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THE COMPLETE
WORKS OF
JOHN RUSKIN

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John Ruskin.

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THE WORKS OF
JOHN RUSKIN

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LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1909

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THE LETTERS OF
JOHN RUSKIN

VOLUME I

1827–1869

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
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 interest. John James Ruskin was himself a somewhat remarkable man, respected and beloved by all who came in contact with him:—

---

[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.

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

---

[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.

"(FOLKESTONE, 4*th 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 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. . . ."

---

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

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, 8*th 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.]

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[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, 12*th 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.]

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[1] See, for instance, Vol. V. p. xlviii., 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 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 Simson[1] 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 Angy[2] 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.

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

"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 "alltogether"—the "all" is scratched out; the second *n* blotted in Joanna. [J. R.]

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[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 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]

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[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.

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

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[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 Acland[2] 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,

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[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.

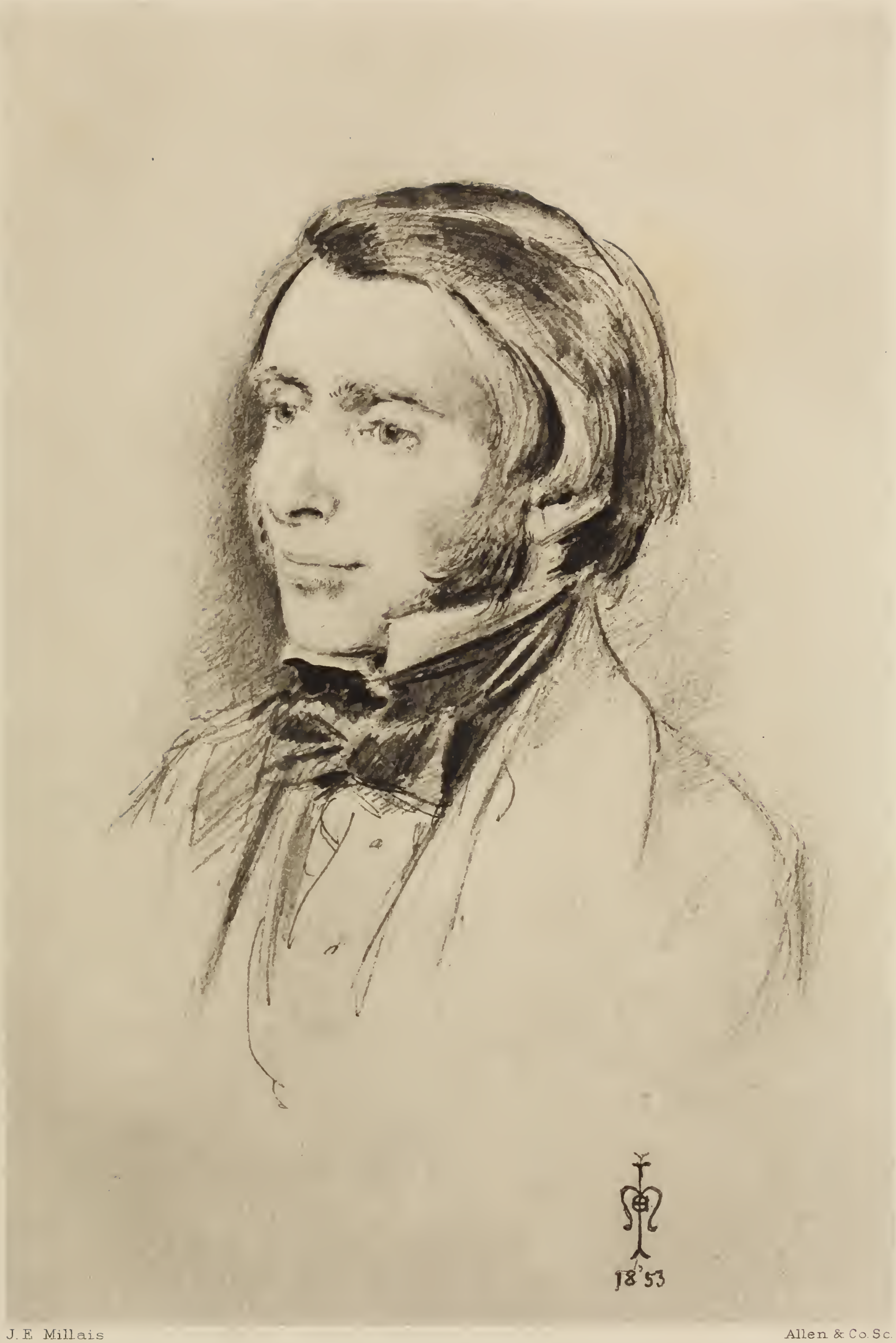
[5] J. B. Atlay's *Memoir*, p. 476.

[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).



J. E. Millais

Allen & Co. Sc.

John Ruskin

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, 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 an affection Ruskin looked back in old age to happy days spent with George Richmond and his circle.[3]

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[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.

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 terms[8] 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.

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[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 wit, 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

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

[2] See below, p. 104.

[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]

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[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 *Iteriad* (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

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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 gainsayed, 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 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]

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[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.

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 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:—

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[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. xlvii.

[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.

"PARIS, *Dec.* 10*th*, '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 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.

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[1] *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning,* vol. ii. p. 218.
[2] See Vol. V. p. xlvi.

"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 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.'

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

"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,* 24*th* [*December,* 1855].

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—Your note having just arrived, Robert deputes 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.

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[1] From W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin,* 1900, pp. 162–167. 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 husband[2] 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.

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[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 a 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 correspond[1] 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

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[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 good[3]—on the fitness of the placing of the words."[4]

With Tennyson's friend, Francis Turner Palgrave, an early admirer of *Modern Painters*,[1] Ruskin was also acquainted, and a few letters to him are included in this Collection.

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[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.

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 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.

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[1] See *Francis Turner Palgrave: His Journals and Memories of his Life,* by Gwenllian 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.

"*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 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.

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

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 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 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).

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[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.

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[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).

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 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]

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[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.

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 pedantic[6]—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 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]

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[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.

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, 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.

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[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.

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 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 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).

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

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[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.

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 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]

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[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.

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 Collection[3] 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

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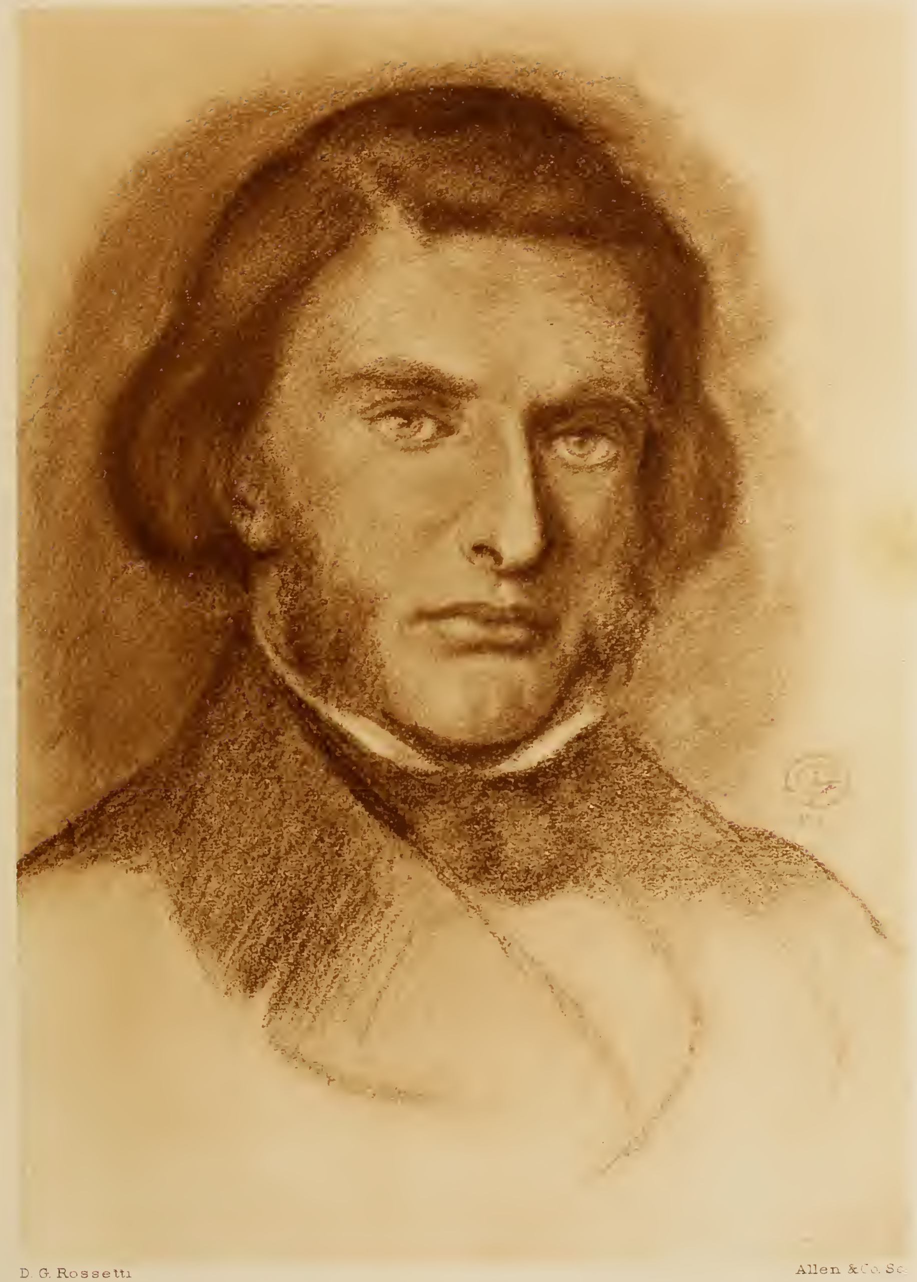
[1] Vol. XVIII. pp. xlviii.-xlix.

[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. Sc.

John Ruskin

1861.

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 "Georgie." 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 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.

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[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.

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 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."

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[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.

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

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[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 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.

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[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.

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 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]

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[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.

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

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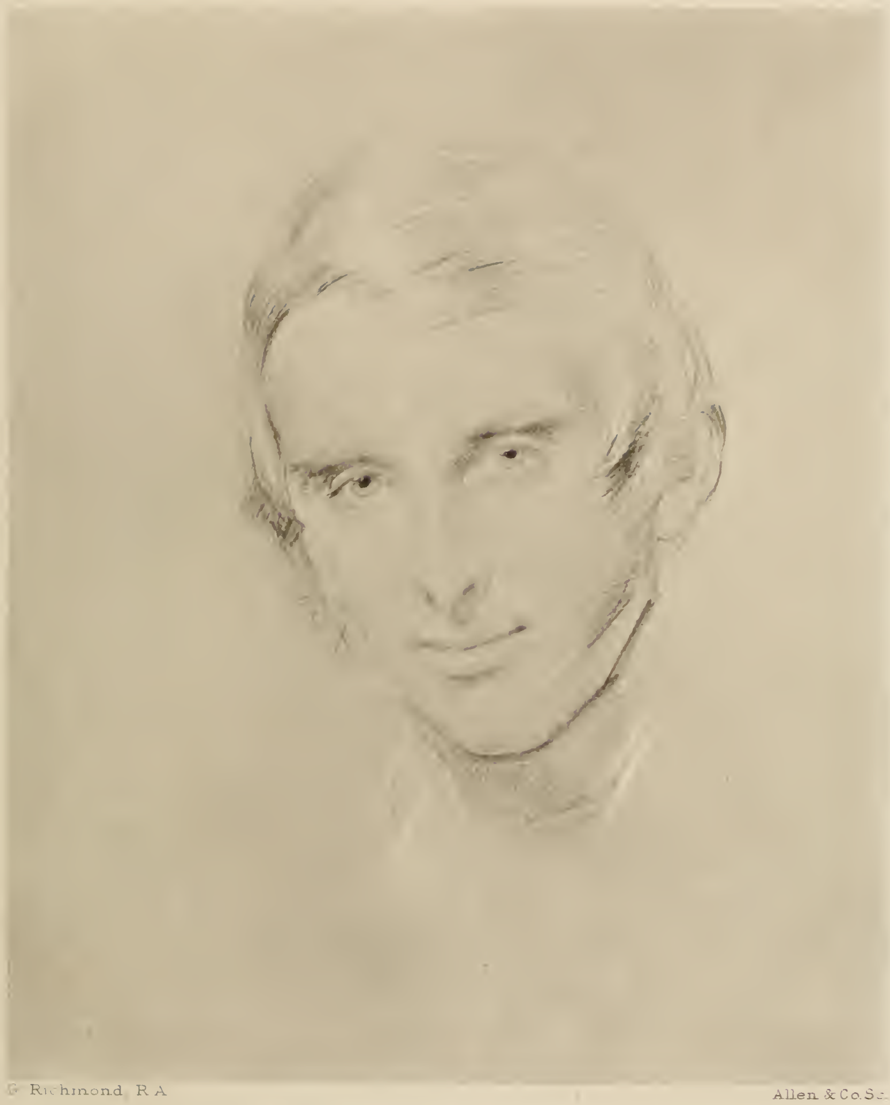
[1] "Forewords" in the privately-printed *Two Letters concerning "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds,"* p. 14.

[2] See, for instance, above, p. xvii.

[3] Vol. XXIX. pp. 565–569.

[4] See Vol. XXXVII. p. 704.



G. Richmond, R.A.

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 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 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]

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[1] Vol. XIII. p. 575.

[2] See Vol. XXXVII. p. 710 *n.*

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

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[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*.

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 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.

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[1] Namely, 12 Plates for *Fésole*, 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; elm-bark 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.

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.

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[1] Vol. XXIX. p. 190.

[2] Vol. XVII. pp. lxi., lxviii., 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.

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[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 unfailing; 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 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.

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[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).

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

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[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 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.

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[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.*

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 Hincksey 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 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:—

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[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.

"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?

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[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]

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[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'ile. . . . 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,

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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 Malleson. 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 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.

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[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. XXIX. 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.*

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 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]

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[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. l.–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.

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 grant 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.

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[1] Vol. XXXVII. pp. 513, 517, etc.

[2] *Sesame 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 to 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 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 creatures[2] 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:—

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[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.

> "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

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[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 mamas 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 regrets[1]—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.

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[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. Canon 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 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 loomed 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.

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[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

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[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]

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[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":—

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[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 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]

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[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).

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 καλον or 'pulchrum' physical, moral, spiritual, ideal in men who feel that they may be the Sons of an ape?

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[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 1878[1] 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 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.

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[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.

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 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.

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[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.

Dr. John Brown, says Ruskin, was his "*best* friend, because he was of my father's race and native town; *truest* because he knew 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 to 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; "goodbye, 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," 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]

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[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

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 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]

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[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. xliv. 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.

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

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[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 naggling."[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 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.

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[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.

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 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.

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[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."

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 of architecture were to be founded on Ruskin's teaching, and he prepared 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 archæological 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

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[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 letters[6] 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 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:—

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[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.

(*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 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]

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[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.

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."

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[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 'reprobatious,' 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.*

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 death-bed. "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-Temple[7] 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 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 φίλος and φίλη. 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:—

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[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.

"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."

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[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, ϕ."

> "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 Juliet[2] 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 Brantwood[4] 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 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:—

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[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 Leycester, of Toft Hall, Cheshire, who ever after were among the most valued friends of Ruskin and Brantwood. See Vol. XXVII. p. 362 *n.*

(*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

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[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 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:—

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[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.

> "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 "Demonie," 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-Lampson[2] 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 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]

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[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).

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 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]

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[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.

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

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[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.

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 "Mammina," 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 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-fancies[1]—will be found towards the end of the Collection.

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[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. lxv. *n*.

[5] *Kate Greenaway*, p. 166.

[6] *Ibid.*, p. 251.

[7] Vol. XXXII. p. xxii.

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 *Frondes 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 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 lovableness. 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]

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[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

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

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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. Malleson, 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 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).

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[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).

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, 9×6½), and that on Plate II. in Mrs. Cunliffe's collection (pen, 13¾×9¾). 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 (13×18), is at Brantwood; the "Verona" (Plate IV.), in pencil and tint (18½×13), 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 (4¼×6¼); 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 (9½×11½) in Mr. Ralph Brocklebank's collection.

The two drawings of "Fribourg" (Plate IX.) are in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. They are in water-colour (4×6 and 5¼×7⅜).

The drawing of "Susa" (Plate XI.)—in pen and wash (5×7)—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 (9×6½), 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 (19¼×14½), 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.

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[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").

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An asterisk denotes that letters to the same correspondent are also contained in Vol. XXXVII.

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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 *Præterita,* 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 mary[3] 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 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.

---

[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).]

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]

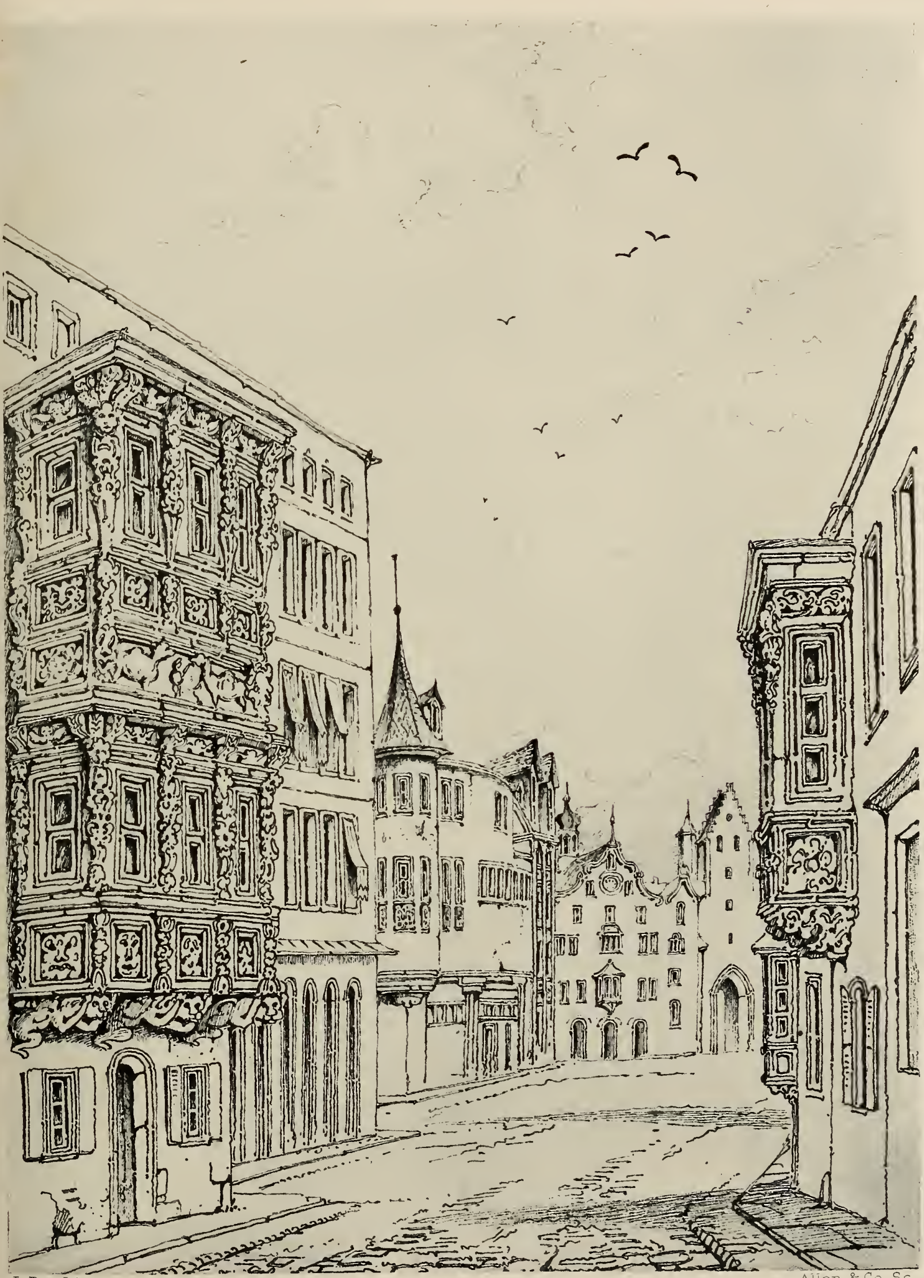
SPRING

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 Discriptive" Ruskin refers to them, and explains the epithet "whitened" as "a very artistica observation for a child," in a letter to his parents of October 23, 1853, printed i Vol. XII. pp. xxi.–xxii.]

I



J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc.

A Street in St. Gallen

1835.

To Mrs. Monro[1]

1829.

Well, papa, seeing how fond I was of the doctor,[2] and knowing him o be an excellent Latin scholar, got him for me as a tutor, and every esson 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 ime. He is so funny, comparing Neptune's lifting up the wrecked hips of Æneas with his trident to my lifting up a potato with a ork, 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 n) 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 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,

---

[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).]

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 wil

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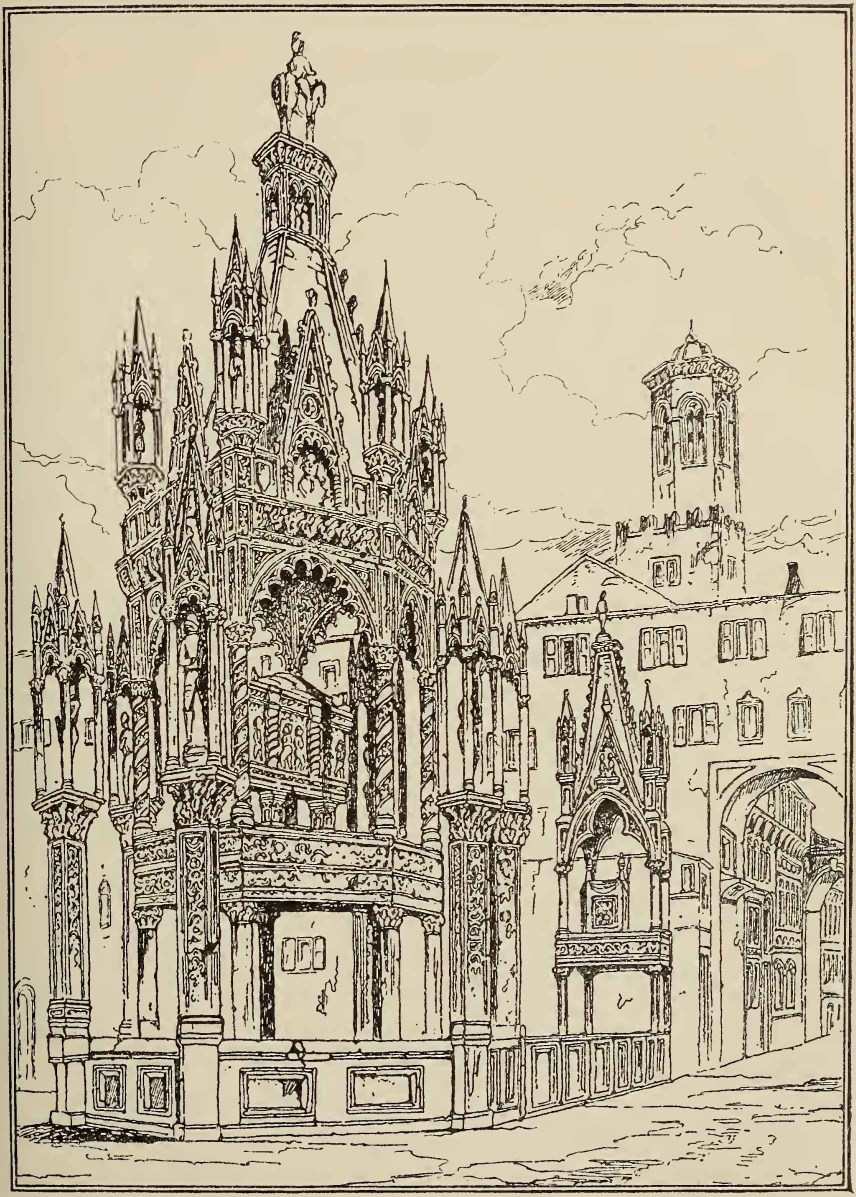
[1] [*Reflections on the Works of God and his Providence, throughout all Nature, fo every Day in the Year. Translated first from the German of Christoph Christia Sturm into French, and now from the French into English by a Lady* (Edinburgh 1788, and numerous later editions). "Newton's letters" may be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

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



J. Ruskin

The Tombs of the Scaligers at Verona

1835

ave found the want of it, as Dogberry says, "very tolerable and not o be endured."[1] In time I know the trouble occasioned by the want f it. If the maxim which mamma is always inculcating upon me, that othing is done well in a hurry, is without exceptions, this letter is ated, for I seldom have been more pressed. Yet letters never thrive n mature consideration. The same impulse continues, or ought to ontinue, from the "My dear" at the top to the "Your affectionate" t the bottom. The momentum once given and the impetus obtained, he word is forward, and it is enough to guide without restraining the egasus of thought. I can sympathise with you on your present situation, as mine is similar in a great degree. You see you are bogged mongst the marshes (horrid things those bogs in this season, horrid, ir, horrid). And I am sadly bogged in my algebra. I can't get over ivision; 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 meas admiro. And now χαίροιτε, as Anacreon says, pour la presente pro non quantum sufficit temporis ut literam longam scriberem, I remain your most mightily affectionate son,

John Ruskin.[2]

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[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 heir lives,[1] the thoughts and imaginations, the feelings and the passions vhich have long since ceased in reality, but they continue to think nd feel to me. Even as I look up to the rows of volumes in my little ibrary, they seem turning into living beings, and the ancients and the noderns seem rekindled into contemporary life. There is an old man ying on a piece of beautiful green turf beside a stream, and the tream is clear and pure and beautiful, and it is singing to him sweetly s it passes by, and he is listening to it drowsily. He looks old, for his ong hair is silvered, but there are no wrinkles on his brow, for there s no care there; there is a tall tree hanging over him, and a cicada is inging 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.

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[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.]

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.

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[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 Matson[1] 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.

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

To his FATHER[1]

HERNE HILL, 10*th 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 amused as well as instructed by the conversation of the evening. They did not break up till nearly 11.

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[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.]

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 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.

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[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.]

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 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.

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[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

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's[1] 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 Liddell[2]—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 Carew[4] 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, hat 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.

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[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 candlesticks, withered flower-leaves, frogs cut out of serpentine, broken models of fallen temples, torn papers, old manuscripts, stuffed reptiles, deal boxes, brown paper, wool, tow 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.

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[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 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.

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[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.]

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 ouse itself commences with a horrible-looking dungeon keep, which ises full four feet above the level of the roof, is somewhat more than wo feet in diameter, and possesses the tremendous appurtenances of ix battlements and six arrow slits, as large as life, consequently splitting the donjon keep from top to bottom. Access to this place of efence is obtained by a step ladder on the outside, somewhat wider han the tower itself, and by which you attain the flagstaff in five teps. Next comes a large flat side of wall, into the middle of which, wenty feet from the ground, is built the actual wooden door of the ld Tolbooth of Edinburgh, with lock, bars, and all, classically decorated with an architrave, etc. The spectator, after sundry speculations pon 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 o the grand front, which is a splendid combination of the English baronial, the old Elizabethan, and the Melrose Gothic—a jumble of agged 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.

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

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 Phidias[1] 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.

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

To W. H. HARRISON[1]

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

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[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.]

To Henry Acland [1]

[*Circa* 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 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.

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[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).]

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 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."

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

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 Hill[1]—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 Gordon[2] 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* 1*st* [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 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 Travers[2] and Sir James Clark have ordered the books to be put in a

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[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.]

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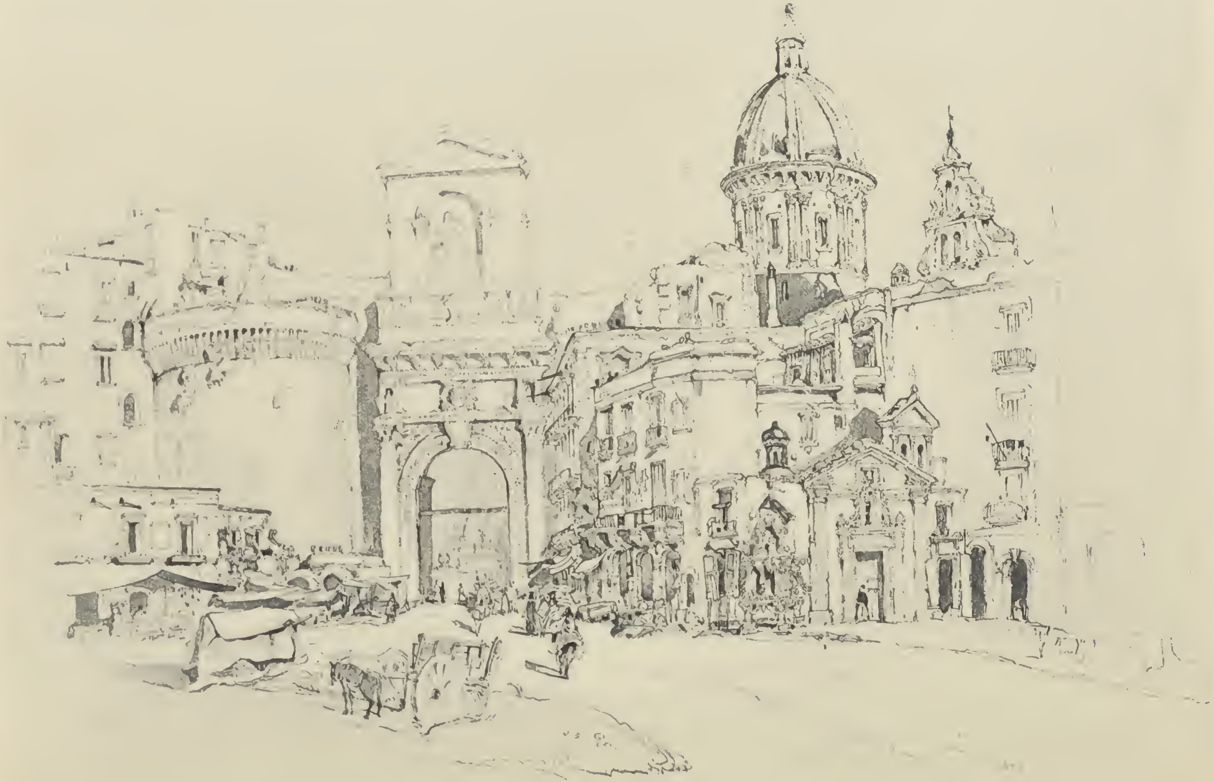
[1] [See *Præterita*, ii. § 16 (Vol. XXXV. p. 260).]

[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 can[3]—if I could recommend you any book I would, but I don't know *one* that is practical.

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[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 Street;[3] 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, bluebells, 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. Hervey[4] could only be appreciated by people who do 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 Arion[2] instead. I may send them the Chain, but I think it improbable, unless we have three days of constant rain, which the Gods forbid.

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[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.]

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 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 Bulwer[1] 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]

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[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*.]

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

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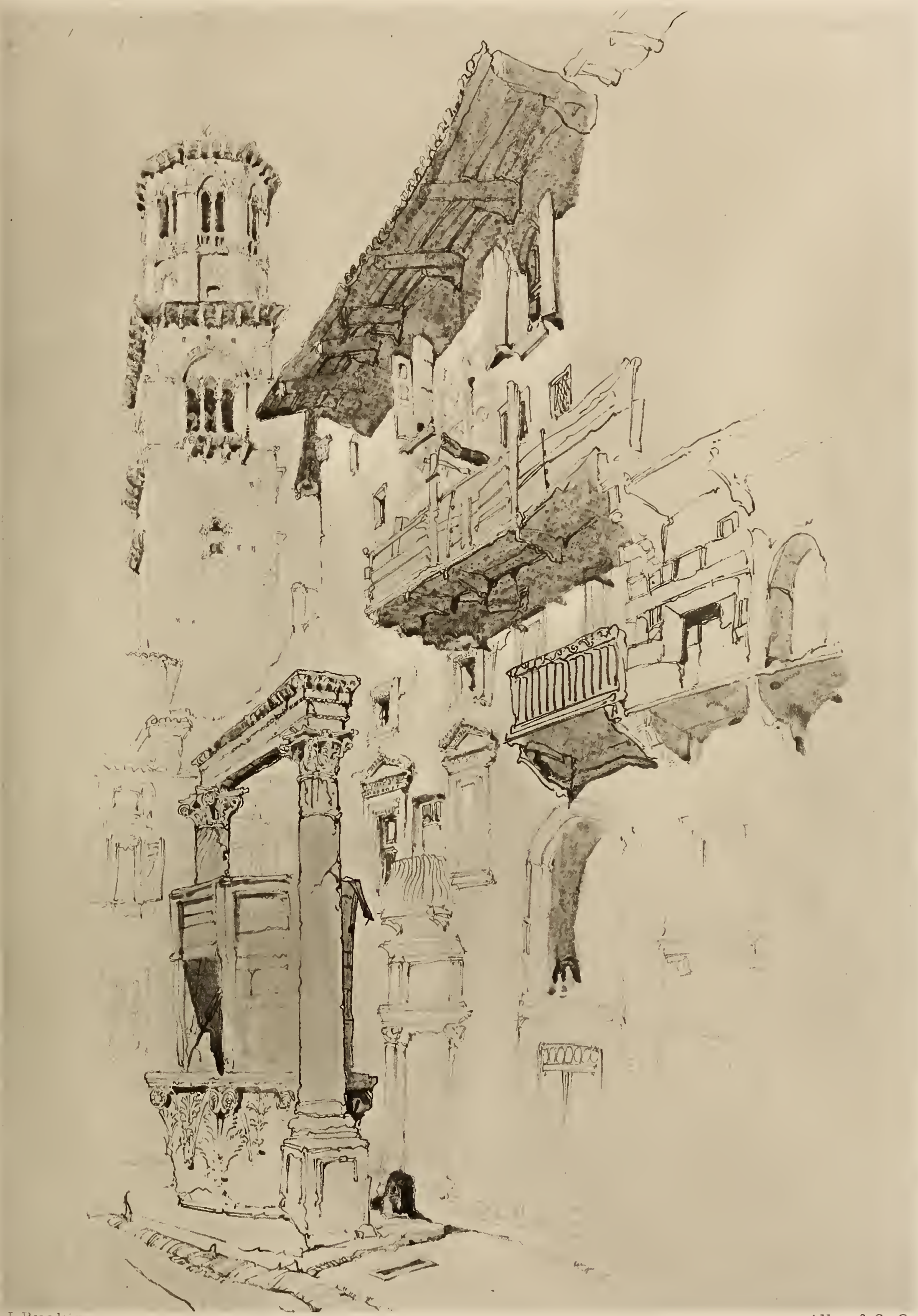
[1] [For another reference to his novels, see Vol. I. p. 370 *n.*]

[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.]

IV



J Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc

Fountain at Verona

1841

From the drawing in the possession of H.P. Mackrell, 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.* 21*st* [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 incontrollable 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 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 Bourchier 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.

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[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.]

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

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[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.]

ositive colour in the water, and no optical effect) being tones which t is utterly impossible to exaggerate. The snow looks too near for he rest, and so it does in nature. The form of it like a greyhound at he shore of the lake is very ugly, but I couldn't help it—it is fact, vhich was what I wanted. The sketch of Vesuvius, which my mother ixed in upside down, looking as it does nearly as well one way as the ther, may also be of some little use, as it was all done at once. It was rushing endeavour to put down the actual effect, as it appeared for 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 or villages. Bad as these are, I have no other sketches in colour by ne, not having used colour for, I should think, more than three hours ltogether 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 n 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.

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[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. . . .

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[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 rst volume of *Modern Painters,* which was published in May 1843. He then began ork upon study for the second volume; there are "Letters to a College Friend" iving some account of himself at this time, Vol. I. pp. 493–498.]

To George Richmond[1]

[*May,* 1843.]

Dear Richmond,—I send you a copy of the book which I suppose ou meant, and which I should be glad if you would glance at, as I ertainly agree in most of the opinions it expresses. But, remember, vhatever conjectures, or more than conjectures, you may make in eading it respecting the author are, if you love me, to be kept ltogether to yourself—not because I should dislike to be supposed he author (for I think it a mighty clever book)—but because my eing supposed so would entirely prevent it from having the influence which otherwise, if there be any truth in it, it might have. Farther, lthough you will see at once from some passages that I have seen he book before it was printed—and perhaps have had something to lo 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 o keep the public eye off him by taking some of the discredit myself, nd so may not be at liberty to deny it. At all events I am inerested in the book's being read—which it most certainly will not e if you throw it on my shoulders. Please remember, therefore, that ll 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 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.

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[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, noting that Richmond had no idea of the authorship. For Ruskin's friendship with Richmond, see the Introduction (above).]

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 work[1]—and these efforts he has made under my frequent assurances that I should never be so captived 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, 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]

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[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.]

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 it[3]); 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 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] o dock leaves in a ditch, of broken stones by the roadside, of pollard 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.

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[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.]

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[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).]

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 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 bee in town till now, and want to get a little work [done]—but I may jus tell you what I have been about. At Sir R. I.'s[1] there were: 1st Mr. Rogers; 2nd, Lord Northampton; 3rd, Lord Arundel; 4th, Lor

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[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' 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 ROGERS[2]

DENMARK HILL, CAMBERWELL, *4th May* [1844].

MY DEAR MR. ROGERS,—I cannot tell you how much pleasure you gave 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 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,

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

J. Ruskin.

To George Richmond

Paris, *Aug.* 12*th* [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, if 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 pictures[2]—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 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.

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[1] [See Rogers's *Italy* ("Venice," line 2).]

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

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 Turner[1] 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 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.

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

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

I met Jelf[1] 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 ROGERS[3]

[*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 to-day, 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.

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[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,* 15*th 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 George[1] 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 valley 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 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 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.

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

(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

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[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'hote at five, not washed yet; post at six; excuse blotchy seal.

To his FATHER

LUCCA, *Saturday Evening, May 3rd* ['45].

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 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 I did not feel the least oppressed, and yet I have been sitting out 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.

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[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.*]

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 Couttet[2] 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]

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[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 rottenness 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 the Campo Santo, so that I could not sit to draw; and then a thunderstorm came, and it is now most dark and gloomy.

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[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.]

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 think[1]). 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 Raffaelle, 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 ell about it. I know you will when you once see the drawings; and on't let them teach her the black network style—nor any *style.* Just rite to Mrs. Shuttleworth—at Totteridge, Barnet, Herts—and arrange 1 hour with her to come and see you, and bring some of her daughter's rawings, and then you will know what to do. I know how busy you e, but you *must* do this for me—and you will enjoy the drawings. sent you an impudent question the other day, and you send me my ather's answer. Well, we must hope the best. What do you think found here to-day but a glorious little history of *Job* on a predella nder a "Scuola di G." which I suspect to be Giotto's own[1]—the first ought of the Campo Santo;—and there is an Elihu here—and none 1 the Campo—unless he is scratched out. I was very much puzzled r want of him; and I found in the same place a Trionfo della Morte f a most singular kind—but I can't talk of Orcagna's or not—the gure striking at Castruccio Castracani. But I can't write any more—'s no use.—Yours ever affectionately, J. Ruskin.

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[1] [For the Abbé Rosini, see *Præterita*, ii. §§ 120, 129 (Vol. XXXV. pp. 354, 362).]

[2] [Act v. sc. 3.]

Best love to Tom. How does he like Turner this year? My father ent me two sketches from *Punch*,[2] and they have made my mouth ater dreadfully—they are *so* like. Remember me to Mrs. Richmond. trust you are all well.

[1] [The picture referred to is in the Cappella dei Medici at Santa Croce. Ruskin's ote in his Diary of 1845 is as follows:—

> "It is a Madonna with 'Sanctus Gregorius 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."

he "Trionfo della Morte" is in the passage at Santa Croce which leads to the acristy 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."

'or other notes on the frescoes of Job in the Campo Santo at Pisa, see Vol. XII. p. 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 from 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,* 17*th 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 as 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 only know the exercise of eating and spitting. In the galleries you never can 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 irty they are!" "Oh, quite shocking!" said the other, and away hey went.

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[1] [See Vol. XVI. p. 46, and Vol. XXIII. p. 243.]

Neither—if, even in early morning, you can get a quiet hour—is he town itself free from incongruities that destroy all feeling. The alaces are grand beyond all that I ever dreamed of, and I am never ired of looking at their big stones. But there is not a single house eft near them of the old town. They stand among new shops and arisian rows of Rue Castiglione houses—they are gutted inside and hitewashed—their windows are filled with green blinds and coarse ramework, and fat English footmen lounge at their doors. I don't now how other people feel, but I *can't* feel a bit, through all this. look on the thing merely as so much interesting matter for study, ut it never raises emotion. Now I complained of the way St. Michele as left at Lucca,[1] but yet, melancholy as it is, it is better so than as hey do things here. All that remains at Lucca is genuine; it is uined, but you can trace through all what it has been, and the ruin of is very touching—you know that there are the very stones that were aid by the hands of the tenth century. But here, in Giotto's campanile, they are perpetually at work chipping and clearing, and putting new bits, which, though they are indeed of the pattern of the old nes, are certainly wanting in the peculiar touch and character of the arly chisel. So that it is no longer Giotto's; it is a copy—a restored icture—of which parts indeed remain, but whose power of addressing he feelings as a whole is quite gone.[2] You will ask what I would ave, if I would neither have repairs nor have things ruined. This I ould have: Let them take the greatest possible care of all they have ot, and when care will preserve it no longer, let it perish inch by nch, rather than retouch it.[3] The Italian system is the direct reverse. hey expose their pictures to every species of injury—rain, wind, cold, nd workmen—and then they paint them over to make them bright gain. Now, the neglect is bad enough, but the retouching is of ourse—finishing the affair at once. At the church within ten feet of e 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 orches, stick bills against its sculptures, and drive nails between its tones to hang clothes upon. When this has gone on long enough, hey 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 worn vengeance against the French, but there is something in them that is at least energetic, however bad its principle may be; but these Italians—pah! they are Yorick's skull with the worms in it[1]—nothing of humanity left but the smell.

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[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.]

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. Pritchard[2] 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, 28*th June*, 1845.

Dear Richmond,—I am sure you will believe that it was wit sincere sorrow I received to-day from my father notice of the sufferin you have undergone, and the evil that has visited you; and though perhaps, I only inflict more pain on you by writing and intrudin myself upon you, yet I know you will excuse this in the assurance o my sympathy. I felt it the more because I have been, as was natura here, thinking of you every day, and referring to your judgment so fa 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 littl thought I should have so sad an occasion. I much regret my flippan letter and the trouble I gave you about Mrs. Shuttleworth, coming a this time; still, I have no doubt that you will have pleasure in bot the mother and the daughter. *They* have suffered much, and I believ the mother has hardly yet been able to bear the touch of the worl since her husband's death. I have never seen her since, and am afrai to do so. I will not ask you to write to me, but let my father kno often about yourself and Mrs. Richmond—and he will tell me. If an be of any service to you at Venice, there is plenty time to let ne know. Is it not possible that your health may compel you to ome earlier abroad this year, and that you might meet me there n September?

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[1] [*Hamlet*, Act v. sc. 1.]
[2] [Osborne Gordon's sister.]

I am grievously in want of a little guiding, and as I can date a omplete change in all my views of art from your accidentally pointng 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* that[2]), but that I have got nto such a glorious new world of religious art that I know not where o turn, and none of them here understand or care in the least about heir finest things, so that one is entirely left to oneself—masterless —and I never can form anything like, or approximating to, a fair pinion, until I have actually copied some portion—and that, here, is ext to impossible from the amount of things to be examined partially.

What a beautiful copy you made of Masaccio in the Uffizi [3]—I ould not tell the difference except from the ground and material. t is the finest thing, taking it all in all, in the gallery—for the mount and intensity of the life in it, and the kind of life. I was orry to see Perugino's portrait;[4] there is something so hard in the ountenance, it reminds one of Vasari's rascalities—which, however, any ingle head (of his works) except his own, is enough to neutralise. I refer him infinitely to Raffaelle, except in one point—all his faces top short at a certain *amount* of expression; there is a "thus far thou halt go—no farther" look about him, which I feel always the more atally after coming from some of the ecstacies of Angelico. Raffaelle, n one or two of his works, cast the *whole* soul out of the body hrough the eyes—in Perugino some of it invariably remains locked up. Generally I like this, but in one or two cases where intense passion s 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 ll the wrong-headed Germans between the Rhine and the Elbe were 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.

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[1] [For this incident, see *Præterita,* Vol. XXXV. p. 337.]

[2] [George and Tom Richmond had, it will be remembered, taken Ruskin to ask for his artistic heresies at Rome in 1840–1841: see *Præterita,* Vol. XXXV. . 276.]

[3] [The portrait formerly supposed to be Masaccio by himself, now accepted as portrait by Filippino Lippi: see Vol. XII. p. 296.]

[4] [The portrait by Perugino, formerly supposed to be of himself; now accepted s a portrait of Francesco delle Opere. For Ruskin's discussion of Vasari's character f Perugino, see Vol. XXII. pp. 424–425.]

[5] [See Eastlake's edition (1842) of Kugler's *Handbook of Painting*, pp. 106, 107, here the Martyrdom of Peter is ascribed to Filippino Lippi. For Ruskin's account f the frescoes, see Vol. III. p. 179 and *n.*]

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 o my lodging—wrote 232—went back—altered it to 237,—it being 732.

Tell Palmer[1] with my kind regards that he is wrong about th *quantity* of colour in Giorgione's landscapes. Their sky whites an blues—the coldest—are all painted over a rich cinnamon-coloure 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 th ground shows through plain enough; and tell him his stems of tree in the prettiest are a mighty deal too purple. I noticed this colou and admired it in his copy—and it is very grand—but it isn't in th original. All is brown and grey.

Why didn't you tell me one or two things to notice particularly i this wilderness, but leave me to find out all for myself? It takes m half my time to determine where the other half shall be spent. I be ten thousand pardons for this scrawl. My hand is utterly disorganise from the little organisation it had—by writing notes on one's arm.

Sincere regards to Mrs. Richmond. I fervently hope this lette may find your house relieved at last from further danger. Excuse m for talking about myself. But I thought you might like to be put i mind of Florence.—Yours ever most affectionately, J. Ruskin.

Love to Tom.

To his Father

Parma, *Thursday, July* 10*th* [1845].

Here I am, after running the gauntlet of more douaniers than 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 pa

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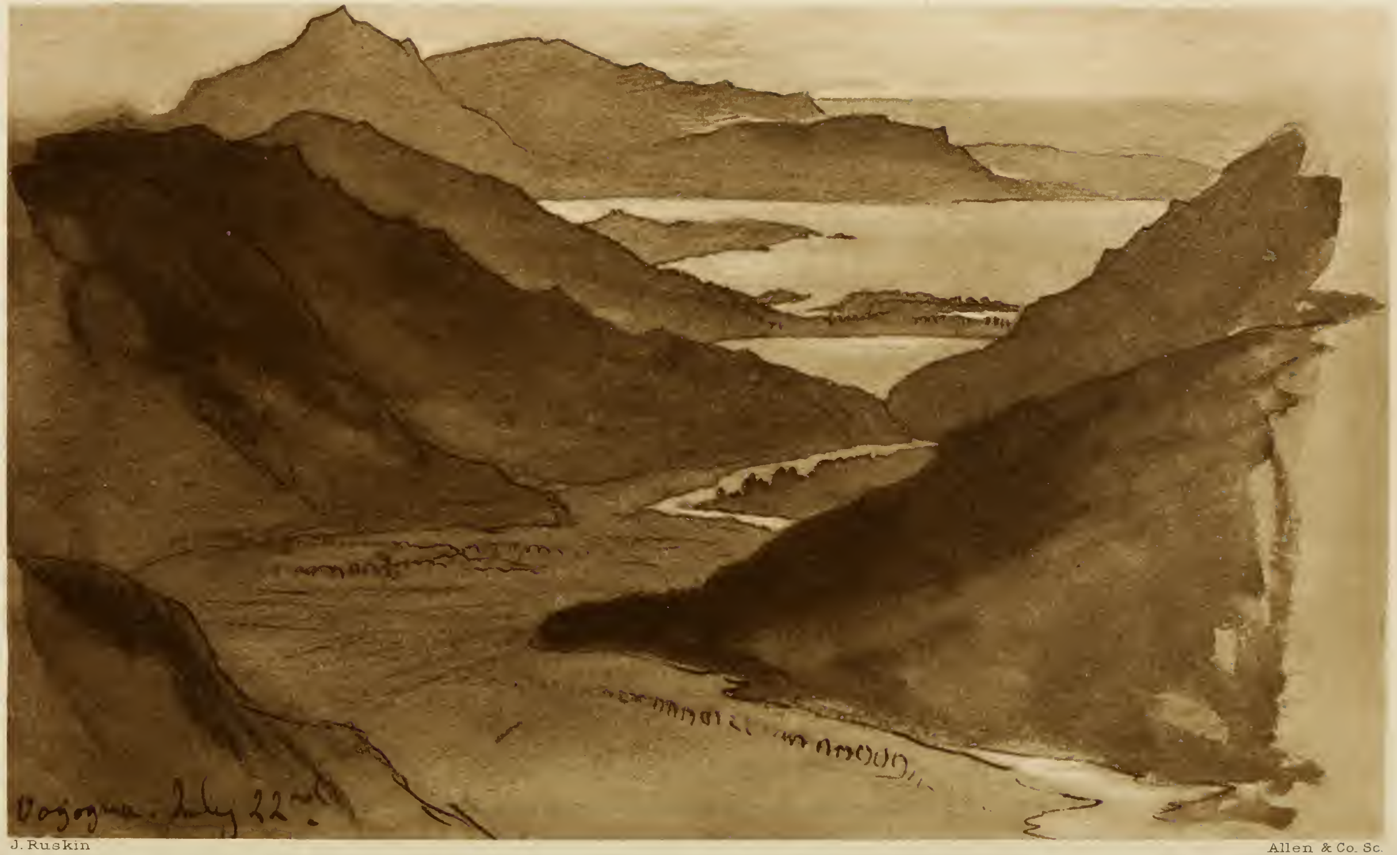
[1] [Samuel Palmer (1805–1881), water-colour painter, friend of William Bla and of Richmond.]

V


Vogogna. July 22nd.

J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc.

View from Vogogna

1845.

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 Windermeres. After crossing 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.

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[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.]

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 al 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] fo 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.

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[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.]

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 Louise[2]—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*, 24*th 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.

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[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 incomprehensibleness 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.

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[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 froth 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 republican. . . .[2]

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[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 it[1]). 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 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]

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[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*.]

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-bye, 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 *un*equal things with each other; symmetry, the *opposition* of equal things to each other. Symmetry I 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.

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[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.*]

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 BROWN[2]

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 consequence, which even your friend

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[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, 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,

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[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.]

THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

To GEORGE RICHMOND

LUCERNE, 30*th 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 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—rase it—rase 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, to build hotels on the site of it; they have built a bridge at Berne—such a bridge—look here—

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[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.]

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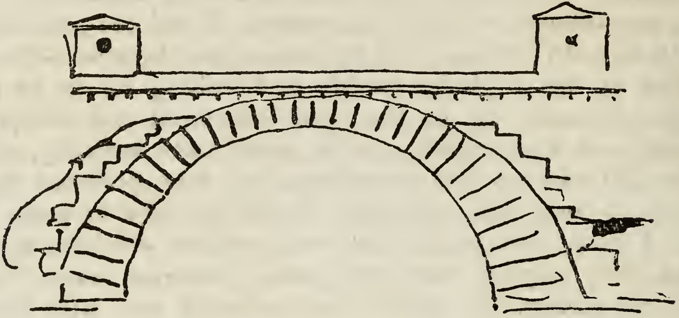
[1] ["Disease, vice, folly and madness are contagious; while health and understanding are incommunicable," etc.—*Sir Thomas More; or, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society,* 1829, vol. i. p. 37.]



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 detail, 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 you will see I have mentioned Palmer in a way which I hope he will like[1]—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 Harding[2]—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.

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[1] [Part ii. sec. i. ch. vii. ("General Application of the Foregoing Principles") a chapter much altered in the third edition (of 1846).]

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.

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[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 SMITH [1]

DENMARK HILL, *October* 28*th*, 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.-xxxi. He was also at Leamington and in Scotland: *ibid.*, pp. xxvii.-xxviii.]

To DR. JOHN BROWN [2]

DENMARK HILL, 11*th 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*, r I fear that if your kind spirit of praise had thoroughly pervaded e article there had been much chance of all being set down as the ork of my friends and private abettors, and much of the credit it ill now carry refused in consequence. Nevertheless, for my own part, *was* glad to hear *you* had not written the passages in question, for, ough preparing to consider them and benefit by them as I best ight, I was a little aghast at the request that I would never be oquent any more;[1] for I do think that some things cannot be said cept passionately and figuratively, and my own tendencies at present re so entirely prosaic, and such delight as I once had in, or power ver, the fancy so fast evaporating or freezing, or sinking, as Words- orth has it, from the *fountain* into the "*comfortless and hidden well,*"[2] at it pains me to be thrust away from the last hold that I had, or ought I had, upon the *altar*, and ordered into the ice-house of mere hilosophy, there to be kept cool and dry. Yet I am not sure but our friend is right, altogether right, and I *am* sure that your feel- gs of pleasure, not to say your expressions, are overcharged—I mean your letters to me—expressions which could be warranted only by e elaborate work of an aged man. There is nothing in the book hich is not less than I ought to have done, considering the singular dvantages I have had, and I am either a very stupid, or at least ery *slow* person, or else the multiplication of opportunity has a ndency to deaden both energy and imagination, for I am always usy, and yet with no effect proportioned to the time, or coequal with he results which I see obtained in every direction around me by my feriors in age, leisure, education, and opportunity. Alas, it will be ng before you have any third volume. I hope Mr. Hill[3] would give ou my reasons for not sending the Slaver, and that you thought em just. I do not know what pictures you have got, but I have ften found that as clergymen can never tell what will be the effect f their sermons, and often find that most good has been done by assages or discourses to which they had given the least measure of ime and pains, so the more I see of public judgment the less I can alculate of the effect of this picture or that, the less [I am] able to dvise a popular selection. Many that I should have thought incompre- ensible or violent I find are admired; some whose quietness I should 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.

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[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.]

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[1] ["We wish that, in his third and, in some respects, most important volume, he 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 een a fruitful source of literary misunderstandings: see for a case in point the *emoirs 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.]

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 SEVERN[1]

[*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 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 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.

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[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.*]

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[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.]

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. George[3] sat down once, as in Switzerland, but jumped up again in a hurry. "Hollo, sir, it's all sponge." Fine day, and fine view—Scawfell, 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.

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[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 Mitford [1]

[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 disappointment 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 leave my desk, or my four-walled chamber, so long as I have Miss Mitford's letter to read, or her ear to gain.

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[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.]

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 Lucien[2]—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 mean[3]—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.

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[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, 16*th August* [1847].

Dear Richmond,—I am packing up to leave for Dunbar and Tantallon—only stopping at Kenilworth to finish some ivy stalks to-morrow.[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. Aclands 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, 20*th 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 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.

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[1] [Probably the sepia drawing ($13\frac{1}{2} \times 19$ in.) of the ruins of Kenilworth overgrown with ivy which was in the possession of Mr. W. Ward.]

[2] [For Ruskin, like the Major (*Dombey*, chap. xxi.) had been to Leamington.]

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 garden[1] —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 even 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 p for Alpine rose, and in ætherealness and dewy purity and flush of olour is far finer, but I don't know how to draw it. I shall try, but here are no reds in painting good for anything. Certainly no one as ever yet painted heather or bluebells properly.

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[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.]

(Pitlochrie, *three o'clock.*) Drive here from Dunkeld very lovely n crag and river bits—one piece of valley view exquisite, but no mountains, and the mere undulating bogs a bad upper termination of he 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 f 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 Place[1] 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 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.

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[1] [Mr. Harrison lived at 2 Langport Place, Camberwell. "The Crown" was the insurance office where Mr. Harrison was employed: see above, p. 24.]

*Cross*mount[2]—(short for *A*crossmount—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 irch tree or two in the sides of it, and finally runs away in a long tring over the moors, nobody knows where.

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[1] [See Luke x. 24.]

[2] [Where Ruskin had been staying with his friend, William Macdonald: see above, p. 75.]

Above the knoll and larch trees, seen in front of the house, rises, rst, the wood of firs through which the road runs; above this, a roken range of rocky mounds, with a general tone of purple upon hem given by the heather, and a white spot or two moving—scarcely isible—conjecturally sheep. Over the ridge of this is seen a very lunt, stony, far-off, pyramidal mass of hill, commonly with a light loud resting on the top of it, which is a mountain of some note, chehallion, and which closes the prospect to the south.

At the east side of the garden and grass plot is a little door, in higher wall, which leads into a small square of kitchen garden, loping steeply down, and full of gooseberry bushes with berries on hem in clusters almost as close as grapes, but sickly with the wet veather and sour in antiquated unripeness. At the bottom of the garden is the gardener's cottage, and the washerwoman's—the Eve of he garden performing that useful function. Past the cottage flows a ittle streamlet, undefilable even by soap, and crossed by a large flat late for a bridge; and beyond the stream a winding path—so steep hat you feel like a stone going up and like a wheel coming down—ecedes among a straggling forest of birches with all manner of knots ied in their trunks, and presently emerges on the arable part of the estate, an irregular runlet of level ground, with scattered islands of ock, 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 chanc of post-boxing the compass under twopence, so I will send this shee to-day, and if you are not quite tired I shall pray for your furthe company to-morrow. Kindest regards to Mrs. Harrison and the youn 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, 28*th Sept.*

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—I proceed to say what I can, in answer t "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 ar done by men who really have genuine feeling, but do not know ho to express it; and, with regard to myself, I admit the charge enthusiasm at once, but my intended position—I know not if tenabl or not—is that there is a certain kind and degree of enthusias which alone is cognizant of *all* truth, and which, though it ma sometimes mistake its own creations for reality, yet will *miss* n reality, while the unenthusiastic regard actually misses, and comes sho of, the truth. I am better able to assert this now than formerl because this enthusiasm is, in me, fast passing away, and I can no in many instances compare the mode of sight of apathy or commo sense with the mode of sight of enthusiasm; and I most bitterl regret the loss of the keenness and perfection of the latter. Fo instance, there was a time when the sight of a steep hill covere with pines, cutting against blue sky, would have touched me with a emotion inexpressible, which, in the endeavour to communicate in it truth and intensity, I must have sought for all kinds of far-off, wil and dreamy images. Now I can look at such a slope with coolnes and observation of *fact*. I see that it slopes at 20° or 25°; I kno 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, thu and thus; the day fine, and the sky blue. All this I can at onc communicate in so many words, and this is all which is necessaril seen. But it is not all the truth; there is something else to be see there, which I cannot see but in a certain condition of mind, n can I make any one else see it, but by putting him into that co dition, and my endeavour in description would be, not to detail th facts of the scene, but by any means whatsoever to put my hearer mind into the same *ferment* as my mind. A single word in a grea

oet's hand and mouth can do this, and leaven the whole φύραμα;[1] but
you bring such a word or description to the test of plain truth, I
ppose it would often *seem* to fail. One may entangle a description
ith facts, until you come to pigments and measurements. For
stance, in describing "The Slaver,"[2] if I had been writing to an
tist in order to give him a clear conception of the picture, I should
ave said: "Line of eye, two-fifths up the canvass; centre of light,
little above it; orange chrome, No. 2 floated in with varnish, pallet-
nifed with flake white, glazed afterwards with lake, passing into a
urple shadow, scumbled with a dry brush on the left," etc. Once
ave this and treat the picture as a reality, and you are obliged to use
ords implying what is indeed only seen in imagination, but yet what
ithout doubt the artist intended to be so seen; just as he intended
ou to see and feel the heaving of the sea, being yet unable to give
notion to his colours. And then, the question is, not whether all
hat you see is indeed there, but whether your imagination has worked
s it was intended to do, and whether you have indeed felt as the
rtist did himself and wished to make you. Now the matter of the
ent tree[3] is a case exactly in point. In order to feel that picture
s the artist intended you, you must of course turn Romanist at once
nd believe thoroughly in all the miracles of St. Jerome. That done,
ou will immediately feel that it would have been immeasurably
eneath the dignity of St. Jerome to go hunting for a piece of timber
o his purpose, when he could *manufacture* one in an instant; and, as
ou believe that by raising his finger, he at once made a savage lion
neel down to have his blessing, (and afterwards act first as game-
eeper and then as sexton to himself and friends,) you will not insult
im by supposing him to have the slightest difficulty in dealing with
tiffness of joints either in fir or fig trees. You must feel that he
ad only to lay his hand or his book upon him and they must turn
nto desks directly. And that this was indeed what the painter meant,
ou have sufficient evidence; for, in the first place, a scarlet mantle
ery full in the skirts and embroidered with gold, a beard reaching
o the waist, bare feet, and a bald head, do not constitute a costume
n *itself* suggestive of either a past or purposed walk in the woods in
earch of crooked trees; and, in the second place, the bend of the
ree itself, though in *pine* trees just possible, is in a *fig tree* so utterly

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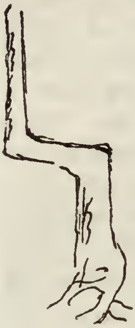
[1] [1 Corinthians v. 6.]

[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
orm 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.

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[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, 27*th Nov.* [1847].

My dear Mr. Brown,—I have three kind letters of yours to nswer, one of which I indeed acknowledge, but without noticing its ccount of the young traveller who asserted Switzerland to be "a take n." 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 o 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 magination 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, ncapable 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 ead them, but into the ditch? Surely, devoid of these imaginations and mpressions, the world becomes a mere board-and-lodging house. The ea 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 ncrease, 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 *un*ideal 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 Rogers[1]

Denmark Hill, 17*th 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 o
"St. James's grove at blush of day."—Ever, my dear Sir, believe m
faithfully and respectfully yours, J. Ruskin.

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[1] [From *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, by P. W. Clayden, vol. ii. p. 322. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, March 1890, vol. i. p. 84, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890 p. 6.]

[2] [See Rogers's *Poems*, "An Italian Song"; and, for the next quotation, "A Epistle to a Friend" in the same volume.]

1848

[Ruskin was married in April of this year to Miss Euphemia Chalmers Gray, ughter of old friends of his parents. In August he and his wife went for a ur in Normandy; some letters written thence to his parents and others, with tracts from his diary, are given in Vol. VIII. pp. xxix.–xxxiii. On his return he ttled in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, and set himself to writing *The Seven amps of Architecture.*]

To Dr. John Brown[1]

Denmark Hill, 9*th February* [1848].

My dear Dr. Brown,—I owe you my best thanks for your most iteresting review;[2] it is delightful as a memoir of such a man, and qually so as a piece of very beautiful thought, and very perfect writing. do not recollect anything that has given me greater pleasure than e account of the Doctor's Sisyphian labours and ratiocinations on the entlands, or than the very beautiful comparison of Genius, talent, and formation with the three several streams; but it is *all* valuable. The orst of it was, that after all that we hear of your noble old friend's hunder and Lightning, one is—at least I was—a little disappointed y the quietness and sobriety of the extracts from the Scripture readgs. Is it at all possible to get a Calotype[3] of him? I suppose it ust be now. There is certainly nothing like them for rendering of tellect, nor to my taste for everything else, except beauty.

I liked the passage very much about self-forgetfulness, but how is his virtue to be gained? Happy those whose sympathies stretch them ut like gold leaf until their very substance is lost. But there are thers—not unprincipled men—who yet cannot make themselves to emselves transparent nor imponderable. They overbalance and block ut everything with their own *near* selves. . . .

To Mary Russell Mitford[4]

Keswick, Cumberland, *Good Friday* [*April* 21], 1848.

My dear Miss Mitford,—The pain of deep self-reproach was ixed with the delight which your letter gave me yesterday. Two 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.

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[1] [No. 3 in "Letters from John Ruskin to Dr. Brown" in *Letters of Dr. ohn Brown,* 1907, p. 291.]

[2] [Dr. Brown's article on the Rev. Dr. Chalmers' Works in the *North British eview,* February 1848.]

[3] [See Vol. III. p. 169 *n.*]

[4] [From *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford, as recorded in Letters from er Literary Correspondents,* edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, 1882, vol. ii. p. 108–111. Reprinted in *Igdrasil,* April 1900, vol. i. pp. 121–122, and thence

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 b rejoiced (under the shadow of her new and grievous lot) by you kind comforting. But pray keep her out of your garden, or sh will certainly lose her wits with pure delight, or perhaps insist o staying with you and letting me finding [*sic*] my way through th 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-cloud bursting on my dear Italy and my fair France, my occupation gone and all my earthly treasures (except the one I have just acquired an the everlasting Alps) perilled amidst "the tumult of the people," th "imagining of vain things."[2] Ah, my dear Miss Mitford, see wha your favourite "Bérangers" and "Gerald Griffins" do![3] But thes are thoughts as selfish as they are narrow. I begin to feel that a the work I have been doing, and all the loves I have been cherishing

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in *Ruskiniana,* part i., 1890, pp. 9–10. The words referring to Ruskin's wife, thoug included in Mr. L'Estrange's book, were omitted in *Igdrasil;* they were re-inserte in *Ruskiniana* (being there distinguished by inclusion in brackets). The letter h hitherto been wrongly dated 1853.]

[1] [Miss Mitford had had a fall from her pony-chaise.]

[2] [Psalms lxv. 7; ii. 1.]

[3] [The Irish poet Gerald Griffin (1803–1840) is the subject of ch. vi. in vol. ii of Miss Mitford's *Recollections of a Literary Life.* A letter from Miss Mitford (t Mrs. Browning of July 30, 1848) records a visit from Ruskin and a story about he favourite Béranger. "When Lamartine was in London a few years ago Mr. Roge

re ineffective and frivolous—that these are not times for watching louds or dreaming over quiet waters, that more serious work is to e done, and that the time for endurance has come rather than for editation, and for hope rather than for happiness. Happy those whose ope, without this severe and tearful rending away of all the props nd stability of earthly enjoyments, has been fixed "where the wicked ease from troubling." Mine was not; it was based on "those pillars f the earth" which are "astonished at His reproof."[1]

I have, however, passed this week very happily here. We have good clergyman, Mr. Myers,[2] and I am recovering trust and tranuillity, though I had been wiser to have come to your fair English astures and flowering meadows, rather than to these moorlands, for hey make me feel too painfully the splendour, not to be in any wise esembled or replaced, of those mighty scenes, which I can reach no nore—at least for a time. I am thinking, however, of a tour among ur English abbeys—a feature which our country possesses of peculiar oveliness. As for our mountains or lakes, it is in vain that they re defended for their finish or their prettiness. The people who dmire 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 Highlands 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

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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, 1*st of May* [1848].

MY DEAR RICHMOND,—I found on my return home with my wife on Thursday your drawing of my father[1] 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.

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[1] [The crayon drawing is at Brantwood.]

[2] [*Coriolanus,* Act i. sc. 3.]

What fine things (the red and blue Christian excepted) Palmer has n the Water Colour,[1] but the wretches—the best of them all up at he ceiling.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Richmond, and 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 Mitford[2]

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 n 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.

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[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 Pascal[1] 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 s the *work* of God, that ye believe in Him whom He has sent."[1] Now, f 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 ead the Bible and study it *must* believe—as he must, unless he be a ool 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 ight 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."

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[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."]

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 spent[2]—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.

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[1] [John vi. 29.]

[2] [See Romans xiii. 12.]

I have your letter with proofs, which I have corrected, and reenclose. 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 not 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 *Præterita,* 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 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.

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[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.]

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 line 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, 22*nd 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, 18*th 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 onsoled by the chance your letter holds out of our seeing you in Swit-erland. I hasten to tell you exactly what we propose. I have an ppointment with a friend[1] at the foot of Mont Cenis for 6th May, *.V.*, with whom I hope to pass ten days. I shall then be with my ather and Mother, for two months, at one of two places, Vevay or hamouni; and we sincerely hope that it may be in your power to in us; and if you will come to either place, I think I never promised yself so much happiness in anything as I do in going with you into ome pet places that I know of around them. If, therefore, you can et off any time this two months, you have nothing to do but to come traight to Geneva, and ask where we are from the landlord of the Iotel des Bergues, to whom all our letters will be addressed; or if ou will send me a line addressed Hotel des Bergues, a week before, would either be there to meet you myself, or send a letter with xact information. But indeed we *can* be only at one of the two laces; and although I speak only of my *own* pleasure, I do think hat I could make you *very* happy: you would come on excursions ith me all day; and in the evening, you could either be quiet in ur little room with us, if you liked, or if you wanted a little company, here is always enough in the Chamouni and Vevay table d'hôtes. If, owever, you cannot come till *after* the two months, you would find ne, as I propose to stay in Switzerland after my father and mother eturn, in a much more savage place—Zermatt, at the foot of Monte Rosa: then you would have much less comfortable quarters, and no ompany but the goats, and me—scenery so sublime that my mother hinks it would be oppressive to you, and make you melancholy; *he*, however, is personally interested in getting you to Chamouni. But ray try and come to one place or the other—I shall be so bitterly isappointed now if you do not. I am thankful that at any rate you urpose resting. Pray take strong measures at once; there is nothing ike thorough dealing with illness in good time. Do not tamper nor rocrastinate. I have heard much that has made me anxious about ou—*pray* get a positive opinion from a good physician, and act upon t sternly. I am to be here—still revising proofs—until Monday; and hould be *very* grateful for another line, confirming the hope of seeing you among the Alps.

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[1] [Ruskin's former tutor: see Vol. I. 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.]

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.

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[1] [Richard Fall: see *Præterita*, 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 yond which no one may safely go. One person may legitimately e beef, and another mutton; but when my wife was a little girl d took to eating slate-pencil, her governess whipped her until she t off; and you ought to be whipped till you give up painting lroads. There is no nourishment in them.

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[1] [Afterwards Mrs. Hugh Blackburn: see Vol. XXXIV. p. 482. Ruskin refers to this letter, written in his carriage on board the steamer, in *Præterita*, 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.]

But the strange thing is that you have not only chosen the ugliest bject you could get, but the ugliest possible conditions of it! There e sublimities about certain railroad phenomena—one in the bulk and gth and weight of the carriages drawn—which you have lost by awing only the engine. Another in the blackness, fire, and fury of e engine itself,[1] which you have lost by painting it in broad daylight, d of the pastoral colour of bright green. Another in the length of e line—which you have lost by putting a bit of it only, straight ross your picture; and another in the height of the embankments, hich you have lost by putting them below you. Don't tell me you *ew it as it was.* A change of ten feet in your position might have ven you a sublime subject. I don't know how without extreme genuity you could get into a position so universally bad; and as not content with that, you must needs pull the rein of your horse actly parallel with your rail, as if you were a bricklayer and were ing to build over your picture—I am losing my temper—and must t up my things besides; for the coast of France enlarges. I have great deal more to say yet.

(Champagnole, Jura, *Saturday evening.*) You will say I have ken my time to recover my temper, but I have been on French ads ever since, and they are not calculated to calm one, any more an your grasshopper railroad. Where was I? On the tight-rope, I e—and I have not done with the rail, neither: but what I have to y next is apropos of general colour.

It does not seem to me that it is enough understood that colour nnot be indifferent; it must be either thoroughly good and right, or is a blemish. There are many subjects which do not want colour all, and of those which are the better for it, none are bettered unless be very good: hundreds of painters spoil their thoughts by painting em; they might be beautiful draughtsmen, but they ruin all by putting n bad colour; and they forget that colour is the most trite and mmonplace *truism* of art unless it be refined. I passed a French gn to-day: "À l'arbre *Vert.*" The word "vert" adds marvellous little the idea of the tree; and the green paint adds just as little to the rawing of it—unless the green be *precious* as colour.

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[1] [As in Turner's picture: see Vol. XXXV. p. 601.]

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 o *processes;* deliberate, careful, and skilful. Suppose you want a clea green, for instance; you must lay a ground; first of pure white—tha 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 yo 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; the you glaze the whole with transparent blue; and so on, there bein different processes for every kind and quality of colour—all this requiring the greatest skill and patience and foreknowledge of what yo have to do—you having often to bear to see your picture white when it is to be yellow, and brown where it is to be grey, and red when t is to be green, and blue where it is to be purple, and so on. Of ll this—which is the *Art*—you seem to me to have no idea; you go traight at it, as a monkey would (and with something of the same ove of mischief, I think): many artists, so called, of the day, do it oo, and many of them draw cleverly with their heavy colour; but hey are not Painters, though they think themselves so; they can't *Paint*—they can merely draw and daub. I only know three *Painters* n the Royal Academy—Mulready, Etty, and Turner. Of these, Etty ardly ever does more than sketch, though he sketches the right way. Turner has methods of his own, suited for his own purpose, and for obody else's. Mulready has got some awkward crotchets about using is 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.

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[1] ["Jean Arnolfini and his Wife," No. 186: for other references to the pictur 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

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 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,

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[1] [Compare Vol. X. p. 231 *n.*, where Crabbe is instanced as a typical "Naturalist."]

J. Ruskin.

To George Richmond

Vevay, 20*th 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. 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. I 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 Cana

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[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 chapter[4] 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 abstraction[5]—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.

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[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* [26*th 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—"déjà 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, "Ça m'a fait trembler beaucoup"; but the others said it had not frightened them, except a little boy who aw it first with Constance, and who ran home in a great fright. outtet went to the place with them on Sunday last, while the hantom was visible. The first thing he did was to cut the branches ff the tree, thinking some accidental shadow might deceive the chilren; but this made no difference. Then he went and stood himself eside the tree trunk; the figure was then seen by the children eside him; he moved away, and it returned to its place. Monsieur 'Abbé was next sent for, but could make no impression on the lack Lady. I am just going to see what he will say about it.

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[1] [For another version of this Ghost Story, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 728.]

(*Evening.*) I have seen the Abbé, and been down again to the aunted tree, and repeated Couttet's experiments, the apparition being 'at home" with the same negative results. The younger priest was own there also, and exceedingly puzzled; the strongest point of the ase is the thorough fright sustained by three of the children. It ppears 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—C'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,—c'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, 11*th 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 guide-books 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 ell-conducted and quiet, and I think the best customers they have or, now, the chief articles of Venetian commerce—roasted chestnuts nd stewed pippins. Their miseries are their own causing, and their hurch's, but they are pitiable enough still. Famine was written on ll faces when we first arrived here, and hopelessness is on them still; ost have lost friends or relations in the war, and all have lost alf their living, and their only plan of recovering it is by spending remaining quarter in votive candles and music. I never saw a people o 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 ope we shall see you next spring. I purpose staying here still for a onth, and then returning homewards by Florence and Geneva; but ve cannot reach home till the end of March, and then we must stay n London. I *do* long for another chat at Wendlebury, but I cannot ee how to manage it at present; however, I will write to you as soon s we reach England (and I hope, once or twice before). You have ot said a word about your young folks, but it is heartless work vriting 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 pare 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 COLE[1]

VENICE, *December* 19*th*, 1849.

SIR,—Owing to the temporary loss of a letter I did not receive yours of the 4*th 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.

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[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.*]

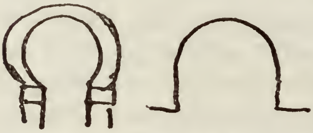
1850

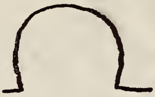
[Ruskin remained at Venice till the spring of this year, and then settled in Park Street for the season. A letter to his mother describing a "crush," and one to his father describing a Queen's Drawing-room, are given in Vol. IX. pp. xxxi.-xxxii. He was hard at work on *The Stones of Venice* throughout the year.]

To RAWDON BROWN [1]

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 crested Morosini door [2] 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 acknowledgment 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 i your eureka of horseshoes—and that for al the good fortune which is to be derive from such talismans your Venice may b mourning in Carnival for many a day t come. For the Marco Polo door [3] appears to me not one whit mor clined to the true horseshoe form than numbers of other doors in enice, which have been originally nothing more than common stilted ches of which the perpendicular sides have been, by mere pressure om above and yielding below, slightly forced outwards so as to pproach to the form 

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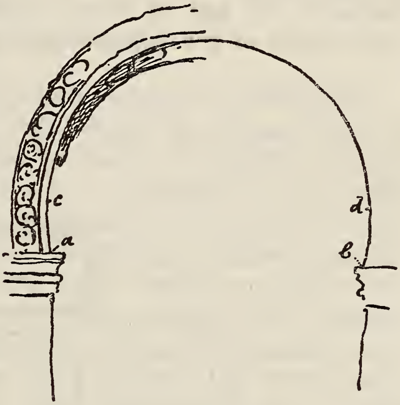
[1] [For Ruskin's friendship with Rawdon Brown, see the Introduction (above).]

[2] [Probably the door shown in Plate 12 of *Examples of Venetian Architectur* Vol. XI. p. 342.]

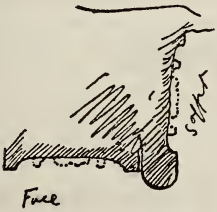
[3] [The door of Marco Polo's house; the house is mentioned in *Stones of Venic* Vol. XI. p. 399.]

Of these latter, one good instance is the door in Corte del Remer,[1] ear the Rialto, which you so kindly inquired about and diligently crutinized for me: and this Polo oor appears to me only another example, the more so as Signor Vason entions no peculiarity of form about t. But M. Selvatico *does:* and in rder that I may be quite sure of hat I am about I need two measures ore.

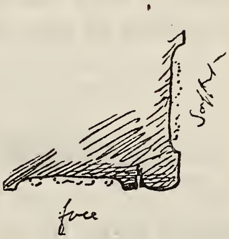


Signor Vason states this "larhezza interna" of the arch to be feet 10$\frac{6}{8}$ inches, English measure; his I *presume* to be the distance *ab* rom spring to spring within the offit. Now, if the arch be horsehoe, the maximum breadth *cd* of the rch above must be considerably greater than this—I have never found he excess more than an inch or an inch and a half, but I should be lad to know it accurately in this arch.

Farther, is the plan a section of the carved portions of the arch—.*e.*, architrave and soffit—thus:



or thus:



he dotted lines, of course, standing for the sculptures? Farther, on the soffit the circles which enclose the beasts appear *dentiled* —*i.e.*,

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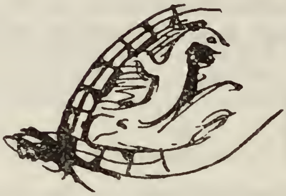
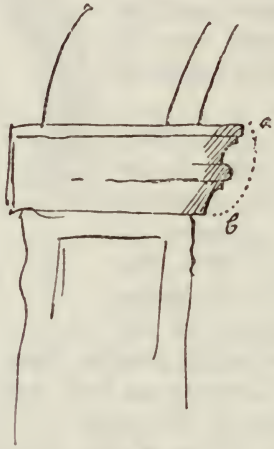
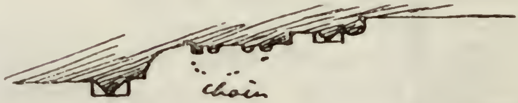
[1] [Noticed, and illustrated, in *Stones of Venice,* Vol. X. pp. 292, 293.]



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 want the section of your chain cable arch—the Morosini one—it look like



but I cannot make it quite out. I write in great haste, but canno close my letter without begging you very earnestly to believe in ou most affectionate remembrance of you—Effie's sincere regards to yo ought to go in a separate packet.—Ever gratefully yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Dr. F. J. Furnivall[1]

[London, 1850.]

Dear Furnivall,—I set out after church to find you, if I could—t I found New Square must be your *office*, not your house, and I d no other address, so I had to give up and let you come here -day; though I am going to be so rude as to break my engagement ith you, for I want to go with Effie to hear Gavazzi[2] lecture this ternoon, and I may not have another opportunity. He lectures at vo, so I can only leave this note for you: pray pardon me. You ill have a letter from me to-morrow or next day.—Yours ever affec-onately,
J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Hugh Blackburn[3]

31 Park Street, *Monday, 27th May* [1850].

My dear Mrs. Blackburn,—I met your friends the Misses Clerk on riday evening last, and waited on them in haste on Saturday morning possess myself of your drawings. I am very grateful to you both r these and for your renewal of correspondence, and account of your oings. Touching the drawings, I think the Mazeppa the best realiza-ion of the thing I have ever seen. The quiet fierceness of the man's istress is very good—the "give it up" look without the smallest ppearance of lost courage or resoluteness—a Horse Prometheus; and he fatigued horse is as fine in its way. So [is] the dog at the door. he other is not, I think, so fine as your first sketch—but I could ot look at it nor keep it, if it were. I saw one of the Siege of orinth at your friends'—with your love of the ghastly at its height, nd showing even more than your usual power; but I cannot under-tand the make of your mind. I think this love of horror has generally n us British people risen out of distress of mind, mixed with (I pray our pardon) some slight affectation, and love of surprising people, but it seems to be natural to you, and to some of the Germans. You and Bürger[1] 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.

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[1] [No. 3 in *Letters upon Subjects of General Interest from John Ruskin to arious Correspondents*, privately printed, 1892 (see Bibliographical Appendix, ol. XXXVII.); hereafter referred to as *Various Correspondents*. For Ruskin's riendship 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 n 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."]

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 arrow[3]—or the black dog hunt in the wood, 13th Canto[4]—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.

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[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 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.

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[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).]

[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 Patmore[1]

[? *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 *ir*religious, 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.

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[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, tc.—quite what I wanted. I shall tell Smith and Elder to send you he books, and will write your name in them if you like to have them. he parts of *Modern Painters* which I think will interest you are the hapters about ideal beauty, 12th, 13th, and 14th, and the account of intoret, 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 ast page, intending to paste part of it in for a quotation on one of ine, 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 fter 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 art with any of its matter. The first two pages repeat some things have noticed in the main text, but cannot be separated from the est. I leave you to look over it and to cut out every *word* you can pare, but no *thing*. When you have thus dressed it, I shall put it in ype and send it you, marking the passages, if there be any, which I hould desire to miss and put stars for, and if you wish to keep them ou shall—but I don't think there will be many; unless there be some epetitions of examples of similar treatment, which without describing ou might refer to as on such and such coins. Do you really go o-morrow? If you are enjoying yourself in the country, don't trouble bout those papers, as it will be a fortnight before I am ready for his appendix.—Yours ever affectionately,

J. Ruskin.

Effie's best wishes and mine for a Merry Xmas to you. Breakfast ere to-morrow if you can.

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[1] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, by Basil Champneys, vol. ii. p. 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 ntroduction (above). The present letter refers to Newton's paper on "Ancient epresentations of Water," printed as Appendix 21 in vol. i. of *The Stones of enice* (issued on March 3, 1851).]

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., xlviii. 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, 24*th 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 pamphlet[1] 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-*pos*ition (for so indeed it is, for the most part) unless you like it. For we have at last a bed in Park St. Effie' Father and Mother are to be with us for about ten days from th 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 ho happy we shall be to see you and Sarah;[3] whom pray thank fo 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, somewhere[4]—but as seemingly fit and right; and to direct men's thoughts, as fa s I could, to the discovery of the reasons why what is right should e Impracticable. Of which there is surely one evident reason: it is aid that "the Just shall live" and that "*We*" (meaning all Christians) walk by faith."[1] Now very surely the World at present neither lives or walks by anything of the kind, and therefore to move mountains very impracticable indeed. You speak of the Flimsiness of your wn faith. Mine, which was never strong, is being beaten into mere old leaf, and flutters in weak rags from the letter of its old forms; ut the only letters it can hold by at all are the old Evangelical ormulæ. If only the Geologists would let me alone, I could do very ell, but those dreadful Hammers! I hear the clink of them at the nd of every cadence of the Bible verses—and on the other side, these nhappy, blinking Puseyisms; men trying to do right and losing their ery Humanity.

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[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.*]

But all this comes upon us very justly, because as a nation, or as group of nations, we do not make it our first, and for a time our nly object to find out what we are to believe, and what is to be the uture root of our life. So making this the second or third object, e shall only, I think, find out what roots we have got, by the edge f the axe laid to them.[2]

I am glad you like the large plates;[3] they have given me more rouble than they ought—I mean, than any man's work ought to ive him. I am going to give up drawing, as you told me I should. came down here with my father to see a collection of pictures, and hall be in town again, *D.V.*, to-morrow, there to stay until 1st ugust, about which time I hope to leave England for Venice, and o 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 don't like to frighten her—as you say she is sad enough already: ut I *will* frighten her unless I hear that you are going to leave xford directly. You cannot work less if you stay there—or if you 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.

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[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. 167–68, where it is explained that the letter was written after a visit in June to cland, whose multifarious work was at this time causing much alarm to his riends.]

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 silkennesses, 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 not 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* 16*th* [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. Moore[1] 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 dextrously. 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]

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[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. Eisenkrämer[1] 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 Pélerins, 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.

. . . Next[2] 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

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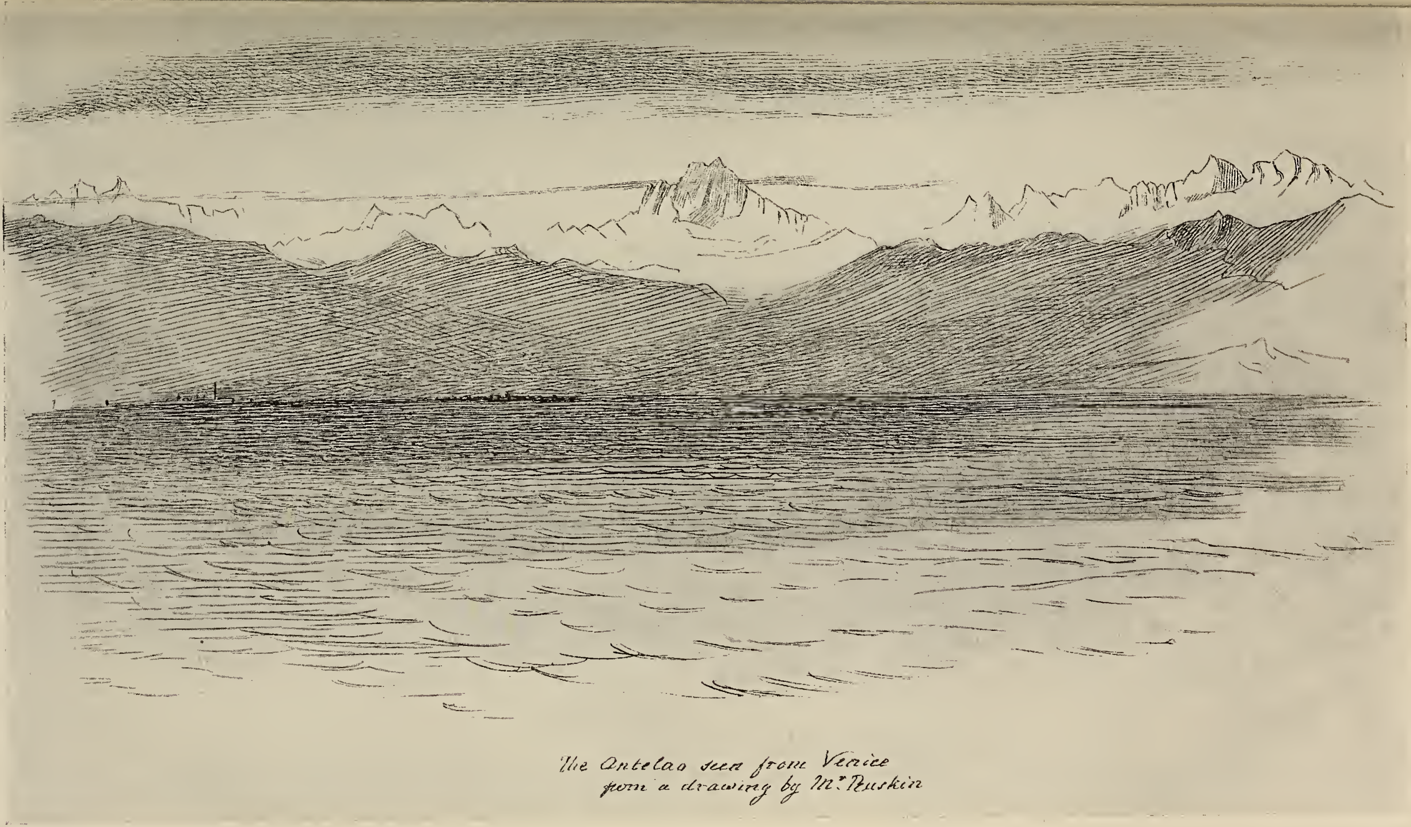
[1] [Who kept the old "Union" inn at Chamouni: see Vol. XXVIII. p. 131.]

[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 o 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 Antelao seen from Venice
from a drawing by Mr. Ruskin

The Antelao, from Venice

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, 3*rd 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 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.

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[1] [See *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. (Vol. IX. p. 175).]

[2] [As mentioned in an earlier letter: see Vol. X. p. xxxiii.]

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.

here was no stirring, however, for half a minute, when we managed o push back the gondola on the other side of us, and slip clear of he Emperor, who passed ahead, giving us a touch of his cap. We ll astern of him, but the next moment were pushed forward on the ther side, until our first boatman was exactly abreast of him. This ime it was not a gondola on our other side, but a barge full of very l-looking fellows, who I thought might just as well have me between hem and the Emperor as not, so I let Beppo keep his place, which or 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 ept guard on the Emperor's flank for a quarter of an hour; the orst of it was that we were continually forced up against his boat, nd so shook him and splashed him not a little, until at last another ondola forced its beak in between us and I was glad enough to give ay. It took us something like an hour to get along the whole ourse of the canal—so impossible was it for the gondolas to move n the choked breadth of it,—and as the Emperor did not arrive till leven, and after we got to St. Mark's Place there was music and howing himself at windows, etc., it was near one before we could get way towards home, and we left him still at his window. I lay in ed till eight, but the Emperor reviewed the troops at seven in the orning. He went away for Trieste at four afternoon.

I hope you will be able to make out this very ill-written letter, ut I am getting sleepy and my hand is cramped with rowing.

To his Father

Venice, 20*th November*, 1851.

I have not much of interest to communicate to you of my own dventures, but Effie sometimes sees a little of what is going on in he world. She was out last night at one of her best friends', a young talian Countess, or rather German married to an Italian—Countess alavicini—a very amiable creature, only strong Austrian, which, as her usband is Italian, is unfortunate; but he is very fond of her—and ives here, instead of at Bologna, where his palace is, that she may see ore 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

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[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 compaigns 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 paces* 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."

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[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' 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.]

eart by nearly all the modern reformers and agitators, good and bad, ut *does good* to all of them. I question whether all Byron's works ut together have had so much real influence, with all their popuarity, as this single poem, because Byron's influence is for the most art on young and comparatively unformed minds—Longfellow's of a eversed kind and on the strongest minds of the day. It has been kind of trumpet note to the present generation. You may perhaps ecollect that on the strength of it I bought a small volume of Longellow's earlier poems on our Malvern trip, in which there was a good eal of stuff; but I read the first stanzas to you, and you at once ronounced the man a poet on the strength of them. The character f Longfellow's poems in general is peculiarly Motive to action; other oetry soothes or comforts—Longfellow's strengthens, knits up, and akes resolute: there is no Marseillaise stuff in it, neither; it is all ood and true, though a great many men who are moving too fast like t. 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; hough, by-the-bye, I do not deny the Scythian pieces to be spirited.

To W. J. Stillman[1]

[*About* 1851.]

I did not, indeed, understand the length to which your views ere carried when I saw you here, or I should have asked you much ore about them than I did, and your present letter leaves me still hus far in the dark that I do not know whether you only have a trong conviction that there is such a message to be received from ll things, or whether in any sort you think you have understood and an interpret it, for how otherwise should your persuasion of the fact e so strong? I never thought of such a thing being possible before; nd now that you have suggested it to me, I can only imagine that y rightly understanding as much of the nature of everything as rdinary watchfulness will enable any man to perceive, we might, if we ooked for it, find in everything some special moral lesson or type of articular truth, and that then one might find a language in the hole world before unfelt like that which is forever given to the avens 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 888, p. 365; reprinted in *The Old Rome and the New, and other Studies,* 1897, p. 122-124: "I had been involved," says Mr. Stillman, "in mystical speculation, artly growing out of the second volume of *Modern Painters,* and had written to im for counsel." For Ruskin's subsequent relations with Stillman, see Vol. XVII. . 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 headwork; 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 o 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 o commonplace, in your art; do not force your spirituality on you American friends. Try to do what they admire as well as they woul have it, unless it costs you too much—but do not despise it becaus commonplace. Do not strive to do what you feel to be above you rength. God requires that of no man. Do what you feel happy in oing: mingle some physical science with your imaginative studies; and e sure that God will take care to lead you into fulfilment of whatver Tasks He has ready for you, and will show you what they are in is own time.

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[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 Grac of the Gospel: the *dust* is his Original Sin," etc.]

[2] [Later on Ruskin himself tried his hand at translating the first two books o the *Laws:* see Vol. XXXI. p. xv.

Thank you for your sketch on American art. I do hope that our countrymen will look upon it, in time, as all other great nations ave looked upon it at their greatest times, as an object for their nited aim and strongest efforts. I apprehend that their deficiency in ndscape has a deep root—the want of historical associations. Every ear of your national existence will give more power to your landscape ainting; then—do you not want architecture? Our children's taste is ed with ruins of Abbeys. I believe the first thing you have to do is o build a few Arabic palaces by way of novelty—one brick of jacinth nd one of jasper. . . .

Write to me whenever you are at leisure and think I can be of use o you—with sympathy or in any way, and believe me always interested n your welfare and very faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

1852

[Ruskin remained on the Continent till July of this year. Besides the letters ere given to his father, others have been printed in Vol. X. pp. xxx.–xlii. On is return, he settled with his wife in a house on Herne Hill (Vol. X. p. xlii.), and as 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 ong time—but the great mystery to me is that so much misery is *nere* folly; that so much grievous harm is done in mere ignorance and tupidity, evermore to be regretted as much as the consequence of ctual crime. You say Turner kept his treasures to rot,[1] not knowing r understanding the good it would be to give me some. Yes, but in he same way, I myself, through sheer ignorance of the mighty power f those Swiss drawings, suffered the opportunity of his chief energy o pass by, and only got the two—St. Gothard and Goldau. Had I 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 pestle[2] will not make the foolishness depart out of the world.[3] . . .

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[1] [For Ruskin's letter to his father on the death of Turner (19th December 1851), ee Vol. XIII. p. xxii.]

To his FATHER

VENICE, *Sunday,* 24*th* [? 25*th*] *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 ny objection against one or the other. I cannot understand what ort of unity there is between my fingers that move this pen, and the rain that moves *them:* so it is no trouble to me that I cannot undertand the Trinity; and for the scheme of Redemption, I feel that I annot reason respecting that unless I had the power of understanding od's nature and all His plans. I am perfectly willing to take both n trust. Neither is the meanness and baseness of man any trouble o me—that is rather a confirmation of Revelation; neither is God's hoice of this contemptible creature, to raise above angels[1]—for that lso I feel is God's affair, not mine: and until I understood all His ays and works, I could not expect to understand that. Nothing of ysterious or strange, so that it be plainly revealed, is any trouble o me.

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[1] [*Macbeth,* Act v. sc. 3.]
[2] [Proverbs xxvii. 22.]
[3] [A passage that follows has been printed in Vol. X. p. 436 *n.*]

But on the other hand, while I am ready to receive any amount f mystery in *What* is revealed, I don't at all like mystery in the *anner* of revealing it. The *doctrine* is God's affair. But the revelaion is *mine*, and it seems to me that from a God of Light and Truth, is creatures have a right to expect plain and clear revelation touchng all that concerns their immortal interests. And this is the great uestion with me—whether indeed the Revelation *be* clear, and Men re blind, according to that "He hath blinded their eyes and hardened heir hearts";[2] or whether there be not also some strange darkness in he manner of Revelation itself.

When I was a boy, I used to read the poetry of the prophecies ith great admiration—as I used to read other poetry. But now their oetry torments me. It seems to me trifling with what is all-imporant, and wasting words. I don't want poetry *there*. I want plain ruth—and I would give all the poetry in Isaiah and Ezekiel willingly, or one or two clearer dates.

This is my first trouble. But the answer to this is very ready t hand. Although, from the peculiar life I have led, poetry happens o be useless to *me*, to ninety-nine out of a hundred it makes those rophecies more impressive. To *me* it has a suspicious look, a Delphic racle tone in it, savouring of tripods and hot air from below. But o 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 was to send the Assembly to prison on 2nd December 1851, or the Assembly would have taken care of itself.

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[1] [See Hebrews i. 4.]

[2] [John xii. 40.]

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 conscience as they obey Him—and would not this purpose have been utterly defeated by a Revelation which was intellectually and externally satisfactory?

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[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 Apocalypticæ* (4th ed. 1851) and Christopher Wordsworth's *Lectures on the Apocalypse* (1849; 3rd ed. 1852).]

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 *un*consecutive 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 Shakespeare[2]—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—

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[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, 15*th 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 les 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 th 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 admiratio 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 Rio[2] 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 Sestri[3] now in your bedroom—the brown avenue, behind the door in the study[4]—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 his greatest, and that he would never do any more, for his mind failed in 1845.

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[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.*]

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 catalogue[1] 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.

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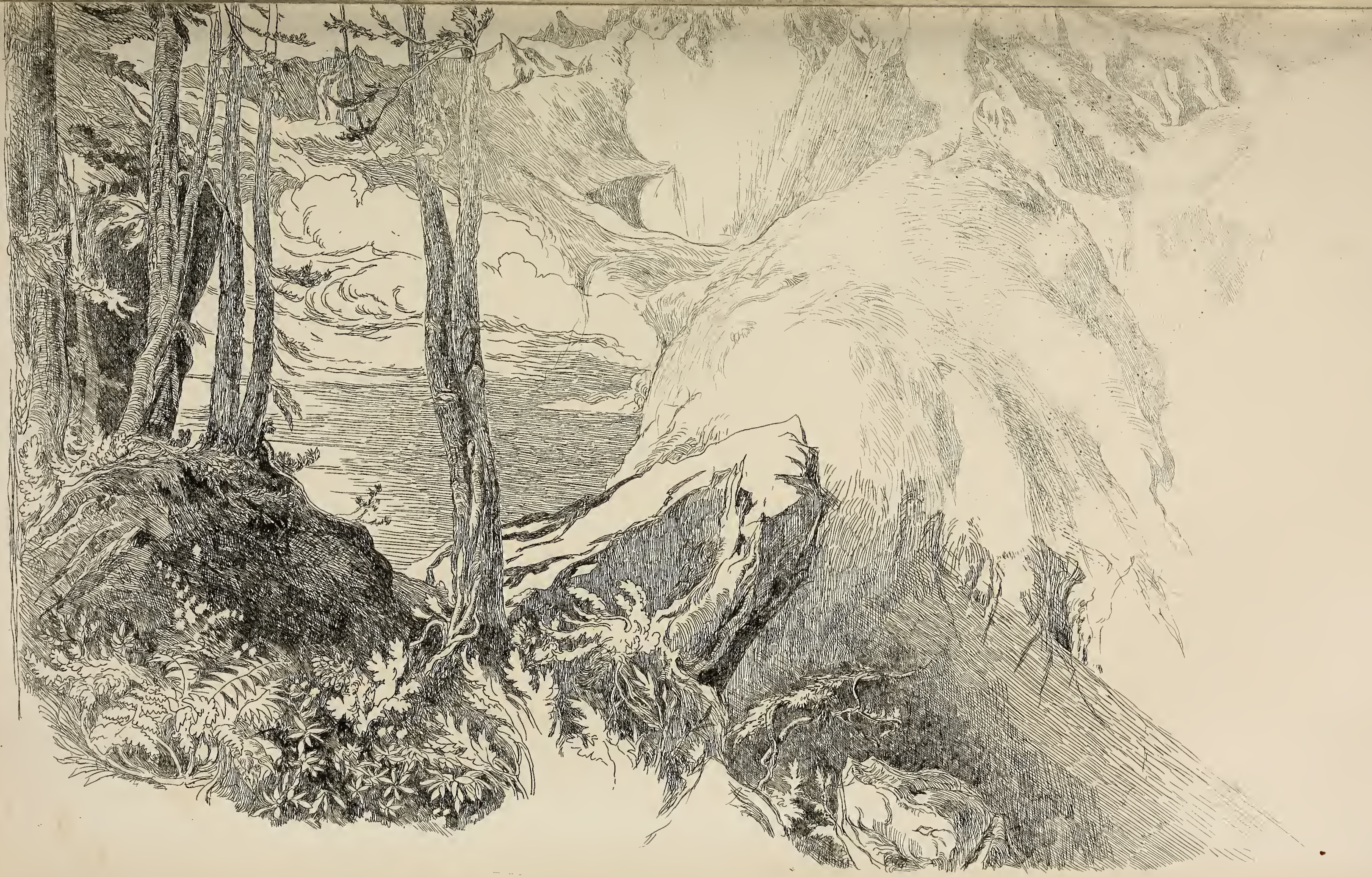
[1] [The "catalogue," sent to his father on January 23, is printed in Vol. XIII. pp. xlvii.–l.]



Drawn & Etched by J. Ruskin

Study of Pines at Sestri

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.

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[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

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[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's[1]—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, 21*st March*, 1852.

Yesterday being Sunday, I have no text[2] 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 Rubini[3] 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. Severn[4] 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 ıe, or for the room; everybody, however, declared it to be sublime. should have liked to tone it down a little—or to have heard it from ıe other side of the Canal. The merit of a woman's singing seems, ı modern musical society, to be measured by the pitch of her ıriek. I really think, without any hyperbole, that I could have stened with great satisfaction to Mme. Marini if she had been on ne side of the Mer de Glace and I on the other.

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[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.]

To his FATHER

VENICE, *Easter Day* [*April* 11], 1852.

I did not in my Good Friday's letter explain enough what I meant y saying I had come to the place where the "two ways met."[1] I id not mean the division between religion and no religion: but etween Christianity and philosophy. I should never, I trust, have ecome utterly reckless or immoral, but I might very possibly have ecome what most of the scientific men of the present day are. hey, all of them who are sensible, believe in God—in *a* God, that s—and have, I believe, most of them very honourable notions of their uty to God and to man. But not finding the Bible arranged in a cientific manner, or capable of being tried by scientific tests, they ive that up and are fortified in their infidelity by the weaknesses nd hypocrisies of so-called religious men, (who either hold to what hey have been taught because they have never thought about it, or retend to believe it when they do not). The higher class of thinkers, herefore, for the most part have given up the peculiarly Christian octrines, and indeed nearly all thought of a future life. They philoophize upon this life, reason about death till they look upon it as o evil: and set themselves actively to improve this world and do as ıuch good in it as they can. This is the kind of person that I ıust have become, if God had not appointed me to take the *other* urning: which having taken, I do not intend, with His help, ever to ook back. For I have chosen to believe under as strong and overwhelming a sense of the difficulties of believing as it is, I think, ossible ever to occur to me again. No scientific difficulty can ever be ast in my teeth greater than at this moment I feel the geological difficulty: no moral difficulty greater than that which I now feel in the case of prophecies so obscure that they may mean *any*thing, 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. George[2] 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 o life which, when I had drank out, no more was to be had. So fa (Monday morning) from being able to bear great misfortunes as i 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-door 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 *dea loss* out of a short life.

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[1] [The greater part of the "Good Friday's letter" has been printed in Vol. X. p. xxxviii.–xxxix. In it, he describes how religious doubts had been quieted, nd 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 ıeet."]

The March wind came back in its bitterest form on Saturda morning, and all Sunday blew mercilessly—this morning it seems relaxing, and I may perhaps get something done.

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[1] [1 Thessalonians ii. 19.]

[2] [See above, p. 92.]

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 ould 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 hough 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 ime, 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, 10*th 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 pent 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 adies, 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.

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[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 o 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 thing 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 thre 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 consisten kindness, even the sulkiness of the Italians, as far as regards himself None of them now speak ill of him, however furious against Austrian in general.

And indeed, of both Italians and Austrians, *we* have reason t speak well, for I do not think that either have ever refused us any thing in their power that could oblige us. And there is one poin in the Italian character which is very pleasing, though the resul perhaps of reprehensible ones: the entire freedom with which the 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 t be there—explore all his grounds at your leisure—and find at the gat his gardener waiting with a bouquet for you. Fancy what Emil would have said, to the bare idea of such a thing!

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[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, 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 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. Cockburn[1]—the young one, who dined here, with a face the colour of scarlet verbena from shooting all the day before.

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[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.]

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 gate 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 house on the hill signalising their garrets by making lighthouses of them for distressed travellers.

Love to Mary and Julia.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Coventry Patmore[2]

Denmark Hill, *20th October* [1852?].

My dear Patmore,—It would have given me *very* great pleasur 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 fea cannot venture out at night during its continuance. I beg your ardon and Mrs. Patmore's for being so long in answering, but I eally could not make up my mind to refuse. . . . It is very curious, particularly want to know Tennyson, and whenever I have had an pportunity of doing so, I have been ill and imprisoned, once at eamington and now again here.—Ever most truly yours,

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[1] [For whom, see *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 103.]

[2] [*Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 293.]

J. Ruskin.

To F. J. Furnivall[1]

Herne Hill, *December 5th, Evening.*

My dear Furnivall,—I have only this moment had your letter, nd this moment answer it. I am most truly thankful to you for cquainting me with this matter, and, as long as I live, I will never est any more in any way which could by any possibility be liable to nistake. I am a nervous, shy, awkward person, with a bad manner, nd this is not the only instance in which I have found that what I neant for jest has been taken in earnest.

On the day in question I went into the Arundel, having screwed p my courage, after much self-debate, to say some things which I vas afraid I should not have the face to say unless I did so at once. n this primed condition I went in, and Mr. Ker[2] was leaning back n his chair, looking very happy and full of jest—and he said what e told you, and I answered in what I meant for a playful assumption f importance, as he told you. I never saw his countenance change, or anybody else's. I had no more idea of having offended him than ntention to do so. I liked him, and respected him, and should as oon have thought of insulting the Lord Chancellor. The speech I nade afterwards—though the things alleged in it were, of course, eriously alleged against the Council—was throughout intended to be layful, 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 our master toilers"—supposing one of them had run away. It was nly my bad manner which gave rise to the other impression, and I vill take care no such mistake ever occurs again.

But why in the world did the rest of the Council allow themselves o be deprived of Mr. Ker's help without telling me the reason? I 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.

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[1] [No. 7 in *Furnivall,* pp. 22–25, where the letter is dated "1853," but Ruskin vas in Scotland on December 5 of that year. "1852" is probable, as Ruskin was t Herne Hill.]

[2] [Charles Henry Bellenden Ker (1785–1871), conveyancing counsel to the ourts of Chancery.]

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* 28*th*, 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 o 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 may be spared for many years to come. I don't know if England has such another warm heart.

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[1] [From the *Testimonials of W. C. Bennett, LL.D., Candidate for 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 o 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.]

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. HARRISON [1]

[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. LAING [2]

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.

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[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. FURNIVALL[1]

6 CHARLES STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE
May 12*th* [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, fo 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.

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[1] [No. 4 in *Furnivall*, pp. 14–15.]

[2] [Dr. Furnivall, who was in the habit of lending various books to Ruskin, ha perhaps sent him Trench's *On the Study of Words* (1851).]

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 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's[1] 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 *musts* and other such ridiculous words, and yet lay down on the floor while talking to me.

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[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.]

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, 26*th 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 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.

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[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 Despatches 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.]

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 memoranda[1] 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 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.

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[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).]

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. LAING[3]

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 arches opposite them are very beautiful, and the only old part of the building. All the rest of it is evidently much antedated[1] in the guide-books—*it* must be much earlier than 1400–1450.

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[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.]

I have ordered a second volume[2] 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.

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[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 portrait[1] 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 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.

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[1] [Of Ruskin: see the frontispiece to Vol. XII.]
[2] [The Infirmary.]

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 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.

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[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).]

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 though *you* to blame in this matter. I look upon you as I do on my fathe and mother, as doing all you could, and quite paralyzed by the system

My political opinions have been formed entirely by thinking out in iet walks—they are as yet partly unformed. Half the men I meet em never to have thought upon the subject.

My religious opinions were originally taught me by my mother *gmatically.* I have seen no ground for changing them, though much sturbed by Church divisions. It has always seemed to me that unless ligion could be taught dogmatically, it was of no use to teach it all.

My body, in all manly developments, has been entirely neglected; d unless I had run the risk of my life daily, must have been so in e present system, as I never had strength for athletic exercise except a systematic way under the eye of a master.

How garrulous one gets, talking about myself! I intended to write ly a few lines, and have left the principal points of your letter answered.

The whole system of modern society, politics, and religion seems to e so exquisitely absurd that I know not where to begin about it— to end. My father keeps me in order, or I should be continually tting into scrapes. I have instanced myself, because I could dissect yself. But look what has become of the most amiable men whom I ew at Oxford—half of them Roman Catholics, the others altogether settled 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. forgot to speak of my fondness for mathematics, which was excessive— rtly in vanity, but more in love of the employment. I laboured for least six months, three or four hours a day, at the trisection of the gle for my own pleasure. This, of course, should have been culti- ted. It was so—but how? By pushing me forward into class books, d giving me so much more than I could carry, that I had to rget it all. At this moment, I cannot solve a quadratic equation, d don't know the equation to the parabola! I ought never to have en allowed—but stop: I will tell you exactly what ought to have en done with me—had the University been working on a healthy stem.

I should have been first asked what I liked and had been in the bit of studying. I should have answered—Mineralogy, natural his- ry, drawing, poetry, and mathematics: that I *rather* liked Greek.

"Good," you should have answered. "Show me your poetry; write e a prose essay on any subject that at present interests you. Go to r. 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 o 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 stud of Latin grammar—an hour to Greek: and an hour—or as much mor 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 wit *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 hav appointed a half-hour in each day when I could come to them to *as questions;* lectures are, I think, pure vanity. Every now and then, eac tutor should have examined me *down to the root* in all that I wa learning, taking especial care to see that however little was learned othing was learned partially, and nothing forgotten; watching also, my case, that I did not overwork myself either in vanity or in thusiasm.

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[1] [See above, pp. 14, 13.]

With another boy, of course, another kind of treatment would have een required. You will say, "But this would have needed totally ifferent machinery." Yes, verily, and totally different machinery I rust we shall soon have. They have too long forgotten at Oxford the xclamation of the old cavalier—"By G—, sir, men cannot be stuffed s they stuff turkeys"—when his friend sent to him in his prison to sk what he could do for him before his execution.

Well, I must really stop at last. Pardon me—not my thus speak-g out, which I know you wished, but whatever has been added, by gotism, to the length of this letter.

I have not said a word yet about your nice *first* letter. Most of is very valuable to me, but I must make you a request. When next ou are amusing yourself with turning, please turn a bit of wood into he form of a circular disk an inch thick and four inches over. Gather bit of the smallest ivy you can find on your walls, and twist it and ie it into a little circle small enough to lie on the disk, so [sketch]; lay his circle of ivy on a piece of paper beside you, and try to carve out ome resemblance of it on the disk of wood. I suppose a few different ools will be required from those necessary for the lathe, but you will ind the work more amusing, and I should like much to know whether ou come to any new conclusions in the course of executing it.

P.S. No. 2.—There is really nothing funnier among the various odd, vild ways of the world, than the way the "practical" people turn ound upon Carlyle and Tennyson and Kingsley, and all Thinkers vhatsoever, who find fault with said "practical" persons, saying, 'You find fault with what is going on—why don't you tell us what vould be right?"

Ay, just as if "what is Right," in the sway of a mighty nation, vere to be picked up from the ground, handy, and shown to all omers 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 leath, and you tell him, "Come, my fine fellow, this won't do; that's ot the way to bring up your child."

"D—n you," says the practical parent, or "D—n the little wretch, vhat *is* the way to bring him up?"

Yes, that is a question, not to be settled on the pavement in the unshine, 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 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. Furnivall[2]

[Edinburgh] *November* 14*th*, 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* 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 ἔστιν, followed, of course, by the well-known and always rightly given sentence, "*But now* is my kingdom t from thence.” I looked to the Vulgate instantly, my own thirteenth-ntury MS., and found it perfectly right. *Nunc autem* for the Greek ν δὲ, only a little more in Mazzini’s favour than the original, for e Latin *nunc* might be by forced interpretation understood to refer the present time, while the Greek νῦν δὲ means nothing more than pposition to the former member of the sentence.

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[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 th 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 (se below, p. 473).]

[4] [John xviii. 36.]

And in this sort of way the poor creature drivels on. I happen be kept from church by cold this Sunday, to which unaccustomed isure you must lay the charge of my inflicting this commentary you.

I shall still be a month or six weeks in Scotland, I believe, but me, *D.V.*, before Xmas.

Millais has gone home already in disgust at the weather. Very ttle done, must come back. Effie’s best regards. She is pretty well.—ours 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 ought it was of little use to trouble you with a letter until I knew hen my Giant *Hope* (*not* Despair) would allow me to escape from is dungeon. I find I cannot obtain my liberty for a fortnight yet, d must go round by Perth, where my wife is staying with her ther and mother. . . . I am delighted with the fresh air and beauti- l scenery of Edinburgh, and mean, if possible, always to spend the tumn or part of it at Edinburgh or Perth: our London November terrible. I am *amazed* to hear people in the streets saying it is *ld*, on days which appear to me, for the season, quite tropical. In alking to Granton to-day, the sunshine obliged me to take my great- at off, even when the beautiful view of the Castle and the Pentlands liged me also to stand still.

To Henry Cole [2]

Perth, *December* 12*th*, 1853.

My dear Sir,—I have too long delayed my acknowledgment of our favour of the 5th.

I am sincerely glad that you think what I have said about education[1] 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.

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[1] [From *A Catalogue of Books . . . also a Collection of Important Autograph etters, No. CXXXI.* (William Brown, Edinburgh, 1900), p. 39.]

[2] [Cole had recently been appointed joint-secretary of the Science and Art epartment, of which he was sole secretary from 1858 to 1873.]

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 o 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 int other studies.—Faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

1854

[The winter of 1853–1854 was spent at Herne Hill. Ruskin's wife left him i April 1854, and from May to October he was in Switzerland with his parents (se Vol. V. p. xxxi.). The drawings of Thun (Plate VIII. p. 168) and Fribour (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-classe at the Working Men's College, which was opened in October of this year.]

To C. T. NEWTON

HERNE HILL, 20*th January*, 1854.

DEAR NEWTON,—I only heard yesterday of your distress in th loss of your father, or I should have written long ago to assure yo how sorry I am for you, and how sincerely I can sympathise with th feeling which such a loss must excite when you are so far away, an 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 an regard. I am afraid I must have added to this pain in some degre by my own long silence, which, after sending me so kind a letter an so cordial an invitation, you must have thought worse than heartles I put it off from day to day, always thinking I had not time to wri a letter worth sending to Mitylene,[2] and always feeling that I had 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.

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[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.]

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 petrifaction 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 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.

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[1] [See *Præterita,* Vol. XXXV. p. 386.]

[2] [For whom, see *ibid.*, p. 384.]

Effie joins me in sincerest regards.—Believe me ever, my dear Newton, affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To RAWDON BROWN [1]

HERNE HILL, *Sunday Evening* [*April* 2, 1854].

DEAR MR. BROWN,—I have been thinking over what you said t me as you were going away last night, and am going into town to se Mr. Smith about it to-morrow. I believe there is no chance of thei being disposed to bind and bring out the book as the first of a extended series, proposed;—but I think they would be glad if I woul write them a short preface, and in such preface I could introduce proper mention of the materials in your hands, and so describe th present letters as that, if the work succeeds, it would be easy, b referring to its preface, to *constitute* it the first of a series to called Anglo-Venetian Memorials.

The result of my talk I will let you know to-morrow evening—a in the meantime, it might not be amiss to show the Cromwe papers to some other publisher, and ask him his opinion of the 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 dulness 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.

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[1] [For the book referred to in this letter, see above, p. 148. The Preface p posed by Ruskin was not written; but it was the publication of this work whi procured Brown his appointment to edit the Venetian Archives: see the Introducti (above). He called further attention to the historical importance of the Veneti Despatches (including "the Cromwell Papers") in a paper ("Avisi di Londra") whi appeared in the volume of tracts issued by the Philobiblion Society in 1854.]

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. Furnivall[2]

Denmark Hill, *April* 21*st*, 1854.

Dear Furnivall,—My behaviour is disgraceful. But I had been reading your books[3] with great delight and sorrow, both. That paper on the poor is indeed wonderful, and most touching; and the Mackay 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.

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[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.]

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 Mitford[1]

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 lil 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 o dry history. I do not mean *dull* by dry, but dry in the sense o faded leaves, the scent and taste of it being as of frankincense instea of the fresh honey. I am sure that your writings will remain th type of this peculiar character of thought. They have the playfulnes and purity of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, without the naughtiness of it occasional wit, or the dust of the world's great road on the other sid f the hedge, as it always is there. I don't know where one can get PERFECTLY innocent laugh, except with you. All other laughing hat I know of, even the best, is either a *little* foolish and therefore rong, or a *little* malicious and therefore wrong too. But I think my ve-minutes-long laugh over Jacob Stokes "passing the greater part of is time in the air which was not spent in the water"[1] was absolutely uiltless and delicious, as well as another, softened by a little pity or the hedgehog, over Marigold's behaviour to that incomprehensible nimal. Landseer has done much for dogs, but not so much as you.

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[1] [From *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford*, vol. ii. p. 119. Reprinted i *Igdrasil*, April 1890, vol. i. pp. 122–123, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 189 pp. 10–11. *Atherton and other Tales*, by Mary Russell Mitford, was published i three vols. in 1854; "Atherton" occupying vol. i.]

I have not read the succeeding volumes yet. I keep them literally or cordials—the most happy and healing when one is weary. I supose it is because such thoughts are always floating in your mind that ou yourself can bear so much, and yet be happy.

(*April 23rd.*) I have had one other feast, however, this Sunday orning, in your dear friend's poems—Elizabeth Browning. I have ot had my eyes so often wet for these five years. I had no concepion of her power before. I can't tell you how wonderful I think hem. I have been reading the "Valediction," and the "Year's Spining," and the "Reed," and the "Dead Pan," and "Dead Baby at lorence," and the "Caterina to Camoens," and all for the first time! only knew her mystical things—younger, I suppose—before.

(*Tuesday.*) I kept this to put another sheet, but can't keep it onger.—Yours gratefully, J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL[2]

Monday Evening [*April* 24, 1854].

DEAR FURNIVALL,—Many and sincere thanks for your kind note. ou can be of no use to me at present, except by not distrusting me, or thinking hardly of me, yourself. You cannot contradict reports; he world must for the present have its full swing. Do not vex ourself about it, as far as you are sorry, lest such powers as I may ave should be shortened. Be assured I shall neither be subdued, nor aterially changed, by this matter. The worst of it for *me* has long een passed. If you should hear me spoken ill of, ask people to wait little. If they will not wait, comfort yourself by thinking that ime and tide will not wait either.

Your letter has been a great pleasure to me. I shall not probably 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.

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[1] [See *Atherton and other Tales*, vol. i. p. 242 ; and for Marigold (a greyhound) nd the hedgehog, p. 220.]

[2] [No. 11 in *Furnivall*, pp. 34–35.]

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 you[3]); 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 ones[4]—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 rawings instead of one. And do them at your pleasure—of whatever ubjects you like best.

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[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.]

I send the piece of opal of which I spoke, by parcels-delivery ompany, this afternoon. It is not a fine piece, but I think you will ave pleasure in sometimes letting your eye rest upon it. I know no olours possessing its peculiar character, and a magnifying glass used o its purple extremity will show wonderful things in it. I hope to e back in London about the middle of August, and will immediately ome to see your pupil's[1] drawings. A letter directed here—Denmark ill, Camberwell—with "to be forwarded" on it, will always find me. eantime 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 ddress [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 om being envious of them, you are thoroughly happy in their success; ut yet you feel that there is as much in you as in them, and you have kind of gnawing pain at not standing side by side with them. You el as if it were not worth while now to bring out your modern subjects, s Hunt has done his first. Now, as to the original suggestion of the ower which there is in *modern life* if honestly treated, I firmly believe at, to whomsoever it in reality may belong in *priority of time*, it elongs to all three of you equally in *right of possession.* I think at you, Hunt, and Millais, would, every one of you, have made the iscovery, without assistance or suggestion from the other. One might ake it quicker or slower than another, and I suppose that, actually, ou were the first who did it. But it would have been impossible for en of such eyes and hearts as Millais and Hunt to walk the streets 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. . . .

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[1] [Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, afterwards married to Rossetti.]

[2] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 11–14, where it is noted at "the letter is wofully torn." The words in square brackets are Mr. W. M. ossetti's conjectural restorations; except in the second paragraph on p. 168 (not inted by him), where they are similarly inserted by the present editors. A few rrections now made are noted in the Bibliographical Appendix (Vol. XXXVII.). ossetti's subject of modern life was "the picture called 'Found,' which work," ys Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "he was now inclined to lay aside on the ground that unt, in his picture 'The Awakened Conscience' (begun and finished at a date ter than the beginning of 'Found'), had been treating a modern subject of somehat similar bearing." Mr. Holman Hunt, however, strongly combats the suggeson that his picture of "The Awakened Conscience" was anticipated in idea by e design of "Found": see his *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherod*, 1905, vol. ii. pp. 428 *seq.* There is a photogravure of the "Found" at p. 44 H. C. Marillier's *D. G. Rossetti.*]

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 subject[2]—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 translations[4] 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

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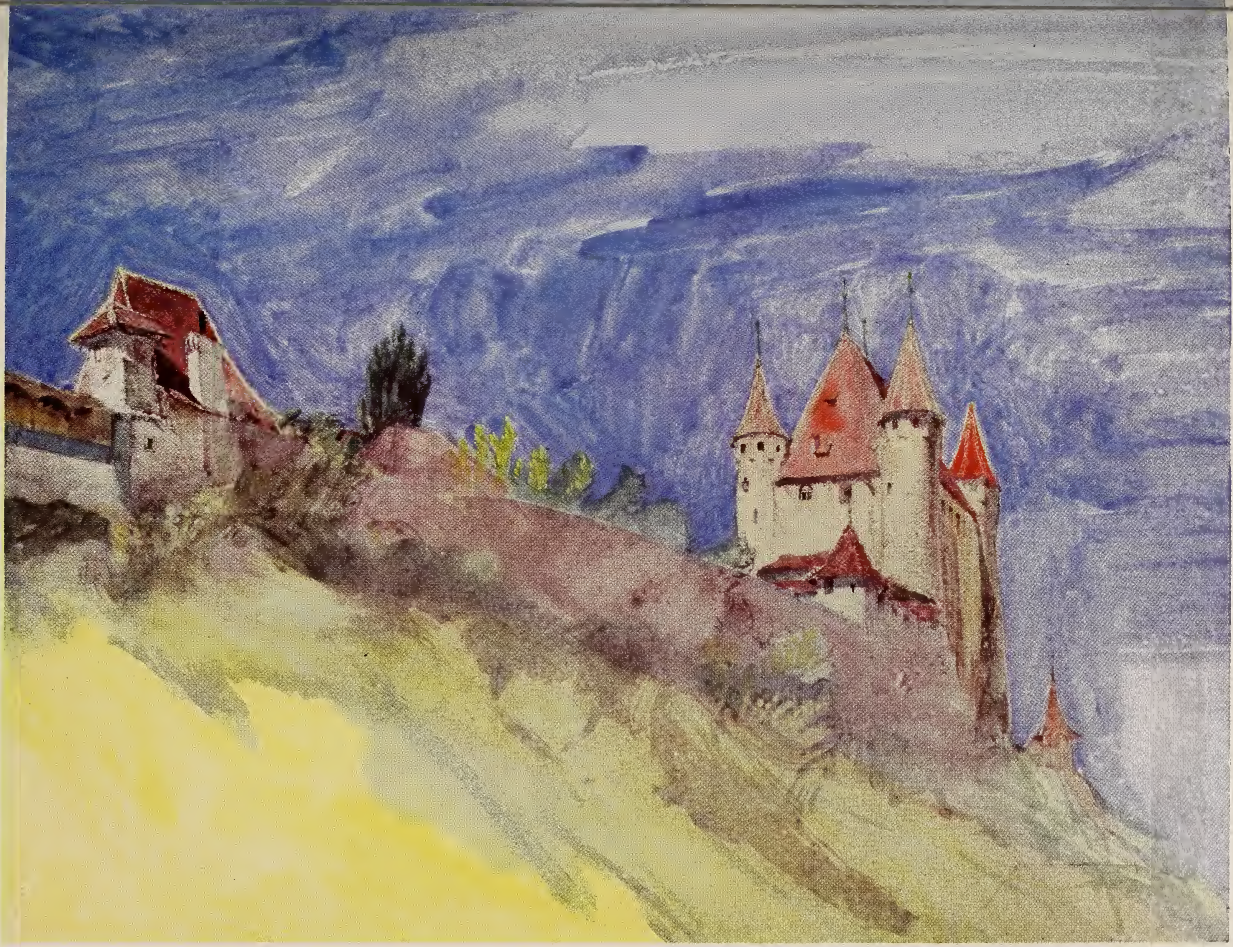
[1] [Rossetti made several versions of this subject: see Nos. 78, 83, 168, 169, and 234 in the Chronological List, appended to H. C. Marillier's *D. G. Rossetti.*]

[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.]



J. Ruskin [illegible]

The Towers of Thun

ear] the additional bluntness of the cast will set them off [to very oor] advantage. You would, I think, be infinitely touched [with these culptures]. They are on a level with the eye—little panels . . . about 50 on each door; . . . the finest things I know in all the world. . . .

I sincerely trust that your best anticipations with respect to your upil[1] 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. Furnivall[2]

Vevay, *June 9th*, 1854.

Dear Furnivall,—I was very glad of your kind letter, very heartily lad that you liked my lectures,[3] very supremely glad that . . . has ade up his mind to go into Scotland and finish his work properly. Vhat did he say to you, and what do other people say, about his easons for wishing *not* to go into Scotland? I have no personal eason for asking this, but I wish to know for . . .'s own sake, poor ellow, and you need not fear surprising me by telling me. I know he *facts*, but I want to know the *sayings!*

You need not think it *great* in me to risk my reputation, such as t is, for young men. I don't risk my reputation at all. If I don't now what is good and right, my reputation will not stand for ten ears. If I do, I shall increase my reputation by defending the right n another's instance, and of another kind. But the fact is that I do ot at all care for reputation in the matter. I *must* speak if I see eople thinking what I know is wrong, and if there is any chance of ny being listened to. I don't say I wouldn't care for reputation if I ad it, but until people are ready to receive all I say about art as "unquestionable," just as they receive what Faraday tells them about hemistry,[4] I don't consider myself to have any reputation at all worth aring about. I see I can do some good, when people are already artly of my mind. But I have no authority yet, such as I want to ave, or such as that I feel I deserve to have. I shall get it, but, fear, too late to do much good with it. It is an odd world. The hirteenth-century cathedrals are all being destroyed, just some twenty ears before the world will find out that they were worth keeping.

I like your clever printer's idea about the bird very much. I ouldn't make out the action of it; the paint had chilled in that place. Nor do I understand the meaning of the boy with the trumpet asleep among the tapestry-corn; do you?

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[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).]

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 MITFORD[2]

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 ccounts of the estate with what he thinks a flash of “triomphe iabolique” in her eyes. “Redemption” is also a fine thing, but erhaps a little too painful and exciting for you just now.

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[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.]

I do not want to lose this post, and must say good-bye. You o not know how much you have done for me in showing me how alamity may be borne.—Ever most respectfully and affectionately ours,

J. Ruskin.

To J. J. Laing[1]

Fribourg, *August 6th*, 1854.

Dear Mr. Laing,—I was indeed very glad, as you thought I should e, to have your long, chatty letter—one can never have letters too ng when one is travelling—only some parts of said letter are founded n a little misapprehension of my meaning. I am sure I never said nything to dissuade you from trying to excel, or to do great things. only wanted you to be sure your efforts were made with a subtantial basis, so that just at the moment of push, your footing might ot give way beneath you: and, also, I wanted you to feel that long nd steady effort—made in a contented way—does more than violent fforts made for some strong motive, or under some enthusiastic imulse. And I repeat, for of this I am perfectly sure, that the *best* hings are only to be done in this way. It is very difficult thoroughly o understand the difference between indolence and *reserve* of strength -between apathy and serenity—between palsy and patience. But ere is all the difference in the world, and nearly as many men re ruined by inconsiderate exertion as by idleness itself. To do as uch as you can healthily and happily do each day, in a well-deterined direction, with a view to far-off results, and with present njoyment of one's work, is the only proper, the only eventually profitble way. I find scattered through your letter some motives which ou have no business to act upon at all—“that I may show those of y own blood that they may be proud of me,” “if for nothing else han to show my prejudiced folks that I could do something,” are by o means sufficient reasons for going into the life class. I am afraid f this prize-getting temper in you: chiefly, I suppose, because I have uffered much from it myself—vanity of various kinds having caused to e the waste of half my life, in making me try to do things better han I could, or to do things that I couldn't do, or to do them in 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.

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[1] [First printed in the *English Illustrated Magazine,* vol. x., No. 119, August 393, pp. 780–781. Next, as No. 3 in *Art and Literature,* pp. 7–15. Portions of e letter (“I am sure . . . profitable way”) had previously been printed in the *ueen,* August 1885; thence reprinted in *Igdrasil,* August 1890, vol. i. pp. 303–304, d in *Ruskiniana,* part i., 1890, pp. 57–58 (No. 56). Also in W. G. Collingwood's *hn Ruskin,* 1900, p. 147.]

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.

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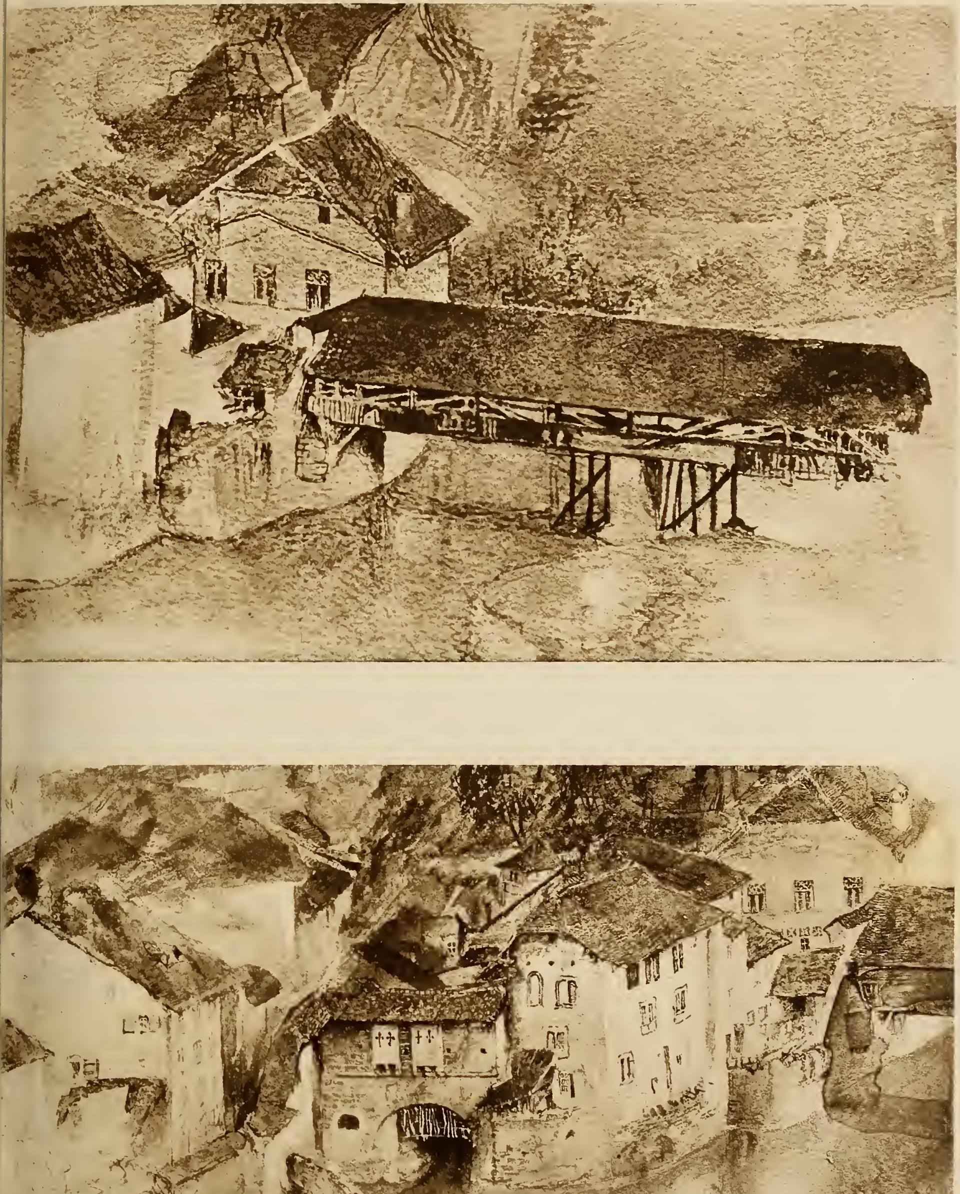
[1] [Compare Vol. XXXV. pp. 612, 613.]

IX



J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc.

Fribourg
1854.

You say you must work hard to keep you from evil. Will not hard *lay* do as well? I don't think God has put any passions in the human rame which may not be subdued in a healthy manner as long as it is ecessary to subdue them. I wish you would ask a clergyman about this.

I would accept your promise with gratitude, if I thought that it ould be safe for you to make it. But I believe there is no means f preserving rectitude of conduct and nobleness of aim but the Grace f God obtained by daily, almost hourly, waiting upon Him, and ontinued faith in His immediate presence. Get into this habit of hought, and you need make no promises. Come short of this and ou will break them, and be more discouraged than if you had made one. The great lesson we have to learn in this world is to *give it all p.* It is not so much resolution as renunciation, not so much courage s resignation, that we need. He that has once yielded thoroughly to od will yield to nothing but God.

As to the Missal, it is the first page, 3, 4 Genesis, that I would ike. Mind you don't do it but at your leisure. I shall be delighted o see you in London. I shall (*D.V.*) be there from about 1st December, nd 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 little desk for it, to slope to any angle, with little flat ivory teeth o hold the pages open at any place—mere pegs cut the leaves. I hould like the ivory holders to be broad, as at *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*,[1] so attached s always to fit without pressure, sliding out or in according to the hickness of book opened: then the whole to be enclosed in a good rame of the best wood, and covered with the finest plate glass; frame nd glass so lifting together as to show the book to the copyist. If ou can get such a thing well made, subject to the approval of the ibrarian, I will make a present of it to the Advocates' Library for his Bible.—Ever most truly yours,

J. Ruskin.

To J. J. Laing[2]

[Chamouni] *September* 1*st* [1854].

My dear Laing,—I am very thankful to hear of your tolerably teady 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.

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[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 Chalon[2] 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 things as these. Men *must* have sorrow in this world, and it takes *hard* blows to make them sorrowful when they are good.

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[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).]

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 Raphaels 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 Sion[2]), 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 n 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 adies; 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 Studiorums* 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 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.

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[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.*]

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 floor[1]—and after Tintoret there is nothing within a hundred miles o Veronese. The Titians and Giorgiones are all very well—but quite *human*. Veronese is *super*human.

I find Angelico's and Perugino's rather thin and poor work—afte 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. A I said, I have made up my mind that Raphael is a take-in; I mus be a little cautious, however, before I communicate the discovery to th public. I am going to take three more days here, and then we g isurely homewards by Amiens—we hope to be at Denmark Hill by e 2nd or 3rd August. Then I must run to Oxford on the 14th bout Acland's museum, and stay two or three days; but shall after hat, I hope, settle at D. Hill for the winter. Please write to tell e all about the drawing you have done. I shall want you to help e a great deal, when I get my plans organised, and with my flowers, irectly. I have got a book by Lindley on Botany,[1] which tells me rkspurs and buttercups are the same thing. I don't believe it, and on't—and of course it doesn't tell me the name of any of *my* flowers. have got such a pretty blue one—for mosaic. I suppose *you* will y it isn't blue, but red, or yellow, or any colour *but* blue—at all vents it appears to me Blue, and I mean to call it a blue flower. lease tell me how you liked Dunblane Abbey, and Doune—if you ere there; but I suppose you have been there often. Mr. Hill[2] showed e some sketches of grand subjects about the Bridge of Allan.

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[1] [See Vol. XII. p. 411 and *n*.]

My father and mother join in sincere regards to Sir Walter and u.—Believe me always affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI[3]

[DENMARK HILL. ? 1854.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I think you are mistaken respecting that play. I ave read a great deal. Portions are good descriptively, and some otiphar's wife is good; but as a whole it is wrong. But can you ne with us on Thursday at 6? (and not be *too* P.R.B. as Stanfield coming too!)—but I've no other time for a chat.—Ever affectionely yours, J. RUSKIN.

To LOWES DICKINSON[4]

[*October,* 1854.]

DEAR DICKINSON,—I think it will be best if you help Rossetti's en on with their birds, etc., playing into his hands as much as you n, so as to get as much done on the movable and corruptible models 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.

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[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 d his Brethren,* by Charles Jeremiah Wells, published by him in 1824 under the eudonym of "H. L. Howard"; praised by Rossetti in his supplementary chapter Gilchrist's *Life of Blake;* reprinted in 1876 by Swinburne with a eulogistic inoduction.]

[4] [No. 2 (pp. 5–6) in *Letters on Art and Literature by John Ruskin,* edited by omas J. Wise, privately printed, 1894. (The book is hereafter referred to as *t and Literature.*) Mr. Lowes Dickinson, painter, assisted Ruskin at the drawingsses of the Working Men's College. "I was proud and happy," he says, "to

To F. J. FURNIVALL[1]

October 19*th,* 1854.

DEAR FURNIVALL,—I don't want to move in the matter of the chapter[2] 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 said[3] 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

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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. 24–35).]

[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., lxviii. 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. Laing[2]

Denmark Hill, 1*st 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 hall be given only to those who "turn their eyes from beholding anity";[4] nay, it is by this help that those eyes are turned. I can nly say a *word* on the question of your letter to which this leads. never met with but one book in my life that was clear on the ubject of works and faith, and that book is the Bible. Read *it* nly on this subject. And I think you will come to the conclusion hat though works are not the *price* of salvation, they are assuredly he *way* to it, and the only way. I do not mean the Way in the ense 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 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,

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[1] [For the omissions actually made in the separate reprint, see Vol. X. p. lxviii.]

[2] ["Some Ruskin Letters," in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, August 1893, p. 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.]

J. RUSKIN.

To COVENTRY PATMORE[1]

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. LAING[2]

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.

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[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 best wishes, believe me, faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL [1]

November 17*th*, 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 scrap, 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 men[3] 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.

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[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, 18*th 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* 11*th*, 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 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.

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[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.]

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. Furnivall[1]

December 16*th*, 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 Carlyle[3]

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 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*.

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[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).]

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 nore to you; but as you get on you will put more value on your vork, in less time. I will send you a prettier model; and then, I hink, you will make a very lovely drawing.

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[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.]

Don't allow yourself to dwell on the evil, or you will fall into lespair; and you will come across veins of good some day. There re beautiful people—beautiful in sense of all goodness—in the world, iere and there; the worst of it is, most of them are apt to be oolish.

I am more oppressed and wonderstruck by people's *absurdity* than nything else in the world; and then, what wonderful power a single ool has—the wrong way!

But you know all your annoyance, as well as mine, comes of their lisbelief. If you really suppose there is a master to the household, ou have nothing to do but to attend to his business, and be quiet nd comfortable.—Truly yours, J. Ruskin.

Always write to me when it does you good, as it does *me* good too.

To William Ward[1]

Denmark Hill, 1855.

My dear Ward,—I am much obliged to you for both your letters, nd for this last the more in acknowledging the first. I should be lad indeed if I thought that so many of the workmen were of your nind as to admit of your using that large "*we* would relieve ourselves." t all events I am truly glad to know whom I can count upon to elp themselves in such a spirit.

But, as I said to you, I do not count upon such a temper as an vailable practical element. All I hope for is to be able to show, nd to make men understand, how they may live more comfortably— et better wages—and be happier and wiser than they are at present. f, after that, they are led on to better things—well! But at present, t seems to me, that good fellowship—reciprocal help—exercise of rains 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 o begin talking to them of the Influences of the Holy Spirit. All hese things *are* His influences; but I think we have to advise and reach them just as simply as one would advise children, who were ighting 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 igh principles of religion.

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[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. Laing[2]

[? 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 countr and your relations. If I did, your mother would look upon me as i some sort responsible for your future fate, and I cannot take thi responsibility. I would take it in your case more willingly than i 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.

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[1] ["At this time (1855) Mr. Ruskin had an idea of forming a community o 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 thi particular form, but the idea was carried out by the employment by Mr. Ruski himself of people to work for him in copying pictures, making architectural drawings, engravings, etc., always in the hope that the public would become intereste in the work, and assist with their patronage. It cannot be going too far to sa that the formation of the Guild of St. George was in reality a late development o the 'Protestant Convent Plan'" (W. W.).]

[2] [From the *English Illustrated Magazine,* August 1893, p. 785. Laing accepte Ruskin's offer, and became installed as one of his assistants, in which capacity h is referred to below, p. 200.]

If, under these circumstances, after considering them carefully, you ike 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 n you to accept it or not—it is certainly for you to decide. But one hing 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 ook 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 xecution 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 dvantage 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 Rossetti [1]

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 th *Crayon*.

I will not *thank* you for your letter in the *Artist*; [2] for I believ 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 th 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 th pains to understand, what I have written, *reasonably*. I know plent 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 fou sides of a square at once, or follow the steps of an argument for te inutes, I do not, among all my acquaintance, know half-a-dozen. I ave written to Mr. Stillman, and hope you will soon hear from im.—Believe me, with many thanks, very faithfully yours,

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[1] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 53–54. The letter refers t the American art-paper *The Crayon: a Journal devoted to the Graphic Arts, and th 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 monthly summary of art-matters in England. Ruskin recommended W. M. Rossett 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 whic I was a contributor; and, finding there some petulant mis-statements as to Ruskin published opinions on some questions of architectural or other art, I wrote t correct them" (W. M. Rossetti's *Some Reminiscences*, 1906, vol. i. p. 180.]

J. Ruskin.

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti[1]

[? *February* 1855.]

Dear Rossetti,—Will you thank Mr. Cayley exceedingly for his ind present? I deeply regret that I cannot give him and you the leasure which I am conceited enough to think you would both feel my concurrence in your estimate of this translation. I think Mr. ayley has failed simply by endeavouring the impossible. No poem *an* be translated in rhyme, for the simple reason that in composition poet arranges his thoughts somewhat with respect to the rhyme. he translator cannot do this, and therefore must sacrifice all grace nd flow to his rhyme, and often truth also. You call this a literal anslation. I open it at random, and I come upon the reading of he exquisite *Come i gru*, etc.[2] Now observe—

> "And as the cranes, chanting their lays, *do* fly."

his "*do* fly" is bad English—that is to say, useless double wording r the sake of the rhyme. But also Dante doesn't say "fly." He ys "go." The "fly" is for the sake of the rhyme, and substitutes sipidity for simplicity. But further—"chanting their *lays*." *Lai* not *lays*. A lay may be a merry song. *Lai* are *lamentations*—as ccurately as possible translated by Cary "dolorous notes." Here the *pparent* 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. line cannot be spread. It can only be extended or continued. ary is accurate—"Stretched out in long array," only using "sky" r "air" in the line before.

And so I could go on. I write this for *you* only, because I think our taste is as yet unformed in verse, and, so that the thought be ood, you have not enough studied modes of expression. Would you 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]

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[1] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 56–58. The "present" was a py of *Dante's Divine Comedy, translated in the original ternary rhyme*, by C. B. ayley, B.A., 1851–1855. Ruskin occasionally cites Cayley's translation, though ore 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."]

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 ROSSETTI[3]

[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 Bridge[5]—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.

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[1] [*Inferno,* v. 58, 59, where the ordinary reading is:—

"Ell' 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, aying he was just going to be written to. I suppose he has heard y 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 t was impossible for me to say, in any manner of writing, all that I anted to say—but I must now, though merely a line to ask if you re still at Florence, and if I may write to you there to tell you of y last visit to your dear Miss Mitford,[1] and about her last letters o me. I have very little time for writing, and I should like to know hat the letter in which I gave you this account would not be lost. am nervous about foreign letters, for I have often been made so nxious by their missing me, or my friends, and I fear that one has een lost which I sent to Dresden to two American gentlemen whom our husband was so good as to make known to me. I wrote asking hem to come to Denmark Hill, but have never heard of them since, nd I should be grateful if you could assure them that the letter which hey sent me from your husband was not received with inattention.

I will only add to this line of bare inquiry that I have been tely reading your poems with an admiration which I fear you might e offended with me if I were to express to the full (I am not sure, y-the-bye, if I could) to yourself, but at least you will permit me thank you for the hallowing and purifying influence of their every ne—a *baptism* of most tender thoughts, which to me—whom many ntoward circumstances of life have had too much power to harden and arken into deadness and bitterness—is of unspeakable preciousness.

I trust that you may be a little pleased by some things I shall ve to say of you in the book I am about just now.[2] I am going bind your poems in a golden binding, and give them to my class of orking men—as the purest and most exalting poetry in our language.

Only, pray, in the next edition, alter that first verse of the "Drama of Exile"—Gehenna and when a[1]—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,

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[1] [Who had died on January 10. The letter in which he described his last visit not available; Mrs. Browning's reply to it (November 5, 1855) is printed at vol. ii. 216 of the *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*. See the Introduction, above, xxx.]

[2] [In *Modern Painters*, vol. iii., there is only a bare mention of Mrs. Browning ol. V. p. 323); the reference is, therefore, probably to *The Elements of Drawing* ol. XV. pp. 224, 227), which, though not definitely taken in hand till the winter 1856–1857, nor published till June 1857, was in Ruskin's mind at a much rlier date.]

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

17*th 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 re-investigation 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

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[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 tha 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 wore 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.]

Iabakkuk, but, *not* having known him, cannot quite say whether I hould 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 t. Louis; but I suppose if I had known them both I should have *rawn* a little more to St. Louis. I have never examined the histories f rascals enough to make a choice. The first who comes into my head s King John.

In Romance. I am again divided between Sir Charles Grandison nd Don Quixote. If Don Q. had not been mad, I should have liked *im* best—on the whole I believe I do. Of ladies—Imogen. I had ked to have insulted the blessed creature and you, by saying *where* he was. For romantic antipathies there are, of course, too many well-ot-up monsters to render the choice either easy or interesting. I hink Glossin in *Guy Mannering* as disagreeable a fellow as one often omes across.

Lastly for places. I agree quite with you respecting the old iron nd decayed bonnet—for the purely horrible—but there is sublimity n such a scene—and *some* picturesqueness. The principal street of a nodern German town, with a Court in it, is far worse. My greatest orror in Europe is the main street in Carlsruhe.

If, for an affection, you want a *narrower* answer than Chamouni, I m a little puzzled between the top of the Montanvert and a small ock on the flank of the Breven.[1] I have been *happiest* on the Montanert, but *oftenest* at this rock, where I generally pass my evenings hen at Chamouni. Next to the valley of Chamouni, and even runing it rather hard, I love the little Scaliger churchyard at Verona. think I have been more intensely happy for a little while in the hurchyard, but not so enduringly.

Now, please, tell me yours.—With best regards to Mr. Blackburn, ver yours affectionately, J. Ruskin.

To Francis Turner Palgrave [2]

Denmark Hill, *March* 22 [1855].

Dear Palgrave,—I have read your essay with great interest and tisfaction. As far as regards the method and manner of it—you 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-Antonio [1])—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,

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[1] [No doubt the spot described in Vol. IV. p. 363: see also Vol. V. p. xxxiii., ol. XXVI. p. xlvi.]

[2] [From *Francis Turner Palgrave: His Journals and Memories of his Life,* by wenllian F. Palgrave, 1899, pp. 50–51. The letter refers to the "Essay on the irst Century of Italian Engraving," contributed by Palgrave to the third edition 855) of the English translation of Kugler's *Handbook of Painting.*]

J. RUSKIN.

To W. J. STILLMAN [2]

DENMARK HILL, *March* 28, 1855.

DEAR MR. STILLMAN,—I have put off answering your letter becaus I wished to do so at some length. I cannot do this after all th delay, and must just say a few words. I am very busy here i England, and cannot at present separate any time from my busy days in order to write regular papers for *The Crayon*. And this the les because with every desire to be of the best use I could to the caus of Art in America, I should feel it utterly presumptuous to speak t Americans in the way of advice—*as* Americans—unless I had tim for a most earnest inquiry into the condition of Art among ther and into the tendencies of their national mind. Even had I such tim at my disposal, I doubt if I should do well in so employing it. I hav often been both amused and irritated at the way in which even th best-informed French and Germans speak of our English Art, and have no doubt that they equally feel my ignorance in what I say c theirs. So that except so far as it bears upon my own country, I d not mean to write about foreign Art. And as for papers on gener ubjects, all that I have to say I put into my books. But, it occurs o me that I might be of use by simply answering such questions as ny of your American readers might like definitely to put to me, and o 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 o know anything that I can shortly tell them, and you will put the uestions in a clear, short way, I will answer, as soon as may be, ccording to my ability. I often get letters from private persons which I have thus to answer, and the correspondence would be just s easy to me in the public form, and might be more useful.

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[1] [Ruskin did not "shortly" carry out his intention; but see, later, Vol. XX p. 185; Vol. XXII. pp. 44, 373, 447.]

[2] [From *The Crayon* (New York), of which journal Stillman was proprietor ar editor, No. 18, May 2, 1885, vol. i. p. 283.]

If this plan seems at all worth thinking of, you must think of it or me, and put it before your readers in the way you think best, lways understanding that I should not reply at much length, and would lways do so in a very simple way—as I should write a letter—not as write what I want to say as well as I can say it, for that is very ainfully. . . . I have much to thank America for—heartier appreciaion and a better understanding of what I am and mean, than I have ver met in England. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than the hought of being of use to an American; and, if I can in any way blige any of your friends who are interested in Art, I beg that you ill 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 yself quietly to a letter to any one I care about. It seems to be a w of nature that the more leisure people have, the less they know ow to use it; and although I am my own master from dawn to nset nominally, I find that time and the hour[1] get the mastery of e in the end. However, whether I can now write down the half of hat I have to say, or not, does not so much matter as that I should ll you how thankful I was to get your letter and to know that you ere not seriously ill, and to know also that my line had given so uch pleasure to your husband.[2] For I know that I shall to-day give im more—in the more confirmed assurance of the good I have had om reading your books lately; I don't say *pleasure*—for that is the 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.

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[1] [*Macbeth,* act i. sc. 3.]

[2] [In replying to Ruskin's previous letter (pp. 191–192), Mrs. Browning spoke "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." *etters of Mrs. Browning,* vol. ii. p. 191).]

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 a possible, but how also it may be put into a form which shall *do* a 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, wh otherwise might gradually have become careful ones, I think, unles there be very strong justification for it, you would agree with me i thinking it right to cancel that expression. For instance, the "nympholeptic" in "The Lost Bower."[1] I don't, myself, know what it mean 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.

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[1] [In stanza xlii. :—"Though my soul were nympholeptic."]

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.

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[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 present [2] 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 onclusions you have come to. But don't write, on this subject at least; r, if you want to see me before, just write that you want to see me, nd I will come.

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[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.]

Now about yourself and my drawings. I am not more sure of anyhing in this world (and I am very positive about a great many things) han that the *utmost* a man can do is that which he can do without ffort. All beautiful work—singing, painting, dancing, speaking—is the *asy* result of long and painful practice. *Immediate* effort always leads o shrieking, blotching, posturing, mouthing.

If you send me a picture in which you try to do your best, you ay depend upon it it will be beneath your proper mark of power, and ill disappoint me. If you make a careless couple of sketches, with right and full colour in them, you are sure to do what will please e. If you try to do more, you may depend upon it I shall say "Thank ou for nothing," very gruffly and sulkily.

I don't say this in the slightest degree out of delicacy, to keep ou from giving me too much time. If I really liked the laboured ketch better, I would take it at once. I tell you the plain truth—nd I always said the same to Turner—"If you will do me a drawing n three days, I shall be obliged to you; but if you take three months o it, you may put it behind the fire when it is done." And I should ave said precisely the same thing to Tintoret, or any other *very* reat man.

I don't mean to say you oughtn't to do the hard work. But the aboured picture will always be in part an *exercise*—not a result. You ughtn't to do many careless or slight works, but you ought to do them ometimes; 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 y these two sketches of the Passover,[1] and that I want you to work ut the doorway one as soon as possible, with as much labour as you ike; but no more rubbings out. And when it is done, I want you to ive me the refusal of it—at the price at which you would sell it to any ndifferent person. I shall be very grateful if you will do this, and if ou will do it soon. But my two sketches[2] are, please, to be done first and fast. It may perhaps rather help you than encumber you if I suggest to you some, for example:[1]—

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[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.]

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 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 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,

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[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.]

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 Munro[1] 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.

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[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.

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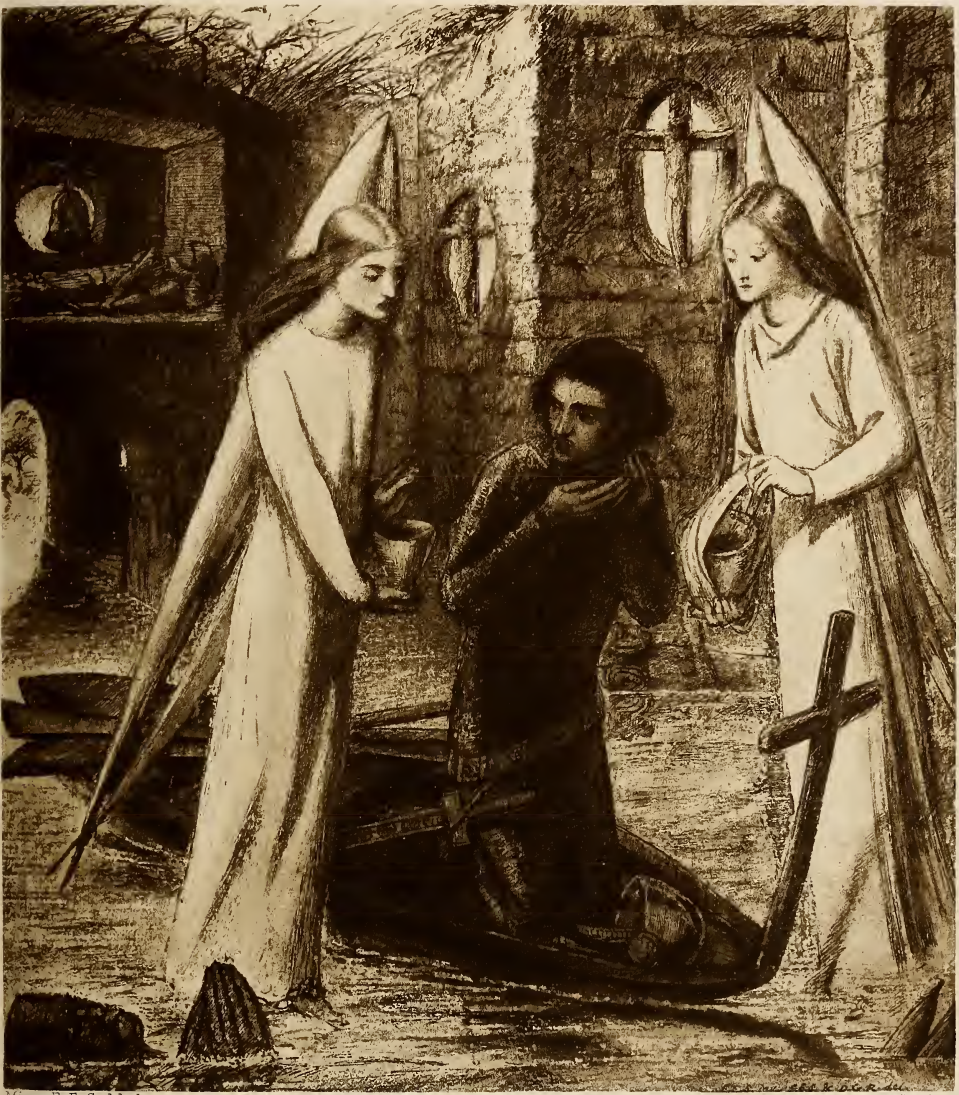
[1] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 77–78.]

[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.]

X



Miss E. E. Siddal Allen & Co. Sc.

The Holy Grail

I should like you to go to the country immediately. The physician hom you consult will probably give you some suggestions, but doctors early always have some favourite watering-place. He may, however, commend south of France or Italy. I shall be most happy to meet e expense (which will not be great) of your journey to any point commended to you, but I *strongly* would oppose your thinking of *aly*, which would be so fearfully exciting to you that I believe you ould be thrown into a fever in a week. South of France might per-aps be well; but, if you were my own sister, I should plead hard for little cottage in some sheltered Welsh valley. My own belief is that ou want calm, sweet, but *bracing* air, rather than hot, relaxing air. f this we can talk afterwards.

Once established with some one to take care of you in a cottage— possible near a cattle shed—you must try and make yourself as mple a milkmaid as you can, and only draw when you can't help it. ne thing remember, that if ever you try to do anything particularly ell, to please me or any one else, you are *sure to fail.* Nothing ever done well but what is done easily. You must never draw but t an easel so placed as that you need not stoop. You ought to have little one to screw to your chair.

What you do you are to send me, whether you think it bad or ood, nothing or something, except what you like to give Rossetti or keep yourself. As for Rossetti, I will sometimes give him some mine if he begs very hard.

Work as much as possible in colour. I do not care whether they separate drawings or illuminations, but try always to sketch with lour rather than with pencil only—I mean so far as is agreeable you. The slightest blot of blue and green is pleasanter to me an a month's work with chalk or ink.

Be sure to travel *comfortably*, and not too far at once. Of this, owever . . .

To Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal[1]

[Denmark Hill. ?*May* 1855.]

. . . would not receive such a present from me, though you knew hat 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 *me* from me every day of my life (which is to me life, money, power, 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?

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[1] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism,* pp. 62–64. "This," says Mr. V. M. Rossetti, "must have been a long letter. I only find the second sheet f it."]

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.

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[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 re I only do both him and you justice in assuming such per-ission) that one of the chief hindrances to his progress in art has een his sorrow at the state of health of the young girl, some of hose work I showed you. I fear this sorrow will soon be sealed—nd with what effect upon him, I cannot tell; I see that his attach-ent to her is very deep, but how far he is prepared for the loss I now not.

She was examined a fortnight ago by a leading London physi-ian (I know not which)—one side of the lungs pronounced seriously ffected. She is uncomfortable in her family, who, though kind enough 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 er room without fire in winter to hide herself while she draws. The hysician strongly recommended change of scene and air. I fear no ood can be done, but at least it would put Rossetti's mind at peace he knew she was in pure air—and at rest.

She has enough to enable her to support herself in a little cottage r lodging somewhere in the country—and Rossetti is deeply anxious o get her out of town and out of the element that grieves her, but t present he can find no companion for her. Do you, among any of our Devonshire peasantry, know a kind woman in some pretty place y the seashore, who could take charge of her? I should not think he was wayward, or troublesome; I have only seen her twice, but she as a perfectly gentle expression, and I don't think Rossetti would ave given his soul to her unless she had been both gentle and good. he has more the look of a Florentine fifteenth-century lady than nything 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 y your kindness in this matter. Miss Siddal had a fancy for going o Jersey to see the sea, and for sake of sea voyage, but I thought evonshire would be better, and begged Rossetti to make her wait till could write to you. She cannot go about to see things much, but should be very glad if you would get her a lodging at Oxford for a ittle while and examine her—and direct her how to manage herself—hen sending her to the place you think fittest. She will be able, I ave no doubt, to pay the two pounds a week. I answer in haste, oubting 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* ood for something, for I had a notion before that you had been talked ut of all faith in me.—Ever in haste, affectionately yours,

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[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.]

J. Ruskin.

You have not understood about Arundel Society. *You* will not ave to subscribe, for I shall send you all the publications as they ome out. I have spare copies always. I only meant to let other eople see.

To Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal[1]

[? *May* 1855.]

Dear Miss Siddal,—Forgive me for pressing you to do anything ou do not like, but I do so only because you do not know my friends nd I do. I hold it of the very highest importance that you should et Dr. Acland see you, because he will take that thoughtful and tender are in thinking of your case which only a good and very unusually ympathetic man is capable of. You shall be *quite* independent. You hall see no one. You shall have your little room all to yourself. Only nce put your tongue out and let him feel your pulse. Mrs. Acland ay perhaps trespass on you for a quarter of an hour. As for children, hen I tell you they never brought them into *my* way, you may be sure hey will not into yours. In fact, I have explained to Acland all about t, and I am so certain it is the best and happiest thing for you that 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 n Devonshire. Please therefore pardon me, and get ready to go to xford, for every day lost is of importance. Could you get one of our sisters to go with you on Monday? I have told Dr. Acland to rite to you when the rooms will be ready—I hope on Monday. Please o excuse my pressing you in this way, and believe me most respectully yours,

J. Ruskin.

If one of your sisters cannot go, Rossetti says he will take charge f you to Oxford.

To Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal[2]

[Denmark Hill. ? *May* 1855.]

Dear Miss Siddal,—You are a very good girl to say you will break ff those disagreeable ghostly connections of yours. I do hope you will 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,

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[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 pectral subject that Miss Siddal was making: perhaps 'The Haunted Tree,' a ood water-colour now in my possession" (W. M. R.).]

J. Ruskin.

To Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal [1]

[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 *un*interesting I can find. I will write more when I send them.—Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti [2]

[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.

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[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 aying: "Dear R.—I promised you the refusal of this, and I must art with it immediately; let me know as soon as you can if you ould like to have it."

You may be pretty sure I shall "like to have it"; but I wish you o put it in this way, as I shall state my arrangement with you to ny father on these terms—that I am to have the drawings I like est. 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 an write no more to-night. Forgive my long explanations and the rouble 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 puzzleent, merely glancing your letter through yesterday. By all means, ake use of the note. I did not then see how much you wanted the oney. I write chiefly to tell you that I have a *quite* favourable pinion from Acland of Miss Siddal, only saying she *must* be absolutely lle, but he thinks there is no really unarrestable or even infixed isease as *yet*. I am very glad you saw and liked him.

I have written to Allingham.[2] I quite forgot to answer about your rother's wish to show the Turners. They shall always be open to im and to his friends when the covers are off again; but you see hat a state the house is in.

Now, have done talking about efforts (?), and get up instead of own. I only wish it were *my* 27th birthday.—Ever yours affectiontely,

J. R.

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti [3]

[? *May* 1855.]

Dear Rossetti,—I hope to come and work with you, according to our kind wish, sometimes during the summer, when our house here ill be turned inside out by French people.[4]

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[1] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 85. "This note is a good eal torn. The concluding sentence indicates that it was written in reply to a tter from Rossetti, saying that he was then just twenty-seven years of age, which ccurred on 12th May 1855" (W. M. R.).]

[2] [Rossetti in a letter to William Allingham (May 11) had written: "Yesterday took the MSS. to Ruskin, who, on hearing that they came from you, said you were e to whom he owed and would yet pay a letter of thanks, which he was sorry emained so long unwritten; and therewith spoke again with great delight of your oems" (*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. Stillman[2]

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 led 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 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.

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[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).]

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 ou 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 an be seen. It is of no use to detail the hair of figures on a dome 00 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. Furnivall[2]

Tunbridge Wells, *May 22nd*, 1855.

My dear Furnivall,—I return the plan as you bid me. It is very icely and wisely put, and very nobly felt! I say as I did at first, I m afraid of it.

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[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. Eugène 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. Laing [1]

[?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, til you are stronger in health.

As for any effectual progress in architectural power, you need no hope for it until you can draw properly—that is, artistically. Ther 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 mas 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 you drawings; and I will *find you out* quite fast enough. First of al learn to draw and colour, and not to *fret*. You must learn to dra well and fast, and then you will begin to see your way. Imitations o engravings are simply abortions and abominations.

Your illuminations are all *excellently* done, except here and ther a line which *must* be wrong. I will show you when I get home.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

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[1] ["Some Ruskin Letters," in the *Westminster Gazette*, August 27, 1894.]

To W. J. STILLMAN[1]

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 telescope[3]—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 ROSSETTI[5]

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.

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[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"

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 wolves[1] 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 pamphlet[3] 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]

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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 to 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 *Æneid*" (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* 19*th* [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-cherseccliptic.

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.

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[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 over bake 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. Tilten 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. ACLAND[2]

TUESDAY, 10*th 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 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.

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[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.]

I don't know exactly how that wilful Ida[1] 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. Bennett[3]

Denmark Hill, *July* 11*th*, 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 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 overthrow or disobey that ordinance.

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[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.]

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 Wordsworth[2] 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. Furnivall[3]

Dover, *July* 17*th*, 1855.

My dear Furnivall,—I shall be delighted to see Munro[4] 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 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 ~~faithfully~~ 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.

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[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.]

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. Furnivall[2]

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 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,

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[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.]

J. RUSKIN.

You must come the next time Mrs. Browning comes, which I hope will be soon.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI [1]

[? *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.

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[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 ou have been longer than you expected in finishing this), and will end you cheque the moment drawing arrives.

Acland continues to give a hopeful opinion of Miss Siddal.—Ever n 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 Rossetti[2]

[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 undertood 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.

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[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. STILLMAN[1]

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 NORTON[6]

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.

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[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 CORRESPONDENT[1]

[? 1855.]

Do not send your son to Mr. Leigh's: his school is wholly inefficient. 'our son should go through the usual course of instruction given at he Royal Academy, which, with a good deal that is wrong, gives omething that is necessary and right, and which cannot be otherwise btained. 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) hat he gets no mistaken bias in those schools. A "studio" is not ecessary for him—but a little room with a cupboard in it and a hair—and nothing else—*is*. I am very sanguine respecting him. I ke both his face and his work.

Thank you for telling me that about my books. I am happy in eeing much more of the springing of the green than most sowers of ed are allowed to see, until very late in their lives—but it is always great help to me to hear of any. For I never write with pleasure 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; ut I write to tell truths which I can't help crying out about—and *do* enjoy being believed and being of use.

I am much vexed with myself for not having written this letter oner. There were several things I wanted to say respecting the eed of perseverance in painting as well as in other businesses—which 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 ngular gifts for painting. I think the work he has done at the ollege nearly the most promising of any that has yet been done ere, and I sincerely trust the apparent want of perseverance has itherto been only the disgust of a creature of strong instincts who as not got into its own element. He seems to me a fine fellow— nd I hope you will be very proud of him some day—but I very eriously think you must let him have his bent in this matter, and hen, if he does not work steadily, take him to task to purpose. I hink the whole gist of education is to let the boy take his own hape and element, and then to help, discipline, and urge him *in* hat, but not to force him on work entirely painful to him.

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[1] [This and the following letter were printed in the *British Weekly*, December 0, 1906, with the following note: "A distinguished writer has very kindly placed t my disposal two letters written by Ruskin to his father about his brother some ve-and-forty years ago. This brother died young. He was a gifted artist, and pupil of Rossetti's at the Working Men's College. I make extracts from the tters. It will be seen that they illustrate Ruskin's great generosity, and also his onourable ambition." "Five-and-forty years ago" would make the date 1861, but is probably earlier, as Ruskin was little at the College in 1861.]

To COVENTRY PATMORE[1]

[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 ROSSETTI[5]

[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 f silence on the supposition of her marriage, nor do I quite undertand his continued worship being so absolute—the image of her being n no wise *dethroned* by her marriage, but put in heaven as high as ver. What do you feel about this?—Always yours,

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[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. ("Honoria").]

[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.).]

J. RUSKIN.

I like the translation exceedingly.[1] I come on Tuesday if fine. Best regards to your brother.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI [2]

[DENMARK HILL, 1855—? *October.*]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—If I were to find funds, could you be ready on Vednesday morning to take a run into Wales, and make me a sketch f some rocks in the bed of a stream, with trees above, mountain ashes, nd so on, scarlet in autumn tints? If you are later than Wednesday, ou will be too late; but if you can go on Wednesday, let me know y return of post, or by bearer. I will send funds. I want you to o to Pont-y-Monach,[3] near Aberystwith, and choose a subject therebouts. I shall be very much obliged to you if you will do this for e.—Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI [4]

[1855?]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I never should think of your sitting out to paint om Nature. Merely look at the place; make memoranda fast, work t home at the inn, and *walk* among the hills. Take the "Passover" ith you, and finish it there—you would do it better and quicker—nd leave the "Dante"[5] with me till you come back. If you can do his, I think your health will be bettered, and I shall be bettered by aving the drawing; but if you would not like to do it, do not do for fear of *hurting* me, as I don't set my heart on this. Do it, if you can pleasantly to yourself—not otherwise. I think you would win time and health by it.—Yours always, J. R.

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[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, 00.]

[4] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism,* pp. 104–105. An extract from e letter was printed in the Catalogue of William Brown, of Edinburgh, No. 162, 906.]

[5] [Probably the "Beatrice denying her Salutation."]

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 ROSSETTI [1]

[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]

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[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 Rossetti [1]

[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 illuminating [5] 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 Rossetti [6]

[Denmark Hill. ? *October* 1855.]

Dear R.,—I have had a sharp relapse, though I am downstairs at ast, 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

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[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 Waring.]

[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 absence 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 ROSSETTI[1]

[? 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 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,

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[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.]

J. Ruskin.

You must not be vexed if she chooses the new one. It may do you credit at Leeds. . . .

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti[2]

[? 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 Launcelot[4] 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.

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[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 ROSSETTI[1]

[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 TENNYSON[2]

DENMARK HILL, 12*th 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 versification 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.

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[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 SIDDAL[2]

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 snows, and blue valley distance, you can't make up a sauce to your satisfaction, I shan't pity you.[1]

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[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 Hôtel des Princes, Nice. From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 118–121.]

(*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 ROSSETTI[2]

[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

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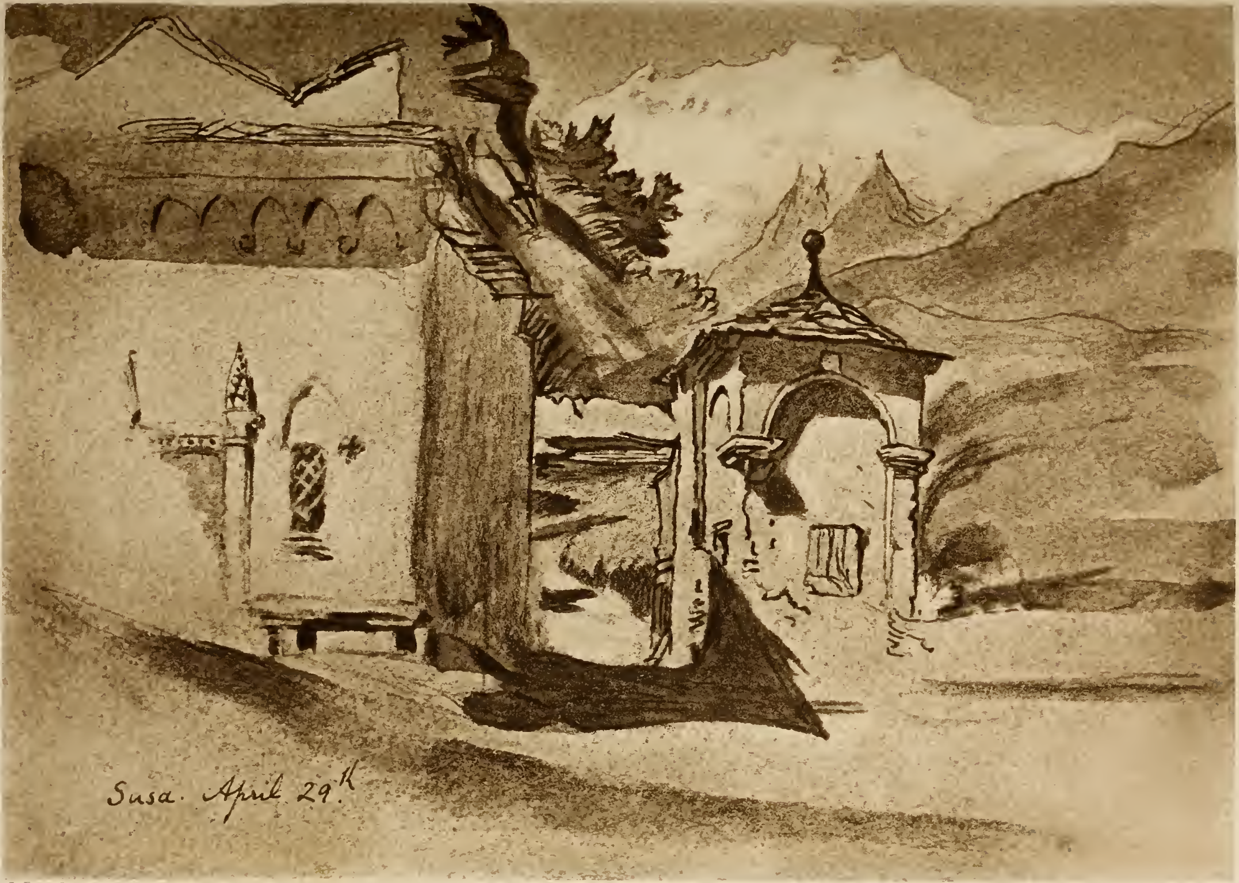
[1] [Plate XI. here introduced is a drawing made by Ruskin at Susa.]

[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."]


Susa. April 29th

J. Ruskin.

Allen & Co. Sc.

Susa

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 Ward [1]

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 Ward [2]

[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.

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[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 ROSSETTI [1]

[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 ROSSETTI [3]

[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 Wife[4] 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 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,

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[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.).]

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 Rossetti[1]

[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 Rossetti[2]

[? 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 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,

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[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.]

J. Ruskin.

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti[2]

[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 Rossetti[5]

[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

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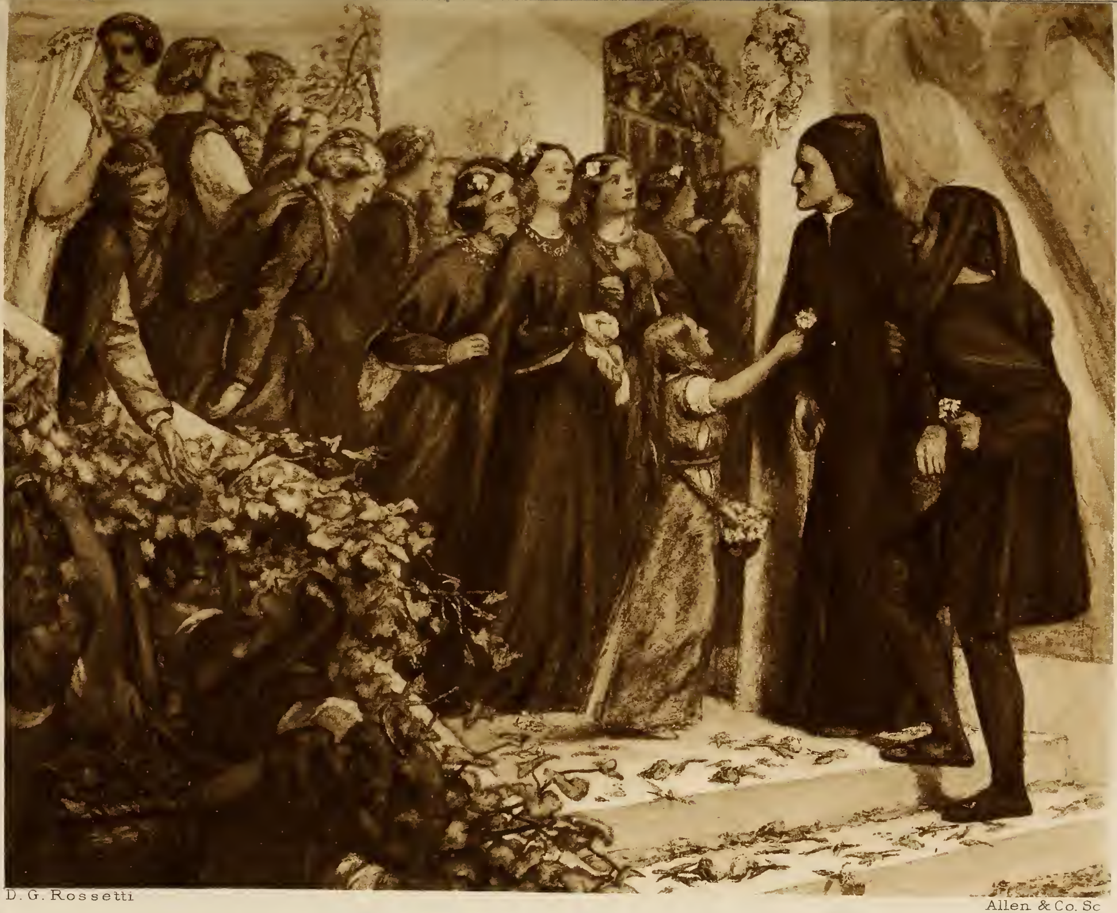
[1] [*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act i. sc. 1.]

[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.]



D. G. Rossetti

Allen & Co. Sc

Beatrice denying her salutation to Dante

ke to tear everything in the room to pieces at your daubing over he head in that picture; and that it was no use to me now till you ad painted it in again. And I told her to *show* you that I had arried off the "Passover" instead. However, I think it may be well or you to have that picture out of your sight a little before you egin to work on it again; so please send it me by bearer.—Yours ffectionately, J. Ruskin.

How you could think I could look at it with any pleasure in that ness, I can't think. *Before*, the whole thing was explained—there as only a white respirator before the mouth. You have deprived ne of a great pleasure by your absurdity. I never, so long as I live, ill trust you to do anything again, out of my sight.

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti[1]

[1856.]

Dear R.,—To-morrow at about half-past one I bring, I hope, ranslations, etc. Patmore is very nice; but what the mischief does e mean by Symbolism? I call that Passover plain prosy Fact. No ymbolism 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] eing used to it, and I take more care in writing, that I may set your nind at ease in reading. I know I give you a great deal of anxiety, nd must try to pacify you a little, first thanking you for so quickly ending me the corrected sheets.[3] I have, of course, adopted all those useful side-notes and proper and necessary corrections, "hip" fo "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.

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[1] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 140. The reference is to a etter from Patmore to Rossetti (*ibid.*, p. 139, and *Memoir and Correspondence of oventry Patmore*, vol. ii. p. 231), discussing the artist's drawings of "Dante at he Marriage Feast" and "The Passover in the Holy Family." With regard to he former, Patmore said that he contemplated it "with greater delight and profit han I ever received from any other picture without exception. For the time, it as put me quite out of conceit with my own work, and I must forget the severe nd heavenly sweetness of that group of Bridesmaids before I shall be able to go n contentedly in my less exalted strain. The other drawing, at its present stage, oes not affect me nearly so powerfully, though I feel the soft and burning glow f colour. The symbolism is too remote and unobvious to strike *me* as effective; ut I do not pretend to set any value by my own opinion on such matters."]

[2] [The letter is on lined blue foolscap, much used by Ruskin.]

[3] [Of *The Harbours of England*. For the "unwashed decks" of the humbler nerchant-vessels, as distinguished from the prouder vessels carrying wine and tea, tc., see § 15 (Vol. XIII. p. 26). For "80," *ibid.*, p. 28; for "hip," *ibid.*, p. 31 10th line from foot).]

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 genera 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 tha 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 o 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 am upright in my other purposes.

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[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 recognis the validity of the Free Trade theory, he came to condemn the hypothesis o 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 affectionate[1]—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 a volcanic explosion, or petrified in their beloved bottom by advance of delta, I know more than they.

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[1] [Compare *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 457.]

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, in spite 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 Ward[4]

Thun, *July* 1*st*, 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 the present; and I can't yet get out the little book I spoke of for some time.

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[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.]

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 Norton [1]

[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 Rossetti [3]

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.

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[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.

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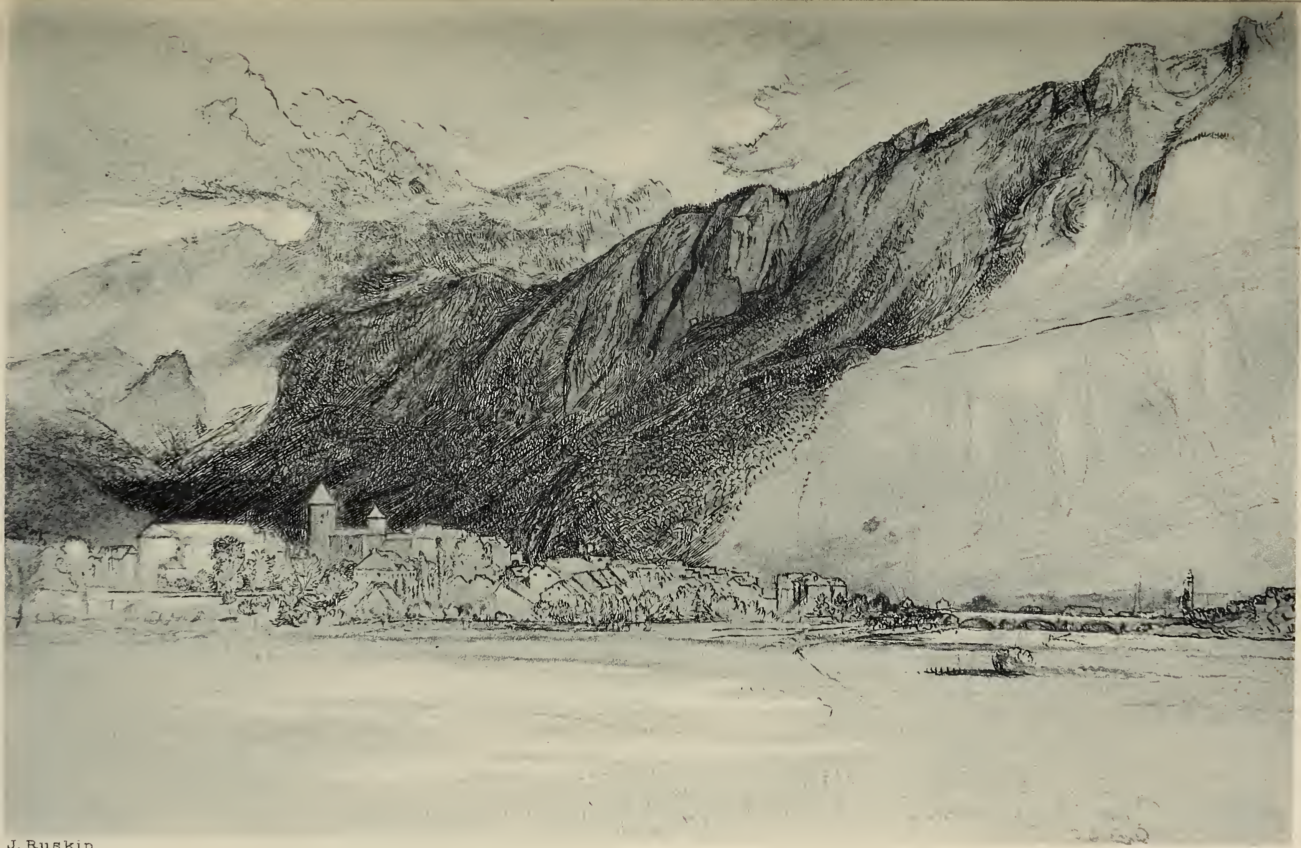
[1] [The drawing of Bonneville, here reproduced (Plate XIII.), belongs to thi year.]



J. Ruskin.

Allen & Co. Sc.

Bonneville

1856.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI[1]

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, 26*th 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 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 picturesquest 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.

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[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. xlvi.); "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."]

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 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.

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[1] [See the reference to his diary in Vol. VII. p. xxiii.]
[2] [Compare *Præterita,* Vol. XXXV. p. 483.]

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 30 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 think I have given you enough of ourselves. You are never explicit nough about *your*self. 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 pring, 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 cannot but attribute his recovery to his having such a *very* bad temper. Good-natured dogs always die when anything happens to 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.

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[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.]

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 NORTON [1]

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 NORTON [3]

[*November,* 1856.]

DEAR NORTON,—It will of course be a privilege to me to take charge of the vignette [4] while you are travelling, and of course I 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.

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[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.]

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 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.

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[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 twigging 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-scraps 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."]

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 hat kind of poetry (likes Pope, and Crabbe), but he sat at it till one n the morning, and never let the book out of his hand, when he was n the house, till he had finished it and said it quite did him good—nade him better from a little ailing that he was. To my mother I m reading it out aloud every day.

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[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.]

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti [1]

[Denmark Hill, *circa Christmas* 1856.]

Dear Rossetti,—I enclose a letter from John Lewis, and we must ow have your *final* answer. I object, myself, to the whole system f candidateship, but, as it is established, neither you nor I can at resent overthrow it. I don't believe there is the least risk of your ejection, because Lewis is wholly for you, and the others know that ou are a friend of mine and that I am going to write a "notice" in 857 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 wn works than might be altogether pleasant. But don't you think *hey* will suppose so, and that your election is therefore rather safe?

But suppose the reverse. All that could be said was that they ejected—not Rossetti but *Pre-Raphaelitism*. Which people knew pretty ell before. But it would give me a hold on them if they did, which ould be useful in after attacks on this modern system, so that, hether they took you or not, you would be helping forward the ood cause. But all the chances are that you get in, and if you do, onsider what good you may effect by the influence of your work and otes in that society, allied with Lewis and Hunt!

So *pray* do this. Write to Lewis instantly, saying you accept. will write to Oxford for "Dante." Morris will, I am sure, lend his, nd I will lend my "Beatrice,"[2] and there we are, all right.—Yours ffectionately,

J. R.

I will send Ida's drawings by first hand coming into town. Send e a line saying what you do.

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[1] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, pp. 148, 149. J. F. Lewis was t this time President of the Old Water-Colour Society, of which Ruskin wanted ossetti to become a member; he declined, however, to stand. He agreed with uskin in regarding Lewis and William Hunt as the best water-colourists (see his *etters to Allingham*, p. 164).]

[2] [Works which Ruskin proposed that Rossetti should send to the Old Water-olour Society. "Dante" is "Dante Drawing the Angel," owned by Thomas oombe, of the Oxford University Press, and now in the University Galleries. The rawing then in possession of William Morris was "Fra Pace" (see p. 249); and r Ruskin's "Beatrice," see p. 235 *n*.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

[LONDON] 28*th 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 there[2] 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.

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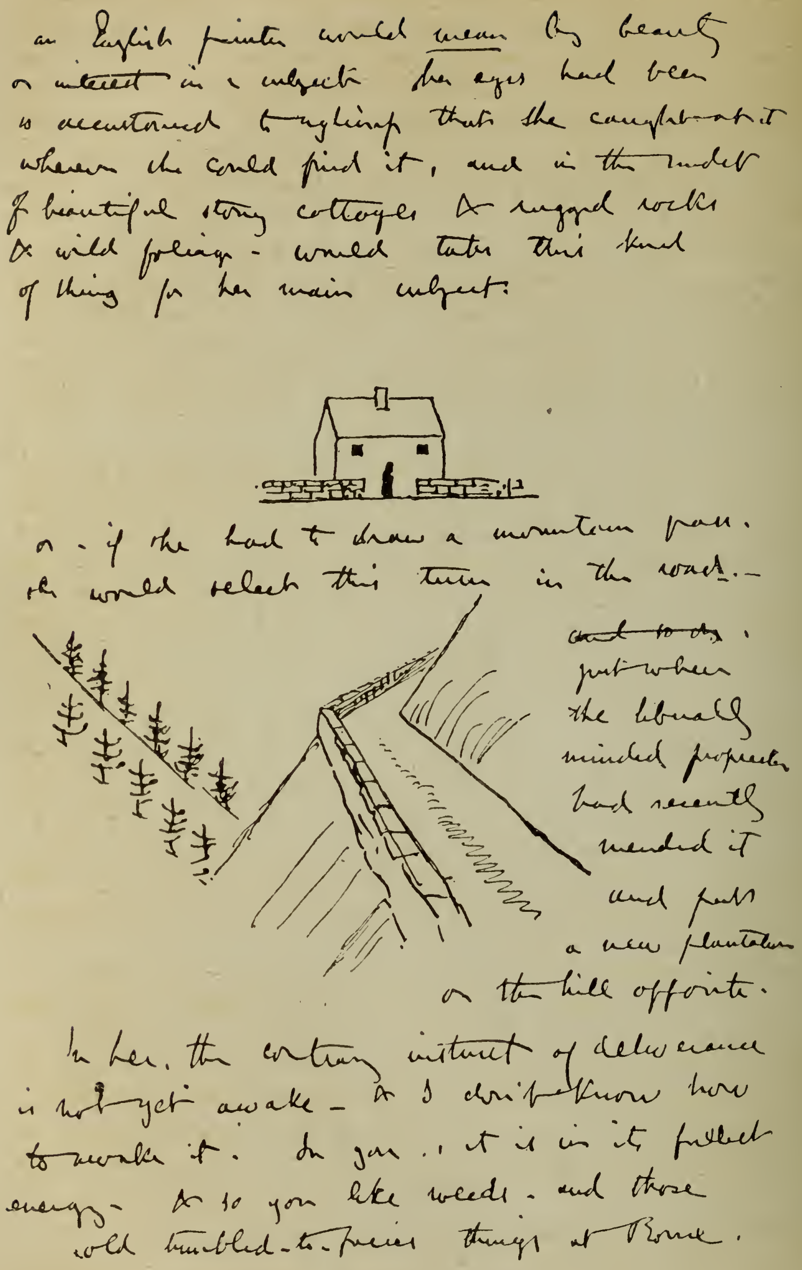
[1] [*Atlantic Monthly,* May 1904, vol. 93, pp. 583–584. No. 8 in *Norton;* vol. i. pp. 25–31.]

[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 so accustomed to ugly things 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 turn in the road.– ~~and so dry~~. 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 – & I don't know how to awake it. In you, it is in its fullest energy - & so you like weeds - and those old tumbled-to-pieces things at Rome.

A Page of a Letter to C. E. Norton (*Dec. 28, 1856*)

To face p. 251

Still, I can quite understand how, coming from a fresh, pure, and ery ugly country like America, there may be a kind of thirst upon ou for ruins and shadows which nothing can easily assuage; that fter the scraped cleanliness and business and fussiness of it (America), nildew and mould may be meat and drink to you, and languor the est sort of life, and weeds a bewitchment (I mean the unnatural sort f weed that only grows on old bricks and mortar and out of cracks n mosaic—all the Campagna used to look to me as if its grass were rown over a floor); and the very sense of despair which there is bout Rome must be helpful and balmy, after the over-hopefulness nd getting-on-ness of America; and the very sense that nobody about ou is taking account of anything, but that all is going on into an nspelt, unsummed, undistinguished heap of helplessness, must be a elief to you, coming out of that atmosphere of Calculation. I can't therwise account for your staying at Rome.

You may wonder at my impertinence in calling America an ugly ountry. But I have just been seeing a number of landscapes by an merican painter of some repute; and the ugliness of them is Wonderul. I see that they are true studies, and that the ugliness of the ountry must be Unfathomable. And a young American lady[1] has een drawing under my directions in Wales this summer, and when he came back I was entirely silenced and paralyzed by the sense of sort of helplessness in her that I couldn't get at; an entire want f perception of what an English painter would mean by beauty or terest in a subject; her eyes had been so accustomed to ugliness at she caught it wherever she could find it, and in the midst of eautiful stony cottages and rugged rocks and wild foliage, would take his kind of thing[2] for her main subject; or, if she had to draw a ountain pass, she would select this turn in the road,[2] just where e liberally-minded proprietor had recently mended it and put a new lantation on the hill opposite.

In her, the contrary instinct of deliverance is not yet awake, and don't know how to awake it. In you, it is in its fullest energy, and 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 ositive or negative result of some correspondence which the Trustees f the National Gallery have done me the honour to open with me (of eir own accord), which, for the present, has arrived at a turn in the ircumlocution road,[3] much resembling in its promising aspect that 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 second-hand. 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 anythink about it except to get it; and to get it while you are still in Italy.

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[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 Circumcution Office") in *Little Dorrit*, published in the preceding year.]

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 kindliest 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 acceptant to the best of its ability. I have not seen, nor heard, single bad word or sneer about it, and all the best people shout, ith me, rapturously.

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[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).]

I merely send this line to bid you Good New Year, and to say ow thankful I was to see a statement in the *Athenæum* the other ay,[1] and that you can now buy a Giotto or two when they come your way—and I am sure Giotto's Spirit will send them. Though doubt not, you are both of you sorrier for your friend's loss than lad of anything else.

I am well, thank God, and getting into work. The trustees of the ational Gallery have opened a Circumlocution Office correspondence ith me,[2] and we are just in the first whorl of the shell. Whether any lue is at the Murex bottom I know not yet—the Pudding Pause of mas 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 the scarlet thread, and the dog watching Aurora (when, my mother ys, she only wanted a good shaking), and the aunt's death, and the ild's life of Marian, and the madness (the Christ wading through e corn), and all the Italian part, but chiefly "peak pushing peak ey stood," etc.—and the *bats*, and the *Frogs* and the *lizards:* and e prayer about the lottery, and Marian crying (the leaping back t), and Aurora's confession.

There,

d Aurora's scolding letter to Lady W., which made me cry and ugh till I had to give up, for that day.[3]—Ever affectionately yours d hers,

J. Ruskin.

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[1] [A paragraph in the issue of December 20 (No. 1521, p. 1573), stating that r. 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 ok i. :—

> ". . . the sheep run
> Along the fine clear outline, small as mice
> That run along a witch's scarlet thread."

In book ii.—"The very dog Would watch me from his sun-patch on the floor"; just after which passage comes the death of Aurora's aunt. (4) The description 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!'"

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, 11*th 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

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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.]

this world. I began digging under the Mont Blanc this last summer, ıd went on till my back ached not a little and till my arms wouldn't ft pickaxe. I made no very serious impression on Mont Blanc, but little on some geological theories[1]—and a great deal on myself—in ving 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 etches to the nation puts it in my power to study him far more lly and easily than formerly. I offered to arrange and catalogue em all (and they are some twenty thousand in number according to ornum's statement), and have had some official communication with e Trustees about it. I believe, in the end, whatever they may termine upon just now, I shall have to do it for them, for the simple ason that they *cannot* do it themselves; nor get it done, there being erally nobody, except myself, who knows where Turner's subjects were ken, or their sequence, chronologically. I have written a catalogue the oil pictures, explaining them as well as I can, by way of specien of what may be done in this way, and if the public like it, they ll perhaps want the drawings catalogued too.

I'm sorry you don't like my rambling book[2] so well as my old one, d surprised too; for you rightly criticised my old writing as showg no *reserve;* and this book is all full of reserve—less said always an I could say. Besides, though it seems to ramble, and does so as as arrangement goes, it doesn't touch on anything, except the war, at 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. ornum—he seems to have a good deal on his hands; and I want to ow how he is likely to manage it—how, also, he ought himself to be naged.

I hope to hear something of you, at Little H[olland] H[ouse], on esday, but at present I know not where this line is likely to find u—in fact, I suppose you very often don't know, at present, where u are likely to find *yourself*. You rather remind me of the Count of onte Christo in search of his treasure, if he had taken his friend with n—I forget his name—Watts may stand for him[3]—on his first voyage.

Don't trouble yourself to write long letters—I never do, myself—t send me a line now and then saying what you are doing and how atts is, and believe me, sincerely yours, J. Ruskin.

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[1] [See above, p. 245.]

[2] [The third volume of *Modern Painters*, entitled "Of Many Things"; for the sage 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 Rossetti[1]

[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 Ward[2]

[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. Pritchard[5] and his wife, whom we wanted you to meet, into the country again,—

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[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.]

ut as matters are now arranged, they are coming, and if you can ome too, it will give us all very great pleasure;—and so it will not e selfish of you; and John will come some day, when you have any ind of work to do that needs staying at home, by *him*self, to make t all fair—always provided you come both together very soon. I am ot well pleased with Kingsley myself. This is his second sneer at e,[1] the first being in his book on the sea shore, which I only nswered by praising and quoting *Alton Locke.* And whatever he may r may not think of me, he ought not to shorten my hands when I m working precisely in the way he wants people to work, with the ower classes. I don't understand it—for not long ago he sent to me a ightily polite letter, which makes the matter rather worse. I have alf 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 drawngs,[2] thanks to John and you, I believe, chiefly—for which and other atters—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 he titles in English of those illustrated works by Richter, with the lace where you got them—so that I can send the same to Printers, my catalogue of works to be studied at the end of my book for eginners?[4]—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

Tell Jones his glass won't quite do. I want to talk to him about 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.

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[1] [The lines (quoted in Vol. X. pp. lv., xxxiv., 609) introduced in the poem lled *The Invitation* (August 1856). For the first "sneer," see *Glaucus; or, The onders of the Shore*, 1855, p. 57: "What a variety of forms and colours are there, mid the purple and olive wreaths of wrack . . . and the delicate green ribbons of e Zostera, . . . surely contradicting, as do several other forms, that somewhat asty assertion of Mr. Ruskin, that nature makes no ribbons, unless with a midrib, nd I know not what other limitations, which seem to me to exist only in Mr. uskin's fertile, but fastidious fancy." (The reference is to *Seven Lamps*, Vol. VIII. p. 148-149.) The praise of *Alton Locke* was in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. . 238). Kingsley had been to see Ruskin at Denmark Hill (see above, p. 190). uskin was afterwards sore at what he considered Kingsley's lack of staunchness the Eyre affair, and gave him a large "bit of tusk-point": see Vol. XXXIV. . 609.]

[2] [See Vol. XIII. pp. xxxiii., 183-226.]

[3] [From p. 28 of George Birkbeck Hill's *Talks about Autographs*, 1896, where e date is given as "about 1858"; but for bibliographical reasons (see Vol. XV. . 224) it must be 1857. Burne-Jones, Dr. Hill explained, "has no doubt, he nds me word, the criticism was entirely just, but no one had the hardihood to ll him of it, so he has never heard it till now."]

[4] [See *The Elements of Drawing:* Vol. XV. p. 224.]

To Mrs. Hugh Miller[1]

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.

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[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
he common lot of man. The earth is full of *lost* powers; no human
oul perishes, but, if you could only read its true history, you would
ind that not the thousandth part of its possible work had been done;
hat even when the result seemed greatest the man either was or
ught to have been conscious of irreparable failure and shortcoming;
hat, in the plurality of cases, the whole end and use of life had been
ore or less lost, and, in *many* cases, in the cruellest way, by accident
r adversity. And in like manner, if you could only see the *origin*
f all diseases, you would see that what we called a natural disease
nd received as an inevitable dispensation, did in reality depend on
ome pettiest of petty *chances* (I speak humanly): on the man's having
ntied his neckerchief near a window, when he should not; on his
aving stopped at the street-corner in an east wind to talk to a friend
r half a minute; on his having worried himself uselessly about an
vercharge in a bill: nothing is so trivial but it may be the Appointed
eath-Angel to the man. And when once you feel this fully (my
wn work has taught me this more than most men's, for no wreck is
frequent, no waste so wild, as the wreck and waste of the minds of
en devoted to the arts), when once you feel it, and understand that
is waste, which seems so wonderful to us, is intended by the Deity
be a part of His dealing with men (just as the rivers are poured
t to run into their swallowing Death-sea, only a lip here and there
sting them), and that this law of chance, which seems so trivial to
, is as entirely in His hand as the lightning and the plague-spot:
en, while to all of us who are still counting the hours, the truth is
solemn one, to those who mourn for their dead, it ought not to
a distressing one. It is only to our narrow human view that any-
ing is lost or wasted. God gave the mind to do a certain work, and
thdrew it when that work was done; we, poor innocents, may fancy
at something else should have been done; so, assuredly, in all cases,
should; but in no special and separate instance can we say,—here
a destiny peculiarly broken, here a work peculiarly unfulfilled. I
ad 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
nough."

Pardon me if I pain you by dwelling on this, but I know that
ny persons do not feel this *generalness* in human shortcoming; we
e all too apt to think everything has been right if a man lives to
old, and everything lost if he dies young.

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[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,* 11*th 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 Norton[3]

[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 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 quare sliding pane of the gondola window. For I hope you hold to he true Gondola, with Black Felze, eschewing all French and English ubstitutions of pleasure-boat and awning. I have no doubt, one day, hat the gondolas will be white instead of black,—at the rate they carry on their reforms at Venice. . . .[1]

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[1] [The fourth baronet. He had written to Ruskin thanking him for the thir and fourth volumes of *Modern Painters*. He had not met Ruskin when this lette 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 an of Mud") was printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction to the America "Brantwood") edition of *The Stones of Venice* (pp. ix.–xii.): and the same pa

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 ell 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 vignette[3] 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, 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-school[5] 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

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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 Rossetti[2]

[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

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[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.

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[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. Wilkins[1]

Denmark Hill, *July* 12*th*, 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 Exhibition[2] 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 Tennyson[4]

Edinburgh, *July* 24*th*, 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.

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[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 bed-gown, feel no true sympathy with her, they can have no sympathy n 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. Laing[2]

Aberfeldy, *August 27th* [1857].

My dear Laing,—The "long letter" has been put off from day o day, not because I could not find time for it, but because I am ot at all sure whether I *can* say anything at present that will be f use to you. I have not knowledge enough of individual human haracter to be able to give advice except in general terms. I am ery glad to hear that you are in good health, and able to spare ime 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, s I said, give you any serviceable counsel.

But my advice to you, as far as I feel any power of advising you, 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.

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[1] [Millais's illustration to "The Sisters" (p. 109). Rossetti's "Sir Galahad" is t 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.]

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 ROSSETTI[2]

[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 ad of them. It is excessively difficult to get any statement of that ind fairly put down on paper with a name to it; pray thank your iend for it very heartily for me, and get me any more such things ou can. You must have thought me very hard not to help you with merican Exhibition; but I have no knowledge of America, and do ot choose to write one word about things which I know nothing of.[1]

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[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

I am anxious to hear of Gabriel's doings. I heard a malicious port the other day from an envious person that "he was going to lorence and we should hear no more of him." Please write me word 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 bout £380, or *was* only, about three weeks ago. There was £60 in ree 20 subscriptions unpaid, I observed.[2]

To Charles Eliot Norton[3]

Penrith, Cumberland, *24th September, '57.*

Dear Norton,—I was very thankful to know you had arrived safely, d without getting any blue put on your wings by that Atlantic, d I am trying to conceive you as very happy in the neighbourhood those rattlesnakes, bears, etc., though it seems to me much the rt of happiness (compared with ours at home here) that a poor little imney-sweeper is enjoying below on the doorstep, to whom I have st imparted what consolation there is in sixpence for the untoward-ss of his fate, his master having declared that if "he didna get a b, he suld stop oot all day." You have plenty "jobs," of course, in ur fine new country; but you seem to me, nevertheless, "stopping t all day." I envy your power of enjoyment, however, and respect , and, so far, understand it; for truly it must be a grand thing be in a country that one has good hope of, and which is always

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parted to Ruskin: possibly Mr. F. O. Finch, the water-colour painter, whom met two or three times about this date. I met him in connexion with the nerican Exhibition, alluded to in the letter—*i.e.*, an Exhibition in America of rious pictures of the British School, with a certain bias towards Præraphaelitism. is 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. . 50–55. Parts of the letter ("it must be a grand thing . . . Britonship," d "Truly, however . . . east, to-day") had previously been printed by Professor rton in his Introduction (pp. xii.–xiii.) to the American ("Brantwood") edition *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 red[2] 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.

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[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. Stowe[2] 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 NORTON[3]

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 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.

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[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.]

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 NORTON[1]

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 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.

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[1] [*Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, pp. 799, 800. No. 12 in *Norton*; vol. i. pp. 56–58.]

I was delighted with the magazine[2] 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 etter in that fearful American Wilderness, from which you will shoot barbed arrows at me, or poisoned ones of silence.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

I see you are to stay at Rhode Island some months, so I may risk . little bit more chat—not that I can chat at present, for my head nd hands are full to choking and perpetual slipping through thoughts nd fingers. I've got all the Turner sketches in the National Gallery o arrange,—19,000: of these some 15,000 I had never seen before, nd though most of them quite slight and to other people unintelligible, to me they are all intelligible and weary me by the quantity f their telling, hundreds of new questions beyond what they tell eing suggested every hour. Besides this I have to plan frames—measure—mount—catalogue—all with single head and double hands nly: and under the necessity of pleasing other people no less than f satisfying myself—and I've enough to do.[3] (I didn't know there as 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 is[5]—but it's too bad to uiz Pallas, I can stand it about anybody but her.

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[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, nd of his work on them, see the Preface to vol. v. of *Modern Painters* (Vol. VII. 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 he first number), vol. i. pp. 110–112.]

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti[1]

[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 pictur now; the alteration of the head from the stoop forward to the thro back makes the whole figure quite stiff and stupid; besides, the o cheek is a quarter of a yard too thin.

If there is any one else who would like the picture, let them hav it, and let the debt stand over; but if you would like to have it o your mind, you must take out the head and put it in as it was a first, or I never could look at it.

That "Magdalene"[2] is magnificent to my mind, in every possibl way: it stays by me.

I must see Ida; I want to tell her one or two things about he way of study. I can't bear to see her missing her mark only by few inches, which she might as easily win as not.—Ever affectionatel yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti[3]

[Denmark Hill. ?1857.]

Dear Rossetti,—All's quite right. I don't want the money a bi and I think your note reads rather sulky in talking about wanting t send it back. "Stays by me" meant stays in my eyes and hea But I do wish you could get the "Magdalene" for me. I would gi that oil picture for it willingly, at 50 guineas.

You are a conceited monkey, thinking your pictures right when tell you positively they are wrong. What do *you* know about th matter, I should like to know?

You'll find out in six months what an absurdity that "St. Cath rine" is.—Yours affectionately,

J. R.

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[1] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism,* pp. 183–184. The picture referr to must be the "St. Catharine" (see above, p. 236)—an oil-picture (shown at th Burlington Fine Arts Club in 1883) representing a mediæval artist painting fro 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 ROSSETTI[1]

[DENMARK HILL. ? 1857.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—You must not take that Turner—it has been hawk-ıg about in London this 18 months—it is the worst drawing Turner ver made. I would not give £20 for it, suspecting it even of being touched. McCracken[2] ought not to have tried to fasten it on you. was quite fair two years ago—but not after he had tried to sell it erywhere and failed.

Don't annoy yourself about anything you owe me—but do your mmissions for other people and Llandaff[3] as fast as you can.

Or if you like to do another side of the Union[4] I will consider at as 70 guineas off my debt: provided there's no absolute nonsense 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 u.—Yours always affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI[5]

29 *Dec.*, '57.

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I'll look to the accounts[6] directly. Miss Swale d Miss Heaton I have down as received, Marshall I have not; which rprises and vexes me, as I thought I had been perfectly methodical the whole affair. I remember Gabriel's giving me something, and giving him a receipt, so I have no doubt your account is right. ould Mrs. Seddon kindly take the trouble to come to the bank her-f? I would meet her there, and the whole sum might be at once nsferred into her name. Any day at three o'clock would do for me.

The Roof[7] *is*—and is *not* satisfactory. Clever but not right. You ow the fact is they're all the least bit crazy, and it's very difficult manage them.—Yours always truly,

J. RUSKIN.

If you use enclosed card,[8] you'll hear me go over a good deal I've d before, but I hope more clearly.

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[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 rk 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, 267.]

[7] [Of the Oxford Union Debating Society.]

[8] [For the lecture on "Conventional Art," delivered on January 13, 1858 (*Two hs*, Vol. XVI.).]

1858

[In the early part of the year Ruskin was still engaged in sorting the Turne 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 volume (see Contents, Vol. VII. pp. xi., xii., Vol. XVI. pp. x., xi.).]

To John Scott [1]

Denmark Hill, *January 3rd*, 1858.

Dear Mr. Scott,—I have been looking at the collier in the plat Mr. Mackay spoke of, and I do think her jib is too small,—but als this afternoon in *Guesses at Truth* I met with Coleridge's criticism o Chantrey's "Wordsworth": [2] "it's a great deal more like Wordswort than Wordsworth himself." So I think of this ship of Turner's. Te 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 Keux [3]

[? 1858.]

Dear Le Keux,—The subjects of the next volume are Tree Clouds, Waves, Buildings, Dragons, Moral Sentiments, and things i general. You shall engrave a dragon or a moral sentiment if yo like: but something, please, for I shall be sadly short of my illustra tions in this volume.—Yours always most truly, J. Ruskin.

To F. J. Furnivall [4]

[? 1858.]

Dear Furnivall,—I am investigating the coils of the Dragon the Hesperides, and the awfulness of Squints and Casts in the eye elements of the Sublime.

I can get myself into no other coils, nor squint at any oth subject, at present. Your question, and Brown's letter, require 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.

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[1] [No. 11 in *Art and Literature*, p. 34. The letter was printed in Sotheb Sale Catalogue for 28th April 1892, and quoted in the *Sunday Sun*, April 4, 189

[2] [Chantrey's bust of Wordsworth. The reference is to *Guesses at Truth*, fi series, p. 395 (ed. 1847).]

[3] [No. 8 in *Art and Literature*, p. 28 (where it is wrongly dated "1855" a explained as referring to vol. iii. of *Modern Painters*). The reference is obviou to vol. v. For Mr. J. H. Le Keux, see Vol. V. p. lxii. and Vol. VI. p. xxvii.; engraved four plates for the fifth volume (see Vol. VII. p. xiii.).]

[4] [No. 28 in *Furnivall*, pp. 68–69.]

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 yester- lay evening, and am so very sorry you vexed yourselves for a moment bout my letters—for I know you care for me, as I do for you, to the oint of full faith that whether we write or not we are not forgetful f each other, and all that I needed to be assured of was that Casa uidi *was* enough address, and knowing that, I will write whenever like, and never question about answers or any other forms; only ndeed I had no letter about Penini[2] from Lucca—it must have mis- arried—I heard he had been ill only lately, through Miss Heaton. My other rejoices in his getting stronger after eight, which she declares be a critical age, and I rejoice in your being teazed out of the rosy omino. I do think that is a piece of civilization which profoundly eeds recalling; it is so tiresome that one can't meet *some* people with- ut recognition, it would be delightful to be able to wear masks again. ow for the questions. First touching Spurgeon. His doctrine is mply Bunyan's, Baxter's, Calvin's, and John Knox's—in many respects ot pleasant to *me*, but I dare not say that the offence is the doctrine's d not mine. It is the doctrine of Romish saints and of the Church England. Why should we find fault with it specially in Spurgeon d not in St. Francis or Jeremy Taylor? The "Turn or Burn" is erely a vulgar modernism of Proverbs i. 23–32, but the vulgarity of it the precise character which makes it useful to vulgar people; and is certainly better to save them vulgarly than lose them gracefully—

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[1] [Ruskin's letter to Temple on "The Arts as a Branch of Education": see w Vol. XVI. p. 449.]

[2] ["Penini," "Peni," "Pen," the pet-names of Mr. Robert Wiedemann Browning, poet's son.]

as our polite clergymen do. Evangelicalism (Dissenter's Evangel at least) is, I confess, rather greasy in the finger; sometimes with trair oil; but Spurgeon's is olive, with the slightest possible degradatior 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 jus —before we say more on the subject—look at the enclosed woodcu from *Punch*,[1] and be so kind as to compare it with the dance in Simor Memmi's—no, in whosoever's the last German professor says it is—Cal of St. Ranieri[2] 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 calumniec 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 abou Italy. I despatch it to Casa Guidi by this post. I can't write an more this evening. I'll write again in no time—all our loves to yo both.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

The leaf of *Punch* will be sent in another letter—it might be see through this, and stopped.

To WILLIAM WARD[4]

DENMARK HILL, *January 25th*, 1858.

MY DEAR WARD,—I will bring a cheque for ten pounds with me t the college on Thursday—which will be due to you from New Year Day for six weeks and a bit—which please keep account of.

Don't make any appointment for Friday or Saturday, but come t Marlborough House,[5] as I want to employ you there on some drawing for me. But call as soon as possible between ten and eleven, mornin on Mrs. La Touche, 10 Great Cumberland Street. She wishes you t teach her daughter.[6] Draw the ball with her first—then casts.—Trul yours always, J. RUSKIN.

Be at Marlborough House next Friday morning, at eleven o'cloc —with some pencils, lampblack, and pen, and white paper on sma boards, a foot or so square—and wait till I come.

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[1] [An illustrated skit in *Punch* of January 16, 1858, on "The Spurgeon Qua rilles," "as authorized by the reverend gentleman who has discovered that dancin is proper, but that partners being of opposite sexes is not so."]

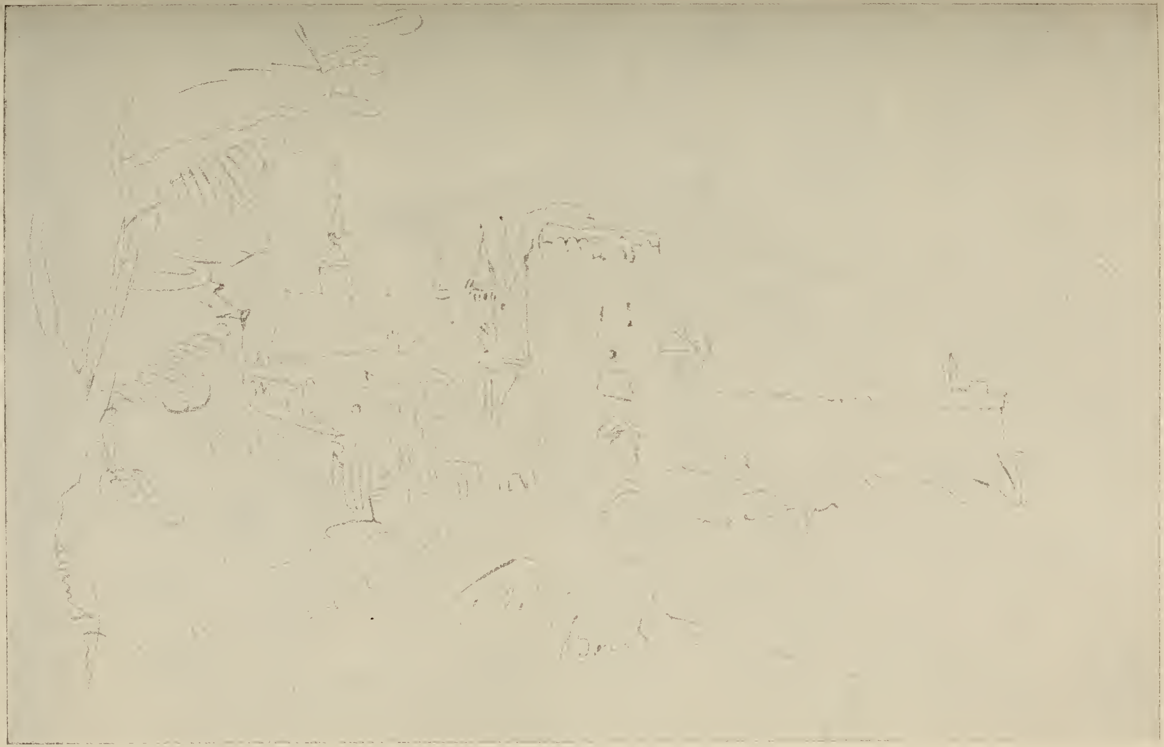
[2] [For this fresco, see Vol. XXXV. pp. 353–354, 389.]

[3] [*The Political Economy of Art*, published in December 1857: for its referenc to Italy, see Vol. XVI. pp. 68 *seq.*]

[4] [No. 13 in *Ward*; vol. i. pp. 27–28.]

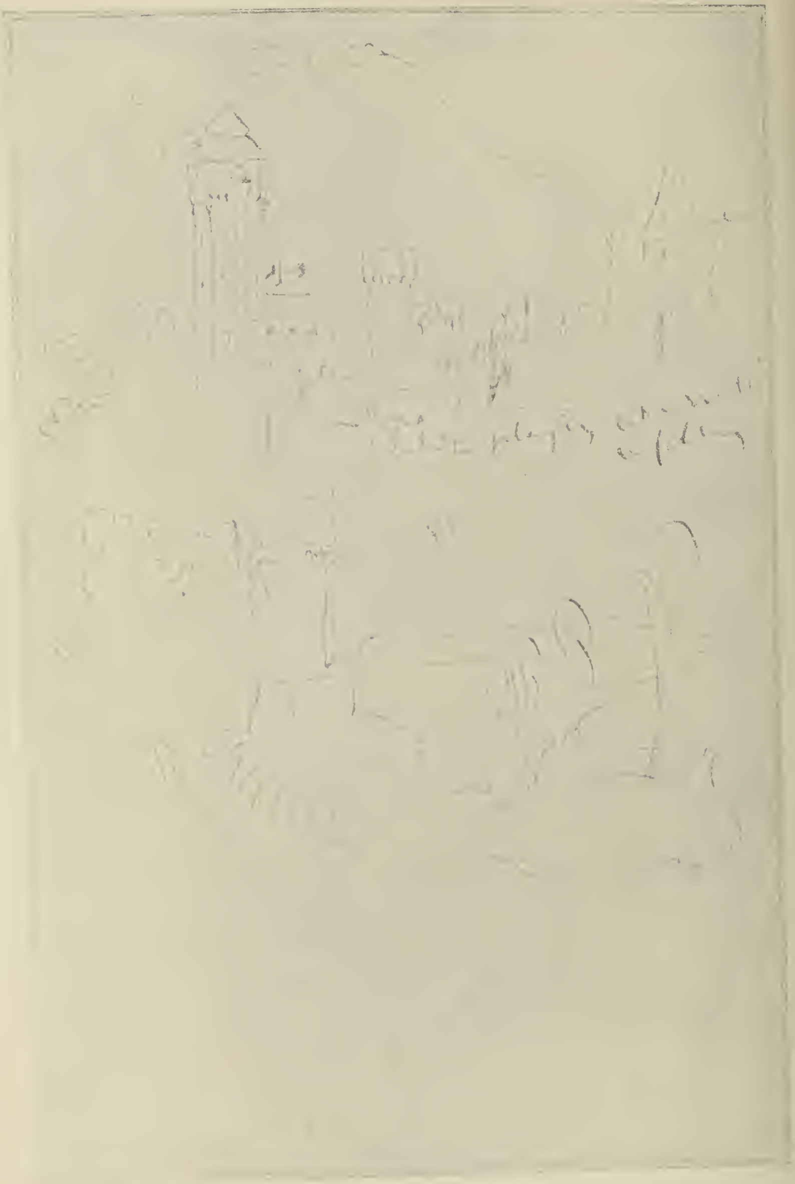
[5] [See above, p. 261 *n.*]

[6] [Miss Rose La Touche. See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. p. 525.]



A Page from Turner's Note-book

To face p. 276



A Page from Turner's Note-book

To face p. 277

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

[*February* 28, 1858.]

My dear Norton,—Your letter for my birthday and the two little olumes of Lowell[2] reached me as nearly as possible together—the etter on the ninth of February—so truly had you calculated. I know ou will have any patience with me, so here is the last day of the onth, 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 earful disorder—and you will understand that I really can hardly nderstand anything else, or think about anything else.

Thank you, however, at least for all that I can't think about. ertainly I can't write anything just now for the magazine.[3] Thank ou for your notice of my mistake about *freno* in Dante[4]—I have no oubt of your being quite right. . . .

I've been reading Froissart lately, and certainly, if we ever advance s much from our own times as we have advanced from those of dward III., we shall have a very pretty free country of it. Chivalry, Froissart, really seems to consist chiefly in burning of towns and urdering women and children.

Well—no more at present—from—as our English clowns say at e ends of their letters. I assure you this is a longer letter than ve written to anybody this four months. Sincerest regards to your other and sisters.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.[5]

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[1] [*Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, p. 800. No. 13 in *Norton*, vol. i. . 59–62. Part of the letter ("To show you . . . machicolation of the tower") not here reprinted, as it has already been given in Vol. XIII. pp. 324–325 *n.* he passage describes some of Turner's sketch-books in the National Gallery, and as accompanied by facsimiles. One of these (previously published by Mr. Norton) as been reproduced in Vol. XIII.; others, first published in *Norton*, are here cluded.]

[2] [*The Poetical Works of James R. Lowell*, complete in two volumes (12mo): oston, Ticknor & Fields, 1858. The frontispiece to vol. i. is a portrait of e author; vol. ii. contains *A Fable for Critics*, with a new preface (see below, 294).]

[3] [The *Atlantic Monthly.*]

[4] [So in *Norton*, but without explanation, and the Editors are unaware of any ssage in Ruskin to which it can refer. Perhaps *freno* is a misprint for *bruno*, which case see Vol. V. p. 300 and *n.*]

[5] [Ruskin went abroad shortly after the date of his last letter to Professor orton, whose next letter was from Ruskin's father:—

"London, 31 *May*, 1858.—My dear Sir,—Being authorized to open Letters ldressed to my Son Mr. J. Ruskin during his absence (a privilege not always corded to Fathers), I have had the pleasure of perusing your Letter of 17 May, d a part of it requiring immediate reply will account for my intruding my orrespondence upon you.

"I beg of you to detain the Drawing of the Block of Gneiss, being quite certain

To J. J. Laing [1]

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.

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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 hi 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 Inmat of the Harem a Masterpiece of Masterpieces, and the *Spectator* stiles it a marvelou 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 an send Stillman's Lecture, as the present Post Master of France, Nap'n 3rd, is no to be trusted with a newspaper. You are fortunate in possessing a picture o 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 commence ment of this Letter, you have yourself occasioned it. In the too few visits yo made to us here you almost endeared yourself to Mrs. Ruskin and me as you ha already done to my Son. We beg to offer our united Regards and best wishes fo your Health.—I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly, John James Ruskin.

"Will you present our Kind Remembrances to your Mother and Sisters. 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 189 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 too[1]—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's[3]—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 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.

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[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.]

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 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]

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[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.*]

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 WARD[2]

RHEINFELDEN, *May 23rd,* 1858.

DEAR WARD,—I have your sketches, which are quite what I want.

If a Mrs. Elizabeth Beeby writes 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 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,

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[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.]

J. RUSKIN.

To WILLIAM WARD[2]

BELLINZONA, *June* 21*st*, 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 Helps[3] 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

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[1] [To fix the pencil lines.]

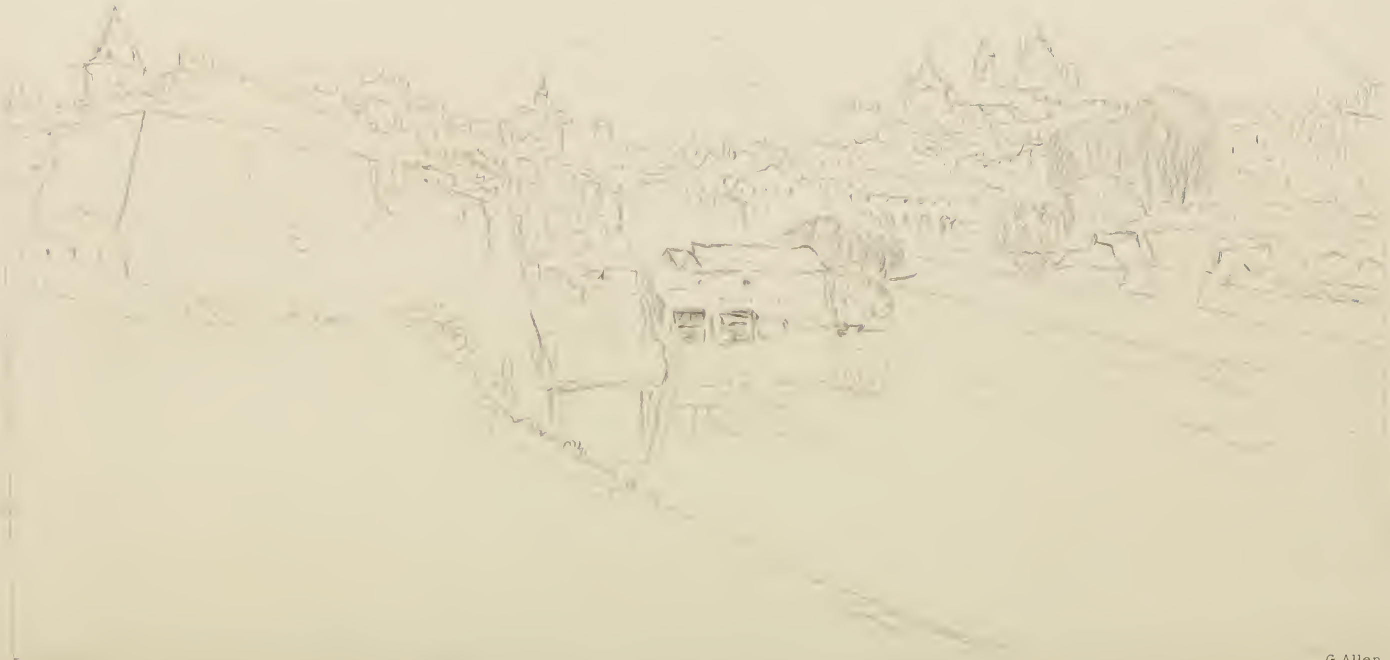
[2] [No. 17 in *Ward;* vol. i. pp. 35–38.]

[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.*]

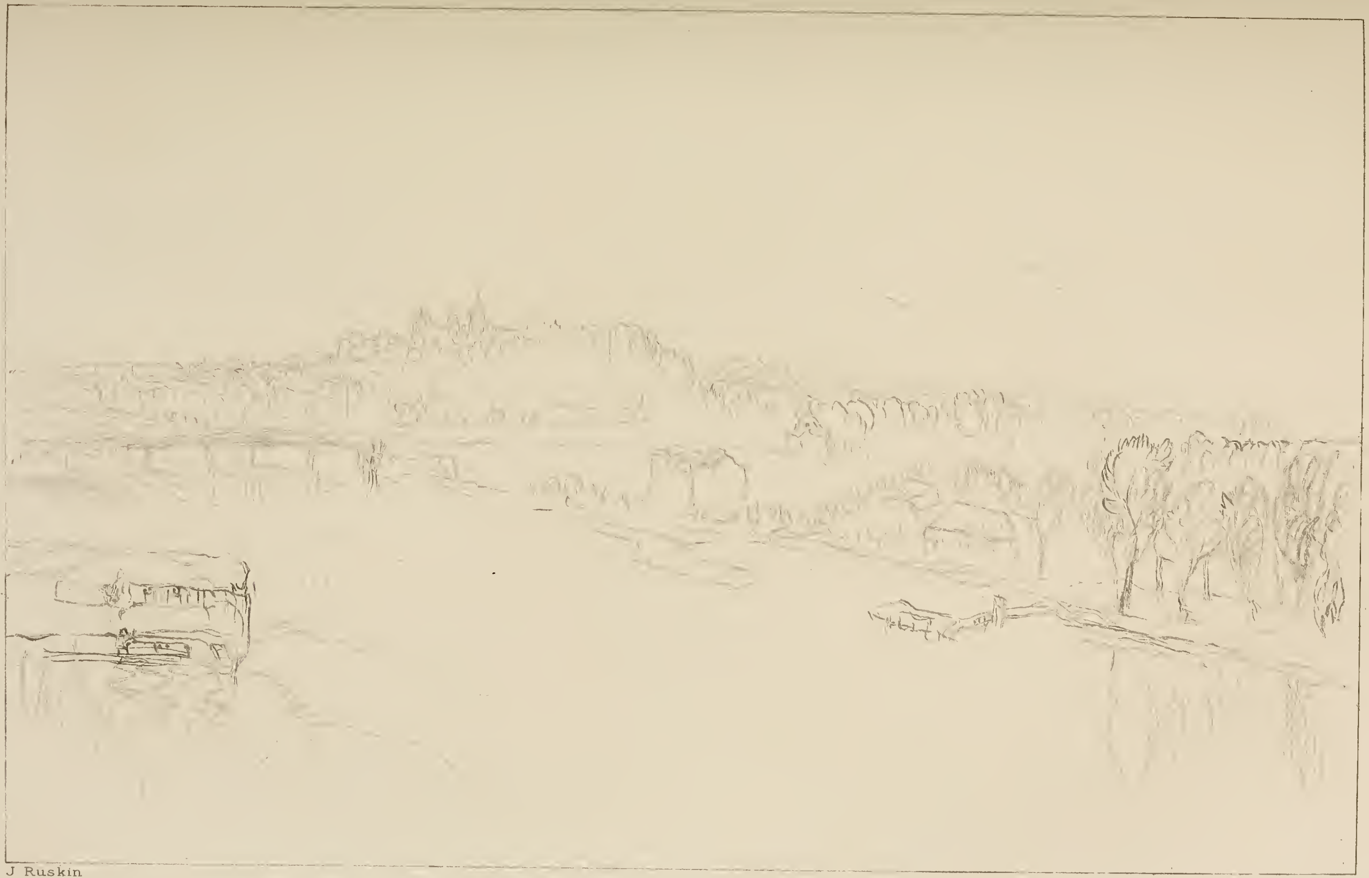
XLV



J. M. W. Turner G. Allen

Geneva

XV



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 hape,[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 eft 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 ike a sack to a little below the knees. Then appear white thick woollen 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 my travels; and I mean to apologise to Mr. Vacher in my next Notes for finding too much fault with his figures.[1]

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[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."]

(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,

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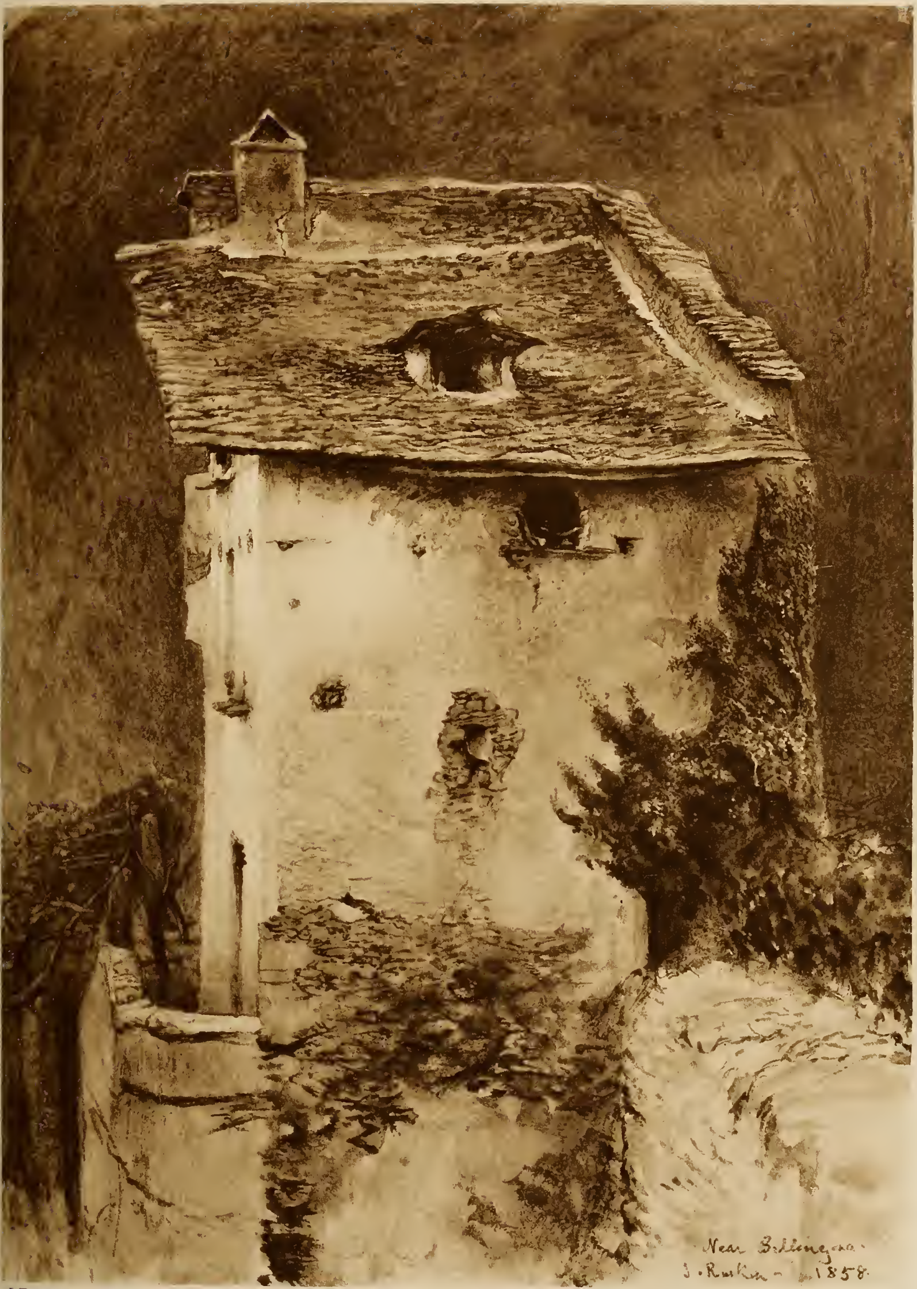
[1] [See *Academy Notes,* 1857: Vol. XIV. p. 137.]

[2] [Plate XVI., here given, is from a drawing made "near Bellinzona" at this time.]

XVI


Near Bellinzona.
J. Ruskin 1858.

J. Ruskin

Allen & Co. Sc

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 Ward[1]

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 outline[2] 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.

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[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.

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[1] [Who, since 1855, had held the post of Medical Officer to the Privy Council.]

To William Ward [1]

Turin, *July* 21*st*, 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 alterations 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. Solomon[3] 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 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.

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[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.]

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*, 29*th 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 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."

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[1] [For a reference to this service, see *Præterita*, iii. § 23 (Vol. XXXV. p. 495).]

[2] [See *Præterita*, Vol. XXXV. pp. 63–64.]

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. Hewitt[1]

Lanslebourg, 1*st 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, 12*th 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 Veronese[2] (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 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 sand[1]—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 any-body had taken her in hand: but nothing whatever of the parasoled and pink-booted children.

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[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.]

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 rom the fountains of the Place de la Concorde, which were beautiful eyond description in the golden twilight.

I can't tell till to-morrow at Calais about the boots or trains, but ill telegraph to you by which train I come. I left Geneva at six clock yesterday morning, dined at Tonnerre, and arrived here comfort-bly at ten minutes past nine.

And thus, I hope, terminates my diary for the year 1858, except y small notes of weather and work which I keep at home.

To ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

[DENMARK HILL] *October* 14*th*, 1858.

DEAR MRS. BROWNING,—You must, of course, be quite sure by this me that something has been the matter with me. Well, it is quite 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.

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[1] [The scene is described in *The Cestus of Aglaia* (Vol. XIX. p. 82).]

The year stole away without my knowing how; nevertheless, 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 o old wall left; Morgarten is beside the ugliest and dullest lake in al Switzerland. I went on to Bellinzona and stayed there long—six week —but got tired of the hills and began to think life in the City Squar was the real thing. Away I went to Turin! of all places—foun 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 grea 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 ma know there *is* something the matter with me, and that it isn't tha I don't think of you nor love you.

Don't answer this till I send you another;[3] perhaps I shall be in better humour. I had nearly come to see you at Havre, but couldn' They wanted me so much at home after I had been four months awa —Ever affectionately Robert's and yours, J. Ruskin.

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[1] [On "8 February 1859," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "I was asked by Rusk to meet him at Long's Hotel in Bond Street, share his dinner there, and go to the National Gallery. As we were leaving the hotel, he said to me, 'To-da I am forty years old: how much time gone, and how much work demanding 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 rep of January 1, 1859: see the *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. p. 299

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Denmark Hill, 24*th 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 at an angle of 30—or of 20—or of 10—or of nothing at all? It is but ground, after all.

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[1] [*Atlantic Monthly*, June 1904, vol. 93, pp. 801–802. No. 15 in *Norton*, vol. i. pp. 65–68.]

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 Lowell[2] (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. Laing[3]

[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 Norton[4]

[Denmark Hill] 29*th 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

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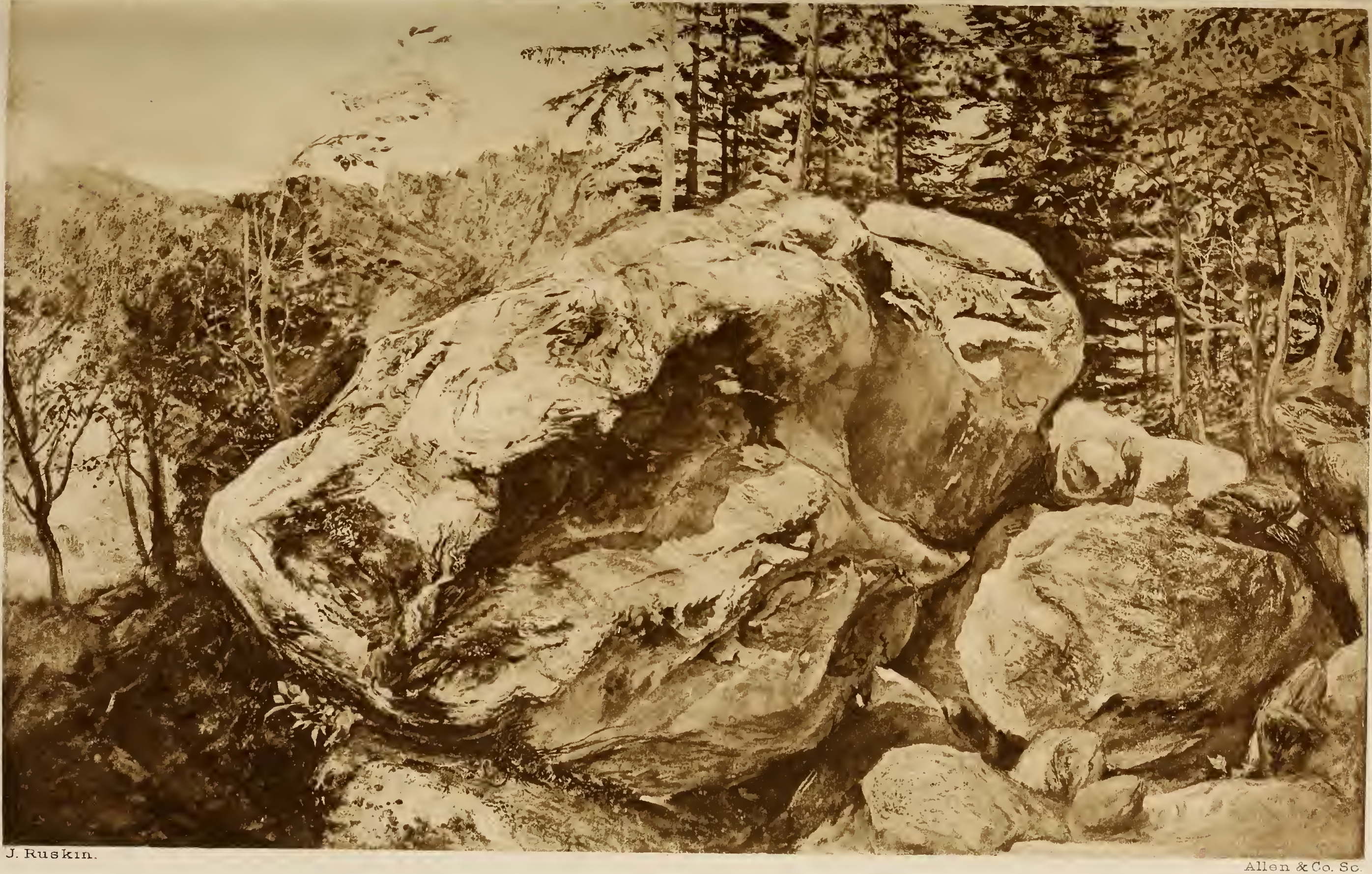
[1] [See above, p. 277. "Some trees originally painted against the sky had been practically washed out, leaving only traces" (C. E. N.). The drawing is here reproduced (Plate XVII.).]

[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. Knott[2] 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.

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[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 s 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 Norton[1]

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, πλάγιαι[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.

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[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. Chambers[3]

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 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.

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[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.

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 skilfuliest 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 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.

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[1] [Compare the description of St. Mark's in *St. Mark's Rest,* Vol. XXIV. p. 204.]

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 Rossetti[1]

[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.

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[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 Rossetti[1]

[Denmark Hill. ? 1859.]

Dear Rossetti,—I am unfortunately hindered from coming to-morrow—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. Browning[2]

15*th 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 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 children[1]—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.

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[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.]

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 always I wish you both all that days or years can bring and can't take away, and am ever yours gratefully and affectionately,

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[1] [Compare above, p. 217.]

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—tha I ought to come and tell you all about it.—Always affectionatel yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Coventry Patmore[2]

[1859?]

Dear Patmore,—Thank you for what you suggest about th Millais[3]—I rather doubt his having any typical intention carried ou so far, though I heard he intended the cloud to be like a coffin. H has the highest dramatic power; I doubt his reflective faculty.

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[1] [The letter is undated; but the first two volumes of Carlyle's *Friedrich* wer published at the end of 1858, and in March 1859 Ruskin was in Yorkshire: se Vol. XVI. p. lxvi.]

[2] [From the *Life and Letters of Coventry Patmore,* vol. ii. p. 289, where the lette is conjecturally dated "1859," because it was in that year that "The Vale o Rest" was exhibited. In the absence of Patmore's letter, it is impossible to sa with certainty what "the remonstrance about your lines" was. The "book no binding" seems, however, from the context to have been *Two Paths* (issued May 1 1859), in which Ruskin depreciated his own descriptive writing as "not worth fou lines of Tennyson" (Vol. XVI. p. 416). It may, therefore, be conjectured tha Ruskin had sent to Patmore proofs of (1) *Academy Notes* for 1859, and (2) th part of *Two Paths* in question. To which, Patmore replied (1) suggesting a furthe note about Millais's picture, and (2) questioning Ruskin's depreciation of himsel and exaltation of Tennyson, "your lines" thus being lines to which Patmore ha objected.]

[3] ["The Vale of Rest": see Vol. XIV. p. 212. The picture is now in the Tat 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* 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 boy[2]—believe me faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

You'll see I *don't* depreciate myself in *all* ways.

To Coventry Patmore[3]

[? 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 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.

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[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.]

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 whic 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 agai 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 ever 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 ar like Boo, so that I think of her often. My father and mother sen 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 littl out by yourself.

You say "in its old sense of Freedom from all Stain or Blemis —it assuredly does belong to the Lord for ever." I daresay, but, i 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?

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[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 passage presently printed in *Modern Painters,* vol. v. (Vol. VII. pp. 206–207), an she had asked for further explanation. See below, pp. 307–308.]

[4] [See below, p. 309 *n.*]

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 himelf 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 ery stout arms.

Our word "holy" is indiscriminatingly used for various Greek ones. *One* of its senses is undoubtedly the Latin *sanctus*, or set apart—but his sense is, I believe, an inferior one. The main sense is "Life-iving," and the word is applied to God as Lord of Life, and giving *elp* every instant to all Creatures. If you merely read Helpful instead f Holy, keeping this deep and awful sense of the kind of Help, by iving the stream of life for ever to creation, you will light up half he texts wonderfully.[4]

"Helpful—Helpful—Helpful—Lord God of Sabaoth (*Hosts*)," *i.e.*, *ll creatures.*

"Look down from the habitation of thy Helpfulness and thy Glory. Where is thy zeal and thy strength?"

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[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 uskin's copy of a portion of it is given.]

[4] [The Bible references are:—Revelation iv. 8; Isaiah lxiii. 15; Leviticus xix. 2; evelation vi. 10; Isaiah xliii. 15; 2 Kings xix. 22; Genesis ix. 4; Matthew vi. 9; cts 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 your 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, 15*th 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 *any*thing. 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 hadn't been for two Titian portraits—a lady in pink 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.

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[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.]

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 possibl to be sincere to such creatures. They cannot understand one syllabl one ever says. So one may as well be False to them. I think I shal begin flattering people now and praising them. I've always spoke truth even to my dogs, because my dogs understood it. Many an many a time I've put myself to great inconvenience to keep a promis of a walk made to my little Wisie.[3] But to these gallery and Epi art people I don't see any use in being true. I think I shall com out in a new light. I hope you enjoy the figure Prussia and Englan are making politically? *I* do.[4] It's the only comfort I have at presen (though Louis Napoleon has done a capital stroke of work—but h shouldn't have left poor Venice and Verona so).

Love to Mrs. Richmond and Willy, and your secretaries an songsters. My Father's and Mother's kindest regards.—Always affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton[5]

Schaffhausen, 31*st July*, '59.

My dear Norton,—I have been too unwell or sick at heart latel to write to my friends—but I don't think there's another of them wh has been so good as you, and believed still in my affection for the

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[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 adop 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. 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 unspeakably[1]—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 portrait[2] 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 Correggios 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 likely to be as bare of art as America. You have hope in beginning again. I don't see my way to it clearly.

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[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.]

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. Hewitt [1]

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 Allen [2]

Thun, *August* 9, 1859.

I've lent Mr. Rossetti's Harp-sketch [3] 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 Norton [4]

Thun, *15th August* [1859].

Dear Norton,—Scrap No. 2 is long in coming—if it hadn't been for the steamers here, which keep putting me in mind, morning and 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 house[3] and get me some raps if you can.)

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[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.]

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

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[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, 15*th 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 "monachism"[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."

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[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. Dallas[1]

Thun, *August* 18*th* (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 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.

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[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.*]

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 all[1] 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's[2] 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 esides nobody knowing which is which, there is not a man living vho can build either. What a goose poor Scott (who will get his iver fit for *pâté de Strasburg* with vexation) must be, not to say at nce he'll build anything. If I were he, I'd build Lord P[almerston] n office with all the capitals upside down; and tell him it was in he Greek style, inverted, to express typically Government by Party: Jp to-day, down to-morrow.

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[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.]

I don't know where this letter mayn't find you. I hope somewhere vhere you will be too idle to read it; and it won't matter if you lon't, except that my father would be sorry if you didn't get his nessage of sincere regards.—Always affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

My mother's kind regards also.

To E. S. Dallas[1]

Bonneville, *September 4th,* 1859.

My dear Dallas,—By some fatality it seems to happen just now hat I can't get on with my own business without being perpetually listracted by something more interesting in other people's. Everyody is so absurd that it's like trying to paint in the midst of a antomime, and I never can write a serious word about anything for he public, without feeling as if I were talking sentiment to the antaloon.

Here, now, are those ineffably rich letters which people are writing very day to the *Times*, about this Builders' strike[2]—and the delightully moral and intellectual efforts of your political economists to peruade the men that labour can't be organised, when the half of the abour of the country of all kinds (from your cabman's sixpenn'orth of aths and flogging, up to your premier's five thousand pounds' worth —or how much has he?—of architectural[3] and other useful knowledge) s organised already. Your soldiers kill people; your Bishops preach o them; your lawyers advise them; and your physicians purge them; or a shilling—or six-and-eightpence—or a guinea—according to the tated 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, brickaying (though it is not easy, and susceptible of many degrees of fineness in the art[1]) is rather a more organisable kind of labour than sermon-making, or diagnosis.

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[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 alaries and wages, *ibid.,* p. 33.]

[3] [Again a reference to Lord Palmerston's interference with Sir Gilbert Scott.]

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 (àpropos 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 Enonomy depends on Iniquity instead of Equity and on *ἀνομία* 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 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.

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[1] [As Ruskin had found from practical experience: see above, p. 263.]

[2] [Matthew xx.; the next Bible reference is Psalm xiv. 1.]

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 n office in passing lately through Paris, and entirely agreed with him in believing he 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 ll. 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."]

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[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 TENNYSON[1]

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 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 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.

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[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.'"]

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 laimed 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 oss of it is the wonder of it. I see creatures so full of all power nd 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 ou do not like writing letters, and I know you will let Mrs. Prinsep r Watts send me word about you, so that I may come and see you gain, when you do come; and then on some bright winter's day, I hall put in my plea for Denmark Hill.

Meanwhile believe me always faithfully and gratefully yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe[1]

[1859.]

Well, I have read the book[2] now, and I think nothing can be obler than the noble parts of it (Mary's great speech to Colonel Burr, r instance), nothing wiser than the wise parts of it (the author's 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.

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[1] [From the *Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe*, by her son, C. E. Stowe (London: mpson Low & Co., 1889), pp. 336–338. Reprinted in *Igdrasil*, November 1890, l. ii. pp. 68–69, and thence in *Ruskiniana*, part i., pp. 96–97. The following a passage (p. 313 of the *Life*) from a letter (June 1857) by Mrs. Stowe to her ughter: "Mr. Ruskin lives with his father at a place called Denmark Hill, mberwell. He has told me that the gallery of Turner pictures there is open me or my friends at any time of the day or night. Both young and old Mr. skin are fine fellows—sociable and hearty—and will cordially welcome any of 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, th illustrations by H. K. Browne. London: Sampson Low, 1859.]

Then I am provoked at nothing happening to Mrs. Scudder, whom I think as entirely unendurable a creature as ever defied 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 o 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 mattress. I write too lightly of the book—far too lightly—but your letter made me gay, and 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. Browning as well. I do not understand why you should apprehend (or rather anticipate without apprehension) any absurd criticism on it. It i sure to be a popular book—not as *Uncle Tom* was, for that owe 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 alway

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[1] [Who was a friend and admirer of Mrs. Beecher Stowe: see *Letters of Elizabet Barrett Browning,* vol. ii. pp. 107, 110, 258, 408.]

opular. Nor, I should think, would any critics venture at all to arp at it. The Candace and Virginie bits appear to me, as far as I ave yet seen, the best. I am very glad there is this nice French lady n it: the French are the least appreciated, in general, of all nations y other nations. . . . My father says the book is worth its weight n gold, and he knows good work.

To W. EDWARDS[1]

DENMARK HILL, *8th October*, '59.

DEAR MR. EDWARDS,—I cannot see you at Church to-morrow ithout having first expressed my own and my father and mother's incere sorrow for your sorrow. We heard of it at the time; but I id not write to you, thinking all words were insult to such a grief its first fall.

Nor am I now going to say anything of what people seem to hink it right—though they know it to be useless—to say in such ases. This only I will say, though it may seem a hard and strange hing—but it has often struck me as I watched the course of a sorrow f bereavement—that we are too ready, it seems to me, to admit the errible feeling that the void left in the heart can never be filled in *ny* wise. A father, left sonless (you are *not*), might in a holier and igher sense than others read the words, become a Father to the atherless.[2] Though the object of the intensest parental love and ope be taken away, love and hope may still be felt for others. How any need the love, how many might fulfil the hope, if we could in y wise, for the sake of the lost one, *try* to give part of the feelings hich he had no more need of, away to another.

I do not know if there is any dim feeling of solace also in know-g how others have suffered in like manner. As we returned from witzerland we met a Mother and Father with their family, very eet girls, and one young boy. But their eldest was in *all* things as urs. This mother was Mrs. H. B. Stowe.[3]

Some day, if you would like to see it, I will let you see her letter out her son. How strange it seems that such things should fall those who feel the deepest. Pray accept the expression of our ncere sympathy with you all, and believe me, my dear Mr. Edwards, ways faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

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[1] [On the death of his eldest son, William Threlkeld Edwards.]

[2] [Psalms lxviii. 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 publi to think that severe architectural or decorative drawing formed an part of their peculiar system.—Believe me always, faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To MISS ELLEN HEATON

16*th November* [1859].

MY DEAR MISS HEATON,—It is quite vain to excuse myself. I hav nearly given up writing letters, and feel as if I should have to giv 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 Rossetti [2] the other day. It is good, bu not as good as he ought to do. Still—a possession; but I expecte far more of this subject.

I saw Mrs. Browning.[3] It is better than the photograph, but no 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 m the Sacred and Profane Love,[4] and the ultramarine, for which sincer thanks. That must certainly be a most noble picture. I entirel agree in Mr. Richmond's estimate of it.

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[1] ["Some Ruskin Letters," in the *Westminster Gazette*, August 27, 1894.]

[2] [Probably the water-colour "Mary in the House of John," now in possessi of Mr. Beresford Heaton.]

[3] [The chalk drawing done at Rome in 1859 by Field Talfourd; it is in t National Portrait Gallery (No. 322), having been presented by Miss Heaton 1871.]

[4] [By Titian, in the Borghese Gallery at Rome.]

Thanks for contribution to museum.[1] It will be most useful to elp in carving the front windows, which it is very difficult to get unds for. I leave it to my friend Dr. Acland to choose inscription, orbidding anything of mine.

I have been thrown into my present state of inanition chiefly by ntense disgust with German art, of which I was forced to look at uantities at Munich, and which in its hypocrisy, stultification, and gliness, acted on me like a real poison, and made me quite ill at he time, and half sick ever since.

I note your wishes respecting Turner. I have no power for the oment, but will take care to effect the exchange as soon as possible.—elieve me always most truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

To LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD[2]

DENMARK HILL, *November* 20*th* [? 1859].

DEAR LADY WATERFORD,—I risk this to Ford Castle, in hope of its eing pitifully forwarded to you, and at last relieving my conscience especting the drawings you have trusted me with so long. They are ll quite safe. I could not answer your line sent in the Spring, as ou passed through London, till too late.

I have been in Switzerland, but am much tormented by not being ble to draw things to my mind; and, for the present, I am every ay out of heart. *Would* you kindly send me Mrs. La Touche's ddress in Ireland? I want to write to her; and tell me where to end your drawings.

I have just been re-reading an old letter of yours, in which you ment your want of power of expressing *action.* I am sure it is not his you want; no action could possibly be better caught than this of he figure in Sir Joshua's picture. You only want practice—and habit f completion.

In the end of the letter you say, "Talk to me about Italy." Would ou like to see a letter of Mrs. Browning's which I have just received, ith 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! f I had half your power, I would turn it into a sketch. But the lot is better than any sketch *I* could make—out of my head! You ight take the hint, and make a sketch in *action* of the Blots!

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[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 Woods [1]

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 o 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 shal like to do so, only I think they perhaps cost you too much troubl in working out the texts afterwards. How long does it generally tak you—because I must take care and not over-task you in all ways a 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 letter [5]—besides a delightful one from Norton. Fo many causes lately I have been needing some help, and this from yo s the greatest I could have, and best, though there are few days pass vithout 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 etter 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'es—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.

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[1] [A member of Miss Bell's staff at Winnington School. The girls there pre pared 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 Lauterbrunne and Grindelwald)," and counted by the poet as amongst his "most successfu 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.]

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 hildren 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 curtseying 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]

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[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 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. Carlyle [1]

[*Dec.*, 1859.]

Dear Mrs. Carlyle,—I am so very glad you liked the things, and especially the flowers—for indeed the Melancholy [2] 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 crownec with budding bay—winged, as in true angelic service. (The Wol 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 h is blind—and move his little paws just as prettily.

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[1] [Undated, but before 1860, as Mrs. Carlyle's pet dog, Nero, died in Januar 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 Norton[1]

Denmark Hill, 10*th 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 you[3] 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. John[4] —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 many and many a martyrdom must come before we shall overthrow our slavery.

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[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.]

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, 11*th 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 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.

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[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.]

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.

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[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' ἐπὶ πήματι κεῖται.[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. Strong [5]

[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.

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[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, 23*rd 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 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 Spear[1] 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 fur, 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.

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[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.]

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 LEIGHTON[3]

[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 NORTON[4]

[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 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.

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[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.]

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. Dallas[2]

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 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.

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[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.]

It will be some time, of course, before the school of Mud[1]—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 deeply[2]—and doesn't deserve to be classed with the German window painters: or with the dim blockhead Winterhalter.

To J. H. Le Keux[3]

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.

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[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 an [only] just write this piece of impertinent request, and say goodye. You shall have a fifth volume soon, and I hope you will like hat I've said of your work in it.[1]—Most truly yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe [2]

Geneva, *June* 18, 1860.

Dear Mrs. Stowe,—It takes a great deal, when I am at Geneva, make me wish myself anywhere else, and, of all places else, in ondon; nevertheless, I very heartily wish at this moment that I were oking out on the Norwood Hills, and were expecting you and the hildren to breakfast to-morrow.

I had very serious thoughts, when I received your note, of running ome; but I expected that very day an American friend, Mr. S.,[3] ho, I thought, would miss me more here than you would in London; I stayed.

What a dreadful thing it is that people should have to go to merica again, after coming to Europe! It seems to me an inversion the order of nature. I think America is a sort of "United" States Probation, out of which all wise people, being once delivered, and aving obtained entrance into this better world, should never be pected to return (sentence irremediably ungrammatical), particularly hen they have been making themselves cruelly pleasant to friends re. My friend Norton, whom I met first on this very blue lake ater,[4] had no business to go back to Boston again, any more an you.

I was waiting for S. at the railroad station on Thursday, and inking of you, naturally enough—it seemed so short a while since e were there together. I managed to get hold of Georgie as she as crossing the rails, and packed her in opposite my mother and side me, and was thinking myself so clever, when you sent that scally courier for her! I never forgave him any of his behaviour ter his imperativeness on that occasion.

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[1] [See Vol. VII. pp. 305, 436.]

[2] [From pp. 353–355 of Mrs. Stowe's Life (above, p. 321 *n.*). Reprinted in *drasil,* November 1890, vol. ii. pp. 69, 70, and thence in *Ruskiniana,* part i., 1890, 97–98. Also (in part) in W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin,* 00, p. 194. For other mention of Mrs. Stowe and her daughter, see above, 269, 321; and for the tour of 1856, *Time and Tide* (original newspaper edition), ol. 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, whe you write, with my love, whether, when she stands now behind th 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 th last appearance on any stage." What was the use of thinking abou *him?* You should have had your own thoughts about what was t come after him. I don't mean that Roman Catholicism will die ou so quickly. It will last pretty nearly as long as Protestantism, whic keeps it up; but I wonder what is to come next. That is the mai question just now for everybody.

So you are coming round to Venice, after all? We shall all hav to come to it, depend upon it, some way or another. There neve has been anything in any other part of the world like Venetia strength well developed.

I've no heart to write about anything in Europe to you nov When are you coming back again? Please send me a line as soon you get safe over to say you are all—wrong, but not lost in t Atlantic.

I don't know if you will ever get this letter, but I hope yo will think it worth while to glance again at the Denmark Hill pi tures; so I send this to my father, who, I hope, will be able to gi it you.

I really am very sorry you are going—you and yours; and that absolute fact, and I shall not enjoy my Swiss journey at all so muc as I might. It was a shame of you not to give me warning befor I could have stopped at Paris so easily for you! All good be wit you!—Remember me devotedly to the young ladies, and believe n ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Neuchâtel, 12*th July*, '60.

Dear Norton,—I fear you have not received my last letter, ser I think, just before I left England, to tell you how happy I was th you liked the Rossetti, and also to warn you against liking it t much, either for my sake or his, it being by no means above l average work (rather, below it), but still the best I could send. Now, have yours and Lowell's, which I need not say give me more pleasu an any letters I have received or could receive on this subject.[1] hey are the more comforting to me because the changes in feeling hich you both accept as wise, or conclusive, in me, are, to me, very ainful pieces of new light, and the sunshine burns my head so that long for the old shades with their dew again. That depreciation of e purist and elevation of the material school is connected with much ss of happiness to me, and (as it seems to me) of innocence; nor ss of hope. I don't say that this connection is essential, but at resent it very distinctly exists. It may be much *nobler* to hope for e advance of the human race only, than for one's own and their mortality; much less selfish to look upon one's self merely as a leaf a tree than as an independent spirit, but it is much less pleasant. I on't say I have come to this—but all my work bears in that direction.

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[1] [*Atlantic Monthly,* July 1904, vol. 94, pp. 9, 10. No. 23 in *Norton;* vol. pp. 97–99.]

I have had great pleasure, and great advantage also, in Stillman's ciety this last two months. We are, indeed, neither of us in a par-cularly cheerful humour, and very often, I think, succeed in making ch other reciprocally miserable to an amazing extent; but we do ch other more good than harm—at least he does me, for he knows uch just of the part of the world of which I know nothing. He is very noble fellow—if only he could see a crow without wanting to oot it to pieces.

We made a great mistake in staying half our time at Chamouni, hich is not a place for sulky people by any means. I hope you ve got a letter which Stillman wrote to you from St. Martin's, ere we thought much of you, and I looked very wistfully often at e door of the room in which you introduced me to your Mother d Sisters, and at the ravine where we had our morning walk. . . .

To Dr. John Brown[2]

Lausanne, 6*th* *Aug.* '60.

Dear Dr. Brown,—Many and many a time have I been thinking you and wishing to write to you, but pens drop from my fingers en I take them up now. However, I must just send this line to ank you first for your note about fifth volume, and then for your closure of Manchester merchant to my father, which is very touching d interesting, and also for all your good interest and care for me, en though it alarm you sharply at some of my vagaries. You will perhaps like the *Political Economy* better as it goes on; meantime you must remember that having passed all my life in pretty clos connection with the mercantile world and hearing these subjects ofte discussed by men of business at my father's table, I am likely to kno pretty well what I am about, even in this out-of-the-way subject, a it seems, so you must just wait patiently to see the end of it. I fin it rather refreshing to do a little bit of hard thinking sometimes; eve here among the hills it is very dull work to be quite idle, and I don' 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 o that last volume[1] would apparently justify, but not half the work did is in it. I cut away half of what I had written, as I threw it int the final form, thinking the book would be too big; and half, or nearl half, of the drawings were left unpublished, the engraver not havin 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 mezzo tinting, so that I was very fairly knocked up when I got the last shee corrected. I have since been chiefly in the valley of Chamouni drawing Alpine Roses, or rather Alpine Rose-leaves, with little result, bu mortification. Chamouni itself and all the rest of Switzerland are completely spoiled by railroads, huge hotels, and architects out of emplo who persuade the town councils to let them knock down the old tow walls for the sake of the job.

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[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, . 291–292. Passages of the letter have already been cited in Vol. VII. p. lviii., d Vol. XVII. pp. xx., xxiv., xxxiv., 270 *n.*]

My old disgust of the three letters of last year[2] stays by me jus as strongly as ever, and plagues me with indignation whenever I hav got nothing else to do, but it has got to a point now at which I don care about writing letters or anything else. The annexation of Savo to France will be an immense benefit to Savoy.[3] Already some st is being made in the cretinous torpor of the country, and Frenc engineers are surveying the Arve banks. The river has flowed ju where it chose these thousand years, on one side of the valley to-da on the other to-morrow. A few million of francs judiciously spe will gain to Savoy as many millions of acres of fruitfullest land an healthy air instead of miasma.

Among the things which have given me chiefest pleasure in m news from home was the late account of decided improvement in M Brown's health.

Accept my heartfelt wishes, for her, and for you. Love to Hel and Jock.—Believe me, ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

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[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 ROSSETTI[1]

DENMARK HILL, 4 *September* [1860].

DEAR ROSSETTI,—This is the first letter I have written since my turn. I specially wished to congratulate you and Ida[2] by word mouth rather than by letter: but I could not get your address at atham Place yesterday. Please let me come and see you as soon you can, and believe in my sincere affection and most earnest good shes for you both.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

I am trying to get into a methodical way of writing letters; but, en I had written this, it looked so very methodical that I must t on a disorderly postscript.

I looked over all the book of sketches[3] at Chatham Place yester-y. I think Ida should be very happy to see how much more beauti-lly, perfectly, and tenderly you draw when you are drawing *her* than en you draw anybody else. She cures you of all your worst faults en you only look at her.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI[4]

[DENMARK HILL. ?1860.]

DEAR ROSSETTI,—I have read *Jenny*, and nearly all the other ems, with great care and with great admiration. In many of the ghest qualities they are entirely great. But I should be sorry if u laid them before the public entirely in their present state.

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[1] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism,* p. 245. Partly printed also in *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 inserted a great number of pencil and other drawings” (*D. G. Rossetti: his mily Letters, with a Memoir,* vol. i. p. 209).]

[4] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism,* pp. 233–235 (No. 60), where the te “1859” is suggested, but 1860 is more probable. With regard to Ruskin's ticisms, Mr. W. M. Rossetti remarks that Ruskin “had misapprehended the ation, the merely casual and extempore relation, which the poem intends to resent between the male speaker and Jenny” (*Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-phaelitism,* p. 233). Ruskin's objection to rhyming “Jenny” to “guinea” was operly, as many will think) rejected; that to “fail” and “Belle” must have n accepted, for no lines so rhyming appeared in the published poem. “The *cturn*” is “Love's *Nocturn*” (“Master of the murmuring courts”). Ruskin's ticisms of *The Portrait* were accepted; the words to which he objected did not pear, and the whole poem (first composed in 1847) was “considerably revised” *he 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 eve of those few the majority would be offended by the mode of treatment. The character of the speaker himself is too doubtful. H seems, even to me, anomalous. He reasons and feels entirely like wise and just man—yet is occasionally drunk and brutal: no affectio for the girl shows itself—his throwing the money into her hair i disorderly—he is altogether a disorderly person. The right feeling i unnatural in him, and does not therefore truly touch us. I don' mean that an entirely right-minded person never keeps a mistress but, if he does, he either loves her—or, not loving her, would blam himself, and be horror-struck for himself no less than for her, in suc a moralizing fit.

My chief reason for not sending it to Thackeray[1] is this discordanc and too great boldness for common readers. But also in many of i verses it is unmelodious and incomplete. "Fail" does not rhyme t "Belle," nor "Jenny" to "guinea." You can write perfect verses you choose, and should never write imperfect ones.

None of these objections apply to the *Nocturn*. If you will allo me to copy and send that instead of the *Jenny*, I will do it instantl Many pieces in it are magnificent,—and there is hardly one harsh lin

Write me word about this quickly. And could you and Willia dine with us on Wednesday—to-morrow week? I hope to see yo before that, however.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

Or I will take *The Portrait* if you like it better. Only you mu retouch the two first stanzas. The "there is not any difference won't do.

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti[2]

[Denmark Hill. ?1860.]

Dear Rossetti,—Thank you for your kind letter. I . . . qui understand your ways and way of talking. . . .

But what I *do* feel *generally* about you is that without intendin it you are in little things habitually selfish—thinking only of wh you like to do, or don't like: not of what would be kind. Whe your affections are strongly touched I suppose this would not be —but it is not *possible* you should care much for me, seeing n so seldom. I wish Lizzie[3] and you liked me enough to—say—put 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.

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[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.

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 Ward[2]

Denmark Hill, *October* 1*st*, 1860.

Dear Ward,—Come any evening you like. Those drawings by Miss Dundas[3] are wonderful—can't well be better, except outline a little hard. Has she examined Hunt well in this respect? The landscapes 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.

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[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 o make no disparaging remarks of an irritating character. You may onceive *my* state of mind after it!).

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[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.*]

You shall have a lily next year—if I get over the water. It is true lily, about this size in the bell [small sketch], pure white, and rowing in clusters—something like this; it is mingled in the pastures f the Varens with a ranunculus or buttercup-leaved plant, also growing n clusters, and like an anemone in the flower—very beautiful—and ith, I believe, a true anemone, golden and magnificent in size, single owered.

If you look at my *Political Economy of Art*, you will see what to o with your coal merchant.[1] The price of coals is to be fixed by he guild of coal merchants; the carriage to be paid like postage t a uniform rate, and coals of given quality delivered anywhere at ne price—for certain fixed periods. But I can't enter into details yet r 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 ay. I haven't recovered my angelic temper yet, it having been disurbed by seeing a steam engine devouring a wheat stack at Tunridge Wells, and hearing it growling over its prey a mile and a uarter down the valley.

My father is pretty well—recovering from the shock which my nother's accident caused to him; and contemplating my *Cornhill* ambols with a terrified complacency which is quite touching.

I'm very poorly—philanthropy not agreeing with me, as you very roperly say it shouldn't. The other thing suits me much better. I end this scratch merely to thank you for nice letter. I'll write more oon.—Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

To J. H. LE KEUX[2]

DENMARK HILL, *October* 13*th* [1860].

DEAR LE KEUX,—I cannot tell you how much I am obliged to ou for all your goodness to Allen.[3] I have not been able to look ound since I came home, owing to an accident which has happened o my mother; and a good deal of trouble I've had in wading hrough the rubbish of modern political economy—which one must do efore one can send it to the devil, to whom it properly belongs.

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[1] [See Vol. XVI. p. 97, where Ruskin advocates the re-establishment of Trade uilds, though he does not specifically mention the fixing of prices among their uties.]

[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, 4*th 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 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.

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[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.]

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 it[4]—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 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.

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[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.]

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.

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[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 Brown[1]

11*th 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 Browning[3]

Denmark Hill, 25*th 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, 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.

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[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.]

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 heroical self-denial;

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[1] [2 Samuel xvii. 13.]

vhich have issued in all kinds of catastrophe and disappointment, nstead of victory. Everything that has turned out well I've done nerely 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 vork 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 pplication—does in any wise, in short, admit human imperfection. Ve were afraid he would get ill and weak from his sensibility—the oems frightened us. I am so glad also to hear that Mr. Browning as been at work. So glad of all that you are, and have done and aid, and are doing and saying.—Ever yours and his in all affection,

J. Ruskin.

To William Ward[2]

Denmark Hill, *December* 17*th*, 1860.

Dear Ward,—I've told Allen all about the drawings he has to show or examples of sketching. Of the Turners, make him give you especially the body colours out of table on my right hand. The "Rouen" nd "Yarmouth" (storm)[3] in that series are the most instructive drawngs perhaps in the house. But if the Misses Dundas[4] *can* manage to ome on Wednesday instead, I'll be home by then (though they should ome before to see the drawings), and on Thursday would stay at home or them. If you don't come to-morrow, write both to Allen here, and o me, care of the Earl of Lovelace, Worsley Towers, Ripley, Surrey, o say if Wednesday or Thursday, as I needn't hurry home if the oung ladies are away to Nice.—Yours affectionately, J. R.

To W. M. Thackeray[5]

Denmark Hill, 21*st December*, 1860.

Dear Mr. Thackeray,—I think (or should think if I did not now) that you are quite right in this general law about lecturing, hough, until I knew it, I did not feel able to refuse the letter of equest asked of me.

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[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 here is a heavy storm-cloud) was afterwards given to Cambridge: see Vol. XIII. . 558 (No. 10).]

[4] [See above, p. 343.]

[5] [From *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning*, by Anne Ritchie, 1892, p. 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. Bennett[2]

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 rm.[1] I will also endeavour to see the pictures of Mr. Benton, of hich you speak so highly and, I doubt not, justly.

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[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.]

I admire, more and more, the gentle and loving mind which disays itself in all your poems; and with most true wishes that you may ng enjoy what you enjoy, and love what you love,—remain, with all hristmas warmth of salutation, gratefully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To COLONEL ROBERTSON[2]

[? 1860.]

DEAR COLONEL ROBERTSON,—It may perhaps be useful to you to ive the Copy you sent me of your scheme of Education, so I return It is very good; but, like the scheme of a battle, will I suppose ad in the course of it to unforeseen eventualities. I don't know if in y last letter I said how strongly I felt that a boy's *likings* ought to consulted in every way. Teach a duck always to swim—but don't ow it to swim inelegantly. Put its whole strength and self-command to its swimming. People are always trying nowadays to teach ducks 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.). June he went by himself to Boulogne, where he stayed for some weeks. In gust he went on a visit to Ireland. In September he left for Switzerland, where remained until the end of the year. Letters to his father, in addition to those e given, are printed in Vol. XVII. (see its "contents," pp. xii.–xiii.).]

To JOSEPH SEVERN[3]

DENMARK HILL, 23*rd January*, 1861.

DEAR MR. SEVERN,—Indeed it gives me great and unqualified pleare to hear that you wish to obtain the Roman Consulate. What timonial can I offer to you, that will not be a thousand-fold outtified by the consent of all who know you, and who knew, in those 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 unhoped-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,

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[1] [Dr. Bennett was in the habit of printing his poems on slips and sending them his friends. A collection of poems thus printed, consisting of copies presented 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 isulship a few days later, and held the post till 1872.]

J. Ruskin.

Sincerest regards to Miss Severn. I rejoice to hear Mr. Newton's coming to Rome.[3]

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti[4]

[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 ffences. Irregular measure (introduced to my great regret, in its hief wilfulness, 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 license or violating the ommon ear for metre; your sister should exercise herself in the everest commonplace of metre until she can write as the public like. Then if she puts in her observation and passion all will become recious. But she must have the Form first. *All* love to you and everent love to Ida.—Ever affectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

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[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 *Goblin-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. xlvii.]

To WILLIAM WARD[1]

DENMARK HILL, *February* 22*nd*, 1861.

MY DEAR WARD,—I will furnish the materials—*i.e.*, paper, pencils, asts, but not drawing-boards or other apparatus of room furniture. think long tables, and rough boards with a prop, will do well nough. Take this note with you to Winsor and Newton's; and get vhat materials you want, after arranging with Mr. Robins about ables, and tell them to put them to my account. J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[2]

[DENMARK HILL] 25 *February*, 1861.

MY DEAR NORTON,—I received your kindest letter this morning. am so glad your memory is truer than your note-book about me. m I to write about myself then? First, thank you for the anecdote bout the Bishops, from the St. Louis book, which I will get directly. never heard of it.[3] I should like you to have two leaves of the

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[1] [No. 27 in *Ward;* vol. i. pp. 57–58. "The Rev. C. M. Robins, of 14 Clement's nn, who had a Mission Chapel in the neighbourhood, had in 1861 started the olonnade Working Men's Club in Clare Market. A drawing class was formed, uskin finding materials, whilst Mr. Ward undertook the teaching. Unfortunately e class lasted for one term only. It appears that the men expected the teaching aid and advance them in their various trades, but the knowledge imparted was ot of a sufficiently technical character for that purpose" (W. W.).]

[2] [*Atlantic Monthly,* July 1904, vol. 94, pp. 10–11 (the first sentence being mitted). No. 25 in *Norton;* vol. i. pp. 104–109. A part of the letter ("I suppose, n the whole, . . . wrong could be") had previously been printed by Professor orton in his Introduction (p. xiii.) to the American "Brantwood edition" of *unera Pulveris,* 1891.]

[3] ["*Mémoires de Jean Sire de Joinville, ou Histoire et Chronique du Roi Saint Louis.* he most delightful personal narrative and biographical sketch which the Middle ges have bequeathed to us. It is incomparable in its simplicity, sincerity, and vidness."—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 example 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 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 thi last summer and winter. It seemed to me that to keep any clear-headedness, 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' know what. Intense scorn of all I had hitherto done or thought, stil intenser 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 investigation 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 giv my parents.

I don't in the least know what might have been the end of it, i 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.

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[1] [See below, p. 556.]

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 gentleman.

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 Acropolis 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—Ashestiel and Linlithgow[2]—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's[4]) 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 repentir 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 ith the rest, lest it should be thought I had kept the two best—any people might think them so. They are instructive, as showing he ruin that comes on the greatest men when they change their minds antonly.

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[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 these 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.]

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 eople I've sent down are only temporary, being those they were in ere; for public use they must have much stronger and better ones. Villiams will tell you about the National Gallery cases and give you ll the information necessary for determining the arrangement.

Yes, if the Oxford people would put up with a thistly teacher, it possible to get one useful enough.

Prices paid by me, for the drawings sent to Taylor Gallery, arch 12th, 1861:—

No. of rawing.	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 worries me very much to have this invitation from the almerstons just now—not because I want to stay here, but because I ive great pleasure by staying and because I don't want to go *there.*[1] or would it, I fancy, be good for me. I am but just recovering a ittle energy and breath; to-day and yesterday are the first days I ave been able to join in the games with anything like force or leasure, and they all notice—Mr. Cooke[2] and his sister with great 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 and romp when I'm not among them. All my lecture diagrams[1] 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 sketches[2] (which will, I suppose, be soon in the market) for the four days I lose—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 town with them on Monday. Two whole days is enough for anybody at these great houses. I write to Mr. Cowper[3] saying I don't *think* I can come, but that if I can I'll telegraph on Thursday and arrive on Friday.

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[1] [For Ruskin's account of his visits to Lord Palmerston at Broadlands, see *ræterita,* Vol. XXXV. pp. 504–5.]

[2] [The Rev. S. H. Cooke, rector of Budworth, near Northwich: see Vol. XVIII. lxvii.]

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 thorough 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.

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[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, nd hasten to thank you. It is a very serious piece of comfort to me o receive such a letter; though I do not think it would be right to rouble you with any account of the sort of despondency which renders t *so* valuable to me (valuable as it must have been at any time—chiefly ow), because I know that this discouragement depends much on mere listurbance of health, and will, if I can get such disturbance ended, n large measure pass away: but for the present it is not less difficult o bear because I know it to be unreasonable; and as one form of it onsists in dislike of my own writing—drawing—doing—of whatever ind, it is a marvellous lightening of it to hear of nice people who lisagree with me in this particular.

Indeed I will write to you, not only in answer to such kind letters s this, but to tell you how I am "getting on," which (you see what rank trust I put in you already) you will like to know, after these rumblings. My hope is to be able to get to Switzerland and to pass ome time in entirely practical geology, taking my thoughts off all lifficult or distressing subjects and forcing me to climb up and run lown a few thousand feet of crag every day. I will write to tell ou, if I can manage this; and if I can get myself into healthy trim t all, I will write again to ask you and Lady Naesmyth. At present am so lifeless and senseless that I can't bear anybody to see or hear ne. Please don't say to any one that I may be in Switzerland this ear—be strict about this, for I don't want to come across common cquaintances when I am among the Alps.

It is a great pleasure to me that you like the fifth volume. I feared here were things in it which might give great pain to many of my riends, from their being left in an imperfectly hinted form, which night perhaps be taken to mean more harm than good: and yet it vas impossible for me in the space or time, or with the knowledge I ad, 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 sent 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 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 Rossetti[2]

[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* 12*th*, 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 old. And now I must forthwith get across the water, and shall not ee you till my return. I have always, however, a dim feeling that the est expression of thanks is to give you no trouble that I can help, ven in reading a note. So I will only say in briefest terms that you ade me very happy, and that of all this long winter in London, here will remain few things to me so pleasant to remember as the alk in the park; the pleasant dinner with its pretty pause of hospiality; and the reading of *Vivien.* I wish I could hear the lectures n the Birds. But I am ordered to migrate instantly: with some ope, however, of return in the summer. I've got some work about resco to do in Italy,[1] which may make me long for a sea breeze nd a green field. Remember me gratefully to Mrs. Owen and heartily o your son.—And believe me, ever faithfully and respectfully yours,

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[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.]

J. Ruskin.

Richard Owen, Esq., etc., etc., etc.

I can't fancy any "titles" that are not impertinences.

To Elizabeth Barrett Browning

13*th May* [1861].

Dear Mrs. Browning,—I have your letter this morning, and answer t before I do anything else, it being a great comfort to me. I am ghting through all kinds of doubt and wonder; and have no strength— annot look things in the face—they come instead and grimace at me. Vhat 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, hat if a man has seen no hand of God on nations till he is (fifty?) ears old, that which he sees and supposes to be such, in the last wo years, must logically bear only the character of a coincidence; ot of an evidence. If any person had treated him unkindly or neglected im, for forty years, and suddenly appeared to observe, or be kind o, him in the last two, would he not assume either that the charcter was changed, or—since in the case before us that is impossible— hat the *last* appearances were deceptive? But the idea of looking or God's hand in that *sense*—in dealing with nations—or with anyhing—is in the very outset absurd; immeasurably, infinitely absurd. ou cannot tell *why* God acts, unless you could see not only the earts and minds of every man in the nation, hear *every one* of their rayers, know all their temptations, and, much more, know all God's final purposes respecting them. What seems to you good may b evil, and *vice versâ*. What seems to you the punishment and rewar of this or that is in reality the punishment and reward of thing you never knew nor heard of—things that happened in the Abyss o time. God's *laws* you can trace. His Providence *Never*. If yo could, you would share in that Providence—you would be seeing wit God's eyes. But His laws—that courage and chastity and honest and patience bring out good; and cowardice and luxury and foll 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 marc or moulder, on this earth. I am stunned—palsied—utterly helpless— under the weight of the finding out the myriad errors that I hav been taught about these things; every reed that I have leant o shattering itself joint from joint—I stand, not so much melanchol 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." What is a worm to hope for?—to keep out of the spade's edgewa and crawl its time in the twilight, while the great Providence light all the stars in their Courses.[2] Many a year ago I wrote this verse:[3]—

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[1] [Not actually undertaken till 1862: see Vol. XVII. p. liii.]

"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 no the Form of it in this time or that; for this person or that. An you can't conceive how lonely I am in all this—and in more tha this. All my old religious friends are casting me off; or, if the speak, their words are as the brass and the cymbal.[4] I am ill, an 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 buyin a little bit of ground, enough to grow currant bushes and red daisie in, somewhere in Switzerland,[5] and going and living cottage life, walking and digging, till I've recovered tone of mind; or making it m 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, if only I had one.

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[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 now what God means to do for Europe—for India—for America. taly is but sounding a solitary trumpet tone; I know not whether he be "Death's angel," the trump an inch from off his lips, which he next moment shall put out the Sun. Sun indeed! much sun piritual we have on this earth to put out!! an Iron Sun. You know hey'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 he greatest of all time in its issues.

Photograph of me indeed! You shan't have anything of the kind. can't conceive why I'm so ugly, but I *am* so ugly—the sun says so. f I get a little strong again I'll let Munro or some other falsifying riend make me in clay, and put in the little good which that tiresome iron sun won't, though I know it's there (x) in spite of this gliness—but the ugliness must be razed down a little before it can e seen—(x) it *must* be there; because I know that, not merely in reat human causes, but even to make anybody else very happy, I houldn't mind *anything* that happened to myself. And so Robert as made Cytherea in clay.[1] I've been trying to draw her, so hard, ut couldn't. It's very odd we (there's conceit for you!) should take he same fancy together, but alas! I've astonished no learned people, o one but poor myself, to find how little I can do. I've given up n despair for the time and gone back to the stones. Tell me always hen to write to you. I'm going to write often now.[2] Dear love o 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 Brown[3]

[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 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 doubt, 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 the courage of any publisher to pay boldly enough, and cheap line engraving is the worst of all things, worse even than the graphs.

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[1] ["Robert has brought me home a most perfect copy," Mrs. Browning wrote o Miss Browning (May 11, 1861), "of a small torso of Venus—from the Greek—n the clay. It is wonderfully done, say the learned. He says 'all his happiness es in clay now'" (*Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, vol. ii. p. 443). Ruskin t this time was drawing from the figure: see Vol. XVII. p. xxxvi.]

[2] [But Mrs. Browning died on June 29, six weeks after the date of this letter.]

[3] [No. 8 of "Letters of Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, pp. 294–95. The "book" was *Rab*, of which an illustrated edition appeared in the following year.]

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 Norton [1]

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. Then I ried to find out where I was in geology and the sciences leaning on t, and I'm reading in a sick, careless way; the first books I opened f the modern writers showing me that I never now could recover the ost ground of the last twenty years so as to know anything thoroughly. hen I got a cough and fell ill—and so remain—not caring much bout it, though I know I ought to care, nor having the heart to go nywhere; and it's no use your writing to me, because I know all you an say about it. I've been nearly as hard put to it before, only I asn't so old, and had not the great religious Dark Tower to assault, r get shut up in by Giant Despair. Little Rosie is terribly frightened bout me, and writes letters to get me to come out of Bye-path Ieadow[1]—and I won't; she can't write any more just now, for she's iven herself rheumatism in her fingers by dabbling all day in her ill river, catching crayfish. And Bye-path Meadow *is* bad walking n this Will-of-the-Wispish time; but as for that straight old road etween the red brick walls, half Babel, quarter fiery furnace, and uarter chopped straw, I can't do it any more—Meadow of some sort must have, though I go no further.

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[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.]

Well, what have I to tell you? Of Stillman I have not heard for month, and fear to write. So many melancholy things are happenng to me all at once that I shrink from asking. Rossetti, as you now I suppose, is married (Beatrice in your drawing[2]). She was very l for long before her marriage, but is getting stronger now, and he looking well. Jones is married, too—he has got a little country iolet with blue eyes and long eyelashes, and as good and sweet as an be. I took them both to the theatre the other night. She had nly been twice before in her life, and had never seen a ballet—and nluckily there was one, and the deep astonished pain of the creature, ot in prudery, but in suddenly seeing into an abyss of human life, oth in suffering and in crime, of which she had had no previous coneption, was quite tragic.

(17*th June.*) I was ashamed to send you that, and this will be ery little better. But I am a little better, and have resolved to go nd live for some time at a French fishing seaport—small and out of he way, and to learn to sail a French lugger and catch dogfish. fter that I'll think of learning something else. I shall make friends ith the little fishing children and with their priest, and read about he Madonna to them, and some Arabian Nights and other apocryphal terature besides, and I hope to recover a little so,—what with conhology, sunsets, and early bedtime, besides.

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[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 Touche [1]

Boulogne, 21*st 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. "Mais—toutes 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 à 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'à Portel" (three miles).

White Cap. "Ah, bien oui—c'est trop loin."

La Petite. "J'y serais aller, Monsieur, tout de même."

St. C. "Nous verrons, peut être, quand j'aurai deux paniers à porter. Mais, Madame—vous allez me faire cadeau d'une feuille de choux, pour que ça se tienne fraiche."

White Cap. "Mais bien volontiers, Monsieur."

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[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, ut my stick through handle of basket (weighing about three pounds), nd march off for Portel.

Portel is the first fishing village south of Boulogne. My immediate oject there is a little cabaret close to the village school and church, habited by a triple-traded aubergiste (who makes hooks for mackerel nd catches crabs), his wife, and their three children.

The youngest boy (to whom I had yesterday made the present of plate of cherries, for family distribution, which he immediately took ossession of by thrusting his whole hand down thro' the middle) nounces my approach. The wife receives me graciously and shows e into sanded parlour. I beg her to provide me with some milk, gar, *pain de ménage*, and four plates, the whole to be ready in an our. Which being faithfully promised, I proceed to descend the hill hich leads to a large farm on the other side of the village, and meet, ming up to it, my hostess's little eldest daughter (9) with a sad ue mark on her forehead, continuous down the middle of the pretty tle French nose, and terminating in a red scar on the upper lip. On y inquiring the reason of these unaccustomed appearances, Clotilde plains to me how coming out of church, "on m'a poussée," how being oussée" I fell with my face on the corner of a step, and how "ça a fait bien mal."

St. C. "Va seulement chez toi, petite; nous allons manger des ises, et nous nous guérirons bientôt."

Clotilde disappears with a slightly incredulous, but nevertheless mined countenance; and I, following the cart road a few steps ther, turn aside into a narrow footpath with a steep bank of grass one side crowned by a cornfield; on the other, a hedge of wild roses; h gaps here and there into a sloping field at the bottom of which s the great old French farm, with grey stone gates and rusticated umns of the time of Louis XV. Far beyond on a sweep of open lside, and crowning it, rise the thatched roofs of another "domaine," ded by a huge old round tower, which looks like a donjon, but is ly a pigeonnier. Looking back, I see between the grass bank and e wild roses a little blue half-moon-shaped piece of calm sea. I lk slowly and more slowly and at last take to examining the newly ed wheat.

Rose, dearie, did you ever notice the way the ears come out of e thin grassy envelope of the stalk? You know that verse, "First, e blade; then, the ear; after that, the full corn *in* the ear."[1] You 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.

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[1] [The Bible references here, and later, are:—Mark iv. 28; Matthew iii. 12; lms cxxix. 7; Matthew xiii. 8; 1 Corinthians xiii. 8; Isaiah xli. 16 (combined h Psalms ciii. 16).]

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 could not moralize on the poppies, partly because I was bent on scovering the cause of the bronze colour with my magnifying glass, d partly because a sentence of Edmond About's about *mauvaise nte* came into my head. "Les coquelicots sont bien rouges—mais le fus davantage en entendant," etc.

Having got past the poppies, I found myself in a narrow lane ading down to the gate of the old farm. Approaching which, and anding to observe the interior, I surprised and shocked two of the rm dogs, who immediately trotted to the gate and remonstrated th me upon my conduct. I pretended not to understand French, hich made them very angry, and as all angry people do, they barked uder in order to make themselves understood. For peace's sake I pped out of their sight behind the gate pillars, and, after addressing me general remarks upon the English, of a deprecatory character, the pigeons, they returned to their kennels. Whereupon I set yself to sketch the gate in profile, delighting myself with imagining at the state of their minds would have been, if they could have own I was still there, making sketches of their master's gate.

The gate pillars were all overgrown with moss, and large white isies, in fringed rows, white on the blue sky. Before I had drawn lf of these it was time to think of Clotilde's strawberries; so I put my book and walked briskly back to Portel.

A white cloth on the table, the basket with undisturbed cabbage f, a jug of milk and four plates, were "duly set." The children d been withdrawn from temptation into the inner room.

I chose and carefully drew from the stalks thirty-six model strawrries, and put twelve on each of the three plates. I then looked the largest in the basket and put that in the middle of Clotilde's te. Then I filled with milk; and touched the crests with sugar er the manner of Alps, and then summoned the children. Nervous citement preventing the two youngest from carrying their plates en, I had to carry them myself into the inner room, where we found ama laying cloth for dinner. "Ah, monsieur, vous les gâtez," said e,—"ça sera pour le dessert."

I returned into my salle and eat my own twelve strawberries— e *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 rfect circle round the plates. But the little boy has apparently used absolutely to eat his strawberries on decorative principles; and s 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 design[1] quite magnificent, full of splendid power. I wish yo could send me a photograph, not enlarged, and more sharp, to giv 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 you second packet.—Most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—If there is any question about expense in the cutting, I shal be most happy to contribute towards having it done well—but I fea no money can get it done.

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[1] [Of Vanity Fair in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was ultimately cut by Her Gaber, who cut the Richter designs. The volume was entitled *Illustrations t Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress by Fredk. J. Sheilds* (*sic*). London: Simpkin, Marshal 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 ar my mother saw it), and was much tickled by an old French op) lady who was out on the pavement looking at it through her ectacles, and repeating, in a voice of commendatory surprise, "Mais e est bien haute—excessivement haute." Her idea of a comet was idently that it was something of the nature of a kite, and that it d been got up that evening rather higher than usual. Tell Mr. arrison this. It was not indeed altogether to see the comet that I s out, for I was returning from hearing one of the sweetest of econd-rate) operas—Auber's *Haydée, ou le Secret*—(the plot being ribe's and at Venice—nothing to do with Byron's)—very sweetly sung least in its two principal parts. It began at seven o'clock, and en I went out *en grande tenue*—white gloves and so on—having to lk half a mile along the main street facing the quay, I was mightily eased to find one of my little fish-children friends, who was going me bare-footed, coming up to me, and without the least impudence, the one side, or the least idea that I mightn't like it, on the her, walking beside me, and talking the whole way, mostly in the tter, with her basket on her arm.

To MRS. BURNE-JONES[1]

BOULOGNE, *Saturday* [*July* 20, '61].

MY DEAR GEORGIE,—I can't get this to you in time to wish you y to-morrow. I've already been made a great deal more wicked an I should have been by the Post Office. I'm always so angry cause I can't get letters delivered on Sundays—if it hadn't been for at, I might have been a "Sabbatarian." I was bred one. I think shall send you a telegram. I can always do that. And this you ll get on Monday morning early, indeed and in truth wishing you good (whatever good may be), for both your sakes. But don't st to that strength and health of yours having been so unbroken. u soft blue-eyed people, I know, have always cœurs de lion, but n not so sure about the poitrine. Do take care. In those chest ections, remember, the old proverb is fearfully true—What's done n't be undone.

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[1] [Passages from this letter are printed in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, . i. p. 232.]

And don't be too sad about your friends. I am sorry about Plint but for his own sake and for that of others much more than fo Edward's. Ed. is sure to have always more than he can do. Bu Mrs. Wells[2] is the main sorrow unless there are other friends, who I don't know, of whom you are speaking. *I* am very, *very* * sorry. did not know her much, but I always counted upon her as a frien whom I could *make*, if only I had time. And there's Mrs. Brownin gone, too, who *was* a friend, and such a one; but one must not thin about oneself in talking of her, it is all the Earth's loss. I get horribl sad whenever I give myself time to think; and can only keep up by hel of those things which you think so *sad*, when you see them going ou I was on the deck of one all Wednesday night, it blowing hard: and th sea a blaze with phosphoric foam, one perpetual torrent of white fi rushing over the lower side of the deck; for we were going fast, an when the moon went down at one the night was nearly black, all bu the fire of the waves. We began mackerel fishing off Hastings at fiv in the morning, but after holding on by ropes all night, I got tire of having spray come over me, and I couldn't breathe in their ho of a cabin forward, so I made them take me home. We set all sai and of all the noble and gay things going, I don't think there a many gayer than a good boat when she gets leave to go and has th wind as she likes, and plenty—it is like a sea gull and an *alwa* *conquering* knight in a tournament, at once—half flight, half crash, she meets the waves. I had the helm for an hour and a half, and m arms are not well *on* again yet. We got in to Boulogne about te No, there's no real *sad*ness, though much solemnity in the life. Th man at the helm during the night was just as happy as if he ha been asleep, smoking, and just glancing now and then at the relief the sail in the moonlight, to see that it was rightly filled. The oth men were snoring in their hole like dormice, as merry when the began fishing as if they had been in an alehouse—nay, what say immeasurably more; they came out of their oily, tarry, salt black ho in perfect peace of mind to meet the face of Dawn, and do their dai work—would they have come in the same peace of mind out of th alehouse? Nay, are not they happier even than the well-conduct peasant in their homes, seeing wife and child by daylight instead dark? And then their "sense." One of the pilots I've been sailin

* I speak selfishly. I hardly knew her husband—it's no use thinkin of him or of her brother.

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[1] [See below, p. 377 *n.*]

[2] [See Vol. XIV. p. 30 *n.*, where a letter from Ruskin to his father, lamenti 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 clodpolly[1] country people could have done that, Miss? (I beg pardon, Mistress.) Well, that was very funny, your talking about Rosie being better than a currant 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—currant 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 *any*body. 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*, 21*st 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 over[3]—and Bethune's[4] note, though I've hardly had time to read it, is very nice. I had no idea that I had given him an 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 Cookes[1] 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.

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[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).]

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 nud. The Christ in Mercy fainting, I think a failure also, but it is lmost impossible in rude outline to give beautiful expression. You eed study among the higher Italians. You have been too much mong the Northerners.—Ever yours faithfully, J. RUSKIN.[1]

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[1] [See above, p. 359 *n.*]

To GEORGE ALLEN

BOULOGNE, *August* 4, 1861.

MY DEAR ALLEN,—I shall not be up for a fortnight yet, but it loes not matter; go on with Geneva[2] as you say. What was it that pset you? Reading for education consists mainly in reading attentively nd only what you wish permanently to know or remember. Never ass a word, if you can help it, without understanding it, and all bout it. Read always with maps, if possible, when you read about laces, and leave the book at every sentence if necessary to hunt own a difficulty. What does Punjaub mean? Where is the district? Iow large? Bunnoo[3]—where?—Afghanistan—where?—and so on. Vhat is a "Sikh"—how are Sikhs armed—what is the origin of their ace?—etc., etc. Indian money—a rupee—how much?—a lac of rupees —how much?—origin of word rupee? Pronunciation of it? Half a age read this way is worth more than half a volume read for musement.—Always affectionately yours, J. R.

To DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI[4]

[DENMARK HILL. 1861—? *August*.]

MY DEAR ROSSETTI,—I was very glad to hear from you, and will ertainly recommend Mr. Plint's executors—if I am referred to by hem—to act for their own or the estate's interest as you propose.

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[1] [The book with the designs by Mr. Shields was published later in the year y Messrs. Ireland & Co., to whom Ruskin wrote (30th November 1861): "I have st received the copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* with Mr. Shields's illustrations, hich you favoured me by forwarding. I have not seen anything at all approach- g these designs in power or originality in any modern illustrated work that I emember. Will you please set aside six copies with good impressions and I will ke them and settle account for all the seven when I am in Manchester, as I ope to be next week?"]

[2] [See above, p. 281 *n.*]

[3] [Ruskin, it is clear, had been reading Herbert Edwardes' *Year on the Punjab rontier* (published 1861), which he afterwards re-edited under the title *A Knight's aith:* see Vol. XXXI.]

[4] [From *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, p. 288 (No. 66). Mr. Plint, of eeds, 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., 22*nd 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* once the noblest picture in Kosmos, 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 Index[2] 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 Grotesque Renaissance—

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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 which[1])—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 Norton[2]

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 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.

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[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.]

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: Εἰδὼς ὅτι γῆς τε μικρὸν μέρος ἐν τῷ σώματι, πολλῆς οὔσης, ἔχεις, καὶ ὑγροῦ βραχὺ, πολλοῦ

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[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 acknowledgments 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.]

ντος, . . . νοῦν δὲ μόνον ἄρα οὐδαμοῦ ὄντα σὲ εὐτυχῶς πως δοκεῖς συναρπάσαι; αὶ τάδε τὰ ὑπερμεγέθη καὶ πλῆθος ἄπειρα δι' ἀφροσύνην τινὰ οὕτως οἴει εὐτάκτως χειν;[1] (*Memorabilia*, i. 4, 8).

This is all well, but it is to me so fearful a discovery to find ow God has allowed all who have variously sought Him in the most arnest way, to be blinded—how Puritan—monk—Brahmin—churchman —Turk—are all merely names for different madnesses and ignorances; ow nothing prevails finally but a steady, worldly-wise labour—comortable—resolute—fearless—full of animal life—affectionate—compasionate. I think I see how one ought to live, now, but my own life s lost—gone by. I looked for another world, and find there is only his, and that is past for me: what message I have given is all wrong: as to be all re-said, in another way, and is, so said, almost too errible to be serviceable. For the present I am dead-silent. Our reachers drive me mad with contempt if I ever read or listen to a ord; our politicians, mad with indignation. I cannot speak to the irst any more than I could to pantaloons in a bad pantomime, or to he last more than to lizards in a marsh. I am working at geology, t Greek—weakly—patiently—caring for neither; trying to learn to rite, and hold my pen properly—reading comparative anatomy, and athering molluscs, with disgust.

I have been staying at Boulogne nearly two months. I went out ackerel fishing, and saw the fish glitter and choke, and the sea foam y night. I learned to sail a French lugger, and a good pilot at last eft me alone on deck at the helm in mid channel, with all sail set, nd steady breeze.[2] It felt rather grand; but in fact would have been good deal grander if it had been nearer shore—but I am getting on, f I don't get too weak to hold a helm, for I can't digest anything think. I tried Wales after that, but the moorland hills made me elancholy, utterly. I've come on here to get some rougher sailing if can—then I'm going over to Ireland for a day or two. . . . Then 'm going straight to Switzerland, for the fall of the leaf; and what ext I don't know. There's enough of myself for you. . . . I'm so lad you think hopefully about the war. It interests me no more han a squabble between black and red ants. It does not matter hether people are free or not, as far as I can see, till when free they 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.

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[1] ["Knowing that of earth and of water, both so plentiful, you have in your ody but a small portion, do you really think that mind is the one thing, existng nowhere else, which you have had the lucky chance to snatch up? and that ll these mighty and countless things are thus kept in order by some senseless ower?"]

[2] [For these experiences, see above, p. 374, and Vol. XVII. p. xxxvii.; and *Fors lavigera*, Letter 74 (Vol. XXIX. p. 51).]

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 Charlotte[3] 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, Crawley[4] 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 hat the feeling is not of being in a boat at all, but on a timber ramework surrounding a fearful engine which is crushing the sea—oaring and storming its way along; the want of all healthy wave otion, and the substitution for it merely of a continual sense of iddiness, which makes one fancy one's legs or head are failing someow; the whole bow of the boat planked over, not a deck, but a oof, so [sketch], the top of which is forbidden to passengers, so that ne can't go near the head of the boat; the huge saloons, and perpetual raught through all of them, caused by boat's railway speed—make he whole thing the most disagreeable floating contrivance imaginable. t went over in four hours. Dublin Bay is larger and grander, far, han I expected, but not half so pretty, and I am entirely aghast at he town. I expected rather a fine city. It joins the filth of Manhester to the gloom of Modena, and the moral atmosphere of St. iles's. Far the melancholiest place I ever entered. I couldn't stop n it—there was a train for Harristown, at a quarter before eight. t set me down at half-past eight, at their stopping station, still ight miles from Mr. La Touche's; got on Irish car, and took them little by surprise at half-past nine. Mr. La Touche, who received ne, 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) ad all gone to bed—but not quite into it—and Percy scampered own bare-footed like a little Irishman; Rosie followed presently in iny pink dressing-gown; and Wisie, like Grisi in *Norma*—all very appy and very well. Mrs. La Touche looks well, notwithstanding evere work in receiving Prince of Wales. They gave *déjeûner* to ighty people, and allowed a quantity of the villagers to come on he lawn to see the Prince, besides feeding them, and making everyody very happy.

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[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.]

The place is frightfully large—the park, I mean: not quite so pretty s I expected. The stream—brown and clear—is pretty, and has fine ebbly bottom, but that is all. Winnington is far prettier both in ouse and grounds. Lord Palmerston's chalk stream and hills are ar more interesting—Wallington grander. This is just no end of rees and park, with peeps of Wicklow hills in the gaps, but no ppearance of pleasant walks or odd, out-of-the-way places; the Addingon Hills and fields incomparably better.

What I have seen of the Irish themselves—in just the two hours fter landing, like one's first impression of Calais—will, I suppose, emain as the permanent impression. I had no conception the stories f Ireland were so true. I had fancied all were violent exaggeration. ut 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.

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[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 tter since I wrote first about Rosie. Rosie can't write herself; Emily nursing her, and her mother is nursing Miss Bunnett.[1] I could nly have bulletins at the best, and I should only make Rosie more nxious about herself, by asking for these frequently. I expect a letter, owever, on Wednesday next, or thereabouts, in answer to mine of Vednesday last.

I am sorry to say I quite forget where that Gerizim and Ebal assage is.[2] It is profoundly true. It is not discretion that is wanting, here there is real talent; but education. If Spurgeon had been nobly ained, taught natural history in its great laws, and made to feel hat was dignified in language and bearing, he would not make jests r a mob on a stuffed Gorilla. Of the two Athenians, Pericles and hocion,[3] who had most universal and benevolent influence on their ation, it is recorded that neither were ever seen to smile from their outh up. The passage you refer to about Fortune is Juvenal. It is in mpleteness,

> "Nullum numen habes, si sit prudentia; nos te
> Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam cœloque locamus."

ou will find it at the end of one of the Satires, but I forget which.[4] he view which Juvenal took of the power of Fortune was, however, ucretian, and infidel; characteristic of the late times of Rome. Not Livy, who dwells on her terrible power in the instance of Brutus nd his sons: "Et qui spectator erat amovendus, (he who ought not to ave been allowed to remain even as a spectator) eum ipsum Fortuna actorem supplicii dedit."[5] Dante makes her the Ministress of divine ower, adding that she is blessed and rejoices in being so—"e beata si ode"[6]—in another place also speaking of her as typical of the course of e world—

> "Però giri Fortuna la sua ruota,
> Come le piace, e 'l villan la sua marra."[7]

ut Juvenal is right in a certain limited sense.

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[1] [Rosie's governess.]

[2] [Deuteronomy xi. 29.]

[3] [For Phocion, compare above, p. 281; of Pericles, Plutarch says (§ 5) that he d "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. 586).]

To his FATHER

LUCERNE, 1*st 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 there are more of my verses in it. These are melodious enough—but las, they are but nonsense, written in the loosest and most inaccurate nglish. 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, cannot be a "throb." By "thoughts they keep," does the writer ean "thoughts they keep thinking"? or "thoughts they keep to emselves"? In either case, the completed phrase is as ungraceful the contracted one is obscure.

2. "May need an answering music," etc.

It is difficult to see how anything can be answered, when nothing s 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 cuments 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 rred.

5. "Beneath the low appeal . . . Of winds unfelt," etc.

This would have been rather a pretty image if, in the course of e preceding five lines, the writer had not forgotten what he was lking about. The rise of waves in consequence of the action of wind a distance might prettily illustrate the existence of emotion for ich there was no visible cause, but it cannot illustrate the absence 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 re not "touched," but blown like trumpets, and made loud and sagreeable noises, for the tones of which, indeed, no one could be 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—

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[1] [Who had been finding romance in a dull life, it seems, by re-reading his 's early verses. The lines here dissected are stanza v. of "The Hills of Carrara" ol. II. pp. 209, 210).]

> "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."

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[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).]

r 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 ritten an account of it to Rosie, which, when it is done, I shall send o 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 orrow, that you are unwell; and I must just send you a line to say hat I *am* sorry, though perhaps you will not believe it, seeing that n four days it will be a month since you left me on the road to eneva, and I have not written a line, which is horrid of me, and hat's the short and long of it.

I've had a drawing fit, and if the cold weather had not come on so iolently all at once, I really believe, for once, a drawing would have een 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 ave no more of those—from day to day. The sense of the extreme bsurdity of my writing what I feel or think, any morning or evening, a good deal the cause of my not writing. Some days I am utterly loomy and lifeless; others—occasionally a little cheerful; sometimes nguine—for ten minutes. What would be the use of my writing an ccount of myself in any of these faces?—phases, I meant to write—but m tired to-day—(sleepless with toothache last night) and the pen ips. On the whole I am a little pleased with what I've done, and m coming in a thin crescent out of my interlunar cave;—if I ever get n into something like moonlight I shall be thankful—Sunlight there's o chance of.

It would be only provoking if I were to tell you—in those London ovember fogs—what glorious light I have here;—and it would only ex you to tell you how little use I make of it, or with what pathetic eye I can look upon these Alps before my window covered ith radiant new-fallen snow—I only wish the snow were up again here it came from.

There was only one letter to be got out of the Brunnen Post ffice, and that did not look like one of Boo's; was it the one you 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.

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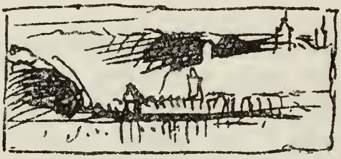
[1] [For these epitaphs, see Vol. XVII. p. 522.]

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



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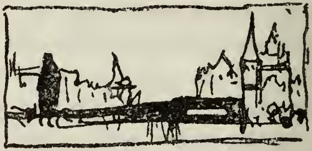

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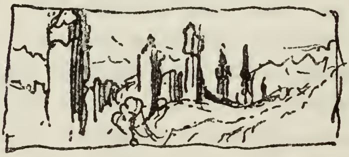

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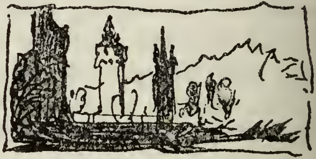

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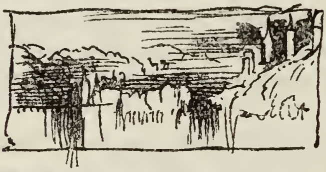

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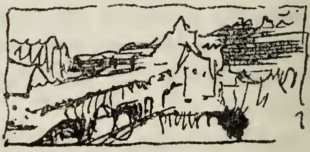

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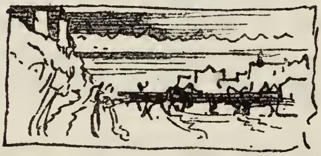

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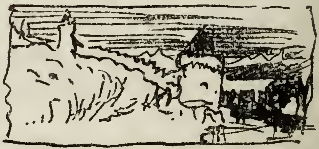

and about ten or a dozen more. Good-night. Love to John and Boo.—Ever your affectionate J. R.

To Mr. *and* Mrs. Carlyle

Lucerne, *7th November*, '61.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle,—Two days before hearing from my ather of Mr. Carlyle's kind little visit, I had sent an underlined harge of gravest character to let me know how you both were. I hould have written myself, but was, for a month after leaving home his last time, in a state of stupid depression which there was no use n 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 ttle, but what I do is now accumulative, and I hope will come to omething. I am gaining strength gradually; and learning some Latin nd Greek. I do everything as quietly and mechanically as I can. have little pleasure, and no pain—except toothache sometimes. I orget, resolutely, all that human beings are doing of ridiculous, or uffering of its consequences; try to regret nothing—and to wish for othing. I am obliged to pass much time in mere quiet—and standing ith one's hands behind one's back is tiresome. I make up my mind o be tired and stand. The nights, if one wakes in them, are sadly ong—one tries to think "after all—it is life—why should one wish shorter?" and one is thankful, in spite of such philosophy, when the lock strikes. (I wonder if one would be—or will be—when it is a assing 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 r two more things carefully, I shall finish, if I can, my political conomy. Of other plans or hopes, I have none for the present. There enough, and a great deal too much, of myself. Mr. Carlyle will e angry with me for not going on with German, but it is impossible mong 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 sed to be). The peasantry seem still nearly what they were—(that is o say, little more than two-legged cattle). The townspeople imitate nd hate the French, having neither dignity enough to stand on their wn ground, nor beauty or modesty enough to respect those they borrow rom. By rifle practice, and much drinking and making disgusting oises in the streets all night, they are preparing themselves against rench invasion. But what of silent and worthy is yet among them 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 s 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, 17*th 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 Brown[1] [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 bout religious people. The story about the old woman's "He'll lose ore than I'll do" is the most exquisite instance of the way strength nd pathos and humour may join I ever heard of human creature. he Rabbit story is *delicious*.—Ever affectionately yours, J. R.

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[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

The story about the whisky is very instructive as to the horrible nd inconceivable way in which the evangelical religion shuts up the earts of its miserable votaries, when even a man like that could have ived to be old, and not known what the human heart was. No Bestial dolatry of the Egyptian was ever so horrible as that Evangelicalism n the essence of it.

To Mr. *and* Mrs. Burne-Jones[1]

Lucerne, *Nov. 22nd*, '61.

Dear "Edward and Georgie,"—I answer truly by return of post, hough you will be surprised and troubled at the length of time it akes to hear from Switzerland. I can get you all the information ou want—though I'm not a committee L.F. man, but the secretary one of my old friends.[2] You will receive, probably two days after etting this letter, all that you want, and I think it will be all nicely anageable by 3rd December.

I'm delighted to hear of the woodcutting. It will not, I believe, terfere with any motherly care or duty, and is far more useful and

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the book about your father"—the *Letters to John Cairns, D.D.*—appeared in 860, separately issued and bound, but paged continuously with the *Memoir of ohn Brown*, by John Cairns, D.D. The story about the old woman (p. 479) is is: "A poor old woman was on her deathbed. Wishing to try her faith, r. Brown said to her, 'Janet, what would you say if, after all He has done for ou, God should let you drop into Hell?' 'E'en as He likes; if He does, He'll se mair than I'll do.'" The "rabbit story" is of Dr. John Brown himself as a oy and two pet rabbits: "I had just kissed the two creatures, when my grandther met me. He took me by the chin, and kissed me, and then the rabbits. onderful man, I thought, and still think! doubtless he had seen me in my private ondness and wished to please me" (p. 480). The "whisky story" is of "Uncle benezer," who was helped in an accident at a ferry by some carters who were ringing up whisky casks. "He was most polite and grateful, and one of these ordial 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, et us give thanks!' and there by the roadside, in the drift and storm, with these ild fellows, he asked a blessing on it, and for his kind deliverance, and took a asting of the horn" (p. 485). The *P.S.* explains a reference in the next letter o Dr. Brown (see below, p. 396).]

[1] [Part of this letter is printed in *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. . 233, where Lady Burne-Jones says that the scheme for her engraving her usband's designs dropped through.]

[2] [W. H. Harrison, Secretary (or, rather, Registrar) of the Royal Literary und: 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 teaze 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 ome home yet;—must manage it by New Year's Day, though, I believe. es, it is quite true that I not only don't know that people care for e, but never can believe it somehow. I know I shouldn't care for yself if I were anybody else. Yes, we'll bring home a Lion[1]—and think we shall have some satisfaction in looking at it.

I'm just away to-morrow deeper into the Alps to Altorf to see ow the Grimmest of them look in their snow. I'm better than I as, a good deal. Still very sulky—and reading Latin and Greek, or ather beginning to learn them—but a little comforted in feeling that am really learning *something*—and in the entire peace—and rest—nd 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—han Slender would have liked, and there are no Anne Pages.[2] The wiss are frightfully ugly; but when I get tired of it, I can always et away into the pine woods—where it is quiet as the night—or row nto the middle of the lake—where there is often not a ripple. It ould be good for both of you to come here to finish *Frederick*—you ould 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 ead and the martyrs all right.—Ever affectionately Mr. C.'s and yours,

J. Ruskin.

To Dr. John Brown[3]

Lucerne, *3rd December*, '61.

My dear Dr. Brown,—I have been this last year somewhat seriously l, though no one knows it but myself. I am now better, but nothing lse than illness could have prevented my telling you of the great dmiration, and what, if pleasure had been possible to me, would have een pleasure, in and with which I looked over your *Horæ*. It is very oble writing and feeling and thinking, and will help and heal and heer, in all ways, among all people. To me, at the time, the most vailable part was that dedicated to poor dear old Sulky Peter[4]—*monuentum 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 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.

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[1] [An engraving, or other representation, of the "Lion of Lucerne": see below, . 401.]

[2] [*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. sc. 1: "*Slender* (to Anne Page). 'Why do our dogs bark so?'" etc.]

[3] [No. 7 of "Letters from John Ruskin" in *Letters of Dr. John Brown*, 1907, p. 293–294.]

[4] [The paper on "Our Dogs" (*Horæ Subsecivæ*, Second Series, 1861) was edicated to Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan's glum and faithful Peter—thus nmortalised in Horace's way (*Odes*, iii. 30, 1). The whole volume was dedicated o Gladstone, A. C. Dick, Thackeray, and Ruskin.]

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*, 13*th* [*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 ound volume in the Bible Society's best print always on his dressing-able, with a blue string at his favourite chapters of St. John, and I ully expected to hear, before the sermon finished, how Masters Amnon nd Absalom were good boys and always learned their texts correctly, ut little Solomon generally had to have a Watts' hymn to learn besides, or having made a mess of his pinafore in Bathsheba's back garden.

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[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.]

To his FATHER

LUCERNE, *Thursday* [*December* 19, 1861].

I had a row of ten miles yesterday, but no ducks and drakes, for he North wind came down round Pilate, and my shoulders were stiff nd hands sore, before I could get home.

All the better work for me. I found your nice letter, with answer o Mrs. Simon, when I got in; nothing can possibly be better. I like our suggestion about Interpres very much; it is far better than mine.[1] t would amuse you sometimes to think and hunt out a matter of his kind. Good news of Laing, pleasant.

Articles in *Times* on Prince Albert very good. I have, however, he bad habit of liking better to speak evil of the dead than the iving, and would add to the eulogium, that while he educated his wn family, indeed, very nicely, the German policy of the English ourt would fain have kept all the millions of Italy in Brigandage nd Romanism, and *has* to a great extent succeeded in doing so.

The Queen, by first accounts in paper, seems behaving well. Widowed ueens generally get on pretty well—if you look to history;—it is odd ow a woman seems to take to the notion of government, considering hat they are not supposed to be intended for it.

To LADY NAESMYTH

LUCERNE, 20*th December,* 1861.

DEAR LADY NAESMYTH,—Some reason there has been—good reason, fear it is only by Sir John's gracious indulgence it can be called— or my not writing. It is simply that I have always been ill and sad, nd not inclined to write and say so. I am now better, though not lyther; better by reason chiefly of rest and freedom from all anxiety r charge. I am not blyther, because—there are too many causes to e talked of; the principal one being, I suppose, that in human life, he hour of half-past two or three in the afternoon—if one is not 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.

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[1] [A reference to earlier letters in which Ruskin had asked his father to look p the etymology of the word and had made a conjecture of his own, which, owever, he afterwards abandoned.]

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 ontrary sense, spoken of the mountain sides, from that in which it is ritten of Geraldine's). But truly, I never did so much as dream of eauty of colour like it, nor did I know before what Autumn was eant for—I thought it was only for grapes and apples.

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[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.]

The best, however, is now over, and I return home, *D.V.*, for the ew Year, but shall be back among the Alps probably early in Spring, o be out of the way of the Exhibition and its belongings.

A line to Denmark Hill, with your forgiveness and good news of ir John, would find grateful welcome any day after the first January—o matter how short, so only that it assured me you still believe me ithfully and gratefully yours, J. Ruskin.

To his Father

Lucerne, *Saturday,* 21*st* [*December,* 1861].

I have your nice line of the 18th about Political Economy, etc. y own feeling is that I should like those essays, or any bits of em, published anyhow—anywhere—it will certainly be years before write anything else. I might republish the whole four in large print ith a word or two of preface perhaps.[1] But I don't care about the atter. I have to settle foundations so new and so deep for myself; o learn so much, and think so much, before I again speak, that what do now is wholly immaterial to me. Thank you for flowers and veets sent to Chelsea. When you have little, send there, not to ark Street. Rosie is better—and if she were not, the flowers would o her no good—and they do do good to Mrs. Carlyle.

I have such a coaxing letter from Rosie that I might perhaps have ome home three days sooner for it; only perhaps Mamma and you ight have been more jealous than pleased, and Mrs. La Touche have ought me absurd. Here is a funny little dialogue between her and osie, 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, amma."

Mrs. L. "And doesn't he want to see me?"

Rosie. "Well—you know—well—Mamma, I think he likes your tters quite as much as yourself, and you write so very often—and can't write often. So he must want to see me."

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[1] [As was done in the following year: see *Unto this Last,* Vol. XVII.—followed t 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, nd long ones. I've got the Lion,[1] photographed—and engraved—and either are the least like;—and it doesn't matter, for the real thing is ood for nothing—like the useless "fidelity" (query "stupidity" and obstinacy") which it commemorates. I've no patience with the Swiss, ow—nor with anybody—myself included. Good-bye.—Ever your affecionate J. Ruskin.

To his Father

Lucerne, *Monday, 23rd* [*December,* 1861].

. . . I got some good reading done indoors, and in these three ionths and a half I have done at least twice as much effective work s I ever did in any single term of my Oxford life (irrespective enrely of sketching). That is to say, I have read two books of Livy, ie whole of the Odes of Horace, a considerable quantity of Xenophon, id a little Homer, with such care as I never before gave, or knew ow to give, to reading anything. With the Geology and German I ad at Boulogne this makes a profitable half year: and though it ems a long while to be from home, both absences together are not ke that of 1845, from April 11th, when I crossed the Jura in snow, October 26th, when I crossed the Simplon to return, or that of '51, om 7th September, day of arrival in Venice, to same day of June, hen I got back to Park Street, certainly no gainer in health—if in iything.

The Boulogne part of this year, however, was much the best for e, both for its forms of exercise, and because I had then some m vestiges of idea about the possibilities of a more happy close of e than beginning, which, vague as they were, somewhat cheered and imated me. I did not then quite feel how old I was, nor, though was much tired and despondent, had I ascertained the unfitness for tive life in society of which I am now certain, and which involves e duty of some sharp self-denial and watching, for the time—most ely arrived even now—when I must give up my "pettie" or at least gin to give her up.

I must manage at Denmark Hill to be as quiet as possible, to ve a settled time for painting, reading, and walking. You must let e be very firm in the matter of visitors. I have now no power of lking to people. I have no animal energy left. I do not believe in eir religion, disdain their politics, and cannot return their affection— w should I talk to them?

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[1] [Thorwaldsen's monument to the memory of the Swiss Guards during the ench Revolution, August 10, 1792. For Ruskin's appreciation of the monument 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 NORTON[2]

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

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[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 ow it bears on the business—that's laziness too, I suppose. Also, for id business itself, I am too lazy to care anything about it, unless I ear there's some chance of you or Lowell or Emerson's being shot, n which case I should remonstrate. For the rest, if people want to ght, my opinion is that fighting will be good for them, and I suppose hen they're tired, they'll stop. They've no Titians nor anything orth thinking about, to spoil—and the rest is all one to *me*.

I've been in Switzerland from the 20th September to day after hristmas. Got home on last day of year. It's quite absurd to go to witzerland in the summer. Mid-November is the time. I've seen a ood deal—but nothing ever to come near it. The long, low light,—e floating frost cloud—the divine calm and melancholy—and the ountains all opal below and pearl above. There's no talking about , nor giving you any idea of it. The day before Christmas was a ear frost in dead-calm sunlight. All the pines of Pilate covered ith hoar-frost—level golden sunbeams—purple shadows—and a moun- in of virgin silver.

I've been drawing—painting—a little; with some self-approval. ve tired of benevolence and eloquence and everything that's proper, d I'm going to cultivate myself and nobody else, and see what ll come of that. I'm beginning to learn a little Latin and Greek r the first time in my life, and find that Horace and I are quite a mind about things in general. I never hurry nor worry; I don't eak to anybody about anything; if anybody talks to me, I go into e next room. I sometimes find the days very long, and the nights ger; then I try to think it is at the worst better than being dead; d so long as I can keep clear of toothache, I think I shall do etty well.

Now this is quite an abnormally long and studied epistle, for me, so nd you make the most of it—and give my love to your Mother and ters, and believe me ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Dr. John Brown[2]

Denmark Hill, 16*th January*, '62.

Dear Dr. Brown,—There's no use in telling you these lay sermons e delicious, for everybody will be telling you as much, but you may 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

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[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. "lay sermons" were *Plain Words on Health*, published 1861.]

"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 Norton[2]

Denmark Hill, 19*th 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 fancy, and brilliant in colour, though the mode of colour-treatment too much like that of the Knave of hearts. But at last it is really the way to you; and to-morrow I go in to give him the first tting for the portrait, and will get it done as fast as may be.[1]

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[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.*]

I am no better than I was last winter—perhaps worse—certainly ore depressed; but the year has been a hard one for me in various ays, not likely again to occur; and I gained somewhat in the summer spite of these—perhaps this year will bring better chances. But l things seem to go wrong at present. Jones, who promised to be e sweetest of all the P.R.B. designers, has just been attacked by itting of blood, and, I fear, dangerously.[2] I have earache, indigestion, d 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 ther and Mother are—the one well—the other patient—under much in which accompanies every movement. She reads good books and akes herself happy, and me profoundly sorrowful. Is happiness, then, ly to be got thus? Are lies, after all, the only comfort of old age; d are they the sons of God, instead of the Devil's?

(*Sunday*, 9*th February*.) I kept this note by me to be quite sure e drawing had gone, and to tell you the portrait is in progress, d Rossetti seems pleased with it.[4] I have just got Holmes' poems[5] d am *so* delighted with them, at least with some of them—"The ys," and "Sister Caroline," and some other such, more especially. nes is a little better—no more blood coming.

I am trying to draw a little. I've done the coil of hair over the nus de' Medici's right ear seventeen times unsuccessfully within the t month, and have got quite ill with mortification.

Did I tell you the winter was the real time for Switzerland? It Fancy being able to walk everywhere among the wild torrent beds, d see all their dreadfullest places, with only a green streamlet singing ong sheaves of ice—as a gleaner among laid corn. And such sun- ne, long and low, rosy half the day.—Ever your affectionate

J. Ruskin.

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[1] [See above, p. 329 *n.*, and pp. 311, 335.]

[2] [Happily "the hemorrhage was from the throat, not the lungs, and it never urned" (*Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. p. 234).]

[3] [See Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, book ii. ch. vii. ("The Everlasting No"): ull of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French pital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dogday, after much perambulation, toiling ng the dirty little *Rue Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer*. . . . Thus had the everlasting No *s 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. ofessor Norton, in printing the letter, queries "Sister Caroline," but the poem is 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 Rossetti[1]—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 PALGRAVE[2]

[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 NORTON[3]

DENMARK HILL, 28*th 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 hange of scene or thought, least of all for any collision with the nergies 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?

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[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.]

14th May.

I have kept this hoping to be able to tell you some cheerful thing bout myself, but few such occur to me. To-morrow I leave England or 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 Brown[2]

Denmark Hill, *May* 10*th*, 1862.

Dear Mr. Brown,—So many and many thanks for all your kind nd kindest letters. I can't write letters just now. I am always ired, somehow, but I mean to take your advice and hope to get ound a little, yet. I have no house of my own—not even rooms; nd living with two old people, however good, is not good for a an. I should have tried to get abroad again before this, but found hey 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 s I could, and henceforward I've done with the whole business; and ave told them they must take it off themselves, next time, or leave t on, if they like. I shall not enter the Exhibition; it is merely a onkey race among the shop-keepers of the world; and when once I et away this year, say in a week or ten days, if I don't break down, will try and follow your advice.

I do not care the least about people's religious opinions. What I eant to say was, that for a man who has once at any time had any 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.

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[1] [In which number appeared the first of the essays afterwards called *Munera ulveris:* see Vol. XVII. p. 119.]

[2] [No. 12 in *Various Correspondents*, pp. 42–46.]

[3] [On this subject, see Vol. XIII. p. xliv.]

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 ethune, in the course of the summer. They were all five there,[1] and ll kind—I was surprised most by Cécile's courtesy, as she was appaently quite indifferent ten years ago. I was surprised also to find ow, in spite of the apparent fatigue of talking and hearing, I was ess wearied by far at the end of the evening than at the beginning. he intensity of the animal spirit and gaiety seemed magnetic.

Jeanne (Mdlle. des Roys) was there, very sweet and nice. Caroline's oy is very beautiful, *so* like his father. The Grandfather, the old rince de Bethune (eighty-six), was the life of the whole circle—shouts f laughter round him all the evening—it was very wonderful.

The Vicomtesse des Roys says she is going to write me such long etters. Her husband says, if I'll take his wife and daughter over to ngland, they'll come, but not otherwise. I can't *conceive* how it is hat people can be so affectionate after twenty years—and to *me*, of all eople, 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 ften seen, if on every page. Let the titles of chapters be put on oth sides of the book, at tops.

To Mr. *and* Mrs. Burne-Jones[2]

[Milan, *June* 28, 1862.]

My dearest Children,—Harry the 8th's a good King, but the otion of his interfering with the Venetian senate in this way is too ad. If Ned's well—(I have the letter about Murano, so nice, and ed's about Lido; and of course I assume Harry the 8th to be well oo—if he's ill, I've nothing to say)—and bettering in health and ainting, you ought not to move so soon. And don't make such ighty grand sketches. I want a very slight one of the St. Sebastian St. Rocco (Scuola),[3] and a rough sketch in colour of the High Priest the Circumcision, in Scuola by the stair foot. And I want you a eek *here*. I will have ever so many cwt. of candles lighted in the

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[1] [That is, the five daughters of M. Domecq—Diane (Mme. de Maison); Clotilde, ee above, p. 402; Cécile; Elise (Mme. des Roys), and Caroline (Mme. de Bethune), ee above, p. 375. Diane, the eldest, is mentioned in *Præterita,* i. § 226; Clotilde s 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. . 247. Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones had now parted from Ruskin and were at enice, 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 eference Series (Vol. XXI. p. 40). For Ruskin's description of the picture, see ol. XI. p. 419.]

Monastero,[1] and you must sketch the two Christs for me, please. Thi 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 fo 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. Catherine[3] still going on well.

Reading over your yesterday's and some other letters, I can't hel being a little amused by your sudden desire for my "reticence" as t my feelings—recommended by Lady M. Montagu and others. Yo great favourite Lord Byron was especially reticent as to his feelings My favourite Dante—in the same measure. You did not mind m proclaiming to all the world in print the foolish passions of a boy, b you are frightened at my telling my own few friends the difficulties which the strong life of the man needs their help—or patience. B you need not fear my reserve—the fear is lest I should be *too* reserve There is not at this moment a living creature to whom I choose tell either my inner thoughts or my final plans, and you will find n always in future, if I live, wasting *any*thing rather than words. I oft wish other people had been more reticent. St. Paul, for instance, wi his "Oh wretched man that I am,"[5] etc., which has been the origin religious whining over all the Christian world of which the quantity as incalculable as the mischief unspeakable.

But every man who is worth anything, in this world, must, in 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 determin Not to speak of the Master's saying—which His servants again ha all in some sort to feel, if not to utter—"My soul is exceeding sorrow —even to death." Which, by the way, whenever people do feel t aning of it, is a sign that their friends are pretty sure in the mean- ne to fall asleep—or run away.

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[1] [The Monastero Maggiore, or San Maurizio, painted by Luini. "I am drawi from a fresco," wrote Burne-Jones, "that has never been seen since the day was painted, in jet darkness, in a chapel where candlesticks, paper flowers, a wooden dolls abound freely. Ruskin, by treacherous smiles and winning courte and delicate tips, has wheedled the very candlesticks off the altar for my use, a the saint's table and his everything that was his, and I draw every day now by 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 pict itself, he greatly admired: see Vol. XI. p. 429.]

[3] [The copy of Luini's fresco on which Ruskin was engaged: see the frontispi to Vol. XIX., and pp. lxxiii., lxxiv.]

[4] [Compare below, p. 572.]

[5] [Romans vii. 24; and (below) Matthew xxvi. 38.]

The most reticent man I know is Goethe—and if I live people will ow just as little what to make of me in my small way as of him in s 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, d 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. *mes* and Mr. Higgins delicious.[1]

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti[2]

Milan, 12 *July*, 1862.

My dear Rossetti,—So often I've tried to write, and could not, ving had to fight with various fears and sicknesses such as I never ew before, and not thinking it well to burden you with them. write now only to thank you for your kind words in your letter to nes. I do trust that henceforward I may be more with you, as I am le now better to feel your great powers of mind, and am myself re in need of the kindness with which they are joined. There are ny plans in my thoughts: assuredly I can no more go on living I have done. Jones will tell you what an aspen-leaf and flying eck of dust in the wind my purposelessness makes me. They are ar creatures, he and his wife both, and have done much to help me; d I believe there is nothing they would not do if they could.

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[1] [The reference is to a dispute about the Thames Embankment, in which skin's friend, the Right Hon. William Cowper (then First Commissioner of orks) was concerned. The Committee, to whom the matter had been referred, d just reported, and was charged by the *Times* with having been subservient, in recommendations, to the interests of the Duke of Buccleuch. It was suggested Lord Robert Montagu that the line of the *Times* was inspired indirectly by r. Cowper, who had written on the subject to its contributor, Matthew James ggins (famous as "Jacob Omnium"). There had been a comedy of errors about is communication, for Mr. Cowper had inadvertently addressed his letter to the ong Mr. Higgins. The latter was represented by Lord R. Montagu as having thorised a disclosure; the right Mr. Higgins was authorised by the wrong Mr. iggins to deny this, and so forth, and so forth. There was a motion for the journment of the subject on June 27, and a further debate on June 30. On the tter occasion Lord Palmerston intervened with the remark, "There is nothing in e world more calculated to lead to no result than a discussion about what 'I id' and 'you said' and somebody else said, because it is quite certain that no o individuals will agree as to what was said." If, however, any reader desires hear more on the subject, he may refer to *Hansard,* 3rd ser., vol. 167, pp. 1138– 50, 1214–1221.]

[2] [From *Rossetti Papers*, pp. 13–14. Rossetti's wife had died from an overdose 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, 18*th 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 Froude[3] 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 f any use to me—a year's ploughing or digging or fishing would be f I had strength for it, which I have not; nevertheless, by help of nute work of some temperate sort, I hope still to keep alive. You ay I want kindness and love; I don't, because I can no longer answer hem; all men are alike to me, except one or two—whom the world ates, and whom I can be of no help to. Sir John wrote in his ast kind letter that a pleasant dream of his would be dissipated, if could not come back to you. If so indeed, and I am pleased to hink it so, let him remember that my change from what I was once, apable of giving and taking kindness, to a hard and helpless creature, s merely part, and an infinitely small part, of the wreck which is taking lace everywhere through the baseness of the national feeling of England. Mrs. Browning was killed by the peace of Villafranca. *I* have ever been the same since—nor shall be—and what are we compared o the myriads of noble souls whose blood is poured out as water, hile smooth English propriety maintains the Austrians at Venice and he Pope at Rome—and the Devil everywhere? You will think this etter wildly morbid, of course. It must read so, unless I could show ou all the long courses of thoughts which lead to such states of feeling. ut 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 oes me any good. If men were being shot in the street beneath me, could shut the shutters and work—or sit still. But I couldn't go ut to breakfast, and chat pleasantly and enjoy myself.

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[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.]

I can shut my shutters here, and fiercely draw lines or write entences—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, or I don't love anybody, and one shouldn't use noble words lightly.

To Lady Trevelyan

Milan, 20*th July*, 1862.

Dear Lady Trevelyan,—I have your nice rambling letter about verything, and answer forthwith—though I have nothing to say, for do not know how I am, nor what I am going to do, and I don't now anything about anything. You ask if I have been ill—I wish I new. There are symptoms about me which may be nothing or may e everything—but I am better than I was, and when I can be quiet, t seems to me that some strength is coming back, but the least bustle r 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 plan[1] 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-colour[2]—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 ere who take to the national institution of muzzle with the greatest)irit, and turn up their wired noses at unmuzzled dogs, like the merican reporters. Did you see the *Times* on the Church Congress at xford—isn't it nice?[1] I should like to see Henry Acland reading , mightily.

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[1] [See above, p. 408.]

[2] [See the frontispiece to Vol. XIX.]

[3] For "Peter," see above, p. 395.]

It is too hot to write any more to-day, the first really hot day we ave had, though it has been blue and soft enough. It is no wonder ir Walter has gout—from what I hear of your weather in London. ome here. If you'll telegraph you're coming I'll wait for you—there's chance of my ever getting north of London; I hate cold and oors and nasty rivers all over green moss. I'm getting quite fond the Renaissance architecture, because it looks civilised and not like orthumberland. Come and see. Love to Sir Walter.—Ever affeconately yours,

J. Ruskin.

To his Father

Milan, *22nd July*, 1862.

I have your letter stating receipt of second part of paper.[2] I am uite content that you should do anything with it that you like in our present state of health, but as far as mine is concerned the one *ly* thing you can do for me is to let me follow out my work in my vn way and in peace. All interference with me torments me and akes me quite as ill as any amount of work. That letter written ıder the poplars was just at the time when I had got into my subject gain with some interest, and was taken by it from painful thoughts -now the putting off this publication disheartens me—checks me in hat I was next doing, and has very considerably spoiled my two st days. I don't mind this a bit if it does you any good to stop e paper—only, don't think of me in such matters—the one only ing I can have is liberty. The depression on that German tour as not in writing the letters,[3] but in having them interfered with. he depression I am now under cannot be touched by any society. can only lessen as I accomplish what I intend, and recover in some egree 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 ng enough to be wiser than either of these men. (I trust I shall not ange by becoming foolisher.)

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[1] [A leading article on July 15, chaffing the Congress and its members (including r. Acland) on the nature of its proceedings: "Plausibility, plausibility, plausility, plausibility have the first, second, and third place on these occasions," etc.]

[2] [Chapter ii. of the "Essays on Political Economy" (collected as *Munera ılveris*) for *Fraser's Magazine.*]

[3] [On the Italian question in 1859: see above, pp. 314, 331, 340, 347.]

To DR. JOHN BROWN[1]

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 damnedest 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 Smith[3]) 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.

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[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 Brown[1]

[*August,* 1862.]

Dear Dr. Brown,—Yes, indeed, I shall always regard you as one of e truest, fondest, faithfullest friends I have. It was precisely because did and do so that your letters made me so despondent. “If Dr. rown thinks this of me, if *he* supposes that my strong, earnest words a subject of this mighty import are worth no more than the Editor the *Scotsman's*[2] or (who is it?—Mr. Heugh's?), and that they can e seen to the bottom of in a day's reading, what must others think me?” You say I have effected more revolution than other writers. y dear Doctor, I have been useful, in various accidental minor ways, pretty language and pleasant hints, chiefly to girls (I don't despise rls, I love them, and they help me, and understand me often better an grown women), but of my intended work I have done nothing. have not yet made people understand so much as my first principle at in art there is a Right and Wrong.

At this instant nineteen thousand Turner sketches are packed in tin ses without one human being in Europe caring what happens to them. hy, again, should you suppose that I would be unjust in any such rious work as this, if I could help it? Those expressions of mine may me harm, or do me good; what is that to me? They are the only ue, right, or possible expressions. The Science of Political Economy a Lie. . . .[3]

There is no “state of mind” indicated in my saying this. I write as the cool, resolute result of ten years' thought and sight. I write as coolly as I should a statement respecting the square of the pothenuse. If my hand shakes, it is from mere general nervousness, xation about my mother (who, however, is going on quite well as r as the accident admits), and so on. The matter of this letter is deliberate as if I were stating an equation to you, or a chemical alysis. You say I should “go and be cheerful.” I don't know what ur Edinburgh streets afford of recreative sight. Our London ones ord not much. My only way of being cheerful is precisely the way said, to shut myself up and look at weeds and stones; for as soon I see or hear what human creatures are suffering of pain, and saying of absurdity, I get about as cheerful as I should be in a sheepfold strewed hurdle-deep with bloody carcases, 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.

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[1] [No. 10 of “Letters of Ruskin” in *Letters of Dr. John Brown,* 1907, pp. 296–7.]

[2] [For notices of the article in the *Scotsman* on *Unto this Last,* see Vol. XVII. 69 *n.,* 71 *n.*]

[3] [The passage here omitted is printed in Vol. XVII. p. lxxxii.]

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*, 10*th 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 n incomparably nobler and worthier person, now, when you disapprove f nearly all I say and do, than I was when I was everything you and my mother desired me.

To his Father

Geneva, 12*th August,* 1862.

I was very deeply grateful yesterday for your kind letter written on eceipt of telegraph which I knew would make you anxious and sorry. trust things will now go better, with all of us. I have great comort and peace of mind in the thought of staying among these old ills; and Couttet says I shall be all right in three months, if I will nly rest.

I am going out to-day to look again at a house which I can rent or a month, or for two, on the slope of the Salève, about five miles etween this and Bonneville, two miles to the right of the mail road. t is in exquisite situation and air, but has not good view from the indows, though perfectly divine view from the garden. But I could et good meat every day from Geneva, and my letters as now, and it ould be a good site whence to look for a permanent house. . . .

There is no chance of my changing my idea about a house. I ave intended it for twenty years; and should have done it long ago, ut I could not bear to leave you and my mother so much alone, or should I now, but that—beyond all doubt or mistake—my health ompels me to leave London. There was a question in my mind, ntil lately, between this Swiss house and taking part of a house with ossetti,[1] to follow out our work together in London; but the experient I have made in painting at Milan has shown me that I must r the present rest in mountain air. This autumn I shall take up e botany and geology of the Salève; and I feel, as I said, in much ore comfort and peace than I have done for years.

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[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 Veyrier (?) 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

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[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.).]

n English to mean an inn-keeper?) is the widow of the late professor
f history in the University of Geneva:[1] a well-educated woman of
bout fifty, having not only her husband's large library still in his
ouse at Geneva, but free access to the books and manuscripts of the
Jniversity, which I find from her account, and from her husband's
atalogue of them, must be far more interesting than I had any idea
f. I have been out weeding a little and looking at convolvulus bells
n the sunshine before breakfast, and after despatching Couttet with
his to make sure of its right posting (after this the Messageries will
e answerable, so you must not be alarmed if a letter or so misses),
hall go out for a quiet ramble, and especially to complete an examina-
ion begun yesterday of the growth of wild thyme, on the slopes of the
alève. I dine at three, take tea at six, then, if I like, can in a
uarter of an hour reach the brow of the Salève so as to see the sunset
ver Jura and Geneva plain on the other side without losing my own
iew of Mont Blanc on this, and so to bed at nine. . . .

Dearest love to my mother. It makes me very sad to think how
n her time she would have enjoyed this place, with its little ruralities
f garden and ground, its pure clear air, and its quiet.

To LADY TREVELYAN

MORNEX, SAVOY, 17*th Aug.* [1862].

DEAR LADY TREVELYAN,—I do not know if you ever got a long
tter I sent to your London (Brompton) address; if not, it does not
atter, there was nothing in it.

I've lain down to take my rest at last, having rented experi-
entally a month or two of house—preparatory to fastening down
ost and stake—but except as I used to come abroad, I come home
o more. For the present, I have a bit of garden, with espalier of
ine, gourd, peach, fig, and convolvulus—shade of pine and sycamore—
iew over valley of Bonneville to the Savoy mountains—and Mont
lanc summit—above me, like Malvern Hills, the rocky slopes of the
alève in front, a dingle and rich wood of Spanish chestnut and pine,
rewn with blocks of the tertiary glaciers, granite and gneiss, moss
vered. I am within six miles of Geneva (Poste Restante *there* the
st address); the air is so soft that I can sit out all day, and as pure
2000 feet above sea and fair ground (and no furnaces) can make it;

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[1] [M. Gaullieur, author of a history of Switzerland, used by Ruskin (see, *e.g.*,
ol. 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 NORTON[2]

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 ɔ copy some frescoes of Luini's. I suppose it will be the last drawing ork I shall ever try, for all my strength and heart is failing. You sked in one of your last letters how I had got into this state: do ot ask. Why should I, if there be any reason for it, afflict you too, r trouble your faith? Besides, I have no strength for writing. All ıy work has been done hurriedly and with emotion, and now the eaction has come. I found myself utterly prostrated by the effort ıade at Milan—so gave in on my way home, and have rented a house or a month on the slope of the Salève. I saunter about the rocks, nd gather a bit of thistledown or chickweed—break a crystal—read line or two of Horace or Xenophon—and try to feel that life is orth having—unsuccessfully enough. In short, I have no power of esting—and I can't work without bringing on giddiness, pains in the eeth, and at last, loss of all power of thought. The doctors all say rest, rest." I sometimes wish I could see Medusa.

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[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.]

And you can't help me. Ever so much love can't help me—only me can, and patience. You say "does it give you no pleasure to ave done people good?" No—for all seems just as little to me as I were dying (it is by no means certain I'm not) and the vastness the horror of this world's blindness and misery opens upon me— unto dying eyes the glimmering square[1] (and I don't hear the rds). . . .

As for your American war, I still say as I said at first,—If they ant to fight, they deserve to fight, and to suffer. It is entirely horble and abominable, but nothing else would do. Do you remember rs. Browning's curse on America?[2] I said at the time "she had no ısiness to curse any country but her own." But she, as it appeared terwards, was dying, and knew better than I against whom her ords were to be recorded. We have come in for a proper share suffering—but the strange thing is how many innocent suffer, hile the guiltiest—Derby and d'Israeli, and such like—are shooting ouse.

Well, as soon as I get at all better, if I do, I'll write you again. nd I love you always, and will. I am so glad you liked Rossetti's ınner[3] so much. Remember me affectionately to your mother and sters. Write to Denmark Hill. I stay among the hills all winter, ıt don't know where yet, so D. Hill is the only safe address.—Ever ur affectionate J. Ruskin.

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[1] [Tennyson: see above, p. 404.]

[2] ["Curse for a Nation" (a denunciation of American slavery), one of the eces in *Poems before Congress*, published in 1860.]

[3] [See above, pp. 329, 404.]

To Mrs. HEWITT[1]

GENEVA, 13*th 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, 15*th 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

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[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.]

se—but it forced me to be quite alone—I could not speak of any-
hing, because all things have their root in that, and when you or
ny of my friends used to speak to me as if I was what I had been,
worried me. And the solitude was terrible—and the discoveries and
arknesses terriblest—and all to be done alone.

But now the Bishop has spoken, there will be fair war directly, and
ne must take one's side, and I stand with the Bishop and am at ease,
nd a wonderful series of things is going to happen—more than any
f us know—but the *indecision* is over.

I am only here for three weeks. Then I go back to Savoy, where
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 over-
ork any more. I need not say, forgive—for I see you and Lady
aesmyth *have* forgiven and always will. Remember me affectionately
her and to Miss Ada—and accept the assurance of my grateful
ffection also. Please write me a line to say how you all enjoy
lorence.—Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

To C. H. SPURGEON [1]

DENMARK HILL, *25th Nov.*, 1862.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I want a chat with you. Is it possible to
t 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
ly for ten days,—being too much disgusted with your goings on—
urs as much as everybody else's—to be able to exist among you
y longer. But I want to say "Good-bye" before going to my den
the Alps.—Ever, with sincerest remembrances to Mrs. Spurgeon,
fectionately yours, J. RUSKIN.

To F. J. FURNIVALL [2]

LONDON, *December 5th*, 1862.

MY DEAR FURNIVALL,—I'm sick of "feelings," and know nothing
ore of them. Do you know that people are being roasted alive in
aly, and cut into morsels in America? What has anybody to do
ith "feelings"? Do you think I'm going to give all the strength

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[1] [From *C. H. Spurgeon's Autobiography, compiled from his Diary, Letters, and*
ecords, by his wife, and his private secretary, vol. iv., 1900, p. 94. For Ruskin's
nversations 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 Shorter[1] 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 critiques[2] 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 Norton[3]

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 lps; but I'm going to build myself a nest, high on the hills, where ley are green. Meantime, I've a little garden with a spring in it, id a grey rough granite wall, and a vine or two; and then a dingle bout three hundred feet deep, and a sweet chestnut and pine wood pposite; and then Mont du Reposoir, and Mont Blanc, and the guilles of Chamouni, which I can see from my pillow, against the iwn. And behind me, the slope of the Salève, up 2000 feet. I can t to the top and be among the gentians any day after my morning ading and before four o'clock dinner. Then I've quiet sunset on ie aiguilles, and a little dreaming by the fire, and so to sleep. Your orrid war troubles me sometimes—the roar of it seeming to clang in ie blue sky. You poor mad things—what will become of you?

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[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.]

Send me a line to say if you get this. After saying nothing so ng, 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, iich flickers on the walls of a little room about twelve feet square—mewhat stiff in finger, as you may see by the try of pen above—and limb, from a long walk in the frosty sunshine up and down along e piny banks of this river of mine, the Arve, now green and clear, ough in summer "drumly"[1] with glacier dust. The snowy mounins form an unbroken chain beyond the elevated plain, above which y own hill rises some five or six hundred feet up to my doorstep, d two thousand feet behind me. I got into my cottage yesterday, d am congratulating myself (somewhat sadly in an undertone) on ing out of the way of Everything. The month in London was misievous to me. I got "off" my quiet work, and now my books em a little dull to me, and the evenings long,—and yet life seems to ss in nothing but dressing and undressing—going to bed and getting again, a night older.

I saw Lady Ashburton in Paris for a few moments, and promised write to you, and did not—having no hope to give you, and think-g that you might as well be anxious as hopeless.

I then travelled on through the night, and came in the grey of wn to the roots of the Alps; while, I see by the papers, there re dreadful gales in England, and keen, but healthy north wind was 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.

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[1] [The word (which often occurs in Bishop Douglas's *Virgil*) is used again by iskin in *Fors Clavigera:* Vol. XXVIII. p. 758.]

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

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[1] [Carlyle's *Latter-day Pamphlets.*]

pretty places, though I eschew Camden Chapel: so I knelt on the
rf at the head of the Grande Gorge, and thanked God for bring-
g me back safe and well to it. I found only one gentian. I came
wn at a great pace, and was quite hot, feet and all, when I got
me. I found a sweet letter from Rosie waiting for me. I'm very
ad you were in when Mrs. Jones called, though not glad for the
use of your being in. She will do capitally with Lady Colquhoun.

I've warned Miss Bell very carefully already, and explained to her
e necessity and virtue of hypocrisy in her circumstances, and that
is quite proper to say she believes what she doesn't. I think I've
etty well lectured her out of any foolish honesty; but I can't help
ople's knowing she knows the Bishop.[1] Rosie's mightily vexed about
y heathenism, (her mother has let her see some bits of letters I
ver meant her to see)—and sends me a long little lock of hair, to
eady me somewhat if it may be; of sending which, nevertheless, she
on't take the grace—or responsibility—herself, but says, "Mama
t it off for you." "But for the sake of all truth, and Love, you
ust not give the one true Good—containing all others—God—up."
can set her little wits at rest on that matter at any rate, and tell
r 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
ve a happy New Year without me—but I may still wish you happy
mmer, and summer will soon come.

1863

[At the end of December 1862 Ruskin had returned to Mornex, and there, or
Annecy, he remained till the end of May 1863. His movements in England
ring the summer months are noted in Vol. XVII. p. lxxii. In September he
turned to the Alps, and had plans of making his home there altogether: see
me letters, etc., given in the same volume, pp. lxxii.-lxxvi. In November, how-
er, he came home, owing to his father's failing health.]

To Professor H. Story Maskelyne, F.R.S.[2]

Mornex, 1*st Jan.*, 1863.

Dear Maskelyne,—Many Happy New Years to you—and unwearied
es—and every possible felicity of cleavage to fortune. I believe these
ree wishes will be brought to you by the Bishop of Natal, who may

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[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 alk like this, and one to the Elephant and Castle and back,—or even, be quite fair, up to Norwood. The frost pinches so much harder ere, for one thing.

To HENRY ACLAND, M.D.

MORNEX, 18*th Jany.*, 1863.

MY DEAR ACLAND,—I forget if I answered the letter you sent me ying you were coming abroad. I got it too late to reply in time catch you before you left—to my great vexation, as I should have ked to have had you with me here a day or two.

In this mid-winter Savoy is still very beautiful. I have been alking far among the pine glades to-day, all dumb with snow and ft with frost cloud; and fringed with icicles. On clear days the eat Alpine views are marvellous.

If you have ever anything to say to me, a letter will reach me re in three days from Oxford. I was pleased to see that your other had written a kind letter to the Bishop of Natal. Wrong be , or right, the language of clergymen respecting him is in the last gree unwarrantable and unworthy.

What relation is Sir Peregrine Acland of yours? I have little wer of conceiving any wickedness greater than his treatment of ose Sussex drawings of Turner's, now Sir A. Hood's.[1] Killing men bad work; killing great men's work is worse. There may be an cuse 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 ectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Have you any news of O'Shea?[2]

To his FATHER

MORNEX, 18*th January*, 1863.

I quite agree in your estimate of Dickens. I know no writer voluminous and unceasingly entertaining, or with such a store of ghter—legitimate, open-hearted, good-natured laughter; not at things erely accidentally ridiculous or at mere indecency—as often even in olière and Le Sage, and constantly in Aristophanes and Smollett—

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[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 eve severe—as on Heep, Stiggins, Squeers, etc.—it is always true basenes and vice, never mere foibles, which he holds up for scorn. And a you most rightly say of his caricature, the fun is always equal to th extravagance.

His powers of description have never been enough esteemed. Th storm in which Steerforth is wrecked, in *Copperfield;*[1] the sunset befor Tigg is murdered by Jonas Chuzzlewit; and the French road fro Dijon in *Dombey and Son*, and numbers of other such bits, are quit 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 to-morrow, I shall send Crawley down to Geneva and register and despatc the first juniper bough[3]—you can get it framed by Williams fro Foord's; a white mount about 2 inches or 2½ inches wide, I think, wil be best—and light frame; and then when the second comes, if yo like it better, you can send this at once to Mrs. Newton. It is no as good, nor nearly as good as I can do, or I should not risk i by post.

The La Touches were at the private view; they say it was s crowded they could see hardly anything—but liked the leaves.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[4]

MORNEX, 10*th 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 b 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 r began, which would justify me in assuming that there was any ch noble phrensy in the matter; but as Lowell and you are in it, I obliged to own the nobility, and only wish I could put you both strait-waistcoats. The miserablest idiocy of the whole has been ur mixing up a fight for dominion (the most insolent and tyrannical, d the worst conducted, in all history) with a *soi-disant* fight for erty. If you want the slaves to be free, let their masters go free st, in God's name. If they don't like to be governed by you, let em govern themselves. *Then*, treating them as a stranger state, if u like to say, "You shall let that black fellow go, or"—etc., as a ave boy would fight another for a fag at Eton—do so; but you ow perfectly well no fight could be got up on those terms; and that is fight is partly for money, partly for vanity, partly (as those etched Irish whom you have inveigled into it show) for wild anarchy d the Devil's cause and crown, everywhere. As for your precious oclamation—

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[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.]

> "A gift of that which is not to be *given*
> By all the assembled powers of earth and heaven"—[1]

I had it here—there's a fine north wind blowing, and I would give to the first boy I met to fly it at his kite's tail. Not but that it y do mischief enough, as idle words have done and will do, to end time.

As for myself, I am a little better than when I wrote last. I know u would do me all the good you could, and give me all kinds of e sympathy; but it is all of no use just now. Only don't let me *e* you, but stay, for me to come and ask for affection again when it ll be good to me. I am lost just now in various wonder and sorrow, t to be talked of. I care mainly about my teeth and liver; if those uld keep right I could fight the rest of it all: but they don't. I resting, and mean to rest, drawing, chiefly, and sauntering and ambling. The only thing I shall keep doing—a sentence of, sometimes—only when I can't help it—is political economy. Look at the xt *Fraser's Magazine* (for March); there are, or I hope will be, some e little bits about slavery in it.[2] . . . There's no building begun yet: I'm trying the winter and spring climate first, and finding ou things by talking to the peasants. For this spring I'm well enoug off,—with a view from my bedroom window of all the valley of th Arve from the Salève to Bonneville, and all the St. Martin's mountain beyond. But I mean to settle nearer Annecy; this is not quite warn enough. . . .

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[1] [From Wordsworth's sonnet "On a Celebrated Event in Ancient History"— proclamation of the freedom and independence of Greece by T. Quintius minius in 197 B.C. Ruskin quotes from memory; Wordsworth in the last line ote "blended," not "assembled": compare Vol. XVIII. p. 539. The reference the letter is to President Lincoln's Proclamation of January 1, 1863, declaring 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 "bits about slavery," see Vol. XVII. pp. 246, 254.]

Affectionate regards to your mother and sisters.—Ever affectionatel yours,
J. Ruskin.

As soon as I've got a house, I'll ask you to send me somethin American—a slave, perhaps. I've a great notion of a black boy in 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, 12*th February*, 1863.

This afternoon at four o'clock I was lying all my length on th grass on the precise and exact summit of the Salève, in a calm o soft sunset like that of Florence or Naples; the summit, owing to th strong drift of wind over it in storms, is quite free of snow, and th 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 shado as not to hurt the eye, and so hard that they neither wet nor chil 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 bareheaded. The chain of Alps was ridiculously clear, the crags of th Reposoir looking (15 miles off) as if they were little rocks risin directly behind the Salève snow-fields; but the Jura were all bathe in purple mist, and the long sweeping side of the Salève itself; fa 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 fro Geneva. There were plenty holiday folks, if any would have bee good enough to bring it, for there was no wind to speak of to-da d a sun as of June, with only two or three degrees of frost, so at for people with health and animal spirits, it was just as good summer. I don't like the cold: feel it inhospitable and ill-natured; ill there were nooks in the rocks to-day where it was wonderfully e summer.

I find Allen will be useful to me in a way I did not expect. His rpenter's experience in "grain" of wood gives him a keen eye for ck texture, and I expect with his help to be able to clear up some ints in the structure of the Salève which are of great interest. I ve hardly any doubt the geologists have mistaken its fractures for s beds. They all state that it has vertical beds on its face. I lieve they are merely rents, of extraordinary evenness and symmetry.[1] have had a long day's scramble to most of the accessible parts of e highest cliff—"accessibility" depending more or less on the lines the fall of stones than on steepness; one might as well go under e Confederate batteries as beneath some of the shelves in frosty ather, when the sun strikes them—one has not only the stones to ok out for, but the icicles, which hang fifteen feet and twenty feet ng, and a foot thick where the snow meltings drip from the shelves. ey have a disagreeable resemblance to guttering of tallow candles, t their fragments below have a pretty, but warning glitter.

However, it has made me pleasantly sleepy after dinner—so I n'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 e 23rd—with various enclosures and expression of rejoicing in my omise to Mrs. La Touche.[2] I am very glad you are glad of it—it s not one I would have given for money, nor for Turners (which value much more than money), but it was the only thing I could for Mrs. La Touche, and she would do all she *could* for me. What- er my writing may be in future, it will not be careless—my care- s writing is that which you think has done so much good. What really is worth in the public mind, I think you may guess by the ice they set on my drawings.

I see you were a little hurt by Froude's speaking only of my mother—but I am very sure that this was only because he would no expect to find you at home in the forenoon. I think there is, howeve a curious sympathy between Froude and my mother. But as for you being a nonentity—you have cut me out with half my friends. Th Richmonds—Dr. Brown—Bayne—Gordon—the Pritchards—think twic as much of you as they do of me;—you have run me very hard wit Lady Trevelyan—might have done anything you liked with Mrs. Prinse —Mrs. Simon and Mrs. Hewitt are your most obedient—and I sha soon begin to be jealous of you with Georgie herself.[1] I don't kno what you would have! I will write to Froude he may come; if yo had more faith in him you would find yourself easier with him.

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[1] [For the result of Ruskin's inquiries, see his lecture "On the Forms of the atified Alps of Savoy," Vol. XXVI. pp. 3 *seq.*]

[2] [For this promise, see Vol. XXXIV. p. 662.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

Mornex, 10*th March,* 1863.

My dear-est Norton,—I shall give you the dissyllable hence forward; no one else has it but my father and mother, and my pe Rosie, to whom, because of the passage denying my saintship, I sha send your letter; she canonized me once, but mourns over my presen state of mind, which she has managed to find out somehow. I sha send her your letter that she may see that people can yet love m who won't give me any votive candles (not that she ever burnt man for me, or ever will), for she has been scolding me frightfully, an says, "How could one love you, if you were a Pagan?" She wa a marvellous little thing when she was younger, but—which has bee one of the things that have troubled me—there came on some ove excitement of the brain, causing occasional loss of consciousness, an now she often seems only half herself, as if partly dreaming. I'v not seen her for a year, nor shall probably, for many a year to com (if I've many to live, which is hardly likely). But I am a little bette 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 othe daily, for you. I shall like it; for the loneliness is very great, in th peace in which I am at present,[3] and the peace is only as if I ha buried myself in a tuft of grass on a battlefield wet with bloo r the cry of the earth about me is in my ears continually if I o not lay my head to the very ground. The folly and horror of umanity enlarge to my eyes daily. But I will not write you melan-ıoly letters. I will tell you of what I do and think that may give ou pleasure. I should do myself no good and you, sometimes, per-ıps harm, if I wrote what was in my heart, or out of it. The ırface thought and work I will tell you.

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[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 omitte No. 35 in *Norton;* vol. ii. pp. 138–142. A passage from the letter ("the lonel ness . . . eyes daily") had been previously printed (with the omission of a few word 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: se Bibliographical Appendix (Vol. XXXVII. p. 686).]

I wrote you a letter the other day—you either have it by this me and are very angry with me for once, or have it not, and are rgiving me for supposed neglect of your kind last letter.

This 10th of March, then, to begin diary: I had headache yester-ıy, and was late, late up this morning. Read a bit of the first eorgic at breakfast, and wondered what *laetum siliqua quassante leguen*[1] precisely meant. Had it been *pease blossom*, I should have accepted ıe *laetus;* or when I was a boy, and got the peas to shell, should have cepted it for myself, not for the pod. After that I wrote about n words of notes for a lecture I have promised to give this season London on the stratified mountains of Savoy.[2]

Then I drew the profile of the blossom of the purple nettle, and ied to colour it, and couldn't, and tried to find out why it was ılled *Lamium*[3] and couldn't.

Then I walked up and down the room watching the pines shake fierce March wind, which I was afraid of bringing on headache gain if I went out in.

Then I got your letter, and was pleased. Then I dined at half-ıst two, and read some of the papers.

Then I went to my other house (for I've two houses),[4] which looks the valley of the Arve, and drew some of a careful drawing I'm aking of it[5]—very slowly and feebly.

Then I came back here and swung logs of wood about, to warm yself, and wondered why we had a wretched four-legged body to ıke care of, with a nasty spine all down the back of it and a sternum front. Then I had tea, and thought what I should, and what I ıouldn'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 ll put down anything that interests me.

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[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 arned that the name was from λαιμός, *the throat*, in allusion to the ringent rolla."—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.—Eve 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,—bu it is essentially within one, and being within, *seems* to fasten on littl things. When I have been unhappy, I have heard an opera fro end to end, and it seemed the shrieking of winds; when I am happ a sparrow's chirp is delicious to me. But it is not the chirp tha makes me happy, but I that make *it* sweet.

To Mr. *and* Mrs. Burne-Jones [1]

[Geneva, *March* 24, 1863.]

My dearest Children,—It's all very fine, but I'm sure there neve was a good papa who ever had such naughty children before. Fanc taking his nice theories and etymologies and granite stones out of hi mouth; and insisting on the absurd colour of "green"—just on purpos to put him in mind of the stone which he thought was green in th arch at Milan and which was only rubbed over with nasty paint, lik 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 beautifu prolonged *e*—Dame Paciencë! (Pazienza). Is the "hill of sonde hourglass sand? It is the finest bit I've found yet, in all Chaucer. I am on the whole rather better pleased at the idea of Italy nex year than this: for I could only have stayed with you a week or te days altogether this year—but next, I could go on to Florence and w would have *such* games, up at Fésole and in the sweet conven gardens, and wouldn't we draw! So if Ned goes on well, we'll pla it so, shall we? I've lost a whole month here with unexpected ba weather, cold wind, in which I am fit for nothing, and this ha narrowed my time for exploring some rock beds, which I've to lectur about, so that I'm well pleased to stay here, for *myself.* I am s rry to hear of Georgie's anxiety and sorrow. It may be that a ttle run here in the late spring, without going further, would be ood for both of you. Consider of that.

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[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 Paciencë sitting there I fonde,
> With facë pale, upon an hill of sonde"—

were presently used by Ruskin in *The Cestus of Aglaia,* § 30 (Vol. XIX. p. 82).]

As for the tapestry,[1] I think Jason will be delightful. I would ther, too, have something Greek, and personification is always a little resome and dead.

The Valentine's Day with shutter opening must be a million of mes better than with window.[2] I'm pleased more than you are that y father likes Rosamund.[3]

I was a little better—the spring flowers are coming out at last, d 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 ou so much better for not answering directly—because I used to be uite frightened at you for being so formal with me, and so ashamed f my own unpunctuality. But I'm frightened now about what you y of your eyes; you know it will never do to overwork *them*, hatever else one overworks. Pray rest for two or three months om Calendars—read nothing but large print. Now about Lorenzi's ocuments.[4] What quantity of them (in bulk, I mean) will be producible, and what funds are needed for furtherance of plan, or publition of results? I will not let such a plan, in such hands, come abortive close, if it falls within any manageable limits: *and if the ocuments bring out any results contrary to my anticipations, I should ll the more wish to have some share in the good work of their recovery.* et me know, therefore, what Lorenzi's materials and plans are. There , of course, no question about publication, except that of the simple bsolute loss, in such a case as this; it is simply building one's own lf such monument to the place as is possible. Please give my best regards to Lorenzi and say I am most happy to hear how he i employed, and shall think myself still happier if I can help him.

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[1] [Which Burne-Jones was to design for the girls at Winnington to make: see ol. XVII. p. lxxiv.]

[2] [Mrs. Burne-Jones in an earlier letter to Ruskin had written: "Ned has begun smaller water-colour of Love flinging open a lady's window in the early morning n 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," nd was greatly delighted when he found that the drawing was much liked by his on. See the Introduction; above, p. liii.]

[4] [The documents were ultimately published in 1868 under the title *Monumenti er servire alla storia del Palazzo Ducale di Venezia ovvero serie di alti Pubblici dal 253 al 1797*, by Giambattista Lorenzi (of the Library of St. Mark). Ruskin proided funds for the publication, and the work was dedicated to him. Compare ol. 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."]

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, coul the plan be brought into any manageable form?

I wonder what would be the cost of a little bachelor's den, fo a permanency of cupboard to put things away in, with a marbl balcony to the window, somewhere on the Grand Canal or by th 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 hillsides, 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 ock and pine to make it all grave and deep—as well as intense in weetness—all this would be nice, if one were in a good humour, nd is helpful when one isn't. But it gets windy in the middle of the ay, and then I lose my temper, and don't recover it till after next orning. Though the evenings are well enough too. The cuckoo is lways in five or six places at once—and the air is quiet again—upiter in the south, Venus in the west, shine like pieces of the moon, righter for being broken off: the moon holds her old self in her rms, as one recollects one's old round life when only a quarter of it left—the rest ghostly—the Tournette of Annecy glows like a censer, ith "strange fire"[1]—the light seeming within her rocks, and warm—nd the singing of the birds runs in rivulets down the glades and akes song-falls over the rocks and through the budding thickets. ut it is all always going away—fading and one has to go to bed, nd try to die for eight hours; and if one doesn't die, one has to be alf dead all the next day—which seems to me a very sorrowful rrangement. If one could put one's self out, like the candle, and light ne's self with a match, when one wanted one's self to see by—and ever run into gutters, nor burn at both ends—what a nice world it ight be.

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[1] [A piece quoted by Ruskin in Vol. XVIII. p. 296, Vol. XXIX. p. 269, Vol. XXXIV. p. 349.]

To his Father

Saturday, 2nd *May*, 1863.

I have to-day your interesting letter about Brett.[2] I am much bliged by what you have done for him : nor do I think it will be seless. I've written to him repeating what I told him three years go—that painting large studies by way of pictures was simply idiculous—that he must make small ones first, saleable, and learn to hoose subjects. The little Florence will, I think, be very pleasant to e—it is sure to be "preciously" like.

I hope you have got some of your Hunts and Prouts. I was half clined to say, "Buy more Prouts, if you can get any that you like—r I like all."

I am also much inclined to say—buy the Palestrina. You may ave 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. t is *not* a composition [3]—it is Virgil's Præneste—insisting on the stream descending from the hills (the bridge evidently being a careful study on the spot), because of the following lines:—

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[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—Composition." The picture was sold in 1863 for £1995. It was then in Mr. icknell's collection, and had presumably been offered privately to Ruskin. In 881 it fetched £3150.]

> "Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arva Gabinæ
> Junonis gelidumque Anienem et roscida rivis
> Hernica saxa colunt" (*Æneid*, 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, 4*th 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 oblentz[1] are drawings as high in quality. In old time I should have s soon thought of any catastrophe as of letting this Lucerne escape, ut now I have been long forced to make up my mind to many hings, once unimagined. But I consider no price too high for that rawing—if people have the money to spare. The *mad* prices are only hose given for the late small vignettes, every one of which was orced, false, and bad, quite disgraceful to Turner. My yesterday's etter very nearly and curiously corresponds with yours of to-day. try now to fix my mind on other objects; but I am sadly like lnaschar[2]—only more foolish—in that he destroyed his present power n dreaming of what might be, and I, too often, in regretting what might have been. But nothing has more contributed to alter all my iews of religion than the somewhat bitter experience that what I did nselfishly and generously, when I was young, brings me nothing but unishment and vexation, and that only what was prudent and selfish rewarded. I did little that was selfish—less that was wise—and ther people seem to get the good of all I do. I meant them to do o, in fairness, but never meant or expected that after taking all the ouse with poor Turner while he lived, I should have all his work natched over my head when he died.

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[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.]

As I say, I try to think of other things, but botany is after all mere catalogue of forms: and I am a little too old for geology. can't walk strongly enough. I like my classics and economy best, I could keep at them, but they tire me sometimes, and the hankerng for old Turner thoughts and plans comes over me. I was thinking f the brook that sang to-day under the apple blossoms—as Byron f 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 f these feelings may pass. They torment me most when I am unsettled by anything—as just now by the continual hanging on and ff of this new house plan; and by the lecture, which requires me o go over more ground than I expected in geological reading. They ave found out so much in these last years.

P.S.—I am most thankful to see your complaint lessening. I hope o send a more cheerful letter for your birthday.

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[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-Feshshár in Lane's dition, vol. i. p. 359).]

[3] [*Childe Harold*, canto iii. 50 ("Even now," etc.).]

To his FATHER

MORNEX, 14*th May,* 1863.

I have your kind letter with the photographs, which delight me: not but that I had rather have Northcote's picture[1]—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 counsel[2] 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 ho won't come up but on horseback). It is about 5000 feet above he sea; which is just the height at which I now find myself most heerful and able for work, rather more than 1000 feet lower than he Montanvert. I am surprised to find how much the thinking of ; and planning it relieves the nervous state of the brain. I have been aining greatly these last two or three days—the air being soft and ne, and I am able always to be out in it.

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[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 Mucklestane Moor in chap. ii. of the novel.]

To his FATHER

MORNEX, *26th May,* 1863.

I find your two pleasant letters on my return from Chamouni, which ran up to on learning from Couttet that the piece of ground hich Mr. Eisenkraemer[1] offered me was the very piece I always was o fond of, with the two châlets under the Aiguille Blaitière. I ent straight up—saw Eisenkraemer, thought it over in a walk up nd down the Montanvert, and bought the ground for £720 (18,000 rancs). It has, as far as I remember, the richest pasturage of all Iont Blanc side (for from 15 to 20 cows); and entirely splendid rock nd wood, the space of ground being altogether about 100 times as large s the village of Chamouni. It is unmeasured; but bounded by communal ground with very accurate limits. Couttet is to get a rough stimate of the space, but they never think of measuring surface—the ocks making it so irregular, both in form and value. The principal mooth bit of it is that on right hand in the finished grey sketch f Chamouni in your room: my limit on that side is the torrent, and have all the three châlets. I mean to have the Brezon as well; ut the negotiations for that cannot be concluded in less than three nonths. This Chamouni bit gives me something to fasten on and hink of at once.

To FREDERIC LEIGHTON[2]

[DENMARK HILL, *June,* 1863.]

MY DEAR LEIGHTON,—I've only just had time to look in, yesterday, t R. Ac., and your pictures are the only ones that interest me in it; nd the two pretty ones, peacocks and basket, interest me much.

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[1] [See above, p. 118.]

[2] [From the *Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton,* vol. ii. p. 120. The ictures referred to were No. 382 (“Jezebel and Ahab having caused Naboth to e put to death, go down to take possession of his vineyard; they are met at the ntrance 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 Leighton[1]

[Denmark Hill, *June*, 1863.]

My dear Leighton,—The public voice respecting the lecture you are calumniously charged[2] 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 Turner[3]—which, being principals stead of accessories, I hope you will permit to be well done, though ey're not as pretty as peacocks.

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[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.]

I have been watching the "Romola" plates with interest.[1] The ne of the mad old man with dagger seemed to me a marvellous study f 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 r Browning.—Ever faithfully yours, J. Ruskin.

I'm always wickeder in the morning than at night, because I'm esh; so I'll try, this morning, to relieve your mind about the peaocks. To my sorrow, I know more of peacocks than girls, as you now more of girls than peacocks—and I assure you solemnly the wls are quite as unsatisfactory to me as the girl can possibly be to ou; so unsatisfactory, that if I could have painted them as well you could, and *had* painted them as ill, I should have painted hem out.

To Frederic Leighton[2]

[Denmark Hill] *Monday.*

Dear Leighton,—I saw Browning last night; and he said he ouldn't come till Thursday week: but do you think it would put ou quite off your work if you came out here early on Friday and I rove you into Kensington as soon as you liked? We have enough o say and look at, surely, for two mornings—one by ourselves?

I want, seriously, for one thing to quit you of one impression especting me. You are quite right—"ten times right"—in saying never focus criticism. Was there ever criticism worth adjustment? he light is so ugly, it deserves no lens, and I never use one. But ou never, on the other hand, have observed sufficiently that in such ough focussing as I give it, I measure faults not by their greatness, ut their avoidableness. A man's great faults are natural to him—nevitable; if *very* great—undemonstrable, deep in the innermost of hings. I never or rarely speak of them. They must be forgiven, or he picture left. But a common fault in perspective is not to be so assed by. You may not tell your friend, but with deepest reserve, our thoughts of the conduct of his life, but you tell him, if he has n ugly coat, to change his tailor, without fear of his answering that 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,

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[1] [For each instalment of *Romola* as it ran through the pages of the *Cornhill agazine,* Leighton supplied illustrations. The "old man with dagger" (Baldasare), illustrating ch. liii., was frontispiece in the *Cornhill* for May 1863. See vol. ii. . 220 of the illustrated ed. of 1880.]

[2] [From the *Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton*, vol. ii. pp. 121–122.]

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.

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[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 ll me your movements.—Ever affectionately and gratefully yours and rs. Acland's,
J. Ruskin.

I will send the sketches before the 16th—I have been suddenly cupied on coming home by this lecture and by R. Academy evidence [1] -this last is of importance, as you will see.

To William Michael Rossetti [2]

Denmark Hill, 15 *June*, 1863.

Dear Rossetti,—The book is delightful, and thank you much for nding 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 disgusts that I'm better out of his way: still, I'm going to get to it.—Always yours truly,
J. Ruskin.

To George Richmond, A.R.A.

16*th June* [1863].

Dear Richmond,—I can't tell you how much I liked Willy's picture.[3] only saw it yesterday, or should have written before. It is very onderful and beautiful—the prettiest thing to me in the room (except tle head which takes my fancy more by chance than anything else— The First Sitting"—in corner of large room). Your Lord Shaftesb. a grand drawing—ugly subject. I hope Willy's all right again. e's going ahead too fast. Love to all the children.—Ever affection-ely yours,
J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton [4]

[Denmark Hill] 29*th July*, '63.

Dear Norton,—I answer your kind note instantly—to-day. I *ould* have rejoiced with you, if I could have rejoiced in anything, 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.

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[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 ok of uncoloured Japanese landscapes, of a direct naturalistic treatment, which had recently bought, and had produced for Ruskin's inspection. He is more mplimentary here to Japanese art than he has been in some other utterances." e *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 e 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 well . . . helpless," and "It is not theology . . . truth") had previously been inted by Professor Norton in his Introduction (p. x.) to the American "Brantwood" ition of *Ethics of the Dust*, 1891.]

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 "Rus*ken*" (not "kin") which has six spear's heads, silver on sable—with the chevron. This, as we have no genealogy, my father put three osses on, that he might purchase the right to use it. I chose—or ade—the motto only lately, and had it cut as you see on a solid iece of rock chalcedony, drooping in stalactites from the lava of eland—the kind of thing which I am getting to be myself—flint ut of hot rock. It is about a pound in weight, and the little seal an irregular circle, being cut on the end of a stalactite.

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[1] [As promised above; see pp. 436-7.]
[2] [See *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. (Vol. V. p. 382).]

You won't be able to read a word on this thin paper. The motto eans—as you say—a great many things. *You* may read it—"To-day 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 anyody else. But practically, and especially, to help me to cure myself little of procrastination, if it may be.

Well, perhaps to-morrow, or the day after, I may really look ter Sir John's *Liber Studiorum* at last.

This enclosed abstract may perhaps amuse you a little on the gzag of Lake Lucerne.—With sincere and affectionate regards to r John and Miss Ada, yours ever gratefully, J. Ruskin.

To his Father

Cornhill, *Wednesday Evening*, 19*th* [*August*].

I have all your nice letters with picture cleaning, Bayne, Solomon, c. I hope to post this at Thirsk to-morrow, so you will know when u get it I am so far south again. I have had a long, pleasant, ough melancholy walk by Tweedside this afternoon—it is so intensely e the Tay, it makes me feel as if all the air were full of ghosts. he Eildon Hills came out against the sunset. I stopped to outline em with some bits of the Tweed bank, and a small house opposite hich came prettily among the trees; just as I was drawing the roof d chimneys, it came tumbling into my head that it must be Ashestiel, t I forget where Ashestiel was; and nobody here knows that Sir alter ever lived anywhere but at "Abbotsford House." So I must it to find out. I drove over to Ford about eleven o'clock. Lady (aterford) is living in a little flowery cottage all clematis and ranium, under the hill on which she is rebuilding her castle—or at ast its turrets. It is an ugly castle enough, but wonderfully beautiful position—looking over Flodden Field, which, with "King James's ountain throne,"[2] is part of the estate. She has been planting part 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]

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[1] [Psalms xcv. 7; Hebrews iii. 13.]

[2] [". . . From his mountain throne
King James did rushing come."—*Marmion*, vi. 25.]

To his Father

Winnington, 30*th 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 "anti-respectability" looks interesting—but I have not read it.

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[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 od housewifery of the Queen at Balmoral; perhaps one of the nicest eing that, some time ago, one of the little princesses having in too ugh play torn the frock of one of her companions (a private gentle-an's daughter), the Queen did not present the young lady with a new ock, but made the princess darn the torn one. I would not at first elieve that the princesses had learned to "darn"; but Miss Bell was le at once to refer me to a notice of one of their exclamations at e great Exhibition about the sewing-machine, which showed—being n expression of an earnest wish to have one, "for it would save so uch trouble"—that they had real experience of what sewing meant. hear a good deal also about the Princess Alice's husband—or rather is family, his only sister being the chief friend and constant corre-ondent of one of my old favourites among the children here—a mple country clergyman's daughter (Miss Bramwell). The English mily were staying accidentally at Darmstadt or some such place—the oung princess wanted an English girl-friend—and they have been fast iends ever since. The English girl was well worthy of her choice—eing now one of the hardest working and most useful young women mong the manufacturing poor) in all the country. There are many ood girls here now, but I think none quite like her.

To his FATHER

CHAMOUNI, 14*th* [*Sept.* 1863].

The first thing after breakfast this morning I sent for the notary nd Couttet to take counsel with, and we have got the act drawn p in form; it is very simple and unmistakable. Couttet has been quiring while I was in England into the titles of the property, and nds them all right. There is a Government duty on purchases of nd which is either 6 or 6½ per cent., which will add £50 nearly to he price. But, on the other hand, being proprietor in the Valley ives me the right to a share of all the common pasture and wood, hich is much more than £50 worth. You had better now send me credit to Geneva for £1000—the odd £200 I shall want for travel-ing, for Allen, etc. . . . Gordon likes the look of this place very much —nobody seems to approve of the Brezon — it suits me, however, erhaps all the more. The only thing that grieves me is when these ld mountain feelings pass from me. It is a cloudless day, and at this oment—25 minutes past ten—a little black cluster of five people are ust 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 Jeffrey[3] 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.

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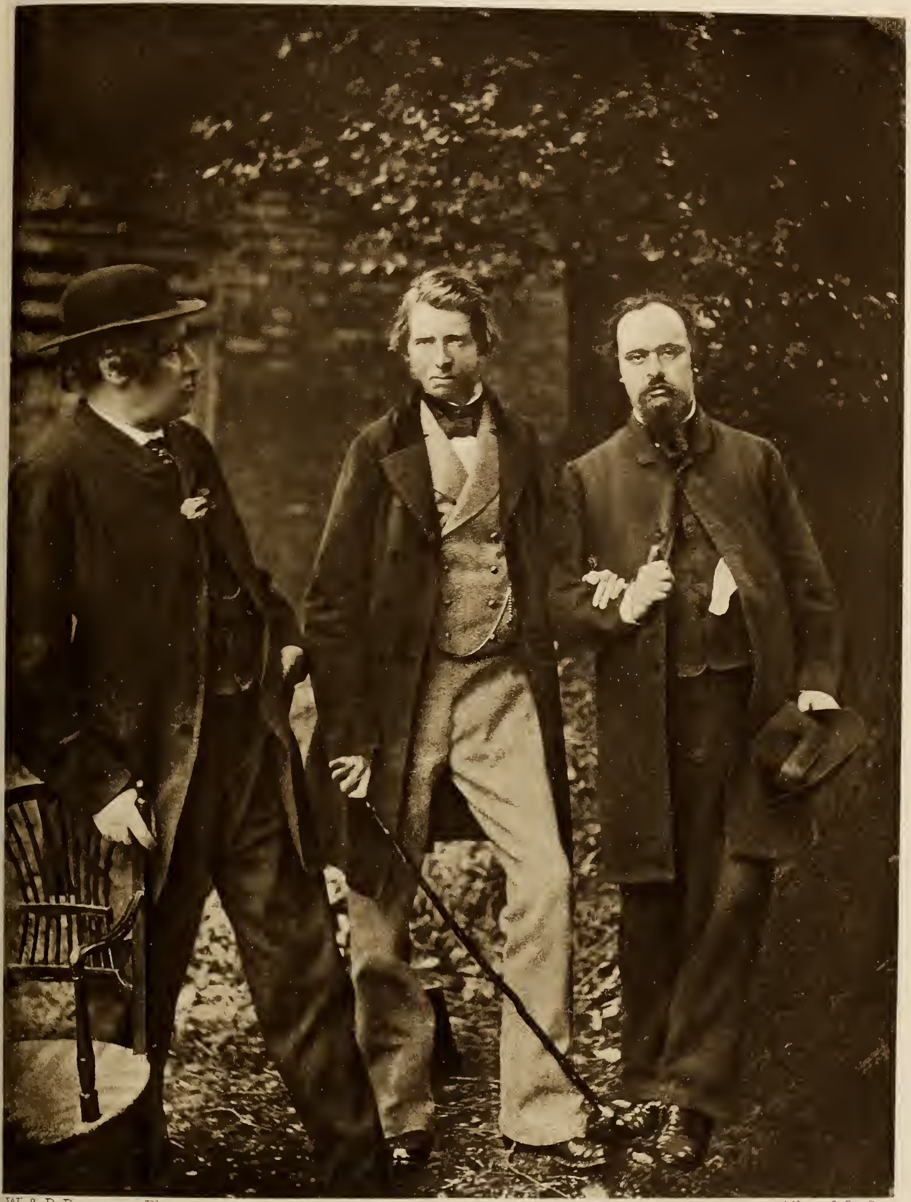
[1] [Plate XVIII.; a photograph by Messrs. Downey of Rossetti, Ruskin, and William Bell Scott, taken in Rossetti's garden at Chelsea. For Scott's frescoes at Wallington, and a less favourable account of them, see Vol. XIV. pp. 491–493.]

[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.

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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 receiving it yesterday walked down to Judith's—a wet afternoon rtially clearing. Found her washing and making *sérac*[1] out of butter-lk, and not at all well. I blew her fire up for her, and took my st lesson in sérac-making—if I don't ultimately mend their sérac-nners, call me any names you like—nasty sour stuff she put into enough to poison the Arve.

Well, she isn't well, and I made an appointment for her to come re after mass to-day, and John shall have the "Prognostics" to-orrow.

I'm a little better than I was, and going on with mineralogy and ch like. Ned Jones has teazed me out of my Brezon plan,[2] and I n't know what's to happen to me next—I've put myself pretty arly into his hands to do what he likes with me; I may as well do at as "lean unto my own understanding."[3] Did John tell you of e delightful Eastern poem I've got, of eleventh century? Here's ch 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]

wish the old Persian could see how much better I write for love him.

At all events, I'm coming back to London before the last day November, as far as I know my destiny at present.

Tell John *this* is going to be a German bath next year, so he eedn't send me anywhere else. The streams have been playing lliards over the valley meadows to purpose, and have left too many their white balls about to look pretty—they can't complain of mans after that.

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[1] [A cheese made in the Alps, which splits into rectangular pieces; hence plied to the towers of a glacier ice-fall.]

[2] [See above, pp. 442, 444, 453, and Vol. XVII. p. lxxviii. A letter from urne-Jones dissuading Ruskin from taking up his abode on the top of the Brezon 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 hayyám.* 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 NORTON [1]

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, 13*th Nov.*, 1863.

MY DEAR MISS HEATON,—I wish this week chiefly to ask you to give me immediate authority to take the Dante's vision[3] away from Rossetti—he may any day take a fancy to rub it half out; and he is

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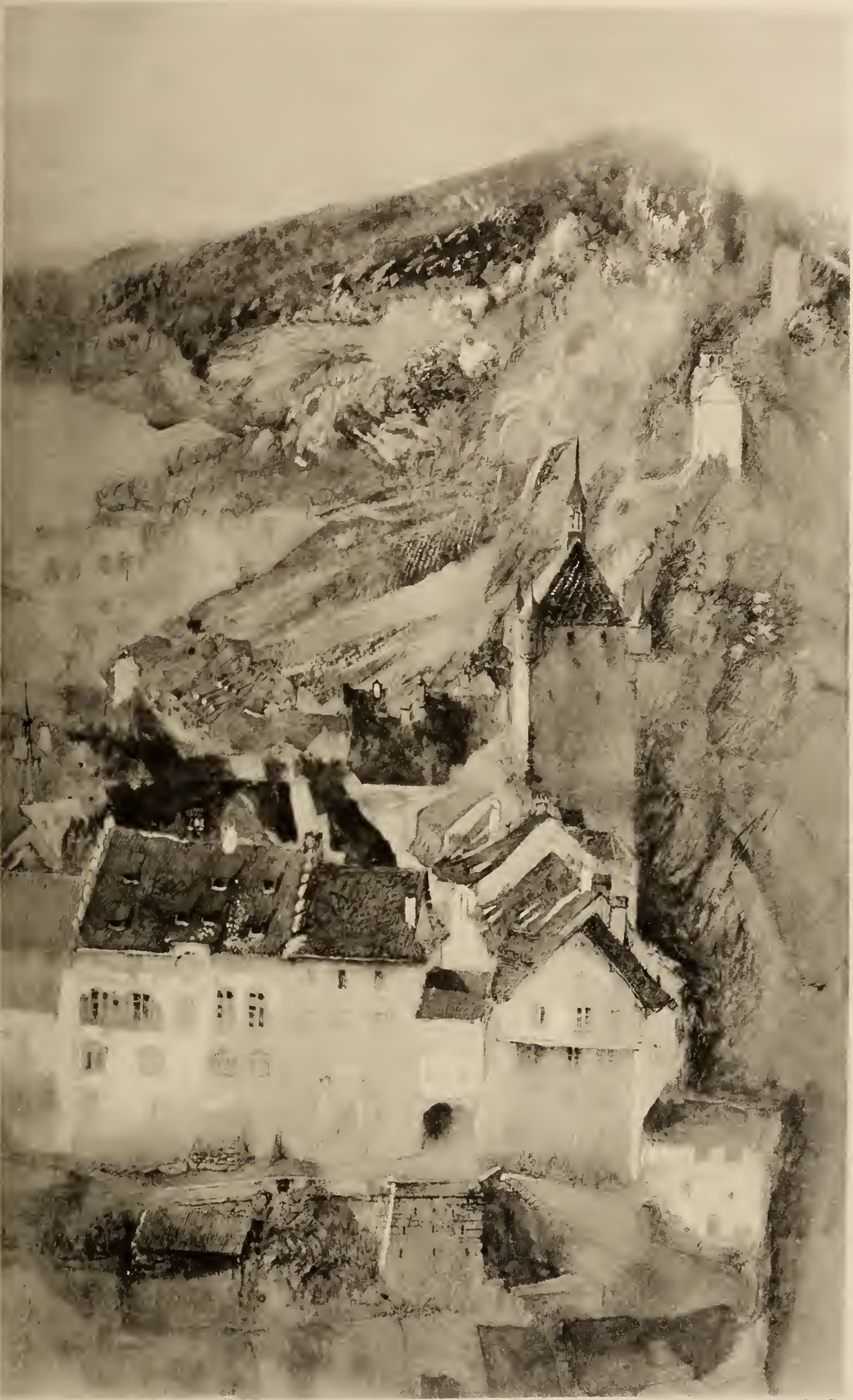
[1] [No. 37 in *Norton;* vol. i. pp. 144–145. Part of the letter ("I'm trying . . . a little better") had previously been printed by Professor Norton in his Introduction (pp. x.–xi.) to the American "Brantwood" edition of *Ethics of the Dust*, 1891.]

[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. Sc

Baden, Switzerland

1863.

a state of transitional and enfeebled powers just now, in which ery touch would be destructive. Never let the drawing get near s house again—I will send it wherever you like—but don't leave it ere. Never mind about the Caius Cestius[1]—don't leave your walls sconsolate; I've plenty. I shall probably be in town the whole of e winter after the middle of December. I may be over in France ain for a day or two, and shall be at Winnington a few days before en, but then shall be settled. The better way to manage about e Dante will be to write immediately to Rossetti, making him pro- ise not to touch it, and to tell him to let me have it if I ask for I will ask in a few days, and when you get it back, don't send about any more, to *any* one. It should never be moved, or some- dy will always be asking for it.

I knew perfectly that you did not doubt my being useful at innington. What I thought you did *not* see was that they were eful to *me*—which poor little, good Constance can't be at present, t I am very glad to know about her.

You seem mightily scandalised about Sidonia—I have never read e book.[2] Edward told me only she was a witch. I never told him e drawings were for a young lady, or he would have told me more out it—as it was, I saw no more harm in it than in his drawings Medea and Circe, or any other of his pet witches and mine. I'm voted to Circe, for instance; and he's making me a drawing of her isoning the meat and going all round the table like a cat—it will lovely.

I was glad to hear of the Manchester Courts.[3] I shall not be in eds or anywhere else north this year, but still hope to see you in ndon.—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 ar what you and my other friends say of the photograph. I don't ink it like me—on the evil side it is as scandalous as both the

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[1] [Probably Turner's drawing of "Rome from Monte Testaccio" (with the ramid 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 spired two small water-colours by Edward Burne-Jones, "Sidonia von Bork" and lara von Bork."]

[3] [For another reference to the Manchester Law Courts, see Vol. XVIII. 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 arlyle a little some day. If you do not send it, perhaps this torn off ight go?

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[1] [A few words of this letter have been printed in Vol. XVII. p. lxix.; 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 foeman not unworthy of his steel—we shall joyfully give place to these right noble warriors."]

"*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 hom and me I now feel so infinite a distance—and they are so eautiful and so good, and I am not good, considering the advantages ve had, by any means. The weary longing to begin life over again, nd the sense of fate for ever forbidding it, here or hereafter, is rrible. I daresay I shall get over it in a day or two, but I was ut in the playground with them this afternoon, and the sun was on e grass, and on them, and the sense of loveliness in life, and of verbrooding death, like winter, was too strong. If it were not that ey are very happy to have me, and that I can do them good, I ould 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 at I've merely made one of the children copy it that you might see , 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 oughts of that house in Switzerland now, though my doing so dicates a certain hopelessness and abandonment of all old thoughts 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?

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[1] [In this edition, Vol. XVIII. p. 547.]

[2] [Where Ruskin had been staying (in a "mopy" condition, as he wrote) after visit to Lord Somers at Eastnor Castle.

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 Touche[1] 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 ot the will to work, but that the work exhausts us after the disress. I stopped at this Bishop's Castle to draw, and if I could ave drawn well, should have been amused, but the vital energy fails fter an hour or two) which used to last one all day, and then for e rest of the day one is apt to think of dying, and of the "days hat are no more." It is vain to fight against this—a man may as ell fight with a prison wall. The remedy is only in time, and radual work with proper rest. Life properly understood and regulated ould never be subject to trials of the kind. Men ought to be verely disciplined and exercised in the sternest way in daily life— hey should learn to lie on stone beds and eat black soup, but they hould never have their hearts broken—a noble heart, once broken, ever mends—the best you can do is to rivet it with iron and plaster e cracks over—the blood never flows rightly again. The two terrific istakes which Mama and you involuntarily fell into were the exact everse *in both* ways—you fed me effeminately and luxuriously to hat extent that I actually now could not travel in rough countries ithout taking a cook with me!—but you thwarted me in all the arnest fire of passion and life. About Turner you indeed never knew ow 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 ourage and knowledge enough to insist on having my own way esolutely, you would now have had me in happy health, loving you wice as much (for, depend upon it, love taking much of its own ay, a fair share, is in generous people all the brighter for it), and ull of energy for the future—and of power of self-denial: now, my ower of *duty* has been exhausted in vain, and I am forced for life's ake to indulge myself in all sorts of selfish ways, just when a man ught to be knit for the duties of middle life by the good success f his youthful life. No life ought to have *phantoms* to lay.

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[1] [See above, p. 435.]

[2] [The verses headed "Awake! awake!" in Vol. II. p. 245. See also Vol. XXXV. p. 641.]

Yes, I shall be home (*D.V.*) on Saturday, and will go to the Cowpers n Monday. I am much better in general tone of mind, for all this— ut what I might have been!—you are happy in not being able to ancy. I hope you are right about my general health, but am more ervous than ever I was before about physical symptoms. I shall njoy my mineralogy, etc., but I don't know how to get exercise. The house is empty now—comparatively—only fourteen children in t; we had such a game of hide-and-seek yesterday in the attics and mpty rooms. I was as hot at last as if I had been up and down he Montanvert, and it did me good. I must have wood to saw or omething to work at daily.

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[1] [Tennyson: *The Princess.*]

To MRS. WILLIAM COWPER[1]

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] 1*st 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 etter—and I send you the chiaroscuro I did (crumpled up) to go on ith; but I don't think you will be able to finish without being ear me.

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[1] [Afterwards Lady Mount-Temple: see the Introduction, above, p. xcviii.]

Probably I shall just come about June for a little ramble about ixt to Meillerie and then pack you all up, and bring you home gain, unless you really like to fight it out with the climate, where ere is less bise.

Meantime I wish you all health and happiness. I am to be at enmark Hill for two months yet, and shall be perhaps able to swer a letter or two or get things for you. Kind regards to Hannah d the children.—Yours affectionately, J. Ruskin.

To W. Smith Williams[1]

15th Jan. '64.

Dear Mr. Williams,—I am so ashamed at not having thanked u before for the Doyle book. I wanted to look at it carefully. It full of power, but entirely wrong in feeling. A form of satire hich will do no good, but there is wonderful work in it, and I am ad to have it. I liked the *Manners and Customs* far better, how-er; *that* I have had a long while as a classical work. I wish you l sorts of happiness for this and all coming years. . . . My kindest gards to Mr. Smith.—Always affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To a Correspondent[2]

1864.

Well, it is nice of you to answer so. It is always so provoking d shamefaced a business with me, when I take up my own early lumes myself, that I can't endure my friends liking them.

I want you to be interested in my present work and discoveries. ow what a curious one that is about the names of Shakespeare in y last paper in *Fraser;*[3] it's worth a dozen of my old chapters. till the boy's freshness is good, I admit that,—only I want you, as grow older, to sympathise with me as I grow old. I can't say any ore to-day.—Always most truly yours, J. Ruskin.

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[1] [The "Doyle book" is *Birds' Eye Views of Society, drawn by Richard Doyle, graved by the Brothers Dalziel,* 1864. The earlier one was *Manners and Customs ye Englyshe drawn from ye Quick by Richard Doyle,* 1849. For Mr. W. Smith illiams (literary adviser to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.), see Vol. VIII. p. 275 *n.* d General Index. It was he who suggested the volume of *Selections* from uskin, 1861 (see Vol. XVII. p. li.). There is a notice of him at vol. i. p. xix. 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,* pril 1863 (Vol. XVII. p. 257 *n.*).]

To Captain Brackenbury[1]

Denmark Hill, 19*th 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

24*th 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 Brown[3]

[*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 d can never see, and many who care for me and cannot see me . . .[1] nd this is only part of the way of fate in this wonderful wilder-ss of a world, which the happy people say is all happy, and the od people say is all right, and then they go and make it more iserable for others, and more wrong for others, and say they are rving God.

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[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.]

Yes, I like that Lily. It has chanced that I read just her and more, for novels make me too sad. I try to keep to stones, but e road is thirsty and dusty sometimes. I'll tell you a good novel th the absurdest faults and failings, *David Elginbrod*.[2] Read about arry's education at end of first volume. . . . You say you have "no ture in this world." Why should you? What does that matter if u love Christ and expect to see all you love with Him? *I* have no ture in ANY world.

And now I'm going to see about some cracks in a vein of carbonate lime, which I daresay I shall be soaked into some day myself, (if ere are any phosphates in it,) for it runs near my place that I'm ing to die at. And so I can't write any more to-day. They're ch pretty cracks you can't think. Just like people's veins with ne blood in them, quite as human as a great deal of human arts' blood.

To JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

[? *February*, 1864.]

MY DEAR FROUDE,—I am very glad to have the lecture.[3] It is y nice, but it seems to me a great talk, and wise one, about what vertheless could have been settled in two sentences. There is no v of history any more than of a kaleidoscope. With certain bits of ıss—shaken so, and so—you will get pretty figures, but what figures, ıven only knows. Add definite attractions and repulsions to the gles of the tube—your figures will have such and such modifications. ıt the history of the world will be for ever new.

The wards of a Chubb's lock are infinite in their chances. Is the y 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.

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[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 titution, February 5, 1864. For Ruskin's friendship with Froude, see the roduction; above, p. xcvii.]

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 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 Hunt[3]

Denmark Hill, 10*th 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 ould recognize his unrivalled powers in art—and one of my chief appinesses that I could sometimes hope he took pleasure in my sympathy and admiration.

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[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.]

Denmark Hill, 14*th Feb.*, 1864.

I have your kind letter, and I entreat you not to think that ecause I cannot come to you to-morrow I am wanting in respect or egard for your father. I am naturally of sad disposition, and I simply *nnot* go to funerals—I was not at *Turner's*. I differ from every one early in my dealings with the living and dead. Most people thwart, align, distress and dishonour the living—and then build fine tombs r the dead. *I* try to honour the living as best I may.[1] Once lost it 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 een able to inquire for you. I am kept from getting to town by e great kindness of Mr. Munro—who comes out here to make a udy of my unmanageable face—and I can't put more difficulties in s way than the thing itself does. I am sure he will be glad when has done.

Would you be at home on Saturday evening if I were to come tea?

I can't answer your sad letter. I have no words of comfort in me st now—for anything—but believe me faithfully and affectionately urs,

J. Ruskin.

To Edward Burne-Jones[2]

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 ell, and I hope she is quite safe. I'll write again on Monday, if can.

Meantime, you are to be a good boy and amuse the children and aw pretty things for them, and I can send you any little things—

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[1] [Compare Vol. XXXIV. p. 559.]

[2] [Then staying at Winnington. Ruskin's father had died two days before. A w lines at the end of this letter have already been given in Vol. XVIII. . 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 ı supposing that I ever spoke so as to cause my father much sorrow; ut you have certainly chosen a curious time to say what you thought ı *this* instance. If (as I suppose is always the case) death invariably ıakes us remember what we have done wrong to the dead, and forget 'hat we did faithfully to them, I think our friends may generally ɛave Death to give his own somewhat rude messages in his own words. Iis voice is quite loud enough, considering the peculiar advantages lso of the four sounding-boards of his pulpit.

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[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,

I *was* surprised, certainly, as I held my father in my arms during he last day and night of delirium (which were, in fact, merely twenty-ɔur hours of dissolution), and especially when I felt the heart beating nder my hand still literally for *hours* after the rest was dead (for it 'as a phenomenal death, I believe, in slowness—John Simon and my ousin both say so)—I *was* surprised to feel how much light was ırown on all the occasions, and they were numberless, on which I ıight have given my father pleasure by the mere expression of my ɔve of him, and never did. For the pain I have given him—*much*, nly in cases where it was not my fault, but error—I feel bitter regret; ; was never given without more in myself, a hundred-fold; but for the leasure I have *not* given him, I shall mourn in the past, as whenever nything happens that would have rejoiced him I shall mourn in the ıture. This appears to me a very impious state of mind—why you eligious people ever should be sad about anything, or expect others ɔ be so, I can't think. You can get all your sins forgiven (for the sking), and suppose you are no worse, but rather the better, for them, on't you? I'm rather out of practice in my theology lately, but that ; the proper faith, is it not?

My mother is marvellously well—I hope quite safe, now—all the orst danger over. Yet it took her and me, both, wholly by surprise. 'n Saturday week I was out at dinner, came home at one in the ıorning—a very unusual hour for me—found my father sitting up ɔr me, very proud of two business letters he had written on a diffiult subject, during the evening. Well he might be! they were monuıental works of a master hand in its craft, splendid in writing, ıultless in expression.

So he read them both to me (boring me mightily, for I was dog-ired, though he wasn't, for the fever was coming on him). I listened ɔ and praised the first: the second—and this I shall be always,

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he never put one on, but had instead a soft, closely-fitting cap of another shape, 'ith delicate net quiltings round the face and narrow white satin strings. These 'ere pinned with a fine diamond and emerald brooch, and later on she told me 'ith tender remorse why she always wore this bright fastening upon her mourning ress" (*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 said about "prosperity" for those whom you love—you at least may laim as much as Dogberry of his money.[1] You are "one that hath ad losses." But you never have had—nor with all your medical xperience have you ever, probably, seen—the loss of a father who ould have sacrificed his life for his son, and yet forced his son to acrifice his life to him, and sacrifice it in vain. It is an exquisite iece of tragedy altogether—very much like Lear, in a ludicrous ommercial way—Cordelia remaining unchanged and her friends writing o her afterwards—wasn't she sorry for the pain she had given her ather by not speaking when she should?

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[1] [A few lines of this letter have been given in Vol. XVIII. p. xxviii.]

I enclose you a line of Froude's to look at, which is pretty—it's ot quite fair to him to let any one else see it, but I send it you as type of the sort of thing one expects on these occasions, so that ours came like sand in one's teeth. You may write again now, only on't bother, about this or anything else. But send me back Froude's ote, which I'm proud of—though it lies.[2]

It's a great lark, to me, that debate about Jowett's money.[3] That xford disgraces itself in the decision is of no particular consequence, ut that the decision, right or wrong, is made and received in the pirit of boat-racing and a Ch. Ch. meadow mob, *is* a very black piece f evidence concerning the ecclesiastical system.

To Mrs. Burne-Jones[4]

[Denmark Hill, *March* 11, 1864.]

My dearest little narrow Georgie,—You may expand in mind s much as you like, but don't get fat otherwise—or I shan't like ou at all.

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[1] [*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iv. sc. 2: "A rich fellow enough, go to: and fellow that hath had losses."]

[2] [For an extract from Froude's letter, see Vol. XVIII. p. xxviii. Ruskin's emark here applies not of course to the appreciation of his father there given, ut 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 he University shall be held to have pronounced no judgment upon his writings." hen the proposal came before Convocation (March 8), "a curious incident occurred, haracteristic of the flurry and excitement which had seized the whole assembly." he 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

12*th 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 hink 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 hought 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 book[1] now, slowly. It's very dull in parts, but there *s* 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, oo, and I was the better for it this morning, though in general mere stupidly vegetative rest is more helpful to me than pleasant hings. How nice all your children are! How unfair it is that some athers 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. FURNIVALL[2]

DENMARK HILL, *May* 12*th*, 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?

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[1] [No doubt *Unto this Last.*]

[2] [No. 26 in *Furnivall*, pp. 65–66.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON [1]

[DENMARK HILL] 6*th August,* 1864.

MY DEAR NORTON,—The truth is, I am quite too lazy, with deathful sort of laziness, to write. I hate the feeling of having t drive pen up and down lines, quite unconquerably, and I have reall nothing to say. I am busy with Greek and Egyptian mythology, an all sorts of problems in life and death—and your American busines is so entirely horrible to me that, somehow, it cuts you off from al possibility of my telling you any of my thoughts. It is just as if saw you washing your hands in blood, and whistling—and sentimentalizing to me. I know you don't know what you are about, and ar just as good and dear as ever you were, but I simply can't writ to you while you are living peaceably in Bedlam. I am getting m house in order, and perhaps shall die as soon as I've done it—bu 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 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,

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[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.]

J. Ruskin.

To Mr. *and* Mrs. Burne-Jones[1]

[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.

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[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. Dallas[2]

Denmark Hill, *November* 21*st*, 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 Hallé[3]

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 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.

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[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

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.

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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 Patmore[3]

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 atholic, for it makes all your fine thinking so ineffectual to us nglish—and to unsectarian people generally—and we wanted some ood pious thinkers just now to make head against those cursed fools f Conservation-of-Force Germans. But what must be, must be; if it ad been me, I should have turned Turk, and taken sixteen wives— At Paris one, in Sarum three."[1]—Ever affectionately yours,

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[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.]

J. RUSKIN.

1865

[During this year Ruskin was mostly with his mother at Denmark Hill. *The* *estus of Aglaia, Sesame and Lilies,* and *Ethics of the Dust* were published, and arious lectures given (Vol. XVIII. p. xvi.).]

To GEORGE RICHMOND, A.R.A.

15th Feb. '65.

DEAR RICHMOND,—I had not seen Willie's picture[2] till to-day. I've ritten to his wife about it. I must just catch the post to send you lso my deep and most solemn congratulation. I don't know what ou feel about it, but I would rather have the head of that girl in reen than anything in oil by whomsoever you like to say of the lorentine or Southern Italy men; and although there is as yet no njoyment (thank Heaven) of painting as such—no Correggio or Reyolds quality—there is a divine ideal of human beauty and sight of t, which as his skill perfects itself ought to make him another name mong the fixed Stars.

I am very wild about it just now, not having thought that the eep harmonies were in him, but expecting only clever and pretty opular work. But this looks to me quite limitless—pardon what resumption there may be in my thought that my telling you what feel about it will give you a pleasure which I want to catch the ost for, and so can't say more, nor say this less conceitedly. Love o his mother. I hope John is better.—Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

To MRS. GASKELL[3]

February 21, 1865.

. . . I have just been reading *Cranford* out to my mother. She as read it about five times; but, the first time I tried, I flew into a passion at Captain Brown's being killed and wouldn't go any furthe —but this time my mother coaxed me past it, and then I enjoye it mightily. I do not know when I have read a more finished littl piece of study of human nature (a very great and good thing whe it is not spoiled). Nor was I ever more sorry to come to a book' end. I can't think why you left off! You might have killed Mis Matty, as you're fond of killing nice people, and then gone on wit Jessie's children, or made yourself an old lady—in time—it would hav been lovely. I can't write more to-day.

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[1] [A parody of the lines in the *Angel* in which Felix gives a list of the scenes f his immature loves.]

[2] [Of the three Miss Liddells: mentioned by Ruskin in *The Cestus of Aglaia,* ol. XIX. p. 152 and *n.*]

[3] [From p. xxiv. of A. W. Ward's Introduction to *Cranford,* vol. ii. of *The Works* *f Mrs. Gaskell,* 1906 ("Cranford Edition"). Mrs. Gaskell's reply to the letter

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 Panno[1] 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.

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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 CARLYLE [1]

[*February*, 1865.]

DEAR MR. CARLYLE,—*Pray* come—as you kindly think of doing—nd let us have talks, and looks. Geology is just in its most interesting tage of youth—a little presumptuous, but full of strength and advancng life. Its general principles and primary facts are now as certain s those of astronomy, but of—Central fire, we as yet know nothing. ou shall look at stones, and give them *time*, and see what will come ut of them for you, in your own way. I know you will find them nteresting. But all the books are dismal, yet full of good work. I ill stay in any day for you after Friday. You are sure to catch ne before I go out any day, if you are as early as one.—Ever your ffecte.

J. RUSKIN.

I wish you would read the tenth chapter, especially pp. 112–113, in he book of Lyell's [2] which I send, with some care. The facts are hose closest to us, and they are distinct, and very wonderful. If one nce understands the relation of the formations of such an island as schia to the existing Fauna, all the after steps of geology are thereby neasurable.

To ROBERT BROWNING

[*Feb.* 25, 1865.]

DEAR BROWNING,—I am so sorry; but these illnesses must be, I ppose. One has spiritual measles, too, sometimes—which are worse. hank you so much for that extract. I was deeply grateful for ilsand's review.[3] What he was surprised at, I suppose, was simply y saying, and *feeling*, he was right where he had said I was rong. One generally sucks all the praise and throws the blame back the critic's face with a "and be damned to you" for all thanks—t least that's the way the P.R.B.'s serve *me*.—Ever affectionately ours,

J. R.

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[1] [In answer to the letter of 22nd February (Vol. XXVI. p. xxx.), in which arlyle says, "I have a notion to come out some day soon, and take a serious cture 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*, h ed., 1865.]

[3] [*L'Esthetique Anglaise Étude sur M. John Ruskin.* Par J. Milsand. Paris, 1864. ilsand was an intimate friend of Browning, and to him was dedicated "in emoriam" *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 Agnew[3]

[Denmark Hill] 8*th 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 mewed 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.

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[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 re Cockburn's; old, but now, for my taste, too old—some people may ke them. But the fat, musty bottles are molten ruby; I have only ve dozen left and no more such, I believe, can be had—Quarles Harris[1] f 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, nly with something of reverent wonder at a state of primeval innocence, our query about the "poor priests." My dear Harrison, there are yriads 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 e same general character; if you want to have a great work stopped, great truth slain, or a great Healer crucified, your chief priest is the an to do it, and he *only*. All the worst evil on this earth is priests' ork—all the completest loss of good has been by priests' hindrance.

I now leave the book[2] in your hands, for I am forced to run away r a little fresh air. I have told them to send the last revises to you, don't want to see any more. If any word of preface comes into my ead to-day on rail, I'll send it you; meantime, please let them get n. The binding is to be plain russet, no decoration whatever on tle-page or elsewhere.—Ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Mr. Mackay[3]

Denmark Hill, *25th June*, 1865.

Dear Mr. Mackay,—I have written you a cheque for £105, since would have given that for the Walpole book,[4] if you had asked it, ithout a moment's hesitation; it is of course worth much more, but should have paused beyond that; but for a hundred guineas I look pon it as a prize for which I very heartily am grateful to you. hat a divine thing is laziness! I owe whatever remains of health have to it in myself, and the getting hold of these things which I ave so long been in search of to the same blessed virtue in you.

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[1] [A well-known importer of Oporto wines, on Tower Hill; the port is mentioned so 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 ay 21st, 1890. Reprinted, under the heading "The Value of Laziness," in *Igdrasil*, d thence (No. 105) in *Ruskiniana*, part i., 1890, p. 95.]

[4] [Probably an extra-illustrated edition of Walpole's *Painters:* compare a letter 17th May 1881 (Vol. XXXVII. p. 359).]

What I suffer, on the other hand, from the "industries" of huma beings, there's no talking of. What a busy place Hell must be! w get the look of it every now and then so closely in our activest place —what political economy there, and Devil take the hindmost i general! etc. You know you owe me one more copy of the Fawke photo. yet.—Always yours truly and obliged, J. Ruskin.

My favourite archer with the sitting woman is much spotted:[1] coul anything be done with it?

To George Richmond, A.R.A.

[1865?]

Dear Richmond,—Best thanks for your kind note. I've written t 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 ge 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 th effects lose their attractiveness. I have no other test of art than thi —beyond a certain point—I can say from grounds of reason that thing are clever and full of mind, but it is only by their permanent powe that I can come at the real amount of goodness and foundation in them. —Ever most affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To Miss Adelaide Ironside[3]

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.

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[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 ad—the lips very good. Nobody can do such things in a hurry.—ours always faithfully,

J. R.

DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—I will come on Friday, please, about two 'clock. I can't stay long, but will stay long enough to be of al e use I can. I hope to help, not scold. I should only scold you r going into heroics or for being careless, and you haven't in this se any chance of heroism, and I am sure that you never are care-ss. Have the shell in the light you drew it in, all ready for me, lease.—Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

MISS BELL'S, WINNINGTON HALL, *2nd June*, 1865.

MY DEAR MISS IRONSIDE,—I was hindered from calling on Wednes-y by the coming to town of an old friend in illness, whom I was rced to go out and see. I was not sure where to write to you, or should have let you know in time. I shall be back in town in few days, almost before you are well set to work. Draw the cast rst at a foot or a foot and a half from the eye, then at three feet. otice the differences in outline produced by the distance. Shade in perfect subordination of the parts to the rounding of the whole ass, and completely, not leaving any part sketchy. I think you ill find yourself in some difficulties before you finish even the first udy. Write to me here to tell me if you do, and what they are. he wrinkles of a shell are the best introduction to the treatment the hair in great sculpture and painting, those of a shell being ore simply concurrent and orderly, and one finds out one's tendencies mistake better than in the more complete folds.—Always truly urs,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I am very sorry to have detained your books. They will sent to Upper Berkeley Street.

ome both as a painter and as a spiritualistic medium. Mention of her in both pacities will be found in *The Life and Letters of Joseph Severn*, by William Sharp, . 261, 266, 267. She used, among other subjects, to paint visions which she had en in crystal balls. It was perhaps through Joseph Severn that, on coming to ndon in 1865, she made Ruskin's acquaintance. "Full of nervous sensibility," ys a writer quoted in the *Catholic Press*, "she was the impersonation of genius; r mind was too active for the delicate frame in which it dwelt." It may be thered from this how sound was Ruskin's advice. She died at the age of thirty-e, in 1867, and Brunton Stephens, the Australian poet, has written a piece in r 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 quit useless, mere waste of time. Now, please, tell me what day you ca be at home in afternoon at half-past two, quite at leisure, and wit your shell in the light you draw it in ready for me; and also jus make a careful, but not finished little study in pen and brown worke with sepia—the real shell I send you by this post—in the positio and light as opposite (sketch set out on opposite sheet), with it curved head towards you. I just want you to feel what a little bi of difficult work is, and then go on again with the easy. Sketch th 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 b for a day or two. Here's a Dürer book. Draw anything you like ou of it with the pen—the Madonna at page 24, to begin with.

Remember all the lines are drawn with a deliberate freedom. Eve the flourishes are made calmly, with intention throughout. I wan to cure you of your slovenly way of seeing things in a hurry. Neve do one touch in a hurry any more.—Yours truly, J. R.

Denmark Hill.

Dear Miss Ironside,—We have all been having headache or ti or toothache—it has been in the air; but I should like to know wha your curative simples are.

Don't work too eagerly at the shell. It will beat you—and knew that it would—that is all right, and I am ever so glad tha you know when you are beaten. Then one is sure to get on, bu if you had written me that you had done the shell six times ove triumphantly, I should have had no more hope of you.

Work at it quietly, being satisfied with finding out the difficultie —the conquering will come in due time. Take care to get the entir 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 Tyrdentan 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 Rossetti[2]

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 hem more than if they were hanging up here—because *here* I dwell on heir 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 ou're a good boy, but it will be a long while before that comes o pass.

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[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 Winnington. Ruskin afterwards gave "Golden Water" to Mrs. W. H. Churchill: see Vol. XXXV. p. 638.]

You scratched the eyes out of my "Launcelot,"[2] and I gave that o Butterworth—that was not my fault. If you could do my Dante's Boat[3] for me instead of money, I should like it—but I on't believe you can. So do as you like when you like.—Ever ours affectionately,

J. Ruskin.

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti[4]

Denmark Hill [1865].

Dear Rossetti,—It is all right—do not come till you are quite appy 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, ot 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 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 picture[7] 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 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,

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[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 il-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."]

J. Ruskin.

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti [1]

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 study of chiaroscuro; and your permission of modification of minor truths for sensational purposes.

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[1] [*Rossetti Papers*, pp. 135–136.]

[2] [No. 186: for other references to it, see above, p. 98 *n*.]

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 Rossetti[1]

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.

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[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, 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 ROSSETTI[1]

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 ROSSETTI[3]

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 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.

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[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

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

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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 Norton [1]

Denmark Hill, 15*th 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] . . .

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[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 Simpson [1]

Denmark Hill, 30*th 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 your 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 Norton [2]

Denmark Hill, 11*th 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.

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[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 Norton [1]

Denmark Hill, 10 *October*, 1865.

My dear Norton, . . . I am quiet, and likely to be so for many a ay at D. Hill, amusing myself as I may; it is a grand thing, and makes p for much, to be within reach of the B. Museum. I am cutting down bush here and a tree (or what we call one in England) there, and aking little fishponds and gutters and such like, and planting peach ees, for the blossom, and wildflowers, and anything that is bright and mple. And I am working at mythology and geology, and conchology, d chemistry, and what else there is of the infinite and hopeless unnown to be stumbled among pleasantly; and I hope to get various ttle bits of work printed this Xmas, and to send you them. I will ink over that plan of cheap edition, but I always hitherto have hated y own books ten years after I wrote them. I sat to Rossetti several mes, and he made the horriblest face I ever saw of a human being.[2] will never let him touch it more. I have written to-day to Edward nes, to ask if he'll do one for me and one for you. *He* can. And is is all I can say to-day, and if I put off, there's no knowing when might write at all. So with affectionate regards to your mother and sters, ever your affectionate J. Ruskin.

To W. Smith Williams [3]

Denmark Hill, *November 6th*, 1865.

Dear Mr. Williams,—Nothing can possibly be nicer than this ge, print, and way of doing the thing, and I am perfectly well eased with the offer. But you had, perhaps, better wait till you see ore of the book[4] before we consider anything concluded. I will y, however, at once, *tinted* paper please, for I think I shall quite ve you five pounds of estimate by the fewness of the corrections I all make in this book, compared to my usual way of managing. I nd two more chapters, so that I think if the printers like to set it hand, I can now keep them going. Please send word that they te 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]

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[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 p. 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-nes, 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 dated 1866.]

[5] [Henry Samuel King, partner of George Smith in the firm of Smith, Elder & Co.]

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 BRAYSHAY[1]

DENMARK HILL, 18*th 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. TALLING[2]

[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

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[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

nowing them. But there is a reverse feeling, which is often very in-
onvenient—I help people a little, they get to know me, they are
ll of gratitude and love, then they think because they love me I
ust love them, that I could not be kind to them *without* loving
em, and then they come to me at all times with their distresses,
ll I can't stand it any more—so don't give my name to anybody;
ut when you see deserving cases, help them in a moderate and
ecessary way, as you would if the money were your own, and I will
nswer it.

To W. SMITH WILLIAMS[1]

DENMARK HILL, *November*, 1865.

DEAR MR. WILLIAMS,—I don't know when I have been more dis-
ppointed or (in a sort of way) provoked than by your quietly saying
I hope" that volume will be out before Xmas. My notion of
usiness is to say either it can or can't—and shall or shan't. And
rtainly, having sent four sheets for press to-day, and being ready to
nd the last sheet but one revised to-morrow, I don't see why it
ould be a matter of "hope." I know that binding must take time;
ut I fancy all these things are matters of mere *energy*. I've seen
ooks advertised as "ready" a week or two after the occasion for
em. Meantime, what about the binding and price? That's another
ing that much provokes me. I have no idea of "business" in which
y 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*
r the other day. I think it is very shameful. My father never saw
s wine sold so. He has seen his £60 butt sell for £70—but not
e other way. Well, I know it is for no want of good will on your
rt, but I don't like it. Please, I want cards engraved for my cousin
iss Agnew. Can you order them for me? Not showy—just—"MISS
ANNA AGNEW." I don't know how young ladies' cards are done
wadays; but I like some quaint letter better than mere writing—if
is allowable.

I hope you continue better.—Ever truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

Unpublished Correspondence consisting of 51 Autograph Letters, covering about
pages, addressed to Mr. R. Talling, of Lostwithiel, Cornwall, between the years
65 and 1873." For Mr. Talling, from whom Ruskin purchased many minerals,
e Vol. XXVI. pp. 449, 450, 451.]

[1] [No. 33 in *Art and Literature*, pp. 83–85. A portion of the letter was reprinted
the Literary Notes of the *Westminster Gazette*, May 6, 1907. The "volume" is
e 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. xlviii.–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 Norton[1]

Denmark Hill, 10*th 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 Norton[4]

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 at work,—to show anything but a cramped shadow of the little here is in him? Turner is dead—all his works are perishing, and can't see those that exist. Every thirteenth-century cathedral in rance, and every beautiful street in my favourite cities, has been estroyed. Chamouni is destroyed—Geneva—Lucerne—Zurich—Schaff-ausen—Berne,—might just as well have been swallowed up by earth-uakes as be what they are now. There are no inns, no human beings ny more anywhere; nothing but endless galleries of rooms, and utomata in millions.—I can't travel. I have taken to stones and lants. They do very well for comfort; but dissecting a thistle or bit of chalk is pinched work for me, instead of copying Tintoret or rawing Venice. I could get, and do get, some help out of Greek yths—but they are full of earth, and horror, in spite of their beauty. ersephone is the sum of them, or worse than Persephone—Comus. atural science ends in the definition which Owen gave me the other ay, of a man, or any other high vertebrate, "a clothed sum of gments." And my dearest friends go rabid in America about blacks, d poor white Italy and Greece are left in a worse Hell than any lcano-mouth—unhelped. And you expect me to write myself smooth t, with no crumple.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

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[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.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

DENMARK HILL, 28 *January*, 1866.

DEAR NORTON,—The £50 have arrived safe. I don't tell Ned nes the enormity of the sum, for it would make him nervous, and would vow "he couldn't do anything worth the fifth of it—and you expected fifty pounds' worth out of him, it was no use his ing anything." So I go and sit, and he makes various sketches; me one is pretty sure to come out fairly, and I'll pick up two or ree 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 u say of expression is very nice and right. But it's a wide world, d there's a great deal in it, and one's head is but a poor little room study in after all. One can't see far into anything.—Ever affec-nately yours, J. RUSKIN.

Have you read Swinburne's *Atalanta?*[2] The grandest thing ever t done by a youth—though he is a Demoniac youth. Whether er he will be clothed and in his right mind, heaven only knows. is foam at the mouth is fine, meantime.

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[1] [No. 44 in *Norton;* vol. i. pp. 156–157.]

[2] [Compare the Introduction; above, p. xlix.]

To C. A. Howell [1]

Denmark Hill, *Wednesday* [*22nd February,* 1866].

My dear Howell,—I really was very sorry for you, because yo *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 fin troubles in missing an hour's talk? But it *was* provoking.

Here's something, please, I want done very much. Will you pleas go to the Crystal Palace to-morrow or the day after, which is th last day, but to-morrow better, and, if it is not sold, buy the lizar canary (£1) No. 282, page 17 of the Catalogue, in any name yo like *not* mine, nor yours, and give the bird to anybody who you thin will take care of it, and I'll give you the price when I see you—whic must be soon—and I'm ever affectionately yours, J. Ruskin.

To C. A. Howell [2]

24th February, 1866.

I am heartily obliged to you for managing this little business o the bird so nicely, and for the promise that your cousin will tak 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

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[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. HOWELL[1]

[*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. HOWELL[3]

DENMARK HILL [27*th 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 NORTON[4]

DENMARK HILL, 27*th March,* 1866.

MY DEAR NORTON,—I have not yet answered your my birthday letter, and here is another, kind as always.

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[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-JONES[1]

[*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. HOWELL[2]

DENMARK HILL, 2*nd 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

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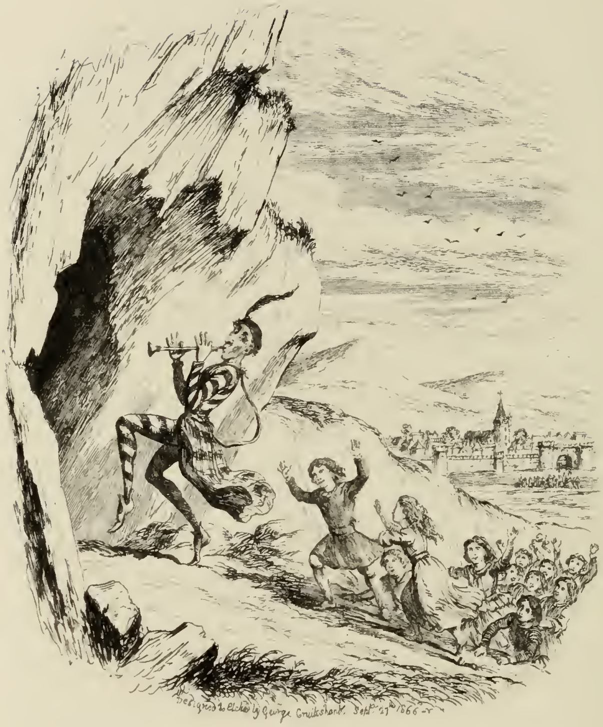
[1] [From *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones*, vol. i. pp. 299–300. Burne-Jones was at this time making drawings for Ruskin's portrait, "but as these were not preserved, I suppose," says Lady Burne-Jones, "they were unsatisfactory, and the plan was never carried out." "Proserpine" is Miss Rose La Touche.]

[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.]

XX


Designed & Etched by George Cruikshank. Sept. 27th 1866

The Pied Piper

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 Cinderella[3] 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. Howell[5]

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 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,

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[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.]

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's[1] 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 children[2] 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, 27*th 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.)

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[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, 20*th 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 bodices, 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, 11*th 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.

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[1] [On this subject, see Vol. XVIII. p. xliv.; and below, p. 524.]

To Rawdon Brown

Interlachen, *June* 11*th*, 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 the Bacchus, and its companions.[1] Please tell Signor Lorenzi so with my love, and believe me ever your affectionate J. Ruskin.

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[1] [One of the characters in *The Ethics of the Dust:* see Vol. XVIII. p. lxxii. *n.*]

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. Howell [2]

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 Armstrong [3]

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).

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[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 Norton[2]

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. Howell[3]

Denmark Hill, 22*nd 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.

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[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. HOWELL[1]

DENMARK HILL, *2nd Sept.*, 1866.

DEAR HOWELL,—I am wholly obliged to you for these Cruikshanks. The Jack Shepherd one[2] 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 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 other matters, pecuniary affairs (after a whole life of goodness and usefulness).

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[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."]

At page 449 of the Venetian Documents[1] 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 subject[2] 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 tatement of the facts, and of my feelings to them, and have it put n good French and print it, and send it for whosoever cares to read 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.

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[1] [Collected by Lorenzi: see above, p. 439 *n.*]

[2] [Ruskin's purchase of land at Chamouni: see above, p. 445.]

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. HOWELL[1]

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. HOWELL[3]

DENMARK HILL [11*th 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.

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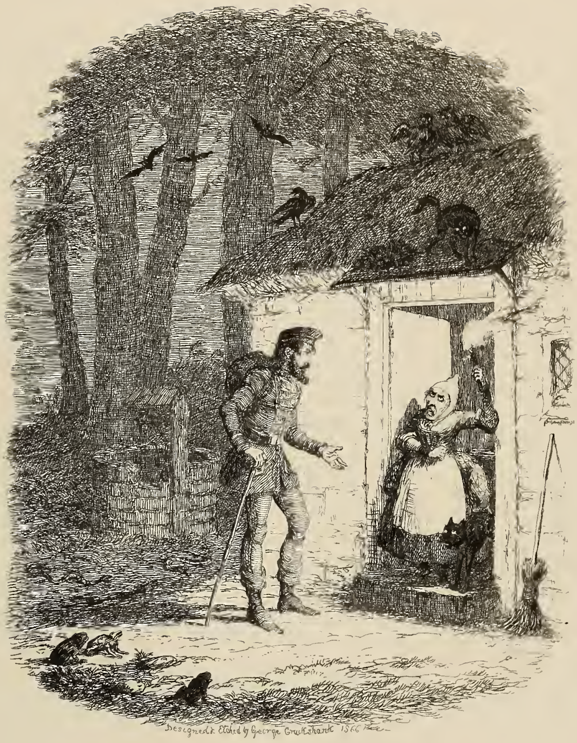
[1] [*New Review*, March 1892, p. 281. "The Rhine," as appears from the next letter, was a drawing by Prout.]

[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.]

XXI



Designed & Etched by George Cruikshank 1866

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 CARLYLE[1]

DENMARK HILL [14*th 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. HOWELL[2]

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. Howell[1]

Denmark Hill, 26*th 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. Howell[2]

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.

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[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 Carlyle [1]

Denmark Hill, 29*th 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 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.

---

[1] [In answer to the following letter from Carlyle about business connected with the Governor Eyre Defence Committee:—

> "Chelsea, 27 *Sepr.*, 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 *mis-births* of that nearly *in*conceivable 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.]

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 Committee[1] 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.

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[1] [The Eyre Defence Committee: see Vol. XVIII. p. xlvi.]

To C. A. Howell[1]

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. Howell[2]

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 Rutter[3] to release Cruikshank from the 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.

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[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.]

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, 19*th 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]

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[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 Rossetti [1]

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 Norton [2]

Denmark Hill, 28*th 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 can [3]) 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 × 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.

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[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.]

1867

[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 Norton [1]

Denmark Hill, 23*rd 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—so [2]—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.*]

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[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 Chesneau [1]

Denmark Hill, *February* 1*st*, 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 Chesneau [3]

Denmark Hill, *February* 13*th*, 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 madnesses 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.

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[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 CARLYLE [1]

DENMARK HILL, 17*th 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,

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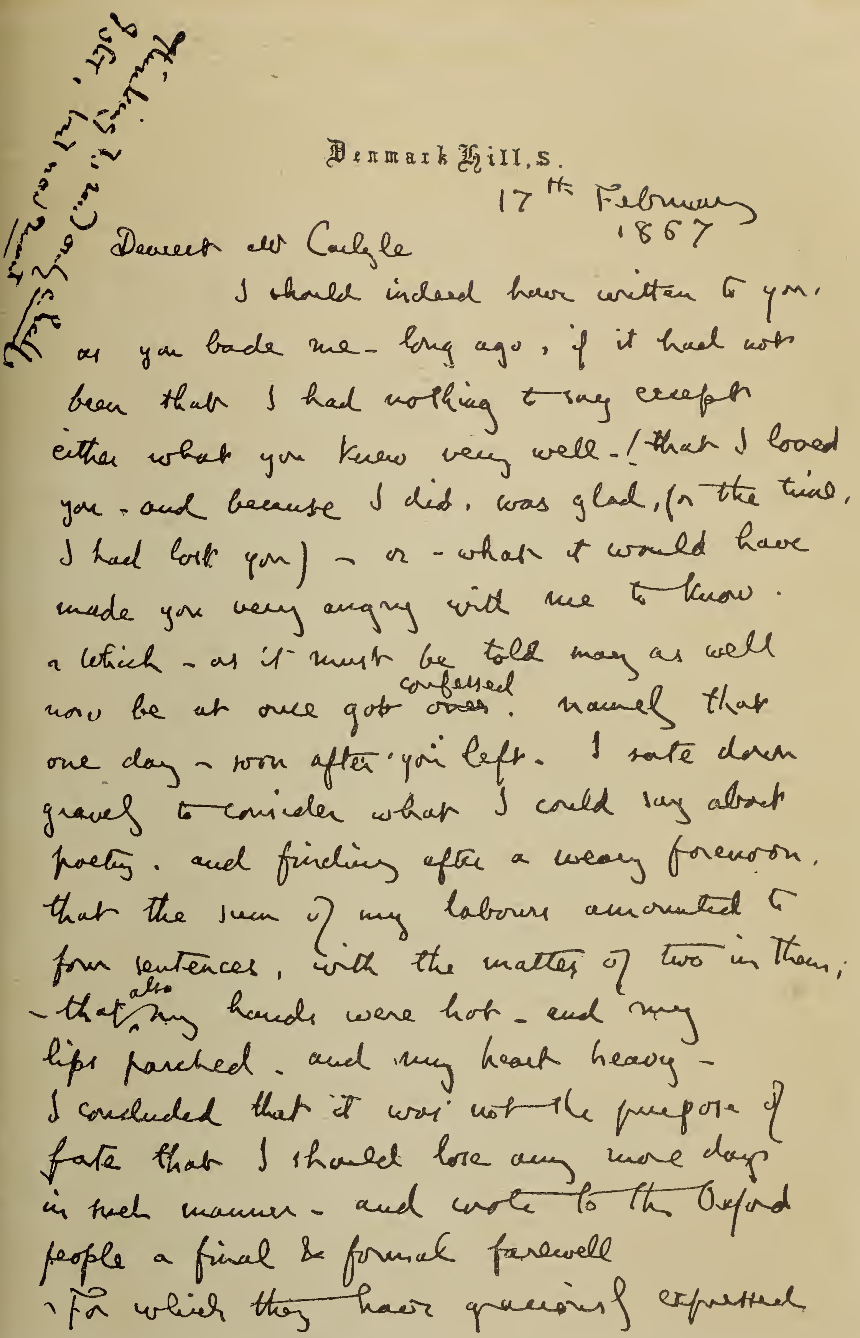
[1] [This letter was written to Carlyle, who was seeking change of scene, after his wife's death, at Mentone; hence Ruskin was glad of his absence. The letter is exhibited at the Carlyle Museum, and is the property of the Carlyle House Memorial Trust, by whose permission it is here given. It is an answer 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.]



Thinking ?, and only c. [illegible]
[illegible] (but now [illegible]

Denmark 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, (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 ~~over~~ 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 & formal farewell
— For which they have graciously expressed

A Page of a Letter to Thomas Carlyle
(with a Note of Carlyle's)

To face p. 524

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 Norton[3]

Denmark Hill, 12*th 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 7×7th 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 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.

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[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.]

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 Carlyle[2]

Denmark Hill, 31*st 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.

(4*th 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 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.

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[1] [*Time and Tide* (Vol. XVII.).]

[2] [At Mentone: for Carlyle's letter thence, of February 15, see Vol. XVII. p. 339 *n.*]

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 Brientz, 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 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 (recommendatory 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 short-coming, 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.

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[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.*).]

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.) One 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] 9*th June*, '67 (*Whit Sunday*).

. . . The lecture[2] 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, 11*th 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, 2*nd 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.

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[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 old house[1] (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.

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[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).]

To his MOTHER

KESWICK, 24*th 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 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.

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[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).]

To his MOTHER

KESWICK, 1*st 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 classes[1]—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

8*th August, Evening.*

I have been walking on the old road between Low-wood and Ambleside. 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 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.

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[1] [The lecture is reported (without mention, however, of this incident) in Vol. XVI. pp. 431–436.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON [1]

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 daguerreotype—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 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. . . .

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[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.]

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 WARD[1]

[AMBLESIDE] *August* 12*th*, 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.

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[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 Ward[1]

Keswick, *August* 15*th*, 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

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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 coat-tails, 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, 15*th 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 thy 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—

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[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*, 18*th 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 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."

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[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.]

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 inwoven 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 15th[1]), 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.

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[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, 21*st 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.

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[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 Mary[1] 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 WARD[2]

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.

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[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 WARD[1]

DENMARK HILL, *September* 18*th*, 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 9*th* to yours of 6*th*). 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]

20*th 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 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.

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[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.]

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 Turner[2]) 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 Ward[3]

Denmark Hill, *October* 31*st*, 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.

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[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 Williams [1]

Denmark Hill, *November* 14*th,* 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 teazing 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 *mis*read, 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 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.

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[1] [No. 34 in *Art and Literature,* pp. 86–88.]

My mother begs her kindest regards.—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

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 absolutely known to me. I shall try and find one or two more for you, and give you some better account of them.

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[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.]

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 Patmore [1]

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 Godson [2] 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]

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[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, 20*th 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 that letter book[1] contained things that I thought you would remonstrate and bother about, and so I did it on the sly.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

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[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.]

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 PATMORE[2]

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.

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[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, immoveable hands are false, or capable of falsehood. . . . I'm very glad yours goes first ╲ this way and then that ╱ way —and then some other way.

To his Mother

Dublin, 14*th 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 Harrison [1]

Denmark Hill, 8*th 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. Ludlow [3] 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 consequences were likely to result from making a cannon-ball, or a pudding.

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[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.]

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 NORTON[2]

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 NORTON[3]

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;

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[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 hand[1] 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 NORTON[2]

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 are other things I shall have found out to show you. It is only six hours from that pretty English home of yours.

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[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.]

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 ghastliness of Catholicism in decadence.

Love to all with you.—Ever your affectionate J. RUSKIN.

To his MOTHER[1]

ABBEVILLE, 1*st 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.

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[1] [A few lines of this letter have been printed in Vol. XIX. p. xli.]

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

Abbeville, 11*th 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, faithfullest, 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 Norton[2]

Abbeville, 22*nd September,* 1868.

My dearest Charles, . . . The time you have named will do excellently for me[3]—and it is worth your while to come, for I can show you as much of the principles of declining French architecture 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]

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[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).]

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, 8*th 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 NORTON[3]

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 still majestic and pure, and in its interior, far beyond what I remembered. I have much gained in feeling and judgment lately.

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[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.]

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 NORTON [1]

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 CHESNEAU [2]

DENMARK HILL, *October* 25*th*, 1868

MY DEAR SIR,—Arriving at home, I find your very interesting book [3] 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 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 school-work 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.

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[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).]

To MRS. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

[*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 NORTON[2]

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 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.

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[1] [No. 59 in *Norton;* vol. i. pp. 189–190.]

[2] [No. 60 in *Norton;* vol. i. pp. 190–192.]

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 NORTON [1]

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.

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[1] [No. 61 in *Norton;* vol. i. pp. 192–193.]

To Mrs. Charles Eliot Norton[1]

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 likest 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*, 6*th 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.

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[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, 19*th 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. xlvii.–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 NORTON[1]

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, 11*th 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 it[2] 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

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[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.]

*inner*most 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 NORTON[2]

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.

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[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 NORTON[1]

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 56[2] 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 Hakewells[3] 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 NORTON[4]

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

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[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 Norton[1]

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, 1*st 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 Hilliard[3]

Verona, 9*th 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—

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[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 Ettie[1] 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.*

(10*th 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 auntie[3] 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, 12*th May,* 1869.

I can't tell anybody (except φίλη, 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 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.

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[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.*).]

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 *rain*fall 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.

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[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 NORTON[3]

VERONA, ALBERGO DUE TORRI, 13*th 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. Longfellow is in search of you on the Rhine. We had an afternoon here.[5]

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[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 dei 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 NORTON[1]

VERONA, 14*th 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 day[2]), 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 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.

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[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).]

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 NORTON [1]

VERONA, 16*th 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] 19*th 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, the Good Spirit becoming a Lying one. Every day the world and its ways get more terrible to me.

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[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. . . .'"]

But I'm drawing a Griffin![1]

To Charles Eliot Norton[2]

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 identification[5] 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 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.

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[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.]

. . . 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 griffins[4] 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] 28*th 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—

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[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

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[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 hill[1] (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*, 16*th 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 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.

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[1] [See "Verona and its Rivers," § 8, Vol. XIX. p. 433.]

[2] [See above, p. 355 *n*.]

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, 19*th 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.

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[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 NORTON[2]

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 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. . . .

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[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).]

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 weak[3]), 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 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."

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[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).]

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 Norton[1]

Lugano, 14*th August,* '69. ½ *past seven, morning.*

My dearest Charles,—I am sitting in a splendid saloon with a French Turqu-oise[2] 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, 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.

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[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 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 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.

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[1] ["Here another sketch."—C. E. N.]

Love to you all.—Your affectionate J. Ruskin.

To Charles Eliot Norton[1]

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's[4] 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.

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[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 Faido."]

To Miss Joan Agnew

Lake Lucerne, 16*th* *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!"

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[1] [The reference is to letters in the "little language" which Ruskin sometimes used in writing to his cousin: see the Introduction, above, p. lxv. *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 Norton[1]

Beckenried, Lake Lucerne, 16*th 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 Norton[5]

Giessbach, 18*th 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 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.

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[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.]

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 last[1]) 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 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.

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[1] [Compare the *Notes* on Ruskin's Turner Drawings, No. 7 (Vol. XIII. pp. 417–418).]

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,

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* 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 NORTON[1]

GIESSBACH, 18*th 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 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 reservoir*s*, 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.

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[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.]

To CHARLES ELIOT NORTON[1]

DIJON, 30*th August*, 1869.

I do not know what it was in my last letter[2] 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 Dora[4] 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]

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[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 superficies, 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 Norton[1]

Paris, 31*st 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 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.

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[1] [No. 80 in *Norton;* vol. i. pp. 242–244.]

[2] [*Le Livre des Cent Ballades . . . publié d'apres trois manuscrits . . . par le Marquis de Queux de Saint-Hilaire:* see Vol. XXIII. p. xxiii.]

[3] [No. lxxxv. (p. 169):—

"Donques, mon très doulx 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 maulx verrez en bien tourner:
Nul n'y peut nuire si non Dieu."]

[4] [*Munera Pulveris* (Vol. XVII.).]

To THOMAS CARLYLE[2]

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 Φίλος,—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 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.

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[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.]

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 Φίλη. 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 NORTON[1]

[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

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[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 Naturæ*:—

> "Omnes res creatae sunt divinae sapientiae et potentiae testes, *divitiae* 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; male[1] 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, *Oeconomiae, 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 Norton[3]

Denmark Hill, 21*st 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 facts which are the base of them. I claim to have established the principles of the Science, not their final results.

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[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.]

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 *εἴδωλον*—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.

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[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 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.* 30*th*, 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 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.

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[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.]

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 teazed, 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 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,

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[1] [Probably of Mr. Harrison's article, "The Positivist Problem," in the *Fortnightly Review,* November 1869 (vol. vi., N.S., pp. 469–493).]

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.

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[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 Norton[1]

London, 16*th 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 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.

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[1] [No. 83 in *Norton;* vol. i. pp. 250–253.]

(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 NORTON[1]

DENMARK HILL, 17*th 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.

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[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).]

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.

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[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. Roberts[1]

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 *every*thing 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 Lizzie[3] 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, 27*th 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;

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[1] [For Miss Roberts and her visit to Denmark Hill, here referred to, see Vol. XVIII. p. l.]

[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.

Arthur[1] 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?

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[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.

END OF VOLUME XXXVI

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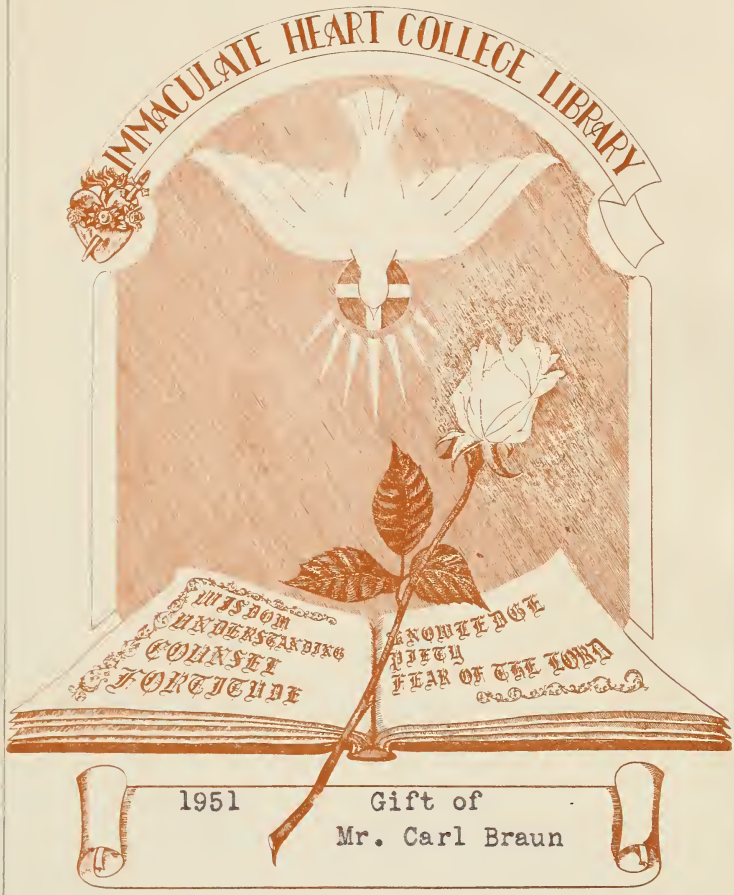
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