on your subject. But I believe those I have ordered my publisher to send —my introductory series of *Oxford Lectures*, *The Two Paths*, and *Pre-Raphaelitism*—are nearly all that refer to the business you have in hand. And as I see by referring to your first letter that the notice of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood is to form a *suite d'études*, I will defer the statement of anything that personally interests me in the school until I have had the privilege of reading your opening papers.

This, only, I think it may be well that I should say as to the relation of their aims to mine; that—without being actually conscious of their concurrence with me²—they were the first who practically carried out the methods of study from Landscape which were recommended in my analysis of the Art of Turner; and that with them, as with him, the Nature or the Motive of human passion which they represented were always *primary*—the making of a picture, *secondary*.

To Claude and Poussin, rocks and trees were only created in order to make Claudesque and Poussinesque compositions. But, in Turner's mind, he himself and all that is in him were only made to paint rocks and trees. Similarly the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood systematically subordinated their pictures to the reality—and became often harsh and apparently artless, from intensity of honest emotion.

Pardon this hasty and too confused writing, after a day of some fatigue.—And with renewed thanks for your kind expressions in your last letter, believe me, my dear Sir, ever your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

In case any occasion come for writing me, "Poste Restante, Milan" is safe for a fortnight hence.

¹ [No. 5 in *Chesneau*, pp. 10-12.]

² [On this point, see Vol. XIV. p. 495.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

SALLENCHES, 11th September, 1882.

MY DARLING CHARLES,—I think a good deal of you here, and of other people that are not here without deserving to be scolded for being anywhere else.

I was trying to-day to draw the view I showed you that morning² with the piny ridge between us and the Mont Blanc. But I couldn't draw the ridge, and there was no Mont Blanc, any more than there was any you; for indeed the Mont Blanc *we* knew is no more. All the snows are wasted, the lower rocks bare, the luxuriance of light, the plenitude of power, the Eternity of Being, are all gone from it—even the purity—for the wasted and thawing snow is grey in comparison to the fresh-frosted wreaths of new-fallen cloud which we saw in that morning light—how many mornings ago? The sadness of it and wonder are quite unparalleled, as its glory was. But no one is sad for it, but only I, and you, I suppose, would be. L. would be perfectly happy, doubtless, because Mont Blanc is now *Sans-culotte* literally, and a naturalized, Republican, French Mount besides,—without any Louis Napoleon to make the dying snows blush for their master.

And as the glaciers, so the sun that we knew is gone! The days of this year have passed in one drift of soot-cloud, mixed with blighting air. I was a week at Avallon in August, without being able to draw *one* spiral of its porch-mouldings, and could not stand for five minutes under the walls of Vézelay, so bleak the wind. The flowers are not all dead yet, however—the euphrasy and thyme are even luxuriant, and the autumn crocus as beautiful as of old. I can't get up, *now*, alas, to my favourite field of gentian under the Aiguille de Varens, but I find the fringed autumn gentian still within reach on the pastures of the Dôle. The Rhone still runs, too, though I think they will soon brick it over at Geneva, and have an “esplanade” instead. They will then have a true Cloaca Maxima, worthy of modern progress in the Fimetic Arts.

I go back to Geneva on Wednesday, and then to Pisa and Lucca—a line to Lucca would find me in any early day of October, and should be read beside Ilaria, and perhaps with her gift of Cheerfulness.—Ever your loving
J. R.

Don't think this is a brain-sick statement—I certify you of the facts as scientifically true.

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 384. No. 195 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 176-179.]

² [The morning described in *Præterita*: Vol. XXXV. p. 522.]

To BERNARD QUARITCH¹

SALLENCHES, SAVOY, 13th Sept., 1882.

DEAR QUARITCH,—I find among the accounts which I ran away without paying, these two of yours, for which I enclose cheque; and if there are more, please send them to Poste Restante, Lucca. But my chief purpose in writing to-day is to say that my plans anent the Hamilton MSS. are entirely quashed by the simple fact that no human creature has taken the smallest notice of my appeal in favour of the Sheffield Museum, and as I have no money of my own to spare, the thing comes to an end—unless perhaps, as the sale draws nearer, you might be able to place in the hands of any friends of mine unknown to me, some of the circulars which I printed in the spring, with better effect than my own endeavours have been attended with. I have therefore directed the remainder of the copies I had printed for private circulation to be forwarded to you—and you may either make packing paper of them, or give them where you think best. I will keep you aware of my address: but, unless some answer be made to my appeal before the sale comes on, I shall probably stay abroad as long as I can into the winter, and so keep out of the way of temptation. The weather has hitherto been so execrable that it is possible November may be absurdly mild. There is snow low down on the Alps to-day, after ten days of thundrous darkness and cloud.

I keep very well—but am sulky about everything, though always affectly. and faithfully yrs.,
J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

SALLENCHES, Thursday, Sept. 14th, '82.

. . . The weather cleared yesterday afternoon, and I had a view of Mont Blanc, *as* it cleared, quite as noble as anything I ever saw in my life, the fresh snow having effaced, for the time, the look of wasting on the higher summits. I was very thankful to have eyes to see it with still, clearly and painlessly—(some younger eyes than mine would have been hopelessly dazzled)—and to have limbs that could still carry me up the steep hillside to my old haunts.

This morning is also entirely lovely and calm, but I know I must not rush out and uphill before breakfast, or I shall take the strength out of myself for the day. So I sit still to write . . . and finish my list of newly examined flowers.

¹ [For the circular referred to in this letter, see Vol. XXX. p. 44.]

Such a lovely fringed gentian I found on Jura! it has fringes of pure blue, like the high priest's robe, on each side of its petals, and it sets them round (it is *four* petaled, not five) so that the fringe A [sketch] is always inside and the fringe B outside, and the four fringes A meet in a cross in the middle of the bell of the flower. . . And I found such blessed clusters of purple cyclamen in the ivied and mossed banks of the stream at Maglans, the day before yesterday.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE¹

CHAMBÉRY, 21st September, 1882.

MY DEAR M—, But what did you go to Skye for?—she'll beguile you into thinking it's all right directly.² Couldn't you have stopped at Hawarden to comfort me a little, first? The puss never told me a word about it; and when I got your letter, on an extremely wet day at Annecy, it was as if a bit of the sky had tumbled after the rain. Mind, *you* must be very good to me yet for a long while, and mustn't go and get married in the next chapter. If I hadn't a vague hope of always finding a Vulture Maiden³ on a peak, somewhere accessible, I don't know what would become of me. (The nearest approach to the thing yet was four buzzards on the Dôle—but there was no maiden!) And perhaps there may be some consolation in Sister Dora,⁴ when I get back.

I've not got to Italy yet, you see, and am reduced to the tunnel to-day, after all my fine plans of walking over the Alps. We have not had a fair day for three weeks, except a bitter cold one, when I got up the Dôle, but saw nothing from it except a line of mist where Alps used to be.

Please, if this ever finds you, send me some chat and some pacifying reflections to P.R. Lucca. I've half a mind to go on to Monte Cassino and not come back.—But I'm ever your grateful and loving

ST. C.

¹ [*Letters to M.G. and H. G.*, pp. 77–79.]

² ["She" is Miss Graham (Lady Horner), and "it" her approaching marriage. Burne-Jones professed the same despair in a letter to Ruskin of about the same date: "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" (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 131).]

³ [Miss Gladstone had lent him W. von Hillern's *The Vulture Maiden*.]

⁴ [*Sister Dora: a Biography* (of Dorothy W. Pattison), by Margaret Lonsdale, 1880.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

GENOA, *Sunday, 24th September, 1882.*

I got your delightful note yesterday at Turin, and it made me wish to run back through the tunnel directly instead of coming on here. But I had a wonderful day, the Alps clear all the morning all round Italy—two hundred miles of them; and then, in the afternoon, blue waves of the Gulf of Genoa breaking like blue clouds, thunder-clouds, under groves of olive and palm. But I wish they were my sparkling waves of Coniston instead, when I read your letter again.

What a gay Susie, receiving all the world, like a Queen Susan (how odd one has never heard of a Queen Susan!), only you *are* so naughty, and you never do tell me of any of those nice girls when they're *coming*, but only when they're gone, and I never shall get glimpse of them as long as I live.

But you know you really represent the entire Ruskin school of the Lake Country, and I think these *levées* of yours must be very amusing and enchanting; but it's very dear and good of you to let the people come and enjoy themselves, and how really well and strong you must be to be able for it.

I am very glad to hear of those sweet, shy girls, poor things.* I suppose the sister they are now anxious about is the one that *would* live by herself on the other side of the Lake, and study Emerson and aspire to Buddhism!

I'm trying to put my own poor little fragmentary Ism into a rather more connected form of imagery. I've never quite set myself up enough to impress *some* people; and I've written so much that I can't quite make out what I am myself, nor what it all comes to.

To Miss M. STORY MASKELYNE²

LUCCA, *1st Oct., '82.*

DEAR MARY,—I have both your sweet letters; and am so very, very glad you had already found pleasure in drawing your peasant

* Florence, Alice, and May Bennett. Florence is gone.³ Alice and May still sometimes at Coniston, D.G. (March 1887).—J.R.

¹ [No. 76 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 627).]

² [Afterwards married to the Rt. Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P.]

³ ["One Companion, ours no more, sends you I doubt not Christmas greeting from her Home,—Florence Bennett. Of her help to us during her pure brief life, and afterwards, by her father's fulfilment of her last wishes, you shall hear at another time."—*Fors Clavigera*, Letter 93 (Vol. XXIX. p. 476).]

children, and become to them a Power of Light, yourself. The quantity of amusement and pretty satisfaction one can give by sketching from life—the sympathy of innocent people with each other and with you—the ready perception of likeness—the real help to intelligence in all that is beautiful in themselves and their surroundings and their natural feelings,—cannot be conceived until you have known them by trial. And I believe that you will indeed find in the *Eagle's Nest* answers to all the vexing questions that necessarily arise in the presence of an advancing science, multiplying, with the subjects of thought, the facilities of popular error.

It does not attempt to answer the more solemn questions,—from which material science can only avert the heart and eyes,—*these* need not vex you, more than they vex bird or lamb or squirrel. The laws of happy life and holy thought have been recognized since the beginning of the Human world, and are not likely to be broken, even at the end of it—if the end be near. I cannot write more to-day, having heard only yesterday (when I got your *second* letter) of the death of a friend at Venice¹ which ends many things for me, and puts me too much out of heart myself to write as cheerfully as I ought—to *you*.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

What a wickedly ill written address my last letter must have had. What *was* it like? Ferma in Posta, here, is quite safe for me—at present.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE²

LUCCA, 3rd October, 1882.

MY DEAR M—, Expecting a letter, is she, with my consent and blessing?³ But doesn't she mean to take both, whether I give them or not? Tell her I'm thinking about it; and, in the meantime, I'll thank her not to take *you* out in boats not meant to be sailed in; for I don't find that people help me much out of heaven, and you're the only creature I've got left, now, who can at all manage me, or play a note of music for me as I like.

And tell her, also, I'm not thinking *much* about it, neither, for I've got my Ilaria here, and her pug-dog,⁴ and am rather happy.

¹ [W.J. Bunney, who died at Venice on September 23: see Vol. XXIII. p. xl.; and for a letter to Mrs. Bunney, Vol. XXXIV. p. 563.]

² [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 79-81.]

³ [For the reference here, see above, p. 410 *n.*, and compare the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxxv.]

⁴ [For Jacopo della Quercia's monument of Ilaria with the dog at her feet, see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 170-172.]

Such a walk as I had, too, the day before yesterday, on the marble hills which look to Pisa and the sea. It is a great grace of the olive, not enough thought on, that it does not hurt the grass underneath; and on the shady grass banks and terraces beneath the grey and silver of the wild branches, the purple cyclamens are all out, not in showers merely, but *masses*, as thick as violets in spring—vividest pale red-purple, like light of evening.

And it's just chestnut fall time; and where the olives and cyclamens end, the chestnuts begin, ankle-deep in places, like a thick, golden-brown moss, which the sunshine rests upon as if it loved it. Higher up come again the soft grass terraces, without the olives, swept round the hillsides as if all the people of Italy came there to sit and gaze at the sea, and Capraja and Gorgona.¹

I can walk pretty well, I find, still; and draw pretty well, if I don't write books nor letters to young ladies on their marriage, nor to bankers on business, nor to authors on literature; but it's difficult to get a quiet time with a good conscience. I'm not going to do anything to-day but enjoy myself, after *this* letter's done, which I've rather enjoyed writing, too. You know its chief business is to thank you for your pretty postscript—but you know—none of you know!

Meantime,—I'm your comforted and loving ST. C.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

LUCCA, *Coffee time* (7 A.M.), 3 October, 1882.

. . . Well, about these Pisa measurings. You might as well try to measure the sea-waves, and find out their principle. The beginning of the business would be to get at any historical clue to the facts of yielding foundation. The Parthenon is quite a different case from any mediæval building whatsoever. In all great mediæval buildings you have foundation unequal to the weight, you have more or less bad materials, and you have a lot of stolen ones. You might as well go and ask a Timbuctoo nigger why he wears a colonel's breeches wrong side upwards, as a Pisan architect why he built his walls with the bottom at the top and the sides squinting. He likes to show his thefts to begin with—if the ground gives way under him, he stands on the other leg. I've long believed myself that finding the duomo wouldn't stand upright anyhow, they deliberately made a ship of it,

¹ [Compare Vol. IV. p. 288, and Vol. XII. p. 192.]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 384-385 (the last sentence being omitted). No. 196 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 179-182.]

with the leaning tower for a sail;¹ and my good helper, Mr. Collingwood—who has been doing the loveliest sections of the Savoy Alps, who are exactly like Pisan architects in *their* “principles,” or unprinciples, too—said that he couldn’t look at the north side without being seasick.

But all this entanglement is of no importance as to the main question of “Liberty” of line, which even I have always taught to be the life of the workman,² and which exists everywhere in good work to an extent till now unconceived, even by me—till I had seen the horror of the restoration which put it “to rights.” Nearly all our early English Gothic is free hand in the curves, and there is no possibility of drawing even the apparent circles with compasses. Here, and I think in nearly all work with Greek roots in it, there is a spiral passion which drifts everything like the temple of the winds; this is the first of all subtle charms in the real work—the first of all that is αἰβοῖ’d out of it by the restorer. Do you recollect (my “of one mind with my friend”) the quarrel we had about the patchwork of the Spina Chapel? I think you will recollect the little twisted trefoil there. Of course in the restoration they’ve put it square. And it isn’t of the slightest use to point any of these things out to the present race of mankind. It is finally tramwayed, shamwayed, and eternally damnwayed, and I wish the heavens and the fates joy over it; but they can’t expect any help from me, whatever they mean to make of it.

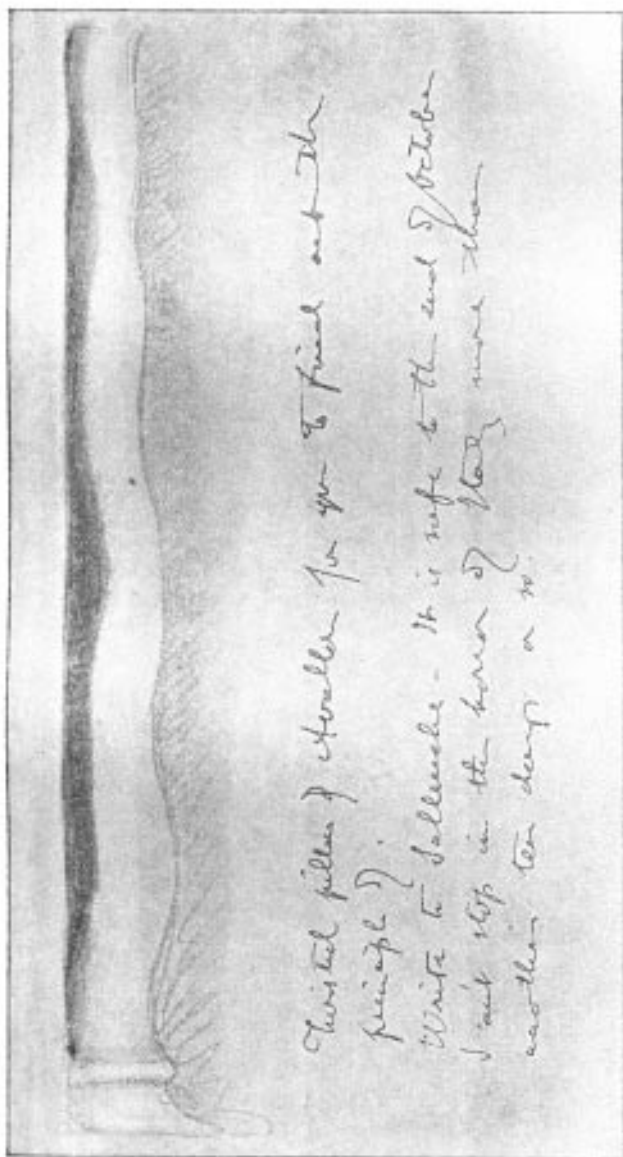
All the same, it seems to me a great shame that I’m old, and can’t see it come to grief; nor even the snows come back to the Alps again, if they do. Again, all the same, I’ll run back to Pisa just now after I’ve been at Florence, and get at some measures for you, if I find them takeable on the Baptistery. I *did* the Florentine Baptistery in 1872, and found there wasn’t a single space in all the octagon and all the panelling, that matched another. It is exactly like measuring a quartz crystal, except that even the angles aren’t fixed! but I didn’t measure any of *them*, practically they are true enough in the main octagon. I think the most important thing for your purposes would be to get the entasis of the great campaniles and war-towers. The Guinigi here, and the Verona campanile, and St. Mark’s are all extremely beautiful. I’ll see what I can make of the Guinigi to-day, and send you some bits of masonry worth notice for the wanton intricacy of piecing. . .³

Write to Sallenche. It is safe to the end of October. I can’t stop in the horror of Italy more than another ten days or so.

¹ [Compare Vol. XXIII. p. 194.]

² [See, for instance, “The Nature of Gothic,” Vol. X. p. 204.]

³ [See the facsimile, “a twisted pillar of Avallon for you to find out the principle of.”]



TWISTED PILLAR OF AVALLON

(A page of a letter to C. E. Norton)



J. Rankin

Allen & Co. So

San Martino, Lucca.
1882.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

FLORENCE, 10th Oct., '82.

I had such a marvellous drive up to Fésóle yesterday, and found the view more glorious than ever, and I'm gladder than ever that I've called my book *Laws of Fésóle*. There are more olives than leaves on some of the trees, and nearly all the walls are crowned with roses—and oh! I've found such a lovely book of songs of Italian peasantry;¹ and one of them is of a legend of the Madonna I never knew before—how in the Flight into Egypt, one day when the Madonna was very tired, she came to a poor gipsy's hut and asked if she might come in and rest, and the gipsy brought her in and made her ever so comfy, and looked at her very hard, and then asked if she might tell her her fortune. And the Madonna gave the baby to St. Joseph to hold, and gave the gipsy her hand, and the gipsy began to tell her her fortune; —and oh, I can't tell you any more to-day, for I've ever so many business letters to write!

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

LUCCA, 9, Morning, 16th October, 1882.

I've just got your letter of the 1st, and have only been out for a little walk in the dew, and to see the Carrara mountains, and come back, round the Chapel of the Madonna of the Rose, to answer it. I'm so glad you got that of mine from Sallenches, and I hope my answer to the Pisa one is with you ere this. I've done some curious work for you since on the walls of Fésóle, finding out also much for myself on them, and underneath them. But it's the Niagara bit I want to answer to-day.

There seems to me no question but that this generation is meant to destroy of the good works of men and of God, pretty nearly all they can get at. But—what *next*? The temporary help to Niagara, or poor little fragments saved at Pisa or Canterbury, are virtually nothing, unless as a leaven, and spark in ashes, for future bread and fire. What *now*?—is the question for all of us. Here in Lucca, I was drawing last night a literal bouquet of red Campaniles. Five in a cluster, led by the Guinigi—up against amber and blue sunset.³ But

¹ [For Ruskin's first meeting with Miss Alexander and first sight of her *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, see Vol. XXXII. p. xxi., and for the particular "song" referred to, p. 152.]

² [No. 197 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 182–185.]

³ [Two "sunsets at Lucca" were shown at the Ruskin Exhibition in Bond Street, 1907, Nos. 148 and 208.]

they must all soon come down; the wonder is they've stood so long. And what is to be built instead?—chimneys? or minarets of muezzin to the Religion of Humanity? or shot-towers?

Underneath them, Mr. Collingwood, surveying Lucca for me, has shaded already fourteen churches with twelfth-century (or earlier) fronts. When these are gone, what is to vary the street effects? The Italians think *Magazzini*, but what think Americans, the better sort? . . .

What do you propose to make of the new blank world which Nature herself seems resolved to sweep clean for you, down to her own snows, and carry off the last ruins of Italy with the melting of them, all the four bridges of Verona gone in one day's swirl of Adige?¹

My own conviction has been these twenty years that when the wicked had destroyed all the work of good people, the good people would get up and destroy theirs; but, though I could bombard Birmingham, and choke the St. Gothard tunnel, and roll Niagara over every hotel and steamer in the States, to-morrow, I still don't see my way to anything farther! and can't lay out my *Nuova Vita* on the new lines!

I expect a London architect to join me here,² and I'll take him to Pisa and get *his* notions of things, and measures. The Fésolé findings shall soon come to you. . . Ever your lovingest
J. R.

To Mrs. LA TOUCHE³

LUCCA, 22nd October, 1882.

. . . I wish you were here to see the cyclamens! Some of the hillsides are a serene succession of grass terraces, sustained by mossy walls; and wherever the terrace becomes a bank, under the walls, the cyclamens cluster in violet clouds, and scatter away in hooded companies, like nuns driven out of their convent walls. I never saw such lovely things, first almost rose colour, then fading into white.

And there's a little crimson pink, too, on the higher mountain ground (which is all covered with the grey-blue peppermint), and a small bindweed nearly as pink as the pinks themselves, low on the ground, in single flowers.

I get a good deal of walking here on the marble hills, and am doing some good drawing. . .

I don't see why, because I called you a *Première Ingeénue*, you should have been frightened at me; I think it's a very pretty and

¹ [The floods in September 1882 completely swept away the Ponte Nuovo; the Ponte delle Navi had been similarly destroyed in 1757.]

² [Mr. Robson: see Vol. XXX. pp. xlvi., 315, Vol. XXXIII. p. xlii.]

³ [*The Letters of a Noble Woman (Mrs. La Touche of Harristown)*, p. 81.]



J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc.

Pillar in the Porch of San Martino, Lucca.

nice thing to be. It was much ruder of you to say you had been disappointed in every human thing you had to do with, when I've turned out so nicely after all! . . .

To Mrs. LA TOUCHE¹

PISA, 2nd Nov., '82.

I can't imagine what address I gave you that wasn't in the world, but you know one never can see anything in maps now but the railways. You will be safe now with a pretty romantic one, Hotel de l'Abbaye, Talloires, Lac d'Annecy, Savoie. Letters have come there from Harristown—before now.²

I bade farewell to Italy for this year virtually yesterday, in the loveliest day of all the year, from dawn to sunset on the Carrara mountains, and twilight by the Baptistery, with numberless festive All Saints people dissolving round it to their homes. But Pisa absolutely needs solitude for her beauty; she is then not sad, but wonderful, and full of calm power. A crowd is discordant to her. Do you recollect the field before the Cathedral? It was all studded blue last month with a small vervain, that sparkled like a sprinkle of turquoise instead of dew, till one could scarcely see the grass for the gleaming of it. It is to be in *Proserpina* "Verbena Pisana."³ Mind *that*.

It will be quite worth while, if those policemen will let you,⁴ to come to Lucca next year to see those cyclamens. They are the common mountain flower which grows in autumn everywhere in nooks of limestone, but at Lucca it has fine marble for the nooks, and these terraces of turf as I said for recreation: and truly it is a new vision in flower-life to see it clustering and scattering along them in that purity of lilac light. The colchicum is very like it in distant effect on fields, but has a way of dog's-earing itself, and dropping its petals in a tired way, while the cyclamen will fade white without looking tired; and then its tidyness and trimness and toiletteness and shyness are so precious, when it's all itself. Then it's worth while to see the olives in full fruit. There is the same romance and marvel in them as in the vine, and besides a Puritan severity with their Quaker-dim leaf and dark berry which nobody gets drunk with, nor takes sixteen cups of, like coffee (all the same, I couldn't get along myself without my coffee). And I'm simply *never* tired of looking at its shoots of leaf against the sky, and the turning of trunk that is the only thing in all the world that can be eccentric and graceful in the same instant, and fantastically serene.

¹ [*The Letters of a Noble Woman (Mrs. La Touche of Harristown)*, pp. 82, 83.]

² [From Rose La Touche.]

³ [*Proserpina*, however, did not include mention of verbena.]

⁴ [Mr. La Touche was under police protection in Ireland.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

PISA, 5th November, 1882.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—I have been longer than I meant in getting back here; but what I promised will be all the better done, for now I have brought with me Signor Boni, the master of the works on the Ducal Palace of Venice. He is a Venetian of the old race, and a man of the purest temper and feeling. He has the Government authority to examine any public building he wishes, so that he can put ladders and scaffolding where he likes here; and he's getting the Cathedral levels and measures to a centimetre. But he, and I, and my secretary,² who is a good draughtsman, are all agreed on the main point, that there is no endeavour to obtain deceptive perspectives anywhere—but only to get continual variety of line, and an almost exulting delight in conquering difficulties or introducing anomalies, which is rather provoked to frolic than subdued by any interference of accident. It seems probable that the five western arches of the nave were added after the rest with less careful foundation, and that they sank away from the rest—so.³ When the subsidence stopped, they took the cornice off all, rebuilt the arch *a*, of junction, and threw the cornice up, to balance the fall by opposition.³ This, of course, is a violent exaggeration—but the actual interval at *b* is about three feet. The most curious point of all being that they have used a thicker moulding for three arches at the junction, so that they only touch the cornice. Then shafts of upper court are diminished down, westward, the whole way, sloping a little in harmony with the fallen arches. I beg your pardon for scrawling so,⁴ but I've been doing a lot of rather hard drawing this week and am tired, only I just wanted to tell you we were at work for you.

The discovery, I spoke to you of,⁵ at Fésòle was made possible to me by the recent excavation of part of the wall to the foundation on the native rock. You know the superb fitting of the varied joints of the wall,⁶ etc., etc.—Well, when I got to the rock surface, I found the surface cleavage of its beds seen from above thus:⁶ AB is the line of the wall base, and the rock they built it of and on, was simply imitated by them.

I've kept quite well all the while I've been in Italy, but have just

¹ [No. 198 in *Norton* (with the facsimiles here reproduced); vol. ii. pp. 185–188.]

² [Mr. W.G. Collingwood, Ruskin's companion on this tour: see Vol. XXXIII. pp. xxxi. *seq.*]

³ [See the first page of facsimile.]

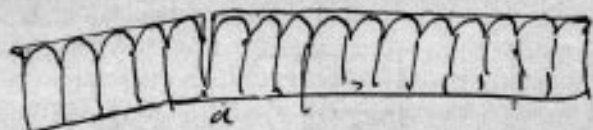
⁴ [See the second page of facsimile.]

⁵ [See above, p. 415.]

⁶ [See the third page of facsimile.]

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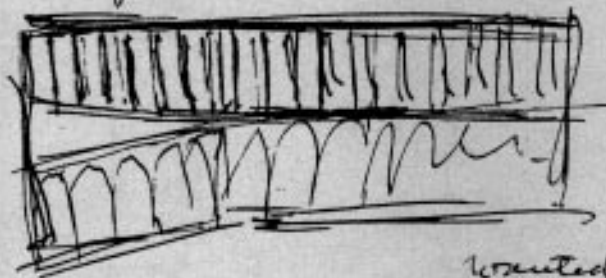


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tired - and I just
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The discovery I spoke to you of at Fetola

caught a little cold which makes me languid and scrawly. There's nothing but sneezing likely to come of it, and this Guy Fawkes day is as warm and sweet here as it is always wretched in London. So I hope to write a better report soon.

Address now to Herne Hill. I'm afraid S.'s photograph is at Annecy, and I shall not get it till next week at soonest. I must content myself meanwhile with the pretty Pisans.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

To F. CRAWLEY¹

ABBEY OF TALLOIRES, *November 14th*, 1882.

MY DEAR CRAWLEY,—I think you will be interested in hearing that I am just settled by my wood-fireside, in my own room here, after getting through the Mont Cenis from Lucca, and that I am settled for a week—with more pleasure than I ever expected to find again anywhere. I came from Annecy to-day in time for a climb to the great waterfall before dinner, and feel very much like—twenty years ago.

Somehow, I never fancy that *you* can be older, or Allen—or anybody but myself—than we all were, then!

I have not told you that I went to Mornex on a bright September afternoon (the 8th): lunched in the old house: and called on Franceline² in hers! *She* certainly does look older. The people of the village have not forgotten us; and travellers often come to see where we lived.³

As soon as I have had my week of climbing here (I mean to be up to the Rochers de Lanfon again, *D. V.*), I come straight home, lecturing in London on the 4th.⁴ I may perhaps get a glimpse of you all at Oxford, before going north.—Ever your affectionate Master, J. RUSKIN.

To MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN

TALLOIRES, *17th Nov.* [1882].

. . . Perpetual rain, and the snow now down within a hundred feet of us, don't put me into an eloquent humour. I never knew anything so utterly tormenting and horrible as the weather has been, taken as a whole, throughout this journey. Even what I got done at

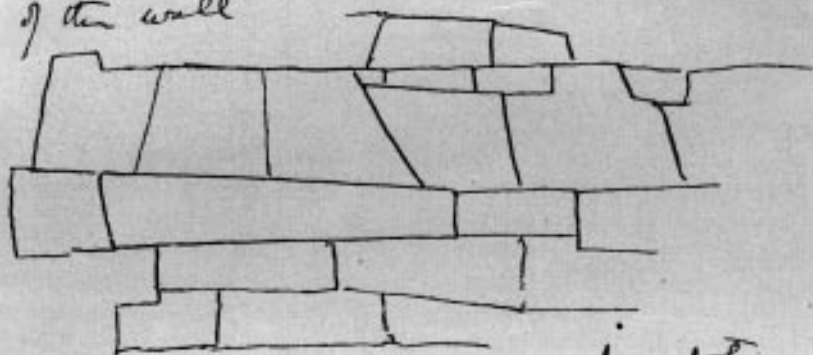
¹ [No. 30 in *Letters to Various Correspondents*, pp. 88, 89.]

² [A farmer's daughter, and at one time waitress at the inn at Mornex.]

³ [On this subject, see Vol. XVII. p. lix.]

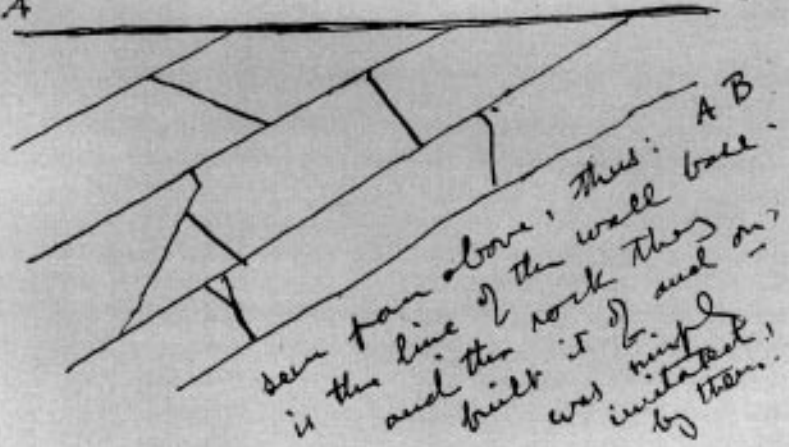
⁴ [At the London Institution, on Cistercian Architecture: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 227.]

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^{surface}
~~horizontal~~ cleavage of its beds

A B



seen from above, thus: A B
 is the line of the wall built
 and the rock they
 built it of and on
 was ^{never} imitated
 by them.

Lucca was done fighting with it. I'm getting my lecture into form, however, but it's very heavy form.

I wonder if Arthur would mind calling at the Archbishop's House to ask how he is,¹ and if he's well, asking for an interview to give him a message from me; and then explaining to him a little of what I've been about these three months, which it would really take too much of my scrawling to tell him, and then—this is the message, with my love, that I want to have the early authentic forms of the Rule of St. Benedict, and the rule of Cîteaux, and that I don't know if I can lay my hand on them at Geneva, and that if the Cardinal's secretary would be so very good as to write out the essential heads of them for me—and send them me to the Hôtel des Bergues—I should be so grateful; and so comfortable in quoting at my lecture.

To MISS GRACE ALLEN²

TALLOIRES, 20 Nov., '82.

MY DEAR GRACE,—I think I've got the proofs all right—and since you've undertaken to scold the printers, I've referred to you—as you'll see—as “press corrector” to fill in a page. I'm glad you like the new notes—but the only proper penance for having written such a book would be in a “white sheet.” Please touch up my II. and III., etc., in re-numbering sections and chapters. Send anything now to Hôtel des Bergues, Geneva.—Ever your affectionate
J.
R.

To ALEXANDER MACDONALD

TALLOIRES, 20th Nov., '82.

MY DEAR MACDONALD,—I have both your letters of the 15th and 17th, and am both grateful for the Dean's message, and glad of what

¹ [Cardinal Manning.]

² [“Ruskin on his Early Work” in the *Saturday Review*, February 9, 1907, which contained also the following note:—

“LONDON, S. E., Dec. 11, '82.—DEAR GRACE,—I can't send more than these two sheets to-day—I might as well have undertaken a big new book as to revise this thing.

“Can you come over with your Father to lunch on Saturday?—Ever affectionately
yours,
J. R.”

Miss Allen was reading the proofs of the revised edition of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. The notes were printed in the *Saturday Review* in the course of a discussion upon certain cheap reprints of *Modern Painters* without Ruskin's later revision. The two letters were reprinted at page 9 of a pamphlet issued by Mr. Allen in 1907 entitled *Copyright and Copy-wrong: the Authentic and the Unauthentic Ruskin.*]

you tell me of the more or less general wish to have me again at Oxford for a little while. I am often grieved at having left so much unfinished in the plan of the schools. Virtually I was only five years at work with you, and quite busy in other directions in 1872 and 1874, so that, though now much feebler than I was, if I give my time and thoughts more entirely to the Oxford schools, I have little doubt of being able to carry out what I proposed, to some not unsatisfactory conclusion. *Modern Painters* itself left half that I had to say of landscape in the merest embryo—and the recent errors of the French schools have made it desirable that I should re-state many of the principles for which I have so long contended. Also the course of elementary examples has never been enough systematized. I should no doubt, however, be allowed to do all this whether as Professor or not, and in any case I'm coming to see you and the new Turners¹ before I go north. Much love to Dr. Acland. Kindest memories to Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Stacey.²—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

I can't send any more to-night; it is a serious thing to me, the idea of coming back after these seven years.

*To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON*³

TALLOIRES, SWITZERLAND, *November 20th*, 1882.

MY DEAR MALLESON,—I am sincerely grieved that you begin to feel the effect of overwork; but as this is the first warning you have had, and as you are wise enough to obey it, I trust that the three months' rest will restore you all your usual powers on the conditions of using them with discretion, and not rising to write at two in the morning.

I am very thankful to find in my own case that a quiet spring of energy filters back into the old well-heads—if one does not bucket it out as fast as it comes in.

But my last illnesses seriously impaired my walking powers, and I'm afraid if you came to Switzerland I should be very jealous of you. Certainly it is not in this season a country for an invalid, and I believe you cannot be safer than by English firesides with no books to work at nor parishioners to visit.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Probably the sketches lent by the National Gallery: see Vol. XIII. p. 560.]

² [Mr. Fisher, then the keeper of the University Galleries; Mrs. Stacey, the housekeeper there: see Vol. XV. p. xxx.]

³ [No. 62 in the synopsis of Ruskin's Letters to Malleison (Vol. XXXIV. p. 187).]

To MRS. ARTHUR SEVERN

DIJON, 28th, Morning.

I got your lovely letter here last night—about liking me to draw flowers better than write. But . . . I can't draw flowers as other people can, and I can, though I say it, write things that they can't. . . . And there are such things as duties (confound them—at Custom houses and everywhere else!), but you needn't fear my ever over-exciting or tormenting myself again. And think what exciting work—what killing sorrow—I had, in 1872—1874—1875—and that, all after 1865—1866 of such bright hope! I'm writing in the room that poor Lady Trevelyan had—and the sun's bright—and I shall see the Nightingale valley as I pass by to Paris, where she had her last happy day!¹ Think of it all, it was *those* things that made me ill—never my work.

At the back of my bed last night there was the little door where it was Annie's great joke of the journey to peep in, in the morning, and catch me asleep.² All that has passed away now—into quiet twilight and *if* they really want me at Oxford, I must go—not to talk, but to finish what I began there and left like a house without its roof.

It's a nasty nuisance those gossip papers fidgeting you. I could have put it all right for you in ten minutes, if I had been at home—but I can't write any more to-day.

To the REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE³

HERNE HILL, 13th December, '82

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I was looking at a pretty letter of yours just now, written last April—no, April 1881—beseeching me “not to work overmuch,” and yet, the moment you get hold of me again, you want me to begin new work! For *any* republication of my old books must give me new thought of a peculiarly festering and consuming kind, and I answered quite stupidly and inconsiderately that *The Poetry of Architecture* might form part of my great series. Nothing is ever to go into that but the books which please me, and for which I am ready to answer. You might make a small octavo volume of *The Poetry of Architecture*, but I never would consent to republish the plates.⁴ I have thousands, literally that, tens of hundreds, of things

¹ [For Lady Trevelyan's death at Neuchâtel in 1866, see Vol. XVIII. p. xxxix. The drawing, here introduced (Plate XI.), shows her grave in the foreground.]

² [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 158–9.]

³ [No. 63 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 44, 45 (see below, p. 645).]

⁴ [They have therefore never been republished, except in this edition, the promised completeness of which rendered their inclusion necessary.]



Joh. Rusler

Allen & Co. Sc.

Neuchâtel.

by me which I would rather publish, and some of which I *must*. At present, don't let us think of it; I have far more on my mind than is good for me.

If the weather keeps mild I can come and see you and Miss Stanley and some of the girls, but must be very cautious of taking cold in London.—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

To ERNEST CHESNEAU¹

HERNE HILL, *December 13th*, 1882.

MY DEAR SIR,—I must thank you very earnestly, in the name of English artists, for your candid and laborious inquiry into the just claims of our principal modern school. And indeed I will do all in my power to assist you in the matter; but for the old books or newspaper articles of mine, I am without copies or memory myself; and I am ashamed to see by the sentence in your second page—“*que vous avez voulu m'offrir*”—that there must have been some mistake or delay in sending you the books I intended for you.

I cannot think that I neglected to write to my publisher. But, in any case, he has order now to forward to you the collection of my letters,² which contains, I think, most of those on Pre-Raphaelitism —and two volumes of my Oxford Lectures, which, however, I fear you will find too general to be of interest to you.

I entreat your pardon for my apparent carelessness; but I believe the mistake has not been mine, and I am now at your command in any way you will direct me for your service.—With every sentiment of esteem and respect, believe me, dear Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

15th Dec., '82.

I have been simply ashamed to write without being able to say I was coming; and this naughty Joanie has put us all two months behindhand, and now Brantwood still seems as far away as at Florence. (It never really seems far away, anywhere.)

¹ [No. 6 in *Chesneau*, pp. 13–14. M. Chesneau was studying the Pre-Raphaelite movement.]

² [*Arrows of the Chace* (1880). The letters on the Pre-Raphaelites, therein included, are, in the present edition, printed in Vol. XII. pp. 318 *seq.*]

³ [No. 111 in *Hortus Inclusus*. The “new notes to *Modern Painters*” are in the separate and re-arranged edition of vol. ii., issued in 1883: see Vol. IV. p. liv.]

But you will like to know that I'm very well, and extremely good, and writing beautiful new notes to *Modern Painters*, and getting on with *Our Fathers*. And what lovely accounts I have of *Frondees* from Allen! I really think *that* one book has made all our business lively.

And I'm so delighted with the new brooch—the one Mary gave to Joan. I never saw a more lovely pearl in any Queen's treasury, nor more exquisite setting. Joan and I have no end of pleasure in playing with it, and I vainly try to summon philosophy enough to convince either her or myself, that dew is better than pearls and moss than emeralds. I think my days of philosophy must be over. I certainly shall not have enough to console me, if I don't get to Brantwood soon. The fog here is perpetual, and I can only see, and just that, where the edge of my paper is leaving me still room to say how lovingly and faithfully I am yours, etc.

To SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P. R. A.¹

15th December, 1882.

DEAR LEIGHTON,—Of course I want the lemon-tree! but surely you didn't offer it me before? May I come on Tuesday afternoon for both? and I hope to bring "Golden Water," but I hear there's some confusion between the Academy and the Burlington Club. "Golden Water" is perhaps too small a drawing for the Academy—but you'll see. I wish the lecture on sculpture you gave to that jury the other day had been to a larger audience, and I one of them.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R. A.

19th Dec., '82.

DEAR RICHMOND,—I enclose note on the blue drawing,² with hearty regret that I can't give it a different tenor.

I was entirely happy in being with you last night, and in seeing how your kindly sympathy with Barbarian—Scythian—Turk—Jew—

¹ [From Mrs. Russell Barrington's *Life, Letters, and Works of Frederic Leighton*, vol. ii. p. 42. "Both," *i.e.*, the "Lemon Tree" and the "Byzantine Well," lent by Leighton to Ruskin for his Drawing School at Oxford: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 319. "Golden Water," or "Princess Parisade," a small water-colour by Rossetti (14¼ x 7 1/8), was ultimately lent to the exhibition of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, No. 23; it was at the time in the possession of Mrs. Churchill (Miss Constance Hilliard), to whom Ruskin had given it; see vol. XXXV. p. 638. The "lecture on sculpture to that jury" was Leighton's evidence in the case of *Belt v. Lawes*: reported in the *Times* of December 12 and 13.]

² [Presumably an amateur's drawing, sent for Ruskin's criticism.]

infidel—and Heretic—and, in fine, humanity in general—brightens your life with shining memories and maintains all your old powers in, it seemed to me, even increasing grace and delightfulness.

How I wish all your talk could have been written—yet how little could be written of the parts of it that were—*seen* as well as heard!

But have you *not* written down any of these memories? I cannot imagine any book more precious or delicious than your quiet, effortless, autobiography would be.—Ever your grateful and loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

To MISS SUSAN BEEVER¹

HERNE HILL, 19th [December, 1882].

Here's your little note first of all; and if you only knew how my wristbands are plaguing me you'd be very sorry. They're too much starched, and *would* come down like mittens; and now I've turned them up, they're just like two horrid china cups upside down, inside my coat, and I'm afraid to write for fear of breaking them. And I've a week's work on the table, to be done before one o'clock, on pain of uproar from my friends, execration from my enemies, reproach from my lovers, triumph from my haters, despair of Joanie, and—what from Susie? I've had such a bad night, too; woke at half-past three and have done a day's work since then—composing my lecture for March, and thinking what's to become of a godson of mine whose—

Well, never mind. I needn't give *you* the trouble, poor little Susie, of thinking too. I wonder if that Jackdaw story will come to-day.

This must be folded up and directed all right at once, or I'm sure it will never go. Love to Mary, very much, please, and three times over; I missed these two last times.

To MISS SUSAN BEEVER²

[HERNE HILL] Thursday Morning.

I'm ever so much better, and the Jackdaw has come. But why wasn't I there to meet his pathetic desire for art-knowledge? To think of that poor bird's genius and love of scarlet ribbons, shut up in a cage! What it might have come to!

¹ [No. 118 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629). The "lecture for March" is the first of the course on the *Art of England*.]

² [No. 104 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 628).]

If ever my St. George's schools come to any perfection, they shall have every one a jackdaw to give the children their first lessons in arithmetic. I'm sure he could do it perfectly. "Now, Jack, take two from four, and show them how many are left." "Now, Jack, if you take the teaspoon out of this saucer, and put it into *that*, and then if you take two teaspoons out of two saucers, and put them into this, and then if you take one teaspoon out of this, and put it into that, how many spoons are there in this, and how many in that?"—and so on.

Oh, Susie, when we *do* get old, you and I, won't we have nice schools for the birds first and then for the children?

To ERNEST CHESNEAU¹

HERNE HILL, *December 20th*, 1882.

DEAR MONS. CHESNEAU,—I will not regret my mistake in understanding your first letter, since it has procured me the pleasure of renewed correspondence; and since you so kindly assure me of the interest you find in the mixed letters.² I have to thank you for the return of the duplicate books, and will give my publisher directions to send you any others on his list which you may wish to see.

The method of verbal derivation which you have adopted is of course right, both for French and English construction: but I think that "Pre-Raphaelitism" would properly express the method or manner of the painters who actually lived before Raphael—as "Raphaelism" might generally be applied to the style of all his school, at every subsequent date. Pre-Raphaelitism is, it seems to me, the proper term to express the peculiar tenets of the sect you have been examining, which called itself "Pre-Raphaelite"; or, with still greater exclusiveness, "*The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren*."

But it is very likely I may have been betrayed into using the word of the antique schools themselves, in which application it would be entirely wrong; while, on the other hand, if in your own chapters you have hitherto used the term "Pre-Raphaelisme," there is no occasion whatever to insert the *it* in reference to my pamphlet. Use your own word as you feel it easily applicable; a line of footnote would be enough to explain the partial and temporary meaning of mine.—Ever, dear M. Chesneau, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 8 in *Chesneau*, pp. 17–19.]

² [*Arrows of the Chace*, a copy of which Ruskin had sent: see above, p. 423.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

December 27, '82.

DEAR MISS GREENAWAY,—Friday will do delightfully for me, even better than to-day, having been tired with Xmas letters and work.

This is a lovely little book²—all through. The New and Old Years are chiefly delightful to me. But I wish some of the children had bare feet—and that the shoes of the others weren't *quite* so like mussel-shells.

The drawing on my letter, however, is perfect! shoes and all—eyes and lips—unspeakable.—Ever your grateful and devoted

J. RUSKIN.

To ERNEST CHESNEAU³

HERNE HILL, December 28th, 1882.

DEAR MONS. CHESNEAU,—Let me first wish you whatever the Christmas and New Year's Day can bring of good—whether in present pleasure, or encouragement in your earnest and careful work.

I have ordered the four books, in which you kindly express an interest, to be sent at once to your address; praying you only to acquit me of the egotism of asking you to read such cartloads of me.

I shall look for the album with much interest. Herkomer's portrait is full of character, but is not *like* in the ordinary sense. The photograph I hope to send with this letter is, I think, the likest that has been done lately. They are the best;⁴ those of some years back have a sickly look which is, to say the least of it, exaggerated.

I have no recollection of the letter to New York, but am quite sure the tend of it would be exactly what the New York⁵ critic gives. I was quite furious at the American war, and have been so ever since, whenever I thought of it.

Nor, alas, can I tell you whether Patmore indeed wrote or spoke to me about Hunt. I cannot doubt that he did.⁶ But my real introduction to the whole school was by Mr. Dyce, R. A., who dragged me,

¹ [No. 8 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 110. The letter was followed by a call; Miss Greenaway entered in her diary (December 29, 1882): "Mr. Ruskin came. First time I ever saw him."]

² [*Almanack for 1883 by Kate Greenaway*. "New Year" is the frontispiece; "Old Year" is opposite December.]

³ [No. 9 in *Chesneau*, pp. 20–23 (see below, p. 636).]

⁴ [Presumably the photographs taken by H. R. Barraud in the spring of 1882: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 562.]

⁵ [The reference is perhaps to one of the letters in the original edition of *Time and Tide*, which had been reprinted in America: see, for them, Vol. XVIII. pp. 475 *seq.*]

⁶ [For the facts of the case, see Vol. XII. p. xlvi.]

literally, up to the Millais picture of “The Carpenter’s Shop,” which I had passed disdainfully,¹ and forced me to look for its merits. Afterwards, various friends asked me to look at this picture, or that; until Millais’ “Huguenot” and Hunt’s “Light of the World” asserted the power of the school without any further need of help from anybody.

Millais first showed me the beauty of extreme minuteness and precision, my own predilections having been formed by such work as Correggio’s background in the “Antiope,” and Tintoret’s in the “Susannah”—which France disgraces herself by putting up out of sight in the Louvre, while she exhibits Rembrandt’s beastly old woman as close as she can get her. What a shame, too, to put those divine frescoes of Botticelli (fearfully spoiled as they are by transit and repair) outside in the passage—and with no glass over them!²

Please ask me anything you care to know my feeling about; my *memory* is no good for things of detail long ago, but the general result of them I can assure you of.—Ever with true respect and regard, believe me faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To ERNEST CHESNEAU³

HERNE HILL, *December 30th*, 1882.

DEAR MONS. CHESNEAU,—I am so very glad to hear of the *Peintres Contemporains*.⁴

Alas, I wish they were better worth your time! Yet they do wonderful things often—but so seldom right ones.

It delights me that you are interested in *Eagle’s Nest*, and that you tell me of the question you feel about anatomy. I have not enough expressed in that book one important point in the matter, namely, that a painter’s knowledge of anatomy *must* always be superficial and vulgar—therefore pretentious and harmful to his dignity of character.

Hold up your thumb with its back towards you, so as to see the muscles that move it at the back of the hand. Bend it, and move it (without moving the rest of the hand) to the right and left, variously

¹ [Compare Vol. XII. p. 320, and Vol. XIV. pp. 111, 495; for the “Huguenot” and “Light of the World”, see Vol. XIV. p. 281, and Vol. XII. pp. 328 *seq.*]

² [For Ruskin’s numerous references to the “Antiope” and the “Susannah,” see the General Index. For similar complaints about the hanging of the “Susannah,” (now better shown), see Vol. XII. pp. 411, 459, and Vol. XIX. p. 56. The Botticelli frescoes (on the landing of the “Daru” staircase in the Louvre) are described in Vol. XXXIII. pp. 313 *seq.*]

³ [No. 10 in *Chesneau*, pp. 24–26.]

⁴ [*Artistes Anglais Contemporains*, by E. Chesneau: Paris, 1882.]

stretching and bending it. How many days, or months, do you suppose it would take to understand and illustrate by diagrams, comprehensively, the relative play of the working sinews, and the action of the skin in following it, in the case of that single digit? And after you had mastered the entire machinery of these, do you suppose you would be one bit nearer the power of either *choosing the exactly right action* which would express the passions of the hand,—or of painting it with the right foreshortenings of the bends, and gradations of relief in skin and muscle? You would be a twelvemonth in mastering the gestures of *one* hand of your hero! and when you had anatomised it, wouldn't be a bit nearer painting it; while trusting to your sight and genius, you might sketch the hand full of life in twenty positions in as many minutes—and never think of one bone or one sinew all the time!

Of course great men generally get interested in anatomy; and of course also in Sculpture the object of the statue is often to express and illustrate the sinews. But in Painting, given the absolute power of the artist, less or more, and the rule holds absolutely—the more he is of an anatomist, the less he is of a painter.

Pardon my scrawled letter, but if I write neatly I can't think; and if I think carefully, I can't write.—Ever faithfully and heartily yours,

J. RUSKIN.

1883

[In January Ruskin was formally re-elected to the Slade Professorship at Oxford. For some letters written in connexion with the preparation of his lectures on the *Art of England*, see Vol. XXXIII. p. xlvi. The summer was spent at Brantwood (*ibid.*, p. xlvii.); as also the autumn, with the exception of a visit to Oxford to conclude the above-mentioned course.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

HERNE HILL, 1st January, 1883.

DARLING CHARLES,—What a venomous old infidel you are! I think I never read a nastier comment on a lovely theory than that “other walls are like Fésole that are not on the like rocks.” I don't believe there are any other walls like Fésole. You couldn't build them but of *macigno*, and I don't know any *macigno* anywhere else. Yes. I got drawings—fairly careful, of wall and rock—both.

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 385. No. 199 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 188–189.]

Those Pisan details are quite delightful, but I think Boni's report will be exhaustive—he has got his measures to a centimetre, and has such a knowledge of cements and joints that nothing escapes him. I send you a present of one of his little drawings of ornament, which will show you the infinite fineness of the creature.

I'm very well, and doing crystallography and geology; I think my good assistant Collingwood will get the glacier theory well swept out of the way at last. . . Ever your lovingest

J. R.

To E. J. BAILLIE¹

BRANTWOOD, 2nd Jan., '83.

DEAR MR. BAILLIE,—I've just got home, and seen your abstract, which I am deeply grateful for. It leans a little too much on the religious element, not quite enough on the prosaic utilities in me; but it really does me good to read of myself as you tell me what you make of me. It is all right, only too much distillation, but I hope the book will be extremely useful to all affectionate readers—and they're the only ones worth having. The curious little opening misprint² of Telfer for Telford should be corrected in future editions.—Ever most gratefully and affectionately yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To a LITTLE GIRL³

BRANTWOOD, Thursday (some day or other of 1883).

DARLING RIELLE,—Yes, I *was* dreadfully crushed by that portentous silence,—because, you know, though May is so irresistible, and Alice is so bewitching, yet *you* were my first Love,—and then—they don't know anything about Ireland—do they now, darlint? So you really mustn't exile me like that from Erin any more. I wonder what you'll answer to my telegram;—I shall be thinking of nothing else all day—if I may come.—Ever your loving

J. R.

P. S.—Don't frizz the hair quite so high, this time.

¹ [Author of *John Ruskin: Aspects of his Thought and Teachings*, 1882. The letter was printed in *St. George*, vol. iii. p. 89.]

² [In giving the name of Ruskin's father's firm (Ruskin, Telford and Domecq).]

³ [From *Strand Magazine*, December 1895, p. 679, where it is given in reduced facsimile; also printed similarly in *The King*, January 27, 1900.]

To ERNEST CHESNEAU¹

BRANTWOOD, *January 6th*, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—I have got home to my hills, and find your delightful books waiting for me. They are the only things I have yet looked at, out of the heaps which my long absence in Italy has raised on my table. And I had also your long and valuable letter of the *2nd*, and to-day your sweet little note of the *4th*. I am so sorry that we are now two days' post distant, so that at first I must have seemed neglectful of these last letters.

The books are extremely and *instantly* delightful to me, at once in their earnestness—candour—courtesy—and evidently right and safe principles. It seems to me that we are both of us absolutely at one—or *as one*—as far as principles go; this is really everything. The particular applications either of us may make of principle, must vary as our different sides or points of view, and natural feelings. But I am sure I shall be able to sympathise with you, and you with me, on all broad grounds. I am particularly pleased by what you say of Turner, though (as yet) I have not found *enough* said. I am going to look out some things—engravings, fragmentary copies, and the like—which I want you to look at and to keep; and we'll have out the anatomy question some day. In the meantime, will you ask the next lover you meet how far he thinks the beauty of his mistress's forearm depends on the double bones in it; and of her humerus on the single one?

I expect much from the book on Artists' education.² But they're very like pigs, as far as *I* know them; and all I can say is, I hope that flogging won't be abolished in any schools instituted for them by modern enlightenment!—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To MISS BEEVER³

10th *January*, 1883.

DEAR MISS BEEVER,—I cannot tell you how grateful and glad I am, to have your lovely note and to know that the Bewick gave you pleasure, and that you are so entirely well now, as to enjoy anything requiring so much energy and attention to this degree. For indeed

¹ [No. 11 in *Chesneau*, pp. 27–29.]

² [*L'Éducation de l'Artiste*, by E. Chesneau, Paris, 1880. An English translation by Clara Bell was published in 1884.]

³ [No. 77 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

I can scarcely now take pleasure myself in things that give me the least trouble to look at, but I know that the pretty book and its chosen woodcuts ought to be sent to you, first of all my friends (I have not yet thought of sending it to any one else), and I am quite put in heart after a very despondent yesterday, past inanely, in thinking of what *I couldn't* do, by feeling what you *can*, and hoping to share the happy Christmas time with you and Susie in future years. Will you please tell my dear Susie I'm going to bring over a drawing to show! (so thankful that I am still able to draw after these strange and terrible illnesses) this afternoon. I am in hopes it may clear, but dark or bright I'm coming, about half-past three, and am ever your and her most affectionate and faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

To ERNEST CHESNEAU¹

BRANTWOOD, *January 10th*, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—Everything has come rightly except the *Artistes Contemporains*. But that is sure to be safe at Herne Hill, and I have more than I can at present deal with in the *Education*, *Chimère*, and *Carpeaux*.²

I have spoken hitherto only of the points in which we have sympathy. This *Life* of Carpeaux, I see by the illustrations, will bring out all those in which our habits of thought and temperament differ. But I must carefully read before I say more.

I hastily (through *interest* more than want of time) ran through the *Chimère*. It is a grand bit of—intensely French!—romance, and French romance is gradually becoming European. But it makes me very sad, except the last sentence. I wish *I* had hope of being with the people I love, after a little ear-pulling!—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

To W. T. PAGE

BRANTWOOD, *22nd January*, 1883.

MY DEAR SIR—I should only be too glad if the Mayor thought it worth while to make use of any notes of mine on the occasion referred to—but alas, I have no time to write any just now, except only that I

¹ [No. 12 in *Chesneau*, pp. 30–31.]

² [For the *Artistes*, see above, p. 428; for the *Éducation de l'Artiste*, p. 431. The two other books by Chesneau are *Le Chimère* (Paris, 1879) and *Le Statuaire J. B. Carpeaux: sa Vie et son Œuvre* (Paris, 1880): for a further reference to the latter, see below, p. 435.]

have always held (and am prepared against all comers to maintain my holding) that the Cathedral of Lincoln is out and out the most precious piece of architecture in the British islands,¹ and—roughly—worth any two other cathedrals we have got;—secondly, that the town of Lincoln is a lovely old English town, and I hope the Mayor and Common Council men won't let any of it (not so much as a house corner) be pulled down to build an Institution or a Market—or a Penitentiary or a Gunpowder and Dynamite Mill—or a College—or a Gaol—or a Barracks—or any other modern luxury. And thirdly, that it might possibly make the upper students of the art classes look up a good many things that they would be the better for knowing, if the Town Council were to offer a prize for a design to be painted or frescoed in the Town Hall, of the most pathetic and significant scene in all British history—the first real “Union of Scotland and England”—in the funeral procession of Bishop Hugh—when the King of England (John), barefoot, bore the coffin, with three Archbishops, and the King of Scotland followed, weeping. (See Froude's sketch of Bishop Hugo in the *Studies of Great Subjects*.²) The prize might be open to all students born between Lincoln and Holy Isle?—or better, perhaps, between Tweed and Trent?

With all good wishes for the prosperity and honour of your son's Mayoralty, and for its serviceable use to the good town of Lincoln, I am, my dear Sir, your faithful servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

To the Rev. F. A. MALLESON³

January 22nd, 1883.

DEAR MALLESON,—I am heartily glad to hear that you are better, and that you are going to lead the Vicar of Wakefield's quiet life. I am not stronger myself, but think it right to keep hold of the Oxford helm, as long as they care to trust it to me.

I've entirely given up reviewing, but if the Editor of the *Contemporary* would send me Mr. Peek's article,⁴ when set up, I might perhaps send a note or two on it, which the real reviewer might use or not at his pleasure. In the meantime it would greatly oblige me if the Editor

¹ [Compare Vol. VIII. p. 12 and *n.*]

² [See vol. ii. p. 100 (ed. 1891).]

³ [No. 63 in the synopsis of Letters to Malleison (Vol. XXXIV. p. 187); the word “cosmism” has hitherto been misprinted “Coniston.”]

⁴ [If the letter be correctly dated, the reference is not clear. There was no article by, or about, Mr. Francis Peek (author of *Social Wreckage* and other works on pauperism) in the *Contemporary* in 1883. In the number for January 1884 there was an article, “Lazarus at the Gate, by the author of ‘Social Wreckage.’”]

could give me the reference to an old article of mine on Herbert Spencer, (or at least on a saying of his),¹ which I cannot find where I thought it was in the *Nineteenth Century*, and suppose therefore to have been in the *Contemporary* before the *Nineteenth Century* Athena arose out of its cleft head.²

The Article had a lot about cosmism in it, but I quite forget what else it was about. I think it must have been just before the separation. Kindest regards and congratulations on your convalescence from all here.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE³

[BRANTWOOD, January 24, 1883.]

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I have only taken the Professorship again in order to keep my hand on the helm, not to talk. They will be quite content to hear me read *Proserpina* or anything else I am doing; the real *business* I have to do is entirely regulating and simplifying things at present too chaotic, and keeping ugly things out of their way as far as I can—those venomous and ghastly black-line maps of yours, for instance! Do you recollect saying that “I should try to like them” because you could interest any quantity of boys with them? So much, very sternly I say it, the worse both for the boys and you.

The first thing you have to do is to get good raised maps, with some approach to accuracy. Photograph those, and then let the eye find out for itself the principal masses.

The names in large maps should be extremely few, and increased gradually in the subdivided local ones. And every map should be *pretty* to the extent of its possibilities, both in colour, and in the types of letters chosen.⁴

I hope the *Sesame and Lilies* experiment may turn out well.⁵ I ordered Foord to send for your kind keeping another large cabinet. Love to Miss Stanley.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

¹ [The article, entitled “Home, and its Economies,” appeared in the *Contemporary* for May 1873: see Vol. XVII. p. 556.]

² [In the birth of the *Nineteenth Century*, as an offshoot from the *Contemporary*, being the subject of the “Prefatory Sonnet” by Tennyson to which Ruskin refers in *Fors* (Vol. XXIX. p. 84).]

³ [No. 64 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 46, 47.]

⁴ [On this subject, see Vol. XXVII. pp. lxx.–lxxiii.]

⁵ [Mr. Faunthorpe had succeeded in getting *Sesame* put upon the Education Syllabus for the year as one of the prose reading-books for the senior students. For Messrs. Foord and Williams, see above, p. 377.]

To ERNEST CHESNEAU¹

BRANTWOOD, *January 30th*, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—I was deeply grateful for the tenderness, and sweet grace of compliment, in your last letter—but could not answer till I had thought upon what you said, and what was really the difference of view between us with respect to art like that of poor Carpeaux.² And then I had a bad fit of cold and face-ache, and much to attend to suddenly on returning to duty in Oxford. And here is your loving letter reproaching me! 13th, and this the 30th!

But indeed I feel it now (seeing what power a man of your enthusiastic and amiable genius will have in future France) a very true privilege, and a most precious one, to have your ear—nay, and see much of your heart also—open to me on these questions; and to receive from you the interpretation of much that I had too rashly overlooked or condemned.

But I cannot enter the margin even of what I want to discuss with you, yet; for I have not got the parcel of things I must appeal to, which I said I was looking for, and I have not half read the book yet. Please, what sickness did Carpeaux die of with so much suffering? I wonder what he would have been if he had been brought up like me, with every indulgence of his disposition, and with never wearied care for his health and comfort!

Alas, those photographs you read so subtly are not worth your pains. The “Barbe de Fleuve”³ only came because I was too ill to shave; and all the rest of the face is saddened and weakened by anger, disappointment, and various forms of luxury and laziness. Not that I distrust your interpretation of what good there really must be in it, since you can be pleased with it at all.

Carpeaux’s would have been beautiful, had he been fortunate in his youth; mine would have been stronger had I been *unfortunate—in good time!*—Forgive this incoherent page, and believe me, affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss LEETE

31st Jan., ’83.

MY DEAR JESSIE,—I am very glad you are quietly at work again—and out of the sphere of useless gossip and mischievous curiosity.

¹ [No. 13 in *Chesneau*, pp. 32–34.]

² [See above, p. 432.]

³ [M. Chesneau had speculated on the indication of character in Ruskin’s flowing beard.]

Nobody has any business with Carlyle's ways to his wife—or hers to him;—but you may depend on it—whatever Froude says, or does, about him will be right; in the meantime, the faultless public had better enjoy its own domestic bliss in peace. As for depreciating Carlyle because he had faults, the little phosphorescent polypes might as well depreciate the Dog Star because it wasn't the Polestar. . . .

To EDWARD BURNE-JONES¹

Morning, Candlemas [Feb. 2], 1883.

DARLING NED,—Much love to you and Georgie. This is always a day of good resolutions with me,² which are by next year all ground well down by steam-roller into the asphalt and slime pavement of Dis' town.

A day therefore, every year, of more sorrowful reflections—(may I say that above-named pavement becomes so smooth and bright that I can see my face in it?)—and more wonderful in the way they open back the scenes that have been past through, seemingly all in vain. Those spectral scenes in illness, not the least important. I've been setting down *their* order, to-day, anyhow, with some accuracy, and find them marvellous in consistency. . . .

Having done enough of that work, however—at least as much as is good for me—here's a little bit of practical duty to be done; namely, to convey to you the Petition of the Principal, Governesses, and Scholars of Whitelands College, that you would paint their windows for them in the Chapel. There are six lancets, I believe, in which they want St. Ursula to begin with—and then some more cheerful and Rectorial or Governessial Saints—among whom I don't at this moment recollect if they've got St. Cecilia—but they ought to—and I don't recollect that you've much done her. You will greatly help and exalt and comfort many good girls' hearts by accepting this petition of theirs, only please, for my sake, the lights mustn't be all brown and grisaille, but as opalescent as glass can be made.³ . . .

¹ [Partly printed (with some omissions) in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. pp. 128, 129.]

² [For the significance of February 2 to Ruskin, see Vol. XXXV. p. lxxiv.]

³ [Burne-Jones ultimately designed fourteen windows for the chapel of Whitelands College—namely, east window, three lights (“Salvator Mundi,” etc.); west window (rose, with five heads); six windows to the right facing the altar (SS. Ursula, Agnes, Cecilia, Catherine, Dorothy, and Margaret, some of the cartoons for which had previously been used at Oxford, etc.); and six windows to the left (SS. Barbara, Veronica, Agatha, Lucia, Martha, and Theresa). The windows were all executed by Morris, and paid for by subscriptions among past and present students of the College.]

Also, if my Proserpine isn't begun, *please* begin it; and if it is stopped, go on again;¹ and if it is going on again, do a nice little bit as the Spring comes.

Love to you all. I'm fairly well, except that I've had face-ache, and had to lose a poor old patient piece of my mouth, and can't talk at Oxford much—but I don't want to. I'm going back to see to their perspective; Bird and leaf drawing, etc.—and the sorts of things that nobody else will teach them.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*²

[BRANTWOOD, *February 11th*, 1883.]

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—You are great larks, you and Miss Irvine. She *is* queer, but so am I, and I've a notion she knows the meaning of *Fors* better than you do. It *does* accuse the Bishops of Simony for one thing, and roundly too! Why, my dear Chaplain, the entirely open way in which men are brought up to the Church for the sake of a living is of *all* our national sins, both to Carlyle and to me, perhaps the most impious!

Well, for the windows, we'll get them in some day or other. May will soon be here, and I must begin thinking of the cross.—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*³

BRANTWOOD, *February 13th*, [1883].

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—But if you look to the big edition of Johnson you will find *Simony* and *Simoniac* precisely as I use them. It is no sense of mine, though in *one* passage of *Fors* I *add* the sense of the Simony which is *twice* d—d, being Simony upside down and burning at both ends—namely, refusing the Holy Ghost unless one's paid to receive it!⁴

It is no question of Judases among twelve. The entire Church is guilty when one advertisement of a living to be sold appears in the

¹ ["I have designed," wrote Burne-Jones, a year later, "what should look beautiful and awful if it were well done, Pluto going down with Proserpine into the earth, and a nice garden, a real one, all broken to bits, and fire breaking out amongst the anemones; and Pluto is an awful thing, shadowy and beautiful." "A very careful pencil drawing of this exists," says Lady Burne-Jones, "but the picture was never painted" (*Memorials*, vol. ii. p. 130).]

² [Letter 65 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.]

³ [No. 66 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 50, 51 (see below, p. 645).]

⁴ [See *Fors*, Letter 55, § 1 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 363).]

Times, or when one Bishop ordains a booby whom he knows to be presented to him for the sake of a living.

All that I'm frightened about is that when, some day or other, you find out quite what *Fors does* mean, you won't let me inside your doors any more! I shall have to pray Maidie¹ to intercede for me at the Grove. I'm looking out some more things for the bilection.—Ever your loving J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE²

BRANTWOOD, 16th February [1883].

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I think it's extremely lovely and sublimely virtuous of Mrs. Faunthorpe to side with me against you! but, since it is so, I leave myself in her hands—only answering your to-day's note, very seriously, that no man is answerable for the sins of others which he does not know, or which, knowing, he could not prevent. The Apostles were not answerable for the sin of Judas, but if Judas had advertised "The Lord to be Sold" in the *Palestine Times* they would have been, had the sale taken place: and if nowadays people advertised the sale of a wife, or printed their intention to run away with anybody else's at a given date, or to commit murder, or arson, or aught else preventable by the Sheriff and Constables, I suppose the Sheriff and Constables would be responsible for the prevention; and if not they, everybody else who had nothing else to see to.

You unquestionably are not responsible for anything but your own useful and happy duties.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

To HOLMAN HUNT

18 Feb., 1883.

When I was in London I got laid up quickly, and had to be cautious in the extreme. I have been wanting to write ever since, but the days have passed in one mighty course of clearing out the rubbish of forty years' heaping, to see what good could be got out of its dust. All my work nearly has been done on rotten canvas, but I am anxious about that picture always,³ and please now send me a word of general

¹ [Mr. Faunthorpe's daughter Muriel, a child of four at this time. Her parents then resided at Bolingbroke Grove, Wandsworth Common. Ruskin was fond of the child, and was, he used to say, her "collar'd serf." She would kiss him, take his hand, and lead him to see her "bilection," as she called her collection of treasures, for which he used to send her precious and pretty stones: see the letter given below, p. 727.]

² [No. 67 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 52, 53 (see below, p. 645).]

³ [The reference is to "The Triumph of the Innocents," the first version of which was abandoned by the artist owing to defects in the canvas: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 277 n.]

gossip and tell me how tall G. is to half an inch, barefoot of course? And would you please tell me the exact title of that picture of sheep in sunshine on the sea cliff, also place of it, and also place of the water-colour sunset with grey temple and crimson sea, which I have at Oxford, as I want to speak of both these pictures in my opening lecture.¹ You have a strange and great part to take in England as the only representative she has of her old faith, so far as her works of hand can show it. May I say a word or two of this new picture? and will it be seen this season? I would rather if I might speak of it before, than after, the stir it will make. . . . Ever your affectionate and faithful

JOHN RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R. A.

BRANTWOOD, 27th Feb., '83.

DEAREST RICHMOND,—I have been thinking many a time, since your kind first note came (a month since!), of all that your friendship has been to my father and to me. I never seem older to myself, nor indeed do I think the relations of Respect ever weaken and fade because mere arithmetic of proportion changes in years. You are still my Father's friend, and now, in some sort, you stand in his place to me, and are honoured in my thoughts, as he would have been, very deeply. As the days go on, I feel my own failure to you both.

It is very beautiful of you to care to have me at Oxford²—but I hope that, if I am really spared to carry forward anything of what I began there, it may give you more pleasure than my old sayings—or strivings!

I did not think of giving any inaugural lecture, for I am really going back only to finish what I left ineffective in the system of the schools; but may perhaps in the first and second lectures, which I hope to give after Easter, glance over the present state of English art, so far as I can feel it to be happy—keeping the bad words out of my mouth—for the present.

That is an interesting essay on Rossetti you sent me.³ But the bad words are a little too thoroughly kept out of the writer's mouth, to permit it to be useful, except to the painter's immediate circle. I

¹ [The first of the lectures on *The Art of England*. See Vol. XXXIII. p. 8 for the "Strayed Sheep," and pp. 277, 278 for "The Triumph of the Innocents." The "Sunset at Chimalditi" was not mentioned in that lecture, but see Vol. XXXIV. p. 169.]

² [Richmond's son, Sir W. B. Richmond, had resigned the Slade Professorship in order that Ruskin might resume it: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xlv.]

³ [Perhaps W. Sharp's *D. G. Rossetti: a Record and a Study*, 1881.]

hope to send you soon a few hard ones about myself, which were very necessary in an “epilogue” to some of my old writing, reprinted for such good as may yet be in [it].¹

Love to Edith, and please think of me as in all reverent affection,
yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

OXFORD, 9th March, '83.

I think the lecture went off nicely.² The Vice-Chancellor (Jowett) made a very pretty speech of welcome afterwards. The undergraduates cheered no end, and Baxter said the people going away who couldn't get in were like a church coming out. I was obliged to promise to give the lecture again to-morrow. After lecture I went on to the schools—saw my old Turners; made the young ladies' class beam by looking over their shoulders, and praising each for what was praisable—many were drawing very nicely.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

OXFORD, 10th March, 1883.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—Emerson and Carlyle⁴ came to me about a week since, and I am nearly through them, grateful heartily for the book, and the masterful index; but much disappointed at having no word of epitaph from yourself on both the men.

The Emerson letters are infinitely sweet and wise; here and there, as in p. 30, vol. ii., unintelligible to me.⁵ C.'s, like all the words of him published since his death, have vexed me, and partly angered, with their perpetual “me miserum”⁶—never seeming to feel the extreme ill manners of this perpetual whine; and, to what one dares not call an affected, but a quite unconsciously false extent, hiding the more or less of pleasure which a strong man must have in using his strength, be it but in heaving aside dustheaps.⁷

¹ [The autobiographical Epilogue to the separate edition of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. (Vol. IV. pp. 343 *seq.*.)]

² [The first lecture of the course on *The Art of England*: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 259.]

³ [No. 200 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 189–191.]

⁴ [*The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1834–1872*. 2 vols. London: 1883. (Edited by Charles Eliot Norton.)]

⁵ [A letter acknowledging (in somewhat critical terms) receipt of Carlyle's *Past and Present*.]

⁶ [Compare below, p. 495.]

⁷ [Compare what Ruskin says in *Præterita* of his “total amazement and boundless puzzlement” at Carlyle's moans, for “he talked as vigorously as he wrote,” etc. (Vol. XXXV. p. 367).]

What in my own personal way I chiefly regret and wonder at in him is, the perception in all nature of nothing between the stars and his stomach,—his going, for instance, into North Wales for two months, and noting absolutely no Cambrian thing or event, but only increase of Carlylian bile.¹

Not that I am with you in thinking Froude wrong about the *Reminiscences*. They are to me full of his strong insight, and in their distress, far more pathetic than these howlings of his earlier life about Cromwell and others of his quite best works;² but I am vexed for want of a proper Epilogue of your own.

I came here from Brantwood through driving snow—sprinkling, but vicious in the whiffs—on Thursday, and found people glad to see me, and elbowing each other to hear, so that I had to give the one lecture I had ready for them, twice over. It will be in print next week, and quickly sent you. . . .

How much better right than C. have I to say, “Ay de mi?”

I am going to leave to-morrow, but return after Easter to set things further ahead here: a new edition of second volume of *Modern Painters*, not without comment and epilogue, will be out by that time, and I hope to amuse you. There are no threatening symptoms, yet, as in former springs, of any returning illness, but I am well taught the need of caution. . . . Ever your grateful and loving

J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE³

HERNE HILL, Thursday [March 14th, 1883].

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—You could not [better] help me, and all that you think right in my books, than by quietly arranging a General Index of the important topics; *Fors* being the basis, and the other political books collaterally given. The *Art* Index should be a separate book from the Economy and Manners index—*Manners* better than *Morals*, for I’ve never gone into Moral Philosophy—and all minor matters and things ignored. I doubt if this could be done at all

¹ [The reference is to vol. ii. p. 40 of *Carlyle and Emerson*: “I roved about . . . but sank into ever meaner restlessness, black and blacker biliary gloom.” But Ruskin takes this letter of 1843 too literally. For, as appears from other letters published by Froude in 1885, Carlyle, though bored by his company, received many vivid impressions from the country (see *Carlyle’s Life in London*, vol. i. pp. 298 *seq.*); and these were turned to good purpose in his fine description of Welsh landscape at the beginning of the *Life of John Sterling* (1851).]

² [See, for instance, *Carlyle and Emerson*, vol. ii. pp. 6, 21, 57.]

³ [No. 68 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 54, 55 (see below, p. 645).]

but with the kindly force and feeling that you could gather on it at Whitelands.

I am to see Mr. Jones to-morrow; and I think, if you simply sent him the form and measure of the windows, that Mr. Morris's gout need not hinder his thinking of you.

I am pretty well, but perhaps a little feeling reaction after recent excitement at Oxford. Did not I carry off enclosed little book from the lecture room last year? Love to Maidie.—Ever your grateful and affectionate
J.RUSKIN.

*To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON*¹

HERNE HILL, 15th March, 1883.

Here's your note of fearing question—just come. I hope mine about your Emerson book is by this time at sea; but it's a delight to me to follow it with further assurance of my hitherto safety this year. As far as I can judge, there is no threatening, for I sleep quite soundly, and long enough, and people say I am looking well. But it is curious that I really look back to all those illnesses, except some parts of the first, with a kind of regret to have come back to the world. Life and Death were so wonderful, mingled together like that—the hope and fear, the scenic majesty of delusion so awful—sometimes so beautiful. In this little room, where the quite prosy sunshine is resting quietly on my prosy table—last year, at this very time, I saw the stars rushing at each other—and thought the lamps of London were gliding through the night into a World Collision. I took my pretty Devonshire farm-girl Nurse² for a Black Vision of Judgment; when I found I was still alive, a tinkly Italian organ became to me the music of the Spheres. Nothing was more notable to me through the illness than the general exaltation of the nerves of sight and hearing, and their power of making colour and sound harmonious as well as intense—with alternation of faintness and horror of course. But I learned so much about the nature of Phantasy and Phantasm—it would have been totally inconceivable to me without seeing, how the unreal and real could be mixed.

I'm not going to stay in London, but go down to my lake again till after Easter, when I'm going to give a lecture on Burne-Jones, exclusively; and then one on Leighton and Watts. Leighton has won my heart by painting some extremely pretty girls, whom I can't but,

¹ [No. 201 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 191–193.]

² [See above, p. 406, and Vol. XXXIV. p. 562.]

with much deprecation of myself, extremely prefer to the old hard outlined Mantegnas and Leonardos and the like.

Love to S. accordingly, and I am ever your penitent.

AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

I found I was really rather bored by Lippi and the rest of them, this time!!!

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

[1883?]

Your happy letters (with the sympathetic misery of complaint of dark days) have cheered me as much as anything could do.

The sight of one of my poor "Companions of St. George," who has sent me, not a widow's but a parlour-maid's (an old schoolmistress) "all her living," and whom I found last night, dying, slowly and quietly, in a damp room, just the size of your study (which her landlord won't mend the roof of), by the light of a single tallow candle—dying, I say, *slowly*, of consumption, not yet near the end, but contemplating it with sorrow, mixed partly with fear, lest she should not have done all she could for her children!

The sight of all this and my own shameful comforts, three wax candles and blazing fire and dry roof, and Susie and Joanie for friends!

Oh me, Susie, what *is* to become of me in the next world, who have in this life all my good things!

To ERNEST CHESNEAU²

BRANTWOOD, *March 28th*, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—I have been knocked about from place to place lately, and knocked down with business—or, now and then, tempting idleness—wherever I went; else I had written you often, for I often think of you, or *with* you.

I hope, with *this* letter, you will receive a parcel from London which I have been vain enough to hope your acceptance of. It contains the best proofs which in the present state of the plates I can strike for you of some of the plates of *Modern Painters*, which I hope may in the future be of some interest as examples of delicate English engraving; and those by my own hand on the steel, of what I *meant*

¹ [No. 122 in *Hortus Inclusus*. For the Bible references in the letter, see Mark xii. 44, Luke xvi. 25.]

² [No. 14 in *Chesneau*, pp. 35–37.]

in reference to the use of the etching point. On the back of the mounts the pencil notes indicate those by my own hand, and those which are engraved from drawings; and if you will give five minutes' glance at the former with a lens, you will see at once through what sort of work I have been led to such scrupulosity or fastidiousness in execution as makes me angry at those fast sketches of the modern French school.

I am also binding for you a copy of Rogers' *Poems*, with the best impressions I can get of the vignettes by Turner, which I think you may not have met with in Paris. And I hope in my lectures at Oxford in May, to be able to enforce some of my most cherished beliefs by quotations from your writings on English Art.¹

Is there any chance of my seeing you in London this spring? I want so much to see you, and am always your faithful and grateful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MAY GERALDINE BATEMAN²

March, 1883.

MY PRECIOUS LITTLE MAY,—If you *were* but here instead of March! Or if you were but here in March, I shouldn't mind you any more. Such a pretty name to have, and such a dear little girl to be called it! I *must* (that's a good word sometimes as well as may—the word I don't like is *mustn't*)—must and will have you here some sweet May-time, when our wild cherries are in blossom—you never saw anything so lovely, great tall trees of living snow among the dark pinewoods.

I've put the Chamonix honey in a glacier glass for you—if only, only—it comes safe. If it's broken and the honey wasted I'll send you some more in its native Tubs, one can't get it in the grub, now; for they, the people, not the bees! make little flat casks like things to be carried on dolls' shoulders and fill them brimfull—but I hadn't a full one to send or it should have come at once instead of the glass. Anyway, I think you'll like the white Alpine flower purity of it—and that, if the cold is not gone yet, it will help to take it away.

Dear love to you all, and thanks more than all the rest for that last kiss you gave me when I didn't expect the least bit of a one more.—Ever your loving and grateful

JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [See Vol. XXXIII. p. 342.]

² [*Black and White*, January 27, 1900, p. 150. Ruskin's correspondent was a child of ten. For Miss Bateman's recollections of Ruskin as "children's friend," see Vol. XXXIV. p. 716.]

To ERNEST CHESNEAU¹

BRANTWOOD, *April 3rd*, 1883.

DEAR, VERY TRULY DEAR, M. CHESNEAU,—I am so very, very sorry for you, and yet so glad that you have had your mother to love so long, and that you have so loved her; and that her loss, at this age, is yet so noble a sorrow to you.

There is no human sorrow like it. The father's loss, however loved he may have been, yet can be in great part replaced by friendship with old and noble friends. The mother's is a desolation which I could not have conceived, till I felt it.

When I lost my mistress, the girl for whom I wrote *Sesame and Lilies*, I had no more—nor have ever had since, nor shall have—any joy in exertion; but the loss of my mother took from me the power of Rest.

But I am further grieved by what you tell me of your failing health. I do not understand why you are losing strength in *walking*? All your writing is so vigorous and eager that I have been thinking of you and fancying you a man of extreme activity. Please write me details about this. You may have been using the vital energy too much in writing.

I am sick of the delay in the binding of the book for you. Here are six plates which I chance to find by me out of a fine old proof copy (but unhappily stained by damp), which may be good for chatting over with engravers. I don't think there is anything but *pure* line, or pure mezzotint or etching, employed in the plates of *Modern Painters*. My own are quite simple point etching on steel, with no process but carefully gradated biting; but my ideal of etching is to keep it independent of gradation in bite.

I will see if I can get a copy of Eastlake's book on Oil Painting² for you, but I don't myself feel as if anything is wanting to the *métier*.

I cannot tell you how grateful and proud I am in your sympathy in the things I have endeavoured to say.—Ever your faithful and affectionate

J.

RUSKIN.

I must write again to-morrow; I want to tell you about plans for Oxford lectures.

¹ [No. 15 in *Chesneau*, pp. 38–40.]

² [See Vol. XII. p. 251.]

To ERNEST CHESNEAU¹

BRANTWOOD, *April 4th*, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—I had no time, or rather (for I could have made the time) I did not like to encumber the pure expression of my sympathy and solicitude with talk of common things; else I was eager to tell you how wonderful I think the justice and completeness of your *Peinture Anglaise* the more I read it. Far, far beyond anything that has been done by Englishmen themselves in the collective and exhaustive statement of all that has been done in our—not as you most truly say, school, but tentative fellowship of men rather striving each to find a way of his own, than to find with the rest what was right.

I am to give four lectures in Oxford this year, the three first (one already given) on the modern school only; the last will really be little more, it seems to me, than a series of quotations from your book, giving the range which you have so simply and rightly seized—Hogarth to Kate Greenaway.

I think you will be a little envious of me when I tell you that I hope for the *real* “sourire délicieux”² to mingle here with the light of April flowers. She is coming to stay for ten days or a fortnight at Brantwood, I hope on the 10th.

There are one or two of the illustrations of the *Peinture Anglaise* which I should like to see cancelled, or bettered; that for instance of Gainsborough’s “Watering Place,” and those of Landseer, might be much more characteristic.

On the other hand, I am amazed by the exquisite precision and power of the series from Hogarth. I cannot understand how you were able to get these—and Gainsborough’s “Blue Boy”—so perfectly done, and yet fail in the commonplaces of Landseer, and the simplicities of Crome. And we must together plan something better for Turner also.

Some of the Sir Joshuas are also very admirable, the “Sophia Matilda” quite *lovely*.³—Ever, dear M. Chesneau, truly and affectionately yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 16 in *Chesneau*, pp. 41–43.]

² [Chesneau’s expression in describing Miss Kate Greenaway’s drawings: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 343.]

³ [On p. 27 of the English version of the book: for further remarks on the illustrations, see Ruskin’s Preface, Vol. XXXIV. pp. 439, 440.]

To W. G. COLLINGWOOD¹

BRANTWOOD, 9th April, '83.

You must have been thinking my Savoy interest flagging. But I had some bits of things to work out last week, and couldn't get a quiet sit at it till yesterday.

I am delighted with it all, where I've been able to dip, yet, and have no exception to take but to one little bit, the termination of the Lake of Annecy by the Fier Gorge. Is not that gorge produced merely by the decomposition of the rock above the, at first, subterranean stream—an affair, geologically speaking, of about yesterday forenoon—and must not the Annecy hollow be considered as closing *above* those horizontal beds [rough diagram], with the stream originally filtering underneath? You may stipulate for a crack, but it is running it too fine.

Next—this is not a fault, but an additional bit of possible pinch—I want the vivid interest of the introductory chapter just the least bit dovetailed into the body of the book, or—ivy-fibred into the joints of it. I want just a word (if there isn't) of the way the great precipices of the Chartreuse are connected with the Dent de Nivolet, and the least bit of parenthetic history of the reason (which I don't know) for St. Bruno's choice of the place. Also, I haven't yet come on the least bit of glorification of the Rochers de Lanfon—and I want the view from the Château de Menthon described as well as you can—then, a word of the Sales locality—and apropos of the Grotte de Balme, something of the Hermit caves and chapels. I will write you, if you like, a little note on my visit to a Live Hermit.

Then, for the symmetry of the book I should very much advise you taking care that every chapter had at least two, if not more, sections, else the uneven headings will be a great bother. I find Chap. 4th awkwardly packed and feebly titled, for your most vigorous bit on the Revolution "threshed to chaff," etc., comes at the end of it and has nothing certainly to do with the Brick-making, while the fifth chapter contains rather the analysis than the description of the Revolution.

¹ [Who had sent to Ruskin proof-sheets of his *Limestone Alps of Savoy*. The "little note on my visit to a live Hermit" was included in the Introduction which Ruskin presently wrote to the book: see Vol. XXVI. p. 574. For Mr. Collingwood's account of the Gorge of the Fier, see pp. 53, 139 of the *Limestone Alps*; and pp. 10, 32, 45, 54, 70 for the Dent de Nivolet. Ruskin's other suggestions were, in the main, adopted by Mr. Collingwood.]

You would much better the whole by letting Brick-making be the first paragraph of the fourth chapter, and expanding the Inconstant Beak into a second paragraph on Ante-Revolutionary zoology. Then make the vigorous end of the fourth chapter the first paragraph of the fifth, and there you are.

Nothing can be better, clearer, or cleverer, than the execution of the whole, but I want to see the cuts all ready before I send any to press—one only loses time and money by shifting of types till all the blocks are ready.

You haven't sent me one for that of the general bedding—at the bottom of p. 9 (Materials). Shall I just cut it off and send it as it is?

I am so glad you are not too much disappointed at not getting away yet to Talloires, but we both should have too much fat in the fire if we bolted yet.

I'm greatly elevated in mind at my pet Brezon being "the Parnassus of Savoy" !!!¹

To ERNEST CHESNEAU²

BRANTWOOD, *April 13th*, 1883.

DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—I am so deeply grateful to you for the confidence, and the grace of permitting me to know all that grief, and the life of early days.

Your letter leaves me full of sorrow and wonder. But in your next letter will you please relieve, if possible, my anxiety about your present health? I have known cases of paralysis caused by grief lasting for years—but yet in the end conquered.

I cannot understand the advance of the illness in the limbs, while yet your mind is so perfectly powerful and active. I read the first page of your letter to Kate Greenaway at breakfast—with the double delight of enjoying the beautiful words and thoughts in themselves, and of feeling what pleasure they must give her; though she looked very much ashamed, and very deprecatory. But while you can feel and write like that, I can't but think the bodily illness *must* be conquerable.

All the rightness of your criticism is explained to me at once in this letter by your one sentence: "L'amour de la nature m'a conduit

¹ [See *Limestone Alps*, p. 78.]

² [No. 17 in *Chesneau*, pp. 44–45.]

à l'amour de l'art." I shall remember the eighth of April—not less Eugénie.

I will not trespass on you more to-day, except to say how glad I am you enjoy the Turner vignettes.—Ever your loving
JOHN
RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, 16th April, 1883.

DARLING CHARLES,—I've been out on the lake in as strong wind as I could hold the boat against—with Miss Kate Greenaway sitting at the stern of my little *Jumping Jenny*,² and my hand shakes a little now, but I must answer your kind letter the day I get it, chiefly to thank you for the strong and precious words about Carlyle. My *one* question about a man is, whether his work be right or not. Pope's lies, or Byron's, in the *Waltz*³ affair and the like, or Carlyle's egoisms, or my own follies, or Turner's, I recognize as disease or decay, or madness, and take no interest in the nosology; but I never excuse them, or think them merely stomachic, but spiritual disease. . . .

I should like to see Volterra; but unless it is of *macigno* it can't be like Fésolé,⁴ any more than Perugia can be like Mycenæ. Pisa is really done by Signor Boni; but I am so terribly afraid of my brains going again (I like your saying I'm not cautious!) that I can't see to its carrying out at present. I've a book on the Alps by Mr. Collingwood going on, and another of which I hope to send you a copy swiftly by an American girl.⁵ The *Modern Painters* shall be found directly.—Ever your lovingest
J. R.

To EDWARD BURNE-JONES⁶

BRANTWOOD, May Day, 1883.

It is intensely wonderful and impressive to me that I should have signed that chiefly important number of *Our Fathers*⁷ on your birthday,

¹ [No. 202 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 194–195.]

² [See above, p. 279.]

³ [This is a conjecture for the unintelligible "Walty" in *Norton*. The reference is to Byron's *Waltz*, a poem published anonymously, of which he instructed Murray to deny the true authorship (see his letter of April 21, 1813).]

⁴ [See above, p. 418.]

⁵ [*The Limestone Alps of Savoy* (see Vol. XXVI.) and *The Story of Ida* (Vol. XXXII.).]

⁶ [A part of this letter ("I have yesterday . . . in future") was printed in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. ii. p. 132, and has been quoted in Vol. XXXIII. p. xlvi.]

⁷ [The signature is at the end of ch. iii. ("Avallon, 28th August 1882"): see Vol. XXXIII. p. 120.]

and at the not less sacred French “Avallon”—the Centre of the southern church between Vézelay and Citeaux—and one of the divinest vales in this sweet world.

The success of the Cross to-day is *perfect*—in all possible ways—and I cannot enough thank—nor enough congratulate—you—them—and my little self on all the matter. Ryder will have credit out of it, too, and lately *all's* well—AND ends well—or rather begins well—for there is no saying of how much this Whitelands cross, by your design, is the beginning.

I have, yesterday, finished *your* lecture, for 12th May,¹ but I found, of course, that there was no possibility giving any abstract of you in one lecture—nor without unbalancing the conditions of general review. So this is merely the sketched ground of what I hope at length to say in future.

The photographs are lovely, but before I can show and place them (I show none at the lecture, referring only to Georgie's gift of Psyche) I shall want some instructions from you as to complete meanings—for instance, I don't quite understand the veiled figure on left in the Athena teaching.

To J. A. FULLER MAITLAND²

BRANTWOOD, 1st May, '83.

DEAR MR. FULLER MAITLAND,—Never *was* anybody so grateful to anybody else—(lovers out of the way)—for a letter, as I am to you for this about the music, and for promising to let me hear it. When may I? Would it be possible anyhow on Tuesday the 14th, which I have at my command in London? anywhere—any time. Mr. Caird

¹ [Lecture ii. of *The Art of England* (“Mythic Schools of Painting: E. Burne-Jones and G. F. Watts”): see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 287 *seq.* For the photographs of various pictures by Burne-Jones, placed in the Ruskin Drawing School, see Vol. XXX. p. 308, Vol. XXXIII. p. 303. To the “Psyche” designs, given to him by Lady Burne-Jones, he referred in § 53 of the lecture (*ibid.*, p. 301). For the “Athena,” see *ibid.*, p. 303.]

² [Who furnishes the following words of explanation:—“In the early spring of 1883 I was in Venice, and, happening to be in San Giorgio degli Schiavoni on a very bright morning, found it possible to make an exact copy of the music in the last picture of Carpaccio's St. Jerome series, hoping that it might throw light upon the question whether the picture represented the saint in his study, or whether Mr. Anderson was right in his theory that the subject was St. Jerome in heaven. (See Vol. XXIV. p. 352, and on the music, p. 354 *n.*) I send my copy to one of the greatest authorities on Ecclesiastical Music, the late W. S. Rockstro, asking him whether he could form any opinion as to the author of the music, or its purpose, for it was evidently for three voices, but had no words. He replied that

has made out nothing of it nor Mr. Anderson—but both have done superb work which I've some hope now of properly acknowledging. It wasn't *you* who took me to the *Meister Singers*! so you may put your conscience at ease about that. But I'll have it out with somebody else, some day, and remain, ever faithfully and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

HERNE HILL, *Whit Monday*, '83 [*May 14*].

DEAR MR. FULLER MAITLAND,—I like much better to come to your own house, and only hope I may be allowed sometimes to come again.¹ If I'm not with you at four, the Steam Roller must have gone over me, or the like; and I will bring with me a book, which you will be the first—with your friends—to see, in England, of Tuscan music,—the Cicadas—and what else is still inspired there among the fields,—and will ask you for its interpretation and trust your charities.—Ever your grateful

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

OXFORD, *11th May*, '83.

I only got here this afternoon out of Derbyshire, and found your lovely little note waiting and it made me partly happy—and partly sorry—but chiefly the first—for indeed I look forward to your working at Coniston without any acute sense of being tortured next time—when you really can get settled on those stones—(which are much better drawn than any you ever did before)—and I can stay to keep the cows in order! My old Chamouni guide told me once I was fit for nothing else.³

the words of the "Sanctus" fitted the composition so well that he felt sure they were the original words; and the coincidence seemed to me so striking, as bearing out the theory that the picture represented St. Jerome in heaven, that I wrote to Mr. Ruskin, telling him of the discovery, and asking him to come to my house and hear it sung. In the previous year I had been one of a party which was made up in order to introduce Mr. Ruskin to Wagner's *Meistersinger*, as it was felt that although the music might be too modern in style for him to appreciate, yet the story might be expected to appeal to him. The expedition was a complete failure, and he was unspeakably bored; hence the allusion at the end of the first letter." For the expedition in question, see above, p. 402.]

¹ [The 14th May was Whit Monday, and the visit took place on the 15th (Whit Tuesday), as arranged in this letter; the Tuscan music was Miss Francesca Alexander's collection of Roadside Songs.]

² [No. 9 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 114.]

³ [For another saying by Couffet in this sort, see Vol. XXVII. p. 61.]

I can't write a word but this to-night.—I'll think over the drawing-cleaning; perhaps it will be safest to trust it only to you—there's plenty of time, for *your* lecture isn't till the 23rd,¹—we shall have had our tea long before that.

*To Miss KATE GREENAWAY*²

HERNE HILL, 17th May, '83.

I can't part with the drawings to be india-rubbered—having them by me helps me so, and I'm going to put those which I show—(I'm only going to show—what I *speak* of, to prevent carelessness in looking) under raised mounts which will quite hide soiled edges.

I am very anxious to know what you have been thinking about—colour, and skies, since you got over the first indignation at my tyrannies!—and I've ever so much to say about the Daughter of Heth³—this chiefly, that you never need think I can like a tragic novel—and this is either teasing or tragedy all through.

The Scotch, too, is execrable—and all the younger folks are merely like bolsters in a pantomime—put there to be kicked or tumbled over. Black *has* some quiet sense of humour in more refined elements—but is merely clumsy in pantomime.

So many thanks for the large print—but the next you choose *must* be cheerful.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

OXFORD, 24th May, '83.

The sunny morning is made very joyful and very solemn to me by your letter. Your affection to me has always been more than any other good I gained in Oxford, nor will anything I can now do for Oxford be a greater good to *her* than my being able in some degree to cheer you and save you from momentary—or at the worst—temporary depression inevitable, and irresistible—for the time indeed, but (I am certain) to be passed through as a shadow only, out of

¹ [Actually, May 26th; lecture iv. of *The Art of England* ("Fairy Land: Mrs. Allingham and Kate Greenaway"): see Vol. XXXIII. p. 327.]

² [No. 10 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 114.]

³ [William Black's novel, published in 1871: for another mention of it, see Vol. XIV. p. 343, and for Ruskin's admiration of other work by the author, Vol. XXIX. p. 363 n.]

which you will revive to the happy power of completing and *understanding* all that you have been the instrument of accomplishing: that will remain for the *children* of these days to acknowledge and to give you benediction for the power of it, and possession.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

HERNE HILL, 7th June, 1883.

You are *not* to put any more sugar-plums of sketches in your letters—as if they weren't sweet enough without. Besides, I can't have you wasting your time and wits in that scattered dew of fancy. You must really gather yourself into a real rivulet between banks in perspective—and reflect everything truly that you see.

You absurd Kate to think I was tired of the drawings! I was only tired of seeing the corners unfinished—you're nearly as bad as me, that way.² Now be a good girl and draw some flowers that won't look as if their leaves had been in curlpapers all night—and some more chairs than that one chair—with the shade all right and the legs all square—and then I'll tell you what you must do next.

To Mrs. LA TOUCHE³

OXFORD, 9th June, 1883.

I have just got your letter, for the “morning glory” of the first day of new, consistent work here, and anywhere: for the talk at the “Feathers”⁴ ended the excitement and confusion of beginning again, and I'm settled to my summer tasks—and indeed and in truth, there is *no* one who can help me as you can, for you see with my eyes and more—and feel as I feel—perhaps in some directions only the least bit less—and speak more clearly than any living animal can speak or sing, except an Irishwoman. And you're to write whenever you can, only for goodness' sake not on that gritty paper, which makes me shiver

¹ [No. 11 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 115.]

² [“Ruskin,” said Herkomer, “never finishes his work to the edges.” “I've no time to do the tailoring,” said Ruskin himself (“John Ruskin as an Artist,” by M. H. Spielmann, in *Scribner's Magazine*, December 1898, p. 668).]

³ [*The Letters of a Noble Woman*, pp. 117–118, where the letter is incorrectly dated “1886.”]

⁴ [The name given by Mrs. La Touche to her cousin Mrs. Bishop's house in Prince of Wales Terrace, where on June 5 Ruskin had lectured on “Francesca's Book”: see Vol. XXII. p. 535.]

and shudder like a knife on a rough plate. However you can—passes all my wits to think.

I'm very well—and more at peace than for many a day, and I've no eggs to be anxious about—they're all left in the sand, but I think some of them will hatch some day. I hope to send you some nicer things than those lectures to read.

The potato lily and the sitting finch are altogether precious to me.

To F. S. ELLIS¹

OXFORD, June 11th, 1883.

DEAR PAPA ELLIS,—I am so very glad to know you like that *Fors*, especially that part of it. I know that my illnesses have greatly weakened the physical grasp of the brain, so that I can never more write things rich in thought like the preface to *Grimm*; but I believe the general balance and truth of thought are still safe—or even safer than before the strain.

Yes, there *is* a new world coming—God knows what! But there's a handful of good seed coming up, every here and there.

If these books of mine would be any good at Whitelands College, send them there. If not, get what price they'll fetch.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

OXFORD, 15th June [1883].

I'm thinking of you every day, and a great part of the day long, whenever I get out into the fields, more and more anxious every day that you should resolve on a summer's work of utter veracity—drawing—no matter what,—*but* as it *is*.

I am certain all your imagination would expand afterwards, like—a rosebud. But especially I do want some children as they are,—and that you should be able to draw a pretty one without mittens, and that you should be more interested in phases of character. I want your exquisite feeling given to teach—not merely to amuse.

Miss Alexander's book³ will delight you—but it is *all* chiaroscuro—

¹ [No. 37 in *Ellis*, pp. 66, 67. "That *Fors*" is Letter 90 (May 1883): Vol. XXIX. pp. 423–437. For the "preface to *Grimm*," see Vol. XIX. pp. 233–239.]

² [No. 12 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 115 (see below, p. 655).]

³ [The book of drawings, from which Ruskin extracted *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*: see Vol. XXXII.]

or rather “chair” with no “oscuro”—while you will always think and see in colour.

I’m going to do a bit of “Kate” glass—directly, for some English hall in fairyland.

You’ll soon have proof of the lecture on you!¹

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

OXFORD, 17th June [1883].

What a lovely little bit of dark-grounded grace! and the two pencils are delicious—but the feet *are* getting TOO small.

It’s delightful to me beyond telling that you do yourself feel the need of a time of obedience to the “Everlasting Yea” of Things. What I meant by phases of character was—in painting, what Scott or Shakespeare gives in words,—the differences in loveliness which are endless in humanity. Those little girls who were playing at being in church must have been so different from little girls who were tormented by being at church.

Yes, it is very sad that I can’t get done here,—but there are three years of absence to redeem, and being allowed in my own department to have my own way entirely, it is a very stringent duty to do the best I can. And just think what the arrangements of a system of teaching in connection with a great University means, or *should* mean.

I have mounted, for the present, 25 of the Mother Goose drawings beside the plates, and put them in a cabinet by themselves, among our loan series. People are immensely interested in them, and feel the difference between drawing and plate quite as you would like them to.³ Every drawing has its own sliding frame and glass so that they are *absolutely* safe, as far as handling is concerned.

You must hear a little more about Miss A.’s before you see them; I shall very soon have a proof of lecture for you.

To ERNEST CHESNEAU⁴

OXFORD, June 17th, 1883.

VERY DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—The little bit of enclosed paper, which came this morning by way of signature, will I hope reassure you as

¹ [Lecture iv. of *The Art of England* (“Fairy Land: Mrs. Allingham and Kate Greenaway”): Vol. XXXIII. pp. 327 *seq.*]

² [No. 13 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 116 (see below, p. 655).]

³ [See what Ruskin says on this point in *The Art of England*, Vol. XXXIII. p. 345.]

⁴ [No. 20 (the last) in *Chesneau*, pp. 49, 50.]

to Miss Kate. I shall have to scold her soon about small feet! she's getting *too* absurd. I never answered your questions—and I think I had better not! Except only, that—she's dark, not fair! and she's as good and dear as can be. I send you a little tiny book of Richter which I chance to have by me, and will get the others for you—but you're *not* to go on caring for those Dutch brutes!—Ever your loving

J.

R.

How delightful, all you tell me of those drawing lessons!

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

OXFORD, 19th June, '83.

DARLING CHARLES,—I've just finished my spring work (and note paper) here, and have only to say how thankful I am that you're coming, and that I am well enough to make you happier by coming—or going—anywhere with you; but the first thing must be that you come straight to Brantwood and stay there enough to see what's there, and then I'll come with you as far as here, anyhow. I'm not my own master quite, this year, but we'll see, and think. I'll write again from Brantwood if I get there safe—I always think of railway as of sea—and write this at any rate to be sure of meeting you when you land.—Ever your loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, 22nd June, '83.

What lovely, lovely things these are, that have come to-day—the Tambourine and the looking out to sea. But your own eyes ought to have been three times as big—on your eyes be it—and I don't understand the doggie carrying the maulstick—because I've never seen you with a pet in a blue riband—and the first thing I should have done would have been to order the feathers out of your hat! . . .

It was nice, that, of the gentleman and friendship—and yet it wasn't. How dogged the English are in thinking that you can't praise anybody honestly.

I got tired at Oxford and had to run down here for some rest—

¹ [No. 203 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 195–196. For Mr. Norton's account of his visit to Brantwood, see Vol. XXXIII. p. xlvii.]

² [No. 14 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 116–117.]

shall be up again in a week or two, and I hope in the meantime to get some things organised for engraving some of the line sketches *in line*, and the moment this bad weather is past, I shall expect to hear of the progress of the River. I saw a boy in a brown jacket with a yellow basket in his hand—looking up wistfully at the sky—in the main street of Worcester—he wanted only a Kate to draw him and would have been immortal.

To Mrs. LA TOUCHE¹

BRANTWOOD, 22nd June, '83.

I got home yesterday, cheered in dark weather by your delicious letter about the little "bottles," only I don't like being likened to a big Octopus. . . . It's a great come down from Archegosaurus.² I've never changed you into a centipede!³ So I won't be an Octopus, but I want another letter directly, about that potato lily, and—anything.

I am not sure about the bee-cell business; we are not bees, and we have men's and women's eyes, and not round lenses, and I think we ought to see far away, and to pray for *all* that are desolate and oppressed, and much more feed them and fight for them. I've been to Hereford and Llangollen, and am home at last, with Joan and her children. I want to get some more *Proserpina* done. I've five dozen letters in my desk, shrieking to be answered, but I don't mind them, and write to you instead! . . . I owe you infinite letters, for one of yours is worth an infinity of mine, but I think you ought to get into the habit of writing whatever you would like to say to me, knowing that I listen and am grateful, even when utterly silent. . . . Perhaps I may see you at Brantwood this year, and if I cannot, still you will care to know what I am doing, and be perhaps—I do hope—a little proud of me, and help me about birds and flowers. I shall expect you always to write half the chapters!⁴ We may have some autumn sunshine yet.

ST. C.

¹ [*The Letters of a Noble Woman*, pp. 83–84.]

² [The name given to him by Mrs. La Touche's children: see Vol. XXXV. p. 529.]

³ [From a lizard (Lacerta being Ruskin's name for her). "Oh no," replied Mrs. La Touche, "I never meant that you were an Octopus, nor anything like one. A thing with long arms stuck over with suckers is the very reverse of a thing with long filaments of perception stretching miles through space."]

⁴ [For Mrs. La Touche's contributions to *Proserpina*, see Vol. XXV. pp. 481 (probably), 523–525, 528.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, 24th June, 1883.

DARLING CHARLES, . . . I expect you to-morrow—or Tuesday—or—Wednesday at latest, and I don't think you'll want to start directly, even for Switzerland. I can't, at all events before the end of July, if then; but I have to go back to Oxford first, and doubtless you will have to be in London a little while.

I expect a nice girl here to-day . . . who will probably stay for a week,—Flora Shaw,² a soldier's daughter, and a really clever and rightminded story-writer, who will be very happy with us, and you not less at ease, I hope, than if she weren't here.—Ever your lovingest

J. R.

To Miss ACLAND³

BRANTWOOD.

MY DEAR ANGIE,—I should be no less crushed than you, if my entire life were not now in the Shadow of Death. I have seen these twenty years that no one *really* believes in the Resurrection. Why, you foolish little Angie, should you be thankful for being “spared” if you did? Ought you not rather to be sorry that God passes you by—as not good enough to be taken? You talk as if you “ought to be good” because you have leave to live?

I would write to the Dean, but think I should only trespass on his hearth. I will instantly if you think it would be of any use—merely to say, “I also am sorry.”

I don't believe any one in Oxford is more so. But, if there be *cause* for sorrow, what cause is there for anything we do—or hope?—Ever your loving

CRICKET.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY⁴

BRANTWOOD [July 6].

I'm beginning *really* to have hopes of you. This terrific sunset shows what a burden those red and yellow wafers have been on your conscience. Now, do be a good girl for once, and send me a little

¹ [No. 204 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 196.]

² [Now Lady Lugard: for a reference to a book by her, see Vol. XXIX. p. 362.]

³ [Written on the death of Miss Edith Liddell, which occurred on June 26.]

⁴ [No. 16 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 117–118.]

sunset as you know *now* how to do it—reversing everything you used to do.

Then secondly,—I'm in great happiness to-day thinking that M. Chesneau must have got that lovely Kate this morning, and be in a state words won't express the ecstasy of. Then thirdly—As we've got so far as taking off hats, I trust we may in time get to taking off just a little more—say, mittens—and then—perhaps—even—shoes!—and (for fairies) even—stockings—And then—

My dear Kate,—(see my third lecture sent you to-day)—it *is* absolutely necessary for you to be—now—sometimes, Classical. I return you—though heartbrokenly (for the day)—one of those three sylphs, come this morning.

WILL you—(it's all for your own good!) make her stand up, and then draw her for me without her hat—and, without her shoes,—(because of the heels) and without her mittens, and without her—frock and its frill? And let me see exactly how tall she is—and how—round.¹

It will be *so* good of—and for—you—And to, and for—me.²

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD, 10th July, '83.

You really are as good as gold—heavenly gold of the clouds—to be so patient, and to send me such lovely things—but I'll try to make them of real use to you with the *public*. The cloud fairies are LOVELY, and I'll have them put in a glass window the moment I'm sure of my workman. (I'm waiting in great anxiety for the result of the first trial—I am not anxious about the colour—but about the drawing of the features and hair exactly right on the larger scale.) And so also the milkgirl, *tidied* the least bit about the feet, shall be glassed—in better than mirror.

The sunset is a delight to me and all that you say of what you used to feel, and will again. All that is necessary is some consistent attention to the facts of colour and cloud form. Make slight pencil

¹ [Note written in pencil: "Do nothing of the kind. J. R. S."]

² [After finishing this letter, Ruskin turned it over and wrote:—

"5th July.

"Finished right side yesterday. Posted 6th. That naughty Joan got hold of it—never mind her—you see, she doesn't like the word 'round'—that's all."]

³ [No. 17 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 118–119 (see below, p. 656).]

memoranda of these, the next pretty one you see. Have you a small sketch book always in your pocket?

You ought to make notes of groups of children, and of more full faces than you—face—usually. The profile is becoming conventional.

I have never told you about *Villette*, etc. They are full of cleverness, but were extremely harmful to you in their morbid excitement; and they are entirely third-rate as literature. You should read nothing but Shakespeare, at present.

And—you should go to some watering-place in August with fine sands, and draw no end of bare feet,—and—what else the Graces unveil in the train of the Sea Goddess.¹

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*²

BRANTWOOD, 10th July, '83.

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I only got yours of the 8th this morning—full of pathos to me, more awful than Lightning and Wreck, or children cast into death in heaps, and all that this age of ours does of cruelty, that passing away of the girl in her joy,—her mother left.³

Curiously, the enclosed from the son of my Oxford drawing-school master came together with yours, and had to be answered with congratulations. I won't tell *Proserpina* a word of the wickedness in your second page, but perhaps you might sometimes find a sentence or two of *her* accompanying proof auxiliary! And, if you can, in passing, answer any of the questions about pith and sap,⁴ I should be most grateful.

Also, very solemnly, say to your audience in the outset that, whatever may be learned by boiling and dissecting, a plant *can* only be *seen* when it is *growing*!

All the daffodils were carried off from the shore of the lake below

¹ [Again on July 26 he wrote:—

“I want you to go to Boulogne and take a course of fishwives and wading children.”

And a little later:—

“The dancing girls are delightful; but you *are* getting a little mannered, and I shall press you hard for sea study. No winter work will take its place. I want the blue of the sky for you and the running action of the bare feet.”

These extracts are Nos. 18 and 19 in *Kate Greenaway* (p. 119).]

² [No. 70 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 57, 58 (see below, p. 646).]

³ [The death of Mary Nairne, a candidate at Whitelands, Friday, July 6, 1883.]

⁴ [See vol. ii. ch. vii. of *Proserpina* (Vol. XXV. pp. 483 *seq.*).]

Brantwood by a single excursion party, last spring, and all the best of them by one boatful in this; merely because the animals *could* not look at the flowers without destroying them, and cared nothing for beauty they could not steal.—Ever your affectionate
J. R.

To BERNARD QUARITCH

BRANTWOOD, 18th July, '83.

DEAR QUARITCH,—I am so very glad you're back to your command—but, also, I wish you had an enthusiastic adjutant. My own father was just like you, and he always used to go on swearing at his two clerks (tacitly swearing, of course, I mean)—yet never would look out for one who wouldn't need to be sworn at.¹ No, I do not think it is avarice—but I do think it's Pride!—to insist on having everything at high pressure always. May you live long and busily, nevertheless—you are often an example to me. I hope to decide soon about *Ibis*.²—Ever affectly. yrs.,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

21st July [1883].

I'm always looking at the Thwaite, and thinking how nice it is that you are there. I think it's a little nice, too, that *I'm* within sight of you, for if I hadn't broken, I don't know how many not exactly promises, but nearly, to be back at Oxford by this time, I might have been dragged from Oxford to London, from London to France, from France who knows where? But I'm here, and settled to produce, as soon as possible, the following works:—

1. New number of *Love's Meinie*, on the Stormy Petrel.
2. New ditto of *Proserpina*, on sap, pith, and bark.
3. New ditto of *Deucalion*, on clouds.
4. New *Fors*, on new varieties of young ladies.

¹ [On this subject, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 171.]

² [*The Ibis: a Magazine of General Ornithology*, 22 vols., 1859–1880.]

³ [No. 109 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 629). Of the tasks mentioned in this letter, the new number of *Love's Meinie* was not written; the new one of *Proserpina* appeared in 1885; "*Deucalion*, on clouds" was not written; the new *Fors* was Letter 91 (September 1883); the new numbers of *Our Fathers* were not written; the "four lectures" (of *The Art of England*) were supplemented by two others, as well as by an appendix (Vol. XXXIII.); and the St. George's Report appeared in March 1884 (Vol. XXX. p. 102).]

5. Two new numbers of *Our Fathers*, on Brunehaut, and Bertha her niece, and St. Augustine and St. Benedict.

6. Index and epilogue to four Oxford lectures.

7. Report and account of St. George's Guild.

And I've had to turn everything out of every shelf in the house, for mildew and moths.

And I want to paint a little bank of strawberry leaves.

And I've to get a year's dead sticks out of the wood, and see to the new oat field on the moor, and prepare lectures for October!

*To a PADRE at the Armenian Convent*¹

27 July, '83.

DEAR FATHER JACOPO,—I am so very, very sorry, as you will well believe; but everything in Venice is delivered up to the Evil One now, and I never hear but of sorrow and mischief there. The destruction of St. Helena was even worse to me than this news, for you can re-build, but St. Helena can't or won't care. I think you had better leave Venice and come and build a nice monastery on an island in Lancaster Bay. Of course I must be allowed to help in the re-building, wherever it is; but I've given all my money away nearly, thinking I should have been dead before now, and haven't much to spare, but I do not suppose you will have any difficulty in getting all you want. It is a joy to me to send you my love, for I am always your grateful and affectionate

JOHN RUSKIN.

*To Miss MAY GERALDINE BATEMAN*²

28th July, 1883.

DARLING GERALDINE,—I send you a little Italian Prayer-Book, which contains most of the minor sentences in our own Liturgy, and most of the Psalms in Italian and in Latin—the Latin good, the fixed standard of the Vulgate and early Church Service; the Italian very feeble, but good enough for you to begin with. Alice will choose nice Psalms and easy bits for you, and there's no harm in your learning a little Latin at the same time. When you have got on a little I will give you *Fioretti di San Francesco*, which is graceful and simple Italian and full of nice little stories.

I wonder if you have any plans in particular for next Friday? And I wonder, when you haven't any plans in particular for any day, what o'clock *you* dine at, and whether you have afternoon tea? I

¹ [This letter is exhibited at the Armenian Monastery at S. Lazzaro, Venice. For the "destruction" of the island of St. Helena, see above, p. 219.]

² [*Black and White*, January 27, 1900, p. 148. The letter is dated "1883" by Miss Bateman, but 1882 is more probable.]

don't mean what o'clock Mamma dines at—but perhaps I had better know that too. Dearest love to you all.—Ever your sorrowfully pining
JOHN RUSKIN.

I've sent you a little bit of stone, too. Dip it in water and look at it with a magnifying-glass in the sun.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, 28th July, 1883.

. . . What a shame that I've never said a word since you left; but somehow I can't believe in the existence nor mediatorship of Messrs. Baring.

To-day I have your note from blessed Domo d'Ossola—and I would I were there. But I've got entangled in ground veronica and *Anagallis tenella*—and am sick to finish some work in weeds half done years ago; and the ideas of it festering in my head ever since; and worse, I've letters from the Keeper of National Gallery, and Librarian of British Museum—and the British Museum is being broken up,² and the National Gallery wants its plates and drawings; and the British Museum writes to me to defend it—and I've written back that I'm going to advise sending the Manuscripts to the Bodleian, and putting the sculpture in the National Gallery cellars; but I must go up to London to get well into the row; and I don't see my way out of it, and believe it will be very utterly impossible for me to get abroad this year—even as far as Chartres—but it is possible you might like to look at Wells and Glastonbury with me, rather than come to autumnal Brantwood. I'll write more to-morrow of what I'm doing. This note will, I believe, only stay in London during the Sunday; but I answer yours at once. . . .

All our loves, and all manner of every other pleasant feeling mixed in mine.—Your ever faithful and—obedient
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

BRANTWOOD, Sunday, 29th July, '83.

DARLING CHARLES,—Instead of telling you more of what I am about, I want to press on you to use your time at Milan in getting

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 385–386. No. 205 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 196–198.]

² [The removal of the Natural History Collections to South Kensington had been carried out; but no further reorganisation was made.]

³ [No. 206 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 198–199.]

rid of your respect for Leonardo. He was meant for a botanist and engineer, not a painter at all; his caricatures are both foolish and filthy,—filthy from mere ugliness; and he was more or less mad in pursuing minutiae all his days. Study the St. Stephen in the Monastero Maggiore,¹ and what you can find of Luini in the Brera, alternately with the smirking profiles in the Ambrosian library; but above all, the pure pale Christ in left-hand chapel in St. Ambrogio—also the grand Maries opposite by his companion fresco painter.² You will find there is really never a bit of colour of the smallest interest in Leonardo, nor a thought worth thinking, and his light and shade is always, one side light against dark, the other dark against light—and he's done for! When did you ever see either a profile or full face by Leonardo in middle tint against light behind?

Don't waste time in going to Saronno. Look and think in the Brera, and then go back to the hills.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

BRANTWOOD, 2nd August [1883].

DARLING CHARLES,—I've got a quiet time now—Joanie away at a wedding; and I've given up a journey to London, which the summer's too short for, and have been reading some bits of old diary, in which the ink is getting pale.

I should like you to have the burning of these things, when I've done with them. I don't see much what else is to be done; but it may be in your heart perhaps to give a day or two here to talk over the matter, only I don't want you to shorten your Italian time. . . .

I hope to-day to do a quiet bit of leaf-drawing—once more,—a little rod of *Veronica officinalis*.⁴

I hope you're being very good and finding out the folly in Leonardo, and that you haven't so much plague cloud as we have here. But we had *one* quite clear, beatific day last week.

I read about the Ischian convulsion yesterday.⁵ What *do* the Gods mean? How solemnly we in England and you in America should cherish the life on safe rock and under clement sky.—Ever your lovingest J. R.

¹ [By Luini in San Maurizio (or the Monastero Maggiore).]

² [The references are to Luini's "Ecce Homo" and to the three Maries by Gaudenzio Ferrari.]

³ [No. 207 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 199, 200.]

⁴ [The drawing was engraved in Part ix. of *Proserpina* (issued in May 1885): see Vol. XXV. p. 498.]

⁵ [An earthquake which engulfed some 5000 persons.]

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *Saturday* [August, 1883].

... I really think I have much helped and amused Dr. G[regory]¹—(I am *sure* the children have)—but he has considerably crushed and kilt *me* by his terrific Monastic example.

He lived two years on bread and water, when he first came to Germany, being able to afford no more—while he studied MSS. of New Testament!—walked all over Germany to various libraries, with only the luggage he could carry in four pockets and send from town to town in one trunk, and *now*—he will only accept from Clennie at breakfast and in evening—a cup of milk and warm water instead of tea. He's made me feel like Sardanapalus and Ahasuerus and the Caliph Haroun Alraschid and George the 4th and the Count of Monte Cristo—and Dives and Croesus and Gorgius Midas—and I don't know what to do.

To Miss MAY GERALDINE BATEMAN²

BRANTWOOD, *August 26*, 1883.

DARLING GERALDINE,—I *don't* know what to do to reward you for learning all that Italian so prettily. I've packed a little slice of quartz all inlaid with gold very prettily, I think—as you are inlaying your sweet English with, I was going to say sweeter, but that can't be, Italian; and a little vial with Scottish gold-dust in it, which is rare; and I think it may interest you to see the *look* of what the Princes, disguised as merchants in the *Arabian Nights*, used to fill their jars with, and cover them over with olives. I've packed both in Brantwood moss, but I just took a handful close to the door, and there's a lot of earth with it too, but you won't mind.

My compliments to the New Doll—but I'm dreadfully jealous of her, all the same! What wouldn't *I* give for half the petting that will be wasted on her.—Ever your lovingest
J. R.

I was obliged to put sealing-wax on the cork of the little vial to secure it; you can easily take it off, and extract the cork with a needle, and cut another longer and safer.

¹ [For Dr. René Gregory, see Vol. XXIX. p. 486, Vol. XXXIV. p. 701.]

² [From "Recollections of Ruskin" in *Black and White*, January 27, 1900.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD, [Sept.] 6th [1883].

What a lovely letter I've got this morning! I can't but think that lake-pond must be a divine one I know between Dorking and St. Catherine's, Guildford—the springs of it, and indeed *any* chalk springs at their rising, beat *our* rainfall streams all to mud, they are so celestially purified by their purgatory under the chalk. Also *they* are of GREEN water! while ours are—*purple!!!*

If only, some day, *next year*, you could come fresh to them *with* a sketch-book!

But all you have been seeing is boundlessly helpful and good for you, and the motives of the sketches you send to-day are unsurpassable, and I must have you carry them out when you get to work again.

The news of Scarborough fills me with delight also. I shall probably then be at Abbotsford—and to get a little sketch from you at the breakfast table there! fancy!

I hope my letter about the engraving will show you how I felt what *you* did! But you've no notion what can be done yet, when I've got the man into harness. His dotting tint is execrable, but we *must* have clear line tints often.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

19th Sept. [1883].

Yes, I know well how tired you are, and I do hope you'll play on the sands and do nothing but what the children do—all day long. As soon as you are yourself again, I'll tell you exactly what I want about the drawings. There was work enough for a *week* in that *one* of the girl with brown background, alone. And you ought to do nothing but patches of colour, with a brush big enough to tar a boat with, for months to come.

I sent Miss Primrose to be engraved yesterday,³ allowing for colouring of cheeks and flowers by hand.

I leave here on *Monday* next, for Abbotsford, where a letter (the post town is Melrose) will find me till Thursday—and I'll give you due warning, where I go next.

¹ [No. 20 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 119–120.]

² [A part of this letter (“Yes, I know . . . months to come”) is No. 21 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 120.]

³ [See Vol. XXXIII. Plate XXXIX. (p. 344), where “Miss Primrose” is included among other drawings intended for, but not used in, *Fors Clavigera*.]

I've got two numbers on hand of my History of Christendom, two new *Fors's*, one *Proserpina*, one *Deucalion*, two Oxford lectures, and two books to edit—and more letters to answer every day than all the day *would* answer.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY

ABBOTSFORD, 25th Sept., '83.

Your letters from Scarborough have been very lovely, but you have not stayed there long enough. It would have done you so much good, both to body and mind, to have stayed there all the autumn. Suppose I say, I'll never write to you in London at all, what would you do?

I'm cross with Fortune for the loss of the colour-box, and a little cross with you for always drawing outlines of children and never of ships or piers, or cliff, or cottages, or good-looking Fishermen.

But you *are* illustrating my works already—the girl looking at the sea and sunset is the headpiece for next *Fors*¹ and the Miss Primrose for the following one—and you must *direct* the tinting of it—you will have to choose a girl or two from Kensington and teach them how to do it, once and away; and then you'll have no trouble, for once they have a pattern and know how much work to give, I'll keep them to the standard. Only a certain number, say two hundred, are to be coloured, and these are to be printed on large paper. I am almost giddy with the quantity of things I've in hand at present—but this is the principal—getting rightly tinted line engraving and true rendering by it of your pencil work.

To H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD²

LLANGOLLEN, 14th Oct., '83.

SIR,—Your letter has made me happy in so many ways at once that I do not know where to begin my thanks;—but I think the sum of them is gathered round my feeling of your kindness in the question, What will poor Toni do? It is such a joy to me to see his infinite affection and faithfulness thus recognized by his master's noblest friend—and the beauty of the true Italian heart thus known to a Prince of

¹ [See Vol. XXIX. p. 438.]

² [Written on the death of Rawdon Brown, in reply to the Prince's letter (see Vol. XXXVI. p. lxix.).]

England; and I feel this the more because I am at work now on the biographies of the Tuscan peasants which have been written for me by Miss Alexander,¹ and am full of hope that they will bring home to many hearts such a sense of what is best and honestest in all human life as no other preaching nor example has yet given, and lead us to such hope for the peaceful future of Europe as no politician has yet dreamed.

For my old friend himself I cannot grieve. He was taken out of sight of the ruin of his adopted city—and is, I hope, now—living in the fifteenth century in Heaven.

And then, that you should write to me from Farnley, and from Turner's room, and say—and I know you always speak true—that I taught you to care for Turner—all this delights me,—and, I can say, truly, not selfishly, because I know there is more pleasure to be gained out of Turner than from all other landscape painters—or, I am even bold to say, almost from any modern art whatever.

Then for the selfish pleasure, your kindness in saying that you will allow me to come to Claremont at some time when you are there by yourselves, at this moment is especially touching to me, because I have been feeling the weakness of age heavily in the stay at some houses in Scotland where I had to meet many strangers.

I must not be more garrulous—your Royal Highness knows well that I hold myself at your command always, no less in affection than in duty. I am bound by gravest promises to be back at Coniston on the 26th of November, and I must fix four days for lecture in Oxford, after the 1st November: otherwise I can—and shall—obey your summons at any moment, after the 20th inst. I do not know how to thank the Duchess for her gracious message, and will not—except in trying to show her how much I owe to her husband's kindness also—and how truly I am his and her faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

LLANGOLLEN, 15th Oct., '83.

Just come in from the most delicious walk I ever had in England or Wales. Never saw anything like the beauty of the valley between wavy hills of pasture gilded with Fern like an Arabian book—romance or Koran—broidery of gold on silk. No heath!—all grass, crag, fern²—

¹ [In *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*: see Vol. XXXII. p. 54.]

² [Compare the letter to Sir T. Martin; below, p. 516.]

and divinest woods and fields below, and Valle Crucis with its Cross and Abbey and lateral brook. Birds everywhere—and I've seen two water ouzels! Off at 12 for Oxford!

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

BRITISH HOTEL, 19th Oct., '83.

. . . Endless new things to be seen at Museum, but I was busy all forenoon yesterday on St. Cuthbert's book¹—the one that fell into the sea at Whitehaven and floated over to Whithorn and was taken up by the monks brighter than it was before! It's a glorious book—but has no gold on it—only yellow and purple.

To Miss MAY GERALDINE BATEMAN²

HIGH ELMS, 21st Oct., '83.

DARLING GERALDINE,—That question about favourite bits is really a *very* difficult one. But in general, it is safest to resolve to read straight-forward, and carefully always. I have many favourite psalms and favourite chapters, and learn verses out of them rather than others, but I always read the Bible straight through, and as far as I have time other books also—or else give them up altogether. But as soon as you have perfectly finished one *Waverley*, you may buy another, and need not wait till you are eighteen. And I should save money, if I were you, to buy the very nicest edition with the greenest of backs. I am greatly pleased by finding Sir John Lubbock's library here as gay as a painted window with beautiful bindings.

Dear love to you all. Send me a tiny line to the British Hotel, Cockspur St., to say if by any chance any of you could be in at ½ past one or so on Tuesday, and give me some soup, and a biscuit, and two or three kisses.—Ever your lovingest
J. R.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

HIGH ELMS, HAYES, KENT [Oct., '83].

. . . I've had lovely times with Sir James Paget—and have said explosive things at every meal, to the consternation and edification of society. Just going to Allen's, then to British Hotel again.

¹ [See Vol. XXIV. p. 204 and *n.*]

² [*Black and White*, January 27, 1900, p. 146 (given in facsimile).]

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

CLAREMONT, ESHER, 25th Oct., '83.

. . . I never saw anything like the trees here, poplar, Spanish chestnut, ilex, and two great *cork* trees in open air. The Duke mourns over the loss of one as much as I should myself. I've promised to come back in spring and make him a drawing of a bit of rhododendron grove with Scotch fir above.

But the place is sad to me because of the Princess Charlotte,¹ and the Duke gave me some stories to read of her, which didn't mend matters. Meantime, I'm very glad I live at Brantwood—though my trees aren't quite so big.

And I had a long walk and talk with Frederic Myers, and please, I want you to write to me, as clearly as possible, the exact facts about the mouth story, when you felt Arthur's boom-stroke. Write it me as accurately as possible from the first minute you woke, for it is of immense interest and value in some investigations being made by Myers and other Cambridge people, and send it to Oxford as soon as you can . . . There's more necessary etiquette than I like.

I think I was born for my aunt's bakery business,² and not for Claremont.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

November 12, 1883.

This maid of the muffin is beyond, beyond!⁴ I *must* engrave her for a lovely *Fors* on toasting forks.

The colouring of Miss Primrose and all others must be done for a quite full and frank payment, enabling the colourist to count her day's work as a comfortable and profitable one. Each must be done as attentively and perfectly—while as simply—as possible.

¹ [The Princess Charlotte Augusta, daughter of George IV., married to Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (afterwards King of the Belgians); died in childbirth, November 6, 1817.]

² [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 63.]

³ [No. 22 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 121. The letter "refers to the scheme which he had in his mind for reproducing her coloured work in a more satisfactory way than could be done by the printing press. K. G. was to make coloured drawings which were to be printed in outline and then coloured by hand in facsimile—a method frequently used, but nowhere so successfully on a large scale as in France." Ruskin himself had a few of the engravings coloured by hand in this manner (see Vol. XXIX. p. xxviii.). He did not, however, have it engraved, nor was the "lovely *Fors*" written as a remarkable instance of telepathy. The story is given in vol. i. pp. 188–189 of *Phantasms of the Living*, by E. Gurney, F. W. H. Myers, and F. Podmore (1886).]

⁴ [Ruskin reverted with pleasure to this drawing in one of his latest letters: see below, p. 597.]

It ought only to be *part* of the colourist's day's work—else it would be sickeningly monotonous—there will never be any pressure or hurry of her—the price being simply so much per score or hundred as she can deliver them.

To W. G. COLLINGWOOD¹

BRANTWOOD, 24th Dec., 1883.

Of course I needn't wish you a *happy* Christmas. I'll wish you—what it seems to me most of us more need, and particularly my poor self—a *wise* one! When are you coming—in search of wisdom of course—to see *me*? I ought to call first, oughtn't I? but I don't feel able for long days out just now. Could you lock up house for a couple of days over there, and come and stay with me over here? It seems to me as if it would be rather nice. The house is—as quiet as you please. I'd lock you both out of my study, and you might really play hide-and-seek in the passages about the nursery all day long. Will you come?²

1884

[In February of this year Ruskin went up to London to deliver his lectures on *The Storm-Cloud*; some letters written thence have been printed in Vol. XXXIII. pp. xlix., 1. In the autumn he lectured at Oxford on *The Pleasures of England*: see *ibid.*, pp. lii.–lv.]

To KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD, Jan. 7, '84.

It's not "horrid" bad, but it *is* not at all good. When ARE YOU going to be GOOD and send me a study of anything from nature—the coal-scuttle or the dust-pan—or a towel on a clothes-screen—or the hearth-rug on the back of a chair? I'm very cruel, but here's half a year I've been waiting for a bit of Common sense! There's *none*

¹ [From W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 374.]

² [He put off his visitors, but presently wrote again:—

"I'm better, and hope to be presentable on Monday—I'm sending the carriage for you. I wonder if the model could come on the top of it? I've got some very interesting junctions of schist and granite from Skiddaw, and a crystal or two for you to see."

And again:—

"Mind, you're both due on Monday. Such colours! Such brushes! Such—everything waiting."

(*Ibid.*, pp. 374–375. The "model" was a geological model of the neighbourhood of Coniston being made under Ruskin's direction.)]

³ [No. 33 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 132 (see below, p. 656).]

in ME! How could there be any left, with you flattering me up like that, and saying nobody's like me!

But oh, my poor Katie, here's Baxter fairly ill—almost dangerously—with inflammation of chest, and dear old Miss Beever dead,¹ and Susie quite alone—and I CAN *not* get away so soon as I thought. And the more I don't work, you know, the longer I must stay,—so how can you tell me not to work? I wish you liked my books and wanted more of *them*, and not so much of *me*.

And I've nothing but rain and storm all day. I never saw the place so dreadful, but if you'll only paint me the coal-scuttle or the towel it will be a solace. Don't you think you ought to know when you do well or ill without asking me? I'm very glad to hear of that instinct for greater things, though.

To GEORGE ALLEN²

BRANTWOOD [? Jan. 23, '84].

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I do extremely wonder what you think my brains are made of? Catgut?—or Caoutchouc?—or macaroni?—or glass bottles than can be blown to balloons? I've just thirteen different "Works" on hand just now—and any *one* too much for me. But send the index³ and I'll see what's to be done. Worst gale we've had since the 11th Dec.—and more *furios* than that, though not so strong.—Ever your affecte. J. R.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY⁴

BRANTWOOD, 23rd Jan., '84.

You must try to like the Alexanders—for they are Heaven's own doing, as much as Heaven ever allows to be seen of it.

I ought to be "good" about everything,—for good people love me—and have loved. Here is the strangest thing has come to me to-day.

My own dead Rose was—I have told you, have not I?—a saint in her way, and was in the constant habit of prayer. One evening,—I may have told you this before, but it is better to have it in writing,—

¹ [Miss Mary Beever, died December 31, 1883. For Peter Baxter, Ruskin's servant, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 592.]

² [Partly printed in the *Strand Magazine*, December 1902, p. 716.]

³ [The index to the *Art of England*, issued in July 1884. For the works on hand, see the Bibliography in Vol. XXXVIII.]

⁴ [No. 54 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 138 (see below, p. 657).]

being out at a friend's house where there were a good many people, more or less known to her and to each other, one coming in told suddenly that rose's chief girl friend (she knew before of her *illness*) was at the point of death. There was a clergyman at the party, and Rose asked him to pray for her friend; but he was taken aback, being among all the young people, and said he could not. "Then," said Rose (only eighteen at that time), "*I must.*" She made the whole company kneel down, and prayed so that they *could* not but join with her. And the girl was saved. Afterwards, I used to see her often enough. She married, to Rose's great delight, a Highland religious squire, and she with her husband came to see me here, with their two children, boy and girl, three years ago. Since then the children have remembered me, and sent me a card, for themselves, at Christmas this last year, to which I returned a letter of thanks, addressed to D—and F—. My letter found little F—on her death-bed. Her father writes to me—yesterday—"I think you will be pleased to know that your letter addressed to D—and F—gave my darling in her pain a bright smile." And he encloses to me an *envelope* which F—had addressed to me in return. But the letter—never, and yet—she has written one she knew not. For the envelope is written in my own old Rosie's hand! I could not tell the difference except in the letter "J" of the beginning.

Is not this a pretty little story?

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD [Jan. 28, '84].

Yes, I am really very sorry about the sore throat. You had better take it fairly in hand at once, lie by and foment and otherwise get yourself to rights at once. You can't work while you are ill like this. But this cloud lady is very lovely, only you really *MUST* draw *her* again for me without any clothes, because you've suggested a perfect coal-heaver's leg, which I can't think you meant? and you *must* draw your figures now undraped for a while. Nobody wants anatomy—but you can't get on without Form.

I'll send her back to have her gown taken off as soon as you're able to work again; meantime, I've sent you two photographs from Francesca—only *don't* show them about, because I want them not to be seen till my text is ready.²

¹ [No. 34 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 132–133.]

² [Two of the Plates for *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

11th Feb., '84.

I did not answer your question which of the girlies I liked best, because it was unanswerable, yet something is to be said anent it.

Of course the Queen of them all is the little one in front—but she's just a month or six weeks too young for *me*. Then there's the staff bearer on the right (the left, as they come) turning round!!!—but she's just three days and a minute or two too *old* for me. Then there's the divine one with the dark hair, and the beatific one with the brown—but I think they've *both* got lovers already, and have only come to please the rest, and wouldn't be mine, if I prayed them ever so. Then there's the little led beauty who is ruby and diamond in one, but—but—not quite tall enough, again. I think the wisest choice will be the pale one between the beatific and the divine!

But they're all ineffable! I think you never did a more marvellous piece of beauty, and it's a treasure to me like a caught dream.

I wonder how you can bear to think of drawing *me*, and how you mean to do it!²

Sitting always tires me a good deal, but perhaps John will let me lie down in his room for a quarter of an hour before tea.

To WILSON BARRETT³

February 16, 1884.

You know perfectly well, as all great artists do, that the thing is beautiful, and that you do it perfectly. I regret the extreme terror of it, but the admirable doing of what you intend doing, and the faithful co-operation of all your combination, and the exquisite scenery, gave me not only much more than delight at the time, but were a possession in memory of very great value. What a lovely thing it would be for you to play all the noble parts of Roman and Gothic history in a series of such plays. . . . These things, with scene-painting like that at the Princess's Theatre, might do more for art teaching than all the galleries and professors in Christendom.

¹ [No. 43 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 135.]

² [Of this intended portrait he writes later in an undated letter:—

“I was with some saucy girls yesterday, and I was saying how proud I was to have my portrait drawn by you—but only I had been so sleepy!”

(No. 44 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 135, where it is stated that “if the portrait was ever done, there is now no trace of it”.)]

³ [From the *Sunday Times*, July 24, 1904; partly printed also in the *Magazine of Art*, 1888, p. 332. The letter was written to the actor after witnessing a performance of *Claudian*.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, 25th February, 1884.

. . . I can't write, because I've always so much to say. How can I tell you anything of the sea of troubles that overwhelm old age—the trouble of troubles being that one can't take trouble enough?

At this moment I'm arranging a case at the British Museum, to show the whole history of silica, and I'm lending them a perfect octahedral crystal of diamond weighing 129 carats, which I mean to call St. George's diamond, and to head my history of precious stones.² And I'm giving them dreadful elementary exercises at Oxford which they mew and howl over, and are forced to do, nevertheless; and I'm writing the life of Sta. Zita of Lucca,³ and an essay, in form of lecture, on clouds,⁴ which has pulled me into a lot of work on diffraction and fluorescence; and I've given Ernest Chesneau a commission to write a life of Turner from a French point of view—under my chastisement “if too French”; and I've just got the preface written for Collingwood's *Alps of Savoy*, supplement to *Deucalion*,⁵ and I'm teaching Kate Greenaway the principles of Carpaccio, and Kate's drawing beautiful young ladies for me in clusters,—to get off Carpaccio if she can.

And I've given Boehm a commission for twelve flat medallions, Florentine manner, life size, of six British men and six British women, of typical character in beauty; all to be looking straight forward in pure profile, and to have their hair treated with the Greek furrow.

And I'm given Boehm a commission for twelve flat medallions, Florentine manner, life size, of six British men and six British women, of typical character in beauty; all to be looking straight forward in pure profile, and to have their hair treated with the Greek furrow.

And I'm doing a *Fors* now and then in a byeway; Allen will have a nice parcel to send soon. And I'm here at Herne Hill—and I'm just going down to breakfast, . . . and I can't write any more.

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 386. No. 208 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 201–204. For the quotation in line 2, see *Hamlet*, Act iii. sc. 1.]

² [Ultimately called the “Colenso Diamond”; see Vol. XXVI. p. lv.]

³ [See *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*: Vol. XXXII. p. 67.]

⁴ [The revision of lecture ii. of *The Storm-Cloud* (Vol. XXXIV.).]

⁵ [See Vol. XXVI. p. 568.]

I'm pretty well, I believe—but watching for breakdown. . . . I'm ever
your poor old J. R.

I am so glad you can remember with happiness. *I* live wholly to-day, and sadly enough, except in work (or wicked flirting). But, though I say it, nice girls do make quite as much fuss about me as I do about them, and they plague my life out to sign their birthday books.

*To the VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD*¹

HERNE HILL, 28th Feby., 1884.

DEAR MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR,—I regret to find, from your reply to my former letter, that it seemed to you a recapitulation of supposed claims on the University of Oxford, on which I could find an appeal for a personal favour or recompense.

My reference to anything I have been permitted to present to Oxford, or to do for her, was simply in the hope of somewhat justifying her farther confidence; and not at all with the intention of taxing her gratitude. I neither doubted, nor assumed, the existence of that luminiferous æther,—but, had I been disposed to test its excitability by a beggar's petition, it seems to me that the suggestion of your letter, that I should withdraw from the recommendations I had offered, the only one in which I could be supposed to take personal interest, enough teaches me how beggars should be answered.

The purport of my letter *is* simply to state that, I having done all I could do, or was inclined to do, for Oxford, it was now time she should do something for herself;—that an opportunity was now offered to her such as could never again occur, of perfecting her Turner Collection in the precise elements of the master's finished work in which it was deficient; and that the efficiency of her drawing schools might be indefinitely extended, if she would incur the expense of walling in and roofing over the bit of ground she was leaving as a waste timber yard. I freely confess that by the adoption of my first recommendation, she would not only benefit herself, but gratify *me*; but as to the second, she would only summon me by her compliance to perform for her a large additional quantity of unpaid work. Usually I observe the University listens only to the recommendations of men who have a commission on the cost of what they recommend. I cannot

¹ [This letter, and a following one to Acland, refer to Ruskin's plea (1) for the purchase by the University of two drawings by Turner, then in the market—namely, "Crook of Lune" and "Kirkby Lonsdale"; and (2) for increased accommodation for the teaching of art. See, further, on the subject, Vol. XXXIII. p. lvi.]

enforce my advice by that consideration; but I must add, to the contents of my former letter, the expression of my wish to be so far entrusted with the direction of the new building as to prevent its internal convenience from being sacrificed to architectural effect, and that my health at present admits of my remaining in England for that purpose: though I have no right to count on its doing so next year.

Touching the present poverty, or incurred debt, of the University, I can only say that it seems to me its students had better have been examined in tents than charged extra for the ornamentation of their Inquisition Chambers;¹—but with respect to the several claims upon her purse, of Science and Art, I can conceive no necessity beyond that of popular outcry, for any costly instruction in the convolutions of viscera or the nationalities of vermin; but that there can be no debate concerning the necessity for the instruction of youth in the principles of Arts now so universally practised and admired that they must, according to their character, either refine or enervate the entire fabric of modern Society.—Believe me, dear Mr. Vice-Chancellor, ever your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R. A.

1st March, 1884.

DEAR RICHMOND,—I have been thinking, and am all but sure, that you will find better materials for that bust in old *Punch's* work, than anywhere.² I am sure a note to its editor would fetch indication of half-a-dozen Tenniel cartoons, several of them quite careful and good.

Please don't let those children have that difficult bit of foot drawing yet. I want them first to think of hand and foot as of rose leaves—not a shade in them but of pale pink, and of the effect of the foot chiefly at distance.

“Naked foot

That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute.”³

What a pretty reflected description of snow! how few note enough its silence.—Ever your lovingest

J. R.

I did *so* enjoy BOTH my visits yesterday.

¹ [For other references to the costly “New Schools,” see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 363, 476.]

² [It is possible that the reference is to a projected portrait, from memory, of Lord Beaconsfield. Richmond knew him well, and often regretted that he had not made any portrait of him.]

³ [Byron's *Corsair*: quoted in *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 559.]

To Sir HENRY ACLAND, K.C.B.

2nd March, '84.

MY DEAREST HENRY,—The first, and firstest, of all things is to get the Turners. I can teach all that needs to be taught in a shed at Shotover, which I'll build for myself—if it comes to that!—but there can never be another chance of getting such Turners, for none other such exist.—Ever your loving
J. R.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD [20th March 1884].

I didn't tell you if I was well—I'm not; nor have I been for some time,—a very steady gloom on me; not stomach depression, but the sadness of deliberately preparing for the close of life—drawing in, or giving up, all one's plans,—thinking of one's beloved places, "I shall never be there again"—and so on,—a great deal of the time I have lost in the mere friction of life—scarcely any sense of Peace—and no hope of any life to come. I forget it all more in the theatre than anywhere—cathedrals are no good any more! Mind you go and see *Claudian!*

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD [March 22, 1884].

What a nice letter,—and I'm so pleased that your Father was surprised, and that Johnnie liked *Unto this Last*—and that you think you'll like some more. I think I tired myself with trying to draw your little girlie yesterday—she's *so* hard, and I'm as lazy to-day as ever I can be, and don't care for anything but a French Novel, about police! And I'm ashamed to read it, at three in the afternoon—and it's wet—and I can't do St. George's accounts, and I should like some tea and muffins, and—there are no muffins in Coniston. . . .

Oh dear, think how happy you are, with all that power of drawing, and ages to come to work in, and paint Floras and Norahs and Fairies and Marys and Goddesses and—bodices. Oh me, when *will* you do me one without any?

¹ [No. 52 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 137.]

² [No. 56 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 140.]

I *must* take to my French novel, there's no help for it. Mercy on us, and it's two hours to tea-time! and the room's so quiet, and all my books and things about me—and I can't do a thing. Wouldn't you like a photograph of me—like that?

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

BRANTWOOD, *St. Benedict*, '84 [March 23].

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—It was very delightful to me to hear that the White girls (why bother with the “lands”?) all knew what was the beginning of Education! There's a lot more about the “Clean” coming in next *Fors*, but I've been in Cloudland this last six weeks, and am only just getting out again.

I've a great plan for an exhibition of Miss Alexander's drawings, the ones done fresh during the year, at Whitelands on the day of the Queen. I have undertaken to fix their prices and manage their sale for the poor of Florence, that Miss Alexander herself may have no trouble, nor tiresome chaffering from dealers. May I say in my report for this year that this is to be so?²

I enclose a letter from a great friend of mine³ whom I've treated even worse than I do you. I wish you could see each other sometimes, and ease your hearts together! and if you both agreed about anything you wanted, I'd try to do it, really!—Ever your affectionate
Incorrigible J. R.

To FREDERIC HARRISON

BRANTWOOD, *26th March*, '84.

DEAR FREDERIC,—I only got your note at Hereford—on my way home here,—and I was so furious at your praising Herbert Spencer that I couldn't speak;—but I *should* like to see you again one of

¹ [No. 71 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 59, 60 (see below, p. 646). The allusion at the beginning is to Whitelands College and to Letter 94 of *Fors* (December 31, 1883), in which Ruskin had repeated his axiom that “Moral education begins in making the creature we have to educate clean and obedient” (Vol. XXIX. p. 485). The subject was only touched on incidentally in the following *Fors* (October 1884): see *ibid.*, p. 496.]

² [The proposed exhibition was not held, but a few of Miss Alexander's drawings were sold privately. The Report of St. George's Guild contained a reference to the publication of them in *Roadside Songs*: see Vol. XXX. p. 74.]

³ [Mrs. Firth, the translator of *Ulric*.]

these days—only I can't think what *you* want to see me for, when you never believe a word I say.

There's a book just come out after my own heart at Kegan Paul's—*Darkness and Dawn*—I wish you'd look at it.¹

I can't think why you don't go on steadily in social reform, instead of writing Theology—or neology—or *me*-ology, for after all what is Positivism but the Everlasting Me?

Why don't you help me to finish up usury—or smoke—or poison—or dynamite—or some such positive nuisance—and I would be ever your loving and grateful
J. RUSKIN.

*To Miss KATE GREENAWAY*²

BRANTWOOD, *Monday* [March 31, 1884].

No wonder I couldn't understand about the letters—here's one enclosed which ought to have been at Witley almost in time to receive you, and has lain in my unanswered letter heap till an hour ago!

I'm so delighted about your beginning to like purple and blue flowers, though it's only for my sake. Not that I'm not proud of being able to make you like things! . . .

I think flowers in *my* order of liking would come nearly like this:—

Wild Rose.
Alpine Rose.
Alpine Gentian.
White Lily.
Purple Flag.
Purple Convolvulus.
Carnation—all the tribe.
Pansy—all the tribe.
Thistle—all the tribe.
Daisy and Hyacinths.
Snowdrop and Crocus.

I only put the last so low because they've such an unfair advantage over all the rest, in coming first; and of course I've some out-of-the-way pets, like the oxalis and anagallis—but then *they* have an unfair

¹ [*Darkness and Dawn; the Peaceful Birth of a New Age*, 1884—an anonymous book describing an economic Utopia.]

² [No. 55 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 139.]

advantage in always growing in pretty places. The Wood Anemone should go with the Daisy and the “Blossoms,”—apple and almond, hawthorn and cherry—have, of course, a separate queendom. I must really go and look for that lovely girl you gave me with basket of pansies!

To Miss LIZZIE WATSON¹

BRANTWOOD, *Good Friday* [April 11], 1884.

I'm greatly delighted with your letter—and very happy that I can make you so happy—and glad above all that you *are* happy, without being made anything else than Heaven made you. You must get your back stronger; mind you don't strain it at lawn-tennis. Dance all you can before twelve o'clock, then come away, and don't sit in a draught. And mind, when you've learned to cook, that you *do* cook: and—this is very particular—don't read any more George Eliot or Thackeray—but Scott *continually*, and more old-fashioned poetry—George Herbert's “Church Porch” to begin with, and Spenser's minor poems. And write to me if anything bothers or puzzles you,—I mean in life, not verses,—and if I can help I will, but my general advice will be “Forget it, or let it alone!”

To Miss LIZZIE WATSON

BRANTWOOD, *Easter Day*, '84.

I never meant you were to forget anything you felt it your duty to remember—but only things that teased you. I'll write you any quantity of tasks, and put you to any quantity of paces, when the time comes—meantime—meantime, make yourself strong, and rest you merry!

To Miss LIZZIE WATSON

[BRANTWOOD] *April 17*, '84.

Don't read *any* of those modern books. And don't be bothered with talking in company. Is it possible to waste time more ignominiously?

Keep to Cary;² and study every line and idea of it, till you know

¹ [Afterwards Mrs. L. Allen Harker. This and the two following letters are reprinted from “*Ruskin and Girlhood*,” in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 563 (see below, p. 660).]

² [For other commendations of Cary's *Dante*, see Vol. X. p. 307 n., Vol. XV. p. 226.]
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the contents and meaning of every book—and then spell out any bits you especially like in the original.

Do you know French well enough to read French Plays? They're the prettiest and pleasantest things in the world for rest, after Dante!

To Miss LIZZIE WATSON¹

[1884.]

You do help me intensely by caring so much, and by telling me how greatly I still can influence the hearts of women for all good. For, indeed, it is a mighty gift and blessing this, if I can use it wisely; and I have no words enough to thank your mother for her goodness and trust in saying she would let you come if you could help me.

But first, nothing can help me in the deep loss of the souls who are far away instead of near me as they were once—neither in the mere languor and gloom of declining life—and even supposing that it were possible, it would not be the least right for you to give up other duties. There is no one for whom we are to give up everything *but* Christ, and Christ is *with* you in your mother and lover. So put all these pitying thoughts out of your mind and make me happy by being yourself so, in carrying out, with so good a helpmate, the ideas of simple and benevolent life you have learnt from me.

Supposing I were—all that I have tried to teach others to be, I should be quite happy, in thinking of going to Rose. It is failing faith and miserable sense of failure which cause all my suffering, and they can be fought with by none but myself.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday* [April 20, 1884].

. . . No, you can't do yourself large, for me,—when you do large things, they must be fresco painting. You may perhaps touch the eyes and lips when I get things far enough forward—I've been hindered from getting on these two days, but hope for an hour's work to-day, and it will be a triumph when it *is* done.

Much you'd care for one of Miss Alexander's letters! on principles of Chiaroscuro! and the like!!!

She's drawing very badly just now—there's a little *bonne-bouche* for you.

¹ [From "Some Ruskin Memories" in the *Outlook*, January 27, 1900; printed also in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 565.]

² [Part of this letter is No. 31 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 132 (see below, p. 656).]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

HERNE HILL, 1st May [1884].

Indeed the drawing is lovely, beyond all thanks or believableness or conceivableness, and gives me boundless pleasure, and all sorts of hope of a wonderful future for you. But it is of no use to ask me how things are to stand out. You never have had any trouble in making them do so, when you had power of colour enough—but you can't make these tender lines stand out, unless you finished the whole in that key, and that ought only to be done of the real size. What you ABSOLUTELY need is a quantity of practice from things as they *are*—and hitherto you have ABSOLUTELY refused even to draw any of them so.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

HERNE HILL, 3rd May [1884].

I was so curious to see those Grosvenor pictures, that I went in with Joan yesterday and got a glimpse. The only picture there worth looking at is Millais' Lorne;³ his straddling girl is a fright, and his Lady Campbell a horror. As for that somebody in the sea,⁴ what did I tell you about model drawing? People are getting absolutely brutified by it. There's another nearly as bad in the Suffolk St. In the great mediæval times, painters could draw people dressed or undressed just as they chose, without the smallest weakness, shame, or conceit. Now, there is scarcely a foolish or bad feeling in one's head or body, that isn't made worse in the model room. I scratched nearly every picture through in my catalogue yesterday. . .

To L. FLETCHER, F. R. S.⁵

BRANTWOOD, 7th May [1884].

DEAR FLETCHER,—I got down here yesterday in a quite lovely afternoon—seeing the mountains clear over Lancashire Bay for the first time these thirty years! Not that they're clear only once in thirty years! but that I've never chanced to be on the road when they were, since old coach times.

¹ [No. 35 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 133.]

² [No. 50 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 137.]

³ [Portrait of the present Duke of Argyll. The "straddling girl" is the Portrait of Miss Nina Lehmann (Lady Campbell) when a little girl.]

⁴ ["Aphrodite," by Philip Calderon, R. A.]

⁵ [Keeper of the Minerals in the British Museum: for Ruskin's friendship with him, see Vol. XXVI. pp. 1.–1v.]

I send by this same post the finishing specimen for the vacant square, and submit enclosed my proposed description for your correction and completion. Surely some account might now be given of the possible conditions under which these muscose rods are produced. If I had only time—and I think I shall have to make some—I would give a plate in *Deucalion* of their varieties;¹ and surely it would be well to arrange, as you suggested, a table with fixed lenses over a series of these stones, and a frame of them, to be seen by transmitted light, with fixed peepholes? I would meet the expense of it gladly, if you would plan it.—Ever your grateful and affectionate J. R.

To THOMAS THORNTON²

BRANTWOOD, 15th May, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR,—That I did not answer your former kind and interesting letter was owing simply to literal want of time. My daily work leaves me often exhausted, always with more letters than I can even read. The most important are delayed often till too late. I hope at least you received an acknowledgment from me of your gift—noted in the report which I hope to send you in a fortnight.³

I *can* to-day only answer your final question about the poor. The most directly necessary charity in England is to save poor *girls* from distress, overwork, and surrounding evil. Giving definite manual work to young men, or presenting books and other educational material to poor families or public institutions, are both entirely safe and fruitful charities. For the rest,—I have never regretted any manner of charity.

I am sincerely glad to hear from you, and hope that you will allow me the pleasure of doing so, when you wish to write. I will answer *when* I can and *what* I can.—Ever your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY⁴

BRANTWOOD [May 18, 1884].

Your letter is all true prophecy—hitherto. Joan *is* better—much better—and I do hope there's a good time coming, and you HAVE

¹ [This was not done.]

² [The late Mr. Thornton, a cloth manufacturer, at one time a resident at Toynbee Hall, had sent a subscription to St. George's Guild. It was he who presented to the National Gallery the bust of Ruskin which stands in one of the Turner Water-Colour rooms.]

³ [See Vol. XXX. p. 147.]

⁴ [Part of this letter is No. 32 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 132 (see below, p. 656).]

infinitely helped me, and *are* helping in a hundred ways,—but if you think you don’t feel like Titania, you simply—and this I say quite seriously—don’t understand Titania. I understand perfectly both her and Bottom—looking always from the Donkey side—Donkeys being the most *humanly* sagacious, as well as the most blessed, of quadrupeds (Elephants are Angelically sagacious—they are Michaels and Gabriels—instead of Balaam’s Donkeys).

I wonder if Shakespeare meant really all that the *play* means!¹

Thanks—more than usual—*much* more—for the little drawing—an effort in the right direction! But quite seriously, and all *my* wishes out of the court, you MUST learn to draw something more of girls than their necks and arms!!!

You must go to the seaside, and be resolved that, if nothing else be pretty, at least the ankles shall be. . . .

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

BRANTWOOD, 1st June, 1884.

DEAREST CHARLES,—A thousand welcomes, and please come here as soon as you possibly can. I have more reasons for asking you to do so than my impatience to see you, but I think that great one is enough—though the rest are not little ones. Joan’s love and welcome, with all her heart and mind—and Turner’s and my father’s and mother’s; and I’m ever your loving and grateful

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss LIZZIE WATSON³

BRANTWOOD, 27th June, ’84.

What a patient, good, believing child you are! But I suppose in this lovely weather you’ve been playing Chopin, and tennis, all day, which perhaps may help you in passing the time without letters!

I don’t quite understand why reading *me* should add to the happiness of playing Chopin, if I make you so discontented with your “spiritual life”! What sort of a life do you mean by that? I’m sure I never meant to make you discontented with anything but your bodily life—if there’s too much tennis, or Chopin, or “going out to call with

¹ [On this question, compare Vol. XXXIV. p. 724.]

² [No. 209 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 203–204.]

³ [From “Happy Memories of John Ruskin,” by L. Allen Harker, in *The Puritan*, March 1900, pp. 344, 345. They were again printed by her in *Scribner’s Magazine*, November 1906, pp. 562, 563.]

mother” in it! Alas, how much the meaning of the word “mother” in England, nowadays, is resolving itself into “the person who takes daughters out to call.” If there’s one way of wasting time which I hate worse than another it’s “Calling”; “Effectual”¹ as it is, often, to the upsetting of the whole afternoon of Caller and Called on. Women ought to call on each other, as men do, on business,—and never *except* on business,—and then get it done at the speediest.²

To answer your main question about “having a right to be happy”; it is not only everybody’s right, but duty, to be so, only to choose the best sorts of happiness. And the best sorts are not to be had cheap. Of course you may read Matthew’s Poems,³ or any other poems you like—*provided they’re not dismal*.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE⁴

BRANTWOOD, 28th June, ’84.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—This is a very pretty little libretto, and will greatly gladden and please everybody. There are some quite new and true and nice bits in it—*Pearly* of the hawthorn, *Music frozen to repose* of painting,⁵ etc. Before it is printed I should just like a retouch or two, to stop the *hiss* of “primroses stars,” for instance; and I don’t understand what Hope means by gilding her watch. But on the whole it is extremely good, and I shall be very proud of the common Dedication, and beg my best thanks to the writer.

I don’t like your getting such a lot of medals:⁶ I believe it shows that you don’t deserve them!—Ever your loving
J.
RUSKIN.

Perfectly lovely weather to-day, and I’ve been writing my notes on the “Priest’s Office” for Francesca’s book.⁷ I think my Chaplain will be rather pleased.

¹ [A reference to the Shorter Catechism of 1648: “Effectual calling is the work of God’s Spirit.”]

² [In a later letter (*Scribner*, p. 562, see below, p. 660) Ruskin wrote:—

“I am so very thankful for what you tell me of your own, and say of other girls’ mothers. I have had some sorrowful experience, by mischance, in these things; but trust me for not saying anything publicly that may grieve any good mother or daughter.”]

³ [Matthew Arnold.]

⁴ [No. 72 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 61, 62. The libretto was to Henrietta Bird’s (Jetty Vogel) *May Queen Cantata*.]

⁵ [An adaptation of Schelling’s saying of architecture as “frozen music.”]

⁶ [From the Apothecaries’ Society, for Botany.]

⁷ [*Roadside Songs of Tuscany*: see Vol. XXXII. p. 116.]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

BRANTWOOD, 1st July, '84.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—It was because I *did* know how the girls worked that I wrote, you did not deserve the prizes.

Is not your postscript the saddest and severest ratification of my saying? There was only that way for the poor girl to enter into Rest.² Teach them the way to *that* strait Gate in life, not in Death!

I never had the slightest understanding of that text you ask about; and please remember the Pauline Epistles are to me in the New Testament what Leviticus is in the Old. I neither understand nor am bound by the. For me St. Paul's "if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him"³ is entirely false.

Read, for comment on it, the first great scene in the *Iliad*.⁴—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

I begin to-day a lecture on the structure of the Rose,⁵ but it will not be understood for Prizes.

To WILLIAM WARD⁶

BRANTWOOD, July 5th, 1884.

DEAR WARD,—I am greatly pleased with this drawing of the Portico.⁷ Let me know your full price for it to a stranger, and I will give it to you with pleasure.

Be so good as to spare half-an-hour to a girl who has some blundering gift which may be useful to her in china painting, if you explain to her the frightful coarseness of her Turner—so called—copies. I have told her she may write to you to make an appointment; but very probably she won't, as I have sent her a letter as sharp as she deserves—at least I have sent it to her brother; perhaps he won't read it to her.

¹ [No. 73 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 63, 64 (see below, p. 646).]

² [One of the candidates at Whitelands died during Examination week, June 1884.]

³ [1 Corinthians xi. 14.]

⁴ [*Iliad*, i. 194–197: see *Queen of the Air*, § 37 (Vol. XIX. p. 333).]

⁵ [Not delivered, nor has any MS. of it been found.]

⁶ [No. 101 in *Ward*; vol. ii. pp. 87–88.]

⁷ [Mr. Ward's copy of Turner's drawing of "Part of the Portico of St. Peter's," No. 529 in the National Gallery.]

I hear from Mr. Horsfall that he has finished his work at Manchester, and am going to send him notes on your copies.¹—Yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday* [July 6, 1884].

You're a good girl to draw that leaf. The four princesses in green tower will be delightful, but the *first thing* you have to do in this leafy world is to learn to paint a leaf green, of its full size, at one blow, as a fresco painter does it on a background, with the loaded brush opening by pressure to the leaf's full breadth and closing to its point.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD, *9th July*, '84.

I *knew* you *could* do it, if you only would. That's what's been making me so what you call angry lately. This is as good as well can be. Only, remember brown is only to be used for actual earth, and where plants grow close to it, or for brown dark leaves, etc., not as shadow. And there's already more delineation than I at present want you to spend time in.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday* [July 13, 1884].

I am so glad you like the tree, and Francesca's work. Yes, in the tree itself the leaves are all through. If you look at John Bellini's forest in the Peter Martyr of Nat. Gall.⁴ you'll see how. Only Botticelli's are each done with one touch, whether in dark or light. To-morrow you'll have the sod of mixed things and an ivy branch sent off. I hope to arrive on Tuesday morning. I'll tell you the want you feel in Francesca, but in the meantime I want you, so far as you work for *me* at all, to think of nature only. Most deep thanks for both those last letters.

¹ [For some notes on Mr. Ward's copies from Turner, in the Manchester Art Museum, see Vol. XIII. pp. 616, 625.]

² [No. 36 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 133. The letter refers to an illustration for *Marigold Garden* (p. 22).]

³ [No. 37 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 133.]

⁴ [For numerous other references to the picture, see the General Index.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD [July 18, 1884].

I'm very much interested by your account of Health Exhibition. It's very tantalizing, but I must be content with my "sods" and rocks. The sod hasn't come yet, but will doubtless by evening post.² I have not enough allowed for your being near-sighted, but shall like to see what you do see; at any rate, near or far off, study of the relation of mass is indispensable.

Those hot colours of flowers are very lovely; you can do as many as you like—only not dull things mixed with Naples yellow.

Look well at the foot of Correggio's Venus—and at the weeds in Mantegna's Madonna foreground.³

I am seldom doing anything in the evening of much interest—something walking in the twilight, sometimes listening to Joan singing, sometimes reading games of chess, sometimes sleeping in my arm-chair.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY⁴

BRANTWOOD, 20th July [1884]

(an entirely cloudless morning and I wonderfully well).

I am more cheered and helped by your success in this drawing than by anything that has happened to me for years;—it is what I have been praying and preaching to everybody and *never* could get done!

I was nearly certain the power was in you, but never thought it would come out at a single true effort!

The idea of your not seeing chiaroscuro!—the ins and outs of these leaves are the most rightly intricate and deep I ever saw—and the fern drawing at the one stroke is marvellous.

It's a short post this morning and I've a lot to get ready for it— but I've such lovely plans in my head for all you say in your last two letters. And I'll forgive you the pig!—but we must draw dogs a little better. And we must learn just the rudiments of perspective—

¹ [Partly printed, No. 40, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 134 (see below, p. 656).]

² [Miss Greenaway promptly set to work on one of the sods of turf (mentioned in the preceding letters), and Ruskin, on receipt of the drawing, telegraphed (July 19):—

“The sod is quite lovely, the best bit of groundwork I ever got done. So many thanks, but don't tire yourself so again.” (No. 42 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 134.) Compare Vol. XXX. p. 239.]

³ [For other references to these pictures in the National Gallery, see the General Index.]

⁴ [No. 45 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 135.]

and draw feet and ankles,—and—a little above,—and purple and blue things—and—the Sun not like a drop of sealing wax,—and then—Well,—we'll do all that first, won't we?

To Sir R. H. COLLINS, K. C. B.¹

BRANTWOOD, 21st July, 1884.

DEAR COLLINS,—I trust that all the good and happy households of England will soon be rejoicing with the Duchess, and that she may see the virtue and power of his father blossoming again in her boy, day by day—with so much also of the Frank feudal Lord in him as shall make him love rocks, woods, and waters, and—his own way (taking care that it shall be right), and not the mob's way. It happens joyfully for me, that I have to thank to-day not the Duchess only for her message, but the Princess of Waldeck for a most gracious letter;—both encouraging me here in my own hill solitude, not a little, under the pressure of work needing more than usual thought and care, in the cause of Education. With devoted and loyal congratulation to the Duchess, and most true regard to yourself, believe me ever your grateful

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Sir JAMES ALLANSON PICTON²

BRANTWOOD, 21st July, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR JAMES,—I was so awestruck by the sense of all I didn't know and couldn't learn when I read your kind letter and saw the books, that I have been virtually speechless ever since. But I cannot sufficiently thank fortune for bringing you here and disposing you to come and see me, at the very moment when your experience and knowledge of the early historic times would be of help to me, otherwise not to be reached. It is useless for me to try the books you tell me of, but the privilege of referring to you on any matter

¹ [Written on the birth (July 19) of H. R. H. Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany; now Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.]

² [From *Sir James A. Picton: a Biography by his son*, J. Allanson Picton, M. P., 1891, p. 374. Sir James Allanson Picton (1805–1889), antiquary, architect, and originator of the Liverpool public library and museum, had visited Ruskin at Brantwood in June 1884. “Only one note of disappointment is remembered by survivors,” says his son. “He had a pet notion that, in the struggle for immortality among authors, style is more decisive than anything else. But with this Mr. Ruskin could not agree. He pronounced that it is not a man's style but the amount of truth in his writings which makes them live. But Mr. Ruskin so charmed his venerable guest that the latter could never say enough of his grace and courtesy;” . . . the visit was “one of the happiest of his experiences” (p. 373).]

inaccessible or dubitable to me will be valued by me more than I can say, and what you have given me of your own writing on these matters will be consulted with respectful care.

Your book on Liverpool is a model of such records.¹ I only wish it had been of Carnarvon, or Conway, or Flint instead!

For the Art Gallery inauguration I am, alas, helpless. I believe that I stated to you in conversation very clearly what hindrances fetter me. If, indeed, my power were in "word painting,"² I would come and paint your institution for you; but my real power is in close thinking, and the time for thought, as life draws to its close, becomes more and more precious to me. It is quite curious to me how cautiously my friends ask for my money, how recklessly for my time!—which is an extremely limited revenue.—Ever believe me, dear Sir James, gratefully and faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD, 22nd [July, 1884].

The little hippopotamus with the curly tail *is* lovely, and the explosive sun promises a lovely day, and it is so *very* joyful news to me that you like doing trees and see them all leaves, and are going to do feet and ankles and be so good. There's no saying what wonderful things you may do, all in an instant, when once you've fought your way through the strait gate, and you will have the joy of delighting many more people besides me; and of doing more good than any English artist ever yet did. And I'll put *you* in some of my books soon,⁴ as well as Miss A., and very thankfully.

But you must have a few more sods, you know.

To Miss BEAUMONT⁵

BRANTWOOD, July 23rd, 1884.

DEAR MISS BEAUMONT,—I have just received the cuttings for Mr. Thomas, and cannot easily tell you how much they delight me. Please

¹ [The *Architectural History of Liverpool* (Liverpool, 1858); or *Memorials of Liverpool, Historical and Topographical*, 2 vols. (London, 1873); or *City of Liverpool: Selections from the Municipal Archives and Records* . . . extracted and annotated by Sir J. A. Picton, 2 vols. (Liverpool, 1883–1886).]

² [Compare above, p. 136.]

³ [No. 46 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 136.]

⁴ [Miss Greenaway had already been mentioned in *The Art of England*, and drawings by her had appeared in *Fors* (Vol. XXIX. pp. 478, 492). Other drawings appeared there later (pp. 493, 517).]

⁵ [No. 31 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 90, 91.]

tell me at what price I may sell them, and make me some more as soon as you can. I particularly want a pig, and I think some rabbits might be made very comic—and the rest of the next dozen I should like all birds—above all, a fine eagle and griffin vulture. You of course will charge more for larger and more elaborate pieces.

But I think your talent is far above this work, and I want you to send me a sketch or two in colour from nature—not memory—taking your colour-box and pocket-book to the garden and sketching any attitude that interests you with your best speed. Your cow and calf are quite beautiful pieces of painting—and so is the macaw, and I *believe* you can be a painter as soon as you please. Tell me any difficulties you feel, or any way in which I can assist you—the enclosed note to Messrs. Newman will put you at ease as to materials.—And believe me faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD, 25th July.

The ivy is very beautiful, and you have taken no end of useful trouble with it, but the colour is vapid and the leaves too shiny. Shine is always vulgar except on hair and water—it spoils leaves as much as it does flesh—and even jewels are better without it. I shall return you this study, which you will find very useful, and I've sent you two more sods to-day, more to be enjoyed than painted—if you like to do a bit of one, well and good.

I am glad to hear of the oil work—but it is winter work, not summer's. I can't think how you can bear to spoil summer air with it.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, 26th July [1884].

I am so very glad you like doing those sods—I merely sent you two for choice, not to tease you—but they'll go on growing and being pleasant companions.

As regards colour, no one of course sees it *quite* rightly; we have all our flaws and prejudices of sight, only be convinced there is a RIGHT mathematically commensurable with nature, and you will soon get to care for no "opinions," but feel that you become daily more true.

¹ [No. 38 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 133.]

² [Partly printed, No. 41, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 134 (see below, p. 656).]

To Sir JAMES A. PICTON¹

BRANTWOOD, *July 26, 1884.*

DEAR SIR JAMES,—I am immensely grateful for your letter, and for the book on Flint. The latter is deeply interesting to me, as an example of the way in which minds sympathetic in general principles can differ in their application. You and I feel exactly alike what is pretty and proper—we agree about the disagreeableness of chemical works and the delightfulness of antiquities, and the apparent impropriety of the conduct of Jael.² But I consider Liverpool the cause of the destruction of Flint, and of most of Lancashire!

Have you ever read any of my *Fors Clavigera*? . . . Thirty years ago F. D. Maurice and I finally parted and went our several ways, because he thought himself—though a clergyman—qualified to deny the inspiration of Deborah, “Blessed among women,” etc.;³ I maintaining as I do still, that if you give up Deborah, you give up Joshua, Moses, and—all but one’s self.—Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARGARET FERRIER YOUNG⁴

BRANTWOOD, *14th Sept., '84.*

DEAR MISS YOUNG,—Mrs. La Touche is certainly right—this time—though her views upon child education must not be unqualifiedly trusted. But I should like all girls whatever to bathe in Scott daily, as a sort of ever-rolling, ever-freshening sea; and indeed I would let Jane Anne read anything (except George Eliot), but for girls in general I should say very broadly anything they like—written before 1800.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [From the *Life of Sir James A. Picton*, by J. Allanson Picton, M. P., 1891, p. 375.]

² [The following extract from Sir James Picton’s diary (p. 373) explains the allusion: “Coniston, June 23, 1884. At Coniston I listened to one of the most extraordinary sermons I ever heard. The subject was the murder of Sisera by Jael, which the preacher defended as an heroic and godly action. She was inspired to do the deed. It was only a wooden tent-peg with which she performed it; but supernatural strength was given to drive it through the unfortunate man’s head.”]

³ [For this incident, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 486–487.]

⁴ [For whom, see below, p. 675.]

To ALBERT H. MATURIN¹

BRANTWOOD, 15th Sept., '84.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very sorry not to have replied earlier to your favour of the 13th.

I am quite unable, now, to add to the engagements already too heavy for my declining strength, but even in earlier life I never would have spoken in a debate on the functions of government, which, beyond all debate, may be defined in a very few words—to give drink to the thirsty, bread to the hungry, clothes to the naked, lodging to the homeless; to flog the idle, reward the industrious, abase the proud, and grace the lowly.—Ever your faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

20th September, 1884.

I wandered literally “up and down” your mountain garden—(how beautifully the native rocks slope to its paths!)—in the sweet evening light—Susiesque light—with great happiness and admiration, as I went home; and I came indeed upon what I conceived to be—discovered in the course of recent excavations—two deeply interesting thrones of the ancient Abbots of Furness,³ typifying their humility in that the seats thereof were only level with the ground between two clusters of the earth; contemplating cyclamen, and their severity of penance, in the points of stone prepared for the mortification of their backs; but truly, Susie’s seat of repose and meditation I was unable as yet to discern, but propose to myself further investigation of that apple-perfumed paradise, and am ever your devoted and enchanted, etc.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

BRANTWOOD.

But I never have had nicer letters “since first I saw your face,” and tried to honour and renown you.⁵

Violet’s better, and I’m pretty well, but have been a little too much thinking of old days.

¹ [Corresponding Secretary of the Historical Society of Dublin.]

² [No. 78 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 627).]

³ [Two slate seats, thus glorified by Ruskin: see the description of the garden in the Rev. W. Tuckwell’s *Tongues in Trees and Sermons in Stone*, 1891, p. 110.]

⁴ [No. 55 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see p. 626).]

⁵ [“Since first I saw your face I resolved to honour and renown ye”—from Thomas Ford’s *Music of Sundry Kinds*, 1607; No. 69 in the *Oxford Book of Verse*.]

Have you any word of the Collies¹ lately? I keep sending stones and books; they answer not. It is delightful of you to be interested in that stone book. I send you one of my pictures of stones. They're not very like, but they're pretty. I wish they did such pictures now.

What lovely pictures you would have made in the old butterfly times, of opal and felspar! What lost creatures we all are, we nice ones! The Alps and clouds that *I* could have done, if I had been shown how!

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

KENMURE CASTLE, 1st Oct. [1884].

I could not get your dainty letter until to-day. The two sweeties in it are indeed beautiful, and only need to be painted larger to become a most glorious picture. I must stand over you while you paint them again with a big brush. But I am aghast at the house at Hampstead,³ and quite resolved that you *shan't* live in London. Of course if you had stayed at Scarborough you would have begun drawing the children at the shore, and that was just what I wanted. But wait till I come and talk to you—I'll make your life a burden to you if you live in London! If you had come to Norwood instead of Hampstead, there would have been some sense in it—I've no patience with you.

And you must give up drawing round hats. It's the hats that always save you from having to do a background—and I'm not going to be put off with them any more.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

EUSTON HOTEL [LONDON], 7th Oct., '84.

It has been a great mortification and disappointment to me not to see S. again; but the world's made up of morts and disses, and it's no use always saying "Ay de mi!" like Carlyle. I'm really ashamed of him in those letters to Emerson.⁵ My own diaries are indeed full of mewling and moaning, all to myself, but I think my letters to friends

¹ [Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Collingwood. The "stone book" is perhaps *Deucalion*.]

² [No. 57 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 142 (see below, p. 657).]

³ [No. 50 (the number afterwards changed to 39), Froggnal; the house was designed for her by Mr. Norman Shaw.]

⁴ [No. 210 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 204–205.]

⁵ [Compare above, pp. 440, 441.]

have more a tendency to crowing, or, at least, on the whole, try to be pleasant.

I've great gladness in your note about S. W. Wind. I shall have you sending me nice sympathetic data about your glaciers, soon. . . .

I am just going down to Canterbury—to Oxford next week, to begin lectures on the Pleasures of England.

1. Bertha to Osburga,	Pleasures	of	Learning.
2. Alfred to Confessor,	"	"	Faith.
3. Confessor to Cœur de L.,	"	"	Deed.
4. Cœur de L. to Eliz.,	"	"	Fancy.
5. Protestantism,	"	"	Truth.
6. Atheism,	"	"	Sense.
7. Mechanism,	"	"	Nonsense.

I'm pretty well forward with them,—but they're not up to my best work.—Ever your loving
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

CANTERBURY, 9th October, 1884.

DEAREST CHARLES, . . . I caught cold, slightly, as soon as I left Brantwood on Wednesday last, and am nursing myself, with the help of two dear old ladies,² in the precincts of Canterbury. For the first time yesterday I saw St. Martin's Church, and the view it commands of the county gaol.³ I retreat to-day to my bedside, whence I have a lovely view of Becket's Crown,⁴ and the Central Tower—the domestic-looking little apse between them is now rich in sunlight,—but Lucca and Pisa have spoiled me.

I am getting such lovely work done in Switzerland and Savoy by the writer of enclosed card, which I send that you may envy us both, and come back, as soon as you can, to see the "subject by the river."

These drawings he (Mr. Rooke) is drawing for me are the first I ever had done as I wanted, and as I should have done them myself, if only I had never written *Modern Painters*.

The first number of its reprint—which is to be in three parts: *In Montibus Sanctis, Cœli Enarrant*, and *Lætitia Silvæ*⁵ (or some such name)—is passed for press. . . . Your lovingest
J. R.

¹ [No. 211 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 205–206.]

² [The Misses Gale.]

³ [Noticed in *The Pleasures of England*, Vol. XXXIII. p. 438.]

⁴ [The "Corona," the extreme east-end of the Cathedral.]

⁵ [This proposed third series of reprints from *Modern Painters* was, however, not undertaken: see Vol. III. p. xlix.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

CANTERBURY, *Wednesday* [Oct. 8, 1884].

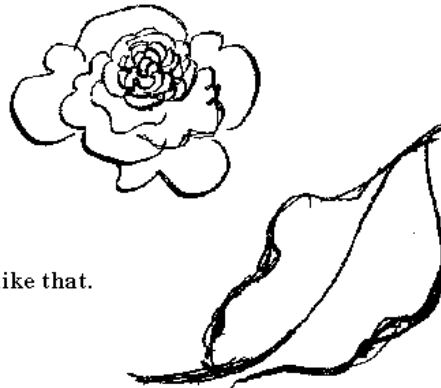
I am certainly better, and hope soon to be not worth asking after, and indeed I shall be most thankful if you will give up *everything* else and get these books finished and off your mind, for, between them and me, the little mind is going off itself, and you are working at present wholly in vain. There is *no* joy, and very, very little interest in any of these Flower book² subjects, and they look as if you had had nothing to paint them with but starch and camomile tea. Also the metamorphosis of the girl of Ragged Robin into a stake fence, with the curtain hung on it to be dusted, is not in Ovid, and it will puzzle people awfully.

Well, perhaps it *will* be prettiest that you give those drawings to me and I distribute them, but if you go on with much more clothes-horses and camomile tea I shall be obliged to show them with “a Caution.”

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

CANTERBURY [Oct. 9, 1884].

I’ve really nothing to say, but that my cold’s much the same—not worse—but very troublesome—and that really roses like this—



and rose leaves like that.

might just as well be coloured like truffles and potato sacks at once, instead of whitey pink and camomile green.

¹ [Partly printed as No. 25 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 128 (see below, p. 656).]

² [*Language of Flowers*, illustrated by *Kate Greenaway* (1884). Ruskin’s skit may apply to the drawing on p. 19.]

³ [Partly printed (without the cuts), No. 24 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 127 (see below, p. 656). The letter refers to *Kate Greenaway’s Almanack for 1885* (not for 1884, as stated in *Kate Greenaway*). The rose was on the title-page, and the Hobbler, Kicker, and Straddler are easily recognisable.]

I find *Baxter* thinks the almanack beautiful! if that's any consolation to you; but *I* divide the figures of it simply into the Hobbler and the Kicker—see August, March, June, and November for the Hobbler (or Shambler), and the rest for Kicker—with the one variety of Straddler, in October, where the transposition of the red of the right shoe to the stocking, leaving the shoe for a sole, is one of the funniest illustrations of cheap printing I've yet seen.

The worst of it is, *I'm* at the bottom of all this; all the good of you goes into the work for me, and all the dregs to the public—doing also for *them* everything I forbid you! . . .

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

84 WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, 18th Oct., '84.

I hope this will find you by to-day's late post. I'll send you lovely directions about Museum, Kensington:² you've only to wait beside the big whale in the hall—or, if you don't like *him*, among the birds and their nests—I'll tell you where exactly in next letter; and you're very good to say you'll talk to the people—see bottom of 1st page of enclosed, which please return to me. You often say you want me to look at things, but you would be only vexed to find I was thinking all the time of an "octahedron," which I should be, probably. Yes, you must like Turner, as soon as you see landscape completely. His affectations—or prejudices—I do not wish or expect you to like, any more than I should have expected him to like roses drawn like truffles.

I didn't want anybody at *Hamlet* with me—I wanted to watch.³ I've written a critique to W. B. himself!—much like the last I sent you!

I'm very well this morning, and hope to give a fair lecture—it isn't a *special* one at all. See the *Pall Mall* about the tickets for it—yesterday's paper.⁴—Love to Johnnie.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

84 WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, 26th Oct., '84.

The St. Ursulas and capitals will not be *wanted* till the fourth lecture, Saturday, the 9th Nov.⁵—but might, I think, as well be packed

¹ [Partly printed, No. 39, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 134 (see below, p. 656).]

² [The Natural History Museum.]

³ [Ruskin had been at the first night of Wilson Barrett's *Hamlet*, produced at the Princess' Theatre, October 16, 1884.]

⁴ [A note in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of October 17, recording the numerous applications for admission to Ruskin's lectures on *The Pleasures of England*.]

⁵ [The studies of St. Ursula and of the pillars of the Piazzetta were ultimately shown at the fifth of the lectures on *The Pleasures of England*; see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 507–508.]

and sent up at once, and with them all the mass of material for Sir Herbert lecture—left hand of top drawer of old bookcase next minerals. I am going to give that lecture and another, each twice over, in London (*D. V.*) after you come up.¹

I heard the Bp. to-day with much satisfaction—entirely sensible and useful, and calculated to do much good to the young men, in a fatherly way.² But I think it a pity that he does not allow some play to his native gift of humour. I forget now Sydney Smith in the pulpit—but I know that I felt his latent power usefully bubbling under the ice. I feel it really a great advantage now, whatever my father would have thought, not to be a Bishop.³ *I* was preaching yesterday on Faith, and I think the most beneficial effect was produced by my expression,

“the Bow-wow-wow of the wild-dog world”⁴—

which I suppose I couldn't have used in a mitre!

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

BALLIOL, 19th, Monday [Nov., 1884].

I had such a lovely dinner *out* last night—with the Master at a nice quiet couple's, Professor and Mrs. Marshall. Mrs. M. and I got into a discussion—very profound—about the difference between round and oval sections in girls' waists. Jowett, after sitting smiling awhile—“*I cannot follow the Professor into those latitudes!*”

I hope to have a nice time with you on Friday week, with all worries over. I'm rather worse than cross to-night, because I found a lot of beautiful fragments of Magdalen in a heap under the restoration. I'm going with the Master to call on the President to-morrow morning, and save them if possible—but it's like fighting single-handed against the sea.

To Mrs. FAWKES⁵

84 WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD [November, 1884].

DEAR MRS. FAWKES,—I did not answer your last kind letter, in my unsettled state of mind and plans. Will you forgive me yet once more,

¹ [The lecture on Sir Herbert Edwardes had been given at Coniston, on December 22, 1883, and was afterwards expanded into *A Knight's Faith* (Vol. XXXI.). The proposed lectures in London (compare Vol. XXXIII. p. 473) were not delivered.]

² [For an account of this sermon by Dr. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 443.]

³ [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 25.]

⁴ [See Vol. XXXIII. p. 457 (§ 60).]

⁵ [From the *Nineteenth Century*, April 1900, p. 620. The references are to the exhibition of Turner's works, which was a feature of the “Old Masters”

and will you and Mr. Fawkes hear my most pitiful and humble and importunate prayer for the showing with the Rhine sketches some of those solemn Highland lochs,—the Cenis Top and the Ship of the Line, and the Reichenbach; yes, and one or two Wharfedale bits? I am going to send Farnley itself and the Avenue, and some chosen later ones; but you have everything best of the early time—(and, oh! can we get the Major's Field of Waterloo and your Farnley Heraldry?) I saw Sir Frederick yesterday, and we are agreed, if only you will help us, to turn the world outside in and upside down, and get such a sight as London never saw.—Ever your grateful and affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE¹

84 WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, *November*, 1884.

MY DARLING M—, Tuesday, Wednesday, most of Thursday, all Friday, and all Saturday I'm at your beck, call, whisper, look, or lifted finger. I've a meeting of St. George's Guild² at the schools on Thursday, which fastens me for the afternoon.

I shall love to hear the story,³ and wish it would take an hour instead of ten minutes; but, of course, if *you* like it, *I* shall. I don't mean that in play, but seriously; you know good writing and feeling as well as I do, and we are not likely to differ a jot about anything else.—Ever your loving

ST. C.

The picture is quite lovely. He never did anything else like it.⁴

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁵

OXFORD, *1st December*, 1884.

I gave my fourteenth, and last for this year, lecture this afternoon with vigour and effect; and am safe and well (*D. G.*), after such a

at the Academy's winter show in January 1886. To this, Mr. Fawkes sent seven drawings from Farnley—namely, "Lancaster Sands," "Upper Fall of Reichenbach," "Falls of Reichenbach," "Lake of Lucerne," "The Devil's Bridge," "Mont Cenis in a Snow Storm," and "Bonneville." Ruskin sent six of his Turner Drawings—namely, "Farnley Hall," "The Avenue, Farnley," "Heysham," "Lake and Town of Geneva," "Eggleston Abbey," and "Splügen." For the "Ship of the Line," see Vol. XII. Plate XXI. (p. 386). The water-colour drawing of the "Field of Waterloo" (then in the possession of Major R. Fawkes, and afterwards in that of the Rev. Reginald Fawkes) was shown at the "Old Masters" in 1889. The "Farnley Heraldry" drawings were frontispieces, illustrative of periods of English history: see the Catalogue of Paintings and Drawings by Turner at Farnley Hall (Leeds: 1850).]

¹ [*Letters of M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 83–84.]

² [For a report of this meeting (on December 4), see Vol. XXX. p. 87.]

³ ["The Mad Lady," a story in manuscript written by Laura Tennant.]

⁴ [A drawing of Miss Gladstone (Mrs. Drew) by Burne-Jones.]

⁵ [No. 79 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

spell of work as I never did before. I have been thrown a week out in all my plans, by having to write two new Lectures, instead of those the University was frightened at. The scientists slink out of my way now, as if I was a mad dog, for I let them have it hot and heavy whenever I've a chance at them.

But as I said, I'm a week late, and though I start for the North this day week, I can't get home till this day fortnight at soonest, but I hope not later than to-morrow fortnight. Very thankful I shall be to find myself again at the little room door.

Fancy Mary Gladstone forgiving me even that second *naughtiness!*¹ She's going to let me come to see her this week, and to play to me, which is a great comfort.

*To the Rev. A. A. ISAACS*²

84 WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, 8th December, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am rightly quoted by the Jesuit, and have much more in the same tone yet to say, God permitting me, before I die. I wrote the *Sheepfolds* when I was an ignorant and insolent youth. In the following forty years I have written what you will find, if you read it candidly, more just—and therefore less to the taste of my Protestant friends. I recommend you, for instance, to read the essay on “The Priest's Office,” in the Third Part of *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, obtainable of my general publisher, Mr. Allen, of Orpington, Kent. It will cost you, with its two photographs and various other text, seven shillings, and will introduce you to the most noble “Protestant” race and religion on this earth—that of the peasantry of Tuscany—Protestant for Christ in every state of poverty and suffering.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

FARNLEY HALL, OTLEY, *Sunday* [Dec. 13, 1884].

If only Cheltenham had been an endurable place! . . . But it was too horrid. The contrast between its vulgarity, inside and out, and

¹ [Or, rather, a third; the reference being presumably to Ruskin's remark about “wind-bags” in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 21, 1884 (see Vol. XXXIV. p. 666). For two earlier naughtinesses of the kind, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 403, and Vol. XXXIV. p. 549.]

² [From *The Fountain of Siena: an Episode in the Life of John Ruskin*, by Albert A. Isaacs, 1900, p. 5. The “Jesuit” was a writer in a Leicester newspaper who had stated that Ruskin had thrown contempt on Protestantism. Mr. Isaacs, at that time Vicar of Christ Church, Leicester, wrote to Ruskin on the subject.]

this grand old hall is something marvellous. I had no idea Farnley was so grand; it is as stately as the Duchess's place—what's its name?—with far more grandeur of hill and dale in its command.

I am very thankful also to find the Turners in good state—spotted a little, some, but not faded. . . . It is a little pleasant to me to hear the talk of a real Tory squire. I leave on Tuesday for home, *D. V.*

*To Dr. GEORGE PARSONS*¹

BRANTWOOD, 16th [*Dec.*, '84].

DEAR DOCTOR,—I've got eleven bad colds, and three or four worse, upon me all at once. I caught one last Wednesday—three more on Friday—and picked up the rest at all the stations from here to Ingleborough yesterday. I feel—as I suppose the brokenest bottle and raggedest doll in a rag-and-bottle shop. I'm cold, stiff, blind, deaf, and tasteless! I don't believe it's any use to come and see me. I can take no comfort in anything but making all my friends wretched—you'd better not come! But tell Mrs. Parsons about it.—Ever yours
hopelessly, J. R.

*To Miss SUSAN BEEVER*²

BRANTWOOD, 16th [*December*, 1884].

Here, not I, but a thing with a dozen of colds in its head, am!

I caught one cold on Wednesday last, another on Thursday, two on Friday, four on Saturday, and one at every station between this and Ingleborough on Monday. I never was in such ignoble misery of cold. I've no cough to speak of, nor anything worse than usual in the way of sneezing, but my hands are cold, my pulse nowhere, my nose tickles and wrings me, my ears sing—like kettles, my mouth has no taste, my heart no hope of ever being good for anything, any more. I never passed such a wretched morning by my own fireside in all my days, and I've quite a fiendish pleasure in telling you all this, and thinking how miserable you'll be too! Oh me, if I ever get to feel like myself again, won't I take care of myself!

BRANTWOOD.

Seven of the eleven colds are better, but the other four are worse, and they were the worst before, and I'm such a wreck and rag and

¹ [Of Hawkshead; Ruskin's doctor.]

² [Nos. 139 and 140 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

lump of dust being made mud of, that I'm ashamed to let the maids bring me my dinner. Your contemptible, miserable, beyond pitiable, past deplorable
J. R.

*To the Rev. A. A. ISAACS*¹

BRANTWOOD [*December*, 1884].

MY DEAR SIR,—Thanks for sending for the Tuscan Songs. I shall gratefully hear your mind on them—but please note!—in all my writings, that there never was any need of courage to speak the truth, if I knew it. What harm could speaking it do me? The one quality of it that deserves sympathy is the extreme desire I have to discover it, and not to say *untrue* things prettily.—Ever faithfully yours, J. R.

*To the Rev. A. A. ISAACS*²

BRANTWOOD, *28th Dec.*, '84.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sincerely obliged by your courteous and interesting letter. I cannot enter into its topics by correspondence, but will take note of some of its observations in revising my forthcoming lecture on Protestantism, and I have ordered Mr. Allen to send you the two first lectures of the course it belongs to,³ with their sequels as they are issued, and the rest of the Songs—but I fear there will be days to count before I get all done! Meantime, if you have it not already, please get Cobbett's little History of the Reformation,⁴ the only true one ever written as far as it reaches,—though, of course, to make *it* perfect, a counter statement would be needed of what is really beautiful in Evangelical religion in later centuries.—Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I have told Allen to send you also my lectures on Clouds, which have some religious talk at the end.

¹ [From *The Fountain of Siena*, p. 7.]

² [*Ibid.*, p. 9.]

³ [*The Pleasures of England* (Vol. XXXIII.). The "Songs" are *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* (Vol. XXXII.); and "Clouds," *The Storm-Cloud of the Nineteenth Century* (Vol. XXXIV.).]

⁴ [*A History of the Protestant "Reformation" in England and Ireland, showing how that event has impoverished and degraded the main body of the people in those countries*, by William Cobbett, 2 parts, 1824, 1827.]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

BRANTWOOD, 28th December, '84.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—The enclosed is from the most generous of women, the main support of the St. George's Guild. But she never sends me a letter without a question in it needing the forenoon to answer. I think if any of the May Queens, or two or three together, would write her a rather detailed account of the Institution, they would find her one of the gladdest and gratefullest persons they ever did a kindness to.

That they may know the sort of person they're writing to, you may tell them she's a motherlyish, bright, black-eyed woman of fifty, with a nice married son who is a superb chess-player. She herself is a very good one, and it's her greatest indulgence to have a written game with me.

She's an excellent nurse, and curious beyond any magpie that ever was, but always giving her spoons away instead of stealing them. Practically clever, beyond most women; but if you answer one question she'll ask you six.—Ever your loving
J. R.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, 31st Dec., '84.

All the happiness be to you that Spring and Summer can bring—and all the fruits of Autumn, and a lovely rest before Christmas comes again.

I'm afraid I sent a horrid letter yesterday—but if you only could fancy how little there's left to be cared for in me, or how little able I am to care, for fine days or grey. It's grey to-day—and I don't care. But I liked hearing about the present from Princess.³ I wonder what it can be. I wish I was a Prince, and could send you pearls and rubies. By the way, I got three little Toy pearls for a gift myself—one pink, two grey—and liked them very much.

I've been writing letters simply all day long without ever stopping, and have got few written after all, but they were of a kind to take

¹ [No. 74 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 65, 66 (see below, p. 646).]

² [Partly printed, No. 5, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 99 (see below, p. 655).]

³ [The Crown Princess, afterwards the Empress Frederick. She was a warm admirer of Miss Greenaway.]

time. Only at present my time does pretty nearly go all in that, and I don't care about getting up in the morning because of it.

No, I've never seen the *Pall Mall* on *Fors*. There's a lovely letter of my Father's in yesterday's, and some compliments from the *Pall Mall* on my writing!—did you ever?¹

Well, once more a happy New Year. We must get some Brantwood into it this time. Love to Johnnie.

1885

[Early in this year Ruskin resigned his Professorship at Oxford: see the letter in Vol. XXXIII. p. lvi. He busied himself at Brantwood in editing Miss Alexander's *Roadside Songs of Tuscany* and in writing *Præterita*, but at the end of July he had a severe attack of illness.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

BRANTWOOD, 2nd January, 1885.

. . . I am not so well as you hoped, having overstrained myself under strong impulse at Oxford, and fallen back now into a ditch of despond, deepened by loss of appetite and cold feet, and dark weather,—Joan in London, and people all about more or less depending on me; no S. or M. for me to depend on—no Charles—no Carlyle; even my Turners for the time speechless to me, my crystals lustreless. After some more misery and desolation of this nature I hope, however, to revive slowly, and will really not trust myself in that feeling of power any more. But it seems to me as if old age were threatening to be a weary time for me. I'll never mew about it like Carlyle, nor make Joanie miserable if I know it—but it looks to me very like as if I should take to my bed and make everybody wait on me. This is only to send you love—better news I hope soon.—Ever your
J. R.

¹ [The references are to (1) a review of the last number of *Fors* in the *Gazette* on December 23; and (2) a notice, in the issue of December 30, of Mrs. Garden's *Memorials of the Ettrick Shepherd*, which book contains a letter from Ruskin's father, and another from Ruskin himself, to "the Shepherd." "The letter" (said the *Gazette* "is written, Mrs. Garden tells us, 'in a beautiful fair hand resembling copper-plate,' a description which even now might be applied to the general appearance of Mr. Ruskin's handwriting, although compositors and readers have sometimes found its apparent legibility deceptive.")

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 386–387. No. 212 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 207.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD, *Jan. 2, '85.*

You are always straining after a fancy, instead of doing the thing as it is. Never mind its being pretty or ugly, but get as much as you can of the facts in a few minutes, and you will find strength and ease and new fancy and new right coming all together.

To Mrs. TYLOR²

BRANTWOOD, *3rd January, 1885.*

DEAR MRS. TYLOR,—Joanie's letter to-day softly told me the sad ending of the year—for you, for us—for many and many who must have loved him long.

Every year, as I grow older, renews itself chiefly in sorrow, but it is long since I have felt the Shadow of the coming time cast so sharply across the Lights of the past. You will have many letters of sympathy from friends whose hearts are warmer than mine, for I feel myself half dead or dying just now; but few of them will miss him more.

The little talks in the corner arm-chair at Herne Hill, when he used to come in at breakfast time and tell us wonderful things to think of all day! The first shake of the hand, always, at the London—the serenely bright, tenderly zealous face, distinct from all the wrinkled care and selfish formalism of common men. I am very thankful to have known him—thankful for the privilege of telling you to-day what part I have in your sorrow—thankful for all the hope that guided both your lives, and now remains with you to the end.—Ever faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD, *4th Jan. [1885].*

I hope you caught it well from Joanie on Saturday—telling me you've been so ill—and she says you were the image of health and gaiety. I'm very glad you want to paint like Gainsborough.

¹ [No. 63 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 146.]

² [On the death of her husband, Alfred Tylor, F. G. S., for whom see above, pp. 47–8. He often spent half-an-hour with Ruskin at Herne Hill on his way from Carshalton to his place of business in the City. The "London" means the London Institution in Finsbury Circus; Mr. Tylor was on the Council.]

³ [Partly printed, No. 65, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 146 (see below, p. 657).]

But you must not try for it. He is inimitable—and yet a bad master. Keep steadily to deep colour and Carpaccio, with white porcelain and Luca. You may try a Gainsborough every now and then for play.

I get a little—less and less—bit better every day, but have been very miserable this morning, thinking of the Alps, in places I can never see more. . . .

*To the Rev. A. A. ISAACS*¹

BRANTWOOD, 4th January, 1885.

DEAR MR. ISAACS,—I shall be most grateful for a copy of the answer to Cobbett,² of which I had never heard. I do not, of course, like his style, but the sum of my forty-four years of thinking on the matter, from an entirely outside standpoint—as nearly as possible that of a Turk—has led me to agree with Cobbett in all his main ideas, and there is no question whatever, that Protestant writers are, as a rule, ignorant and false in what they say of Catholics—while Catholic writers are as a rule both well-informed and fair. But I shall be very glad to see the answer to Cobbett before I finish my lecture on Protestantism.—Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Many happy New Years to you.³

*To Miss KATE GREENAWAY*⁴

BRANTWOOD, 5th Jan.

It was nice hearing of your being made a grand Lioness of, at the tea—and of people's praising me to you because they had found out you liked it—and of Lady Airlie, and old times.

And so many thanks for slip of *Pall Mall* here returned. It is very nice.⁵

I've begun my autobiography—it will be so dull and so meek!!! you never did!

¹ [From *The Fountain of Siena*, p. 12.]

² [See above, p. 503: there were many "Answers" to Cobbett; one by "Protestant" was issued in 1825.]

³ [Mr. Isaacs continued the controversy, into which, however, Ruskin did not care to be drawn: see below, pp. 670–671.]

⁴ [No. 61 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 145–146 (see below, p. 657).]

⁵ [A review of the last *Fors* (by E. T. Cook) in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, December 23, 1884.]

I write a little bit every morning, and am going to label old things it refers to—little drawings and printing, and the like. I'm not going to talk of anybody more disagreeable than myself—so there will be nothing for people to snap and growl at. What shall I say about people who I think liked me?—that they were very foolish? I got a dainty letter from my fifteener to-day, and have felt a little better ever since. She's at the seaside—and says there's nothing on the shore. I've told her to look, and that I should like to write the "Natural History of a Dull Beach."

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD, 15th Jan. 1885.

You say in one of—four! unanswered little gushes, you wonder how far I see you as you see yourself. No one sees us as we see ourselves: all that first concerns us must be the care that we do see ourselves as far as possible rightly.

In general, young people (and children, like you) know very little of themselves; yet *something* that nobody else can know. My knowledge of people is extremely limited—continually mistaken—and what is founded on experience, chiefly of young girls,—and this is nearly useless in your case, for you are mixed child and woman, and therefore extremely puzzling to me.

But I think you may safely conclude that, putting aside the artistic power, which is unique in its way, the rest of you will probably be seen more truly by an old man of—165 which is about my age, than by yourself—at almost any age you ever come to.

I note with sorrow that the weather bothers you. So it does me; but when the pretty times come, *you* can enjoy them, *I* can't! Though I do a little like to see snow against blue sky still—to-day there's plenty of both. . . .

Don't be discouraged about the books. You and your publishers are both and all geese—you put as much work into that *Language of Flowers* as would have served three years' book-making if you had only drawn boldly, coloured truly, and given 6 for 60 pages. The public will always pay a shilling for a penny's worth of what it likes; it won't pay a penny for a pound's worth of—camomile tea. *You* draw and let *ME* colour next time!

¹ [No. 75 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 148 (see below, p. 657).]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

BRANTWOOD, 18th January, '85.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I am a little, or perhaps may more gratefully say not a little, better, and have been very happy in the kindness of the good Queens to Mrs. Talbot, and in *her* pleasure in their letters.

You will find, I hope to-morrow, at Chelsea, a box of small minerals, which begins the mineralogic store you must keep at the College for the Guild to distribute as we need them.

A certain number of select pieces shall be arranged for Whitelands itself, but I shall henceforward send all my mineral purchases to be catalogued and registered by the girls, with the receipted accounts for them, to be kept till we have a "Safe" on our own territory for registers and documents. You will see in the *Report*,² at last (on Friday) passed for press, the need of such an orderly procedure.

The honest and obliging mineralogist Mr. Francis Butler,³ who will probably from this time be my chief caterer, lives at 180 Brompton Road, within easy call of you, and I should think might sometimes give the girls an informal lecture which would greatly help them.—Ever your loving and submissive
J. R.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY⁴

BRANTWOOD, 19th Jan., '85.

The book I send to-day is of course much more completed in shade than your outlines ever need—or ought to be,—but I believe you would find extreme benefit in getting into the habit of studying from nature with the pen point in this manner, and forcing yourself to complete the study of a head—cap, hair, and all—whether it succeeded or not to your mind, in the time you now give to draw the profile of lips and chin. You need never fear losing refinement,—you

¹ [No. 75 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 67, 68. For a list of the minerals given to Whitelands College, with notes by Ruskin, see Vol. XXVI. pp. 527–529.]

² [The *Report of St. George's Guild* for 1884, dated "January 1, 1885": Vol. XXX. pp. 69–84.]

³ [For whom, see Vol. XXVI. p. 529.]

⁴ [No. 76 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 149 (see below, p. 657).]

would gain steadily in fancy, knowledge, and power of expression of solid form, and complex character. Note especially in these drawings that their expressional power depends on the rightness, not the delicacy, of their lines, and is itself most subtle where they are most forcible. In the recording angels, pages 22, 23, the face of 23 is beautiful because its lines are distinct—22 fails wholly because the faint proof of the plate has dimmed them.

Tell me what the publishers “propose” now, that I may sympathise in your indignation—and “propose” something very different.

I can scarcely conceive any sale paying the expenses of such a book as the *Language of Flowers*—but think you could produce one easily, with the original outlay of, say, at the outside, £500, which you would sell 50,000 of at a shilling each in a month.

Tell me how you like the little head and tail pieces herewith. I’m going to use them for a little separate pamphlet on schools.¹

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD²

BRANTWOOD, 22nd Jan., '85.

MY DARLING KATIE,—I’m quite delighted with the Society—and its plans and its signatures—and its ages and its resolutions—they’re all as nice as ever can be; and I’ll be your Patron—or Dux—or anything you like to make me—only—it seems to me you don’t need to be Patronised;—doesn’t Patron sound too much as if you were a charitable Bazaar or an amateur concert or something of that sort? Don’t you think you’d better call me the Society’s “Papa”? I should feel ever so much more at home if you called me that!

Meantime I send you for entrance gift an engraving from a little sketch of mine which I’m rather proud of—the young Avocet³ (it was made from the stuffed one which you will find at the British Museum—but I had also seen the real bird at the Gardens), and a little study of an antelope from life, by a clever girl—and I’ll look out some other things directly for you—and be always your affectionate—Papa?—

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Not written.]

² [From “The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin,” by Katie Macdonald Goring, in the *Fortnightly Review*, September 1907, p. 381. The Society was founded by Katie (*æt.* 10) and her brother (*æt.* 8): see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. pp. lxxv. *seq.*]

³ [Reproduced as Plate VI. in Vol. XXV. (p. 74).]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

BRANTWOOD, 24th January [1885].

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—The little drawing is one of my own, but not a good one, and Bayne is right in asking for another, but there are points in it which may be useful for a while, with you. I was very glad of your pretty words about Newnham, where I was just writing to to-day, and ordering from Allen books to go—as to Girton.

No, I haven't found out anything about land or dynamite.² People are always calling me too much or too little. I tell them true, but only what they ought to have found out before for themselves. They call me first a fool, then a prophet, till I begin to think myself sometimes that I've been "translated" like Bottom!³

To Miss HELEN GLADSTONE⁴

BRANTWOOD, 24th January, 1885.

DEAR MISS H—, Your letter gladdened my heart in many windows of it, east and west at once, in giving me good news of your father; in knowing that, "for M—'s sake," I was very sure to go the length of forgiving H—; and in allowing me the real grace of placing my books in your Newnham library.

I never was ambitious before in my life, though vain enough always; but I am verily ambitious now of becoming what, though it is much to say, it does seem to me that I ought to be, an acceptedly standard girl's-author, and I had like to have added "ity"; but stopped, being very sure they will always have more rule over me than I over them!

I have ordered my publisher to send exactly the same series to you that I sent to Girton, and to continue the series that are in course of publication.

With all sorts of love to M—, and all true good wishes for your Thursday's sunrise.—Ever faithfully and gratefully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

I think you will like to see the pretty saying about Newnham, which came to me this morning from Chelsea.⁵

¹ [No. 76 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 69, 70 (see below, p. 646).]

² [This was the month of dynamite outrages at Westminster, the Tower, etc.]

³ [*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. sc. 1.]

⁴ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 99, 100. Miss Helen Gladstone was at the time Vice-Principal of Newnham College.]

⁵ [From Whitelands College, Chelsea: see the preceding letter.]

To FRANK SHORT¹

BRANTWOOD, 25th January, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,—Both your etching and shade are admirable in feeling, and I shall be most happy to assist you in any way possible to me in your excellent project. Twelve carefully—and not hurriedly—finished plates, well printed, would represent all that is best in the *Liber*, and I hope become a standard Art School work. There are points I could correct in your plates, but you could do as well yourself on returning to them from another subject. The aquatint is less satisfactory. Don't waste your time on that method. Fine landscape mezzotint has yet a wide field open to it. I keep your proofs without compunction, and am faithfully and hopefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

My best regards to Mr. Sparkes.² The etchings photographed by Americans³ are quite good enough to work from—are they not at Kensington? Any of mine are at your service.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE⁴

BRANTWOOD [January 27th, 1885].

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I am so glad of all your letters, chiefly of encouragement in *Our Fathers*. I meant you to see all the lectures,⁵ but they got into a mess nobody *could* see clear but myself, and the third was printed in a hurry to clear type for new proof. The Fourth shall not fail to come to you.

I wish I were prophet enough to tell them what to do, now, with these explosive persons. Women detectives,—yes, but the primary detection of rogues in Character before Deed? I think nobody but known honest people, signing their names, should be allowed in Tower or Parliament. Much more one could propose, if anybody would only do it!—Ever your loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [From *The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short, A. R. A.*, by Edward F. Strange (George Allen & Sons, 1908), p. xiv. See the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxiii. The proofs were of "Procris and Cephalus," the first of the plates in *Liber Studiorum* which Mr. Short had set himself to copy.]

² [J. C. L. Sparkes, at that time head-master of the National Art Training School, South Kensington.]

³ [See above, p. 259.]

⁴ [No. 77 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 71, 72 (see below, p. 646).]

⁵ [*The Pleasures of England*.]

To STEPHEN ROWLAND¹

BRANTWOOD, 28th Jan., '85.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is quite true that the Highland Regiments are now probably only half Highland—more's the pity. But their spirit and power is Highland absolutely. You could make nothing in the least like them of any Lowland race. For the Irish, see the Duke of Wellington's own testimony in preface to Capt. Butler's *Far-Out Rovings Retold*.²—Faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.³

BRANTWOOD, 29th Jan., '85.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am deeply obliged to you for telling Miss Melly to forward your lecture to me, and there are, as you felt, many parts in it of immense interest to me: but assuredly it goes over far too much ground for one lecture, and leaves a great deal of what is most important in a state of mist without nucleus.

¹ [Who "sent the original of this letter to the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, to be sold for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the soldiers of the Highland regiments, April 19th, 1900."]

² [Not, however, the Duke's "own": see Vol. XXXIII. p. 23 n.]

³ [From "Ruskin's Attitude to Science" in *St. George*, October 1905, vol. viii. p. 284. Sir Oliver Lodge, having noticed in *Modern Painters* and *Cæli Enarrant* vague hypotheses concerning the causes of the phenomena of clouds, sent a copy of his lecture on "Dust" (*Nature*, vol. xxxi. p. 265) to Ruskin. "Briefly," says Sir Oliver, "the facts concerning cloud and mist globules are that they are not hollow but are drops of water just like any other drops, save that they are small; and that they are falling by reason of their weight, which propels them through the air as fast as aerial friction will allow them to travel. Their rate of fall depends therefore upon their size; when they are big, like raindrops, they fall quickly, because the weight of a growing sphere increases faster than its surface—when very big, like thunder drops, their rate of fall is excessive—and when very small, like fine water-dust, they are only able to settle down slowly; yet always at the maximum speed due to the propelling force of their weight opposed by the friction of the medium in which they are moving; much as finest sand or emery powder settles slowly down in water during the process of 'levigation' with a velocity which for regular shapes without sharp edges can be accurately calculated mathematically on hydrodynamics principles. That clouds sometimes rise or soar in atmospheric space is simple enough, because an up-current, of air can easily carry them up with it faster than they are falling through it. They can ascend *with* the air, but they never ascend *through* the air, nor do they 'float' in the slightest degree. Being 800 times heavier than an equal bulk of air, any idea of floating or of buoyancy is quite contrary to truth, they are *sinking* as fast as they can, though by reason of the fineness of their subdivision and the amount of surface accordingly exposed, their rate of sinking, like the falling of impossibly fine cotton wool or feathers, may be distinctly slow."]

The assertion that water molecules always fall is, as you know, new—and you do not explain how or why or when they *seem* to rise,—you do not *touch* the primary question in the whole matter—what gives a cloud its boundary?—and the attribution of the blue colour of the sky to water instead of air is not only left without proof, but without reference to some marvellous results of Tyndall's a while since, in which he made small firmaments in tubes.¹

May I trespass on you with more of such questions? or is the lecture to be given in some expanded form which I should wait for?—Faithfully and gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE²

BRANTWOOD [January 30th, 1885].

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I am much set up by your wish for more of *Our Fathers*, but it isn't a book to go on with when one's tired. I hope you'll be content, with another *Proserpina* or so first, for I really mustn't lose the flowers this spring. Can any of the girls tell me where a passage is in a rather old lecture, "War," or "Iron," or the like—"Future of England" perhaps—about destructive Power being no power at all, but only that of a dead body or mildew spot?³

Have you Miller's *Mineralogy*,⁴ and could you make anything of a class for the science?—Ever your very grateful
J. R.

To FRANK SHORT⁵

1st February, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,—The Coniston post is early to-day. I'll write at length for to-morrow. I am quite delighted at your good purpose. The plates you do should be those you like best; the only one I entirely plead for is the Chartreuse. I don't believe you could do—or anybody else—the Arveron or Devil's Bridge, but I hope for Ben Arthur—of the rest to-morrow.—Most heartily yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [On these experiments, see Vol. XIX. p. 292.]

² [No. 78 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 73, 74 (see below, p. 646).]

³ [See *The Crown of Wild Olive*, Lecture iii., "War," § 112 (Vol. XVIII. p. 478). Ruskin wanted the reference to the passage for use in *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*: see Vol. XXXII. p. 167 n.]

⁴ [For this book, see Vol. XXVI. p. 272 n.]

⁵ [This and the following letter are reprinted from *The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short, A.R.A.*, by Edward F. Strange, pp. xiv.-xvi.]

[February 2.]

Chartreuse.	Sunset on Beach.
Water Mill.	Raglan.
Grenoble Alps.	Solway Moss.
Inverary Pier.	Holy Island.
Nymph at Well.	Cephalus.
Source of Arveron.	

DEAR MR. SHORT,—The whole series would involve no very ambitious plate, except the Arveron, which, perhaps, would cost you no more trouble than the Ben Arthur, and be more popular. It would give good contrast in the order suggested; but of plates to choose from (putting the hopeless Aesacus and Via Mala aside) there might be still:—

Ben Arthur.	Chepstow.
Peat Bog.	Little Devil's Bridge.
Blair Athol.	Jason.
Lake of Thun.	Isis.
Bonneville.	Windmill.
Calais Pier.	

You might perhaps go up to twenty, if the public encouraged you, which would pretty nearly exhaust the real good of the book. But everything depends on your getting good skill in minute gradation; the Raglan would be good practice.¹—Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Sir THEODORE and LADY MARTIN²

[February, 1885.]

(To SIR T. MARTIN.) She has shown her beautiful sympathy with character in choosing Beatrice, and she may be assured that I am indeed listening with all my heart to every word she will have to say.

(To LADY MARTIN.) I thought I knew Beatrice, of any lady, by heart, but you have made her still more real and dear to me, especially by the little sentences in which you speak of your own feelings

¹ [Of the subjects suggested by Ruskin, Mr. Short executed Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 16, and 19; also "the hopeless Aesacus and Via Mala": see Mr. Strange's Catalogue. By "Nymph at Well" Ruskin means the plate called "Hindoo Ablutions," and by "Sunset on Beach" that called "Mildmay Sea-piece."]

² [From the collection of Ruskin's letters (Nos. 11–13) in Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*, pp. 147–148. "How few of us," she says, in reference to the last extract, "know how to think with such vividness!"]

in certain moments in acting her.¹ You have made me wretched because Beatrice is not at Brantwood. . . . I should like a pomegranate or two in Juliet's balcony.

(*To SIR T. MARTIN.*) You are happy at Llangollen in this season. The ferns and grass of its hills are far more beautifully and softly opposed than on ours.

*To Miss SUSAN BEEVER*²

BRANTWOOD, 7th Feb., 1885.

But you gave my present before, —a month ago, and I've been presenting myself with all sorts of things ever since; and it's not half gone. I'm very thankful for this, however, just now, for St. George, who is cramped in his career, and I'll accept it if you like for him. Meantime I've sent it to the bank, and hold him your debtor. I've had the most delicious gift besides, I ever had in my life,—the Patriarch of Venice's blessing written with his own hand, with his portrait. I'll bring you this to see to-morrow and a fresh Turner.

*To Miss KATE GREENAWAY*³

BRANTWOOD, 8th Feb., '85.

This is quite the most beautiful and delightful drawing you've ever given me, and I accept it with the more joy that it shows me all your powers are in the utmost fineness and fulness, and that you are steadily gaining in all that is best—and indeed will do many things, heaven sparing you and keeping your heart in peace,—more than [have] ever yet been seen—in all human dreams.

I will take real care about the addresses, but I really must have a pretty one for the New House—you don't suppose I'm going to write Frognal, every day of my life. It might as well be Dognal—Hognal—Lognal—I won't! If it is to be, I'll have it printed!!!

¹ [Lady Martin's analysis of Beatrice, in the form of a letter addressed to Ruskin, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for February 1885. Lady Martin refers to Ruskin's letter at pp. 383–384 of Sir Theodore Martin's *Memoir* of her (1900). The article in *Blackwood* was reprinted in *On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters*, by Helena Faucit, Lady Martin, 1885.]

² [No. 158 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 632). For other references to Cardinal Agostini, Patriarch of Venice (1878–1891), see Vol. XXXII. pp. 126, 304, and *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 562. The present was probably a share of the profits of *Frondes Agrestes*.]

³ [The first part of this letter (“This is . . . dreams”) is No. 66 in *Kate Greenaway* (p. 146); and the last part (“I will take . . . printed”) No. 59 in the same (p. 143).]

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.¹

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 9th Feb., '85.

MY DEAR SIR,—Indeed I cannot at all enough thank you for your kindness in writing at such length—the less that I have never been able to get scientific men to answer me in this simple way. But *still* you go too fast for me a little, and it seems to me are too ready to accept ideas without looking at all the points they bear on,—as, for instance, that of Sir W. Thomson that cirri are caused by air-waves—when they are usually the quietest of clouds—and when till very lately we did not know how even sand was rippled by sea-waves (if we do so now).

My own strong opinion is that were they formed by air-waves, we should see both alternation and progression.

But the only way for me is to begin quite at the beginning. May I hope—perhaps once a week—that your kindness would answer for me a carefully limited question—such as, for instance, this?

A thousand feet cube of dry—absolutely—air—at any temperature you choose to take above zero—confined vertically over a cubic foot of water in a close tube, 1001 feet high.

What will become of the water—and by what kind of impulse or motion? and in what time?—Ever believe me, my dear Sir, your faithful and obliged servt.

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, ¼ past 2 P. M., 13th Feb., '85.

Am I busy? Well, you shall hear just what I've done to-day.

7-½ past. Coffee. Read Northcote's Conversations,³ marking extracts for lectures.

½ 7-8. Dress.

8-½ past. Write two pages of autobiography.

¹ [*St. George*, vol. viii. p. 285 (see below, p. 676). In reply to Ruskin's letter above (p. 513), says Sir Oliver Lodge, "I sent him a sort of condensed account of the chief feature of the kinetic theory of gases—the rapid movements of the individual molecules even in stationary air; and further explained the nature of evaporation and of condensation, as due to the same sort of imperceptible but rapid molecular movement and interchange of particles across the superficial boundary separating air and water."]

² [No. 77 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 150 (see below, p. 657).]

³ [Compare Vol. XXXV. p. 215.]

½ 8–¼ 9. Lesson to Jane Anne,¹ on spelling and aspiration. Advise her to get out of the habit of spelling “at,” “hat.”

¼ 9-half-past. Correct press of chapter of *Modern Painters*.²

½ 9–½ 10. Breakfast—read letters—devise answers to smash a bookseller, and please an evangelical clergyman—also to make Kate understand what I’m about, and put Joan’s mind at ease. . . .

Wished I’d been at the Circus. Tried to fancy Clennie³ “all eyes.” Thought a little mouth and neck might be as well besides.

Pulled grape hyacinth out of box, and put it in water. Why isn’t it blue?

½ 10. Set to work again. Finished revise of *M. P.* chapter. Then took up Miss Alex., next number. Fitted pages, etc., wrote to Miss A. to advise her of proof coming. Wrote to Clergyman and Joan and Smashed bookseller.

½ 12. resumed chess game by correspondence. Sent enemy a move. Don’t think she’s much chance left.

1. Looked out some crystals, “Irish Diamonds” for School at Cork.⁴ Meditated over enclosed mistress and pupils’ letter—still to be answered before resting. Query—how?

¼ past one. Lunch. Pea soup.

¼ to two. Meditate letter to Colonel Brackenbury⁵ on the *Bride of Abydos*. Meditate what’s to be said to Kate.

2. Baxter comes in—receives directions for manifold parcels and Irish diamonds. Think I may as well write this, thus.

Wild rainy day. Wrote Col. Brackenbury while your ink was drying to turn leaves—now for Irish Governess, and my mineralogist—and that’s all!

*To the Rev. A. A. ISAACS*⁶

BRANTWOOD, 13th February, '85.

DEAR MR. ISAACS,—How incomparably funny, nice, and providential it is, that one of the persons whom I always look upon as my born and irreconcilable enemies—evangelical clergymen—should send me exactly this most precious gift, in its kind, I ever got in my life!

¹ [See Vol. XXXV. p. xxvi.]

² [For Part ii. of *Cæli Enarrant* (not issued, however), see Vol. VII. p. 141 n.]

³ [Compare Vol. II. p. 527.]

⁴ [See Vol. XXVI. p. 530.]

⁵ [Charles Booth Brackenbury (1831–1890): for a letter to him, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 464.]

⁶ [From *The Fountain of Siena*, p. 27. For the photograph of the fountain sent by Mr. Isaacs, see Vol. XXIII. p. 30 (Plate VII.).]

You can't imagine what a joy it is to me to see this precious fountain with my own eyes. I can get everything done with it that I want, except you properly thanked for it.

I am going to send you (when I find it) a note from a lonely Scottish clergyman at Whithorn, whom I wish you would advise and comfort a little.—Ever yours gratefully,
J. RUSKIN.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*¹

BRANTWOOD [*February 15th*, 1885].

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—The accounts in the *Report*² are my own only; all the regular accounts were presented at the meeting. They are made up by the Treasurer, with my comments, and shall be sent to you, and to the Companions, of course.

Botany!! My dear Chaplain,—I know that girls are taught to cut flowers to pieces—and all the world to pull them, whenever they see them! I wish I could slap their fingers, and break their microscopes. You shall have *such* a lot of things to see through press, if you will make a martyr of yourself, in a day or two.—Ever your loving

J. R.

*To Miss KATE GREENAWAY*³

[1885.]

You're not going to call your house a Villa!? Could you call it Kate's State—or Kitty's Green—or Katherine's Nest,—or Brownie's Cell—or Camomile Court—or Lassie's Leisure—or the Romp's Rest—or—something of that sort?

*To Miss KATE GREENAWAY*⁴

BRANTWOOD, *15th February*, 1885.

I hope you are beginning by this time in the afternoon to be very happy in thinking you're really at home on the Hill, now; and that you will find all the drawers slide nicely, and corners fit, and firesides cosy, and that the flowers are behaving prettily, and the chimneys draw—

¹ [No. 79 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 75, 76.]

² [This may refer either to various accounts in the *Report* for 1884 (Vol. XXX. pp. 77 *seq.*), or to the "Financial History" of St. George's Guild (*ibid.*, pp. 103 *seq.*).]

³ [This extract is No. 58 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 143.]

⁴ [No. 60 in *Kate Greenaway* (p. 143); written on the day before her fitting to her new house at Frognal.]

as well as you. That's a new Pun, all my own—only think! It isn't a very complimentary one—but indeed the first thing to be seriously thought of in a new house is chimneys. One can knock windows out, or partitions down—build out oriels, and throw up turrets—but never make a chimney go, that don't choose.

Anyhow, I'm glad you've settled somewhere—and that I shan't have my letters to direct nobody knows where. And let us bid both farewell to hollow ways, that lead only to disappointment, and know what we're about—and not think truths teasing—but enjoy each other's sympathy and admiration—and think always, how nice we are!

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.¹

BRANTWOOD, February 16.

Some people say I have good command of language, but I have none in the least strong enough to thank you for the time and care you have given me. I trust, however, I shall be able to use the knowledge you give me, in a way that will please you, and enough [to] show my real respect for modern science in its proper function.

But please do me the justice to believe that I did not suppose my question “the most simple possible”—in itself—but simple only in the strict limitation of it—and I *meant* it to be more simple than you read it. I intended to say—but ill expressed myself—*Choose* your temperature, and suppose it permanent, with all the other conditions, and what will be the permanent state of the tube contents?

Your answer tells me many things more than this, and several things entirely new to me—namely, 1st, that quantity of evaporation does not depend on pressure of atmosphere; 2nd, that it *does* depend on temperature, and not on the capacity of air or other gas; 3rd, that the velocity of diffusion gas is like that of a rifle bullet; and others—which I will name in future order. The two curve papers, and all the statements of facts they express, are invaluable to me.

But of all these new pieces of knowledge to me, the most wonderful is that the molecules of a liquid are always in rapid motion—my tacit assumption has always been that they were as motionless, unless affected by external force, as the balls in a heap at Woolwich.

You may imagine, therefore, how entirely staggered and appalled I

¹ [*St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 285–286. Professor Lodge replied to the present letter by diagrams and curves “showing what was happening and giving the state of affairs after the lapse of considerable time.” For Ruskin's citation of Professor Lodge's letter, see Vol. VII. p. 142.]

am at the idea of atoms “jumping out by their own proper motion, or by blows from below, etc.,” and I do not feel capable to go on to the ideas of steam (water vapour) at the freezing point of water, rushing wildly about!

But please observe, I shut you into my tube, that you might, after a certain time, have no “processes going on.” I supposed—(I shall no more venture to say I *suppose* anything)—that, evaporation once carried to the forcible point, and temperature always constant, and pressure precluded, everything would remain static; and I was then going to propose to you—having chosen my thousand feet of height with a purpose—experiments on this stable state of things at different elevations. But please, before doing so, will you put the matter into the form I want for me? I see you give me all the data necessary, and will work out this for myself.

You tell me, all the water will have disappeared. Now I don’t want it all to disappear. Therefore, let me now take temperature constant 32–1000 cubic feet of absolutely dry air, and as many cubic feet of water below as it can absorb, to the point of saturation, leaving still say a cubic foot of water at the bottom. Then, before I come to my experiments, will these mystic motions and rushing about produce any visible further changes to mortal eyes? This is all I ask in the present note.

I answer at once—in gratitude alike, and astonishment; but indeed you have given me enough to meditate on for a month, so only please answer this note at your perfect leisure and pleasure.—Ever your grateful
J. RUSKIN.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.¹

BRANTWOOD, 18th Feb.

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—I am more obliged for your last note than for the rest, because it shows me you can see exactly what I want, and sympathise with my difficulties.

Difference between molecules and globules understood—all that *Cæli* chapter² shall be supplemented and corrected accordingly.

Of the molecular motion I thought yesterday till I was sick and giddy and could eat no dinner. I can’t read any books upon it, nor do I ever concern myself about anything that I cannot see, touch, or feel with my heart. I come to *you* to give me the *facts* of what I COULD see if I chose.

¹ [*St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 286–287.]

² [See, again, Vol. VII. pp. 141, 142.]

Your curve papers are invaluable, and you are so good-natured that I will trespass on you to do for me what I could do for myself,—tell me how many inches cube of water go into a thousand feet cube of air at 32, and when the water and air are settled, will they stay so?

And just this one—it seems to me—natural and logical question about the forms hitherto arrived at for speed of molecular motion. If two molecules were side by side in space, would they repel each other at the rate—of whatever they go at—a mile a second—and go on in opposite directions at that rate for ever?—Ever your most grateful

J. R.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.¹

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 22 Feb., '85.

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—I hope henceforward every Saturday to have my next question ready shaped by the week's meditation—you answering always at any leisure moment, and not answering when busy. The impression I gave you of being too weary was only in the first astonishment of the new piece of natural law to be received and to leaven all I knew before. I cannot at all tell you how delightful it is to me to learn, when my tutor will give time to make things plain to me in my own way.

I have said, my next *question*—but you know every question has its negative and positive pole, and may be considered as at least two-legged, if not tripod, so I venture on two relatives.

A. We have our tube full of air and of water vapour all at 32—the glass or other enclosure—let us say glass, that we may see water being preternaturally kept at 32 all round and up and down and henceforward to be considered always as neutral and passive whatever happens outside or in—in fact, an imaginary and absolutely transparent enclosure.

On the enclosed column, with the water below, I want you now to send sunrays, calorific and luminous, all the lot of them, at an angle of 60, and with a calorific force equal to that of average sunshine at noon—(you must take your own degree, giving your own postulates of condition)—let this action of sunrays be supposed constant —(Joshua stopping the sun as long as we want). Then, what at the end of—whatever time you like, will be the *state* of the (it may be well to use the word in this sense always)—of the tube's contents, and through what processes and appearances?

¹ [*St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 287–288.]

Mercy on us, perhaps I'd better not go on to B, to-day—but you can guess what B *will* be—dropping the temperature ten degrees in the shade.

And will you please keep my letters and number them, as I shall yours?

And will you please tell me the quite right inscription for your address?

And will you please believe me ever gratefully and respectfully yours

J.

RUSKIN.

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD¹

BRANTWOOD, 24th February, 1885.

N. B.—Always date your letters, and like that—not II., 24, 85.

DARLING KATIE,—(I didn't mean to dot the “i” twice—but it's better that than not once—and if anybody reads Kati-é, it won't be much harm). The Society has given me a great delight this morning by the news of its taking me for papa, and sending me all those lovely photographs—and I hope to give you all some pleasure in return, by something I have found to send you for your meeting (before or after seeing the Landseer pictures I suppose you will have a meeting to write the stories at? or begin writing them.—Tell me how it will be arranged). To-day I have had only time to look out a letter of my adopted sister's for you—which contains a beautiful story about a dog. . . . Meantime, two serious words only about your “stories.” When you write fables, try always to make the animals speak, though with *your* words and wit, only from *their* experience and feelings. Don't make a frog talk like a crane, nor a crane like a swallow; in the second and far more important place, when you collect and write down your experiences of animals, be sure you give as far as possible the exact facts—and no more than the facts. Don't attribute to the animals any more cleverness than you are sure of—nor guess their feelings. Say what they *did* with precision, and how they looked and *seemed* to feel—but all as carefully as if you were on oath in a court of justice. And so good-bye for to-day.—Ever your loving Papa—F.L.C.

J. RUSKIN

I copy F.L.C. from your letter, but am ashamed to confess I neither quite know what the first letter is meant for, nor what any of them stand for!

¹ [From “The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin,” by Katie Macdonald Goring, in the *Fortnightly Review*, September 1907, pp. 383–384.]

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F. R. S.¹

BRANTWOOD, 6th March.

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—I am wholly thankful for your new letters, but I have not yet quite got free of incumbrance enough. My tube is to be wholly mythic; it can't congeal dew—or do anything else—for or against you.

It is an ideal tube, separating the air we have to experiment on from what surrounds it. Practically on a perfectly calm day at sea there are 5000 x 5000 such tubes in every square mile—you have only to fancy one cut out—as the corner cut out of a haystack.

And I can't allow you any atoms either! I begin with perfectly dry,—perfectly *moteless* air. Such a thing may not be possible, but it is easily conceivable,—and till you told me of them, I never conceived or heard of any material atoms as influencing formation of rain.

I must meditate over your letter, however, before going on. The part I am working up to is the time and cause of appearance of visible mist, but I don't want to give you one word to read or reply uselessly—only perhaps in the meantime you will tell me how the deposition or fall of the vapour will take place on depression of temperature—on the *condition of no motes*.—Ever your grateful

J. R.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.²

BRANTWOOD, 8th [March].

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—Please, I want my tube shut up at the top, because I'm going to boil the water in it presently, and then heat it white hot, and the ideal tube must have an ideal lid on the

¹ [*St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 288–289: “Of interest,” says Sir Oliver Lodge, “as showing how new and unexpected was the now familiar doctrine that nuclei are needed for the condensation of mist.”]

² [*Ibid.*, p. 290. In this letter “there comes a repeated reference to the blue of the sky, which was a topic mentioned in the first letter, and on this subject therefore I must now say a few explanatory words:—

“The accepted and certain theory concerning the colour of the sky is that it due to the reflexion of light from very small particles, particles so small as to be comparable with the waves of light themselves, so small as to reflect the short waves more than the long ones, and thus to reflect chiefly the light which produces the sensation of blue, and to transmit chiefly the light which appeals to our eyes

top and sides of it, and mustn't think of bursting—*then* your open-topped one will be lovely, but it's too big for me yet.

And I'm still in great molecular agitation myself at the *entirely* new things you have told me about perpetual motion and universal motes, and have got to accustom myself to this notion of the perpetual fidgets of calm water—and the motes even in Athena's blue eyes—the very cause of their blue! Meantime, here's just a little common bit of fact, showing you what I mean by asking what outlines a cloud. This is fair-weather cloud at a height of four thousand feet, coming down, and melting as it descends.¹ It could not be thus fringed unless it were on a mountain—and in contact with it. How does the mountain produce the fringes, and why is the cloud formed there only, not in any part of the rest of the sky? This is all by way of mere rest, for myself, for the straight on pure science—all new to me—must go very slowly.—Ever your gratefulest
J. R.

All that I really *ask* in this letter—straightforward work—is, What substance is the beneficent dust made of, and how does it get up there and stay there?—in consistency with your principle of no heavy thing floating.

as red. So that a source of light seen *through* the atmosphere, like the setting sun, is red or orange, or even crimson; while light reflected from the upper regions of atmosphere, when clear and free from grosser particles or cloud, will be distinctly blue.

"In 1884 it was orthodox to assert that these minute particles were of the nature of fine, or superfine, dust, on the strength chiefly of some experiments of Tyndall's; a sky-blue appearance is familiarly imitated by the undersized fatty globules in skimmed milk, especially in the material sold in towns before the date of municipal enterprise—this milk transmitted a reddish or orange colour while it reflected a sort of sky-blue, by which name it was often disparagingly called. But Mr. Ruskin rebelled against the idea of dust-motes in the upper regions of the air, and especially resented the idea that the clear blue of the sky could be due to anything so gross and terrestrial as dust. Such rebellion of the artistic instinct is never in my judgment altogether to be despised, and in the present instance it has been to a great extent justified by the mathematical discovery of Lord Rayleigh that the discontinuity of *air itself*, due to its atomic structure, is sufficient to cause a very perceptible reflexion of the small waves of light, so that the active particles which are effective in causing the blue of the sky are probably chiefly the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen themselves, without the need for any admixture of even the finest terrestrial dust carried upwards by winds and the like; though it is not to be denied that such ultra fine particles, and even coarser particles occasionally, do get there to some extent, for when dust is shot up by volcanoes the higher and finer powder may give brilliant colours and conspicuous sunset-effects for quite a long period, until it has had time slowly to settle down again."

¹[Ruskin enclosed "a little water-colour drawing of a curious fringed cloud, lying on a forest on a hillside, with fingers of mist all stretching downwards like the teeth of a comb—an appearance for which I had no full-fledged explanation ready."]

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

BRANTWOOD, 14th March.

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—*All* your letters are far more than useful to me, and this little one especially so in its quiet generalisation,—but it will take me some time yet to obtain clearness of conception enough to justify my putting more questions.

I have entirely to arrange—or re-arrange, which is more difficult—all my notions of solution—diffusion—volatilisation—explosion. I have always thought of warm air as sucking up water like a sponge, not in the least of water rising into vacuum, and of gases interpenetrant without consciousness of each other. So again the motion of a given degree of heat in a fixed substance like gold is a totally different thing from the motion of a given degree of heat in a liquid or an essence, and all my notions of latent heat have to be rubbed up into phosphorescence.

Do not think I am ceasing to be interested when I am long in reply.

I am so glad you like to have the little fringe cloud.—Ever gratefully yours,
J. R.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.²

BRANTWOOD, 13th—No—14th [really 16th] March.

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—I *will* venture to-day outside my tube—which is bothering even me a little—hater of all liberty and emancipation though I am—to put my next questions in a more generally applicable or answerable form.

But, please, let us waste no time in hypotheses; I never made but one in all my life, and that was wrong. I only want to know what *is*.

And first in motion. Don't let us mix elements. Ink diffuses in water because it isn't water—the water in the ink's place, which the ink pushed out of it, begins infinite motion, but would not have stirred if you had let it alone? Again, don't let us confuse Heat motion with explosive motion. Perhaps a rose leaf has no scent frozen, but neither can I lift my arm if I'm frozen. But it is not the heat enables me to move my arm, or write this word, nor which gives the rose its smell—and more, none—except on occasion.

¹ [*St. George*, vol. viii. p. 291.]

² [*Ibid.*, pp. 291–292. Professor Lodge in reply objected to Ruskin's "erroneous statements about diffusion."]]

Again. Don't let us confuse condensation of vapour on a cool surface with rain from the cooled vapour on a hot one. I have seen thunder drops almost hiss on heated rock—as one hears hail hiss in the chimney—and my question—inside or outside tube—is concerning the water vapour cooled in itself—falling, in consequence, in small or big (drops?), or anyhow—somehow—it does fall? otherwise than dew.

I will *grant* your motes, for drop centres (though I don't a bit believe in them yet!—except in Tyndall's experiments at the Royal Institution),—but *granting* you your motes to begin with, what is the difference of operation in the producing drops of Scotch mist, or thunder drops as big as a sixpence—or hail stones such as I measured one of, half-an-hour after it had fallen, still five inches and a quarter round?—Ever your gratefullest
J. R.

*To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE*¹

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday, 15th March, '85.*

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I send you [*The Pleasures of*] *Fancy* to-day, most thankfully washing my hands of it, and most earnestly thanking you for all you are doing for me. That [*Index to*] *Fors* must be awful! But it will be thrice the book, *Index* once done.

As for *Our Fathers* being *my* work, it's all very fine! It's *yours*; mine is Political Economy, and Mineralogy, and Ornithology. I'm painting a Peacock's Feather, and putting up a packet of stones for you.—Ever your lovingest
J. R.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY

BRANTWOOD, *17th March.*

And it is your birthday!—and my letter was no good, and I don't know how to give you any wish that you would care to come true,—but I will wish you—every birthday—some new love of lovely things, and some new forgetfulness of the teasing things, and some higher pride in the praising things, and some sweeter peace from the hurrying things, and some closer fence from the worrying things. And longer stay of time when you are happy, and lighter flight of days that are unkind.

¹ [No. 81 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. p. 79.]

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.¹

BRANTWOOD [March 20].

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—Don't ever think of me as an opponent, or controversialist. I come to you simply to learn. I am perfectly ready to believe what you tell me, but in most cases would not like you to think I cannot understand, or will not take the trouble to understand, your proofs,—above all, don't think to deal with any question of physics by logical phrases.

It is as absolutely right to say that a stone sinks in water because it is not water, and that oil floats on it for the same negative reason, as that Englishmen win battles because they are not Frenchmen.

And, so far from *ignoring* your objection to my statements, I here pause till I thoroughly understand you. I thought we had long ago consented to the practical fact that if *these* [small sketch] be globules or molecules of water at the bottom of our tube, they might shake, vibrate, or rise into a vacuum or into air—but that once the top row risen, and the temperature fixed, the rest stayed where they were.—Ever gratefully yours, J. R.

To Miss WALDRON²

BRANTWOOD, March 24th, 1885.

DEAR MISS WALDRON,—The law of England is absolutely one with the moral law in all its enactments respecting parental authority. It certainly would not sanction a compulsory marriage. Obedience, both to God and our parents, means essentially *Love*. Love and honour your Father and Mother,—obey them, in all their just pleasure. But you are yourself wholly responsible for the charge of your body and soul.

The rules of the St. George's Guild are embodied in its vow,³ which I have ordered to be sent you. They are summed in living honestly and usefully.—Ever your faithful servant, J. RUSKIN.

¹ [*St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 292–293.]

² [No. 32 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 92–93.]

³ [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 58 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 419).]

To Miss HELEN GLADSTONE¹

BRANTWOOD, 29th March, 1885.

DEAR MISS H—, I have not promised my presentation² yet; but please look over enclosed case, and tell me what you think of it.

I'm so wild just now because your father won't make *me* Prime Minister for a day, like the Sleeper Awakened.³ Love to M—. She wouldn't come to "help to look after" *me*, would she, if I took the rheumatism badly, or neuralgia, or anything pitiable (without being disagreeable?) of that sort?

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.⁴

BRANTWOOD, 1st April.

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—I trust you have not thought my silence ungrateful;—having got to a sort of fresh start in the subject, I thought it was only my duty to you to make myself acquainted (before I troubled you further) with the present state of scientific theories on the matter; and beginning to look into it, found I must simply recast all my elements of chemistry, which I am proceeding roughly to do—the solidification of hydrogen in 1878 giving me something to think of to begin with!

But, in the meantime, may I now ask permission to know you *yourself* a little better?—what your general work, wishes, prospects, are in science—how far you feel yourself, or compel yourself, to be exclusively scientific—how far you are interested in human, as well as gaseous, nature—how far interested in the Use of science in Education, as an intellectual stimulant, or moral discipline?

Understanding these matters (and assuming you to be young and in fullest ardour of effort), I should take quite different lines of question—according to your answers—and lead you, so far as I had power, into different lines both of teaching and discovery. Whether I asked you, for instance, to look at clouds, or bottle them, would depend wholly on my knowing how far you would enjoy doing this or

¹ [No. 45 in *Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, p. 101.]

² [To Christ's Hospital: see Vol. XVII. p. 418.]

³ [See the "Story of Abu-l-Hasan," who wished to be Caliph for one day, in the *Arabian Nights* (ch. xii. in Lane's ed.).]

⁴ [*St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 293–294. "Ultimately there came this letter, which throws light upon what was, I believe, frequently Mr. Ruskin's attitude, viz., his desire to take in hand and mould according to his own pattern some hopeful and ingenuous youth."]

that. Also, I very practically want to know what range of science your *work covers*;—for instance, may I ask you questions in geology? I have got into a discussion on cleavage with Professor Seeley,¹ but he and I are distinctly opponent in temper and principle, and have to talk through our helmet bars—with you I could get at the facts more easily by far. And are you in command of a laboratory where I can buy things I want—for instance, just now, some pure alumina to make dirt pies with?

And now, for one real question—to begin the new series—quite free of tube. The clearest condition of air I know is that which under certain conditions comes before rain—“the distant hills are looking nigh.”² The best general exponent, on the contrary, of the word mist is the general look of the air on a fine frosty morning.

What is, or is supposed to be, the difference in the state or size of water molecules which render them invisible in the one case, *dimly* visible in the other?—Ever your grateful
J.
RUSKIN.

Please note, *I* am “Professor” no longer. I have resigned my office at Oxford in consequence of the vote on vivisection.³

*To Miss KATE GREENAWAY*⁴

BRANTWOOD, *Easter Day* [April 5], 1885.

Something less stony than the Lamp-post. But I *am* ever so much more stony! Adamantine — Flint-ine — Calcareous — Porphyritic — Sand and pebbly—Salt and Shingly—Washy and weedy.

A hedgehog is also like me—and a Snail—and a mole and a tortoise—and the Dome of St. Paul’s—and the Bells in it, and the—well—Cross on the top of it—as it’s Easter, I’ll admit some Cruciformness in me. But, oh Katie, we’re both cut out with our flower book. Here’s a perfect Primrose of a clergyman brought out such a book of flowers! beats us all to sticks—buds—and roots. I’ve got to write to him instantly and it’s short post.

No, *none* of those fourteen people caught it; but two caught it hot yesterday at Oxford—the Dean of Ch. Ch. and Dr. Acland!

All good of Easter Sun to you.⁵

¹ [H. G. Seeley (1839–1909), F.R.S., Professor of Geology at King’s College, London.]

² A reference to Ruskin’s lecture on *The Storm-Cloud*: Vol. XXXIV. p. 18.]

³ [See, on this subject, Vol. XXXIII. p. lvi.]

⁴ [Partly printed, No. 48, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 136 (see below, p. 657).]

⁵ [At the end, Ruskin signs himself graphically, in succession, as a hedgehog, a snail, etc., etc.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD, *Easter Tuesday* [April 7, 1885].

Ah, just wait till you see! I'm quite crushed! Never knew such pink and blue could be found in Boxes—and not a touch of camomile anywhere! and not a single leaf in an attitude!

Well, those anemones are a thing to tell of! What a heavenly place London might be—if there was nobody in it.

Yes, you SHALL draw the tulip this time—if there's a bit of possible tulip in you—I have my doubts.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.²

BRANTWOOD, *9th April*.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—This has been a very happy, and a singularly *helped* day to me, in manifold ways—in none more than in receiving your beautiful letter, and in recognizing that I have found in you a true staff for my failing steps, and a heart to which I can trust things that mine must soon be at rest from caring for.

But not less that I hope in time to show you grounds for not regretting the apparent loss of those seven years,—the chief one I can tell you at once—that I believe fallow-fieldedness of brain at that time to be almost a necessity for its after-soundness, in men of your vivid temperament.

Be thankful that life indeed began for you at 21. Mine scarcely did, till I was older than you are now,³—and is beginning again now, I believe!

I cannot say more to-day but that in its little material way the *clay* is a *great* delight to me—(and that I also love a Steam Engine!⁴)—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [No. 67 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 147.]

² [*St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 294–295. “I of course sent him the clay asked for; and in my reply, while distinctly indicating that my line of life-work was already chosen, entered on some rather intimate biographical details,—details which must have evoked some feeling in his large heart, for he favoured me with the following delightful letter, of which the concluding sentence—referring to something hazardous which I had said, thinking he would scoff at it—will be a surprise to many.”]

³ [Sir Oliver Lodge was thirty-four at the time of this letter. Ruskin was thirty-four in 1853.]

⁴ [As was shown in the *Cestus of Aglaia*: see Vol. XIX. p. 61.]

To GEORGE ALLEN¹

BRANTWOOD, 15th April, 1885.

I am utterly aghast at hearing the Apennine and Seaweed plates are destroyed. I cannot conceive what I meant by ordering it—whether I found them printing too heavy, or wished to give value to the book I did not intend to reprint, I cannot remember. The Stones in Unrest I destroyed as a failure, Loire-side as a ghost in printing, and Rocks at Rest as a stupidity—but I always liked the Apennine and Aliga—and now hold them the very gems of the Atlas!

Without them, and the Rosa, I am reduced to ten in all for the *Cæli* Atlas, for I cancel the perspective ones as unintelligible and ugly, and keep only the Frontispiece from Vol. iii., plates 36 and 50 from iv., and 63, 66, 67, 69, 70, 71, 72 from Vol. v.²—I really think we must try to get up a couple more between us! Anyhow, I shall have to look over all references and numbers again before printing second *Cæli*,—so I'm going to send Jowett the copy for Protestantism lecture and get that out first. I've had a lot to read and recast for the second *Cæli* besides.³

To the Rev. WILLIAM KINGSLEY

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 21st April, '85.

MY DEAR KINGSLEY,—I think, after all our years of friendship—and on your part of help and kindness to me—you might ask me to look at a boy's drawings without going round by Joanie. But—all the

¹ [This letter refers to an intention which Ruskin had, but did not carry out, of issuing an "atlas" of engravings in illustration of *Cæli Enarrant*, which, if completed, would have gathered together his writings on Clouds and Skies. The "Apennine and Seaweed" (S. Giorgio in Aliga) were Plates 14 and 15 in vol. iii. of *Modern Painters*, engraved by Thomas Lupton: see Vol. V. p. xiv. The "Stones in Unrest," "Loire-side," and "Rocks at Rest" were Plates 81, 73, and 80 in vol. v. of *Modern Painters*. No. 73, etched by Ruskin himself, was for the ed. of 1888 reproduced by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., whose plate has again been used in the present edition; Nos. 80 and 81, by J. C. Armytage, were afterwards re-engraved by G. Cook. The "Rosa" was No. 68 in vol. v.; it was by J. C. Armytage, and was afterwards re-engraved by G. Cook. On this subject, see Vol. III. p. lx. The "perspective ones" are Nos. 64 and 65 in vol. v.]

² [The ten selected Studies of Skies and Clouds were thus to have been "Lake, Land, and Cloud (near Como)," "Crest of La Côte," "Goldau," "The Cloud Flocks," "Light in the West, Beauvais," "Clouds," "Aiguilles and their Friends," "The Graiaë," "Venga Medusa," and "The Locks of Typhon."]

³ [No Second Part of *Cæli* was ever issued; Ruskin's correspondence with Sir Oliver Lodge had shown the need of much reconsideration. A note intended for the Second Part is, in this edition, printed in Vol. VII. pp. 141–143. Neither was the "Protestantism lecture," Lecture v. of *The Pleasures of England*, ever printed by Ruskin: see in this edition, Vol. XXXIII. pp. 505–520.]

more for her pretty messenger's office—shall I be most happy to look at, and think over, whatever you send me.

Meantime, for another matter, in final arrangement of my books, as I would leave them behind me, I am coming on many which I should like my friends to have at once. If you have it not already, may I send you Wood's *Rivers of Wales*?¹ In the prosaic—yet pathetic—earnestness of it, you may sometimes find a memory of places you have cared for, which will give you real, though scornful pleasure.

When *are* you going to make up your mind finally about the glaciers—and repent of that cock-and-bull story you used to tell me of²—the furrow in the rock with the plough left in it!—Ever your lovingest
J. RUSKIN.

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE³

BRANTWOOD, 22nd April, '85.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,—Here are last two of first lot [of books]; I can't do any more to-day; nor can Joanie come on the 1st—her own boys are going to school on that day; but a quite delightful, sympathetic, clever, motherly, children's playmate, and girlish, modish, courtly, children's spoiler, a procession-loving, pathos-loving French lady, with all that's good of English in her too, given by her infinitely good-natured "Dick" of a husband, *can* I believe, and I am sure rejoicingly will, if she can.

Will you write, saying it is by my request, to Mrs. Richard Searle, Home Lodge, Herne Hill, S.E.?—Ever your loving
J. R.

To Mrs. ALLEN HARKER⁴

22nd April, '85.

This is just to say I was very glad of *your* letter, and infinitely amused and pleased by all you did and said and felt at Francesca's,⁵ and rather cross at your having been so vexed at having no letter

¹ [*The Principal Rivers of Wales Illustrated*, by John George Wood, 1813.]

² ["The Bull is a rock as big as a cottage on a slope of volcanic rock, having left a furrow behind, with a heap of detritus in front. The glacier markings are far more distinct in Wales than in Cumberland" (W. K.).]

³ [No. 83 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 82, 83 (see below, p. 646).]

⁴ [From "John Ruskin in the 'Eighties," in the *Outlook*, February 11, 1899. Reprinted in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 566; addressed to the correspondent of letters on pp. 481, 482, 485, above. She had now married, and the honeymoon was spent in Italy, Ruskin having given his friends an introduction to Mrs. and Miss Alexander at Florence. The following letter is to her husband, Mr. Allen Harker.]

⁵ [Miss Alexander.]

from me on your wedding day. Just think at sixty-six how many wedding letters a man who has had lots of girl pets must have had to write, and how well he knows them all to be waste paper, and that more depends on a girl's attending to how much sugar her husband likes in his tea than on all the pious and poetical effusions of her whole dynasty of friends and well-wishers.

But I wrote Allen as nice a letter as I could, and that was much better, and I really hope to have a great deal of joy in you both. Take care of each other and don't tire yourselves in the hot weather, and don't try to admire Tintoret for my sake, but look well at the "Paradiso." I hope the day will come when we shall all be flying about like that, just where we like to.

To ALLEN HARKER

This has been a very happy and helpful day to me, and your letter gives a very lovely rose colour to it all. It is a deep honour and joy to me to be able to add to the hope, for you both, of this beginning of new thoughts and ways, an old man's testimony that this world is as much God's world as the world to come—for those who know how to love.

*To Miss KATE GREENAWAY*¹

BRANTWOOD, 1st May, 1885.

I never was so much pleased with any drawing yet as with this, for it is complete in *idea*, and might become a consummate picture, with very little effort more; nor were ever faces more lovely than those of the central girl and the one on her right hand. You must paint me this some day—in Mays to come, when you're doing all sorts of lovely things at Brantwood, and the books give you no more trouble, and yet bring you in showers of gold like the celandines.

And I'll try not to tease. It's too sweet of you doing this lovely thing for me.

And what pleases me best of all is the beauty of the rhyme. It is higher in rhythmic power and quality than anything I've read of yours, and is in the entirely best *style* of poetry. I believe the half of your power is not shown yet.

You have given me a very happy May Day.

¹ [No. 68 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 147.]

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD¹

May, 1885.

DARLINGEST KATIE,—I want to see *you* again, and the Secretary and the Treasurer, and the—other officials—and Diamond Eyes—and the Shrimper.

Couldn't we have tea and shrimps officially, all together, some day? and I would bring Lily? It's too nice to be possible, I'm afraid.

But I am so glad the "Treasure" is really Founded.

What's *Cyprus* silver? *We must* have pure Silver. I'll send you some native silver to be in the middle of the treasury—and keep you in crosses—small, but pure.—Ever your Imperative

PAPA.

Another time don't leave the poor Park without its K, for want of room,—but put K round the corner

Par

K.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

Whit-Black-Monday [LONDON, May 26, 1885].

I was down to very low tide to-day, and am still but partly rested—still my hand not serving me—the driving about town continually tires me fearfully;—then I get vexed to be tired—then I can't eat because I'm vexed—then I can't sleep—and so it goes on. I've been thinking rather sorrowfully over the Marigold garden,³ which is no garden, but a mystification—the rather that I saw a real Marigold garden at Mr. Hooper's, the wood engraver's, on Thursday, and was amazed. And I mourn over your not showing me things till it's too late to do anything, less or more.

I'm at the saddest part of my autobiography, and think extremely little of myself—then and now.⁴ I was sulky and quarrelled with all life—just because I couldn't get the one thing I chose to fancy. *Now* I can get nothing I fancy—all the world ebbing away, and the only question for me now, What next?

If you could only change souls with me for five minutes!—what a wise Katie you would be, when you got your own fanciful one back again.

¹ [No. 11 in "Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," *Fortnightly Review*, 1907, September, p. 382, October, p. 500. For the reference in "the Shrimper" and "Diamond Eyes," see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxvii. The little girls had proposed to wear "Cyprus silver crosses" as badges.]

² [No. 78 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 150–151.]

³ [*Marigold Garden. Pictures and Rhymes*, by Kate Greenaway (1885).]

⁴ [The diary MS. of *Præterita* (see Vol. XXXV. p. lvii.) shows that Ruskin had been writing the passage about Adèle which appeared as §§ 255 *seq.* of vol. i. (*ibid.*, pp. 228 *seq.*.)]

To FRANK SHORT¹

Whit Tuesday, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,—I trust you won't mind my revision of the rough proof. All you send me is superb; and what on earth puzzles you about the Arveron? Can't you etch it as badly? The main glory of the plate is the redemption of the etching by the mezzo.

Can you be in your etching-room at Kensington to-morrow afternoon between 3 and 4? or say 3, as nearly as may be. If you can, don't trouble to answer. (I may bring Mr. Severn with me, who is deeply interested.)—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

You may take another instead of Inverary—Ben Arthur? or Clyde?

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

BRANTWOOD [June, 1885?].

It is *such* a joy to hear that you enjoy anything of mine, and a double joy to have your sympathy in my love of those Italians.³ How I wish there were more like you! What a happy world it would be if a quarter of the people in it cared a quarter as much as you and I do, for what is good and true.

That Nativity *is* the deepest of all.⁴ It is by the master of Botticelli, you know; and whatever is most sweet and tender in Botticelli he owes to Lippi.

But, do you know, I quite forget about Cordelia, and where I said it!⁵ please keep it till I come. I hope to be across to see you to-morrow.

They've been doing photographs of me again,⁶ and I'm an orang-outang as usual, and am in despair. I thought with my beard I was beginning to be just the least bit nice to look at. I would give up half my books for a new profile.

What a lovely day since twelve o'clock! I never saw the lake shore more heavenly.

¹ [The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short, pp. xvi.–xvii.]

² [No. 114 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

³ [Probably a reference to *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*.]

⁴ [That is, of the four "Lesson Photographs": see *Fors*, Vol. XXVIII. p. 625. Lippi's Madonna is the frontispiece to that volume.]

⁵ [Possibly Miss Beever referred to *Academy Notes*, 1855 (Vol. XIV. pp. 16, 17), or more probably to *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 417.]

⁶ [The date of this letter is uncertain. The year "1885" is suggested by the seeming reference to *Roadside Songs*, and the reference may be to the photograph reproduced as frontispiece to this volume; or the year may be 1882: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 562.]

To the Rev. J. P. FAUNTHORPE¹

BRANTWOOD, 16th June, '85.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,—I am greatly helped and obliged by your notes on *Proserpina*, of which you will see most adopted. I have not worked out your former note on the corrections, but the “beloved” mistake is only that it ought to be “be loved”!²

Can you find for me the meaning of the English word *Horehound*?

What you say of the Rose festival³ is immensely nice, but I don't see why the effort should not have been begun ten years before, as I hoped. My feeling about such things is never that God's way was different from what He showed me, but that the Devil put off *my* way as long as he could. Certainly it wasn't God's way that the poor girl should give all her money to an adventurer instead of St. George, and then have to be separated from him!⁴

The enclosed note from Sheffield enables me to relieve you of the burden of St. Mark's,⁵ which I have never liked leaving to the criticism of London. At Sheffield its use will be seen. Will you kindly at your leisure get Messrs. Foord to undertake its packing?—Ever your loving and grateful
J. R.

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD⁶

BRANTWOOD, 3rd July, '85.

MY DARLING KATIE,—You can't think how much love these five swallows did manage to carry! *I* can't think where to put it,—I'm afraid of its thawing all the ice in the ice-house.

I have been meditating over the Hon. Members very carefully, and it seems to me that you had better not allow the strictly Children's power of the Society to be interfered with or too far extended—and so, weakened.

You see, my dear, children are the Friends of living creatures in a much more intimate way than other people—they understand them

¹ [No. 87 in *Faunthorpe*; vol. ii. pp. 88, 89 (see below, p. 647).]

² [For the correction of this misprint in *Proserpina*, ii. ch. v. § 5 (last line), see Vol. XXV. p. 192.]

³ [The Rose Festival at Cork: see below, p. 647.]

⁴ [See above, p. 338.]

⁵ [Bunney's picture of the West Front, temporarily deposited at Whitelands College, afterwards removed to Sheffield: see Vol. XXX. p. 202.]

⁶ [No. 14 in “Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin,” *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 601.]

all so much better, being little more than—extremely living—creatures themselves. You know, my dear, little girls are not much better than kittens or butterflies, and boys are seldom quite as good as ponies or donkeys; and as for Dogs,—you are for the most part much more under their care than they under yours—(so that one should always say, Gogo's Puck—not Puck's Gogo)—and you can always get into kennels and under tables with them and be friends in a way quite impossible to grown-up old people.

So I think the F.L.C. should be signed only under sixteen,—and then there should be another society altogether, called G.L.C.—Guards of Living Creatures—which should promise not to drown mice, even who ate altar-cloths, but only to give them something nicer to eat.

What did I exactly say about buying slaves?¹ Oh dear, I wish I were rich, and could buy the whole Society, and carry them captive off to Coniston—that they might be *nearer* F.L.C.'s.—Ever your lovingest P.F.L.C. (How am I to pronounce myself?)

I have kept my most important bit of letter for the postscript: Miss Alexander has sent for a gift to the Society a drawing of their little patron saint, Santa Rosa.² I have got it sent off by this day's train.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD, 3 July, '85.

I have a letter from a lady of position, asking how, with others, she could help in putting some stop to those wretched pictures.⁴—What *you* have first to do is to learn to draw ankles and feet, because you are one of the instances the enemy have of the necessity of the nude.

The moment you have any leisure for study—feet—feet—and arms. No more shoes, come what will of it. To the seashore—as soon as may be—until you come to Brantwood.

¹ [The reference is to the following earlier note (No. 13):—

“DARLING KATIE,—Will you please give enclosed to the treasurer? We must have a grand treasury and lay up gold and silver for the purchase of slaves and other expedient expenses. The hire of a well-lighted room, somewhere, may become a very expedient one.—Your lovingest

“PAPA.”]

² [See Plate XXVI. in Vol. XXXII., and p. 316 *n.*]

³ [No. 70 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 147 (see below, p. 657).]

⁴ [A discussion had been proceeding in the public press on pictures of the nude: see Vol. XIV. p. 493.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

[July.]

. . . Please ask Johnnie what colour frozen hydrogen is,² and if transparent or opaque. The rascally chemistry book gives me six pages of bad drawings of machines,—and supplies me with a picture—to aid my imagination—of a man in badly made breeches turning a wheel!—but does not tell me whether even liquid hydrogen is transparent or not,—they only say it is “steel-blue.”

To JAMES MORTIMER³

BRANTWOOD, July 11, 1885.

The books I have directed my publisher to send will, I think, fully represent me to your favourable judgment to the best of my power. I am usually myself only thankful to escape from them to chess. I have no claims whatever to be ranked among chess players any more than among painters properly so called, though I enjoy chess as I do drawing within my limits; and if, indeed, some time you condescended to beat me a game by correspondence, it would be a great delight to me.—Ever your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD⁴

BRANTWOOD, 8th Sept., '85.

MY VERY DARLING KATIE,—I must thank you for all your sweetness with my own hand. I wish I could tell you I was better—the chief sorrow of this suddenly overwhelming illness is in the sorrow of those who loved me and had begun to find help in me.

¹ [No. 71 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 148.]

² [See above, p. 529. “Johnnie” is Mr. John Greenaway, her brother, sub-editor of the *Journal of the Chemical Society*.]

³ [From the *Morning Post*, April 9, 1906, where Mr. Mortimer says: “The regrettable death of Sir Wyke Bayliss recalls to my memory that he and I were fellow competitors in the British Chess Association Tournament of 1885, when I had the good fortune to win the Ruskin prize, Sir Wyke Bayliss being second. Mr. Ruskin had only promised one of his books to the winner, but he very generously sent me his complete works, accompanied by an autograph letter which I carefully preserve, together with one written to me by Charles Dickens, a few days only before his death, in June 1870. Mr. Ruskin’s letter is before me as I write. After a sarcastic allusion to his own poetry (‘originally printed against my wishes, and I turn it out of all my friends’ houses if I can’) he says” (then follows the letter as given above).]

⁴ [No. 15 in “Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin,” *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 602.]

I send you back your rosebud with the most grateful and tender kiss that can be. You may at least remember with gladness throughout your life how kind you were to your old and sick friend.—Your most deeply grateful
J. RUSKIN.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.¹

BRANTWOOD, 23rd Sept.

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—The illness which has struck me this year ends all my hope of ever applying myself again to careful scientific work. But it seems to me that the admirable explanatory letters which I owe to your kindness ought not therefore to be lost. I therefore return them, thinking that they may be of use in the hands of some happier pupil—or save you trouble in book-compilation. To me they were invaluable, in their clearness and fulness—nor among the many regrets which surround me now is there one (in its kind) more acute than that of abandoning the investigations in which I had found such guide-ship.

If the papers are useless to you, the memory of your kindness may at least be pleasantly revived by them. My own gratitude can only express itself in the most earnest wishes for your welfare in all things—in the new world which all this marvellous science is revealing—and creating.—Ever—for what time may be left me—your loving friend,
JOHN RUSKIN.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.²

BRANTWOOD, 25th Sept.

DEAR AND MOST KIND FRIEND,—Your letter is such a balm and joy to me that I could fancy myself well again as I read it—nor indeed am I without hope of recovering health enough at least to sympathise still in the work of others, and to be interested and happy in the world for a few years more. But this last illness has been different from the preceding ones. They only left me weak, but quite myself. This one has left behind it distinct injury—a feeling, not of the pleasant weakness of new life which means true recovery,—but of persistent illness,—feebleness of thought—and feverish disturbance of the nerves.

¹ [From "Ruskin and his Life Work," by Sir Oliver Lodge, in *St. George*, January 1906, vol. ix. p. 2.]

² [*Ibid.*, pp. 2-3.]

Supposing that these symptoms were subdued, they are yet a most solemn warning to me that my strength—such as may remain to me—must no longer be spent in any vanity of personal exertion, but husbanded for what good I can yet be, in returning thanks and love to those who love me.

Indeed, one of the most painful conditions of this illness is the sense of having done nothing well or completely in past life. Please tell me, just with a word or two of *clue*, what you mean by saying I have been useful to you—I can't conceive how.

No, it is not for *Præterita* that I leave the clouds. That gave me no trouble; though now I have no *heart* to go on with it—what is already written may be printed as it stands.¹ But the reading I went into after you showed me how little I knew, convinced me that I could not do anything more in science—and it was one of my first duties to place your most valuable letters in your hands. I must not say more to-day than that. I will write again soon if I am the least better.—Your grateful and loving
J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

BRANTWOOD, 1st October, '85.

DEAREST CHARLES,—I am certainly better, and at present steadily gaining, bearing the burden of idle hours in the thankfulness that I am myself no longer a burden to poor Joanie. But she insists on the idleness, and will not let me write—but only dictate, and truly it will be better for you to have in her hand the rest of this note.

In the looking over the neglects of my past life, I found a lovely letter of yours of 1882, about the Cathedral of Pisa, giving evidence of the façade being meant to incline forward. Neglected alike in that year, the result of Signor Boni's examination,³ which I suppose he has written out—of course it is lost; but I'm going to ask him this question about the façade. The letter goes on very sadly about the "victory of materialism," and the distant hope of a revival in a thousand years, of all that you and I have cared for—only the Alps to be let go in the meantime!

¹ [Happily Ruskin was still able to publish twenty-four more chapters of *Præterita*: for the dates, see Vol. XXXV. p. lxxxiv.]

² [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 387. No. 213 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 208–209 (see below, p. 692).]

³ [In 1882 Signor Boni was at Pisa with Ruskin, and made various drawings and measurements for him: see Vol. XXXIII. p. xliii.]

I believe the despondency, caused by their own natural, as it seems, sympathy with the scorn of their beauty, by the perishing of their snows, has borne a great part in the steady depression which has laid me open to these great illnesses. If only the Mont Blanc that you and I saw from St. Martin's that morning¹ was still there, I would set out on a slow pedestrian tour, and expect you to meet me there! As it is, I can't find *anything* to amuse me, or to bring to any good in my old geological work; but I don't believe in any "victory of materialism." The last two years have shown me more spirituality in the world than all my former life.

Enough for to-day.—Ever your lovingest

J. RUSKIN.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.²

BRANTWOOD, 2nd Oct.

DEAR PROFESSOR LODGE,—Your letter has been of the greatest use to me that I think ever a friend's letter was,—for it just soothes me where I am sorest—in the thought that all the work of my best years on political economy was made useless by the vanity which gave *Munera Pulveris* its pretentious form, and in letting my own fancies or feelings free, left *Fors* no force at all. I am wearily ashamed of all, now—I don't suppose there ever was a creature who wanted so much to live life over again—and this letter of yours is almost the only one that ever gave me hope of being understood in the future, at least in my meaning and purpose, however foolishly expressed or attempted. For all you say of me is true, but, with what your own truth has seen in me of true, how differently I might have succeeded, if I had but, in meekness and patience, tried to persuade men, each according to his place and light, and learned from each the difficulty in his way.

I am still getting better, though very slowly. Perhaps I may get something of this Apologia set down in *Præterita*³ if I live to finish it, but if only a few readers like you took up those ideas of value and labour, and put them into any acceptable and intelligible form, I shall be thankful to be spared to see *that*—if I never myself wrote word more.—Ever your grateful friend,

JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [In 1856: see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 522.]

² [*St. George*, vol. ix. p. 3. "It was on account of his dreary fit of despondency that I exerted myself to get up a memorial signed by his admirers throughout England." There are some letters referring to this below, pp. 558, 559; the memorial itself is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 733.]

³ [This, however, was not done.]

To Mrs. W. W. FENN¹

BRANTWOOD, 9th Oct., '85.

DEAR MRS. FENN,—I must not let this week end without assuring you of my gratitude to your good husband for his new book, and his old ones, and more than all, his example, with yours, in showing me how to bear illness and privation as it should be borne.

Not that I shall ever be like him or you in gaiety or courage. I dread pain, and vex myself like the spoiled ways of naughty children. But I have had a lesson this time, and am just now only learning how much you have yourself had to conquer and to endure!

But the main thing I have to say is that you must *not* let the booksellers rob you any more. Of course I see that Mr. Fenn enjoys writing the tales, and to get them so nicely printed and your sixty or seventy guineas besides would be something, if it were not a shame to let the rogues swindle you so. But to have them well in hand another time, Mr. Fenn must take more trouble with his text. The stories are all ingenious and attractive; but they want trimming, and the discussions as to whether it was fancy, or mesmerism, or electricity, or spirits, or telepathy, or dreams, or sense, or nonsense, ending always with, "I only state the facts," are mere cumber to a book in which the reader sees from the beginning that facts are the last things he is likely to get.

The stories need to be shelled of all that, like green-pease or green-chestnuts, and they need retouching here and there with fresh ears and mind after laying by for a while. They are worth taking pains with, and once properly shelled and a little more boiled (I think of nothing much at present but my dinner), you would have the bookseller on or in his marrow-bones for them. You would get a good sum down on every hand.

Joan's love. I can't write any more to-day.—Ever your grateful

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON²

BRANTWOOD, 20th October, '85.

DEAREST CHARLES,—I am so very glad you have got those letters to edit.³ Carlyle is entirely himself when he stops talking of

¹ [*Chambers's Journal*, October 2, 1905, p. 647. See above, p. 330.]

² [No. 214 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 209, 210.]

³ [*Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, edited by C. E. Norton, 1886. Ruskin, however, was by no means pleased with Mr. Norton's prefatory attack upon Froude: see below, p. 569.]

himself; but I totally disagree with you about the wife letters being sacred. . . .

I can't give you my letters, because I must use them in autobiography.¹ I use very few of anybody's—the purpose of the book being simply to say how I got my knowledge of art and principles of—Economy! There may be a post-mortem examination of my loves and friendships.

I have got back some interest in things I used to care for, and am looking a little into things I didn't. Do you happen—or does anybody at Harvard, know where there's a human book (not a scientific one) on crabs, and shrimps?² The Dragon's out, or I should never have got all this written.—Ever your lovingest
J. R.

To HOLMAN HUNT

BRANTWOOD, 21 Oct., 1885.

MY DEAREST HUNT,—I was never more thankful for anything than for this letter of yours, assuring me of your recovery from that deadly strain, and of being able to look forward to this world still as well as the next. Every word you say of your illness shows me that we have rightly understood its warning, and gives me the best and brightest hope for your future. My own illness has more shaken than hurt me, but the shake has loosened joints and jarred fibres, and I have not energy yet to think much nor nerve enough to face much; but I am more interested and earnest than ever about all we both care about, and very deeply thankful that you can now more trust in sympathy.

None of you in the beginnings of days in the least understood my methodical and canonical ways of the old school, nor was it in the least in my course of work to commend myself to you.

But the quantity of Fate and of mean adversity that has entangled us all and swamped the smaller craft, who ought to have been useful to us, is beyond all telling now, but I think “there is time to win another battle,” as Napoleon said at Marengo (Friedrich's Torgau³ was won at midnight with half his army lost). At present the one thing you have to do is, to rest yourself and secure a staff of mounters and colourmen. . . .

¹ [Ruskin did not in *Præterita* give any detailed account of his intercourse with Carlyle, but he had set apart Carlyle's letters, and they have been printed in the present edition: see General Index. See also the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. xcvi. n.]

² [For some later remarks on this subject, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 587.]

³ [For the battle of Torgau, see Carlyle's *Friedrich*, Book xx. chap. v. For Napoleon and Dessaix at Marengo on the possibility of retrieving the fortunes of the battle, see Alison's *History of Europe*, vol. v. p. 379.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

ST. SUSIE, 27th November, 1885.

Behold Athena and Apollo both come to bless you on your birthday, and all the buds of the year to come rejoice with you; and your poor cat² is able to purr again, and is extremely comfortable and even cheerful “to-day.” And we will make more and more of all the days, won’t we, and we will burn our candle at both beginnings instead of both ends, every day beginning two worlds—the old one to be lived over again, the new to learn our golden letters in. Not that I mean to write books in that world. I hope to be set to do something, there. And what lovely “receptions” you will have in your little heavenly Thwaite, and celestial teas! And you won’t spoil the cream with hot water, will you, any more?

The whole village is enjoying itself, I hear, and the windows and orphans to be much the better for it, and altogether, you and I have a jolly time of it, haven’t we?

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE³

BRANTWOOD, 29th December, 1885.

DARLING M—, Bless you? Blest if I do; I’ll give you absolution, if you come and ask it very meekly, but don’t you know how I hate girls marrying curates? You must come directly and play me some lovely tunes—it’s the last chance you’ll have of doing anything to please me, for I don’t like married women; I like sibyls and children and vestals, and so on. Not that I mean to quarrel with you, if you’ll come now and make it up. If you can leave your father at all—sooner or later by a day or two doesn’t matter, or a day or two out of what you have left (I had rather you waited till crocus or anemone time, for we’re about ugliest just now). As for F—, she was a horrid traitress, but *you* have been very faithful to me through all my wicked sayings about papa⁴ (I can tell you there would have been a word or two more if you hadn’t been in

¹ [No. 80 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

² [Here *Hortus Inclusus* adds “J. R.” by way of note (compare above, p. 292, and below, p. 566). “To-day” was, of course, Ruskin’s motto.]

³ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 87–88.]

⁴ [On this subject, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. pp. lxxviii. *seq.*]

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the way). As for the poverty and cottage and all the rest of that nonsense, do you think you'll get any credit in heaven for being poor when you fall in love first? If you had married a conscientious Bishop, and made *him* live in a pig-stye—*à la bonne heure!*—Ever your loving and too forgiving
ST. C.

1886

[Ruskin's main work this year was *Præterita*, but in the summer he was again laid prostrate with brain-fever.]

To FREDERICK HARRIS¹

BRANTWOOD, *January 2, 1886.*

DEAR MR. HARRIS,—I am quite astonished at the rapidity and delicacy of your work. I hope much from you, but you must bear the pain of working in *faith* a little longer. I neither meant nor hoped for anything so elaborate as this. You may always be perfectly certain that I know the time work takes. I do not ask for more than is easily possible in the time. BUT—and this is a sorrowful but—you, like other Government Masters, have been taught to draw mechanically, but never *accurately*. Take a lens of moderate power, examine the circle over left-hand arch filled by two squares, and the central small arch. Having examined them, draw both as well as you can—each of them an inch across, in the inside—in sepia, enlarging the photograph exactly.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Return photo with your present drawing unaltered, and the new ones. No hurry.

To ALBERT GOODWIN

BRANTWOOD, *8th Jan., '86.*

I'm just wild with delight over these books. Do you know, you've sent me a lot of exactly the most precious to me, which you didn't before, Genevas, Annecys, and Chambéry's, exactly what I want for reminiscence now fading in myself. And in the spring of reaction after that deadly despondency I enjoy them in their pure artistic quality more than ever I did—and as if I were young again. Which is the *right* way. We are only ourselves when we are full up—all

¹ [One of a series of letters (No. 13) addressed to an artist and drawing-master. Printed from a circular headed "Professor Ruskin's Testimonial to Mr. Frederick Harris." For the testimonial and further particulars, see below, pp. 662 *seq.*]

despondency is devil's doing. Don't let me catch you drawing smoky skies any more;—men *must* be wretched sometimes—but let them hold their peace when they are.

I wrote thus far in the mere gladness of getting the books again, before reading a word of your letter, which is all more and more delightful.

You are entirely right in all you are planning and doing, and the exhibition will make its mark at once.¹ Can't write more to-day; it's a dangerous excitement.—Ever your most grateful J. R.

Love to Ivy, and tell her I want her to come and clasp me.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE²

BRANTWOOD, 13th January, 1886.

MY DEAR M—, I am sending you to-day some drawings by Miss Alexander, which I think you will all like to look at; but I suppose H—is with you, and I want her to take back to Cambridge, in gift to her college, the two of the *Superiora* and her girls, and the text of their history.³ In the course of the spring I shall want the text copied for publication, and will borrow the drawings to photograph.

The light landscape drawing of girls at a fountain⁴ is a present to Girton—promised in the *Songs of Tuscany*. This is my own; but the *Superiora* and her story still belong to Miss Alexander; but as she is my “sorella,” I practically give them away.

I couldn't answer your last letter without being disagreeable. I didn't mean, and never have thought, that girls were higher or holier than wives—Heaven forbid. I merely said I liked them better; which, surely, is extremely proper of me.—Ever your loving J. R.

To Sir JAMES A. PICTON⁵

BRANTWOOD, 13th January, 1886.

DEAR SIR JAMES,—I must have been ill past cure, if I had forgotten either you or your most instructive books. But for the

¹ [An exhibition of Mr. Goodwin's drawings at the Fine Art Society's rooms in May 1886: see Vol. XXX. pp. 161, 178.]

² [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 89–90.]

³ [For this gift to Newnham College, see Vol. XXXII. p. 48.]

⁴ [See Plate XVII. in Vol. XXXII. (p. 186), and for the promise to present the drawing to Girton, *ibid.*, p. 183 n.]

⁵ [From the *Life of Sir James A. Picton*, by J. Allanson Picton, M. P., 1891, p. 375. For the “instructive books,” see above, p. 491. In line 5, “brooks” is here a conjectural correction for “books.”]

subject of your present letter,¹ I must reply that the only cathedrals I care for in England are her mountains, and the only facts I trust her brooks—that she can't now build a cathedral if she would, and shouldn't till she has unbuilt nearly everything else on her ground.—Yours faithfully and gratefully,
J. RUSKIN.

To R. C. LESLIE²

BRANTWOOD, 18th Jan., '86.

MY DEAR LESLIE,—I am so very thankful to hear from you, and see your pretty hand, and hear that you have done this nice book! I was fearfully knocked down by this last illness, or your lovely notes on Turner³ would have been out by Christmas. I hope to send you proofs in a fortnight or so—I had them in hand to meditate over only yesterday. I can't think of a title straight off—all my own titles have to wait till they are tumbled into my head:⁴ but it seems to me something about Spray would be nice, or Gleams of Spray, or Breeze and Spray—I'll try "Foam" before I go to sleep to-night, and Beach and Sand.

I was very sorry you gave up your book⁵ with Lollie Hilliard. It would have been ever so much better than the other. I'm going to bother you about it still.—Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

To F. S. ELLIS⁶

BRANTWOOD, January 18th, 1886.

DEAR ELLIS,—Your pathetic note has lain beside me. I could not at first answer, for I was very ill,—but this sweet spring sunlight on the moor cheers me, and makes me feel as if we both might rejoice in spring days again. But I am recovering very slowly from the depression of this last illness, and can only say, that I am ashamed of having been sad.

¹ [The proposed cathedral for Liverpool.]

² [The "nice book" is *A Sea Painter's Log*. Mr. Leslie had asked Ruskin to suggest a title.]

³ [Published in *Dilecta* (September 1886): see Vol. XXXV. pp. 571 *seq.*]

⁴ [As, for instance, in the case of *Arrows of the Chace*: see Vol. XXXIV. pp. xxxix., xl.]

⁵ [*Old Sea-Wings*, afterwards completed: see Vol. XXXIII. p. 218 *n.*]

⁶ [No. 42 (the last) in *Ellis*, pp. 75–76.]

But please write and tell me you also are gaining, and what the illness was which has taken you from the work in which you seemed so happy.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY

BRANTWOOD, 26th Jany., 1886.

MADAM,—When you did me the grace of writing to me with your own hand—now too long since—I was in a state of melancholy and anxiety, which I was justly ashamed to confess; but which rendered me incapable of replying to your kindness with any hope, or worthy thanks. Gradually, my sickness has left me, and though still forbidden to occupy myself on any of the subjects of thought that chiefly interest me, I may, and must, rebel so far as again to permit myself the joy of hearing from good Sir Robt. some occasional word of you and your children. In the notes of my early life, of which I shall soon bind the 1st volume in the hope that your Royal Highness may permit its presentation to you, if ever you glance at it, you may see with perhaps some amusement how little I have been accustomed to write to Princesses. Yet I felt myself in so solemn and true a Fairyland when you took me into that study at Claremont, that I could find courage to write to *you*, sometimes, of the things that deeply interest me in this outer world of mine. I take, for instance, courage at once to ask you to accept a dress which our poor St. George's cottage spinners of the Isle of Man¹ have spun for you, in the trust that your Royal Highness may give their love and reverence the delight of thinking that you will wear it. I ask this for them, thinking of their feelings chiefly. But it will be an incalculable help to them also in their effort to bring back the simple ways and gains of their old homes. If you let Sir Robt. say to me it may be sent, no Christmas benediction will have been brighter or more helpful to them.

To-day I am sending also to Sir Robt.'s care the volume of *Roadside Songs*, of which, with your kind Mother, you honoured my sorella Francesca and me by looking over the first proofs of the illustrations. All the impressions in this volume have, of course, been chosen for it, and I thought you would like to have it bound as Miss Alexander bound the original prose MS. of it for me.

In trust to your forgiveness, and in truest prayers for your happiness with your children, I am, Madam, your Royal Highness's loyal and faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [For "St. George's Mill" at Laxey, see Vol. XXX. p. 330.]

To Professor J. S. BLACKIE¹

BRANTWOOD, 27th Jan., '86.

DEAR AND REVERED FRIEND,—Is it indeed you that speak to me again, after these many years? *I* often see *your* face—in dear memory—but am very thankful for this word, and that you care at all for word or thought of mine in such matters.

But I wonder somewhat at the question! First, as an unflinching Tory, my entire idea of Kingship is founded on the figures of Atrides and Achilles—and of its duty on the scorn implied in the epithet δημοβόρος.² My conception of the glory of virginal womanhood is founded on Athena—and Briseis—on Chryseis and Nausicaa;³ my conception of household womanhood on the restored Helen, Arete and Penelope; of household order and economy on Ulysses' anger at the suitors and at his own maid-servants for wasting his goods, and that in disorderly life. The glory of all good workmanship is in the ideal of Vulcan; and surely all believing on true political economy is summed in the lines (forgive me for numbering from Pope) 90–175 of the seventh *Odyssey*. Finally, the picture of Laertes among his vines begins and sums all I have said and meant about rural labour.

I was, of course, in my note to the *Telegraph*⁴ as short as possible, but in *Præterita*, at the proper place, I shall explain that my own political economy is literally only the expansion and explanation of Xenophon's—and Xenophon's, simply Homer's in lowly and daily practice.—Ever, dear Professor Blackie, yours most respectfully and affectionately,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To LADY MOUNT-TEMPLE

BRANTWOOD, 31st Jan., '86.

I am very thankful for that little word about Araceli,⁵ for, though I had made my mind up how I would treat the Autobiography, and

¹ [Whom Ruskin had first met in 1853; see Vol. XII. p. xxxv. For other references to him, see Vol. XIV. p. 286, Vol. XXVII. p. 15 *n.*]

² [*Iliad*, i. 231: see, on the epithet, Vol. XVIII. p. 101, and Vol. XX. p. 108.]

³ [For the Homeric conception of Athena, see *Queen of the Air* (Vol. XIX.); Chryseis, above, p. 327; Nausicaa (*Od.* vii. viii.), Vol. XVIII. p. 117; for the "household womanhood" of "the restored Helen," see her lament over Hector in *Il.* xxiv.; Arete (*Od.* vii. viii.), Vol. XVII. p. 226; Penelope, Vol. XVIII. p. 118 (and General Index); for the "ideal of Vulcan," Vol. XIX. pp. 65, 305; and for "Laertes among his vines" (*Od.* xxiv. 219 *seq.*), Vol. V. pp. 236, 249.]

⁴ [The reference is to the letter published in the *Daily Telegraph*, January 18, 1886, where Ruskin says that his political teaching is that of Homer: Vol. XXXIV. p. 589. In *Præterita* as hitherto published, the subject was not dealt with; but see now Vol. XXXV. p. 533.]

⁵ [Ruskin had sent proof-sheets of ch. ii. in vol. ii. of *Præterita*: see Vol. XXXV. p. 277.]

was resolved not to take advice about it! my law being that I would write what either I had pleasure in remembering or felt it a duty to remember; and though the plan of it, so traced, has come, I think, very beautifully, still I felt that many fine spirits and deep hearts would think me too open with sacred things, and that I ought simply to have told the public my public (virtually) life and the course of intellectual study which produced my books; but I determined that the book would be, on the whole, more useful if it showed the innermost of me, and I hope it will be very pretty in some places—but this little word of yours may perhaps let me dwell for another instant or two on what I have at present just told—and no more—at Rome. The chapter is headed Rome; it would have been headed Araceli, but that title is already given to the chapter of *Our Fathers have Told Us*.¹ Here’s a letter of Sorella’s, just come, which I think you and Grandpapa will like to read.

To Miss MARION R. WATSON²

8th Feb., '86.

But what is this new thing I hear? That you are lazy! I thought you played tennis all day—and did lessons before breakfast and after tea! I do think tennis nice—but—now this is quite serious, and I want you to tell the other girls—I don’t like *any* ardently competitive games, in which young people are proud of victory, except only cricket—I haven’t time to say why I except that. But I would far rather see girls playing well at ball than tennis—every one having their part in helping, not defeating. The pretty play of the rest—throwing the ball far and high—and I swiftly following ball with ball round wide circles and so on—and I should like them all to become—all who have sharp ears and pretty feet—exquisite dancers—practising constantly slow and fast dancing to all manner of music, and some singing while the others danced, so as to make themselves

¹ [See Vol. XXXIII. p. 191.]

² [From “Ruskin and Girlhood: Some Happy Reminiscences,” by L. Allen Harker, in *Scribner’s Magazine*, November 1906, p. 562 (No. 3); the letter is addressed to a cousin of Miss Lizzie Watson (Mrs. Allen Harker). To the letter as there printed, there was appended (1) the following passage from an earlier letter to Miss Lizzie Watson:—

“I wonder, after this long term at College, whether there would be any possibility of mama bringing you and T. (and Bee if catchable) to *see* what Brantwood looks like; I shall be here all the year, and it would make intermediate day brighter for me if I had the hope of seeing the two of you, or the three, playing tennis on *my* tennis ground—engineered out of the hill-side for the sake of fairies of your order.”

(2) Another letter, of a later date (April 5, 1887), to Miss Marion Watson: see below, p. 589. “T” refers to her pet name (see below, p. 660 *n.*.)]

independent of “bands.” And they should make themselves good runners, not by running races, but by each running without distressing themselves, a greater distance by ever so little each (fine) day. And if you’ll come to Brantwood you can learn rowing and climbing, and—one or two things besides, perhaps, from the bookshelves, and the mineral cabinets.

To FRANK SHORT¹

10th February, 1886.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Now for goodness’ sake take care of your eyes, and your lungs, and your stomach, and we will have such lovely times. I never read anything with such delight as all you tell me; and, of course, the first proof of Chartreuse—and much more the sketch—must be better by worlds than the spotty last phase,² and we’ll have native copper dug for us on Lake Superior—and we’ll do the great St. Gothards and Tivoli and Courmayeur, and I hope to live to be eighty, and feel I haven’t lived in vain—if you keep well and happy at it. Can’t write more to-day, but will the moment the proofs come.—Ever yours gratefully,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD [Feb. 15, 1886].

You never did anything more lovely than the little flowers to the poem, and the poem itself is most lovely in its outflow from the heart. I am very thankful to have set the heart free again—and I hope that your great genius will soon have joy in its own power.

To Sir R. H. COLLINS, K.C.B.

BRANTWOOD, 16th Feb., ’86.

DEAR COLLINS,—Your note makes me very happy, as you must know that the Duchess’s did a fortnight since,—and it made me think that perhaps she would like me to go on writing to her as a friend.

¹ [From *The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short*, A.R.A., pp. xvii.–xviii.]

² [To like effect, Mr. Rawlinson says that the Grand Chartreuse “is one of the plates of the *Liber* which would have been far more attractive had Turner allowed them to remain as they were at the first stage of the Engraver’s Proofs. These have a quiet beauty and harmony which is lost in the later stages, owing to the number of small lights which Turner at the last moment added all over the plate” (*Catalogue of Liber Studiorum*, ed. 2, p. 131). The drawing is in the National Gallery.]

³ [No. 83 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 152.]

She knows I am no Radical nor Liberal, but I should like to be allowed to write to her easily—and that she sometimes answered me at ease. Tell me first your own feeling on the matter, and whether you would advise me to write to her and ask this. I shall not be disappointed if you say, Better not.—Ever your affectionatest
J. R.

To FREDERICK HARRIS¹

Feb. 17th, 1886.

MY DEAR HARRIS,—I am glad you like to please me, and I am interested in you, but whatever any of my pupils do only *does* please me so far as it advances themselves, or helps me in helping others. I think you may become a most vital centre of teaching in connection with mine.

But it is not in the least to please myself that I ask you to write well. The habit of fine curve and straight line, and orderly doing, is of the greatest use to you as an artist. Never write an unnecessary word, and always write it carefully and prettily.

Certainly this first attempt is not a triumph; try again. There is scarcely anything to be done to the little drawing, and I cannot write more to-day, prettily or otherwise; better begin on the big one.—Ever most heartily yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

20th February, 1886.

I haven't had anything nice to send you this ever so long, but here's a little bird's nest of native silver which you could almost live in as comfortably as a tit. It will stand nicely on your table without upsetting, and is so comfortable to hold, and altogether I'm pleased to have got it for you.

To H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY

BRANTWOOD, *23rd Feb., '86.*

MADAM,—I did, partly, know that I might write to you—but my question to Sir Robt. meant, Might I write when things came into my head, without looking for my best pen? Luckily, this morning I have one that anybody who could manage a pen at all could write with—a little scratchy perhaps, but on the whole what I suppose

¹ [From the printed *Professor Ruskin's Testimonial to Mr. Frederick Harris* (see below, p. 664, No. 18).]

² [No. 81 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

people who ask me for contributions to penny magazines call “my elegant pen.”

And I do want very much to tell you what delight your acceptance of the homespun will cause—in many a home besides our Manx ones.¹ For I have been more than surprised myself to find how much happier the old spinners are for the sense of occupation, and, in being happier, how the dignity and temper of their life redeem themselves from the dullness, not to say malice, of gossiping and listless days.

I wanted also to ask your Royal Highness to be assured of the economical rightness of the principle. Half of the present distress and social disturbance of Europe has been caused by the building of vast mills to make a million of stockings in an hour—while the barefoot peasant has no money to buy them with, and is never taught to make them herself.

I am sending you to-day a little sketch by my best of pupils—Lilias Trotter²—of the inside of our Dame’s school. I was rather shocked at first by seeing what I thought was a game at cards going on upon the floor, but was told that was the way they learned the alphabet—and I *am* shocked by seeing one of the children stretching, on the left. I think Miss Lilias must have put it in for variety of attitude—for *I* never saw any of our children do anything so naughty. But the diligence of the rest is pretty—the oldest, in the middle, is my little wood-woman,³ who comes down to Brantwood every day to gather my sticks after I chop them, and to learn to play upon the Bells, which are my own favourite instrument—a chime of Four—Five for the more skilled musicians! The knitting and sewing in this little school is already exemplary, their arithmetic far beyond *me*. I hope you will like the little drawing enough to allow it a corner near you—the kind of pride the children will have in hearing of their being at Claremont will be ever so good for them.

I must not try my privilege further to-day than by saying that whether in haste or leisure I am your Royal Highness’s loyal and affectionate servant,

J. RUSKIN.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER⁴

BRANTWOOD, 1st March, ’86.

Yes, I knew you would like that silver shrine! and it *is* an extremely rare and perfect specimen. But you need not be afraid in

¹ [For Ruskin’s attempt to revive hand-spinning in the Isle of Man, see, again, Vol. XXX. p. 330.]

² [For whom, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 280.]

³ [“Jane Anne,” for whom see Vol. XXXV. p. xxvi.]

⁴ [No. 82 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

handling it; if the little bit of spar does come off it, or out of it, no matter. But of course nobody else should touch it, till you give them leave, and show them how.

I am so sorry for poor Miss Brown, and for your not having known the Doctor.¹ He should have come here when I told him. I believe he would have been alive yet, and I never should have been ill.

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD²

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 15th March, '86.

DARLINGEST KATIE,—Nothing can be nicer than the thought of a separate book on the treatment of domesticated animals; and the rat paper, which I return at once for fear of mislaying it, is better done than most *men* could have done it—give Charlie Temple my true thanks—but say that I think one piece of direction is wanting—How to wash a rat!

And I think the Society had better consider the treatment of pets, or of unpettable animals in confinement, as quite a secondary matter, compared to the observation of them in their own haunts and their own ways.

I send you for the Society's acceptance Mr. Froude's *Oceana*—please at the next meeting let the best reader read from page 75 (beginning at "From the Cape to Australia") to "amusing in itself," p. 77 (not going on to the Cardinal), and then the Australian magpie and laughing Jackass—page 89, top to middle of page 90.³

The book is full of other interest, and of extreme value in all its thoughts and descriptions.—Ever your lovingest "Papa F. L. C."

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY⁴

BRANTWOOD, 30th March, '86.

I can only answer to-day the important question about the green lady—"You mean, she doesn't stand right?" My dear, I mean much worse than that. I mean there's nothing of her to stand with! She has no waist—no thighs—no legs—no feet. There's nothing under the

¹ [He died on May 11, 1882: for Ruskin's invitation in 1875, see above, p. 173.]

² [No. 23 in "Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 604.]

³ [Ruskin's references are to the original octavo edition, chaps. v. and vi.]

⁴ [No. 82 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 152 (see below, p. 658).]

dress at all, and the dress itself is—nothing but [a few rough lines]—as if that were drawing drapery! You recollect, I hope, that when you were here, I told you you had never *drawn* a bit of drapery in your life. When you are inclined to try to do so, go and copy as well as you can a bit of St. Jerome's in the Nat. Gall.;¹ copy a bit of photograph if you are ashamed to paint in the gallery, and send it me.

I gave you a task to do, at the same time, which you never did, but went and gathered my best cherries instead, which I wanted for my own eating—and expected me to be pleased with your trying to paint them!

I'm in this fine snarling cue to-day, because I slept well; and am myself again!

To Mrs. L. ALLEN HARKER²

BRANTWOOD, 1st April, '86.

Indeed, I'm sorry to have grieved you and Allen. I knew I should, but couldn't help it. I can't pretend to care for things I don't care for. I *don't* care for babies. Rather have an objection to them. Have no respect for them whatsoever. Like little pigs ever so much better. Here's my little wood-woman come down to fetch me my faggots; she's got nine piglets to take care of, and her whole heart is set on them, and I call her Pigwiggina, and inquire for the family very anxiously every day—but you really mustn't expect me to care for superior beings.³

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE⁴

BRANTWOOD, 2nd April, 1886.

MY DEAR M—, I am a little glad of a word from Hawarden again—though I'm frightfully sulky with everybody in the world except

¹ [Probably "St. Jerome in his Study" (No. 694, long attributed to Bellini, and now to Catena) is meant: for numerous references to the picture, see the General Index.]

² [This letter, and the one in the footnote, are reprinted from "John Ruskin in the 'Eighties," in the *Outlook*, October 21, 1899; and *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 566.]

³ [His heart smote him, however, for he wrote a little later (22nd Nov. '86):—
"But, indeed, you sent me quite a dreadful little shriek when I said I didn't like babies, and you never wrote me a word more, and I was very unhappy about it, and very thankful for the letter to-day."]

In this letter was included a copy of the verses printed in Vol. XXXV. p. xxvi.]

⁴ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 91–93.]

my sorella at Florence (and *she's* a horrid evangelical, and thinks St. Paul was a wicked man before he was unhorsed¹). But everybody here has gone away to London and left me in my old age. I've nothing to depend on except three ducks and the shepherd's little girl up the hill, who takes care of his lambs and piglets—and I call her Pigwiggina² (I will look over the little girl class drawings—if they'd like me to), and I am teaching her to play upon four bells—A B C [elp] and E—and writing beautiful tunes for her, composed of those elements.

I thought you'd have forgotten *all Præteritas*, and wasn't troubling myself, but some are coming bound in a few days, and I'll write a "M—" in one of them. The second volume is giving me a lot of trouble, because I have to describe things in it that people never see nowadays—and it's like writing about the moon. Also, when I begin to crow a little, it doesn't read so pretty as the humble pie.

I am thankful your father's getting a little rest.

Has it never occurred to any of you in all your lives, I wonder, that all Parliamentary debate should be in the Tower, or the Round Tower of Windsor, and only the *outcome* of debate printed—when it's irrevocable.

If the Queen would have me for Grand Vizier, I'd save papa such a lot of trouble, and come and chop twigs with him afterwards—when he'd got the tree down.—Ever your
J. R.

To HOLMAN HUNT

BRANTWOOD, 2 April, 1886.

DEAREST HUNT,—I cannot tell you how thankful I am that you have been induced to write this piece of history,³ and have been able to do it so clearly and briefly. I am doubly thankful that I had any part in the work, and that so much of intelligible and simple interest comes at once before the public and makes me understand much I knew not about all of you. Tired to-day.—Your lovingest
J. RUSKIN.

How I wish you wouldn't go abroad again!

¹ [See Acts ix. 4.]

² [See above, p. 554.]

³ [The first of three articles in the *Contemporary Review* (April, May, and June 1886) on "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood: a Fight for Art."]

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.¹

BRANTWOOD, April 23rd.

DEAR FRIEND,—It is enough to turn one all into clouds and rain of heart as in springtime of days again.

You may well think that no words come to me—especially after that unhappiest of chances—the complaining report coming out at the very instant all this was doing for me; but I must clear your mind of the confusion of *that* with the temper in which I wrote my letter to the *Telegraph* to correct its false and insidious report.

In the first place—not one of the friends who have here set down their names must do more. The sacredness of the whole would be done away by any farther thought or action. My St. George speech was for strangers,—not for those who love me.

Then—the impression under which I wrote to the *Telegraph* was that the address was guarded from touching on the Polit. Econ. questions. It has been altered since, and is entirely delightful to me—as well it may be. But I should have been content in any such qualification of it, so long as it did not imply change in my work or thought. This was the one cause of the *Telegraph* letter. I write briefly to-day,—I will try to say better afterwards what thanks I owe you all. But this is to put them at rest, on the matter of further action. May I pray your added kindness in at once seeing to this—and pray your belief in the continued gratitude with which I am always your loving and respectful friend,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, 27 April, '86.

It has been a perfect and thrice lovely April morning—absolutely calm, with dew on fields, and the wood anemones full out everywhere:

¹ [From “Ruskin and his Life Work,” by Sir Oliver Lodge, in *St. George*, January 1906, vol. ix. p. 5, where, however, part of the letter was omitted (see below, p. 676). The letter refers to the Complimentary Address presented to Ruskin at Sir Oliver Lodge’s instance (see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 732, 733). The Address was sent anonymously, and hence Ruskin had not immediately acknowledged it. Meanwhile an article in the *Daily Telegraph* had erroneously stated that the Address was to say nothing about Ruskin’s Political Economy, on which subject it was alleged that he had changed his views: hence his letter to the *Telegraph* in January 1886 (see above, p. 550). In the same month, in his last Report on the St. George’s Guild, he had complained of the lack of support and sympathy (Vol. XXX. pp. 95, 96).]

² [No. 86 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 153 (see below, p. 658).]

and now coming in, before breakfast, I get your delicious letter about Beauty and the Beast. I am so very thankful that you like it so—and will do it. For I want intensely to bring one out for you—*your* book—I your publisher, charging you printing and paper only. Hitherto I'm sure your father and Johnnie must think I've been simply swindling you out of your best drawings and—a good deal more.

But now I want you to choose me the purest old form of the story—to do such illustrations as you feel like doing. Pencil sketch first at ease. Then—separately, a quite severe ink line—cheaply and without error cuttable—with no bother to either of us, so much plain [four lines of shading] shade as you like. To be published without colour, octavo, but with design for a grand hand-coloured quarto edition afterwards. I'll write a preface—and perhaps with your help, venture on an additional incident or two?

Yesterday was lovely too—and I couldn't sit down to my letters—nor get the book sent. It is about Sir Philip Sidney and an older friend of his at Vienna—mostly in letters.¹ Read only what you like—there's lots of entirely useless politics which shouldn't have been printed. But you will find things in it—and it is of all things good for you to be brought into living company of these *good* people of old days. . . .

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.²

BRANTWOOD, *Easter Tuesday* [April 28].

DEAR FRIEND,—I was looking over the letter, this afternoon, which you wrote me in reply to my question—how I had helped you.³ It helps *me*, not a little now—in resisting a tendency to speak regretfully of my failures to a degree which would merely pain the reader of my second vol. of autobiography.

Nevertheless, I am still greatly puzzled what to say about this Address. The form of answer in my own mind is more and more—

“My dear friends, I am no more to be thanked, or admired, in anything I have tried to teach anybody, than the guide to a hilltop, or the hand to a dial. What's the use of complimenting the dial hand when you don't care what o'clock it is? I tell you not to go to law, not to go to war,—not to take usury,—and to buy

¹ [*The Correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet: Now first collected and translated from the Latin with Notes and Memoir of Sidney*, by Stewart A. Pears (1845).]

² [*St. George*, vol. ix. p. 5.]

³ [See above, p. 541.]

Turners and Tintorets. Has any of you stopped his son from being a soldier—taken his money out of the bank—or bought a Tintoret?"

I had a wonderfully good day, however, on Easter Sunday, with that and some other precious letters, and am ever your grateful and affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, *Easter Wednesday*, '86.

DEAREST CHARLES,—I am entirely forbidden to write letters, and I've written seven difficult ones this morning—and this eighth has been on my mind this month. I thought you might be wondering what I meant to make of *Præterita*, if I live to finish it—and that you ought to know. There are to be 36 numbers—for sixty years. You and Joan may give account of me afterwards. I've got it all planned out now;² and it will be pretty and readable enough, I think, all through. . . .

I am retouching and mounting drawings also, and liking my own better; and when you come to see Brantwood again, whether I'm in it or not, you will find it in a little better order. . . .

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER³

1st May, 1886.

What lovely letters you are writing *me* just now; but as for my not having said any pretty things of *you* for a long while, you know perfectly that I am saying them in my heart every day and all day long.

I can't find a shell marble, but I send you (to look at, it's too ugly for a present) a shell *agate* made of shells, *in* a shell, as if in a pot! And I send you for a May-day gift, with all loving May, June, and December, and January wishes, such a pretty green and white stone gone maying, as one doesn't often see with the rest of the Jacks-in-the-green.

And I'm ever (or at least for a while yet) your curled up old cat. I shall come out of curl and get frisky when the hyacinths come out. Telegram just come from Ireland: "Rose queen elected; sweetly pretty, and all most happy."⁴

¹ [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 387. No. 215 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 210–211.]

² [See the schemes given in Vol. XXXV. pp. liv., 633–634.]

³ [No. 86 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

⁴ [For the Rose Queens at Cork, see above, p. 537, and below, p. 647.]

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

BRANTWOOD, 4th May [? 1886].

. . . I was very glad of all you told me of Leighton and the other people,—but I see a report that Millais is ill. I am very sorry—please tell me exactly about this.

I never saw the oxalis get into such lovely and dainty *nests* as this year. That I never should have painted that flower! But one *can't* write and paint too.

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD¹

BRANTWOOD, 4th May, '86.

DARLING KATIE,—You didn't know what music was till you went to the Albert Hall?

My dear, I wouldn't give the blackbird that sits on my hawthorn in the quiet May evenings for a million of fiddlers going by steam!

These vast concerts are merely mob's noise—rage—vanity—waste of money—and life—and fearfully bad for little girls—or big ones either for that matter.

Learn to sing yourself—carefully—modestly—feelingly. Learn the simplest airs that belong to entirely noble words—never sing sacred music but definitely as an act of worship—*never* for amusement;—and above all, as you have future influence, see that music is made the minister and tutor of the poor, not the passion and pride of the rich.

I'll try to get you the sea-gull's answer.—Ever your loving

J. R.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, 7th May [1886].

I'm rather pleasing myself in thinking what you'll say to the colours on the mica, if it gets safe to you to-day.

I wonder if you could put in writing about any particular face—what it is that makes it pretty? What curl of mouth, what lifting of eyelid, and the like—and what part of it you do first?

¹ [No. 24 in "Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," in the *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 604.]

² [Partly printed, No. 87, in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 154 (see below, p. 658). The "new book" is probably *The Queen of the Pirate Isle*, by Bret Harte, illustrated by Miss Greenaway.]

I think a new stimulus might be given to drawing in general by teaching some simple principles to girls about drawing each other's faces.

I'm rather eager to see the new book. I like its name.

To HOLMAN HUNT

7 May, 1886.

DEAREST HUNT,—I am entirely grateful for your letter,¹ and deeply honoured by it; but I cannot answer it just now—my head is still unable for thought, or for the expression of what thought it has, at any length. This only I will say, that the signs peculiar to any of us are always to be read by modest human interpretation, and that their meaning will never be known but by our compliance with the rules of ordinary sense and prudence. One may feel assured of supernatural sympathy, but only in being naturally wise.—Ever your lovingest
J. RUSKIN.

To Professor OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.²

BRANTWOOD, 15th May.

DEAR PROFESSOR OLIVER,—The letters which I have too long kept under a stone, to look at—here enclosed—are very lovely, and the whole thing is lovely,—but always, for me, in Cloud Cuckoo town!³ Have you noticed that idiotic article by a man in whom I had some hope, Labelaye—(how is it spelt?⁴)—on the economic crisis—for want of Gold forsooth! Is it still impossible to get into any human head at your universities that the economic crisis is because people will dig iron out of the ground, and build ironclads,—instead of raising corn and wine and giving them to whoso needs them? That is the one plain $2 + 2 = 4$ that I have tried to teach these twenty years—*the* thing of all others indisputable and needful—and no mortal yet has taken up the word!—Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [A long letter, preserved by Ruskin, in which Mr. Hunt detailed certain religious and spiritual experiences.]

² [*St. George*, vol. ix. p. 6 (see below, p. 676).]

³ [For the reference to Aristophanes, see Vol. XVIII. p. 23, Vol. XXV. p. 170.]

⁴ ["The Economic Crisis and its Causes," by Emile de Laveleye, in the *Contemporary Review*, May 1886, vol. 49, pp. 621–637. For an earlier reference to M. de Laveleye, see Vol. XXVIII. p. 402.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, 16th May [1886].

MY VERY DEAR CHARLES,—Thank you, very heartily, for returning me the two drawings—but you wholly misunderstand my motive in asking their return.

It is not for myself, but for my scholars and lovers that I ask them. There is no drawing of a stone by my hand so good as your boulder—few of the church I love best so good as that arch of St. Mark's.²

America, as long as she worships Mr. Chase,³ and pirates the teaching of the living, and taxes the teaching of the dead, can get no good of work or word of mine, and no friend of mine should disgrace my work by keeping it there.

. . . I hope this year to retain my power of managing my own servants, and walking in my own woods. You shall hear from me, if I do so. If I am shut up again, you may at all events be thankful I can't say naughty things about America.—Ever your faithful friend,

J. R.

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD⁴

BRANTWOOD, 18th May, '86.

MY DARLINGEST KATIE,—I am *very* happy in your letter to-day—I was so frightened that I had frightened you. But now I'm frightened for another thing—you know you're such a dreadfully *old* Katie—you might be a hundred years old—liking the *Messiah* and all that grand sort of thing—you might be my Grandmamma Katie, instead of I your Papa. I don't like grand music at all; I like the Songs of Six-pence, and a pocketful of Rye, and the King was in the Counting-house (and I only wish Kings oftener were)—and I *do* love an old, quite vulgar song about Hot Codlins—and I'm so ashamed of myself you can't think. All the same, I believe you *would* come and pet me if you were a bird, so I try to fancy it.

¹ [No. 216 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 211–212.]

² [The "boulder" may be Plate XVII. in Vol. XXXVI. (p. 294); the "arch of St. Mark's" was a copy made from the drawing reproduced on Plate D in Vol. X. (p. 116).]

³ [William Merrit Chase, for many years President of the Society of American Artists.]

⁴ [No. 25 in "The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," in the *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 605.]

I did not mean you to have the trouble of copying Lady Francesca's letter, but you are *very* good to have done it.

It's ever so dear of Puck to care for my love. Here's such a lot more for him, that it takes up all that page opposite—and I can't write anything on it—but in this one that I'm your lovingest "Papa"? still.

To MISS KATE GREENAWAY¹

May 21, 1886.

If you only knew the delight it is to me to send either you or Johnnie anything that you like! But—not to worry you with the thought of their coming out of my drawers, I shall send Johnnie some only to look at and send back at leisure. You're a nice Katie—you—to talk of generosity—after giving me about £2000 worth of drawings as if they were leaves off the trees.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

22nd May [1886].

Of course the little pyramid in crystal is a present. With that enjoyment of Pinkerton,³ you will have quite a new indoors interest, whatever the rain may say.

How very lucky you asked me what basalt was! How much has come out of it (written in falling asleep)! I've been out all the morning and am *so* sleepy.

But I've written a nice little bit of *Præterita* before I went out, trying to describe the Rhone at Geneva. I think Susie will like it, if nobody else.⁴

That "not enjoying the beauty of things" goes ever so much deeper than mere blindness. It is a form of antagonism, and is essentially Satanic. A most strange form of demonology in otherwise good people, or shall we say in "good people"? You know *we* are not good at all, are we now?

I don't think you've got any green in your mica. I've sent you a bit enclosed with some jealous spots in.

¹ [No. 84 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 153. In another letter, No. 96 (p. 166), given without date, Ruskin wrote:—

"In trying to prevent you wasting your time on me, I have never told you how much I do enjoy these little drawings. They are an immense addition to the best pleasures of my life, and give me continual interest and new thought."]

² [No. 87 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

³ [J. Pinkerton's *Petralogy*: see Vol. XXVI. p. 387.]

⁴ [For this passage, see Vol. XXXV. pp. 326–328, and for a note upon it, *ibid.*, p. xxxv.]

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

BRANTWOOD, 23rd May, 1886.

DEAREST RICHMOND,—I couldn't help sending you the scrabbled proof¹ which I hope comes with this, because I think it will read better just after the Roman one—before the Neapolitan comes between. I am so very happy and thankful you like the way I am doing the thing. I am going to send you now the 4^o edition inscribed—I couldn't *begin* sending myself about till I was sure my friends would care to have me! But I find, on the whole, they like me better than in those days I like myself. I haven't heard the effect on public of the Roman one yet, however.

There will be rather more Alps and Italy in the two main volumes than most people will care for, but they are the life, and must be told as well as I can. I think the number with Joanie, and Marie of the Giessbach, will be pretty—and the Assisi, if I keep well, should be a good bit of work.²

Very thankful I am to have been spared to write even thus much of it—and to have my friends yet to read it.

I'd give something now to have heard some of Papa's consultations with you—about his Prodigal Son!³—Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY

BRANTWOOD [May 28, 1886.]

The music pieces in *Punch* are always among his best. In one of the almanacks there is a beautiful ancient and modern drawing-room, and the "Herr Professors"⁴ (not me!) are usually delicious.

But Mozart is scarcely a human being. He is a Power of Nature. He is never wrong—never imperfect—never failing. He is such a Law in Music as there is in no other human art—the greatest painters have usually the most faults; Titian is nearest him, but has not the gaiety nor the grace.

¹ [Of ch. iv. of vol. ii. of *Præterita*; the Roman chapter being ii., and the Neapolitan ("Cumæ") iii.]

² [These chapters, however, were not written: for their place in the scheme see Vol. XXXV. pp. 633–634.]

³ [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 275.]

⁴ [For a reference to one of these drawings by Du Maurier, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 366.]

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER¹

Last day of May [1886].

I'm bringing to-day with the strawroots, twelve more sketches in folio, and the plan is that out of those, making with the rest twenty-four, you choose twelve to keep next week, with the new folio of twelve to be then brought, and you then put aside twelve to be given back in exchange for it. Then next to next week you choose twelve out of that twenty-four, and then next week twelve out of its twenty-four, and then when I can't send any more you choose the one to keep out of the last lot, which you see will then be the creamiest cream, not to say cheesiest cheese, of the rest! Now isn't that a nice amusing categorical, catalogueical, catechismic, catcataceous plan?

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

7th June.

You have been what Joanie calls a "Doosie Dandy" about those dozens of sketches! You're always to have twenty-four on hand, then those I send to-day are to stay with the twelve you have, till next Monday, and you'll have time then to know which you like best to keep. Next Monday I send *another* twelve and take back the twelve you've done with.

It was very beautiful yesterday looking from here.

I'm pretty well, and writing saucy things to everybody.

I told a Cambridge man yesterday that he had been clever enough to put into a shilling pamphlet all the mistakes of his generation.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD, *8th June*, '86.

You cannot think what a real comfort and help it is to me that you see anything in my drawings. They are all such mere hints of what I want to do, or syllables of what I saw, that I never think, or at least never thought, they could give the least pleasure to any one but myself—and that you, especially, who draw so clearly, should

¹ [No. 88 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see p. 627). For the playful end of the letter, see above, p. 292.]

² [No. 89 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 627).]

³ [No. 85 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 153.]

understand the confused scratches of them is very wonderful and joyful to me.

I had fixed on the road through the water for you, out of that lot, in my own mind; it *is* like you, and it's so nice that you found it out—and that you like the hazy Castle of Annecy, too. But it shall be Abingdon this time. It will be very amusing to me to see, which you like, out of each ten; but I think I shall know, now, pretty well.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, 24th June, '86.

DARLING CHARLES,—I saw your nice note to Joan the other day, and vowed I must write at once.

Two—three days have passed, irksome or more or less pro-vocantive things keeping me otherwise busy. To-day I have had pen in hand since the morning—now three afternoon—windy nothingness instead of lake—no going out. I was going to lie down on the sofa to try to sleep, when I saw your third vol. *M. P.* with all those lovely annotations laid out for conference with my own final opinions!² So I began peeping and muttering—and now I've just come on the passage I think worth all the rest of the book, marked “Omit to end of chapter.”

I was getting a little dull, myself, over the Campo Santo of Pisa,³ and feared the reader would say the book had better stop now. But in chap. x. (Vevay) I propose to give an account of a steamboat passage thence to Geneva,⁴ and some farther passages of the year 1856—and I think the “Omit to end of chapter” will be the loveliest finish for it. I think I shall begin to-morrow morning, *D. V.*

Not but there's some sense in some of the annotations, but on the whole, I consider the book has the best of it, and the only observations I feel inclined now to attend to are such as “The analysis of this temper needs to be carried farther”! etc.

Quite seriously, I am very thankful to find the book has so much good in it, and am a good deal cheered after being for the last month or two weeks sick-hearted enough in thinking of what I might have done instead.

The weather has been worse than depressing. Night without stars—day without evening or morning—and all the garden blighted for

¹ [No. 217 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 212–215.]

² [See above, p. 151.]

³ [Ch. vi. vol. ii. *Præterita*: Vol. XXXV. pp. 340 *seq.*]

⁴ [Ultimately given in ch. ii. (“Mont Velan”) of vol. iii.: Vol. XXXV. p. 519. The remark “Omit to end of chapter” was, however, not introduced.]

the year. My chief comfort has been in reading Carlyle's descriptions of people. I've got Froude's leave to take them all out and edit them myself¹—if only—only—I get a little strong next year. My chief discomfort is . . . and my beard's getting thin and stiff, and general dilapidation of the stones yet left on one another—in Venice or me. . . . I was glad to see Moore again, and hope to be somewhat helpful to him.

When shall I see you? You really ought to look at our lovely England again—as a Manufacturing town. Oliver Wendell seems delighted—and says he has seen hawthorn. *I* haven't this spring.—Ever your lovingest
ST. C.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON³

BRANTWOOD, 18th August, '86.

MY DEAREST CHARLES,—You ought not to be so anxious during these monsoons and cyclones of my poor old plagued brains. They clear off, and leave me, to say the least, as wise as I was before. Certainly this last fit has been much nastier for me than any yet, and has left me more frightened, but not so much hurt, as the last one. . . . Send me a line now and then still, please,—whether I'm mad or not
I'm your loving
J. R.

To GEORGE ALLEN

BRANTWOOD [Aug. 24, 1886].

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I think it quite feasible yet to show what both you and I can do, more creditably than we have ever done hitherto;—but even as it is, we have more praise than many cleverer people, who are swept down the stream of modern labour and sorrow. *I* am neither Turner nor Prout, nor are you Dürer or Bewick, and we have both done many other things than draw or engrave. I am minded, in connection with *Præterita* and *Proserpina*, to try what we can yet do through our spectacles;—for you, at all events, the inevitable time

¹ [This scheme was not carried out: for "Froude's leave," see Vol. XXXV. p. xxiv.]

² [Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, during a portion of the visit to England in 1886 recorded in his *Our Hundred Days in Europe*, was the guest of Ruskin's friend, Henry Willett, and there was correspondence with Brantwood in the hope of arranging a visit, but this was rendered impossible by Ruskin's falling ill shortly after the date of the present letter.]

³ [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, p. 387. No. 218 in *Norton*; vol. ii. p. 215.]

of sunset is not come; and for me, it may not be the dullest part of the day.

I am very glad you like the pencil sketches. I will not ask you to do anything you dislike.—Ever affectly. yrs., J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON¹

BRANTWOOD, 28th Aug., '86.

DARLING CHARLES,—Your note to Joan of the 13th is extraordinarily pious, for *you!* and not a bit true! It is not the Lord's hand, but my own folly, that brings these illnesses on me; and as long as they go off again, you needn't be so mighty grave about them. How many wiser folk than I go mad for good and all, or bad and all, like poor Turner at the last, Blake always, Scott in his pride, Irving in his faith, and Carlyle, because of the poultry next door. You had better, by the way, have gone crazy for a month yourself than written that niggling and nagging article on Froude's misprints.²

I learn a lot in these fits of the way one sees, hears, and fancies things, in morbid conditions of nerve. . . . I suffer no pain whatsoever, and am not the least frightened for myself. . . . Part of this last vision, in which a real thunderstorm came to play its own part, was terrific and sublime more than anybody can see, sane (unless perchance they are to be swallowed up by Etna or swept away by a cyclone).

Did I tell you that during this illness I was able to read Sydney Smith's *Moral Philosophy*, and with what sense I have got back, declare it now to be the only moral philosophy. It entirely supersedes the wisdom of *Modern Painters*.³—Ever your loving J. R.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

BRANTWOOD, 13th September, '86.

DARLING CHARLES,—I like the notion of leaving you out of my Autobiography. What would be the use of it, if it did not show under what friendly discouragements I wrote my best works? You might as well propose I should leave out Carlyle, or Joan herself!

¹ [No. 219 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 215–217.]

² ["Recollections of Carlyle, with Notes concerning his 'Reminiscences,' " in the *New Princeton Review*, July 1886, vol. 2, pp. 1–19. The article is largely taken up with lists of misprints in Froude's publications. There was a summary of the article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 15. Mr. Norton returned to the charge in an Appendix to his edition of *Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, 1886.]

³ [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 396.]

⁴ [No. 220 in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 217–219.]

I have been steadily gaining since last report, and on Friday was half-way up the Old Man, without more fatigue than deepened the night's rest, and greatly pleased that, the day being exceptionally clear, I saw Ingleborough without any feeling of diminished faculty of sight.

And the last illness did indeed leave lessons as to the danger of mere active excitement of brain, which none of the four previous ones did. For all those, there was some reason in the particular trains of feeling that ended in them; but this last came of a quite dispassionate review of the opinions of the Committee of Council on Education, and analysis of the legal position of the Vicar of Coniston under the will of Lady le Fleming. It has only struck me lately that I was meant for a lawyer, and that the æsthetic side, or point, of me ought to have remained undeveloped, like the eyes which the Darwinians are discovering in the backs, or behinds, of lizards.

By the way, nothing in late reading has delighted me more, or ever did, in præterite reading, than the letters of aged Humboldt to youthful Agassiz.¹

. . . I had an interesting encounter with a biggish viper, who challenged me at the top of the harbour steps one day before my last fit of craze came on. I looked him in the eyes, or rather nose, for half a minute, when he drew aside into a tuft of grass, on which I summoned our Tommy²—a strong lad of eighteen, who was mowing just above—to come down with his scythe. The moment he struck at the grass tuft, it—the snake—became a glittering coil more wonderful than I could have conceived, clasping the scythe and avoiding its edge. Not till the fifth or sixth blow could Tommy get a disabling cut at it. I finally knelt down and crushed its head flat with a stone,—and hope it meant the last lock of Medusa's hair for me.—Ever your lovingest

J. R.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

HEYSHAM, *Sunday* [Sept. 19, 1886].

I'm sending two miles that you may get your—this—whatever you call it—it isn't a letter—and I dare say you won't get it. I haven't got yours—they won't give anything to anybody on Sunday!—and I'm sure yours is a beauty—in the post office over the hill there and I can't get it, and I've nothing to do and I can't think of anything to

¹ [In *Louis Agassiz: his Life and Correspondence*, edited by Elizabeth Cary Agassiz. Boston, 2 vols., 1885. Compare Vol. XV. p. 393 n.]

² [For whom, see Vol. XXXIII. p. xxx.]

³ [No. 88 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 154–155.]

think of,—and the sea has no waves in it—and the sand has no shells in it—and the shells—oyster-shells—at lunch had no oysters in them bigger than that [a rough drawing of an oyster-shell with a small oyster in it] in a shell—and *that* wouldn't come out!

And the wind's whistling through the keyhole—and I ought to go out—and don't want to—and here's Baxter coming to say I must, and to take "*this*" to Morecambe. Much good may it do you.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE¹

BRANTWOOD, 29th October, 1886.

MY DEAREST M—, How often I think of you, and shall think as long as this life, whether of dream or reality, is spared to me, I am most thankful to be permitted to tell you, for my own sake; how much more if you can really get some strength or joy from your old friend not having forgotten, nor tried to forget, what you used to be to him. Of course, no one had told me of your illness, or my own would not have prevented my trying to hear of your safety; and, indeed, what you say of these illnesses of mine is in great part true, but they are very grievous to me, and I trust yours will return no more.

I am more passionately and carefully occupied in music than ever yet. Please get well, and be Sainte Cecile again to me. I will not write more to-day, but the moment you tell me again you should like me to.—Ever your loving "Aprile,"² JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD, Saturday [Nov. 2, 1886].

It rejoices me so that you enjoy those old master drawings.

It comes, in the very moment when I wanted it—this British M. enthusiasm of yours.

I'm going to set up a girls' drawing school in London—a room where nice young girls can go—and find no disagreeable people nor ugly pictures. They must all be introduced by some of my own sweetest friends—by K. G., by Liliat T., by Margaret B. J.⁴—by my

¹ [Letters to M. G. and H. G., pp. 93–94.]

² [See above, p. 271.]

³ [No. 89 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 155 (see below, p. 658).]

⁴ [Miss Trotter and Miss Burne-Jones. For "Lolly" (Laurence Hilliard), see Vol. XXXV. p. xxvii.]

own sec. Lolly—or by such as ever and anon may be enrolled as Honorary Students.

And I want you at once to choose, and buy for me, beginning with enclosed cheque, all the drawings by the old masters, reproduced to your good pleasure. Whatever you like, I shall—and the school will be far happier and more confident in your choice ratified by mine.

And I will talk over every bit of the plan with you—as you have time to think of it.

I'm not quite sure I shall like *this* American book as well as Bret Harte—but am thankful for anything to make me laugh,—if it does.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD, Nov. 9.

I am considerably vexed about Apple Pie. I really think you ought seriously to consult me before determining on the lettering of things so important.

The titles are simply bill-sticking of the vulgarest sort, over the drawings—nor is there one of those that has the least melodious charm as a colour design—while the feet—from merely shapeless are becoming literal paddles or flappers—and in the pretty—though ungrammatical—“Eat it,” are real deformities.

All your faults are gaining on you, every hour that you don't fight them.

I have a plan in my head for organising a girls' Academy under you! (a fine mistress you'll make—truly)—Lilias Trotter and Miss Alexander for the Dons, or Donnas of it—and with every book and engraving that I can buy for it—of noble types—with as much of cast-drawing, and coin—as you can use,—and two or three general laws of mine to live under! and spending my last breath in trying to get some good into you!

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 12th Nov. [1886].

But I never *do* scold you! never think of such a thing! I only say—I'm sorry. I have no idea what state of mind you are in when you draw stockings down at heel, and shoes with the right foot in

¹ [No. 90 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 156 (see below, p. 658); also given in facsimile, pp. 157–159. “Apple Pie” is a number of designs for Christmas cards, published under the title *A Apple Pie*.]

² [No. 92 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 160.]

the left and the left in the right, and legs lumpy at the shins, and shaky at the knees. And whenever did you put red letters like the bills of a pantomime—in any of *my* drawings? and why do it to the public?

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD [Nov. 14, 1886].

Waiting for post in expectation of Bret Harte. My dear, you must always send me all you do. If I don't like it, the public will,—if I do, there's always one more pleasure in my—disconsolate life. And you ought to feel that when I do like it, nobody likes it so much!—nor half nor a quarter so much.

Yes, it has come—you're a dear good Katie—and it's lovely. The best thing you have ever done—it is so *real* and natural. I do hope the public will feel with me, for once—yes, and for twice—and many times to come.

It is all delightful, and the text also—and the print. You may do more in colour, however, next time.

To Miss SUSAN BEEVER²

19th November, 1886.

I think you must have been spinning the sunbeams into gold to be able to scatter gifts like this. It is your own light of the eyes³ that has made the woodland leaves so golden brown. Well, I have just opened a St. George account at the Coniston Bank, and this will make me grandly miserly and careful. I am very thankful for it. Also for Harry's⁴ saying of me that I am gentle! I've been quarrelling with so many people lately, I had forgotten all grace, till you brought it back yesterday and made me still your gentle, etc.

To WILLIAM WARD⁵

BRANTWOOD, November 20th, 1886.

DEAR WARD,—No drawing of mine is ever to leave my walls more, while *I* live. But I am open to purchase of anything you can do with

¹ [No. 91 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 156. The letter refers to an advance copy of *The Queen of the Pirate Isle*, by Bret Harte, illustrated by Kate Greenaway. In the coloured engravings the drawings are treated in a more natural and less quaint and decorative manner than was common with her.]

² [No. 161 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

³ [Proverbs xv. 30.]

⁴ [Harry Atkinson, Miss Beever's gardener.]

⁵ [This is the last of Ruskin's letters to Mr. Ward. No. 107 in *Ward*; vol. ii. p. 94.]

ease to yourself from the National Gallery. You know how long I've been wanting some of the bigger sketches—St. Gothards, Romes, etc.

Send me some talk and news.—Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

*To Miss KATE GREENAWAY*¹

BRANTWOOD, *Monday* [Nov. 22, 1886].

I've never told you how much I liked a long blue nymph, with a branch of roses, who came a month ago. It's a heavenly little puckered blue gown, with such a lovely spotty-puckery waistband and collar, and a microscopic and microcosmic cross of a brooch, most beautiful to behold. What is she waving her rose-branch for? and what is she saying?

*To Miss SUSAN BEEVER*²

26th November, 1886.

Do you know how to make sugar candy? In my present abject state the only way of amusing myself I can hit on is setting the girls of the school to garden and cook! By way of beginning in cooking I offered to pay for any quantity of wasted sugar if they could produce me a crystal or two of sugar candy—(on the way to Twelfth cakes, you know, and sugar animals. One of Francesca's friends made her a life-size Easter lamb in sugar). The first try this morning was brought me in a state of sticky jelly.

And after sending me a recipe for candy, would you please ask Harry to look at the school garden? I'm going to get the *boys* to keep that in order; but if Harry would look at it and order some mine gravel down for the walks, and, with Mr. Brocklebank's authority (to whom I have spoken already), direct any of the boys who are willing to form a corps of little gardeners, and under Harry's orders make the best that can be made of that neglected bit of earth, I think you and I should both enjoy hearing of it.

*To Miss SUSAN BEEVER*³

27th November, 1886.

For once, I have a birthday stone for you, a little worth your having, and a little gladsome to me in the giving. It is blue like

¹ [No. 93 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 160.]

² [No. 90 in *Hortus Inclusus* (see below, p. 627). Mr. Brocklebank was the Coniston schoolmaster.]

³ [No. 91 in *Hortus Inclusus*.]

the air that you were born into, and always live in. It is as deep as gentians, and has their gleams of green in it, and it is precious all through within and without, as Susie herself is. Many and many returns of all the birthdays that have gone away, and crowds yet of those that never were here before.

To Miss HELEN GLADSTONE¹

BRANTWOOD, 28th November, 1886.

MY DEAR H—, I am especially glad of your letter to-day, for I was writing to Mrs. Alexander of a new book I'm planning from her daughter's letters,² and she will be so glad to see yours.

It was only the girls at the fountain that I meant for Girton. Keep the Pregarra, with the two others, at Newnham.³ (What is the connection or distinction of North Hall with the rest of Newnham?)

I rejoice in knowing the Superiora drawings give pleasure. I will ask at once for the loan of them when I see my way to publishing them.

When may I send another letter to puzzle the butler?⁴—Ever affectionately yours,

RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY⁵

BRANTWOOD, 1st Dec., '86.

That *is* delightful hearing about Mrs. Allingham. I'm so very glad she's so nice as to want to give me a picture. Please tell her

¹ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 102–103.]

² [*Christ's Folk in the Apennine*, of which the first Part appeared in March 1887.]

³ [For the "girls at the fountain" (a leaf from Miss Alexander's *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*), see Vol. XXXII. Plate XVII. (p. 186). To Newnham, Ruskin ultimately gave three drawings (see Vol. XXXII. p. 48), in addition to the "Evening Prayer" (Leaf No. 112 in the synopsis, *ibid.*, p. 47).]

⁴ [For the allusion here, see the Introduction; Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxxvi.]

⁵ [No. 94 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 161. The letter to which it is an answer was as follows (*ibid.*, pp. 160–161):—

"50 FROGNAL, 30 Nov., 1886.

"Yesterday was such a nice day. I had your letter in the morning—then the sun came out—then I went to see Mrs. Allingham in the afternoon, who was in town for a few days—with such a lot of beautiful drawings—they *were* lovely—the most truthful, the most like things really look—and the most lovely likeness. I've felt

there couldn't be anything more—delicious to me both in the sense of friendship and in the possession.

I am very thankful she is doing as you say—in beauty, and so much besides.

And it is right that you should be a little envious of her realisation—while yet you should be most thankful for your own gift of endless imagination. The realism is in your power whenever you choose.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD [Dec. 12, 1886].

I *do* like *you* to have the books I have cared for,—and—too securely I say—there is no chance of my ever wanting to read these more. My only pleasures now are in actual nature or art—not in visions.

All national costumes, as far as I know, are modern. The conditions of trade established after the sixteenth century changed everything, and there can be no more consistent art like that which delights you so justly. But the peasant *instincts* are as old as—500 B.C. through it all—and I have seen a half-naked beggar's brat in Rome throw a vine branch round his head, like a Greek Bacchus.

And you do more beautiful things yourself, in their way, than ever were done before,—but I should like you to be more amongst “the *colour* of the colours.”

No, I'm not feeling stronger, but I'm strong enough for all I've to do.

envious all the hours since—there was one cottage and garden with a deep background of pines—it was a marvel of painting—then such a rose bush—then, a divine little picture—of her own beautiful little boy sitting on a garden seat with a girl picking red currants—and a background of deep laurels. You can't think the beauty of it—and *many many* more—all so lovely, so beautiful. She asked me could I tell her anything—give her advice—and I could not help saying, I can give you nothing but entire praise and the deepest admiration.

“She asked after you,—and she said she had often wished to give you a little drawing—but she didn't know if you would be pleased to have it—I don't think I left any doubt in her mind. She asked me what subject I thought you would like best—I said I fancied a pretty little girl with a little cottage or cottage garden—so I hope it will come to pass—I think it will.—You will be so pleased, *only you will like it better than mine*, but Mrs. Allingham is the nicest of people. I always feel I like her so much whenever I see her. And I wish you could have seen those drawings yesterday, for they would have been a deep joy to you. She is going to have an exhibition of 40 in London soon. You ought to see them.

“Well, I hope you're feeling better. I hope I will have a letter in the morning. I have enjoyed the *Præterita* very much; it is so cheering to have it coming again.”]

¹ [No. 95 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 161.]

To H. E. BIRD¹

BRANTWOOD, *Dec. 15th*, '86.

DEAR MR. BIRD,—I find in a letter of yours—of—ever so long ago—that you were hesitating to write to me because of the state of my health—and for some time I have been under the impression that you also had to rest from chess—but in the number of the *Chess Monthly* I received to-day, for December, I find a lovely report of your play at the British Chess Club; and a most interesting letter from you. But I have not for some time received any numbers of *Modern Chess*. Is it my subscription that is in arrear?—in any case will you please send me, on a new subscription, all the numbers that are out, and I will return cheque instantly? I've spilt the ink-bottle over some of the best games in my old copies.

I find Blackburne's games intolerably and unpardonably dull—and am more and more set on my old plan² of choosing a set of beautiful games—Cochrane—Kennedy—Barnes—Macdonnell—and the like—with some of your lovely short ones. I find even Morphy often a little dull in his security!—Ever affectionately yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY

BRANTWOOD, *26th Dec.*, '86.

MADAM,—My Christmas is made more than happy by your kindness. The beautiful little drawing gives me especial joy, in seeing that you are resolutely cultivating your true natural gift for art, as the expression of purest and most dignified feeling. That weary summer's illness came on me just as I was in hopes that your Royal Highness would sometimes send me a little word about yourself, the children—and their German home. I do not remember well what I ventured to answer to your last gracious letter—but I dreamt much of you while I was ill—and am always your grateful, loyal, and loving servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

The little book that comes with this poor note is the first fair copy I have received.³ I venture to ask your acceptance of it in Polissena's name, and Miss Alexander's. If I am spared to complete it there will be ten or twelve numbers—then the whole shall be bound for you—but I thought you would like to read it just now.

¹ [Henry Edward Bird (1830–1908), author of *Chess Masterpieces*, *Chess History and Reminiscences*, and *Modern Chess* (see obituary in the *Times*, April 16, 1908).]

² [See Vol. XXXIV. p. 574; and compare *ibid.*, pp. xlv., 699.]

³ ["The Peace of Polissena," the first Part of Miss Alexander's *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* (Vol. XXXII.).]

1887

[During this year Ruskin was able to do a good deal of literary work (see the list in Vol. XXXV. p. xxii.), which included the Preface to *Hortus Inclusus* (above, p. 79), but he was far from well (*ibid.*, p. xxvii.), and in August he posted to London with Mr. Arthur Severn, and settled at Folkestone (*ibid.*, p. xxviii.)]

To Miss E. EMILY MURRAY¹

BRANTWOOD, 8th Jan., '87.

DEAR MISS MURRAY,—Indeed I hope I can set your mind at ease, as to ways and means, for the present; and ask you to do for me exactly the sort of work that will be pleasant to you, in the quantity that will be good for you;—but first of all, you must reserve your strength, and never strain your sight in that way again. You will be able, if you are prudent and patient, to do everything you care to do —though not microscopic toil like what you have done. Your lovely book must not be broken up—the drawings will eventually be worth much more than they are at present to a dealer—if you keep them till you have name as a bird painter. I enclose you at once a cheque for ten guineas—with one of which, however, I want you to get from your oculist a precise statement of the best that can be done, or not done, for your sight; and you must please tell me what sum per month you can quite comfortably obey his orders on.

You shall “work out” the other nine guineas—and what I send you afterwards—in quite broad and bold work (which you need to do at any rate for your own progress)—of which one kind will be enlarging for me the feathers of a sparrow-hawk’s wing in proportion and pattern, the longest to be five feet long, for a model I am having made of it to show its power (with that of gull and swift to follow) in comparison with blades of oars and windmill sails. To do this, you must be able to enlarge to scale accurately. If you can’t you must learn! Meantime go to oculist, and tell me all he says.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To EDWARD BURNE-JONES

BRANTWOOD, 10th Jan., '87.

DEAREST AND KINDEST NED,—*Your* letter is “blessed” if you like! Not only the most precious I ever had from you, but at this moment

¹ [See Vol. XXXV. p. xxiii. and *n.*]

the most helpful—and corrective; for I had no conception you and Georgie enjoyed that time¹—to call "enjoy"—at all!

I can say to you—and ask of you—much of what you only can guide me in, about how far the public may be trusted with one's inner heart. But not to-day. On the whole I must do *Præterita* as it will come—without advice; but you have quite in the very culminating star of it wholly raised the importance to me of that Lucerne and Parma time.—Ever your devotedest
ST.
C.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, *Monday, 23rd [Jan., 1887].*

I'm still quite well, thank God, and as prudent as can be—and have been enjoying my own drawings! and think I shan't mind much if there's a fault or two in yours!

But we *will* have it out about sun and moon like straw hats! and shoes like butterboats—and lilies crumpled like pocket handkerchiefs, and frocks chopped up instead of folded. I've got a whole cupboard full of dolls, for lay figures, and five hundred plates of costume—to be Kate Greenawayed.

To EDMUND J. BAILLIE³

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday, 7th February, '87.*

DEAR BAILLIE,—Many thanks for your good remembrances, but please remember also that birthdays are no pleasure to me any more than milestones on the road to one's country. Every day is a birthday to me that rises with sunshine; every end of day, a part of death.

But I shall be very thankful if you send me anything that you write, or grow, that are pretty, at any time, and especially to-day I thank you for that purple milkwort, wholly new to me, and which I should be further grateful if you would tell me how to get my gardener to grow.—Ever affectionately yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [Burne Jones had recalled the tour which he and his wife made with Ruskin in 1862: see Vol. XVII. p. liii.]

² [No. 102 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 169 (see below, p. 658).]

³ [Printed, under the heading "Mr. Ruskin on his Birthdays," in *St. George*, 1900, vol. iii. p. 88. For an earlier letter to Mr. Baillie, see above, p. 430; he was President of the Liverpool Ruskin Society.]

To Miss FRANCESCA ALEXANDER

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday, 7th Feb.* [1887].

SWEETEST SOREL,—Only time to thank you for the story of Sta. Rosa's brother, and news of Teresa's husband, and to tell you my snowdrops are out, and I'm no good for letters or books or anything.

The day's dazzling—gold-colour mountains, and the blue lake with the sort of breeze on it that stays for an hour in the middle of it and never gets to the shore—or stays under the shore and never gets to the middle. And Catina¹ isn't out yet, because I must say a word at the end of it about taverns—and Allsopp just selling his Ale-business for three millions—and I want to say he should have lived in a hut, and sold one bottle at a time, like Catina. And I'm not up to writing anything spiteful enough, for me, nor sweet enough for you—but I shall get it done this week, I trust.

I'm still keeping well—and Miss Greenaway is here now—and very restive about everything I want her to do—which keeps me in my own proper contradictory element—and I'm quite comfortable and your provokingest of Fratellos, J. R.

To FRANK SHORT²

10th February, 1887.

DEAR MR. SHORT,—Are these lovely things really for me to keep? Any one of them would have been a dazzling birthday present to me; but, above all gifts, the pleasure of seeing such work done again, and of knowing that the worker is as happy as he is strong in it, lights the spring of the year for me more than the most cloudless sunshine on its golden hills. You are doing all these things simply as well as they can be done—and I believe Turner has got through Purgatory by this time, and his first stage in Paradise is at your elbow.

I didn't write to you before, because I wanted to criticise the Chartreuse—couldn't find time, and then fell ill, but I rejoice altogether in your having that pet proof of your own; and you should, with all your generosity, be happy in it, for my own original ones are perfect; but you can't think what a gift this Devil's Bridge is

¹ [The story of Catina, the tavern-keeper, in Part ii. of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine*, issued in March 1887: Vol. XXXII. pp. 271–277, where, however, Ruskin does not allude to the Allsopp transaction.]

² [From *The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short*, A.R.A., pp. xviii.-xix.]

to me, for I gave all my own away to Oxford,¹ and have been sorry ever since.

I've such a lot to say—of questions—and, in all, delight—perhaps of suggestions of *little* things. One thing only will I say contradictory to-day—that the Grenoble etching is *my* favourite of all next Ben Arthur!² and I think none of your pains have been enough for it.—Ever gratefully and affectly. yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To FREDERICK HARRIS³

Feby. 15th, 1887.

DEAR MR. HARRIS,—Your kind letter is a great gladness to me amidst the continually increasing crowd of letters that grieve or tease. It was much more pleasure to me to have so careful and skillful a disciple, than to you to have your work criticised, but my last illness was at once so unexpected and so terrific and dangerous, that it showed me I must never more use the deceptive strength which seemed able for all I wanted to do, but with the continual guard on every symptom of excitement or fatigue. I am now quietly gathering what fragments of my broken work I can get put together, and if I live through this year, may get them put into useful popular form, for drawing schools generally, but I am totally unable at present for any work outside of my own, past, or possible future.

Use the drawings you have for any good you can get of them, either for yourself or others, as long as you like.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To PIETRO MAZZINI⁴

BRANTWOOD, *February 15, 1887.*

CARO PIETRO,—Mi rincresce di saperti così abbandonato dagli amici; ma più io divento vecchio, più persone mi chiedono ajuto, e i poveri in Inghilterra sono anche più che a Venezia. Eccoti ancora cinque sterline, ma spiegami un po' di che vivono i vecchi gondolieri e i vecchi marinai che non hanno amici in Inghilterra.—Ever your loving
JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [See Vol. XXI. p. 330.]

² [Mr. Short explains:—"I had said in my letter to him that I thought the Grenoble etching had been spoiled in the biting, because of the needle failing to go through the ground in every line."]

³ [From *Testimonial to Mr. Frederick Harris*, see below, p. 664.]

⁴ [Ruskin's gondolier; translated by Signor Ojetti, and printed with the letter of Dec. 22, 1880, above, p. 332.]

To Miss MARION R. WATSON¹

I will ask your father at once to let you take up Italian instead of German. I should wholly wish you to do so myself. I will also pray him to spare you arithmetic and grammar.

N.B.—It is much wiser and nicer to write “Ain’t” than “are not” when you are in a hurry. You did not perhaps learn *all* you might have learnt at Brantwood. But you gave all kinds of pleasure to everybody in the house, and left a light behind you which no fogs eclipse. That was better than learning.

It is probably in some degree my fault that your father has retained his first intention. I have been unhappily busy (you know there was a somewhat serious, or ludicrous, interruption of my studies while you were in the house), and I never got my petition written.

Partly I did not like to venture so far with him; partly I was afraid of the responsibility, if perchance your liking play better than work was laid to my door! And my advice to you, dear girlie, is to do for the present without any further hesitation what your father wishes, and to cure yourself as fast as you can of habits of inattention which, you know—you do know in your little heart—are in great part wilful. It does not in the least matter whether you pass the Oxford Examination, but it does matter that you should get good marks from your own conscience, and your father’s sense of your willing obedience. Where would be the virtue of obedience if we were only told to do what we liked? I will not disturb you any more with the book of Daniel, but write my lecture on it at home; and when you are allowed to come back to Brantwood you must read it with the strictest attention!

Meantime, I am ready to help you in everything that puzzles you; will look out the dreadfullest words for you in my big dictionaries, and—if that will give you any pleasure—begin learning German with you myself.²

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD, 8th March, '87.

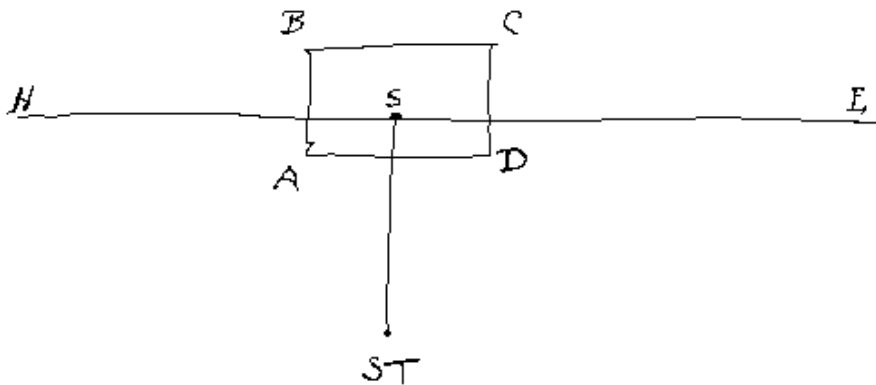
I like Johnnie’s sticking himself up to teach you perspective! I never believed you’d learn it, or I’d have taught it you here, and been

¹ [These letters, and the extract in the next footnote, are reprinted from *Scribner’s Magazine*, November 1906, pp. 570–571. The two letters had previously appeared in the *Outlook*, February 11, 1899.]

² [“A wonderful concession, as he says in another letter, ‘I hate German and the books that Germans write.’”]

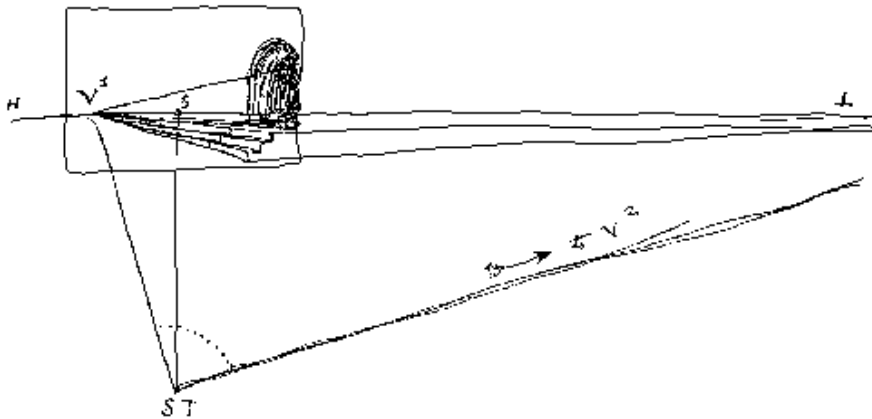
³ [No. 97 in *Kate Greenaway* (without the illustration), p. 168.]

done with it—anyhow don't you let *him* tease you any more, and just mind this to begin with—



Let A B C D be your picture; H L, this horizontal line across it at the height you wish the spectator to look at it from; S, the point of exact sight; therefore, in the middle of the picture on the H L; and S T, the station point—at the distance from the picture at which you wish the spectator to stand. It must not be less than the picture's greatest dimensions—tall or long—six feet off if the picture's six feet long, ten if it's ten; for small pictures, it should be once and a half or twice their length; one never looks at a vignette within three inches.

These "points" being settled—and S T measured down from S, you don't want S any more, but may rub it out.



Suppose you've a flight of steps going up to a big door. You draw them at whatever slope you like. Take the bottom line to cut

H L in V; call that V¹ (first vanishing point); join V² to S T; draw from S T the line marked with arrow, at right angles to V¹ S T, and it will cut the H L in second Vanishing point V², to which the sides of the steps must be drawn.

That's enough for to-day. Three more such scribbles will teach you all you'll ever need to know.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD, 9th March, '87.

The *Grand[ison]* is coming by to-day's post. I had looked at my *Clarissa* and *Pamela*, and finding no *Grandison* with them, thought I had sent him as I meant. Found him in drawing-room to-day!

The Globe picture is one of a series done by John Bellini of the Gods and Goddesses of Good and Evil to Man. She is the sacred Venus—Venus always rises out of the sea, but this one out of laughing sea, of unknown depth. She holds the world in her arms, changed into heaven.

Now the next thing you have to be clear of in perspective is that—the Heavenly Venus is out of it! You couldn't see her, and the high horizon at once. But as she sees all round the world, there are no laws of perspective for her. . .

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, 10th March.

There's no fear of your forgetting perspective, any more than forgetting how to dance. One can't help it when one knows. The next rule you have to learn is more than half-way. One never *uses* the rules, one only feels them—and defies if one likes—like John Bellini. But we should first know and enjoy them.

¹ [Part of this letter ("The Globe . . . heaven") is No. 99 in *Greenaway*, p. 168, and was thence quoted (in connexion with Bellini's allegory in the Venetian Academy) in Vol. XXIV. p. 185 n. The rest of it is wrongly printed in *Greenaway* as part of No. 100 (see below, p. 658).]

² [No. 98 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 168.]

To Mrs. L. ALLEN HARKER¹

BRANTWOOD, 11th March, '87.

Yes; I'm dreadfully alone! Too alone to do anything! *No Præterita* getting done; nor anything at all but clearing out old letters, and clearing up drawers. But that *is* progress of a sort, more than I've ever made before. I wrote twenty-five letters yesterday and was obliged to begin one to T. to-day, for she wrote me such a sad account of herself that I had to do my best in tutorial and imperial reproof.

I do believe the next thing likely to be done is a botany class book—like *Ethics*—the chapters headed “Gussie on Gooseberries,” “Libbie on Lettuce,” “Kate on Kale,” and the like. I forget if you have seen *Ulric*. I've got a fifth chapter² of *him* on hand. The weather seems to *me* very dull to-day, but I believe the rest of the household is under the same impression; and I suppose the sun will shine again some day. I hope the books are with A. by this time, and have set the Mousie squeaking.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

BRANTWOOD, 12th March.

Finished the rats, have you! but you ought to do dozens of rats in perspective with undulating tails . . . [sketch]. I believe the perfection of perspective is only recent. It was first applied to Italian Art by Paul Uccello (Paul the Bird—because he drew birds so well and many). He went off his head with his love of perspective,⁴ and Leonardo and Raphael spoiled a lot of pictures with it, to show they knew it.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY⁵

BRANTWOOD, 17th [March, 1887].

. . . I didn't answer your question, Why may not I defy Perspective as well as John Bellini?

¹ [From “*Ruskin and Girlhood*,” by Mrs. L. Allen Harker, in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 570. Printed also in “*Ruskin in the 'Eighties*” in the *Outlook*, October 21, 1899.]

² [That is, the fifth *Part*: issued in March 1887.]

³ [No. 100 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 168 (see below, p. 658).]

⁴ [See Vol. XI. p. 71 *n.*]

⁵ [No. 101 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 169.]

Not because you are less—but because defying is a quite different thing from running against. Perspective won't put up with you if you tread on her toes—but will concede half her power to you if you can look her in the eyes. I won't tell you more till you're across that river.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY

BRANTWOOD, 19th March.

Of Fate there is no great picture nor statue. The idea of the Three is essentially Greek, and refers wholly to the destinies of the Soul and heart. The idea of Fortune is Latin; she is one Goddess only, and has power only over the things and courses of the world; she gives and takes away, provokes or pleases; but the Man is master of her—not of his *Fate*—as Tennyson has it.¹ The Three great Destinies are inexorable—irresistible. Fortune, as she provokes, so also is provokable, can be flattered or teased like a real woman—is spiteful, but never generous or affectionate, though given to favouritism. I abstract for you her general characters as she has been conceived from the Romans downwards.² There is a beautiful piece in Dante in which she is a celestial goddess, but he himself speaks scornfully of her—*Inferno*, xv.:—

“So that my conscience have no plea against me,
Do Fortune as she list. I stand prepared. . . .
Speed Fortune then her wheel, as likes her best—
The clown his mattock—all things have their course.”³

I'm so glad the Carpaccio glitters!

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON⁴

BRANTWOOD, 23rd March, 1887.

I'm writing from 15 to 25 letters a day just now, besides getting on with *Præterita*, *Proserpina*, *Ulric* editing and *Christ's Folk* editing, and as you can't be much more busy, and haven't been crazy, I think *you* ought to keep up our acquaintance with an occasional word or two. . . .

¹ [*The Marriage of Geraint*.]

² [Compare the letter of October 27, 1861: Vol. XXXVI. p. 385.]

³ [Cary's translation.]

⁴ [*Atlantic Monthly*, September 1904, vol. 94, pp. 387–388. No. 221 (the last of the series) in *Norton*; vol. ii. pp. 219–220.]

The chapter of *Præterita* I'm upon ("Hotel du Mont Blanc") is lagging sadly because I can't describe the Aiguille de Varens as I want to.¹ I do hope I shan't go off my head this summer again and lose the wild roses,—for *Præterita* will be very pretty if I can only get it written as it's in my head while right way on.

It is snowing and freezing bitterly, and I consider it all the fault of America and failure of duty in Gulf Stream, and so on.

. . . Seriously, I believe I am safer than for some years in general health, but have lost sadly in activity and appetite.—Ever your loving

J. R.

To Miss MARY GLADSTONE²

BRANTWOOD, 26th March, 1887.

DARLING CECILIA,—I am so very thankful for your letter, and for all it tells of yourself and says of me. If a great illness like that is quite conquered, the return to the lovely world is well worth having left it for the painful time; one never knew what beauty was before (unless in happy love which I had about two hours and three-quarters of, once in my life). I am really better now than for some years back, able every day for a little work, not fast, but very slow (Second *Præt.*³ isn't out yet, I'm just at work on the eleventh chapter); and able to take more pleasure in things than lately. It's not to go into *Præterita*, but you and F—may know that I've been these last two years quite badly in love with—, who's a Skye girl,⁴ half rook, half terrier, with a wonderful musical gift, and led me a dog's life, and never would play a note rightly if I was in the room, but made the piano clash and growl at me. At last I've been obliged to make them keep her at Herne Hill, and I'm getting some peace, but badly piqued and provoked and hurt. Tell F—I've got some very comforting birch trees, however, and cut everything away that worries *them*.—Ever your lovingest

"APRILE."

To GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.⁵

BRANTWOOD, 27th March, 1887.

DEAREST GEORGE,—I am very thankful to be yet in this—not bad, after all—world—with you to count birthdays in it yet with me. We

¹ [The Aiguille is mentioned, but not fully described, in the chapter: see Vol. XXXV. pp. 444, 445.]

² [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 95–96.]

³ [That is, the second *volume*.]

⁴ [See Vol. II. p. 527 ("Tennis interrupted").]

⁵ [The last letter to Richmond which has been preserved; written for his 78th birthday (March 28).]

cannot choose but be old! But, if we could, would we? How nice it is to feel wiser than everybody else—to feel that we ought always to have all our own way—to have no scruples whatever about taking it when we can get it—to be able to kiss anybody whenever we like—to recollect the lots of nice and clever things we've done—to see our names every other day in the papers, and feel that so far the Press is really a great Institution. I meant this, when I began, to be a pathetic love-letter, but it has become, on reflection, a merry one. I'm going to make up my quarrel with Julia, in honour of the day, and say it was all her Father's fault that she doesn't appreciate Turner!

I do hope to have some nice bits in *Præterita* about the way you and I used to quarrel. Do you recollect jumping off the seat opposite somebody's Claude?

Do let us both take care of ourselves and enjoy ourselves, till our beards be grown.—Ever your lovingest
J.
RUSKIN.

To LADY DILKE¹

[March 1887].

I thought you always one of my terriblest, unconquerablest, and antagonisticest powers. . . When you sat studying Renaissance with me in the Bodleian, I supposed you to intend contradicting everything I had ever said about art-history or social science. . . . My dear child, what have you ever done in my way, or as I bid? . . . I am really very, very affectionately and respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD [April 4, 1887].

The Anemones are here—and quite lovely—but you know they're not like those wild ones of Italy, and wither ever so much sooner.

I'm enjoying my botany again—but on the whole I think it's very absurd of flowers not to be prettier?

¹ [From Sir Charles Dilke's "Memoir" prefixed to *The Book of the Spiritual Life*, 1905, p. 5. For an earlier letter to the same correspondent, see Vol. XXXVI, p. 332. Lady Dilke replied that "'not doing as one is bid' is often the sincerest and highest form of obedience in things spiritual." Ruskin was not immediately convinced, and later again in 1887, he wrote: "To obey me is to love Turner and hate Raphael, to love Goethe and hate Renaissance" (*ibid.*, p. 6). In 1864 Miss Strong had written out some pages of "Queens' Gardens," and these were shown to him in his later years by Sir Charles and Lady Dilke. He wrote that he thought her at Kensington "the sauciest of girls," but he added: "The author is enchanted by the sight of himself in this lovely manuscript, and becomes, on account of it, an extremely happy and Proud Queens' Gardener" (*ibid.*, p. 12).]

² [No. 103 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 169 (see below, p. 658).]

How they might all grow up into lovely trees—and pinks grow like almond blossom, and violets everywhere like daisies, tulips climb about like Virginian creeper, and not stand staring as if they'd been just stuck into the ground. Fancy a house all in a mantle of tulips. And how many new shapes might they invent instead of that horrid



and common that they're always doing, till one's tired of the world!

And why aren't there Water roses as well as Water lilies?

To Miss MARION R. WATSON¹

5th April, '87.

You really have given a very sad account of yourselves—in these last letters—and I've written to Miss Beale that I think you ought to be expelled. Brantwood College is, of course, always open to you in that event, be it spring, summer, autumn, or winter; but September is a dreadful long time away.

To H. S. MARKS, R. A.²

April 16, 1887.

MY DEAR MARCO,—My little bantam came to crow at my window yesterday, to say it was spring, and the lambs were very eager to give me the same information. I hope it is spring for you also, but mind, you can't paint a bantam yet! Don't go on drawing claws—or comic penguins: try if you can paint a pheasant's head, or a peacock's, real size.—Your uncle John.³

To M. G. and F. G.⁴

BRANTWOOD, 15th May, 1887.

DEAREST FRIENDS,—But however is the sight of you to come to pass then? I need the help of it more than either of you, and *have* needed it all along while *you* two were all in the Wedding March

¹ [From "Ruskin and Girlhood: Some Happy Reminiscences," by L. Allen Harker, in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 562 (see below, p. 660).]

² [*Pen and Pencil Sketches*, vol. ii. p. 181.]

³ [For this signature, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxi.]

⁴ [*Letters to M. G. and H. G.*, pp. 96–98. "F. G." is Lady Horner (Miss Frances Graham): see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxxv.]

by Mendelssohn, as Coventry Patmore put it in his beautiful poem, entitled *The Angel in the House*.¹

You both of you stole that “march” upon me; neither of you gave me the slightest warning, but came each down on me with the news that you were to be married on “Monday,” and expected me to enjoy the wedding-cake.

I’ve never for an instant been faithless to either of you. But F—was never more than a birch tree to me, and it didn’t always keep march-music time; M—was my little mother and Patroness Saint, and suddenly left me orphaned.

Heaven knows I bear no malice, but you can’t hit your lovers on the heart, like that, when it suits you, and have them whenever you like to look for the bits to hang on your chatelaines again. Least of all can you expect them, when they are well-nigh on their death-beds, to hold your bells at the bridle-rein. . . .

If either of you, or both, could come here for as long as you please, it would be a beneficence to me of the very highest and gravest kind. And so farewell (and as much love as you care to take) for to-day. To-morrow (*D.V.*), I’ll send you the motive of my “Iron March,” which is in extremely steady time, but is not in root-movement of a cheerful character. You may melt it into iron that can be wrought.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

To Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., F.R.S.

BRANTWOOD, 14th June, '87.

DEAR SIR JOHN,—And will you *really* come? It’s so wonderful to think you can forgive me all the ill-tempered things I’ve said about insects and evolution and—everything nearly that you’ve been most interested in—and will see the Lake Country first from my terrace—where, however, Darwin has walked also. And it *is* a terrace—a mere nook of turf above a nest of garden—but commanding such a piece of lake and hill as can only be seen in England.

I shall be here all the year, and whenever you can prevail on Lady Lubbock to seclude herself from the world—(there is not a house south of us on either side the lake for four miles)—and on Miss Lubbock to take up her quarrel where we broke off—irreconcilable—you will find Brantwood gate wide on its furthest hinges to you.

¹ [See “The Cathedral Close” at the end of Canto i.:—
“And some one in the Study play’d
The Wedding-March of Mendelssohn.”]

You will have to put up with cottage fare—and perhaps—with a couple of days' rain;—I have only a country cook—and when it rains here, it does not know how to stop. For the rest, if you come when the roses are yet in bloom and the heather in the bud, you will not be disappointed in Wordsworth's land.—Ever affectionately yours,

JOHN RUSKIN

To HENRY WILLETT

BRANTWOOD, 16th June, '87.

DEAR MR. WILLETT,—Sincere thanks for your kind note and the messages from Dr. Wendell Holmes, but I am too sad and weary just now to see anything; and I was grieved by your inscription on the fountain,¹ for it made my name far too conspicuous, nor did I feel that the slightest honour was owing to me in the matter. And for photographs and the like—regarding myself and my people, I have no care; all my life has been given to obtain records of glorious work—not of personalities; and my house is full of drawings and descriptions of things which I fain would set in some order before I die, but the shadow on the dial seems lengthening fast for me. All that any who care for *me* can do, may be after my death.—Ever faithfully and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To ALBERT FLEMING

BRANTWOOD, 20th June, '87.

DEAREST ALBERT,—I send you the first notes for preface and title-page of *Hortus*. Had I even been in my usual health, it would have passed all my power to describe Susie as you and I both know her, but at present I am so broken-hearted that no effort—needing joy to support it—is maintainable for an instant;—besides, I think it *well* that you should take the entire editing of this book, and give your own description of Susie and of your relations to us both—saying as little of *me* as possible, and getting the letters into *mere* chronological order so far as they can be placed by the *Fors* parallel entries. Mrs. Firth can help you from very private diaries. You have carte-blanche to do what you would if I were gone, only without such praise as you would then allow. You must delete all the notes of admiration of particular letters, etc.²

¹ [See Vol. XXXIV. p. 719.]

² [That is, pencil notes by Miss Beever and Mr. Fleming.]

I don't know either how I am or how I ought to be—just now—the reaction after the great strain must be borne as thoughtlessly as possible. There is, under closest examination by Dr. Kendall, neither heart disease nor any traceable sign of nervous danger.—Ever your lovingest—and you must surely know how grateful—

JOHN RUSKIN.

To LADY MOUNT-TEMPLE¹

BRANTWOOD, 23rd July, '87.

SWEETEST ISOLA,—Is there no Isola indeed where we can find refuge and give it? I have never yet been so hopeless of doing anything more in this wide-wasting and wasted earth unless we seize and fortify with love—a new Atlantis.—Ever your devoted

ST. C.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

[FOLKESTONE, Aug. 27, '87.]

I'm ever so well, thank God; it was the luckiest chance in the world you sent me here—and there's some blessed rain to-day. . . It was quite frightful to see the children out of an excursion train, who had been used to play in gutters, dabbing in the calm fringe of sea which was six feet deep within nine of the beach. It was no more to them than an amusing and *fidgety* gutter,—they never looked at the ships, or seaward;—the mothers gossiped without looking even at the children—as if it was as safe as a duckpond. . . This will interest Arfie. A big steamer has gone down Channel with foam from her bows, as if there were a big sea on, and yet two of Arfie's Rochester Redsails are *standing* on the sea as if they were pinned to it. Another of them is moored to the quay here, and is, I think, the most puzzling piece of rig and rope I ever saw in any country.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

SANDGATE, 31st Oct., '87.

. . . I send two extremely pretty—passages of life—they're not stories—by the *Bootles' Baby* man,² whom I like best of any one now

¹ [Printed by W. G. Collingwood in his paper "Ruskin's 'Isola'" (*Good Words*, February 1902, p. 80), and reprinted in his *Ruskin Relics*, p. 225.]

² ["John Strange Winter" (Mrs. Stannard): see the next letter.]

in the trade. I have read *Lord Fauntleroy*¹—and liked it—but don't feel as if I should care to read it again,—though I've forgotten what it was about. I've just ordered *Garrison Gossip*² from Wilson, and have a dimly interesting imitation of Gaboriau on hand—*Le Secret de Berthe*,³ which I picked up in London. Every French bookseller—every seller of French books, I mean—whom I tried, had their counters full of *Tartarin de Tarascon*—all recommending it as the most amusing book that could be—Trente Troisieme Mille on the cover,—so I bought one, and it's the worst pennyworth I ever bought in all my life—pictures and text alike the quintessence of *incomprehensible* stupidity. The hero shoots an ass instead of a lion in Algeria, and the ass's proprietor demands his beast again “à tous les echos de *Mustapha*.” Arthur has been in Algeria; can he tell me what joke underlies this?

To JOHN STRANGE WINTER (Mrs. ARTHUR STANNARD)⁴

[SANDGATE, 1887.]

Of all pretty coincidences that ever happened to me, this of your writing and sending me your books at the moment when I was writing to my Joanie that yours were the only books I now cared to read, is quite the prettiest, and it makes me feel as if things were going to come right again for me for a while, after having been torturingly wrong all this year. And the knowledge that I have been helpful to you, as you tell me, is daintily good for me at a time when I am extremely displeased with everything I have tried to do; all the same, although the lesson was a good one, the real goodness was in the pupil, for I have given it to thousands without its being of the least use to them. And the essential quality of your work is of course its own. . . . I had not the least thought of your being a woman. I ought to have had, for really women do everything now that's best, and they know more about soldiers than soldiers know of themselves. But it had never

¹ [*Little Lord Fauntleroy*, by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.]

² [*Garrison Gossip, gathered in Blankhampton*, by John Strange Winter, 2 vols., 1887.]

³ [By F. Du Boisgobey, 2 vols., 1884.]

⁴ [From *Notable Women at Home*, No. 1, November 1890, edited by James R. Morgan. The writer of an account of “John Strange Winter” there says: “Sensible of her debt of gratitude to him, she was persuaded to tell him of it by letter after her success was confirmed, at the same time sending him two of her books, *That Imp* and *Mignon's Secret*. He was ill, and away from home, but Mrs. Arthur Severn acquainted him with their receipt, on the very day *he* was sending *her* the same two books” (see the preceding letter).]

come into my head, and I'm a little sorry that the good soldier I had fancied is lost to me, for I have many delightful women friends, but no cavalry officers . . . and I am ever your grateful J. RUSKIN.

To Miss CONSTANCE OLDHAM

5th Nov., '87.

. . . This is really the dearest little coffee-set I've ever had! and I like it so for being from Thun. It came perfectly—no chip anywhere—with the letters this morning—an entirely bright, sunny 5th Nov. I had no notion such things were possible. The sea looks as if God had made it for a children's playmate all the world round.

What I said of music was that both with Mozart and Rossini it was assumed that every note, however rapid or however emotional, would be given in *perfection* by the singer, with the consummate power of a trained voice, never with effort, hurry, or flaw. He or she were never permitted, in *their* discipline (M. and R.'s), to be hoarse with rage, or shrill with grief, or to give any passage without perfectly melodious and *deliberate* utterance of every note in it. Rapidity that slurs, or even does not to the full enjoy, and let the audience enjoy, the sweetness of every note, is no skill for them. First of all, *the* note—every note—is to be *music*, the most musical and beautiful note the singer can give. *That* secured, it may be accented in the delicatist way for expression—and the action of body and expression of feature are to enforce the meaning of the melody; but for the expression of that, the composer is answerable, not the executant. And all the roaring, whining, screaming, screeching, and miauling which form the staple of modern dramatic sound, would have been thought of, by those two masters (*a fortiori* by the pure Italian schools that preceded them), as the drama and music of beasts, not men.

But to deliver a passage of Rossini in its proper time and sweetness, recurrent as it often is through lengths of cadence, required such training in the singer as no executant now would dream of, much less submit to. Mozart's is more possible, but requires a fine personality—and I can safely and deliberately say that since Persiani's death,¹ which I think was before you were born, I have never heard an *attempt* even to sing a Mozart passage rightly.

¹ [Fanny Persiani (*née* Tacchinardi); 1812–1867; operatic “star,” 1837–1848.]

To Miss GRACE ALLEN

26th Dec., '87.

MY DEAR GRACIE,—Those are lovely lines of Whittier's,¹ but they're not a whit true, and I wish you would give up reading Yankee verses. When Frederick lost Kolin and Kunersdorf,² he didn't get *any* worker's pay; but lost—virtually $\frac{2}{7}$ of his life—for ever—and had to repair his *ruined* Prussia in the fag-end of it. And most people, whether good or bad, lose, not $\frac{2}{7}$ nor $\frac{6}{7}$, but $\frac{7}{7}$ of their lives, in good intentions—pave the upper world with asphalt, and the under one with—their own souls—gone as black.

And so, I beg of you, help me in the end of this battle of life not by quoting poetry, but by wearing sensible bonnets, and in general, not “protesting too much”! . . .

I shall be, I hope, within reach of you all this spring, but you are always to think of me as of a Sand Eel, and not try to dig me out.—Ever affectly. yrs.,

J. RUSKIN.

1888

[During the early part of 1888 Ruskin remained at Sandgate, paying occasional visits to London: see Vol. XXXV. pp. xxix.–xxx., where a few other letters will be found. He was unable for much literary work, and was subject to alternate moods of excitement and depression. In June he went to France with Mr. Arthur Severn, and afterwards, with Mr. Detmar Blow, to Switzerland and Italy. Letters written thence are given in Vol. XXXV. pp. xxxi.–xxxiii. The letters here added stop in November, when Ruskin on his way home was taken suddenly ill.]

To GEORGE ALLEN

SANDGATE, 1st January, 1888.

DEAR ALLEN,—I have indeed much to thank you for, in the past and in many past years, and am very thankful that you are so well yourself after the anxieties I have caused you in this one. It is a

¹ [Miss Allen had sent Ruskin a Christmas card with the following lines from Whittier's poem, “The Voices”]:—

“Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Faith shares the future's promise, Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the Sun.”]

² [For other references to this battle, see Vol. XXXI. p. 479, Vol. XXXIV. p. 328; for Kolin, see Carlyle's *Friedrich*, Book xviii. ch. iv.]

very great relief to my mind at present to know that the various reports about me have not interfered with your business. Would you please tell me what those were to which you alluded in America? I have never seen any of them; but the most entirely foolish . . . thing I have ever seen written about me is by the Boston man, Stillman, in the *Century* for last month.¹

I am quieter and stronger in mind, so far as I can judge, than for years—though much physically troubled since the cold weather came—and I am re-reading the *Bible of Amiens*, with view to proceed in what I have already half done, connected with it. Please do not reprint any of the numbers without my corrections. I am amazed at the quantity that needs completion in it—but is capable of no good completion.

Those blessed Lectures² will, I hope, be finished by Wedderburn as soon as the New Year bustle is past. Sincere love and thanks to you all.—Ever your faithful and affecte.
JOHN RUSKIN.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

[SANDGATE] 5th Jan. [1888].

I am most thankful for all your letters, though I have no strength to answer—a very little writing or thinking tires me. But I have been oppressed by the cold, like you.

I am entirely glad you like Donatello; but Donatello would have liked Kate Greenaway. You would do things far more beautiful if you would only submit to laws of Shade—and measures of form.

But you are hurried on by the crowd of your own new thoughts, and cannot yet *realise* any.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY⁴

[SANDGATE] 27th Jan., '88.

You cannot conceive how in my present state I envy—that is to say, only, in the strongest way, long for—the least vestige of imagination such as yours, when nothing shows itself to me, all day long, but the dull room or the wild sea; and I think what it must be to

¹ ["John Ruskin," by W. J. Stillman, in the *Century Magazine* for January 1888 (issued in the preceding month).]

² [The new and revised edition of the Oxford *Lectures on Art*, issued in February 1888; the Preface is dated "10th January": Vol. XX. p. 15.]

³ [Referred to in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 170.]

⁴ [No. 105 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 170–171 (see below, p. 658).]

you to have far sight into dreamlands of truth—and to be able to see such scenes of the most exquisite grace and life and quaint vivacity. Whether you draw them or not, what a blessing to have them there—at your call.

And there I stopped, and have been lying back in my chair the last quarter of an hour, thinking—

If I could only let Katie feel—for only a quarter of an hour—what it is to have no imagination—no power of calling up lovely things—no guidance of pencil point along the visionary line—Oh, how thankful she would be to find her Katie's mind again.

And what lovely work she has spent—where no one will ever see it but her poor Dinie¹—on the lightest of her messages. Do you remember the invitation sent by the girl holding the muffin high on her toasting fork?² You never did a more careful or perfect profile. And the clusters of beauty in those festival or farewell ones!

Well, I had joy out of them—such as you meant—and more than ever I could tell you, nor do I ever cease to rejoice and wonder at them—but with such sorrow that they are not all in a great lovely book, for all the world's New Year's and Easter days.

You might do a book of Festas one of these days—with such processions!³

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD⁴

9th Feb., '88.

DEAREST KATIE,—I cannot tell you how sweet I think it of you and Puck and Freda still to call me Papa and to send me those pretty cards, when I have given you no sign of affection for so long, and left your two lovely long letters without word of thanks—but I was so ill then that I could not read nor think, and although this year has begun a little more happily for me, I cannot yet send you any account of its days that you would care to read, except that I have really added much to the happiness of a grey cat called "Jim." . . . I have really been rather good-natured to a little dog called "Bets"—who is not pretty—and always wants, whatever side of the room door she is on, to be directly at the other.

¹ [A name by which Ruskin often signed himself to Miss Greenaway, explaining it as a corruption of "Demonie": see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. civ.]

² [See above, p. 470.]

³ [By "processions" are meant the long drawings of girls, into which Miss Greenaway put some of her most careful work: one of them is referred to above, p. 474.]

⁴ [No. 27 in "The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin," in the *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 608.]

I meant to have taken some pains at Brantwood with the education of a seagull—but was discouraged by observing that when I brought him an oyster for a treat with his lunch, he would not help himself to it out of the shell as I held it politely to him—but would snap at the whole shell—pull it out of my hand, drop it upside down on the floor, and then look at it in a bewildered and irritable state of mind, not knowing in the least how to get it right side up again.

I should be very glad now to hear of any pets of the Society that have been found deserving its care—and feel myself—I am sorry to say—more fit to be one of its pitied pets than its papa.—Ever, dear Katie, your lovingest
RUSKIN.

To Miss KATIE MACDONALD¹

16th Feb., '88.

DARLING KATIE,—I am so glad my poor little letter was any joy to you when you were in bed with a cold—for sometimes that *is* very dismal, though not quite so bad as being *out* of bed with a cold. I'm so ashamed always of being seen about the house with a red nose—and heard sneezing fifteen or sixteen times at once. But were you really “cross,” Katie? I can't fancy you ever being cross! Were you only cross with the cold—or with anybody else? or with the weather?—or with the bread and butter? I do like everything so nice and hot when I've a cold—and when I have got to stay in bed, I'm very cross if the toast isn't buttered all over the crust—and then afterwards I'm *very* cross with the crumbs. . . .

“Jim” put me to great shame the other day. Usually he comes at the fish course, and has the tail of a whiting, or the head of a sole—and then doesn't ask for anything else—but sits on my knee, or in the armchair beside me, all the rest of dinner-time . . . We had got to the game course, and Jim was sitting on my knee, and I was explaining how good he was to be content with sitting there, and not asking for anything, when, just as I had got the words out of my mouth, Jim put his paw on the table-cloth—looked to see what was on the table—then quietly helped himself to the breast of ptarmigan that was on my plate, and jumped down to make himself comfortable with it on the rug.

And the same evening Betsy got into my room and made *herself* comfortable just in the very middle of my bed. It's all very well being a friend to Living Creatures, but I think the Living Creatures might find better ways of being friendly to me.

¹ [No. 28 in “The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin,” in the *Fortnightly Review*, October 1907, p. 608.]

The little valentine is very pretty, only I'm not quite sure what sort of tree it represents—and oughtn't Valentines always to have something about hearts and arrows in them? I've got a pretty letter from a whole girls' school, written on the 14th, but there's nothing about hearts and arrows in it—and I don't know if I'm to take it for a Valentine or not. And I don't quite know, either, how many Valentines one's allowed to have.—Dear love to Puck and Freda, and I'm ever your lovingest
PAPA R., F.L.C.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

[SANDGATE] 17th Feb., '88.

It's just as bad here as everywhere else—there are no birds but seagulls and sparrows—there is snow everywhere—and north-east wind on the hills—but none on the sea, which is as dull as the Regent's Canal. But I was very glad of the Flower letter yesterday, and the chicken broth one to-day, only I can't remember that cat whom I had to teach to like cream. I believe it *is* an acquired taste, and that most cats can conceive nothing better than milk. I am puzzled by Jim's inattention to drops left on the table-cloth; he cleans his saucer scrupulously, but I've never seen him lap up, or touch up, a spilt drop. He is an extremely graceful grey striped fat cushion of a cat, with extremely winning ways of lying on his back on my knee, with his head anywhere and his paws everywhere. But he hasn't much conversation, and our best times are, I believe, when we both fall asleep.

To Mrs. L. ALLEN HARKER²

SANDGATE, 19th February, '88.

Yes, if I *could* send you a long letter, saying I was well, wouldn't I just! but now, when I can only send you short lines saying I'm ill, what is the use? Not that I'm ill in any grave way that I know of. But I'm very sad. It's a perfectly grey day, snowing wet snow all over sea and land all day, and threatening for all night. I've had nothing to do since morning, and I don't know what to do till tea.

I'm alone in a room about the size of a railway carriage. I can't walk about in it (and wouldn't care to, if I could). I've no books that I care to read (or even would, if I cared to). I'm tired of pictures,

¹ [No. 106 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 171.]

² [From "Ruskin in the 'Eighties," in the *Outlook*, October 21, 1899; reprinted in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, p. 571.]

and minerals, and the sky, and the sea. There's three o'clock, and I wish it was thirty—and I could go to bed for the next thirty.

But every morning I get some little love-letter from a Joanie or a Mousie which makes me think I had better try and keep awake a little longer.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

[SANDGATE] *Sunday*, 19th [Feb., 1888].

This is the dismallest day I've seen at Sandgate, but I'm cheering it up by trying to fancy the tea at Frognal yesterday, and remembering the teas of old times. But I can't remember that cat! You know our Tootles at Brantwood rather fills up the place of all cats in my mind, she has been such a principal figure there for so long.

I fancy "Jim" here will be a principal figure in remembrance of Sandgate—lying on his back wedged between my knees, with his head hanging down and his paws in the air; but he very rarely does anything deserving historical notice. He swept down half a game of chess yesterday with his tail—and rolled one of the pieces into an inaccessible corner—but he's been on best Sunday behaviour all this morning.

I've begun a course of circulating library here—but find it very hard. The stupider I am, myself, the stupider I think books, and modern novels are so tiresome in the way they jump about to different places and people in every chapter—till I can't recollect where I am, now who anybody is. When *am* I to see some Pipers?²

It's one o'clock. I've ate as much sandwich as I can for lunch, and now it's five hours to tea-time—snowing hard—with the sky the colour of an H. lead-pencil—and I don't know what in the world to do with myself for those five hours.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

[SANDGATE] 22nd [February].

Yes, I think it *would* have been a little better if you had been there, than waiting five hours all alone for dinner. If only the spring would ever come, I'd think about it! What a fuss there'd be in the Sandgate papers!

¹ [Referred to in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 170.]

² [*The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, by Robert Browning, with 35 Illustrations by Kate Greenaway. Engraved and printed in colours by Edmund Evans.]

³ [Summarised in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 170.]

Yes, please send me the proofs of *Piper* without colour—I'm very impatient for them. And so many thanks for names of books—I find the books for young girls sometimes nice—but there's such a rage now for breaking children's backs,—it began with *Misunderstood*¹—that one never knows what's going to happen whenever they go out walking.

What is *Kidnapped* about?

I'm working regularly through the circulating library, reading about two chapters of every first volume. I think perhaps I could write at last a recipe for the writing of novels without a novelty in them.

I've never read any but the dullest books on the Medici times, but I think there's a history of Florence by a Mr. Roscoe² which might be interesting to you.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY³

[SANDGATE] 23rd Feb., '88.

The *Piper* came by the 11 post—ten minutes after my note left this morning. I only expected outline proofs, so you may judge how pleased I was. It is all as good and nice as can be, and you really have got through your rats with credit—and the piper is sublime and the children lovely. But I am more disappointed in the "Paradise" than I expected to be—a *real* view of Hampstead ponds in spring would have been more celestial to me than this customary flat of yours with the trees stuck into it at regular distances. And not a Peacock! nor a flying horse!!

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY⁴

[SANDGATE] 28th Feb., '88.

It wasn't the cold that made me ill. It makes me sulky, as it does you; but the bad time that was on me was simply a phase of the real illness, which has always hold on me more or less, now—the result of old sorrow—and new—fear alike of Death—and Life—lest in living I become only a burden to those who love me.

But I'm nearly myself again just now, and look forward to the Bay of Mermaids and the Beauties of Berne with much zest.

¹ [By Florence Montgomery (1869).]

² [*The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, by William Roscoe, 2 vols., 1795.]

³ [No. 107 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 172.]

⁴ [Referred to in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 170.]

To Sir HENRY ACLAND, K.C.B.¹

SANDGATE, 29th March, '88.

DEAREST HENRY,—I only heard of it through Joanna—a few days since—but how thankful I am for your letter—that you should be able to write like that already, and should still care to write to me. But I trust the Day is coming for the “*Dominus illuminatio*” indeed to both of us.

As for the loss of the one ray in the double focus, it is nothing. My mother had only one seeing eye for thirty years, and my two eyes see only double grief.

All the same, when you do go to Southsea, I'll come if I may—to see you—and—somebody else whom I want to see dreadfully—Tennie Watson. How far is it to Southsea?—Ever your lovingest

“MASTER OF RAVENSWOOD”—AND BRANT.

Is poor Angie better?

To E. T. COOK²

SANDGATE, 15th April, 1888.

MY DEAR COOK,—I *can't* get this Preface into any shape at present. I am in rather a high heroic humour,—busy on twelfth-century history; and the whole modern system of exhibition is partly ludicrous, partly dreadful to me;—what I feel myself about the best pictures would not be of the least use, if told to Londoners; what I feel about the worst, it would perhaps drive me crazy again with anger to put into any words. I meant to have written a pretty passage about pictures and clouds, to bring in the Pope distich; perhaps I can do something to the proof, if this that I have sent be at all available to you. I dared not look at what you said of Turner;—I am steadily at work now on III. *Præterita*, and I don't want to disturb my recollections of Switzerland, as Turner taught me to see it,—nor of the effect of his death upon me.

I hope to see you in the course of this week. I should be at Morley's on Thursday evening.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

¹ [A piece of this letter is printed in J. B. Atlay's *Memoir of Acland*, pp. 453–454.]

² [The letter refers to the Preface written by Ruskin for Mr. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery*: Vol. XXXIV. p. 452, where the Pope distich will be found.]

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

MORLEY'S, 21st April [1888].

I have your nice wedding anniversary letter—with lovely bit about the boys—and I hope God will let you have undimmed joy in your children, and put all the drawbacks which there must be in this world—on the Di Pa. All the same, I hope Baxter and Arthur won't catch all the trout out of Yewdale Beck!

I am quite well here, and far *safer* than at Sandgate, where any day I might be tempted now into sailing, or over-walking, and I enjoy the thought of a look round my old Water-colour to-day; and having British Museum and Zoo under command for next week. . . .

I never saw London looking more full of wrong—but it is not for me to shrink out of it;—and I have still a friend or two there, whom I want to see—Froude, Bond,—and Günther!¹ and so on.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

MORLEY'S, Sunday, 22nd April, '88.

You *would* have been a proud wee Pussie if you had seen how glad everybody was to see me at the Water-colour. Not the least kindly glad, Browning, who is really now one of my oldest friends . . . and Mr. Ingelow also. I waited long for Jean, but was obliged to leave without seeing her. The President² was immensely nice to me, and I was able to praise his work sincerely. . . .

I had been at British Museum in morning, and saw Colvin, and Poole;—the latter was happy in our talk, and I was very thankful to be in the library again.

Your letter yesterday about Violet and Baby at the top of Naboth³ was an immense joy to me—what dear and wise little things they are! And the two boys, too—with that lovely “Why should we?” of their quarrelling.

I am grieved at giving up Switzerland this year—but for all our sakes, it is necessary that my friends should once more see me in London—as I am—and that I should do—for myself and for them—this year, the best and utmost that I can.

¹ [Sir Edward Augustus Bond (1815–1898), K.C.B., principal librarian of the British Museum. For Dr. Günther, see Vol. XXVI. pp. liv., 297, 310, and Vol. XXXIII. p. 524.]

² [Sir John Gilbert, R.A.]

³ [Part of the moor above Brantwood, now added to the estate.]

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

24th April [1888].

The Creswick designs¹ are very nice, so is the letter with them. I have written to him.

The Adam's life is a great gift to me—and Mr. Ritchie shall be earnestly thanked.²

The weather has been the worst possible, and I am sadly out of heart to-day after looking at the Pulpit of Pisa³ and all the things I used to love so at Kensington—and finding them all dead to me.

I was quite amazed by the subtle humour and delicate painting in some of Frith's earlier work—a scene from *Sentimental Journey*,⁴ *exquisite!*

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

Wednesday [April 25].

I am very thankful for your lovely note. If I can but keep well, and a little good, and keep you happy, with your children at Brantwood, I *do* think it is the place for you, and people will understand more and more why I gave it you, that you might be happy there while your Di Pa could still send you love—and get it back again—and you could forget the woeful times, and the place become your own in peace.

I am so very glad of Miss Ingelow's address. I shall go to see her to-day, and have ordered a lovely little dinner here for Arfie and me, and hope he'll show me the Institute to-morrow.

To M. H. SPIELMANN⁵

SANDGATE, 8th May [1888].

DEAR SPIELMANN,—Oh, *please*, no bust!⁶ Dressler's better than Boehm's—but looks more frantic than ever I've been. My likeness has nothing to do with the Museum—please let the account pass without flourish.—Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

¹ [Perhaps the designs for Mr. Heath's hat-shop: see Vol. XXX. p. xlvi.]

² [Perhaps Mr. Ritchie, in connexion with Ruskin's notices of Adam in *Præterita*, had sent him a copy of *An Account of the Life and Character of Alexander Adam, LL.D., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh*, 1810. The author was A. Henderson.]

³ [For the pulpit (of which there is a model in the South Kensington Museum, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 131), see Vol. XXIII. p. 23 (Plate VI).]

⁴ [No. 556 in the South Kensington (Victoria and Albert) Museum (Jones bequest). The picture is dated 1841.]

⁵ [Extracts from this letter are printed (in the form, however, of conversation) in M. H. Spielmann's *John Ruskin*, p. 181. For particulars of Mr. Dressler's bust, see the section "Portraits" in the Bibliography (Vol. XXXVIII).]

⁶ [That is, in a paper on "Mr. Ruskin's Museum at Sheffield" (by Edward Bradbury) which was to appear in Mr. Spielmann's *Magazine of Art* (1888, p. 346).]

To Sir R. H. COLLINS, K.C.B.

2 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, SANDGATE, 22nd May, '88.

VERY DEAR FRIEND,—I have no power to say what gladness and sorrow I feel in reading the infinitely kind messages you have been permitted to send me.

But I have only to answer in sorrow since last I wrote you. The sickly distemperature has been manifest to myself, so as to take from me all hope of recovering any tranquil cheerfulness—and the Duchess's kindness would only be grieved by seeing the change in me. Nothing could have been so great a delight, so great and good to me, as, were I just as I used to be, at seeing her with her children in the summer sunshine. Assure her of my deepest gratitude and loyal devotion—but I feel too surely that I cannot—must not—come. I answer quickly—not hastily, but it is useless to multiply words. May every year bring brighter Whitsuntides to the Claremont roof.—I am ever the Duchess's most faithful—though useless—servant, and your most grateful friend,

JOHN RUSKIN.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

BEAUVAIS, July 8th, Monday [1888].

Arfie and I have just had a pleasant final talk over all plans . . . he has been doing some beautiful [sketches] on the river at Abbeville, with more tree drawing than I've ever seen him do before—and two sunsets here behind the Cathedral—of which I shall let him have no peace till he paints one big.

Also I really admit that I am the least tiny bit better to-day than when I crossed.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

BEAUVAIS, Wednesday, 11th July [1888].

. . . As for the first time in my life, I'm travelling without a Bible could you find and send me the smallest MS. in the MS. shelf between windows? There is no gold in the letters, and the writing is like this [sketch], only closer, but I can easily make out the verse or two I may want to refer to,—and you might as well send with it a small square prayer-book with pretty floral marginal large letters from which—they being English instead of French work—you will see much of the gold has crumbled away. Its calendars of English saints will be useful to me.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

BEAUVAIS, *Thursday, 13th July, '88.*

To-day I've the delightful baby talk letter about your being so proud that I liked Arfie's sketches. Indeed the *river* sketches are quite beyond anything he used to do;—and since I find myself able really to draw and paint still—I've done an extremely good bit this morning already (before twelve)—an idea has come into my head which I'll tell *you* (but mind you don't let the cat out of the bag!!).

You know one of the quite favourite plates in *Modern Painters* is "Light in the West—Beauvais."¹ Now this sunset of Arthur's—which is the likeliest to what the sunset really was that ever I saw Arfie do from memory—*was* exactly that "Light in the West—Beauvais." It is brighter and more stormy than mine—but as, next year, I hope there will be a good deal of talk about *M. P.*,² suppose—and suppose—that the Institute were to elect me an Hon. Member like the Old Water-colour—and that Arfie and I sent in a blazer called "Light in the West—Beauvais," Arfie doing the sunset and I the Cathedral?

The young architect³ who is with me is a perfect assistant in whatever I want—and I think the fortnight more I stop here is almost sure to end in my writing a little guide to the Cathedral like one of the *Mornings in Florence*,—to be called "The Choir of Choirs," or something of that sort.⁴

To GEORGE ALLEN

BEAUVAIS, *Saturday, 29th July, '88.*

DEAR ALLEN,—*Proserpina* and *Aratra* safe here, to my extreme satisfaction. In the *first* number of *Dilecta* for the third vol. I shall explain the value of the plates you have engraved and the quantity of time they represent.⁵ Can you enable me at all to arrive at some estimate of this, from the bit of tree-outline in *M. P.* down to the fourteenth and fifteenth of *Proserpina* (the original drawings of XIV. were given to the Queen at the Jubilee time in her water-colour book),⁶

¹ [In this edition, Vol. VII. p. 154.]

² [In connexion with a new edition of the book: see Vol. III. p. lix.]

³ [Mr. Detmar Blow: see Vol. XXXV. p. xxx.]

⁴ [This, however, was never written.]

⁵ [This also was never written.]

⁶ [Plates xiv. and xv. in *Proserpina* as originally issued were those of the Cotoneaster: see now Vol. XXV., Plates XXX. and XXXI. (pp. 535, 536).]

and I want an estimate of the actual time the original plates cost you—irrespective of keeping going.

The title of the first *Dilecta* is “Golden Water,”¹ but you would be blazing off “to give the business a fillip” if I told you more. And in the meantime, kindly give the business a fillip by sending me a proof of the Grande Chartreuse plate,² in whatever state it is. I MUST *see one now before I leave Beauvais*—that’s, *D.V.*, on Monday week.—Ever affectly. yrs.,
J. R.

To Mrs. ARTHUR SEVERN

DIJON, quarter to 7, morning, Aug. 28, 1888.

We had an entirely perfect day from Paris yesterday—the autumnal light was exactly like the most intense golden backgrounds of Van Eyck and the Flemish purist sacred school. Detmar was entirely astonished—he had never believed such things possible. I myself was amazed—both at the clearness of my own eyesight, and the glory of the vine valleys and—most truly named—Côte d’Or rocks. I never have felt so well, or so little fatigued on that journey—we left Paris at half-past 11, and got in here at quarter before 6, having delightfully cushioned large coupé to ourselves all the way.

Half-past 10. Above written before coffee—after coffee, walk for two glorious hours over all my old haunts—from the church I drew when I was fourteen³ to the balconies you know so well. It’s all safe—and lovely and delicious beyond words, and I’ve come home to write the end of II. *Præterita* (introducing Norton).⁴

To HENRY JOWETT⁵

DIJON, 30th Aug., '88.

DEAR JOWETT, . . . I am keeping entirely well—rise in my old way at six and set to work or walk before breakfast—and find I can walk my six miles and do my six hours of notes or other work, in the course of the day, as I used to do. I believe it was the damp and absence

¹ [For a fragment of this, see Vol. XXXV. pp. 638–641.]

² [Ultimately issued after Ruskin’s death: see Vol. XXXV. p. lxxxvii.]

³ [For this drawing (now in the collection of Mrs. Cunliffe), see Vol. XIII. p. 504 (23 R.).]

⁴ [That is, the end of ch. ii. of vol. iii. (issued in September 1888): see Vol. XXXV. p. 519.]

⁵ [From *John Ruskin, a Biographical Sketch*, by R. E. Pengelly, p. 67.]

from my old haunts that nearly killed me at Brantwood, and that, with common prudence, I can do a lot of lovely work at Verona and Venice yet. I am bound straight for there after Chamouni.—Ever yours affectionately,
J. R.

To Signor ALESSANDRI

[VENICE, *October*, 1888.]

DEAREST ALESSANDRI,—I was just going to bring you this note and enclosure when you came in with the dear Signor Boni. I am in more pain at going away than I can tell you, but there have been symptoms of illness threatening me now for some time which I cannot conquer—but by getting away from the elements of imagination which haunt me here. I am at least thankful to have seen what noble work you are doing—and to have heard Boni for that happy hour.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.

1889

[Ruskin's illness, which came on at the end of 1888, was severe and prolonged, and it is not until May that the correspondence begins again. It breaks off early in August, and was never to be resumed, except in the few broken lines here given in *facsimile* (facing p. 614): see Vol. XXXV. pp. xxxix.–xl.]

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD, *May-day*, 1889.

I've been a-maying with you all day,—coming upon one beautiful thing after another in my drawer, so long unopened—most thankfully to-day unlocked again—and sending balm and rose and lily sweetness all through the old study. What exquisite drawings those were you did just before I fell so ill,—the children passing under the flower arch—etc.! and Joan tells me you are doing *such* lovely things now with such backgrounds,—grander than ever, and of course the *Piper* is the best book you ever did—the Piper himself unsurpassable—and I feel as if he had piped me back out of the hill again, and would give some spring times yet to rejoice in your lovely work and its witness to them.

I do hope much, now—the change is greater and deeper for good

¹ [No. 108 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 175–176.]

than it has ever been before, but I have to watch almost every breath lest I should fall back again.

I wonder if you would care to come down in the wild rose time—and draw a branch or two, with the blue hills seen through them, and perhaps study a little falling water—or running—in the green shadows. I wouldn't set you to horrid work in the study, you should even draw any quantity of those things that you liked—in the forenoon—and have tea in the study, and perhaps we could go on with the Swiss fish story! and I've some psalter work in hand that I want you to help me in—tebbily,—and poor Joanie will be so thankful to have somebody to look after me a little, as well as her:—and so—perhaps you'll come, won't you?

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY¹

BRANTWOOD, 3rd May, 1889.

I am so very thankful that you can come—and still care to come! I was so afraid you might have some work on hand that would hinder you—but now, I do trust that you will be quite happy, for indeed you will find here—where you are at liberty to do what you like best—the exact things that become most tractable in their infinite beauty. You are doing great work already—some of the pages of the *Piper* are magnificent pictures, though with a white background—you will be led by the blue mountains and in the green glens to a deeper colour—melody—and—to how much else there is no calculating. *Please* bring the primrose picture!—it will be the intensest delight to me—and in looking over your drawings again (how many do you think there are in my Kate drawer, now—besides those in the cabinets?) I feel more than ever—I might almost say twice as much as I used to—their altogether unrivalled loveliness.

And I think, as soon as you have seen all the exhibitions, and feel able to pack your country dresses and sacrifice London gaieties for monastic peace in art—and nature, that you should really come; the roses will soon be here, and the gentians and hyacinths will certainly be here before you—and it is best, while all things bid fair for us, to take Fortune at her word. I trust that my health will go on improving—but I might take cold, or Joanie might—or the children;—at present we're all right, and I want you to come as soon as may be.

¹ [No. 109 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 176 (see below, p. 658).]
xxxvii.

To HENRY JOWETT¹

BRANTWOOD, *May 9, '89.*

DEAR JOWETT,—I am so very glad to have your note, and so very grateful to you for your expedition. Miss Alexander will be happy, too, and some other people will be, in seeing this new number of *Christ's Folk*. And I have good hope now of advance with *Præterita* also—but must be extremely cautious. However, I've written this without spectacles, and see colour as well as I used to do—so that I'm not going to give myself up for a piece of *Præterita* altogether.—Ever affectionately yours.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, *Sunday, 12th May, '89.*

I am sorry you can't come sooner, to see the gentians, but I suppose they contrive ways of growing them now even in London. But I have a cluster of nine, in a little glass in the study bow-window—you know where *that* is!—three little roses pretending to be peach-blossoms in another little glass on my table, and beside them a cluster of "Myrtilla cara"³—if you don't know what that is, katie, it's just jealousy, and I'll make you paint some—where your easel shan't tumble—nor your colours be overflown.⁴ I don't a bit know what's the right word—Shakespeare's no authority—is he nowadays? And next the Myrtilla Cara, who is in her sweetest pride and humility of fruit-like blossom, there's a cluster of the most beautiful pyrus I ever saw;—it is almost white, I suppose with the cold and rain, when it blooms on the outside world, but on my table—brought in by Joanie—it has become glowing red—not in the least like a rose, but yet not in the least vulgar—like a lady wearing a scarlet cloak—and with its own grand laurel-like leaves.

Well, Katie, if you can't come yet, you can't, but you must read a little bit of *me* every day—to keep you steady against the horrible mob of animals calling themselves painters nowadays (I could paint

¹ [From the *Bookman*, October 1908, p. 16. The new number of *Christ's Folk in the Apennine* was part i. of the intended vol. ii. (issued April 1889)—the last which was to appear. Only two further parts of *Præterita* appeared (June and July 1889).]

² [No. 110 in *Kate Greenaway*, pp. 176–177 (see below, p. 658).]

³ [See *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 362.]

⁴ [A *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv. sc. 1: "I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag."]

better than they by merely throwing my ink-bottle at them—if I thought them *worth* the ink)—but take my *Ariadne Florentina* and read for to-morrow the 112th paragraph, p. 94—and in the Appendix the 244th page down to “steam whistle.”¹ Post’s going, and I must not begin my special appendix to Katie—except that she must not plague herself with endeavours to realise the impossible. Her first and easy duty is to catch the beautiful expressions of *real* children.

To Miss KATE GREENAWAY²

BRANTWOOD, 14th May, 1889.

I am so very happy you are teaching yourself French. It is the greatest addition you can give to the happiness of your life;—some day I hope—old as I am—to see you drawing French children—and listening to them!

And you must learn a little Latin too! only to enjoy the nomenclature of *Proserpina*. Please take it down and read pages 227, 228,³ about Myrtila Cara—and just look at my type of all perfection, the Angel Raphael’s *left* hand in the great Perugino;⁴—it will refresh you and contrast—even more brightly and richly—with modern mud and pewter. But, my dear little Katie, the idea of asking why a hand is so difficult! Why, it’s ever so much harder than even a foot;—and for an *arm*—nobody ever could *paint* a girl’s arm yet—from elbow to wrist. It’s not quite fair to show you these two *tries* of yours—but yet, the moral of them is that you must cure yourself of thinking so much of hair and hats, and parasols, and attend *first* (for some time to come) to toes, fingers, and wrists.

To Mrs. LA TOUCHE

BRANTWOOD, 8th June, '89.

DARLING LACY,—I lay awake nearly all last night planning a new number of *Proserpina* upon Iris Ruthenia (but where’s Ruthen?), and I’ve been all the forenoon in the garden playing at hide-and-seek with it. I was minded to try to paint it—I can still paint anything that’s

¹ [See Vol. XXII. pp. 367, 473.]

² [No. 111 in *Kate Greenaway*, p. 177 (see below, p. 658). With this letter, say her biographers, there “ended, so far as Ruskin was concerned, a correspondence which had not only been one of the greatest pleasures of Kate Greenaway’s life, but had been above all a healthy stimulus and a liberal education.”]

³ [Ch. xii. §§ 1, 2: Vol. XXV. pp. 362–363.]

⁴ [No. 288 in the National Gallery: for numerous other references to the picture, see General Index; and compare, above, p. 284.]

terrestrial in colour, but this is of the Elysian fields, and I must wait till I get leave, if ever I do, to gather it there. I want to send love to you and the Master for Whitsuntide, and I've such lots to ask you and tell you about the way the White Dove seems to be changing all things for me—from sorrow and fear into peace. But I can't to-day, only please write to me that you're not displeased with L'Esterelle,¹ and that I may still be your loving

ST. C.

To Mrs. LA TOUCHE

BRANTWOOD, 12th June, '89.

DARLING LACY,—I am so very thankful that you are happy in L'Esterelle, and that you have all your own power and wit to give to the flowers of Paradise, that lie with us here still—our brothers and sisters. I can't write but a word to-day, having just to finish the next *Præterita* and start a *Dilecta* about Carlyle,² but this only I have to say, that I believe the Master and you are going to be more to me in these latter days of life than all the other dearnesses yet remaining . . . and if I can but live a year or two yet you will both be happy in me.—Ever your lovingest

J. R.

To R. C. LESLIE

BRANTWOOD, *Waterloo Day* [18th June], 1889.

DEAREST LESLIE,—I am not only at Brantwood again, but in Birdwood—busily and hopefully watching my saucy birds again—and trusting yet, with your good help, to say and think a few things about them and their love and honour before they cover me with leaves.

I have not felt so able for what I like best to do for many and many a day, and the Bird omens seem to me better this year as far as I can read them. It is much on my heart to get the slips I have so long left ungathered of your pretty life of Jack, etc., made into another *Love's Meinie*, but these last two years have been hard on me, and sometimes have almost made the heart for all things stop. This idea of yours of the length of life in the nobler creatures shall NOT be thanklessly delayed—if I can do *anything*, I will follow *it* up, and soon.—Ever your loving and grateful

JOHN RUSKIN.

¹ [Chapter iii. of vol. iii. of *Præterita*: see Vol. XXXV. pp. 525 *seq.*]

² [The "next *Præterita*" was the last chapter; the proposed *Dilecta* about Carlyle was never to be written.]

*To a GIRL*¹BRANTWOOD, *July 16, 1889.*

I am very grateful for your sweet letter, and glad that you care whether I am ill or well. Perhaps I make occasional illness too frequent an excuse for constant idleness, and so these reports get about. There is no mischief in them—if my friends do not allow themselves to be made more anxious by them than they have perhaps too good reason to be in my own sadness at getting old. But there are one or two more pictures of little girls yet to be drawn, I hope, before I forget them—if ever I do!

You will not care for the *Stones of Venice*, but when you are a little older *Eagle's Nest* is one of the books I have written most carefully for girls. I send you by this post a little account of Amiens Cathedral, which may perhaps tell you of some things you may like to compare with your own.

*To Miss SUSAN BEEVER*BRANTWOOD, *7th Aug. [1889].*

I return your sweet Francesca, and if ever any of her drawings come to me priced, you shall have choice of them. I do not know what she is next going to do. I'm not going to advise her to do the Christ Blessing the Little Children, because it has been so often done. And doesn't He bless old people as well? I should like to see Him drawn doing *that*. I did not know the bridge legend was in Lord Lindsay—several people have written lately to tell me about it. I must alter the place in the book.²

I've been doing accounts! Fancy! And I feel so good and wise and economical.

[What is believed to be the last complete letter written by Ruskin is here added in *facsimile*. It was read to Miss Susan Beever on her death-bed, and was written about the 20th of October 1893. On the 21st of November 1896, Mrs. Severn wrote a letter to Mr. Norton, at the foot of which Ruskin wrote in pencil with a trembling hand, "From your loving J. R." (*Norton*, ii. p. 222).]

¹ [From the *British Weekly*, July 20, 1905, where the letter was thus introduced:—"A Bloemfontein correspondent sends me a pleasant letter written to his wife when she was a girl at school. The young lady had sent an impulsive note of sympathy to Ruskin in an illness of which she read in the daily paper. She received a reply which illustrates his essential kindness of heart."]

² [See *St. Mark's Rest*, § 193 (Vol. XXIV. p. 359), and for the explanation, Vol. XXX. p. 355 n. For Lord Lindsay's recital of the legend, see *Sketches of the History of Christian Art*, vol. i. p. lxxv.]

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX
WITH MINOR LETTERS

BRANTWOOD,

CONISTON LAKE,

R.S.O.

Dearest Susie

I am so sorry the illness
is not yet abating - it was the weary
winter-time and you let yourself be
so much fatigued - and you must feel the
shortening of the light - but I cannot think
of you except - as cheerful and conquering all
menon suffering - in all sympathy love your
grateful and loving Alva

THE LAST LETTER

(TO MISS SUSAN BEEVER, OCTOBER 1893)

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX WITH MINOR LETTERS

IN this Appendix, account is given of the numerous books and other publications in which Letters from Ruskin have been printed; and, as explained in the Introduction to Vol. XXXVI. (p. xv.), such of those Letters as are not included in the Principal Collection are here added for the sake of completeness.

The Appendix is divided into three sections:—

(I.) Publications containing Letters to Particular Correspondents.

(II.) Publications containing Letters to Various Correspondents.

(III.) Catalogues of Autograph-Dealers containing extracts from Letters of Ruskin.

I. VOLUMES, ETC., CONTAINING LETTERS TO PARTICULAR CORRESPONDENTS

TO HENRY ACLAND

Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Bart., K.C.B., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford. A Memoir. By J. B. Atlay, 1903.

This book contains seven letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin. Of these—

No.

1 (pp. 101–104) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 19–21.

2 (pp. 167–168) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 115–116.

3 (p. 227) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 204–205.

4 (pp. 228–229)—to Mrs. Acland—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 216–217.

5 (p. 321) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 474–475.

6 (p. 369) is printed in Vol. XIX. p. xxxiv.

7 (pp. 453–454) is printed *above*, p. 602.

In several cases the whole letters are given in this edition, instead of the extracts in *Atlay*. Twenty-two other letters to Acland, and two to Miss Acland, are added in the present volumes.

TO MRS. ALEXANDER

“*Francesca Alexander and the Roadside Songs of Tuscany,*” by M. H. Spielmann, in the *Magazine of Art*, June 1895.

This article contains (pp. 297–298) a letter to Miss Alexander’s mother; printed in Vol. XXXII. pp. xxi.-xxii.

TO GEORGE ALLEN

“Ruskin and his Books: an Interview with his Publisher.” By E. T. Cook.

In the *Strand Magazine*, December 1902, pp. 709–719.

This article contained six letters, etc., by Ruskin. Of these—
No.

- 1, p. 711 (September 8, 1882), is given in Vol. XVII. p. lviii.
- 2, p. 713 (June 8 and 9, 1874); *above*, p. 106.
- 3, p. 716 (given also in *facsimile*); *above*, p. 472.
- 4, p. 716 (given also in *facsimile*, is as follows:—

“MY DEAR ALLEN,—You really are a considerable goose. Of course you mustn’t take booksellers’ orders for less than a dozen—and they must pay their own carriage. This will still leave you a shilling (and over) profit on every parcel you made up—allowing twopence for paper and string, and it’s not everybody who can get a shilling for making up a parcel.—Ever affectionately yours,
J.
R.”

5, p. 717 (June 20, 1874); *above*, p. 113.

6, p. 718, is a note on a sketch for *Stones of Venice*; given in Vol. IX. p. xxxiv.

The *Academy*, October 8, 1898, contains a letter; printed *above*, p. 208.

Many letters to Mr. Allen, hitherto unprinted, are also included in this edition: see Vol. XXXVI. p. cxiii.; and *above*, p. xv.

TO MISS GRACE ALLEN

The *Saturday Review*, February 9, 1907, contains two letters; printed *above*, p. 420 and *n*.

Others letters to Miss Allen, hitherto unprinted, are also included: see *above*, p. xv.

TO S. B. BANCROFT

Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft On and Off the Stage. Bentley, 1888, 2 vols.

This book contains at pp. 324–325 a letter from Ruskin; printed *above*, p. 28.

TO C. M. BARKER

A circular, “Mr. Charles Mylne Barker’s Testimonials” (on seeking the office of Solicitor to St. Bartholomew’s Hospital), reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 115 (No. 136), contains the following letter:—

“DEAR MR. BARKER,—I can’t at all write in proper compass for testimony of this formal kind. My thanks to you for what I see your good client Mr. Malcolm Sim has exactly expressed for me¹—‘cheery’ advice on all occasions when it *could* be cheery, as it was always wise. . . . Ever affectionately yours,
JOHN
RUSKIN.”

TO WILSON BARRETT

The *Sunday Times* of July 24, 1904, contained a letter; printed *above*, p. 474.

¹ [Alluding to another testimonial. Mr. Barker was President of the Incorporated Law Society in 1906.]

TO THE REV. E. P. BARROW

“Recollections of Ruskin at Oxford. By ‘Peter.’ ” In *St. George*, No. 22, April 1903, vol. vi. pp. 103–115.

For Mr. Barrow, and his assistance to Ruskin at Oxford, see Vol. XX. pp. xxxiii.-xxxiv., Vol. XXI. p. li. This article contains fourteen letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin (numbered in *St. George* 1–13 and 15, No. 14 being from Ruskin’s secretary, Laurence Hilliard):—

1 (p. 106). “DEAR PETER,—How delightful that you’re here still—for *me*—but it’s woful for *you*. May I call for you at eleven?—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.”

2 (p. 106). “*Fors* has been very hard on me; but I’m pleased enough I wasn’t laid up while lecturing. I am coming down to Oxford now—but of course look for nothing but loneliness. We’ll have that time in the schools yet, together, however, next term.—Ever your loving J. R.”

3 (p. 107) is printed in Vol. XXVIII. p. 609 *n*.

4 (p. 108). “C.C.C. [1874 *or* 1875?]. MY DEAR PETER,—I am so much and so heartily obliged to you for your letter and help. . . . All the senior men I know are entirely unsympathetic with me, and merely turn everything into jest, and in time I hoped to get them, but not yet. But I’ll do whatever you advise me. I like Tyrwhitt for support to me, for I am so heavy in table talk that I am in mere panic when alone. . . . Do you know of any one who would like, and would not be offended this week by short invitation, or might be secured at once for next week? —Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.”

5 (p. 108). “Well, I submit this time—for I believe your final number of eight may be reached—but I must really beg for next Thursday, and it shall be strictly six.”

6 (p. 108). “C.C.C., *Monday, 2nd November, 1874*.—I’ve been hoping to call on you ever since I came up, but the time slips past, and I want to begin our little series of conspiracy-dinners¹ on Guy Fawkes day if I can. Can you come, and bring any friend with you if you like, at seven, for quarter-past, on that renowned anniversary?”

7 (p. 109). “HERNE HILL, S.E., *8th February*.—I have been obliged to give up this second Thursday also, in consequence of a strange attack of depression and somewhat seriously warning symptoms of head fatigue, requiring reference even to doctors. I hope to be in Oxford on Friday, and to have our dinner on Thursday, the 18th, if so it may be.”

8 (pp. 110–111) is printed *above*, p. 103.

9 (p. 112). “BRANTWOOD, *25th April* [1878].—I am—as always—more and more grateful to you; the more I know of your ready kindness, and the most gracious feeling of so many of my Oxford friends, the more ashamed I am of the egotistic way in which I buried myself in selfish work all these years, instead of availing myself of the goodness of all who would have aided me. I am better, I trust, in body, these last few days, but very contrite and woful in mind.—Ever your grateful J. R.”

10 (p. 112) is printed in Vol. XXV. p. xxxix.

11 (p. 113) is printed *above*, p. 248.

¹ [For these dinners, see Vol. XX. p. xxxiv.]

12 (p. 113). "BRANTWOOD, *9th Sept.* '78.—I am getting things here at home in real order for what may yet be left to me of home life, taking all matters quietly and striving for nothing. I have also much peace of mind in your being at Oxford, and in control of my things and belongings there.—Ever your grateful and affectionate
J. RUSKIN."

13 (p. 113) is printed *above*, p. 248.

14 (p. 114). *From* LAURENCE HILLIARD. "BRANTWOOD, *March 8th*, 1878.—The Professor gives me plenty of work. Amongst other things I am helping him index *Fors*, and you should see the wonderful jumble of subjects that are collected together—Lily, the cat, comes next to Livy—and that sort of thing. Just now the Professor came into the room and wanted me to grind the back of the binding off a splendid old MS. Bible, on a grindstone, because he couldn't see some of the inside letters clearly! I didn't laugh, and compromised matters by cutting the cover off, an act the mere thought of which would have brought down my father's hairs with sorrow," etc.

15 (p. 115) is printed *above*, p. 318.

TO MISS MAY GERALDINE BATEMAN

"John Ruskin," by May Bateman, in *Black and White*, January 27, 1900, pp. 147–150.

For Miss Bateman's reminiscences of Ruskin, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 716. This article, including the letters, was reprinted with some trifling variations at pp. 176–193 of a "Collection of Stories and Poems," edited by Miss Bateman, under the title *Rosemary: for Remembrance*, 1908. The paper contains ten letters (or extracts from letters). (No. 7 has here been corrected from the MS):—

NO.

1 (p. 148) is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 716.

2 (p. 148, given also in *facsimile* on p. 146) is printed *above*, p. 469.

3 (pp. 148, 150) and 4 (p. 150) are printed *above*, pp. 462, 465.

5 (p. 150). "What a lovely letter, but I've got to lecture to-day and can't answer a word, only don't you mine those blessed diamond mines of your wit too deep, and, please observe, I should *like* you to be a little more like a cherry, and you'd be better kissing, and cherries only grow red in fresh air! Mind you get out as much as ever you can. . . ."

6 (p. 150). ". . . I'm sending you a bit of Lucca marble, the best for *building* in the world, broken by myself on its mountains; and two little bits of quartz that fit badly (some broken away), but will pay for looking carefully at, and love to you all, and I'm frightfully busy and don't know what to do; and I'm yours and Gabrielle's, FESSY."

7 (p. 150). ". . . But I like sending you stones because you are really interested in *them*, as well as loving to *me*."

"The bit of bloodstone I send to-day. Bloodstone is a fine chalcedony, stained green by I don't know what, and red by iron—(or yellow). In this case, the dark stains are spherical, and leave the white or yellow paste so—[sketch]; you can scarcely have a prettier specimen. . . ."

8 and 9 (p. 150) are printed in Vol. XXXIV. pp. 716–717.

10 (p. 150) is printed *above*, p. 444.

TO MISS SUSAN BEEVER

(Hortus Inclusus)

This is the only collection of Ruskin's Letters in which he himself took any active interest. The selection, however, was made and edited not by him but by Mr. Albert Fleming (see Ruskin's letter, above, p. 591). The Bibliography is complicated, owing to the changes made in successive editions. Moreover, a collation of the original letters has disclosed several inaccuracies alike in the arrangement and in the text of *Hortus*. In this note (1) the various editions are first described, and (2) a synopsis is then given, showing (a) all the letters which have in any edition been included, (b) the variations in text between different editions, and (c) the placing of the several letters in the present edition. With regard to the last point, it should be stated that Mr. Fleming omitted the dates in some dated letters, and published a large number of undated letters without attempting to assign dates to them; dates have now been assigned in every case (by internal evidence, indications of handwriting, note-paper, etc.), but they are sometimes only conjectural.

First Edition (1887).—The title-page of this edition is as follows:—

Hortus Inclusus. | Messages from the Wood to | the Garden, | sent in happy days
to the | Sister Ladies of the Thwaite, Coniston, | by their thankful friend | John
Ruskin, LL.D. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. | 1887. | (*All rights
reserved.*)

Small 8vo, pp. xiii.+172. Title-page (with imprint on the reverse, "Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ltd., London and Aylesbury"), pp. iii.–iv.; on p. v. (blank reverse) are the words "Dedicated | with grateful thanks to my dear friends | Professor Ruskin and | Albert Fleming. | S. B."; Preface, by Ruskin, pp. vii.–x. (printed above, pp. 79, 80); Introduction, by Albert Fleming, pp. xi.–xiii. Letters, mostly dated (1874–1886), follow, on pp. 1–96; then, further Letters, headed "Miscellaneous" and undated, pp. 97–151; p. 152 is blank; p. 153, half-title "Susie's Letters," with blank reverse; an introductory note signed "A. F." on p. 155; Susie's Letters, pp. 156–172. The imprint is repeated at the foot of p. 172.

Issued on September 29, 1887, in green cloth, lettered on the back "Hortus | Inclusus | Ruskin." Price 4s. 2000 copies.

There were also 250 large-paper copies (8vo), on Whatman's hand-made paper, price 10s.

Reviews of Hortus Inclusus appeared in many places, including:—

Pall Mall Gazette, September 21, 1887;

Daily News, September 24, 1887;

The Spectator, October 1, 1887;

The Athenæum, October 22, 1887;

Blackwood's Magazine, November 1887, vol. 142, pp. 704–709;

The Edinburgh Review, January 1888 (among other "Works of Mr. Ruskin"), p. 233;

The Morning Post, January 23, 1888; and

The Hobby Horse, vol. iii. pp. 18–22 (by Arthur Galton).

Second Edition (1888).—The words "Second Edition" appear on the title-page above the publisher's imprint, and the date was altered. A few passages were omitted, but otherwise the book was a reprint of the first edition. 2000 copies.

Third Edition (1902).—The book was now largely revised, the title-page being:—

Hortus Inclusus. | Messages from the Wood to | the Garden, | sent in happy days to the | Sister Ladies of the Thwaite, Coniston, | By their thankful friend | John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L. | *Third Edition (Revised)*. | With illustrations | London: | George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road. | 1902. | [*All rights reserved.*]

Small 8vo, pp. xviii. +176. Title-page (with imprint on the reverse, "Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | At the Ballantyne Press"), pp. iii.–iv.; dedication as before, p. v.; Ruskin's Preface, pp. vii.–x.; Editor's Introduction, pp. xi.–xiii.; Editor's "Preface to the Third Edition," pp. xv.–xvi.; List of Illustrations, p. xvii. Ruskin's Letters, pp. 1–104; further Letters, again headed "Miscellaneous" (but now occasionally dated), pp. 105–156; Susie's Letters, with half-title, etc., as before, pp. 157–176.

Issued in green cloth, lettered across the back "Ruskin | Hortus | Inclusus." Price 5s. (reduced in 1907 to 3s. 6d.). 1500 copies.

The Editor's Preface to this revised edition, and the List of Illustrations, are as follow:—

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

SINCE these letters were published fourteen years ago, both Mr. Ruskin and Miss Beever have passed to the country he longed to find. "where the flowers do not fade." In this new Edition some of the earlier letters have been withdrawn, and others, of possibly wider interest, are inserted in their place. I have also added a reproduction of Mr. Ruskin's last letter to Miss Beever. It was written about the 20th October 1893, and was read to her on her deathbed. He was then himself in broken health, and it took him three weary hours to write this little note of eight lines. I believe this to be the last complete letter that ever came from his pen. Miss Beever sent it to me with the wish "that some day I might use it," and I now fulfil that wish by inserting it here as the pathetic close to a correspondence, in which there was so much of a gay and playful nature; commending it to the "memorial sympathy" claimed by him for his earlier letters. The word "Phoca" [Seal] is a signature often used by him in writing to his old friend.

I have been asked to add illustrations to this Edition; and some fresh explanatory notes and dates will also be found.

A. F.

NEAUM CRAG, AMBLESIDE, 1902.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

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These illustrations, chiefly from photographs, being added after Ruskin's death, are not reproduced in this edition. The subjects of some of them have, however, independently been given.

Popular Edition (1907).—Printed from electrotype plates of the third edition, with a new title-page as follows:—

Hortus Inclusus | Messages from the Wood to | the Garden | Sent in happy days to
the | Sister Ladies of the Thwaite, Coniston | By their thankful friend | John
Ruskin | Popular Edition | London | George Allen, 156, Charing Cross Road |
1907 | [All rights reserved].

Pott 8vo, with gilt top and “J. R.” monogram on the front. Price, 1s. net, in red cloth; 1s. 6d. net, in green leather. 5000 copies.

SYNOPSIS OF RUSKIN’S LETTERS IN “HORTUS INCLUSUS”

NO.

1. Ed. 3 only, pp. 1–2.—*Above*, p. 86.
2. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 1–4; ed. 3, pp. 2–6. Headed “The Sacristan’s Cell.”— *Above*, p. 93.
3. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 5–7; ed. 3, pp. 6–8.—*Above*, p. 96.
In line 1, *Hortus* substitutes “Joan” for “Joanna,” and in the last lines on p. 97 (here) wrongly punctuates, etc., thus: “. . . falling Rome, in her furious . . .”
4. Ed. 3 only, pp. 8–9.—*Above*, p. 98.
5. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 7–8; ed. 3, pp. 9–10.—*Above*, p. 101.
6. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 8–9; ed. 3, pp. 10–12.—*Above*, p. 102.

In line 14, *Hortus* read “I have just” for “I’ve”; in line 21, inserted the words “for a time” (an insertion followed in this ed.); and in the last line but one, “have” was there printed “take.”

7. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 9–12; ed. 3, pp. 12–14. Headed “The Lost Church in the Campagna.”—*Above*, p. 104.

Eds. 1 and 2 have the following postscript (omitted in ed. 3):-

“I have sent a word to my father’s old head-clerk, now a great merchant himself, to send you a little case of that champagne. Please like it.”

In line 11, “mountain” was misprinted “mountains” in *Hortus*; in line 23, it dropped out “deep” before “dew-lapped”; in line 32, substituted “massive” for “massy”; and in the last line but two it had “our Susies” for “one’s Susies here.”

8. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 12–14; ed. 3, pp. 15–16. Headed “Regrets.”—*Above*, p. 107.
In line 15, *Hortus* wrongly inserted a note of exclamation after “wants.”
9. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 14–15; ed. 3, pp. 16–17. Headed “Frondes Agrestes.”— *Above*, p. 108.
10. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 15–17; ed. 3, pp. 18–20. Headed “How he fell among thieves.”—*Above*, p. 111.
11. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 17–19; ed. 3, pp. 20–22. Headed “In Paradise.”—*Above*, p. 116.
In line 4, *Hortus* misprinted “a dog star” for “the Dog-star”; in line 10, the words “I know” were omitted; and in line 23, “or” was misprinted “and.”
12. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 19–20; ed. 3, pp. 22–23.—*Above*, p. 122.
13. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 20–21; ed. 3, pp. 23–24. Headed “Foam of Tiber.”—*Above*, p. 123.
In line 2, *Hortus* misprinted “all like” for “like all.”
14. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 21–22; ed. 3, pp. 24–25.—*Above*, p. 125.
15. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 22–23; ed. 3, pp. 25–26.—*Above*, p. 126.
In line 3 from the end, *Hortus* misprinted “to me” for “for me.”
16. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 23–24; ed. 3, pp. 26–27.—*Above*, p. 136.
In line 5, *Hortus* misprinted “cross” for “crown,” and in line 2, inserted “yet” after “and.”

NO.

17. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 24–25; ed. 3, pp. 27–28.—*Above*, p. 138.
18. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 25–26; ed. 3, pp. 29–30.—*Above*, p. 142.
Some errors in transcription were made in *Hortus*:—in line 5, “a grand peeping over precipices” for “grand peeping over precipice.” Lines 10, 11, the words “*This pass . . . blue sea*” were omitted, as also, in the last line but one, the words “the glittering little waves.”
19. Eds. 1, 2, p. 27; ed. 3, p. 30.—*Above*, p. 147.
In line 8, *Hortus* read “of” for “in”; and in line 9, “ten” for “two.”
20. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 27–28; ed. 3, p. 31.—*Above*, p. 147.
21. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 28–30; ed. 3, pp. 31–33. Headed “Wharfe in Flood.”—*Above*, p. 157.
In line 2, *Hortus* had “of” for “in.”
22. Eds. 1, 2, p. 30; ed. 3, p. 34.—*Above*, p. 158.
In the last line but one, *Hortus* read “ill” for “vile.”
23. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 31–32; ed. 3, pp. 34–35.—*Above*, p. 158.
In *Hortus* the words “at least . . . will be nice” were omitted.
24. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 32–33; ed. 3, pp. 35–37. Headed “Wasp Stings.”—*Above*, p. 155.
25. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 34–35; ed. 3, pp. 37–39. Headed “Bolton Strid.”—*Above*, p. 156.
26. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 35–36; ed. 3, pp. 39–40.—*Above*, pp. 161, 165.
This in *Hortus* was a compost of two letters; one written from Herne Hill (p. 161), the other (p. 165) from Brantwood. In the first letter, the reference to *Fors* was wrongly given as Letter 43. In the second portion, the passage “which I had never . . . means” was dropped out in *Hortus*, which in ed. 3 omitted the last two sentences.
27. Ed. 3 only, p. 40.—*Above*, p. 180.
28. Ed. 3 only, p. 41.—*Above*, p. 205.
29. Ed. 3 only, pp. 41–42.—*Above*, p. 208.
In the third line from the end, *Hortus* has “lovely” for “lonely.”
30. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 36–37; ed. 3, pp. 42–43.—*Above*, p. 209.
In line 2, *Hortus* misprinted “gentlewomen” for “gentlewoman” (i.e., Miss Beaver herself).
31. Eds. 1, 2, p. 37; ed. 3, p. 43.—*Above*, p. 209.
32. Eds. 1, 2, p. 38; ed. 3, pp. 43–44.—*Above*, p. 209.
33. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 38–40; ed. 3, pp. 44–46. Headed “St. Ursula.”—*Above*, p. 211.
34. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 40–42; ed. 3, pp. 46–47. Headed “St. Mark’s Doves.”—*Above*, p. 214.
Eds. 1 and 2 contained the following sentences at the end:—“Now I must get to work. Love to Mary and Miss Rigbye. Now mind you give my message carefully, Susie; because you’re a careless little thing.”
35. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 42–43; ed. 3, p. 48.—*Above*, p. 215.
In line 4, *Hortus* inserted “and” after “garlic,” and “made” was printed “makes.” Ed. 3 omitted the last sentence.
36. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 43–44; ed. 3, pp. 48–49. Headed “St. Mark’s Rest.”—*Above*, p. 216.
In line 15, *Hortus* somewhat missed the references to Carpaccio by not observing Ruskin’s capitals, and in line 16 it misread “a pilgrimage” for “a pilgrimaging.”
37. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 44–45; ed. 3, pp. 49–50.—*Above*, p. 217.
In line 6, *Hortus* interpolated “(cruel of Fate too)” after “and.”

NO

38. Ed. 3 only, pp. 50–51,—*Above*, p. 218.
39. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 45–46; ed. 3, pp. 51–52. Headed “Saints and Flowers.”—*Above*, p. 219.
40. Eds. 1, 2, p. 46; ed. 3, pp. 52–53.—*Above*, p. 219.
41. Ed. 3 only (p. 53): as follows:—“VENICE, 15th May, 1877.—I’ve not tumbled into the lagoons, nor choked myself in a passion, nor gone and made a monk of myself—nor got poisoned by the Italian cooks. I’m packing up, and coming to the Thwaite as soon as ever I can—after a little Alpine breathing of high air. I’m pretty well—if you’ll forgive me for being so naughty—else I can’t be even plain well—but I’m always your loving—”
42. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 47–48; ed. 3, pp. 53–55.—*Above*, p. 231.
In line 9, “much” was inserted in *Hortus* after “men so”; and in line 13, “until” was substituted for “till.” Eds. 1 and 2 had the following passage after “letting both grow together”:—
“Joan was ‘wae’ to leave Brantwood and you (and between you and me her letters have been so dull ever since, that I think she has left her wits as well as her heart with you). I am going to see her on Monday week, the 10th, and shall start from home *about* the 20th, undertaking (*D. V.*), at all events, to come on Christmas morning to your ever kindly opening door. Love to Mary, and cousin Mary; how happy it is for me you are all so nice!”
For “cousin Mary,” see Vol. XXXVI. p. cix. *n.*
43. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 48–50; ed. 3, pp. 55–57.—*Above*, p. 231. An extract from Ruskin’s letter to the *Daily Telegraph* (see, for the reference, p. 232 *n.*) was given in ed. 3 only.
44. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 50–51; ed. 3, pp. 57–58.—*Above*, p. 234.
In line 7, *Hortus* had “Christ’s Church” instead of “Christ Church.”
45. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 51–52; ed. 3, pp. 58–59.—*Above*, p. 234.
In line 4, the “ ‘jealous’ ” was inserted in *Hortus* after “that word.” In the last two lines, Ruskin’s punctuation was not followed, with the result that the sense was missed. Ed. 3 omits the first three sentences.
46. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 52–54; ed. 3, pp. 59–61.—*Above*, p. 236.

In line 13, *Hortus* omitted “have”; and in line 19, “never” was misprinted “new”
47. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 54–55; ed. 3 (omitting the last three sentences), pp. 61–62.—*Above*, p. 256.

This letter, dated by Ruskin (“17th August, 1878”), was in *Hortus* dated “17th January, 1878.” The word “unpleasant” before “East wind” was omitted.
48. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 55–57; ed. 3, pp. 62–64.—*Above*, pp. 266, 276.
A compost in *Hortus* of two letters:—(1) “I have entirely . . . Polygala”: see now p. 266, where the words “Don’t you think . . . be pleased” are added from the original. (2) A portion of a later letter, (“That third. . . *is* nice”): see now p. 276. For a misprint in line 20 of the first letter, see p. 267 *n.* In line 23 of the same letter “Cytherides” was misprinted “Cytheride,” and the brackets were omitted.
49. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 57–59; ed. 3, pp. 64–66.—*Above*, pp. 245, 265.
A compost in *Hortus* of two letters:—(1) to Miss Beever, of May 2, 1878: see now p. 245; (2) to Miss Susan Beever, of Nov. 19, 1878: see now p. 265, where the first part (“I never . . . illness”) is now added from the original. In line 17 of the later letter, *Hortus* had “all through” for “through all.”
50. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 59–61; ed. 3, pp. 66–68.—*Above*, pp. 280, 287.
Again a compost in *Hortus* of two letters:—(1) to Miss Beever, of June 8: see now p. 287; (2) to Miss Susan Beever, of May 5: see now p. 280. In line 5 of the latter (p. 280), “there” was misprinted “then”; and in line 3 from the end, “the finder of the little dainty” became “the far finder of the dainty.”

NO.

51. Eds. 1 and 2 (p. 62) only.—*Above*, p. 267.

In line 1, *Hortus* printed “we’ve” for “we have.”

52. Ed. 3 only, p. 69.—*Above*, p. 269.

53. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 62–64; ed. 3, pp. 69–71.—*Above*, p. 272.

54. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 64–66; ed. 3, pp. 72–73.—*Above*, p. 274.

A compost of three letters. In line 1 of the first letter, “I am” was printed in *Hortus* “I’m,” whilst in the last line “you’ll” was printed “you will.” In the second letter, line 2, “large” was misprinted “long.”

54A. Ed. 3 only, pp. 73–74.—*Above*, p. 190.

55. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 66–67; ed. 3, pp. 74–75.—*Above*, pp. 284, 494.

A compost in *Hortus* of two letters, of widely separate dates (as handwriting and letter-papers show). (1) “This is a most wonderful . . . where to begin”: see now p. 284 (2) “But I never . . . shown how”: see now p. 494. In line 7 of the second letter, ed. 1 reads “pies” (error for “pics.”), eds. 2, 3, “pictures.” Ed. 3 omitted the passages “I am thinking greatly . . . where to begin” (in the first letter) and “But I never . . . such pictures now” (in the second letter). In line 2 of the second letter, “renown” (part of the quotation) was in eds. 1 and 2 (passage omitted in ed. 3) misprinted “reverence.”

56. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 67–68; ed. 3, pp. 75–76.—*Above*, pp. 289, 331, 377.

A compost in *Hortus* from three letters of different dates:—(1) “27th June”: see now p. 289. In line 1, “can” was dropped out in *Hortus*. (2) “And I’ll come . . . for them”: see now p. 331. (3) “How gay . . . of course”: see now p. 377.

Eds. 1 and 2 contain two passages omitted in ed. 3; viz. (at the end of the first letter), after “fingers some day,” “Indeed that is too sad about Florence. I’ve written a line to her by this post, and will do all the little I can to cheer her up.” And, at the end of the second letter, “But we’re both so naughty we can’t expect them to let us alone, can we?”

57. Eds. 1, 2, p. 69; ed. 3, p. 76.—*Above*, p. 321.

58. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 69–70; ed. 3, pp. 76–77.—*Above*, p. 321.

Eds. 1 and 2 added after “Abbeville,” “and please, please tell me the funny thing Miss—said.”

59. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 70–71; ed. 3 (omitting the last three sentences), pp. 77–78.—*Above*, p. 323.

In line 10, “And I’m” was misprinted “Am” in *Hortus*.

60. Eds. 1 and 2 (p. 71) only, as follows:—“CALAIS, 24th August.—I’m not very far away yet, you see. I stayed here for auld lang syne, but with endless sorrow, of which I need not give you any part of the burden. The sea has been beautiful, and I am better for the great rest and change.”

61. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 71–72; ed. 3, pp. 78–79.—*Above*, p. 322.

62. Eds. 1, 2, p. 72; ed. 3, p. 79.—*Above*, p. 323.

Dated “3rd September” in *Hortus*, but in the original “31st August.”

63. Eds. 1, 2, p. 73; ed. 3, p. 80.—*Above*, p. 324.

64. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 73–75; ed. 3, pp. 79–82.—*Above*, p. 324.

65. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 75–76; ed. 3, p. 83.—*Above*, p. 325.

66. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 76–77; ed. 3, pp. 83–85.—*Above*, p. 326.

In line 3 from the end, *Hortus* misprinted “even for a tune” as “even, for a time.”

67. Ed. 3 only, pp. 85–86.—*Above*, p. 326.

In lines 5 and 6 from the end, the sense is obscured in *Hortus* by wrong punctuation (“ . . . the Nineteenth Century, besides anyhow I keep you in reading . . .”).

68. Eds. 1, 2, p. 78; ed. 3, pp. 86–87.—*Above*, p. 343.

69. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 78–79; ed. 3, pp. 87–88.—*Above*, p. 352.

70. Eds. 1, 2, p. 79; ed. 3, p. 88.—*Above*, p. 368.

71. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 79–80; ed. 3, pp. 88–89.—*Above*, p. 368.

NO.

72. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 80–81; ed. 3, p. 90.—*Above*, p. 384.

73. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 81–82; ed. 3, pp. 90–91.—*Above*, p. 389.

74. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 82–83; ed. 3, pp. 91–92.—*Above*, p. 398.

In line 1, “and” was inserted after “ever”; and in line 6, “on” was omitted.

75. Eds. 1, 2, p. 83; ed. 3, pp. 92–93: as follows:—“SALLENCHES, SAVOY, 13th September, '82.—I saw Mont Blanc again to-day, unseen since 1877; and was very thankful. It is a sight that always redeems me to what I am capable of at my poor little best, and to what loves and memories are most precious to me. So I write to *you*, one of the few true loves left. The snow has fallen fresh on the hills, and it makes me feel that I must soon be seeking shelter at Brantwood and the Thwaite.”

76. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 83–85; ed. 3, pp. 93–94.—*Above*, p. 411.

In line 6, “wish” was misprinted “wished” in *Hortus*.

77. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 85–86; ed. 3, pp. 95–96.—*Above*, p. 431.

78. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 86–87; ed. 3, p. 96.—*Above*, p. 494.

The punctuation was defective, and the date “20th” was misprinted “24th.”

79. Eds. 1, 2, p. 87; ed. 3, p. 97.—*Above*, p. 500.

80. Eds. 1, 2, p. 88; ed. 3, p. 98.—*Above*, p. 545.

81. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 88–89; ed. 3, p. 99.—*Above*, p. 553.

82. Eds. 1, 2, p. 89; ed. 3, p. 99.—*Above*, p. 554.

83. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 89–90; ed. 3, p. 100.—*Above*, p. 201.

84. Eds. 1, 2, p. 90; ed. 3, pp. 100–101.—*Above*, p. 181.

85. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 90–91; ed. 3, p. 101.—*Above*, p. 187.

86. Eds. 1 and 2 only (pp. 91–92).—*Above*, p. 560.

87. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 92–93; ed. 3, p. 102.—*Above*, p. 564.

88. Eds. 1 and 2 only, p. 93.—*Above*, p. 566.

In the last line, “catalogueical” was misprinted “cataloguizical” in *Hortus*.

89. Eds. 1 and 2 only, p. 94. In ed. 3 the last sentence was transferred to the end of No. 90.—*Above*, p. 566.

90. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 94–95; ed. 3, pp. 103–104.—*Above*, p. 574.

In the last line (as printed above), *Hortus* omitted “both” before “enjoy.” Eds. 1 and 2 contain the following addition to the letter:—“Dr. Kendall is a Delphic oracle. Do you think you could take sherry instead of port? My sherry is—well, I only wish Falstaff were alive to tell you what it is, or Will himself; but shall I send you a bottle? And mind that you don't mind the smarting if Dr. K. gives you things to make you cry. And I'll be so good, and not make you cry for a week at least.”

91. Eds. 1, 2, p. 96; ed. 3, p. 104.—*Above*, p. 574.

92. Ed. 3 only, p. 105.—*Above*, p. 233.

93. Ed. 3 only, pp. 105–106.—*Above*, p. 275.

94. Ed. 3 only, pp. 106–107.—*Above*, p. 316.

In line 6, *Hortus* misprinted “lectures” for “lecture.”

95. Ed. 3 only, pp. 107–108.—*Above*, p. 273.

96. Ed. 3 only, p. 108; as follows:—“BRANTWOOD.—A heap half a foot high of unanswered letters pouring and tottering across the table must pour and fall as they will, while I just say how thankful I am for yours always, and how, to-day, I must leave letters, books and all to work on that lovely *Trientalis* which Mary sent me. It has a peculiar set of trine leaves which Linnæus noticed and named it for—modern botanists have no notion of it. I think both Mary and you will be deeply interested in seeing it worked out. I've been at it since seven o'clock.

“Yes, if I had known you were in the garden! Alas—one never can know what one wants to—I was all that afternoon seeing the blacksmith make a chopper!”

NO.

97. Ed. 3 only, p. 109 (where the date is misprinted "15th").—*Above*, p. 182.

In line 11, *Hortus* had "these" for "those."

98. Ed. 3 only, p. 110.—*Above*, p. 363.

99. Ed. 3 only, pp. 110–111.—*Above*, p. 202.

In line 13, "duomo" is misprinted "dome" in *Hortus*.

100. Ed. 3 only, pp. 112, 113.—*Above*, p. 306.

In line 16, "has" is misprinted "had" in *Hortus*.

101. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 96–99; ed. 3, pp. 114–115, where the last two sentences are omitted.—*Above*, pp. 200, 199, 277, 200.

This in *Hortus* was a compost from four different letters. First came letter 1 ("I never heard . . . wood to-day"): see now p. 200. (In line 2 of this letter, "scratched" was misprinted "wretched," in line 4 "nothing" appeared as "thing," and in the last line "woods" was misprinted "wood.") Letter 2 was then tacked on ("You could not possibly . . . surprise at first"): see now p. 199. Then two lines ("How blessedly . . . to-morrow (*D.V.*)") were detached from a third letter: see now p. 277. And finally a fourth letter ("Here are the two bits . . . love her for all that") was tacked on: see now p. 200.

102. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 99–100; ed. 3, p. 116.—*Above*, p. 290.

This in *Hortus* was a compost of three letters:—(1) From Oxford, "A sapphire is . . . enjoy it" (ed. 3 omitted the latter part, "I'll find . . . enjoy it"). (2) From Brantwood, "I'm in a great passion . . . little girls" (ed. 3 omitted the latter words, "but one . . . little girls"). Letters (1) and (2) are here subjoined. (3) From Brantwood, printed *above*, p. 290 (ed. 3 omitted the latter portion, "I have been rather depressed . . . more and more"). In line 3 of this third letter, the words "fire of" were dropped out in *Hortus*; and in line 9, "Codlin" (apple) became "codling."

"CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.—A sapphire is the same stone as a ruby; both are the pure earth of clay crystallized. No one knows why one is red and the other blue. A diamond is pure *coal* crystallized. An opal, pure flint—in a state of fixed *jelly*. I'll find a Susie book on them. I'll send II. Carlyle.¹ I am so very glad you enjoy it."

"BRANTWOOD.—I'm in a great passion with the horrid people who write letters to tease my good little Susie. I *won't have it*. She shall have some more stones to-morrow. I must have a walk to-day, and can't give account of them, but I've looked them out. It's so very nice that you like stones. If my father, when I was a little boy, would only have given me stones for bread, how I should have thanked him; but one doesn't expect such a taste in little girls."

103. To Miss Beever.—Eds. 1, 2, pp. 100–101; ed. 3, p. 117 (the last two sentences being omitted).—*Above*, p. 278.

In line 9, "fairy" was misprinted "fiery" in *Hortus*.

104. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 101–103; ed. 3, pp. 118–119.—*Above*, pp. 297, 425.

A compost in *Hortus* of two letters; separated above. In the first letter, last line but one, *Hortus* had "you'll" for "you will."

105. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 103–105; ed. 3, pp. 119–121 (the last three sentences being omitted).—*Above*, pp. 165, 149.

This in *Hortus* was a compost of two different letters, one from Brantwood, the other from Oxford; the date of the later one (p. 165) was omitted in *Hortus*.

106. Eds. 1, 2, p. 105; ed. 3, p. 121 (the first two sentences only).—*Above*, p. 186.

In line 8, *Hortus* substituted "Joanie" for "Joan"; and in line 10, "the" for "that."

¹ [Probably vol. ii. of *Friedrich*.]

NO.

107. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 105–106; ed. 3, pp. 121–122.—*Above*, p. 150.

In *Hortus*, lines 4 and 5 were wrongly transcribed, thus: “And I’m . . . Wantley. Don’t like . . .”

108. To Miss Beever.—Eds. 1, 2, pp. 106–107; ed. 3, p. 122.—*Above*, p. 87.

In line 8, *Hortus* misprints “myself, of my books” for “myself or my books.”

109. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 107–108; ed. 3, pp. 123–124.—*Above*, pp. 250, 461.

A compost in *Hortus* of two letters; separated above.

110. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 108–109; ed. 3, pp. 124–125, as follows:—“13th June [1875?].—I do not know when I have received, or how I *could* receive so great an encouragement in all my work, as I do in hearing that you, after all your long love and watchfulness of flowers, have yet gained pleasure and insight from *Proserpina* as to leaf structure. The examples you send me are indeed admirable. Can you tell me the exact name of the plant, that I may quote it? Yes, and the weather also is a great blessing to me—so lovely this morning.”

111. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 109–110.—*Above*, p. 423.

112. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 110–111.—*Above*, p. 364.

In line 4, a full stop was wrongly placed in *Hortus* after the word “set.”

113. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 111–112; ed. 3, p. 125.—*Above*, p. 344.

In line 7, *Hortus* had “unpleasant” for “unpleasantest.”

114. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 112–113; ed. 3, pp. 125–126.—*Above*, p. 536.

115. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 113–114; ed. 3, pp. 126–127 (where after “some people,” the words “foolish little Joanies and Susies, and so on” are omitted).—*Above*, p. 289.

In lines 6, 7, the words “however, since this illness,” were dropped out in *Hortus*; in line 11, “own” was misprinted “new”; and in the last line, “myself” became “I’m.”

116. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 114–115; ed. 3, p. 128.—*Above*, p. 251.

In line 5, *Hortus* read “and strengthen” for “or strengthen.”

117. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 115–116; ed. 3, pp. 129–130.—*Above*, p. 192.

118. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 116–117; ed. 3, p. 130 (where the last three sentences are omitted).—*Above*, p. 425.

In line 7, ed. 3 misprinted “execration” as “execution.” For a portion of this letter transferred to a different place in *Hortus*, see under No. 124.

119. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 117–118; ed. 3, pp. 131–132.—*Above*, p. 233.

120. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 118–119; ed. 3, p. 132.—*Above*, p. 316.

121. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 119–120; ed. 3, p. 133 (where the last three sentences are omitted).—*Above*, p. 148.

122. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 120–121; ed. 3, pp. 133–134.—*Above*, p. 443.

123. Ed. 1, p. 121; ed. 2, pp. 120–121; ed. 3, pp. 134–135.—*Above*, p. 176.

124. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 121–122.—*Above*, pp. 176, 285.

This letter as printed in *Hortus* was a compost. (1) First came a passage (“Will you please . . . look forward to”) which in reality is the end of another letter, written from Brantwood: see *above*, p. 176. (2) Next a passage (“I had such . . . tell Kate”) which is the end of a second letter (No. 118), written from Herne Hill; and (3) a separate (Brantwood) letter: see *above*, p. 285. In the third portion of the compost, a misprint of “undermining” for “undermining” missed the allusion to Mrs. Glegg (see p. 285 *n.*).

The passage (2) is as follows:—

“I had such a nice dinner all alone with Joanie yesterday, and Sarah waiting. Joanie coughed and startled me. I accused her of

NO.

having a cold. To defend herself she said (the monkey), Perhaps she oughtn't to kiss me. I said, 'Couldn't Sarah* try first, and see if any harm comes of it?' (Sarah highly amused.) For goodness' sake don't tell Kate."

* Our Herne Hill parlour-maid for four years. One of quite the brightest and handsomest types of English beauty I ever saw, either in life, or fancied in painting. [J. R.]

In line 3 of this passage, "monkey" was misprinted "mockery." In ed. 3, Ruskin's footnote was transferred to Letter No. 125.

125. Ed. 1, pp. 123, 124; ed. 2, pp. 122–124; ed. 3, pp. 135–137.—*Above*, p. 394.

126. Eds. 1, 2, p. 125; ed. 3, p. 137.

127. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 125.

Nos. 126 and 127 are in reality parts of one and the same letter, as follows:—

"I am quite sure you would have felt like Albert Dürer, had you gone on painting wrens. The way Nature and Heaven waste the gifts and souls they give and make, passes all wonder. You might have done anything you chose, only you were too modest.

"No, I never *will* call you 'my dear lady'; certainly, if it comes to that, something too dreadful will follow.

"That is so very nice, isn't it, about the poor invalid and *Frondes*. It is terrible that doctors should say such things, but on the whole when they feel them strongly, they should speak, else it would be impossible for them to give trustworthy comfort and healing hope.

"I wish that peacock of yours would teach me to brush *my* hair before I come to dinner, for I am, though ever your loving J. R., not fit to be seen lately with fighting midges in my hair."

128. Ed. 1, p. 126; ed. 2, pp. 125–126; ed. 3, p. 138.—*Above*, p. 175.

In line 10, *Hortus* inserted "to" before "you."

129. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 126–127; ed. 3, pp. 138–139.—*Above*, p. 292.

In line 9, *Hortus* had "I have" for "I've"; in line 13, "the" was inserted before "oven"; and in the last line, "J. R." was substituted for "Cat."

130. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 127–129; ed. 3, pp. 139–141.—*Above*, pp. 75, 175, 175–176.

This letter, as printed in *Hortus*, is a compost from three letters of widely separate dates:—(1) One of the earliest letters to Miss S. Beever (as shown by the "Dear Miss Susan," now added), written from Oxford. This letter is now printed in its entirety on p. 75 *above*. Eds. 1–3 omitted the final words (now added); eds. 1, 2 then tacked on, from another letter of a much later date, the following sentences:—"I have had a tiring forenoon in the house with dark air, and must go out; and poor Susie will not only scarce find a turned leaf, but an empty line in the unturned one. But children always like to have letters about anything." In ed. 3, these interpolated words were omitted. (2) In all eds., sentences were next added, "I found a strawberry . . . Yewdale crag . . . to be eaten." These words came from a separate letter (the same that contains the words interpolated in eds. 1 and 2), written of course at Brantwood: see now *above*, p. 175. (3) Thirdly, other sentences ("Yes, those are all sweetest bits from Chaucer . . . oatmeal") were tacked on, with no connexion, from a third letter; the remainder of the letter from which they were taken being given separately (No. 131): see now *above*, pp. 175–176.

131. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 129–130.—*Above*, pp. 175–176.

132. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 130; as follows:—" [1876?] Actually I've never thanked you for that exquisite cheese. The mere look of it puts one in heart like a fresh field. I never tasted anything so perfect in its purity of cream nature. The Chaucer bits, next to the cheese, are delicious, too.

NO.

“About the railroad circular, I knew and know nothing but that I signed my name. They may have printed said circular perhaps.¹

“At all events, most thankful should I be to any one who would help in such cause. I’m at work on a piece of moss again, far better, I hope likely to be, than the one you saw.”

133. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 130–131; ed. 3, pp. 141–142.—*Above*, p. 73.

The letter is given without date or address in *Hortus*; these are now supplied from the original. *Hortus* also omitted the *P.S.*

134. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 131–132; ed. 3, pp. 142–143 (where the first sentence is omitted).—*Above*, p. 76.

135. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 132–133; ed. 3, pp. 143–144 (where the last two sentences are omitted).—*Above*, p. 164.

In the third line from the end, *Hortus* (eds. 1, 2) had “are” for “were”; and in the last line, “on” for “about.”

136. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 133–134; ed. 3, pp. 144–145.—*Above*, p. 269.

137. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 134–135; ed. 3, p. 145.—*Above*, p. 320.

In *Hortus*, “Chrysoprase” was misprinted “crysoprase”; and the words “Nearly all that Jemappes bit is his” were dropped out.

138. Eds. 1, 2, p. 135; ed. 3, p. 146.—*Above*, p. 364.

139. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 135–136; ed. 3, pp. 146–147.—*Above*, p. 502.

140. Eds. 1, 2, (only), p. 136.—*Above*, p. 502.

141. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 136–137.—*Above*, p. 269 *n.*

142. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 137–138; ed. 3, pp. 147–148 (where the passage, “But you will . . . how nice for you,” is omitted).—*Above*, p. 224.

A compost in *Hortus* of two letters; separated above. In line 5 of the first letter *Hortus* dropped out “and the like,” and in line 9 “all” after “them.”

143. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 138–139.—*Above*, p. 310.

In line 9 *Hortus* misprinted “common” for “human,” and in the next line dropped out the words “not for good and all.”

144. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 139.—*Above*, pp. 243, 258.

This as printed in *Hortus*, without dates, was a compost of two letters:—(1) The first part (dated by Ruskin, 11 Sept. 1878) is now printed *above*, p. 258; (2) the second (17th Feb. 1878), *above*, p. 243.

145. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 140.—“I’m really not quite so bad all over, yet; and I’ve written things lately with much in them that will comfort *you* for me, though I can’t quite comfort myself. And I’ll come often to be lectured; and I’m not reading novels just now, but only birds and beasts.

“I want to know the names of all your five cats; they were all at the door yesterday, and I should have made six, but they ran away.

“I send two of Miss Kate’s books for Mary and you to keep as long as you choose. Miss Arnold is coming to-morrow, but I hope to get to the Thwaite at half-past twelve. Only my morning goes just now like the flash of a Christmas cracker.”

146. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 140.—“I’m better; I trust you are! It is a day at last; and the flowers are all off their heads for joy. I’ve been writing some pretty things too, and thinking naughty ones, as I do when I’m pretty well. But I’ve lost my voice and can’t sing them!”

147. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 140–141.—*Above*, p. 344.

¹ [See Vol. XXXIV. pp. 135 *seq.*]

NO.

148. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 141–142; ed. 3, p. 148.—*Above*, p. 171.

In line 6, *Hortus* misprinted “lessness” for “less, mess.”

149. Eds. 1, 2 (only), p. 142.—*Above*, p. 307.

In *Hortus*, “look out” was misprinted “look at”; and Ruskin’s underlining of *hourly* (referring to Shakespeare) was not followed.

150. Eds. 1, 2, p. 142; ed. 3, pp. 148–149.—*Above*, p. 171.

In line 1, *Hortus* had “I m” for “I am”; in line 7, “master” for “masters”; and in line 8, “also” for “alas.”

151. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 143–144; ed. 3, pp. 149–150.—*Above*, p. 153.

The passages printed in *Hortus* separately (and thereby to the destruction of the connexion) as Nos. 151 and 153 form in fact one letter. In the last line but one, *Hortus* read “the world” for “a world,” and in the last line omitted “rightly” before “to-night.”

152. Eds. 1, 2, p. 144; ed. 3, pp. 150–151.—*Above*, p. 87.

153. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 144–145; ed. 3, p. 151.—*Above*, p. 153.

154. Eds. 1, 2, p. 145; ed. 3, p. 152.—*Above*, p. 196.

155. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 145–146; ed. 3, pp. 152–153.—*Above*, pp. 330, 345.

This in *Hortus* was a compost of two letters, written (as the handwriting suggests) at different dates.

156. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 146–147; ed. 3, pp. 153–154.—“BRANTWOOD, *Monday* [?1881].—I never got your note written yesterday; meant at least to do it even after post time, but was too stupid, and am infinitely so to-day also. Only I *must* pray you to tell Sarah we all had elder wine to finish our evening with, and I mulled it myself, and poured it out in the sauce-pan into the expectants’ glasses, and everybody asked for more; and I slept like a dormouse. But, as I said, I am so stupid this morning that—Well, there’s no ‘that’ able to say how stupid I am, unless the fly that wouldn’t keep out of the candle last night; and *he* had some notion of bliss to be found in candles, and I’ve no notion of anything.”

157. Eds. 1, 2, p. 147; ed. 3, p. 154 (where the last passages—“I’ve just finished . . . *her* fault”—are omitted).—*Above*, p. 296.

In line 1, “wood” was misprinted “woods” in *Hortus*; and in line 3 from the end, “woodwork” was misprinted “woodcock.”

158. Eds. 1, 2, p. 148; ed. 3, p. 155.—*Above*, p. 516.

In line 2, *Hortus* interpolated “now” before “it’s not.”

159. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 148–149.—*Above*, p. 363.

160. Eds. 1, 2, pp. 149–150; ed. 3, pp. 155–156.—*Above*, p. 268.

In line 1, the word “most” was dropped out in *Hortus*.

161. Eds. 1, 2 (only), pp. 150–151.—*Above*, p. 573.

162. (Facsimile), ed. 3 only (facing p. 156).—*Above*, facing p. 614.

For another letter to Miss Susan Beever, see No. 36 in *Art and Literature* (below, p. 720). This edition contains also one hitherto unprinted letter to her.

TO JOHN BELL

Two letters to Mr. John Bell (for whom, see General Index), Registrar of Births and Deaths at Coniston, were published in the *Leeds Mercury*, and thence in the *Westminster Gazette*, January 24, 1900:—

“BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *January* 11, 1884.—DEAR JOHN,—What weather! I can’t get over even to tea, let alone my walk with Libbie [Miss Bell],

but much love to her and Polly, and please tell them I hope for their kindness in helping me to see after the children's tea on Tuesday. I can't get a magic lantern from anywhere, so do you think that two or three of the Coniston band could be got who could give the children a couple of hours' dance after tea? If they only played games to the music, it would be ten times merrier than without. Please do all you can for me in this, and in truest regards to your father, believe me, affectionately yours,
JOHN
RUSKIN."

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *May 7, 1884.*—DEAR JOHN,—Tell Polly to put in hand a blue frock for Jane Annie, without one pinned-on or double bit in it."

TO DR. W. C. BENNETT

The *Testimonials of W. C. Bennett, LL.D.*, 1871 (p. 21), contains one letter; printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 144.

For other letters to Dr. Bennett, see Nos. 27–29 in *Art and Literature* (below, p. 720).

TO MRS. HUGH BLACKBURN

English Female Artists. By E. C. Clayton. 2 vols., 1876.

This book contains in vol. ii. two letters from Ruskin. Of these—

1 (pp. 403–404) is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 483.

2 (pp. 405–408) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 109–110.

Varia Lectiones.—A collation of the original letter shows in the second case the following errors in E.C. Clayton's book. In line 4 of the letter (as printed in this edition), "these" for "them"; line 12, "friend's" for "friends' "; lines 14, 15, "generally . . . rises" for "has generally . . . risen"; line 21, "comes" for "come"; line 31, "in" for "on." Some minor errors of punctuation, etc., have also been corrected in this edition.

This edition contains also one hitherto unprinted letter to Mrs. Blackburn.

TO DR. JOHN BROWN

Letters of Dr. John Brown. With Letters from Ruskin, Thackeray, and others.
Edited by his son and D. W. Forrest, D.D. With Biographical Introductions
by Elizabeth T. M'Laren. (London: Adam and Charles Black). 1907.

This book contains thirty-three letters from Ruskin, pp. 285–312. The numbers in the book show thirty-four, but one of these (No. xiii. p. 299) was included in error; not a word of it is by Ruskin, and a slip was subsequently inserted in the volume, correcting the mistake. Of the thirty-three letters—

NO.

1 (pp. 287–289) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 60.

2 (pp. 290–291) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 66 (more fully than in *Brown*).

3 (p. 291) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 85.

4 (pp. 291–292) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 339, the passages at the end ("My old disgust . . . anything else," and "Among the things" to the close) being here added.

5 (p. 293) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 349.

6 (p. 293) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 392, where the *P.S.* is here added.

7 (pp. 293–294) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 395.

8 (pp. 294–295) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 365.

9 (p. 295) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 403.

10 (pp. 296–297) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 417.

NO.

- 11 (pp. 297–298) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 416.
 12 (pp. 298–299) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 464, where the latter portion (“Yes, I like . . .” to the end) is added.
 13 See *above*.
 14 (pp. 299–300) is printed *above*, p. 77.
 15 (pp. 300–301) is printed *above*, p. 77.
 16 (p. 301) is printed *above*, p. 101.
 17 (pp. 301–302) is printed *above*, p. 108, where the passage “. . . and yesterday morning . . . and the like. And . . .” is added.
 18 (pp. 302–303) is printed *above*, p. 117, where the passage “Please . . . proportion” is added.
 19 (p. 303) is printed *above*, p. 119, where the passage “I’ve told Joanie . . . work and think” is added.
 20 (pp. 303–304) is printed *above*, p. 173.
 21 (p. 304) is printed *above*, p. 206.
 22 (pp. 304–305) is printed *above*, p. 228.
 23 (pp. 305–306) is printed *above*, p. 262.
 24 (p. 306) is printed *above*, p. 281.
 25 (pp. 306–307) is printed *above*, p. 288. In line 21, “colourers” (as in the MS.) is a correction for “colourer.”
 26 (pp. 307–308) is printed *above*, p. 290.
 27 (p. 308) is printed *above*, p. 282.

In line 7, a full stop in *Brown* after “He” spoilt the sense and construction.

- 28 (pp. 308–309) is printed *above*, p. 316.
 29 (p. 309) is printed *above*, p. 317.
 30 (pp. 309–310) is printed *above*, p. 339.
 31 (p. 310) is printed *above*, p. 340.
 32 (p. 311) is printed *above*, p. 347.
 33 (pp. 311–312) is printed *above*, p. 373. The last word, “Jamie,” was misprinted “Joanie.”
 34 (p. 312) is printed *above*, p. 383.

The present volume contains also two hitherto unprinted letters to Dr. Brown (pp. 168, 386).

TO BURNE-JONES

Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones, by G. B.-J. 2 vols. (London: Macmillan and Co.), 1904.

This book contains twenty-one letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin. Of these—

NO.		is given in	Vol.	
1	(vol. i. p. 42)		Vol.	XXXV. p. 72 <i>n</i> .
2	(vol. i. p. 232)	”	Vol.	XXXVI. p. 373.
3	(vol. i. p. 233)	”	Vol.	” p. 393.
4	(vol. i. p. 247)	”	Vol.	” p. 409.
5	(vol. i. p. 260)	”	Vol.	” p. 438.
6	(vol. i. p. 266)	”	Vol.	XVII. p. lxxiii.
7	(vol. i. p. 271)	”	Vol.	” p. lxxvi.
8	(vol. i. p. 274)	”	Vol.	XVIII. p. xxvii.
9	(vol. i. p. 275)	”	Vol.	” p. xxviii.
10	(vol. i. p. 275)	”	Vol.	XXXVI. p. 471.
11	(vol. i. p. 281)	”	Vol.	” p. 475.
12	(vol. i. p. 299)	”	Vol.	” p. 504.

NO.

- 13 (vol. i. p. 303). This is apparently an extract, not from a letter, but from a conversation. Burne-Jones and Morris were to see Tennyson, to whom "Ruskin sent a message of thanks for the 'noble sermon' contained in his poem of *Aylmer's Field*."
- 14 (vol. ii. p. 16) is printed *above*, p. 22.
- 15 (vol. ii. p. 18). An extract from a letter not dated: "Nothing puzzles me more than the delight that painters have in drawing mere folds of drapery, and their carelessness about the folds of water and clouds, or hills, or branches. Why should the tuckings in and out of muslin be eternally interesting?"
- 16 (vol. ii. p. 21) is given in Vol. XXII. p. xxxviii.
- 17 (vol. ii. p. 73) is given in Vol. XXIV. p. xxxviii.
- 18 (vol. ii. p. 86) is given *above*, p. 225.
- 19 (vol. ii. p. 87) is given in Vol. XXIX. p. xxiv.
- 20 (vol. ii. p. 128) is given *above*, p. 436.
- 21 (vol. ii. p. 130) is given in Vol. XXXIII. p. xlvi.
- 22 (vol. ii. pp. 130, 131) is given in Vol. XXXIII. p. xlvi.
- 23 (vol. ii. p. 132) is given *above*, p. 449.

In some cases this edition gives the whole of letters of which only extracts appeared in the *Memorials*. Several hitherto unprinted letters are included.

TO GENERAL SIR W. F. BUTLER, K.C.B.

The *Daily Chronicle*, October 24, 1901, contained extracts from a letter; printed in Vol. XXXIII. p. 22 *n*.

TO HALL CAINE

My Story, by Hall Caine, 1908.

This book contains extracts from two letters from Ruskin. Of these—

1 (p. 45). "Ruskin speaks of 'a bad fit of weariness, not to say worse,' which had kept him from fulfilling some promise he had made me, and adds, 'I am sincerely glad and grateful for all you tell me of your work.'"

2 (pp. 45–46) is printed *above*, p. 263, where the signature and "I wrote . . . My dear Sir" are added.

TO ERNEST CHESNEAU

Letters | from | John Ruskin | to | Ernest Chesneau. | Edited by Thomas J. Wise. | London: Privately Printed. | 1894.

Octavo, pp. xiv. + 57. Half-title, p. i.; *frontispiece*, a facsimile of Letter No. 3; title-page, p. iii.; on p. v., "The impression of this book is limited to a few copies for private circulation only"; Contents, pp. vii.-x.; "Note," pp. xi.-xiii.; Errata, p. xiv. Half-title ("Letters"), p. 1; the Letters, pp. 3–50; half-title ("Index"), p. 51; Index, pp. 53–57. Letter No. 3 was given in facsimile as *frontispiece* to the volume.

Issued in green cloth, lettered on the back, "Letters | to | Chesneau | John | Ruskin | 1894." A few special copies were printed on vellum.

The "Note" is a brief reminiscence of M. Chesneau by Mr. Frank Randal: it is quoted in the Introduction to Vol. XXXVI. pp. lxx.-lxxi. *n*.

This volume contains twenty letters. Of these—
NO.

1 and 2 (pp. 3–6) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 523.

3 (p. 7). “DENMARK HILL, 1867.—MY DEAR SIR,—Just after I received your second letter a violent attack of an ignoble but sufficiently redoutable¹ illness—toothache—kept me at home four languid days and sleepless nights. I am better, but cannot get out yet. I am very sorry not to have seen the picture, but I will most certainly take measures—or opportunity—to see this one, or some other of your friend’s works. My hand is nervous still—excuse this bad writing, and believe me, truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

4 (pp. 8, 9) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 557.
5 and 6 (pp. 10–14) are printed *above*, pp. 407, 423.

7 (pp. 15–16). “HERNE HILL, *December 15th*, 1882.—MY DEAR SIR,—By enclosed note from my publisher you will see that the three books I spoke of were sent to your address on *September 7th*. Two of them (the *Inaugural Lectures*, and *Pre-Raphaelitism*) are again sent registered; and I believe the *Arrows of the Chace* are likely to be more useful to you than *The Two Paths*. Perhaps the missing parcel may be recoverable; in that case, would you kindly return the duplicates to Mr. Allen?—With sincere respect, I am always, my dear Sir, your faithful servant,
“J. RUSKIN.”

8–17 (pp. 17–45) are printed *above*, pp. 426, 427, 428, 431, 432, 435, 443, 445, 446, 448.

In Letter 9, line 23, “any” was misprinted “my.”

18 (p. 46). “UNIVERSITY GALLERIES, OXFORD, *May 29th*, 1883.—DEAREST M. CHESNEAU,—I read the two last two pages of *La Peinture Anglaise* at last lecture, and have to read them again to-morrow,² and I’ve ever so much to say to you, but the letter is always too important to be written. I do hope to get something told you to-morrow of what I’ve had to do. I’ll answer all your questions about Kate [Greenaway], but you didn’t *guess* all quite right.—Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.”

19 (pp. 47–48). “OXFORD, *June 12th*, 1883.—DEAR M. CHESNEAU,—Forgive my MS. paper, but I want to advise you that the Rogers *Poems* are sent at last, by the binder’s mistake detained so long. And I think you will have pleasure in most of the plates, which you will see are proof, and for the most part in finest state. The spotting of the book by damp is now universal in all proof copies, and in most of them spoils the plates also. I am eager to see the etchings sent to Brantwood, but am still over-pressed with Oxford work. But am ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.”

20 (pp. 49–50) is printed *above*, p. 455.

TO MISS MARY CHRISTIE

A Tardiness in Nature, and other Papers, by Mary Christie, edited with Introductory, Note and Memoir by Mand Withers. Manchester, at the University Press, 1907.

This gives (pp. 29–30) a letter from Ruskin on the Art for Schools Association. It is printed in Vol. XXVII. p. lxix.

¹ [The words “an ignoble . . . redoutable” were omitted in the text on p. 7, and there were some other minor errors of transcription.]

² [That is, at the second delivery of the lecture: see Vol. XXXIII. pp. 342, 343.]

TO THE REV. EDWARD CLAYTON

For the series of *Letters Addressed to a College Friend*, see Vol. I. pp. 400–502. To the same correspondent was probably addressed a letter printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 30.

TO THE HON. STEPHEN COLERIDGE

Catalogue of a Collection of Studies in Oil of the English Lake Country, by the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, M.A., June 1891. London: The Dowdeswell Galleries.

This catalogue contains one letter; printed in Vol. XIV. p. 497.

TO MRS. COWPER-TEMPLE

Five Letters (or extracts from Letters) from Ruskin to Mrs. Cowper-Temple (Lady Mount Temple) were printed by W. G. Collingwood in a paper, entitled "Ruskin's 'Isola,'" in *Good Words* for February 1902, pp. 80, 81; and reprinted in his *Ruskin Relics*, 1903, pp. 225, 226. Of these—

1 (July 23, 1887) is printed *above*, p. 592.

2 (Of somebody's sketches sent for him to look at): "Alas, there's no genius in these drawings. Genius never exists without intense industry. Industry is not genius, but is the vital element of it."

3 (Of Bible reading): "I noticed, curiously for the first time, two most important mistranslations. Fancy never having noticed before that 'Sufficient unto the day is its evil' ought to be 'Let the day's evil suffice for it.' And 'chasteneth' ought in several cases to be merely 'bringeth up, teacheth'!"

4 (? 1874) is printed *above*, p. 110.

5 (June 14, 1874) is printed *above*, p. 110.

Many letters, hitherto unprinted, are given in this edition.

TO THE REV. CANON DALE

Life and Letters of Thomas Pelham Dale, 1894.

This contains one letter (vol. i. pp. 48–49) from Ruskin to Canon Dale (father of the Rev. T. P. Dale); it is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 94.

See also *Three Letters and an Essay*, Vol. I. pp. 355–398.

TO THE BROTHERS DALZIEL

The Brothers Dalziel: a Record of Fifty Years' Work: 1901.

This book contains (p. 154) one letter; printed in Vol. XIX. p. 149 *n*.

TO MADAME DESCHAMPS

T. P.'s Weekly, September 25, 1903, p. 538, contains one letter; printed *above*, p. 182.

TO F. S. ELLIS

Stray Letters | from | Professor Ruskin | to | A London Bibliopole | 1892. |
London: Privately Printed | (Not for Sale).

Octavo, pp. xvi. + 186. Half-title, p. i.; Title-page, p. iii.; on p. v., "The impression of this book is limited to a few copies for private circulation only"; Contents, pp. vii.-xiii.; Preface, pp. xv.-xvi. Half-title ("Letters"), p. 1; "Note," p. 2; Letters, pp. 3-76; half-title ("Index"), p. 77; Index, pp. 79-86.

Issued in rough red cloth, lettered on the back, "Letters | to | Ellis | John | Ruskin | 1892." A few special copies were printed on vellum.

An article, entitled "Mr. Ruskin's New Letters," in the *Bookman*, February 1893, pp. 145-146, quoted in full letters Nos. 24 and 31, and gave extracts from others.

An article, entitled "Unpublished Letters of John Ruskin," by W. G. Kingsland, in *Poet Lore* (Philadelphia), vol. v. pp. 123-129, quoted in full Nos. 24 and 29, and gave extracts from others.

The "Note" states that the Letters are "but the remnant of a much more considerable correspondence," and that "some of the dates are only approximate, having been inserted from memory after a lapse of years." In this edition they have sometimes been corrected by internal evidence.

The volume contains forty-two letters:—

NO.

1 (p. 3). "CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *February 17th*, 1870.—DEAR MR. ELLIS,—Will you please send me to Denmark Hill the best recent edition of Vasari (the largest print of original better than many notes), and the best translation also. I am terribly nervous about chance of misreading anything.—Ever truly yours,

"J. RUSKIN."

2 (p. 4). "DENMARK HILL, *February 25th*, 1870.—DEAR MR. ELLIS,—Would you kindly look out for me a copy of Le Normand and De Witte's work on Greek vases?¹ You must get me one from Paris, if one is not to be had in London. The Vasaris are very nice; I'm so glad you were interested about them. I hope illustrations to *Paradise* may get done at last.² Tennyson is quite fallen—he must be ill.³—Ever most truly yours, J. RUSKIN."

3 (p. 5). "GENEVA, *May 5th*, 1870.—My assistant did quite right in availing himself on my part of your courteous permission to return the De Witte, if unsatisfactory; his judgment is quite enough for me. Will you inform the French house that the book is for the Art Gallery of Oxford, and cannot be placed there if ill-executed. Let the plain copy be sent without binding, as I wish to arrange and bind it myself."

4 (p. 6). "DENMARK HILL (1871).—Can you get me Sir I. Newton's tract on Daniel? I am greatly pleased with that book of portraits that Mr. Green found for me, and the edition⁴ of *Tale of a Tub* is nice. Can you find out for me, anyhow, if there was an analysis of *Fors Clavigera* in the *Guardian*?"

¹ [Ruskin used this book largely in his Oxford lectures, and cut out many of the Plates for examples in his Drawing School: see, e.g., Vol. XXI. pp. 78, 79.]

² [A projected edition of Morris's *Earthy Paradise*, with illustrations by Burne-Jones—a project unfulfilled. There were to have been "two or three hundred woodcuts"; many of them were in 1865 "already designed, and some even drawn on the block" (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 294).]

³ [*The Holy Grail* was the poem last published at this date. The signatures, etc., in some succeeding letters are here omitted, to save space.]

⁴ [A copy of the first edition.]

NO.

5 (p. 7). "CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *August 25th*, 1872.—Please get me the enclosed, and send it with the other books bought yesterday, and the Ottley,¹ when obtained, all together down to Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire, which will now be my address permanently.

"I want also Lavoisne's *Chronological and Geological Atlas*, Barfield, Wardour St., 1822, if obtainable."

6 and 7 (pp. 8–11) are printed *above*, pp. 53, 152.

8 (p. 12). "BRANTWOOD, *January* 1874.—Saturday will do delightfully for me. I trust the weather may be a little in better humour for you also. How good of you to go to the 'tea-shop'; and I'm so glad of your report, and must really get up my sign."²

9 (pp. 13, 14) is printed *above*, p. 105.

10 (pp. 15–16). "DENMARK HILL, *November 2nd* [1871?].—The *Somville* has come, and is delightful.

"If I saw my way clearly to everything but the binding, I should not be much troubled about *that*. But of course it 'must be thought on.' I wish we were ready for it."³

"However, I am fairly at work. I have resolved to take Chaucer's *Dream* instead of *The Flower and the Leaf*, and I think I can make a very pretty and useful introduction to everything out of it."

11 (p. 17). "DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E. [1871?].—Will you please find and send me the best authoritative edition of Chaucer?⁴ I don't mean an early expensive edition, even if you could find one; but the best modern one, what anybody wishing now to read Chaucer would be obliged to put up with. Also, I am perpetually referred in mine to 'Du Cange.' I don't know who 'Du Cange'⁵ is, but I want him, please."

12 (p. 18). "DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E. [1871?].—My woodcutter⁶ is, I am sorry to say, too busy to take more work just now, except only for *Earthly Paradise*. I will let him work on that."

¹ [For other references to Ottley's *Early History of Engraving*, see Vol. XXII. pp. 359, 455.]

² [The "tea-shop" near Wigmore Street, where Ruskin started two of his mother's old servants in business: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 48 and 67 (Vol. XXVIII. pp. 204, 205, 661).]

³ [The letter refers to a series of Early English Reprints, to be furnished with Introductions by himself, which Ruskin at this time had thoughts of publishing through Mr. Ellis, who, however, had reminded him that *The Flower and the Leaf* is not now esteemed to be by Chaucer. The same difficulty applies to "Chaucer's *Dream*"; which, however, "authentic or not," Ruskin subsequently intended to include in his *Bibliotheca Pastorum*: see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 61 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 501).]

⁴ ["There was no 'authoritative' edition of Chaucer in 1874—and there is not one to-day," said Mr. Ellis in a note to this letter. At a later date (1896), he himself edited Chaucer for the Kelmscott Press edition.]

⁵ [Du Cange, *Glossarium ad Scriptores Mediæ et Infimæ Latinitatis*, 7 vols. 4 to—a book frequently referred to by Ruskin: see, for instance, Vol. XXII. p. 281, Vol. XXVII. pp. 262–263.]

⁶ ["My woodcutter" was Arthur Burgess, for whom see Vol. XIV. p. 349. Mr. Ellis had asked, and obtained, Ruskin's consent for him to work upon the projected illustrated edition of *The Earthly Paradise*, but he never did anything for it.]

NO.

13 (pp. 19–21) is printed *above*, p. 154.

14–19 (pp. 22–31) are printed in Vol. XIV. pp. 458, 459.

20 and 21 (pp. 32–35) are printed *above*, p. 169.

22 (p. 36). “BRANTWOOD, *July 23rd*, 1876.—DEAR ELLIS,—Alas, I can give you too perfect satisfaction! The ‘Loire’ drawing, of which this oil is a copy, *was* mine, and *is* now at Oxford—where I gave it to the schools. This copy ought to be traced. It is a dexterous and most criminal imitation.¹—Ever yours in flying haste,

“J. RUSKIN.”

23 (pp. 37, 38) is printed *above*, p. 227.

24 (pp. 39–41) is printed in Vol. XXV. p. xxxix.

25–34 (pp. 42–61) are printed *above*, pp. 254, 282, 342 (3), 343, 346 (2), 347, 359.

35 (pp. 62–63). “BRANTWOOD [1881].—DEAR ELLIS,—I only send you the *last* of the Scott papers;² for I can’t find the first; and the middle ones won’t read right without it (the reader, fool enough, complained that it *would!*). Please you must get *for me*—and read, if you like, first—numbers 43, *September* 1880; 42, *August* 1880; and, I believe, 40, *June* 1880. But please find out; and send me *this one* back when you’ve read what you *can* of it—and the others with the *first*, when you’ve read what you *like* of it—which I hope you will, some.—Ever your affectionate

“J. R.”

36 and 37 (pp. 64–67) are printed *above*, pp. 362, 454.

38 (pp. 68–69). “BRANTWOOD, *July 7th*, 1883.—DEAR ELLIS,—I am so ashamed of never having answered your delightful letters—but I’ve been more busy than is good for me, necessarily, as one always finds if one is busy at all. And then I did not know you were going to stay so long at the country place. I am very happy in your patience with the Scott papers,—very happy in the loan of your lovely Missal,—very happy in being able to covet missals, and take pride in my own work, once more. And very happy shall I be when I can shake hands again in that delightful library and chat-room of yours. And this is all I can say to-day—else I shall miss the post again.—Ever your affectionate and grateful

J. RUSKIN.”

39 (pp. 70–71). “BRANTWOOD, *June 1st*, 1884.—DEAR ELLIS,—May I give the name of the writer of enclosed bit³ for next *Fors* correspondence? It would be of weight in driving down the sentence about Scott, which is of extreme importance and value. I send you an old book, which has been inherited by my washer-woman! Can you impress her mind with reverence for literature by giving her a few shillings for it?—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.”

40 (p. 72). “BRANTWOOD, *June 6th*, 1884.—DEAR ELLIS,—I am so very sorry you have been ill. I never dreamed of such a thing. Take care now; I shall be anxious till you write again to say you’re going on well.—To think of my having forgiven the Hamilton business like this!⁴ I’ll cut out all the vice.—Your last letter—still more valuable—is, I think, quite safe and general.—Your loving

J. R.”

¹ [This was a (probably) spurious Turner, which had been offered for sale to Mr. Ellis, in perfectly good faith, by a Mr. B—, once a pupil of Ruskin’s. Its origin was never traced, and Mr. Ellis declined to purchase it.]

² [*Fiction, Fair and Foul*, which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*: see Vol. XXXIV.]

³ [“This was a printed extract from a letter of Mr. Ellis’s regarding the condition of a certain English village. The consent asked was freely given, though with a modification of some of the expressions Mr. Ellis had originally used” (F. S. E.). The letter, however, was not printed by Ruskin. For the “sentence about Scott,” see Vol. XXIX. pp. 491–492.]

⁴ [Ruskin was, or professed to be, grievously hurt and offended with Mr. Ellis for having negotiated the purchase of the Hamilton Manuscripts for the Berlin Museum: see Vol. XXX. pp. xxxii., 44.]

NO.

41 (pp. 73–74). “BRANTWOOD, *February 3rd*, 1885.—DEAR ELLIS,—We’re both brutes for never asking after each other,—and you wait a bit before you thank me for being the first to speak, for it’s forced by a bit of business, which will be best told you by my secretary. Don’t look down upon her for being a girl. She’s got nice business ways, and will save you a lot of trouble in writing gossip; and, besides, tell *me* all about *you*, and you all about me,—and the business concerns her a little. It’s about some old Bibles of her uncle’s. Will you please write to her, Miss Anderson,¹ 46 Warwick Gardens, and tell her where she could see you, or will Mr. White kindly make an appointment for her if Mr. Ellis is out of town? Meantime, if you care to know it, I’m pretty well, and pretty busy, and rather pleased with my work; and am affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

42 (pp. 75–76) is printed *above*, p. 548.

TO MISS EMILY FAITHFULL

The *Daily Telegraph*, February 21, 1871, contained one letter (reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*): Vol. XXXIV. p. 499 *n*.

TO REV J. P. FAUNTHORPE

Letters | from | John Ruskin | to | Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, M. A. | Edited by Thomas J. Wise. | Volume I. [II.] | *London: Privately Printed.* | 1895. [1896.]

Octavo, vol. i. pp. xvi.+pl98. Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. iii., iv. On p. v. is the intimation that “The impression of this book is limited to a few copies for private circulation only.” Contents, pp. vii.–xiv. “Prefatory Note,” pp. xv.–xvi. Letters, pp. 3–98. The volume contains two woodcuts:—(1) facing p. 49, of “The May Queen’s Dress”: this has been given in Vol. XXX. (2) Facing p. 60, of “The May Queen’s Gold Cross”: Vol. XXX.

Vol. ii. pp. xii.+97. Title-page, pp. iii.–iv.; Contents, pp. v.–xii. Letters, pp. 3–90; Appendix (pp. 93–97): this is an address to the Arundel Society in 1882, printed in Vol. XXXIV.

Issued in brown cloth, lettered on the back “Letters | to | Faunthorpe. | Vol. I. [II.] | John | Ruskin | 1895.” A few special copies were printed on vellum.

The Prefatory Note is as follows:—

“On the 28th July, 1877, after reading *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 80, I wrote to Professor Ruskin begging him not to be over anxious or over worried at the slow progress of Good, for supposing the High Master had counted *His* followers at *His* coronation *d’épines* I said, further, that I believed in him and his work, and that I liked deeds better than words, therefore I enclosed a cheque for five pounds. This Mr. Ruskin promptly returned, and I expended the money in the purchase of my first six volumes of his works. I think I have all now except a few of the rarer pamphlets.

“Shortly afterwards I asked Mr. Ruskin’s permission to reprint his *Letter to Young Girls* in my 4th *Standard Reading Book*. This request was not granted, and it will be seen upon a perusal of the following pages that Mr. Ruskin mistook the meaning of the word ‘Standard.’ This will sufficiently explain Letter I.; and, with the addition of a few footnotes, every other letter, I think, carries its own meaning.

“There are many things in these letters quite worthy of preservation in print, and, as the words of a great man, even the slightest of them are ‘worthy of memory.’ I have therefore consented to their being printed for private circulation, Mr. Wise having assured me that no copyright will be infringed, and that he is editing these volumes with Mr. Ruskin’s sanction and approval. The letters themselves of course remain my property.”

It should be added that the letters printed by Mr. Wise are only a selection from a more extensive correspondence, and that a collation of the originals with Mr. Wise’s print (kindly undertaken by Mr. Faunthorpe for this edition) shows some errors, as noted below.

¹ [For Miss Sara Anderson, see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxxvii.]
xxxvii.

The work contains 87 letters from Ruskin and one (No. 36) from his secretary, Laurence Hilliard. Of these:—

NO.

1 and 2 (vol. i. pp. 3–6) are printed *above*, pp. 225, 226.

Letter 1 was wrongly dated “August 3rd” in *Wise*.

In line 5 of Letter 2, “contact” was misprinted for “connection.”

3 (vol. i. p. 7). [*September 10th*, 1877.]—“Yes, I shall be proud that you should make such a selection;¹ but please don’t put ‘wise,’ only ‘necessary.’ If it *be* this it *must* be that.—Faithfully yours,
J. R.”

This (as also No. 5) was a postcard, not a letter (as printed by Mr. Wise).

4 (vol. i. pp. 8–9). “BRANTWOOD, *2nd October*, ’77.—DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I have been quite beyond all business lately, having had to examine my hills all over for a lecture on them,² and the noble things took all the walking and thinking I had in me—and I couldn’t answer a word, especially to pretty letters and messages like Miss Stanley’s.³ My waistcoats are the things most useful to me needing four pockets, and I believe these are more or less constructible by hand. So I shall send one to Miss Stanley, and I’ve no objection to a little zigzagging or other aculine ornamentation on them, which I shall proudly manifest to beholders when the wind isn’t too cold on the hills.⁴ The books will, I doubt not, arrive this week.—Ever most truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

5 (vol. i. p. 10). A postcard: “[BRANTWOOD, *October 19th*, 1877].—Please no publishing of gift, which is mere nothing to such a school. I am so very glad Miss Stanley likes the Book,⁵ but surely the red and blue ornamentation is easy enough to copy?—Ever faithfully yours,
J. R.”

6 (vol. i. pp. 11–12). “HERNE HILL, *14th December*, ’77.—DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I chance fortunately to be in town at my pet cousin’s, who, as ladies say, is ‘dying’ to see the waistcoat, so I send my servant over to bring it (I should have come myself had I not been laid up with cold), and shall not be long in writing of its reception to Miss Stanley.

“I hope at any rate to wait on you and Miss Stanley a day or two after Christmas, if she will be then at Chelsea. The Report of the Students is indeed one you may be happily proud of.—Ever most faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

7–10 (vol. i. pp. 13–20) are printed *above*, pp. 244, 333, 317 (2).

The letter No. 8 is undated. The date “January 5th, 1880” was given in *Faunthorpe*, but references in the letter to earlier correspondence show that 1881 was the year.

11–16 (vol. i. pp. 21–41) are printed in Vol. XXIX. pp. 553–558.

17 and 18 (vol. i. pp. 42–48) are printed *above*, pp. 337, 338.

In Letter 17, last line but one, “written” was misprinted “done”; and in Letter 18, some minor revisions have now been made in accordance with the original MS.

In Letter No. 18, line 1, the words “to-morrow to” were omitted.

¹ [A selection from *Letters to Young Girls*, which Mr. Faunthorpe included in one of the reading-books in the “Whitelands Series for Girls”: see the Bibliography in Vol. XXXVIII.]

² [The lecture called “Yewdale and its Streamlets”: see Vol. XXVI. p. 243.]

³ [Head governess at Whitelands College.]

⁴ [“After great searchings of heart the waistcoat was made and sent.”—J.P. F.]

⁵ [A manuscript Bible of the fourteenth century, presented by Ruskin to Miss Stanley.]

NO.

19 (vol. i. p. 49). "BRANTWOOD, 4th April, 1881.—It is still winter here; but by count of days the May is coming, I suppose! I've almost ceased counting them, in this last illness; but am awake out of the wild sleep, once more; and hope that I may still see a May morning in this, and yet another or another, year. I hope the May Queenship is beginning to be thought of? I write to-day to my publisher to get a perfect set of books ready. . . . Ever faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN."

20–28 (vol. i. pp. 50–72) are given *above*, pp. 348, 349, 352, 354, 355, 356, 357 (2), 358.

In Letter 20, 5th line from end, "it" was altered to "she."

In Letter 21, some minor revisions have now been made.

In Letter 22, lines 11 and 20, "or" was misprinted "and."

In Letter 24, lines 3 and 6, Ruskin's "was" was altered to "were."

Letter 25 was printed with several minor alterations from the MS.; *e.g.*, in line 13, "upon next year" for "on . . . in time next year."

In Letter 26, line 5, "crown" was misprinted "cross."

In Letter 27, line 12, the words "(much more)" were omitted.

29 (vol. i. p. 73). "BRANTWOOD, 22nd May (1881).—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—Photos both quite safe, but I'm rather frightened of my queen. She looks to me between thirty-five and thirty-eight,¹ and rather as if she would bring back the inquisition and trial by the rack. Photographs are horrid things! I am so glad you like the Door. I've a lot more things in my head for you.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R."

30 (vol. i. p. 74). "BRANTWOOD, 9th June (1881).—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I send you the 'Dabchicks,'² trusting in your kindness to read them for me. I'm dreadfully afraid you'll be able to tell me some of the things I don't want to know! What *Tringa* means, or the like. I'll bear it, if you do, as well as I can.—Ever gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN."

31 (vol. i. pp. 75–76). "BRANTWOOD, 1st July, '81.—MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am so very glad to hear of this success of the May Queen's choice. That Apothecary Gold medal is a real distinction.³ I will send Miss Croucher my next *Proserpina* the moment it's out. I'm hard busy on it, with *Amiens* and two numbers of *Love's Meinie*, at once. Couldn't help it, had to do Appendix of nomenclature. I shall be quieter now the spring flowers are over.—Ever affectionately yours."

32 (vol. i. pp. 77–78). "BRANTWOOD, 3rd July (1881).—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—Your letter to-day is very delightful, but do you mean that the Entrance Examination keeps you 'next' or 'this' week in London? or shall I write to disturb your repose by the sea at once? I'm rather glad about the Archbishop,⁴ as I had been pitching into, or at least pulling, his sleeves, about Usury.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R."

"This St. John's—King John's, I mean—programme is dreadfully tantalizing To have seen the May Queen *in Armour!*"

In the book, in line 4, "him" was inserted after "into."

¹ ["She was about twenty."—J. P. F.]

² [Proof-sheets of *Love's Meinie*, ch. iii. ("The Dabchicks"): see Vol. XXV. p. 99 ("I believe nobody knows what 'Tringa' means").]

³ [The gold medal given for botany by the Apothecaries' Society, which the College won several times. Miss Croucher was the winner of the gold medal.]

⁴ [Mr. Faunthorpe had related to Ruskin some of the sorrows of Archbishop Tait. For the "pitching into him about Usury," see *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 70, Vol. XXVIII. p. 722.]

NO.

33 (vol. i. pp. 79–80) is printed *above*, p. 367.

In line 8, “photo-plates, MS. leaves” was misprinted “photos, plates, MS., leaves.”

34 (vol. i. p. 81). “BRANTWOOD (*July 15th*, 1881).—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—If life were only what it used to be before Noah’s time, or even 120 years good, I’d come to Ivy Cottage by return of post. But, alas! I must use my autumn at home, for once, and see the thyme and heather in their best.

“If the proof does not come, let me know at once, and I’ll send you another. There’s no hurry, as I’m on other work now, and your revision will be every way invaluable to me.—Ever your grateful
J. R.”

In line 4, “in” was misprinted “at.”

35 (vol. i. pp. 82–83) is printed *above*, p. 371.

36 (vol. i. p. 84), from Laurence Hilliard, is printed *above*, pp. 374–5 *n*.

37–38 (vol. i. pp. 85–87) are printed *above*, pp. 374, 375.

In No. 38, line 6, “only” and “could” were transposed, and in the last line “Richters” was misprinted “pictures.”

39 (vol. i. p. 88). “BRANTWOOD, *28th October*, ’81.—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—You must not ask me to criticise poetry, nor sympathise with chapel building. What I can do for you, in my own way, I will; but until you have dealt with the great questions of Money and Usury, I can acknowledge no religious movement as of the slightest interest or importance.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

40 (vol. i. pp. 89–90) is printed *above*, p. 377.

41, 42 (vol. i. pp. 91–95), to Miss Ellen Osborne, are printed in Vol. XXX. pp. 340, 341.

43 (vol. i. pp. 96–98) is printed *above*, p. 379.

44 (vol. ii. pp. 3, 4). “BRANTWOOD, *December 2nd*, 1881.—MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,—I’m *quite* certain you told me yourself you had told the Queen she wasn’t to expect an answer. I hear great things of *King John*. I like there being no dressing, but a blue riband and paper crown. But Joanie—that’s Mrs. Severn—says ‘It’s a tebbly (terrible) play,’ and that’s what I say too. I hope the books have reached you before now. It’s a shame of the railways to carry passengers like Flying Dutchmen, and shunt my books into the damp for a week.

“Large photos would give those coins well for the historical lectures.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.—It’s all nonsense about my library.”¹

45–49 (vol. ii. pp. 5–17) are printed *above*, pp. 380 (2), 381, 382, 385.

In Letter 45, line 2, Ruskin’s “but” was omitted; in line 16, “Kemmm” was printed “Kemms,” and “Bonpland” “Bonfland.”

In Letter 46, line 1, the words “to know” were inserted before “that.”

Letter 47 was much curtailed, the following passages being omitted:— “They will not . . . Richter’s,” and “with three separate . . . engraving. But.”

In Letter 48, line 3 from end, “only” was misprinted “and.”

In Letter 49, line 9, the word “before” was omitted.

50 (vol. ii. p. 18). “HERNE HILL, *14th February* [1882].—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—The Lentil note is quite invaluable,² and shall be used with due privacy of Doctor’s name, but I hope I may gratefully use yours. I was *very* glad to see you last

¹ [There had appeared sundry paragraphs in the newspapers to the effect that Ruskin was about to dispose of his library.]

² [For the “Lentil note,” see *Proserpina*, Vol. XXV. p. 425.]

night, the room being for the most part full of strangers. I hear there were two perfectly beautiful girls in the corner out of sight. If I had only seen them I would have concluded the lecture¹ to them!—and very differently!—Ever your affectionate J. R.”

51 (vol. ii. pp. 19, 20) is printed *above*, p. 388.

52 (vol. ii. p. 21). “[HERNE HILL] *Monday [March 6, 1882]*.—DEAR FAUNTHORPE,—I am sick, nearly to death. Of all your girls and governesses, is there *one* who can buy a small sole,—good, and fry it decently? If so, and you can spare her, let her come fish in hand (the bearer will attend her orders), and as soon as possible. I’ve had to turn the cook out of the house, and I don’t know where on earth to find a human creature who can dress me a dish of decent meat. —Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.”

53 (vol. ii. pp. 22–23). “HERNE HILL, *March 7th*, 1882. (I don’t know the day of the month, having been bothered all the morning!)—MY DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,—I have a very heavy domestic grief weighing on me just now; a disagreement about the way I should manage myself, and, much more, about the way I should manage *her*!

“I cannot, to-day, get a single thing done without remonstrance or mistake, and have to write this note to you instead of sending you a plain message, because *you* also trouble me in your own way by too much gushing and fussing—and also, I grieve to say, by some expressions of your opinions, which, for the present, you will best help me by keeping to yourself. Spare me your sermons, at this moment. I have always said men should be preached to when they are well, not when they are sick. ‘*God* takes the text (then) and preacheth Patience.’²

“Your little student³ has succeeded quite beautifully to-day in her proper work. She will tell you herself the result of her cross-examination.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

“Miss Stanley’s embroidery is given to Miss Gale to be taken care of, till I am able to examine it. My failing eyes could as soon to-day examine the zodiacal light.”

54–68 (vol. ii. pp. 24–55) are printed *above*, pp. 390, 391, 392 (2), 394, 395, 396 (2), 397, 422, 434, 437 (2), 438, 441.

In Letter 56 line 6, the words “thing as a” were omitted.

In Letter 57, “cross more” was printed “cross worse.”

Letter 61 was much altered, to the destruction of the sense. In line 3, “1, 2 and 3” became “five”; in line 4, the words “—fragments of, at least”—were omitted; in line 5, “three” was interpolated before smallest; the passage “—white quartz . . . rock and quartz” was dropped out, and no new sentence began at “the fourth.” The fourth specimen (a piece of Iceland chalcedony) was thus made to be one of the pieces of quartz nodules, which were made to be five in number, instead of three.

Letter 63, line 7, the words “some day” were interpolated after “might”; line 8, “series” was inserted after “that”; line 11, “thousands” was substituted for “hundreds”; line 14, “now” was inserted after “mind.”

Letter 66, line 13, “then” was inserted after “shall,” and in the next line “bilection” (see p. 438 *n.*) was altered to “Collection.”

Letter 67, line 8, “. . . place: and if” was altered to “. . . place. But if.”

Letter 68, line 4, “economy” was interpolated after “political”; line 12, “his” was altered to “him.”

¹ [A speech made by Ruskin as chairman, introducing Mr. Frederick Gale’s lecture on “Modern English Sports” at the Marlborough Rooms on February 13.]

² [George Herbert: compare Vol. I. p. 489.]

³ [Miss Charlotte Smith, a Whitelands governess.]

NO.

69 (vol. ii. p. 56.) "BRANTWOOD, 20th April, '83.—DEAR CHAPLAIN,—Of course I meant what *you* call Roman Catholic. I call the Church of England Cockney-Catholic (I beg pardon!). Here's your lovely private letter back again. I am only concerned with the official one, which shall have due attention.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN."

"I should like mightily to print Deacon Darby's¹ too! Can't you ask his leave?"

70–79 (vol. ii. pp. 57–76) are printed *above*, pp. 460, 479, 486, 487, 504, 509, 511, 512, 514, 519.

In Letter 70, line 1, "It is" was inserted after "morning."

Letter 71, in line 7, "the" was printed "this," and in the last line "and" was inserted before "Incorrigible."

Letter 73, the last words after "Rose" were omitted.

Letter 74, in line 4, the words "of them" were interpolated after "two or three," and in line 9, "motherly" was printed for "motherlyish."

Letter 76. This letter was much altered in minor matters. In line 3, "very" became "so," and lines 4, 5 became " . . . Newnham. I was just writing there . . . books to go there." In line 7, "always" was left out, and in line 8, "long" was put in before "before"; a signature, etc. (none in the original) were added.

Letter 77, in line 2, *Our Fathers* was expanded into its full title (as, in similar cases, in many other letters). In line 3, "such" was inserted before "a mess," and in line 4, "the" before "type." In line 4, "However" was interpolated before "The Fourth."

Letter 78, in line 5, the words "of mine" were inserted after "lectures," and in the last line "the" was altered to "that."

80 (vol. ii. pp. 77, 78). "BRANTWOOD (*March 12th*, 1885).—DEAR CHAPLAIN,—The vases, with some more soon to be sent, are for the College, not St. George. Also the Jameson *Mineralogy*. I am getting a Miller for you. Jameson's *system* is absurd, but his descriptions simple and securely permanent.² What he says will be always true.

"You will soon now have the Pleasures, and Toils, of *Fancy*.³ I think perhaps it may not be trespassing on you too far to send you all notes of errata like enclosed, and to tell Allen, whenever he is printing a new edition of anything, to refer to you, or the College generally, for final corrections? I always lose these sort of notes at the moment they're wanted.—Ever yours affectionately,
J. R."

The words "I am . . . for you" were omitted; "always" and "be" were transposed; and in the last line but one, "correction" was printed for "corrections."

81 (vol. ii. pp. 79) is given *above*, p. 527.

82 (vol. ii. pp. 80–81). "BRANTWOOD, 2nd April, '85.—DEAR CHAPLAIN,—Those Sotherans were to send you the *Birds*⁴—not the *Bill*.

"So many thanks to girlies for lovely catalogues.

"All the books I'm sending you now are for you to place, as time serves, where they may be of use to any one. I want to make Whitelands a centre of various school dispensation, especially in books, and soon in drawings, and the like.

"Love to you and Mrs. Faunthorpe, and most true thanks to you both for all you've done for St. George and me.—Ever your grateful and affectionate

"J. RUSKIN."

83 (vol. ii. pp. 82–83) is given *above*, p. 533.

In this letter, "nor can Joanie" was altered to "Mrs. Severn cannot"; the words "her own . . . that day," "girlish . . . courtly," "procession-loving," and "Dick of a" were omitted.

¹ [Archdeacon, and now Dean, of Chester.]

² [For this book, see Vol. XXXV. p. 121; for "Miller," *above*, p. 514.]

³ [*The Pleasures of Fancy*, being Part iv. of *The Pleasures of England*, published in April 1885: Vol. XXXIV.]

⁴ [Gould's *Birds of New Guinea*, given by Ruskin to Whitelands College.]

NO.

84 (vol. ii. p. 84). "BRANTWOOD, 3rd May [1885].—DEAR CHAPLAIN,—Indeed I am much more grateful for your letter than I should have been for mere *Index*. How delightful it is to read of it all, and would be to see! I'll try to take courage to come next year. It was very lovely, both for Mrs. Bishop and me, the Irish message coming."¹

The words "mere *Index*" were altered to "the *Index* merely," and "would be to see" to "would have been to see."

85 (vol. ii. p. 85). "BRANTWOOD, 6th May, '85.—MY DEAREST CHAPLAIN,—How delightful and nice of you! But, 1st June. Whose or what day is it? Isn't the May Queen crowned in summer? I'm afraid of confusing the obtuse public's head! I've written a long letter to the Cork Queen to-day, referring to you to countenance the views laid before Her Majesty.—Ever your loving
"J. RUSKIN."

86 (vol. ii. pp. 86–87). ["June 12th, 1885.]—MY DEAREST CHAPLAIN,—*Here's* some proof for you to play with at last.² There was really no time to send anything this spring, I had to get it out anyhow. I haven't my own copy yet, so can't compare your notes. I believe they are all nonsense. You're wrong about eyebright, anyhow. It is the *Euphrasia* and *not* the *Veronica*. The *Veronica* is Bird's-eye, and may be Baby's-eye, and *Monacha* is a rare plant in the wide world of moors which I've rambled over these sixty years, and I believe my corrections are all right! There! As for mending as I grow older, myself, you needn't think of it!—Your loving
J. R."

In this letter, the words "I believe . . . nonsense" were omitted; and in line 6, the sentence was destroyed by the omission of the word "*Monacha*" (Ruskin's name for *Pedicularis*). The date was also incorrectly given as "May."

87 (vol. ii. pp. 88–89) is given *above*, p. 537.

Several liberties were here taken with Ruskin's letter. Lines 2 and 3 were: ". . . notes on the new part of *Proserpina*: you will see that they have, for the most part, been adopted." Towards the end, the words "the drawing of" were interpolated before "St. Mark's" (though it was not a drawing), and the words "and itself appreciated" were written in after "seen." In line 8, "had" was interpolated before "hoped."

88 (vol. ii. p. 90). "BRANTWOOD [June 19th, 1885].—So many thanks for the *horehound* note,³ and for the directions to Foord, etc. I will send you nicer things than that, although it pleases me greatly that it has been pleasant to you, and admired. Tell me the end of that poor girl's affair; it does not shock me, but it shocks me that you think a girl could love a scamp who had married her for her money, and it would have done no good.—Ever your loving
J. R."

The words "to know" were interpolated after "greatly"; "it" was made "the drawing," and the words "and it . . . no good" were omitted.

¹ [A letter from Miss Martin, head-mistress of the High School for Girls in Cork, announcing the establishment of a Rose Queen Festival there, and soliciting Ruskin's approval and aid (see Vol. XXX. p. 341). Miss Martin had been in former years a governess at Whitelands. Mrs. Bishop had on this occasion presented Ruskin's Cross to the May Queen at Whitelands.]

² [Proof-sheets of *Proserpina*, Part ix., issued shortly before the date of this letter, or rough proofs for future Parts. "Eyebright" is the popular name of *Euphrasia Officinalis*; "bird's-eye" of *Veronica Chamædrys*. For "*Monacha*," see Vol. XXV. p. 473, where also "my corrections" are given.]

³ [A labiate herb, *Marrubium vulgare*; "base horehound" is the name for *Lamium album* (white dead-nettle). Mr. Faunthorpe's note may have been partly used in the one, signed "F.," in Vol. XXV. p. 515.]

Several of the letters enumerated above were again printed, in whole or in part, in an article by Mr. Faunthorpe, entitled "A May Queen Festival, with Letters from Mr. Ruskin," in the *Nineteenth Century*, May 1895, pp. 739–743. The letters so reprinted were Nos. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, and 43. In this reprint the corrections noted above were made. One scrap, not included in Mr. Wise's volumes, was added:—

"May 2 [1881]. . . . We were all so grateful for your telegram . . . and have been quite as happy as you ever since."

TO MRS. FAWKES

"Mr. Ruskin at Farnley," an article by Mrs. Edith Mary Fawkes in the *Nineteenth Century*, April 1900 (pp. 617–623), contains five letters from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1 (pp. 617–618) is given in Vol. XII. p. lv.

2 (p. 619) *above*, p. 361. In the *Nineteenth Century*, the date was given wrongly as "4th May," and in line 12 "any" was misprinted "my."

3 (p. 620), *above*, p. 499.

4 (p. 620). "BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, 19th November, 1884.—DEAR MRS. FAWKES,—I am so grateful and happy at the thought of being once more at Farnley Hall again. I will be at your hall door, *D. V.*, on Wednesday, December 10th. May I stay till Saturday, 13th? Don't think of putting off any visitors on my account, only if you have strangers at dinner you will send me a slice of mutton to my room, for of all things I dread dinner talk on either shooting or painting.

"I was stupid to forget the big Reichenbach, but my chief delight is the small one."¹ [Here follows a slight pen-and-ink sketch of the rainbow Reichenbach.] Ever yours gratefully,
J. R."

5 (p. 621). "CHELTENHAM, December 12th.—DEAR MRS. FAWKES,—How kind you are! I never should have thought of the Inn if I had known you would understand my being tired, and for this further terror, that I felt as if I might be by that time just in the woofullest and most ridiculous stage of a crying cold. It has not come on yet, however, and to-morrow I shall take the nine train from here and bring myself somewhere within quite easy reach of you by Saturday—whether I need nursing or rest, or am, as I still hope, able to enjoy myself as you would like me to—anyhow, I will be at Farnley at some time early on Saturday, most thankful in the hope of entering once more into the joys of past days.—Ever yours faithfully,
J. RUSKIN."

For some reminiscences by Mrs. Fawkes of the visit referred to in these two letters, see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 670, 671.

TO MRS. W. W. FENN

"Ruskin and Millais in Scotland: a Memory of Ruskin," by W. W. Fenn, in *Chamber's Journal*, October 2, 1905, pp. 645–647.

This article contains two letters from Ruskin to Mrs. Fenn; printed *above*, pp. 330, 543.

¹ [For the reference here, see *above*, p. 500 *n.*]

TO THE FINE ART SOCIETY

A fly-leaf issued by this Society contained one letter; printed in Vol. XIII. p. 397.

TO MISS FRANCE

Dover Express, January 25, 1900, and *Ladies' Pictorial*, March 3, 1900. One letter; printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 33.

TO DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD

An "In Memoriam" notice of Ruskin in the *Alpine Journal*, No. 148, May 1900, p. 129, contained three letters to Mr. Freshfield; printed in Vol. XXVI. pp. 566, 567.

TO DAVID FUDGE

The *Daily Chronicle* of January 22, 1900, contained one letter, addressed to Mr. Fudge (an old coachman); printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 718.

TO F. J. FURNIVALL

Letters | from | John Ruskin | to | Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A. | Hon. Dr. Phil.
| And other Correspondents | Edited by Thomas J. Wise | London:
Privately Printed | 1897.

Octavo, pp. xiii. + 101. Half-title, p. i.; frontispiece, *facsimile* of a portion of Letter 5 (reproduced in Vol. XII., facing p. xxiv.); title-page, p. iii.; on p. v., "This is to certify that of this book thirty copies only have been printed"; Contents, pp. vii.-xiii. "Letters to F. J. Furnivall," pp. 3-69; "Postscript," pp. 70-71 (this is a Note, with facsimile, written by Ruskin for his class at the Working Men's College, and is printed, with the facsimile reproduced, in Vol. XVI. p. 471); "Miscellaneous Letters," pp. 75-101.

Issued in brown cloth, lettered on the back, "Letters | to | Furnivall | John | Ruskin | 1897."

This volume contains forty-one letters (twenty-eight to Furnivall, and thirteen to other correspondents). Of these—

NO.

1-3 (pp. 3-13) are printed in Vol. XII. pp. 569-573.

4 (pp. 14-15) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 146.

5 (pp. 16-18) is printed in Vol. XII. pp. xxiv.-xxv.

6 (pp. 19-21) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 158.

7 (pp. 22-25) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 143.

8 (pp. 26-27). (HERNE HILL) "*January 5th*, 1854.—DEAR FURNIVALL,—I only think of acknowledging such an everyday matter as your generosity in point of books, because I have, much to my regret, to tell you that my father's votes are engaged for the London Orphans. I will keep anything anybody sends *me* for you, but I don't know what I have got. I like what I have read of Maurice exceedingly. Come and see us when the weather is better—the evening is my time.—Yours most faithfully,
J. RUSKIN.

"Do you know, I begin to think that one of the great abuses of these days is *Rent!!!*"

NOS.

- 9–15 (pp. 28–44) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 163, 169, 165, 178, 181, 182, 183.
 16 (pp. 45–46) is printed in Vol. XVI. pp. xlv.–xlvi.
 17 (pp. 47–49) is printed in Vol. V. p. 429 *n*.
 18, 19 (pp. 50–54) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 211, 218.

20 (p. 55). “*July 23rd*, 1855.—MY DEAR FURNIVALL,—Would you kindly send me the merest line to tell me how much of Princesdom your friend chooses to retain, and have attributed to him; and how you ask him to take cream to his strawberries? I will have a comfortable lunch for you at half-past two—being my dinner. Mrs. Browning is coming to tea at six.—Most truly yours, J. RUSKIN.”

- 21 (pp. 56–57) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 219.
 22 (p. 58) is printed in Vol. V. p. xxxviii.
 23 (pp. 59–60) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 425.

24 (pp. 61–62). “LONDON, *July 12th*, 1863.—So many thanks, but you know I can’t let you be always sending me things. Tell me the price of this Plato, and I’ll send it you. It will be very useful to me. You send me presents enough in those nice old English books, which I shall like so much some day. This is an accurate translation, but sorrowfully lifeless, almost useless, from not giving either the pathos or humour. Some passages seem to me not understood in the least.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

“I liked your friend immensely; please bring him back. He can help me so much in my Greek and Mythology. He’s the *very* kind of person I want.”

- 25, 26 (pp. 63–66) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 454, 473.

27 (p. 67). “LONDON, *Tuesday, July 3rd*.¹—I believe Carlyle, and Mrs. Carlyle, will dine with me *to-morrow*, alone, my father having been obliged by a violent bilious attack to go down to Tunbridge Wells, and I don’t like to delay Mr. Carlyle’s long by me expected, and by him promised, saunter and chat in the hayfield. Would you like to come in to tea at seven o’clock? If you would, and could, I should be very grateful. Could you send me, at any rate, Lushington’s address? I have to thank him for a book.”

- 28 (pp. 68–69) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 274.
 29 (pp. 75–77) is printed in Vol. XVII. p. 485.
 30 (pp. 78–80) is printed in Vol. XVII. p. 485.

31 (p. 81). To E. S. DALLAS. “*March 8th*, 1864.—MY DEAR DALLAS,—Sincere thanks for your note. My mother goes on well: I hope the main danger is passed. I had no idea you cared one bit for *me*, but I knew you respected my father; and I would have asked you to the funeral, but I think all such businesses are pure horror and wretchedness; mainly in these days a sacrifice to the shrine of the ‘undertaker,’ and a solemn offering to that division of the priesthood; so I only ask whom I *must*—but I shall not forget your kind letter.—Very gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.”

- 32 (pp. 82–83) is printed in Vol. XXVIII. p. 556 *n*.
 33 (pp. 84–85) is printed *above*, p. 166.

¹ [The year is given as 1864 in *Letters to Furnivall*, but this must be wrong, as Ruskin’s father died in March 1864.]

NO.

34 (pp. 86–87). To W. R. RALSTON. “CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE [17th May, 1875].—MY DEAR RALSTON,—I am very glad, for Margaret’s sake, of your letter—though, as you say, I can always find place for what I can spare. But, as it happens, *my* income is being diminished like yours, and I can’t go on as I have without self-denial—which won’t do me harm, I hope. Please let me hear from you as often as you can spare me time for a word, whether I can answer or not. I want to know how you get on.—Yours always faithfully,
J. RUSKIN.”

35 (pp. 88–89) is printed in Vol. XXX. p. 299.

36 (pp. 90–91) is printed in Vol. XXX. pp. 299–300.

37–41 (pp. 92–101) are printed *above*, pp. 223, 304, 377, 378, 382.

TO MRS. GASKELL

The Works of Mrs. Gaskell, vol. ii. 1906.

One letter (p. xxiv.); printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 479.

TO M. G. AND H. G. [GLADSTONE]

Forty-nine letters from Ruskin to Gladstone’s daughters, Miss Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew) and Miss Helen Gladstone, and others, were printed in 1903 in a volume, of which the title-page is as follows:—

Letters to | M. G. and H. G. | By | John Ruskin | With Preface by | The Right
Hon. G. Wyndham | Privately Printed | 1903.

Crown 8vo, pp. xxii.+136. Half-title, p. i.; title-page (with imprint on the reverse, “Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co. | At the Ballantyne Press”), pp. iii.–iv.; Preface, pp. v.–xvii.; p. xviii. is blank; Contents (with blank reverse), p. xix.; List of Illustrations (with blank reverse), p. xxi. “Ruskin at Hawarden in 1878 (*Extracts from an Old Journal*),” pp. 1–27; Ruskin’s Letters to M. G., pp. 31–84, 87–98 (p. 85 is blank; on p. 86 is an extract from *The Art of England*, referring to Burne-Jones’s portrait of Miss Gladstone); Ruskin’s Letters to H. G., pp. 99–105; Ruskin and Gladstone (by Canon Scott Holland), pp. 107–120; p. 121 is blank; on p. 122 is an extract from an article by Canon Scott Holland, describing Hollyer’s portrait of Ruskin; The Dead Ruskin (by the same), pp. 123–136.

The Preface contains three letters from Ruskin (Nos. 1–3 below).

The “Extracts from an Old Journal” record Ruskin’s conversation at Hawarden; these are summarised in the Introduction to Vol. XXXVI.

There was a review of the volume, with extracts, in *St. George*, vol. viii. pp. 234–251.

There are six illustrations. Two are of Hawarden (pp. 32, 38). The third (p. 86) is Burne-Jones’s portrait of Miss Mary Gladstone. The fourth is a *facsimile* of the envelope of Letter 41; it is called “The Letter that puzzled the butler,” the address being “Santa Cecilia of Hawarden, c/o The Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Hawarden Castle, Chester.” The fifth (p. 108) is a portrait of Gladstone; and the sixth (p. 122), Hollyer’s portrait of Ruskin.

There was also an American edition published by Harper.

Of the letters—

NO.

1 (pp. x., xi.)—to Carlyle—is printed *above*, p. 237.

2, 3 (pp. xi., xii.)—to Alfred Lyttelton—*above*, p. 237 and 238 *n*.

4, 5 (pp. 31–34) are printed *above*, p. 239 and *n*.

NO.

6 (pp. 34–35). “ARTHUR SEVERN’S, HERNE HILL, S. E., *Wednesday, 24th July, 1878.*—MY DEAR M—, Please send me just a little line, and tell me what time dinner is, to-morrow. Of course, that’s only an excuse to get a little note, and be able to tell F—that I’ve got one, because I could as easily ask at the door; but you may as well have my London address in case you ever have any orders for me. The doctors say I never obey orders, and, of course, I never do any of theirs. But there are some orders I’m too obedient to, for the peace of my old age!—Ever gratefully and affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

7–21 (pp. 35–67) are printed *above*, pp. 254 (2), 256, 257, 259, 260, 261, 262, 264, 271, 273, 294, 327, 329, 341.

22 (pp. 67–68). “*20th February, 1882.*—DEAR M—, Of course I’ll come; and at four, or a little earlier,—unless—a slight feeling of cold upon me to-day should become—tyrannous. I have been so much favoured by Fortune and Fate, since I was here at their mercy, that it will be only like their usual way with me to take this Ash Wednesday from me, and make it truly, what I suppose, in modern poetical and scientific diction, I should call Cinereous. You will not doubt my hope to come, but I must not play with any symptoms of breaking down. I will write you a line, in any case, to-morrow. With grateful love to your father.—Ever your loving
ST. C.”

23 (pp. 68, 69) is printed *above*, p. 386.

24 (pp. 69–70). “*Shrove Tuesday [Feb. 21], 1882.*—MY DEAR M—, It is all over with my hopes for to-morrow; a distinctly threatening cough at once compels me to close my poor little wings and shrink into my nest. I am not afraid of it—on these submissive and resigned terms—but it will not allow itself to be braved; and all my pretty plans are broken, like Alnaschar’s,¹ for a week, at least, except that I shall be able to see A—on Friday.

“I cannot but accept, in its full force, your assurance that your father wished to see me; but, surely if there is anything on which he would care to ask me a question, you can write it for him, and I answer, without disturbance of his one day of rest? You will not, nor will he, doubt how eagerly I should have come if I could.—Ever your loving
ST. C.”

25 (pp. 70–71). “*Ash Wednesday, 1882.*—DEAR M—, (This)—Wednesday week—*D.V.*, shall be kept sacred with you; I’ve only a little cough and hot hands; conquerable, I doubt not, before then; but insisting on captivity at present. The day is sunny, and my window looks over the Surrey hills; and I’m thinking over a word or two I want to say in a new small edition of *Sesame and Lilies*,² for girls only, without *The Mystery of Life*—just a few words about obeying Fathers as well as ruling Husbands. I’m more and more convinced of the total inability of Men to manage themselves, much less their wives and daughters; but it’s pretty of daughters to be obedient, and the book’s imperfect without a word or two in favour of the papas. (You can guess why it hadn’t that—at first.)—Ever your loving
ST. C.”

26 (pp. 71–72). “MY DEAR M—, You know your Father doesn’t really want to see me; and if he does, he oughtn’t, but should rest whenever he can; and I can’t put A—off, and I don’t want to, because she’s going out of town, and

¹ [For the reference to the *Arabian Nights*, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 443.]

² [For particulars of this edition, see Vol. XVIII. pp. 6–7, and for its new preface (which, however, did not expressly say anything about “obeying Fathers”), pp. 49–52. The point of this passage was missed in *Letters to M. G.* by printing “the mystery of life” thus; the words are the title of the third lecture which in many previous editions had been added to *Sesame and Lilies*.]

all that *I* want is to finish that morning's minute (but I hope a minute takes a long time to finish), and you can do *that* for me whenever you like—almost. Let me see, I won't be so horrid as to say, I'll stop in town *till* you like. But I do think, when I was so civil about that organ yesterday (or whatever it is) that you *might* play me a little music to my mind.—Ever your loving
ST. C."

27 (pp. 72–73). "*1st March*, 1882.—DARLING M—, Your two notes are (what do you call them in music?) very lovely to me; I want you to put a third to them, then we can have a chord, can't we? I'm really ever so ill, still, and looking such a fright! I *could* tell you what I'm like, but please don't ask me.

"Only, please, please very much, my dear little mother, read this enclosed note from one of the most precious girls I've ever known, in mere honesty and simplicity of heart-depth, and tell me what I *ought* to answer? Of course I won't answer *that*, but I should like to know, all the same; and tell me if you've known any quite horrid papas of this sort, and what's to be said about *them* in my new preface to *Sesame*.

"I've written a very short moral and anodynic line to her, to-day. The cousin's not the depth of the thing,—but he *is*, I believe, dying fast; perhaps for her *own* peace she's much better out of the way, but she might have been sent to a place where she could enjoy herself. (She's just eighteen.)—Ever your loving (it's all in sympathetic ink, though 'tis faded), lovingest, and gratefullest,
ST. C."

28 (pp. 73–75) is printed *above*, p. 388.

29 (pp. 75–76). "1882.—DARLING M—, I don't know what to do, for that music is always in my ears, and I can't do my mineralogy. Also, I'm rather badly in love with that girl in the cap; you shouldn't have told me of her! Also, I want to be a bear-killer and bull-tamer; and to have vulture maidens¹ going up trees like squirrels to look at me. Also,—and this is quite serious (and so's the first sentence, and, indeed, so are the others)—I want you to get me the prettiest possible pair of gauntlet gloves that will fit a little girl of eleven or ten (I can't quite guess), but they're only to be rough gloves for country walks among thistles, only I want them pretty. She didn't win them fairly (more's the pity), but only in a skirmish with burdock heads, which I had no chance in, but you must have them for me to address, when I come on Monday. Dear love to papa and mamma, and much to H—. Ever your devoted
ST. C."

30 (pp. 76–77). "AVALLON, *21st August*, 1882.—MY DEAR M—, I thought you would be at Hawarden by this time, and venture the Vulture Maiden there; frightened lest I should lose her among these granite glens, which I can't tread in search of her with the elastic step of my youth. And I'm in frightfully bad humour, because I've got nobody coming to tea, and nobody to go to tea to, and this is only to say I've sent the book faithful, and that I still say it's nonsense; and that I've heard no music yet in France but steam-whistles.—And I'm ever your loving ST. C.—But I'll write you again, soon."

31, 32 (pp. 77–81) are printed *above*, pp. 410, 412.

33 (p. 82). "BRANTWOOD, *May-day*, 1883.—DEAREST M—, Do you think you've been behaving prettily in not sending me a word all this time? Because if you do, I don't, and I wouldn't have written a word to *you* to-day, only I've just got a most precious letter from Mr. Fuller Maitland about music, and as it was F—'s doing, taking me to hear the *Meister-Singer*,² I want you to say to F—that I'll make it up, now, if she likes to. Dear love to papa.—Ever your long-suffering
ST. C."

¹ [See above, p. 410.]

² [See above, p. 451.]

NO.

34 (pp. 82–83). “84 WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD, 26th November, 1884.—YOU DARLING LITTLE MOTHER,—You really are the most perfect angel that ever St. Cecilia brought up.

“I’ve been so woful for not seeing nor hearing you, you wouldn’t believe! Please come and comfort me as soon as ever you can. Your note makes me so happy I can’t understand it; but I’ll be wherever you want me to be, next week, and always, if I can.—Ever your loving
ST. C.”

35 (pp. 83–84) is printed *above*, p. 500.

36 (pp. 84, 87). “BRANTWOOD, 16th December, 1884.—MY DEAREST M—, It is ever so sweet and wise-thoughtful of you to send me this picture, and it comes just when I most needed something to set me up a little, for I have been struggling home through snow and smoke with the heaviest and most depressing cold upon me that one could have, not to be serious, and I feel as if nobody could ever love me, or believe me, or listen to me, or get any good of me ever any more.

“Please—this is very serious—make me of any good to you that you can, or care to, always.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN.”

37, 38 (pp. 87–90) are printed *above*, pp. 545, 547.

39 (pp. 90–91). “BRANTWOOD, 27th January, 1886.—MY DEAR M—, Your letter is very pretty—but women are stupid creatures, after all! It really hurts a great deal more than you have the least idea—(but you ought to have had an idea, if women weren’t stupid) to think that this is the last week of M. G.—and it’s horrid to be hurt when one’s as old as I am. I shan’t think of you a bit. Of course I’ll send you *Præterita*, but I must finish the first vol., and bind it for you. I shall write ‘M. G.’ in the first number, to-day. I am sending on your letter as I did the last—to my sorella Francesca—who wrote back, I ought not to quarrel with you—but women are stupid creatures!—J. R. I’ve given up being St. C.”

40–43 (pp. 91–98) are printed *above*, pp. 556, 571, 587, 589.

44 (pp. 99–100)—to Miss Helen Gladstone—is printed *above*, p. 511.

45 (p. 101)—to Miss Helen Gladstone—is printed *above*, p. 529.

46 (pp. 101–102). To MISS HELEN GLADSTONE. “BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, 2nd April, 1885.—DEAR MISS G—, It’s immensely nice, this unification of interests; but there’s still one more case I’ve got to look into. Will you please ask Miss Brown if she got my answer to her letter? and why she did not write again? It is true my reply said this presentation was promised (it is by an accident I find it still free), but I wanted an answer to some points I asked.—Ever faithfully yours,
J. R.”

47 (pp. 102–103)—to Miss Helen Gladstone—is printed *above*, p. 575.

48 (pp. 103–104). To MISS HELEN GLADSTONE. “BRANTWOOD, 22nd February, 1887.—DEAR MISS G—, In a gushing fit of order and remorse, proper to the spring of the year, I have come on a note of yours, dated 22nd Jan. 1885, saying you would like to have my books at Newnham. I am sure I meant to send them, but don’t remember doing anything of the sort. I have ordered them now—about about a ton weight of them, of which I specially recommend the Political Economy. Was it to you that I sent, last year, the story of the Superiora,¹ and did you send me a copy of it? If you have it, and have sent me no copy, please, I want a scratch copy to print. Tell me something about M—, and believe me ever, faithfully and affectionately yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.”

¹ [By Miss Alexander: see Vol. XXXII. p. 278.]

NO.

49 (pp. 104–105). To MISS HELEN GLADSTONE. “BRANTWOOD, *24th February*, 1887.—DEAR H—, I am most thankful for your letter and accounts of M—, I have not countermanded my order. I think my books may really be of some use to people now—in kind hands.

“I am sending drawings to Girton, on loan from St. George’s Guild, in the hope they may copy them well enough to be of use to themselves. I am going to look you out one or two, also, which you can keep as long as you like, to look at, and copy, if anybody can.

“What elementary practice in drawing is there?”

“I shall not need the Superiora drawings,¹ only copy of the text, at leisure. When done please let it be sent to Mr. Jowett, Printing Works, Aylesbury.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

TO CLAIR J. GRECE, LL.D.

The *Times* of January 24, 1900, contained one letter; printed in Vol. XVII. p. 326 *n*.

TO KATE GREENAWAY

Kate Greenaway, by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard, 1905.

This book contains 110 letters (or extracts from letters) from Ruskin, of which all but one (No. 7) are to Kate Greenaway. (The letters are here numbered for convenience of reference.) The following table (1) shows where the 110 pieces are printed in this edition; and (2) enumerates misprints, etc., which occurred in Messrs. Spielmann and Layard’s book:—

NO.

1 (Jan. 6, 1880), pp. 82–83; *above*, p. 307. In “No. 14” the book substituted “Heavy outline” for “Strong outline.” See also p. 308 *n*.

2 (Jan. 15, 1880), p. 83; *above*, p. 309. Line 5, “your liking” for “you liking.”

3 (Dec. 7, 1880), p. 83; *above*, p. 331.

4 (Dec. 26, 1880), p. 84; *above*, p. 332.

5 (Dec. 31, 1884), p. 99; *above*, p. 504. Only a few words were printed (“I liked hearing . . . rubies”).

6 (Dec. 25, 1881), p. 105; *above*, p. 383. In line 13, the word “Divines” was left blank.

7 (to H. S. Marks, 1879), p. 109; *above*, p. 302.

8 (Dec. 27, 1882), p. 110; *above*, p. 427.

9 (May 11, 1883), p. 114; *above*, p. 451.

10 (May 17, 1883), p. 114; *above*, p. 452.

11 (June 7, 1883), p. 115; *above*, p. 453.

12 (June 15, 1883), p. 115; *above*, p. 454. Lines 11 and 12 were reduced to obscurity by reading “which you will always think to see” for “while you will always think and see.”

13 (June 17, 1883), p. 116; *above*, p. 455. In line 2, “pencils” was misprinted “prints”; in line 14, “should” was not italicised; and in the last line, “and” was inserted before “I shall.”

14 (June 22, 1883), pp. 116–117; *above*, p. 456. In line 6, “feather” was read for “feathers.”

¹ [For Ruskin’s gift of some of Miss Alexander’s drawings to Newnham, see Vol. XXXII. p. 48.]

NO.

15 (July 4, 1883), p. 117. BRANTWOOD, *July 4, 1883*.—"I kept the portrait¹ till I could scarcely bear to part with it. But it's gone to-day—and I've wreaked my jealousy on M. Chesneau by three pages of abuse of the whole French nation and Academy."

16 (July 6, 1883), pp. 117–118; *above*, p. 458.

17 (July 10, 1883), pp. 118–119; *above*, p. 459. In line 16, "becoming" was misprinted "besides."

18 (July 26, 1883), p. 119; *above*, p. 460 *n*.

19 (undated), p. 119; *above*, p. 460 *n*.

20 (Sept. 6, 1883), pp. 119–120; *above*, p. 466.

21 (Sept. 19, 1883), p. 120 (part of the letter only); *above*, p. 466.

22 (Nov. 12, 1883), p. 121; *above*, p. 470.

23 (Dec. 26, 1883), p. 122; Vol. XXIX, p. xxvi.

24 (Oct. 9, 1884), p. 127; *above*, p. 497. The passage "I find Baxter . . . October" was alone given.

25 (Oct. 8, 1884), p. 128; *above*, p. 497. The passage "You are working . . . starch and camomile tea" was alone given.

26 (undated), p. 128. "Spelling Book² ever so nice—But do children really learn to spell like that? I never did."

27–30 (May, July, 1885), p. 130. "*May, 1885*. Don't bother yourself with Dame Wiggins—it's the cats you'll break down in."—*July 5*. "You never showed such sense in anything as in doing those cats."—*July 11*. "The cats are gone to be wood-cutted³ just as they are—they can't be better."—*July 29*. "We'll do that book together, of course. I'll write a story about perpetual spring—but however are you to learn what a lamb's like? However, after those D. W. cats I feel that nothing's impossible."

31 (April 20, 1884), p. 132; *above*, p. 482. Only the passage "Much . . . for you" was given in the book.

32 (May 18, 1884), p. 132; *above*, p. 484. The book gives only "Thanks . . . ancles shall be."

33 (Jan. 7, 1884), p. 132; *above*, p. 471. The passage "There's none . . . not so much of *me*" was omitted.

34 (Jan. 28, 1884), pp. 132–133; *above*, p. 473.

35 (May 1, 1884), p. 133; *above*, p. 483.

36 (July 6, 1884), p. 133; *above*, p. 488.

37 (July 9, 1884), p. 133; *above*, p. 488.

38 (July 25, 1884), p. 133; *above*, p. 492.

39 (Oct. 18, 1884), p. 134; *above*, p. 498. A few words only were given ("You must like Turner . . . truffles").

40 (July 18, 1884), p. 134; *above*, p. 489. Only the passages "I have not enough . . . foreground" were given. In line 6, the sense was destroyed (and an irrelevant footnote given) owing to printing "mass" as "moss."

41 (July 26, 1884), p. 134; *above*, p. 492. The words "I am . . . choice" were omitted.

42 (July 19, 1884), p. 134; *above*, p. 489. *n*.

43 (Feb. 11, 1884), p. 135; *above*, p. 474.

44 (undated), p. 135; *above*, p. 474 *n*.

45 (July 20, 1884), p. 135; *above*, p. 489.

46 (July 22, 1884), p. 136; *above*, p. 491.

¹ [M. Chesneau had asked for Miss Greenaway's portrait, and for particulars of her life. The "three pages of abuse" must have been written for the lectures on *The Art of England*: see, *e.g.*, Vol. XXXIII, pp. 354, 358.]

² [*The English Spelling-Book . . . by William Mavor, LL.D. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway*: 1885. For Ruskin's own experience, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV, p. 55.]

³ [See Vol. II, p. 520.]

NO.

- 47 (undated), p. 136; Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. cvi.
 48 (April 5, 1885), p. 136; *above*, p. 530. The passages given are “Something . . . stony” (though “stony” was in each case misprinted “strong”) and “But, oh, we’re both . . . short post.”
 49 (undated), p. 136; Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. cvi.
 50 (May 3, 1884), p. 137; *above*, p. 483.
 51 (undated), p. 137. “Couldn’t you go to Mr. Fletcher and ask him to introduce you to Dr. Günther, and ask Dr. Günther to show you an Abyssinian Kingfisher,¹ and give you any one you like to draw, out in a good light?”
 52 (March 20, 1884), p. 137; *above*, p. 478.
 53 (Dec. 1, 1884), p. 138; Vol. XXXIII. p. liv.
 54 (Jan. 23, 1884), p. 138; *above*, p. 472. In the book, “L” was substituted for “My own dead Rose,” and “L.” for “Rose” subsequently.
 55 (March 31, 1884), p. 139; *above*, p. 480.
 56 (March 22, 1884), p. 140; *above*, p. 478.
 57 (Oct. 1, 1884), p. 142; *above*, p. 495. The words “with them” were omitted in the last line.
 58 (undated, 1885), p. 143; *above*, p. 519.
 59 (Feb. 8, 1885), p. 143; *above*, p. 516. The extract “I will take . . . printed”) was given separately.
 60 (Feb. 15, 1885), p. 143; *above*, p. 519.
 61 (Jan. 5, 1885), pp. 145–146; *above*, p. 507. The sentence about the *Pall Mall* was omitted.
 62 (Jan. 7, 1885), p. 146; Vol. XXXV. p. lii.
 63 (Jan. 2, 1885), p. 146; *above*, p. 506.
 64 (Jan. 29, 1885), p. 146. “*January* 29, 1885.—I think the reason Miss A.² puzzles you is that you never make a quite sincere study, you are always making a pretence of striving for an ideal. I want you to learn nature perfectly—then Miss A. will not puzzle you, though you will do quite different things. I am so glad you like Holbein.”
 65 (Jan. 4, 1885), p. 146; *above*, p. 506. The passage “I’m very glad . . . for play” was given.
 66 (Feb. 8, 1885), p. 146; *above*, p. 516. The extract “This is . . . dreams” was given separately.
 67 (April 7, 1885), p. 147; *above*, p. 531.
 68 (May 1, 1885), p. 147; *above*, p. 534.
 69 (undated), p. 147. “Oxalis out everywhere—wanting to be drawn. They say they’d like to feel how it feels, for they were never drawn in their lives.”
 70 (July 3, 1885), p. 147; *above*, p. 538. The first sentence was omitted.
 71 (July 1885), p. 148; *above*, p. 539.
 72 (July 26, 1885), p. 148; Vol. VII. p. lxi.
 73 (July 28, 1885), p. 148. *July* 28, 1885.—“Clouds float because the particles of water in them get warmed by the sun, and warm the air in the little holes between them—then that air expands and carries them up. When they cool it comes down and then they stick together and come down altogether.”³
 74 (July 29, 1885), p. 148; Vol. VII. p. lxi.
 75 (Jan. 15, 1885), p. 148; *above*, p. 508. For “little gushes,” “(letters)” was substituted, and the words “Don’t be discouraged about the books” were omitted.
 76 (Jan. 19, 1885), p. 149; *above*, p. 509. At the end, “this little head” was substituted for “the little head.”
 77 (Feb. 13, 1885), p. 150; *above*, p. 517. After “½ 12,” “resumed” was mis-printed “examined.”

¹ [At the Natural History Museum: for Mr. Fletcher, see *above*, p. 483, and for Dr. Günther, p. 603.]

² [Miss Francesca Alexander.]

³ [See the correspondence with Sir Oliver Lodge; *above*, pp. 513 *seq.*]

No.

- 78 (May 26, 1885), pp. 150–151; *above*, p. 535.
 79 (Jan. 22, 1886), p. 151; Vol. XXXV. p. lii.
 80 (Jan. 27, 1886), p. 151; Vol. XXXV. p. lii.
 81 (Feb. 23, 1886), p. 152; Vol. XXXV. p. liii.
 82 (March 30, 1886), p. 152; *above*, p. 555. The words, “and the dress . . . drapery,” and the last sentence were omitted.
 83 (Feb. 15, 1886), p. 152; *above*, p. 552.
 84 (May 21, 1886), p. 153; *above*, p. 564.
 85 (June 8, 1886), p. 153; *above*, p. 566.
 86 (April 27, 1886), p. 153; *above*, p. 558. In line 5, “you” was inserted before “will do it”; in line 10, “first” was misprinted “put”; in line 12, “and” was inserted before “so much.”
 87 (May 7, 1886), p. 154; *above*, p. 561. The first and last sentences were omitted.
 88 (Sept. 19, 1886), p. 154–155; *above*, p. 570.
 89 (Nov. 2, 1886), p. 155; *above*, p. 571. In line 8, “Lolly” (Laurence Hilliard) was misprinted “Sally” (with an erroneous footnote).
 90 (Nov. 9, 1886), p. 156; *above*, p. 572. In line 7, “or flappers” is misprinted “and flappers”
 91 (Nov. 14, 1886), p. 156; *above*, p. 573.
 92 (Nov. 12, 1886), p. 160; *above*, p. 572.
 93 (Nov. 22, 1886), p. 160; *above*, p. 574.
 94 (Dec. 1, 1886), p. 161; *above*, p. 575.
 95 (Dec. 12, 1886), p. 161; *above*, p. 576. “Do” and “instincts” were not italicised.
 96 (undated), p. 166; *above*, p. 564 n.
 97 (March 8, 1887), p. 168 (where, however, the diagrams and explanatory text are omitted); *above*, p. 582.
 98 (March 10, 1887), p. 168; *above*, p. 584.
 99 (March 9, 1887), p. 168; *above*, p. 584.
 100 (March 12, 1887), p. 168; *above*, p. 585. In the book the sense of the letter was destroyed by printing “radiating” for “undulating,” and “perfection” for “perspective.” Also there was run on, to the end of this letter, a piece from an earlier one (March 9)—“Now the next thing . . . perspective for her.”
 101 (March 17, 1887), p. 169; *above*, p. 585.
 102 (Jan. 23, 1887), p. 169; *above*, p. 579. For “sun and moon,” “suns and moons” were printed.
 103 (April 4, 1887), p. 169 (omitting the passage “instead . . . world”); *above*, p. 588.
 104 A passage in the book on p. 170 refers to letters of Jan. 5, 1888 (*above*, p. 596), Feb. 19 (*above*, p. 600), Feb. 22 (*above*, p. 600), and Feb. 28 (*above*, p. 601).
 105 (Jan. 27, 1888), pp. 170–171; *above*, p. 596.
- The sense of this letter was obscured by wrong punctuation, etc. The first sentence was made to end at “yours,” and there was no stop after “sea.” On the other hand, the second sentence (“Whether you draw them,” etc.) was run on without a full stop at “vivacity.” In line 16, “her poor Dinie . . . her messages” was altered to “poor me . . . your messages.”
- 106 (Feb. 17, 1888), p. 171; *above*, p. 599.
 107 (Feb. 23, 1888), p. 172; *above*, p. 601.
 108 (May 1, 1889), pp. 175–176; *above*, p. 608.
 109 (May 3, 1889), p. 176; *above*, p. 609. In line 4, “where” was misprinted “when.”
 110 (May 12, 1889), pp. 176–177; *above*, p. 610. In line 6, “Katie” was omitted.
 111 (May 14, 1889), p. 177; *above*, p. 611. In line 10, “my dear little Katie” omitted.

TO E. O. GREENING

The Agricultural Economist, February 1, 1900. An article on Ruskin by Edward Owen Greening contains, with some slight reminiscences of Ruskin, the following letter in facsimile. It was in reply to an introduction from Mr. Cowper-Temple:—

“CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, 23rd Feb. '75.—MY DEAR SIR,—My time is entirely at your command on any day when it would be convenient to you to come down here—and I should be sincerely glad if I could be of any use in the way Mr. Temple thinks I can—but am seriously ill at present, and unfit for work. But you have only to fix your day as far as any talk on the matter may advance it.—Very truly yours, J. RUSKIN.”

TO THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

The *Memoir of Thomas Guthrie*, D.D., 1875, vol. ii. pp. 321–322, contained one letter (reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*): Vol. XII. p. xxx.

TO THE REV. NEWMAN HALL

Newman Hall: an Autobiography. 1898, p. 316.

One letter (p. 316); printed *above*, p. 49.

TO S. C. HALL

Retrospect of a Long Life, 1883.

This book contains at vol. ii. pp. 1–2 one letter; printed *above*, p. 26.

TO SIR C. HALLÉ

Life and Letters of Sir Charles Hallé, 1896.

One letter (pp. 164–165); printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 476.

TO MRS. L. ALLEN HARKER AND OTHERS

A series of letters to Miss Lizzie Watson (before her marriage to Mr. Allen Harker), and afterwards to her and her husband, and to her cousin, Miss Marion R. Watson (afterwards Mrs. Lafone), have been printed in several places, thus:—

“John Ruskin in the 'Eighties,” in the *Outlook*, February 11, 1899.

“John Ruskin in the 'Eighties,” in the *Outlook*, October 21, 1899.

“Some Ruskin Memories,” in the *Outlook*, October 21, 1899.

“Happy Memories of John Ruskin,” by L. Allen Harker, in the *Puritan*, March 1900, pp. 343–347.

“Ruskin and Girlhood: Some Happy Reminiscences,” by L. Allen Harker in *Scribner's Magazine*, November 1906, pp. 561–572.

The article last mentioned collected all the letters (with two exceptions) which are scattered in the preceding papers. Many of the letters were translated into French in *Le Correspondent*, July 25, 1908.

There are in all twenty-nine letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin:—

NO.

1 (Pictures for the Poor, *Scribner*, p. 561; *Outlook*, February 11, 1899) is now included in *Arrows of the Chace*, Vol. XXXIV. p. 600.

This passage was in fact a continuation of No. 5, printed *above*, p. 486 *n*.

1A (*Scribner*, p. 562; *Puritan*, p. 344).

This passage (“To answer . . . had cheap”) was detached in *Scribner* from Letter No. 4, and in the *Puritan* some additional words were given (“Of course you may read . . . dismal”): see now *above*, p. 486.

NO.

2 (*Scribner*, p. 562; *Puritan*, p. 344):—"If I cannot relieve you from your competitive work, at least I may strengthen you a little in the assurance that even learning what we can't understand, to please those to whom we owe duty, is often in the end better for us than learning what we like to please ourselves."

3 (p. 562): see *above*, pp. 551, 551 n., 589.

This letter as printed in *Scribner* was a combination of three:—(1) to Miss Marion Watson, p. 551; (2) an earlier letter to Miss Lizzie Watson, p. 551 n; (3) a later letter to Miss Marion Watson, p. 589. This last passage was also printed in the *Outlook*, January 27, 1900.

4 (p. 562; *Puritan*, p. 344) is printed *above*, p. 485.

The last sentence ("Of course . . . dismal") was not included in *Scribner*.

5 (pp. 562–563; *Puritan*, p. 345): see *above*, pp. 486 n., 481.

This letter as printed in *Scribner* and the *Puritan* was a combination of two:—(1) "I am so, very thankful," printed *above*, p. 486 n. The remainder of the letter, "Give the poor . . . coloured birds," was separately printed (No. 1 in this list). (2) "Don't read . . . after Dante," printed *above*, p. 481.

6 (p. 563; *Puritan*, p. 345) is printed *above*, p. 481.

7 (p. 563; *Puritan*, p. 345) is printed *above*, p. 481.

8 (p. 563; *Puritan*, p. 344) is printed in Vol. XXXIII. p. lii.

9 (p. 564):—"Could you come, I wonder, with your maid, just as you did before, *next Saturday*,¹ and I would find time to be played to?"

10 (p. 565; *Outlook*, January 27, 1900):—"Yes, I liked your letter immensely, and mama was ever so good to make you write it. But I'm afraid the new song, though it must be ever so pretty, must be ever so sad. Also I'm sure Tenzo's² forgetting me fast—oh! dear—that horrid College! If only mama and you and she could come here to College for a little bit, what times we might have! and what singing! not as it was getting dark, but with the birds in the morning.

"I am so very glad Arthur likes Pope's *Iliad*. If Tenzo likes that, she may take it instead of *Harry and Lucy*.³

"Has she mastered the *barometer* yet? College, indeed!!!"

II (p. 565; *Outlook*, October 21, 1899) is printed in the Introduction to Vol. XXXV. p. lxxv.

12 (p. 565; *Outlook*, January 27, 1900) is given *above*, p. 482.

13 and 14 (p. 566; in *Outlook*, February 11, 1899) are given *above*, pp. 533, 534.

15 and 16 (p. 566; *Outlook*, October 21, 1899) are given *above*, p. 557 and n.

17 and 18 (p. 567; *Outlook*, January 27, 1900, No. 17 with one sentence which was omitted in *Scribner*). The first letter is dated "Brantwood, 23rd Nov. '86"; the second, "Brantwood, 23rd Dec. '86."—"How I *could* have been such a brute as to say I didn't care for letters! I don't care for much else now—all my own work seems dead to me.

"It would be a real charity and hospital-nurse help and healing if Allen and you come and bring Tenzo any time this winter for as long as you could.

"I shall not write to Tenzo about it, leaving you to plead with her father for me. Perhaps a little for her—the absolute change and rest of Brantwood surely would be good for her. And it is very lovely in winter. No such icicles and frost

¹ [See the previous letter in Vol. XXXIII. p. lii.]

² [Miss Marion Watson. She was born in China, and the pet name arose from the refrain of a hymn to the Virgin in Chinese which she used to sing: "Tenzo Tanzo Malia." "Arthur" is her brother, now in the Judicial Department of the Indian Civil Service, Bengal.]

³ [Ruskin had been staying on a visit, where there were three girls and a boy of nine. "Arthur" was fond of reading Pope's Homer, and Ruskin, on leaving, sent him a fine edition of it. The three girls had risen in a body and declined to hear any more *Harry and Lucy*, which book Ruskin had given to their mother to read to them.]

work anywhere as our lake streams and cascades give, and *you* would so help me with my school-music. I mean to think of it as a reality and rejoice in it.”

“This is a Christmas present for me indeed. ‘Lizzie, Allen, Tennie,’ all three of you!

“I do really love Allen as I never did a pet’s husband yet. He has been so good and sweet and right and sensible and sympathetic all in one. And you shan’t be too jealous of Ten,—just the least bit—or else I shall be getting jealous of Allen.

“So many thanks for all, and please give my most true thanks to Mr. Watson, and say I do trust he will be pleased with all he hears from Brantwood.

“You come at exactly the best time to help me in my Christmas plans of little *festas* for the school children—and stay all the days you can, please. You’ll see that I want you to when you come.

“The happiest times to you both at Christmas—and the New Year, and the rest I’ll wish by word of mouth.”

19 (p. 570; *Puritan*, p. 347). To ALLEN HARKER. (BRANTWOOD, 27th March, ’87.)—“Never you mind the Mousie;¹ but set down very carefully what you doubt in *Deucalion*. It is of great importance to me to leave it sound.

“You make me very happy with your beautiful letter—so entirely natural and sincere, and of the rarest sort. And it is a continual joy to me to think of what I can still do to please you. And here’s a lovely letter from Mousie to-day, saying there’s a chance of your being able to come in May. It can’t be too soon. And I shall squeak myself when I see you both again.

“I send you the lecture book²—my own copy—and please mark in it any mistakes or questionable or obscure bits you find. I’m just going to reprint it.

“It is a continual joy to me to think of what I can still do to please you.”

Of No. 19, paragraphs 1 and 2 were given in *Scribner*; paragraphs 1 and 3 in the *Puritan*. It consists of extracts from different letters, the first dated “Brantwood, 27th March, ’87.”

20 (p. 570; *Outlook*, October 21, 1899):—“BRANTWOOD, 2nd Feb. [1887].—I have so much to remember that I cannot begin to mope yet. But I see myself descending into the future—into depths of the inconceivablest woe—unless you come back in May.

“As for Tenzo, I’m too thankful for what I got of her to begin yet to hope for any time to come. The good you both did for me abides. I slept quite sound last night, and have been doing all sorts of good work this morning. As for Allen, I’m going to send him not some of my books, but all; only I don’t want to choke him off me when he sees the lot of ‘em. And I’m going to send him the Scarborough sketch he liked, but want to write a few words about clear and body-colour first³ for general circulation, and send him them printed.”

21 (p. 570; *Outlook*, October 21, 1899) is given *above*, p. 585.

22, 23, and 24 (I will ask, pp. 570–571; *Outlook*, February 11, 1899, not including 24) are given *above*, p. 582 and *n*.

25 (p. 571; *Outlook*, October 21, 1899) is given *above*, 599.

Nos. 26 and 27 (p. 571; *Outlook*, October 21, 1899) are printed in Vol. XXXV. p. xxix.

Two further letters appeared in the *Puritan* only:—

28 (p. 344) and 29 (p. 346):—“You never get a letter at all because I always want to write you a long one! and I never was so busy in all my life. I came down here [Brantwood] on the 13th June, and have not had a minute’s breath*\mjcont

¹ [Mrs. Allen Harker: see above, p. 600.]

² [*Lectures on Art*: see Vol. XX. p. 6.]

³ [Not done; but see Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n*.]

since—in writing time. I'll answer all your questions and do everything you want me to—but I can't to-day, for I'm tired, and *must* go out; and you're *not* to worry nor puzzle about anything till I write again."

"I hope you'll find more books than mine in the bookcases, and other things besides books in the house—such as stones, and Greek jugs and mugs, and a picture or two . . . I am so glad, but can't possibly believe it yet! Saturday's to-morrow—isn't it?—but Monday's a long while off yet. Oh, please don't get embanked in snow.—Yet it will be glorious if we have sunshine on it when you all come."

TO DR. GEORGE HARLEY, F.R.S.

George Harley, F.R.S. The Life of a London Physician. Edited by his daughter, Mrs. Alec Tweedie. London: The Scientific Press, 1899.

This book contains two letters from Ruskin (pp. 234, 235). These are printed in Vol. XXVI. pp. lxiii., lxiv.

TO MR. FREDERICK HARRIS

Thirty-four letters (or extracts from letters) to Mr. Harris, a drawing-master, have appeared in one or more of three different places:—

(1) A printed circular, quarto, 4 pp., headed "Professor Ruskin's Testimonial | to | Mr. Frederick Harris." The "Testimonial" (No. 20 below) follows after a double rule. Then after a rule come eight letters to Mr. Harris himself.

(2) Catalogue issued by Messrs. Sotheby of a sale on March 12, 13, 1903, pp. 28–30. This gives extracts from twenty-four letters (Nos. 325–348). The general description (p. 28) is "A Collection of Letters, all written between 1885 and 1887, to an artist friend, and chiefly devoted to interesting instruction in Art matters, dated from Brantwood, 8vo size." The name of the artist is given in No. 340; and the identity is further established from the fact that one of the same letters was included in the catalogue next mentioned, and that the name is there given.

(3) *Catalogue of . . . Autograph Letters . . . on sale by Maggs Bros., 109 Strand, W. C. No. 230, 1907.* This includes two extracts (Nos. 540, 541, p. 58) of letters "to Mr. Harris." The former is part of the extract already given in Sotheby's Catalogue (No. 339). The other extract did not there appear, but is very probably part of one of the same letters.

The letters are here arranged as far as possible in order of date. The series is characteristic of the trouble Ruskin took in helping earnest students:—

1. BRANTWOOD, *Jan.* 9, 1885.—"I am sincerely obliged to you for copying those Turners. You will not find it a waste of time." (Sotheby's, No. 325.)

2. BRANTWOOD, *March* 25, 1885.—"Your copies are excellent. . . . I wanted you to feel the composition of line, the gradation of light; that the outline was better than Dürer's, the shade than Rembrandt's." (Sotheby's, No. 326.)

3. BRANTWOOD, *no date.*—"The sketch copy is beautifully done. I'll return it to-morrow with a note or two for retouching." (Maggs, No. 541.)

4. BRANTWOOD, *no date.*—"I can only send you the straight line exercise to-day . . . work in with sepia and give the shade on the left forcibly." (Sotheby's, No. 333; the letter is described as containing a pen-and-ink sketch.)

5. BRANTWOOD, *no date.*—"I've sent your finished outline back, which you must keep as a monument of patience—but the first thing you have to do is to throw your hand free . . . you should come to great things with that fine skill and patience of yours." (Sotheby's, No. 334.)

6. BRANTWOOD, *Nov. 28th*, 1885.—“DEAR MR. HARRIS,—I did not at all understand that you were young, or I should not have given you my bad language; I thought you were quite an elderly person. You paint extremely well for a young man, and have much in your power, but must be content for two or three years to spend the power in study. Your principal task for some time should be to cultivate your taste, while yet you pursue the study of nature in the fixed faith that right painting is always true. I think you want some good examples of ornamental design, and am going to look out a mixed parcel of things which may be useful to you.—Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.” (*Testimonials*, No. 2.)

7. BRANTWOOD, *Dec. 3*, 1885.—“I should exceedingly like to see Rembrandt and Dürer plates.” (Sotheby’s, No. 327.)

8. BRANTWOOD, *Dec. 22*, 1885.—“It grieves me much that you could have thought the painting I return had anything in common with Turner.” (Sotheby’s, No. 328.)

9. BRANTWOOD, *December 27*, 1885.—“Your drawing is extremely good . . . but please at present don’t think—only copy carefully what I send you . . . short post to-day, and Xmas friends impatient.” (Sotheby’s, No. 335.)

10. BRANTWOOD, *December 28* (? 1885).—“My letters at Xmas time get into such invincible heaps that I never know what’s in any of them for a fortnight.” (Sotheby’s, No. 338.)

11. BRANTWOOD, *no date*.—“You did not vex but bothered me—there is nothing so hopeless to me as being asked to look for things—in heaps fathoms deep. . . . Your paintings have the chief fault of being finished without enough elementary study.” (Sotheby’s, No. 339; the latter words are also in Maggs, No. 540.)

12. BRANTWOOD, *no date*.—“I’ve found your plate, and will send it on Monday.” (Sotheby’s, No. 336.)

13. BRANTWOOD, *Jan. 2*, 1886. *See above*, p. 546. (An extract from this letter was printed in Sotheby’s Sale Catalogue, July 3, 1908, No. 91.)

14. BRANTWOOD, *Jan. 7*, 1886.—“Now I go back to Turner. I send you (with your returned studies) a photo. of best possible 12–1300 sculpture . . .” (Sotheby’s, No. 329, described as “important letter with 3 pen-and-ink drawings.”)

15. BRANTWOOD, *January 21* [1886].—“My dear Sir, at last I’ve found your plate!” (Sotheby’s, No. 341.)

16. BRANTWOOD, *Feb. 4*, 1886.—“You could not give me more pleasant news than that you have felt the good of drawing this wreath; it is indeed absolutely first-rate sculpture, and the longer dwelt on the better—of course you need never apologise for being long . . .” (Sotheby’s, No. 330.)

17. BRANTWOOD, *Feb. 11*, 1886.—“DEAR HARRIS,—I sent back the photo. for you to make another simple outline from, and shade with sepia. My last letter asked if you would like a new one better. I am glad I can strengthen you by praise. I never had a pupil who better deserved it for good-will and industry.—Ever faithfully yours, JOHN RUSKIN.” (*Testimonials*, No. 4.)

18. BRANTWOOD, *Feb. 17*, 1886 (*Testimonials*, No. 5: see above, p. 552).

19. BRANTWOOD, *April 6*, 1886.—“DEAR HARRIS,—Your drawing is most conscientious. But have you obeyed my letter as to time?” (Sotheby’s, No. 340.)

20. "BRANTWOOD, *May 5, 1886*.—DEAR MRS.—My Testimonial to Mr. Harris would be simply that he is the most able and industrious master I ever found in a public drawing-school. There will be no difficulty in finding a position for him; but in the first place, he must request the Committee to send me their reasons for his dismissal, which I must make a note of in a pamphlet I am preparing on Government Drawing Schools.¹—Ever your faithful servant, J. RUSKIN." (*Testimonials*, No. 1.)

21. "BRANTWOOD, *June 9, 1886*.—MY DEAR HARRIS,—I should like greatly to set up a central school for my own pupils at Nottingham, with you for headmaster: but my health is uncertain, and you ought not to quit your present position, if the Committee see ground for re-considering their decision. If not, the first thing of course to be done is to convey my request to them to have the grounds of your dismissal for consideration before finally determining on my own procedure.—Ever faithfully and affectionately yours, JOHN RUSKIN." (*Testimonials*, No. 6.)

22. "BRANTWOOD, *June 13, 1886*.—DEAR HARRIS,—Print any of my letters that can be of use to you, none of them enough express the sense I have of your resolute industry and available faculty. And if it should finally be wished by the Committee that you should retain your position in the Chesterfield School, you must please make the stipulation that you shall be allowed to teach the pupils that wish it—on my methods; else it would really, I believe, be to your better interest to set up a school of our own.—Faithfully yours, JOHN RUSKIN." (*Testimonials*, No. 7.)

23. "BRANTWOOD, *June 22, 1886*.—MY DEAR HARRIS,—I do not think you need be anxious as to the result of this. The School Committee perhaps may.

"I am prepared to put such a series of examples at your command as no other school in England possesses, and to put my whole full force out, for what it is yet worth, in the business. But I write to Mrs.—for further advice as to mode of acting.—Ever faithfully yours, JOHN RUSKIN." (*Testimonials*, No. 8.)

24. BRANTWOOD, *Feb. 15, 1887*.—(*Testimonials*, No. 9: see above, p. 581. An extract from the letter was printed in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, July 3, 1908, No. 91.)

25. BRANTWOOD, *March 13, 1887*.—"I am getting slowly into motion again—like an old-engined luggage train." (Sotheby's, No. 331.)

26. BRANTWOOD, *March 17, 1887*.—"I have literally no end of photos. at your service—but put them under glass when ordinary pupils are at work on them." (Sotheby's, No. 337.)

27. BRANTWOOD, *March 24, 1887*.—"The young lady casting a somersault in the middle is the daughter of Herodias. The Queen and Herod discourse admiringly on the left. On the right John Baptist is having his head cut off." (Sotheby's, No. 332.)

28. BRANTWOOD, *April 9 (1887)*.—"Forgive my Secretary's hand. I've sworn off writing letters in spring. . . . Time's much more than money—and depend upon it, weakness is never concealed by finish but multiplied and made inexcusable." (Sotheby's, No. 342, described as a "fine letter, the first few lines and finish only by J. R.")

29. (*No date*).—"MY DEAR HARRIS,—You think a damned lot too much of your work—you got all the good you needed to get out of those copies in learning what Turner was, and how to express yourself." (Sotheby's, No. 343.)

¹ [Not written.]

30. *March 1.*—"Nothing can be better than your outline, now—paint in easily and fast, giving as much the crumbly look of age as you can without any attempt at finish." (Sotheby's, No. 344.)

31. (*No date.*)—"Please copy also, and then your drawing will be a complete architectural lesson in any school." (Sotheby's, No. 345.)

32. *Sunday.*—"I think you have had plenty of lessons in accurate drawing—but not in accurate seeing. . . . Everything that is worth writing at all is worth writing plain." (Sotheby's, No. 346.)

33. (*No date.*)—"The sketch copy is beautifully done." (Sotheby's, No. 347.)

34. (*No date.*)—"DEAR HARRIS,—Yes. Show the drawing, and I hope to get strong again soon—but cannot be President of anything, and am totally unable for anything yet, but rest in the sun.—Yours affectionately, J. R." (Sotheby's, No. 348.)

TO W. H. HARRISON

The *Autographic Mirror*, December 1865, contains one letter to W. H. Harrison; printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 145.

The many other letters to Harrison contained in the Principal Collection (see Vol. XXXVI. p. cxiii., and above, p. xvi.), and elsewhere in the edition (see General Index), have not hitherto been printed.

TO VERNON HEATH

Vernon Heath's Recollections: 1892.

This book contains (pp. 295–296) one letter; printed *above*, p. 389.

TO J. H. HILL

American Etchings, a periodical edited by Ernest Knaufft. In the *Academy* for November 25, 1882 (No. 551, p. 387), there is the following notice:—

"The 12th part of *American Etchings* contains a pretty well finished view of A Roadway near Nyack Turnpike, by J. Henry Hill.¹ Letterpress letter of advice from John Ruskin, Brantwood, March 26, 1879, which concludes:—

Take small sketch-books, always choose subjects with some human interest in them, abbey, or castle, or village. Finish every drawing from corner to corner—don't go blotting or scrawling, and charge low prices, and you will soon make an easy, honestly useful, and pleasant living.'

Mr. Ruskin is said to think highly of two of Mr. Hill's etchings after Turner—viz., Baccharach and St. Maurice."

TO JAMES HOGG

Memorials of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Edited by his daughter, Mrs. Garden. With Preface by Professor Veitch. Alexander Gardner, Paisley and London. [1884.]

This book contains two letters (pp. 273–277) referring to Hogg's visit to Herne Hill in 1832. The first is from Ruskin's father; the second from Ruskin. They are printed in Vol. I. pp. xxvii.–xxix.

¹ [There is an etching by Mr. Hill in *The Etcher* (Sampson Low), 1882, plate 19.]

TO GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE

Christian Life, December 20, 1879, contained one letter; and the *Daily News*, June 19, 1880, another. For these two letters (reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*), see Vol. XXIX. p. 414 *n*.

TO D.D. HOME

D. D. Home. His Life and Mission. By Mme. Dunglas Home. London (Trübner, 1888).

This contains (pp. 213, 215) two letters from Ruskin; printed in Vol. XVIII. p. xxxi. *n*.

TO T. C. HORSFALL

Ruskin on Religion and Life, a Paper read to the Manchester Ruskin Society, by T. C. Horsfall J. E. Cornish, St. Ann's Square, Manchester, 1902. Price Sixpence.

This pamphlet (pp. 50) contains two letters from Ruskin:—(1) Feb. 2, 1881 (p. 11), printed *above*, p. 339; (2) an extract (p. 30) from the letter of Aug. 27, 1877, which is printed in full in Vol. XXIX. p. 592.

TO C. A. HOWELL

“Letters of John Ruskin to his Secretary.” In the *New Review*, No. 34, March 1892, vol. vi. pp. 273–284.

This selection of 24 letters (or extracts) from Ruskin to Mr. Charles Augustus Howell (for whom, see Vol. XXXVI. p. li.) was edited by Mr. M. H. Spielmann.

Nineteen of these letters were printed again in M. H. Spielmann's *John Ruskin*—referred to below as *Spielmann*—1900 (see below, p. 726), where eleven other letters (or scraps from letters) to Howell were also given.

The following table shows where the letters have appeared, and their places in the present edition:—

1. Dec. 24, 1856 (*Spielmann*, p. 146):—“I am ashamed of myself when I look at the date of your letter, but it arrived when I was far from well and in a press of work, and as I had only to answer with sincere thanks—and I find my gratitude will always *keep*—I put off replying till I am ashamed to reply.”

2. May 17, 1865 (*New Review*, p. 275; *Spielmann*, p. 146):—“It is a great pleasure to me to be able to assist you a little; and a greater to hear that your cousin is likely to be benefited by any effort you can make for her. I could not even read your letter last night. I was at dinner and I never answer or read letters after ‘business hours’—I never see anybody, my best friends, but by pre-engagement. Ask the Rossettis, or any one else who knows me. I can't do it—having my poor little weak head and body divided enough by my day's work. But do not less think me ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.—I enclose cheque.”

3. Nov. 3, 1865 (*Spielmann*, p. 58):—“You must think it very strange in me never asking you to come and see me. But I am very languid and ill just now—and I seem of all things to dread talking; it seems to force me to use my

head faster than it should be used—I suppose I shall come out of the nervous fit some day. I am pretty well on the whole.”

4. Feb. 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 274):—(DENMARK HILL,? *February* 1866.)—“I want you to come and dine with me on my birthday, please—if you can—the Richmonds will be with me, I hope, and it will be nice in all but the horrid occasion.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

“Thanks *so* much for Dolores.¹ I’m afraid the enclosed gentleman drinks, and I know him to have very little brains when he’s sober. Would you kindly call and look at him any day, saying I asked you to see just what his position was?”

5. Feb. 22, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 275; *Spielmann*, p. 49). Vol. XXXVI. p. 502.

6. Feb. 24, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 275). Vol. XXXVI. p. 502.

7. March 5, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 49). Vol. XXXVI. p. 503 *n*.

8. March 8, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 276; less fully in *Spielmann*, p. 49). Vol. XXXVI. p. 503.

9. March 27, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 276). Vol. XXXVI. p. 503.

10. April 2, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 276; *Spielmann*, pp. 110–111). Vol. XXXVI. p. 504.

11. April 7, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 277; more fully in *Spielmann*, p. 111):—“I was so busy and tired yesterday I couldn’t write another note. That is capital and very funny about the pied piper.² Your subjects are all good as good can be, but I doubt we can’t afford more than one to each story, and the final one is here the best. Please tell me of any other stories and subjects that chance to you.”

12. April 9, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 277; *Spielmann*, p. 111). Vol. XXXVI. p. 505.

13. April 16, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 277):—“DENMARK HILL, S., *16th April*, 1866.—I’m leaving town next week—for six weeks or two months—and shall have to leave much to your kind management. For one thing, I want to know exactly how I stand at Marlborough College; and I have just got an application for a presentation to it, from Archdeacon Allen, and I think I ought to have one, if not two, some day soon. Will you find out whom one should write to, and enclose this note and ask for full details?—Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

14. April 27, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 278; *Spielmann*, p. 139). Vol. XXXVI. p. 506.

15. May 13, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 278; *Spielmann*, p. 139):—“NEUCHÂTEL, *13th May* [1866].—I am entirely occupied to-day by the—too probably mortal—illness of one of the friends I am travelling with, but I may be more so to-morrow; so I write you just this line to ask you to answer just as you have done any letters now coming to you. I’ll write to poor Mr. J. myself. Please post enclosed, and say to everybody whom it may concern that that portrait of Mr. Mawkes’s is unquestionably Turner by himself;³ and on the whole the most interesting one I know. I gave Mr. Mawkes a letter to this effect, six months ago or more. Thanks for all letters to Vevay, etc., and business so nicely done.—Ever yours affectionately,

“J. RUSKIN.”

16. May 21, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 278; *Spielmann*, p. 139), is printed in Vol. XVIII. p. xxxix.

¹ [Presumably a copy of Swinburne’s verses.]

² [See Vol. XXXVI. pp. 504–5.]

³ [The portrait, afterwards in the possession of Mr. C. Wentworth Wass, which is described in Vol. XIII. p. 581.]

17. May 26, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 140):—(INTERLACHEN, *May* 26, 1866.)—"All you've done is right, except sending Mr. Henry Vaughan¹ about his business. He is a great Turner man. Please write to him that he would be welcome to see anything of mine, but I would rather show them to him myself. Also, don't take people to Denmark Hill, as it would make my mother nervous. I'm pretty well; my two ducklings all right."

18. May 30, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 140):—(INTERLACHEN, *May* 30, 1866.)—"I have answered the Vice-Chancellor, saying I'll come after the long vacation. If I ought to come before, he must tell me by a line to Denmark Hill . . . I have had long letters to write to Lady Trevelyan's sister, and I'm much tired. Joan is well, and Constance, and there's no one else in the inn just now, and the noise they make in the passages is something—I was going to say 'unheard of,' but that's not quite the expression."

19. INTERLACHEN/, *JUNE* 8, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 140):—"I am pretty well, much as usual; fresh air seems to do me little good, and foul little harm."

20. June 22, 1866 9 (*N. R.*, p. 279; *SPIELMANN*, p. 140):—"LUCERNE, *Friday*, 22nd *June* [1866].—The post's all wrong, but we're all right at last. I've got everything, and that's all I can say to-day. Write 'Poste Restante, Neuchâtel, Suisse.' "

"That 'nice quiet Miss H.' was dancing quadrilles with an imaginary partner—(a pine branch I had brought in to teach her botany with !)—all round the break-fast table so long yesterday morning that I couldn't get my letters written, and am all behind to-day in consequence.—Ever yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

"Dear love to Ned. I've got Georgie's letter.² I'm too good-for-nothing to answer such divine things."

21. BERNE, *July* 1, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 143).—"Too late to stop your letter from starting in pursuit of me to Interlachen and thence forward. It will catch me at Vevay at last. . . I am sadly tired—disgusted with the war and with all things. I have been very anxious about the two children since I was left alone with them, but it would have disappointed them too cruelly to bring them home at once."

22. July 4, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 279; *Spielmann*, pp. 112, 143). Vol. XXXVI. p. 510.

23. Aug. 3, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 59):—"I've been very sulky and ill, and somehow have wanted what humanity I could get, even out of letters, so I've kept them."

24. Aug. 22, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 280; *Spielmann*, p. 50). Vol. XXXVI. p. 511.

25. Sept. 2, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 280; *Spielmann*, pp. 112, 50). Vol. XXXVI. p. 512.

26. Sept. 5, 1866 (*N.R.*, p. 281; less fully in *Spielmann*, p. 51):—"DENMARK HILL, S.—Fearfully hurried this morning, or I would have seen your cousin. I'm sorry she has had these troubles—but tell B—it's absolutely of no use his trying to see me (I don't even see my best friends at present, as you know), and nothing is of the least influence with *me* but plain facts plainly told, and right conduct.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN."

27. Sept. 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 281; *Spielmann*, p. 112). Vol. XXXVI. p. 514.

¹ [The well-known collector, who bequeathed many drawings by Turner, etc., to the National Gallery and other public collections.]

² [Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones.]

28. Sept. 11, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 281). Vol. XXXVI. p. 514.
29. Sept. 14, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 281; *Spielmann*, pp. 51, 113):—"DENMARK HILL, S.—I forgot to thank you for the Cruikshank plate of fairies. I lost it out of a book when I was a boy, and am most heartily glad to have it in again. The *facsimiles* are most interesting—as examples of the *im*-measurably little things on which life and death depend in work—a fatal truth, forced upon me too sharply, long ago, in my own endeavours to engrave Turner. That boy's sketches are marvellous. I should like to see him and be of any use I could to him.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R."
30. Sept. 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 51). Vol. XXXVI. p. 515.
31. Sept. 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 51). Vol. XXXVI. p. 515.
32. Sept. 26, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 282, *facsimile*). Vol. XXXVI. p. 516.
33. Undated, 1866 (*N. R.*, pp. 282–283; *Spielmann*, pp. 52, 113). Vol. XXXVI. p. 516.
34. Nov. 3, 1866 (*N. R.*, p. 283; less fully in *Spielmann*, p. 61). Vol. XXXVI. p. 519.
35. Nov. 9, 1866 (*N. R.*, pp. 283–284; less fully in *Spielmann*, p. 52). Vol. XXXVI. p. 519.
36. Dec. 2, 1866 (*Spielmann*, p. 61):—"I have perpetual faceache, which quinine hardly touches, and am pulled down rather far; but in other respects a little better—stomach and the like."

Varia Lectiones.—The collection of these letters to C. A. Howell has been placed at the editors' disposal, and the following is a list of the errors (corrected in this edition) which occurred in the printing of them in the *New Review*, etc.:—

- No. 5, line 3, "you" for "one"; line 4, "our home" for "an hour's," and "trouble" for "troubles."
- No. 8, last line but one, "artistically" for "aesthetically."
- No. 10, line 8, "can only" for "only can"; line 12, "ravine" for "cavern"; line 17, "and" for "or"; line 22, "fine" for "firm"; line 26, the words "by anybody" were omitted; line 30, "there" also omitted.
- No. 12, first line of *P. S.*, "enclose" for "re-enclose"; the two lines, now dated April 16, were printed without intimation that they come in a later letter.
- No. 14, line 7, "abbreviations" for "abbreviation."
- No. 22, line 1, "all" was omitted; line 3, "all these" for "the"; line 5, "subjects" for "others"; signature, "Ever yours affectionately" for "Ever your affectionate."
- No. 24, line 4, "and" for "to."
- No. 25, line 6, "This" for "the," and "acts" for "art"; line 7, "in us" for "on me"; line 11, "placing" for "replacing"; line 16, "his" for "their" (a grammatical liberty often taken by Ruskin); line 21, "and" for "or"; *P. S.*, line 2, "this" for "the"; line 6, "that" was inserted after "saying."
- No. 27, line 4, "who has" for "having"; line 6, "in" omitted.
- No. 28, line 2, "through" was inserted after "looking"; line 4, "more" for "of"; line 6, "the" was inserted before "lawyers"; line 8, "drawings" for "drawing."
- No. 31, line 4, "well enough" for "very well."
- No. 33, line 11, "subjects" for "subject"; line 3 of *P. S.*, "deeply" for "deeper"; line 4, "that" omitted.
- No. 34, line 7, "but" for "best."
- No. 35, line 14, "of" inserted after "within"; line 19, the sense was altered by the omission of a full stop after "know"; line 22, "me" was inserted after "gave"; line 23, "should" for "would"; line 26, the sense was altered by substituting "yourself" for "myself" and not italicising "I."

TO MISS VIOLET HUNT

"Ruskin as a Guide to Youth," by Miss Violet Hunt, in the *Westminster Gazette*, February 3, 1900.

This article contained one letter; *above*, p. 286.

TO MISS ADELAIDE IRONSIDE

The *Catholic Press* (Sydney), February 3, 1900, contained fourteen letters. Of these ten are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 484–488.

In line 3 of the letter of 8th July (p. 487), “now” is in this edition a correction for “not.”

The other letters (Nos. 5, 6, 10, and 11 of the series) are here subjoined:—

5. “DENMARK HILL.—DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—I can’t give you a lesson to-day, but I’ll run in just to see what you are about about one o’clock or a little after. I’m working hard myself and am tired—not in the least angry—but don’t think I can give you a lesson every two days.—Yours always,
J.R.”

6. “DENMARK HILL, *Wednesday*.—MY DEAR CHILD,—If I can’t call to-day to hear how you are, send me just a line to-night to say if I am to stay in for you to-morrow afternoon. I hope to call and hear you are better.—Truly yours,
“J. R.”

10. “DENMARK HILL, *Thursday*.—DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—I have been quite unable to get a quiet hour all this time, though I’ve really been wanting to see you, for you got on very nicely with cod the last time. Can you come to-morrow afternoon (Friday) at two, if I don’t send—which I will, if it is wet?—Ever truly yours,
J.
RUSKIN.”

11. “DENMARK HILL.—DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—I will come or you shall come, only if you come you must bring the cast with you. I can only judge by having that to compare with the drawings. I hope you are better.—Always truly yours,
“J. R.”

TO THE REV. A. A. ISAACS

The Fountain of Siena: an Episode in the Life of John Ruskin, LL. D., by Albert A. Isaacs, M. A. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. 1900. Crown 8vo, pp. 52.

This book contains twelve letters from Ruskin: for the “fountain of Siena,” see Vol. XXIII. p. 30 *n*. In Letter 5, line 3, Mr. Isaacs placed the full stop after “documents,” instead of after “Cobbett”; and in Letter 11, line 3, printed “every” for “seeing.” Of the twelve letters—

1–4 (pp. 5–10, 12–13) are given *above*, pp. 501, 503 (2), 507.

5 (p. 15). “BRANTWOOD, *18th January*, ’85.—DEAR MR. ISAACS,—I am entirely obliged by all your letters,—in fact, I look on it as a providential help that you wrote to me and sent me the answer to Cobbett.¹ And of other documents I can mend none—what I say at Oxford² must be the sum of my present conclusions—which Cobbett accurately, though vulgarly expressed. My brain will no more serve me for theological reading. All I can say must be from work or experience of the past, and from no *sense* of the present—which broadly is, that no Protestant clergyman has ever helped me in declaring a single practical consequence of the Law of God. I am so very glad *Storm-Cloud* interests you, and I hope that the completed series of the *Pleasures* will satisfy you in its general terms. I will return the ‘Answer’ in a week or two.—Ever gratefully yours.”

6 (p. 21). “BRANTWOOD, *January 30th*, ’85.—DEAR MR. ISAACS,—So many thanks for the books and to-day’s letter, which especially comforts me, in your thinking me not too sulky about the clergyman’s letters,—and I quite admit that

¹ [See *above*, p. 507.]

² [The reference is to the intended conclusion of his lectures on *The Pleasures of England*: see Vol. XXXIII. p. lv.]

the openly worldly and ungodly can't sit under a heart-revealing ministry—but certainly the occultly worldly, and unconsciously godless can stand a lot of talking to, and never mind. I did not set my secretary¹ at you only because I was so busy, but because I wished you to be acquainted with her. She is an extremely good and shrewd Scotch lady, and has seen a lot of Andrew Fairservice² and his ministers. I have been looking with pleasure at your travels, but fear you maintain literal Bible truth too hard.—Ever affectionately yours,
“J. RUSKIN.”

7 (pp. 27–8) is given *above*, p. 518.

8 (p. 29). “BRANTWOOD, *9th June*, '85.—DEAR MR. ISAACS,—I shall be delighted to have a larger impression of the lovely little photograph.³ I am sure it will come out well. I am most thankful you found such a record. The bookseller! But why not order *Præterita* straight from Orpington? No bookseller would have got you a book of mine. I am fairly well, but very lazy.—Ever gratefully yours,
“J. RUSKIN.”

9 (p. 32). “BRANTWOOD, *Aug. 2*, 1886.—DEAR MR. ISAACS,—I cannot enough thank you for all you have done—but the warm weather was so far from suiting me, that I got into one of my fits of dreaming, during which I could not attend to business. I can only use my secretary's scrawl now, but you know my signature, attesting my joy in all you have sent me of the Siena Fountain—all alike precious.—Ever affectionately yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.”

10 (p. 35). “BRANTWOOD, *14th Nov.*, '86.—DEAR MR. ISAACS,—I am very thankful of your letter of the 12th. You shall have some, better than outlines (*D. V.*) and different from Roberts'.⁴ But poor R. does deserve credit for taking merely outlines, when nobody else took anything. And his Egyptian work was far more than that. I am so glad and comforted you like *Præterita* still.—Ever yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.”

11 (p. 37). “BRANTWOOD, *Saturday before Easter [April 9]*, 1887.—DEAR MR. ISAACS,—You are a very curious person to me—finding photos. of precious fountains—and seeing what small good there is in the drawing of that old sail!⁵ I do not think you should have been anxious about that report.⁶ You might of old have known I had not grace enough to go over anywhere, but would stay the same old stump. Can you tell me where Macdonald is now?⁷ I have lost sight of him for a year or two.—Ever gratefully yours,
J. R.”

12 (p. 45). “BRANTWOOD, *2nd March*, '87.—DEAR MR. ISAACS,—I had not seen the address, and thank you for sending it—though I do not feel just now as if I were with you, any more than Macaulay or Carlyle,—being wholly listless or hapless this winter, and not the least comforted by any of my books!—while, as you most truly say, the opinion of other people must be taken into account. But I think some are useless—and others worse.—Ever affectionately yours,
“J. RUSKIN.”

¹ [Miss Anderson; for whom, see Vol. XXXVI. p. lxxxvii.]

² [For other references to Fairservice, see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 295, 370 *seq.*]

³ [Of the fountain of Siena: see *above*, p. 518.]

⁴ [Mr. Isaacs, who had taken photographs in the Holy Land in 1856, had remarked that the published Views by David Roberts, R. A., for which he had made outline only on the spot, were very untrue to the places. Ruskin no doubt intended to send to Mr. Isaacs prints of some of Turner's Bible subjects.]

⁵ [No doubt, the Plate of the Dover Packet's Jib in *Præterita*: Vol. XXXV. p. 415.]

⁶ [That Ruskin had become a Roman Catholic: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 618.]

⁷ [The late Colonel Macdonald, of St. Martins, Perthshire, the Macdonald of *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 425.]

TO A JOURNALIST

The *Liverpool Daily Post* of January 22, 1900, contained six letters addressed to a journalist in 1870. These are printed *above*, pp. 14–17.

TO HENRY JOWETT

Mr. Henry Jowett was the manager of Messrs. Hazell, Watson & Viney's printing works at Aylesbury, and a large number of letters addressed to him by Ruskin have been printed in one or other of three publications. The first of these publication is

(A) *Hazell's Magazine*, September 1892 (vol. vi. pp. 246–250), which contains several letters, which have been given in Vol. XXXIV. pp. 714–716.

(B) The *Bookman* of October 1908 contains (p. 16) one letter to Henry Jowett; given *above*, p. 610.

(C) *John Ruskin: a Biographical Sketch*. By R. Ed. Pengelly [1900].

This little book contains twenty-three letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin, all addressed, it seems, to the late Henry Jowett. Of these extracts, etc.—

NO.

1 (p. 32). “*Sunday, 24th Feb.*—DEAR JOWETT,—The Christ's Hospital¹ [people] were such a nuisance to me—ten or twelve letters a day in the month or two before a presentation—that I gave the entire management of it to Mrs. Severn, requesting her, however, as far as possible, always to keep presentations for destitute widows' children, or for orphans. I never myself desire any boy of my acquaintance and friends' families—whatever their position in life—to receive more education than the learning to ride, dig, dance, and speak truth. I am not sure that at Christ's¹ Hospital they teach any one of these essentials.”

2 (p. 37). “*ROUEN, 24th September, 1880.*—DEAR JOWETT,—Please get any young lady you know in [Aylesbury] just to try the three little tunes in the *Prosody* before you print. I can't get the loan of a piano here, and can't tell by reading, more's the pity, whether they run smooth or not.”

3 (p. 67) is given *above*; p. 607.

4 (p. 78). “*BEAUVAIS.*—Not a word to anybody, except Mrs. Severn, of my address—or I shall instantly change it—people won't let me be quiet.”

5 (p. 78). “I write this before breakfast, as I may get confused with the complex, pathetic work of the main text of xi. and xii. [of *Præterita*]. But I send you in this note the last sentence of the xii. number that is to be, in case I'm stopped by illness again (I don't think there's any fear, if I can only keep people out of my way), but you'll see some answers to 'Correspondents' are plausibly necessary.”

6 (p. 85) is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 715.

7 (pp. 91, 92 in facsimile) is given *above*, p. 349.

8 (pp. 107, 124²) is printed in Vol. XXXV. pp. xxxviii.–xxxix.

9 (“I'm so glad you like . . . most to please,” p. 107) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.

10 (p. 107). “I am extremely glad that you agree with my old friends in thinking that my books are gaining more influence.”

11 (“The first chapter . . . spicy,” p. 108) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.

12 (“*Dilecta* . . . I think,” p. 108) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.

¹ [Misprinted “Christchurch Hospital” in *Pengelly*.]

² [Given (with some variations) in two places of Mr. Pengelly's book.]

NO.

13 ("I like . . . mightily," p. 108) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.

14 ("I think . . . house down," p. 108) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.

15 ("I've rather . . . myself," p. 108) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.

16 (p. 109). "1886.—MY DEAR JOWETT,—I am getting under sail again—steadily—the chief harm remaining is a sprained wrist, got in fighting one of my men nurses; if the doctor only had had the common-sense to get some women nurses I should have been as quiet as a baby—quieter than most babies I know. But it hurts me in writing still badly. I had the satisfaction of leaving all my keepers rather dilapidated—but it was the worst illness I've had for the pain and sorrow of its fancies.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R."¹

17 (p. 113) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. liv.

18–22 (p. 124) are printed in Vol. XXXV. p. xxxviii.

TO J. J. LAING

Ruskin's letters to J. J. Laing (see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. p. lxiv.) appear to have come into the market after his death in 1862, and many of them have been printed. The dating of them in these publications was very erratic, and in some cases is still uncertain (as the editors have not had access to the originals). There are three principal collections of them:—

"Some Ruskin Letters," by George Stronach, M. A., in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, August 1893, pp. 779–785. This article embodied six letters, which are printed thus:—

1. 6th Aug. 1854	Vol. XXXVI.	p. 171.
2. 2nd March 1858	"	p. 278.
3. Undated [? later in 1858]	"	p. 294.
4. 1st Nov. [? 1854]	"	p. 179.
5. Sept. 1 [1854]	"	p. 173.
6. Undated [? 1855]	"	p. 186.

"Some Ruskin Letters," in the *Westminster Gazette*, August 27, 1894 (pp. 1–2). This article (signed "George Stronach") contains eleven letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin; the first nine were addressed to J. J. Laing, the last two to "another correspondent." Of these eleven letters, six have been printed thus:—

1. Sept. 2, 1857 [really 1853]	Vol. XXXVI.	p. 150.
2. Undated [? 1855]	"	p. 212.
3. Jan. 26, 1855 [probably 1853]	"	p. 145.
4. October 1859	"	p. 324.
5. August 27, 1854 [really 1857]	"	p. 265.
6. Nov. 5, 1854	"	p. 180.

Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11 are subjoined:—

7. "I like your letter very much, and admit the truth of a great deal that you say. Healthy life is, however, for me impossible, except with entirely settled hours—eight, breakfast; nine, work; twelve, walk; one, lunch; etc., etc., etc. I believe it to be so for most people, and that if their work could be made to sink with the table through the floor as the clock struck, it would be all the better for them.—Always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN."

¹ [This letter was quoted in a review of Mr. Pengelly's book in the *Academy*, September 19, 1900.]

8. "You should not have thought that article in the *Times* was mine. Don't you remember in the preface to my pamphlet, my distinct statement that I *never* write anonymously.¹ I have not even the smallest notion whose it is. People say Tom Taylor, but I think T. T. writes better.

"It will be in your power to repay the small obligation to me tenfold by doing what you can, as you rise in your profession (which I am sure you will do) to advance the principles I have endeavoured to state in my books—principles which, however mingled with error or prejudice, are, I am certain, right in the main, and worth contending for. And you must know, by what you have already seen of modern architectural practice, that the contention for them must be sharp.

9. "You do quite right not to go to theatres on Sunday. Have you met with no French Protestant families? Generally the French Protestants are very good and sincere. If you understand enough French, you may get a great deal of good from any of the *Catholic* sermons; and can get no harm; as the portions which are specially Romanist are in sermons merely declamatory—never argumentative or enticing. It is in private conversation that the Romanists are controversially strong."

10. (To another correspondent.) "I am much interested by what you now tell me of yourself. How is it that after reading so much good literature you still say 'tuition' instead of 'teaching'? You must as quickly as you can *simplify* your thoughts and ways, and must not devour books indiscriminately. Hallam, Alison, etc., are a great mess altogether—neither of the first good for much. You have read 'Carlyle.' What have you got out of him? What fixed knowledge or principle? Would you tell me, at your leisure (I have a curiosity to know), whether you read much—or any—of Lord Bacon's works?"

11. "I could not answer your long letter, for I could not read it. You do not conceive how little time I have for reading anything. I noticed at the close of it that you said you were pleased that I cared to know your opinions, but, my dear sir, I care to know these just as much, and just as little, as a physician to know his patient's symptoms. Would you not think it strange if you heard of a patient's writing to him that he was proud he cared to know them?"

"Well, you have learned, for I read that much, a great deal of good from Carlyle. But, chiefly, have you made up your mind what you have to do in this world, and how you may most honourably live in it? How *are* you going to live?"

Thirdly, five of the letters which had already appeared in the periodicals above mentioned were reprinted in *Letters on Art and Literature* (see below, p. 719).

TO MRS. LA TOUCHE

The Letters of a Noble Woman (Mrs. La Touche of Harristown).
Edited by Margaret Ferrier Young. With illustrations. (George Allen and Sons: 1908.)

This volume contains six letters from Ruskin, as follows:—

NO.

1. Aug. 3, 1881 (pp. 72–73); printed *above*, p. 372.
2. July 4, 1882 (pp. 80–81); printed *above*, p. 403.
3. Oct. 22, 1882 (p. 81); printed *above*, p. 416.
4. Nov. 2, 1882 (pp. 82–83); printed *above*, p. 417.

¹ [See the preface to the second number of *Academy Notes* (1856): Vol. XIV. p. 43. For another reference to Tom Taylor, see *above*, p. 319.]

NO.

5. June 9, 1883 (pp. 117–118); printed *above*, p. 453. Wrongly dated 1886 by Miss Young.
 6. June 22, 1883 (83–84); printed *above*, p. 457.
 Two letters to Mrs. La Touche, hitherto unprinted, are also included in this edition.

TO FREDERIC LEIGHTON

The Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. London: George Allen, 1906. 2 vols.

This book contains in the second volume eight letters, or extracts from letters, from Ruskin. Of these—

- 1 (p. 42) is given in Vol. XXXVI. p. 334.
 2 (p. 42) is printed *above*, p. 424.

3 (p. 42). "17th November [1883?].—DEAR LEIGHTON,—I bought up the Byzantine Well,¹ but was forced to trust my friend, John Simon, to bring it across the Park to you, and then forbid him till I wrote you this note, asking you to spare a moment to show him the Damascus glass and Arab fountain. He is, as you know, a man of great eminence, with a weakness for *painting*, which greatly hinders him in his science.—Ever your loving
 J. R."

4 (p. 42). (1879.) "I expected so much help from you after those orange [lemon] trees of yours!"

5 (p. 112). "I was much struck—seriously—by the photograph from your fresco [in Lyndhurst Church]: it is wonderfully fine in action."

6, 7, and 8 (pp. 120–122) are given in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 445–447 (where in the last line but one of No. 8, "peace" was misprinted "place").

TO DEAN LIDDELL

Henry George Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford: a Memoir, by the Rev. Henry L. Thompson, 1899.

This book contains six letters from Ruskin. Of these—

- 1 (p. 82) is printed in Vol. XXXV. p. 203 *n*.
 2 (pp. 216–222) is printed in Vol. III. pp. 667–671.
 3 (pp. 222–228) is printed in Vol. III. pp. 671–674.
 4 (pp. 228–229) is printed *above*, p. 2.

5 (p. 229). To MRS. LIDDELL.—"I never dine out, tired or not. There is really nothing that makes me more nervously uncomfortable than the sound of voices becoming indecipherable round a clatter of knives."

6. (p. 230). "Many persons," Liddell had written, "wish to possess your books, and cannot procure them except at a price which is prohibitive to all but the wealthy; moreover the profit of the large prices demanded goes, not to you (as it ought), but to speculating booksellers or agents." "The speculating booksellers," replied Ruskin, "make no profit on my books, except on those which are out of print by my own wish. The others are perfectly accessible, venal to all men; the best of them for the price of a couple of bottles of good Sillery, and they shall not be sold cheaper. All my purposes in this matter are told at some length in *Fors*."

Other letters to Liddell, hitherto unprinted, are included in this edition.

¹ [Lent by Leighton to Ruskin to show at Oxford: see *above*, p. 424 *n*.]

TO SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

"Mr. Ruskin's Attitude to Science. Illustrated by Letters," in *St. George*, vol. viii. (October 1905), pp. 279–295.

"Mr. Ruskin and his Life Work," in *St. George*, vol. ix. (January 1906), pp. 1–9.

These two articles by Sir Oliver Lodge contain eighteen letters from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1 (p. 284) is printed *above*, p. 513.

2 (p. 285) is printed *above*, p. 517.

The passage, lines 4 *seq.*, "and it seems to me . . . alternation and progression. But," was omitted in *St. George*.

3 (pp. 285–286) is printed *above*, p. 520.

The following passages were omitted in *St. George*:—lines 8 *seq.*, "and I meant it . . . more than this"; lines 15 *seq.*, "3rd . . . invaluable to me"; lines 28 *seq.*, "But please observe . . . foot of water at the bottom."

4 (pp. 286–287) is printed *above*, p. 521.

The last five lines were omitted in *St. George*.

5 (pp. 287–288) is printed *above*, p. 522.

6 (pp. 288–289) is printed *above*, p. 524.

7 (p. 290) is printed *above*, p. 524.

The first five lines ("Please, I want . . . for me yet. And") were omitted in *St. George*.

8 (p. 291) is printed *above*, p. 526.

9 (pp. 291–292) is printed *above*, p. 526.

10 (pp. 292–293) is printed *above*, p. 528.

11 (pp. 293–294) is printed *above*, p. 529.

Lines 2–8 ("having got . . . begin with!") were omitted in *St. George*; also the *P.S.*

12 (pp. 294–295) is printed *above*, p. 531.

13 (vol. ix. p. 2) is printed *above*, p. 540.

14 (pp. 2–3) is printed *above*, p. 540.

15 (p. 3) is printed *above*, p. 542.

16 (p. 5) is printed *above*, p. 558.

The last paragraph ("Then—the impression . . . I am always") was omitted in *St. George*.

17 (p. 5) is printed *above*, p. 559.

18 (p. 6) is printed *above*, p. 562.

The first few lines ("The letters . . . want of Gold forsooth") were omitted in *St. George*.

A letter from Mrs. Severn (p. 9) is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 732.

TO MISS KATIE MACDONALD (1885–1888)

"The Friends of Living Creatures and John Ruskin." Two articles in the *Fortnightly Review*, September and October, 1907, pp. 373–390, 592–609, by Katie Macdonald Goring.

These articles give account of a children's society called "The Friends of Living Creatures," which had elected Ruskin its "President" or "Papa" (see the Introduction, Vol. XXXVI. pp. lxxvi.–lxxviii.). The articles contain twenty-eight letters, or extracts from letters, from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1. January 22, 1885 (p. 381) is printed *above*, p. 510.

2. February 24, 1885 (pp. 383–384); *above*, p. 523.

NO.

3 (p. 385³). "DEAR KATIE'S MAMA,—Many and many thanks for your note, but it is all entirely, as you feel, right between Katie and me. . . . To me it is now the highest privilege and the greatest help of life to be loved by such children."¹

4 (p. 385³). "BRANTWOOD, 25th March, '85.—DARLING KATIE,—I *must* write to you once more to-day, and tell you I've sent your pretty letter on to Francesca, whom I was just writing to. She will like so much to hear of the Society. Please also tell those boys how extremely wicked I think them to leave us—and ask them what they ever expect to be worth, either as boys or men, if they can't keep in the same mind two months.

"I am so very sorry you're ill. Get well fast, and we'll soon find some truer knights.—Ever your loving
PAPA R."

5 (p. 592³). "BRANTWOOD, 22nd April, '86.—DARLING KATIE,—I am so very, very glad of your letter. When Mama last wrote to me, you had a bad cold—and I was always expecting to have a line to say you were better, and none came, and I was anxious. The stories are not untidy—but they're not quite as true as I want them to be, I think,—but I'll read them again now, and return with advice. I am extremely glad to hear of the big boy of sixteen joining you: pray, if boys of sixteen will condescend to join a children's society, instantly take them as Honorary Members. I think you should even allow old people to join—for they can be so useful. You needn't admit them to any voting, or other privileges of the Society's regular members. Much love to you all. Criticism to-morrow.—Ever your loving Papa,
J. RUSKIN.

"I should like to write always like this—but can't—else there would be no saying all I wanted to."

6 (p. 592). "The rat paper, which I return at once for fear of losing it, is better done than most *men* could have done it. Give C. T. my true thanks—but say that I think one piece of direction is wanting,—How to *wash* a rat!"

7 (p. 592). "May 7th.—I hope to see you soon—for I'm just starting for London. . . . I'll write again from Herne Hill."

8 (p. 593). "May 20.—What is your time of meeting? I have a lunch at two in West Kensington. I could scarcely count on leaving till four, but then I could come up to Bedford Park—I don't know where that is—and perhaps see—somebody."

9 (p. 593). "May 22.—If arriving at Turnham Green at 4.41 will do, I will do my best not to fail you—and once there will be wholly under your orders, as good papas always should be to good daughters—and we'll *both* be under Mama's orders, after that.—Ever your loving
PAPA F.L.C.

"It's very nice to have six mamas for honorary members."

10 (p. 600). "DARLING KATIE,—I was very happy in coming and so sorry in leaving you and the officers of the Society that I had no thought of any other flowers till too late! But I was as happy in having had them given me."

¹ ["Katie's Mama" had written hoping that her little daughter's letter would not vex him.]

² [An extract only was given in the *Fortnightly*. The little girl had written to inform Ruskin that "some boys have left the Society."]

³ [An extract only was given in the *Fortnightly*.]

NO.

11. May 1885 (pp. 382, 600) is printed *above*, p. 535.

12 (pp. 600–601). “SWEETEST KATIE,—It is so very sad that I can’t come to you again this time—but I’m quite tired out by this London, and forced to go back to my hills to-morrow. But you know we must be happy in loving each other through the air—or we should always be unhappy in this world which won’t let us fly through it. . . . The silver badge is being designed. There will be no difficulty in getting silver enough, when first we get a pretty design. If you only knew how much I wanted to come you would be sorry for me.—Ever your lovingest
PAPA F.L.C.

“How lucky it is for that poor K¹ left out in the cold that he isn’t a living creature.”

13 (p. 601) is printed *above*, p. 538 *n*.

14. July 3, 1885 (p. 601); *above*, p. 537.

15. September 8, 1885 (p. 602); *above*, p. 539.

16 (p. 602). (Telegram.) “So glad of your letter. Love to you all. I’ve two stories for you of a good little leopard and learned elephant.—JOHN RUSKIN.”

17 (pp. 602–603). “I am very proud and happy with your pretty letter and the signatures of all the Society—and I do not think you need be anxious for me any more, for, except that I am very lazy and stupid, I can’t find much the matter with me—and I’m going to be ever so careful, and run no chance of making myself ill and my little Katie unhappy again.

“Mama says you are vexed because some little members have left your—and their—ranks. Don’t be vexed, but patient. . . . I am ashamed of having got you no new members myself, but I was first busy and then ill. I enclose you to-day the story of the elephant—that of the leopard was told me by a young lady of Edinburgh, Miss S., who draws animals beautifully and has a ‘way’ with them that they like. This leopard, though full-grown, was perfectly tame, and as playful as a kitten. She painted it sitting close beside it, and its great delight was being stroked under the chin.

“I enclose also a nice girl’s account of her pet cats.”

18 (p. 603). “BRANTWOOD, 18th Oct. ’85.—DARLING KATIE,—By all means take in the Branch Society of Poor Children—it is one of the most cherished of my purposes to bring the joy of the love of animals to the children of the poor. What *do* you think? I’m promised a tame sea-gull, and mean it to take care of all my quill pens—and keep the old cat, Tootles, from being too lazy—or impudent.—Ever your lovingest
PAPA.”

19 (p. 603). “BRANTWOOD, 27th Nov. ’85.—DARLING KATIE,—I think the proposals are admirable; and I look with the greatest delight to the future of the May Branch—and of June and July Branches. It is rather hard upon June, I think, that while there are plenty of sweet Mays, Julias, and Augustas, there are no pretty Junias. I was very wrong not to acknowledge Miss May Garnett’s letter²—but I hope, as I get less stupid after my illness, to behave better. My Sea-gull is getting as saucy as you please—and thinks nothing of jumping up and snatching things out of my hand—but I don’t know how to set about teaching him manners. I have still somewhere, quite safe, a book of the Society’s—with nice stories in it which must go into the Journal. I keep getting better—and am always glad of a word of you from my Katie.—Ever your loving
PAPA R.”

¹ [See Letter 11; *above*, p. 535.]

² [Eldest daughter of Dr. Richard Garnett. It was she who had proposed affiliating her Society of Poor Children with the F.L.C.]

NO.

20 (p. 603). "DARLING KATIE,—Please don't write on red paper. I simply *cannot* read your letter—it hurts my eyes so. And don't to other people. It's bad for theirs. Write on pale rose or pale green. . . . I haven't answered the Secretary's letter yet, nor looked at the book."

21 (p. 604). *January*, 1886.—"Yes, I got your picture¹ all safe, but I hate pictures—what's the use of a thing that can't talk or kiss?—besides—it's a little sentimental and affected. Not that the sentiment isn't in you—but it shouldn't show so much. The Editor's photo teases me because it isn't coloured . . . it's dreadfully tantalising to live here with shadows of you all in the hill-silence."

22 (p. 604). *February*, 1886.—"The pen won't write—the ink won't run—the days will—and here's another nearly run off—and I haven't thanked you for member list or lovely song—and here's such a pretty Valentine from Diamond Eyes—and I don't know her address—oh, dear, what can I ever do without getting some glimpses and kisses!"

23. March 15, 1886 (p. 604); *above*, p. 555.

24. May 4, 1886 (p. 604); *above*, p. 561.

25. May 18, 1886 (p. 605); *above*, p. 563.

26 (p. 605). "BRANTWOOD, 31st Dec., '86.—DARLING KATIE,—I am so glad to be able to send you a little chirp—like the birds, meaning Happy New Year, and ever so much more.

"You would be happy to see my tits and robins, waiting at my window in the first light—and saying good-night to me in the last light. Birds are really *very* happy at Brantwood. . . .

"Please say to the Society that I'm still its proud Papa—if they'll have me—and never think of them but with new delight.—Ever your loving

"JOHN RUSKIN."

27. February 9, 1888 (p. 608); *above*, p. 597.

28. February 16, 1888 (p. 608); *above*, p. 598.

TO ALFRED MACFEE

World Literature, March 1892, contained one letter; printed in Vol. XXVII. p. 179 *n*.

TO THE REV. F. A. MALLESON

The various publications in which Ruskin's letters to the Rev. F. A. Malleeson Vicar of Broughton-in-Furness, have been printed, are enumerated in Vol. XXXIV. pp. 179–183, where a synopsis of all the letters is also given (pp. 184–187).

As there shown, NOS. 1, 2, 3, 4, 20, 21, 24, 25, 29, 36, 43, 53, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, and 63 were reserved for the present collection. Of these—

NO.

1 is printed *above*, p. 53.

2. [1872?]"—"I am so ashamed of keeping R.'s book—but it's impossible for me to look at it properly till I have done my lecture, so much must be left undone of it anyhow. . . . Yes—you were glad to find we were at one in many thoughts. So was I. But we are not yet, you know, at one in our *sight* of this world and the dark ways of it. I hope to have you for a St. George's soldier one day."

¹ [A portrait of "Katie," which her mama had sent to Ruskin.]

NO.

3 is printed *above*, p. 171.

4 is printed *above*, p. 207.

20 is printed *above*, p. 295.

“Cross” is here a correction for “Crosse.”

21 is printed *above*, p. 295.

In line 10, “send” is a correction for “sent.”

24 is printed *above*, p. 296.

25 is printed *above*, p. 298.

29. “*September 16th*, 1879.—I should have returned these two recent letters before now, but have been looking for the earlier letters which have got mislaid in a general rearrangement of all things by a new secretary. I am almost sure to come on them to-morrow in my own packing up for town, where I must be for a month hence. Please address, etc.”

36 is printed *above*, p. 300.

43 is printed *above*, p. 314.

53. “*July 15th*, 1880.—. . . It is a further light to me, on your curious differences from most clergymen, very wonderful and venerable to me, that you should understand Byron!”

56 is printed *above*, p. 353.

57 is printed *above*, p. 354.

58. “*26th May* [1881].—DEAR MALLESON,—I should be delighted to see Canon Weston and you any day: but I want J—to be at home, and she is going to town next week for a month, and will be fussy till she goes. She promises to be back faithfully within the week after that—within the Sunday, I mean. Fix any day or any choice of days if one is wet after the said Sunday, and we shall both be in comfort ready.

“If Canon Weston or you are going away anywhere, come any day before that suits you.

“In divinity matters I am obliged to stop—for my sins, I suppose. But it seems I am almost struck mad when I think earnestly about them, and I’m only reading now natural history or nature.

“Never mind Autograph people, they are never worth the scratch of a pen.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.”

59. “*August 26th*, 1881.—I’m in furious bad humour with the weather, and cannot receive just now at all, having had infinitely too much of indoors, and yet unable to draw for darkness, or write for temper. But I will see Mr.—if he has any other reason than curiosity for wishing to see me—what does he want with me?”

60 is printed *above*, p. 375.

61. “ANNECY, SAVOY, *November 15th*, 1882.—I have got your kind little note of the 11th yesterday, and am entirely glad to hear of your papers on the Duddon.¹

¹ [“Wordsworth and the Duddon,” printed in *Good Words* in 1883, and included in Mr. Malleson’s *Holiday Studies* (1890).]

I shall be very happy indeed if you find any pleasure in remembering our walk to the tarn.¹ I hope I know now better how to manage myself in all ways, and we may still have some pleasant talks, my health not failing me.”

62 is printed *above*, p. 421.

63 is printed *above*, p. 433.

TO H. S. MARKS, R.A.

Pen and Pencil Sketches. By Henry Stacy Marks, R.A. 2 vols., 1894.

This work contains twenty letters, or extracts from letters, by Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1, 2 (vol. i. pp. 95–106)—on Frederick Walker—are printed in Vol. XIV. pp. 339–348.

3 (vol. ii. p. 165) is printed in Vol. XIII. p. xxxviii.

4 (p. 169) is printed *above*, p. 229.

5 (pp. 169–170) is printed *above*, p. 234.

6 (pp. 170–171) is printed *above*, p. 232.

7 (p. 171) is printed *above*, p. 229.

8 (p. 172) is printed *above*, p. 230.

9 (pp. 172–173) is printed *above*, p. 230.

10 (p. 173) is printed *above*, p. 230 *n*.

11 (pp. 175–176) is printed *above*, p. 242.

12 (p. 177) is printed *above*, p. 242 *n*.

13 (pp. 177–178) is printed *above*, p. 301.

14 (pp. 178–179) is printed *above*, p. 302.

In line 4 from the end, “her eyes” is a correction for “his eyes” in *Marks*.

15 (pp. 179–180) is printed *above*, p. 365.

16 (p. 181) is printed *above*, p. 230.

17 (p. 181) is printed *above*, p. 589.

18 (pp. 182–183) is printed *above*, p. 366.

19 (pp. 184–185) is printed *above*, p. 366.

20 (p. 185). “BRANTWOOD, *July*, 1883.—It is a great joy to me that the Zoo will be so happily possible. All the news you give me of the gardens, and all the messages from the beasts delight my heart, and I have a number of my bird-studies just waiting till I’ve seen the guillemots under water.”

For another letter to Marks (*Kate Greenaway*, p. 109), see *above*, p. 302.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE

Two Letters concerning “Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds.” See Vol. XII. pp. 514, 561–568.

TO PIETRO MAZZINI

An Italian illustrated newspaper, containing some notes by Signor Ojetti, gave in Italian two letters from Ruskin to his gondolier. These are printed *above*, pp. 332, 581.

¹ [Goat’s Water, under the Old Man of Coniston: for a note on the walk, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 216 *n*.]

TO HENRY MERRITT

Henry Merritt, Art Criticism and Romance. With Recollections, and twenty-three etchings, by Anna Lea Merritt. 2 vols., London (Kegan Paul), 1879.

This book contains (in vol. i. pp. 42–43) two letters from Ruskin. They are printed in Vol. XXVII. p. 486.

TO MRS. HUGH MILLER

Life and Letters of Hugh Miller, by Peter Bayne, 1871.

One letter (pp. 486–488); printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 258. The letter was reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, see below, p. 725.

TO MISS MITFORD

The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford as recorded in Letters from her Literary Correspondents. Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. 2 vols., London (Hurst & Blackett), 1882.

This book contains in vol. ii. four letters from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1 (pp. 108–111, wrongly dated “1853” instead of “1848”) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 85.

2 (pp. 119–120), Vol. XXXVI. p. 164.

3 (pp. 122–123), Vol. XXXVI. p. 170.

4 (pp. 126–127, wrongly dated “1854” instead of “1848”), Vol. XXXVI. p. 89.

The letters were reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, see below, p. 725. Other letters, hitherto unprinted, are included in this edition.

TO JAMES MORTIMER

The Morning Post of April 9, 1906, contains one letter; *above*, p. 539.

TO J. F. MOSS

Three letters, first printed in newspapers, and reprinted in *Ruskiniana*: see Vol. XXX. pp. 318, 319.

TO F. W. H. MYERS

Fragments of Prose and Poetry. By Frederic W. H. Myers. Edited by his wife, Eveleen Myers. London (Longmans), 1904.

This book contains (on pp. 23, 24) three letters from Ruskin. Of these, two (to Myers) are given *above*, pp. 184, 185; the third (to Prince Leopold about Myers), *above*, p. 54.

TO HENRY R. NEWMAN

“An American Studio in Florence,” by H. Buxton Forman, in *The Manhattan: an Illustrated Literary Magazine*. New York, June 1884.

This article contains four letters; printed in Vol. XXX. pp. lxxiii., lxxiv., 208, 232.

TO CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

Professor Charles Eliot Norton printed his letters from Ruskin in three different forms, and owing to variations in the several transcripts the bibliography is tiresome and complicated.

(1) Extracts from Ruskin's letters were first embodied in the series of Introductions which Professor Norton contributed to an American copyright issue, called the "Brantwood Edition," of several of Ruskin's books issued in 1891 by Messrs. Merrill & Co., New York, by arrangement with Mr. George Allen. The Introductions in which letters, or extracts from letters, occur are those to *Aratra Pentelici*, *Eagle's Nest*, *Ethics of the Dust*, *A Joy for Ever*, *Munera Pulveris*, *Queen of the Air*, *Stones of Venice* (Travellers' Edition), *Val d'Arno*, and *Ariadne Florentina*. (The last mentioned was not issued till 1904.) In all thirty-six letters are quoted from in these Introductions. The number of quotations is thirty-seven, but one extract is given twice. The "Brantwood Edition" of the various works mentioned above has been recorded in the respective Bibliographical Notes. A notice of Professor Norton's Introductions, with citations from many of the letters, appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, April 19, 1892.

(2) Professor Norton next published a selection of his Letters from Ruskin, with comments and reminiscences of his own, in five numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1904—May, vol. 93, pp. 577–588; June, vol. 93, pp. 797–806; July, vol. 94, pp. 8–19; August, vol. 94, pp. 161–170; and September, vol. 94, pp. 378–388.

(3) Lastly, Professor Norton collected the letters, etc., from the *Atlantic Monthly*, and added others, in a book with the following title-page:—

Letters | of | John Ruskin | to | Charles Eliot Norton | In Two Volumes |
Volume I [Volume II] | Boston and New York | Houghton, Mifflin and
Company | The Riverside Press, Cambridge | 1904.

Octavo; *volume i.*, pp. xviii.+262. Title-page (with imprint on the reverse—"Copyright 1904 by Charles Eliot Norton | All rights reserved | *Published November, 1904*"), pp. iii.–iv.; Preface, pp. v.–x.; Contents of Volume I., pp. xi.–xv.; List of Illustrations, p. xvii.; Letters, etc., pp. 1–261. On p. 262 is the imprint, "The Riverside Press | Electrotyped and printed by H. O. Houghton & Co. | Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A."

Volume ii., pp. xiv.+244. Title-page (as before), pp. iii.–iv.; Contents of Volume II., pp. v.–xi.; List of Illustrations, p. xiii.; Letters, etc., pp. 1–223; Index, pp. 227–243; Imprint (as before) on p. 244.

Issued in black cloth boards, lettered on the front cover "Letters of John Ruskin | To Charles Eliot Norton," and up the back "Letters | of | John Ruskin | To | Charles Eliot | Norton | I [II] | Houghton | Mifflin & Co."

In the Preface, Professor Norton fell into an inaccuracy which the present editors desire to correct. He wrote:—

"It is with reluctance and question that I have brought myself to publish these letters. I had contemplated leaving them in such condition that, perhaps, some of them might be printed after my death. In my judgment Ruskin himself published, or permitted to be published, far too many of his letters,—some of them, as it seemed to me, such as should never have been printed. In his later years much even of what he wrote for publication could not but cause regret to every reader of sensitive appreciation, as affording evidence of weakened faculty of judgment by its lack of self-control and becoming reticence. I had no disposition to run the risk of adding to the mass of ill-advised publications, which gave a false impression of a man not less remarkable for the essential beauty of his disposition than for the astonishing force and variety of his genius. But the editors of the final, complete edition of Ruskin's writings now in course of issue were urgent with me to put them in possession of his letters to me, [not only] for

use in their thorough and, in many respects, admirable biographical introductions to the separate works, [but also for complete publication in one of the volumes]. I recognized the force of their claim. No other series of his letters extended unbroken over so long a term of years, or was likely to possess so much autobiographical interest,—comparatively little, indeed, as a record of events, but much as a record of moods and mental conditions. As a picture of character the letters as a whole were unique. But I was unwilling to entrust the charge of selecting and editing them to any one; especially to any one who had not known Ruskin in his better days and had not known me at all. Influenced by these considerations I finally resolved upon the present publication.”

Mr. Norton’s memory was here at fault. He began publishing extracts, as will have been seen, from his letters from Ruskin in 1891—more than ten years before the present edition was projected. Further, the editors were never urgent with him, and he did not consult them; had he done so, they would have pressed him to print less. No complete publication was ever thought of by them, all that was suggested being a limited use of his letters to be agreed upon with Mr. Norton. These letters, though numerous, would have formed but a small part of the vast material from which the editors have had to select. It is, however, enough to say that on receipt of the volumes Mr. Wedderburn at once (October 29, 1904) wrote to Mr. Norton to the above effect; that Mr. Norton (January 9, 1905) promised to omit the statement objected to in future editions; and that the words indicated above [*sic*] have since been struck out. The editors do not agree that Ruskin’s “better days” ended in the spring of 1874, and nearly half of the letters printed by Mr. Norton are of a later date. It should be added that Mr. Norton’s volumes are not available except in America, and that neither the editors nor Ruskin’s representatives here are in any way responsible for his selection.

The book has been twice reprinted in America; a few of the mistakes in ed. 1 were corrected in ed. 2.

Reviews of the book appeared in the *Times* (Literary Supplement), February 10, and in the *Spectator*, March 18, 1905.

The following synopsis enumerates all Ruskin’s printed letters (or extracts from letters) to Norton; mentions where they have severally been printed; and indicates the variations. The fullest collection is that last described, and as the letters are there numbered (in the Lists of Contents), those numbers are retained; additions (of letters not included in the book) being distinguished by alphabetical letters. A few letters of little interest or significance are printed here instead of in the principal collection:—

1. October 31, 1855. *Atlantic*, May, p. 577; *Norton*, vol. i. pp. 3–4.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 222.

1A. A letter to Mrs. Carlyle is printed in *Aratra*, pp. viii.–xi.—Given in Vol. V. p. xlix.

2. July 18, 1856. *Atlantic*, May, p. 578; *Norton*, i. 7.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 241.

3. October 1856. *Atlantic*, May, p. 578; *Norton*, i. 8.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 246.

4. October 1856. *Atlantic*, May, p. 578; *Norton*, i. 9.—The letter is as follows—
“DENMARK HILL.—DEAR NORTON,—Most unwillingly I am forced—I’ll tell you how when we meet—to give up my walk this afternoon, but I’ll come and take tea with you at eight if I may.—Ever affectionately yours,
J.
R.”

5. October 28, 1856. *Atlantic*, May, p. 579; *Norton*, i. 9. As follows:—“*Wednesday*, 28th.—DEAR NORTON,—I do hope you have faith enough in me to understand how much I am vexed at not being able to come and see you. Of course I could run upstairs and down again at Fenton’s sometimes, but what would be the use of that? Could you come out to see me to-morrow, Thursday, about half-past two? If not, I can come into town on Friday, about two.

“Please, if you can’t come to-morrow, send me a line to say if you can be at home on Friday.—Yours affectionately,
J.
RUSKIN.”

6. From J. J. Ruskin. *Norton*, i. 10. As follows:—"DENMARK HILL [November 3, 1856].—DEAR SIR,—Mr. Dallas, formerly editor of the *Edinburgh Guardian* and now attached to a great London paper, may dine here on Saturday (the only day he can dine out). It would give Mrs. Ruskin, myself, and son great pleasure to see you at dinner on Saturday next, 8 November, at six o'clock. I think you said you did not leave for a week. An answer would oblige, dear Sir, yours truly,

"JOHN JAMES RUSKIN."

7. November 1856. *Norton*, i. 24.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 246.

8. December 28, 1856. *Atlantic*, May, pp. 583–584; *Norton*, i. 25–31.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 250.

9. May 1857. Partly printed in *A Joy for Ever*, pp. ix.–xi., and *Stones of Venice*, pp. ix.–xii. (where it is dated "1859"). The longer part thus printed is given in Vol. IX. pp. xxvii.–xxix. from the above sources. Fully printed in *Atlantic*, May, pp. 585–587; *Norton*, i. 32–39.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 260.

From this full publication, it appears that the following passage was omitted in the previous version (between "so it must go as it is" and "There was only one place"):—"but à propos of fish, mind you get a fisherman to bring you two or three *cavalli di mare*, and put them in a basin in your room, and see them swim. But don't keep them more than a day, or they'll die; put them into the canal again."

A collation of Professor Norton's later with his earlier publication shows (on the assumption that the later is the more accurate) that the following corrections should be made in Vol. IX. p. xxviii. (where the earlier version was followed):—

Line 3, *insert* "just" *before* "as you"; 10, *for* "didn't" *read* "wouldn't"; last line but one, *for* "the" *read* "this"; p. xxix. line 1, *for* "lovely" *read* "lonely."

10. September 24, 1857. An extract in *Munera*, p. ii. (where, in line 13 of the letter as here published, the word "always" was omitted). The whole letter in *Atlantic*, June, pp. 797–799; *Norton*, i. 50–55.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 267.

11. November 6, 1857. *Norton*, i. 55–56.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 269.

12. December 5, 1857. *Atlantic*, June, p. 799; *Norton*, i. 56–59.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 270.

13. February 28, 1858. *Atlantic*, June, p. 800; *Norton*, i. 59–62. A large part of this letter had appeared, with some differences, in a publication issued by Mr. Norton in 1874, and was thence reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. i. p. 123, with a page in facsimile. This part, with the facsimile, is given in Vol. XIII. pp. 324–325. For the rest of the letter, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 277, where additional facsimiles given in *Norton* are reproduced.

14. From J. J. Ruskin. *Atlantic*, June, pp. 800–801; *Norton*, i. 62–65. Vol. XXXVI. p. 277 *n*.

In line 26, "say written" in *Norton* must be a misprint for "nay written."

15. October 24, 1858. *Atlantic*, June, pp. 801–802; *Norton*, i. 65–68.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 293.

16. November 29, 1858. *Atlantic*, June, pp. 802–803 (without the *P.S.*); *Norton*, i. 72–75.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 294.

17. December 28, 1858. *Atlantic*, June, pp. 803–804; *Norton*, i. 75–78.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 296.

18. July 31, 1859. *Atlantic*, June, pp. 804–805; *Norton*, i. 79–82.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 310.

19. August 15, 1859. *Atlantic*, June, p. 805; *Norton*, i. 83–86.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 312.

20. To J. R. Lowell. *Norton*, i. 86–89.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 326.

21. December 10, 1859. *Atlantic*, June, pp. 805–806; *Norton*, i. 89–92.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 329.

22. May 15, 1860. *Atlantic*, July, p. 9; *Norton*, i. 95–97.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 334.

23. July 12, 1860. *Atlantic*, July, pp. 9–10; *Norton*, i. 97–99.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 338.

24. November 4, 1860. *Norton*, i. 100–103. An extract in *Munera*, p. xiii.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 346.

In line 13, for “and look” *Munera* has “to look.”

25. February 25, 1861. An extract in *Munera*, pp. xiii.–xiv. The letter in *Atlantic* (in part only), July, pp. 10–11; *Norton*, i. 103–109.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 355.

In line 15 from end, “that” was omitted in *Munera*; line 14 from end, “it is true” also omitted; line 13, “now” inserted after “might.”

26. June 2, 1861. *Norton*, i. 109–113.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 366.

27. From J. J. Ruskin. *Norton*, i. 114–116.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 380 n.

28. August 26, 1861. *Atlantic*, July, pp. 11–12; *Norton*, i. 116–120.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 379.

29. January 6, 1862. *Atlantic*, July, pp. 12–13; *Norton*, i. 121–123.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 402.

30. January 19, 1862. *Norton*, i. 123–126.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 404.

31. April 28, 1862. *Atlantic*, July, p. 13; *Norton*, i. 127–128.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 406.

32. August 28, 1862. *Atlantic* (in part only), July, pp. 13–14; *Norton*, i. 128–131.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 422.

33. December 24, 1862. *Atlantic*, July, p. 14; *Norton*, i. 131–134.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 426.

34. February 10, 1863. An extract in *Ethics*, p. x. *Atlantic*, July, pp. 14–15; *Norton*, i. 134–137.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 432.

In lines 22, 23, the words “as those . . . show” were omitted in *Ethics*.

35. March 10, 1863. An extract in *Ethics*, p. ix. The whole letter in *Atlantic* (parts only), July, p. 15; *Norton*, i. 138–142.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 436.

On p. 436, lines 2 and 3 from bottom, in *Ethics*, “the loneliness is very great, and the peace in which I am at present is only as if . . .”; in *Norton*, “the loneliness is very great, if the peace in which I am at present . . ., and the peace is only as if”; a note being added to the . . ., “A word is apparently omitted here.” Probably, however, “if the peace” should be “in the peace.”

36. July 29, 1863. An extract in *Ethics*, pp. ix.–x. *Norton*, i. 142–144.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 449.

37. October 6, 1863. An extract in *Ethics*, pp. x.–xi. *Norton*, i. 144–145.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 456.

38. August 6, 1864. An extract in *Ethics*, p. xi. The whole in *Atlantic*, July, p. 16; *Norton*, i. 146–147.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 474.

39. August 15, 1865. An extract in *Ethics*, p. xi. The whole (except the P.S.) in *Atlantic*, July, p. 17; *Norton*, i. 149–151.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 495.

In line 8, *Ethics* has “gardener . . . disturbs.”

40. September 11, 1865. *Atlantic*, July, p. 17; *Norton*, i. 151–152.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 496.

41. October 10, 1865. An extract in *Ethics*, pp. xi.–xii. The whole letter in *Norton*, i. 152–153.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 497.

42. January 10, 1866. *Norton*, i. 153–154.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 500.

43. January 11, 1866. An extract in *Ethics*, p. xii. The whole letter in *Norton*, i. 154–156.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 500.

44. January 28, 1866. *Norton*, i. 156–157.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 501.

45. March 27, 1866. *Atlantic*, July, p. 17; *Norton*, i. 157–159.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 503.

46. August 18, 1866. *Norton*, i. 159–160.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 511.

47. December 28, 1866. *Norton*, i. 160–161.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 521.

48. January 23, 1867. *Atlantic*, July, pp. 17–18; *Norton*, i. 162–164.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 522.

49. March 12, 1867. *Norton*, i. 164–165.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 525.

50. August 8, 1867. *Atlantic*, July, pp. 18–19; *Norton*, i. 166–169.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 533.

51. November 20, 1867. *Atlantic*, July, p. 19 (with some omissions); fully in *Norton*, i. 169–171.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 545.
52. July 20, 1868. *Atlantic*, August, p. 162; *Norton*, i. 179–180.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 552.
53. August 22, 1868. *Atlantic*, August, pp. 162–163; *Norton*, i. 180–182.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 552.
54. August 31, 1868. *Norton*, i. 182–183.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 553.
55. September 11, 1868. *Atlantic*, August, p. 163; *Norton*, i. 183–185.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 555.
56. September 22, 1868. *Norton*, i. 185–186.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 555.
57. October 18, 1868. " i. 186–187. " p. 556.
58. October 21, 1868. " I. 187–188. " p. 557.
59. October, 1868. To Mrs. Norton. *Norton*, i. 189–190.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 558.
60. To Mrs. Norton. *Norton*, i. 190–192.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 558.
61. " " " i. 192–193. " p. 559.
62. " " *Norton*, i. 193–194. " p. 560.
63. February, 1869, with enclosures. *Atlantic*, August, pp. 163–164; *Norton*, i. 196–199. For the enclosures, see Vol. XXXVI. pp. 1, 2.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 562.
64. April 12, 1869. *Norton*, i. 199–200.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 563.
65. April 13, " " i. 201–202. " p. 564.

In line 2, *Norton* reads "proof in their present state."

66. April 27, 1869. *Norton*, i. 202–203.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 564.
67. April 28, " " i. 203–204. " p. 565.
68. June 13, " " i. 204–206. " p. 568.
69. June 14, " " i. 206–208. " p. 569.

In the last line of that page, "chapter" is here a correction for "chapters."

70. June 16, 1869. *Norton*, i. 209.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 570.
71. June 21, 24, 1869. Extracts in *Queen of the Air*, p. xiii. The whole letter in *Atlantic*, August, pp. 164–165; *Norton*, i. 210–214.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 571.
72. July 11, 1869. *Norton*, i. 214–216.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 573.
73. August 9, 1869. An extract in *Queen of the Air*, pp. xi.–xii. The whole letter in *Atlantic*, August, pp. 165–166; *Norton*, i. 216–219.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 576.

On p. 577, line 6 from foot, *Queen of the Air* has "covers" for "cover"; and in line 4, "all" was omitted.

74. August 14, 1869. *Norton*, i. 220–224.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 578.

In line 12 of p. 579, a full stop after "it" was deleted in ed. 2.

75. August 15, 1869. *Norton*, i. 224–226.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 580.
76. August 16, " " I. 227–228. " p. 582.
77. August 18, " " i. 228–235. " p. 582.

The sense of the first three lines of the "Pig Verses" (on p. 585) was obscured in *Norton* by wrong punctuation. A comma after "minds" has here been deleted, and one inserted after "That." In line 22, "ravin" is here a correction for "ravine."

78. August 18, 1869. *Norton*, i. 235–237.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 585.
79. August 30, " " I. 238–242. " p. 586.
80. August 31, " " I. 242–244. " p. 588.
81. September 12, 1869. " " i. 245–247. " p. 590.
82. September 21, " " i. 247–249. " p. 591.
83. October 16, " " i. 250–253. " p. 596.
84. November 17, " " i. 253–256. " p. 597.
85. January 1, 1870. " " i. 256–257.—*Above*, p. 2.

In line 16, a comma after "Glass" has been deleted.

86. March 26, 1870. *Norton*, i. 258–259.—*Above*, p. 5.
87. June 11, " " i. 259–261. " p. 6.

88. June 17, 1870. *Norton*, ii. p. 4.—*Above*, p. 7.
 89. June 19, " " ii. 4–6. " p. 7.
 90. June 20, " " ii. 6–8. " p. 8.
 91. " " " ii. 8–9. " p. 9.
 92. July 8, 1870. Extracts were put together in *Aratra*, p. vi. The full letter in *Norton*, ii. 9–11.—*Above*, p. 9.
 93. July 12, 1870. *Norton*, ii. 11–12.—*Above*, p. 10.
 94. July 29, " " ii. 12–13. " p. 12.

In line 3 of p.13, after "Rose," a semicolon was substituted in ed. 2 for a comma in ed. 1.

95. August 7, 1870. *Atlantic*, August, pp. 166–167; *Norton*, ii. 13–16.—*Above*, p. 13.
 96. August 9, 1870. *Atlantic*, August, p. 167; *Norton*, ii. 16–17.—*Above*, p. 17.
 97. August 14, 1870. *Norton*, ii. 17–18.—*Above*, p. 18.
 98. August 17, 1870. *Norton*, ii. 18–20.—*Above*, p. 18.
 99. 1870. Extracts in *Aratra*, p. vi. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 20–23.—*Above*, p. 23.
 19. For mistakes in *Norton*, see above, p. 20 n.
 100. August 26, 1870. *Norton*, ii. 23–25.—*Above*, p. 21.
 101. September 9, 1870. *Norton*, ii. 25–26.—*Above*, p. 22.
 102. September 30, 1870. Extracts in *Aratra*, pp. vi.–vii. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 26–28.—*Above*, p. 23.
 103. November 10, 1870. *Norton* ii. 28–30.—*Above*, p. 24.
 104. *Norton*, ii. 30–31. As follows:—"SHORTEST DAY, 1870.—MY DEAREST CHARLES, . . . I am giddy, a little, with overwork, or I would tell you something of lectures. They did not come out half what I wanted; the days seemed to melt into nothing at last. England *has* been bad for me, this time, but I won't live in a mere cobweb of fate any more. I'll send you some pamphlets, or the like, soon.—Ever your loving J. R."
 105. February 23, 1871. Extract in *Eagle's Nest*, p. vii. The letter (more fully, but omitting part of the extract) in *Atlantic*, August, p. 167; *Norton*, ii. 31–32.—*Above*, p. 28.

The words "I am always unhappy . . . saying so. But" were in the *Eagle's Nest*, but omitted in the subsequent reprints; the *Eagle's Nest* had "settling" for "setting."

105A. "A week or two later." The following extract in *Eagle's Nest*, p. viii.:—"I have an increasingly bitter sense of the total aberration from all right and wise rules of education in Oxford, and of the solitary voice that this art teaching may become for calmness and sacredness of life."

106. April 3, 1871. An extract in *Eagle's Nest*, p. viii. The letter more fully in *Atlantic*, August, pp. 167–168; *Norton*, ii. 32–34.—*Above*, p. 29.

In the *Eagle's Nest*, some words were omitted in transcription. On page 30, line 1 (in this vol.), *Norton* printed "within (sight of!) her old master's grave."

107. May 18, 1871. *Norton*, ii. 34–35.—*Above*, p. 31.
 108. May 28, 1871. Extract in *Eagle's Nest*, p. ix. The letter in *Norton*, ii. 35–36.—*Above*, p. 32.
 108A, B, C. Undated extracts in *Eagle's Nest*, pp. ix., x.: "I can't do the tenth part of what I plan. A heap of things that I ought to do nod over my head like a breaking wave." "I am going to give £5000 to found the Mastership which will take the mechanical work off me, and block out Kensington. I've just finished Catalogue of those hundred pieces of Educational Series, and so on." "I am drawing breath, after much disturbed work at Oxford."
 109. August 10, 1871. *Norton*, ii. 36–37.—*Above*, p. 34.
 110. September 14, 1871. An extract in *Eagle's Nest*, pp. x.–xi. The whole letter in *Atlantic*, August, p. 168; *Norton*, ii. 37.—*Above*, p. 35.
 111. September 15, 1871. Extract in *Eagle's Nest*, p. xi. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 38.—*Above*, p. 35.
 112. September 24, 1871. *Atlantic* (in part), August, p. 168. More fully in *Norton*, ii. 38–40.—*Above*, p. 36.

113. November 1, 1871. *Norton*, ii. 40–41.—*Above*, p. 40.
 114. November 3, 1871. Extract in *Eagle's Nest*, pp. xi–xii. More fully in *Norton*, ii. 41.—*Above*, p. 41.
 115. November 6, 1871. *Norton*, ii. 42–43.—*Above*, p. 41.
 116. November 15, 1871. *Norton*, ii. 43–44.—*Above*, p. 42.
 117. December 9, 1871. Extract in *Eagle's Nest*, p. xii. The whole letter in *Atlantic*, August, pp. 168–169; *Norton*, ii. 44–45.—*Above*, p. 44.
 118. December 23, 1871. *Norton*, ii. 45–47.—*Above*, p. 45.
 119. January 4, 1872. *Atlantic*, August, p. 169; *Norton*, ii. 47–48.—*Above*, p. 47.
 120. *Norton*, ii. 48–49. As follows:—“[January] 28th [1872].— . . . I have the registered letter, and will pack the ‘Slaver’ forthwith. It is right that it should be in America, and I am well pleased in every way, and always your lovingest, J. RUSKIN.”
 121. February 13, 1872. *Norton*, ii. 49–50.—*Above*, p. 50.
 122. ” ” ” ii. 50–51 ” p. 51
 123. Easter, 1872. Extract in *Atlantic*, August, p. 169. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 51–52.—*Above*, p. 52.
 124. August 10, 1872. *Norton*, ii. 53.—*Above*, p. 52.

In line 3, ed. 1 had a comma (instead of a semicolon) after “Vasari.”

125. November 18, 1872. *Norton*, ii. 53–54.—*Above*, p. 54.
 126. December 27, 1872. *Atlantic*, August, pp. 169–170; *Norton*, ii. 54–56.—*Above*, p. 55.
 127. January 15, 1873. *Norton*, ii. 56–57.—*Above*, p. 57.
 128. February 7, 1873. ” ii. 57. p. 58.
 129. February 8, 1873. ” ii. 57–58. ” p. 58.
 130. February 26, 1873. ” ii. 59. ” p. 63.
 131. June 25, 1873. ” ii. 65–66. ” p. 69.
 132. July 15, 1873. ” ii. 66–68. ” p. 70.
 133. December 2, 1873. *Atlantic*, September, pp. 378–379; *Norton*, ii. 68–69.—*Above*, p. 74.
 134. February 11, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 69–70.—*Above*, p. 80.
 135. February 13, 1874. ” ii. 70–71. ” p. 81.
 136. February 14, 1874. ” ii. 71. ” p. 81.
 137. February 15, 1874. ” ii. 72. ” p. 81.
 138. April 9, 1874. An extract in *Atlantic*, September, p. 379. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 72–74.—*Above*, p. 91.
 139. April 11, 1874. An extract in *Atlantic*, September, p. 379. More fully in *Norton*, ii. 74–75.—*Above*, p. 92.
 140. June 19, 1874. Extract in *Ariadne Florentina*, pp. ix., x. *Norton*, ii. 75–77.—*Above*, p. 112. For a variation, see p. 112 *n*.
 141. June 20, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 77–78.—*Above*, p. 112.
 142. June 21, 1874. Extracts in *Ariadne Florentina*, pp. x., xi. Extracts (wrongly dated June 20) in *Atlantic*, September, p. 379. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 79–81.—*Above*, p. 114.

In line 17 of p. 115 (here) the words “and with a Greek pitcher in her hand” were omitted in *Atlantic*.

143. August 12, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 82–84.—*Above*, p. 127.
 144. ” ” Extracts in *Ariadne Florentina*, pp. xi., xii. (for a various reading, see p. 128 *n*.) An extract in *Atlantic*, September, p. 379. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 84–86.—*Above*, p. 128.
 145. August 15, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 86–88.—*Above*, p. 129.

In line 16, “crowned” is misprinted “wound” in *Norton*.

146. August 18, 1874. An extract (wrongly dated “Aug. 15, 1876”) in *Val d'Arno*, p. x. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 88–91.—*Above*, p. 132.
 147. August 21, 1874. Extracts in *Val*, pp. xi.–xii. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 91–93.—*Above*, p. 134.

148. August 23, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 93–95.—*Above*, p. 135.
149. August 26, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 95–98.—*Above*, p. 137.
- In line 12, “quote” in *Norton* is corrected to “quoted.”
150. September 7, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 98–99.—*Above*, p. 139.
151. September 16, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 99–101.—*Above*, p. 140.
152. September 21, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 101–102.—*Above*, p. 141.
153. October 12, 1874. The *P.S.* only in *Atlantic*, September, pp. 379–380. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 102–105.—*Above*, p. 143.
- 153A. October 12, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 106–107 (not numbered separately).—*Above*, p. 144.
154. December 31, 1874. *Norton*, ii. 108–109.—*Above*, p. 151.
155. January 27, 1875. *Norton*, ii. 109–112.—*Above*, p. 159.
156. February 13, 1875. *Norton*, ii. 112–114.—*Above*, p. 161.
157. March 25, 1875. An extract in *Atlantic*, September, p. 380. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 114–116.—*Above*, p. 163.
158. July 15, 1875. An extract (dated, however, July “19”) in *Atlantic*, September, p. 380. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 116–118.—*Above*, p. 170.
159. September 17, 1875. *Norton*, ii. 118–120.—*Above*, p. 179.
160. October 5, 1875. *Norton*, ii. 120.—*Above*, p. 181.
161. ” ” *Norton*, ii. 121.—*Above*, p. 181.
162. October 30, 1875. *Norton*, ii. 121–123.—*Above*, p. 182.
163. November 14, 1875. *Atlantic*, September, p. 380; *Norton*, ii. 123–124.—*Above*, p. 185.
164. December 14, 1875. *Norton*, ii. 124–125.—*Above*, p. 187.
165. January 8, 1876. *Norton*, ii. 125.—*Above*, p. 188.
166. January 13, 1876. *Atlantic* (in part), September, pp. 380–381; *Norton*, ii. 126–127.—*Above*, p. 189.
167. January 20, 1876. An extract in *Ariadne Florentina*, p. v. The letter in *Norton*, ii. 127–128.—*Above*, p. 189.
168. February 1, 1876. Extract in *Atlantic*, September, p. 381; more fully in *Norton*, ii. 128–129.—*Above*, p. 190.
169. February 22, 1876. *Norton*, ii. 129–130.—*Above*, p. 193.
170. March 1, 1876. Two paragraphs (of which one was not reprinted in the book) in *Atlantic*, September, p. 381. More fully (except for the omission of that paragraph) in *Norton*, ii. 130–132.—*Above*, p. 194.
- In line 7, “Crookes’s” is here a correction for “Crooke’s.”
171. April 20, 1876. *Norton*, ii. 132–133.—*Above*, p. 198.
172. August 2, 1876. *Norton*, ii. 135–138.—*Above*, p. 204.
173. October 5, 1876. *Norton*, ii. 138–141.—*Above*, p. 210.
174. January 16, 1877. *Atlantic* (in part), September, pp. 381–382; *Norton*, ii. 141–144.—*Above*, p. 215.
175. July 31, 1877. *Norton*, ii. 144–145.—*Above*, p. 223.
176. February 17, 1878. *Norton*, ii. 145–146.—*Above*, p. 243.
177. July 23, 1878. *Norton*, ii. 148–150.—*Above*, p. 252.
178. September 25, 1878. *Norton*, ii. 150–151.—*Above*, p. 258.
179. November 26, 1878. An extract in *Atlantic*, September, p. 382. The whole letter in *Norton*, ii. 151–152.—*Above*, p. 266.
180. February 25, 1879. *Norton*, ii. 152–153. *Above*, p. 275.
181. February 27, 1879. ” ii. 153–155. ” p. 275.
182. April 14, 1879. ” ii. 155–157 ” p. 279.
183. June 4, 1878. ” ii. 157–159. ” p. 285.
184. July 9, 1879. ” ii. 159. ” p. 291.
185. November 1, 1879. ” ii. 159–161. ” p. 299.
186. May 16, 1880. ” ii. 161–162. ” p. 315.
187. January 20, 1881. *Atlantic*, September, p. 383; *Norton*, ii. 162–164.—*Above*, p. 335.

188. March 24, 1881. *Atlantic*, September, pp. 383–384; *Norton*, ii. 167–168.—*Above*, p. 345.

189. April 26, 1881. *Norton*, ii. 168–169.—*Above*, p. 355.

190. July 18, 188. *Norton*, ii. 170.—*Above*, p. 370.

191. *Norton*, ii. 171. As follows:—"BRANTWOOD, 29th August, '81.—You will soon have some books, I hope, showing what I am about . . . Early post to-day, and I've the house full of people. Joan's well and in good feather, and I'm just what I always was, except a little crosser when I'm bothered and a little merrier when I'm not."

192. From LAURENCE HILLIARD. *Norton*, ii. 171–172. As follows:—"BRANTWOOD, 15 October, 1881.—DEAR MR. NORTON, . . . I am sorry I cannot give you a very satisfactory account of Mr. Ruskin's health. He is almost as active as ever, and is just now deeply interested in some experimental drainage of a part of his little moor, which he hopes to be able to cultivate; but he seems more and more to find a difficulty in keeping to any one settled train of thought or work, and it is sad to see him entering almost daily upon new schemes which one cannot feel will ever be carried out. So far as he will allow us, we try to help him, but the influence of any one of those around him is now very small, and has been so ever since the last illness. I hope that this mistrust of his friends may some day wear off, and that if you are ever able to come and see him, you will find him in a happier frame of mind . . . Yours most sincerely, LAURENCE J. HILLIARD."

193. From W. G. COLLINGWOOD. *Norton*, ii. 173–174. As follows:—"BRANTWOOD, March 7, 1882.—DEAR SIR,—Please forgive my opening your letter, and be patient for an answer, because Mr. Ruskin is away from home, and unwell, as he has been for months; but now worse, so far as I can gather. It has been so difficult to approach him on any subject but the most commonplace, that though we have often tried to get him to send kind words to Cambridge, he always turned the subject. His illnesses have mixed most of his oldest and best friends with delirious dreams and unkind hallucinations. That is why, and that's the only reason why you don't hear from him. When I came to live here last summer I found him dreadfully altered; and am sure if you could see him for a day, you would find that it is not ill-feeling, but ill-health of mind and body, which makes him shy of reminiscences, and very irritably disposed even to those whom he endures about him. As soon as ever he is a little better, and I can summon up the courage, he shall have your note . . . I'm under orders to save him all correspondence, and this is my excuse for what you might think impertinence . . . Yours very respectfully,
G. COLLINGWOOD."

194. August 30, 1882. *Norton*, ii. 174–176.—*Above*, p. 406.

195. September 11, 1882. *Atlantic*, September, p. 384; *Norton*, ii. 176–179.—*Above*, p. 408.

In line 2, a comma after "here" in ed. 1 was removed in ed. 2.

196. October 3, 1882. *Atlantic*, September, pp. 384–385; *Norton*, ii. 179–182.—*Above*, p. 413.

197. October 16, 1882. *Norton*, ii. 182–185.—*Above*, p. 415.

198. November 5, 1882. *Norton*, ii. 185–188.—*Above*, p. 418.

199. January 1, 1883. *Atlantic*, September, p. 385; *Norton*, ii. 188–189.—*Above*, p. 429.

200. March 10, 1883. *Norton*, ii. 189–191.—*Above*, p. 440.

In line 26, "ready" was in ed. 1 misprinted "really."

201. March 15, 1883. *Norton*, ii. 191–193.—*Above*, p. 442.

202. April 16, 1883. " ii. 194–195. " p. 449.

For an emendation in line 7, see p. 449 *n*.

203. June 19, 1883. *Norton*, ii. 195–196.—*Above*, p. 456.

204. June 24, 1883. " ii. 196. " p. 458.

205. July 28, 1883. *Atlantic*, September, pp. 385–386; *Norton*, ii. 196–198.—*Above*, p. 463.

206. July 29, 1883. *Norton*, ii. 198–199.—*Above*, p. 463.

In line 7 “Monastero” was printed “Monasterio,” and in line 10 the punctuation was erroneous and had the effect of attributing Luini’s “Christ” to Ferrari.

207. August 2, 1883. *Norton*, ii. 199–200.—*Above*, p. 464.

208. February 25, 1884. *Atlantic*, September, p. 386; *Norton*, ii. 201–203.—*Above*, p. 475.

209. June 1, 1884. *Norton*, ii. 203–204.—*Above*, p. 485.

210. October 7, 1884. *Norton*, ii. 204–205.—*Above*, p. 495.

In the scheme of lectures, “Pleasures” is a correction for “Pleasure” in *Norton*.

211. October 9, 1884. *Norton*, ii. 205–206.—*Above*, p. 496.

212. January 2, 1885. *Atlantic*, September, pp. 386–387; *Norton*, ii. 207.—*Above*, p. 505.

213. October 1, 1885. *Atlantic*, September, p. 387; *Norton*, ii. 208–209.—*Above*, p. 541.

There are various small differences between the two versions. In line 5, *Atlantic* reads “the” for “this”; in line 6, *Atlantic* has “my” (omitted in *Norton*) before “past life,” and *Norton* has a note of exclamation after “past life,” instead of a comma in *Atlantic* (in these two cases, the present edition follows the *Atlantic*).

214. October 20, 1885. *Norton*, ii. 209–210.—*Above*, p. 543.

215. April 28, 1886. *Atlantic*, September, p. 387; *Norton*, ii. 210–211.—*Above*, p. 560.

216. May 16, 1886. *Norton*, ii. 211–212.—*Above*, p. 563.

217. June 24, 1886. *Norton*, ii. 212–215.—*Above*, p. 567.

218. August 18, 1886. *Atlantic*, September, p. 387; *Norton*, ii. 215.—*Above*, p. 568.

219. August 28, 1886. *Norton*, ii. 215–217.—*Above*, p. 569.

220. September 13, 1886. *Norton*, ii. 217–219.—*Above*, p. 569.

221. March 23, 1887. *Atlantic*, September, pp. 387–388; *Norton*, ii. 219–220.—*Above*, p. 586.

222. November 21, 1896. See *above*, p. 613 n.

In this edition it has been assumed in the case of variations between the Prefaces, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the book, that the latter text is the correct one.

TO F. T. PALGRAVE

Francis Turner Palgrave. His Journals and Memories of his Life. By Gwenllian F. Palgrave. London (Longmans), 1899.

This book contains three letters, etc., from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1 (pp. 50–51) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 193.

2 (pp. 72–73) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 406.

3 (pp. 254–255)—from Arthur Severn—is printed in Vol. XXXV. pp. xli.–xlii.

TO COVENTRY PATMORE

Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore. By Basil Champneys, 2 vols., 1900.

Chapter xvi. in vol. ii. (pp. 277–300) contains thirty-five letters from Ruskin and one (No. 11 of the series) from his father;¹ addressed either to Coventry Patmore

¹ [No. 11 (pp. 285–286) is from Ruskin’s father, and says: “October 15, 1851. . . . I was not aware of the Article in the *Edinburgh Review* being yours, but I

himself, or to members of his family. The letters are arranged by Mr. Champneys not chronologically, but in various groups according to their subject-matter. The dates of several have been corrected in this edition.

Of the thirty-six letters—

NO.

1–5 (pp. 277–280) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 147, 180, 182, 224, 344.

6 (pp. 280–282) is a letter to the *Critic*; printed in *Arrows of the Chace*, Vol. XXXIV. pp. 488–490.

7 (pp. 282–283) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 478.

8 (pp. 283–284) is printed in Vol. XVIII. p. liv.–lv.

9 (p. 284) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 548.

10 (pp. 284–285) is printed *above*, p. 253.

12 (p. 286) is printed in Vol. IX. p. xli.

13 (pp. 286–287) is printed in Vol. IX. p. xli.

14, 15 (pp. 287–288) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 112, 113.

16 (p. 288) is printed in Vol. XII. p. xlvi.

17 (pp. 288–289) is printed in Vol. XII. p. xlvi.

18 (p. 289) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 304.

19 (p. 291) is printed *above*, p. 197.

20 (p. 291) is printed in Vol. XXVIII. p. 633.

21 (p. 291) is printed *above*, p. 203.

22 (p. 292) is printed *above*, p. 191.

23 (p. 293) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 142.

24 (p. 293). “*Friday Morning* (1855?).—DEAR MR. PATMORE,—I have been waiting to see if I could manage to get over to you on Saturday evening—and I have got my matters arranged so that I can have the pleasure of doing so. I will be with you at the hour you name, and shall rejoice to meet Mrs. Browning; but if she does not come, I shall be equally glad to have seen Mrs. Patmore again—after so many years.—Yours most truly,
J. RUSKIN.”

25 (p. 294) is printed *above*, p. 177.

26 (p. 295). “BRANTWOOD, 3rd August [1875].—MY DEAR PATMORE,—Most truly rejoiced shall I be to see you, whenever you like to come—and for as long as you can spare me time. You have only to take the N.W. line to Windermere (branching through Kendal from Oxenholme station on the main line). I will have a carriage at the Windermere station waiting for you, if you tell me the day. I expect Bertha’s copy to be much better than the original. When she gets into the country, I wish she would now try to paint some very fine creeping moss or stones from nature: I should probably engrave the drawing for my *Proserpina*.—With true regards to Mrs. Patmore and both your daughters, ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

27–30 (pp. 295–297) are printed *above*, pp. 184, 191, 198.

31 (p. 297) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 304.

regarded it as a very able and kindly written Essay, and even passed unnoticed the passages you allude to. After such Reviews as *Blackwood*, one gets used to smaller rubs, and the Editor of the *Edinb.* would not be true to his place if he did not shake his Spear or pepper Box over anything too mild or bland for his taste. I deemed the notice so important, from the acquaintance it manifested with the subject, that I cut it out and sent it by post to my son at Venice, that he might see it before he was further advanced in his second volume. He seldom entirely reads Critiques on his writings, unless he is told he can get some information from them. I recommended your essay to him as a very desirable one for him to consider well for his own sake. *Blackwood’s* is useless—merely smart, clever, spiteful, and amusing; concocted for a purpose, it purposely mutilates and perverts.”]

NO.

32 (p. 298). "GENEVA, 11th June, 1860.—MY DEAR PATMORE,—It will give me pleasure to accept the duty with which you and Mrs. Patmore wish to entrust me.¹ I am vexed at not having been able to see more of you this winter, but it was all I could do to get my own business done: your report of Mrs. Patmore's health troubles me also. It would trouble me yet more but that I know Mr. Simon will either give, or put you in the way of getting, the best possible advice that can be had in London. What are you doing yourself—or what interested in? A line to Denmark Hill will always be forwarded to me.—With sincere regards to Mrs. Patmore, ever faithfully yours, J.
RUSKIN."

33 (p. 298). To EMILY AUGUSTA PATMORE. (1861 or 1862.)—"DEAR MRS. PATMORE,—I've no doubt I shall have the presentation² this spring—though I cannot say what month—you probably know the school regulations better than I. (To my shame.) I hope the boy will be what you wish him, and that Coventry will be able, some time this twenty years, to write a poem on Fatherhood as he has on Loverhood. But take care of the boy's health. It is a rough school. It would be of little use that he should be a Grecian if it cost his health.—Most truly yours,

"J. RUSKIN."

34 (pp. 298–299)—to Mrs. M. C. Patmore—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 546.

35 (p. 299)—to Miss Bertha Patmore—is printed *above*, p. 313.

36 (p. 300) is printed *above*, p. 314.

TO SIR J. A. PICTON

Sir James A. Picton: A Biography. By his son, J. Allanson Picton, M. P. 1891.

This contains three letters:—

(1) July 21, 1884, p. 374; printed *above*, p. 490.

(2) July 26, 1884, p. 375; printed *above*, p. 493.

(3) January 13, 1886, p. 375; printed *above*, p. 547.

TO GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A.

The letters in these volumes, addressed to George Richmond, are also to appear in a Life of the artist by his son, Mr. John Richmond. In addition to those printed in the Principal Collection, Mr. Richmond's book is also to include the following:—

"DENMARK HILL [*March*, 1864].—MY DEAR RICHMOND,—Thanks for your kind letter, and for wishing to come to the funeral. It will be on Tuesday, but I am always regretful about the sense of duty in friends. You will only run the risk of taking illness, and see what has no comfort in it.

"Why should you? To drive with me there, perhaps, some spring afternoon, when the sun is on the grass, yes. But truly you had better not *now*.—Ever your affecte.\$J.
RUSKIN."

"[*March*, 1864.]—DEAR RICHMOND,—I do wish—though I sent you invitations for form's sake—you and your brother would stay away from this upholsterer's procession on Thursday. You'll both of you take cold—and you can't possibly do anybody any good—and if you want to see where my father is laid you may go

¹ [Sponsorship for Henry John, Patmore's youngest son.]

² [A nomination to Christ's Hospital for Patmore's second son, Tennyson, mentioned in another letter (Vol. XXXVI. p. 305).]

any summer's day quietly and talk to him, if you think he's there;—but I can't conceive what good there can be in seeing him pushed or pulled, or slackened into a hole. If there were one gleam of common decency or honesty in our English ways of doing these things I would say 'come,' but to be dragged for seven miles like a troop of black beetles, and make the whole neighbourhood miserable with such manner of assertion of your professed faith that some one is gone to heaven!—I will let no friend of his or mine do it without remonstrance—especially I fear for both of you because you cared for him. Stay away.

"My mother is still well, and I am fairly able for most of what I've to do, only a little giddy with note writing.—Yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN."

"MY VERY DEAR RICHMOND,—Of course it was only for fear of your being made ill that I urged you not to come. I shall be very deeply thankful for your presence.—Ever your faithful and loving J. R.—I would say something, if I could, of what they both would have felt—in your coming—but my cold rationalism chokes me."

TO SAMUEL ROGERS

Rogers and his Contemporaries, by P. W. Clayden, 2 vols., 1889.

The second volume of this book contains five letters by Ruskin—reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, see below, p. 725—(1) on pp. 301–302; (2) on pp. 302–303; (3) on pp. 303–309; (4) on p. 322; (5) on pp. 371–372.

No. 3 has been given in Vol. XI. pp. xxv.–xxix. The others are printed in Vol. XXXVI.; pp. 37, 40, 84, 111.

TO D. G. ROSSETTI AND HIS CIRCLE

Mr. William Michael Rossetti, brother and biographer of the poet-painter, has published Letters (or extracts from Letters) from Ruskin in three books:—(1) *A Memoir* (1895); (2) *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism* (1899); and (3) *Rossetti Papers* (1903).

Dante Gabriel Rossetti: His Family Letters. With a Memoir. By William Michael Rossetti. 2 vols. London: Ellis & Elvey, 1895.

This book contains, in vol. i., 15 extracts from Letters by Ruskin. Of these, 13 were repeated in publications (2) or (3), as mentioned in the accounts of them below. Two letters were not thus repeated:—

(1855), p. 182. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 230.

(1856), p. 197. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 243.

Ruskin: Rossetti: Pre-Raphaelitism. Papers 1854 to 1862. Arranged and edited by William Michael Rossetti. With illustrations. London (George Allen, 156 Charing Cross Road), 1899.

This volume contains sixty-six letters from Ruskin to Rossetti and his circle, and one to Mr. George Allen: the latter is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 312. Of the others—

NO.

1 (pp. 2–3) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 166.

2 (pp. 11–14), p. 167.

In this edition, the original MS. is followed; a collation shows some mistakes in Mr. W. M. Rossetti's print:—

Lines 1–3 were not included; line 10, the words "in reality" were omitted; line 11, "equally" was misprinted "rightly"; line 25, "you half-killing" was misprinted "your half-killing"; lines 38–45 were not included; line 46, "more" was substituted for "of your"; last line but one, "respect" was misprinted "regard"; *P.S.*, "No. 7" was omitted.

NO.

3 (p. 25). [1854—? *September*.]—“DEAR ROSSETTI, . . . I congratulate you on the weather. When you have taken to your rooms again, please write me word, as I have a great deal to say to you about plans for teaching the workmen¹ this winter.—Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

4 (pp. 28–31), p. 198.

5 (pp. 31–32), p. 177. An extract from this letter had been printed in the *Memoir*, p. 183 (where it was dated “July 1855”).

6 (p. 52). [? 1855.]—“DEAR ROSSETTI,—If you can come to the meeting specified in enclosed ticket it would be very nice. I shall be there *D.V.* But *not* at college on Thursday—session is over. There is no fear about teaching. All that the men want is to *see* a few touches done, and to be told where and why they are wrong in their own work, in the simplest possible way.—Faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

7—to W. M. R. (pp. 53–54), p. 188.

8 (pp. 56–58), p. 189.

9 (pp. 59–61), p. 228.

10 (p. 61), p. 229.

11—to Miss Siddal (pp. 62–64), p. 203.

12—to Miss Siddal (pp. 64–67), p. 202.

13 (pp. 69–70), p. 198. An extract from this letter had been printed in the *Memoir*, p. 182.

14 (pp. 70–76) is printed in Vol. V. pp. xlii.–xlv. An extract from this letter had been printed in the *Memoir*, p. 182 (where it was dated “October 1854”).

15 (pp. 76–77), p. 200.

16 (pp. 77–78), p. 202.

17 (pp. 79–80), p. 201. An extract from this letter had been printed in the *Memoir*, p. 183 (where it was dated “1856” instead of “1855.”

18—to Miss Siddal (pp. 80–81), p. 207.

19—to Miss Siddal (p. 82), p. 207.

20—to Miss Siddal (pp. 83–84), p. 208.

21 (p. 85), p. 209.

22 (p. 86), p. 209.

23—to Miss Siddal (p. 89), p. 208.

24 (pp. 90–92), p. 220.

25 (pp. 93–94), p. 221.

26 (p. 94). [*June* 1855.]—“DEAR ROSSETTI,—In your growling letter you are Grief, and I am Patience on the monument.²

“Nothing but Patience *in propria personâ* could stand it. If the drawing is sent on Monday, my address is Ship Hotel, Dover. If Tuesday, ditto. If the week after next, Denmark Hill. If next year, I don’t exactly know where.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.”

27 (pp. 96–97), p. 190.

28 (p. 98), p. 224.

29 (pp. 103–104), p. 225.

30 (pp. 104–105), p. 225.

31 (pp. 105–107), p. 226.

32 (pp. 107–108), p. 227. An extract from this letter had been printed in the *Memoir*, p. 183.

33 (pp. 109–110), p. 227. An extract from this letter had been printed in the *Memoir*, p. 183.

¹ [At the Working Men’s College.]

² [*Twelfth Night*, Act ii. sc. 4.]

NO.

34 (p. 113). [DENMARK HILL. ? *January* 1856.]—"DEAR R.,—I return you Ida¹—which is excellent, and too true, poor thing. Many a boil-over have I had *by myself* at the passport system, the most absurd and wicked of all Continental ways of squeezing a franc or two out of strangers.² If they only would take it at once—and be done with it!

"I rejoice in Hunt's return—hope to see him soon.

" 'Nativity' is much mended;³ many thanks.—Ever yours affectionately,

"J. R."

"I sincerely beg your pardon, my dear fellow, for letting you come on Saturday; but I was in bed when your note came, and I missed the bit at bottom."

35 (pp. 114–115), p. 235.

36 (pp. 115–116), p. 236.

37 (p. 117), p. 232.

38 (pp. 117–8). [DENMARK HILL. ? 1856.]—"DEAR ROSSETTI,—Don't come on Saturday—any day next week will do quite as well for me.

"I have written to Miss Heaton that 'Beatrice' (sulky) and 'Francesca' are to be exhibited on 19th instant somewhere when there is lecture on Dante.

"She knows all about it. I shall send the drawings to you nicely framed. *You* are to send them to the place merely as '*sold*.' You may receive letters about it now soon, and will know what to say.

"Hunt saw the drawings last night—admired them so much that I couldn't abuse you as much as I intended.—Always yours affectionately,

J. R."

39—to Miss Siddal (pp. 118–121), p. 231.

40 (p. 123), p. 234.

41 (pp. 125–126), p. 235.

42 (pp. 126–127), p. 234.

43 (p. 140), p. 237.

44 (pp. 140–143), p. 241.

45 (pp. 143–144), p. 236.

46 (pp. 148–149), p. 249.

47 (p. 157), p. 256.

48—to W. M. Rossetti (pp. 158–159), is printed in Vol. XIV. p. 465 *n*.

49 (pp. 167–168), p. 262.

50—to William Davis (pp. 169–170), is printed in Vol. XIV. p. 32 *n*.

51—to W. M. R. (pp. 178–179), p. 266.

52 (pp. 183–184), p. 272. An extract from this letter had appeared in the *Memoir*, p. 183.

53 (p. 184), p. 272.

54 (pp. 186–7). *To* W. M. ROSSETTI. [DENMARK HILL, *October* 27, 1857.]—"MY DEAR ROSSETTI,—I should be delighted to have you for a pupil; but I don't understand at all. Why in the world shouldn't you work under your brother? and what will people say about your being in my class instead of his? I shall be at the tea to-morrow, and at my class on Thursday at one, and, to whichever you can come, you will be able to tell me all about it. What glorious work Dante is doing at Oxford!⁴—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN."

¹ [That is, a letter from Miss Siddal at Nice, describing the tiresome regulations about passports. The letter is printed in *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 111–112.]

² [Compare Ruskin's letter to his father, Vol. XXXVI. pp. 52–53.]

³ [For the reference here, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 227.]

⁴ [The frescoes in the Debating Hall of the Union: see Vol. XVI. pp. xlvii.–xlvi.]

NO.

55 (pp. 191–192), p. 273.

56—to W. M. Rossetti (pp. 192–193), p. 273.

57 (pp. 213–4). To W. M. ROSSETTI. *December* 8, 1858.—“DEAR ROSSETTI,—I fear there is no money at the bank. The cheque I drew was for £550—if not more.¹ I will look at the receipt: but if you are passing at the bank just ask if any more is paid in—and tell me about my *subscription* to Hogarth Club²—I can’t exhibit anything. Yes, more deciphering—please, but after New Year.—Always yours affectionately, J. RUSKIN.”

58 (pp. 225–226), p. 301.

59 (pp. 229–231), p. 213.

60 (pp. 233–235), p. 341.

61 (p. 236), p. 302.

62 (p. 245), p. 341. An extract from this letter had been published in the *Memoir*, p. 209.

63 (pp. 252–254), p. 342.

64 (pp. 258–259), p. 354.

65 (pp. 273–274), p. 362.

66 (p. 288), p. 377.

Rossetti Papers 1862 to 1870. *A Compilation*, by William Michael Rossetti. London: Sands & Co., 1903.

This volume contains eleven letters from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1 (pp. 13–14) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 411. Extracts from this letter had appeared in the *Memoir*, p. 236.

2—to W. M. R. (pp. 25–26), p. 449.

3 pp. 132–133), p. 488.

4 (p. 134), p. 489.

5 (pp. 135–136), p. 490. An extract from this letter had appeared in the *Memoir*, p. 261.

6 (pp. 136–137), p. 491. An extract from this letter had appeared in the *Memoir*, p. 261.

7 (pp. 137–138), p. 492. An extract from this letter had appeared in the *Memoir*, p. 261.

8 (pp. 141–144), p. 492. An extract from this letter, had appeared in the *Memoir*, p. 261.

9—to W. M. R. (pp. 216–217), p. 521.

10 (p. 264) is printed in Vol. XVII. p. 478.

11 (p. 525). To W. M. Rossetti. “OXFORD, 10th March, ’70.—DEAR ROSSETTI,—I am so very much obliged to you for that help. There is a great deal in Lionardo which I used to think commonplace—but now find, examining the expressions closely, of highest value. That Imperatore bit is very puzzling, however, at best. Thank you for the book on mediæval etiquette—it is greatly amusing.—Ever believe me, my dear Rossetti, yours affectionately, J. RUSKIN.”

The following note to D. G. Rossetti, given by his brother to Mr. Charles Aldrich of Iowa, U.S.A., was printed in an article entitled “An Interesting

¹ [The reference is to the Seddon Memorial Fund, of which Ruskin was treasurer: see Vol. XIV. pp. 465–6 *n.*]

² [A Society of Artists, of which Ruskin was a member. The list of members is printed in *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 216.]

Autograph Collection," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, September 4, 1889. Reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, part i., p. 105 (No. 111):—

"DEAR R.,—Please deliver enclosed, and ask Ida to read you the bit about yourself in it. I couldn't come yesterday, as I hoped.—Yours ever affectionately, J. R."

TO EGBERT RYDINGS

"Some Reminiscences of John Ruskin." By Egbert Rydings, in the *Young Man*, July 1895, pp. 217–221.

This article contains three letters from Ruskin:—

1 (on "Parental Responsibility") is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 520.

2 (of the same date, June 18, 1875) is as follows:—"MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote to you hastily this morning, and forgot to ask—what I should like much to know—how it has come to pass that you are interested in my books, and collate them so carefully. I hardly ever find people really notice what I say anywhere—much less put two places together.—Ever very truly yours,

J. RUSKIN."

3 (1876) is:—"I am looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to your coming to see me. Brantwood is small, and I never count on being able to receive my friends in it, but I have made arrangements for a bed at the Water Head Inn for you while here, which I consider as much my home as Brantwood."

In describing his visit to Brantwood, Mr. Rydings relates how Ruskin showed him various works in the grounds (see Vol. XXV. pp. xxxvii.–xxxviii.), and said:—"If I had followed the true bent of my mind, I should have been a civil engineer. I should have found more pleasure in planning bridges and sea breakwaters than in praising modern painters. Whether literature and art have been helped by me, I do not know, but this I do know, that England has lost in me a second Telford."¹

For Ruskin's relations with Mr. Rydings, see Vol. XXX. pp. 330–332.

TO E. R. S.

The Girl's Realm, April 1906, in an article headed "A Letter from Ruskin: a Message to all Girlhood," contains one letter; printed *above*, p. 202. In line 7, "ever" is a correction for "own"; though "own [it]" may possibly have been intended.

TO WILLIAM BELL SCOTT

Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott, A.R.S.A., LL.D. And Notices of his Artistic and Poetic Circle of Friends, 1830 to 1882. Edited by W. Minto. London: Osgood, M'Ilvaine & Co., 1892.

This book contains one letter from Ruskin (vol. ii. p. 7). It is printed in Vol. XV. p. 493.

¹ [Thomas Telford (1757–1834); constructor of the Caledonian Canal, and many other engineering works.]

TO JOSEPH SEVERN

Life and Letters of Joseph Severn, by William Sharp, 1892.

This contains seven letters, to Joseph Severn or his son Walter, from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

- 1 (pp. 205–207) is printed in Vol. IV. pp. 393–395.
- 2 (pp. 211–212) is given in Vol. XXXVI. p. 68.
- 3 (pp. 217–218) is given in Vol. XXXVI. p. 353.
- 4 (p. 219)—to Walter Severn—is given *above*, p. 84.
- 5 (p. 219)—to Walter Severn—is printed in Vol. XXVII. p. xx.
- 6 (pp. 219–220)—to Walter Severn—is given *above*, p. 164.
- 7 (p. 221 *n.*)—to Walter Severn—is as follows:—

“I am so glad Mrs. Severn likes my fresh strawberries. I should have had pretty ones by this time, but for this fiendish east wind, which gives me a deep and true horror, and is, rightly thought of, a plague such as centuries have not witnessed.”

TO FRANK SHORT, A.R.A.

The Etched and Engraved Work of Frank Short, A.R.A., R.E., by Edward F. Strange. (George Allen & Sons, 1908.)

This book contains six letters (pp. xiv.–xix.): printed *above*, pp. 512, 514, 515, 536, 552, 580.

Some extracts from the letters had been given (not with textual accuracy, being cited as Ruskin's conversation) in the Preface to *The South Kensington Drawing-Book: a Selection from the Liber Studiorum* (1890): see Vol. XIV. pp. xxiii., xxiv.

TO JAMES SMETHAM

Letters of James Smetham. With an Introductory Memoir. Edited by Sarah Smetham and William Davies. London (Macmillan), 1891.

This book contains (on pp. 19, 21, 23, 27, 82, 148, 222) seven letters (or extracts from letters) from Ruskin. These have been printed in Vol. XIV. pp. 460–463.

TO C. H. SPURGEON

C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography, compiled from his Diary, Letters, and Records, by his Wife and his Private Secretary: vol. iv., 1900.

This volume contains (p. 94) a letter from Ruskin: printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 425.

TO W. J. STILLMAN

Mr. W. J. Stillman published five Letters from Ruskin. Four were addressed to him as Editor of *The Crayon* (New York), and appeared in issues of that journal for May 2, June 6, June 27, and November, 1855, Nos. 18, 23, and 26 of vol. i. (pp. 283, 361, 409), and No. 20 of vol. ii. (p. 310). These are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 194, 210, 213, 222.

The fifth letter, earlier in date, was printed in a paper on "John Ruskin" in the *Century Magazine*, January 1888, p. 365, and reprinted in *The Old Rome and the New, and other Studies*, 1897, pp. 122–124; reprinted also in *Ruskiniana*, see below, p. 725. This letter is given in Vol. XXXVI. p. 123.

TO MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, by her son, C. E. Stowe. London: Sampson Low & Co., 1889.

This book contains two letters from Ruskin (pp. 336–338, 353–355); reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, see below, p. 725. They are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 321, 337.

TO MISS E. F. STRONG (LADY DILKE)

The Book of the Spiritual Life, by the late Lady Dilke. With a Memoir of the Author by the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bt., M.P. With portraits and illustrations. (London: John Murray.) 1905.

This volume contains three scraps from Ruskin (pp. 5, 6, 12); they are printed *above*, p. 588 and *n*.

TO HENRY SWAN

One letter, published in various newspapers: see Vol. XXX. p. 323.

TO MRS. TALBOT

Ruskin's Social Experiment at Barmouth, by Blanche Atkinson, 1900.

This pamphlet contains five letters; printed in Vol. XXX. pp. xxviii., 300–301.

TO TENNYSON

Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir by his Son. London: Macmillan & Co., 1897. 2 vols.

This book contains in vol. i. four letters from Ruskin. Of these—

1 (p. 383) is printed in Vol. V. p. xlvii.

2 (p. 411), 3 (p. 420), and 4 (p. 452) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 230, 264, 320.

TO WILLIAM WARD

Letters | from | John Ruskin | to | William Ward. | Edited by Thomas J. Wise. | In Two Volumes. | Vol. I. [Vol. II.] | London: Privately Printed. 1893.

Octavo, pp. xxiv.+93, and (vol. ii.) pp. xiv.+94.

Issued in blue cloth, lettered on the back "Letters | to | Ward | Vol. I. [II.] | John | Ruskin | 1893." A few special copies were printed on vellum.

These volumes contained 107 letters in print, and one (reproduced over-leaf) in *facsimile*. The first volume (pp. xv.–xxiv.) contained a Preface by Mr. Ward (quoted in the Introduction to Vol. XXXVI. pp. lviii.–lix.).

Of the 107 letters—

NO.

1–3 (vol. i. pp. 3–10) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 184, 185, 233.

4 (vol. i. pp. 11–12). “DENMARK HILL, *March 14th*, 1856.—DEAR WARD,—I want you to begin Drawing Master on Monday. I consider you at present worth about five shillings a lesson, which therefore you are to ask; but not including therein any omnibus fare, which I shall tell the people I send you to pay.

“On Monday, at ten o’clock, evening, I want you to go to Miss Oldfield, 11 Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park; and to show her how to draw leaves like this of yours. I have told her that she is to expect nothing more from you than mere instruction in drawing from nature. You must just work a little bit before her, as well as you can; but I wish you could come out here to-morrow evening (Saturday), about eight o’clock, to have a talk. Write if you cannot, and I will send you your drawings on Monday.—Truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.”¹

5 (vol. i. pp. 13–14) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 233.

6 (vol. i. p. 15). “*Wednesday* (1856).—I have not been able to attend to anything properly lately, having been in need of rest. I am just coming right again.

“I lost your letter to Villeneuve, but knew you had received this money. I am very sorry I lost the letter. I hope to see you at the meeting to-morrow night, but fetch some of Miss H(arrison)’s drawings with you, and I’ll tell you what to do. I shall be *late* at the meeting. If you can’t come to it, send me the best specimens you have, the moment you receive this.”

7 (vol. i. p. 17). (1856).—“Consider, and tell me at the tea meeting, if there is any objection now—on your part—to being named in a little book of mine,² just coming out, as a person to whom reference may be made for first lessons, copies, etc.

“If you make up your mind at once, you can let me know at once.”

8, 9 (vol. i. pp. 18–21) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 240, 256.

10 (vol. i. p. 22). “BLAIR ATHOL, *August 22nd*, 1857.—I’m very glad you have got the Turners, and like them. I have told Allen to pay for them.

“I hope you will be able to live in the way you enjoy; indeed, I have no doubt of it. But all enjoyments become mixed with pain eventually, however our life may be occupied; and there is a certain enjoyment resulting from escape from what is irksome to us, which is itself worth much.”

11 (vol. i. pp. 23–24). “DENMARK HILL, *November 15th*, 1857.—Whatever you do, don’t *strain your eyes*. I hope to be able to help you soon. I certainly shall be able to do so some time next year; how soon depends on how people like my book, a good deal. But keep your mind easy; I will certainly get you, some way, out of your present position,—but if you hurt your eyes with candlelight work, you would put it out of my power. I know now what you can do, and would almost as soon that till Christmas you did nothing. I have crippled myself *this year* by giving a larger sum to Oxford Museum.”

¹ [In the other letters subjoined, signatures, etc. have often been omitted for the sake of brevity.]

² [*The Elements of Drawing*, ultimately published on June 22, 1857. Mr. Ward was “named” in the Preface: see Vol. XV. p. 18.]

Denmark Hill.
S. C.

My dear Ward

Don't come out there
evening, or Monday.
- Please do me with the



of the Italy

low bushy grass.

M.

The birds are lovely.

A LETTER TO WILLIAM WARD (DECEMBER 18, 1869)

NO.

12 (vol. i. pp. 25–26). “DENMARK HILL (*circ.* 1858).—Send a delicate study of leaves to Mr. Thos. Dixon, foot of Mill Street, Sunderland.¹ The study to be in grey colour; with a word or two of explanation of the way to work the colour with the point. Keep an account against me for postage, and for the price of every letter—which I arranged the student should pay—when I tell you to send letters to people who cannot afford the payment.”

13 (vol. i. pp. 27–28) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 276.

14 (pp. 29–30) is the printed “Excuse from Correspondence” given in Vol. XXXIV. p. 651 (1). Mr. Ward’s copy was dated “April 15th, 1858,” and had a *P.S.*, “To-morrow at National Gallery, please, early.”

15 (vol. i. pp. 31–32) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 281.

16 (vol. i. pp. 33–34). “BREMINGTON, *May 28th*, 1858.—Please put stamps on, and forward, enclosed letters; and I *think* if you put up the other leaf of this in an envelope, address it to Mr. Wornum,² and deliver it yourself, he will allow you to make a copy for me of parts of two of the Naples outlines,—one with a temple on right, with goats, and Indian fig-trees,—and another with a stone pine under the town—so.³ Make me first the bit of the upper one, with trees and rocks in middle distance, and send it me as soon as ever you can to *Poste Restante*, Lucerne. If you have anything to ask me in answer to this, a letter would find me at Bellinzona, Canton Tessin, Switzerland.”

17–19 (vol. i. pp. 35–43) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 282, 285, 287.

20 (vol. i. pp. 44–45). “DENMARK HILL, *December 14th*, 1858.—I’m very glad to hear Dr. Watson’s report, though I had little doubt about the matter before.⁴ You may take a holiday immediately, if you can leave your wife; any little extra expense I will meet. Is there any place you have a fancy to go to? You can cut teaching for a little, and learn to walk. I’ve got the *Liber*.⁵ Send me word what you’d like to do. If you’re inclined for a go, come out to-morrow evening about eight o’clock and we’ll have a talk. Bring the best *Liber*s with you, as it’s no use leaving them in town when you’re out of it.”

21 (vol. i. pp. 46–47). “DENMARK HILL, *Xmas*, 1858.—I’m very glad of your letter: you’ll come all right now. I’ll send you some money soon. Many pleasant Xmas to you. Don’t draw too much; take plenty of exercise. I’m very glad it’s so nice a place [Tenby]. I don’t call cliffs 200 feet high insignificant,—in the Alps I should call one diminutive that was under 1500. The last I saw there ran up 9000 in a great concave. But a 200 one is as ‘significant’—if you have feeling for it!—Yours affectionately, J. R.”

¹ [Mr. Thomas Dixon, the cork-cutter of Sunderland, to whom the series of letters forming *Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne* were afterwards addressed: see Vol. XVII. p. lxxviii.]

² [Ralph Nicholson Wornum, then keeper of the National Gallery: see Vol. XIII. p. xxxvii.]

³ [Ruskin here drew rough pen-sketches of two pencil drawings by Turner in the National Gallery.]

⁴ [Dr. Watson, of Henrietta Street, a well-known physician. Mr. Ward had been ill.]

⁵ [One of the plates from Turner’s *Liber Studiorum* which Ruskin had lent to Mr. Ward.]

NO.

22 (vol. i. pp. 48–49). “DENMARK HILL, *February 5th*, 1860.—Do not sacrifice principle in any way at present to school teaching. Be simply firm in stating what can, and what must, be done; and reject the pupils who will not work. No music master would proceed with pupils who would not practise. You may give Prout, and large pen-and-ink outlines, in conjunction with the pen-and-ink finished practice. But you must maintain the system firmly. I quite understand the disappointment of the parents, and I do not think at present any principal of a school can introduce the right system. But you must simply give up the school. Have a little more patience; things will go better by-and-by. I hope to see you to-morrow.”

23 (vol. i. pp. 50–51) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 343.

24 (vol. i. pp. 52–53) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 351. In line 4, “(storm)” is a correction (made on inspection of the original letter) for “storms” in *Ward*; the “Rouen” has no storm-effect.

25 (vol. i. pp. 54–55). “DENMARK HILL, *December 17th*, 1860.—It is a great disappointment and vexation to me not to see the Misses Dundas;¹ but I suppose it can't be helped. I shall be back on Wednesday. If they could delay their journey a day and come on Thursday, I could keep the whole middle of the day, or early morning, for them. But if not, bring them out on Tuesday, by all means. I have left orders with Crawley to show anything and everything; and among the rest a series of sketches by Turner; and some (not quite so discouraging!) of my own, as examples of various modes of sketching from nature. I've numbered them, and left a list written. Thanks for pamphlet.² But it is too mystical, and repeats itself too much. I have no idea what it means; and am none the wiser for the preface.”

26 (vol. i. p. 56). (DENMARK HILL, *Jan.*, 1861.)—“I'm very sorry you came here without telling me, as I intended you to have stopped till you had got really better. Mind what you're about *now*! I've got leave from Mr. Hunt³ for you to see him paint. I'll give you six lessons, that is to say, six hours to sit by him (for you'll find he can't *tell* you anything), as soon as he comes back to town in two or three weeks.”

27 (vol. i. pp. 57–58) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 355.

28 (vol. i. p. 59). “DENMARK HILL, *May 29th*, 1861.—If you can bring your pupil out on Monday, about one o'clock, I will give you lunch, and you can show her the pictures. I have—as you know—given up 'showing' pictures myself, being tired of saying the same things again and again.”⁴

29 (vol. i. p. 60). (DENMARK HILL, 1862.)—“Best thanks for letting me know of the etchings. I would gladly give two and a half guineas (which I believe is the trade price), plus ten shillings, for the 'Grenoble.'⁵ I can't afford to buy any more; I wish I could—but I get requests now on the average for about fifty pounds a week, and all difficult to refuse, though sometimes necessary. *Your* credit won't fail, however. I enclose £5, and am always affectionately yours.”

¹ [See Vol. XXXVI. p. 343; and above, p. 340.]

² [A pamphlet on the *Propagation of Evil by Generation*, by William Ward (father of Ruskin's correspondent).]

³ [William Hunt, of the Old Water-Colour Society.]

⁴ [For an account of Ruskin's showing his Turners, see Vol. V. p. xlvi.]

⁵ [The etching of “Chain of Alps from Grenoble to Chamberi,” one of the *Liber* series.]

NO.

30 (vol. i. pp. 61–62). “MORNEX, *December 26th*, 1862.—I have your letter, and enclose the other half note; please advise me of receipt. Follow the lines of Prout individually, but draw them quickly; as quickly as you suppose he did. Do not correct mistakes; but make as few as may be. The Raphael¹ should be outlined with pencil, then drawn with pen at once—and again and again. Gather some moss and grass, and outline bits firmly with the pen: it will practise you in complex lines. You may use black shade in interstices. Shells, drawn with pen, are good practice also.”

31 (vol. i. p. 63, with the facsimile here reproduced). “MORNEX, *February 15th*, 1863.—Try 4 Chandos Street. Perhaps there’s a Chandos Street, Strand. I am made anxious by your letter for fear something has gone wrong with my next paper for *Fraser*. Don’t cover your paper so with lines—use fewer—and *think* about them.



Per apparatus of pen.
W. Ward

32 (vol. i. p. 64). “DENMARK HILL, *June 30th*, 1863.—I want to have a long talk with you this week, either Thursday or Friday, about your future work. Keep those days open. I want to set you to something that will bring out your power of colour and fidelity usefully. Write if this comes safe.”

33 (vol. i. pp. 65–66). “CHAMOUNI, *September 25th*, 1863.—Thanks for your letter and account. I will send you your money now more regularly (I hope *quite* regularly, but have never succeeded in accomplishing entire precision yet in anything). I am glad you have a pupil or two and remain in town. I shall be back myself at the end of November, I hope, and will then decide about the Turners,—but it depends on a decision of the Trustees of the National Gallery about what is to be done with them. I *think* whatever you will have to do for me will be quite compatible with your living out of town.”

34 (vol. i. p. 67). “DENMARK HILL, *April 16th*, 1866.—I’m just leaving town for a week or two, being tired and ill. I can’t think what has become of your rabbit;² and I’ve given up all lending and teaching now;—life’s getting short with me, and I must look after my own work. Miss Dundas is quite able now to get on by what she will see in exhibitions; she is too far advanced to need other help.”

¹ [A sheet of pen-and-ink sketches by Raphael which Mr. Ward was copying for practice.]

² [A water-colour drawing by W. Ward.]

NO.

35 (vol. i. p. 68). "DENMARK HILL, *August 8th*, 1866.—I have been abroad, and my friends have been dying by twos and threes at a time, and I've been nearly dead myself too. I'm very sorry your letter was neglected. Here are ten pounds, and I'll see you soon. Send the *cash* account to me after getting what else you want."

36 (vol. i. pp. 69–71). "WATERHEAD, WINDERMERE, *August 8th*, 1867.—The two drawings are safe here, and I am much pleased with them, on the whole; though it seems to me the 'Marseilles'¹ is not nearly so bright in the vermilion as Turner's. I knew the finer conditions of the drawing of forms to be impossible of imitation, but I thought you would get these *quite* vivid colours matched. The sea is, however, remarkably well done—and I expected that to fail: and the *form* drawing is more appreciated and more *rightly* done, as far as it is achieved, than in any hitherto produced work of yours. So on with good courage, and don't relax in effort to make every drawing better than the last! The more I look at this, the better I like it. It is seen to great advantage without its mount: and as I had a fifteen mile walk yesterday, including a climb of 3000 feet (Helvellyn), and one up Skiddaw the day before, and had it unexpectedly and severely hot for the last five miles yesterday, I'm not quite fresh this morning; and one never sees colour quite so bright when one is not quite fresh. But I am nearly certain the sail *is* not so vivid as Turner's. The other drawing is wonderfully good, and both are great possessions to me. Send me word of your health. I should like [you] to get a little total rest and change before the winter comes on.

"(Address still:—Post Office, Ambleside, Westmoreland.)

"I am still better and better pleased with the 'Marseilles,' as I examine the fine touches with a lens. The ship on the right is *excellent* in switch of yard, and general form. I think there is no doubt but you may soon *command* sale for these copies, with my certificate; still I never yet could judge of the public mind. The minglings of blue and purple are lovely."

37 (vol. i. p. 72). "AMBLESIDE, *August 11th*, 1867.—I think all you say is so very nice (and it makes me hope more and more) about the colour and the 'go.' I will give you the means for a little holiday if you like to have one. I'll write to-morrow. I'm tired to-day, and have several things to say—which I shall say better by waiting a day."

38–41 (vol. i. pp. 73–86) are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 534, 535, 541, 542.

42 (vol. i. p. 87). "DENMARK HILL, *October 10th*, 1867.—I'm afraid you've been plaguing the post office² in vain; but I wanted to say a good deal, and now can say nothing, except to send me word directly what state the houses are in, under the cathedral, in the street between south transept and west front—if any are left. Ask to-morrow.—I'll try and send another line."

43 (vol. i. p. 88). "DENMARK HILL, *October 12th*, 1867.—This is only to keep you in countenance with the *Poste Restante*. Send me anything you have done, as soon as you can, and I'll see how you are getting on. There are still marvellous bits here and there in the old streets."

44 (vol. i. pp. 89–90). "DENMARK HILL, *October 26th*, 1867.—I have just received the drawings, and am so much pleased with them, that I leave it now wholly to yourself to choose what you will do. If you think Luxembourg can still be drawn

¹ [One of Turner's sketches in the National Gallery.]

² [*Poste Restante*, Rouen.]

in this weather, you may go there; or anywhere else where you feel inclined to go—not too far from home. I will pay your expenses, and furnish your wife with what she may further need while you are away, if you will go on making drawings like these of any architecture likely to perish. But if you get nervous, or tired, come home, and go on with the Turners. In any case, not staying out beyond the end of November. I enclose £20 cheque, which I have no doubt the English bankers will cash if you show them this note; if they won't, keep it, and I'll send notes."

45 (vol. i. pp. 91–93) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 543.

46 (vol. ii. pp. 3–4). "DENMARK HILL, *November 13th*, 1867.—The drawings are all safe, and very beautiful they are;—and the photographs, of great value to me.¹ The little view of the street and clock is a very lovely piece of tone, and everything you have done is well. At Luxembourg, however, do a few more pencil outlines—they will contain more of what I chiefly want, and be more quickly done. If the enclosed check is unavailable, you have time to write me for notes; but I always fancy notes in more danger by post. I send a cheque to-day of same amount to your wife.

"P.S.—I am *very* glad you stopped to see the Louvre; it would be of use to you in every way. And *now* you know what painting means, and can appreciate those confounded Venetians."

47 (vol. ii. p. 5). "DENMARK HILL, *November 13th*, 1867.—DEAR MRS. WARD,—I enclose you a cheque for £10, with great pleasure, at the same time, in being able to tell you that your husband is doing beautiful work; and, I hope, will in future be happily confident in his own powers; and sufficiently prosperous in their exercise for his entire comfort, and yours. Put your name on the back of the cheque."

48 (vol. ii. pp. 6–7). "VERONA, *June 6th*, 1869.—You may send any drawings you have by you at present to America; I am very anxious that they should be seen there, and become the means of giving a more true impression of Turner than can be received from engravings, or from any ordinary copies. But send one or two finished vignettes in transparent colour also (the 'Bolton' would be very good), and explain the nature of the body-colour studies yourself to the person to whom you send them. You may order small golden frames of my pattern from Foord for them; and send this letter to accompany them, if you like."

The above, more formal, letter was enclosed with the following:—

"I send you cheque, and a letter which may be of some use. Send them in nice golden frames, but explain that your prices will not in future include frames. I have no doubt, in spite of the dealers, you will soon now establish connections enough to keep you employed.

"I think, at the prices pictures now fetch, you may send these at fifteen guineas; and offer to take orders at fifteen *for the present year*—but not afterwards."

49 (vol. ii. pp. 8–9). "DENMARK HILL, *November 1st*, 1869.—I wish you had told me what you had been doing. I am very much pleased with all the vignette drawings; all that you want now is decision of form. Draw everything you can from nature in *outline* now, with a pen not finer than this, and in one line—to

¹ [The "photographs" were a series of large photographs of old houses at Rouen, most of which had been demolished. The "clock" is the *Grosse Horloge*. Mr. Ward's visit to Rouen was undertaken expressly to make drawings of some of the fine old houses then still remaining.]

give steadiness to your hand. I have ordered two *soi-disant* 'Turners'¹ to be left at the Gallery, to your care, addressed to me. Please tell me when they come, if I don't see you before. I shall see you this week, I hope. Here is your cheque."

50 (vol. ii. p. 10). "PARIS, *July 26th*, 1870.—I am sure there is much reason, in your long hope deferred, for heart-sickness, considering all the good work you have done. But don't lose heart *now*, when I have just been able to bring your work into true service at Oxford. I shall be at home, *D. V.*, on Thursday. If you like to bring me the 'Martigny'² on Saturday evening, it will be a pleasure to me to shake hands, and—with good grounds—encourage you.—Always affectionately yours."

51 (vol. ii. pp. 11–12) is printed *above*, p. 17.

52 (vol. ii. p. 13). "DENMARK HILL, *November 29th*, 1870.—If you come out here on Monday next, I can glance at your method, and say if it will do. I'm obliged to spare myself in eyes and thought—even to the least minutes—just now; not from actual illness, but that I may keep out of danger of it. Come at two o'clock."

53 (vol. ii. p. 14). "DENMARK HILL, *May 17th*, 1871.—I am glad you like *Fors*. People will find it a very intrusive 'dream' in a little while, if I live."

54 (vol. ii. p. 15). "IVATT'S HOTEL, MATLOCK BATH, DERBYSHIRE, *July 21st*, 1871.—I've been ill, but am getting better. I enclose cheque. Write and tell me what you are doing now at the Gallery, and send me down a parcel here with any *water* colours you have done."

55 (vol. ii. pp. 16–17). "MATLOCK, *July 30th*, 1871.—I could not at once answer about the drawings; they required thought, and I have not yet much strength for thinking. There is great advance in your own, but you will have to paint backgrounds of *real* things, however ugly. That Kingfisher would look very well on a little straw. The others, of which the shell is the best, would need some more elaborateness; the peacock's feather on a bit of tapestry, or the like.

"Of the Turners. The red sunset is admirable; I can scarcely feel any difference from the original, and it is most precious to me. The white town and storm is excellent, but a less precious drawing in the original. The 'Luxembourg' is better than the old one. I think the near tone about right; the distance I must examine with you. The distance of the³ seems to me a total failure in the hill side; the town is good, and this red passage with spotty boats. Your son *shall* have his Herodotus at last."

56 (vol. ii. pp. 18–19). "DENMARK HILL, *September 9th*, 1871.—I am greatly pleased with these skies—but regret that you have done so many, and not carried a few farther. There must have been many in reality with more complex forms. But you make rapid progress now.

"I enclose cheque. It doesn't matter, I suppose, being in Crawley's name. I am still weak, but gaining steadily.

"*Some* of these skies will do for Oxford. The butterflies, shells, etc., shall be left at the National Gallery, with the skies I don't want."

¹ [Two supposed Turners which had been sent for Ruskin's inspection. "People," writes Mr. Ward, "were continually trying to get Mr. Ruskin's opinion about their pictures in the hope that a treasure might be found—which never happened so far as I know."]

² [Mr. Ward's copy of Martigny is No. 146 in the Rudimentary Series at Oxford: see Vol. XXI. p. 213.]

³ [Here Ruskin drew a slight pen-sketch of Turner's "Town on a River" (name unknown); No. 123 in the National Gallery.]

NO.

57 (vol. ii. p. 20). "DENMARK HILL, *November*, 1871.—I am very greatly and sincerely grieved to hear of your illness. Would you kindly tell me—or let Mrs. Ward do so—exactly its symptoms.

"I was much pleased with your drawings, but am almost broken down with work. I want to see you, and to have some help from you in bird drawing.

"I hear you gave great help and delight to Miss Jermyn."¹

58 (vol. ii. p. 21). "DENMARK HILL, *December 6th*, 1871.—MY DEAR MRS. WARD,—I am sincerely obliged to you for all your letters—now you need not trouble to write more. I shall trust that your husband goes on well, and I hope that at last my books and work are in a state which will enable me to do some justice to his powers, and put him and you in some increase of security for future comfort."

59 (vol. ii. pp. 22). "DENMARK HILL, *December 29th*, 1871.—I am very thankful that you are better, and if any of these new sunrises are done since your illness, you are in no wise weaker in style of work. But I trust you will not expose yourself to risk any more. I shall soon have some more hand colouring for you to do, which will be a great rest to you as compared with Turner, or sunset work. I most heartily wish you and your family a good New Year."

60 (vol. ii. p. 23). "DENMARK HILL, *January 29th*, 1872.—I will be at the National Gallery as nearly after two as may be, on Thursday. Your butterfly looks well at the Dudley.² If you had got a pretty foreground to some of those skies, they would have been sold there. But you are getting on, fast."

61 (vol. ii. pp. 24–25) is printed *above*, p. 51.

62 (vol. ii. p. 26). "DENMARK HILL, *April 11th*, 1872.—Keep up your spirits—all will go well, I do not doubt! I have put four of your vignettes into Oxford school, permanently. Write to-morrow to Geneva; or on Saturday or Monday to Turin, Italy. Go on making drawings of your own."

63 (vol. ii. p. 27). "SIENA, *May 27th*, 1872.—I enclose you a cheque which I have no doubt will serve the turn at present. The dealers will take *anything* they think likely to catch the eye in a window. You must keep up your heart. It is only *this year* that you have shown real power. You must not hope to sell at once, unless you had the particular cleverness needed for the public. But go on fearlessly, and quietly perfecting your power of decision, lately developed. Write, if you like, to me at Verona."

64 (vol. ii. p. 28). "CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *November 2nd*, 1872.—I am very glad to see your stronger hand. All you say is right and nice. Send the sketches to the *Euston Hotel* on Tuesday morning. I hope to see you at the Gallery on Tuesday or Wednesday afternoon."

65 (vol. ii. p. 29). "BRANTWOOD, *August 3rd*, 1873.—These outlines are *exactly* what you should do. Introduce *no* shading at present. Draw easy things rightly. Never tire yourself,—and never do wrong for an instant, knowingly. I had not seen the brass candlestick when I wrote. It is so good that I am going to send it to you to have a white background put to it, and then I will put it in my Oxford series."³

66–69 (vol. ii. pp. 30–34) are printed *above*, pp. 71, 72.

70 (vol. ii. pp. 35–36) is printed *above*, p. 76.

¹ [Daughter of the Rev. Hugh W. Jermyn, afterwards Bishop of Colombo.]

² [The exhibition at the Dudley Gallery in Piccadilly.]

³ [This drawing of the "brass candlestick" remained, however, in Mr. Ward's possession.]

NO.

71 (vol. ii. pp. 37–38). “CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *January 20th*, 1874.—I am entirely delighted with these things—they are wonderful. You have quite a singular gift for skies: I never saw anything more subtle or luminous.¹ Go on drawing cloud form with pencil. I’ll clear off all your debts, as per schedule, directly. I’m at Herne Hill again for a day or two.² I shall be at the National Gallery on Thursday and Friday, if you like to come.”

72 (vol. ii. pp. 39–40). “PARIS, *April 1st*, 1874.—There was nothing to be said about the outlines, or I should have said it. Every man must find his own way of expressing himself. I supposed you were not satisfied with them, and would do better as you got practice. One can’t be guided at every instant with any good result. I enclose cheque for thirty-seven pounds, and I hear of sixty pounds’ worth sold for you in America. This should carry you on some while. Write always care of Arthur Severn. When the weather gets a little warmer, I want you to make some outlines for me at Montfort, near the Seine, between Paris and Rouen—but have not time to write more to-day.”

73 (vol. ii. pp. 41–42). “BRANTWOOD, *July 23rd*, 1875.—MY DEAR WARD,—I am delighted with these two last copies. The moonlight seems to me *quite* perfect; the other, in the water and rocks, also admirable and most satisfactory. But I suspect error in the lines of the temple, and incompleteness in the distant houses—this I will see to, however, myself. I rejoice most of all in hearing that the work seems to come easier to you. I cannot doubt, now, if I am spared, being able to place for you copies I can recommend so unqualifiedly.—Always affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

74 (vol. ii. p. 43). “BRANTWOOD, *August 8th*, 1875.—I more and more admire these vignettes of yours as I examine them. They are very wonderful. I am certain of being able soon now to get orders for you—as my own work is coming into form for beginning systematic issue of it.”

75 (vol. ii. pp. 44–45). “BOLTON ABBEY, *September 24th*, 1875.—MY DEAR WARD,—I’m very sorry my careless addressing kept my letter from you. I forget whether it said that you might make any arrangement you liked about the Turner vignettes for the present; but on the whole I think you ought to insist, from the public, on twenty guineas as average price, rising to twenty-five—never more; and falling to fifteen—never less; for all small drawings, square or vignette, according to the work in them. And that if you can’t get those prices you should fall back on me and my ready ten guineas, and not take that lower price from anybody else. Those that *I* buy, I shall work on myself, and perhaps then let you make some other arrangement about them,—but can’t be sure till I see how your own business prospers. My kind regards to your good hostess—or *are* you with Miss Dundas just now? Write to Herne Hill. I shall call on Wornum (if he is in town) on Monday afternoon—but probably he is holiday making like the rest of us.—Truly yours always,
J. RUSKIN.”

¹ [“From the study of Turner,” writes Mr. Ward, “I learned to delight in skies, and for twelve months recorded as I was able every sunrise and sunset that took my fancy. I set up an easel at my bedroom window, with paper and colours ready, and soon got into the habit of waking every morning about five minutes before sunrise. I then with body colour on grey paper made a rapid sketch of the sky. For the sunset effects I sometimes worked from the window as in the morning: at other times went into the fields and made notes in colour, or pencil; and if in pencil only, realised the scene in colour the following morning.”]

² [This letter is headed “Corpus Christi College, Oxford,” and the postmark upon the envelope is also “Oxford.” Doubtless Ruskin wrote it when upon the point of starting for London.

NO.

76 (vol. ii. p. 46). "OXFORD, *February 29th*, 1876.—You may order a hundred¹—on condition of strict examination, and return of all copies inferior to my pattern.

"If this accursed weather stops photography, just when I want to use it, the Devil really deserves some credit,—five per cent. at least."

77 (vol. ii. p. 47). "OXFORD, *March 10th*, 1876.—I am very glad of your note respecting the mounting, and very willingly leave the matter in your hands. But have you got any of the new photos yet? I will look for those you sent here, and send, if findable. I shall be in town, I hope, in about ten days. What you say of *Fors* much interests and pleases me—also of snails."

78 (vol. ii. pp. 48–49). "BRANTWOOD, *July 23rd*, 1876.—I must be in town now in about a fortnight, and will look over everything you can muster. Just let me know what arrangements, for closing, etc., are to be made at the National Gallery, that I may not come at a wrong time. Send a Velasquez photo to Miss Louise Blandy, 57 Gloucester Place, Hyde Park. I have tantalized you and myself about this *Ariadne* long enough. I've set at the proofs now, for the last touch up, I trust, at last. What arrangements have you finally made about the price of vignettes and squares—in case I say anything about price?"²

79 (vol. ii. p. 50). "BRANTWOOD, *July 26th*, 1876.—There is no fear but that you will do the sketches well enough for signature.³ I have often been most pleased by your *facsimiles* of simple things. I can always write with my signature any particulars of the difficulty. But you must have them ready before the end of July—I leave for Italy early in August."

80 (vol. ii. p. 51). "VENICE, *September 19th*, 1876.—The entry at Stationers' Hall is an excellent idea, but I won't part with the copyright of any books or drawings.⁴ Enter it as mine, and act as my agent in these things, as Mr. Allen is for my books. How is that son of yours going on?"

81 (vol. ii. pp. 52–53). "VENICE, *February 17th*, 1877.—I am very glad of your letter, and will assuredly make use of you as you suggest. I always intended to do so, and it would have been done by this time if this new Venice work had not hindered. Burgess has a photograph doing of a pencil Turner, 'Bonneville,' which I shall be thankful to hear is in your hands.⁵ You've got from me lots of signed photos,⁶ haven't you? The rest will come soon."

82 (vol. ii. pp. 54–55). "VENICE, *May 13th*, 1877.—By some mischance I mislaid your letter till yesterday—came on it by lucky chance only. But I am ordering sets to be made for you of all photographs mentioned at any length in *Fors*, and of the two capitals. A hundred impressions of each will be ready this

¹ [A hundred copies, presumably, of one of the "Lesson Photographs": see Vol. XXVIII. p. 625.]

² [The reference is to a note Ruskin had suggested making with regard to Mr. Ward's successful Turner copying: see *Ariadne Florentina*, Vol. XXII. pp. 459 *n.*, 463, 473, 476.]

³ [That is, copies of Turner drawings, which Ruskin was to sign in approval.]

⁴ [This refers to Ruskin's drawing of "The Kingfisher," which was photographed for Mr. Ward's series of illustrations. Mr. Ward registered the photo, in order to prevent piracy. The drawing is reproduced in Vol. XXI. (p. 262).]

⁵ [For Ruskin's assistant, Arthur Burgess, see Vol. XIV. pp. 349 *seq.* The photographing of Turner's "Bonneville" was given up, and no copy ever came into Mr. Ward's possession.]

⁶ [The four copies of "lesson photos" which were for a time signed by Ruskin.]

next week, and despatched before I leave Venice—on the 23rd. I will send you word of price and all. The larger one enclosed is the Sheffield No. 5; the smaller (January frying fish, March with rough hair) is the size of Nos. 6 and 7.¹ No. 5 costs a shilling here; and the other fivepence—so you can guess. I send none dearer here than a shilling yet. I will put you in communication with a good agent here.”

83 (vol. ii. p. 56). “BRANTWOOD, *October 20th* 1878.—The drawing² is safe here, and I am delighted with it,—but much puzzled at not finding more white chalk lines rounding the clouds—I thought they were daubed on at the edges. Write me word about this before I sign the drawing, as I should like to put a ‘*very much* approved’—but am afraid of wishing afterwards to ‘chalk it out.’ ”

84 (vol. ii. p. 57). “BRANTWOOD, *March 9th*, 1879.—Thanks for nice note from Miss K. I hope your son is going on well. You can have the ‘Bellinzona’ when you like. But I think I see myself letting the ‘Rouen’ travel any more!! or ‘Fluelen’!³ I think I can keep you quite well employed at National Gallery. I shall be up in town, *D.V.*, in three weeks, and will choose some I want for myself.”

85 (vol. ii. pp. 58–59). “BRANTWOOD, *April 23rd*, 1879.—I don’t know when I’ve had so much pleasure as in those paper bits⁴ about my dear Bishop; thank Mrs. Ward ever so much for them. I shall be delighted if that Spanish gentleman will take the trouble to translate the *Mornings*.⁵ I wish they were mornings at Madrid, though—or Granada—how does he think Spaniards will care?”

86 (vol. ii. p. 60). “BRANTWOOD, *July 9th*, 1879.—I am delighted with the Griffin,⁶ and shall be able to refer to it with great pleasure—and also to the oak sprays, in time. *Fésolle* has been stopped by *Deucalion*, and Botany. What has stopped ‘Heysham’?⁷ How is your son getting on?”

87 (vol. ii. p. 61) is printed *above*, p. 297.

88 (vol. ii. pp. 63–64). “BRANTWOOD, *March 12th*, 1880.—I shall rejoice in seeing the ‘Fluelen,’⁸ and in giving you a paragraph in the new Catalogue. I think you are sure of me at Herne Hill on Saturday, if you come early enough. *Breakfast* at nine or a quarter past, would be best. Giotto not forgotten⁹—but the trouble these things give me, when I’m busy at big ones, you couldn’t conceive!”

¹ [For particulars of these photographs, see Vol. XXIX. p. 124 *n.*]

² [Mr. Ward’s copy of Turner’s drawing of the “St. Gothard Pass,” in the National Gallery.]

³ [For the three drawings by Turner in Ruskin’s collection, here referred to, see Vol. XIII. pp. 571, 451, 459.]

⁴ [Some newspaper cuttings referring to Bishop Colenso.]

⁵ [*Mornings in Florence*: the translation was never completed.]

⁶ [A photograph of Ruskin’s drawing of a Mediæval Griffin, accurately engraved in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. Plate I. (Vol. V. p. 140), placed on sale with Mr. Ward. The Oak Sprays was a photograph of a drawing by Ruskin (reproduced in Vol. XXXVIII.).]

⁷ [Mr. Ward was then engaged upon a copy of Turner’s drawing of “Heysham.”]

⁸ [Mr. Ward’s copy of Turner’s “Fluelen” in the National Gallery, which Ruskin intended to notice in a large catalogue of Turner drawings which he at that time contemplated making.]

⁹ [This refers to the Preface Ruskin promised to write—and afterwards wrote—for the set of photographs to illustrate Part vi. of *Mornings in Florence*: see Vol. XXIII. pp. 461 *seq.*]

NO.

89 (vol. ii. p. 65) is printed *above*, p. 313.

90 (vol. ii. pp. 67–68). “BRANTWOOD, *July 8th*, 1880.—DEAR WARD,—I am greatly delighted and interested by your account of Mrs. Derbshire—it is a great encouragement to me to know of such friends in America.¹ I am sure she will be able to do more good with her land than I should, but I hope I shall see her some day. It will be three weeks yet before I get to London, and *then* not to lecture. Send Mrs. Derbshire’s cheque to St. George’s credit at the Union Bank.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.”

91 (vol. ii. p. 70) is printed *above*, p. 319.

92 (vol. ii. pp. 71–72). “BRANTWOOD, *December 8th*, 1880.—This account is admirable, just what I want.² I’ve lost a note of yours that came yesterday—was it about the loan of new drawings? I’ll get one off to you this week—it’s a small body-colour, of which I’ve long wanted one for myself to hand about—and I’ll send you a big one after you’ve done it. Catalogue³ getting on, but tires me. But I think you’ll all like it—especially that good Oldham.”

93 (vol. ii. pp. 73–74). “BRANTWOOD, *March 31st*, 1881.—I’ve been pretty well past the rough water this week back; but have not cared to do much since I got out of it. I am coming round gradually; and send you to-day some parcels of *Amiens* photos—which I should be glad if you would count and get mounted. You will see that they are nearly all of the central wooden Flèche—the south transept—and its porch; there is only one of the grand west front, of which I am ordering more.⁴ I must try to arrange some system of consecutive numbering now, for all the photos you sell. The Turner Catalogue is a load on my conscience, but I can’t touch it just now.”

94 (vol. ii. pp. 75–76). “BRANTWOOD, *April 3rd*, 1881.—I am greatly relieved by your proposal to finish the Catalogue for me. I will look out the proof-sheets to-morrow—it is short post to-day, and I must settle about photos.

“Yes, keep your list continuous and unchanged, and add as I name other plates. Send me those four *capitals* to look at,—that ‘Porta della Carta’ must be a wrong reference. I have got myself nearly into working trim, but eyes not strong enough to examine your drawing yet. *Don’t* mount the new photos, of course, if people like them better as they are! I will write out a list of nine more varieties of subject, from 41 to 50, and then we will begin *Amiens* with 51, the three porches of the west front; 52, the south porch; 53, the south porch, and transept; 54, the central Flèche. I must get prices from the shop, unless you know them.

“What am I to give you for this *Rhine* copy? It can be retouched at any time.”

¹ [Mrs. Derbshire, an American lady who took a lively interest in Ruskin’s plans. She gave Mr. Ward £10 as a donation to the funds of St. George’s Guild, and offered in addition two hundred acres of land in America.]

² [An account of the process adopted by Turner in producing and elaborating his body-coloured drawing—*i.e.*, body-colour upon grey paper. Printed in Vol. XIII. pp. 613–614.]

³ [The Catalogue of the Turner Drawings in the National Gallery, published by George Allen in 1881: see Vol. XIII. pp. 349 *seq.* William Oldham, till 1908 the curator of the Turner Water-colour Room at the National Gallery: see *ibid.*, p. 355.]

⁴ [For particulars of the Amiens photographs which Ruskin placed on sale through Mr. Ward, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 13.]

NO.

95 (vol. ii. pp. 77–78) is printed *above*, p. 351.

96 (vol. ii. p. 79). “BRANTWOOD, *May 20th*, 1881.—It is a great delight to me to hear of the ‘Rouens’ being finished. I wrote to ask the price of the *Amiens* photographs a month ago—but the man who does them is the unmanageablest log, with good timber in it, only no pith, I’ve ever chopped at. I make another try to-day.”

97 (vol. ii. pp. 80–81) is printed *above*, p. 362.

98 (vol. ii. pp. 82–83) is printed in Vol. XIII. pp. 577–578.

99 (vol. ii. pp. 84–85). “BRANTWOOD, *Candlemas*, 1883.—I send you £31, 10s. for the two Romes, which I buy for St. George. I shall present them at once (with the eight Rivers, which I am greatly glad of) to Whitelands College, Chelsea.¹ I have sent to Mrs. Talbot the ‘Rouen Cathedral’ of my own, telling her, if she likes it, she may have it for £21 (it having been done for me cheap at 15), and that she is to send the cheque to you. You shall work out the 15 for me soon. In haste—and utter darkness!”

100 (vol. ii. p. 86). “BRANTWOOD, *March 14th*, 1884.—Please send the drawing to Alex. Macdonald, Esq., 84 Woodstock Road, Oxford. I’m so glad you like the *Fors*. Some more nice bits would come, if only I could get a breath of time.”

101 (vol. ii. pp. 87–88) is printed *above*, p. 487.

102 (vol. ii. p. 89). “BRANTWOOD, *July 7th*, 1884.—I enclose cheque with true pleasure, and many thanks for your promise to help the girl—if she will be helped. The news from Manchester are extremely pleasant to me.”

103 (vol. ii. p. 90). “HERNE HILL, *Wednesday, May 13th*, 1885.—Can you bring ‘Florence,’ and your copy, here any time to-morrow—after twelve and before four? I’ll criticize and pay, and we’ll have a general chat. I liked your son’s drawing, but not his choice in the part of picture.”²

104 (vol. ii. p. 91). “HERNE HILL, *May 29th*, 1885.—I quite forget what I wrote to you! But I want to see the ‘Florence.’³ Can you bring it out with the original on Monday morning, before one?”

105 (vol. ii. p. 92). “BRANTWOOD, *July 2nd*, 1885.—I am so very sorry not to have replied before about the Teal.⁴ I shall be most grateful to Mr. Eastlake if he will allow it to be taken down for you. Send me my ‘Florence’ here. I am satisfied you have done your best in restoring. How about ‘Zug’?”

106 (vol. ii. p. 93). “BRANTWOOD, *January 31st*, 1886.—I am glad to hear of you again, and to be able to write to you. Miss G.’s⁵ work is admirable—from nature; the decorative I doubt. I don’t believe the Irish one is rightly copied, but I should be delighted to see her work reproduced—only—how is it to be done?”

107 (vol. ii. p. 94) is printed *above*, p. 573.

¹ [A Rhine and two “Rivers of France” were sent to Sheffield (Vol. XXX. p. 231); many other copies to Whitelands (*ibid.*, pp. 352–355).]

² [The principal group in Bellini’s “Death of Peter the Martyr,” in the National Gallery: for numerous references to the picture, see General Index.]

³ [Turner’s drawing of “Florence from Fiesole,” in the possession of Ruskin (Vol. XIII. p. 424); engraved in Hakewill’s *Italy*, 1820.]

⁴ [Turner’s drawing of a Teal (No. 415 in the National Gallery), which was secured against the wall in a position inconvenient for copying].

⁵ [Miss Edith Gittins, of Salisbury Road, Leicester—a teacher of drawing.]

TO LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD

World-Literature, vol. ii. p. 136, contains the following "Extract from a Letter of Mr. Ruskin to Lady Waterford":—

[1863.] "This ought to be black paper, I suppose. I never could understand the meaning of those great black edges. Your letters used to make me shudder with the look of them; and what business have Christian people to wear black at all, I should like to know? If I wore it when I was sorrowful, I might as well go out in a black mask at once and for ever. I went to see a little god-child of mine two years old a day or two ago; I had a black coat on. He was looking at some of his father's (Edward Jones) drawings in my hand. 'At's pretty'—pointing to a red figure. 'At's pretty'—pointing to a blue figure. 'At's ugly'—pointing to a black figure—'like oo'—pointing to me. . . . Ever truly yours, J. RUSKIN."

For another letter to Lady Waterford, see *Art and Literature*, No. 24 (below, p. 720).

TO G. F. WATTS, R.A.

G. F. Watts. Reminiscences, by Mrs. Russell Barrington. London (George Allen), 1905.

This book contains on p. 24 extracts from three letters from Ruskin. The dates are not recorded; probably about 1850. The extracts are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 111 and *n.*, 112.

On p. 23 Mrs. Barrington gives a reminiscence of Ruskin. "I remember him saying facetiously while he was giving me a lesson: 'I not only can't draw anything moving, but anything that *can* move, for it fuses me to think that it may begin to do it!' He was forgetting how beautifully he could draw clouds."

For other letters to Watts, see below, p. 725.

TO DR. WHEWELL

William Whewell, an Account of his Writings. By Isaac Todhunter.

This book contains (vol. i. p. 237) one letter; printed in Vol. XVII. p. 271 *n.*

TO THE WHITELANDS STUDENTS

The Standard, May 3, 1886, contained one letter (reprinted in *Ruskiniana* and elsewhere); see Vol. XXX. p. xxxix.

TO JOHN STRANGE WINTER (MRS. ARTHUR STANNARD)

Notable Women at Home, No. 1, November 1890, edited by James R. Morgan.

This publication contains a letter from Ruskin; printed *above*, p. 593.

TO COUNT ZORZI AND HIS CIRCLE

"Ruskin in Venice," by Count Alvise Zorzi, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, August and September 1906, N.S., Nos. 122 and 123, pp. 250–265, 366–380.

These articles contain reminiscences, from which quotations have been printed in Vol. XXIX. pp. xvi.–xix., and eleven letters from Ruskin, to the Count, to

Madlle. Eugénie (who afterwards became his wife) and to her mother. Of these letters—

no.

1 (p. 367). "MONDAY, 19 Feb. '77.—MON CHER AMI,—Dans mon plaisir, qui fut vraiment grand, de voir ces dames, je perdis un peu la tête; et j'oubliais entièrement en vous faisant mes adieux, que je dîne demain chez la Comtesse Bermani,¹—de sorte que je ne pourrais pas vous recevoir à votre heure de rendezvous ordinaire; mais à quatre heures et demi je serais chez moi; et je voudrais beaucoup vous voir, parce qu'il me vient dans la tête quelques doutes sur la question—ou plutôt sur les faits de la substitution des marbres.—Je reste, mon cher Comte, votre ami tout dévoué,
J. RUSKIN."

2 (p. 368). "CARISSIMO CONTE,—I could not do other than make the changes;² but the stuff is better—twenty times better, in my opinion. Forgive all the annoyance and loss of time. I could not do better the first time.—Yours in everything,—save in not giving way to those atheists in your good work,
J. RUSKIN."

3, 4 (pp. 368, 369) are printed *above*, p. 220.

5 (p. 370). "20^{me} Mars.—MON CHER COMTE,—J'allais moi-même pour montrer la porte de l'imprimerie à mon domestique, qui y laissa tous les papiers à neuf heures ce matin. A midi j'ai reçu les épreuves que je vous envoie—mais étant aux Musée Correr je ne pouvais pas vous les envoyer plutôt.

"Pourrais-je avoir par le porteur de ceci, peut-être, quelque nouvelle soulageante sur la santé de votre écolière Arménienne? Mes devoirs respectueux, je vous prie, à toutes ces dames. Et croyez-moi.—Votre ami dévoué,
J. RUSKIN."

6 (p. 370) is printed *above*, p. 221.

7 (p. 371). "DEAR MADEMOISELLE EUGÉNIE,—I am under the horrible necessity of becoming your tyrant, and oppressing your kindness again in this cruel task of translating, too sadly needful to my ignorant helplessness. I must not hope for the pleasure of giving you a drawing lesson this afternoon; but I will come in to see if I can help at all in this sorrowful business, and am ever, your grateful and faithful servant,
JOHN RUSKIN.

"The Count has, I hope, explained the meaning of all this!"

8 (p. 372). "Easter Day [April 1], '77.—MY DEAR COUNT ZORZI,—I have not given you your 'Count' in the inscription of books, being under the impression that Venetian nobles did not accept other titles than their name in the old days: but if it is proper now, you must tell me and it can easily be added above.

"I send the revise at last. I am sure you will kindly see it accurately through press—and I send you long-kept daguerreotypes. Madlle. Eugénie shall have her drawings when she comes to see me!

"Ever with true regards to your mother and sisters and your sweet friends—enviously but affectionately yours,
JOHN RUSKIN."

9 (pp. 373–374). *To MADAME SZCZEPANOWSKA. (18th May) 1877.*—"MY DEAR MADAM,—I have received your beautifully written translation, and am proud and grateful. I cannot, however, read it yet, for I am collecting memoranda of final

¹ [For whom, see Vol. XXIV. p. 264.]

² [In his preface to Count Zorzi's pamphlet: see above, p. 220.]

and extreme importance before leaving Venice, and must get all things into order to-morrow and next day. If I leave them to the last I cannot *think* for hurry. So that I must not have the pleasure of seeing you and your sweet daughter, until I have got all this absolutely necessary business over: and then I will come and tell you as well as I can what I think Eugénie should do to continue her practice during the summer. I wish I could tell you how very sorry I am not to be able to have the pleasure of helping her, and how very truly and faithfully I remain, affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN."

10 (p. 10). "CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD, *July 15, '77.*—MY DEAR MADAM,—I must seem utterly unkind and forgetful to my Venetian friends, but if you will consider that being now nearly sixty years old, and having been—may I say it—'amiable' as far as I could to everybody, I have now about three hundred and sixty-five friends in England, every one of whom thinks that after being away for ten months I ought at least to give them a couple of days, and hear all they have been doing,—and that therefore I have a good two years' work required of me—besides my own—you may understand that I simply have to surrender all hope of doing what I would wish, and that I must just beg those of my friends who know me—as I hope you and the Count Zorzi do—to be assured of my continued affection, whether I write or not.

"Please say to the Count that I am delighted by his letter and the good testimony borne by the Venetian and foreign painters to his noble work. I can't write Italian—but my English is very faithful and true in goodwill and hope for his work and for him.

"Finally, give my most faithful and affectionate regards to Madlle. Eugénie. I trust she goes on drawing, and remains in good health. You were a little unkind not to tell me of her.

"Of myself—I can tell you nothing, but that I am at present being pulled to pieces and can't tell what I shall be able to write or finish of your translations, etc., till I have gathered myself together again. But in pieces or all one, I am ever your affectionate friend,
JOHN RUSKIN.

"Would you kindly let my friend Mr. Bunney, who will bring this note, have the little leaf and flower drawing?"

11 (pp. 375–376) is printed *above*, p. 241.

II. PUBLICATIONS CONTAINING LETTERS

TO VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS

"ARROWS OF THE CHACE"

This book (1880) contained two letters which, as shown in the synopsis (Vol. XXXIV. pp. 462–465), were reserved for the Collection of Personal Letters. These two are:—

To Dr. W. C. Bennett (1852); printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 144.

To W. H. Harrison (1865); printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 145.

The book (1880) also contained several letters to private correspondents, which have been included elsewhere in this edition, as shown in the synopsis just referred to.

COLLINGWOOD'S "LIFE OF RUSKIN" (1900)

*The Life of John Ruskin.*¹ By W. G. Collingwood, 1900.

This book contains sixty-nine letters² (or extracts from letters). Of these—

- NO.
1. To his father, March 15, 1823, p. 18—is printed in Vol. I. p. xxvi.
 2. To Mrs. Monro, 1829, p. 28.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 3.
 3. To his father, February 20, 1832, p. 33.—Vol. I. p. xxxii.
 4. " "February 27, 1832, p. 34.—Vol. I. p. xxxii.
 5. " "December 24, 1836, p. 49.—Vol. I. p. li.
 6. " "February 1837, p. 59.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 11.
 7. " "April 22, 1837, p. 60.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 14.
 8. " "1838, p. 67.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 15.
 9. " "March 1838, p. 67.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 15.
 10. " "p. 69.—This is a scrap about a meeting of the Oxford Society for Promoting the Study of Gothic Architecture: "They were all reverends, and wanted somebody to rouse them."
 11. To his mother, March 28, 1847, p. 100.—Vol. VIII. p. xxv.
 12. " "June 27, 1847, p. 108.—Vol. VIII. p. xxv.
 13. To his father, July 29, 1849, p. 113.—Vol. V. p. xxiii.
 14. " "August 8, p. 115.—Vol. V. p. xxviii. n.
 15. " "August 6, pp. 115–116.—Vol. V. p. xxvii.
 16. " "August 20, p. 116.—Vol. V. p. xxviii.
 17. " "August 21, p. 117.—Vol. V. p. xxix.
 18. " "August 22, p. 117.—Vol. V. p. xxx.
 19. " "August 28, p. 118.—Vol. V. p. xxx.
 20. To his mother, May 1850, p. 122.—Vol. IX. p. xxxi.
 21. To his father, May 1850, p. 122.—Vol. IX. p. xxxii.
 22. To his mother, August 31, 1862, p. 198.—Vol. XVII. p. liv.
 23. " "August 16, 1867, p. 200.—Vol. XXXVI. p. 537.
 24. To his father, February 22, 1859, p. 215.—Vol. XVIII. p. liii.
 25. " "March 12, 1859, p. 215.—Vol. XVIII. p. lxiv.
 26. " "Undated, p. 217.—Vol. XVIII. p. lxx.
 27. To his mother, May 2, 1866, p. 227. —Vol. XVIII. p. xxxvii.
 28. " "May 6, 1866, p. 227 " " p. xxxvii.
 29. " "May 10, 1866, p. 228 " " p. xxxviii.
 30. " "June 6, 1866, p. 229 " " p. xl.
 31. " "June 7, 1866, p. 230 " " p. xl.
 32. " "June 11, 1866, p. 230 " " p. xli.
 33. " "June 13, 1866, p. 230 " " p. xlii.
 34. " "July 16, 1867, p. 242. —Vol. XIX. p. xxvii.
 35. " "July 19, 1867, p. 242 " " p. xxx.
 36. " "July 30, 1867, p. 243 " " p. xxxi.
 37. " "July 31, 1867, p. 243 " " p. xxxi.
 38. " "August 10, 1867, p. 244 " " p. xxxiii.
 39. " "August 13, 1867, p. 245 " " p. xxxii.
 40. " "September 18, 1868, p. 251.—Vol. XIX. p. xli.
 41. " "September 22, 1868, p. 252 " " p. xlii.
 42. " "September 30, 1868, p. 252 " " p. xlii.
 43. " "September 30, 1868, p. 252 " " p. xlii.

¹ [So on the title-page; but on the headlines, *The Life and Work of John Ruskin.*]

² [Exclusive of several reprinted from other collections, and therefore included elsewhere in this Bibliography.]

- NO.
44. To his mother, October 19, 1868, p. 254.—Vol. XIX. p. xliii.
 45. " " May 5, 1869, p. 259. —Vol. XIX. p. p.
 xlvi.
46. " " May 6, 1869, p. 259 " " p. xlvi.
47. " " May 25, 1869 p. 263 " " p. xlix.
48. " " July 23, 1869, p. 263 " " p. xlix.
49. " " June 3, 1869, p. 263 " " p. l.
50. " " May 4, 1869, p. 264 " " p. lv.
51. " " June 18, 1869, p. 265 " " p. lxvii.
52. " " June 2, 1869, p. 265 " " p. lvi.
53. " " August 3, 1869, p. 265. —Vol. XIX. p. liii.
 54. " " August 14, 1869, p. 266 " " p. lvi.
55. To W. G. Collingwood, December 1875, p. 310.—*Above*, p. 187.
 56. " " 1876, p. 323.—Vol. XXIV. p. xli.
57. To Mrs. Severn, November 13, 1876, p. 324.—Vol. XXIV. p. xxxviii.
58. " " December 3, 1876, p. 324 " " p. xxxv.n.
59. " " December 9, 1876, p. 325 " " p. xxxvi.
60. " " December 24, 1876, p. 325 " " p. xxxix.n.
61. To W. G. Collingwood, February 18, 1876, p. 329.—Vol. XXVI. p. xliii.
62. " " July 25, 1879, p. 338.—Vol. XXVI. p. xlv.
63. " " March 1882, p. 362.—Vol. XXXIII. p. xxxix.
64. " " April 10, 1882, p. 362.—Vol. XXXIII. p. xxx.
65. " " p. 363 " " p. xxxi.
66. " " December 24, 1883, p. 374.—*Above*, p. 471.
67. " " January 1884, p. 374.—*Above*, p. 471 n.
68. " " 1884, p. 375.—*Above*, p. 471 n.
69. " " February 1884, p. 376.—Vol. XXXIII. p. xlix.

“LETTERS ON ART AND LITERATURE”

Letters | on | Art and Literature | by | John Ruskin. | Edited by Thomas
 J. Wise. | London: Privately Printed. | 1894.

Octavo, pp. xii.+98. Half-title, p. i.; Title-page, p. iii. (on the reverse: “The impression of this book is limited to a few copies for private circulation only”); Contents, pp. v.–xi.; Note, p. xii. Half-title (“Letters on Art”), p. 1; Letters on Art, pp. 3–67; half-title (“Letters on Literature”), p. 69; Letters on Literature, pp. 71–98.

Issued in smooth maroon cloth, lettered on the back, “Letters | on | Art | John | Ruskin | 1894.” A few special copies were printed on vellum.

The note states that each letter is “printed from the original holograph.”

This volume contains forty letters. Of these—

- NO.
- 1 (pp. 3–4)—to Rev. E. Coleridge—is printed in Vol. XI. p. 30 n.
- 2 (pp. 5–6)—to Lowes Dickinson—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 177.
- 3–7 (pp. 7–27)—to J. J. Laing—are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 171, 265, 173, 180, 145.
- 8 (p. 28)—to J. H. Le Keux—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 274.
- 9 (pp. 79–80)—to Mr. Wilkins—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 264.
- 10 (pp. 31–33)—to R. N. Wornum—is printed in Vol. XIII. pp. xxxvii.–xxxviii.
- 11 (p. 30)—to John Scott—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 274.
- 12, 13 (pp. 35–40)—to E. S. Dallas—are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 335, 476.

In line 6 of No. 12, “draw” was misprinted “show,” and in the P.S. “Scheffer” was misprinted “Schaffer.”

- 14 (pp. 41–42)—to E. Burne-Jones—is printed in Vol. IV. p. 356 n.

NO.

15–17 (pp. 43–50)—to C. Fairfax Murray—are printed *above*, pp. 59, 60, 196.

18 (pp. 51–52)—to C. Fairfax Murray—is printed in Vol. XXIV. p. xl.

19 (p. 53). To C. FAIRFAX MURRAY. “BRANTWOOD (*August 14th*, 1879).—DEAR MURRAY,—You need not be anxious about me, nor attend to gossip, or newspaper paragraphs. I am quite able, still, for *my own* work—but not for mine and other people’s too—which, as I have been at everybody’s beck and call till now, astonishes them unpleasantly. But I shall always be glad to help with any possible encouragement workers on Giotto or Botticelli.—Ever affectionately yours,

“J. R.”

20, 21 (pp. 54–58)—to C. Fairfax Murray—are printed *above*, pp. 311, 374.

22 (p. 59). To MR. G. HAYDEN. “BRANTWOOD, *June 8th*, 1876.—MY DEAR SIR,—Can you post me the drawing to look at here? I will soon guarantee it for you with signature, if genuine. I have not doubted the ‘Temple of Jupiter’ as originally by Turner’s hand, but it is so poor and bad that I could only suppose it had been badly repainted in some dealer’s hands. It always puzzled me, and I never had opportunity of examining it thoroughly.—Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.”

23 (pp. 60–61)—to a correspondent—is printed *above*, p. 226.

24 (pp. 62–63)—to Lady Waterford—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 325.

25 (pp. 65–66)—to W. Walker—is printed *above*, p. 335.

26 (p. 67)—to a correspondent—is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 517.¹

27, 28 (pp. 71–75)—to W. C. Bennett—are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 217, 352.

29 (pp. 76–77)—to W. C. Bennett—is printed *above*, p. 61.

30 (pp. 78–79)—to W. Smith Williams—is printed in Vol. XVII. p. xxvi. *n*.

31 (pp. 80–81)—to W. Smith Williams—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 497.

32 (p. 82). To W. SMITH WILLIAMS. “DENMARK HILL, *November*, 1865.—DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—I think the lecture² looks and reads very nice! Perhaps people will say the pages are like my mother’s mince-pies this year—more edges than meat. I’ll send you on Monday some of the first lecture, that we may set the types free, and I’ll correct this at leisure. It is beautifully correct for a first proof. My writing *must* be improving!!—Truly and affectionately yours,

“J. RUSKIN.”

33, 34 (pp. 83–88)—to W. Smith Williams—are printed in Vol. XXXVI. pp. 499, 544.

35 (pp. 89–90). To W. SMITH WILLIAMS. “DENMARK HILL (1867).—DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—I am heartily obliged for your kind advice *re* the Routledge affair,³ and shall of course act upon it. I shall think over the affair of *Selections*, and see what I could make of it before I trouble Mr. King. But, meantime, would you like to publish my Newcastle letters⁴ cheap for me, or must I go to some one else? They’re frightfully incendiary!—Ever most truly yours,

“J. RUSKIN.”

36 (pp. 91–92)—to Miss Susan Beever—is printed *above*, p. 160.

¹ [The letter “Nothing can advance,” etc. It should have been there stated that the letter had been reprinted in *Letters on Art and Literature*.]

² [Proof-sheets of part of *The Crown of Wild Olive*.]

³ [See Vol. XXXVI. p. 544.]

⁴ [*Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne*, published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. on December 19, 1867, at the price of one shilling and sixpence. See Vol. XVII.]

NO.

- 37 (p. 93)—to a correspondent—is printed in Vol. XXVIII. p. 183 *n*.
 38 (p. 94)—to J. Dykes Campbell—is printed in Vol. XXVII. p. 273 *n*.
 39 (pp. 95–96)—to a correspondent—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 463.
 40 (pp. 97–98)—to F. S. Ellis—is printed *above*, p. 12.

“LETTERS TO VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS”

Letters | Upon Subjects of General Interest | from | John Ruskin | to Various
 Correspondents | 1892. | *London: Privately Printed.* | (*Not for Sale.*)

Octavo, pp. xii.+101. Title-page (with blank reverse), pp. iii.–iv.; on p. v. (blank reverse) is the intimation that “The impression of the book is limited to a few copies for Private Circulation only.” Contents, pp. vii.–xii. Letters, 3–101. On a blank sheet at the end is the imprint, “Privately Printed: 1890,” corrected by an Erratum-slip inserted to “1892.”

Issued in bright green cloth boards, lettered on the back, “Letters | First | Series | John | Ruskin | 1892.” A few special copies were printed on vellum.

This volume contains thirty-six letters, one of them (No. 8) being from Ruskin’s father. Of these—

NO.

- 1 (pp. 3–7)—to George Smith—is printed in Vol. III. p. xlii.
 2 (pp. 8–12)—to George Smith—is printed in Vol. VIII. p. 276.
 3 (pp. 13–14)—to F. J. Furnivall—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 109.
 4 (pp. 15–16)—to George Smith—is printed in Vol. XI. p. xxxiii. *n.*, where, however, the following postscript (p. 16) was not given:—

“I have sent a page of Plate II.¹ in case you think it expedient to go straight on. Please tell Mr. Williams I have his obliging note, and that *his* assistance would be quite as valuable to me as Mr. Rowan’s,—but I want Mr. R(owan) to read the pamphlet, because we quarrelled about the Pre-Raphaelites. I shall send him a copy, however. I had rather he read it all fair. I will correct all *Modern Painters* in a mass, and send it together.² But note there is a page—if not more—of the letterpress wanting, *between* the last corrected sheets of *Pre-Raphaelitism* which I sent you this morning, and the one herewith returned for revise.”

- 5 (pp. 17–18)—to George Smith—is printed in Vol. XIV. p. 457.
 6 (pp. 19–24)—to E. S. Dallas—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 315.
 7 (pp. 25–30)—to E. S. Dallas—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 317.
 8 (pp. 31–35)—from J. J. Ruskin to E. S. Dallas—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 319
n.
 9 (pp. 36–37)—to Miss E. F. Strong—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 332.
 10 (pp. 38–39)—to J. H. Le Keux—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 336.
 11 (pp. 40–41)—to J. H. Le Keux—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 345.
 12 (pp. 42–46)—to Rawdon Brown—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 407.

13 (pp. 47–48). *To* C. RICHARDSON. (DENMARK HILL) “*May 15th, 1867.*—MY DEAR CHARLES,—I want to see you and Mrs. Richardson when you come out to see my mother, and I fear I cannot do so to-morrow, nor am I likely to have a day this week—but next week I will undertake to be at home any day you can

¹ [That is, a page of letterpress to accompany the folio plate in *Examples of Venetian Architecture*: see Vol. XI. p. 320.]

² [Ed. 5 of vol. i. and ed. 3 of vol. ii., revised in 1851, when these two vols. were the only ones published: see Vol. III. p. lviii., and Vol. IV. p. liii.]

come out. I hope to see you before then, as I will call at the Coburg the first time I am that way. I thought you would excuse my changing the day, as I hope you are staying in town some time. Your Aunt¹ sends her kindest regards.—Your affectionate Cousin
J. RUSKIN.

”

14 (pp. 49–50). To JOHN SIMON. “DENMARK HILL, *March 31st*, 1871.—MY DEAR BROTHER JOHN,—Our poor old Annie died yesterday,² I think painlessly—so ending a life of very good work, in the service of other people; and, as far as I know, without having in the whole course of it done any harm to a human creature; or received much benefit, beyond bread and meat, from any one. She died, I suppose in a minute or two, all by herself; and I hope dreamily—else she would be pained by not having me to say good-bye to. Would you please give me just a line saying you knew she had cancer, and must die, some day—to show the coroner?—Ever your loving
J. R.”

15 (pp. 51–52³)—to J. G. Gribble—is printed in Vol. XXVII. pp. 258–259.

16 (pp. 54–57)—on Wages—is printed in Vol. XXIX. pp. 531–532.

17 (pp. 58–60)—to W. Walker—is printed in Vol. XXIX. pp. 572–573.

18 (pp. 61–62). To a CORRESPONDENT. “CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, *February 19th*, 1875.—MY DEAR SIR,—These drawings show very great drawing-faculty, and a subtle power of appreciation; but not enough independence. The imitations of Turner are far better than most imitations—but do not imitate either him or any one else. You have got his manner of foliage excellently, and this manner will be useful in drawing from nature; but always be as like the facts, and as little mannered, as you can. The drawing from the guardsman is very good—but Mr. Poynter knows nothing of light and shade, and lets his pupils scribble about with black whenever they are working. Learn first to draw any object honestly—after that, men or trees as you like. Study only from the Venetians—Perugino, and Turner. A study of the hands of ‘Tobit and the Angel’ in the National Gallery⁴ would soon show you what light and shade is. I write quite at random, forgetting at present the contents of your letter. I enclose this with the drawings.—Ever very truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.”

19 (pp. 63–64)—to E. Rydings—is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 520.

20 (pp. 65–66). To F. CRAWLEY. “BRANTWOOD, *October 4th*, 1877.—MY DEAR CRAWLEY,—I forgot to ask in my last, if you have received a case containing a picture from Mr. Merritt?⁵ It may be opened, and the picture, which is Florentine, left for the present at the schools. Mr. Macdonald will perhaps be interested in it. It has good qualities, though none first rate. It belongs to Mr. Norton, and must be taken good care of.

“In case Dr. Acland is inquiring when I am coming, please say I shall get into Oxford, I hope, about the end of this month; and shall give three lectures a week, for four weeks, on *Modern Painters*. Give my love to Mr. Macdonald, and I am always, your affectionate Master,
J. R.”

21 (pp. 67–69)—to F. Gale—is printed *above*, p. 250.

22 (pp. 70–72)—to E. S. Dallas—is printed *above*, p. 251.

¹ [Ruskin’s mother, and *great*-aunt of Mr. Richardson, who was the son of her Croydon sister’s son.]

² [For other references to the death of Ruskin’s old nurse, see Vol. XXII. p. xviii., Vol. XXXV. p. 31 *n.*]

³ [On pp. 52–53 is the letter to which Ruskin’s was a reply; this also has been given in Vol. XXVII. p. 258.]

⁴ [Compare, *above*, p. 611.]

⁵ [The picture-cleaner: see *above*, p. 319.]

NO.

23 (pp. 73–74). “BRANTWOOD, *December 19th*, 1878.—MY DEAR CRAWLEY,—The box with the fibrous silvers and thin agates arrived quite safely yesterday, which much pleased me, as I feared the fibrous silvers would necessarily suffer: and the thin agates were ticklish. I send cheque for £35, carrying the 17s. 4d. to next account; and give your children the five pounds in any Christmas form you like best. I am keeping fairly well, and doing nothing to hurt myself,—yet always a little, here and there. I am very glad to hear you are so well forward with the chalcedonies. Send me that Quaritch parcel. I may still do some work in Oxford, but shall never do any more of *my own* work there,—so that I shall keep the rooms habitable, and no more.—I wish you a pleasant Christmas, and am, your affectionate Master,
J. RUSKIN.”

24 (pp. 75–76). *To F. CRAWLEY*. “BRANTWOOD, *January 9th*, 1879.—Everything has come perfectly safe—books, and cases of prints in wood. Please now, as you have time, send me the photos from outer room, in the parcels they are arranged in; and the ‘St. Louis’ and ‘Dover’ frames from the window seat. I fear some damp may have got at them. I should be glad if Mr. Fisher (to whom my best regards, as well as kind memory to Mrs. Stacey¹) would allow you to look over the new Turner drawings. I am particularly anxious to have the exquisite unpublished ‘Seine’ over instantly, under glass, and out of harm’s way.² Where are Dr. Acland and Mr. Macdonald?—Ever your affectionate Master.”

25 (pp. 77–78). *To F. CRAWLEY*. “BRANTWOOD, *June 7th*, 1879.—I don’t understand why you say you have sent only *one* vol. of *Voyages dans les Alpes*: surely all are at Oxford! Send me, at leisure, all my drawings and sketch-books—Venetian and others; and very quietly and unhurriedly pack my specimens of Gold, that will move without much trouble, leaving the trembling thin plates alone;—I will not move any of my *fragile* minerals from Oxford. Nor the *thread* silvers—nor any that are difficult to pack; but whatever silver paper and wool will ensure the safety of, send me here. Observe also the danger of fine *edges*. There is a piece of rolled gold in green rock, in one drawer, which has fine edge in the richest part; don’t try to pack *that*—nor any that you are not sure of. In one of the drawers I think you will find a little box—marked T. A. Readwin—a pasteboard box, with sliding interior. Pack this with great care, and send to T. A. Readwin, Esq., Tuebrook, Liverpool—registering, of course.

“Also—I want my old *Arabian Nights* with brown and gold binding. There are only three volumes; one is lost.—Always faithfully yours.”

26 (pp. 79, 80). *To F. CRAWLEY*. “BRANTWOOD (*December*, 1879).—MY DEAR CRAWLEY,—Both the silver in the box, and the delicate gold came perfectly safe. But though I am glad to have that silver, it is not the one I want—but a smooth crystal of carbonate of lime, with the silver on it like small twigs of moss. It must be among the larger specimens at the bottom, and will need lots of wool round softest paper. Are there not a lot of *Flora Danica* supplements bound? The weather here has been pleasant frost, and very bright. We all drove to Tilberthwaite lower bridge the day before yesterday; walked up the bed of the stream among the icicles and picniced on the grass under the slate quarry. I had a bit of a cold a fortnight ago; but Dr. Parson cured it directly, and everybody is well now. To-day however is black, with heavy snow, after the loveliest day yesterday I ever saw in December. When I say ‘all well,’ I mean, for myself, as well as I’ve been since my illness. But I can’t get up in the morning as I used to do.—Always your affectionate Master,
J. RUSKIN.”

¹ [Housekeeper at the Oxford Galleries: see Vol. XV. p. xxx. For Mr. Fisher, then Keeper of the Galleries, see Vol. XXXIII. p. 313. Crawley (for whom, see Vol. XIV. p. 352) was, during Ruskin’s professorship, in charge at Oxford, where he afterwards made his home.]

² [Ruskin has here drawn a rough pen-and-ink sketch of Turner’s “Seine.”]

NO.

27 (pp. 81–83)—to F. Crawley—is printed *above*, p. 310.

28 (pp. 84–85). *To* F. CRAWLEY. “BRANTWOOD, *January 18th* (1881).—*Three* boxes of minerals; two some days back, one to-day. The ‘Lisbon,’ engravings, and frames have all come safe. One glass broken only, and that on a print of no importance. The views not yet unpacked will, I am sure, be all right. Many thanks for all your care. I keep wonderfully well, but can’t get up in the morning—lively enough in the day. Lake frozen into one perfect sheet yesterday an inch thick. I could only break my way, with butt end of oar, a boat’s length out of the harbour in half-an-hour. Had the frost held six hours longer, I could have walked across to Coniston Hall; with the men pulling the boat on the ice after me, in case of a flaw anywhere. But thaw came yesterday afternoon. It looks like freezing again to-night, however.—Always your affectionate Master, J. RUSKIN. “The letter from Miss Yule was very pleasant.”

29 (pp. 86–87)—to Miss Gatty—is printed *above*, p. 371.

30 (pp. 88–89)—to F. Crawley—is printed *above*, p. 419. In line 3 from the end, “Lonfon” is here a correction for “Laufons.”

31 (pp. 90–91)—to Miss Beaumont—is printed *above*, p. 491.

32 (pp. 92–93)—to Miss Waldron—is printed *above*, p. 528.

33 (pp. 94–95). *To* F. H. BUTLER.¹ “BRANTWOOD (*March 9th*, 1886).—DEAR BUTLER,—I can’t afford this big bill just now; how these blessed little sixpences do add up. I am going to bring it down to £5,—sending you the slices and carnelian agates, etc., back. But I haven’t had time to look them over yet—I hope to do so to-day—anyhow here’s promise of my best attention. But as a rule please don’t send me glass cases. It’s not only the time my servant has to give to repacking, but the nervousness about such things is quite as seriously bad for me as about greater matters. You should have, I think, solid wood for all your correspondents,—for myself I’ll send you some.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. R(USKIN).

“*P.S.*—I wrote as above before reading yours. I see with same I am in your debt—the cheque shall be for £7, 12s. 6d.

“I am glad to hear of your brother’s book, but alas! take no interest in any eggs till boiled.”

34 (pp. 96–97)—to a correspondent—is printed in Vol. XXXIV. pp. 619–620.

35 (pp. 98–99)—to Colonel Robertson—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 353.

36 (pp. 100–101)—to Richard Owen—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 362.

An article entitled “John Ruskin as a Letter-Writer,” by W. G. Kingsland, in *Poet Lore* (Philadelphia), vol. v., 1893, pp. 1–7, 67–72, quoted letters Nos. 6, 12, 9, 15, and 32, and gave extracts from several others.

LADY RITCHIE’S “RECORDS”

“John Ruskin, an Essay,” by Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in *Harper’s New Monthly Magazine*, March 1890, pp. 578–603. Reprinted (without the illustrations) in *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*, by Anne Ritchie, 1892, pp. 61–153.

This contains thirteen letters (or extracts from letters) by Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1 (pp. 103–104) *n.*; *Harper*, in facsimile, p. 591). “I was looking myself this morning at some bits about the Valley of Cluse and the Lake of Thun in the first

¹ [For whom, see above, p. 509.]

SPIELMANN'S "JOHN RUSKIN" (1900)

John Ruskin: a Sketch of his Life, his Work, and his Opinions, with Personal Reminiscences, by M. H. Spielmann, 1900.

This book includes many letters, or portions of letters, from Ruskin—most of which, however, had previously appeared elsewhere. Seventeen pieces remain to be enumerated:—

- NO.
 1 (p. 49)—to C. A. Howell—is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 503 *n*.
 2, 3 (p. 51)—to C. A. Howell—are printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 515.
 4 (p. 93)—to E. S. Dallas (September 10, 1859). "I beg of you, so far as you think of me, not to think of me as a Tory, or as in any wise acknowledging party principles."
 5 (pp. 114–115)—to M. H. Spielmann—is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 566.
 6 (p. 115)—to M. H. Spielmann—is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 566.
 7 (p. 157 *n*.)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, Nov. 14, 1887): "No photograph gives any of the good in me."
 8 (p. 180)—to a Lady—is printed in the section "Portraits" in the Bibliography (Vol. XXXVIII.).
 9 (p. 181)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, 8th May 1888); *above*, p. 604.
 10 (p. 188, in facsimile)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, 9th Jan. 1888); printed in Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n*.
 11 (p. 189)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, Nov. 3, 1887). Mr. Spielmann has printed two bits from this letter: (1) about a reproduction of Turner's "Ulysses"; printed in the *Magazine of Art* and reprinted in the *Academy*: see in this edition, Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n*. (2) "I find the landlord . . . till Christmas"; printed in *John Ruskin*, p. 189; in this edition, Vol. XIV. p. 357 *n*.
 12 (p. 189)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, Nov. 5, 1887); printed in Vol. XIV. p. 357 *n*.
 13 (pp. 189, 190)—to M. H. Spielmann (probably Nov. 1887); printed in Vol. XIV. p. 357 *n*.
 14 (p. 190)—telegram to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, Nov. 15, 1887); printed in Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n*.
 15 (p. 190)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, Nov. 14, 1887); printed in Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n*.
 16 (p. 190)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, Dec. 11, 1887); printed in Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n*.
 17 (p. 191, in facsimile)—to M. H. Spielmann (Sandgate, 11th Jan. 1888).—DEAR SPIELMANN,—I'll set to work on the paper directly—and choose the drawings quickly—and won't say a word you don't like about the others. I may surely say it was my mistake about Mr. Long? without doing even *him* any harm. So many thanks for *your* kindness.—Ever gratefully yours,
 J. RUSKIN."¹

The *Magazine of Art*, January 1888, p. ix., contained two extracts from letters to M. H. Spielmann. One of these is mentioned above (under No. 11); the other is also printed in Vol. XIV. p. 358 *n*.

¹ [Ruskin's article for the *Magazine of Art* had appeared in January 1888. This letter refers to a projected second article, for which Ruskin had proposed that Mr. Long should reproduce a drawing by Turner in chromolithography (see Vol. XIV. p. 364)—a proposal abandoned on account of the cost.]

"SAINT GEORGE"

Saint George:—

Volume iii. (1900) contains the following letters:—

- p. 88. To E. J. Baillie, February 7, 1887.—*Above*, p. 579.
 p. 89. To E. J. Baillie, January 2, 1883.—*Above*, p. 430.
 pp. 90, 91 (in facsimile), p. 120 (in type). To G. Allen, April 15, 1878.—*Above*, p. 243.
 p. 96. To George Thomson, November 5, 1886.—Vol. XXX. p. 333.
 p. 96. To George Thomson, January 22, 1884.—Vol. XXX. p. 304.
 pp. 142–145 (facsimile and type). To G. Baker, July 18, 1877.—Vol. XXIX. p. 170
n.
 pp. 146–149 (facsimile and type). To G. Baker, August 29, 1877.—Vol. XXX. p. 302.
 pp. 150–152 (facsimile and type). To G. Baker, 1877.—Vol. XXX. p. 301.
 pp. 206–212. Eight letters to May Queens.—Vol. XXX. pp. 342–346.
 p. 213. To G. Baker, June 7, 1877.—Vol. XXX. p. 302.
 p. 214. To G. Baker, May 12, 1877.—Vol. XXX. p. 301.
 pp. 214–215. To G. Baker, March 17, 1879.—Vol. XXX. p. 303.
 p. 216. To G. Baker, November 1879.—Vol. XXX. p. 303.
 p. 223. To Miss Martin, January 25, 1885.—Vol. XXX. p. 341.

Volume iv. (1901) contains the following letters:—

- pp. 44, 45. To May Queens.—Vol. XXX. pp. 340–341.
 p. 47. To a little girl. "A Little Girl's Letter to the Master and his Answer."¹

The little girl said: "I am going out to pick some oxeye daisies for you," asked when he was coming to see her, and sent "a barrowful of kisses." Ruskin's letter was as follows:—

"HERNE HILL, *May* [1883?].—DEAR MRS.—, I did not, in my usual stupidity, think it was *this* afternoon you and M. were coming, or surely I would have been at home, though I could not have come to the Grove with you.

"What a lovely letter from M.! and how full of various interest—pathetic and cheerful, and what 'barrow' was ever so sweetly charged before! Say to her I can't promise to come to see her till these wild winds are over. I've no comfort in looking at trees shaking and grass trembling, but when the primrose is come she shall show me all its beauty in her garden and yours.

"The seventh stone shall be prettier than any of the six. I'm so glad I left it out of the box. Much love to Mr.—, and a kiss to M. for every daisy petal she has sent me.—Ever most truly yours,
 J. RUSKIN."

- p. 286. To Mrs. Talbot.—Vol. XXX. p. xxviii. The letter had already been printed by Miss Atkinson (see above, p. 701).
 pp. 290, 291. Two letters to Miss Rose Graves.—Vol. XXX. pp. 346, 347.

Volume vi. (1903) contains the following letters:—

"Recollections of Ruskin at Oxford," pp. 103–115, by "Peter" (Rev. E. P. Barrow): see above, p. 619.

¹ [The little girl was Mr. Faunthorpe's daughter, the "Maidie" of the letter printed above, p. 438.]

"Recollections of Ruskin," pp. 134–143, by Oscar Browning, containing five letters to him:—

- p. 138. March 11, 1873.—*Above*, p. 64.
 p. 139. March 24, 1873.—*Above*, p. 65.
 p. 140. November 18, 1874.—Vol. XXIII. p. 469.
 p. 141. November 1874.—Vol. XXIII. p. 469.
 p. 143. December 14, 1875.—*Above*, p. 188.

Also the following miscellaneous letters:—

- p. 357. To G. Baker, Brantwood, February 21, 1884, as follows:—

"DEAR MR. BAKER,—Will you kindly pay enclosed Guild account up to end of last year to Messrs. Ford: it is for very first-rate work. I shall have to charge the Guild, I find, with the topaz and emeralds instead of presenting them, for I have just paid a thousand cash down for a diamond, which will be the Guild's ultimately, and called 'St. George's diamond,' but at present I keep it in my power. It is to be exhibited on loan at the British Museum, the first stone they ever put in their gallery on loan; it weighs 129 carats and is a perfect crystal.¹

"Were you at the Tarrant and M. meeting the other day? I hope my letter was sufficiently businesslike.—Ever your affectionate
 J. RUSKIN."

In the last line but one, there was a misprint in *St. George* of "Tarrant Hill" for "Tarrant and M."—by which Ruskin referred to a meeting held at the offices of Messrs. Tarrant and Mackrell, solicitors, to consider negotiations then pending between the St. George's Guild and Sheffield. For the ultimate solution of the matter, see Vol. XXX. p. xlviii.

- p. 358. To Mr. Wright, May 9, 1881.—*Above*, p. 358.

In line 3, "crystallised" has here been substituted for "xlised"; and in line 11, "millerite" is a correction for "millente."

Volumes viii. and *ix.* contain Ruskin's letters to Sir Oliver Lodge: see above, p. 676.

"ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE"

"Carlyle and Ruskin. Two Letters." In the *English Illustrated Magazine*, November 1891, pp. 105, 106.

Carlyle's letter to Ruskin (October 29, 1860) has been given in Vol. XVII. p. xxxii. Ruskin's letter, to "Gerard," is given *above*, p. 37.

"STRAND MAGAZINE"

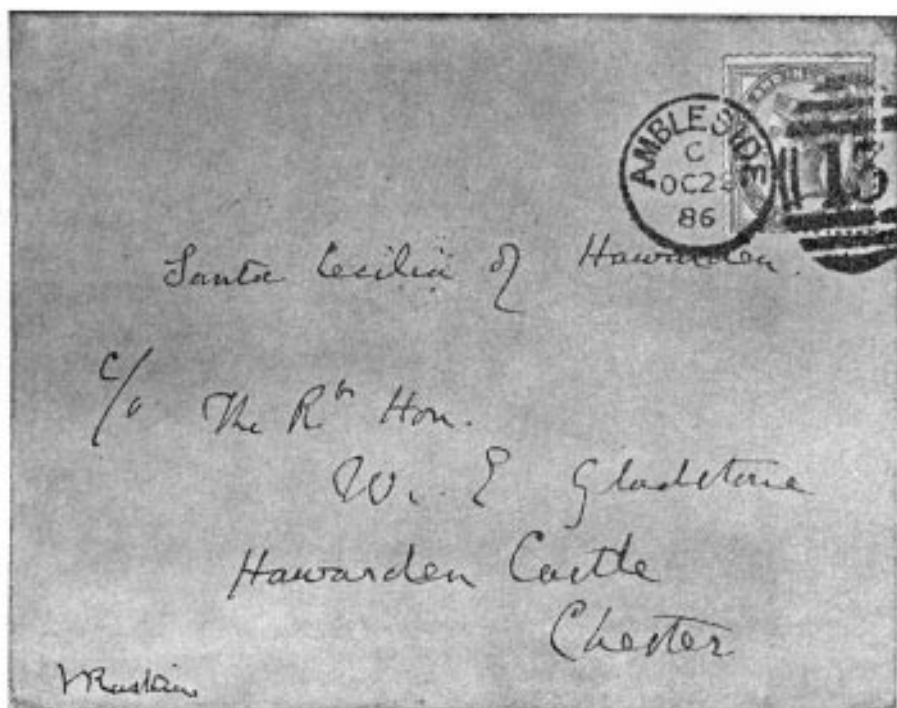
"The Handwriting of John Ruskin. From 31st December 1828 to 28th November 1884." By J. Holt Schooling. In the *Strand Magazine*, December 1895, pp. 670–680.

This article contains thirty numbered scraps by Ruskin and one unnumbered. Of these—

NO.

- 1 (p. 679) is given in facsimile in Vol. II. p. 264.
 2 (p. 669) is one of the heads shown on the page of *facsimiles* here introduced.
 3 (p. 670) is a sketch: this is reproduced on a plate in Vol. XXXVIII.
 A letter unnumbered (p. 670); given in Vol. XXXVI. p. 30.

¹ [For this, the "Colenso Diamond," ultimately presented to the British Museum, see Vol. XXVI. p. lv.]



My Dear L.

I ought before to have
thanked you for your obliging
present of "Wit & Humour".
- Two volumes of excellent
which I am so immensely depend
as now even to have ventured
for a conjecture respecting their
real nature

Believe a copy of the second

To GEORGE SMITH (Vol. XXXVI. p. 60)

Dear Richmond.

My friend Mary gave
me the enclosed key - one evening
at your house - she offering
it to be the key of my "Ingenue".
- It does not look like the key of
if the painting - nor of the chest door.
- so it is unlikely to be of use to
me - and if it be a key of knowledge
I am sure it will be to her - so
to I send it back - with my
love - Yours ever affectionately
Richardson - By the way

To GEORGE RICHMOND

My dear Watson

Would you be so kind as to try to the
people who ship my baggage for Venice that I
would rather the things were left in their hands
in the hands of their agent. until I come. as I
do not want to trouble any of my friends with
them. Also to thank Mr. Pulteney very much
for the piece of the wall of China - though I am
satisfied the bricks in our country are Red. and
not of the color of Blue Pill. Ever
with best wishes
Your
Richardson.

To HENRY WATSON

in the world. here & there. the
world of it is - making them one
of the world. I am more
offended & wounded by
people's absurdity than any
thing else in the world. to
them - what wonderful power
a single fool has - the wrong way
But you know all your amusements
as well as mine - comes of
their disbelief. - if you really
suffer then it is a matter to
the household you have
nothing to do but to attend to
his business to be quiet & comfortable
Myself.

Richardson Always yours

To WILLIAM WARD
(Vol. XXXVI. p. 185)

- NO.
- 4, 5, 6, and 7 are given here in *facsimile*:—
- 4 (p. 670) is part of a letter to George Smith (which is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 66).
- 5 (p. 671) is a letter to George Richmond.
- 6 (p. 671) is a letter to Henry Watson, for whom and for Mr. Ritchie (another of Ruskin's father's clerks), see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 171.
- 7 (p. 671) is the end of the first letter to William Ward (Vol. XXXVI. p. 185).
- 8 (p. 672) is a half-tone block from the drawing which is engraved in *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. Plate 18 (2): Vol. X. p. 310.
- 9 (p. 672) is the last paragraph of the letter of July 9, 1858, to William Ward (Vol. XXXVI. p. 285).
- 10 (p. 673) is part of a letter to William Ward (October 1, 1860): see Vol. XXXVI. p. 343.
- 11 (p. 673) is the envelope of a letter to Mrs. Carlyle (Lucerne, December 22, 1861), of which also this short extract is given:—"I've no patience with the Swiss—now—nor with anybody; myself included. Good-bye.—Ever your affectionate
J. RUSKIN."
- 12 (p. 673) is a letter to William Ward: see *above*, p. 704 (No. 29).
- 13 (p. 674) is another letter to him: see *above*, p. 705 (No. 31).
- 14 (p. 674). The Turner book label. This (a mere smudge in the *Strand*) is the design mentioned in Vol. I. p. xi.; identical with that on the title-page of each volume in this edition, except for the legend, "Justice, Mercy, With Truth" (Turner's initials), in place of "To-Day."
- 15 is a letter to Mrs. William Ward (November 13, 1867): see *above*, p. 707 (No. 47).
- 16 (p. 675) is a letter to Mr. Ward (December 18, 1869): given in *facsimile above*, p. 702.
- 17 is another letter to Mr. Ward: see *above*, p. 708 (No. 53).
- 18 (p. 675) is a scrap as follows:—"20 Sept., 1871—DEAR MR. TALLING,—Never believe anything you hear about me—nobody knows anything about me."
- 19 (p. 676) is a letter to W. Ward (November 16, 1873): see *above*, p. 71.
- 20 (p. 676) is an amusing letter to a lady who had requested a subscription:—"January 13, 1875.—MY DEAR MADAM,—Where is Knipe Ground? Who teaches there? What is taught there? To whom is it taught? And why will you be obliged to me if I subscribe to it? I must at least ask you kindly to answer the first four of these questions before I can do so.—Very truly yours, J. RUSKIN."
- 21 (p. 677) is an indistinct half-tone reproduction of a slight drawing; reproduced here as well as may be (the original drawing can no longer be traced).
- 22 (p. 677) is a portion of a letter to Mr. George Allen (February 25, 1875):—"I fancy the always doing everything in a *hurry* has been very bad for me. I recollect my father used to write his long business letters thus [handwriting here changes], his hand never hastening nor slacking, and I fancy work can go on long thus. But I have to keep up with my thought and then all goes so. And that wearies soon.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. R."
- 23 (p. 677) is a piece of a letter to Mr. Ward (February 29, 1876): see *Above*, p. 711 (No. 76).
- 24 (p. 678) is a note on Fig. 7 in ch. vi. of *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii.: given in Vol. IX. p. xxxv.
- 25 (p. 678, a letter on "The Queen of the Air") is given in *Arrows of the Chace*, Vol. XXXIV. p. 551.

NO.

26 (p. 678) is given in the same place, Vol. XXXIV. p. 540.

27 (p. 679) is from a letter to W. Ward: see *above*, p. 714 (No. 96).

28 (p. 679)—a letter to “Rielle”—is given *above*, p. 430.

29 (p. 679), written to a dealer in precious stones, is as follows:—“November 28, 1884.—I am extremely interested by your frank account of jeweller’s business (I think I shall set up for a jeweller myself if one can roll in diamonds for nothing!)—but here’s your opal cheque, and just send me the *amount* of the other bill and you’ll have it on Monday. I’ve no time to look it up. I am as glad as you can be, though for less commercial reasons, that Lady Brassey is interesting herself in opals.”

30 (p. 680) is part of the MS. of a passage intended for *Fors Clavigera*: see Vol. XXIX., between pp. 536, 537.

“TALKS ABOUT AUTOGRAPHS”

Talks about Autographs. By George Birkbeck Hill. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1896.

This books contains two letters from Ruskin. Of these—

NO.

1 (to Dr. Birkbeck Hill, p. 26) is printed in Vol. XXXIV. p. 12.

2 (to a correspondent, p. 28) is printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 257.

III. LETTERS (OR EXTRACTS) PRINTED IN SALE CATALOGUES OF AUTOGRAPHS

Ruskin’s letters have found their way largely to the autograph dealers, and thus a considerable number of them have been printed, in whole or in part, in the Catalogues of booksellers, dealers, and auctioneers. It is from these sources that some of the letters in the Principal Collection in this and the preceding volume are now printed. A complete collection of scraps would be well-nigh impossible; and, moreover, the passages which dealers select for quotation in their catalogues are sometimes particularly insignificant (as, for instance, Nos. 459, 474, and 477 in Sotheby’s Sale Catalogue of June 8, 9, 1903—“July 13, 1877. I am busy at work which needs the morning, and leaves me no brains in the evening.” “November 10. There’s nothing I’m so fond of as an egg, and nothing does me more harm.” And “I am very unwell, missing letters as I write. I live for them just now.” Or, again, from a Sale Catalogue of March 12, 13, 1903: “April 1883. It puts me happily in mind of old times to have a letter from you”). In the following pages, autograph scraps are brought together and placed, as far as possible, in order of date.

It may be well to add that collectors should not assume that every Ruskin letter sold as such is genuine; as the following letter (reprinted from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 1, 1885) shows:—

“THE FORGERY OF MR. RUSKIN’S LETTERS

“*To the Editor of the ‘Pall Mall Gazette’*”

“SIR,—We shall be obliged if you will allow us, as Professor Ruskin’s solicitors, to warn the public through your paper against buying letters purporting to have been written and signed by Professor Ruskin. We have lately had to make inquiries on behalf of Professor Ruskin, which have led to

the discovery of a manufactory of such letters, and we have succeeded in tracing and withdrawing from circulation more than two hundred and eighty of them. We know of about eighty more being in the hands of certain second-hand booksellers in and near the Strand, our applications to whom for the delivery of the forgeries to us have, we regret to say, been unsuccessful.—We are, sir, your obedient servants,

TARRANT & MACKRELL.

“2 BOND COURT, E. C., May 30.”

1852. [*June*.]—“You must have thought me very careless in my expressions, after the counter report of the disposition of the Veronese Champion given you by Mr. Dawkins last night. All I can say is that the Consul, owing to his nervous and hurried manner at first, might easily have been misunderstood by me, but that beyond all doubt he told me that Foster was ‘furious’ and that Count T. had declared his readiness and resolution, I forget which, to do battle with *any* man who uttered a word against the *furious* gentleman.”

1852. *September 14* (HERNE HILL).—“I received yesterday official notice from Mr. Dawkins that Foster was free and declared honestly acquitted. I am now at some loss whether I ought not to address a letter to him of formal expression of regret for his detention.”

(These two extracts are Nos. 585 and 581 in Sotheby’s Sale Catalogue, May 11–13, 1905, and the letters probably refer to the theft of jewels referred to in Vol. X. pp. xli.–xlii. The letters were no doubt addressed to Mr. Edward Cheney, who lent Ruskin his good offices in this affair; they were sold among other property of Mr. F. Capel Cure, Cheney’s heir.)

1852? (*June 28*.) This is the letter to Henry Watson, given in *facsimile* above, p. 729 (from a Catalogue issued by William Brown, 26 Princes Street, Edinburgh, p. 69).

1853. (*Nov. 28*.) To LADY MATILDA MAXWELL. *Catalogue of Autograph Letters* (William Brown, Edinburgh, 1900). Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 159.

1855. (*March 1*.)—“I have been looking over the engravings with very great pleasure. Whatever has been done, as these have been, with a faithful love of realities, of any kind, is sure to be of value; but in addition to this merit, there is assuredly a very notable power in you of expressing distance and light, and there are some effects among the domes and moonlights,—one in particular over a dawning sea, which I do not remember ever to have seen realized so completely before.” (No. 595 in Messrs. Sotheby’s Sale Catalogue, May 3, 1889.)

(*n.d.*—? 1855.) To F. J. FURNIVALL.—“You could not see my poor pictures by this wretched fog substitute for daylight.” (No. 171 in Sotheby’s Sale Catalogue, March 12, 1903.)

1855. To MISS ELIZABETH SALT.—“There is in reality *no* wholesome elementary book on drawing”; but if she would wait for the third volume of *Modern Painters*, it “will tell you better what you want to know than anything else you could get.” (From a Sale Catalogue of Sotheby’s.)

1857.—“A rather curious letter, objecting to pay £6 for twelve days’ work, and inquiring if his correspondent charges in the same way to the Government.” (Walter T. Spence’s Catalogue, No. 113, p. 31.)

(*n.d.*)—"Addressed to a lady who had asked him for advice as to an artistic career—. . . The unhappy system of Kensington has raised up a countless multitude of inferior artists vainly struggling to live by what will not grow a grain of wheat—nor stitch a rag together. You write like a girl of spirit and sense. Try to get into some useful *business*. I had rather a daughter of mine were a country scullery-maid, than a London hack artist.—Truly yours, J. RUSKIN.' On the back page he adds: 'Kept to be added to, because I thought it too cruel.' Advises her, if she has the gift, to take portraits cheaply; 'but do *every one* AS WELL AS YOU CAN.' " (Walter T. Spence's Catalogue, No. 115, 1903, p. 35.)

1857. (*January 25.*) *To* MRS. HEWITT¹ (addressed as "My dear Ward").—"I don't think I lose (my temper) with well-meaning, stupid people; I only get angry when there is a loutish malignity. Sometimes I have lost my temper in a very ignoble manner with a postillion. . . . I had rather be a first-rate Shoemaker than a second-rate Poet."

1857. *To the same.*—"The Lord's Prayer is, I think, consummate and all-containing—Submission and Supplication and Praise. . . . Religious people always seem to me to think that God is a great rich man, who wants to keep everything to Himself."

1857. (*December 19.*) *To the same.*—"I cannot talk at present of our matters and feelings; my life is one of incessant mechanical labour, or pure stupid rest. I can't feel, I have no time to feel." (Nos. 125–127 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, February 26, 1906.)

1857–1868.—"Letters to Mrs. Hewitt from the year 1857 to 1868, a most interesting series of eighty-nine autograph letters, covering over 200 pp., and dealing with art and other topics, written in his characteristic and charming style; many date from Paris and other places whilst he was travelling, and give graphic descriptions of his experiences and impressions abroad. Whilst engaged in giving instruction to this lady on drawing, he writes:—

'I send you a branch of a tree, which please put in any pretty light and fixed place you can get for it and paint it over full size; if you have not canvas large enough, sketch it on paper with chalk or pencil till you can get your canvas. I don't like wasting money in oil-paint, canvas for such things.'

"The letters abound in quaint but good advice:—

'A boy who behaves like one, and like a good one, is just as worthy of our respect as a man is. But a boy who tries to behave like a man only makes himself a ridiculous boy. . . . There is not the least need for you to give up Utopia. I should not have thought of realizing it so soon, and am therefore not disappointed.'

"The following interesting extract respecting his own future is typical:—

'I am doing nothing myself, being for the present stranded after twenty years' work, in deliberating what to do next. Whether to take up Natural History, or Literature (namely, shall I paint—or write)—or do neither, the remainder of my days? Or shall I take up politics? Or shall I take up nothing but amuse myself if I can?'

(Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, July 9, 10, 1906, No. 138.)

1858. *To* MISS SINNETT.—Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, March 22, 1890. Printed in Vol. XIV. p. 308 *n*.

1858. *To* JOHN SCOTT.—Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, April 1892. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 274.

¹ [For whom, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 290.]

1858. *September 1* (LANSLEBOURG). To MRS. HEWITT. No. 153 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, February 26, 1906. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 290.

1859. *August 9* (THUN). To MRS. HEWITT. No. 25 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 3, 4, 1907. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 312.

(*n.d.*—? 1864.) To MR. LE KEUX.¹—"The plate will do very nicely now with the least bit more trouble. You must still brighten the capital a little, and darken background so as to bring it all out in light." (Maggs Brothers' Catalogue, No. 230, 1907, p. 58, No. 539, and (more briefly) No. 350 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, March 12, 13, 1903.)

1861. *January 15* (DENMARK HILL).—"SIR,—Your letter of 20th Aug. was lost in a foreign Post Office and I have only just got it. I should like to see a small specimen of your engraving. I have no hopes of getting Turner engraved rightly until the engraver has passed through a course of drawing of a very different kind from any that he now practises, but I am glad to know of a pupil of Mr. Millais in case I should have any work to do coming within the range of ordinary principles of engraving.—Truly yours, J. RUSKIN." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, March 22, 1890.)

1862. *September 13* (GENEVA). To MRS. HEWITT. No. 124 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, February 26, 1906. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 424.

(1863 ?)—"Several extremely interesting letters of John Ruskin are to be sold in London this afternoon. In one of these he says: 'I am so glad you like the *Cornhill* papers. I am going to reprint them with those in *Fraser* some day soon, but I am at work at botany just now, and I must put myself in such passions when I get thinking of human cretinism that I can't bear it, am obliged to go to stones and weeds to keep any life in me.'

"In another he writes: 'I am sure you are much to be envied for having such a home to retreat to. I have retreated as completely, not as happily, feeling my own work quite vain in the present place of English art.' " (*Newcastle Leader*, March 21, 1900.)

(*n.d.*—? 1864.) To MR. DILLON.—"I have been very anxious about my father's health, which, however, I am thankful to say is now beginning to improve steadily." (From a Catalogue of Autographs by Pearson).

1864. *January 19*. To CAPTAIN BRACKENBURY. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 464.

1865. *January 26* (DENMARK HILL). To JOSEPH TAYLOR.—"Would you favour me with Mr. Cruikshank's address? I want to write to him to ask if he would do an etching or two for fairy tales."² (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, March 12, 13, 1903.)

1865. (DENMARK HILL.) To MRS. NICHOLS. Extracts from five letters.—"MY DEAR MADAM,—I am grateful for these pretty verses, though I don't quite understand them, and hardly fancy you do yourself," etc.

"There is much in myself that I hate and mourn over, and so little that I like that I thought,—if you were sensitive to pain, weakness, decay—hardness of heart and the like, you would be unhappy in seeing me." (From a Catalogue of Mr. Pickering, Haymarket, p. 27. Mrs. Nichols was a large contributor to *Household Words*.)

1865. To R. TALLING. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 498.

1865. *June 25*. To Mr. MACKAY. Printed in Vol. XXXVI. p. 483.

¹ [Misprinted "L. Kent" in the Catalogue.]

² [On this subject, see Vol. XXXVI. p. 514.]

1866. *January 28* (DENMARK HILL). *To the Rev. EDWARD COLERIDGE.*—"I was confirmed some time since, by displeasure at the attitude taken by the Church of England with regard to scientific and social questions . . . that no money of mine should ever be spent in ecclesiastical purposes. . . . It is of no use to write sense on any subject which the mob interests itself in. . . . The mob will have everything its own way eventually." (No. 350 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, May 4, 1889.)

(*n.d.*—? 1866.) (DENMARK HILL.) Three letters to "Agatha," apparently then at school at Winnington:—

"What I mean by necessary ministrations to the will is exactly what you mean. I call 'necessary ministrations' whatever God gives us to do, for our relatives or for any persons whom we may be able in the course of our own right life, to help or to nurse. But what I say is wrong for most people is leaving one's own people and one's own life to be a nurse only."

"Joan is unfortunately in Scotland, but if Mrs. Baden Powell can trust you with me, or rather me with you, and you don't mind a dull day, could you then stay here on Wednesday, and I could send you in carefully on Thursday morning? You would have a good deal to tell them at Winnington of what I now want them to do, which I cannot say fully enough in writing."

"I can just say welcome to your letter, and that is all, for I am and shall be continually occupied all this spring, with more writing than is good for me, but I hope to send you some more minerals soon. I am so glad that you like them." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11–13, 1902, Nos. 706, 707, 709.)

1868. (DENMARK HILL, *February 23.*) *To MRS. CAMERON.*—"Fifteen years ago, I knew everything that the photograph could and could *not* do;—I have long ceased to take the slightest interest in it, my attention being wholly fixed upon the possibility of wresting *luminous* decomposition which literally *paints* with sunlight—no chemist has yet succeeded in doing this;—if they do, the results WILL be precious in their own way—but I hope they exist)." (No. 284 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, July 22, 1908.)

(1868?) *March 30* (DENMARK HILL).—"I am very sorry not to answer your letter, but am compelled to give up all teaching by letters now, and nearly all my former duties and pleasures. I have now many more serious of the first, and scarcely any remaining of the last. The Lucca drawings are here safe. I meant to have looked over the parcel of your own with Mr. Shields, which are excellent for their purpose, but can only now return them with thanks." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11–13, 1902, No. 710.)

1871. (*April 2.*) *To PROFESSOR CHARLESWORTH.*—" . . . Please note also that I never want any fossils. . . . Also that I can never answer at once to anything. Often I pass weeks without opening a letter, or allowing any kind of interruption."

(*n.d.*) *To the same.*—"The Gun looks a wonderfully handy piece of mischief-making. I wish I could understand it, and annihilate every instrument of the kind on earth." (From a Catalogue by Messrs. Pearson.)

1871. A letter, and extracts from others, to R. CHESTER. W. T. Spencer's Catalogue, No. 108, 1902, p. 46. For these, see Vol. XXXIV. pp. 715–716.

1871. *July 24* (MATLOCK). *To THOMAS RICHMOND.* In Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 1, 1891; printed *above*, p. 33.

Reprinted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, May 23, 1891. In line 11 on p. 34, "one whit" has hitherto been misprinted "on which"; and in line 15, "hard," "bad." The last sentence was omitted.

1871. *November 16. To the Rev. Dr. DIXON.* In William Brown's *Catalogue of Autograph Letters*, 1900; printed *above*, p. 42.

1871. *December.* Two letters to THOMAS RICHMOND. These two letters were sold at Sotheby's, November 28, 1890, with seven other letters (autograph) and three others written by secretaries and signed by J. R. They were also written to Mr. T. Richmond, and related to the just completed purchase of Brantwood, and its furnishing and repairs, which Mr. Richmond was superintending. They contained references to the health of Ruskin's mother (who died December 5, 1871) and the "now not slowly falling veil" of her life.

"DENMARK HILL, *Saturday [Dec., 1871].—MY DEAREST TOM,—I have your sweet little note. Yes, it is a great blessing to me to have such a friend as Mrs. Hilliard, as strong and pure as an angel and as playful as a child, only with more wit and more real enjoyment. I am beginning to value all my friends more now, because I begin to think myself perhaps a little more worth caring for, and so I can better believe that good people do care for me than I could once.*

"The sky is opening this afternoon. It has been dark all the week. Write your Sunday's letter. It may still be heard.—Ever your loving JOHN RUSKIN."

"DENMARK HILL, *5th December, ½ past 3 afternoon.—MY DEAREST TOM,—Your old friend passed away at ¼ past two this afternoon painlessly (as I doubt not), but after two days of apparently oppressive discomfort, with moaning and tossing sorrowful to see, but I think that also unconscious. The last letter to her was in vain, except for me. How much you have done till now, not in vain, I cannot with sufficient thankfulness tell you.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.*"

(? 1872.) *December 29 (BRANTWOOD).* A letter on hill-formation, with outline sketches to illustrate it, says: "I am much interested by your letter, but hope you will soon find out much more about hill-formation than I can tell you . . . a little bit well and accurately done would be worth a whole continent skipped over and guessed at . . ." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11–13, 1902.)

(*n.d.—? 1872.*) (CONISTON.)—"This second copy seems all right, and I am obliged for your pains. It is true that I want the effect rather than facsimile in sketchy drawings if ever I give you them—but all I shall give you at present will need absolute sequence of line." (No. 577 in Catalogue of Maggs Brothers, No. 234, November 1907.)

1874. *January 1 (OXFORD).* *To Major the Hon. JOHN COLBORNE* (in reply to a request that he would join the Temple Club).—"I very deeply feel the importance of the objects for which the Club has been instituted, and only regret that my continued absence from London will scarcely leave me any capability of promoting them, otherwise than by good wishes." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11–13, 1902.)

1874. *February 25 (BRANTWOOD).* *To J. R. ANDERSON.*—"Make what recruits you can to the theory that one's chief exercise ought to be in useful work, not in cricket or rowing merely."¹ (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, March 12, 13 1903.)

1875. (*April 25.*) *To MISS JEAN INGELow.*—"Irritated by London absurdities—by bad water-colours yesterday, and bad acting the day before. All the world about me was wild with applause . . . I went to sleep—at Othello."² (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, November 8, 1907, No. 81.)

¹ [On this subject, see *above*, p. 85. The passage printed in the Catalogue may be only a paraphrase of the letter there printed. An account of other letters referring to the Hincksey diggings was given by the Rev. H. D. Raunsley in *The Atlantic Monthly*, April 1900: see the description of that article in the Bibliography (Vol. XXXVIII.).]

² [Salvini's performance: see Vol. XXIX. p. 445.]

(*n.d.*)—"By all means let your younger girl learn with her sister—unless it is tiresome to her—but don't plague either of them. Drawing should be a lesson of patience, but not an infliction of pain." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, November 8, 1907, No. 82; Catalogue (No. 177) of Books and Autographs, by William Brown, Edinburgh, 1908, p. 34.)

1875. (BRANTWOOD, *August 30.*)—"All that I said was that none of us could be more than men—did you hope to be anything else? . . . Please tell me what you mean by saying that you (the body of workmen with you) 'nearly killed your manager by passing a vote of censure on him.' I am very glad you passed the vote, but wonder why you think it had such a deadly effect upon him. You might pass a good many votes of censure on *me*, if I had the management of you, without at all injuring my health." . . . (From a Catalogue of Autographs, quoted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, August 10, 1887.)

[Undated.]—" . . . If you know the *qualities* of a man, and love him for *them*, and reverence him, that is *man* worship, the first duty and privilege of man, through which he rises to *God* worship. If you know the *income* of a man, and reverence him for *that*, it is *money* worship, through which you proceed to *devil* worship," etc. (*Ibid.*)

(*n.d.*—? 1875.) *To* JOHN MORGAN.—"I to-day receive your most interesting letter, and must at once reply to beg you, on the one side, to take up at once a firm ground for your conduct in future as a Scottish tradesman; but, on the other, not to torment yourself by continual deliberation of the degree in which concession must be made to external force. As the manager of business in the interests of others, you are in a particularly difficult position." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, July 3, 1908, No. 59.)

(*n.d.*) *To the Rev. W. KINGSLEY.*—"DEAR KINGSLEY, . . . Melancholia¹ is only mathematics? But what have the keys, and the millstone, and the Cupid, and the wolf, and the nasty bat to do with mathematics?" (From a Catalogue by Messrs. Pearson.)

1876. *To a* CORRESPONDENT.—"Don't fear my deserting the working-class—I would desert the world first."

[1876.²] (*October 21.*) *To the same* CORRESPONDENT.—"You must, therefore, simply explain to any of my friends who ask for me that I have not come to Venice to go out, but to do as much in six months as I possibly can, and that my bedtime is half-past nine." (From a Catalogue by Messrs. Pearson.)

1877. *January 21* (VENICE). *To* MISS MILLER.—"What you have chiefly to do, is to form from your own experience a clear ideal of the refinements possible to women living very useful lives, and to teach that kind of life in practice, setting it before your pupils as a divine one to be aimed at and delighted in." (No. 455 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 8, 9, 1903.)

1877. *January 31* (VENICE). *To the same.*—"I am most thankful for your letter, my usual distress being that I cannot make my friends, or some even of my Companions, feel themselves uncomfortable or miserable enough. If only I can make them feel what slaves we all are, and look to a far distant hope of nobler powers, I think my task well nigh done." (No. 456 in the same.)

1877. *March 5* (VENICE). *To the same.*—"Indeed it is to good and sensible women like yourself that I look for teaching on such matters. My only use is to insist on the general law of which each Companion must trace the special bearing on themselves." (No. 457 in the same.)

¹ [Dürer's design; see Vol. VII. Plate E (p. 312).]

² [Or, possibly, 1851–1852.]

[1877.¹] *To* RAWDON BROWN (addressed as "Papa").—"Mr. Cheney's book is interesting to me; the records of the MSS. of Ducal promises in the Correr [Museum] I am going to begin some work on to-morrow."

[1877.] *To the same* (signed "Figlio").—"I have found precious things in the Correr to-day, but plagued the poor Abbé horribly by setting him to seek for the Mariogola of the Scuola di S. Maria di Valverde." (Nos. 582, 583, and 587 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, May 11–13, 1905.)

1877. *May 29* (DOMO D'OSSOLA). *To* "NELLIE."—"I have no doubt I shall find those missing books of your father's works in my Brantwood library, and will send them as soon as I get home." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11–13, 1902.)

1877. *May 30* (DOMO D'OSSOLA). Newcome's Catalogue of Autographs, 1890. A letter printed in Vol. XXV. p. xxxiv. *n*.

1877. (*June 20.*) *To* MISS MILLER.—"I have been twenty times on the edge, never yet well over the edge, of answering your most valuable letter." (No. 458 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 8, 9, 1903.)

1877. (*July 18.*) *To the same*.—"Please tell your Oxford friends they cannot oblige me more than by adding in any way to the information or suggestions you have given me." (No. 460 in the same. Nos. 461–465 and 467 were also letters to the same correspondent, but extracts were not printed in the catalogue.)

1877. *September 5* (BRANTWOOD). *To* NELLIE.—"I heard with extreme sorrow of your sister's death, but I am not able to take comfort or give it for death, and never write of it. I think your father's translation of the *Iliad* may yet become valuable. Keep the MS. carefully, and when you are at a permanent address let me send the first book back to you." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, December 11–13, 1902, No. 711.)

1877. *September 7* (BRANTWOOD).—"MY DEAR GRAHAM,—Your letter just received is the pleasantest and helpfulest I have ever yet had from any working companion; and may show us both that *Fors* means to try us for a while, but not to fail us. I sincerely trust that your service to your new master and lady may continue as happy and as dutiful.—Always affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN." (From W. T. Spence's Catalogue, No. 115, 1903, p. 35. Graham had been a tenant on the St. George estate.)

1879. (*June 11.*) *To a* CORRESPONDENT.—"I am very sorry, I hope it's the devil's doing to keep me from good company and that he'll let me alone now I've given it up." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, May 19, 1906, No. 83.)

1879. (*December 11.*) *To* MISS MILLER.—"Shall I get a room in Sheffield where into you may invite any children that like to come?" (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 8, 9, 1903.)

1880. *February 15* (SHEFFIELD). *To* MR. GALLOWAY.—"I have been rudely knocked about since I wrote the Notes on this Hunt Exhibition."

1880. (*May 27.*) *To* WILLIAM MORRIS. William Brown's Catalogue, 1900. Printed above, p. 315.

¹ [Or, possibly, 1851–1852.]

1881.—“To a member of the Palæographical Society. He writes that his correspondent’s letter, being mistaken for something else, was thrown over to his secretary, at which mistake ‘I was aghast.’ Excuses himself on the ground of having been ‘dog-tired.’ ‘You’re the only people in all London I mean to keep . . . if you don’t throw me over yourselves. . . . You will, I hope, forgive my not knowing what I was about—when my head is half split with your—long Greek names instead of plain English—and previously, the other half by my own way of knocking it against walls. Your Number XI. is lovely—there are *some* precious things in it, and no ugly ones.’ ” (Walter T. Spence’s Catalogue, No. 113, p. 31, No. 428.)

1882. (*June 22.*) *To a* CORRESPONDENT.—“Your picture is a very interesting one, though I am sorrowfully bound to assure you that it is no Turner, but an extremely ingenious imitation.” (From a Catalogue of Autographs by Pearson.)

1883. *February 11.*—“DEAR MISS AGATHA,—You call yourself my little friend. I can’t make out from this photograph how tall you are, and I want to know the colour of your eyes and hair, and your cheeks, and why are you folding your hands in that pathetic manner? And what are you looking at? Please tell me all this and I’ll be always gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.” (Sotheby’s Sale Catalogue, December 11, 12, 1902. The letter appears again in a *Catalogue of Autograph Letters . . . on sale by Maggs Bros., 109 Strand, W.C., No. 230, 1907, No. 538.*)

1883. (*July 18.*) *To* MISS MILLER.—“I have at this moment more on my mind than I can attend to, for indeed now that I am sixty-four it is of much more importance that I get the things I have on my mind said than any old books re-arranged.” (No. 468 in Sotheby’s Sale Catalogue, June 8, 9, 1903.)

1884. *St. Benedict’s Day [March 21]. To* MISS MILLER.—“You have never worried me, but I have grievously failed to take advantage of all you could have told me and done for me.” (*Catalogue of Autograph Letters . . . on sale by Walter V. Daniell, 53 Mortimer St., London, July 1904, No. 822.*)

1884. *April 3. To* MISS MILLER.—“I am entirely happy in all you have done and said, and entirely glad you have got help out of any mode of mine.” (No. 470 in Sotheby’s Sale Catalogue, June 8, 9, 1903. Nos. 469 and 471–474 were letters to the same correspondent, but extracts were not given.)

1884. (*July 23.*) *To* MISS BEAUMONT. Extracts from the letter which is printed, in full from another source, *above*, p. 491.

1884. *August 28. To* MISS BEAUMONT.—“I meant in fixing the highest price I could, to give you some rest from work, not to stimulate you to production.” (No. 383, Pearson.)

1884. (OXFORD, *November 5.*) *To* MISS BEAUMONT.—“. . . Send any cutting that you can do easily, not horses, no cats. By the way, I want one horse, a grand heavy brewer’s dray, with arched neck.”

1884. (*December 19.*) *To* MISS BEAUMONT.—“. . . The drawing is here at last, but there’s not much good in it. I wish you could form an opinion of your own work! or had asked me any plain questions about it. Cannot you tell me if you feel that it helps you in any way? Try to write a steady round hand like this. Your sharp one wearies me, and is bad for your drawing.”

1884. (*December 20.*) *To* MISS BEAUMONT.—“. . . I said your drawing was not good for much. I wished it better for *your* sake, not mine!” (Pearson’s Catalogue, Pall Mall, April 1886.)

1886. *February 19* (BRANTWOOD).—Giving a young man advice upon art matters and his conduct in life generally, the letter begins:—"You have not opened your heart in vain if I can at all cheer you or strengthen, whether I can help or not. But of all the burdens which my own failing health forbids me now any more to bear, the thoughts and sorrows of other lives are the fatallest to me. . . . Throughout you have failed by a form of selfishness. Because you were sad yourself, was it necessary to write a sad story? Talent of authorship consists in forgetting one's self and in understanding the lives and minds of others, and—And I really think that's all—and I hope it's right—and I beg pardon if it's wrong, and I can't help it, and I'm ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN."

1887. (*June 12.*) *To a* CORRESPONDENT.—"I am *too* old, now, to take any critical or practical part in such a design as you have formed, and cannot let my name be connected with any form of art education." (From a Catalogue of Autographs by Pearson.)

1887. (*June 20.*) *To* RAFFAELLO CARLOFORTI (for whom, see Vol. XXX. p. lxii.).—"You do not need to see drawings of mine. Your own are better than mine ever were, or could have been. But if you will do a little bit of painting in the galleries, it will refresh you and give you new feeling for masses of shade and colour. Any bit of architecture or ornamentation by John or Gentile Bellini (or a single head—if you feel abler), or any little bit in the Carpaccio Chapel will be precious to me." (Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, July 3, 1908, No. 23.)

June 22. *To* MISS MILLER.—"I am always trying to do more than I can, always pushed on with new work before I have battlemented the old." (No. 475 in Sotheby's Sale Catalogue, June 8, 9, 1903.)

(*n.d.*) *To* MISS MILLER.—"You need not be afraid of my deserting you, though I am only 'makeshift.'"¹ (No. 476 in the same.)

(*n.d.*) *To a* CORRESPONDENT.—"I am obliged by the invitation of the Caledonian Society, but I never go to public dinners, and if steam ploughs are to be used in Caledonia, no dinners will preserve the memory of Burns." (A Catalogue issued by William Brown, 26 Princes Street, Edinburgh, p. 69.)

¹ [See *Fors Clavigera*, Letters 67 and 81 (Vol. XXVIII. p. 644, Vol. XXIX. p. 197), where Ruskin speaks of himself as "a makeshift Master."]



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