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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

JOHN RUSKIN

VOLUME XIX



FORS CLAVIGERA

VOLUMES V-VI



The Complete Works of
John Ruskin

Fors Clavigera

Volumes Five to Eight



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FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTERS

TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS
OF GREAT BRITAIN.

VOLUME V.

CONTAINING LETTERS XLIX-LX.

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FORS CLAVIDERA.

LETTER XLIX.

I WONDER if Fors will let me say any small proportion, this year, of what I intend. I wish she would, for my readers have every right to be doubtful of my plan till they see it more defined; and yet to define it severely would be to falsify it, for all that is best in it depends on my adopting whatever good I can find, in men and things, that will work to my purpose; which of course means action in myriads of ways that I neither wish to define, nor attempt to anticipate. Nay, I am wrong, even in speaking of it as a plan or scheme at all. It is only a method of uniting the force of all good plans and wise schemes; it is a principle and tendency, like the law of form in a crystal; not a plan. If I live, as I said at first, I will endeavour to show some small part of it in action; but it would be a poor design indeed, for the bettering of the world, which any man could see either quite round the outside, or quite into the inside of.

But I hope in the letters of this next year to spend less time in argument or attack; what I wish the reader to know, of principle, is already enough proved, if only he take the pains to read the preceding letters thoroughly; and I shall now, as far as Fors will let me, carry out my purpose of choosing and annotating passages of confirmatory classical literature; and answering, as they occur, the questions of my earnest correspondents, as to what each of them, in their place of life, may immediately do with advantage for St. George's help.

If those of my readers who have been under the impression that I wanted them to join me in establishing some model in-

stitution or colony, will look to the fifth page of Letter I., they will see that, so far from intending or undertaking any such thing, I meant to put my whole strength into my Oxford teaching; and, for my own part, to get rid of begging letters and live in peace.

Of course, when I have given fourteen thousand pounds away in a year,* everybody who wants some money thinks I have plenty for *them*. But my having given fourteen thousand pounds is just the reason I have *not* plenty for them; and, moreover, have no time to attend to them, (and generally, henceforward, my friends will please to note that I have spent my life in helping other people, and am quite tired of it; and if they can now help me in my work, or praise me for it, I shall be much obliged to them; but I can't help them at theirs).

But this impression of my wanting to found a colony was founded on page 98 of letter V., and page 33 of Letter VIII. Read them over again now, altogether.

If the help I plead for come, we will indeed try to make some small piece of English ground beautiful; and if sufficient help come, many such pieces of ground; and on those we will put cottage dwellings, and educate the labourers' children in a certain manner. But that is not founding a colony. It is only agreeing to work on a given system. Any English gentleman who chooses to forbid the use of steam machinery—be it but over a few acres,—and to make the best of them he can by human labour, or who will secure a piece of his mountain ground from dog, gun, and excursion party, and let the wild flowers and wild birds live there in peace:—any English gentleman, I say, who will so command either of these things, is doing the utmost I would ask of him;—if, seeing the result of doing so much, he felt inclined to do more, field may add itself to field, cottage rise after cottage,—here and there the sky begin to open again above us, and the rivers to run pure.

* Seven thousand to St. George's Company; five, for establishment of Mastership in Drawing in the Oxford schools; two, and more, in the series of drawings placed in those schools to secure their efficiency.

In a very little while, also, the general interest in education will assuredly discover that healthy habits, and not mechanical drawing nor church catechism, are the staple of it; and then, not in my model colony only, but as best it can be managed in any unmodelled place or way—girls will be taught to cook, boys to plough, and both to behave; and that with the heart,—which is the first piece of all the body that has to be instructed.

A village clergyman, (an excellent farmer, and very kind friend of my earliest college days,) sent me last January a slip out of the ‘Daily Telegraph,’ written across in his own hand with the words “Advantage of Education.” The slip described the eloquence and dexterity in falsehood of the Parisian Communist prisoners on their trial for the murder of the hostages. But I would fain ask my old friend to tell me himself whether he thinks instruction in the art of false eloquence should indeed receive from any minister of Christ the title of ‘education’ at all; and how far display of eloquence, instead of instruction in behaviour, has become the function, too commonly, of these ministers themselves.

I was asked by one of my Oxford pupils the other day why I had never said any serious word of what it might seem best for clergymen to do in a time of so great doubt and division.

I have not, because any man’s becoming a clergyman in these days must imply one of two things—either that he has something to do and say for men which he honestly believes himself impelled to do and say by the Holy Ghost,—and in that case he is likely to see his way without being shown it,—or else he is one of the group of so-called Christians who, except with the outward ear, “have not so much as heard whether there *be* any Holy Ghost,” and are practically lying, both to men and to God;—persons to whom, whether they be foolish or wicked in their ignorance, no honest way can possibly be shown.

The particular kinds of folly also which lead youths to become clergymen, uncalled, are especially intractable. That a lad just out of his teens, and not under the influence of any

deep religious enthusiasm, should ever contemplate the possibility of his being set up in the middle of a mixed company of men and women of the world, to instruct the aged, encourage the valiant, support the weak, reprove the guilty, and set an example to all;—and not feel what a ridiculous and blasphemous business it would be, if he only pretended to do it for hire; and what a ghastly and murderous business it would be, if he did it strenuously wrong; and what a marvellous and all but incredible thing the Church and its power must be, if it were possible for him, with all the good meaning in the world, to do it rightly;—that any youth, I say, should ever have got himself into the state of recklessness, or conceit, required to become a clergyman at all, under these existing circumstances, must put him quite out of the pale of those whom one appeals to on any reasonable or moral question, in serious writing. I went into a ritualistic church, the other day, for instance, in the West End. It was built of bad Gothic, lighted with bad painted glass, and had its Litany intoned, and its sermon delivered—on the subject of wheat and chaff—by a young man of, as far as I could judge, very sincere religious sentiments, but very certainly the kind of person whom one might have brayed in a mortar among the very best of the wheat with a pestle, without making his foolishness depart from him. And, in general, any man's becoming a clergyman in these days implies that, at best, his sentiment has overpowered his intellect; and that, whatever the feebleness of the latter, the victory of his impertinent piety has been probably owing to its alliance with his conceit, and its promise to him of the gratification of being regarded as an oracle, without the trouble of becoming wise, or the grief of being so.

It is not, however, by men of this stamp that the principal mischief is done to the Church of Christ. Their foolish congregations are not enough in earnest even to be misled; and the increasing London or Liverpool respectable suburb is simply provided with its baker's and butcher's shop, its alehouse, its itinerant organ-grinders for the week, and stationary organ-grinder for Sunday, himself his monkey, in obedience to the

commonest condition of demand and supply, and without much more danger in their Sunday's entertainment than in their Saturday's. But the importunate and zealous ministrations of the men who have been strong enough to deceive themselves before they deceive others;—who give the grace and glow of vital sincerity to falsehood, and lie for God from the ground of their heart, produce forms of moral corruption in their congregations as much more deadly than the consequences of recognizedly vicious conduct, as the hectic of consumption is more deadly than the flush of temporary fever. And it is entirely unperceived by the members of existing churches that the words, 'speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron,' do not in the least apply to wilful and self-conscious hypocrites, but only to those who do not recognize themselves for such. Of wilful assumption of the appearance of piety, for promotion of their own interests, few, even of the basest men, are frankly capable; and to the average English gentleman, deliberate hypocrisy is impossible. And, therefore, all the fierce invectives of Christ, and of the prophets, and apostles, against hypocrisy, thunder above their heads unregarded; while all the while Annas and Caiaphas are sitting in Moses' seat for ever; and the anger of God is accomplished against the daughter of His people, "for the sins of her prophets, and the iniquities of her priests, that have shed the blood of the just in the midst of her. They have wandered blind in the streets; they have polluted themselves with blood, so that men could not touch their garments." *

Take, for example, the conduct of the heads of the existing Church respecting the two powers attributed to them in this very verse. There is certainly no Bishop now in the Church of England who would either dare in a full drawing-room to attribute to himself the gift of prophecy, in so many words; or to write at the head of any of his sermons, "On such and such a day, of such and such a month, in such and such a place, the Word of the Lord came unto me, saying." Nevertheless,

* Lamentations v. 13.

he claims to have received the Holy Ghost himself by laying on of hands; and to be able to communicate the Holy Ghost to other men in the same manner. And he knows that the office of the prophet is as simply recognized in the enumeration of the powers of the ancient Church, as that of the apostle, or evangelist, or doctor. And yet he can neither point out in the Church the true prophets, to whose number he dares not say he himself belongs, nor the false prophets, who are casting out devils in the name of Christ, without being known by Him;—and he contentedly suffers his flock to remain under the impression that the Christ who led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, left the gift of prophecy out of the group, as one needed no longer.

But the second word, ‘priest,’ is one which he finds is convenient to assume himself, and to give to his fellow-clergymen. He knows, just as well as he knows prophecy to be a gift attributed to the Christian minister, that priesthood is a function expressly taken away from the Christian minister.* He dares not say in the open drawing-room that he offers sacrifice for any soul there;—and he knows that he cannot give authority for calling himself a priest from any canonical book of the New Testament. So he equivocates on the sound of the word ‘presbyter,’ and apologizes to his conscience and his flock by declaring, “The priest I say,—the presbyter* I mean,” without even requiring so much poor respect for his quibble as would be implied by insistence that a so-called priest should at least *be* an Elder. And securing, as far as he can, the reverence of his flock, while he secretly abjures the responsibility of the office he takes the title of, again he lets the rebuke of his God fall upon a deafened ear, and reads that “from the Prophet unto the Priest, every one dealeth falsely,” without

* As distinguished, that is to say, from other members of the Church. All are priests, as all are kings; but the kingly function exists apart; the priestly, not so. The subject is examined at some length, and with a clearness which I cannot mend, in my old pamphlet on the ‘Construction of Sheepfolds,’ which I will presently reprint. See also Letter XIII., in ‘Time and Tide.’

the slightest sensation that his own character is so much as al-
luded to.

Thus, not daring to call themselves prophets, which they know they ought to be; but daring, under the shelter of equivocation, to call themselves priests, which they know they are not, and are forbidden to be; thus admittedly, without power of prophecy, and only in stammering pretence to priesthood, they yet claim the power to forgive and retain sins. Whereupon, it is to be strictly asked of them, whose sins they remit, and whose sins they retain. For truly, if they have a right to claim any authority or function whatever—this is it. Prophecy, they cannot;—sacrifice, they cannot;—in their hearts there is no vision—in their hands no victim. The work of the Evangelist was done before they could be made Bishops; that of the Apostle cannot be done on a Bishop's throne: there remains to them, of all possible office of organization in the Church, only that of the pastor,—verily and intensely their own; received by them in definite charge when they received what they call the Holy Ghost;—"Be to the flock of Christ, a shepherd, not a wolf;—feed them, devour them not."

Does any man, of all the men who have received this charge in England, know what it *is* to be a wolf?—recognize in himself the wolfish instinct, and the thirst for the blood of God's flock? For if he does not know what is the nature of a wolf, how should he know what it is to be a shepherd? If he never felt like a wolf himself, does he know the people who do? He does not expect them to lick their lips and bare their teeth at him, I suppose, as they do in a pantomime? Did he ever in his life see a wolf coming, and debate with himself whether he should fight or fly?—or is not rather his whole life one head-long hireling's flight, without so much as turning his head to see what manner of beasts they are that follow?—nay, are not his very hireling's wages paid him *for* flying instead of fighting?

Dares any one of them answer me—here from my college of the Body of Christ I challenge every mitre of them: definitely, the Lord of St. Peter's borough, whom I note as a

pugnacious and accurately worded person, and hear of as an outspoken one, able and ready to answer for his fulfilment of the charge to Peter: How many wolves does he know in Peterborough—how many sheep?—what battle has he done—what bites can he show the scars of?—whose sins has he remitted in Peterborough—whose retained?—has he not remitted, like his brother Bishops, all the sins of the rich, and retained all those of the poor?—does he know, in Peterborough, who are fornicators, who thieves, who liars, who murderers?—and has he ever dared to tell any one of them to his face that he was so—if the man had over a hundred a year?

“Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics, and so fetch them home, blessed Lord, to Thy flock, that they may be saved among the remnant of the true Israelites.” Who *are* the true Israelites, my lord of Peterborough, whom you can definitely announce for such, in your diocese. Or, perhaps, the Bishop of Manchester will take up the challenge, having lately spoken wisely—in generalities—concerning Fraud. Who are the true Israelites, my lord of Manchester, on your Exchange? Do they stretch their cloth, like other people?—have they any underhand dealings with the liable-to-be-damned false Israelites—Rothschilds and the like? or are they duly solicitous about those wanderers’ souls? and how often, on the average, do your Manchester clergy preach from the delicious parable, savouriest of all Scripture to rogues, at least since the eleventh century, when I find it to have been specially headed with golden title in my best Greek MS. “of the Pharisee and Publican”—and how often, on the average, from those objectionable First and Fifteenth Psalms?

For the last character in St. Paul’s enumeration, which Bishops can claim, and the first which they are bound to claim, for the perfecting of the saints, and the work of the ministry, is that of the Doctor or Teacher.

In which character, to what work of their own, frank and faithful, can they appeal in the last fifty years of especial danger to the Church from false teaching? On this matter, my challenge will be most fittingly made to my own Bishop, of

the University of Oxford. He inhibited, on the second Sunday of Advent of last year, another Bishop of the English Church from preaching at Carfax. By what right? Which of the two Bishops am I, their innocent lamb, to listen to? It is true that the insulted Bishop was only a colonial one;—am I to understand, therefore, that the Church sends her heretical Bishops out as Apostles, while she keeps her orthodox ones at home? and that, accordingly, a stay-at-home Bishop may always silence a returned Apostle? And, touching the questions which are at issue, is there a single statement of the Bishop of Natal's respecting the Bible text, which the Bishop of Oxford dares to contradict before Professor Max Müller, or any other leading scholar of Europe? Does the Bishop of Oxford himself believe every statement in the Bible? If not,—which does he disbelieve, and why? He suffers the whole collection of books to be spoken of—certainly by many clergymen in his diocese—as the Word of God. If he disbelieves any portion of it, that portion he is bound at once to inhibit them from so calling, till inquiry has been made concerning it; but if he and the other orthodox home-Bishops,—who would very joyfully, I perceive, burn the Bishop of Natal at Paul's, and make Ludgate Hill safer for the omnibuses with the cinders of him,—if they verily believe all, or even, with a living faith, *any*, vital part of the Bible, how is it that we, the incredulous sheep, see no signs following them that believe;—that though they can communicate the Holy Spirit, they cannot excommunicate the unholy one, and apologetically leave the healing of sick to the physician, the taking up of serpents to the juggler, and the moving of mountains to the railway-navvy?

“It was never meant that any one should do such things literally, after St. Paul's time.”

Then what *was* meant, and what *is*, doctors mine?

Challenge enough, for this time, it seems to me; the rather that just as I finish writing it, I receive a challenge myself, requiring attentive answer. Fors could not have brought it me at better time. The reader will find it the first in the Notes and Correspondence of this year; and my answer may

both meet the doubts of many readers who would not so frankly have expressed them; and contain some definitions of principle which are necessary for our future work.

My correspondent, referring to my complaint that no matron nor maid of England had yet joined the St. George's Company, answers, for her own part, first, that her husband and family prevent her from doing it; secondly, that she has done it already; thirdly, that she will do it when I do it myself. It is only to the third of these pleas that I at present reply.

She tells me, first, that I have not joined the St. George's Company because I have no home. It is too true. But that is because my father, and mother, and nurse, are dead; because the woman I hoped would have been my wife is dying; and because the place where I would fain have stayed to remember all of them, was rendered physically uninhabitable to me by the violence of my neighbours;—that is to say, by their destroying the fields I needed to think in, and the light I needed to work by. Nevertheless, I have, under these conditions, done the best thing possible to me—bought a piece of land on which I could live in peace; and on that land, wild when I bought it, have already made, not only one garden, but two, to match against my correspondent's; nor that without help from children who, though not mine, have been cared for as if they were.

Secondly; my correspondent tells me that my duty is to stay at home, instead of dating from places which are a dream of delight to *her*, and which, therefore, she concludes, must be a reality of delight to me.

She will know better after reading this extract from my last year's diary; (worth copying, at any rate, for other persons interested in republican Italy). "Florence, 20th September, 1874.—Tour virtually ended for this year. I leave Florence to-day, thankfully, it being now a place of torment day and night for all loving, decent, or industrious people; for every face one meets is full of hatred and cruelty; and the corner of every house is foul; and no thoughts can be thought in it, peacefully, in street, or cloister, or house, any more. And the

last verses I read, of my morning's readings, are Esdras II., xv. 16, 17: 'For there shall be sedition among men, and invading one another; they shall not regard their kings nor princes, *and the course of their actions shall stand in their power.* A man shall desire to go into a city, and shall not be able.' "

What is said here of Florence is now equally true of every great city of France or Italy: and my correspondent will be perhaps contented with me when she knows that only last Sunday I was debating with a very dear friend whether I might now be justified in indulging my indolence and cowardice by staying at home among my plants and minerals, and forsaking the study of Italian art for ever. My friend would fain have it so; and my correspondent shall tell me her opinion, after she knows—and I will see that she has an opportunity of knowing—what work I have done in Florence, and propose to do, if I can be brave enough.

Thirdly; my correspondent doubts the sincerity of my abuse of railroads because she suspects I use them. I do so constantly, my dear lady; few men more. I use everything that comes within reach of me. If the devil were standing at my side at this moment, I should endeavour to make some use of him as a local black. The wisdom of life is in preventing all the evil we can; and using what is inevitable, to the best purpose. I use my sicknesses, for the work I despise in health; my enemies, for study of the philosophy of benediction and malediction; and railroads, for whatever I find of help in them—looking always hopefully forward to the day when their embankments will be ploughed down again, like the camps of Rome, into our English fields. But I am perfectly ready even to construct a railroad, when I think one necessary; and in the opening chapter of 'Munera Pulveris' my correspondent will find many proper uses for steam-machinery specified. What is required of the members of St. George's Company is, not that they should never travel by railroads, nor that they should abjure machinery; but that they should never travel unnecessarily, or in wanton haste;

and that they should never do with a machine what can be done with hands and arms, while hands and arms are idle.

Lastly, my correspondent feels it unjust to be required to make clothes, while she is occupied in the rearing of those who will require them.

Admitting (though the admission is one for which I do not say that I am prepared) that it is the patriotic duty of every married couple to have as large a family as possible, it is not from the happy Penelopes of such households that I ask—or should think of asking—the labour of the loom. I simply require that when women belong to the St. George's Company they should do a certain portion of useful work with their hands, if otherwise their said fair hands would be idle; and if on those terms I find sufficient clothing cannot be produced, I will use factories for them,—only moved by water, not steam.

My answer, as thus given, is, it seems to me, sufficient; and I can farther add to its force by assuring my correspondent that I shall never ask any member of St. George's Company to do more, in relation to his fortune and condition, than I have already done myself. Nevertheless, it will be found by any reader who will take the trouble of reference, that in recent letters I have again and again intimated the probable necessity, before the movement could be fairly set on foot, of more energetic action and example, towards which both my thoughts and circumstances seem gradually leading me; and, in that case, I shall trustfully look to the friends who accuse me of cowardice in doing too little, for defence against the, I believe, too probable imputations impending from others, of folly in doing too much.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. I HOPE my kind correspondent will pardon my publication of the following letter, which gives account of an exemplary life, and puts questions which many desire to have answered.

“My dear Mr. Ruskin,—I do not know if you have forgotten me, for it is a long time since I wrote to you; but you wrote so kindly to me before, that I venture to bring myself before you again, more especially as you write to me (among others) every month, and I want to answer something in these letters.

“I do answer your letters (somewhat combatively) every month in my mind, but all these months I have been waiting for an hour of sufficient strength and leisure, and have found it now for the first time. A family of eleven children, through a year of much illness, and the birth of another child in May, have not left me much strength for *pleasure*, such as this is.

“Now a little while ago, you asked reproachfully of Englishwomen in general, why none of them had joined St. George's Company. I can only answer for myself, and I have these reasons.

“First. Being situated as I am, and as doubtless many others are more or less, I *cannot* join it. In my actions I am subject first to my husband, and then to my family. Any one who is entirely free cannot judge how impossible it is to make inelastic and remote rules apply to all the ever-varying and incalculable changes and accidents and personalities of life. They are a disturbing element to us visionaries, which I have been *forced* to acknowledge and submit to, but which you have not. Having so many to consider and consult, it is all I can do to get through the day's work; I am obliged to take things as I find them, and to do the best I can, in haste; and I might constantly be breaking rules, and not able to help it, and indeed I should not have time to think about it. I do not want to be hampered more than I am. I am not straitened for money; but most people with families are so, more or less, and this is another element of difficulty.

“Secondly. Although I do not want to be further bound by *rules*, I believe that as regards *principles* I am a member of St. George's Company already; and I do not like to make any further profession which would seem to imply a renunciation of the former errors of my way, and the beginning of a *new* life. I have never been conscious of any other motives or course of life than those which you advocate; and my children and all around me do not know me in any other light; and I find a gradual and unconscious conformation to them growing up round me, though I have no sort of *teaching* faculty. I cannot tell how much of them I owe to you, for some of your writings which fell in my way when I was very young made a deep impression on me, and I grew up embued with their spirit; but certainly I cannot now profess it for the first time.

“Thirdly (and this is wherein I fear to offend you), *I will join St. George's*

Company whenever you join it yourself. Please pardon me for saying that I appear to be more a member of it than you are. My life is strictly bound and ruled, and within those lines I live. Above all things, you urge our duties to the land, the common earth of our country. It seems to me the first duty any one owes to his country is *to live in it*. I go further, and maintain that every one is bound to have a home, and live in that. You speak of the duty of acquiring, if possible, and cultivating the smallest piece of ground. But, (forgive the question,) where is your house and your garden? I know you have got *places*, but you do not stay there. Almost every month you date from some new place, a dream of delight to me; and all the time I am stopping at home, labouring to improve the place I live at, to keep the lives entrusted to me, and to bring forth other lives in the agony and peril of my own. And when I read your reproaches, and see where they date from, I feel as a soldier freezing in the trenches before Sebastopol might feel at receiving orders from a General who was dining at his club in London. If you would come and see me in May, I could show you as pretty a little garden of the spade as any you even saw, made on the site of an old rubbish heap, where seven tiny pair of hands and feet have worked like fairies. Have you got a better one to show me? For the rest of my garden I cannot boast; because out-of-door work or pleasure is entirely forbidden me by the state of my health.

"Again, I agree with you in your dislike of railroads, but I suspect you use them, and sometimes go on them. *I never do*. I obey these laws and others, with whatever inconvenience or privation they may involve; but you do not; and that makes me revolt when you scold us.

"Again, I *cannot*, as you suggest, grow, spin, and weave the linen for myself and family. I have enough to do to get the clothes made. If you would establish factories where we could get pure woven cotton, linen, and woollen, I would gladly *buy* them there; and that would be a fair division of labour. It is not fair that the more one does, the more should be required of one.

"You see you are like a clergyman in the pulpit in your books: you can scold the congregation, and they cannot answer; behold the congregation begins to reply; and I only hope you will forgive me.

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly."

II. It chances, I see, while I print my challenge to the Bishop of my University, that its neighbouring clergymen are busy in expressing to him their thanks and compliments. The following address is worth preserving. I take it from the 'Morning Post' of December 16. and beneath it have placed an article from the 'Telegraph' of the following day, describing the results of clerical and episcopal teaching of an orthodox nature in Liverpool, as distinguished from 'Doctor' Colenso's teaching in Africa.

"THE INHIBITION OF BISHOP COLENSO.—The clergy of the rural deanery of Witney, Oxford, numbering thirty-four, together with the rural dean (the Rev. F. M. Cunningham), have subscribed their names to the following circular, which has been forwarded to the Bishop of Oxford:—"To the Right Rev. Father in God, John Fielder, by Divine permission Lord Bishop of Oxford.—We, the undersigned clergy of the rural deanery of Witney, in your Lordship's diocese, beg respectfully to offer to your Lordship our cordial sympathy under the painful circumstances in which you have been placed by the invitation to the Right Rev. Dr. Colenso to preach in one of the churches in your diocese. Your firm and spontaneous refusal to permit Dr. Colenso to preach will be thankfully accepted by all consistent members of

our church as a protest much needed in these times against the teaching of one who has grievously offended many consciences, and has attempted as far as in him lay to injure the 'faith which was delivered to the saints.'^a That your Lordship may long be spared to defend the truth, is the prayer of your Lordship's obedient and attached clergy.'

(* I append a specimen of the conduct of the Saints to whom our English clergymen have delivered the Faith.)

III. "Something startling in the way of wickedness is needed to astonish men who, like our Judges, see and hear the periodical crop of crime gathered in at Assizes; yet in two great cities of England, on Tuesday, expressions of amazement, shame, and disgust fell from the seat of Justice. At York, Mr. Justice Denman was driven to utter a burst of just indignation at the conduct of certain people in his court, who grinned and tittered while a witness in a disgraceful case was reluctantly repeating some indelicate language. 'Good God!' exclaimed his Lordship, 'is this a Christian country? Let us at least have decency in courts of justice. One does not come to be amused by filth which one is obliged to extract in cases that defame the land.' At Liverpool a sterner declaration of judicial anger was made, with even stronger cause. Two cases of revolting barbarism were tried by Mr. Justice Mellor—one of savage violence towards a man, ending in murder; the other of outrage upon a woman, so unspeakably shameful and horrible that the difficulty is how to convey the facts without offending public decency. In the first a gang of men at Liverpool set upon a porter named Richard Morgan, who was in the company of his wife and brother, and because he did not instantly give them sixpence to buy beer they kicked him completely across the street, a distance of thirty feet, with such ferocity, in spite of all the efforts made to save him by the wife and brother, that the poor man was dead when he was taken up. And during this cruel and cowardly scene the crowd of bystanders not only did not attempt to rescue the victim, but hounded on his murderers, and actually held back the agonized wife and the brave brother from pursuing the homicidal wretches. Three of them were placed at the bar on trial for their lives, and convicted; nor would we intervene with one word in their favour, though that word might save their vile necks. This case might appear bad enough to call forth the utmost wrath of Justice; but the second, heard at the same time and place, was yet more hideous. A tramp-woman, drunk, and wet to the skin with rain, was going along a road near Burnley, in company with a navvy, who by-and-by left her helpless at a gate. Two out of a party of young colliers coming from work found her lying there, and they led her into a field. They then sent a boy named Slater to fetch the remaining eight of their band, and having thus gathered many spectators, two of them certainly, and others of the number in all probability, outraged the hapless creature, leaving her after this infernal treatment in such plight that next day she was found lying dead in the field. The two in question—Durham, aged twenty, and Shepherd, aged sixteen—were arraigned for murder; but that charge was found difficult to make good, and the minor indictment for rape was alone pressed against them. Of the facts there was little or no doubt; and it may well be thought that in stating them we have accomplished the saddest portion of our duty to the public.

"But no! to those who have learned how to measure human nature, we think what followed will appear the more horrible portion of the trial—if more horrible could be. With a strange want of insight, the advocate for these young men called up the companions of their atrocity to swear—what does the public expect?—to swear *that they did not think the tramp woman was ill-used, nor that what was done was wrong.* Witness after witness, present at the time, calmly deposed to his personal view of the transaction in words like those of William Bracewell, a collier, aged nineteen. Between

this precious specimen of our young British workingman and the Bench, the following interchange of questions and answers passed. 'You did not think there was anything wrong in it?'—'No.' 'Do you mean to tell me you did not think there was anything wrong in outraging a drunken woman?'—'She never said nothing.' 'You repeat you think there was nothing wrong—that there was no harm in a lot of fellows outraging a drunken woman—is that your view of the thing?'—'Yes.' And, in reply to further questions by Mr. Cottingham, this fellow Bracewell said he only 'thought the matter a bit of fun. None of them interfered to protect the woman.' Then the boy Slater, who was sent to bring up the laggards, was asked what he thought of his errand. Like the others, 'he hadn't seen anything very wrong in it.' At this point the Judge broke forth, in accents which may well ring through England. His Lordship indignantly exclaimed: 'I want to know how it is possible in a Christian country like this that there should be such a state of feeling, even among boys of thirteen, sixteen, and eighteen years of age. It is outrageous. If there are missionaries wanted to the heathen, there are heathens in England who require teaching a great deal more than those abroad.' (Murmurs of 'Hear, hear,' from the jurybox, and applause in court.) His Lordship continued: 'Silence! It is quite shocking to hear boys of this age come up and say these things.' How, indeed, is it possible? that is the question which staggers one. Murder there will be—manslaughter, rape, burglary, theft, are all unfortunately recurring and common crimes in every community. Nothing in the supposed nature of 'Englishmen' can be expected to make our assizes maiden, and our gaoi deliveries blank. But there was thought to be something in the blood of the race which would somehow serve to keep us from seeing a Liverpool crowd side with a horde of murderers against their victim, or a gang of Lancashire lads making a ring to see a woman outraged to death. A hundred cases nowadays tell us to discard that idle belief; if it ever was true, it is true no longer. The most brutal, the most cowardly, the most pitiless, the most barbarous deeds done in the world, are being perpetrated by the lower classes of the English people—once held to be by their birth, however lowly, generous, brave, merciful, and civilized. In all the pages of Dr. Livingstone's experience among the negroes of Africa, there is no single instance approaching this Liverpool story, in savagery of mind and body, in bestiality of heart and act. Nay, we wrong the lower animals by using that last word: the foulest among the beasts which perish is clean, the most ferocious gentle, matched with these Lancashire pitmen, who make sport of the shame and slaying of a woman, and blaspheme nature in their deeds, without even any plea whatever to excuse their cruelty."

The clergy may vainly exclaim against being made responsible for this state of things. They, and chiefly their Bishops, are wholly responsible for it; nay, are efficiently the causes of it, preaching a false gospel for hire. But, putting all questions of false or true gospels aside, suppose that they only obeyed St. Paul's plain order in 1st Corinthians v. 11. Let them determine as distinctly what covetousness and extortion are in the rich, as what drunkenness is, in the poor. Let them refuse, themselves, and order their clergy to refuse, to go out to dine with such persons; and still more positively to allow such persons to sup at God's table. And they would soon know what fighting wolves meant; and something more of their own pastoral duty than they learned in that Consecration Service, where they proceeded to follow the example of the Apostles in Prayer, but carefully left out the Fasting.

ACCOUNTS.

The following Subscriptions have come in since I made out the list in the December number ; but that list is still incomplete, as I cannot be sure of some of the numbers till I have seen my Brantwood note-book :—

	£	s.	d.
31. "In Memoriam"	5	0	0
32. (The tenth of a tenth)	1	1	0
33. Gift	20	0	0
34. An Old Member of the Working Men's Col- lege. Gift	5	0	0
35. H. T. S.	9	0	0
36.	5	0	0
7. Second Donation	5	0	0
15 " "	5	0	0
	£55 1 0		

LETTER L.

A FRIEND, in whose judgment I greatly trust, remonstrated sorrowfully with me, the other day, on the desultory character of Fors; and pleaded with me for the writing of an arranged book instead.

But he might as well plead with a birch-tree growing out of a crag, to arrange its boughs beforehand. The winds and floods will arrange them according to their wild liking; all that the tree has to do, or can do, is to grow gaily, if it may be; sadly, if gaiety be impossible; and let the black jags and scars rend the rose-white of its trunk where Fors shall choose.

But I can well conceive how irritating it must be to any one chancing to take special interest in any one part of my subject—the life of Scott for instance,—to find me, or lose me, wandering away from it for a year or two; and sending roots into new ground in every direction: or (for my friend taxed me with this graver error also) needlessly re-rooting myself in the old.

And, all the while, some kindly expectant people are waiting for ‘details of my plan.’ In the presentment of which, this main difficulty still lets me; that, if I told them, or tried to help them definitely to conceive, the ultimate things I aim at, they would at once throw the book down as hopelessly Utopian; but if I tell them the immediate things I aim at, they will refuse to do those instantly possible things, because inconsistent with the present vile general system. For instance—I take (see Letter V.) Wordsworth’s single line,

“ We live by admiration, hope, and love,”

for my literal guide, in all education. My final object, with every child born on St. George’s estates, will be to teach it what to admire, what to hope for, and what to love; but how

far do you suppose the steps necessary to such an ultimate aim are immediately consistent with what Messrs. Huxley and Co. call 'Secular education'? Or with what either the Bishop of Oxford, or Mr. Spurgeon, would call 'Religious education'?

What to admire, or wonder at! Do you expect a child to wonder at—being taught that two and two make four—(though if only its masters had the sense to teach *that*, honestly, it would be something)—or at the number of copies of nasty novels and false news a steam-engine can print for its reading?

What to hope? Yes, my secular friends—What? That it shall be the richest shopman in the street; and be buried with black feathers enough over its coffin?

What to love—Yes, my ecclesiastical friends, and who is its neighbour, think you? Will you meet these three demands of mine with your three Rs, on your catechism?

And how would I meet them myself? Simply by never, so far as I could help it, letting a child read what is not worth reading, or see what is not worth seeing; and by making it live a life which, whether it will or no, shall enforce honourable hope of continuing long in the land—whether of men or God.

And who is to say what is worth reading, or worth seeing? sneer the Republican mob. Yes, gentlemen, you who never knew a good thing from a bad, in all your lives, may well ask that!

Let us try, however, in such a simple thing as a child's book. Yesterday, in the course of my walk, I went into a shepherd-farmer's cottage, to wish whoever might be in the house a happy new year. His wife was at home, of course; and his little daughter, Agnes, nine years old; both as good as gold, in their way.

The cottage is nearly a model of those which I shall expect the tenants of St. George's Company, and its active members, to live in;—the entire building, parlour, and kitchen, (in this case one, but not necessarily so,) bedrooms and all, about the size of an average dining-room in Grosvenor Place or Park

Lane. The conversation naturally turning to Christmas doings and havings,—and I, as an author, of course inquiring whether Agnes had any new books, Agnes brought me her library—consisting chiefly in a good pound's weight of the literature which cheap printing enables the pious to make Christmas presents of for a penny. A full pound, or, it might be, a pound and a half, of this instruction, full of beautiful sentiments, woodcuts, and music. More woodcuts in the first two ounces of it I took up, than I ever had to study in the first twelve years of my life. Splendid woodcuts, too, in the best Kensington style, and rigidly on the principles of high, and commercially remunerative, art, taught by Messrs. Redgrave, Cole, and Company.

Somehow, none of these seem to have interested little Agnes, or been of the least good to her. Her pound and a half of the best of the modern pious and picturesque is (being of course originally boardless) now a crumpled and variously doubled-up heap, brought down in a handful, or lapful, rather;—most of the former insides of the pamphlets being now the outsides; and every form of dog's ear, puppy's ear, cat's ear, kitten's ear, rat's ear, and mouse's ear, developed by the contortions of weary fingers at the corners of their didactic and evangelically sibylline leaves. I ask if I may borrow one to take home and read. Agnes is delighted; but undergoes no such pang of care as a like request would have inflicted on my boyish mind, and needed generous stifling of;—nay, had I asked to borrow the whole heap, I am not sure whether Agnes's first tacit sensation would not have been one of deliverance.

Being very fond of pretty little girls, (not, by any means, excluding pretty—tall ones,) I choose, for my own reading, a pamphlet* which has a picture of a beautiful little girl with long hair, lying very ill in bed, with her mother putting up her forefinger at her brother, who is crying, with a large tear on the side of his nose; and a legend beneath: 'Harry told

* The Children's Prize. No. XII. December, 1873. Price one penny.

his mother the whole story.' The pamphlet has been doubled up by Agnes right through the middle of the beautiful little girl's face, and no less remorselessly through the very middle of the body of the 'Duckling Astray,' charmingly drawn by Mr. Harrison Weir on the opposite leaf. But my little Agnes knows so much more about real ducklings than the artist does, that her severity in this case is not to be wondered at.

I carry my Children's Prize penny's-worth home to Brantwood, full of curiosity to know "the whole story." I find that this religious work is edited by a Master of Arts—no less—and that two more woodcuts of the most finished order are given to Harry's story,—representing Harry and the pretty little girl, (I suppose so, at least; but, alas, now with her back turned to me,—the cuts came cheaper so,) dressed in the extreme of fashion, down to her boots,—first running with Harry, in snow, after a carriage, and then reclining against Harry's shoulder in a snowstorm.

I arrange my candles for small print, and proceed to read this richly illustrated story.

Harry and his sister were at school together, it appears, at Salisbury; and their father's carriage was sent, in a snowy day, to bring them home for the holidays. They are to be at home by five; and their mother has invited a children's party at seven. Harry is enjoined by his father, in the letter which conveys this information, to remain inside the carriage, and not to go on the box.

Harry is a good boy, and does as he is bid; but nothing whatever is said in the letter about not getting out of the carriage to walk up hills. And at 'two-mile hill' Harry thinks it will be clever to get out and walk up it, without calling to, or stopping, John on the box. Once out himself, he gets Mary out;—the children begin snowballing each other; the carriage leaves them so far behind that they can't catch it; a snowstorm comes on, etc., etc.; they are pathetically frozen within a breath of their lives; found by a benevolent carter, just in time; warmed by a benevolent farmer, the carter's friend; restored to their alarmed father and mother; and

Mary has a rheumatic fever, "and for a whole week it was not known whether she would live or die," which is the Providential punishment of Harry's sin in getting out of the carriage.

Admitting the perfect appositeness and justice of this Providential punishment; I am, parenthetically, desirous to know of my Evangelical friends, first, whether from the corruption of Harry's nature they could have expected anything better than his stealthily getting out of the carriage to walk up the hill?—and, secondly, whether the merits of Christ, which are enough to save any murderer or swindler from all the disagreeable consequences of murder and swindling, in the next world, are not enough in this world, if properly relied upon, to save a wicked little boy's sister from rheumatic fever? This, I say, I only ask parenthetically, for my own information; my immediate business being to ask what effect this story is intended to produce on my shepherd's little daughter Agnes?

Intended to produce, I say: what effect it *does* produce, I can easily ascertain; but what do the writer and the learned editor expect of it? Or rather, to touch the very beginning of the inquiry, for what class of child do they intend it? 'For all classes,' the enlightened editor and liberal publisher doubtless reply. 'Classes, indeed! In the glorious liberty of the Future, there shall be none!'

Well, be it so; but in the inglorious slavery of the Past, it has happened that my little Agnes's father has not kept a carriage; that Agnes herself has not often seen one, is not likely often to be in one, and has seen a great deal too much snow, and had a great deal too much walking in it, to be tempted out,—if she ever has the chance of being driven in a carriage to a children's party at seven,—to walk up a hill on the road. Such is our benighted life in Westmoreland. In the future, do my pious and liberal friends suppose that all little Agneses are to drive in carriages? That is *their* Utopia. Mine, so much abused for its impossibility, is only that a good many little Agneses who at present drive in carriages, shall have none.

Nay, but, perhaps, the learned editor did not intend the

story for children 'quite in Agnes's position.' For what sort did he intend it, then? For the class of children whose fathers keep carriages, and whose mothers dress their girls by the Paris modes, at three years old? Very good; then, in families which keep carriages and footmen, the children are supposed to think a book is a prize, which costs a penny? Be that also so, in the Republican cheap world; but might not the cheapeners print, when they are about it, prize poetry for their penny? Here is the 'Christmas Carol,' set to music, accompanying this moral story of the Snow.

“ Hark, hark, the merry pealing,
 List to the Christmas chime,
 Every breath and every feeling
 Hails the good old time ;
 Brothers, sisters, homeward speed,
 All is mirth and play ;
 Hark, hark, the merry pealing,—
 Welcome, Christmas Day.

Sing, sing, around we gather
 Each with something new,
 Cheering mother, cheering father,
 From the Bible true ;
 Bring the holly, spread the feast,
 Every heart to cheer,
 Sing, sing, a merry Christmas,
 A happy, bright New Year.”

Now, putting aside for the moment all questions touching the grounds of the conviction of the young people for whom these verses are intended of the truth of the Bible; or touching the propriety of their cheering their fathers and mothers by quotations from it; or touching the difficultly reconcileable merits of old times and new things; I call these verses bad, primarily, because they are not rhythmical. I consider good rhythm a moral quality. I consider the rhythm in these stanzas demoralized, and demoralizing. I quote, in opposition to them, one of the rhymes by which my own ear and mind were educated in early youth, as being more distinctly, and literally 'moral,' than that Christmas carol.

“ Dame Wiggins of Lee
 Was a worthy old soul,
 As e'er threaded a needle,
 or washed in a bowl.
 She held mice and rats
 In such antipathy,
 That Seven good Cats
 Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.”

Putting aside also, in our criticism of these verses, the very debateable question, whether Dame Wiggins kept the Seven Cats, or the Seven Cats Dame Wiggins; and giving no judgment as to the propriety of the license taken in pronunciation, by the accent on the last syllable of ‘antipathy,’ or as to the evident plagiarism of the first couplet from the classical ballad of King Cole, I aver these rhymes to possess the primary virtue of rhyme,—that is to say, to be rhythmical, in a pleasant and exemplary degree. And I believe, and will venture also to assert my belief, that the matter contained in them, though of an imaginative character, is better food for a child’s mind than either the subject or sentiment of the above quoted Christmas Carol.

The mind of little Agnes, at all events, receives from story, pictures, and carol, altogether, no very traceable impression; but, I am happy to say, certainly no harm. She lives fifteen miles from the nearest manufacturing district,—sees no vice, except perhaps sometimes in the village on Sunday afternoons;—hears, from week’s end to week’s end, the sheep bleat, and the wind whistle,—but neither human blasphemy, nor human cruelty of command. Her shepherd father, out on the hills all day, is thankful at evening to return to his fireside, and to have his little daughter to look at, instead of a lamb. She suffers no more from schooling than serves to make her enjoy her home;—knows already the mysteries of butter-making and poultry-keeping;—curtsies to me without alarm when I pass her door, if she is outside of it;—and, on the whole, sees no enemy but winter and rough weather.

But what effect this modern Christmas carol *would* have had on her mind, if she had had the full advantage of modern edu-

cation in an advanced and prosperous town,—the following well written letter,—happily sent me by Fors at the necessary moment,—enables me at once to exhibit :—

“10th January, 1874.

Dear Mr. Ruskin,

Your appendix to the Fors this month contains a chapter on what some will assert is very exceptional —shire brutality. After nine years' residence in a —shire village, I am compelled to believe that the vileness which horrified Judge Mellor is everywhere ingrained where factory and colliery rule prevails.

Could you but hear the blasphemous and filthy language our rosy village bairns use as soon as they are out of the parson's earshot, even when leaving the Sabbath School!

Yet we have a rural dean as incumbent, an excellent schoolmaster, and model school. The Government Inspector is highly satisfied, and there are the usual edifying tea parties, prize-givings, and newspaper puffs, yearly.

I know that the children are well taught six days a week, yet there is little fruit of good behaviour among them, and an indecency of speech which is amazing in rural children. On Christmas morn a party of these children, boys and girls, singing carols, encountered my young daughter going alone to the church service. The opportunity was tempting, and as if moved by one vile spirit, they screamed at her a blast of the most obscene and profane epithets that vicious malice could devise. She knew none of them; had never harmed them in her life. She came home with her kind tender heart all aghast. ‘Why do they hate me so?’ she asked.

Yet a short time after the same children came into the yard, and began, with the full shrill powers of their young lungs,

‘Why do I love Jesus?’

the refrain,

‘Because He died for me,’

with especial gusto. My husband, ignorant of their previous conduct, gave them a bright shilling, which evoked three more hymns of similar character. What does all this mean?

Our Bishop says that we have a model parish, a model school, and a model parson—yet we have children like this. One parson knows it, and says to me that he can do nothing to prevent it.

More than this. It is almost incredible; but my own horrified ears have borne witness of it. Young boys will threaten girls of their own age, in the vilest terms, with outrage like that at Burnley. I have heard it again and again. Had Judge Mellor had nine years' experience of —shire life, he would not have been surprised at the utter brutality of mind exhibited.

Yet we are not criminal compared with other districts. Bastardy and drunkenness are at present the darkest shades we can show; but there is perhaps some better influence at work from the vicinage of two great squires, which secures us pure air and wide fields.

I am glad to read that you propose vexing yourself less with the sins of the times during the coming summer. It is too great a burthen for a human mind to bear the world's sins in spirit, as you do. If you mean to preserve yourself for the many thousands whose inner heart's bitterness your voice has relieved, you must vex yourself less about this age's madness.

The sure retribution is at hand already."*

'What does all this mean?' my correspondent asks, in wise anxiety.

National prosperity, my dear Madam, according to Mr. Goschen, the 'Times,' and 'Morning Post';—national prosperity carried to the point of not knowing what to do with our money. Enlightenment, and Freedom, and orthodox Religion, and Science of the superbest and trustworthiest character, and generally the Reign of Law, answer the Duke of Argyll and Professor Huxley. Ruin—inevitable and terrible, such as no nation has yet suffered,—answer God and the Fates.

Yes—inevitable. England has to drink a cup which cannot pass from her—at the hands of the Lord, the cup of His fury;—surely the dregs of it, the wicked of the earth shall wring them and drink them out.

For let none of my readers think me mad enough or wild enough to hope that any effort, or repentance, or change of conduct could now save the country from the consequences of her follies, or the Church from the punishment of her crimes. This St. George's Company of ours is mere raft-making amidst irrevocable wreck—the best we can do, to be done bravely and cheerfully, come of it what may.

Let me keep, therefore, to-day wholly to definite matters, and to little ones. What the education we now give our children leads to, my correspondent's letter shows. What education they should have, instead, I may suggest perhaps in some particulars.

What should be done, for instance, in the way of gift-giving, or instruction-giving, for our little Agnes of the hill-side? Would the St. George's Company, if she were their tenant, only leave her alone,—teach her nothing?

* Yes, I know that; but am I to be cheerfuller therefore?

Not so; very much otherwise than so. This is some part of what should be done for her, were she indeed under St. George's rule.

Instead of the "something new," which our learned Master of Arts edits for her in earolling, she should learn, by heart, words which her fathers had known, many and many a year ago. As, for instance, these two little carols of grace before meat:—

What God gives, and what we take,
 'Tis a gift for Christ His sake;
 Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,
 God be thanked for those and these.
 Have we flesh, or have we fish,
 All are Fragments from His dish:
 He His Church save; and the King;
 And our Peace here, like a Spring,
 Make it ever flourishing.

Here, a little child, I stand
 Heaving up my either hand;
 Cold as Paddocks though they be,
 Here I lift them up to Thee.
 For a Benizon to fall,
 On our Meat, and on us all.

These verses, or such as these, Agnes should be able to say, and sing; and if on any state occasion it were desired of her to say grace, should be so mannered as to say obediently, without either vanity or shame. Also, she should know other rhymes for her own contentment, such as she liked best, out of narrow store offered to her, if *she chose* to learn to read. Reading by no means being enforced upon her—still less, writing; nothing enforced on her but household help to her mother; instant obedience to her father's or mother's word; order and cleanliness in her own departments and person; and gentleness to all inoffensive creatures—paddocks as well as lambs and chickens.

Further, instead of eighteen distinct penny Children's Prizes, containing seventy-two elaborate woodcuts of 'Ducklings astray,' and the like, (which I should especially object to,

in the case of Agnes, as too personal, she herself being little more at present than a duckling astray,) the St. George's Company would invest for her, at once, the 'ridiculously small sum of eighteen-pence,' in one coloured print—coloured by hand, for the especial decoration of her own chamber. This colouring by hand is one of the occupations which young women of the upper classes, in St. George's Company, will undertake as a business of pure duty; it was once a very wholesome means of livelihood to poorer art students. The plates of Sibthorpe's *Flora Græca*, for instance, cost, I am informed, on their first publication, precisely the sum in question,—eighteen-pence each,—for their colouring by hand:—the enterprising publisher who issued the more recent editions, reducing, in conformity with modern views on the subject of economy, the colourist's remuneration to thirty shillings per hundred. But in the St. George's Company, young ladies who have the gift of colouring will be taught to colour engravings simply as well as they can do it, without any reference whatever to pecuniary compensation; and such practice I consider to be the very best possible elementary instruction for themselves, in the art of watercolour painting.

And the print which should be provided and thus coloured for little Agnes's room should be no less than the best engraving I could get made of Simon Memmi's *St. Agnes in Paradise*; of which—(according to the probable notions of many of my readers, absurd and idolatrous)—image, little Agnes should know the legend as soon as she was able to understand it; though, if the St. George's Company could manage it for her, she should be protected from too early instruction in the meaning of that legend, by such threats from her English playfellows as are noticed in my correspondent's letter.

Such should be some small part of her religious education. For beginning of secular education, the St. George's Company would provide for her above and before all things, a yard or two square of St. George's ground, which should be wholly her own; together with instruments suited to her strength, for the culture, and seeds for the sowing, thereof. On which plot

of ground, or near it, in a convenient place, there should be a bee-hive, out of which it should be considered a crowning achievement of Agnes's secular virtues if she could produce, in its season, a piece of snowy and well-filled comb. And, (always if she chose to learn to read), books should be given her containing such information respecting bees, and other living creatures as it appeared to the St. George's Company desirable she should possess. But touching the character of this desirable information, what I have to say being somewhat lengthy, must be deferred to my March letter.

CASTLETON, PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

27th January.

Since finishing this letter, I have driven leisurely through the midland manufacturing districts, which I have not traversed, except by rail, for the last ten years. The two most frightful things I have ever yet seen in my life are the south-eastern suburb of Bradford, (six miles long.) and the scene from Wakefield bridge, by the chapel; yet I cannot but more and more reverence the fierce courage and industry, the gloomy endurance, and the infinite mechanical ingenuity of the great centres, as one reverences the fervid labours of a wasp's nest, though the end of all is only a noxious lump of clay.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

IN my last December's letter, I promised, for January, some statement of real beginning of operations by our Company ; but, as usual, was hindered from fulfilling my promise at the time I intended. And the hindrance lay, as in all useful business it is pretty sure in some measure to lie, in the state of British law. An acre of ground, with some cottages on it, has been given me for our company ; but it is not easy to find out how the company is to lay hold of it. I suppose the conveyancing will cost us, in the end, half a dozen times the value of the land ; and in the meantime I don't care to announce our possession of it, or say what I mean to do with it. I content myself for the present with reprinting, and very heartily, as far as my experience holds, ratifying, the subjoined portions of a letter, sent me the other day out of a country paper. The writer is speaking, at the point where my quotation begins, of the difficulty of getting a good bankruptcy act passed:—

“The reason alleged is that almost any lawyer is ready to help any lying and false-trading person to drive his coach and four through any Act, however good in intention it may be. This is a sad state of things, and is wasteful of more things than money or good temper. It is, however, on the matter of conveyancing that we wish to say a few words. . . .

“We are accustomed to look at the matter as a very simple one. We have before us the deeds of our dwelling-house. The real point is, why can we not sell these papers to, say John Smith, for £1,000, if John is satisfied that our little cottage, with all its admirable rooms so well arranged, is worth that amount ? Why can't we sell him this matter in a simple and clear way ? Or, for a case the least bit complicated, take our six shops in the chief street. Why can't we sell one each to Brown, Jones, Robinson, Thompson, Atkinson, or Williams, their respective and respectable tenants, in an equally simple way ? The English law steps in and says that we must have a cumbersome deed prepared for each case, and the total cost to all of us, without stamps, would be about one hundred pounds, at a reasonable computation. What do we get for this large sum ? Absolutely nothing but jargon on parchment. instead of plain and simple English, which all the Smiths and Browns might understand, and get for a tenth of the cost. This is all the more irritating, because sensible people are agreed that our present plan is a cumbersome farce, and, moreover, nobody laughs at it but the lawyers who get the picking. Any six honest, clear-headed, educated men could devise a system in a month which would put an end to the needless and costly worry entailed by the existing legal paraphernalia. We have never yet seen any tangible objections to the simple system, nor any salient and satisfactory reasons for retaining the present circumlocutory, wasteful, and foolish one.

“Another monstrous anomaly is that we might sell each of our before-mentioned shops in our chief street, and yet retain the original deed un-

touched ; so that after drawing cash from each of our present tenants, we could mortgage the whole block again, and clear off with the double cash.*

“ But even the present system might be made endurable, and herein lies its greatest blame, namely—that you never know what you are going to pay for the foolish and needless work you are having done. You are entirely at the mercy of the lawyer. When we consider that this so-called difficult and skilful work is always managed in the best offices by a mere clerk, and seldom, if ever, by the principal, we have a reasonable ground of complaint against the enormous and unfair charges usually made for work so done by wholesale.

“ We will conclude with a practical suggestion or two. Building clubs have been a great boon to the saving element in our community. It is the wish of most people to have a house of their own, and these clubs find, for hundreds, the readiest means to that end. They have made easy the borrowing and the paying back of money, and they have been the means of simplifying mortgage deeds which, for clubs, are only £2., 5s., and if got up simpler, and printed, instead of being written, might easily and profitably be done for a guinea. Could not they confer a still greater boon on the community by combining, and compelling by a strong voice, the lawyers to systematize and cheapen the present mode of conveyancing? This would be a great work, and might be done. Still better would it be to combine to send up suggestions to Parliament for a simpler and better plan, such as would lead to the passing of an Act for the embodiment of this great and much-needed reform.”

* I don't vouch for the particular statements in this letter. It seems to me incredible that any practical absurdity so great as this should exist in tenure of property.

ACCOUNTS.

The following additional subscriptions complete the account of receipts for St. George's Fund to 15th January, 1875.

	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
25. Gift	5	0	0
26. Gift	1	13	4
30. Gift	0	2	6
37. Gift	5	0	0
38. Annual (1875)	1	1	0
39. Gift (on condition of being immediately used)	25	0	0
40. Gift	2	0	0
41. Gift	5	0	0
4. Third Donation (1874)	10	0	0
	£54 16 10		

LETTER LI.

HERNE HILL, 9th Feb., 1875.

I HAVE been so much angered, distressed and defeated, by many things, during these last autumn and winter months, that I can only keep steadily to my business by insisting to myself on my own extreme value and importance to the world; and quoting, in self-application, the most flattering texts I can find, such as, "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you," and so on; hoping that at least a little more of my foolishness is being pounded out of me at every blow; and that the dough I knead for Fors may be daily of purer wheat.

I wish I could raise it with less leaven of malice, but I dislike some things and some people so much, that, having been always an impetuous, inconsiderate, and weakly communicative person, I find it impossible to hold my tongue in this time of advanced years and petulance. I am thankful, to-day, to have one most pleasant thing first to refer to;—the notable speech, namely, of Mr. Johnson, the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, on the immorality of cheapness: the first living words respecting commerce which I have ever known to be spoken in England, in my time;—on which, nevertheless, I can in no wise dilate to-day, but most thankfully treasure them for study in a future letter; having already prepared for this one, during my course of self-applause taken medicinally, another passage or two of my own biography, putting some of the reasons for my carelessness about Agnes' proficiency in reading or writing, more definitely before the reader.

Until I was more than four years old, we lived in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, the greater part of the year; for a few weeks in the summer breathing country air by taking

lodgings in small cottages (real cottages, not villas, so-called) either about Hampstead, or at Dulwich, at 'Mrs. Ridley's,' the last of a row in a lane which led out into the Dulwich fields on one side, and was itself full of buttercups in spring, and blackberries in autumn. But my chief remaining impressions of those days are attached to Hunter Street. My mother's general principles of first treatment were, to guard me with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain or danger; and, for the rest, to let me amuse myself as I liked, provided I was neither fretful nor troublesome. But the law was, that I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were at first allowed;—and the pity of my Croydon aunt for my monastic poverty in this respect was boundless. On one of my birthdays, thinking to overcome my mother's resolution by splendour of temptation, she bought the most radiant Punch and Judy she could find in all the Soho bazaar—as big as a real Punch and Judy, all dressed in scarlet and gold, and that would dance, tied to the leg of a chair. I must have been greatly impressed, for I remember well the look of the two figures, as my aunt herself exhibited their virtues. My mother was obliged to accept them; but afterwards quietly told me it was not right that I should have them; and I never saw them again.

Nor did I painfully wish, what I was never permitted for an instant to hope, or even imagine, the possession of such things as one saw in toyshops. I had a bunch of keys to play with, as long as I was capable only of pleasure in what glittered and jingled; as I grew older, I had a cart and a ball; and when I was five or six years old, two boxes of well-cut wooden bricks. With these modest, but I still think entirely sufficient possessions, and being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion; and could pass my days contentedly in tracing the squares and comparing the colours of my carpet;—examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses; with rapturous intervals of excitement during **the**

filling of the water-cart, through its leathern pipe, from the dripping iron post at the pavement edge; or the still more admirable proceedings of the turncock, when he turned and turned till a fountain sprang up in the middle of the street. But the carpet, and what patterns I could find in bed-covers, dresses, or wall-papers to be examined, were my chief resources, and my attention to the particulars in these was soon so accurate, that when at three and a half I was taken to have my portrait painted by Mr. Northcote, I had not been ten minutes alone with him before I asked him why there were holes in his carpet. The portrait in question represents a very pretty child with yellow hair, dressed in a white frock like a girl, with a broad light-blue sash and blue shoes to match: the feet of the child wholesomely large in proportion to its body; and the shoes still more wholesomely large in proportion to the feet.

These articles of my daily dress were all sent to the old painter for perfect realization; but they appear in the picture more remarkable than they were in my nursery, because I am represented as running in a field at the edge of a wood with the trunks of its trees striped across in the manner of Sir Joshua Reynolds; while two rounded hills, as blue as my shoes, appear in the distance, which were put in by the painter at my own request; for I had already been once, if not twice, taken to Scotland; and my Scottish nurse having always sung to me as we approached the Tweed or Esk.—

“ For Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
With her barefooted lasses, and mountains so blue,”

I had already generally connected the idea of distant hills with approach to the extreme felicities of life, in my (Scottish) aunty's garden of gooseberry bushes, sloping to the Tay.

But that, when old Mr. Northcote asked me (little thinking, I fancy, to get any answer so explicit) what I would like to have in the distance of my picture, I should have said “blue hills” instead of “gooseberry bushes,” appears to me—and I think without any morbid tendency to think overmuch of myself—a fact sufficiently curious, and not without promise, in a child of that age.

I think it should be related also that having, as aforesaid, been steadily whipped if I was troublesome, my formed habit of serenity was greatly pleasing to the old painter; for I sat contentedly motionless, counting the holes in his carpet, or watching him squeeze his paint out of its bladders,—a beautiful operation, indeed, it seemed to me; but I do not remember taking any interest in Mr. Northcote's applications of the pigments to the canvas; my ideas of delightful art, in that respect, involving indispensably the possession of a large pot, filled with paint of the brightest green, and of a brush which would come out of it sippy. But my quietude was so pleasing to the old man that he begged my father and mother to let me sit to him for the face of a child which he was painting in a classical subject; where I was accordingly represented as reclining on a leopard skin, and having a thorn taken out of my foot by a wild man of the woods.

In all these particulars, I think the treatment, or accidental conditions, of my childhood, entirely right, for a child of my temperament; but the mode of my introduction to literature appears to me questionable, and I am not prepared to carry it out in St. George's schools, without much modification. I absolutely declined to learn to read by syllables; but would get an entire sentence by heart with great facility, and point with accuracy to every word in the page as I repeated it. As, however, when the words were once displaced, I had no more to say, my mother gave up, for the time, the endeavour to teach me to read, hoping only that I might consent, in process of years, to adopt the popular system of syllabic study. But I went on, to amuse myself, in my own way, learnt whole words at a time, as I did patterns;—and at five years old was sending for my 'second volumes' to the circulating library.

This effort to learn the words in their collective aspect was assisted by my real admiration of the look of printed type, which I began to copy for my pleasure, as other children draw dogs and horses. The following inscription, facsimile'd from the fly leaf of my 'Seven Champions of Christendom,' I believe, (judging from the independent views taken in it of the character of the letter L, and the relative elevation of G,) to

be an extremely early art study of this class; and as, by the will of Fors, the first lines of the note written the other day underneath my copy of it, in direction to Mr. Burgess, presented some notable points of correspondence with it, I thought it well he should engrave them together, as they stood.

The noble knight like a bold and daring hero
then entered the vale where the dragon
had his abode who no sooner had sight of him but
his spear then thro' sent forth a sound more

Bolton Abbey
Dear Mother
24th Jan. 75
Will you kindly favour
with moderate care, the above
piece of ancient manuscript in Fors

It would be difficult to give more distinct evidence than is furnished by these pieces of manuscript, of the incurably desultory character which has brought on me the curse of Reuben, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." But I reflect, hereupon, with resolute self-complacency, that water, when good, is a good thing, though it be not stable; and that it may be better sometimes to irrigate than excel. And of the advantage, in many respects, of learning to write and read, if at all, in the above pictorial manner, I have much to say on some other occasion; but, having to-day discoursed enough about myself, will assume that Agnes, wholly at her own sweet will, has made shift to attain the skill and temper necessary for the use of any kind of good book, or bible. It is, then, for the St. George's Company to see that all the bibles she has, whether for delight or instruction, shall be indeed holy bibles; written by persons, that is to say, in whom the word of God dwelt, and who spoke or wrote according to the will of God; and,

therefore, with faithful purpose of speaking the truth touching what they had to tell, or of singing, rhyming, or what not else, for the amusement whether of children or grown-up persons, in a natural, modest, and honest manner, doing their best for the love of God and men, or children, or of the natural world; and not for money, (though for the time necessary to learn the arts of singing or writing, such honest minstrels and authors, manifestly possessing talent for their business, should be allowed to claim daily moderate maintenance, and for their actual toil in performance of their arts, modest reward, and daily bread.)

And, passing by for the present the extremely difficult and debateable question, by what kind of entertaining and simple bibles Agnes shall first be encouraged in the pursuits of literature, I wish to describe to-day more particularly the kind of book I want to be able to give her about her bees, when she is old enough to take real charge of them. For I don't in the least want a book to tell her how many species of bees there are; nor what grounds there may be for suspecting that one species is another species; nor why Mr. B—— is convinced that what Mr. A—— considered two species are indeed one species; nor how conclusively Mr. C—— has proved that what Mr. B—— described as a new species is an old species. Neither do I want a book to tell her what a bee's inside is like, nor whether it has its brains in the small of its back, or nowhere in particular, like a modern political economist; nor whether the morphological nature of the sternal portion of the thorax should induce us, strictly, to call it the prosternum, or may ultimately be found to present no serious inducement of that nature. But I want a book to tell her, for instance, how a bee buzzes; and how, and by what instrumental touch, its angry buzz differs from its pleased or simply busy buzz.* Nor have

* I am not sure, after all, that I should like her to know even so much as this. For on enquiring, myself, into the matter, I find (Ormerod, quoting Dr. H. Landois) that a humble bee has a drum in its stomach, and that one half of this drum can be loosened and then drawn tight again, and that the bee breathes through the slit between the loose half and tight half; and that

I any objection to the child's learning, for good and all, such a dreadful word as 'proboscis,' though I don't, myself, understand why in the case of a big animal, like an elephant, one should be allowed, in short English, to say that it takes a bun with its trunk; and yet be required to state always, with severe accuracy, that a bee gathers honey with its proboscis. Whatever we were allowed to call it, however, our bee-book must assuredly tell Agnes and me, what at present I believe neither of us know,—certainly I don't, myself,—how the bee's feeding instrument differs from its building one, and what either may be like.

I pause, here, to think over and put together the little I do know; and consider how it should be told Agnes. For to my own mind, it occurs in a somewhat grotesque series of imagery, with which I would not, if possible, infect hers. The difference, for instance, in the way of proboscis, between the eminent nose of an elephant, and the not easily traceable nose of a bird: the humorous, and, it seems to me, even slightly mocking and cruel contrivance of the Forming Spirit, that we shall always, unless we very carefully mind what we are about, think that a bird's beak is its nose:—the, to me, as an epicure, greatly disturbing, question, how much, when I see that a bird likes anything, it likes it at the tip of its bill, or somewhere inside. Then I wonder why elephants don't build houses with their noses, as birds build nests with their faces;—then, I wonder what elephants' and mares' nests are like, when they haven't got stables, or dens in menageries: finally, I think I had better stop thinking, and find out a fact or two, if I can, from any books in my possession, about the working tools of the bee.

And I will look first whether there is any available account

in this slit there is a little comb, and on this comb the humble bee plays while it breathes, as on a Jew's harp, and can't help it. But a honey bee hums with its "thoracic spiracles," not with its stomach. On the whole—I don't think I shall tell Agnes anything about all this. She may get through her own life, perhaps, just as well without ever knowing that there's any such thing as a thorax, or a spiracle.

of these matters in a book which I once all but knew by heart, 'Bingley's Animal Biography,' which, though it taught me little, made me desire to know more, and neither fatigued my mind nor polluted it, whereas most modern books on natural history only cease to be tiresome by becoming loathsome.

Yes,—I thought I had read it, and known it, once. "They" (the worker bees) "are so eager to afford mutual assistance" (bestial, as distinct from human competition, you observe), "and for this purpose so many of them crowd together, that their individual operations can scarcely be distinctly observed." (If I re-write this for Agnes, that last sentence shall stand thus: 'that it is difficult to see what any one is doing.')

"It has, however, been discovered that their two jaws are the only instruments they employ in modelling and polishing the wax. With a little patience we perceive cells just begun, we likewise remark the quickness with which a bee moves its teeth against a small portion of the cell; this portion the animal, by repeated strokes on each side, smooths, renders compact, and reduces to a proper thinness."

Here I pause again,—ever so many questions occurring to me at once,—and of which, if Agnes is a thoughtful child, and not frightened from asking what she wants to know, by teachers who have been afraid they wouldn't be able to answer, she may, it is probable, put one or two herself. What are a bee's teeth like? are they white, or black? do they ever ache? can it bite hard with them? has it got anything to bite? Not only do I find no satisfaction in Mr. Bingley as to these matters, but in a grand, close-printed epitome of entomology* lately published simultaneously in London, Paris, and New York, and which has made me sick with disgust by its descriptions, at every other leaf I opened, of all that is horrible in insect life, I find, out of five hundred and seventy-nine figures, not one of a bee's teeth, the chief architectural instruments of the insect world. And I am the more provoked and plained by this, because, my brains being, as all the rest of

* "The Insect World." Cassell & Galpin.

me, desultory and ill under control, I get into another fit of thinking what a bee's lips can be like, and of wondering why whole meadows-full of flowers are called "cows' lips" and none called "bees' lips." And finding presently, in Cassell and Galpin, something really interesting about bees' tongues, and that they don't suck, but lick up, honey, I go on wondering how soon we shall have a scientific Shakespeare printed for the use of schools, with Ariel's song altered into

' Where the bee licks, there lurk I,'

and "the singing masons building roofs of gold," explained to be merely automatic arrangements of lively viscera.

Shaking myself at last together again, I refer to a really valuable book—Dr. Latham Ormerod's 'History of Wasps':—of which, if I could cancel all the parts that interest the Doctor himself, and keep only those which interest Agnes and me, and the pictures of wasps at the end,—I would make it a standard book in St. George's library, even placing it in some proper subordinate relation to the Fourth Georgie: but as it is, I open in every other page on something about 'organs,' a word with which I do not care for Agnes's associating any ideas, at present, but those of a Savoyard and his monkey.

However, I find here, indeed, a diagram of a wasp's mouth; but as it only looks like what remains of a spider after being trodden on, and, as I find that this "mandibulate form of mouth" consists of

"*a*, the labium, with the two labial palpi;

b, the maxilla, whose basilar portions bear at one end the cardo, at the other the hairy galea and the maxillary palps;

c, the labrum, and *d*, the mandible,"

Agnes and I perceive that for the present there is an end of the matter for us; and retreat to our Bingley, there to console ourselves with hearing how Mr. Wildman, whose remarks on the management of bees are well known, possessed a secret by which "he could at any time cause a hive of bees to swarm upon his head, shoulders, or body, in a most surprising man-

ner. He has been seen to drink a glass of wine, having at the same time the bees all over his head and face more than an inch deep: several fell into the glass, but they did not sting him. He could even act the part of a general with them, by marshalling them in battle array upon a large table. There he divided them into regiments, battalions, and companies, according to military discipline, waiting only for his word of command. The moment he uttered the word 'march!' they began to march in a regular manner, like soldiers. To these insects he also taught so much politeness, that they never attempted to sting any of the numerous company."

Agnes, on reading this, is sure to ask me 'how he taught them?' Which is just what, as a student of new methods of education, I should like to know myself; and not a word is said on the matter: and we are presently pushed on into the history of the larger animal which I call a humble, but Agnes, a bumble bee. Not, however, clearly knowing myself either what the ways of this kind are, or why they should be called humble, when I always find them at the top of a thistle rather than the bottom, I spend half my morning in hunting through my scientific books for information on this matter, and find whole pages of discussion whether the orange-tailed bee is the same as the white-tailed bee, but nothing about why either should be called humble or bumble:—at last I bethink me of the great despiser of natural history; and find that stont Samuel, with his good editor Mr. Todd, have given me all I want; but there is far more and better authority for 'bumble' than I thought. However;—this first guess of Johnson's own assuredly touches one popular, though it appears mistaken reason for the Shakespearian form. "The humblé bee is known to have no sting. The Scotch call a cow without horns a 'humble cow.'" But truly, I have never myself yet had clear faith enough in that absence of sting to catch a humble bee in my fingers;* only I suppose Bottom would have

* Alas, that incredulity, the least amiable of the virtues, should often be the most serviceable! Here is a pleasant little passage to fall in with, after Dr. Johnson's "it is well known"! I find it in Ormerod, discussing the

warned Cobweb against that danger, if there had been such, as well as against being overflown with the honey bag.* Red-hipped, Bottom calls them; and yet I find nothing about their red hips anywhere in my books.

We have not done with the name yet, however. It is from the Teutonic 'hommolen,' *bombum edere*: (in good time, some years hence, Agnes shall know what Teutons are,—what bombs are;—shall read my great passage in 'Unto this Last' about bombshells and peaches; and shall know how distinct the Latin root of Edition and Editor is from that of Edification).

Next,—Chaucer, however, uses 'humbling' in the sense of humming or muttering: "like to the humblinge after the clap of a thunderinge." So that one might classically say—a busy bee hums and a lazy bee humbles; only we can't quite rest even in this; for under Bumble-bee, in Johnson, I find a quantity of other quotations and branched words, going off into silk and bombazine;—of which I shall only ask Agnes to remember—

The Bittern, with his bump,
The crane, with his trump,

and Chaucer's single line

And as a bytorne bumblyth in the myre.

This, however, she should write out carefully, letter by letter, as soon as she had learned to write; and know, at least, that the image was used of a wife telling her husband's faults—and, in good time, the whole story of Midas. Meanwhile, we remain satisfied to teach her to call her large brown friends, humble bees, because Shakespeare does, which is reason enough: and then the next thing I want to know, and tell her, is why they are so fond of thistles. Before she can know this, I must

relative tenability of insects between the fingers, for the study of their voices. "Wasps are obviously ill fitted for this purpose, and humble bees are no better; they are so strong and so slippery that they need all our attention to prevent their putting their long stings through our gloves while we are examining them."

* Foolish of me: a cobweb may be overflown, but cannot be stung.

be able to draw a thistle-blossom rightly for her; and as my botany has stood fast for some years at the point where I broke down in trying to draw the separate tubes of thistle-blossom, I can't say any more on that point to-day: but, going on with my Bingley, I find four more species of bees named, which I should like to tell Agnes all I could about: namely, the Mason Bee; the Wood-piercing Bee; and the one which Bingley calls the Garden Bee; but which, as most bees are to be found in gardens, I shall myself call the Wool-gathering Bee; the Leaf-cutting Bee.

1. The mason bee, it appears, builds her nest of sand, which she chooses carefully grain by grain; then sticks, with bee-glue, as many grains together as she can carry, (like the blocks of brick we see our builders prepare for circular drains)—and builds her nest like a swallow's, in any angle on the south side of a wall; only with a number of cells inside, like—a monastery, shall we say,—each cell being about the size of a thimble. But these cells are not, like hive bees', regularly placed, but anyhow—the holes between filled up with solid block building;—and this disorder in the architecture of mason bees seems to be connected with moral disorder in their life; for, instead of being 'so eager to afford mutual assistance' that one can't see what each is doing, these mason bees, if they can, steal each other's nests, just like human beings, and fight, positively like Christians. "Sometimes the two bees fly with such rapidity and force against each other that both fall to the ground"; and the way their cells are built—back of one to side of the other, and so on, is just like what a friend was telling me only the day before yesterday of the new cottages built by a speculative builder, who failed just afterwards, on some lots of land which a Lord of the Manor, near my friend, had just stolen from the public common and sold.

2. The wood piercing bee ents out her nest in decayed wood; the nest being a hollow pipe like a chimney, or a group of such pipes, each divided by regular floors, into cells for the children; one egg is put in each cell, and the cell filled with a paste made of the farina of flowers mixed with honey, for the

young bee to eat when it is hatched. Now this carpentering work, I find, is done wholly by the wood-piercing bee's strong jaws; but here again is no picture of her jaws, or the teeth in them; though the little heaps of sawdust outside where she is working "are of grains nearly as large as those produced by a handsaw"; and she has to make her floors of these grains, by gluing them in successive rings, from the outside of her cell to the centre. Yes; that's all very well; but then I want to know if she cuts the bits of any particular shape, as, suppose, in flatish pieces like tiles, and if then she glues these sideways or edgeways in their successive rings.

But here is the prettiest thing of all in her work. It takes, of course, a certain time to collect the farina with which each cell is filled, and to build the floor between it and the nest; so that the baby in the room at the bottom of the pipe will be born a day or two before the baby next above, and be ready to come out first; and if it made its way upwards, would disturb the next baby too soon. So the mother puts them all upside down, with their feet—their tails, I should say—uppermost; and then when she has finished her whole nest, to the last cell at the top, she goes and cuts a way at the bottom of it, for the oldest of the family to make her way out, as she naturally will, head-foremost, and so cause the others no discomfort by right of primogeniture.

3. The wool-gathering bee is described by White of Selborne, as "frequenting the Garden Campion, for the sake of its Tomentum." I lose half an hour in trying to find out the Garden Campion among the thirty-two volumes of old Sowerby: I find nothing but the sort of white catchfly things that grow out of hollow globes, (which Mary of the Giesbach, by the way, spoken of in a former letter, first taught me to make pops with). I vainly try to find out what "Campion means." Johnson fails me this time. "Campion, the name of a plant." I conjecture it must be simple for champion, "keeper of the field,"—and let that pass; but lose myself again presently in the derivation of Tomentum, and its relation to Tom, in the sense of a volume. Getting back out of all that, rather tired,

I find at last in Bingley that the Garden Campion is *Agrostemma Coronaria* of Linnæus; and I look in my Linnæus, and find it described as *tomentosum*; and then I try my two Sow-erbys, ancient and modern, where I find nothing under *Agrostemma* but the corn-cockle, and so have to give in at last; but I can tell Agnes, at least, that there's some sort of pink which has a downy stem, and there's some sort of bee which strips off the down from the stalk of this pink, "running from the top to the bottom of a branch, and shaving it bare with all the dexterity of a hoop-shaver."

Hoop-shaver? but I never saw so much as a hoop-shaver! Must see one on the first chance, only I suppose they make hoops by steam now.

"When it has got a bundle almost as large as itself it flies away, holding it secure between its chin and forelegs."

Chin?—what is a bee's chin like?

Then comes a story about a knight's finding the key wouldn't turn in the lock of his garden gate; and, there being a wool-gathering bee's nest inside: and it seems she makes her cells or thimbles of this wool, but does not fill them with honey inside; so that I am in doubt whether the early life of the young bees who live in wood, and have plenty to eat, be not more enviable than the lot of those who live in wool and have no larders. I can't find any more about the wool-gatherer; and the fourth kind of bee, most interesting of all, must wait till next Fors' time, for there's a great deal to be learnt about her.

'And what of the St. George's Company meanwhile'?

Well, if I cannot show it some better method of teaching natural history than has been fallen upon by our recent Doctors, we need not begin our work at all. We cannot live in the country without hunting animals, or shooting them, unless we learn how to look at them.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

“THE PARSONAGE, WERRINGTON, PETERBOROUGH, *Feb. 12th, 1875.*”

“MY DEAR SIR,—In your ‘Fors’ published last month you have charged the Pastors, and especially the Chief Pastors of our Church, with ‘preaching a false gospel for hire,’ and thus becoming responsible for the hideous immorality which prevails.

It is very painful to be told this by *you*, of whom some of us have learned so much.

I have been reading your words to my conscience, but—is it my unconscious hypocrisy, my self-conceit, or my sentiment overpowering intellect which hinders me from hearing the word ‘Guilty’?

The gospel I endeavour with all my might to preach and embody is this—Believe on, be persuaded by, the Lord Jesus Christ; let His life rule your lives, and you shall be ‘safe and sound’ now and everlastingly.

Is this ‘a false gospel preached for hire’? If not, what other gospel do you refer to?

I am very faithfully yours,

“JOHN RUSKIN, Esq.”

EDWARD Z. LYTTTEL.”

The gospel which my correspondent preaches (or, at the least, desires to preach)—namely, “Let His life rule your lives,” is eternally true and salutary. The “other gospel which I refer to” is the far more widely preached one, “Let His life be in the stead of your lives,” which is eternally false and damnatory.

The rest of my correspondent’s letter needs, I think, no other reply than the expression of my regret that a man of his amiable character should be entangled in a profession, respecting which the subtle questions of conscience which he proposes can be answered by none but himself; nor by himself with security.

I do not know if, in modern schools of literature, the name of Henry Fielding is ever mentioned; but it was of repute in my early days, and I think it right, during the discussion of the subjects to which Fors is now approaching, to refer my readers to a work of his which gives one of the most beautiful types I know of the character of English clergymen, (the ‘Vicar of Wakefield’ not excepted). His hero is thus introduced: “He was a perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages, to which he added a great share of knowledge in the Oriental tongues, and could read and translate French, Italian, and Spanish. He had applied many years to the most severe study, and had treasured up a fund of learning rarely to be met

with in a university.* He was besides a man of good sense, good parts, and good-nature;—his virtue, and his other qualifications, as they rendered him equal to his office, so they made him an agreeable and valuable companion, and had so much endeared and well recommended him to a Bishop, that, at the age of fifty he was provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year, which, however, he could not make any great figure with; because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.”

Of course, in our present estimate of the good Bishop's benevolence, we must allow for the greater value of money in those times;—nevertheless, it was even then to be obtained in considerable sums, as it is now, by persons who knew the right channels and proper methods of its accumulation, as our author immediately afterwards shows us by the following account of part of the economy of an English gentleman's estate:—

“Joseph had not quite finished his letter when he was summoned downstairs by Mr. Peter Pounce to receive his wages; for, besides that out of eight pounds a year, he allowed his father and mother four, he had been obliged, in order to furnish himself with musical instruments,” (Mr. Fielding countenances my own romantic views respecting the propriety of the study of music even by the lower classes, and entirely approves of these apparently extravagant purchases,) “to apply to the generosity of the aforesaid Peter, who on urgent occasions used to advance the servants their wages, not before they were due, but before they were payable.—that is, perhaps half a year after they were due; and this at the moderate premium of fifty per cent., or a little more; by which charitable methods, together with lending money to other people, and even to his own master and mistress, the honest man had, from nothing, in a few years amassed a small sum of twenty thousand pounds or thereabouts.”

Of the character of the modern English country clergyman, from my own personal knowledge. I could give some examples quite deserving place with the Fielding and Goldsmith type;—but these have influence only in their own villages, and are daily diminishing in numbers; while another type, entirely modern, is taking their place, of which some curious illustration has been furnished me by the third Fors as I was looking over the Christmas books of last year to see if I could find a prize or two for Agnes and some other of my younger cottage friends. Among them, I get two books on natural history, by a country clergyman, who takes his children out on beach and moorland expeditions, and puts a charming portrait of himself, in his best coat, and most elegant attitude of instruction, for the frontispiece. His little daughter has been taught to express herself in such terms as the following:—

(Of a jelly-fish.) “Let me look. If you hold it up to the light, you see it is nearly transparent, and the surface is marked with numerous angular spaces.”

(Of a sand worm.) “Oh—in this respect the little *Pectinaria* resembles

* His debate with Barnabas, on the occasion of the latter's visit to the wounded Joseph, throws some clear light on the questions opened in Mr. Lyttel's letter.

the fresh-water *Melicerta* we find abundantly on the weeds in the canal at home."

(Of a sea-mouse.) "Oh, papa, I do think here is a sea-mouse lying on the shore. Bah! I don't much like to touch it."

The childish simplicity and ladylike grace of these expressions need no comment; but the clergyman's education of his children in *gentleness* is the point peculiarly striking to me in the books; collated with my own experience in the case of the boy and the squirrel. The following two extracts are sufficiently illustrative:—

"'Well, papa,' said Jack, 'I am tired of sitting here; let us now go and hunt for peewit's eggs.' 'All right, Jack, and if you find any you shall each have one for your breakfast in the morning. When hard-boiled and cold, a peewit's egg is a very delicious thing, though I think the peewits are such valuable birds, and do so much good, that I should not like to take many of their eggs. We had better separate from each other, so as to have a better chance of finding a nest.' Soon we hear a shout from Willy, whose sharp eyes had discovered a nest with four eggs in it; so off we all scamper to him. See how the old bird screams and flaps, and how near she comes to us; she knows we have found her eggs, and wishes to lure us away from the spot; so she pretends she has been wounded, and tries to make us follow after her. 'Now, Jack, run and catch her. Hah! hah! There they go. I will back the peewit against the boy. So you have given up the chase, have you? Well, rest again, and take breath.'"

"'Well, Mr. Parry Evans, how many salmon have you counted in the pool?' 'There are seven or eight good fish in, sir, this time; and one or two will be ten or eleven pounds each.' Look at the dog 'Jack': he is evidently getting a little impatient, as he sees in the retiring water of the pool every now and then a salmon darting along. And now Mr. Evans takes the silver collar off, and sets 'Jack' free; and in a second he is in the middle of the pool. Now for the fun! Willy and Jack * tuck up their trousers, take off their shoes and stockings, and with nets in their hands enter the water. Bah! it is rather cold at first, but the excitement soon warms them. There goes a salmon, full tilt, and 'Jack' after him. What a splashing in the water, to be sure! There is another dog learning the trade, and 'Jack' is his tutor in the art; he is a brown retriever, and dashes about the water after the salmon as if he enjoyed the fun immensely, but he has not yet learned how to catch a slippery fish. There! there! see! see! good dog; now you have him! No! off again; well done, salmon! Now dog! have at him!

"How immensely rapid is the motion of a frightened salmon! 'Quick as an arrow' is hardly a figure of speech. Bravo, 'Jack,' bravo! Do you see? He has caught the salmon firmly by the head. Good dog! Mr. Parry Evans is immediately on the spot, and takes the fish from old 'Jack,' whom he kindly pats on the back, holds the salmon aloft for us all to see, and consigns him to the basket which his man is guarding on the shore. See, see, again! off they go, dogs and men, and soon another salmon is captured; and there is lots of fun, meanwhile, in catching the mackerel and garfish. Well, the sport of catching the various fish in the pool—there were nine salmon, averaging about five pounds each—lasted about half an hour. 'Jack' behaved admirably; it was wonderful to see his skill in the pursuit; he generally caught hold of the salmon by the head, on which he gave one strong bite, and the fish was rendered helpless almost instantaneously. Sometimes

* Some ambiguity is caused in this passage by the chance of both dog and boy having the same name, as well as the same instincts

he would catch hold of the back fin. When the sport was finished, we went to survey the spoils; and a nice 'kettle of fish' there was. I bought one salmon and the gurnard; the rest were soon disposed of by Mr. Evans to his numerous visitors, all of whom were much pleased with the sport. But wait a little; some of the fish lie on the sand. I will look for parasites. Here, on this salmon, is a curious parasite with a body an inch long, and with two long tail-like projections three times the length of the creature itself. It is a crustacean, and related to the *Argulus foliaceus*."

The reverend and learned author will perhaps be surprised to hear that the principal effect of these lively passages on me has been slightly to diminish my appetite for salmon, no less than for sea-side recreations. I think I would rather attend my pious instructor, in discourse on the natural history of the Land. I get his 'Country Walks of a Naturalist,' therefore, in which I find a graceful preface, thanking Mr. Gould for permission to copy his *Birds of England*; and two very gummy and shiny copies (so-called) adorning the volume.

Now there was boundless choice for the pleasing of children in Gould's marvellous plates. To begin with, the common sparrow's nest, in the ivy, with the hen sitting:

The sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by,
My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.
She looked at it as if she feared it,—
Still wishing, dreading to be near it,
Such heart was in her.

But the reverend naturalist will none of this. Sparrows indeed! are not five sold for two farthings? Shall any note be taken of them in our modern enlightened science? No; nor yet of the dainty little Bramble Finch, couched in her knotty hollow of birch trunk; though England, and mainland Europe, and Asia Minor, Persia, China, and Japan, all know the little Brambling;—and though in the desolate region of the Dovrefeldt,* too high for the Chaffinch, she decorates the outer walls of her nest with flat pieces of lichen and other materials,—though she is attractive in her winter dress; and in her summer costume, "no pencil can do her justice," clerical taste and propriety will none of her;—no, nor even of the dear little fellow who looks so much like the properest of clergymen himself, in the sprucest of white ties—the Stone-Chat,—preaching, or chattering, or chatting, from the highest twig of his furze-bush;—no, nor of the Fire-crested Wren, poised on long spray of larch with purple buds; nor even, though she, at least might, one would have thought, have provided some 'fun' for the ecclesiastical family, the long-tailed Tit, or Bottle-tit, with her own impatient family of six Bottle-tits, every one with a black eye, as if to illustrate the sympathy of their nature with bottle-tits of the human species, and every one with its mouth open; and the nest, of their mother's exquisite building, with the pale

* I don't put inverted commas to all Mr. Gould's words, having necessarily to mix up mine with them in a patchwork manner; but I don't know anything worth telling, whatever, about—so much as a sparrow,—but what he tells me.

sides of the lichens always turned to the light, and 2,000 feathers used in its lining, and these, nothing to the amount of "invisible cobwebs" taken to attach the decorative pieces of lichen to the outside. All this is contemptible to my religious author; but he hunts Mr. Gould's whole book through, to find the horriest creature in it—the Butcher-bird! transfixing mice on the spines of the blackthorn, and tearing their flesh from them as they hang, 'invariably breaking the skull,' with farther parental direction of the youthful mind. "Do you see that great tit on a branch of this poplar? He is actually at work doing a bit of butchering on a small warbler. See how he is beating the poor little fellow about the head; he wants to get at his brains." This—for one of his two plates, besides the frontispiece, of the back of his own head and its hat; with his two children 'wanting to get at'—something in his hand—and his only remaining plate is of the heron, merely because it is big; for his miserable copyist has taken care to change every curve of the bird's neck and body, so as to destroy every gracious character it has in Mr. Gould's plate, to an extent so wonderful that I mean to impale the two together—on the stem of a blackthorn—in my Oxford schools.

I have much to say, eventually, about this extraordinary instinct for the horrible developing itself at present in the English mind. The deep root of it is cruelty, indulged habitually by the upper classes in their sports, till it has got into the blood of the whole nation; then, the destruction of beautiful things, taking place ever since the sixteenth century, and of late ending in utter blackness of catastrophe, and ruin of all grace and glory in the land; so that sensation *must* be got out of death, or darkness, or frightfulness; else it cannot be had at all—while it is daily more and more demanded by the impatient cretinism of national dotage.

And the culmination of the black business is, that the visible misery drags and beguiles, to its help, all the enthusiastic simplicity of the religious young, and the honest strength of the really noble type of English clergymen; and swallows them as Charybdis would lifeboats. Courageous and impulsive men, with just sense enough to make them soundly practical, and therefore complacent, in immediate business; but not enough to enable them to see what the whole business comes to, when done, are sure to throw themselves desperately into the dirty work, and die like lively moths in candle-grease. Here is one of them at this instant—"dangerously ill of scarlet fever,"—alas! his whole generous life having been but one fit of scarlet fever;—and all aglow in vain.

The London correspondent of the *Brighton Daily News* writes:—"On Sunday morning Mr. Moncreu Conway, preaching his usual sermon in his chapel in Finsbury, made a strong attack upon the National Church, but subsequently modified it so far as to admit that it was possible for some clergymen of the Church to be of use in their day and generation; and he referred especially to the rector of a neighbouring parish, whom he did not name, but who was evidently Mr. Septimus Hansard, rector of Bethnal-green, who is now lying dangerously ill of scarlet fever. This is the third perilous illness he has had since he has been in this parish; each time it was

caught while visiting the sick poor. On one occasion he fell down suddenly ill in his pulpit. It was found that he was suffering from smallpox, and he at once said that he would go to a hospital. A cab was brought to take him there, but he refused to enter it, lest he should be the means of infecting other persons; and, a hearse happening to pass, he declared that he would go in that, and in it he went to the hospital—a rare instance this of pluck and self-devotion. His next illness was typhus fever; and now, as I have said, he is suffering from a disease more terrible still. Five hundred a year (and two curates to pay out of it) is scarcely excessive payment for such a life as that.”

For such a life—perhaps not. But such a death, or even perpetual risk of it, it appears to me, is dear at the money.

“But have I counted the value of the poor souls he has saved in Bethnal?”

No—but I am very sure that while he was saving one poor soul in Bethnal, he was leaving ten rich souls to be damned, at Tyburn,—each of which would damn a thousand or two more by their example—or neglect.

The above paragraph was sent me by a friend, of whose accompanying letter I venture to print a part together with it.

“I send you a cutting from a recent *Times*, to show you there are some faithful men left. I have heard of this Mr. Hansard before, and how well he works. I want to tell you, too, that I am afraid the coarseness and shamelessness you write about, in Fors, is not wholly caused by the neighbourhood of large manufacturing towns, for in the lonely villages I used to know long ago, it was exactly the same. I don't mean that brutal crimes, such as you speak of, were heard of or even possible; but the conversation of men and women, working in the fields together, was frequently such that no young girl working with them could keep modesty. Nor if a girl had what they termed a ‘misfortune,’ was she one bit worse off for it. She was just as certain to be married as before. Reform in all these things—*i e.*, immodest conversation—ought to begin with women. If women in cottages, and indeed elsewhere, were what they ought to be, and kept up a high tone in their households, their sons would not dare to speak in their presence as I know they often do, and their daughters would feel they fell away from much more than they do now, when they go wrong. Men are, I fancy, very much what women make them, and seem to like them to be; and if women withdrew from those who hurt their sense of what is right, I do believe they would try to be different; but it seems very difficult to preserve a high tone of maidenly dignity in poor girls, who, from youth up, hear every possible thing usually left unspoken of freely discussed by fathers and mothers and brothers, and sometimes very evil deeds treated as jests. This is the case painfully often.”

Though my notes, for this month, far exceed their usual limits, I cannot close them without asking my readers to look back, for some relief of heart, to happier times. The following piece of biography, printed only for private circulation, is so instructive that I trust the friend who sent it me will forgive my placing it in broader view; and the more because in the last section of the ‘Queen of the Air,’ my readers will find notice of this neglected power of the tide. I had imagined this an idea of my own, and did not press it,—being content to press what is already known and practically proved to be useful; but the following portion of a very interesting letter,

and the piece of biography it introduces, show the tide-mill to be in this category:

“My father, who began life humbly, dates the prosperity of his family to the time when—being the tenant of a small *tide-mill*—he laboured with spade and barrow (by consent of the Earl of Sheffield) to enclose an increased area—overflowed by the tide—in order to lay under contribution as motive power this wasted energy of rising and falling waters. He thereby nearly quadrupled the power of the mill, and finally became its possessor.”

“William Catt was the son of Mr. John Catt, a Sussex farmer, who married the daughter of a yeoman named Willett, living on a small estate at Buxted. He was born in the year 1780, and soon after that date his parents removed to the Abbey Farm at Robertsbridge. There he passed his early years, and there obtained such education as a dame’s school could afford. This of course was limited to very rudimentary English. He was not a particularly apt scholar: he hated his books—but liked cricket.

“When little more than nineteen, he married a daughter of Mr. Dawes, of Ewhurst. Farming in the Weald of Sussex was then, as now, a laborious and unremunerative occupation; and as an interesting record of the habits of his class at that period, it may be stated, *that* on the morning of his wedding-day he went into a wood with his father’s team for a load of hop-poles, was afterwards married in a white ‘round-frock,’ and returned to his usual work the next morning.* He commenced business at Stonchouse, in Buxted, a farm of between 100 and 200 acres. Banking was in those days in its infancy, and travelling notoriously unsafe; † so his good and prudent mother sewed up beneath the lining of his waistcoat the one-pound notes which he carried from Robertsbridge to Buxted to meet the valuation of his farm. When settled in his little homestead, his household arrangements were of the simplest kind. One boy, one girl, and one horse, formed his staff; yet he thrived and prospered. And no wonder: for *both himself and his young wife often rose at three in the morning; he to thrash by candlelight in his barn, she to feed or prepare her poultry for the market.* His principle was—‘earn a shilling, and spend elevenpence;’ and hence, no doubt, his subsequent success.

“After two years’ farming he took a small mill at Lamberhurst, where a journeyman miller, Saunders Ditton, gave him all the instruction that he ever received in the manufacture and business in which he was afterwards so extensively engaged. Hard work was still a necessity; the mill by night, the market and his customers by day, demanded all his time; and on one occasion, overcome by cold and fatigue, he crept for warmth into his meal-bin, where he fell asleep, and would certainly have been suffocated but for the timely arrival of Ditton. This worthy man afterwards followed his master to Bishopston, and survived him—a pensioner in his old age.

“At this time the Bishopston Tide mills were in the occupation of Messrs. Barton and Catt. The former exchanged with Mr. Catt, of Lamberhurst, who went into partnership with his cousin Edmund. The power of the mill was then only five pair of stones, though he ultimately increased it to sixteen. ‡ In this much more important sphere the same habits of industry still marked his character amidst all disadvantages. It was war-time; corn was of inferior quality and high price; and privateering prevented trading by water. His cousin and he were not suited to each other, and dissolved

* Italics mine throughout.

† Now-a-days the travelling is of course ‘notoriously safe’! but what shall we say of the banking?

‡ The oldest windmill on record in this country (I speak under correction) stood in this parish, and was given by Bishop Seffrid to the see of Chichester about the year 1199. The largest watermill ever constructed in Sussex was that of Mr. Catt.

partnership; but, by the aid of a loan from his worthy friends and neighbours, Mr. Cooper, of Norton, and Mr. Farncombe, of Bishopston, he was enabled to secure the whole of the business to himself. Subsequently, Mr. Edmund Cooper, the son of his friend, became his partner in the mills, and the business was for many years carried on under the title of Catt and Cooper.

"During this partnership a lease was obtained, from the Earl of Sheffield, of the waste lands between the Mills and Newhaven harbour. This was embanked and reclaimed as arable land at first, and subsequently partly used as a reservoir of additional water power. Mr. Catt took great interest in the work; laboured at it himself with spade and barrow; and to it he always referred as the main cause of his success in life. In the third year a crop of oats was grown on the arable portion, which repaid the expenses of reclamation and induced him to increase the power of the mill as mentioned above. Mr. Cooper retired from the concern by agreement, and afterwards, under the firm of William Catt and Sons, in conjunction with his children, Mr. Catt completed fifty years of business at Bishopston. During a considerable portion of those years he had also a large stake with other sons in West Street Brewery, Brighton.

"His faithful wife died in 1823, leaving him the responsible legacy of eleven children—the youngest being not an hour old. This bereavement seemed to stimulate him to renewed exertion and to extraordinary regard for little savings. *He would always stop to pick up a nail or any scrap of old iron that lay in the road, and in the repeated enlargements and construction of his mills he was his own architect and surveyor;* he was always pleased with the acquisition of a bit of wreck timber, any old materials from Blatchington barracks, or from the dismantled mansion of Bishopston Place, formerly the seat of the Duke of Newcastle. Yet he was ever bountiful as a host, liberal to his neighbours, and charitable to his dependants and the deserving poor.

"To a man of Mr. Catt's experience in life, ordinary amusements would have few charms. His business was his pleasure, yet he delighted in his garden, and the culture of pears afforded him much recreation. A more bleak and unpromising place for horticulture than the Bishopston Mills could hardly exist; but by the aid of good walls, and the observation of wind effects, he was eminently successful, and no garden in Sussex produced a greater variety, or finer specimens, of that pleasant fruit. His maxim on this subject was, '*Aim to get a good pear all the year round.*'

"In the latter years of his life, Mr. Catt retired from active business and resided at Newhaven, where he died in 1853, in the seventy-third year of his age, leaving behind him not only the good name which an honourable life deserves, but a substantial fortune for his somewhat numerous descendants."

LETTER LII.

I MUST steadily do a little bit more autobiography in every Fors, now, or I shall never bring myself to be of age before I die—or have to stop writing,—for which last turn of temper or fortune my friends, without exception, (and I hope—one or two of my enemies,) are, I find, praying with what devotion is in them.

My mother had, as she afterwards told me, solemnly devoted me to God before I was born ; in imitation of Hannah.

Very good women are remarkably apt to make away with their children prematurely, in this manner : the real meaning of the pious act being, that, as the sons of Zebedee are not, (or at least they hope not), to sit on the right and left of Christ, in His kingdom, their own sons may perhaps, they think, in time be advanced to that respectable position in eternal life ; especially if they ask Christ very humbly for it every day ;—and they always forget in the most naïve way that the position is not His to give !

‘Devoting me to God,’ meant, as far as my mother knew herself what she meant, that she would try to send me to college, and make a clergyman of me : and I was accordingly bred for ‘the Church.’ My father, who—rest be to his soul—had the exceedingly bad habit of yielding to my mother in large things and taking his own way in little ones, allowed me, without saying a word, to be thus withdrawn from the sherry trade as an unclean thing ; not without some pardonable participation in my mother’s ultimate views for me. For, many and many a year afterwards, I remember, while he was speaking to one of our artist friends, who admired Raphael, and greatly regretted my endeavours to interfere with that popular taste,—while my father and he were condoling with each

other on my having been impudent enough to think I could tell the public about Turner and Raphael,—instead of contenting myself, as I ought, with explaining the way of their souls' salvation to them—and what an amiable clergyman was lost in me,—Yes, said my father, with tears in his eyes—(true and tender tears—as ever father shed,) “He would have been a Bishop.”

Luckily for me, my mother, under these distinct impressions of her own duty, and with such latent hopes of my future eminence, took me very early to church;—where, in spite of my quiet habits, and my mother's golden vinaigrette, always indulged to me there, and there only, with its lid unclasped that I might see the wreathed open pattern above the sponge, I found the bottom of the pew so extremely dull a place to keep quiet in, (my best story-books being also taken away from me in the morning,) that—as I have somewhere said before—the horror of Sunday used even to cast its prescient gloom as far back in the week as Friday—and all the glory of Monday, with church seven days removed again, was no equivalent for it.

Notwithstanding, I arrived at some abstract in my own mind of the Rev. Mr. Howell's sermons; and occasionally—in imitation of him, preached a sermon at home over the red sofa cushions;—this performance being always called for by my mother's dearest friends, as the great accomplishment of my childhood. The sermon was—I believe—some eleven words long;—very exemplary, it seems to me, in that respect—and I still think must have been the purest gospel, for I know it began with ‘People, be good.’

We seldom had company, even on week days; and I was never allowed to come down to dessert, until much later in life—when I was able to crack nuts neatly. I was then permitted to come down to crack other people's nuts for them; (I hope they liked the ministration)—but never to have any myself; nor anything else of dainty kind, either then or at other times. Once, at Hunter Street, I recollect my mother's giving me three raisins, in the forenoon—out of the store

cabinet; and I remember perfectly the first time I tasted custard, in our lodgings in Norfolk Street—where we had gone while the house was being painted, or cleaned, or something. My father was dining in the front room, and did not finish his custard; and my mother brought me the bottom of it into the back room.

I've no more space for garrulity in this letter, having several past bits of note to bring together.

BOLTON BRIDGE, 24th January, 1875.

I have been driving by the old road* from Coniston here, through Kirby Lonsdale, and have seen more ghastly signs of modern temper than I yet had believed possible.

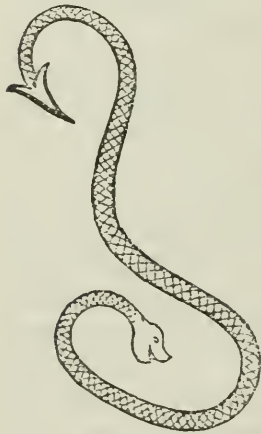
The valley of the Lune at Kirby is one of the loveliest scenes in England—therefore, in the world. Whatever moorland hill and sweet river, and English forest foliage can be at their best, is gathered there; and chiefly seen from the steep bank which falls to the stream side from the upper part of the town itself. There, a path leads from the churchyard, out of which Turner made his drawing of the valley, along the brow of the wooded bank, to open downs beyond; a little bye footpath on the right descending steeply through the woods to a spring among the rocks of the shore. I do not know in all my own country, still less in France or Italy, a place more naturally divine, or a more priceless possession of true "Holy Land."

Well, the population of Kirby cannot it appears, in consequence of their recent civilization, any more walk, in summer

* Frightened, (I hear it was guessed in a gossiping newspaper,) by the Shipton accident, and disgusted afterwards by unexpected expenses. The ingenious British public cannot conceive of anybody's estimating danger before accidents as well as after them, or amusing himself by driving from one place to another, instead of round the Park. There was some grain of truth in the important rumour, however. I have posted, in early days, up and down England (and some other countries) not once nor twice; and I grumbled, in Yorkshire, at being charged twenty-pence instead of eighteen-pence a mile. But the pace was good, where any trace of roads remained under casual outcasting of cinders and brickbats.

afternoons, along the brow of this bank, without a fence. I at first fancied this was because they were usually unable to take care of themselves at that period of the day: but saw presently I must be mistaken in that conjecture, because the fence they have put up requires far more sober minds for safe dealing with it than ever the bank did; being of thin, strong, and finely sharpened skewers, on which if a drunken man rolled heavily, he would assuredly be impaled at the armpit. They have carried this lovely decoration down on both sides of the woodpath to the spring, with warning notice on ticket,—“This path leads only to the Ladies’ * well—all trespassers will be

prosecuted”—and the iron rails leave so narrow footing that I myself scarcely ventured to go down,—the morning being frosty, and the path slippery,—lest I should fall on the spikes. The well at the bottom was choked up and defaced, though ironed all round, so as to look like the ‘pound’ of old days for strayed cattle: they had been felling the trees too; and the old wood had protested against the fence in its own way, with its last root and branch,—for the falling trunks had crashed through the iron grating in all directions, and



left it in already rusty and unseemly rags, like the last refuse of a railroad accident, beaten down among the dead leaves.

Just at the dividing of the two paths, the improving mob † of Kirby had got two seats put for themselves—to admire the prospect from, forsooth. And these seats were to be artistic, if Minerva were propitious,—in the style of Kensington. So they are supported on iron legs, representing each, as far as any rational conjecture can extend—the Devil’s tail pulled off,

* “Our Lady’s,” doubtless, once.

† I include in my general term ‘mob,’ lords, squires, clergy, parish beadies, and all other states and conditions of men concerned in the proceedings described.

with a goose's head stuck on the wrong end of it. (See cut opposite.) And what is more—two of the geese-heads are without eyes (I stooped down under the seat and rubbed the frost off them to make sure,) and the whole symbol is perfect, therefore,—as typical of our English populace, fashionable and other, which seats itself to admire prospects, in the present day.

Now, not a hundred paces from these seats, there is a fine old church, with Norman door, and lancet east windows, and so on; and this, of course, has been duly patched, botched, plastered, and primmed up; and is kept as tidy as a new pin. For your English clergyman keeps his own stage properties, now-a-days, as carefully as a poor actress her silk stockings. Well, all that, of course, is very fine; but, actually, the people go through the churchyard to the path on the hill-brow, making the new iron railing an excuse to pitch their dust-heaps, and whatever of worse they have to get rid of, crockery and the rest,—down *over the fence* among the primroses and violets to the river,—and the whole blessed shore underneath, rough sandstone rock throwing the deep water off into eddies among shingle, is one waste of filth, town-drainage, broken saucepans, tannin, and mill-refuse.

The same morning I had to water my horses at the little village of Clapham, between Kirby and Settle. There is another exquisite rocky brook there; and an old bridge over it. I went down to the brook-side to see the bridge; and found myself instantly, of course, stopped by a dunghill; and that of the vilest human sort; while, just on the other side of the road,—not twenty yards off,—were the new schools, with their orthodox Gothic belfry—all spick and span—and the children playing fashionably at hoop, round them, in a narrow paved yard—like debtor children in the Fleet, in imitation of the manners and customs of the West End. High over all, the Squire's house, resplendent on the hillside, within sound alike of belfry, and brook.

I got on here, to Bolton Bridge, the same day; and walked down to the Abbey in the evening, to look again at Turner's subject of the Wharfe shore. If there is one spot in England,

where human creatures pass or live, which one would expect to find, in *spite* of their foul existence, still clean—it is Bolton Park. But to my final and utter amazement, I had not taken two steps by the waterside at the loveliest bend of the river below the stepping-stones, before I found myself again among broken crockery, cinders, cockle-shells, and tinkers' refuse;—a large old gridiron forming the principal point of effect and interest among the pebbles. The filth must be regularly carried past the Abbey, and across the Park, to the place.

But doubtless, in Bolton Priory, amiable school teachers tell their little Agneses the story of the white doe;—and duly make them sing in psalm tune, “As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks.”

Very certainly, nevertheless, the young ladies of Luneside and Wharfedale don't pant in the least after their waterbrooks; and this is the saddest part of the business to me. Pollution of rivers!—yes, that is to be considered also;—but pollution of young ladies' minds to the point of never caring to scramble by a riverside, so long as they can have their church-curate and his altar-cloths to their fancy,—*this* is the horrible thing, in my own wild way of thinking. That shingle of the Lune, under Kirby, reminded me, as if it had been yesterday, of a summer evening by a sweeter shore still: the edge of the North Inch of Perth, where the Tay is wide, just below Scone; and the snowy quartz pebbles decline in long banks under the ripples of the dark-clear stream.

My Scotch cousin Jessie, eight years old, and I, ten years old, and my Croydon cousin, Bridget, a slim girl of fourteen, were all wading together, here and there; and of course getting into deep water as far as we could,—my father and mother and aunt watching us—till at last, Bridget, having the longest legs, and, taking after her mother, the shortest conscience,—got in so far, and with her petticoats so high, that the old people were obliged to call to her, though hardly able to call, for laughing: and I recollect staring at them, and wondering what they were laughing at. But alas, by Lune shore, now, there are no pretty girls to be seen holding their petti-

coats up. Nothing but old saucepans and tannin—or worse—as signs of modern civilization.

‘But how fine it is to have iron skewers for our fences; and no trespassing, (except by lords of the manor on poor men’s ground), and pretty legs exhibited where they can be so without impropriety, and with due advertisement to the public beforehand; and iron legs to our chairs, also, in the style of Kensington!’ Doubtless; but considering that Kensington is a school of natural Science as well as art, it seems to me that these Kirby representations of the Ophidia are slightly vague. Perhaps, however, in conveying that tenderly sagacious expression into his serpent’s head, and bur-nishing so acutely the brandished sting in his tail, the Kirby artist has been under the theological instructions of the careful Minister who has had his church restored so prettily;—only then the Minister himself must have been, without knowing it, under the directions of another person, who had an intimate interest in the matter. For there is more than failure of natural history in this clumsy hardware. It is indeed a matter of course that it should be clumsy, for the English have always been a dull nation in decorative art; and I find, on looking at things here afresh after long work in Italy, that our most elaborate English sepulchral work, as the Cockayne tombs at Ashbourne and the Dudley tombs at Warwick, (not to speak of Queen Elizabeth’s in Westminster!) are yet, compared to Italian sculpture of the same date, no less barbarous than these goose heads of Kirby would appear beside an asp head of Milan. But the tombs of Ashbourne or Warwick are honest, though blundering, efforts to imitate what was really felt to be beautiful; whereas the serpents of Kirby are ordered and shaped by the “least erected spirit that fell,” in the very likeness of himself!

For observe the method and circumstance of their manufacture. You dig a pit for ironstone, and heap a mass of refuse on fruitful land; you blacken your God-given sky, and consume your God-given fuel, to melt the iron; you bind your labourer to the Egyptian toil of its castings and forgings;

then, to refine his mind, you send him to study Raphael at Kensington; and with all this cost, filth, time, and misery, you at last produce—the devil's tail for your sustenance, instead of an honest three-legged stool.

You do all this that men may live—think you? Alas—no; the real motive of it all is that the fashionable manufacturer may live in a palace, getting his fifty per cent. commission on the work which he has taken out of the hands of the old village carpenter, who would have cut two stumps of oak in two minutes out of the copse, which would have carried your bench and you triumphantly,—to the end of both your times.

However, I must get back to my bees' heads and tails, to-day;—what a serpent's are like in their true type of Earthly Injustice, it may be worth our while to see also, if we can understand the “sad-eyed justice” first.

Sad-eyed! Little did Shakespeare think, I fancy, how many eyes the sad-eyed Justice had! or how ill she saw with them. I continually notice the bees at Brantwood flying rapturously up to the flowers on my wall paper, and knocking themselves against them, again and again, unconvinced of their fallacy; and it is no compliment to the wall paper or its artist, neither—for the flowers are only conventional ones, copied from a radiant Bishop's cloak of the fifteenth century.

It is curious too, that although before coming to the leaf-cutting bee, Bingley expatiates on the Poppy bees' luxurious tapestry, cut from the scarlet poppy, he never considers whether she could *see* it, or not, underground—(unless by help of the fiery glow-worms' eyes)—and still less, how long the cut leaves would remain scarlet. Then I am told wonderful things of the clasping of the curtains of her little tabernacle;—but when the curtains dry, and shrink, what then?

Let us hear what he tells us of the Rose bee, however—in full.

“These bees construct cylindrical nests of the leaves of the rose and other trees. These nests are sometimes of the depth of six inches, and generally consist of six or seven cells, each

shaped like a thimble.* They are formed with the convex end of one fitting into the open end of another. The portions of the leaf of which they are made are not glued together,† nor are they any otherwise fastened, than in the nicety of their adjustment to each other; and yet they do not admit the liquid honey to drain through them. The interior surface of each cell consists of three pieces of leaf, of equal size, narrow at one end, but gradually widening to the other, where the width equals half the length. One side of each of these pieces, is the serrated margin of the leaf. In forming the cell, the pieces of leaf are made to lap one over the other, (the serrated side always outermost,) till a tube is thus formed, coated with three or four, or more layers. In coating these tubes, the provident little animal is careful to lay the middle of each piece of leaf over the margins of others, so as, by this means, both to cover and strengthen the junctions. At the closed or narrow end of the cell, the leaves are bent down so as to form a convex termination. When a cell is formed, the next care of the Bee is to fill it with honey and pollen, which, being collected chiefly from the thistles, form a rose-coloured paste. With these the cell is filled to within about half a line of its orifice; and the female then deposits in it an egg, and closes it with three perfectly circular pieces of leaf, which coincide so exactly with the walls of the cylindrical cell, as to be retained in their situation without any gluten.‡ After this covering is fitted in, there still remains a hollow, which receives the convex end of the succeeding cell. In this manner the patient and indefatigable animal proceeds, till her whole cylinder of six or seven cells is completed.

“This is generally formed under the surface of the ground.§

* They are round at the end, but do not taper.

† An Indian one, patiently investigated for me by Mr. Burgess, was fastened with glue which entirely defied cold water, and yielded only to the kettle.

‡ She bites them round the edge roughly enough; but pushes them down with a tucked up rim, quite tight, like the first covering of a pot of preserve.

§ Or in old wood.

in a tubular passage, which it entirely fills, except at the entrance. If the labour of these insects be interrupted, or the edifice be deranged, they exhibit astonishing perseverance in setting it again to rights.

“Their mode of cutting pieces out of the leaves for their work deserves particular notice. When one of these Bees selects a rose-bush with this view, she flies round or hovers over it for some seconds, as if examining for the leaves best suited to her purpose. When she has chosen one, she alights upon it, sometimes on the upper, and sometimes on the under surface, or not unfrequently on its edge, so that the margin passes between her legs. Her first attack, which is generally made the moment she alights, is usually near the footstalk, with her head turned towards the point. As soon as she begins to cut, she is wholly intent on her labour; nor does she cease until her work is completed. The operation is performed by means of her jaws, with as much expedition as we could exert with a pair of scissors. As she proceeds, she holds the margin of the detached part between her legs in such a manner, that the section keeps giving way to her, and does not interrupt her progress. She makes her incision in a curved line, approaching the midrib of the leaf at first; but when she has reached a certain point, she recedes from this towards the margin, still cutting in a curve. When she has nearly detached from the leaf the portion she has been employed upon, she balances her little wings for flight, lest its weight should carry her to the ground; and the very moment it parts, she flies off in triumph, carrying it in a bent position between her legs, and perpendicularly to her body.”

Now in this account, the first thing I catch at is the clue to the love of bees for thistles. “Their pollen makes a rose-coloured paste with their honey;” (I think some of my Scottish friends might really take measures to get some pure thistle honey made by their bees. I once worked all the working hours I had to spare for a fortnight, to clear a field of thistles by the side of the Tummel under Scheshallien: perhaps Nature

meant, all the while, its master and me to let it alone, and put a hive or two upon it.)

Secondly. The description of the bee's tubular house, though sufficiently clear, is only intelligible to me, though I know something of geometry, after some effort;—it would be wholly useless to Agnes, unless she were shown how to be a leaf-cutting bee herself, and invited to construct, or endeavour to construct, the likeness of a bee's nest with paper and scissors.

What—in school-hours?

Yes, certainly,—in the very best of school-hours: this would be one of her advanced lessons in Geometry.

For little Agnes should assuredly learn the elements of Geometry, but she should at first call it 'earth measuring'; and have her early lessons in it, in laying out her own garden.

Her older companions, at any rate, must be far enough advanced in the science to attempt this bee problem; of which you will find the terms have to be carefully examined, and somewhat completed. So much, indeed, do they stand in need of farther definition that I should have supposed the problem inaccurately given, unless I had seen the bee cut a leaf myself. But I have seen her do it, and can answer for the absolute accuracy of the passage describing her in that operation.

The pieces of leaf, you read, are to be narrow at one end, but gradually widen to the other, where the width equals half the length.

And we have to cut these pieces with curved sides; for one side of them is to be the serrated edge of a rose leaf, and the other side is to be cut in a curved line beginning near the root of the leaf. I especially noticed this curved line as the bee cut it; but like an ass, as often I have been on such occasions, I followed the bee instead of gathering the remnant leaf, so that I can't draw the curve with certainty.

Now each of my four volumes of Bingley has five or more plates in it. These plates are finished line engravings, with, in most cases, elaborate landscape backgrounds; reeds for the hippopotamus, trees for the monkeys, conical mountains for the

chamois, and a magnificent den with plenty of straw, for the lioness and cubs, in frontispiece.

Any one of these landscape backgrounds required the severe labour of the engraver's assistant for at least three days to produce it,—or say two months' hard work, for the whole twenty and odd plates. And all the result of two months' elaborate work put together, was not worth to me, nor would be to any man, woman, or child, worth—what an accurate outline of a leaf-cutting bee's segment of leaf would have been, drawn with truth and precision. And ten minutes would have been enough to draw it; and half an hour to cut it.

But not only I cannot find it in my old book, but I know it is not in the grand modern Cuvier, and I don't believe it is findable anywhere. I won't go on with Agnes's lesson at guess, however, till I get some help from kind Dr. Gray, at the British Museum. To-day, I must content myself with a closing word or two about zoological moralities.

After having, to my best ability, thus busied and informed little Agnes concerning her bees and their operations, am I farther to expatiate on the exemplary character of the bee? Is she to learn "How doth," etc. (and indeed there never was a country in which more than in her own, it was desirable that shining hours should be taken advantage of when they come)? But, above all, am I to tell her of the Goodness and Wisdom of God in making such amiable and useful insects?

Well, before I proceed to ask her to form her very important opinions upon the moral character of God, I shall ask her to observe that all insects are not equally moral, or useful.

It is possible she may have noticed—beforehand—some, of whose dispositions she may be doubtful; something, hereafter, I shall have to tell her of locust and hornet, no less than of bee; and although in general I shall especially avoid putting disagreeable or ugly things before her eyes, or into her mind, I should certainly require her positively, once for all, to know the sort of life led by creatures of at least alloyed moral nature,—such, for instance, as the 'Turner Savage' which, indeed, "lives in the haunts of men, whom it never willingly

offends; but is the terror of all smaller insects. It inhabits holes in the earth on the side of hills and cliffs; and recesses that it forms for itself in the mud-walls of cottages and out-houses. The mud-wall of a cottage at Peterborough, in Northamptonshire, was observed to be frequented by these creatures, and on examination it was found to be wrought, by their operations, into the appearance of Honeycomb."

The Appearance only, alas! for although these creatures thus like to live in the neighbourhood of a Bishop, and though "there are none which display more affection for their offspring,"—they by no means live by collection of treasures of sweet dew. "They are excessively fierce, and, without hesitation, attack insects much larger than themselves. Their strength is very great, their jaws are hard and sharp, and their stings are armed with poison, which suddenly proves fatal to most of the creatures with which they engage. The 'Sphex' (generic name of the family) seizes, with the greatest boldness, on the creatures it attacks, giving a stroke with amazing force, then falling off, to rest from the fatigue of the exertion, and to enjoy the victory. It keeps, however, a steady eye on the object it has struck, until it dies, and then drags it to its nest for the use of its young. The number of insects which this creature destroys, is almost beyond conception, fifty scarcely serving it for a meal. The mangled remains of its prey, scattered round the mouth of its retreat, sufficiently betray the sanguinary inhabitant. The eyes, the filament that serves as a brain, and a small part of the contents of the body, are all that the Sphex devours."

I cannot, therefore, insist, for the present, upon either pointing a moral, or adorning a tale, for Agnes, with entomological instances; but the name of the insect, at which the (insect) world might grow pale, if it were capable of pallor,—might be made, at least, memorable, and not un instructive, to the boys in the Latin class; by making them first understand the power of the preposition 'ex,' in the two pleasant senses of *examen*, and the one unpleasant sense of 'exammer'—and then observe, (carefully first distinguishing between play with letters and

real derivation,) that if you put R for Right, before ex, you have 'Rex'; if you put L, for Love, before ex, you have 'lex'; if you put G, for George, and R, for Rural, before ex, you have 'grex'; and then if you put S, for Speculation, P, for Peculation, and H, the immortal possessor of Pie, before ex, you have 'Sphex'; pleasing and accurate type of the modern carnivorous Economist, who especially discerns of his British public, 'the eyes and small filament that serves as a brain.'

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

“THE PARSONAGE, WERRINGTON, PETERBOROUGH, Mar. 4, 1875.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have no doubt you know better than I do what Gospel is the more widely preached, for while you have been wandering, freer than a bee, from place to place, and from church to church, I have been ‘entangled’ from day to day in stuffy rooms among ignorant and immoral people, in crowded parishes in London and elsewhere; and on Sundays have listened chiefly to the gathered voices of the same ignorant people, led by my own.

But, not to move from the ground of ascertained fact, I have a right to say that I *know* that the morality of the parishes best known to me has been made better, and not worse, by the shepherding of the Pastors.

I have heard and read a good deal, in clerical circles, and clerical books, of doctrines of ‘substitution’ and ‘vicarious righteousness,’ such as you rightly condemn as immoral; but if all the sermons preached in the English Church on any given Sunday were fully and fairly reported, I question if a dozen would contain the least trace of these doctrines.

Amidst all the isms and dogmas by which Clerics are entangled, I find the deep and general conviction getting clearer and clearer utterance, that the one supremely lovely, admirable and adorable thing,—the one thing to redeem and regenerate human life, the one true Gospel for mankind,—is the Spirit and Life of Jesus Christ.

As to your terrible charge against the Pastors, that they preach for hire, I need only quote your own opinion in this month’s ‘Fors,’ that all honest minstrels and authors, manifestly possessing talent for their business, should be allowed to claim ‘for their actual toil, in performance of their arts, modest reward, and daily bread.’

Surely the labourer who spends his life in *speaking* salutary truth is not less worthy of his hire than he who sings or writes it?

The reward offered to most Pastors is ‘modest’ enough.

“I am very faithfully yours,

“EDWARD Z. LYTEL.

“JOHN RUSKIN, Esq.”

I willingly insert my correspondent’s second letter, but will not at present answer it, except privately. I wonder, in the meantime, whether he will think the effect of the ministry of Felix Neff on the mind of the sweet English lady whose letter next follows, moral, or immoral? A portion of whose letter, I should have said; its opening touches on household matters little to her mind, to which her first exclamation refers.

“How sorrowful it all is! Yet, I don’t feel so naughty about it as I did on Saturday, because yesterday I read the life of Felix Neff, who went to

live by his own wish at that dismal Dormilleuse in the high Alps, amongst the wretched people who were like very unclean animals, and for whom he felt such sublime pity that he sacrificed himself to improve them; and as I read of that terrible Alpine desert, with eight months' hopeless dreariness, and of the wretched food and filthy hovels in which the miserable people lived, I looked up at my good fire and clean room, with dear white Lily lying so soft on my lap, and the snowdrops outside the window, and I really did feel ashamed of having felt so grumbly and discontented as I did on Saturday. So good Felix Neff's good work is not done yet, and he will doubtless help others as long as the world lasts."

The following letter is an interesting and somewhat pathetic example of religious madness; not a little, however, connected with mismanagement of money. The writer has passed great part of his life in a conscientious endeavour to teach what my correspondent Mr. Lyttel would I think consider "salutary truth"; but his intense egotism and absence of imaginative power hindered him from perceiving that many other people were doing the same, and meeting with the same disappointments. Gradually he himself occupied the entire centre of his horizon; and he appoints himself to "judge the United States in particular, and the world in general."

The introductory clause of the letter refers somewhat indignantly to a representation I had irreverently made to him that a prophet should rather manifest his divine mission by providing himself miraculously with meat and drink, than by lodging in widows' houses without in anywise multiplying their meal for them; and then leaving other people to pay his bill.

"So long as you deliberately refuse to help in any way a man who (you have every reason to know) possesses more of the righteousness of God than yourself, (when you have ample means to do so,) how can you be said to 'do the will of your Father which is in Heaven'? or how can you expect to receive understanding to 'know of the doctrine' of the Saviour, (or of my doctrine,) 'whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself'? If you possessed a *genuine* 'faith,' you would exercise humanity towards such a man as myself, and leave the result with God; and not presumptuously decide that it was 'wrong' to relieve 'a righteous man' in distress, lest you should encourage him in delusions which you choose to suppose him to be labouring under.

"People seem to suppose that it is the Saviour who will judge the world, if any one does. He distinctly declares that He will not. 'If any one hear my words, and believe not, *I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world.* He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, *hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day.*' John xii. 47, 48. I represent that 'WORD' which the Saviour spoke, and I have already judged, and condemned, this country, and the United States, in particular; and Christendom, and the World in general. I have for twenty years been a preacher of 'the Righteousness of God' to this generation (as Noah was for a hundred years to his generation), and *I have proved* by actual experiment that none among the men of this generation can be induced to 'enter the kingdom of heaven' until the predicted 'time of trouble, such as was not since there was a nation,' comes suddenly, and compels those who are ready to enter the kingdom of God, to do so at once; and I know not how soon after I leave this country the 'trouble' will come; perhaps immediately, perhaps in about a year's time; but come it must; and the sooner it comes, the sooner it will be over, I suppose,

"Yours faithfully,"

The following specimen of the kind of letters which the "judge of the United States in particular, and the World in general," leaves the people favoured by his judgment to send to his friends, may as well supplement his own letter :—

"Mr. (J. of U.S. in p. and the W. in g.)'s name will, I trust, excuse me to you for writing ; but my house entirely failed me, and I, with my child, are now really in great want. I write trusting that, after your former kindness to me, you will feel disposed to send me a little assistance.

"I would not have written, but I am seriously in need.

"Please address to me," etc.

Whether, however, the judge of the world in general errs most in expecting me to pay the necessary twopences to his hosts, or the world in general itself, in expecting me to pay necessary twopences to its old servants when it has no more need of them, may be perhaps questionable. Here is a paragraph cut out of an application for an hospital vote, which I received the other day.

Mr. A., aged seventy-one, has been a subscriber to the Pension Fund forty-five years, the Almshouse Fund eighteen years, and the Orphan Fund four years. He is now, in consequence of his advanced age, and the infirmities attendant on a dislocated shoulder, asthma, and failing sight, incapable of earning sufficient for a subsistence for himself and wife, who is afflicted with chronic rheumatic gout. He was apprenticed to Mr. B., and has worked for Mr. C. D. forty years, and his earnings at present are very small.

Next, here is a piece of a letter disclosing another curious form of modern distress, in which the masters and mistresses become dependent for timely aid on their servants. This is at least as old, however, as Miss Edgeworth's time ; I think the custom is referred to at the toilette of Miss Georgiana Falconer in 'Patronage.'

"Every day makes me bitterly believe more and more what you say about the wickedness of working by fire and steam, and the harm and insidious sapping of true life that comes from large mills and all that is connected with them. One of my servants told my sister to-day (with an apology) that her mother had told her in her letter to ask me if I would sell her my children's old clothes, etc.—that indeed many ladies did—her mother had often bought things. Oh ! it made me feel horrible. We try to buy strong clothes, and mend them to the last, and then sometimes *give* them away ; but *selling* clothes to poor people seems to me dreadful. I never thought ladies and gentlemen would sell their clothes even to shops—till we came to live here, and happened to know of its being done. It surely must be wrong and bad, or I should not feel something in me speaking so strongly against it, as mean and unholy."

A piece of country gossip on bees and birds, with a humiliating passage about my own Coniston country, may refresh us a little after dwelling on these serious topics.

"A humble cow is I fancy more properly a humbled cow—it is so called in Durham—a cow whose horn is no longer set up on high. A humble or bumble bee is there called a 'bumbler.' To bumble in Durham means to go

buzzing about ; a fussy man would be called a great bumbler. But don't believe it has no sting : it can sting worse than a honey bee, and all but as badly as a wasp. They used to tell us as children that 'bumblers' did not sting, but I know from experience that they do. We used as children to feel that we knew that the little yellow mason bee (?) did not sting, but I have no true knowledge on that point. Do you care to have the common village names of birds ? I am afraid I can only remember one or two, but they are universally used in the north.

"The wren which makes the hanging nest lined with feathers is called the feather poke ; yellow-hammer, yellow-yowley ; golden-crested wren, Christian wren ; white-throat, Nanny white-throat ; hedge-sparrow, Dicky Diky. I could find more if you cared for them. To wind up, I will send you an anecdote I find among father's writings, and which refers to *your* country. He is speaking of some time early in 1800. 'Cock-fighting was then in all its glory. When I was in the neighbourhood of Ulverston, in 18—,* I was told that about the time of which I am writing, a grave ecclesiastical question had been settled by an appeal to a battle with cocks. The chapelry of Pennington was vacant, but there was a dispute who should present a clerk to the vacant benefice,—the vicar of Ulverston, the mother-church, the churchwardens, the four-and-twenty, or the parishioners at large,—and recourse was had to a Welch Main.'"

Finally, the following letter is worth preserving. It succinctly states the impression on the minds of the majority of booksellers that they ought to be able to oblige their customers at my expense. Perhaps in time, the customers may oblige the booksellers by paying them something for their trouble, openly, instead of insisting on not paying them anything unless they don't know how much it is.

"MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

SIR,—We will thank you to send us Ruskin's

Aratra Pentelici.....	£0 19 0
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Cheque enclosed.	£1 16 6
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"It cannot be too frequently referred to by the trade,—the unjustifiable mode Ruskin has adopted in the sale of his books. It may be profitable to you (as we hope it is), but to the general trade it is nothing but a swindle. Our customer, for instance (whom we cannot afford to disoblige), pays us for this order just £1 16s. 6d.; and we must come back on him for expense of remitting, else we shall lose by the transaction.

"Your obedient Servant."

* He does not give the date.

LETTER LIII.

BRANTWOOD, *Good Friday*, 1875.

I AM ashamed to go on with my own history to-day; for though, as already seen, I was not wholly unacquainted with the practice of fasting, at times of the year when it was not customary with Papists, our Lent became to us a kind of moonlight Christmas, and season of reflected and soft festivity. For our strictly Protestant habits of mind rendering us independent of absolution, on Shrove Tuesday we were chiefly occupied in the preparation of pancakes,—my nurse being dominant on that day over the cook in all things, her especially nutritive art of browning, and fine legerdemain in turning, pancakes, being recognized as inimitable. The interest of Ash-Wednesday was mainly—whether the bits of egg should be large or small in the egg-sauce;—nor do I recollect having any ideas connected with the day's name, until I was puzzled by the French of it when I fell in love with a Roman Catholic French girl, as hereafter to be related:—only, by the way, let me note, as I chance now to remember, two others of my main occupations of an exciting character in Hunter Street: watching, namely, the dustmen clear out the ash hole, and the coalmen fill the coal-cellar through the hole in the pavement, which soon became to me, when surrounded by its cone of débris, a sublime representation of the crater of a volcanic mountain. Of these imaginative delights I have no room to speak in this Fors; nor of the debates which used to be held for the two or three days preceding Good Friday, whether the hot-cross-buns should be plain, or have carraway seeds in them. For, my nurse not being here to provide any such dainties for

me, and the black-plague wind which has now darkened the spring for five years,* veiling all the hills with sullen cloud, I am neither in a cheerful nor a religious state of mind; and am too much in the temper of the disciples who forsook Him, and fled, to be able to do justice to the childish innocence of belief, which, in my mother, was too constant to need resuscitation, or take new colour, from fast or festival.

Yet it is only by her help, to-day, that I am able to do a piece of work required of me by the letter printed in the second article of this month's correspondence. It is from a man of great worth, conscientiousness, and kindness; but is yet so perfectly expressive of the irreverence, and incapacity of admiration, which maintain and, in great part, constitute, the modern liberal temper, that it makes me feel, more than anything I ever yet met with in human words, how much I owe to my mother for having so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make me grasp them in what my correspondent would call their 'concrete whole'; and above all, taught me to reverence them, as transcending all thought, and ordaining all conduct.

This she effected, not by her own sayings or personal authority; but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly, for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly, and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; *that* she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all, I should get hold of it by the right end.

In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse;

* See my first notice of it in the beginning of the Fors of August 1871; and further account of it in appendix to my Lecture on Glaciers, given at the London Institution this year.

hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all ; and began again at Genesis the next day ; if a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation,—if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience,—if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken. After our chapters, (from two to three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed,—none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay upstairs,—and none from any visitings or excursions, except real travelling), I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost, something of what was already known ; and, with the chapters above enumerated, (Letter XLII.*), I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse ; and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound.

It is strange that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the 119th Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the Law of God : “ Oh, how love I Thy law ! it is my meditation all the day ; I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I might keep Thy word ” ;—as opposed to the ever-echoing words of the modern money-loving fool : “ Oh, how hate I Thy law ! it is my abomination all the day ; my feet are swift in running to mischief, and I have done all the things I ought not to have done, and left undone all I ought to have done ; have mercy upon me, miserable sinner,—and grant that I, worthily lamenting my sins and acknowledging my wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness,—and give me my long purse here and my eternal Paradise there, all together, for Christ's sake, to whom, with Thee

* Will the reader be kind enough, in the 20th and 21st lines of p. 82, vol. iv., to put, with his pen, a semicolon after ‘ age ’, a comma after ‘ unclean ’, and a semicolon after ‘ use ’ ? He will find the sentence thus take a different meaning.

and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory," etc. And the letter of my liberal correspondent, pointing out, in the defence of usury (of which he imagines himself acquainted with the history!) how the Son of David hit his father in the exactly weak place, puts it in my mind at once to state some principles respecting the use of the Bible as a code of law, which are vital to the action of the St. George's Company in obedience to it.

All the teaching of God, and of the nature He formed round Man, is not only mysterious, but, if received with any warp of mind, deceptive, and intentionally deceptive. The distinct and repeated assertions of this in the conduct and words of Christ are the most wonderful things, it seems to me, and the most terrible, in all the recorded action of the wisdom of Heaven. "To *you*," (His disciples) "it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom,—but to others, in parables, that, hearing, they might *not* understand." Now this is written not for the twelve only, but for all disciples of Christ in all ages,—of whom the sign is one and un mistakeable: "They have forsaken *all* that they have"; while those who "say they are Jews and are not, but do lie," or who say they are Christians and are not, but do lie, try to compromise with Christ,—to give Him a part, and keep back a part;—this being the Lie of lies, the Ananias lie, visited always with spiritual death.*

There is a curious chapter on almsgiving, by Miss Yonge, in one of the late numbers of the 'Monthly Packet,' (a good magazine, though, on the whole, and full of nice writing), which announces to *her* disciples, that "at least the tenth of their income is God's part." Now, in the name of the Devil, and of Baal to back him,—are nine parts, then, of all we have—our own? or theirs? The tithe may, indeed, be set aside for some special purpose—for the maintenance of a priesthood—or as by the St. George's Company, for distant labour, or any other purpose out of their own immediate range of action.

* Isaiah xxviii. 17 and 18.

But to the Charity or Alms of men—to Love, and to the God of Love, *all* their substance is due—and all their strength—and all their time. That is the first commandment: 'Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy strength and soul. Yea, says the false disciple—but not with all my money. And of these it is written, after that thirty-third verse of Luke xiv.: "Salt is good; but if the salt have lost his savour, it is neither fit for the land nor the dunghill. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Now in Holbein's great sermon against wealth, the engraving, in the Dance of Death, of the miser and beggar, he chose for his text the verse: "He that stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, and shall not be heard." And he shows that the ear is thus deafened by being filled with a murmuring of its own: and how the ear thus becomes only as a twisted shell, with the sound of the far-away ocean of Hell in it for ever, he teaches us, in the figure of the fiend which I engraved for you in the seventh of these letters,* abortive, fingerless, contemptible, mechanical, incapable;—blowing the winds of death out of its small machine: Behold, *this* is your God, you modern Israel, which has brought you up out of the land of Egypt in which your fathers toiled for bread with their not abortive hands; and set your feet in the large room, of Usury, and in the broad road to Death!

Now the moment that the Mammon devil gets his bellows put in men's ears,—however innocent they may be, however free from actual stain of avarice, they become literally deaf to the teaching of true and noble men. My correspondent imagines himself to have read Shakespeare and Goethe;—he cannot understand a sentence of them, or he would have known the meaning of the Merchant of Venice,† and of the vision of Plutus, and speech of Mephistopheles on the Emperor's paper-

* The whole woodcut is given in facsimile in the fifth part of 'Ariadne Florentina.'

† See 'Munera Pulveris,' pp. 89 to 91; and 'Ariadne Florentina,' Lecture VI.

money* in the second part of Faust, and of the continual under-current of similar teaching in it, from its opening in the mountain sunrise, presently commented on by the Astrologer, under the prompting of Mephistopheles,—“the Sun itself is pure Gold,”—to the ditch-and-grave-digging scene of its close. He cannot read Xenophon, nor Lucian,—nor Plato, nor Horace, nor Pope,—nor Homer, nor Chaucer—nor Moses, nor David. All these are mere voices of the Night to him; the lough bellows-blower of the ‘Times’ is the only piper who is in tune to his ear.

And the woe of it is that all the curse comes on him merely as one of the unhappy modern mob, infected by the rest; for he is himself thoroughly honest, simple-hearted, and upright: only mischance made him take up literature as a means of life; and so brought him necessarily into all the elements of modern insolent thought: and now, though David and Solomon, Noah, Daniel, and Job, altogether say one thing, and the

* “NARR.

Fünftausend Kronen wären mir zu Händen.

MEPH.

Zweibeiniger Schlauch, bist wieder auferstanden?

NARR.

Da seht nur her, ist das wohl Geldes werth?

MEPH.

Du hast dafür was Schlund und Bauch begehrt.

NARR.

Und kaufen kann ich Acker, Haus, und Vieh?

MEPH.

Versteht sich! biete nur, das fehlt dir nie!

NARR.

Und Schloss mit Wald und Jagd, und Fischbach?

MEPH.

Traun!

Ich möchte dich gestrengen Herrn wohl schau.

NARR.

Heute Abend wieg' ich mich im Grundbesitz. (*ab.*)

MEPH. (*solus.*)

Wer zweifelt noch an unsres Narren Witz!"

correspondent of the 'Times' another, it is David, Solomon, and Daniel who are Narrs to him.

Now the Parables of the New Testament are so constructed that to men in this insolent temper, they are *necessarily* misleading. It is very awful that it should be so; but that is the fact. Why prayer should be taught by the story of the unjust judge; use of present opportunity by that of the unjust steward; and use of the gifts of God by that of the hard man who reaped where he had not sown,—there is no human creature wise enough to know;—but there are the traps set; and every slack judge, cheating servant, and gnawing usurer may, if he will, approve himself in these.

“Thou knewest that I was a hard man.” Yes—and if God were also a hard God, and reaped where *He* had not sown—the conclusion would be true that earthly usury was right. But which of God's gifts to us are *not* His own?

The meaning of the parable, heard with ears unbesotted, is this:—“*You*, among hard and unjust men, yet suffer their claim to the return of what they never gave; you suffer *them* to reap, where they have not strawed.—But to me, the Just Lord of your life—whose is the breath in your nostrils, whose the fire in your blood, who gave you light and thought, and the fruit of earth and the dew of heaven,—to me, of all this gift, will you return no fruit but only the dust of your bodies, and the wreck of your souls?”

Nevertheless, the Parables have still their living use, as well as their danger; but the Psalter has become practically dead; and the form of repeating it in the daily service only deadens the phrases of it by familiarity. I have occasion to-day, before going on with any work for Agnes, to dwell on another piece of this writing of the father of Christ,—which, read in its full meaning, will be as new to us as the first-heard song of a foreign land.

I will print it first in the Latin, and in the letters and form in which it was read by our Christian sires,

THE EIGHTH PSALM. THIRTEENTH CENTURY TEXT.*

Domine dominus noster qui
 admirabile est nomen tuum
 in uniuersa terra. Quoniam ele
 bata est magnificentia tua super
 celos. Ex ore infantium in lacten
 cium profecisti laudem propter ini
 micos tuos ut destruas inimicum
 in ultorem. Quoniam hideo celos
 tuos opera digitor. tuor. lunam in
 stellas que tu fundasti Quid est hoc
 quod memor es eius, aut filius hominis
 quia uisitas eum. Minuisti eum
 paulominus: ab angelis, gloria in ho
 nore coronasti eum in constituisti eum
 super opera manuum tuar. Omnia
 subiecisti sub pedibus eius, omnes in bo
 ves uniuersas, insuper in pecora cam
 pi. Volucres celi in pisces maris qui
 pambulant semitas maris. Domi
 ne dominus noster quam admi
 rabile est nomen tuum in uniuersa
 terrar.

I translate literally; the Septuagint confirming the Vulgate in the differences from our common rendering, several of which are important.

* I have written it out from a perfect English psalter of early thirteenth-century work, with St. Edward, St. Edmund, and St. Cuthbert in its calendar; it probably having belonged to the cathedral of York. The writing is very full, but quick; meant for service more than beauty; illuminated sparingly, but with extreme care. Its contractions are curiously varied and capricious: thus, here in the fifth verse, e in constituisti stands for 'con' merely by being turned the wrong way. I prefer its text, nevertheless, to that of more elaborate MSS., for when very great attention is paid to the writing, there are apt to be mistakes in the words. In the best thirteenth-century service-book I have, 'tuos' in the third verse is written 'meos.'

- “1. Oh Lord, our own Lord, how admirable is thy name in all the earth!
2. Because thy magnificence is set above the heavens.
3. Out of the mouth of children and sucklings thou hast perfected praise, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest scatter the enemy and avenger.
4. Since I see thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast founded,
5. What is man that thou rememberest him, or the son of man, that thou lookest on him?
6. Thou hast lessened him a little from the angels; thou hast crowned him with glory and honour, and hast set him over all the works of thy hands.
7. Thou hast put all things under his feet; sheep, and all oxen—and the flocks of the plain.
8. The birds of the heaven and the fish of the sea, and all that walk in the paths of the sea.
9. Oh Lord, our own Lord, how admirable is thy name in all the earth!”

Note in Verses 1 and 9.—Domine, Dominus noster; our own Lord; *Κύριε, ὁ Κύριος ἡμῶν*; claiming thus the Fatherhood. The ‘Lord our Governour’ of the Prayer Book entirely loses the meaning. How *admirable* is Thy Name! *θαυμαστον*, ‘wonderful,’ as in Isaiah, “His name shall be called Wonderful, the Counsellor.” Again our translation ‘excellent’ loses the meaning.

Verse 2.—Thy magnificence. Literally, ‘thy greatness in working’ (Gk. *μεγαλοπρέπεια*—splendour in aspect), distinguished from mere ‘glory’ or greatness in fame.

Verse 3.—Sidney has it:

“From sucklings hath thy honour sprung,
Thy force hath flowed from babies’ tongue.”

The meaning of this difficult verse is given by implication in Matt. xxi. 16. And again, that verse, like all the other great teachings of Christ, is open to a terrific misinterpretation;—namely, the popular evangelical one, that children should be teachers and preachers,—(“cheering mother, cheering father, from the Bible true”). The lovely meaning of the words of Christ, which this vile error hides, is that children, *remaining children*, and uttering, out of their own hearts, such things as their Maker puts there, are pure in sight, and perfect in praise.*

Verse 4.—The moon and the stars which thou hast founded—‘fundasti’—*ἔθεμελίωσας*. It is much more than ‘ordained’; the idea of stable placing in space being the main one in David’s mind. And it remains to this day the wonder of wonders in all wise men’s minds. The earth swings round the sun,—yes, but what holds the sun? The sun swings round something else. Be it so,—then, what else?

Sidney:—

“When I upon the heavens do look,
Which all from thee their essence took,
When moon and stars my *thought* beholdeth,
Whose life no life but of thee holdeth.”

Verse 5.—That thou lookest on him; *ἐπισκέπη αὐτον*, ‘art a bishop to him.’ The Greek word is the same in the verse “I was sick and ye *visited* me.”

Verse 6.—thou hast lessened him;—perhaps better, thou hast made him but by a little, less, than the angels: *ἠλάττωσας αὐτὸν βραχύ τι*. The inferiority is not of present position merely, but of scale in being.

Verse 7.—Sheep, and all oxen, and the *flocks of the plain*: *κτήνη τοῦ πεδίου*. Beasts for service in the plain, traversing great spaces,—camel and horse. ‘Pecora’, in Vulgate, includes all ‘pecunia’, or property in animals.

* Compare the ‘Crown of Wild Olive,’ p. 38; and put in the fourteenth line of that page, a comma after ‘heaven,’ and in the seventeenth line a semicolon after ‘blessing.’

Verse 8.—In the Greek, “that walk the paths of the seas” is only an added description of fish, but the meaning of it is without doubt to give an expanded sense—a generalization of fish, so as to include the whale, seal, tortoise, and their like. Neither whales nor seals, however, from what I hear of modern fishing, are likely to walk the paths of the sea much longer; and Sidney’s verse becomes mere satire:—

“ The bird, free burgesse of the aire,
 The fish, of sea the native heire,
 And what things els of waters traceth
 The unworn pathes, his rule embraceth.
 Oh Lord, that rul’st our mortal lyne,
 How through the world thy name doth shine !”

These being, as far as I can trace them, the literal meanings of each verse, the entire purport of the psalm is that the Name, or *knowledge* of God was admirable to David, and the power and kingship of God recognizable to him, through the power and kingship of man, His vicegerent on the earth, as the angels are in heavenly places. And that final purport of the psalm is evermore infallibly true,—namely, that when men rule the earth rightly, and feel the power of their own souls over it, and its creatures, as a beneficent and authoritative one, they recognize the power of higher spirits also; and the Name of God becomes ‘hallowed’ to them, admirable and wonderful; but if they abuse the earth and its creatures, and become mere contentions brutes upon it, instead of order-commanding kings, the Name of God ceases to be admirable to them, and His power to be felt; and gradually, license and ignorance prevailing together, even what memories of law or Deity remain to them become intolerable; and in the exact contrary to David’s—“My soul thirsteth for God, for the Living God; when shall I come and appear before God?”—you have the consummated desire and conclusive utterance of the modern republican:

“ S’il y avoit un Dieu, il faudrait le fusiller.”

Now, whatever chemical or anatomical facts may appear to

our present scientific intelligences, inconsistent with the Life of God, the historical fact is that no happiness nor power has ever been attained by human creatures unless in that thirst for the presence of a Divine King ; and that nothing but weakness, misery, and death have ever resulted from the desire to destroy their King, and to have thieves and murderers released to them instead. Also this fact is historically certain,—that the Life of God is not to be discovered by reasoning, but by obeying ; that on doing what is plainly ordered, the wisdom and presence of the Orderer become manifest ; that only so His way can be known on earth, and His saving health among all nations ; and that on disobedience always follows darkness, the forerunner of death.

And now for corollary on the eighth Psalm, read the first and second of Hebrews, and to the twelfth verse of the third, slowly ; fitting the verse of the psalm—“*lunam et stellas quæ tu fundasti,*” with “*Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth*” ; and then noting how the subjection which is merely of the lower creatures, in the psalm, becomes the subjection of all things, and at last of death itself, in the victory foretold to those who are faithful to their Captain, made perfect through sufferings ; their faith, observe, consisting primarily in closer and more constant obedience than the Mosaic law required,—“*For if the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received its just recompence of reward, how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation!*” The full argument is : “*Moses, with but a little salvation, saved you from earthly bondage, and brought you to an earthly land of life ; Christ, with a great salvation, saves you from soul bondage, and brings you to an eternal land of life ; but, if he who despised the little salvation, and its lax law, (left lax because of the hardness of your hearts), died without mercy, how shall we escape, if now, with hearts of flesh, we despise so great salvation, refuse the Eternal Land of Promise, and break the stricter and relaxless law of Christian desert-pilgrimage?*” And if these threatenings and promises still remain obscure to us, it is only because we have reso-

lutely refused to obey the orders which were not obscure, and quenched the Spirit which was already given. How far the world around us may be yet beyond our control, only because a curse has been brought upon it by our sloth and infidelity, none of us can tell; still less may we dare either to praise or accense our Master, for the state of our creation over which He appointed us kings, and in which we have chosen to live as swine. One thing we know, or may know, if we will,—that the heart and conscience of man are divine; that in his perception of evil, in his recognition of good, he is himself a God manifest in the flesh; that his joy in love, his agony in anger, his indignation at injustice, his glory in self-sacrifice, are all eternal, indisputable proofs of his unity with a great Spiritual Head; that in these, and not merely in his more availing form, or manifold instinct, he is king over the lower animate world; that, so far as he denies or forfeits these, he dishonours the Name of his Father, and makes it unholy and unadmirable in the earth; that so far as he confesses, and rules by, these, he hallows and makes admirable the Name of his Father, and receives, in his sonship, fulness of power with Him, whose are the kingdom, the power, and the glory, world without end.

And now we may go back to our bees' nests, and to our school-benches, in peace; able to assure our little Agnes, and the like of her, that, whatever hornets and locusts and serpents may have been made for, this at least is true,—that we may set, and are commanded to set, an eternal difference between ourselves and them, by neither carrying daggers at our sides, nor poison in our mouths: and that the choice for us is stern, between being kings over all these creatures, by innocence to which they cannot be exalted, or more weak, miserable and detestable than they, in resolute guilt to which they cannot fall.

Of their instincts, I believe we have rather held too high than too low estimate, because we have not enough recognized or respected our own. We do not differ from the lower creatures by not possessing instinct, but by possessing will and conscience, to order our innate impulses to the best ends.

The great lines of Pope on this matter, however often quoted fragmentarily, are I think scarcely ever understood in their conclusion.* Let us, for once, read them to their end:—

“ See him, from Nature, rising slow to Art,
 To copy instinct then was reason’s part.
 Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake:
 Go,—from the creatures thy instructions take,
 Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield,
 Learn from the beasts the physic of the field,
 Thy arts of building from the bee receive,
 Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave.
 Here too all forms of social union find,
 And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind.
 Here subterranean works and cities see,
 There, towns aerial on the waving tree;
 Learn each small people’s genius, policies,
 The ants’ republic, and the realm of bees:
 How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 And anarchy without confusion know;
 And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
 Their separate cells and properties maintain.
 Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state—
 Laws wise as nature, and as fixed as fate;
 In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 Entangle justice in her net of law,
 And right, too rigid, harden into wrong—
 Still for the strong too weak, the weak, too strong.
 Yet go, and thus o’er all the creatures sway,
 Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,
 And for those arts mere instinct could afford
 Be crowned as monarchs, or as gods ador’d.”

There is a trace, in this last couplet, of the irony, and chastising enforcement of humiliation, which generally characterize the ‘*Essay on Man*’; but, though it takes this colour, the command thus supposed to be uttered by the voice of Nature, is intended to be wholly earnest. “*In the arts of which I set you example in the unassisted instinct of lower animals, I assist you by the added gifts of will and reason: be therefore,*

* I am sensitive for other writers in this point, my own readers being in the almost universal practice of choosing any bit they may happen to fancy in what I say, without ever considering what it was said for.

knowingly, in the deeds of Justice, kings under the Lord of Justice, while in the works of your hands, you remain happy labourers under His guidance

“ Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food,
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand.”

Nor has ever any great work been accomplished by human creatures, in which instinct was not the principal mental agent, or in which the methods of design could be defined by rule, or apprehended by reason. It is therefore that agency through mechanism destroys the powers of art, and sentiments of religion, together.

And it will be found ultimately by all nations, as it was found long ago by those who have been leaders in human force and intellect, that the initial virtue of the race consists in the acknowledgment of their own lowly nature, and submission to the laws of higher being. “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return,” is the first truth we have to learn of ourselves; and to till the earth out of which we were taken, our first duty: in that labour, and in the relations which it establishes between us and the lower animals, are founded the conditions of our highest faculties and felicities: and without that labour, neither reason, art, nor peace, are possible to man.

But in that labour, accepting bodily death, appointed to us in common with the lower creatures, in noble humility; and kindling day by day the spiritual life, granted to us beyond that of the lower creatures, in noble pride, all wisdom, peace, and unselfish hope and love, may be reached, on earth, as in heaven, and our lives indeed be but a little lessened from those of the angels.

As I am finishing this Fors, I note in the journals accounts of new insect-plague on the vine; and the sunshine on my own hills this morning (7th April), still impure, is yet the first which I have seen spread from the daybreak upon them through all the spring; so dark it has been with blight of storm,—so redolent of disease and distress; of which, and its

possible causes, my friends seek as the only wise judgment, that of the journals aforesaid. Here, on the other hand, are a few verses * of the traditional wisdom of that king whose political institutions were so total a failure, (according to my supremely sagacious correspondent), which nevertheless appear to me to reach the roots of these, and of many other hitherto hidden things.

“ His heart is ashes, his hope is more vile than earth, and his life of less value than clay.

Forasmuch as he knew not his Maker, and him that inspired into him an active soul, and breathed in him a living spirit.

But they counted our life a pastime, and our time here a market for gain; for, say they, we must be getting every way, though it be by evil means.† Yea, they worshipped those beasts also that are most hateful; (for being compared together, some are worse than others,‡ neither are they beautiful in respect of beasts,) but they went without the praise of God, and his blessing.

Therefore by the like were they punished worthily, and by the multitude of beasts tormented.

And in this thou madest thine enemies confess, that it is thou who deliverest them from all evil.

But thy sons not the very teeth of venomous dragons overcame: for thy merey was ever by them, and healed them.

For thou hast power of life and death: thou ledest to the gates of hell, and bringest up again.

For the ungodly, that denied to know thee, were scourged by the strength of thine arm: with strange rains, hails, and

* Collated out of Sapiaientia xv. and xvi.

† Compare Jeremiah ix. 6; in the Septuagint, *τόκος ἐπὶ τόκῳ, καὶ δόλος ἐπὶ δόλῳ*: “ usury on usury, and trick upon trick.”

‡ The instinct for the study of parasites, modes of disease, the lower forms of undeveloped creatures, and the instinctive processes of digestion and generation, rather than the varied and noble habit of life,—which shows itself so grotesquely in modern science, is the precise counterpart of the forms of idolatry (as of beetle and serpent, rather than of clean or innocent creatures,) which were in great part the cause of final corruption in ancient mythology and morals.

showers, were they persecuted, that they could not avoid, for through fire were they consumed.

Instead whereof thou feddest thine own people with angels' food, and didst send them, from heaven, bread prepared without their labour, able to content every man's delight, and agreeing to every taste.

For thy sustenance declared thy sweetness unto thy children, and serving to the appetite of the eater, tempered itself to every man's liking.

For the creature that serveth thee, who art the Maker, increaseth his strength against the unrighteous for their punishment, and abateth his strength for the benefit of such as put their trust in thee.

Therefore even then was it altered into all fashions, and was obedient to thy grace, that nourisheth all things, according to the desire of them that had need :

That thy children, O Lord, whom thou lovest, might know that it is not the growing of fruits that nourisheth man : but that it is thy word, which preserveth them that put their trust in thee.

For that which was not destroyed of the fire, being warmed with a little sunbeam, soon melted away :

That it might be known, that we must prevent the sun to give thee thanks, and at the dayspring pray unto thee."

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

“THE PARSONAGE, WERRINGTON, PETERBOROUGH, *April 7, 1875.*”

MY DEAR SIR,—Your lady correspondent brings out in her own experience that sound Christian truth, of which the condemnable doctrines of ‘substitution’ and ‘vicarious righteousness’ are but the perversions. Her experience shows how true it is that one man may so live and suffer that others shall be morally the better for his life and suffering.

Such a man’s righteousness is ‘imputed’ because really *imparted* * to those who have faith in him.

Of Felix Neff I know less than I ought, but if his ministry tended to bring more sweetness and light into your correspondent’s life, surely his influence in her mind is moral and healthful.

“I am very faithfully yours,

“EDWARD Z. LYTTEL.

“JOHN RUSKIN, Esq.”

I transgress the laws of courtesy, in printing, without asking the writer’s permission, part of a letter which follows : but my correspondent is not, as far as I know him, a man who shrinks from publicity, or who would write in a private letter anything on general subjects which he would be unwilling openly to maintain ; while the letter itself is so monumental as a type of the condition to which the modern average literary mind has been reduced, in its reading of authoritative classical authors, and touches so precisely on points which it happens to be my immediate business to set at rest in the minds of many of my readers, that I cannot but attribute to the third Fors the direct inspiration of the epistle—and must leave on her hands what blame may be attached to its publication. I had been expressing some surprise to my correspondent (an acquaintance of long standing) at his usually bright and complacent temper ; and making some enquiry about his views respecting modern usury, knowing him to have read, at least for literary purposes, large portions of the Old Testament. He replies,—

* If my good correspondent will try practically the difference in the effect on the minds of the next two beggars he meets, between imputing a penny to the one, and imparting it to the other, he will receive a profitable lesson both in religion and English.

Of Felix Neff’s influence, past and present, I will take other occasion to speak.

"I am sure I would not be wiser if I were 'more uncomfortable' in my mind; I am perfectly sure, if I can ever do good to any mortal, it will be by calm working, patient thinking, not by running, or raging, or weeping, or wailing. But for this humour, which I fancy I caught from Shakespeare and Goethe, the sorrow of the world would drive me mad.

"You ask what I think 'the Psalmist' means by 'usury.' I find from Cruden that usury is mentioned only in the fifteenth Psalm. That is a notable and most beautiful lyric, quite sufficient to demonstrate the superiority, in spirituality and morality, of the Hebrew religion to anything Greek. But the bit about usury is pure nonsense—the only bit of nonsense in the piece. Nonsense, because the singer has no notion whatever of the employment of money for the *common* benefit of lender and borrower. As the Hebrew monarchy was politically a total and disastrous failure, I should not expect any opinion worth listening to from a psalmist, touching directly or indirectly on the organization of industry. Jesus Christ and Matthew the publican lived in a time of extended intercourse and some commerce; accordingly, in Matthew xxv., verse 27, you have a perfect statement of the truth about usury: 'Thou oughtest to have put my money to the exchangers, and at my coming I should have received mine own with usury.' Ricardo with all Lombard Street to help him, could not improve upon that. A legitimate, useful, profitable use of money is to accommodate strangers who come with money that will not circulate in the country. The exchanger gives them current money; they pay a consideration for the convenience; and out of this comes the legitimate profit to be divided between lender and borrower. The rule which applies to one fruitful use of money will apply to a thousand, and, between wise lending and honest borrowing, swamp and forest become field and garden, and mountains wave with corn. Some professor or other had written what seemed outrageous rubbish; you confuted or thrust aside, in an early Fors, that rubbish; but against legitimate interest, usury, call it what you like, I have never heard any argument. Mr. Sillar's tracts I have never seen,—he does not advertise, and I have not the second sight.

"My view of the grievous abuses in the publishing and bookselling trades has not altered. But, since writing you first on the subject, I have had careful conversations with publishers, and have constantly pondered the matter; and though I do not see my way to any complete reform, I cannot entertain hope from your methods.

"I am tired, being still very weak. It would only bother you if I went on. Nothing you have ever written has, I think, enabled me to get so near comprehending you as your picture of yourself learning to read and write in last Fors. You can see an individual concrete fact better than any man of the generation; but an invisible fact, an abstraction, an *average*, you have, I fancy, been as incapable of seeing as of seeing through a stone wall. Political Economy is the science of social averages.

"Ever affectionately and faithfully yours.

"P.S. (Sunday morning). Some fancy has been haunting me in the night of its being presumptuous, or your thinking it presumptuous, in me to say that David, or whoever wrote the fifteenth Psalm, spoke, on the subject of interest, pure nonsense. After carefully going over the matter again, I believe that I am accurately correct. Not knowing what lending and borrowing, as a normal industrial transaction, or trading transaction, was, the Psalmist spoke in vague ethical terms, meaning 'you should be friendly to your neighbour'; just as a lady economist of to-day might shriek against the pawn shop, which, with all its defects, had, in capacity of Poor Man's Bank, saved many a child, or woman, or man, from sheer starvation. Not understanding the matter, the Psalmist could not distinguish between use and

abuse, and so talked nonsense. It is exquisitely interesting to me to observe that Christ hits the Psalmist exactly on the point where he goes wrong. *Τὸ ἀργύριον αὐτοῦ οὐκ ἔδωκεν ἐπὶ τόκῳ*, says the Psalmist; *Πορνημέ δοῦλε . . . ἔδει σε οὖν βαλεῖν τὸ ἀργύριόν μου τοῖς τραπεζίταις, καὶ ἠλθὼν ἐγὼ ἐκομισάμην ἀντὶ τοῦ ἐμὸν σὺν τόκῳ*, says Christ. The use of the *same word* in the Septuagint (the only Old Testament circulating in Palestine in Christ's time) and in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, to denote in the one case what no good man would take, in the other, what it was a flagrant dereliction of duty *not* to secure, is most precious as illustrating the simple common sense with which Christ used the old Scriptures, and the infinite falsity of the modern doctrine of infallibility, whether of church, book, or man. One of those transcendencies of rightness which I find in Fors (amid things about Marmontel and Drury Lane, and Darwin and Huxley, worthy only of a Psalmist or pretty economist of fifteen) was your idea of policemen-bishops. I always agree also with what you say about the entirely obsolete and useless bishops at £5000 a-year. . . . But what I was going to say is, that you ought to ask your bishop, or the whole bench of them, to find a place, in their cart-loads of sermons, for one on 'usury,'* as condemned by the Psalmist and enjoined by Christ. Compare Luke xix., ver. 23. The only sound basis of banking is the fruitful, industrial use of money. I by no means maintain that the present banking system of Europe is safe and sound."

I submitted the proof of this Fors to my correspondent, and think it due to him and to my readers to print, with the above letter, also the following portions of that which he sent in gentle reply. So far as I have misconceived or misrepresented him, he knows me to be sorry. For the rest, our misconceptions of each other are of no moment: the misconception, by either, of the nature of profit by the loan of money, or tools, is of moment to every one over whom we have influence; we neither of us have any business to be wrong in that matter; and there are few on which it is more immediately every man's business to be right.

"Remonstrance were absurd, where misconception is so total as yours. My infidelity is simply that I worship Christ, thanking every one who gives me any glimpse that enables me to get nearer Christ's meaning. In this light, what you say of a hidden sense or drift in the parables interests me profoundly; but the more I think of the question of interest, the more I feel persuaded that Christ distinguished the use from the abuse. Tradition, almost certainly authentic, imputes to him the saying *γίνεσθε τραπεζίται δόκιμοι* (see M. Arnold's article in *March Contemporary*), and I don't see how there can be honourable bankers,—men living honourably by banking, if *all* taking of interest is wrong. You speak of my 'supreme confidence' in my own opinions. I absolutely have confidence only in the resolution to keep my eyes open for light and if I can help it, not to be to-day exactly where I was yesterday. I have not only read, but lived in, (as a very atmosphere) the works of men whom you say I went to because somebody said it was fine to do so. They have taught me some comprehensiveness, some tolerance, some moderation in judging even the mob. They have taught me to consume my own smoke, and it is this consumption of my own smoke which you seem to have mistaken for confidence in my opinions. Which prophet, from Moses to Carlyle, would not *you* confess to have been sometimes in the wrong? I said that I worship Christ. In Him I realize, so far

* See the note at p. 95.

as I can realize, God. Therefore I speak not of Him. But the very key-stone of any arch of notions in my mind is that inspiration is one of the mightiest and most blessed of forces, one of the most real of facts, but that infallibility is the error of errors. From no prophet, from no book, do I take what I please and leave what I please; but, applying all the lights I have, I learn from each as wisely as, with my powers and my lights, is possible for me.

“Affectionately yours.

I have received, “with the respects of the author,” a pamphlet on the Crystal Palace; which tells me, in its first sentence, that the Crystal Palace is a subject which every cultivated Englishman has at heart; in its second, that the Crystal Palace is a household word, and is the loftiest moral triumph of the world; and in its third, that the Palace is declining, it is said, —verging towards decay. I have not heard anything for a long time which has more pleased me; and beg to assure the author of the pamphlet in question that I never get up at Herne Hill after a windy night without looking anxiously towards Norwood in the hope that ‘the loftiest moral triumph of the world’ may have been blown away.

I find the following lovely little scene translated into French from the Dutch, (M. J. Rigeveld, Amsterdam, C. L. Brinkman, 1875,) in a valuable little periodical for ladies, ‘l’Espérance,’ of Geneva, in which the entirely good purpose of the editor will, I doubt not, do wide service, in spite of her adoption of the popular error of the desirability of feminine independence.

“A PROPOS D’UNE PAIRE DE GANTS.

“‘Qu’y a-t-il, Elise?’ dit Madame, en se tournant du côté d’une fenêtre ouverte, où elle entend quelque bruit. ‘Oh! moins que rien, maman!’ répond sa fille aînée, en train de faire la toilette des cadets, pour la promenade et le concert. ‘Ce que c’est, maman?’ érie un des petits garçons, ‘c’est que Lolotte ne veut pas mettre des gants.’ ‘Elle dit qu’elle a assez chaud sans cela, reprend un autre, et qu’elle ne trouve pas même joli d’avoir des gants.’ Et chacun de rire. Un des rapporteurs continue: ‘Elise veut qu’elle le fasse par convenance; mais Lolotte prétend que la peau humaine est plus convenable qu’une peau de rat.’ Cette boutade excite de nouveau l’hilarité de la compagnie. ‘Quelle idée, Lolotte,’ dit son père d’un ton enjoué: ‘montre-toi donc!’

“Apparemment Lolotte n’est pas d’humeur à obéir; mais les garçons ne lui laissent pas le choix et la poussent en avant. La voilà donc, notre héroïne. C’est une fillette d’environ quatorze ans, dont les yeux pétillent d’esprit et de vie; on voit qu’elle aime à user largement de la liberté que lui laisse encore son âge, pour dire son opinion sur tout ce qui lui passe par la tête sans conséquence aucune. Mais bien qu’elle soit forte dans son opinion *anté-gantière*, l’enfant est tant soit peu confuse, et ne parait pas portée à défendre sa cause en présence d’un étranger. ‘Quoi donc,’ lui dit son père, en la prenant par la taille, ‘tu ne veux pas porter des gants, parce qu’ils sont faits de peaux de rats! Je ne te croyais pas si folle. Le rat est mort et oublié depuis longtemps, et sa peau est glacée.’ — ‘Non, papa, ce n’est pas ça.’ — ‘Qu’est-ce donc, mon enfant? Tu es trop grande fille pour ces manières sans façon. Ne veux-tu pas être une demoiselle comme il faut.’ ‘Et ces petites mains qui touchent si bien du piano,’ reprend le visiteur, désireux de faire oublier la gêne que cause sa présence, par un mot gracieux. ‘Ne veux-tu pas plutôt renoncer à la musique, et devenir sareuse?’ lui demande son père. — ‘Non, papa, point du tout. Je ne puis pas dire au juste ma pen-

sée . . . ' Et elle se dégagera doucement de ses bras; et en se sauvant, grommela: ' Mort aux gants, et vive la civilisation ! ' On rit encore un peu de l'enfant bizarre; puis on parle d'autres choses, et l'on se prépare pour la promenade. Lolotte a mis les gants en question, ' pour plaire à maman, ' et personne ne s'en occupe plus.

" Mais l'étranger avait saisi au passage sa dernière phrase, qui sans cesse, lui revenait à l'esprit. Se reprochait-il devant cette enfant naïve sa compli- cité à l'interprétation futile que son hôte avait donnée de *la civilisation*? Tant est, que pendant le cours de la soirée, se trouvant un moment en tête-à-tête avec Lolotte, il revint à l'histoire des gants. Il tâcha de réparer sa gaucherie et fit si bien, qu'il gagna la confiance de la petite. ' Sans doute, j'en conviens, dit-il, il faut plus pour être civilisé que de porter des gants, mais il faut se soumettre à certaines convenances que les gens comme il faut. . . . ' C'est ça, Monsieur, dit-elle, en lui coupant la parole, quelle est donc la chance des gens qui voudraient se civiliser, mais qui n'ont pas d'argent pour acheter des gants ? ' C'était-là sa peine. ' Chère enfant ! ' dit-il tout bas. Et l'homme, si éloquent d'ordinaire, pressa la petite main sous le gant obligatoire, parce que pour le moment les paroles lui manquaient pour répondre. . . . Est-ce étonnant que, malgré lui, plus tard en s'occupant de la question sociale, il pensa souvent à cette jeune fille ?

" Et vous, lecteurs, que pensez-vous d'elle et de sa question gantière ? Vous paraît-elle un enfantillage, ou bien la considérez-vous tout bonnement comme une exagération ? Vous attachez-vous à la surface, ou bien y cherchez-vous un sens plus profond, comme l'ami visiteur ? Ne croyez-vous pas aussi que dans ce temps de ' besoins multipliés, ' un des plus grands services que les classes supérieures puissent rendre au peuple, serait de faire distinction entre tous ces besoins et de prêcher d'exemple ? "

This bit of letter must find room—bearing as it does on last Fors' subject :—

" I was asking a girl this morning if she still took her long walks ; and she said she was as fond of them as ever, but that they could only walk in the town now—the field or country walks were not safe for ladies alone. Indeed, I fancy the girls lose all care for, or knowledge of, the spring or summer—except as they bring new fashions into the shop windows, not fresh flowers any more here into the fields. It is pitiable to live in a place like this—even worse than in ———. For here the process of spoiling country is going on under one's eyes ;—in ——— it was done long ago. And just now, when the feeling of spring is upon one, it is hard to have the sky darkened, and the air poisoned. But I am wasting time in useless grumbling. Only listen to this :—after all our sacrifices, and with all our money and civilization—I can't tell you now ; it must wait."—[Very well ; but don't keep it waiting longer than you need.]

I have had some good help about bees' tongues from a young correspondent at Merrow Grange, Guildford, and a very clear drawing, to which the subjoined piece of his last letter refers ; but I must not lose myself in microscopic questions just now :—

" The author of ' The Microscope ' keeps to the old idea of bees sucking honey and not ' licking it up, ' for he says, ' The proboscis, being cylindrical, extracts the juice of the flower in a somewhat similar way to that of the butterfly. ' And of the tongue he says, ' If a bee is attentively observed as it settles upon a flower, the activity and promptitude with which it uses the apparatus is truly surprising ; it lengthens the tongue, applies it to the bottom of the petals, then shortens it, bending and turning it in all directions, for the purpose of exploring the interior and removing the pollen, which it

packs in the pockets in its hind legs, (by, he supposes, the two shorter feelers,) and forms the chief food for the working-bees.' He says that when the waxen walls of the cells are completed they are strengthened by a varnish collected from the buds of the poplar and other trees, which they smear over the cells by the aid of the wonderful apparatus. That part of the proboscis that looks something like a human head, he says, 'can be considerably enlarged . . . and thus made to contain a larger quantity of the collected juice of the flowers; at the same time it is in this cavity that the nectar is transformed into pure honey by some peculiar chemical process.'"

* Note on page 92.—My correspondent need not be at a loss for sermons on usury. When the Christian Church was living, there was no lack of such. Here are two specimens of their tenor, furnished me by one of Mr. Sillar's pamphlets:—

EXTRACT FROM THE EXPOSITION UPON THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE THESSALONIANS, CH. IV. VER. 6. BY BISHOP JEWELL.

"Usury is a kind of lending of money, or corn, or oil, or wine, or of any other thing, wherein, upon covenant and bargain, *we receive again the whole principal* which we delivered *and somewhat more* for the use and occupying of the same: as, if I lend one hundred pounds, and for it covenant to receive one hundred and five pounds, or any other sum greater than was the sum which I did lend. This is that that we call usury; such a kind of bargaining as no good man, or godly man, ever used; such a kind of bargaining as all men that ever feared God's judgment have always abhorred and condemned. *It is filthy gains, and a work of darkness: it is a monster in nature; the overthrow of mighty kingdoms; the destruction of flourishing states; the decay of wealthy cities; the plagues of the world, and the misery of the people. It is theft; it is the murdering of our brethren; it is the curse of God, and the curse of the people.* This is usury: by these signs and tokens you may know it: for wheresoever it reigneth, all those mischiefs ensue. But how, and how many ways, it may be wrought, I will not declare: it were horrible to hear; and I come now to reprove usury, and not to teach it.

"Tell me, thou wretched wight of the world, thou unkind creature, which art past all sense and feeling of God; which knowest the will of God, and doest the contrary: how darest thou come into the church? It is the church of that God which hath said, 'Thou shalt take no usury'; and thou knowest He hath so said. How darest thou read or hear the word of God? It is the word of that God which condemneth usury; and thou knowest He doth condemn it. How darest thou come into the company of thy brethren? Usury is the plague, and destruction, and undoing of thy brethren; and this thou knowest. How darest thou look upon thy children? thou makest the wrath of God fall down from heaven upon them; thy iniquity shall be punished in them to the third and fourth generation: this thou knowest. How darest thou look up into heaven? thou hast no dwelling there; thou shalt have no place in the tabernacle of the Highest: this thou knowest. Because thou robbest the poor, deceivest the simple, and eatest up the widows' houses: therefore shall thy children be naked, and beg their bread; therefore shalt thou and thy riches perish together."

EXTRACT FROM THE FAREWELL SERMON PREACHED IN THE CHURCH
OF ST. MARY WOOLNOTH, LOMBARD STREET, BY THE REV. DAVID
JONES, WHEN THE PRESENT SYSTEM WAS IN ITS INFANCY.

“And the Pharisees also, who were covetous, heard all these things, and they derided him.”—LUKE xvi. 14.

“I do openly declare that every minister and every church-warden throughout all England are actually perjured and forsworn by the 109th canon of our church, if they suffer any usurer to come to the sacrament till he be reformed, and there is no reformation without restitution.

* * * * *

“And that you may know what usury is forbid by the word of God, turn to Ezekiel xviii. 8, 13, and you will find that, whoever giveth upon usury or taketh any increase,—*Mark it*,—he that taketh *any* increase above the principal,—not six in the hundred, but let it be never so little, and never so moderate,—he that taketh *any* increase, is a usurer, and such a one as shall surely die for his usury, and his blood shall be upon his own head. This is that word of God by which you shall all be saved or damned at the last day, and all those trifling and shuffling distinctions that covetous usurers ever invented shall never be able to excuse your damnation.

“Heretofore all usurious clergymen were degraded from Holy Orders, and all usurious laymen were excommunicated in their lifetime, and hindered Christian burial after death, till their heirs had made restitution for all they had gotten by usury.”

As this sheet is going to press I receive a very interesting letter from “a poor mother.” That no wholesome occupation is at present offered in England to youths of the temper she describes, is precisely the calamity which urged my endeavour to found the St. George’s Company. But if she will kindly tell me the boy’s age, and whether the want of perseverance she regrets in him has ever been tested by giving him sufficient motive for consistent exertion, I will answer what I can, in next Fors.

LETTER LIV.

BEFORE going on with my own story to-day, I must fasten down a main principle about doing good work, not yet enough made clear.

It has been a prevalent notion in the minds of well-disposed persons, that if they acted according to their own conscience, they must, therefore, be doing right.

But they assume, in feeling or asserting this, either that there is no Law of God, or that it cannot be known; but only felt, or conjectured.

“I must do what *I* think right.” How often is this sentence uttered and acted on—bravely—nobly—innocently; but always—because of its egotism—erringly. You must not do what you think right, but, whether you or anybody think, or don't think it, what *is* right.

“I must act according to the dictates of my conscience.”

By no means, my conscientious friend, unless you are quite sure that yours is not the conscience of an ass.

“I am doing my best—what can man do more?”

You might be doing much less, and yet much better:—perhaps you are doing your best in producing, or doing, an eternally bad thing.

All these three sayings, and the convictions they express, are wise only in the mouths and minds of wise men; they are deadly, and all the deadlier because bearing an image and superscription of virtue, in the mouths and minds of fools.

“But there is every gradation, surely, between wisdom and folly?”

No. The fool, whatever his wit, is the man who doesn't know his master—who has said in his heart—there is no God—no Law.

The wise man knows his master. Less or more wise, he perceives lower or higher masters; but always some creature larger than himself—some law holier than his own. A law to be sought—learned, loved—obeyed; but in order to its discovery, the obedience must be begun first, to the best one knows. Obey *something*; and you will have a chance some day of finding out what is best to obey. But if you begin by obeying nothing, you will end by obeying Beelzebub and all his seven invited friends.

Which being premised, I venture to continue the history of my own early submissions to external Force.

The Bible readings, described in my last letter, took place always in the front parlour of the house, which, when I was about five years old, my father found himself able to buy the lease of, at Herne Hill. The piece of road between the Fox tavern and the Herne Hill station, remains, in all essential points of character, unchanged to this day: certain Gothic splendours, lately indulged in by our wealthier neighbours, being the only serious innovations; and these are so graciously concealed by the fine trees of their grounds, that the passing viator remains unappalled by them; and I can still walk up and down the piece of road aforesaid, imagining myself seven years old.

Our house was the fourth part of a group which stand accurately on the top or dome of the hill, where the ground is for a small space level, as the snows are (I understand) on the dome of Mont Blanc; presently falling, however, in what may be, in the London clay formation, considered a precipitous slope to our valley of Chamouni (or of Dulwich) on the east; and with a softer descent into Cold Arbour, (nautically aspirated into Harbour)-lane on the west: on the south no less beautifully declining to the dale of the Effra, (doubtless shortened from Effrena, signifying the "Unbridled" river; recently, I regret to say, bricked over for the convenience of Mr. Biffin, the chemist, and others), while on the north, prolonged indeed with slight depression some half mile or so, and receiving, in the parish of Lambeth, the chivalric title of

'Champion Hill,' it plunges down at last to efface itself in the plains of Peckham, and the rustic solitudes of Goose Green.

The group, of which our house was the quarter, consisted of two precisely similar partner-couples of houses,—gardens and all to match; still the two highest blocks of building seen from Norwood on the crest of the ridge; which, even within the time I remember, rose with no stinted beauty of wood and lawn above the Dulwich fields.

The house itself, three-storied, with garrets above, commanded, in those comparatively smokeless days, a very notable view from its upper windows, of the Norwood hills on one side, and the winter sunrise over them; and of the valley of the Thames, with Windsor in the distance, on the other, and the summer sunset over these. It had front and back garden in sufficient proportion to its size; the front, richly set with old evergreens, and well grown lilæ and laburnum; the back, seventy yards long by twenty wide, renowned over all the hill for its pears and apples, which had been chosen with extreme care by our predecessor, (shame on me to forget the name of a man to whom I owe so much!)—and possessing also a strong old mulberry tree, a tall white-heart cherry tree, a black Kentish one, and an almost unbroken hedge, all round, of alternate gooseberry and currant bush; decked, in due season, (for the ground was wholly beneficent,) with magical splendour of abundant fruit: fresh green, soft amber, and rough-bristled crimson bending the spinous branches; clustered pearl and pendent ruby joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine.

The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden, and that of Eden, as I had imagined it, were, that, in this one, *all* the fruit was forbidden; and there were no companionable beasts: in other respects the little domain answered every purpose of Paradise to me; and the climate, in that cycle of our years, allowed me to pass most of my life in it. My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learnt, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed

anything to disturb me when my task was set; if it was not said rightly by twelve o'clock, I was kept in till I knew it, and in general, even when Latin Grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master for at least an hour before dinner at half-past one, and for the rest of the afternoon. My mother, herself finding her chief personal pleasure in her flowers, was often planting or pruning beside me,—at least if I chose to stay beside *her*. I never thought of doing anything behind her back which I would not have done before her face, and her presence was therefore no restraint to me; but, also, no particular pleasure; for, from having always been left so much alone, I had generally my own little affairs to see after; and on the whole, by the time I was seven years old, was already getting too independent, mentally, even of my father and mother; and having nobody else to be dependent upon, began to lead a very small, perky, contented, conceited, Cock-Robinson-Crusoe sort of life, in the central point which it appeared to me, (as it must naturally appear to geometrical animals) that I occupied in the universe.

This was partly the fault of my father's modesty; and partly of his pride. He had so much more confidence in my mother's judgment as to such matters than in his own, that he never ventured even to help, much less to cross her, in the conduct of my education; on the other hand, in the fixed purpose of making an ecclesiastical gentleman of me, with the superfinest of manners, and access to the highest circles of fleshly and spiritual society, the visits to Croydon, where I entirely loved my aunt, and young baker-cousins, became rarer and more rare: the society of our neighbours on the hill could not be had without breaking up our regular and sweetly selfish manner of living; and on the whole, I had nothing animate to care for, in a childish way, but myself, some nests of ants, which the gardener would never leave undisturbed for me, and a sociable bird or two; though I never had the sense or perseverance to make one really tame. But that was partly because, if ever I managed to bring one to be the least trustful of me, the cats got it.

Under these favourable circumstances, what powers of imagination I possessed, either fastened themselves on inanimate things—the sky, the leaves, and pebbles, observable within the walls of Eden, or caught at any opportunity of flight into regions of romance, compatible with the objective realities of existence in the nineteenth century, within a mile and a quarter of Camberwell Green.

Herein my father, happily, though with no definite intention other than of pleasing me, when he found he could do so without infringing any of my mother's rules, became my guide. I was particularly fond of watching him shave; and was always allowed to come into his room in the morning (under the one in which I am now writing), to be the motionless witness of that operation. Over his dressing-table hung one of his own water-colour drawings, made under the teaching of the elder Nasmyth. (I believe, at the High School of Edinburgh.) It was done in the early manner of tinting, which, just about the time when my father was at the High School, Dr. Munro was teaching Turner; namely, in grey under-tints of Prussian blue and British ink, washed with warm colour afterwards on the lights. It represented Conway Castle, with its Frith, and, in the foreground, a cottage, a fisherman, and a boat at the water's edge.

When my father had finished shaving, he always told me a story about this picture. The custom began without any initial purpose of his, in consequence of my troublesome curiosity whether the fisherman lived in the cottage, and where he was going to in the boat. It being settled, for peace' sake, that he *did* live in the cottage, and was going in the boat to fish near the castle, the plot of the drama afterwards gradually thickened; and became, I believe, involved with that of the tragedy of "Douglas," and of the "Castle Spectre," in both of which pieces my father had performed in private theatricals, before my mother, and a select Edinburgh audience, when he was a boy of sixteen, and she, at grave twenty, a model housekeeper, and very scornful and religiously suspicious of theatricals. But she was never weary of telling me, in later years, how

beautiful my father looked in his Highland dress, with the high black feathers.

I remember nothing of the story he used to tell me, now ; but I have the picture still, and hope to leave it finally in the Oxford schools, where, if I can complete my series of illustrative work for general reference, it will be of some little use as an example of an old-fashioned method of water-colour drawing not without its advantages ; and, at the same time, of the dangers incidental in it to young students, of making their castles too yellow, and their fishermen too blue.

In the afternoons, when my father returned, (always punctually) from his business, he dined, at half-past four, in the front parlour, my mother sitting beside him to hear the events of the day, and give counsel and encouragement with respect to the same ;—chiefly the last, for my father was apt to be vexed if orders for sherry fell the least short of their due standard, even for a day or two. I was never present at this time, however, and only avouch what I relate by hearsay and probable conjecture ; for between four and six it would have been a grave misdemeanour in me if I so much as approached the parlour door. After that, in summer time, we were all in the garden as long as the day lasted ; tea under the white-heart cherry tree ; or in winter and rough weather, at six o'clock in the drawing-room,—I having my cup of milk, and slice of bread-and-butter, in a little recess, with a table in front of it, wholly sacred to me ; and in which I remained in the evenings as an Idol in a niche, while my mother knitted, and my father read to her,—and to me, so far as I chose to listen.

The series of the Waverley novels, then drawing towards its close, was still the chief source of delight in all households caring for literature ; and I can no more recollect the time when I did not know them than when I did not know the Bible ; but I have still a vivid remembrance of my father's intense expression of sorrow mixed with scorn, as he threw down 'Count Robert of Paris,' after reading three or four pages ; and knew that the life of Scott was ended : the scorn being a very complex and bitter feeling in him,—partly, in-

deed, of the book itself, but chiefly of the wretches who were tormenting and selling the wrecked intellect, and not a little, deep down, of the subtle dishonesty which had essentially caused the ruin. My father never could forgive Scott his concealment of the Ballantyne partnership.

I permit myself, without check, to enlarge on these trivial circumstances of my early days, partly because I know that there are one or two people in the world who will like to hear of them; but chiefly because I can better assure the general reader of some results of education on after life, by one example in which I know all my facts, than by many, in which every here and there a link might be wanting.

And it is perhaps already time to mark what advantage and mischief, by the chances of life up to seven years old, had been irrevocably determined for me.

I will first count my blessings (as a not unwise friend once recommended me to do, continually; whereas I have a bad trick of always numbering the thorns in my fingers, and not the bones in them).

And for best and truest beginning of all blessings, I had been taught the perfect meaning of Peace, in thought, act, and word.

I never had heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other; nor seen an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended glance in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded, nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner, blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone in due time. I had no conception of such a feeling as anxiety; my father's occasional vexation in the afternoons, when he had only got an order for twelve butts after expecting one for fifteen, as I have just stated, was never manifested to *me*; and itself related only to the question whether his name would be a step higher or lower in the year's list of sherry exporters; for he never spent more than half his income, and therefore found himself little incommoded by occasional variations in

the total of it. I had never done any wrong that I knew of—beyond occasionally delaying the commitment to heart of some improving sentence, that I might watch a wasp on the window pane, or a bird in the cherry tree; and I had never seen any grief.

Next to this quite priceless gift of Peace, I had received the perfect understanding of the natures of Obedience and Faith. I obeyed word, or lifted finger, of father or mother, simply as a ship her helm; not only without idea of resistance, but receiving the direction as a part of my own life and force, a helpful law, as necessary to me in every moral action as the law of gravity in leaping. And my practice in Faith was soon complete: nothing was ever promised me that was not given; nothing ever threatened me that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told me that was not true.

Peace, obedience, faith; these three for chief good; next to these, the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind—on which I will not farther enlarge at this moment, this being the main practical faculty of my life, causing Mazzini to say of me, in conversation authentically reported, a year or two before his death, that I had “the most analytic mind in Europe.” An opinion in which, so far as I am acquainted with Europe, I am myself entirely disposed to concur.

Lastly, an extreme perfection in palate and all other bodily senses, given by the utter prohibition of cake, wine, comfits, or, except in carefulest restriction, fruit; and by fine preparation of what food was given me. Such I esteem the main blessings of my childhood;—next, let me count the equally dominant calamities.

First, that I had nothing to love.

My parents were—in a sort—visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon: only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out; (how much, now, when both are darkened!)—still less did I love God; not that I had any quarrel with Him, or fear of Him; but simply found what people told me was His service, disagreeable; and what people told me was His book,

not entertaining. I had no companions to quarrel with, neither; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank. Not a servant was ever allowed to do anything for me, but what it was their duty to do; and why should I have been grateful to the cook for cooking, or the gardener for gardening,—when the one dared not give me a baked potatoe without asking leave, and the other would not let my ants' nests alone, because they made the walks untidy? The evil consequence of all this was not, however, what might perhaps have been expected, that I grew up selfish or unaffectionate; but that, when affection did come, it came with violence utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least by me, who never before had anything to manage.

For (second of chief calamities) I had nothing to endure. Danger or pain of any kind I knew not: my strength was never exercised, my patience never tried, and my courage never fortified. Not that I was ever afraid of anything,—either ghosts, thunder, or beasts; and one of the nearest approaches to insubordination which I was ever tempted into as a child, was in passionate effort to get leave to play with the lion's cubs in Wombwell's menagerie.

Thirdly, I was taught no precision nor etiquette of manners; it was enough if, in the little society we saw, I remained unobtrusive, and replied to a question without shyness: but the shyness came later, and increased as I grew conscious of the rudeness arising from the want of social discipline, and found it impossible to acquire, in advanced life, dexterity in any bodily exercise, skill in any pleasing accomplishment, or ease and tact in ordinary behaviour.

Lastly, and chief of evils. My judgment of right and wrong, and powers of independent action,* were left entirely undeveloped; because the bridle and blinkers were never taken off me. Children should have their times of being off duty, like soldiers; and when once the obedience, if required,

* *Action*, observe, I say here; in *thought* I was too independent, as I said above.

is certain, the little creature should be very early put for periods of practice in complete command of itself; set on the barebacked horse of its own will, and left to break it by its own strength. But the ceaseless authority exercised over my youth left me, when cast out at last into the world, unable for some time to do more than drift with its elements. My present courses of life are indeed not altogether of that compliant nature; but are, perhaps, more unaccommodating than they need be in the insolence of reaction; and the result upon me, of the elements and the courses together, is, in sum, that at my present age of fifty-six, while I have indeed the sincerest admiration for the characters of Phocion, Cincinnatus, and Caractacus, and am minded, so far as I may, to follow the example of those worthy personages, my own private little fancy, in which, for never having indulged me, I am always quarrelling with my Fortune, is still, as it always was, to find Prince Ahmed's arrow, and marry the Fairy Paribanou.

My present verdict, therefore, on the general tenour of my education at that time, must be, that it was at once too formal and too luxurious; leaving my character, at the most important moment for its construction, cramped indeed, but not disciplined; and only by protection innocent, instead of by practice virtuous. My mother saw this herself, and but too clearly, in later years; and whenever I did anything wrong, stupid, or hard-hearted,—(and I have done many things that were all three),—always said, 'It is because you were too much indulged.'

So strongly do I feel this, as I sip my coffee this morning, (May 24th), after being made profoundly miserable last night, because I did not think it likely I should be accepted if I made an offer to any one of three beautiful young ladies who were crushing and rending my heart into a mere shamrock leaf, the whole afternoon; nor had any power to do, what I should have liked better still, send Giafar (without Zobeide's knowing anything about it) to superintend the immediate transport to my palace of all three;—that I am afraid, if it were left to me at present to institute, without help from

kinder counsellors, the education of the younger children on St. George's estate, the methods of the old woman who lived in a shoe would be the first that occurred to me as likely to conduce most directly to their future worth and felicity.

And I chanced, as Fors would have it, to fall, but last week, as I was arranging some books bought two years ago, and forgotten ever since,—on an instance of the use of extreme severity in education, which cannot but commend itself to the acceptance of every well informed English gentlewoman. For all well informed English gentlewomen, and gentle-maidens, have faithful respect for the memory of Lady Jane Grey.

But I never myself, until the minute when I opened that book, could at all understand Lady Jane Grey. I have seen a great deal, thank Heaven, of good, and prudent, and clever girls; but not among the very best and wisest of them did I ever find the slightest inclination to stop indoors to read Plato, when all their people were in the Park. On the contrary, if any approach to such disposition manifested itself, I found it was always, either because the scholastic young person thought that somebody might possibly call, suppose—myself, the Roger Ascham of her time,—or suppose somebody else—who would prevent her, that day, from reading “*piu avanti*,” or because the author who engaged her attention, so far from being Plato himself, was, in many essential particulars, anti-Platonic. And the more I thought of Lady Jane Grey, the more she puzzled me.

Wherefore, opening, among my unexamined books, Roger Ascham's *Scholemaster*, printed by John Daye, dwelling over Aldersgate, An. 1571, just at the page where he gives the original account of the thing as it happened, I stopped in my unpacking to decipher the black letter of it with attention; which, by your leave, good reader, you shall also take the trouble to do yourself, from this, as far as I can manage to give it you, accurate facsimile of the old page. And trust me that I have a reason for practising you in these old letters, though I have no time to tell it you just now.

“And one example, whether love or feare doth worke more in a childe for vertue and learning, I will gladly report: which may bee heard with some pleasure, & followed with more profite. Before I went into Germanie I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leaue of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parentes, the Duke and the Dutchesse, with all the household, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were hunting in the Parke: I found her in her chamber, reading Phædon Platonis in Greeke, & that with as much delight, as some gentleman would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation, and ductie done, with some other talk, I asked her, why shee would leese such pastime in the Parke? Smiling shee answered mee: I wisse, all their sport in the Parke, is but a shadow to that pleasure wh̄ I finde in Plato: Alas, good folke, they never felt what true pleasure meant.”

Thus far, except in the trouble of reading black letters, I have given you nothing new, or even freshly old. All this we have heard of the young lady a hundred times over. But next to this, comes something which I fancy will be unexpected by most of my readers. For the fashion of all literary students, catering for the public, has hitherto been to pick out of their author whatever bits they thought likely to be acceptable to Demos, and to keep everything of suspicious taste out of his dish of hashed hare. Nay, ‘he pares his apple that will cleanly eat,’ says honest George Herbert. I am not wholly sure, however, even of that; if the apple itself be clean off the bough, and the teeth of little Eve and Adam, what teeth should be, it is quite questionable whether the good old fashion of alternate bite be not the method of finest enjoyment of flavour. But the modern frugivorous public will soon have a steam-machine in Covent Garden, to pick the straw out of their strawberries.

In accordance with which popular principle of natural selection, the historians of Lady Jane’s life, finding this first opening of the scene at Brodegate so entirely charming and graceful,

and virtuous, and moral, and ducal, and large-landed-estate-ish—without there being the slightest suggestion in it of any principle, to which any body could possibly object,—pounce upon it as a flawless gem; and clearing from it all the objectionable matrix, with delicate skill, set it forth—changed about from one to another of the finest cases of velvet eloquence to be got up for money—in the corner shop—London and Ryder's, of the Bond Street of Vanity Fair.

But I, as an old mineralogist, like to see my gems in the rock; and always bring away the biggest piece I can break with the heaviest hammer I can carry. Accordingly, I venture to beg of you also, good reader, to decipher farther this piece of kindly Ascham's following narration:

“And how came you, Madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, & what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very fewe men have attained thereunto. I will tell you, quoth shee, and tell you a truth, which perchance ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefites that ever God gave me, is, that hee sent me so sharpe and severe parentes, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For whē I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speake, keepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drinke, be merry, or sad, bee swoing, playing, dancing, or doing anything els, I must doe it, as it were, in such weight, measure, & number, even so perfectly, as God made the world, or els I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other wayes which I will not name for the honor I beare thē, so without measure misordered, that I thinke my selfe in hell, till time come that I must goe to M. Elmer who teacheth mee so gently, so pleasantly, with such faire alluremētes to learning that I thinke all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called frō him, I fall on weeping, because, whatsoeber I doe els but learning, is full of greefe, trouble, feare, and whole misliking unto mee. And thus my hooke hath been so much my pleasure, & bringeth daily to me

more pleasure I more, y^e in respect of it, all other pleasures,
in very deede, bee but trifles I troubles unto mee.

Lady Jane ceases, Ascham speaks: I remē
ber this talke gladly, bothe because it is so worthy of memo-
ry I because also it was the last talke that eber I had, and
the last time, that eber I saw that noble I worthy Lady."

Now, for the clear understanding of this passage,—I adjure you, gentle reader, (if you are such, and therefore capable of receiving adjuration)—in the name of St. George and all saints,—of Edward III. and all knights,—of Alice of Salisbury and all stainless wives, and of Jeanne of France and all stainless maids, that you put at once out of your mind, under penalty of sharpest Honte Ban, all such thought as would first suggest itself to the modern novel writer, and novel reader, concerning this matter,—namely, that the young girl is in love with her tutor. She loves him rightly, as all good and noble boys and girls necessarily love good masters,—and no otherwise;—is grateful to him rightly, and no otherwise;—happy with him and her book—rightly, and no otherwise.

And that her father and mother, with whatever leaven of human selfishness, or impetuous disgrace in the manner and violence of their dealing with her, did, nevertheless, compel their child to do all things that she did,—rightly, and no otherwise, was, verily, though at that age she knew it but in part,—the literally crowning and guiding Mercy of her life,—the plaited thorn upon the brow, and rooted thorn around the feet, which are the tribute of Earth to the Princesses of Heaven.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE minds of many of the friends of Mr. Septimus Hansard appear to have been greatly exercised by my insertion of, and comments on, the newspaper paragraph respecting that gentleman's ministrations to the poor of London.

I thought it unnecessary to take notice of the first communication which I received on the subject, from a fashionable lady, informing me, with much indignation, that Mr. Hansard had caught his fever in the West-End, not in the East; and had been sick in the best society. The following letter is of more importance, and its writer having accepted what he calls "my kind offer" to print it, I have no alternative, though he mistook, or rather misplaced, the real kindness of my private note, which lay in its recommendation to him,* *not* to accept the offer it made.

"135, WATERLOW BUILDINGS, WILMOTT STREET,
"BETHNAL GREEN, E., *May* 14, 1875.

"SIR,—In your 49th Letter you say that we clergy are not priests, and cannot sacrifice. You also say that we are *wholly* responsible for, and the efficient causes of, horrible outrages on women. In your 51st Letter you speak of my friend and chief, Mr. Hansard, as being courageous, impulsive, and generous, but complacent, and living a life 'all aglow in vain'; and you compare him, in Bethnal Green, to a moth in candle-grease.

"I know that I, as a priest, am responsible for much wrong-doing; but I must claim you, and all who have failed to be *perfect* stewards of their material and spiritual property, as responsible with me and the rest of the clergy for the ignorance and crime of our fellow-countrymen.

"But I would ask you whether Mr. Hansard's life, even as you know it, (and you don't know half the St. George-like work he has done and is doing,) is not a proof that we *priests can and do sacrifice*;—that we can offer ourselves, our souls and bodies.

"Of course I agree with you and Mr. Lyttel that the preaching of 'Christ's life *instead* of our lives' is false and damnatory; but I am sorry that instead of backing those who teach the true and salutary Gospel, you condemn us all alike, wholesale. I think you will find that you will want even our help to get the true Gospel taught.

"Allow me also to protest pretty strongly against my friends and neighbours here being compared to candle-grease. I fancy that, on consideration, you would like to withdraw that parable; perhaps, even, you would like to make some kind of reparation, by helping us, candle-grease-like Bethnal-greeners, to be better and happier.

* At least. I think the terms of my letter might have been easily construed into such recommendation; I fear they were not as clear as they might have been.

"I am one of those clergymen spoken of in Letter 49, and 'honestly believe myself impelled to say and do' many things by the Holy Ghost; and for that very reason I am bound to remember that you and other men are inspired also by the same Holy Ghost; and therefore to look out for and take any help which you and others choose to give me.

"It is because I have already received so much help from you that I write this letter.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"STEWART D. HEADLAM,

"Curate of St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green.

"To JOHN RUSKIN, Esq., LL.D."

I at first intended to make no comments on this letter, but, as I re read, find it so modestly fast in its temper, and so perilously loose in its divinity, as to make it my duty, while I congratulate the well-meaning—and, I doubt not, well-doing—writer, on his agreement with Mr. Lyttel that the preaching of "Christ's life, instead of our lives," is false and damnatory; also to observe to him that the sacrifice of our own bodies, instead of Christ's body, is an equally heretical, and I can assure him, no less dangerous, reformation of the Doctrine of the Mass. I beg him also to believe that I meant no disrespect to his friends and neighbours in comparing them to candle-grease. He is unaccustomed to my simple English, and would surely not have been offended if I had said, instead, "oil for the light"? If our chandlers, now-a-days, never give us any so honest tallow as might fittingly be made the symbol of a Christian congregation, is that my fault?

I feel, however, that I do indeed owe some apology to Mr. Hansard himself, to his many good and well-won friends, and especially to my correspondent, Mr. Lyttel, for reprinting the following article from a Birmingham paper—very imperfectly, I am sure, exemplifying the lustre produced by ecclesiastical labour in polishing what, perhaps, I shall again be held disrespectful, in likening to the Pewter, instead of the Grease, and Candlestick instead of Candle, of sacredly inflammable Religious Society.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN ON THE CLERGY.

"Not many years ago one might throw almost any calumny against the Church or her clergy without fear of contradiction or exposure. Happily, for the cause of truth and justice, those days are gone—unhappily, however, for the unfortunate individuals born too late for the safe indulgence of their spleen. Amongst these, we fear, must be reckoned Mr. Ruskin, the Oxford Professor of Fine Art. He issues monthly a pamphlet, entitled 'Fors Clavigera,' being ostensibly 'Letters to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain,' but the contents of which do not appear likely to edify that class, even if the price (tenpence) were not prohibitory. In the forty-ninth of these letters a furious and wholly unjustifiable attack is made upon the Church. No abuse is deemed too unjust or too coarse to bestow upon the clergy, and they are assailed in a tone of vituperation worthy of the last century. The Professor says that,* 'in general, any man's becoming a clergyman in these

* I permit the waste of type, and, it may well be, of my reader's patience, involved in reprinting (instead of merely referring to) the quoted passages and letter, lest it should be thought that I wished to evade the points, or, by interruption, deaden the eloquence, of the Birmingham article.

days implies that, at best, his sentiment has overpowered his intellect, and that, whatever the feebleness of the latter, the victory of his impertinent piety has been probably owing to its alliance with his conceit, and its promise to him of the gratification of being regarded as an oracle, without the trouble of becoming wise, or the grief of being so.' Much more there is in the same insolent strain, as if the Professor's head had been turned by the height of critical infallibility to which he has elevated himself, and from which he looks down with self-complacent scorn and arrogance upon all fallible humanity, clerical or lay. He concludes by appending 'a specimen of the conduct of the Saints to whom our English clergymen have delivered the Faith.' This specimen is afforded, according to Mr. Ruskin, in two cases of revolting and almost incredible barbarism, tried recently at Liverpool Assizes, in one of which an unoffending man was kicked to death by a gang of street ruffians, in the presence of an admiring crowd; and in the other case, a drunken female tramp, drenched with the rain, was taken into a field and outraged by half-a-dozen youths, after which they left her, and she was found there next day dead. We need not enter into the details of these cases, which were given fully enough at the time; suffice it to say that in the records of no age or nation will any tales be found surpassing these two in savagery of mind and body, and in foulness of heart and soul. And what is Mr. Ruskin's reason for resuscitating the memory of these horrors? What is the explanation that he has to give of them? What is the judgment that he has to pass upon them? Let our readers behold it for themselves in his own words:—'The clergy may vainly exclaim against being made responsible for this state of things. They, and chiefly their Bishops, are wholly responsible for it; nay, are efficiently the causes of it, preaching a false gospel for hire.' These words have the one merit of being perfectly plain. Mr. Ruskin does not insinuate his vile charge by any indirect hints or roundabout verbiage, but expresses his infamous meaning as unambiguously as possible. The clergy, he says, are 'wholly responsible' for the murders and rapes which horrify us, which, indeed, they 'efficiently cause'; and the chiefs of these incarnate fiends are the Bishops.

"This very intemperate attack elicited a few temperate remarks from one of the maligned class. The Rev. E. Z. Lyttel, of Werrington, near Peterborough, wrote to Mr. Ruskin thus:—'I have been reading your words to my conscience, but is it my unconscious hypocrisy, my self-conceit, or my sentiment overpowering intellect which hinders me from hearing the word *Guilty*? The Gospel I endeavour with all my might to preach and embody is this—Believe on, be persuaded by, the Lord Jesus Christ; let His life rule your lives, and you shall be safe and sound now and everlastingly. Is this a false Gospel preached for hire? If not, what other Gospel do you refer to?' Mr. Lyttel seemed to have thought that the charge brought against himself and his clerical brethren of causing murders and rapes was too gross for notice, or too intoxicated to merit denial. He contented himself with the foregoing very mild reply, which, however, proved adequate to the occasion which called it forth. Mr. Lyttel was recently curate of St. Barnabas, in this town, and has also held a curacy in London. His personal experience gives him a claim to be heard when he assures the Professor that he *knows* that the morality of the parishes with which he is best acquainted has been made better, and not worse, by the self-sacrificing efforts of the clergy. It is also pointed out that while Mr. Ruskin has been freely travelling about in the enjoyment of beautiful scenery and fresh air, Mr. Lyttel and other clergymen have been occupied from day to day in stuffy rooms, in crowded parishes, amongst ignorant and immoral people. And whilst the censorious Oxford luminary makes a great fuss about getting paid for 'Fors Clavigera' and his other writings, Mr. Lyttel hints that surely the clergy should be paid for their teaching too, being quite equally worthy of their hire.

"Our ex-townsmen has so effectually disposed of the Professor's charges,

that there is no need to endeavour to answer them further. We have only noticed them so far in order to show our readers the extent to which hatred of the Church becomes a craze with some persons, otherwise estimable no doubt, whose judgment is for the time swept away by passion. That there is no pleasing such persons is the more apparent from Mr. Ruskin's curious comments upon the well-known story of the Rev. Septimus Hansard, the rector of Bethnal Green, who has caught the small-pox, the typhus fever, and the scarlet fever, on three several occasions* in the discharge of his pastoral duties among the sick poor. When he fell down in his pulpit with the small-pox, he at once said he would go to an hospital, but refused to enter the cab which his friends called, lest he should infect it; and, a hearse happening to pass, he went in it—a fine instance of courage and self-devotion. Mr. Hansard's stipend is five hundred a year, out of which he has to pay two curates. And what has Mr. Ruskin to say to this? Surely this must command his fullest sympathy, admiration, and approval? Far from it. His snarling comment is as follows:—'I am very sure that while he was saving one poor soul in Bethnal he was leaving ten rich souls to be damned at Tyburn, each of which would damn a thousand or two more by their example or neglect.' This peculiar mode of argument has the merit of being available under all circumstances; for, of course, if Mr. Hansard's parish had happened to be Tyburn instead of Bethnal, Mr. Ruskin would have been equally ready with the glib remark that while the rector was saving one rich soul to Tyburn, he was leaving ten poor souls to destruction in Bethnal. Are we to understand that Mr. Ruskin thinks Mr. Hansard ought to be able to be in two places at once, or are we to shrug our shoulders and say that some persons are hard to please? The heroism of self-sacrifice Mr. Ruskin considers to be a waste and a mistake. Mr. Hansard's life has all, says the Professor, 'been but one fit of scarlet fever—and all aglow in vain.' That noble-minded men should devote themselves to the noblest work of the Church for the love of Christ, and of those for whom He died, is apparently beyond Mr. Ruskin's conception. Love of sensation, he says, is the cause of it all. 'Sensation *must* be got out of death, or darkness, or frightfulness. . . . And the culmination of the black business is that the visible misery drags and beguiles to its help all the enthusiastic simplicity of the religious young, and the honest strength of the really noble type of English clergymen, and swallows them, as Charybdis would life-boats. Courageous and impulsive men, with just sense enough to make them soundly practical, and therefore complacent, in immediate business, but not enough to enable them to see what the whole business comes to when done, are sure to throw themselves desperately into the dirty work, and die like lively moths in candle-grease.' We have read philosophy something like the above extract elsewhere before, and we think the philosopher's name was Harold Skimpole. What the gospel is with which Mr. Ruskin proposes to supplant Christianity and to regenerate the world we do not know. A gospel of this tone, however, published in tenpenny instalments, is not likely ever to reach the hearts of the workmen and labourers of Great Britain, much less their hearts."

With this interesting ebullition, shall we call it, of Holy Water, or beautiful explosion,—perhaps, more accurately,—of Holy Steam, in one of our great manufacturing centres, a very furnace, it would appear, of heartfelt zeal for the Church, I wish I could at once compare a description of the

* Birmingham accepts, with the child-like confidence due by one able Editor to another the report of Brighton. But all Mr. Hansard's friends are furious with me for "spreading it;" and I beg at once, on their authority, to contradict it in all essential particulars; and to apologize to Mr. Hansard for ever having suspected him of such things.

effects of similar zeal for the—Chapel, given me in a letter just received from Wakefield, for which I sincerely thank my correspondent, and will assume, unless I hear further from him, his permission to print a great part of said letter in next Fors.

My more practical readers may perhaps be growing desperate, at the continued non-announcement of advance in my main scheme. But the transference to the St. George's Company of the few acres of land hitherto offered us, cannot be effected without the establishment of the society on a legal basis, which I find the most practised counsel slow in reducing to terms such as the design could be carried out upon. The form proposed shall, however, without fail, be submitted to the existing members of the Company in my next letter.

LETTER LV.

No more letters, at present, reaching me, from clergymen, I use the breathing-time permitted me, to express more clearly the meaning of my charge,—left in its brevity obscure,—that, as a body, they “teach a false gospel for hire.”

It is obscure, because associating two charges quite distinct. The first, that, whether for hire or not, they preach a false gospel. The second that whether they preach truth or falsehood, they preach as hirelings.

It will be observed that the three clergymen who have successively corresponded with me—Mr. Tipple, Mr. Lyttel, and Mr. Headlam—have every one, for their own part, eagerly repudiated the doctrine of the Eleventh Article of the Church of England. Nevertheless, the substance of that article assuredly defines the method of salvation commonly announced at this day from British pulpits; and the effect of this supremely pleasant and supremely false gospel, on the British mind, may be best illustrated by the reply, made only the other day, by a dishonest, but sincerely religious, commercial gentleman, to an acquaintance of mine, who had expressed surprise that he should come to church after doing the things he was well known to do: “Ah, my friend, my standard is just the publican’s.”

In the second place, while it is unquestionably true that many clergymen are doing what Mr. Headlam complacently points out their ability to do,—sacrificing, to wit, themselves, their souls, and bodies, (not that I clearly understand what a clergyman means by sacrificing his soul,) without any thought of temporal reward; this preaching of Christ has, nevertheless, become an acknowledged Profession, and means of liveli-

hood for gentlemen: and the Simony of to-day differs only from that of apostolic times, in that, while the elder Simon thought the gift of the Holy Ghost worth a considerable offer in ready money, the modern Simon would on the whole refuse to accept the same gift of the Third Person of the Trinity, without a nice little attached income, a pretty church, with a steeple restored by Mr. Scott, and an eligible neighbourhood.

These are the two main branches of the charge I meant to gather into my short sentence; and to these I now further add, that in defence of this Profession, with its pride, privilege, and more or less roseate repose of domestic felicity, extremely beautiful and enviable in country parishes, the clergy, as a body, have, with what energy and power was in them, repelled the advance both of science and scholarship, so far as either interfered with what they had been accustomed to teach; and connived at every abuse in public and private conduct, with which they felt it would be considered uncivil, and feared it might ultimately prove unsafe, to interfere.

And that, therefore, seeing that they were put in charge to preach the Gospel of Christ, and have preached a false gospel instead of it; and seeing that they were put in charge to enforce the Law of Christ, and have permitted license instead of it, they are answerable, as no other men are answerable, for the existing "state of things" in this British nation,—a state now recorded in its courts of justice as productive of crimes respecting which the Birmingham Defender of the Faith himself declares that "in the records of no age or nation will any tales be found surpassing these in savagery of mind and body, and in foulness of heart and soul."

Answerable, as no other men are, I repeat; and entirely disdain my correspondent Mr. Headlam's attempt to involve me, or any other layman, in his responsibility. He has taken on himself the office of teacher. Mine is a painter's; and I am plagued to death by having to teach *instead* of him, and his brethren,—silent, they, for fear of their congregations! Which of them, from least to greatest, dares, for instance, so

much as to tell the truth to women about their dress? Which of them has forbidden his feminine audience to wear fine bonnets in church? Do they think the dainty garlands are wreathed round the studiously dressed hair, because a woman "should have power on her head because of the angels"? Which of them understands that text?—which of them enforces it? Dares the boldest ritualist order his women-congregation to come all with white napkins over their heads, rich and poor alike, and have done with their bonnets? What, 'You cannot order'? You could say you wouldn't preach if you saw one bonnet in the church, couldn't you? 'But everybody would say you were mad.' Of course they would—and that the devil was in you. "If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of his household?" but now that 'all men speak well of you,' think you the Son of Man will speak the same?

And you, and especially your wives, (as is likely!) are very angry with me, I hear, on all hands;—and think me hostile to you. As well might a carter asleep on his shafts accuse me of being his enemy for trying to wake him; or his master's enemy, because I would fain not see the cart in the ditch. Nay, this notable paragraph which has given Mr. Hansard's friends so much offence, was credited and printed by me, because I thought it one of the noblest instances I had ever heard of energy and unselfishness; and though, of all the sects of ecclesiastics, for my own share, I most dislike and distrust the so-called Evangelical, I took the picture of Swiss life, which was meant to stand for a perfect and true one, from the lips of an honest vicar of that persuasion.

Which story, seeing that it has both been too long interrupted, and that its entire lesson bears on what I have to say respecting the ministrations of Felix Neff, I will interrupt my too garrulous personal reminiscences by concluding, in this letter, from that of March, 1874.

"The old cart went again as well as ever; and 'he never could have believed,' said Hansli, 'that a cart could have taken

itself up so, and become so extremely changed for the better. That might be an example to many living creatures.'

More than one young girl, however, in her own secret heart reproached Hansli for his choice—saying to herself that she would have done for him quite as well. 'If she had thought he had been in such a hurry, she could have gone well enough, too, to put herself on his road, and prevented him from looking at that rubbishy rag of a girl. She never could have thought Hansli was such a goose,—he who might easily have married quite differently, if he had had the sense to choose. As sure as the carnival was coming, he would repent before he got to it. All the worse for *him*—it's his own fault: as one makes one's bed, one lies in it.'

But Hansli had not been a goose at all, and never found anything to repent of. He had a little wife who was just the very thing he wanted,—a little, modest, busy wife, who made him as happy as if he had married Heaven itself in person.

It is true that she didn't long help Hansli to pull the cart: he soon found himself obliged to go in the shafts alone again; but aussi, once he saw he had a mustard,* he consoled himself. 'What a fellow!' said he, examining him. 'In a wink, he'll be big enough to help me himself.' And, thereupon, away he went with his cart, all alone, without finding any difference.

It is true that in a very little while his wife wanted to come again to help him. 'If only we make a little haste to get back,' said she, 'the little one can wait well enough—besides that the grandmother can give him something to drink while we are away.' But the mustard himself was not of their mind, and soon made them walk in his own fashion. They made all the haste they could to get home—but before they were within half a league of their door, the wife cried out, 'Mercy, what's that!' 'That' was a shrill crying like a little pig's when it is being killed. 'Mercy on us, what is it,—what's the matter!' cried she; and left the cart, and ran off at full speed: and there, sure enough, was the grandmother, whom the little

* Moutard—not arde; but I can't give better than this English for it.

thing's cries had put into a dreadful fright lest it should have convulsions, and who could think of nothing better than to bring it to meet mamma. The heavy boy, the fright, and the run, had put the old woman so out of breath that it was really high time for somebody to take the child. She was almost beside herself; and it was ever so long before she could say, 'No—I won't have him alone any more: in my life I never saw such a little wretch: I had rather come and draw the cart.'

These worthy people thus learned what it is to have a tyrant in one's house, little one though he be. But all that didn't interrupt their household ways. The little wife found plenty to do staying at home; gardening, and helping to make the brooms. Without ever hurrying anything, she worked without ceasing, and was never tired,—so easily things ran under her hand. Hansli was all surprise to find he got along so well with a wife; and to find his purse growing fatter so fast. He leased a little field; and the grandmother saw a goat in it; presently two. He would not hear of a donkey, but arranged with the miller, when he went to the town, to carry some of his brooms for him; which, it is true, skimmed off a little of the profit, and that vexed Hansli, who could not bear the smallest krentzer to escape him. But his life soon became quite simple and continuous. The days followed each other like the waves of a river, without much difference between one and another. Every year grew new twigs to make brooms with. Every year, also, without putting herself much about, his wife gave him a new baby. She brought it, and planted it there. Every day it cried a little,—every day it grew a little; and, in a turn of the hand, it was of use for something. The grandmother said that, old as she was, she had never seen anything like it. It was, for all the world, she said, like the little cats, which, at six weeks old, catch mice. And all these children were really like so many blessings—the more there came, the more money one made. Very soon—only think of it—the grandmother saw a cow arrive. If she had not with her own eyes seen Hansli pay for it, it would have been almost impossible to make her believe that he had not stolen it. If the poor old

woman had lived two years more,* she would even have seen Hansli become himself the owner of the little cottage in which she had lived so long, with forest right which gave him more wood than he wanted; and ground enough to keep a cow and two sheep, which are convenient things enough, when one has children who wear worsted stockings.

(Upon all that, † Hansli certainly owed a good deal, but it was well-placed money, and no one would ask him for it, as long as he paid the interest to the day; for the rest, 'if God lent him life, these debts did not trouble him,' said he.) He might then learn that the first krentzers are the most difficult to save. There's always a hole they are running out at, or a mouth to swallow them. But when once one has got to the point of having no more debts, and is completely set on one's legs, then things begin to go!—the very ground seems to grow under your feet,—everything profits more and more,—the rivulet becomes a river, and the gains become always easier and larger: on one condition, nevertheless, that one shall change nothing in one's way of life. For it is just then that new needs spring out of the ground like mushrooms on a dunghill, if not for the husband, at least for the wife,—if not for the parents, at least for the children. A thousand things seem to become necessary, of which we had never thought; and we are ashamed of ever so many others, which till then had not given us the smallest concern; and we exaggerate the value of what we have, because once we had nothing; and our own value, because we attribute our success to ourselves,—and,—one changes one's way of life, and expenses increase, and labour lessens, and the haughty spirit goes before the fall.

It was not so with Hansli. He continued to live and work

* Fate, and the good novelist, thus dismiss poor grandmamma in a passing sentence,—just when we wanted her so much to live a little longer, too! But that is Fors's way, and Gotthelf knows it. A bad novelist would have made her live to exactly the proper moment, and then die in a most instructive manner, and with pathetic incidents and speeches which would have filled a chapter.

† This paragraph implies, of course, the existence of all modern abuses,—the story dealing only with the world as it is.

just the same; and hardly ever spent anything at the inn; aussi, he rejoiced all the more to find something hot ready for him when he came home; and did honour to it. Nothing was changed in him, unless that his strength for work became always greater, little by little; and his wife had the difficult art of making the children serve themselves, each, according to its age,—not with many words neither; and she herself scarcely knew how.

A pedagogue would never have been able to get the least explanation of it from her. Those children took care of each other, helped their father to make his brooms, and their mother in her work about the house; none of them had the least idea of the pleasures of doing nothing, nor of dreaming or lounging about; and yet not one was overworked, or neglected. They shot up like willows by a brookside, full of vigour and gaiety. The parents had no time for idling with them, but the children none the less knew their love, and saw how pleased they were when their little ones did their work well. Their parents prayed with them: on Sundays the father read them a chapter which he explained afterwards as well as he could, and on account of that also the children were full of respect for him, considering him as the father of the family who talks with God Himself (and who will tell Him when children disobey*). The degree of respect felt by children for their parents depends always on the manner in which the parents bear themselves to God. Why do not all parents reflect more on this? †

Nor was our Hansli held in small esteem by other people, any more than by his children. He was so decided and so sure; words full of good sense were plenty with him; honourable in everything, he never set himself up for rich, nor complained of being poor; so that many a pretty lady would come

* A minute Evangelical fragment—dubitable enough.

† Primarily, because it is untrue. The respect of a child for its parent depends on the parent's own personal character; and not at all, irrespective of that, on his religious behaviour. Which the practical good sense of the reverend novelist presently admits,

expressly into the kitchen, when she heard that the broom-merchant was there, to inform herself how things went in the country, and how such and such a matter was turning out. Nay, in many of the houses he was trusted to lay in their winter provisions, a business which brought him many a bright bätz. The Syndic's wife at Thun, herself, often had a chat with him; it had become, so to speak, really a pressing need with her to see him at Thun every Saturday; and when she was talking to him, it had happened, not once nor twice, that M. the Syndic himself had been obliged to wait for an answer to something he had asked his wife. After all, a Syndic's wife may surely give herself leave to talk a little according to her own fancy, once a week.

One fine day, however, it was the Saturday at Thun, and there was not in all the town a shadow of the broom-merchant. Thence, aussi, great emotion, and grave faces. More than one maid was on the doorsteps, with her arms akimbo, leaving quietly upstairs in the kitchen the soup and the meat to agree with each other as best they might.

'You haven't seen him then?—have you heard nothing of him?'—asked they, one of the other. More than one lady ran into her kitchen, prepared to dress* her servant well, from head to foot, because she hadn't been told when the broom-merchant was there. But she found no servant there, and only the broth boiling over. Madame the Syndic herself got disturbed; and interrogated, first her husband, and then the gendarme. And as they knew nothing, neither the one nor the other, down she went into the low town herself, in person, to inquire after her broom-merchant. She was quite out of brooms—and the year's house-cleaning was to be done next week—and now no broom-merchant—*je vous demande!* † And truly enough, no broom merchant appeared; and during all the week there was a feeling of want in the town, and an enormous disquietude the next Saturday. Will he come?

* We keep the metaphor in the phrase, to 'give a dressing,' but the short verb is better.

† Untranslatable.

Won't he come? He came, in effect; and if he had tried to answer all the questions put to him, would not have got away again till the next week. He contented himself with saying to everybody that 'he had been obliged to go to the funeral.'

'Whose funeral?' asked Madame the Syndic, from whom he could not escape so easily.

'My sister's,' answered the broom-merchant.

'Who was she? and when did they bury her?' Madame continued to ask.

The broom-merchant answered briefly, but frankly: aussi Madame the Syndic cried out all at once,

'Mercy on us!—are you the brother of that servant-girl there's been such a noise about, who turned out at her master's death to have been his wife,—and had all his fortune left to her, and died herself soon afterwards?'

'It is precisely so,' answered Hansli, dryly.*

'But—goodness of Heaven!' cried Madame the Syndic, 'you inherit fifty thousand crowns at least,—and behold you still running over the country with your brooms!'

'Why not?' said Hansli; 'I haven't got that money, yet; and I'm not going to let go my sparrow in the hand for a pigeon on the tiles.'

'Pigeon on the tiles, indeed!' said Madame,—'why, we were speaking of it only this morning—I and M. the Syndic; and he said the thing was perfectly sure, and the money came all to the brother.'

'Ah, well, my faith, so much the better,' said Hansli; 'but about what I called to ask,—must you have the brooms in eight days, or fifteen?'

'Ah, bah—you and your brooms,' cried Madame the Syn-

* It was unworthy of Gottself to spoil his story by this vulgar theatrical catastrophe; and his object (namely, to exhibit the character of Hansli in riches as well as poverty,) does not justify him; for, to be an example to those in his own position, Hansli should have remained in it. We will, however, take what good we can get: several of the points for the sake of which I have translated the whole story, are in this part of it.

die ; ' come in, will you ;—I want to see how wide Monsieur will open his eyes !'

' But, Madame, I am a little hurried to-day ; it's a long way home from here, and the days are short.'

' Long or short, come in always,' said Madame imperatively, —and Hansli had nothing for it but to obey.

She did not take him into the kitchen, but into the dining-room ; sent her maid to tell Monsieur that Hansli was there,—ordered up a bottle of wine,—and forced Hansli to sit down, in spite of his continued protesting that he had no time, and that the days were short. But in a wink the Monsieur was there, sat down at the table also, and drank to Hansli's health and happiness ; requiring him at the same time to explain how that had all happened.

' Ah, well, I'll tell you in two words,—it is not long. As soon as she had been confirmed, my sister went into the world to look for work. She got on from place to place, and was much valued, it seems. As for us at home, she occupied herself little about us : only came to see us twice, in all the time ; and, since my mother died, not at all. I have met her at Berne, it is true ; but she never asked me to come and see where she lived,—only bid me salute the wife and children, and said she would soon come, but she never did. It is true she was not long at Berne, but was much out at service in the neighbouring chateaux, and in French Switzerland, from what I hear. She had busy blood, and a fanciful head, which never could stay long in the same place : but, with that, well-conducted and proof-faithful ;* and one might trust her fearlessly with anything. At last there came a report that she had married a rich old gentleman, who did that to punish his relations, with whom he was very angry ; but I didn't much believe it, nor much think about it. And then, all of a sudden, I got word that I must go directly to my sister if I wanted to see her alive, and that she lived in the country by Morat. So I set out, and got there in time to see her die ; but was not able to say much

* " Fidèle à toute épreuve."

to her. As soon as she was buried, I came back as fast as I could. I was in a hurry to get home, for since I first set up house I had never lost so much time about the world.'

'What's that?—lost so much time, indeed!' cried Madame the Syndic. 'Ah, nonsense;—with your fifty thousand crowns, are you going to keep carrying brooms about the country?'

'But very certainly, Madame the Syndic,' said Hansli, 'I only half trust the thing; it seems to me impossible I should have so much. After all, they say it can't fail; but be it as it will, I shall go on living my own life; so that if there comes any hitch in the business, people shan't be able to say of me, "Ah, he thought himself already a gentleman, did he? Now he's glad to go back to his cart!" But if the money really comes to me, I shall leave my brooms, though not without regret; but it would all the same, then, make the world talk and laugh if I went on; and I will not have that.'

'But that fortune is in safe hands,—it runs no danger?' asked M. the Syndic.

'I think so,' said Hansli. 'I promised some money to the man, if the heritage really came to me; then he got angry, and said, "If it's yours, you'll have it; and if it isn't, money won't get it: for the expenses and taxes, you'll have the account in proper time and place." Then I saw the thing was well placed; and I can wait well enough, till the time's up.'

'But, in truth,' said Madame the Syndic, 'I can't understand such a sangfroid! One has never seen the like of that in Israel. That would make me leap out of my skin, if I was your wife.'

'You had better not,' said Hansli, 'at least until you have found somebody able to put you into it again.'

This sangfroid, and his carrying on his business, reconciled many people to Hansli; who were not the less very envious of him: some indeed thought him a fool, and wanted to buy the succession of him, declaring he would get nothing out of it but lawsuits.

'What would you have?' said Hansli. 'In this world, one is sure of nothing. It will be time to think of it if the affair gets into a mess.'

But the affair got into nothing of the sort. Legal time expired, he got invitation to Berne, when all difficulties were cleared away.

When his wife saw him come back so rich, she began, first, to cry; and then, to scream.

So that Hansli had to ask her, again and again, what was the matter with her, and whether anything had gone wrong.

‘Ah, now,’ said his wife, at last,—(for she cried so seldom, that she had all the more trouble to stop, when once she began),—‘Ah, now, you will despise me, because you are so rich, and think that you would like to have another sort of wife than me. I’ve done what I could, to this day; but now I’m nothing but an old rag.* If only I was already six feet under ground!’

Thereupon Hansli sat himself down in his arm-chair, and said:

‘Wife, listen. Here are now nearly thirty years that we have kept house; and thou knowest, what one would have, the other would have, too. I’ve never once beaten thee, and the bad words we may have said to each other would be easily counted. Well, wife, I tell thee, do not begin to be ill-tempered now, or do anything else than you have always done. Everything must remain between us as in the past. This inheritance does not come from me; nor from thee: but from the good God, for us two, and for our children. And now, I advise thee, and hold it for as sure a thing as if it were written in the Bible, if you speak again of this to me but once, be it with crying, or without, I will give thee a beating with a new rope, such as that they may hear thee cry from here to the Lake of Constance. Behold what is said: now do as thou wilt.’

It was resolute speaking; much more resolute than the diplomatic notes between Prussia and Austria. The wife knew where she was, and did not recommence her song. Things remained between them as they had been. Before abandoning

* “Patraque,”—machine out of repair, and useless.

his brooms, Hansli gave a turn of his hand to them, and made a present of a dozen to all his customers, carrying them to each in his own person. He has repeated many a time since, and nearly always with tears in his eyes, that it was a day he could never forget, and that he never would have believed people loved him so.

Farming his own land, he kept his activity and simplicity, prayed and worked as he had always done; but he knew the difference between a farmer and a broom-seller, and did honour to his new position as he had to his old one. He knew well, already, what was befitting in a farmer's house, and did now for others as he had been thankful to have had done for himself.

The good God spared both of them to see their sons-in-law happy in their wives, and their daughters-in-law full of respect and tenderness for their husbands; and were they yet alive this day, they would see what deep roots their family had struck in their native land, because it has remained faithful to the vital germs of domestic life; the love of work; and religion: foundation that cannot be overthrown, unmoved by mocking chance, or wavering winds."

I have no time, this month, to debate any of the debateable matters in this story, though I have translated it that we may together think of them as occasion serves. In the meantime, note that the heads of question are these:—

I. (Already suggested in p. 38 of my letter for March, 1874.) What are the relative dignities and felicities of affection, in simple and gentle loves? How far do you think the regard existing between Hansli and his wife may be compared, for nobleness and delight, to Sir Philip Sidney's regard for—his neighbour's wife; or the relations between Hansli and his sister, terminating in the brief 'was not able to say much to her,' comparable to those between Sidney and his sister, terminating in the completion of the brother's Psalter by the sister's indistinguishably perfect song?

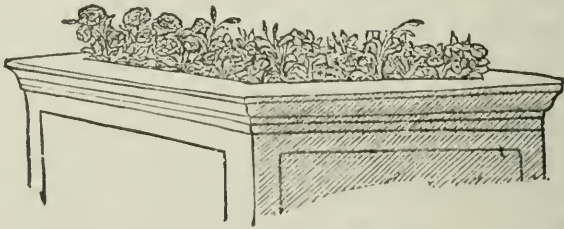
II. If there be any difference, and you think the gentle hearts have in anywise the better—how far do you think this separation between gentle and simple inevitable? Suppose Sir Philip, for instance—among his many accomplishments—had been also taught the art of making brooms,—(as indeed I doubt not but his sister knew how to use them),—and time had thus been left to the broom-makers of his day for the fashioning of sonnets? or the reading of more literature than a ‘chapitre’ on the Sunday afternoons? Might such—not ‘division’ but ‘collation’—of labour have bettered both their lives?

III. Or shall we rather be content with the apparent law of Nature that there shall be divine Astrophels in the intellectual heaven, and peaceful earthly glowworms on the banks below; or even—on the Evangelical theory of human nature—worms without any glow? And shall we be content to see our broom-makers’ children, at the best, growing up, as willows by the brook—or in the simplest and innumerablest crowd, as rushes in a marsh;—so long as they have wholesome pith and sufficing strength to be securely sat upon in rush-bottomed chairs; while their masters’ and lords’ children grow as roses on the mount of Sharon, and untoiling lilies in the vales of Lebanon?

IV. And even if we admit that the lives at Penshurst, and by the woods of Muri, though thus to be kept separate, are yet, each in their manner, good, how far is the good of either of them dependent merely, as our reverend Novelist tells us, on “work” (with lance or willow wand) and “religion,” or how far on the particular circumstances and landscape of Kent and Canton Berne,—while, in other parts of England and Switzerland, less favourably conditioned, the ministrations of Mr. Septimus Hansard and Mr. Felix Neff will be always required, for the mitigation of the deeper human misery,—meditation on which is to make our sweet English ladies comfortable in nursing their cats?

Leaving the first two of these questions to the reader’s thoughts, I will answer the last two for him;—The extremi-

ties of human degradation are not owing to natural causes; but to the habitual preying upon the labour of the poor by the luxury of the rich; and they are only encouraged and increased by the local efforts of religious charity. The clergy can neither absolve the rich from their sins for money—nor release them from their duties, for love. Their business is not to soothe, by their saintly and distant example, the soft moments of cat-nursing; but sternly to forbid cat-nursing, till no child is left unmursed. And if this true discipline of the Church were carried out, and the larger body of less saintly clerical gentlemen, and *Infelix Neffs*, who now dine with the rich and preach to the poor, were accustomed, on the contrary, to dine with the poor and preach to the rich; though still the various passions and powers of the several orders would remain where the providence of Heaven placed them—and the useful reed and useless rose would still bind the wintry waters with their border, and brighten the May sunshine with their bloom,—for each, their happy being would be fulfilled in peace in the garden of the world; and the glow, if not of immortal, at least of sacredly bequeathed, life, and endlessly cherished memory, abide even within its chambers of the tomb.



NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I.—I PUBLISH the following legal documents—the first articles for which I have to expend any of St. George's money,—intact : venturing not so much as the profanity of punctuation. The Memorandum is drawn up by one of our leading counsel, from my sketch of what I wanted. The points on which it may need some modification are referred to in my added notes ; and I now invite farther criticism or suggestion from the subscribers to the Fund.

“2, BOND COURT, WALBROOK, LONDON, E. C.,

“ June 15th, 1875.

“ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY.

“ Dear Sir,—According to the promise in our Mr. Tarrant's letter of the 11th. we now beg to send you what Mr. Wm. Barber, after reading your sketch, has approved of as the written fundamental laws of the Company,—though we shall be quite prepared to find that some alterations in it are still necessary to express your views correctly.

“ We are,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Yours faithfully,

“TARRANT & MACKRELL.

“ Professor Ruskin, Corpus Ch. Coll., Oxford.”

MEMORANDUM AND STATUTES OF THE COMPANY OF ST. GEORGE.

The Company is constituted with the object of determining and instituting in practice the wholesome laws of agricultural life and economy and of instructing the agricultural labourer in the science art and literature of good husbandry. (a)

With this object it is proposed to acquire by gift purchase or otherwise plots or tracts of land in different parts of the country which will be brought into such state of cultivation or left uncultivated or turned into waste or common land and applied to such purposes as having regard to the nature of the soil and other surrounding circumstances may in each case be thought to be most generally useful.

The members of the Company shall be styled Companions of the Company of St. George (b) Any person may become a companion by subscribing not less than £ in money to the funds of the Company or by making

a gift to the Company of land not less than £ in value (c) and by having his name entered on the Roll of Companions with due solemnity.

The name of every Companion shall be entered on the Roll of Companions either by himself in the presence of two witnesses of full age who shall attest such entry or if the Companion shall so desire by the Master of the Company with the same formalities. The Roll of Companions shall be kept in safe custody within the walls of the College of Corpus Christi in Oxford or at such other safe and commodious place as the Companions shall from time to time direct.

Each Companion shall by virtue of the entry of his name on the Roll be deemed to have bound himself by a solemn vow and promise as strict as if the same had been ratified by oath to be true and loyal to the Company and to the best of his power and might so far as in him lies to forward and advance the objects and interests thereof and faithfully to keep and obey the statutes and rules thereof yet so nevertheless that he shall not be bound in any way to harass annoy injure or inconvenience his neighbour.

Chief among the Companions of the Company shall be the Master thereof who so long as he shall hold office shall have full and absolute power at his will and pleasure to make and repeal laws and byelaws (d) and in all respects to rule regulate manage and direct the affairs of the Company and receive apply and administer funds and subscriptions in aid of its objects and to purchase acquire cultivate manage lease sell or otherwise dispose of the estates and properties of the Company and generally direct and control the operations thereof.

The Master shall be elected and may from time to time and at any time be deposed by the votes of a majority in number of the Companions in General Meeting assembled but except in the event of his resignation or deposition shall hold office for life. The first Master of the Company shall be John Ruskin who shall however (subject to re-election) only hold office until the first General Meeting of the Companions.

The Master shall render to each Companion and shall be at liberty if he shall so think fit to print for public circulation a monthly report and account of the operations and financial position of the Company.

No Master or other Companion of the Company shall either directly or indirectly receive any pay profit emolument or advantage whatsoever from out of or by means of his office or position as a member of the Company.

The practical supervision and management of the estates and properties of the Company shall subject to the direction and control of the Master be entrusted to and carried out by land agents tenants and labourers who shall be styled Retainers of the Company.

The name of each Retainer in the permanent employ of the Company shall be entered in a Register to be called the Roll of Retainers and to be kept at the same place as the Roll of Companions. Such entry shall be made either by the Retainer himself in the presence of one witness of full age who shall attest the entry or if the Retainer shall so desire by the Master with the same formalities.

No pecuniary liability shall attach to any Retainer of the Company by virtue of his position as such but each Retainer shall by virtue of the entry of his name on the Roll be deemed to have bound himself by a solemn vow and promise as strict as if the same had been ratified by oath to be true and loyal to the Company and faithfully to keep and obey the statutes and rules thereof and the orders and commands of the officers of the Company who from time to time may be set over him.

Each land agent and labourer being a Retainer of the Company shall receive and be paid a fixed salary in return for his services and shall not by perquisites commissions or any other means whatever either directly or indirectly receive or acquire any pay profit emolument or advantages whatever other than such fixed salary from out of or by means of his office or position as a Retainer of the Company.

The rents and profits to be derived from the estates and properties of the Company shall be applied in the first instance in the development of the land (e) and the physical intellectual moral social and religious improvement of the residents thereon in such manner as the Master shall from time to time direct or approve and the surplus rents and profits if any shall be applied in reduction of the amount paid by the tenants in proportion to their respective skill and industry either by a gradual remission of rent towards the close of the tenancy or in such other way as may be thought best but in no case shall the Companions personally derive any rents or profits from the property of the Company.

All land and hereditaments for the time being belonging to the Company shall be conveyed to and vested in any two or more of the Companions whom the Master may from time to time select for the office as Trustees of the Company and shall be dealt with by them according to the directions of the Master. (f)

The property of the Company shall belong to the Companions in the shares and proportions in which they shall have respectively contributed or by succession or accruer become entitled to the same.

Each Companion shall be entitled by writing under his hand during his lifetime or by will or codicil to appoint one person as his successor in the Company and such person shall on entry of his name on the Roll of Companions in compliance with the formalities hereinbefore prescribed become a Companion of the Company and become entitled to the share of his appointor in the property of the Company. (g)

Each Companion shall at any time be entitled to resign his position by giving to the Master a Notice under his hand of his desire and intention so to do.

If any Companion shall resign his position or die without having appointed a successor or if the person so appointed shall for calendar months after the date when notice of such resignation shall have been received by the Master or after the date of such death as the case may be fail to have his name entered on the Roll of Companions in compliance with the formalities hereinbefore prescribed his share in the property of the Company shall forth-

with become forfeited and shall accrue to the other Companions in the shares and proportions in which they shall *inter se* be for the time being entitled to the property of the Company. (*h*)

The Company may at any time be dissolved by the Votes of three fourths of the Companions in General Meeting assembled and in the event of the Company being so dissolved or being dissolved by any other means not hereinbefore specially provided for the property of the Company shall subject to the debts liabilities and engagements thereof become divisible among the Companions for the time being in the shares and proportions in which they shall for the time being be entitled thereto yet so nevertheless that all leases agreements for leases and other tenancies for the time being subsisting on the property of the Company shall bind the persons among whom the property comprised therein shall so become divisible and shall continue as valid and effectual to all intents and purposes as if the Company had not been dissolved.

NOTES ON THE ABOVE MEMORANDUM.

(*a*) This sentence must be changed into : " such science art and literature as are properly connected with husbandry."

(*b*) In my sketch, I wrote Companions of St. George. But as the existence of St. George cannot be legally proved or assumed, the tautologically legal phrase must be permitted.

(*c*) This clause cannot stand. The admission into the Company must not be purchaseable ; also many persons capable of giving enthusiastic and wise help as Companions, may be unable to subscribe money. Nothing can be required as a condition of entrance, except the consent of the Master, and signature promising obedience to the laws.

(*d*) This clause needs much development. For though the Master must be entirely unrestrained in action within the limits of the Laws of the Company, he must not change or add to them without some manner of consultation with the Companions. Even in now founding the Society, I do not venture to write a constitution for it without inviting the help of its existing members ; and when once its main laws are agreed upon, they must be inabrogable without the same concurrence of the members which would be necessary to dissolve the Society altogether.

(*e*) To the development, and enlargement, of the Society's operations, also.

(*f*) I do not think the Master should have the power of choosing the Trustees. I was obliged to do so, before any Society was in existence ; but the Trustees have to verify the Master's accounts, and otherwise act as a check upon him. They must not, therefore, be chosen by him.

(*g*) A questionable clause, which I have not at present time to discuss.

(*h*) Partly the corollary of (*g*). The word ' forfeited ' is morally, if not legally, objectionable. No idea of forfeiture ought to attach to the resolved surrender of transferable claim ; or to the accidental inability to discover a fitting successor.

Reserving, therefore, the above clauses for future modification, the rest of

the Memorandum fully expresses what seems to me desirable for the first basis of our constitution ; and I shall be glad to hear whether any of the present subscribers to St. George's Fund will join me on these conditions.

II.—I should willingly have printed the letter from which the following extracts are taken, (with comments,) as a 'Fors' by itself ; but having other matters pressing, must content myself to leave it in the smaller print. The more interesting half of it is still reserved for next month.

"What long years have passed since my eyes first saw the calm sweet scene beyond Wakefield Bridge ! I was but a small creature then, and had never been far from my mother's door. It was a memorable day for me when I toddled a full mile from the shady up-town street where we lived, past strange windows, over unfamiliar flags, to see the big weir and the chapel on the Bridge. Standing on tiptoe, I could just see over the parapet and look down-stream.

"That was my first peep into fair, green England, and destined never to be forgotten. The gray old chapel, the shining water below, the far-winding green banks spangled with buttercups, the grove-clad hills of Heath and Kirkthorpe,—all seemed to pass into my heart for ever.

"There was no railway then, only the Doncaster coach careering over the Bridge with a brave sound of horn ; fields and farmsteads stood where the Kirkgate station is ; where the twenty black throats of the foundry belch out flame and soot, there were only strawberry-grounds and blossoming pear-orchards, among which the thrushes and blackbirds were shouting for gladness.

"The chapel lay neglected in a nest of wild willows, and a peaceful cobbler dwelt in it. As I looked at it, Duke Richard and King Edward became living realities to me ; the dry bones of Pinnock's Catechism started suddenly into life. That was the real old chapel of the fifteenth century. Some years after, they ousted the cobbler, pulled down the old stones, restored it, and opened it for ritualistic worship ; but the cheap stonework has crumbled away again, and it now looks as ancient as in days of yore. Only as I remember it, it had a white hoariness : the foundry smoke has made it black at the present day.

"Some of my companions had been farther out in the world than myself. They pointed out the dusky shape of Heath Hall, seen through the thinly-clad elm-trees, and told me how old Lady ——'s ghost still walked there on stormy nights. Beyond was Kirkthorpe, where the forlorn shapes of the exiled Spanish nuns had been seen flitting about their graves in the church-yard.

"There on the right was the tree-crowned mound of Sandal Castle, which Cromwell had blown down ; the dry ditch was full of primroses, they told me ; those woods bounded Crofton, famous for its cowslip fields ; and in Heath wood you would see the ground white with snowdrops in March.

"I do not think that it is the partiality of a native that makes me think you could hardly find a fairer inland pastoral scene, than the one I beheld from Wakefield Bridge the first time I stood there. On the chapel side there was the soft green English landscape, with woods and spires and halls, and the brown sails of boats silently moving among the flowery banks ; on the town side there were picturesque traffic and life ; the thundering weir, the wide still water beyond, the big dark red granaries, with balconies and archways to the water, and the lofty white mills grinding out their cheering music.

"But there were no worse shapes than honest, dusty millers' men, and browned boatmen, decent people ; no open vilness and foul language were

rampant in our quiet clean town in those days. I can remember how clean the pavement used to look there, and at Doncaster. Both towns are incredibly dirty now. I cannot bear to look at the filthy beslavered causeway, in places where I remember to have never seen anything worse than the big round thunder-drops I used to watch with gleeful interest.

"In those days we were proud of the cleanness and sweet air and gentility of Wakefield. Leeds was then considered rather vulgar, as a factory town, and Bradford was obscure, rough, and wild; but Wakefield prided itself in refined living on moderate means, and cultured people of small income were fond of settling there.

"Market day used to be a great event for us all.

"I wish that you could have seen the handsome farmers' wives ranged round the church walls, with their baskets of apricots and cream cheese, before reform came, and they swept away my dear old school-house of the seventeenth century, to make an ugly barren desert of a market ground. You might have seen, too, the pretty cottagers' daughters, with their bunches of lavender and baskets of fruit, or heaps of cowslips and primroses for the wine and vinegar Wakefield housewives prided themselves upon. On certain days they stood to be hired as maid-servants, and were prized in the country round as neat, clean, modest-spoken girls.

"I do not know where they are gone to now,—I suppose to the factories. Anyhow, Wakefield ladies cry out that they must get servants from London, and Stafford, and Wales. So class gets parted from class.

"Things were different then. Well-to-do ladies prided themselves on doing their marketing in person, and kindly feeling and acquaintanceship sprang up between town and country folk. My Wakefield friends nowadays laugh at the idea of going to market. They order everything through the cook, and hardly know their own tradespeople by sight. We used to get delicious butter at tenpence a pound, and such curds and cream cheese as I never taste now. 'Cook' brings in indifferent butter mostly, at near two shillings.

"As for the farmers' wives, they would not like to be seen with a butter-basket. They mostly send the dairy produce off by rail to people whom they never see, and thus class is more sundered from class every day, even by the very facilities that railways afford. I can remember that the townspeople had simple merry-makings and neighbourly ways that this generation would scorn. Many a pleasant walk we had to the farms and halls that belted the old town; and boating parties on the Calder, and tea-drinkings and dances—mostly extempore,—in the easy fashion of Vicar Primrose's days.

"But pleasure must be sought farther off now. Our young folks go to London or Paris for their recreation. People seem to have no leisure for being neighbourly, or to get settled in their houses. They seem to be all expecting to make a heap of money, and to be much grander presently, and finally to live in halls and villas, and look down on their early friends.

"But I am sorry for the young people. They run through everything so soon, and have nothing left to hope for or dream of in a few years. They are better dressed than we were, and have more accomplishments; but I cannot help thinking that we young folks were happier in the old times, though shillings were not half so plentiful, and we had only two frocks a year.

"Tradespeople were different, too, in old Wakefield.

"They expected to live with us all their lives; they had high notions of honour as tradesmen, and they and their customers respected each other.

"They prided themselves on the 'wear' of their goods. If they had passed upon the housewives a piece of sized calico or shoddy flannel, they would have heard of it for years after.

"Now the richer ladies go to Leeds or Manchester to make purchases;

the town tradesmen are soured and jealous. They put up big plate-glass fronts, and send out flaming bills; but one does not know where to get a piece of sound calico or stout linen, well spun and well woven.

“Give me back our dingy old shops where everything was genuine, instead of these glass palaces where we often get pins without points, needles without eyes, and sewing thread sixty yards to the hundred—which I actually heard a young Quaker defend the other day as an allowable trade practice.”

III.—I venture to print the following sentences from “a poor mother’s” letter, that my reply may be more generally intelligible. I wish I could say, useful; but the want of an art-grammar is every day becoming more felt:—

“I am rather ashamed to tell you how young he is (not quite eleven), fearing you will say I have troubled you idly; but I was sincerely anxious to know your views on the training of a boy for some definite sort of art-work, and I have always fancied such training ought to begin very early,—[yes, assuredly],—also, there are reasons why we must decide early in what direction we shall look out for employment for him.”

(I never would advise any parents to look for employment in art as a means of their children’s support. It is only when the natural bias is quite uncontrollable, that future eminence, and comfort of material circumstances, can be looked for. And when it is uncontrollable, it ceases to be a question whether we should control it. We have only to guide it.)

“But I seem to dread the results of letting him run idle until he is fourteen or fifteen years old—[most wisely]—and a poor and busy mother like me has not time to superintend the employment of a boy as a richer one might. This makes me long to put him to work under a master early. As he does so little at book learning, would the practical learning of stone-cutting under the village stonemason (a good man) be likely to lead to anything further?”

I do not know, but it would be of the greatest service to the boy meanwhile. Let him learn good joiners’ work also, and to plough, with time allowed him for drawing. I feel more and more the need of a useful grammar of art for young people, and simple elementary teaching in public schools. I have always hoped to remedy this want, but have been hindered hitherto.

LETTER LVI.

I BELIEVE my readers will scarcely thank me for printing, this month, instead of the continuation of the letter from Wakefield, a theological essay by Mr. Lyttel. But it is my first business, in Fors, to be just,—and only my second or third to be entertaining; so that any person who conceives himself to have been misrepresented must always have my types at his command. On the other side, I must point out, before entering further into controversy of any kind, the constant habit in my antagonists of misrepresenting *me*. For instance; in an article forwarded to me from a local paper, urging what it can in defence of the arrangements noticed by me as offensive, at Kirby Lonsdale and Clapham, I find this sentence:

“The squire’s house does not escape, though one can see no reason for the remark unless it be that Mr. Ruskin dislikes lords, squires, and clergymen.”

Now I have good reason for supposing this article to have been written by a gentleman;—and even an amiable gentleman,—who, feeling himself hurt, and not at all wishing to hurt anybody, very naturally cries out: and thinks it monstrous in me to hurt *him*; or his own pet lord, or squire. But he never thinks what wrong there may be in printing his own momentary impression of the character of a man who has been thirty years before the public, without taking the smallest pains to ascertain whether his notion be true or false.

It happens, by Fors’ appointment, that the piece of my early life which I have already written for this month’s letter, sufficiently answers the imputation of my dislike to lords and squires. But I will preface it, in order to illustrate my dislike of clergymen, by a later bit of biography; which, at the rate

of my present progress in giving account of myself, I should otherwise, as nearly as I can calculate, reach only about the year 1975.

Last summer, in Rome, I lodged at the Hotel de Russie; and, in the archway of the courtyard of that mansion, waited usually, in the mornings, a Capuchin friar, begging for his monastery.

Now, though I greatly object to any clergyman's coming and taking me by the throat, and saying 'Pay me that thou owest,' I never pass a begging friar without giving him sixpence, or the equivalent fivepence of foreign coin;—extending the charity even occasionally as far as tenpence, if no five-penny-bit chance to be in my purse. And this particular begging friar having a gentle face, and a long white beard, and a beautiful cloak, like a blanket; and being altogether the pleasantest sight, next to Sandro Botticelli's Zipporah, I was like to see in Rome in the course of the day, I always gave him the extra fivepence for looking so nice; which generosity so worked on his mind.—(the more usual English religious sentiment in Rome expending itself rather in buying poetical pictures of monks than in filling their bellies).—that, after some six or seven doles of tenpences, he must needs take my hand one day, and try to kiss it. Which being only just able to prevent, I took him round the neck and kissed his lips instead: and this, it seems, was more to him than the tenpences, for, next day, he brought me a little reliquary, with a certificated fibre in it of St. Francis' cloak, (the hair one, now preserved at Assisi); and when afterwards I showed my friend Fra Antonio, the Assisi sacristan, what I had got, it was a pleasure to see him open his eyes, wider than Monsieur the Syndic at Hansli's fifty thousand crowns. He thought I must have come by it dishonestly; but not I, a whit.—for I most carefully explained to the Capuchin, when he brought it me, that I was more a Turk than a Catholic;—but he said I might keep the reliquary, for all that.

Contenting myself, for the moment, with this illustration of my present dislike of clergymen, I return to earlier days.

But for the reader's better understanding of such further progress of my poor little life as I may trespass on his patience in describing, it is now needful that I give some account of my father's mercantile position in London.

The firm of which he was head-partner may be yet remembered by some of the older city houses, as carrying on their business in a small counting-house on the first floor of narrow premises, in as narrow a thoroughfare of East London,—Billiter Street, the principal traverse from Leadenhall Street into Fenchurch Street.

The names of the three partners were given in full on their brass plate under the counting-house bell,—Ruskin, Telford, and Domecq.

Mr. Domecq's name should have been the first, by rights, for my father and Mr. Telford were only his agents. He was the sole proprietor of the estate which was the main capital of the firm,—the vineyard of Macharnudo, the most precious hill-side, for growth of white wine, in the Spanish peninsula. The quality of the Macharnudo vintage essentially fixed the standard of Xeres 'sack,' or 'dry'—secco—sherris, or sherry, from the days of Henry the Fifth to our own;—the unalterable and unrivalled chalk-marl of it putting a strength into the grape which age can only enrich and darken,—never impair.

Mr. Peter Domecq was, I believe, Spanish born; and partly French, partly English bred: a man of strictest honour, and kindly disposition; how descended, I do not know; how he became possessor of his vineyard, I do not know; what position he held, when young, in the firm of Gordon, Murphy, and Company, I do not know; but in their house he watched their head-clerk, my father, during his nine years of duty, and when the house broke up, asked him to be his own agent in England. My father saw that he could fully trust Mr. Domecq's honour, and feeling;—but not so fully either his sense, or his industry: and insisted, though taking only his agent's commission, on being both nominally, and practically, the head-partner of the firm.

Mr. Domecq lived chiefly in Paris; rarely visiting his Spanish estate, but having perfect knowledge of the proper processes of its cultivation, and authority over its labourers almost like a chief's over his clan. He kept the wines at the highest possible standard; and allowed my father to manage all matters concerning their sale, as he thought best. The second partner, Mr. Henry Telford, brought into the business what capital was necessary for its London branch. The premises in Billiter Street belonged to him; and he had a pleasant country house at Widmore, near Bromley; a quite far-away Kentish village in those days.

He was a perfect type of an English country gentleman of moderate fortune;—unmarried, living with three unmarried sisters—who, in the refinement of their highly educated, unpretending, benevolent, and felicitous lives, remain in my memory more like the figures in a beautiful story than realities. Neither in story, nor in reality, have I ever again heard of, or seen, anything like Mr. Henry Telford;—so gentle, so humble, so affectionate, so clear in common sense, so fond of horses,—and so entirely incapable of doing, thinking, or saying, anything that had the slightest taint in it of the race course or the stable.

Yet I believe he never missed any great race; passed the greater part of his life on horseback; and hunted during the whole Leicestershire season;—but never made a bet, never had a serious fall, and never hurt a horse. Between him and my father there was absolute confidence, and the utmost friendship that could exist without community of pursuit. My father was greatly proud of Mr. Telford's standing among the country gentlemen; and Mr. Telford was affectionately respectful to my father's steady industry and infallible commercial instinct. Mr. Telford's actual part in the conduct of the business was limited to attendance in the counting-house during two months at Midsummer, when my father took his holiday, and sometimes for a month at the beginning of the year, when he travelled for orders. At these times Mr. Telford rode into London daily from Widmore, signed what

letters and bills needed signature, read the papers, and rode home again: any matters needing deliberation were referred to my father, or awaited his return. All the family at Widmore would have been limitlessly kind to my mother and me, if they had been permitted any opportunity; but my mother always felt, in cultivated society,—and was too proud to feel with patience,—the defects of her own early education, and therefore (which was the true and fatal sign of such defect) never familiarly visited any one whom she did not feel to be, in some sort, her inferior.

Nevertheless, Mr. Telford had a singularly important influence in my education. By, I believe, his sister's advice, he gave me, as soon as it was published, the illustrated edition of Rogers' Italy. This book was the first means I had of looking carefully at Turner's work: and I might, not without some appearance of reason, attribute to the gift the entire direction of my life's energies. But it is the great error of thoughtless biographers to attribute to the accident which introduces some new phase of character, all the circumstances of character which gave the accident importance. The essential point to be noted, and accounted for, was that I could understand Turner's work when I saw it; not by what chance or in what year it was first seen.

Poor Mr. Telford, nevertheless, was always held by papa and mamma primarily responsible for my Turner insanities.

In a more direct, though less intended way, his help to me was important. For, before my father thought it right to hire a carriage for the above mentioned Midsummer holiday, Mr. Telford always lent us his own travelling chariot.

Now the old English chariot is the most luxurious of travelling carriages, for two persons, or even for two persons and so much of third personage as I possessed at three years old. The one in question was hung high, so that we could see well over stone dykes and average hedges out of it; such elevation being attained by the old-fashioned folding-steps, with a lovely padded cushion fitting into the recess of the door,—steps which it was one of my chief travelling delights to see the hostlers

fold up and down; though my delight was painfully alloyed by envious ambition to be allowed to do it myself:—but I never was,—lest I should pinch my fingers.

The ‘dickey,’—(to think that I should never till this moment have asked myself the derivation of that word, and now be unable to get at it!)—being, typically, that commanding seat in her Majesty’s mail, occupied by the Guard; and classical, even in modern literature, as the scene of Mr. Bob Sawyer’s arrangements with Sam,—was thrown far back in Mr. Telford’s chariot, so as to give perfectly comfortable room for the legs, (if one chose to travel outside on fine days), and to afford beneath its spacious area to the boot, a storehouse of rearward miscellaneous luggage. Over which—with all the rest of forward and superficial luggage—my nurse Anne presided, both as guard and packer; unrivalled, she, in the flatness and precision of her in-laying of dresses, as in turning of pancakes; the fine precision, observe, meaning also the easy wit and invention of her art; for, no more in packing a trunk than commanding a campaign, is precision possible without foresight.

Posting, in those days, being universal, so that at the leading inns in every country town, the cry “Horses out!” down the yard, as one drove up, was answered, often instantly, always within five minutes, by the merry trot through the archway of the booted and bright-jacketed rider, with his caparisoned pair,—there was no driver’s seat in front: and the four large, admirably fitting and sliding windows, admitting no drop of rain when they were up, and never sticking as they were let down, formed one large moving oriel, out of which one saw the country round, to the full half of the horizon. My own prospect was more extended still, for my seat was the little box containing my clothes, strongly made, with a cushion on one end of it; set upright in front (and well forward), between my father and mother. I was thus not the least in their way, and my horizon of sight the widest possible. When no object of particular interest presented itself, I trotted, keeping time with the postboy—on my trunk cushion for a saddle, and

whipped my father's legs for horses; at first theoretically only, with dextrous motion of wrist; but ultimately in a quite practical and efficient manner, my father having presented me with a silver-mounted postillion's whip.

The Midsummer holiday, for better enjoyment of which Mr. Telford provided us with these luxuries, began usually on the fifteenth of May, or thereabouts;—my father's birthday was the tenth; on that day I was always allowed to gather the gooseberries for his first gooseberry pie of the year, from the tree between the buttresses on the north wall of the Herne Hill garden; so that we could not leave before that *fiesta*. The holiday itself consisted in a tour for orders through half the English counties; and a visit (if the counties lay northward) to my aunt in Scotland.

The mode of journeying was as fixed as that of our home life. We went from forty to fifty miles a day, starting always early enough in the morning to arrive comfortably to four-o'clock dinner. Generally, therefore, getting off at six o'clock, a stage or two were done before breakfast, with the dew on the grass, and first scent from the hawthorns: if in the course of the midday drive there were any gentleman's house to be seen,—or, better still, a lord's—or, best of all, a duke's, my father baited the horses, and took my mother and me reverently through the state rooms; always speaking a little under our breath to the housekeeper, major domo, or other authority in charge; and gleaning worshipfully what fragmentary illustrations of the history and domestic ways of the family might fall from their lips. My father had a quite infallible natural judgment in painting; and though it had never been cultivated so as to enable him to understand the Italian schools, his sense of the power of the nobler masters in northern work was as true and passionate as the most accomplished artist's. He never, when I was old enough to care for what he himself delighted in, allowed me to look for an instant at a bad picture; and if there were a Reynolds, Velasquez, Vandyck, or Rembrandt in the rooms, he would pay the surliest housekeepers into patience until we had seen it to heart's content; if none of these, I was

allowed to look at Guido, Carlo Dolce—or the more skilful masters of the Dutch school—Cuyp, Teniers, Hobbins, Wouvermans; but never at any second-rate or doubtful examples.

I wonder how many of the lower middle class are now capable of going through a nobleman's house, with judgment of this kind; and yet with entirely unenvious and reverent delight in the splendour of the abode of the supreme and beneficent being who allows them thus to enter his paradise?

If there were no nobleman's house to be seen, there was certainly, in the course of the day's journey, some ruined castle or abbey; some celebrated village church, or stately cathedral. We had always unstinted time for these; and if I was at disadvantage because neither my father nor mother could tell me enough history to make the buildings authoritatively interesting, I had at least leisure and liberty to animate them with romance in my own fashion.

I am speaking, however, now, of matters relating to a more advanced age than that to which I have yet brought myself:—age in which all these sights were only a pleasant amazement to me, and panoramic apocalypse of a lovely world.

Up to that age, at least, I cannot but hope that my readers will agree with me in thinking the tenour of my life happy, and the modes of my education, on the whole, salutary.

Admitting them to have been so, I would now question farther; and, I imagine, such question cannot but occur to my readers' minds, also,—how far education, and felicities, of the same kind, may be attainable for young people in general.

Let us consider, then, how many conditions must meet; and how much labour must have been gone through, both by servile and noble persons, before this little jaunty figure, seated on its box of clothes, can trot through its peaceful day of mental development.

I. A certain number of labourers in Spain, living on dry bread and onions, must have pruned and trodden grapes;—cask-makers, cellarmen, and other functionaries attending on them.

II. Rough sailors must have brought the wine into the London Docks.

III. My father and his clerks must have done a great deal of arithmetical and epistolary work, before my father could have profit enough from the wine to pay for our horses, and our dinner.

IV. The tailor must have given his life to the dull business of making clothes—the wheelwright and carriage-maker to their woodwork—the smith to his buckles and springs—the postillion to his riding—the horse-breeder and breaker to the cattle in his field and stable,—before I could make progress in this pleasant manner, even for a single stage.

V. Sundry English Kings and Barons must have passed their lives in military exercises, and gone to their deaths in military practices, to provide me with my forenoons' entertainments in ruined castles; or founded the great families whose servants were to be my hosts.

VI. Vandyck and Velasquez, and many a painter before them, must have spent their lives in learning and practising their laborious businesses.

VII. Various monks and abbots must have passed their lives in pain, with fasting and prayer; and a large company of stonemasons occupied themselves in their continual service, in order to provide me, in defect of castles and noblemen's seats, with amusement in the way of abbeys and cathedrals.

How far, then, it remains to be asked, supposing my education in any wise exemplary, can all these advantages be supplied by the modern school board, to every little boy born in the prosperous England of this day? And much more in that glorious England of the future; in which there will be no abbeys, (all having been shaken down, as my own sweet Furness is fast being, by the luggage trains); no castles, except such as may have been spared to be turned into gaols, like that of "time-honoured Lancaster," also in my own neighbourhood; no parks, because Lord Derby's patent steam agriculture will have cut down all the trees; no lords, nor dukes, because modern civilization won't be Lorded over, nor Led anywhere; no gen-

lemen's seats, except in the Kirby Lonsdale style; and no roads anywhere, except trams and rails?

Before, however, entering into debate as to the methods of education to be adopted in these coming times, let me examine a little, in next letter, with help from my readers of aristocratic tendencies, what the real product of this olden method of education was intended to be; and whether it was worth the cost.

For the impression on the aristocratic mind of the day was always (especially supposing I had been a squire's or a lord's son, instead of a merchant's) that such little jaunty figure, trotting in its easy chariot, was, as it were, a living diamond, without which the watch of the world could not possibly go; or even, that the diminutive darling was a kind of Almighty Providence in its first breeches, by whose tiny hands and infant fiat the blessings of food and raiment were continually provided for God's Spanish labourers in His literal vineyard; for God's English sailors, seeing His wonders in the deep; for God's tailors' men, sitting in attitude of Chinese Josh for ever; for the divinely appointed wheelwrights, carpenters, horses and riders, hostlers and Gaius-mine-hosts, necessary to my triumphal progress; and for my nurse behind in the dickey. And it never once entered the head of any aristocratic person,—nor would ever have entered mine, I suppose, unless I had “the most analytical mind in Europe,”—that in verity it was not I who fed my nurse, but my nurse me; and that a great part of the world had been literally put behind me as a dickey,—and all the aforesaid inhabitants of it, somehow, appointed to be nothing but my nurses: the beautiful product intended, by papa and mamma, being—a Bishop, who should graciously overlook these tribes of inferior beings, and instruct their ignorance in the way of their souls' salvation.

As the master of the St. George's Company, I request their permission to convey their thanks to Mr. Plimsoll, for his Christian, knightly, and valiant stand, made against the recreant English Commons, on Thursday, 22nd July, 1875.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I HAVE thankfully received this month, from the first donor of land to the St. George's Company, Mrs. Talbot, £11. 0s. 4d., rent of cottages on said land, at Barmouth, North Wales; and I have become responsible, as the Master of the Company, for rent or purchase of a room at Sheffield, in which I propose to place some books and minerals, as the germ of a museum arranged first for workers in iron, and extended into illustration of the natural history of the neighbourhood of Sheffield, and more especially of the geology and flora of Derbyshire. The following two letters respecting the neighbouring town of Leeds will be found interesting in connection with this first opening of St. George's work:—

LEEDS, *June 21st, 1875.*

“Dear Sir,—Being more or less intimately mixed up with the young of the working classes, in night schools and similar works, I am anxious to know what I can do to counteract two or three growths, which seem likely to be productive of very disastrous results, in the young men from seventeen to twenty-five, who are many of them earning from 20s. to 35s. per week,—the almost morbid craving for drink, and the excitement which is to be found in modern French dramas of very questionable morality, concert halls and singing rooms, where appeal is principally made to their animal passions and lusts—whose chief notion of enjoyment seems to be in getting drunk. Then the young men of similar ages, and earning from 14s. to 20s., who are in a chronic state of unrest, ever eager for novelty and sensationalism, though not quite so much given to drink as the men, yet treading a similar course. They have no pleasure in going to the country, to see flowers, birds, and fish, or to the seaside to see the sea; if there be no fireworks, no prize band, no dancing on the green, or something of the sort, they will not attempt to go. Now, where is all this to end? Nature has no charms for them; music little attraction, except in the form of *dance*; pictures nothing: what remains? And yet something should, and must be done, and that speedily,—otherwise what will become of the poor things?

“Then, in your ‘Elements of Drawing,’ you lay down certain books to be studied, etc.

“Now, suppose a woman or man has been brought up to have a kind of contempt for ‘Grimm’s Goblins,’ ‘Arabian Nights,’ etc., as childish and frivolous,—and on account of the Calvinistic tendency of relatives, has been precluded from reading *books*,—how should a healthy tendency be brought about? For the mind is not a blank, to receive impressions like a child, but has all sorts of preconceived notions and prejudices in the way,—Shakespeare looked upon as immoral, or childish, and the rest treated in an equally cavalier manner by people who probably never looked inside the books.”

I should like to answer the above letter at some length; but have, to-day, no time. The sum of answer is—Nothing *can* be done, but what I am trying to form this St. George's Company to do. I am sorry to omit the 'thoughts' to which my second correspondent refers, in the opening of this following letter, but she gave me no permission to publish them:—

"These thoughts made me settle in Leeds (being free from family obligations), in order to see for myself what I could do for these towns, and what their state really was. The Borough Surveyor of Leeds (who had been six months only in office, and was perhaps new to commercial life,) said to me, 'There is nothing in Leeds but jobbery, and trickery.' Almsgiving (for the law of supply and demand cannot do it) in the shape of decent houses, was the first thing to be done, I found.

The late Canon Kingsley, in his tract on the 'Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture' (1851), confounds justice and almsgiving together. They are surely distinct,* but you cannot give alms till you have paid just debts.

"You say nothing in 'Fors' of the custom which rules that rich capitalists and landowners † shall leave each of, say five or six daughters, (I am eldest of six,) a fortune large enough to enable her to live in idleness, and more or less luxury, for life. This custom is, I believe, at the root of much extortion and avarice on the part of fathers, and leads to marriages for money ‡ on the part of younger men. I deny the claim of women to political power; but I think, with Lord Salisbury, that every girl (no matter what her rank) has a moral right to be educated for self-maintenance, and proper rational feminine self-reliance,—and not mainly for society, or, in other words, for marriage.

Believing § that, in the abstract, men are morally, mentally, and physically superior to women, I yet believe that the perfect relative independence and indifferent dignity of mental attitude which rightly trained and educated women should possess before matrimony (an attitude which is, to say the least, now often wanting) is essential to the proper influence women should exercise over men. It is essential to the vantage ground on which unmarried women should stand, and from which they should draw men up to their standard, not bend themselves down to men's.

An article (one of a series on 'French Home Life') in 'Blackwood,' some years ago, says (nearly in these words)—'Supply will follow demand: if men prefer a virtuous type of womanhood, good and well; if otherwise, young ladies and their mothers will recognize the demand and will meet it.' !!! That an old established magazine, much read by the aristocracy, should give utterance to a sentiment like this (whether or not it be true) strikes me as a sign of the times, as bad as most you have quoted in 'Fors.' [Assuredly.]

Apart from the *élite* of the women of the genuine aristocracy, who, with long inherited noble instincts of all kinds, are always charming, and full of noble influence, over those who come within its sphere,—there is the vast mass of English middle-class women who make up the nation, women whose inherited instincts are perhaps ignoble, or at best indefinite. The right education of these is surely an important point in social reform, and

* Very surely.

† Because I entirely ignore rich capitalists and landowners,—or look on them only as the claws of my Dragon.

‡ Every unmarried woman should have enough left her by her father to keep herself, and a pet dog—but not, also, an idle man.

§ On what grounds? I don't understand a word of this paragraph; least of all why either men or women should be considered 'in the abstract'; and, in the concrete, I can't make out why men are the higher, at the beginning of the sentence, and women at the end of it.

yet is still a practically unsolved problem. I have done parish work for thirteen years and more, and know the existing relations between rich and poor experimentally. The root of the matter seems to be this. Modern Christianity professes and attempts to practise the moral code of the New Testament*—mercy, while ignoring, or trampling under foot, the moral code of the Old—justice, which must come. It is thus that so much Christianity, in all sects, is (unconsciously often) sham Christianity. I agree with what you say of the clergy in many things; they do not know if Christianity in our days means peace, or the sword. Saying to their rich parishioners ‘Thou art the man’ would often be an ending to the peace and comfort of their own lives: subscriptions would be stopped, on which they rely for almsgiving, and by means of which almsgiving they try to draw the poor to church, and so to heaven.

“Again, who in this day has quite clean hands with regard to money? I know a clergyman who worked for many years in a parish, and improved the morality of the people by his work. Among other things, he caused (by persuasion, and substitution of a reading-room) a public-house to be shut up—the squire co-operating with him. This selfsame squire wants to sell the property; is told it will sell better with a public-house. He rebuilds one in the village before he sells it!

“Broadly speaking, the creed of young men of the richer classes is self-indulgence, that of young women, self-sacrifice, (shown in mistaken ways, no doubt). To thinking and well-disposed women of all classes, church or chapel going is a necessity. The life of most of them is only made endurable by the hope of another world than this.

“For the last six years I have been wandering about more or less, investigating, and experiencing personally, to some extent, and at the cost of much suffering, the various forms of distress in the various classes. I look back on my years of parish work as on one long monotonous day—so hopeless is such work, unless regarded, from the ecclesiastical point of view, as a self-preparation for Heaven. Seeing, as I did, and do, how entirely preventible half of the misery is, which is coolly accepted by religious and charitable people as the ordained Will of God, I stopped short (among other reasons), and gave my mind and my time to investigate and analyse the causes of the miseries, and how far it was practicable to cut at the roots of them—not snip off the blossoms, merely. Will you bear with a word as to the position of women? I agree with you: it is a futile discussion, that of equality or inequality. But as unhappily I have had to think, see, and judge for myself, in a way that, in a right order of things, ought not to be required of a woman, I wish to disclaim all sympathy with the women of the women’s rights party. They are well-intentioned, but mistaken. It is dread of being identified with their views that prevents the best and most influential women of the aristocracy from doing what they might do. I trust you will secure the co-operation of such women for your St. George’s Company.”

I wish I could! It will be a curious point in the story of the founding of the St. George’s Company, that at any rate during five years, only one woman of the upper classes gave me any help.

I hope, however, that the fact (perhaps less universally true than formerly) that “to thoughtful and well-disposed women of all classes, church-going is a necessity,” may be accounted for otherwise than by the misery of their earthly lives. For the sake, however, of my female, and theological, readers, I print the next following letter:—

* My dear lady, it attempts nothing of the sort. It supposes the New Testament to be an announcement of universal pardon and speedy promotion to rascals.

“THE PARSONAGE, WERRINGTON, PETERBOROUGH, July 7, 1875.

“MY DEAR SIR,—In your comment on a former letter of mine you acknowledged, (a) that the Gospel which I endeavour to preach—Be persuaded by the Lord Jesus Christ; let His life rule your lives—is eternally true and salutary, but, because I have joined with you in condemning a doctrine opposed to this, you have rather hastily assumed (b) that I have ‘eagerly repudiated the doctrine of the Eleventh Article of the Church of England,’ to which Article I have given, and not withdrawn, my public assent.

You have of course taken for granted (c) that the Eleventh Article teaches the ‘pleasant and supremely false gospel’—Let His life be instead of your lives: you may be saved by faith without righteousness. But does it?

The Article says:

‘We are accounted righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by Faith, and not for our own works or deservings: Wherefore, that we are justified by Faith only is a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort, as more largely is expressed in the Homily of Justification.’

This teaches, in simple English enough, that there is but one righteousness in God’s sight—the righteousness of Christ; and that this righteousness becomes ours by faith: so that faith alone sets us right with God.

Before the court of public opinion (d) men may be accounted righteous for ‘works and deservings’ of their own, like those which were so eminently satisfactory to the Pharisee who went up to the Temple to pray; but before God, whose judgments are true, the only merit for which any man is accounted righteous is the merit of Jesus Christ. The Publican ‘went down to his house justified’ because of that faith in God which led him to hunger and thirst after a righteousness higher than his own, and in due time to be filled with it.

A man is ‘justified by faith only’ because by faith only he accepts the righteousness of Christ, not instead of but, *for*, (e) his own. He is therefore accounted righteous before God because, in His sight, who sees the end from the beginning, he *is* righteous.

But, while the righteousness is verily his own, he confesses that, in the deepest sense, it is not his own, for the source and efficient cause of it is Christ—the merit is His.

From all this it will appear that what I repudiate is not the Eleventh Article, but the eternally false and damnable doctrine which has seemed to you to be set forth therein.

I cannot think that the Article was intended to teach that a man can be accounted righteous before God without righteousness—that faith will serve as a substitute for it, since I read in the Homily in which the doctrine of the Article is ‘more largely expressed’ such words as the following:

‘This true Christian faith wither any devil hath, nor yet any man who, in the outward profession of his mouth, and his outward receiving of the Sacraments, in coming to the Church, and in all other outward appearances, seemeth to be a Christian man, and yet in his living and deeds sheweth the contrary.’

“I am, my dear Sir,

“Very faithfully yours,

EDWARD Z. LYTTEL”

“JOHN RUSKIN, Esq.

(a) My correspondent cannot quit himself of the idea that I am his antagonist. If he preaches what is true, I say so—if what is false, I say so. I congratulate him in the one case, and am sorry for him in the other; but have nothing to ‘acknowledge’ in either case.

(b) and (c) “You have rather hastily assumed.” “You have of course taken for granted.” Compare Mr. Headlam’s “I fancy that, on considera-

tion, you would like to withdraw," p. 111. These clerical gentlemen, who habitually and necessarily write *without* consideration, and as habitually and necessarily 'take for granted' the entire grounds of their profession, are quaintly unable to enter into the mind of a man who for twenty years has not written a word without testing it syllable by syllable; nor taken for granted one principle or fact, in art, science, or history,—having somewhat wide work in all three.

In the present case, I am very sorry to have to tell my correspondent that the last thing I should 'take for granted' would be the completeness and accuracy of his own account of himself. What his words actually mean, my twenty years' study of English enables me to tell him with authority;—but what he means by them, *he* only knows!

(d) Who is talking of public opinion? Does my correspondent suppose that in any—even among the rudest or most ignorant—debates on this subject, 'righteousness' was ever supposed to mean worldly credit? The question is, was, and will be—simply how men escape being damned—if they do.

(e) It is no part of my duty in *Fors* to occupy myself in exposing the verbal, or probing the mental, sophistries by which the aerial ingenuity of divines may guide itself in gossamer over the inconveniently furrowed ground of religious dogma. There are briefly two, and two only, forms of possible Christian, Pagan, or any other gospel, or 'good message': one, that men are saved by themselves doing what is right; and the other that they are saved by believing that somebody else did right instead of them. The first of these Gospels is eternally true, and holy; the other eternally false, damnable and damning. Which of them Mr. Lyttel preaches, matters much to himself and his parishioners; but, to the world, considerably less than he seems to suppose. That the eleventh Article of the Church of England teaches the second, "in very simple English," is as certain as Johnson's dictionary can make it: and that it (the said sweet message) is currently preached with unction, and received with gladness, over the whole of England, and of Protestant France, Switzerland, and Italy, by the most active and influential members of the Protestant church, I take upon me to assert, on the grounds of an experience gained, (while Mr. Lyttel was, by his own account, "occupied from day to day in stuffy rooms among ignorant and immoral people") by the carefulest study of the best Protestant divines, and the hearing of sermons by the most eloquent pastors, in every important city of evangelical Europe. Finally, I must beg Mr. Lyttel to observe that I only printed his first letter because it expressed some degree of doubt, and discomfort, which I hoped to relieve. His succeeding letters show him, on the contrary, to be supremely confident and comfortable;—in which enviable state I must here take leave of him. For my challenge (as yet unanswered) was to his Bishop, and not to the clergy of the diocese; nor, if it had been, has Mr. Lyttel offered any evidence that he is their accredited champion.

I think I do Mr. Lyttel more justice by printing his kind and graceful

last words on my impatient comments, than I should by disarranging my types, and altering my letter; which, indeed, I have no time to do.

“MY DEAR SIR,—It is both my fault and misfortune that you have taken parts of my letters ‘clean from the purpose of the words themselves;’ and I write at once in hope that you may be able to erase two unserviceable paragraphs, which my want of simple English, or some other misdirection, has produced.

1. If you will allow me to substitute the word ‘said’ for ‘acknowledged’ in my letter, it will save paragraph (a).

2. Then I should like to assure you that the feeling which called forth my first letter also produced the rest, and no one who knows me well would think of attributing to me ‘supreme confidence and comfort.’ Moreover, I have throughout spoken for myself alone, and have not for one moment pretended to be the ‘accredited champion’ of any one. So that if you can spare the latter part of paragraph (c), beginning with ‘Finally,’ I think neither you nor I would lose anything by the omission.

Other parts of your comment I am sorry for, but I have not the same reason to object to them as I have to those I have specified.

“I am most faithfully yours,

“EDWARD Z. LYTTEL.”

Some slips of newspaper have been forwarded to me, containing an abstract of a sermon by the Bishop of Manchester, in which some reference was made to ‘Fors’: but of course I cannot take any notice of expressions thus accidentally conveyed to me, and probably reported with inaccuracy. The postscript to the following interesting letter of Mr. Sillar's may perhaps receive from the Bishop of Manchester more honourable attention:—

“KINGSWOOD LODGE, LEE GREEN, S.E., 13th January, 1875.

“MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I have great sympathy with your lady correspondent, and, for the life of me, I cannot tell what you would have me to do. I am not a landed proprietor, nor a country gentleman, though I am the son of one, a retired physician, and brought up in the blessed green fields, and among streams that were as clear as crystal, and full of trout; but coal-pits appeared on the horizon, and gradually drove us out. I well remember the first vile red shaft that appeared within about a mile of our windows, and how the beastly smoke reconciled my mother to leave one of the loveliest country seats in Lancashire, which she had adorned with roses and laurels, I was going to say with her own hands, and I am not sure that it would be wrong to say so, for she saw every one (and the grounds were seven or eight acres in extent) planted with her own eyes, and superintended the doing of it.

“Living there in the country, and under a tutor, my education has not been that of an ordinary country gentleman; I early learnt to work with my hands as well as with my head, and though I must confess that personally I never had much taste for gardening, I had plenty of work to do in the open air. You tell me our education has to begin—yours as well as mine; and expect me to say that I cannot make a brick or a tile, or build a rude dwelling. Singularly enough, I helped to do so when a boy, and it will be long before any of us forget the miniature cottage we built, and thatched, complete with window, door, and fireplace, and with a cellar moreover, with wine of our own making, and beer of our own brewing made from treacle; for we did everything ourselves, even to grooming our own ponies.

“ In later life, my lot was cast in Liverpool, and after six or seven years spent in China, where I have seen the horrors of war, and where a cannon shot came through our roof, as we sat at tiffin. I found myself in London.

“ My old business of a merchant I cannot carry on ; though I have capital sufficient for fair trade, I cannot carry it on in the face of the fierce competition by unprincipled men on borrowed money :

‘ Where man competes with man like foe with foe,
Till death that thins them scarce seem public woe ’—

my business as a banker and bullion broker is sealed to me as iniquitous.

“ At present, therefore, I am free to act ; I fret because I am in a state of inactivity. I feel that I have health and strength, and that in a thousand ways I could be useful, but wherever I turn I am stopped. I am a good rough joiner ; I can do small work in iron and brass ; and I am a good practical chemist : my laboratory was recommended as an example of how a laboratory should be kept, by the editor of the ‘ Chemical News ’ and an F.R.S.

“ Now allow me to ask you seriously, would you have me to go out alone into the wilderness, and live like a Robinson Crusoe till I see an opening ? The point is, the opening might come directly, or it might not come for years, and meantime I am standing in the market-place, such as it is (why is there not a real one ?) It is this uncertainty that distresses me, for I must work for my living, and my substance is gradually melting away.

“ Believe me, my dear Mr. Ruskin, ever yours affectionately,

“ ROB. G. SILLAR.

“ P.S.—I am glad to see you have challenged Dr. Fraser. I had a correspondence with him some years ago. I saw in one of Carlyle’s works, that I might do some good, if I had two fingers and a pen ; so, after getting no answer from my own clergyman, and the secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, relative to the leaving out of a verse in the fifteenth Psalm in our collection, I appealed to the bishop. He was very polite, and corresponded with me till he felt it dangerous to go on, and then informed me that he really had no time to examine into the lawfulness of interest.

“ I confess I don’t like an officer who has no time to read and examine his standing orders, but who yet retains the command of the regiment ; so as you told me in ‘ Sheepfolds ’ * that in our army the King was beside every one of us to appeal to in case of doubt, I ended by telling his lordship, as he had no time to hear me, I must leave it in other hands, *videat Altissimus*, and our correspondence closed.”

* I am reprinting this pamphlet word for word as it was first issued from the press. Mr. Allen will have it ready for distribution by the first of September.

[*I am honoured in the charge given me, without dissent, by the present members of the St. George's Company, to convey their thanks to MR. SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, in the terms stated at the close of my last letter.*]

LETTER LVII.

I HAVE received, from the author, M. Émile de Lavelaye, his pamphlet,—“ Protestantism and Catholicism in their bearing upon the Liberty and Prosperity of Nations, with an introductory letter by Mr. Gladstone.” I do not know why M. de Lavelaye sent me this pamphlet. I thank him for the courtesy; but he has evidently read none of my books, or must have been aware that he could not have written anything more contrary to the positions which I am politically maintaining. On the other hand, I have read none of *his* books, and I gather from passages in his pamphlet that there may be much in them to which I should be able to express entire adhesion.

But of the pamphlet in question, and its preface, he will, I trust, pardon my speaking in the same frank terms which I should have used had it accidentally come under my notice, instead of by the author's gift. The pamphlet is especially displeasing to me, because it speaks of ‘Liberty’ under the common assumption of its desirableness; whereas my own teaching has been, and is, that Liberty, whether in the body, soul, or political estate of men, is only another word for Death, and the final issue of Death, putrefaction: the body, spirit, and political estate being alike healthy only by their bonds and laws; and by Liberty being instantly disengaged into mephitic vapour.

But the matter of this pamphlet, no less than the assumption it is based on, is hateful to me; reviving, as it does, the miserable question of the schism between Catholic and Protestant, which is entirely ridiculous and immaterial; and taking no

note whatever of the true and eternal schism, cloven by the very sword of Michael, between him that serveth God, and him that serveth Him not.

In furtherance of which contempt of the only vital question in religious matters, I find, in the preface to this pamphlet, the man, who was so long a favourite Prime Minister of England, speaking of the “indifferentism, scepticism, materialism, and pantheism, *which for the moment are so fashionable*” only as “negative systems.” He himself being, in fact, nothing else than a negative system, hundred-tongued to his own confusion; the ‘fashionable’ hairdresser, as it were, and Minister of extreme unction in the manner of pomade, to the scald and moribund English pates that still wear their religion decoratively, as a bob-wig with a pigtail, (carefully also anointing and powdering the remains of its native growth on the heads of their flunkies,) and from under such contracted and loose-sitting substitute for the Cavalier locks of their forefathers, look upon the round heads of the European cropped populace, only as “for the moment so fashionable,”—little thinking in what prison discipline the Newgate cut has its origin with the most of them, or in what hardship of war, and pressure of helmet on weary brows, for others. The fact being that I am, at this central time of my life’s work, at pause because I cannot set down any form of religious creed so simple, but that the requirement of its faithful signature by persons desiring to become Companions of St. George, would exclude some of the noblest champions of justice and charity now labouring for men; while, on the other hand, I cannot set down the first principles of children’s noble education without finding myself in collision with an almost resistless infidel mob; which, (I know not whether, in Mr. Gladstone’s estimate, fashionably or vulgarly,) is incapable of conceiving,—how much less of obeying,—the first laws of human decency, order, and honour. So that indeed I am fain to ask, with my Leeds correspondent, in last Fors, page 148, what is to be done for young folks to whom “music has little attraction, except in the form of dance, and pictures are nothing”?

With her pardon, pictures are much, to this class of young people. The woodcuts of halfpenny novels representing scenes of fashionable life,—those representing men murdering their wives, in the ‘Police News,’—and, finally, those which are to be bought only in the back-shop,—have enormous educational influence on the young British public: which its clergymen, alike ignorant of human nature and human art, think to counteract—by decorating their own churches, forsooth,—and by coloured prints of the story of Joseph; while the lower tribes of them—Moodys and Sankeys—think to turn modern musical taste to account by fitting negro melodies to hymns.

And yet, my correspondent may be thankful that some remnant of delight *is* still taken in dance-music. It is the last protest of the human spirit, in the poor fallen creatures, against the reign of the absolute Devil, Pandemonium with Mammon on the throne, instead of Lucifer,—the Son of the Earth, Lord of Hell, instead of the Son of the Morning.

Let her stand in the midst of the main railroad station at Birmingham; and think—what music, or dancing, or other entertainment fit for prodigal sons, could be possible in that pious and little prodigal locality.* Let her read the account of our modern pastoral music, at page 90 of my fifth Letter,—of modern Venetian “Barcarolle,” page 245 of Letter 19, and 257 of Letter 20,—and of our modern Campanile, and Muezzin call to prayer, at page 165 of this Fors.

“Work is prayer”—thinks your Wakefield Mahometan;—his vociferous minaret, in the name, and by the name, of the Devil, shall summon English votaries to such worship for five miles round; that is to say, over one hundred square miles of English land, the Pandemoniacal voice of the Archangel-trumpet thus arouses men out of their sleep; and Wakefield becomes Wakeful-field, over that blessed space of acre-age.

Yes; my correspondent may be thankful that still some feeble lust for dancing on the green;—still some dim ac-

* Compare my Birmingham correspondent's opinion of David's “twangling on the harp,” page 107, Letter 6.

knowledge, by besotted and stupified brains, of the laws of tune and time known to their fathers and mothers—remains possible to the poor wretches discharged by the excursion trains for a gasp of breath, and a gleam of light, amidst what is left to them and us, of English earth and heaven. Waltzing, drunk, in the country roads by our villages; yet innocently drunk, and sleepy at sunset; not, like their born masters and teachers, dancing, wilfully, the cancan of hell, with harlots, at seven in the morning.*

Music, and dancing! They are quite the two primal instruments of education. Make them licentious; let Mr. John Stnart Mill have the dis-ordering of them, so that—(see page 113 of Letter 12)—“no one shall be guided, or governed, or directed in the way they should go,”—and they sink to lower and lower depth—till the dance becomes Death’s; and the music—a shriek of death by strychnine. But let Miriam and David, and the Virgins of Israel, have the ordering of them, and the music becomes at last the Eternal choir; and the Dance, the Karol-dance of Christmas, evermore.†

Virgins of Israel, or of England, richly clad by your kings, and “rejoicing in the dance,” how is it you do not divide this sacred,—*if* sacred,—joy of yours with the poor? If it can ever be said of you, as birds of God,

“Oh beauteous birds, methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune,” .

can you not show wherein the heavenliness of it consists, to—suppose—your Sunday-school classes? At present, you keep the dancing to yourselves, and graciously teach *them* the catechism. Suppose you were to try, for a little while, learning the catechism yourselves; and teaching *them*—to dance?

Howbeit, in St. George’s schools, this, the most ‘decorous,’

* Sesame and Lilies, page 63.

† Compare Letter 24th, page 348; and Dante, Paradiso, xxiv. 16:

“Così, quelle carole differente—
Mente danzando, della sua ricchezza
Mi si facean stimar, veloci e lente.”

rightly taught, of all exercises, shall not fail of its due discipline to any class whatsoever:—reading, writing, and accounts may all be spared where pupils show no turn to any of those scholarships, but music and dancing, never.* Generally, however, it will be the best singers and dancers who ask for teaching also in literature and art; for all, there shall at least be the way open to these; and for none, danger or corruption possible in these. For in their libraries there shall be none but noble books, and in their sight none but noble art.

There is no real difficulty or occasion for dispute in choosing these. Admit the principle of selection, and the practice is easy enough; only, like all practical matters, the work must be done by one man, sufficiently qualified for it; and not by a council. If he err, the error may be represented by any one cognizant of it, and by council corrected. But the main work must be done single-handed.

Thus, for the use of the St. George's Company, I shall myself, if my life is spared, write out a list of books which without any question will be found serviceable in their libraries;†—a system of art instruction which will be secure so far as it reaches; and a list of purchaseable works of art, which it will be desirable to place in the national schools and museums of the company. With this list of purchaseable works, I shall name, as I have time, those in the museums of Europe which ought to be studied, to the exclusion of those on which time would be wasted.

I have no doubt that this work, though done at first for the St. George's Company, will be found generally useful, and especially that the system of drawing arranged for them will in many respects supersede that of Kensington. I had intended to write it separately, for the use of schools; but after repeated endeavours to arrange it in a popular form, find that it will not so shape itself availably, but must consist of such broad statements of principle as my now enlarged experience

* Compare Letter 8th, p. 35; and Letter 9th, p. 51.

† This will be added to by future Masters of the Company with the farther means of specification indicated in pages 270 and 271 of Letter 21.

enables me to make; with references to the parts of my other books in which they are defended or illustrated: and of directions for practice given as I can get illustrations of them prepared; leaving the systematization of them to be made by the master of each drawing school, according to the requirements of his scholars. (See page 54 of Letter 9th.)

For example of the impossibility of publishing on a system. It happens to be now fine weather here in Lancashire;—I am able, therefore, to draw out of doors; and am painting a piece of foreground vegetation, which I don't want to be used by students till after at least fifty other exercises have been gone through. But I must do this one while light and life serve; and not wait till I am sixty, to do work which my eyes are not good enough for at fifty-five.

And if the readers of Fors think my letters too desultory, let them consider what this chief work, specified in page 55 of Letter 9th, involves. No one has the least notion of the quantity of manual labour I have to go through, to discharge my duty as a teacher of Art. Look at the frontispiece to Letter 20th which is photographed from one of my architectural sketches; and if you can draw, copy a bit of it;—try merely the bead moulding with its dentils, in the flat arch over the three small ones, lowest on the left. Then examine those three small ones themselves. You think I have drawn them distorted, carelessly, I suppose. No. That distortion is essential to the Gothic of the Pisan school; and I measured every one of the curves of those cusps on the spot, to the tenth of an inch; and I ought to be engraving and publishing those drawings, by rights; but, meantime, your Pisan Republicans dash the chapel down, for a job in rebuilding it;—and the French Emperor dashes every cathedral in France to pieces, to find his masons work,—and gets, for result, Reuter's telegram, (page 119 of Letter 6th); and I, with my eyes full of dust and driven smoke, am obliged to leave my own work, and write Fors, more and more necessarily becoming principal, as I find all my other work rendered vain.

Nevertheless, in the course of Fors itself, I shall try to give,

as aforesaid, art instruction enough for all need, if any one cares to obey it. How little any one is likely to care, the closing paragraphs of the letter from Wakefield show so clearly that I think it desirable to print them here consecutively, as part of the text of Fors itself.

“ Yet people tell me that those were very benighted Tory days I am regretting. Wakefield was always held to be a Tory place, given up hand and foot to the magnates who owned the great estate round. I know how, when a small thing in frilled slops, but with my bosom full of patriotic pride in our town, I used to feel bitterly depressed at hearing a rising Radical Leeds clothier, who came to see us sometimes, denounce Wakefield as a ‘one-eyed hoil,’ his emphatic way of indicating our want of sweep of vision. I remember he generally capped his arguments by demanding, in sonorous tones, if any men worthy of the name of Britons would put up with that ‘obsolete monopoly’ of the (soke)* mills.

To tell truth, I am afraid that we felt a good deal of mean-spirited admiration for the neighbouring squires and lords on the occasions when they showed themselves and their handsome carriages in our streets: but at least the Wentworths and Pilkingtons and Squire Waterton were gentlemen and scholars; our new magnates have nothing to boast but their money. It seems to me better that people should boast of the old oaks of Walton, and the old pictures of —— Priory, than tell how many thousands an iron lord made by the last rise in iron: and that is what they talk of now. And if the iron kings have supplanted the landlords, they are not any more free. The old farmers might vote blindly out of blind respect for the old landlords; but is it not better than the newly-enfranchised puddlers and strikers selling votes openly for the price of a gallon of whisky? We have lost a good deal, although we are long rid of the soke monopoly, which used to be a standing reproach to us. I think that the town bought off the soke just after the Corn Law agitation, when the great railways

* I don't know what this word means, and may have mistaken the reading of it.

began to enclose the wide meadows about the town with their ugly ramparts and arches, where the trains keep up a continual scream.

But the wool and corn magnates of the place held to their old traditions long after that; and when Titus Salt asked for a footing in the town that he might build there his great alpaca factories, he was rejected. I had gone abroad then, but my heart was in the old place, and I caught up eagerly all concerning it. Sometimes I heard doleful accounts of its decadence—how the big houses were empty altogether, how the inns were closed, the coaches stopped, the river traffic diminished, and the great corn warehouses by the bridge falling to ruin. There was no trace left of the gaieties that once gave the town the name of 'Merrie Wakefield.' All the smart young men were leaving it to push their way in Leeds or Manchester, and the girls left behind were growing up into a population of old maids.

So the doleful story went on for many a year. But insensibly the key changed. Mills were springing up, and shops; and the houses had gone up in rent. The sleepy streets were thronged with workers; in short, the town seemed new-born altogether. And the G——s—I knew the G——s,—nobody would have thought it, such a simple kind of man as old G—— seemed; yet the tale ran that he could buy up all Wakefield, and young Ned was going to live in Heath Hall!! Young Ned in Heath Hall! one of the most sacred spots my memory cherished.

I remembered him well,—an audacious boy, with a gift for wry faces, and always up to some street prank. I remembered the well-worn jacket and battered cap that his father's thrift imposed on him. And he was to be one of new rulers of the bright new time! and lord it in those venerable oaken chambers sacred to Lady B——s ghost! It seemed incredible; but twenty years had changed everything. Old G——, the father—a man of the true old English grain, had, in my young days, a foundry at the lower end of the town, and was said even then to be worth a 'mint of money.' Worthy

folks were he and his; but still people of whom the loftier town's-folk took no cognizance socially, for was not the wife's father old Robin the Pedlar? A good old soul he was, who peddled to frugal farm wives the best thread and needles that could be got,—and took no alms from his kinsfolk, and lived and died in blameless humble honesty. And his grandson now rules in the hall where old Robin, perchance, took a humble bit and sup at the back door. He has a Scotch estate besides, and only failed of Parliament last year because he bribed his way a little too openly. My enlightened friends look upon his rise as one of the grandest signs of the grand new time; but I cannot rejoice with them. When I see how he and his like are doing their worst to foul the air and blacken the fields about the town, I cannot help wishing the squires back in Heath Hall.

Men say, too, that he is a stronger Tory than the bluest of the old squires. He has forgotten old Robin of the bobbins,* and rules the people from whom he sprang, with an iron hand, as such often do. Naturally, his success has attracted others, and the town will soon be surrounded with forges. On the once green Calder bank, where I used to see garlands of brown pears ripening in the sweet sunshine, there is a desert of dross and ashes, and twenty black throats vomiting fire and fumes into the summer sky; and under the big sheds you see hundreds of the liberated Britons of these improved days, toiling, half-naked, in sweltering heat and din, from morning to evening. This, however, is 'the activity and spread of the iron trade,' which our local paper tells us 'are the most satisfactory pledge of the future progress and prosperity of our town.'

I wish that I could believe it; but it vexes me beyond comfort to see the first landscape I knew and loved blighted

* A favourite nursery-rhyme of my nurse Annie's comes musically back to my ears, from fifty years afar,

“ Robin-a-bobbin, a bilberry hen—
He ate more victuals than threescore men.”

by the smoke of the forges, and to find one sweet association after another swept away.

Even Sunday brings no respite to the eye. The forges are fired up shortly after noonday, and many of the long chimneys follow suit. And in the town the noise is so constant, you can scarcely hear the church chimes unless you are close to the tower.

Did you ever hear Wakefield chimes? We were very proud of them in the old time. They had a round of pleasant sleepy tunes, that never failed us through summer suns and winter frost; and came to be bound up indelibly with the early memories of us children. How I loved to hear them as I bounded, full of morning gladness, across the green Vicar's Croft to school; or at night when lying an unwilling prisoner in bed, before the warm summer evening was ended. To my childish fancy there was a strange wizardry bound up with that dark church steeple, frosted and crumbling with age, which would break out overhead into mysterious music when I was far afield, but expecting it.

Years after, when poor and lonely in a great foreign city, I came, one bitter winter's day, upon an obscure cloister church standing by a frozen river. It was a city without bells, and I had often longed for the familiar sound. I was dreadfully homesick that day, and stood upon the bridge, hapless, and listless; looking at the strange spire, the strange houses and frozen-up boats, in a kind of dream. Suddenly the cloister tower struck the hour,—four o'clock of a dark December day, and presently it broke into a chime.

It was a very simple ditty; but what a passion of longing it wakened for England and the old chimes of that little English town! I felt as if my heart could bear no more. I *must* go home; I *must* see the old places again, cost what it might. But morning brought fresh counsels, and many a year passed before I revisited the old place.

At last I was there again, after many disappointments, and laid my head to rest once more beneath the shadow of the old steeple.

I woke with an expectant heart. It was a bright May day, such as I remembered twenty years before. The big church bell tolled nine: then came a pause, and my thirsty ears were strained to catch the first sounds of the dear old chimes. 'Ding' went a treble bell high in the air, the first note of 'Tara's Halls,' and then!—a hideous sound I cannot describe, a prolonged malignant yell, broke from the sky and seemed to fill the earth. I stopped my ears and ran indoors, but the sound followed to the innermost chambers. It gathered strength and malignancy every moment, and seemed to blast all within its reach. It lasted near two minutes, and ended with a kind of spasm and howl that made every nerve shudder. I do not exaggerate. I cannot adequately describe the hideous sound. When I had recovered my wits, I asked the meaning of this horrible noise. My informant, a rising young townsman of the new stamp, told me that it was the new steam whistle at the foundry, commonly called the 'American Devil;' that it was the most powerful in the West Riding, and could be heard five miles off.

It was only at half-power then, calling the workmen from breakfast; but at six in the morning I could hear it in double force. I asked if it was possible that people would quietly put up with such a hideous disturbance. He owned that the old inhabitants did not like it; but then, he said, they were a sleepy set, and wanted stirring up.

Indeed, I actually found that the town was infected by four other similar whistles, profaning dawn and eve with their heaven-defying screech.

The nuisance has been abolished since, I hear. They say it actually killed one old lady by starting her up just at the only moment when it was possible for her weary nerves to get sleep. She happened to have a relation in the town council: a stir was made about it, and the whistles were suppressed.

But the peaceful, half town, half rural life of Wakefield is gone for ever, I fear.

Silk-mills and dye-works are encroaching on the cornfields and pastures; rows of jerry-built cottages are creeping up

Pinder's Fields, where I used to pull orchises; greasy mill-girls elbow ladies in the Westgate, and laugh and jeer at passing young men in a way that would have horrified the old inhabitants. And everywhere there is an indescribable smokiness and dirtiness more demoralizing than any tongue can tell, or mind conceive.

Well, it is the 'march of the times.' It will go on, I suppose, as in other quiet pleasant English towns, until all the sweet Calder valley is swallowed up in the smoke of Tophet. They will cut the snowdrop wood down, and cover Heath Common with cheap villas, and make the old hall into an 'institution.' You know how it will be. A river black with filth and stagnant with foulness, a wilderness of toiling suburbs such as you saw at Bradford; and where the cowslips and the corn grew, the earth will be thick with 'institutions.' There will be a Blind Institution, and an Eye and Ear Institution, an Orthopædic Institution, and a Magdalen Institution, and Mechanics' Institutions; and we shall hear a great deal of the liberality and beneficence of the cotton and iron kings of the place. But will all this compensate one little child for robbing it of its God-given birthright of earth and sky?

I cannot believe it.

Poor little martyrs! There will be no 'swallow twittering from the straw-built shed' for them,—only the American Devil calling father to his hot, hard day's labour. What can they make of it all? What kind of outlook will *they* have in coming years from the bridge of my early recollections? What I saw on the Medlock yesterday—such a hideous sight!—yet my husband remembers catching fish there. The gases would kill a fish like a lightning-stroke, now.

And the poor children! It makes me so sad, having some of my own, to think of those who will be born there, with hearts as hungry for nature and truth as mine was; who will never see God's heaven, save through grimy panes and smoke; who will have no sweet cowslip-fields to walk in,—only the defiled pavement; who will grow hard and sour before childhood is over, with the riddle of their joyless lives,

How I have drifted on.

Your allusion to Wakefield Bridge in the Fors of February (?) unloosed a flood of long-buried recollections.

This is what you draw on yourself by opening your heart to others. Pray forgive the trespass on your time.

Yours gratefully,

E. L."

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following two paragraphs have been sent me by correspondents, from country papers. I do not answer for the facts stated in them; but however mythic either may be, they form part of the current history of the day, and are worth preserving; the latter especially in illustration of what I meant by the phrase "roseate repose of domestic felicity," in the Fors of July, this year; p. 177.

JOHN HOPPER.—On Tuesday week, July 6, passed away from our midst the pioneer of Co-operation in Sunderland, John Hopper, shipwright, aged forty-seven on the 22nd April last, after a lingering illness of six weeks duration, of paralysis of the right side, and the breaking of a blood-vessel in the brain. This was caused by his constant and unremitting study and writing on all questions relating to the progress of his fellow-workmen. More especially had he devoted his time and money to publishing several pamphlets on Co-operation. He also ably advocated the cause of Working Men's Unions and Trade Arbitration Councils instead of strikes. He looked forward to Co-operation for the solution of all the great questions in dispute between the employer and employed, and lived to see some portion of his ideas carried out with great success in the organization of a co-operative store in our own town, which now possesses two branch establishments, and does a very large, extensive, and profitable business, and possesses also two libraries. The organization and successful carrying out of this store was largely due to his own exertions. As its first secretary he gave his arduous labours free to it for several years. Though frequently offered superior situations in his own trade as a shipwright, he conscientiously refused all such offers, preferring to cast his lot amongst the working classes, and with them finish his days, toiling on side by side with them, as an example of honesty, toil, and love of his trade, before all other things; for *work* indeed to him was truly *worship*. He scorned to earn his bread by any other means than by his own trade. He often lamented over men of superior talent who deserted their class for wealth and gain, and did not stay by their fellow-men, and by so doing try to elevate them by their example. He had been ailing some fifteen months, but kept at his work until quite exhausted, some six weeks before he died. He worked in the yard of Mr. Oswald, of Pallion, for many years, and also at Mr. J. Laing's, at Deptford. With the latter gentleman he served his apprenticeship as a shipwright. He leaves a widow and seven children unprovided for. The eldest is now serving his apprenticeship to his father's trade with Mr. Oswald. Simple and retired he lived, despite all their praise—content to live and die a working man. Often after a hard day's toil he was too ill to walk all the way home, and had to lay himself down to rest by the roadside for awhile. The following is a list of his pamphlets, eight in number:—Causes of Distress; History of the Sunderland Co-operative Store; Organization of Labour; Co-operative Store System; The Commercial Re-

former's Bookkeeper; the Workman's Path to Independence; The Rights of Working Men; and, Elections, Trades Unions, and the Irish Church.

MARRIAGE OF MISS VENABLES, FORMERLY OF LEICESTER.—From the Yarmouth papers, we learn that on Wednesday week Miss Eveline Mary Venables, the only daughter of the Rev. George Venables, vicar of Great Yarmouth, and formerly vicar of St. Matthew's, Leicester, was married at the parish church, Great Yarmouth, in the presence of 4,000 spectators, to the Rev. E. Manners Sanderson, M.A., vicar of Weston St. Mary's, Lincolnshire. The bridegroom was formerly curate of Great Yarmouth. Very extensive preparations, we are told, were made for the wedding festivities, both in the church and at the vicarage. A number of lady friends of the bride undertook to decorate the nave and chancel of the fine old church, and for several days they worked assiduously at this labour of love. Nearly the whole length of the chancel was tastefully decorated with a choice assortment of flowers, plants, mosses, and ferns, the gas standards being also similarly clothed, while along the communion rails were placed leaves of ferns, intermingled with roses and water lilies. Within the communion rails were displays of cut flowers and plants, which gave a most pleasing effect to that portion of the church. The reredos was beautifully dressed in wreaths and flowers, and above the communion table were the words in white letters on a scarlet ground, "Jesus was called to the marriage." The effect of all these magnificent decorations was beautiful, and presented such a picture as our grand old church probably never before exhibited. The nave and chancel were converted into an avenue of flowers, and as the richly dressed bridal procession wended its way from the south porch, the scene was one of the most imposing and affecting nature. It was understood that the marriage would take place immediately after the usual morning service, and long before that service commenced (eleven o'clock), several hundreds of people had congregated in front of the church gates, and when they were thrown open, they flocked into the church, and soon every available space in the church was filled with thousands of people. A number of seats near and in the chancel were set apart for the bridal party and friends, and these were kept vacant until the arrival of the ladies and gentlemen for whom they were reserved, and who were admitted for the most part by ticket at the east door. The morning service concluded about half-past eleven, and the clergymen who were to take part in the ceremony, and who had been waiting in the vestry, then walked in procession down the chancel, taking up their position under the tower, where they awaited the arrival of the bridal party. Their names were as follows, besides the Vicar: Rev. E. Venables (canon of Lincoln), Rev. Dr. J. J. Raven (master of the Grammar School), Rev. Bowyer Vaux (minister of St. Peter's church), Rev. A. J. Spencer, Rev. F. G. Wilson (vicar of Rudham), Rev. G. Merriman, Rev. A. B. M. Ley, Rev. R. H. Irvine, Rev. F. C. Villiers, and Rev. R. J. Tacon (Rollesey). The first to arrive was the bridegroom, accompanied by his bestman, the Rev. R. V. Barker, who were shortly afterwards followed by the bridesmaids and other ladies and gentlemen constituting the bridal party, who entered by the south door and awaited the arrival of the bride. The bridesmaids were most elegantly attired in bleu de ciel silk dresses, with long trains, trimmed en tablier, with Mousse-line d'Indienne, pink briar roses and white henth, wreaths to match, and long tulle veils. Their names were as follows: Miss Rose Venables, Miss Sanderson, Miss L. Sanderson, Miss M. Sanderson, Miss Wilson, Miss Ruth Venables, and Miss Mander. Each bridesmaid carried a bouquet of white roses, pink geraniums, and forget me-nots, the gift of the bestman, the Rev. R. V. Barker. The last to arrive was the bride, who wore a dress of superb white satin, with a very long train, garnie en tulle et fleurs d'orange; the corsage corresponding. The veil tulle de Bruxelles, brodé en soie; the trailing wreath clematis, myrtle, and orange

blossoms ; and a necklet of sprays of silver ivy leaves (the gift of Mr. Percy Sanderson). Her magnificent bouquet was composed of orange flowers, stephanotis, Cape jasmine, white roses, and ferns, and was the gift of the bridegroom. The bride was supported by her brother, Mr. E. Venables, and was received at the south porch of the church by her bridesmaids, who accompanied her up the nave to the chancel, where they were received by the vicar and clergymen. The choir were stationed in the triforium, and Mr. H. Stonex presided at the organ, which was used on this the first occasion since its removal, although the repairs are not yet complete. While the bridal party were entering the church, Mr. Stonex performed "The Wedding March" composed by Sir George Elvey on the occasion of the marriage of Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne). The bridal party took their places under the tower, and the marriage service began, the vicar being assisted in his office by Canon Venables, and the bride being given away by her elder brother, Mr. Gilbert Venables. After singing the hymn, "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," to the tune St. Alphege, Canon Venables read the first address of the Marriage Service. The Vicar has just printed this service with a few explanatory remarks, and about a thousand copies were distributed on the occasion. After that portion of the Marriage Service ordered to be performed in the body of the church was completed, the clergy, bride and bridegroom, and bridesmaids proceeded up the choir to the chancel, the singers and congregation chanting the 128th Psalm. The clergy having taken their positions, the bride and bridegroom, with the bridesmaids and the Rev. R. V. Barker, knelt at the communion rails ; the service was continued, and a short sermon read by the Vicar, from the text, "Heirs together of the grace of life ; that your prayers be not hindered." The service concluded with the benediction, and as the party left the church, Mr. Stonex performed Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," in a very skilful manner. The bride's trousseau was entirely supplied from Yarmouth, and the wedding cake, which weighed 100 lb., was manufactured by Mr. Wright, of King Street, Yarmouth. After the marriage, the bridal party assembled at the Vicarage, where the register was signed, and then sat down to a *récherché* breakfast, the management of which was placed in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, of the Crown and Anchor Hotel. The following is a list of those who were present at the wedding breakfast : the Vicar and Mrs. Venables, the Honourable and Mrs. Sanderson, T. H. Sanderson, Esq., Lord Hastings, Chas. Venables, Esq. (Taplow, Bucks), and Mrs. C. Venables, Miss Sanderson, Miss Lucy Sanderson, Miss Maud Sanderson, Canon Venables (Lincoln) and Mrs. Venables, Miss Ruth Venables (Lincoln), Miss Rose Venables (London), Gilbert Venables, Esq., B.A. (Lower Norwood), and Mrs. Gilbert Venables, Rev. F. G. Wilson (Vicar of Rudham) and Mrs. and Miss Wilson, Rev. J. J. Raven, D.D. (Yarmouth), and Mrs. Raven, Rev. R. V. Barker, M.A. (Yarmouth), Edward Venables, Esq. (Emmanuel College, Cambridge), and Mrs. Edward Venables, Rev. Bowyer Vaux, M.A., and Mrs. Vaux, Rev. R. H. Irvine, and Mrs. Irvine, Mrs. Palgrave (Yarmouth), Mrs. Woollnough, Rev. F. C. Villiers, M.A., and the Misses Villiers, E. Villiers, Esq. (Galway), Rev. A. B. M. Ley, M.A. (Yarmouth), Rev. G. Merriman, M.A., Rev. A. J. Spencer, B.A., Miss Mander (Tettenhall Wood), Mrs. Palmer, Rev. R. J. Tacon, M.A. (rector of Rollesby), Mr. Stonex. The presents to the bride were very numerous, and among the donors we find the names of Mr. and Mrs. T. North, of Leicester, a bread platter and knife ; and Mr. and Mrs. Burbidge Hambly, of Mountsorrel, a dessert service. The honeymoon is being spent at Sans Souci, Dorsetshire.

LETTER LVIII.

“Deus, a quo sancta desideria, recta consilia, et justa sunt opera, da servis tuis illam quam mundus dare non potest pacem, ut et corda nostra mandatis tuis, et, hostium sublata formidine, tempora, sint tuâ protectione tranquilla.”

“God, from whom are all holy desires, right counsels, and just works, give to Thy servants that peace which the world cannot, that both our hearts, in Thy commandments, and our times, the fear of enemies being taken away, may be calm under Thy guard.”

THE adulteration of this great Catholic prayer in our English church-service, (as needless as it was senseless, since the pure form of it contains nothing but absolutely Christian prayer, and is as fit for the most stammering Protestant lips as for Dante's), destroyed all the definite meaning of it,* and left merely the vague expression of desire for peace, on quite unregarded terms. For of the millions of people who utter the prayer at least weekly, there is not one in a thousand who is ever taught, or can for themselves find out, either what a holy desire means, or a right counsel means, or a just work means,—or what the world is, or what the peace is which it cannot give. And half an hour after they have insulted God by praying to Him in this dearest of all dead languages, not understood of the people, they leave the church, themselves pacified in their perennial determination to put no check on their natural covetousness; to act on their own opinions, be they right or wrong; to do whatever they can make money by, be it just or unjust; and to thrust themselves, with the utmost of their soul and strength, to the highest, by them at-

* Missing, in the phrase ‘that our hearts may be set to obey’ the entire sense of the balanced clause in the original,—namely, that the Law of God is *given* to be the shield and comfort of the soul against spiritual enemies, as the merciful angels encamp round us against earthly ones.

tainable, pinnacle of the most bedrummed and betrumpeted booth in the Fair of the World.

The prayer, in its pure text, is essentially, indeed, a monastic one; but it is written for the great Monastery of the Servants of God, whom the world hates. It cannot be uttered with honesty but by these; nor can it ever be answered but with the peace bequeathed to these, 'not as the world giveth.'

Of which peace, the nature is not to be without war, but undisturbed in the midst of war; and not without enemies, but without fear of them. It is a peace without pain, because desiring only what is holy; without anxiety, because it thinks only what is right; without disappointment, because a just work is always successful; without sorrow, because 'great peace have they which love Thy Law, and nothing shall offend them;' and without terror, because the God of all battles is its Guard.

So far as any living souls in the England of this day can use, understandingly, the words of this collect, they are already, consciously or not, companions of all good labourers in the vineyard of God. For those who use it reverently, yet have never set themselves to find out what the commandments of God are, nor how loveable they are, nor how far, instead of those commandments, the laws of the world are the only code they care for, nor how far they still think their own thoughts and speak their own words, it is assuredly time to search out these things. And I believe that, after having searched them out, no sincerely good and religious person would find, whatever his own particular form of belief might be, anything which he could reasonably refuse, or which he ought in anywise to fear to profess before all men, in the following statement of creed and resolution, which must be written with their own hand, and signed, with the solemnity of a vow, by every person received into the St. George's Company.

I. I trust in the Living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible.

I trust in the kindness of His law, and the goodness of His work.

And I will strive to love Him, and keep His law, and see His work, while I live.

II. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love.

And I will strive to love my neighbour as myself, and, even when I cannot, will act as if I did.

III. I will labour, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread ; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do with my might.

IV. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure ; nor hurt, or cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure ; nor rob, or cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

V. I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty, upon the earth.

VI. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness ; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honour of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

VII. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully ; and the orders of its monarch, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its monarch, so far as such laws or commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God ; and when they are not, or seem in anywise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately, not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

VIII. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience, which I render to the laws of my country, and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the

laws of the Society called of St. George, into which I am this day received; and the orders of its masters, and of all persons appointed to be in authority under its masters, so long as I remain a Companion, called of St. George.

I will not enter in the present letter on any notice of the terms of this creed and vow; nor of the grounds which many persons whose help I sincerely desire, may perceive for hesitation in signing it. Further definitions of its meaning will be given as occasion comes; nor shall I ever ask any one to sign it whom I do not know to be capable of understanding and holding it in the sense in which it is meant. I proceed at once to define more explicitly those laws of the Company of St. George to which it refers, and which must, at least in their power, be known before they can be vowed fealty to.

The object of the Society, it has been stated again and again, is to buy land in England; and thereon to train into the healthiest and most refined life possible, as many Englishmen, Englishwomen, and English children, as the land we possess can maintain in comfort; to establish, for them and their descendants, a national store of continually augmenting wealth; and to organize the government of the persons, and administration of the properties, under laws which shall be just to all, and secure in their inviolable foundation on the Law of God.

“To buy land,” I repeat, or beg it; but by no means to steal it, or trespass on it, as I perceive the present holders of the most part of it are too ready to do, finding any bits of road or common which they can pilfer unobserved. Are they quite mad, then; and do they think the monster mob, gaining every day in force and knowledge, will let their park walls stand much longer, on those dishonest terms? Doubtful enough their standing is, even on any terms!

But our St. George's walls will be more securely founded, on this wise. The rents of our lands, though they will be required from the tenantry as strictly as those of any other estates, will differ from common rents primarily in being lowered, instead of raised, in proportion to every improvement

made by the tenant; secondly, in that they will be entirely used for the benefit of the tenantry themselves, or better culture of the estates, no money being ever taken by the landlords unless they earn it by their own personal labour.

For the benefit of the tenantry, I say; but by no means, always, for benefit of which they can be immediately conscious. The rents of any particular farmer will seldom be returned to him in work on his own fields, or investment in undertakings which promote his interest. The rents of a rich estate in one shire of England may be spent on a poor one in another, or in the purchase of wild ground, anywhere, on which years of labour must be sunk before it can yield return; or in minerals, or Greek vases, for the parish school. Therefore with the use made of the rents paid, the tenantry will have no practical concern whatever; they will only recognize gradually that the use has been wise, in finding the prices of all serviceable articles diminishing, and all the terms and circumstances of their lives indicative of increased abundance. They will have no more right, or disposition, to ask their landlord what he is doing with the rents, than they have now to ask him how many race-horses he keeps—or how much he has lost on them. But the difference between landlords who live in Piccadilly, and spend their rents at Epsom and Ascot, and landlords who live on the ground they are lords of, and spend their rents in bettering it, will not be long in manifesting itself to the simplest minded tenantry; nor, I believe, to the outside and antagonist world.

Sundry questions lately asked me by intelligent correspondents as to the intended relations of the tenantry to the Society, may best be answered by saying simply what I shall do, if ever the collected wealth of the Company enables me to buy an estate for it as large as I could have bought for myself, if I had been a railroad contractor.

Of course I could not touch the terms of the existing leases. The only immediate difference would be, the definitely serviceable application of all the rents, as above stated. But as the leases fell in, I should offer renewal of them to the farmers I

liked, on the single condition of their complying with the great vital law of the St. George's Company,—“no use of steam power,—nor of any machines where arms will serve”; allowing such reduction of rent as should fully compensate them for any disadvantage or loss which they could prove they incurred under these conditions. I should give strict orders for the preservation of the existing timber; see that the streams were not wantonly polluted, and interfere in nothing else.

Such farms as were thrown up by their tenants, rather than submit to these conditions, I should be in no haste to re-let; but put land agents on them to cultivate them for the Society in the best manner, and sell their produce;—as soon as any well recommended tenant offered for them, submitting to our laws, he should have them for fixed rent. Thus I should give room for development of whatever personal faculty and energy I could find, and set, if successful, more easily followed example. Meantime my schools and museums, always small and instantly serviceable, would be multiplying among the villages,—youth after youth being instructed in the proper laws of justice, patriotism, and domestic happiness;—those of the Companions who could reside on the lands would, each on their own farm, establish entirely strict obedience to the ultimate laws determined upon as necessary:—if these laws are indeed, as I do not doubt but that sincere care can make them, pleasantly tenable by honest humanity,* they will be gradually accepted voluntarily by the free tenants; and the system is as certain to extend itself, on all sides, once seen to be right, as the branches of an oak sapling.

While, therefore, I am perfectly content, for a beginning, with our acre of rocky land given us by Mrs. Talbot, and am so little impatient for any increase that I have been quietly drawing ragged-robin leaves in Malham cove, instead of going to see another twenty acres promised in Worcestershire,—I am yet thinking out my system on a scale which shall be fit

* Most of these will be merely old English laws revived; and the rest, Florentine or Roman. None will be instituted but such as have already been in force among great nations,

for wide European work. Of course the single Master of the Company cannot manage all its concerns as it extends. He must have, for his help, men holding the same relation to him which the Marshals of an army do to its General;—bearing, that is to say, his own authority where he is not present; and I believe no better name than ‘Marshal’ can be found for these. Beneath whom, there will again be the landlords, resident each in his own district; under these, the land agents, tenantry, tradesmen, and hired labourers, some of whom will be Companions, others Retainers, and others free tenants: and outside all this there will be of course an irregular cavalry, so to speak, of more or less helpful friends, who, without sharing in the work, will be glad to further it more or less, as they would any other benevolent institution.

The law that a Companion shall derive no profit from his companionship does not touch the results of his own work. A Companion farmer will have the produce of his farm as much as a free tenant; but he will pay no dividends to the Companions who are *not* farmers.

The landlords will in general be men of independent fortune, who, having gifts and ingenuity, choose to devote such gifts to the service of the Society; the first condition of their appointment to a lordship will be that they can work as much better than their labourers at all rural labour as a good knight was wont to be a better workman than his soldiers in war. There is no rule of supremacy that can ever supersede this eternal, natural, and divine one. Higher by the head, broader in the shoulders, and heartier in the will, the lord of lands and lives must for ever be, than those he rules; and must work daily at their head, as Richard at the trenches of Acre.

And what an I, myself then, infirm and old, who take, or claim, leadership even of these lords? God forbid that I should claim it; it is thrust and compelled on me—utterly against my will, utterly to my distress, utterly, in many things, to my shame. But I have found no other man in England, none in Europe, ready to receive it,—or even desiring to make himself capable of receiving it. Such as I am, to my own

amazement, I stand—so far as I can discern—alone in conviction, in hope, and in resolution, in the wilderness of this modern world. Bred in luxury, which I perceive to have been unjust to others, and destructive to myself; vacillating, foolish, and miserably failing in all my own conduct in life—and blown about hopelessly by storms of passion—I, a man clothed in soft raiment,—I, a reed shaken with the wind, have yet this Message to all men again entrusted to me: “Behold, the axe is laid to the root of the trees. Whatsoever tree therefore bringeth not forth good fruit, shall be hewn down and cast into the fire.”

This message, yet once more; and, more than message, the beginning of the acts that must fulfil it. For, long since, I have said all that needs to be said,—all that it was my proper charge and duty to say. In the one volume of ‘Sesame and Lilies’—nay, in the last forty pages of its central address to Englishwomen—everything is told that I know of vital truth, everything urged that I see to be needful of vital act;—but no creature answers me with any faith or any deed. They read the words, and say they are pretty, and go on in their own ways. And the day has come for me therefore to cease speaking, and begin doing, as best I may; though I know not whether shall prosper, either this or that.

And truly to all wholesome deed here in England, the chances of prosperity are few, and the distinctness of adversity only conquerable by fixed imagination and exhaustless patience—‘Adversis rerum immersabilis undis.’ The wisest men join with the fools, and the best men with the villains, to prevent, if they may, any good thing being done permanently—nay, to provoke and applaud the doing of consistently evil things permanently. To establish a National debt, and in the most legal terms—how easy! To establish a National store, under any legal or moral conditions of perpetuity—how difficult! Every one calls me mad for so much as hoping to do so. ‘This looks like a charity, this educating of peasants,’ said the good lawyer, who drew up the already published conditional form of association. ‘You must not establish a fund

for charity; it is sure to lead to all sorts of abuses, and get into wrong hands.'

Well, yes—it is merely human probability may. I do verily perceive and admit, in convinced sorrow, that I live in the midst of a nation of thieves and murderers;* that everybody round me is trying to rob everybody else; and that, not bravely and strongly, but in the most cowardly and loathsome ways of lying trade; that 'Englishman' is now merely another word for blackleg and swindler; and English honour and courtesy changed to the sneaking and the smiles of a whipped pedlar, an inarticulate Antolycus, with a steam hurdy-gurdy instead of a voice. Be this all so; be it so to the heart's content—or liver and gall's content—of every modern economist and philosopher. I yet do verily trust that out of this festering mass of scum of the earth, and miserable coagulation of frog-spawn soaked in ditch-water, I can here and there pluck up some drowned honour by the locks, and leave written orders for wholesome deed, and collected monies for the doing thereof, which will be obeyed and guarded after I am gone; and will by no means fall into the power of the mendicant tribe who, too cowardly and heartless to beg from the face of the living, steal the alms of the dead, and unite the apparently inconsistent characters of beggar and thief, seasoning the compound with sacrilege.

Little by little, if my life is spared to me, therefore, (and if I die, there will I doubt not be raised up some one else in my room)—little by little, I or they, will get monies and lands together; handful gleaned after handful; field joined to field, and landmarks set which no man shall dare hereafter remove. And over those fields of ours the winds of Heaven shall be pure; and upon them, the work of men shall be done in honour and truth.

In such vague promise, I have for the most part hitherto spoken, not because my own plans were unfix'd, but because I knew they would only be mocked at, until by some years of

* See first note in the Correspondence.

persistence the scheme had run the course of the public talk, and until I had publicly challenged the denial of its principles in their abstract statement, long enough to show them to be invincible. Of these abstract principles, the fifteenth, sixteenth, twentieth, twenty-second and twenty-third letters in *Time and Tide*, express all that is needful; only, in the years that have passed since they were written, the 'difficulties' stated in the seventeenth chapter have been under constant review by me; and of the ways in which I mean to deal with them it is now time to speak.

Let us understand then, in the outset, the moral difference between a national debt and a national store.

A national debt, like any other, may be honestly incurred in case of need, and honestly paid in due time. But if a man should be ashamed to borrow, much more should a people: and if a father holds it his honour to provide for his children, and would be ashamed to borrow from them, and leave, with his blessing, his note of hand, for his grandchildren to pay, much more should a nation be ashamed to borrow, in any case, or in any manner; and if it borrow at all, it is at least in honour bound to borrow from living men, and not indebt itself to its own unborn brats. If it can't provide for them, at least let it not send their cradles to the pawnbroker, and pick the pockets of their first breeches.

A national debt, then, is a foul disgrace, at the best. But it is, as now constituted, also a foul crime. National debts paying interest are simply the purchase, by the rich, of power to tax the poor. Read carefully the analysis given of them above, Letter VIII., p. 25.

The financial operations of the *St. George's Company* will be the direct reverse of these hitherto approved arrangements. They will consist in the accumulation of national wealth and store, and therefore in distribution to the poor, instead of taxation of them; and the fathers will provide for, and nobly endow, not steal from, their children, and children's children.

My readers, however, will even yet, I am well aware, however often I have reiterated the statement to them, be unable

to grasp the idea of a National Store, as an existing possession. They can conceive nothing but a debt;—nay, there are many of them who have a confused notion that a debt *is* a store!

The store of the St. George's Company, then, is to be primarily of food; next of materials for clothing and covert; next of books and works of art,—food, clothes, books, and works of art being all good, and every poisonous condition of any of them destroyed. The food will not be purveyed by the Borgia, nor the clothing dyed by Deianira, nor the scriptures written under dictation of the Devil instead of God.

The most simply measurable part of the store of food and clothing will be the basis of the currency, which will be thus constituted.

The standard of value will be a given weight or measure of grain, wine, wool, silk, flax, wood, and marble; all answered for by the government as of fine and pure quality, variable only within narrow limits.

The grain will be either wheat, oats, barley, rice, or maize; the wine of pure vintage, and not less than ten years old;* the wool, silk, and flax of such standard as can be secured in constancy; the wood, seasoned oak and pine; and for fuel in log and faggot, with finest wood and marble for sculpture. The penny's worth, florin's worth, ducat's worth, and hundred ducats' worth of each of these articles will be a given weight or measure of them, (the penny roll of our present breakfast table furnishing some notion of what, practically, the grain standard will become). Into the question of equivalent value I do not enter here; it will be at once determined practically as soon as the system is in work. Of these articles the government will always have in its possession as much as may meet the entire demand of its currency in circulation. That is to say, when it has a million in circulation, the million's worth of solid property must be in its storehouses: as much more as it

* Thus excluding all inferior kinds: wine which will keep ten years will keep fifty.

can gather, of course; but never less. So that, not only, for his penny, florin, ducat, or hundred-ducat note, a man may always be certain of having his pound, or ton, or pint, or eask, of the thing he chooses to ask for, from the government store-houses, but if the holders of the million of currency came in one day to ask for their money's worth, it would be found ready for them in one or other form of those substantial articles. Consequently, the sum of the circulating currency being known, the minimum quantity of store will be known. The sum of the entire currency, in and out of circulation, will be given annually on every note issued (no issues of currency being made but on the first day of the year), and in each district, every morning, the quantities of the currency in and out of circulation in that district will be placarded at the doors of the government district bank.

The metallic currency will be of absolutely pure gold and silver, and of those metals only; the ducat and half-ducat in gold, the florin, penny, half-penny, and one-fifth of penny in silver; the smaller coins being beat thin and pierced, the half-penny with two, the one-fifth of penny with five, apertures.* I believe this double-centime will be as fine a divisor as I shall need. The florin will be worth tenpence; the ducat, twenty florins.

The weight of the ducat will be a little greater than that of the standard English sovereign, and, being in absolutely pure gold, it will be worth at least five-and-twenty shillings of our present coinage. On one of its sides it will bear the figure of the archangel Michael; on the reverse, a branch of Alpine rose: above the rose-branch, the words 'Sit splendor'; † above the Michael, 'Fiat voluntas'; under the rose-branch,

* I shall use this delicate coinage as a means of education in fineness of touch, and care of small things, and for practical lessons in arithmetic, to the younger children, in whose hands it will principally be. It will never be wanted for alms; and for small purchases, as no wares will be offered at eleven-pence three-farthings for a shilling, or ninepence four-fifths for a florin, there will be no unreasonable trouble. The children shall buy their own toys, and have none till they are able to do so.

† The beginning of the last verse of the prayer of Moses, Psalm xc.

'sicut in cœlo'; under the Michael, 'et in terrâ,' with the year of the coinage: and round the edge of the coin, 'Domini.'

The half-ducats will bear the same stamp, except that while on the ducat the St. Michael will be represented standing on the dragon, on the half-ducats he will be simply armed, and bearing St. George's shield.

On the florin, the St. George's shield only; the Alpine rose on all three.

On the penny, St. George's shield on one side and the English daisy on the other, without inscription. The pierced fractional coins will only bear a chased wreathen fillet, with the required apertures in its interstices.

There will be considerable loss by wear on a coinage of this pure metal; but nothing is so materially conducive to the honour of a state in all financial function as the purity of its coinage; and the loss will never, on the whole currency, equal annually the tenth part of the value of the gunpowder spent at present in salutes or fireworks; and, if a nation can afford to pay for loyal noise, and fancies in fire, it may also, and much more rationally, for loyal truth and beauty in its circulating signs of wealth. Nor do I doubt that a currency thus constituted will gradually enter into European commerce, and become everywhere recognised and exemplary.

Supposing any Continental extension of the Company itself took place, its coinage would remain the same for the ducat, but the shield of the State or Province would be substituted for St. George's on the minor coins.

There will be no ultimate difficulty in obtaining the bullion necessary for this coinage, for the State will have no use for the precious metals, except for its currency or its art. An Englishman, as he is at present educated, takes pride in eating out of a silver plate; and in helping out of a silver tureen, the richest swindlers he can ask to dinner. The companions of St. George may drink out of pewter, and eat off delft, but they will have no knaves for guests, though often beggars; and they will be always perfectly well able to afford to buy five or ten pounds' worth of gold and silver for their pocket change; and even

think it no overwhelming fiscal calamity if as much even as ten shillings should be actually lost in the year, by the wear of it; seeing that the wear of their dinner napkins will be considerably greater in the same time. I suppose that ten pounds' worth of bullion for the head of each family will amply supply the necessary quantity for circulation; but if it should be found convenient to have fifteen—twenty—or fifty pounds in such form, the national store will assuredly in time accumulate to such desirable level. But it will always be a matter of absolute financial indifference, what part of the currency is in gold and what in paper; its power being simply that of a government receipt for goods received, giving claim to their return on demand. The holder of the receipt may have it, if he likes, written on gold instead of paper, provided he bring the gold for it to be written on; but he may no more have a bar of gold made into money than a roll of foolscap, unless he brings the goods for which the currency is the receipt. And it will therefore, by St. George's law, be as much forgery to imitate the national coin in gold, as in paper.

Next to this store, which is the basis of its currency, the government will attend to the increase of store of animal food—not mummy food, in tins, but living, on land and sea; keeping under strictest overseership its breeders of cattle, and fishermen, and having always at its command such supply of animal food as may enable it to secure absolute consistency of price in the main markets. In cases when, by any disease or accident, the supply of any given animal food becomes difficult, its price will not be raised, but its sale stopped. There can be no evasion of such prohibition, because every tradesman in food will be merely the salaried servant of the company, and there will be no temptation to it, because his salary will be the same, whether he sells or not. Of all articles of general consumption, the government will furnish its own priced standard; any man will be allowed to sell what he can produce above that standard, at what price he can get for it; but all goods below the government standard will be marked and priced as of such inferior quality;—and all bad food,

cloth, or other article of service, destroyed. And the supervision will be rendered simple by the fewness of the articles permitted to be sold at all; for the dress being in all classes as determined as the heraldry of coronets, and for the most part also rigorously simple; and all luxurious living disgraceful, the entire means of domestic life will be within easy definition.

Of course the idea of regulating dress generally will be looked upon by the existing British public as ridiculous. But it has become ridiculous because masters and mistresses attempt it solely for their own pride. Even with that entirely selfish end, the natural instinct of human creatures for obedience, when in any wholesome relations with their superiors, has enabled the masters to powder their coachmen's wigs, and polish their footmen's legs with silk stockings; and the mistresses to limit their lady's maids, when in attendance, to certain styles of cap.

Now as the dress regulations of the St. George's Company will be quite as much for the pride of the maid as the mistress, and of the man as the master, I have no fear but they will be found acceptable, and require no strictness of enforcement. The children of peasants, though able to maintain their own families, will be required to be as clean as if they were charity-boys or girls; nobody will be allowed to wear the cast clothes of other people, to sell or pawn their own, or to appear on duty, agricultural or whatever other it may be, in rags, any more than the Horse Guards or the Queen's dairymaids are now; also on certain occasions, and within such limits as are needful for good fellowship, they will be urged to as much various splendour as they can contrive. The wealth of the peasant women will be chiefly in hereditary golden ornaments of the finest workmanship; and in jewellery of uncut gems,—agates only, or other stones of magnitude, being allowed to be cut, and gems of large size, which are worth the pains, for their beauty; but these will be chiefly used in decorative architecture or furniture, not in dress. The dress of the officers of the company will be on all occasions plainer than that of its peasants; but hereditary nobles will retain all the insignia

of their rank, the one only condition of change required on their entering the St. George's Company being the use of uncut jewels, and therefore—seldom of diamonds.*

The next main staple of the Company's store will be its literature.

A chosen series of classical books will be placed in every village library, in number of copies enough to supply all readers; these classics will be perfectly printed and perfectly bound, and all in one size of volume, unless where engravings need larger space: besides these village libraries, there will be a museum in every district, containing all good ancient books obtainable: gradually, as the design expands itself, and as time passes on, absorbing, by gift, or purchase, the contents of private libraries, and connecting themselves with similarly expanding museums of natural history. In all schools, the books necessary for their work will be given to the pupils; and one of their earliest lessons will be the keeping of them clean and orderly.

By ordering of Fors, I went only this last month to see the school in which Wordsworth was educated. It remains, as it was then, a school for peasant lads only; and the doors of its little library, therefore, hang loose on their decayed hinges; and one side of the schoolroom is utterly dark—the window on that side having been long ago walled up, either 'because of the window-tax, or perhaps it had got broken,' suggested the guardian of the place.

Now it is true that this state of things cannot last long; but the cure will be worse than the disease. A fit of reactionary vanity and folly is sure to seize the village authorities; that old schoolroom, with its sacred associations, will be swept from the hillside, and a grand piece of Birmingham Gothic put up, with a master from Kensington, and enforced weekly competitive examination in Sanserit, and the Binomial Theorem.

* I never saw a rough diamond worth setting, until the Bishop of Natal gave me a sharply crystallized one from the African fields. Perhaps a star or two of cut ones may be permitted to the house-mistresses on great occasions.

All that the school wants is, hinges to its library doors as good as every shop in the street has to its shutters; the window knocked through again where it was originally; the books whose bindings are worn out, rebound, and a few given (in addition to those on the subjects of arithmetic and grammar), which the boys may rather ask leave to read, than take opportunity to throw into corners.

But the ten or twenty pounds needed for this simple reformation could, I suppose, at present, by no persuasion nor argument be extracted from the united pockets of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Meantime, while the library doors flap useless on their hinges, the old country churchyard is grim with parallelograms of iron palisade, enforced partly to get some sacred market for the wares of the rich ironmongers who are buying up the country; and partly to protect their valuable carcases in their putrifying pride. Of such iron stores the men of St. George's Company, dead, will need none, and living, permit none. But they will strictly enforce the proper complement of hinges to their school-library doors.

The resuscitation of the, at present extinct, art of writing being insisted upon in the school exercises of the higher classes, the libraries will be gradually enriched with manuscripts of extreme preciousness. A well-written book is as much pleasanter and more beautiful than a printed one as a picture is than an engraving; and there are many forms of the art of illumination which were only in their infancy at the time when the wooden blocks of Germany abolished the art of scripture, and of which the revival will be a necessary result of a proper study of natural history.

In next Fors, I shall occupy myself wholly with the subject of our Art education and property; and in that for December, I hope to publish the legal form of our constitution revised and complete. The terminal clauses respecting the Companions' right of possession in the lands will be found modified, or in great part omitted, in the recast deed; but I am neither careful nor fearful respecting the terms of this instrument, which is to be regarded merely as a mechanical means of pres-

ently getting to work and having land legally secured to us. The ultimate success or failure of the design will not in the least depend on the terms of our constitution, but on the quantity of living honesty and pity which can be found, to be constituted. If there is not material enough out of which to choose Companions, or energy enough in the Companions chosen to fill the chain-mail of all terms and forms with living power, the scheme will be choked by its first practical difficulties; and it matters little what becomes of the very small property its promoters are ever likely to handle. If, on the contrary, as I believe, there be yet honesty and sense enough left in England to nourish the effort, from its narrow source there will soon develop itself a vast Poliey, of which neither I nor any one else can foresee the issue, far less verbally or legally limit it; but in which, broadly, by the carrying out of the primally accepted laws of Obedience and Economy, the Master and Marshals will become the Ministry of the State, answerable for the employment of its revenues, for its relations with external powers, and for such change of its laws as from time to time may be found needful: the Landlords will be the resident administrators of its lands, and immediate directors of all labour,—its captains in war, and magistrates in peace: the tenants will constitute its agricultural and military force, having such domestic and acquisitive independence as may be consistent with patriotic and kindly fellowship: and the artists, schoolmen, tradesmen, and inferior labourers, will form a body of honourably paid retainers, undisturbed in their duty by any chance or care relating to their means of subsistence.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Mem. for Professor Ruskin.

THE following is taken from the 'Edinburgh Courant' of 2nd inst.:—

'The "Nautical Magazine" leads off with a bold and original article, the second of a series, on the somewhat startling subject of "The Commercial Value of Human Life," in which it states that human life has its commercial value, and that "those who bring forward its sacredness as a plea for protective legislation of any and every kind are assuming not only a false position, but a position that is likely to work a serious injury upon the country at large." An elaborate discussion of "The Plimsoll Protest," and a description of the "Inman Line" of steamers, with the usual technical matter, make up an unusually interesting number.'

What can this mean? Does it point to something still more brutal than the 'carnivorous teeth' theory?*

Submitted, with much respect, to Mr. Ruskin, for the *Notes and Correspondence* in 'Fors'—if deemed admissible. J. M.

4th September, 1875.

A peculiarly sad instance of death from lead-poisoning was investigated this week before Dr. Hardwicke, at an inquest held in London. The deceased, Mary Ann Wilson, only three weeks ago went to work at a white-lead factory. After being there two or three days she felt the effects of lead-poisoning, which turned her lips blue. Subsequently the neighbours found her lying on the floor in convulsions, and in a dying state; and the next day she died from congestion of the brain, and disease of the chest organs, consequent on the evil effects of her employment. The coroner recommended that persons who follow this employment should drink diluted sulphuric acid, to counteract the action of the poison.—*Birmingham Daily Post*, Sept. 2, 1875.

* Yes, certainly. It points to teeth which shall have no meat to eat, but only the lead of coffins, and to tongues which shall have no water to drink, but only the burnt sulphur of hell. See, for example, succeeding article.

LETTER LIX.

HERNE HILL, 3rd October, 1875.

THE day before yesterday I went with a young English girl to see her nurse; who was sick of a lingering illness, during which, with kindest intent, and sufficient success, (as she told me,) in pleasing her, books had been chosen for her from the circulating library, by those of her pious friends whose age and experience qualified them for such task.

One of these volumes chancing to lie on the table near me, I looked into it, and found it to be 'Stepping Heavenward;'—as far as I could make out, a somewhat long, but not unintelligent, sermon on the text of Wordsworth's 'Stepping Westward.' In the five minutes during which I strayed between the leaves of it, and left the talk of my friend with her nurse to its own liberty, I found that the first chapters described the conversion of an idle and careless young lady of sixteen to a solemn view of her duties in life, which she thus expresses at the end of an advanced chapter: "I am resolved never to read worldly books any more; and my music and drawing I have laid aside for ever." *

The spiritually walled cloister to which this charming child of modern enlightenment thus expresses her determination to retire, differs, it would appear, from the materially walled monastic shades of the Dark Ages, first, by the breadth and magnanimity of an Index Expurgatorius rising to interdiction of all uninspired books whatsoever, except Baxter's 'Saint's

* I quote from memory, and may be out in a word or two; not in the sense: but I don't know if the young lady is really approved by the author, and held up as an example to others; or meant, as I have taken her, for a warning. The method of error, at all events, is accurately and clearly shown.

Rest,' and other classics of evangelical theology ; and, secondly, by its holy abhorrence of the arts of picture and song, which waste so much precious time, and give so much disagreeable trouble to learn ; and which also, when learned, are too likely to be used in the service of idols ; while the skills which our modern gospel substitutes for both, of steam-whistle, namely, and photograph, supply, with all that they need of terrestrial pleasure, the ears which God has redeemed from spiritual deafness, and the eyes which He has turned from darkness to light.

My readers are already, I hope, well enough acquainted with the Institutes of the St. George's Company to fear no monastic restrictions of enjoyment, nor imperative choice of their books, carried to this celestially Utopian strictness. And yet, understanding the terms of the sentence with true and scholarly accuracy, I must, in educational legislation, insist on the daughters of my Companions fulfilling this resolution to the letter : "I am resolved never to read worldly books any more, and *my* music and drawing I have laid aside for ever."

"Worldly books"? Yes; very certainly, when you know which they are; for I will have you to abjure, with World, Flesh, and Devil, the literature of all the three:—and *your* music and drawing,—that is to say, all music and drawing which you have learned only for your own glory or amusement, and respecting which you have no idea that it may ever become, in a far truer sense, other people's music and drawing.

For all the arts of mankind, and womankind, are only rightly learned, or practised, when they are so with the definite purpose of pleasing or teaching others. A child dancing for its own delight,—a lamb leaping,—or a fawn at play, are happy and holy creatures; but they are not artists. An artist is—and recollect this definition, (put in capitals for quick reference,)—A PERSON WHO HAS SUBMITTED TO A LAW WHICH IT WAS PAINFUL TO OBEY, THAT HE MAY BESTOW A DELIGHT WHICH IT IS GRACIOUS TO BESTOW.*

* To make the definition by itself complete, the words 'in his work' should be added after 'submitted' and 'by his work' after 'bestow'; but it is easier to learn without these phrases, which are of course to be understood.

“A painful law,” I say; yet full of pain not in the sense of torture, but of stringency, or constraint; and labour, increasing, it may be, sometimes into aching of limbs, and panting of breasts: but these stronger yet, for every ache, and broader for every pant; and farther and farther strengthened from danger of rheumatic ache, and consumptive pant.

This, so far as the Arts are concerned, is ‘entering in at the Strait gate,’ of which entrance, and its porter’s lodge, you will find farther account given in my fourth morning in Florence, which I should like you to read, as a preparation for the work more explicitly now to be directed under St. George. The immediate gist of it, for those who do not care to read of Florence, I must be irksome enough again to give here; namely, that the word Strait, applied to the entrance into Life, and the word Narrow, applied to the road of Life, do not mean that the road is so fenced that few can travel it, however much they wish, (like the entrance to the pit of a theatre,)* but that, for each person, it is at first so stringent, so difficult, and so dull, being between close hedges, that few *will* enter it, though all *may*. In a second sense, and an equally vital one, it is not merely a Strait, or narrow, but a straight, or right road; only, in this rightness of it, not at all traced by hedges, wall, or telegraph wire, or even marked by posts higher than winter’s snow; but, on the contrary, often difficult to trace among morasses and mounds of desert, even by skilful sight; and by blind persons, entirely untenable, unless by help of a guide, director, rector, or rex: which you may conjecture to be the reason why, when St. Paul’s eyes were to be opened, out of the darkness which meant only the consciousness of utter mistake, to seeing what way he should go, his director was ordered to come to him in the “street which is called Straight.”

Now, bringing these universal and eternal facts down to this narrow, straight, and present piece of business we have in hand; the first thing we have to learn to draw is an extremely

* The ‘few there be that find it’ is added, as an actual fact; a fact consequent not on the way’s being narrow, but on its being disagreeable.

narrow, and an extremely direct, line. Only, observe, true and vital direction does not mean that, without any deflection or warp by antagonist force, we can fly, or walk, or creep at once to our mark; but that, whatever the antagonist force may be, we so know and mean our mark, that we shall at last precisely arrive at it, just as surely, and it may be in some cases more quickly, than if we had been unaffected by lateral or opposing force. And this higher order of contending and victorious rightness, which in our present business is best represented by the track of an arrow, or rifle-shot, affected in its course both by gravity and the wind, is the more beautiful rightness or directness of the two, and the one which all fine art sets itself principally to achieve. But its quite first step must nevertheless be in the simple production of the mathematical Right line, as far as the hand can draw it; joining two points, that is to say, with a straight visible track, which shall as nearly as possible fulfil the mathematical definition of a line, "length without breadth."

And the two points had better at first be placed at the small distance of an inch from each other, both because it is easy to draw so short a line, and because it is well for us to know, early in life, the look of the length of an inch. And when we have learned the look of our own English inch, we will proceed to learn the look of that which will probably be our currency measure of length, the French inch, for that is a better standard than ours, for European acceptance.

Here, I had made arrangements for the production of a plate, and woodcut, to illustrate the first steps of elementary design; but the black-plague of cloud already more than once spoken of (as connected probably with the diminution of snow on the Alps), has rendered it impossible for my assistants to finish their work in time. This disappointment I accept thankfully as the ordinance of my careful and prudent mistress, Atropos,—the third Fors; and am indeed quickly enough apprehensive of her lesson in it. She wishes me, I doubt not, to recognize that I was foolish in designing the intrusion of technical advice into my political letters; and to

understand that the giving of clear and separate directions for elementary art-practice is now an imperative duty for me, and that these art-lessons must be in companionship with my other school books on the Earth and its Flowers.

I must needs do her bidding; and as I gather my past work on rocks and plants together, so I must, day by day, gather what I now know to be right of my past work on art together; and, not in sudden thought, but in the resumption of purpose which I humbly and sincerely entreat my mistress to pardon me for having abandoned under pressure of extreme fatigue, I will publish, in the same form as the geology and botany, what I desire to ratify, and fasten with nails in a sure place, with instant applicability to school and university exercises, of my former writings on art.*

But this, I beg my readers to observe, will be the seventh large book I have actually at this time passing through the press; † besides having written and published four volumes of university lectures ‡ in the last six years: every word of them weighed with care. This is what I observe the 'Daily Telegraph' calls giving 'utterances few and far between.' But it is as much certainly as I am able at present to manage; and I must beg my correspondents, therefore, to have generally patience with me when I don't answer their letters by return of post; and, above all things, to write them clear, and in a round hand, with all the *ms* and *ns* well distinguished from *us*.

The woodcut, indeed, prepared for this Fors was to have been a lesson in writing; but that must wait till next year,

* Namely, Modern Painters, Stones of Venice, Seven Lamps, and Elements of Drawing. I cut these books to pieces, because in the three first, all the religious notions are narrow, and many false; and in the fourth, there is a vital mistake about outline, doing great damage to all the rest.

† Fors, Ariadne, Love's Meinie, Proserpina, Deucalion, Mornings in Florence—and this: and four of these require the careful preparation of drawings for them by my own hand, and one of these drawings alone, for Proserpina, this last June, took me a good ten days' work, and that hard.

‡ Inaugural Lectures, Aratra Pentelici, Val d'Arno, and Eagle's Nest; besides a course on Florentine Sculpture, given last year, and not yet printed, the substance of it being in re-modification for Mornings in Florence.

now; meantime you may best prepare yourself for that, and all other lessons to be given in my new edition of the Elements of Drawing, by beginning to form your own cherished and orderly treasures of beautiful art. For although the greatest treasury in that kind, belonging to St. George's Company, will be as often aforesaid public property, in our museums, every householder of any standing whatever among us will also have his own domestic treasury, becoming hereditary as accumulative; and accurately catalogued, so that others may know what peculiar or separate good things are to be found in his house, and have graciously permitted use of them if true necessity be.

The basis, however, of such domestic treasury will of course be common to all; every household having its proper books for religious and economic service, and its classic authors, and engravings.

With the last we must at present class, and largely use, the more perishable treasure of good photographs; these, however, I do not doubt but that modern science will succeed, (if it has not already done so,) in rendering permanent; and, at all events, permanent copies of many may soon be placed in all our schools. Of such domestic treasure we will begin with a photograph of the picture by Fra Filippo Lippi, representing the Madonna; which picture last year had its place over the door of the inner room of the Uffizii of Florence, beyond the Tribune. This photograph can of course eventually be procured in any numbers; and, assuming that my readers will get one, I shall endeavour in this and future numbers of Fors, to make it useful to them, and therefore a treasure.*

The first thing you are to observe in it is that the figures are represented as projecting in front of a frame or window-sill. The picture belongs, therefore, to the class meant to be, as far as possible, deceptively like reality; and is in this respect entirely companionable with one long known in our

* Mr. W. Ward, 2, Church Terrace, Richmond, Surrey, will give any necessary information about this or other photographs referred to in Fors; and generally have them on sale; but see terminal Note.

picture-shops, and greatly popular with the British innkeeper, of a smuggler on the look-out, with his hand and pistol projecting over the window-sill. The only differences in purpose between the painter of this Anglican subject and the Florentine's, are, first, that the Florentine wishes to give the impression, not of a smuggler's being in the same room with you, but of the Virgin and Child's being so; and, secondly, that in this representation he wishes not *merely* to attain deceptive reality; but to concentrate all the skill and thought that his hand and mind possess, in making that reality noble.

Next, you are to observe that with this unusually positive realism of representation, there is also an unusually mystic spiritualism of conception. Nearly all the Madonnas, even of the most strictly devotional schools, themselves support the child, either on their knees or in their arms. But here, the Christ is miraculously borne by an angel;—the Madonna, though seated on her throne, worships with both hands lifted.

Thirdly, you will at first be pained by the decision of line, and, in the children at least, uncomeliness of feature, which are characteristic, the first, of purely descended Etruscan work; the second, of the Florentine school headed afterwards by Donatello. But it is absolutely necessary, for right progress in knowledge, that you begin by observing and tracing decisive lines; and that you consider dignity and simplicity of expression more than beauty of feature. Remember also that a photograph necessarily loses the most subtle beauty of all things, because it cannot represent blue or grey colours,* and darkens red ones; so that all glowing and warm shadows become too dark. Be assured, nevertheless, that you have, in this photograph, imperfect as it is, a most precious shadow and image of one of the greatest works ever produced by hand of man: and begin the study of it piece by piece. If you fancy yourself able to draw at all, you may begin by practising over and over again the little angular band on the forehead,

* The transparent part of the veil which descends from the point of the cap is entirely lost, for instance, in this Madonna.

with its studs, and the connected chain of pearls. There are seven pearls and fourteen studs; the fifteenth, a little larger, at the angle of the transparent cap; and four more, retiring. They are to be drawn with a fine brush and sepia, measuring the exact length of the band first; then marking its double curve, depressed in the centre, and rising over the hair, and then the studs and pearls in their various magnitudes. If you can't manage these, try the spiral of the chair; if not that, buy a penny's worth of marbles and draw them in a row, and pick up a snail shell, and meditate upon it, if you have any time for meditation. And in my Christmas Fors I will tell you something about marbles, and beads, and coral, and pearls, and shells; and in time—it is quite possible—you may be able to draw a boy's marble and a snail's shell; and a sea urchin; and a Doric capital; and an Ionic capital; and a Parthenon, and a Virgin in it; and a Solomon's Temple, and a Spirit of Wisdom in it; and a Nehemiah's temple, and a Madonna in it.

This photograph, then, is to be our first domestic possession in works of art; if any difficulty or improper cost occur in attaining it, I will name another to answer its purpose; but this will be No. 1 in our household catalogue of reference: which will never be altered, so that the pieces may always be referred to merely by their numbers.

Of public, or museum property in art, I have this month laid also the minute foundation, by the purchase, for our schools, of the engravings named in the annexed printseller's account.*

And respecting the general operation of these schools, and of the museums connected with them, the conclusion, which I am happy to announce, of the purchase of a piece of ground for the first of them, for six hundred pounds, requires some small special commentary.

Of such science, art, and literature as are properly connected with husbandry, (see Note *a*, p. 134 of this volume,) St. George

* Last but one article in the Notes,

primarily acknowledges the art which provides him with a ploughshare,—and if need still be for those more savage instruments,—with spear, sword, and armour.

Therefore, it is fitting that of his schools “for the workmen and labourers of England,” the first should be placed in Sheffield: (I suppose, originally Sheaf-field; but do not at all rest on that etymology, having had no time to inquire into it.)

Besides this merely systematic and poetical fitness, there is the farther practical reason for our first action being among this order of craftsmen in England; that, in cutler’s ironwork, we have, at this actual epoch of our history, the best in its kind done by English hands, unsurpassable, I presume, when the workman chooses to do all he knows, by that of any living nation.

For these two principal reasons, (and not without further direction from Fors of a very distinct nature,) I expressed, some time since, my purpose to place the first museum of the St. George’s Company at Sheffield.

Whereupon, I received a letter, very well and kindly meant, from Mr. Bragge, offering me space in the existing Sheffield museum for whatever I chose to put there: Mr. Bragge very naturally supposing that this would be the simplest mode of operation for me; and the most immediately advantageous to the town. To that (as I supposed private) communication I replied, in what I meant to be a private letter; which letter Mr. Bragge, without asking my permission, read at a public dinner, with public comment on what he imagined to be the state of my health.

Now, I never wrote a letter in my life which all the world are not welcome to read, if they will: and as Fors would have it so, I am glad this letter *was* read aloud, and widely circulated: only, I beg Mr. Bragge and the other gentlemen who have kindly interested themselves in the existing Sheffield museum to understand that, had I intended the letter for publicity, it would have been couched in more courteous terms, and extended into clearer explanation of my singular and apparently perverse conduct in what I observe the Sheffield press,

since it has had possession of the letter in question, characterizes as "setting up an opposition museum at Walkley."

I am glad to find the Sheffield branch of English journalism reprobating, in one instance at least, the—I had imagined now by all acclamation, divine—principle of Competition. But surely, the very retirement to the solitude of Walkley of which the same journalist complains, might have vindicated St. George's first quiet effort in his own work, from this unexpected accusation,—especially since, in so far as I can assert or understand the objects of either of the supposedly antagonist showmen, neither Mr. Bragge nor St. George intends taking shillings at the doors.

Nevertheless, the impression on the mind of the Sheffield journalist that museums are to be opened as lively places of entertainment, rivals for public patronage, and that their most proper position is therefore in a public thoroughfare, deserves on St. George's part some careful answer. A museum is, be it first observed, primarily, not at all a place of entertainment, but a place of Education. And a museum is, be it secondly observed, not a place for elementary education, but for that of already far-advanced scholars. And it is by no means the same thing as a parish school, or a Sunday school, or a day school, or even—the Brighton Aquarium.

Be it observed, in the third place, that the word 'School' means 'Leisure,' and that the word 'Museum' means 'Belonging to the Muses;' and that all schools and museums whatsoever, can only be, what they claim to be, and ought to be, places of noble instruction, when the persons who have a mind to use them can obtain so much relief from the work, or exert so much abstinence from the dissipation, of the outside world, as may enable them to devote a certain portion of secluded, laborious, and reverent life to the attainment of the Divine Wisdom, which the Greeks supposed to be the gift of Apollo, or of the Sun; and which the Christian knows to be the gift of Christ. Now, I hear it continually alleged against me, when I advocate the raising of working men's wages, that already many of them have wages so high that they work only three

days a week, and spend the other three days in drinking. And I have not the least doubt that under St. George's rule, when none but useful work is done, and when all classes are compelled to share in it, wages may indeed be so high, or which amounts to the same thing as far as our present object is concerned, time so short, that at least two, if not three days out of every week, (or an equivalent portion of time taken out of each day,) may be devoted by some British workmen—no more to the alehouse, but to, what British clergymen ought to mean, if they don't, by the 'concerns of their immortal souls,' that is to say, to the contemplation and study of the works of God, and the learning that complete code of Natural history which, beginning with the life and death of the Hyssop on the wall, rises to the knowledge of the life and death of the recorded generations of mankind, and of the visible starry Dynasties of Heaven.

The workmen who have leisure to enter on this course of study will also, I believe, have leisure to walk to Walkley. The museum has been set there, not by me, but by the second Fors, (Lachesis,) on the top of a high and steep hill,—with only my most admiring concurrence in her apparent intention that the approach to it may be at once symbolically instructive, and practically sanitary.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. THE following communication was sent to me on a post card, without the writer's name; but it is worth notice:—

“‘Ut et corda nostra mandatis tuis *dedita*.’ If some manuscript Breviary has omitted ‘*dedita*,’ it must be by a slip of the pen. The sense surely is this: that while there is either war or only an evil and deceitful peace within, self-surrender to the Divine commandments above and freedom from terror of foes around are alike impossible.

“In the English Prayer-book ‘*set*’ has the same meaning as in Psalm lxxviii. ver. 9 (*sic*: the writer means ver. 8); and the context shows the ‘rest and quietness’ desired to be rest and quietness of spirit.”

The ‘context’ cannot show anything of the sort, for the sentence is an entirely independent one: and the MS. I use is not a Breviary, but the most perfect Psalter and full service, including all the hymns quoted by Dante, that I have seen in English thirteenth-century writing. The omission of the word ‘*dedita*’ makes not the smallest difference to the point at issue—which is not the mistranslation of a word, but the breaking of a clause. The mistranslation nevertheless exists also; precisely *because*, in the English Prayer-book, ‘*set*’ has the same meaning as in Psalm lxxviii.; where the Latin word is ‘*direxit*,’ not ‘*dedit*’; and where discipline is meant, not surrender.

I must reserve my comments on the two most important letters next following, for large type and more leisure.

II. “I hope that you will live to see Fors and everything printed without steam: it’s the very curse and unmaking of us. I can see it dreadfully in every workman that I come across. Since I have been so happily mixed up with you these eighteen years, great changes have taken place in workmen. It was beginning fearfully when I last worked as a journeyman. One instance among many:—The head foreman came to me at Messrs. Bakers’, and threatened discharge if he caught me using a hand bow-saw to cut a little circular disc, which I could have done in ten minutes. I then had to go and wait my turn at the endless steam saw—or as commonly called, a hand saw. I had to wait an hour and half to take my turn: the steam saw did it in perhaps three minutes; but the head foreman said, ‘We’ve gone to great expense for steam machinery, and what is the use if we don’t employ it?’ This little occurrence was by no means uncommon. What workpeople have been brought to is beyond conception, in tone of feeling and character. Here, as I have told you, we do all we can ourselves, indoors and out; have no servant, but make the children do; and because we are living in a tidy-sized house, and a good piece of

ground, the labouring people make a dead set against us because we are not dependant upon them, and have even combined to defeat us in getting a charwoman now and then. We ought, I suppose, to employ two servants, whether we can pay for them or not, or even obtain them (which we couldn't). They have been picking hops here next our hedge: this is done by people in the neighbourhood, not imported pickers; and their children called over the hedge to ours, and said, 'Your mother is not a lady; she don't keep a servant, but does the work herself.' I name this little incident because it seems so deep."

III. "My dear Mr. Ruskin,—I write to ask leave to come and enter my name on the Roll of Companions of the Company of St. George.* I have seen enough and read enough of the pace at which we are going, more especially in business matters, to make me long to see some effort made to win back some of the honesty and simplicity of our fathers. And although I am afraid I can be but of very little use to the Company, I would gladly do anything that lay within my power; and it would be a great help to feel oneself associated with others, however feebly, in a *practical* work.

"I am trying to carry out what you have taught me in business, where I *can* do it. Our trade is dressing and buying and selling leather, etc., and making leather belting, hose, and boots. I am trying to the utmost to make everything as good as it can be made, then to ask a fair price for it, and resist all attempts to cheapen or depreciate it in any way. First, because the best thing is, as far as I know, invariably the 'best value'; secondly, because shoe manufacturing, as now carried on, is, through the division of labour, a largely mechanical work (though far less so than many trades),—and I believe the surest way of diminishing, as it is surely our duty to do, the amount of all such work, is to spend no labour, nor allow of its being spent, on any but the *best thing for wear* that can be made; and thirdly, because workmen employed even somewhat mechanically are, I think, far less degraded by their employment when their work and materials are good enough to become the subjects of honest pride. You will understand that, being only in the position of manager of the business, I can only carry out these ideas to a certain point. Still I have been able to reduce the amount of what is called 'fancy stitching' on parts of boots, on the stated ground of the injury the work ultimately causes to the operator's eyesight. And in the dressing of some descriptions of leather, where we used to print by machinery an artificial grain on the skin or hide, we have dispensed with the process, and work up the natural grain by hand-power.

"And this brings me to the point I want to put to you about the permitted use of the sewing machine (see Fors XXXIV., p. 184).† It may seem unreasonable, when our firm employs so many. But it seems to me that the *admission* of machinery at all is unwise in principle. Machinery, especially the sewing machine, has demoralized the shoe trade,—the same I think you would find in all other trades,—notably in piece-goods for ladies' dresses—which, owing to the cheapness with which they can be made up, are far more in number than they *could* have been if no sewing machine had been used. And a manufacturer told me, only the other day, that common piece-goods, both woollen and others, take *as much* and generally *more* labour in making than the best. If all work required to supply clothing to the race were to

* The writer is now an accepted Companion.

† I am only too happy to be justified in withdrawing it. But my errors will, I trust, always be found rather in the relaxation than the unnecessary enforcement, even of favourite principles; and I did not see what line I could draw between the spinning-wheel, which I knew to be necessary, and the sewing machine, which I suspected to be mischievous, and gave therefore *permission* only to use; while I shall earnestly urge the use of the spinning-wheel. I will give the reason for distinction, (so far as my correspondent's most interesting letter leaves me anything more to say,) in a future letter.

be done by *hand*, it would be worth no one's while to make rubbish of any kind,—the work would be done by fewer people, and all raw material would be cheapened.

“ In your advice to a young lady, printed at page 183, Letter XXXIV., in the third volume of *Fors Clavigera*, you give her permission to use a sewing machine. I hope that, on fuller consideration of the subject, you will advise all who set the weal of their country above their own convenience, to discontinue its use wherever it can possibly be dispensed with.

“ For the effect of the sewing machine upon the great industries connected with clothing has been most disastrous.

“ Given a certain quantity of cloth, or calico, or leather; and, before it can be made available as clothing, it must be joined or stitched together in certain shapes.

“ Now, so long as this stitching was, of necessity, all done by hand, it was never worth while, supposing the labour to be paid for at a just rate, to use any but good materials. A print dress at three-halfpence per yard, which might wear a week, would cost as much to make as a dress that would wear a year; and, except for the rich and luxurious, all extravagance of trimming, and all sewing useless for wear, were unattainable.

“ But with the introduction of the sewing machine a great change took place. It would be impossible within the limits of a letter to follow it out in every trade which has felt its influence. But briefly,—when it was found that the stitching process could be got through, though less solidly, at a very much reduced cost, it became possible for all classes to have dresses, clothes, and shoes in far greater number, and to embody in all kinds of clothing a larger amount of useless and elaborate work.

“ And then arose among manufacturers generally a vigorous competition,—each one striving, not to make the most enduring and sound fabric (*the best value*), but that which, retaining some appearance of goodness, should be saleable at the lowest price and at the largest apparent profit.

“ The Statutes of the old Trade Guilds of England constantly provide for the purity of their several manufactures; as did Richard Cœur de Lion, in his law for the cloth makers, (*Fors*, Letter III., 49)—on this thoroughly wise and just ground: namely, that the best cloth, leather, etc., producible, being accurately the cheapest to the consumer,—the man who used his knowledge of his trade to make other than the best, was guilty of fraud. Compare this view of the duty of a manufacturer with modern practice!

“ It may be said that the customer is not cheated; since he knows, when he buys what is called a cheap thing, that it is not the best. I reply that the consumer never knows to the full what bad value, or unvalue, the common article is. And whose fault is it that he buys any but the best value?

“ The answer involves a consideration of the duty and position of the retailer or middleman, and must be given, if at all, hereafter.

“ One might multiply instances to show how this kind of competition has lowered the standard of our manufactures; but here most readers will be able to fall back upon their own experience.

“ Then these common fabrics require for their production always a larger amount of labour in proportion to their value,—often actually as much, and sometimes more, than would suffice to make an equal quantity of material of the best value. So that, roughly, when we demand two common coats where one good one would serve, we simply require certain of our fellow-creatures to spend double the necessary time working for us in a mill. That is, supposing we get the full value out of our two common coats when we have them: the evil is greater if we fail to do so, and, to gratify our selfishness or caprice, require three instead of two. And the question arises,—Is it *kind* or *just* to require from others double the needful quantity of such labour as we would not choose to undergo ourselves? That it is not *Christian* so to do, may be learned by any one who will think out to their far-reaching

consequences the words of our Lord : ' Therefore ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'

" Now the use of the sewing machine has been all in favour of the ' three-coat ' system, indefinitely multiplied and variously recommended ; and the consequent absorption, year by year, of larger numbers of persons in mechanical toil ; toil of the hands only—numbing to the brain, and blighting to the heart, or maddening to both.

" So far as the question of clothing is concerned, I would venture to sum up our duty under present circumstances, broadly, as follows." [It can't possibly be done better.—J. R.]

" Always demand the best materials, and use no more of them than is necessary to dress yourself neatly or handsomely, according to your station in society. Then have these materials made up by hand, if possible under your own supervision, paying a just price for the labour. For such ornament as you need to add, remember that it must be the expression, first of your delight in some work of God's, and then of the human skill that wrought it. That will save you from ever tampering with the lifeless machine-work ; and though you have little ornament, it will soon be lovely and right.

" Above all, never buy cheap ready-made clothing of any kind whatsoever ; it is most of it stained with blood, if you could see it aright. It is true you may now buy a ' lady's costume,' made up and trimmed by the sewing machine (guided by a human one), for the sum of two shillings and fourpence (wholesale), *but you had a great deal better wear a sack with a hole in it.* [Italics mine.—J. R.] It may be worth while hereafter to define with some precision what is the best value in various kinds of goods. Meantime, should it be suggested that machine-sewing is good enough for common materials, or for clothes that you intend to wear only a few times, and then throw aside, remember you have no business to buy any but good materials, nor to waste when you have bought them ; and that it is worth while to put solid hand-work into such."

" I use the word ' value ' for the strength or ' availing of a thing towards life.' See *Munera Pulveris*, p. 9.")

IV. With respect to the next following letter—one which I am heartily glad to receive—I must beg my readers henceforward, and conclusively, to understand, that whether I print my correspondence in large type, or small, and with praise of it, or dispraise, I give absolutely no sanction or ratification whatever to any correspondent's statements of fact, unless by express indication. I am responsible for my own assertions, and for none other ; but I hold myself bound to hear, and no less bound to publish, all complaints and accusations made by persons supposing themselves injured, of those who injure them, which I have no definite reason for supposing to be false or malicious, and which relate to circumstances affecting St. George's work. I have no other means of determining their truth, than by permitting the parties principally concerned to hear them, and contradict them, according to their ability ; and the wish with which my present correspondent's letter closes, to be delivered from evil speaking and slandering, (she seems not quite clearly to understand that the prayer in the Litany is to be delivered from the guilt of these,—not from their effects,) may, so far as these affect her own family, be much more perfectly accomplished by her own statement of their true history, than by any investigation possible to me of the facts in question. But, as far as respects the appeal made by her to

myself, my answer is simply, that whether made by patents, ingenuities, or forges, all fortunes whatever, rapidly acquired, are, necessarily, *ill* acquired : and exemplary of universal ill to all men. No man is ever paid largely for ingenuity ; he can only be paid largely by a tax on the promulgation of that ingenuity.

Of actual ingenuities, now active in Europe, none are so utterly deadly, and destructive to all the beauty of nature and the art of man, as that of the engineer.

And with respect to what my correspondent too truly urges—the shame of our ancient races in leaving their houses abandoned—it does not make me look with more comfort or complacency on their inhabitation by men of other names, that there will soon be left few homes in England whose splendour will not be a monument at once of the guilt of her nobles, and the misery of her people.

“ Dear Mr. Ruskin,—We have only just read the September number of *Fors Clavigera*. My husband is the Ned G—— referred to in the letter you quote from E. L. Said he, ‘ It (*i.e.* the letter) is not worth notice.’ I replied, ‘ In itself perhaps not ; but I have known Mr. Ruskin in his writings many years, and I shall write him to put before him the actual facts, and request him to withdraw these misstatements.’ The whole letter is written on the supposition that Mr. Green is an *iron king*, or *iron lord*. No such thing : he is an *engineer*—quite a different affair ; the maker of a patent which is known all over the world as the ‘ Fuel Economiser.’ He consequently never had a forge, and is indebted to the use of his intellect and the very clever mechanical genius of his father for their rise in life, and not merely to *toiling half-naked Britons*, as stated. The picture of the forge, with its *foul smoke and sweltering heat and din*, is drawn from some other place, and is utterly unlike the real workshops of E. Green and Son—costly, airy, convenient, and erected to ensure the comfort of the workpeople, having a handsome front and lofty interior.

“ As to smoke, the whole concern makes no more than, if as much as, an ordinary dwelling-house ; while we suffer too much at Heath from the town smoke to add to the dense volumes. We have no whistle—some other place is meant ; we were never possessed of a ‘ devil,’ American or English, of any sort. Mr. Green derives no pecuniary benefit from Wakefield, and but for the attachment of his father and himself to their birthplace, would long ago have conducted his operations in a more central spot.

“ Several other grave charges are brought against Mr. Green—one so serious that I am surprised to see it printed : *viz.*, that he rules his people with an *iron hand*. That may go with the rest of the ‘ iron tale.’ Your correspondent is either very ignorant or wilfully false. No such assertion can be for a moment sustained, after inquiry is made among our people ; nor by any one in the town could an instance of such be proved.

“ As to the Scotch estate, Mr. Green does not possess one.

“ The history of *Robin the Pedlar* is equally a work of E. L.’s imagination, although no false shame as to a humble descent has ever been shown or felt. What ! you taunt a man because he and his father have risen above the state in which they were born by use of the intellect God gives them ? Fie ! What sort of encouragement do you give to the working men to whom you address these letters, when you insinuate that *one sprung from the people* has no right to dwell in a hall or drive a carriage ; and broadly hint he is no *gentleman*, no *scholar*, and has nothing to boast of but his money ? Come here, and see if Ned G—— is the sort of man you picture ; see the refine-

ment visible in his idea of art, and which he has tried to impress on others by his example, and then ask yourself whether you have done well to lend the sanction of your name to deery, as a mere vulgar parvenu, one who has done his best to keep a high standard before him.

"As to living at Heath Hall, I ask, Is it a crime to spend your money in preserving to posterity a beautiful specimen of the house of the smaller gentry in Queen Elizabeth's time, which you only enjoy during a few years' lease? A little longer neglect, and this fine old house would have become a ruin: when we took it, ivy grew inside, and owls made their nests in what are now guest-chambers.

"No *squire* has lived here for a century and a quarter; and the last descendant of the *venerated Lady B*—, (Dame Mary Bolles, that is,) utterly refused to reside near so dull a town as Wakefield—preferring Bath, then at the height of its glory and Beau Nash's; even before his time the hereditary squires despised and deserted the lovely place, letting it to any one who would take it. Now it is repaired and restored, and well worth a visit even from Mr. Ruskin—who, if he is what I believe him, will withdraw the false imputations which must cause pain to us and surprise to those who know us. That last little stroke about bribery betrays E. L.'s disgust, not at the successful man, but at the Blue Tory. Well! from envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, from evil-speaking and slandering: Good Lord deliver us!

"Yours very truly,

"MARY GREEN."

(I make no comments on this letter till the relations of Dame Mary Bolles have had time to read it, and E. L. to reply.)

V. The following account, with which I have pleasure in printing the accompanying acknowledgment of the receipt, contains particulars of the first actual expenditure of St. George's monies made by me, to the extent of twenty-nine pounds ten shillings, for ten engravings* now the property of the Company. The other prints named in the account are bought with my own money, to be given or not given as I think right. The last five engravings—all by Durer—are bought at present for my proposed school at Sheffield, with the *Melancholia*, which I have already; but if finer impressions of them are some day given me, as is not unlikely, I should of course withdraw these, and substitute the better examples—retaining always the right of being myself the ultimate donor of the two St. Georges, in their finest state, from my own collection. But these must at present remain in Oxford.

London, October 5th, 1875.

JOHN RUSKIN, ESQ.

	£	s.	d.
St. G. 1. Apollo and the Python, by Master of the Die	1	0	0
" 2. Raglan Castle	3	10	0
" 3. Solway Moss	4	0	0
" 4. Hind Head Hill	1	10	0

* The printseller obligingly giving an eleventh. "Pembury Mill,"—Fors thus directing that the first art gift bestowed on the Company shall be Turner's etching of a flour mill

	£	s.	d.
St. G. 5, a, b, c. Three impressions of Falls of the Clyde (£2 each)	6	0	0
“ 6. Hindoo Worship	2	0	0
“ 7. Dumblane Abbey	3	10	0
“ 8. Pembury Mill			
“ 9. Etching of the Severn and Wye	2	10	0
“ 10. Tenth Plague (of Egypt)	2	0	0
“ 11. Æsacus and Hesperie	3	10	0
	<hr/>		
	29	10	0

(The above Prints sold at an unusually low price, for Mr. Ruskin's school.)

J. R. 1. Sir John Cust	0	10	0
“ 2. Lady Derby	5	0	0
“ 3, 4. Two Etchings of Æsacus and Hesperie (£4 each)	8	0	0
“ 5, 6. Two Holy Islands (£2 6s. each)	4	12	0
“ 7. Etching of Procris	4	4	0
“ 8. Holy Island	2	6	0
“ 9. The Crypt	4	4	0
“ 10. The Arveron	8	8	0
“ 11. Raglan Castle	7	0	0
“ 12. “ “	6	0	0
“ 13. “ “	6	0	0
“ 14. Woman at the Tank	7	17	6
“ 15. Grande Chartreuse	8	8	0
	<hr/>		
	101	19	6
Discount (15 per cent.)	10	1	0
	<hr/>		
	91	18	6

St. G. 16. Knight and Death	18	0	0
“ 17. St. George on Horseback	3	10	0
“ 18. “ “ Foot	7	0	0
“ 19. Pilate	2	0	0
“ 20. Caiaphas	3	0	0
	<hr/>		
	125	8	6
	<hr/>		

“ My dear Sir,—It is delightful to do business with you. How I wish that all my customers were imbued with your principles; I enclose the receipt, with best thanks, and am

Yours very sincerely and obliged.

JOHN RUSKIN, Esq.

Of course, original accounts, with all other vouchers, will be kept with the Company's registers at Oxford. I do not think it expedient always to print names; which would look like advertisement.

Respecting the picture by Filippo Lippi, I find more difficulty than I expected. On inquiring of various dealers, I am asked three shillings each for these photographs. But as I on principle never use any artifice in dealing, most tradesmen think me a simpleton, and think it also their first duty, as men of business, to take all the advantage in their power of this my

supposed simplicity; these photographs are therefore, I suppose, worth actually unmounted, about a shilling each; and I believe that eventually, my own assistant, Mr. Ward, will be able to supply them, of good impression, carefully chosen, with due payment for his time and trouble, at eighteenpence each; or mounted, examined by me, and sealed with my seal, for two shillings and sixpence each. I don't promise this, because it depends upon whether the government at Florence will entertain my request, made officially as Slade Professor at Oxford, to have leave to photograph from the picture.

At present holding it of more importance not to violate confidence* than to sell photographs cheap, I do not even publish what I have ascertained, since this note was half written, to be the (actual) trade price, and I must simply leave the thing in the beautiful complexity of competition and secretiveness called British Trade; only, at Oxford, I have so much personal influence with Mr. Davis, in Exeter Street, as may, I think, secure his obtaining the photographs, for which, as a dealer combined with other dealers, he must ask three shillings, of good quality; to him, therefore, at Oxford, for general business my readers may address themselves; or in London, to Miss Bertolacci, 7, Edith Grove, Kensington; and, for impressions certified by me, to Mr. Ward, at Richmond, (address as above), who will furnish them, unmounted, for two shillings each, and mounted, for three. And for a foundation of the domestic art-treasure of their establishment, I do not hold this to be an enormous or unjustifiable expense.

* Remember, however, that the publication of prime cost, and the absolute knowledge of all circumstances or causes of extra cost, are inviolable laws of established trade under the St. George's Company.

LETTER LX.

I CANNOT finish the letter I meant for my Christmas Fors; and must print merely the begun fragment—and such uncrystalline termination must now happen to all my work, more or less, (and more and more, rather than less,) as it expands in range. As I stated in last letter, I have now seven books in the press at once—and any one of them enough to take up all the remainder of my life. ‘Love’s Meinie,’ for instance, (Love’s Many, or Serving Company,) was meant to become a study of British birds, which would have been occasionally useful in museums, carried out with a care in plume drawing which I learned in many a day’s work from Albert Durer; and with which, in such light as the days give me, I think it still my duty to do all I can towards completion of the six essays prepared for my Oxford schools:—but even the third of these, on the Chough, though already written and in type, is at pause because I can’t get the engravings for it finished, and the rest—merely torment me in other work with the thousand things flitting in my mind, like sea-birds for whom there are no sands to settle upon.

‘Ariadne’ is nearer its close; but the Appendix is a mass of loose notes which need a very sewing machine to bring together—and any one of these that I take in hand leads me into ashamed censorship of the imperfection of all I have been able to say about engravings; and then, if I take up my Bewick, or return to my old Turner vignettes, I put my appendix off again—‘till next month,’ and so on.

‘Proserpina’ will, I hope, take better and more harmonious form; but it grows under my hands, and needs most careful thought. For it claims nothing less than complete modification of existing botanical nomenclature, for popular use;

and in connexion with 'Deucalion' and the recast 'Elements of Drawing,' is meant to found a system of education in Natural History, the conception of which I have reached only by thirty years of labour, and the realization of which can only be many a year after I am at rest. And yet none of this work can be done but as a kind of play, irregularly, and as the humour comes upon me. For if I set myself at it gravely, there is too much to be dealt with; my mind gets fatigued in half an hour, and no good can be done; the only way in which any advance can be made is by keeping my mornings entirely quiet, and free of care by opening of letters or newspapers; and then by letting myself follow any thread of thought or point of inquiry that chances to occur first, and writing as the thoughts come,—whatever their disorder; all their connection and co-operation being dependent on the real harmony of my purpose, and the consistency of the ascertainable facts, which are the only ones I teach; and I can no more, now, polish or neatly arrange my work than I can guide it. So this fragment must stand as it was written, and end,—because I have no time to say more.

COWLEY RECTORY, 27th October, 1875.

My Christmas letter this year, since we are now definitely begun with our schooling, may most fitly be on the subject, already opened in Fors 12th, of the Three Wise Men.

'Three wise men of Gotham,' I had nearly written; the remembrance of the very worst pantomime I ever saw, having from the mere intolerableness of its stupidity, so fastened itself in my memory that I can't now get rid of the ring in my ears, unless I carefully say, 'Magi,' instead of 'wise men.'

Such, practically, is the principal effect of the Sacred Art employed by England, in the festivity of her God's birthday, upon the minds of her innocent children, like me, who would fain see something magical and pretty on the occasion—if the good angels would bring it us, and our nurses, and mammas, and governesses would allow us to believe in magic, or in wisdom, any more.

You would not believe, if they wanted you. I suppose, you wise men of the west? You are sure that no real magicians ever existed; no real witches—no real prophets;—that an Egyptian necromancer was only a clever little Mr. Faraday, given to juggling; and the witch of Endor, only a Jewish Mrs. Somerville amusing herself with a practical joke on Saul; and that when Elisha made the axe swim, he had prepared the handle on the sly—with aluminium? And you think that in this blessed nineteenth century—though there isn't a merchant, from Dan to Beersheba, too honest to cheat, there is not a priest nor a prophet, from Dan to Beersheba, but he is too dull to juggle?

You may think, for what I care, what you please in such matters, if indeed you choose to go on through all your lives thinking, instead of ascertaining. But, for my own part, there are a few things concerning Magi and their doings which I have personally discovered, by laborious work among real magi. Some of those things I am going to tell you to-day, positively, and with entire and incontrovertible knowledge of them,—as you and your children will one day find every word of my direct statements in 'Fors Clavigera,' to be; and fastened, each with its nail in its sure place.

a. In the first place, then, concerning stars in the east. You can't see the loveliest which appear there naturally,—the Morning Star, namely, and his fellows,—unless you get up in the morning.

b. If you resolve thus always, so far as may be in your own power, to see the loveliest which are there naturally, you will soon come to see them in a supernatural manner, with a quite—properly so-called—'miraculous' or 'wonderful' light which will be a light in your spirit, not in your eyes. And you will hear, with your spirit, the Morning Star and his fellows sing together; also, you will hear the sons of God shouting together for joy with them; particularly the little ones,—sparrows, greenfinches, linnets, and the like.

c. You will by persevering in the practice, gradually discover that it is a pleasant thing to see the stars in the lumi-

nous east; to watch them fade as they rise; to hear their Master say, Let there be light—and there is light; to see the world made, that day, at the word; and creation, instant by instant, of divine forms out of darkness.

D. At six o'clock, or some approximate hour, you will perceive with precision that the Firm over the way, or round the corner, of the United Grand Steam Percussion and Corrosion Company, Limited, (Offices London, Paris, and New York.) issues its counter-order, Let there be darkness; and that the Master of Creation not only at once submits to this order, by fulfilling the constant laws He has ordained concerning smoke,—but farther, supernaturally or miraculously, enforces the order by sending a poisonous black wind, also from the east, of an entirely corrosive, deadly, and horrible quality, with which, from him that hath not, He takes away also that light he hath; and changes the sky during what remains of the day,—on the average now three days out of five,*—into a mere dome of ashes, differing only by their enduring frown and slow pestilence from the passing darkness and showering death of Pompeii.

E. If, nevertheless, you persevere diligently in seeing what stars you can in the early morning, and use what is left you of light wisely, you will gradually discover that the United Grand Steam Percussion and Corrosion Company is a company of thieves; and that you yourself are an ass, for letting them steal your money, and your light, at once. And that there is standing order from the Maker of Light, and Filler of pockets, that the company shall not be thieves, but honest men; and that you yourself shall not be an ass, but a Magus.

F. If you remind the company of this law, they will tell you that people “didn't know everything down in Judee,” that nobody ever made the world; and that nobody but the company knows it.

But if you enforce upon yourself the commandment not to

* It is at this moment, nine o'clock, 27th October, tearing the Virginian creeper round my window into rags rather than leaves.

be an ass, and verily resolve to be so no more, then—hear the word of God, spoken to you by the only merchant city that ever set herself to live wholly by His law.*

“ I willed, and sense was given to me.
I prayed, and the Spirit of Wisdom was given to me.
I set her before Kingdoms and Homes,
And held riches nothing, in comparison of her.”

That is to say,—If you would have her to dwell with you, you must set her before kingdoms ;—(as, for instance, at Sheffield, you must not think to be kings of cutlery, and let nobody else in the round world make a knife but you ;)—you must set her before homes ; that is to say, you must not sit comfortably enjoying your own fireside, and think you provide for everybody if you provide for that :—and as for riches—you are only to *prefer* wisdom,—think her, of two good things, the best, when she is matched with kingdoms and homes ; but you are to esteem riches—*nothing* in comparison of her. Not so much as *mention* shall be made “ of coral, nor of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies.”

You have not had the chance, you think, probably, of making any particular mention of coral, or pearls, or rubies ? Your betters, the Squires and the Clergy, have kept, if not the coral, at least the pearls, for their own wives' necks, and the rubies for their own mitres ; and have generously accorded to you heavenly things,—wisdom, namely, concentrated in your responses to Catechism. I find St. George, on the contrary, to be minded that you shall at least know what these earthly goods are, in order to your despising them in a sensible manner ;—for you can't despise them if you know nothing about them.

I am going, under His orders, therefore, to give you some topazes of Ethiopia,—(at least, of the Ural mountains, where the topazes are just as good,)—and all manner of coral, that you may know what co-operative societies are working, to make your babies their rattles and necklaces, without any

* See Fourth Morning in Florence. ‘The Vaulted Book.’

steam to help them, under the deep sea, and in its foam; also, out of the Tay, the fairest river of the British Isles, we will fetch some pearls that nobody shall have drawn short breath for; and, indeed, all the things that Solomon in his wisdom sent his ships to Tarshish for,—gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks, you shall see in their perfection, and have as much of as St. George thinks good for you: (only remember, in order to see an ape in perfection, you must not be an ape yourself, whatever Mr. Darwin may say; but must admire, without imitating their prehensile activities, nor fancy that you can lay hold on to the branches of the tree of life with your tails instead of your hands, as you have been practising lately).

And, in the meantime, I must stop writing, because I've to draw a peacock's breast-feather, and paint as much of it as I can without having heaven to dip my brush in. And when you have seen what it is, you shall despise it—if you can—for heaven itself. But for nothing less!

My fragment does not quite end here; but in its following statements of plans for the Sheffield Museum, anticipates more than I think Atropos would approve; besides getting more figurative and metaphysical than you would care to read after your Christmas dinner. But here is a piece of inquiry into the origin of all riches, Solomon's and our own, which I wrote in May, 1873, for the 'Contemporary Review,' and which, as it sums much of what I may have too vaguely and figuratively stated in my letters, may advisedly close their series for this year.

It was written chiefly in reply to an article by Mr. Greg, defending the luxury of the rich as harmless, or even beneficent to the poor. Mr. Greg had, on his part, been reproving Mr. Goldwin Smith—who had spoken of a rich man as consuming the means of living of the poor. And Mr. Greg pointed out how beneficially for the poor, in a thousand channels, the rich man spent what he had got.

Whereupon I ventured myself to inquire, "How he got it?" and the paper went on thus,—'Which is indeed the first of all

questions to be asked when the economical relations of any man with his neighbour are to be examined.

Dick Turpin is blamed—suppose—by some plain-minded person, for consuming the means of other people's living. "Nay," says Dick to the plain-minded person, "observe how beneficently and pleasantly I spend whatever I get!"

"Yes, Dick," persists the plain-minded person, "but how do you get it?"

"The question," says Dick, "is insidious, and irrelevant."

Do not let it be supposed that I mean to assert any irregularity or impropriety in Dick's profession—I merely assert the necessity for Mr. Greg's examination, if he would be master of his subject, of the manner of *Gain* in every case, as well as the manner of *Expenditure*. Such accounts must always be accurately rendered in a well-regulated society.

"Le lieutenant adressa la parole au capitaine, et lui dit qu'il venait d'enlever ces mannequins, remplis de sucre, de cannelle, d'amandes, et de raisins secs, à un épicier de Bénavent. Après qu'il eut rendu compte de son expédition au bureau, les dépouilles de l'épicier furent portées dans l'office. Alors il ne fut plus question que de se réjouir; je débutai par le buffet, que je parai de plusieurs bouteilles de ce bon vin que le Seigneur Rolando m'avoit vanté."

Mr. Greg strictly confines himself to an examination of the benefits conferred on the public by this so agreeable festivity; but he must not be surprised or indignant that some inquiry should be made as to the resulting condition of the épicier de Bénavent.

And it is all the more necessary that such inquiry be instituted, when the captain of the expedition is a minion, not of the moon, but of the sun; and dazzling, therefore, to all beholders. "It is heaven which dictates what I ought to do upon this occasion,"* says Henry of Navarre; "my retreat

* I use the current English of Mrs. Lennox's translation, but Henry's real saying was (see the first—green leaf—edition of Sully), "It is written above what is to happen to me on *every* occasion." "Toute occasion" becomes "Cette occasion" in the subsequent editions, and finally "what is to happen

out of this city, before I have made myself master of it, will be the retreat of my soul out of my body. Accordingly, all the quarter which still held out, we forced," says M. de Rosny; "after which the inhabitants, finding themselves no longer able to resist, laid down their arms, and the city was given up to plunder. My good fortune threw a small iron chest in my way, in which I found about four thousand gold crowns."

I cannot doubt that the Baron's expenditure of this sum would be in the highest degree advantageous to France, and to the Protestant religion. But complete economical science must study the effect of its abstraction on the immediate prosperity of the town of Cahors; and even beyond this—the mode of its former acquisition by the town itself, which perhaps, in the economies of the nether world, may have delegated some of its citizens to the seventh circle.

And the most curious points, in the modes of study pursued by modern economical science, are, that while it always *waives this question of ways and means* with respect to *rich* persons, it studiously pushes it in the case of *poor* ones; and while it asserts the consumption of such an article of luxury as wine (to take that which Mr. Greg himself instances) to be economically expedient, when the wine is drunk by persons who are *not* thirsty, it asserts the same consumption to be altogether inexpedient, when the privilege is extended to those who *are*. Thus Mr. Greg dismisses, at page 618, with compassionate disdain, the extremely vulgar notion "that a man who drinks a bottle of champagne worth five shillings, while his neighbour is in want of actual food, is in some way wronging his neighbour;" and yet Mr. Greg himself, at page 624, evidently remains under the equally vulgar impression that the twenty-four millions of much thirstier persons who spend fifteen per cent. of their incomes in drink and tobacco, *are* wronging their neighbours by *that* expenditure.

It cannot, surely, be the difference in degree of refinement

to me" (ce que doit être fait de moi) becomes "what I ought to do" in the English.

between malt liquor and champagne which causes Mr. Greg's conviction that there is moral delinquency and economical error in the latter case, but none in the former; if that be all, I can relieve him from his embarrassment by putting the cases in more parallel form. A clergyman writes to me, in distress of mind, because the able-bodied labourers who come begging to him in winter, drink port wine out of buckets in summer. Of course Mr. Greg's logical mind will at once admit (as a consequence of his own very just argumentum ad hominem in page 617) that the consumption of port wine out of buckets must be as much a benefit to society in general as the consumption of champagne out of bottles; and yet, curiously enough, I am certain he will feel my question, "Where does the drinker get the means for his drinking?" more relevant in the case of the imbibers of port than in that of the imbibers of champagne. And although Mr. Greg proceeds, with that lofty contempt for the dictates of nature and Christianity which radical economists cannot but feel, to observe (p. 618) that "while the natural man and the Christian would have the champagne drinker forego his bottle, and give the value of it to the famishing wretch beside him, the radical economist would condemn such behaviour as distinctly criminal and pernicious," he would scarcely, I think, carry out with the same triumphant confidence the conclusions of the unnatural man and the Anti-Christian with respect to the labourer as well as the idler; and declare that while the extremely simple persons who still believe in the laws of nature, and the mercy of God, would have the port-drinker forego his bucket, and give the value of it to the famishing wife and child beside him, "the radical economist would condemn such behaviour as distinctly criminal and pernicious."

Mr. Greg has it indeed in his power to reply that it is proper to economise for the sake of one's own wife and children, but not for the sake of anybody else's. But since, according to another exponent of the principles of Radical Economy, in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' a well-conducted agricultural labourer must not marry till he is forty-five, his economies, if

any, in early life, must be as offensive to Mr. Greg on the score of their abstract humanity, as those of the richest bachelor about town.

There is another short sentence in this same page 618, of which it is difficult to overrate the accidental significance.

The superficial observer, says Mr. Greg, "recollects a text which he heard in his youth, but of which he never considered the precise applicability—'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none.'"

The assumptions that no educated Englishman can ever have heard that text *except* in his youth, and that those who are old enough to remember having heard it, "never considered its precise applicability," are surely rash, in the treatment of a scientific subject. I can assure Mr. Greg that a few gray-headed votaries of the creed of Christendom still read—though perhaps under their breath—the words which early associations have made precious to them; and that in the bygone days, when that Sermon on the Mount was still listened to with respect by many not illiterate persons, its meaning was not only considered, but very deliberately acted upon. Even the readers of the 'Contemporary Review' may perhaps have some pleasure in retreating from the sunshine of contemporary science, for a few quiet moments, into the shadows of that of the past; and hearing in the following extracts from two letters of Scott's (the first describing the manner of life of his mother, whose death it announces to a friend; the second, anticipating the verdict of the future on the management of his estate by a Scottish nobleman) what relations between rich and poor were possible, when philosophers had not yet even lisped in the sweet numbers of Radical Sociology.

"She was a strict economist, which she said enabled her to be liberal; out of her little income of about £300 a year she bestowed at least a third in well-chosen charities, and with the rest, lived like a gentlewoman, and even with hospitality more general than seemed to suit her age; yet I could never prevail on her to accept of any assistance. You cannot conceive how affecting it was to me to see the little preparations of presents

which she had assorted for the New Year, for she was a great observer of the old fashions of her period—and to think that the kind heart was cold which delighted in all these arts of kindly affection.”

“The Duke is one of those retired and high-spirited men who will never be known until the world asks what became of the huge oak that grew on the brow of the hill, and sheltered such an extent of ground. During the late distress, though his own immense rents remained in arrears, and though I know he was pinched for mouey, as all men were, but more especially the possessors of entailed estates, he absented himself from London in order to pay, with ease to himself, the labourers employed on his various estates. These amounted (for I have often seen the roll and helped to check it) to nine hundred and fifty men, working at day wages, each of whom on a moderate average might maintain three persons, since the single men have mothers, sisters, and aged or very young relations to protect and assist. Indeed it is wonderful how much even a small sum, comparatively, will do in supporting the Scottish labourer, who in his natural state is perhaps one of the best, most intelligent, and kind-hearted of human beings; and in truth I have limited my other habits of expense very much since I fell into the habit of employing mine honest people. I wish you could have seen about a hundred children, being almost entirely supported by their fathers’ or brothers’ labour, come down yesterday to dance to the pipes, and get a piece of cake and bannock, and pence apiece (no very deadly largess) in honour of hogmanay. I declare to you, my dear friend, that when I thought the poor fellows who kept these children so neat, and well taught, and well behaved, were slaving the whole day for eighteen-pence or twenty-pence at most, I was ashamed of their gratitude, and of their becks and bows. But after all, one does what one can, and it is better twenty families should be comfortable according to their wishes and habits, than that half that number should be raised above their situation.”

I must pray Mr. Greg farther to observe, if he has conde-

scended to glance at these remains of almost prehistoric thought, that although the modern philosopher will never have reason to blush for any man's gratitude, and has totally abandoned the romantic idea of making even so much as one family comfortable according to their wishes and habits, the alternative suggested by Scott, that *half* "the number should be raised above their situation," may become a very inconvenient one if the doctrines of Modern Equality and competition should render the *other* half desirous of parallel promotion.

It is now just sixteen years since Mr. Greg's present philosophy of Expenditure was expressed with great precision by the Common Councilmen of New York, in their report on the commercial crisis of 1857, in the following terms* :—

"Another erroneous idea is that luxurious living, extravagant dressing, splendid turn-outs, and fine houses, are the cause of distress to a nation. No more erroneous impression could exist. Every extravagance that the man of 100,000 or 1,000,000 dollars indulges in, adds to the means, the support, the wealth of ten or a hundred who had little or nothing else but their labour, their intellect, or their taste. If a man of 1,000,000 dollars spends principal and interest in ten years, and finds himself beggared at the end of that time, he has actually made a hundred who have catered to his extravagance, employers or employed, so much richer by the division of his wealth. He may be ruined, but the nation is better off and richer, for one hundred minds and hands, with 10,000 dollars apiece, are far more productive than one with the whole."

Now that is precisely the view also taken of the matter by a large number of Radical Economists in England as well as America; only they feel that the time, however short, which the rich gentleman takes to divide his property among them in his own way, is practically wasted; and even worse, because the methods which the gentleman himself is likely to adopt for the depression of his fortune will not, in all probability, be conducive to the elevation of his character. It appears, there-

* See the 'Times' of November 23rd of that year.

fore, on moral as well as economical grounds, desirable that the division and distribution should at once be summarily effected; and the only point still open to discussion in the views of the Common Councilmen is to what degree of minuteness they would think it advisable to carry the subsequent *sub*-division.

I do not suppose, however, that this is the conclusion which Mr. Greg is desirous that the general Anti-Christian public should adopt; and in that case, as I see by his paper in the last number of the 'Contemporary,' that he considers the Christian life itself virtually impossible, may I recommend his examination of the manners of the Pre-Christian? For I can certify him that this important subject, of which he has only himself imperfectly investigated one side, had been thoroughly investigated on all sides, at least seven hundred years before Christ; and from that day to this, all men of wit, sense, and feeling have held precisely the same views on the subjects of economy and charity, in all nations under the sun. It is of no consequence whether Mr. Greg chooses the experience of Bœotia, Lombardy, or Yorkshire, nor whether he studies the relation of each day to its labour under Hesiod, Virgil, or Sydney Smith. But it is desirable that at least he should acquaint himself with the opinions of some of these persons, as well as with those of the Common Councilmen of New York; for though a man of superior sagacity may be pardoned for thinking, with the friends of Job, that Wisdom will die with him, it can only be through neglect of the existing opportunities of general culture that he remains distinctly under the impression that she was born with him.

It may perhaps be well that, in conclusion, I should state briefly the causes and terms of the economical crisis of our own day, which has been the subject of the debate between Mr. Goldwin Smith and Mr. Greg.

No man ever became, or can become, largely rich merely by labour and economy. All large fortunes (putting treasure-trove and gambling out of consideration) are founded either on occupation of land, usury, or taxation of labour. Whether openly or occultly, the laudlord, money-lender, and capital-

holding employer, gather into their possession a certain quantity of the means of existence which other people produce by the labour of their hands. The effect of this impost upon the condition of life of the tenant, borrower, and workman, is the first point to be studied;—the results, that is to say, of the mode in which Captain Roland *fills* his purse.

Secondly, we have to study the effects of the mode in which Captain Roland *empties* his purse. The landlord, usurer, or labour-master, does not, and cannot, himself consume all the means of life he collects. He gives them to other persons, whom he employs in his own behalf—growers of champagne; jockeys; footmen; jewellers; builders; painters; musicians, and the like. The diversion of the labour of these persons from the production of food to the production of articles of luxury is very frequently, and, at the present day, very grievously, a cause of famine. But when the luxuries are produced, it becomes a quite separate question who is to have them, and whether the landlord and capitalist are entirely to monopolize the music, the painting, the architecture, the hand-service, the horse-service, and the sparkling champagne of the world.

And it is gradually, in these days, becoming manifest to the tenants, borrowers, and labourers, that instead of paying these large sums into the hands of the landlords, lenders, and employers, that *they* may purchase music, painting, etc.; the tenants, borrowers, and workers, had better buy a little music and painting for themselves! That, for instance, instead of the capitalist-employer's paying three hundred pounds for a full-length portrait of himself, in the attitude of investing his capital, the united workmen had better themselves pay the three hundred pounds into the hands of the ingenious artist, for a painting, in the antiquated manner of Lionardo or Raphael, of some subject more religiously or historically interesting to *them*; and placed where they can always see it. And again, instead of paying three hundred pounds to the obliging landlord, that he may buy a box at the opera with it, whence to study the refinements of music and dancing, the tenants are

beginning to think that they may as well keep their rents partly to themselves, and therewith pay some Wandering Willie to fiddle at their own doors; or bid some grey-haired minstrel

“ Tune, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.”

And similarly the dwellers in the hut of the field, and garret of the city, are beginning to think that, instead of paying half-a-crown for the loan of half a fireplace, they had better keep their half-crown in their pockets till they can buy for themselves a whole one.

These are the views which are gaining ground among the poor; and it is entirely vain to endeavour to repress them by equivocations. They are founded on eternal laws; and although their recognition will long be refused, and their promulgation, resisted as it will be, partly by force, partly by falsehood, can only take place through incalculable confusion and misery, recognized they must be eventually; and with these three ultimate results:—that the usurer's trade will be abolished utterly;—that the employer will be paid justly for his superintendence of labour, but not for his capital; and the landlord paid for his superintendence of the cultivation of land, when he is able to direct it wisely:—that both he, and the employer of mechanical labour, will be recognized as beloved masters, if they deserve love, and as noble guides when they are capable of giving discreet guidance; but neither will be permitted to establish themselves any more as senseless conduits, through which the strength and riches of their native land are to be poured into the cup of the fornication of its Babylonian ‘city of the Plain.’

So ends my article, and enough said for 1875, I think. And I wish you a merry Christmas, my masters; and honest ways of winning your meat and pudding.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I AM busy, and tired, this month; so shall keep my making up of accounts till January. The gist of them is simply that we have got £8000 worth of Consols; and we had a balance of £501 7s. at the bank, which balance I have taken, and advanced another hundred of my own, making £600, to buy the Sheffield property with: this advance I shall repay myself as the interest comes in, or farther subscription; and then use such additional sums for the filling of the museum, and building a small curator's house on the ground. But I shall not touch any of the funded sum; and hope soon to see it raised to £10,000. I have no word yet from our lawyer about our constitution. The Sheffield property, like the funded, stands in the names of the Trustees.

I have accepted, out of our forty subscribers, some eight or nine for Companions, very gratefully. Others wish well to the cause, but dislike the required expression of creed and purpose. I use no persuasion in the matter, wishing to have complete harmony of feeling among the active members of the Society.

E. L.'s courteous, but firm, reply to Mrs. Green's letter reaches me too late for examination. In justice to both my correspondents, and to my readers, I must defer its insertion, in such abstract as may seem desirable, until next month.

I. The extract in the following letter makes me wonder if it has never occurred to the Rev. Dr. Mullens that there should be immediately formed a Madagascar Missionary Society, for the instruction of the natives of England.

"My dear Sir,—*Appropos* of your strictures on usury which have from time to time appeared in 'Fors,' I have thought you would be interested in the following extract from a recent work on Madagascar, by the Rev. Dr. Mullens, of the London Missionary Society.

"After describing a 'Kabáry,'—a public assembly addressed by the Queen,—in the Betsileo* province, he goes on to say: 'Having expressed in a clear and distinct voice her pleasure in meeting her people once more, the Queen uttered several sentences usual to these assemblies, in which she dwelt upon the close and affectionate relations subsisting between them and herself. "You are a father and mother to me: having you, I have all. . . . And if you confide in me, you have a father and a mother in me. Is it not so, O ye

* I can't answer for Madagascar nomenclature.

under heaven?" To which, with a deep voice, the people reply, "It is so." Passing at length to the subject specially before her, the Queen said, "My days in the South are now few; therefore I will say a word about the Schools. And I say to you all, here in Betsilco, . . . cause your children to attend the Schools. My desire is, that whether high or low, whether sons of the nobles, or sons of the judges, or sons of the officers, or sons of the centurions, your sons and your daughters should attend the Schools and become lovers of wisdom." The Prime Minister, then, in the Queen's name, addressed the assembly on the subject of usury,—a great evil among poor nations, and only too common in stages of society like that in Madagascar,—and said, "Thus saith the Queen: *All the usury exacted by the Hovos from the Betsilco is remitted, and only the original debt shall remain!*"

"I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

"JOSEPH HALSEY."

II. (Letter from a clergyman, now an accepted Companion):—

"You say when I agree in your opinions I may come, but surely you do not exact the unquestioning and entire submission of the individual opinion which the most arrogant of churches exacts.* With your leading principles, so as I am yet able to judge of them, I entirely and unreservedly agree. I see daily such warped morality, such crooked ways in the most urgent and important concerns of life, as to convince me that the axe should be laid to the root of the tree. Mainly I am disgusted—no more tolerant word will do—with the prevalent tone of thought in religious matters, and the resulting tortuous courses in daily work and worship. What a worse than Pagan misconception of Him whom they ignorantly worship—

"*Ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo!*"—

is shown by the mass of so-called religious persons! How scurrilously the Protestant will rail against Papist *intolerance*—making his private judgment of Scripture the infallible rule, 'blushing not (as Hooker says) in any doubt concerning matters of Scripture to think his own bare Yea as good as the Nay of all the wise, grave, and learned judgments that are in the whole world.'

"Which insolency must be repressed, or it will be the very bane of Christian Religion."—(Ecc. Polity, Book II.)

III. (Useful letter from a friend):—

"I believe the St. George's Company contains the germ of a healthy and vigorous constitution. I see that you are planting that germ, and fostering it with all deliberation and cautious directness of advance; but what Titanic obstacles! It seems to me the fittest plant of this age to survive, but in the complexities of the struggle for existence, its rearing must be a Herculean labour. Yet wherein is this age singular? When was there any time whose sentence we might not write thus: "*L'état agité par les brigues des ambitieux, par les largesses des riches factieux, par la venalité des pauvres oisieux, par l'empirisme des orateurs, par l'audace des hommes pervers, par la faiblesse des hommes vertueux,*" was distracted and disintegrate."

"When I can get better words than my own I like to use them—and it is seldom I cannot. In the selfish pleasure of writing to you I forget the tax on your time of reading my vagaries; but I feel a kind of filial unburdening in writing thus freely. Will that excuse me?"

"Always sincerely and affectionately yours,

"JAMES HOOPER."

* By no means, but *practical* obedience, yes,—not to me, but to the Master of the Company, whoever he may be; and this not for his pride's sake, but for your comfort's

WOOD *versus* COAL.—Subject to such correction as may be due to the different quantity of carbon contained in a load of wood as in a ton of coal, the product of the coal-field is seven times as much [of fuel] per mile, as that of the forest. To produce a yield of fuel equal to that obtainable from the known coal measures of the world, if worked with an activity equal to that of our own, seven times the area of cultivated forest is required. But the actual area, as estimated, is not seven, but twenty-seven times that of the coal measures. It is thus four times as important, regarded as a source of fuel. But while the life of the coal-field has been taken at 150 years, that of the forest, if rightly cared for, will endure as long as that of the human family. A wealth such as this is not to be measured in tons of gold.—*Edinburgh Review*, p. 375, Oct., 1875.

“I think Sheffield is more likely ‘Schaf-feld’ than Sheaf-field. ‘Sheep-fold’ the sheltered hollow with moors all round it. I know a place called ‘Thescombe,’ meaning ‘theaves-combe,’ or ‘young lambs-combe.’”—*Note by a Companion*.

FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTERS

TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS
OF GREAT BRITAIN.

VOLUME VI.

CONTAINING LETTERS LXI-LXXII.

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FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTER LXI.

November 28th, 1875.

(In the house of a friend who, being ashamed of me and my words, requests that this Fors may not be dated from it.)

‘LIVE AND LEARN.’ I trust it may yet be permitted me to fulfil the adage a few years longer, for I find it takes a great deal of living to get a little deal of learning. (Query, meaning of ‘deal’?—substantive of verb deal—as at whist?—no Johnson by me, and shall be sure to forget to look when I have.) But I *have* learned something this morning,—the use of the holes in the bottom of a fireshovel, to wit. I recollect, now, often and often, seeing my mother sift the cinders; but, alas, she never taught *me* to do it. Did not think, perhaps, that I should ever have occasion, as a Bishop, to occupy myself in that manner; nor understand,—poor sweet mother,—how advisable it might be to have some sort of holes in my shovel-hat, for sifting cinders of human soul.

Howsoever, I have found out the art, this morning, in the actual ashes; thinking all the time how it was possible for people to live in this weather, who had no cinders to sift. My hostess’s white cat, Lily, woke me at half-past five by piteous mewing at my window; and being let in, and having expressed her thanks by getting between my legs over and over again as I was shaving, has at last curled herself up in my bed, and gone to sleep,—looking as fat as a little pillow, only whiter; but what are the cats to do, to-day, who have no one to let them in at the windows, no beds to curl up into, and nothing but skin and bones to curl?

‘It can’t be helped, you know;—meantime, let Lily enjoy her bed, and be thankful, (if possible, in a more convenient manner). And do you enjoy your fire, and be thankful,’ say the pious public: and subscribe, no doubt, at their Rector’s request, for an early dole of Christmas coals. Alas, my pious public, all this temporary doling and coaling is worse than useless. It drags out some old women’s lives a month or two longer,—makes, here and there, a hearth savoury with smell of dinner, that little knew of such frankincense; but, for true help to the poor, you might as well light a lucifer match to warm their fingers; and for the good to your own hearts,—I tell you solemnly, all your comfort in such charity is simply, Christ’s dipped sop, given to you for signal to somebody else than Christ, that it is *his* hour to find the windows of your soul open—to the Night, whence very doleful creatures, of other temper and colour than Lily, are mewling to get in.

Indeed, my pious public, you cannot, at present, by any coal or blanket subscription, do more than blind yourselves to the plain order “Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.”

To him that asketh us, say the public,—but then—everybody would ask us.

Yes, you pitiful public,—pretty nearly everybody would: that is indeed the state of national dignity, and independence, and gushing prosperity, you have brought your England into; a population mostly of beggars, (at heart); or, worse, bagmen, not merely bearing the bag—but nothing else *but* bags; sloppy star-fishy, seven-suckered stomachs of indiscriminate covetousness, ready to beg, borrow, gamble, swindle, or write anything a publisher will pay for.

Nevertheless your order is precise, and clear; ‘Give to him that asketh thee’—even to the half of your last cloak—says St. Martin; even to the whole of it, says Christ: ‘whosoever of you forsaketh not *all* that he hath cannot be my disciple.’

‘And you yourself, you have a house among the lakes, and rooms at Oxford, and pictures, and books, and a Dives dinner every day, how about all that?’

Yes, you may well ask,—and I answer very distinctly and frankly, that if once I am convinced (and it is not by any means unlikely I should be so) that to put all these things into the hands of others, and live, myself, in a cell at Assisi, or a shepherd's cottage in Cumberland, would be right, and wise, under the conditions of human life and thought with which I have to deal—very assuredly I will do so.

Nor is it, I repeat, unlikely that such conviction may soon happen to me; for I begin to question very strictly with myself, how it is that St. George's work does not prosper better in my hands.

Here is the half-decade of years, past, since I began the writing of *Fors*, as a byework, to quiet my conscience, that I might be happy in what I supposed to be my own proper life of Art-teaching, at Oxford and elsewhere; and, through my own happiness, rightly help others.

But Atropus has ruled it quite otherwise. During these five years, very signal distress has visited me, conclusively removing all possibilities of cheerful action; separating and sealing a great space of former life into one wide field of *Machpelah*; and leaving the rest sunless. Also, everything I have set hand to has been unprosperous; much of it even calamitous;—disappointment, coupled with heavy money loss, happening in almost every quarter to me, and casting discredit on all I attempt; while, in things partly under the influence and fortune of others, and therefore more or less successful,—the schools at Oxford especially, which owe the greater part of their efficiency to the fostering zeal of Dr. Acland, and the steady teaching of Mr. Macdonald,—I have not been able, for my own share, to accomplish the tenth part of what I planned.

Under which conditions, I proceed in my endeavour to remodel the world, with more zeal, by much, than at the beginning of the year 1871.

For these following reasons.

First, that I would give anything to be quit of the whole business; and therefore that I am certain it is not ambition, nor love of power, nor anything but absolute and mere com-

passion, that drags me on. That shoemaker, whom his son left lying dead with his head in the fireplace the other day,*—I wish he and his son had never been born;—but as the like of them will be born, and must so die, so long as things remain as they are, there's no choice for me but to do all I know to change them, since others won't.

Secondly. I observe that when all things, in early life, appeared to be going well for me, they were by no means going well, in the deep of them, but quite materially and rapidly otherwise. Whence I conclude that though things appear at present adverse to my work and me, they may not at all be adverse in the deep of them, but quite otherwise.

Thirdly. Though in my own fortune, unprosperous, and in my own thoughts and labour, failing, I find more and more every day that I have helped many persons unknown to me; that others, in spite of my failures, begin to understand me, and are ready to follow; and that a certain power is indeed already in my hands, woven widely into the threads of many human lives; which power, if I now laid down, that line (which I have always kept the murmur of in my ears, for warning, since first I read it thirty years ago,)—

“Che fece per viltate'l gran rifiuto,” †

would be finally and fatally true of me.

Fourthly, not only is that saying of Bacon's of great comfort to me, “therefore extreme lovers of their country, or masters, were never fortunate; neither can they be, for when a man places his thoughts without himself, he goeth not his own way,” ‡ for truly I have always loved my masters, Turner, Tintoret, and Carlyle, to the exclusion of my own thoughts;

* See first article in Notes.

† Inferno, III. 60. I fear that few modern readers of Dante understand the dreadful meaning of this hellish outer district, or suburb, full of the refuse or worthless scum of Humanity—such numbers that “non haverei creduto, che morte tanta n' havesse disfatta,”—who are stung to bloody torture by insects, and whose blood and tears together—the best that human souls can give—are sucked up, on the hell-ground, by worms.

‡ Essay XI.

and my country more than my own garden: but also, I do not find in the reading of history that any victory worth having was ever won without cost; and I observe that too open and early prosperity is rarely the way to it.

But lastly, and chiefly. If there be any truth in the vital doctrines of Christianity whatsoever,—and assuredly there is more than most of us recognise, or than any of us believe,—the offences committed in this century by all the nations of Christendom against the law of Christ have been so great, and insolent, that they cannot but be punished by the withdrawal of spiritual guidance from them, and the especial paralysis of efforts intelligently made for their good. In times of more ignorant sinning, they were punished by plagues of the body; but now, by plagues of the soul, and widely infectious insanities, making every true physician of souls helpless, and every false effort triumphant. Nor are we without great and terrible signs of supernatural calamity, no less in grievous changes and deterioration of climate, than in forms of mental disease,* claiming distinctly to be necromantic, and, as far as I have examined the evidence relating to them, actually manifesting themselves as such. For observe you, my friends, countrymen, and brothers—*Either*, at this actual moment of your merry Christmas-time, that has truly come to pass, in falling London, which your greatest Englishman wrote of falling Rome, “the sheeted dead, do squeak and gibber in your English streets,”—*Or*, such a system of loathsome imposture and cretinous blasphemy is current among all classes of England and America, as makes the superstition of all past ages divine truth in comparison!

One of these things *is* so—gay friends;—have it which way you will: one or other of these, to me, alike appalling; and in

* I leave this passage as it was written: though as it passes through the press, it is ordered by Atropos that I should hear a piece of evidence on this matter no less clear as to the present ministry of such powers as that which led Peter out of prison, than all the former, or nearly all, former evidence examined by me was of the presence of the legion which ruled among the Tombs of Gennesaret.

your principal street of London society, you have a picture of highly dressed harlots gambling, of naked ones, called Andromeda and Francesca of Rimini, and of Christ led to be crucified, exhibited, for your better entertainment, in the same room; and at the end of the same street, an exhibition of jugglery, professedly imitating, *for money*, what a large number of you believe to be the efforts of the returned Dead to convince you of your Immortality.

Meantime, at the other end—no, at the very centre of your great Babylon, a son leaves his father dead, with his head, instead of a fire, in the fireplace, and goes out himself to his day's darg.

* * * * * *

‘We are very sorry;—What can we do? How can we help it? London is so big, and living is so very expensive, you know.’

Miserables,—who makes London big, but you, coming to look at the harlotries in it, painted and other? Who makes living expensive, but you, who drink, and eat,* and dress, all you can; and never in your lives did one stroke of work to get your living,—never drew a bucket of water, never sowed a grain of corn, never spun a yard of thread;—but you devour, and swill, and waste, to your fill, and think yourselves good, and fine, and better creatures of God, I doubt not, than the poor starved wretch of a shoemaker, who shod whom he could, while you gave him food enough to keep him in strength to stitch.

We, of the so-called ‘educated’ classes, who take it upon us to be the better and upper part of the world, cannot possibly understand our relations to the rest better than we may where actual life may be seen in front of its Shakespearean image, from the stalls of a theatre. I never stand up to rest myself, and look round the house, without renewal of wonder how the crowd in the pit, and shilling gallery, allow us of the boxes and stalls to keep our places! Think of it;—those fellows be-

* See second article in Notes.

hind there have housed us and fed us; their wives have washed our clothes, and kept us tidy;—they have bought us the best places,—brought us through the cold to them; and there they sit behind us, patiently, seeing and hearing what they may. There they pack themselves, squeezed and distant, behind our chairs;—we, their elect toys and pet puppets, oiled, and varnished, and incensed, lounge in front, placidly, or for the greater part, wearily and sickly contemplative. Here we are again, all of us, this Christmas! Behold the artist in tumbling, and in painting with white and red,—our object of worship, and applause: here sit we at our ease, the dressed dolls of the place, with little more in our heads, most of us, than may be contained inside of a wig of flax and a nose of wax; stuck up by these poor little prentices, clerks, and orange-sneaking mobility, Kit, and his mother, and the baby—behind us, in the chief places of this our evening synagogue. What for? ‘They did not stick you up,’ say you,—you paid for your stalls with your own money? Where did you get your money? Some of you—if any Reverend gentlemen, as I hope, are among us,—by selling the Gospel; others by selling Justice; others by selling their Blood—(and no man has any right to sell aught of these three things, any more than a woman her body,)—the rest, if not by swindling, by simple taxation of the labour of the shilling gallery,—or of the yet poorer or better persons who have not so much, or will not spend so much, as the shilling to get there? How else should you, or could you, get your money,—simpletons?

Not that it is essentially your fault, poor feathered moths,—any more than the dead shoemaker’s. That blasphemous blockheadism of Mr. Greg’s,* and the like of him, that you can swill salvation into other people’s bodies out of your own champagne-bottles, is the main root of all your national miseries. Indeed you are willing enough to believe that devil’s-gospel, you rich ones; or most of you would have detected the

* Quoted in last Fors, p. 217, lines 9—22, from ‘Contemporary Review.’ Observe that it is blasphemy, definitely and calmly uttered, first against Nature, and secondly against Christ.

horror of it before now; but yet the chief wrong lies with the assertors of it,—and once and again I tell you, the words of Christ are true,—and not their's; and that the day has come for fasting, and prayer, not for feasting; but, above all, for labour—personal and direct labour—on the Earth that bears you, and buries—as best it can.

9th December.—I heard yesterday that the son of the best English portrait-painter we have had since Gainsborough, had learnt farming; that his father had paid two hundred pounds a year to obtain that instruction for him; and that the boy is gone, in high spirits, to farm—in Jamaica! So far, so good. Nature and facts are beginning to assert themselves to the British mind. But very dimly.

For, first, observe, the father should have paid nothing for that boy's farming education. As soon as he could hold a hoe, the little fellow should have been set to do all he could for his living, under a good farmer for master; and as he became able to do more, taught more, until he knew all that his master knew,—winning, all the while he was receiving that natural education, his bread by the sweat of his brow.

'But there are no farmers who teach—none who take care of their boys, or men.'

Miserables again, whose fault is that? The landlords choose to make the farmers middlemen between the peasants and themselves—grinders, not of corn, but of flesh, for their rent. And of course you dare not put your children under them to be taught.

Read Gotthelf's 'Ulric the Farm Servant' on this matter. It is one of his great novels,—great as Walter Scott's, in the truth and vitality of it, only inferior in power of design. I would translate it all in Fors, if I had time; and indeed hope to make it soon one of my school series, of which, and other promised matters, or delayed ones, I must now take some order, and give some account, in this opening letter of the year, as far as I can, only, before leaving the young farmer among the Blacks, please observe that he goes there because you have all made Artificial Blacks of yourselves, and unme-

ludious Christys,—nothing but the whites of your eyes showing through the unclean skins of you, here, in Merry England, where there was once green ground to farm instead of ashes.

And first,—here's the woodcut, long promised, of a rose-leaf cut by the leaf-cutting bee, true in size and shape; a sound contribution to Natural History, so far as it reaches. Much I had to say of it, but am not in humour to-day. Happily, the letter from a valued Companion, Art. III. in Notes, may well take place of any talk of mine.*



Secondly, I promised a first lesson in writing, of which, therefore, (that we may see what is our present knowledge on the subject, and what farther we may safely ask Theuth† to teach,) I have had engraved two examples, one of writing in the most authoritative manner, used for modern service, and

* The most valuable notes of the kind correspondent who sent me this leaf, with many others, and a perfect series of nests, must be reserved till spring-time: my mind is not free for them, now.

† Compare Letter XVI. 188, and XVII. 201.

the other of writing by a practised scribe of the fourteenth century. To make the comparison fair, we must take the religious, and therefore most careful, scripture of both dates; so, for example of modern sacred scripture, I take the casting up of a column in my banker's book; and for the ancient, a letter A, with a few following words, out of a Greek Psalter, which is of admirable and characteristic, but not (by any honest copyist,) inimitable execution.

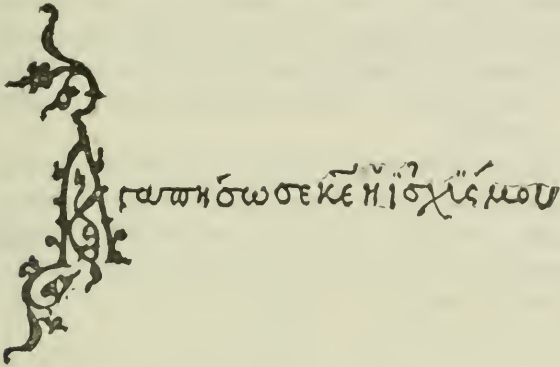
6	<i>A of A B C</i>	15 3 5	10	11
1	4 L. 13. 2	20 3 5	16	2

Here then, first, is modern writing; in facsimile of which I have thought it worth while to employ Mr. Burgess's utmost skill; for it seems to me a fact of profound significance that all the expedients we have invented for saving time, by steam and machinery, (not to speak of the art of printing,) leave us yet so hurried, and flurried, that we cannot produce any lovelier caligraphy than this, even to certify the gratifying existence of a balance of eleven hundred and forty-two pounds, thirteen shillings, and twopence, while the old writer, though required, eventually, to produce the utmost possible number of entire psalters with his own hand, yet has time for the execution of every initial letter of them in the manner here exhibited.

Respecting which, you are to observe that this is pure *writing*; not painting or drawing, but the expression of form by lines such as a pen can easily produce, (or a brush used with the point, in the manner of a pen;) and with a certain habitual currency and fluent habit of finger, yet not dashing or flourishing, but with perfect command of direction in advance, and moment of pause, at any point.

You may at first, and very naturally, suppose, good reader, that it will not advance your power of English writing to

copy a Greek sentence. But, with your pardon, the first need, for all beautiful writing, is that your hand should be, in the true and virtuous sense, *free*; that is to say, able to move in any direction it is ordered, and not cramped to a given slope, or to any given form of letter. And also, whether you can learn Greek or not, it is well, (and perfectly easy,) to learn the



Greek alphabet, that if by chance a questionable word occur in your Testament, or in scientific books, you may be able to read it, and even look it out in a dictionary. And this particular manner of Greek writing I wish you to notice, because it is such as Victor Carpaccio represents St. Jerome reading in his study; and I shall be able to illustrate by it some points of Byzantine character of extreme historical interest.

Copy, therefore, this letter Α, and the following words, in as perfect facsimile as you can, again and again, not being content till a tracing from the original fits your copy to the thickness of its penstroke. And even by the time next Fors comes out, you will begin to know how to use a pen. Also, you may at spare times practise copying any clearly-printed type, only without the difference of thickness in parts of letters; the best writing for practical purposes is that which most resembles print, connected only, for speed, by the current line.

Next, for some elementary practice of the same kind in the more difficult art of Reading.

A young student, belonging to the working classes, who has

been reading books a little too difficult or too grand for him, asking me what he shall read next, I have told him, 'Waverley'—with extreme care.

It is true that, in grandeur and difficulty, I have not a whit really lowered his standard; for it is an achievement as far beyond him, at present, to understand 'Waverley,' as to understand the 'Odyssey;' but the road, though as steep and high-reaching as any he has travelled, is smoother for him. What farther directions I am now going to give him, will be good for all young men of active minds who care to make such activity serviceable.

Read your 'Waverley,' I repeat, with extreme care: and of every important person in the story, consider first what the virtues are; then what the faults inevitable to them by nature and breeding; then what the faults they might have avoided; then what the results to them of their faults and virtues, under the appointment of fate.

Do this after reading each chapter; and write down the lessons which it seems to you that Scott intended in it; and what he means you to admire, what to despise.

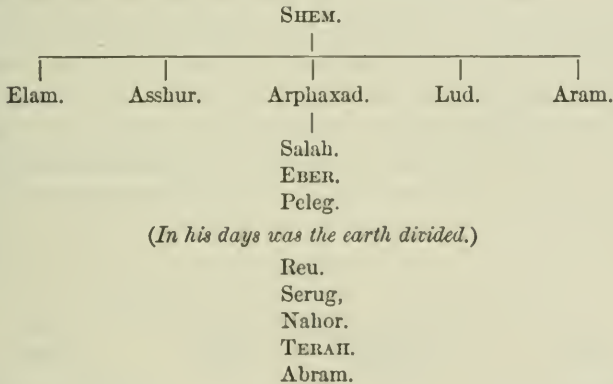
Secondly,—supposing you to be, in any the smallest real measure, a Christian,—begin the history of Abraham, as preparatory to that of the first Law-giver whom you have in some understanding to obey. And the history of Abraham must be led up to, by reading carefully from Genesis ix. 20th, forward, and learning the main traditions which the subsequent chapters contain.

And observe, it does not matter in the least to you, at present, how far these traditions are true. Your business is only to know what is said in Genesis. That does not matter to you, you think? Much less does it matter what Mr. Smith or Mr. Robinson said last night at that public meeting; or whether Mr. Black, or his brother, shot Mrs. White; or anything else whatever, small or great, that you will find said or related in the morning papers. But to know what is said in Genesis will enable you to understand, in some sort, the effect of that saying on men's minds, through at least two

thousand years of the World's History. Which, if you mean to be a scholar and gentleman, you *must* make some effort to do.

And this is the way to set about it. You see the tenth chapter of Genesis names to you the children, and children's children, of Noah, from whom the nations of the world (it says) came, and by whom the lands of the world (it says) were divided.

You must learn them by rote, in order. You know already, I suppose, the three names, Shem, Ham, and Japheth ; begin with Shem, and learn the names of his sons, thus :



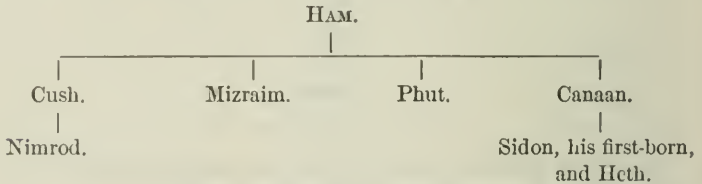
Now, you see that makes a pretty ornamental letter T, with a little joint in the middle of its stalk.

And this letter T you must always be able to write, out of your head, without a moment's hesitation. However stupid you may be at learning by rote, thus much can always be done by dint of sheer patient repetition. Read the centre column straight down, over and again, for an hour together, and you will find it at last begin to stick in your head. Then, as soon as it is fast there, say it over and over again when it is dark, or when you are out walking, till you can't make a mistake in it.

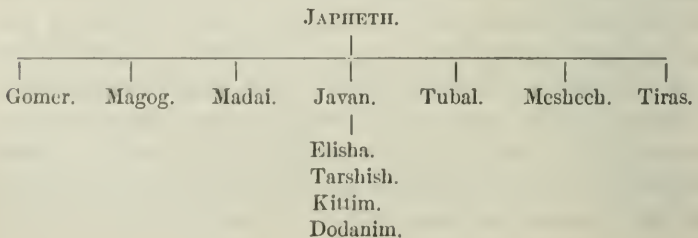
Then observe farther that Peleg, in whose days the earth was divided, had a brother named Joktan, who had thirteen children. Of these, you need not mind the names of ten ; but the odd three are important to you. Sheba, Ophir, and Havi-

lah. You have perhaps heard of these before ; and assuredly, if you go on reading Fors, you will hear of them again.

And these thirteen children of Joktan, you see, had their dwelling “ from Mesha, as thou goest unto Sephar, a mount of the East.” I don’t know anything about Mesha and Sephar, yet ; but I may : in the meantime, learn the sentence, and recollect that these people are fixed *somewhere*, at any rate, because they are to be Masters of Gold, which is fixed in Eastern, or Western, mountains ; but that the children of the other brother, Peleg, can go wherever they like, and often where they shouldn’t,—for “ in his days was the earth divided.” Recollect also that the children of both brothers, or, in brief, the great Indian gold-possessing race, and the sacred race of prophets and kings of the higher spiritual world, are in the 21st verse of this chapter called “ all the children of EBER.” If you learn so much as this well, it’s enough for this month : but I may as well at once give you the forms you have to learn for the other two sons.



The seventh verse is to be noted as giving the gold-masters of Africa, under two of the same names as those of Asia, but must not be learned for fear of confusion. The form above given must be amplified and commented on variously, but is best learned first in its simplicity.



I leave this blunt-stalked and flat-headed letter T, also, in its simplicity, and we will take up the needful detail in next Fors.

Together with which, (all the sheets being now printed, and only my editorial preface wanting,) I doubt not will be published the first volume of the classical series of books which I purpose editing for St. George's library;—Xenophon's Economist, namely, done into English for us by two of my Oxford pupils; this volume, I hope, soon to be followed by Gotthelf's Ulric the Farm-servant, either in French or English, as the Second Fors, faithfully observant of copyright and other dues, may decide; meantime, our first historical work, relating the chief decision of Atropos respecting the fate of England after the Conquest, is being written for me by a friend, and Fellow of my college of Corpus Christi, whose help I accept, in St. George's name,—all the more joyfully, because he is our head gardener, no less than our master-historian.

And for the standard theological writings which are ultimately to be the foundation of this body of secular literature, I have chosen seven authors, whose lives and works, so far as the one can be traced or the other certified, shall be, with the best help I can obtain from the good scholars of Oxford, prepared one by one in perfect editions for the St. George's schools. These seven books will contain, in as many volumes as may be needful, the lives and writings of the men who have taught the purest theological truth hitherto known to the Jews, Greeks, Latins, Italians, and English; namely, Moses, David, Hesiod, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, and, for seventh, summing the whole with vision of judgment, St. John the Divine.

The Hesiod I purpose, if my life is spared, to translate myself (into prose), and to give in complete form. Of Virgil I shall only take the two first Georgies, and the sixth book of the *Æneid*, but with the Douglas translation; * adding the

* " A Bishop by the altar stood,
A noble Lord of Douglas blood,
With mitre sheen, and rocquet white,
Yet showed his meek and thoughtful eye
But little pride of prelaey ;

two first books of Livy, for completion of the image of Roman life. Of Chaucer, I take the authentic poems, except the Canterbury Tales; together with, be they authentic or not, the Dream, and the fragment of the translation of the Romance of the Rose, adding some French chivalrous literature of the same date. I shall so order this work, that, in such measure as it may be possible to me, it shall be in a constantly progressive relation to the granted years of my life. The plan of it I give now, and will explain in full detail, that my scholars may carry it out, if I cannot.

And now let my general readers observe, finally, about all reading,—You must read, for the nourishment of your mind, precisely under the moral laws which regulate your eating for the nourishment of the body. That is to say, you must not eat for the pleasure of eating, nor read, for the pleasure of reading. But, if you manage yourself rightly, you will intensely enjoy your dinner, and your book. If you have any sense, you can easily follow out this analogy: I have not time at present to do it for you; only be sure it holds, to the minutest particular, with this difference only, that the vices and virtues of reading are more harmful on the one side, and higher on the other, as the soul is more precious than the body. Gluttonous reading is a worse vice than gluttonous eating; filthy and foul reading, a much more loathsome habit than filthy eating. Epicurism in books is much more difficult of attainment than epicurism in meat, but plain and virtuous feeding the most entirely pleasurable.

And now, one step of farther thought will enable you to settle a great many questions with one answer.

As you may neither eat, nor read, for the pleasure of eating or reading, so you may do *nothing else* for the pleasure of it, but for the use. The moral difference between a man and a beast is, that the one acts primarily for use, the other for

More pleased that, in a barbarous age,
He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
Than that beneath his rule he held
The bishopric of fair Dunkeld."

pleasure. And all acting for pleasure before use, or instead of use, is, in one word, 'Fornication.' That is the accurate meaning of the words 'harlotry,' or 'fornication,' as used in the Bible, wherever they occur spoken of nations, and especially in all the passages relating to the great or spiritual Babylon.

And the Law of God concerning man is, that if he acts for use—that is to say, as God's servant;—he shall be rewarded with such pleasure as no heart can conceive nor tongue tell; only it is revealed by the Spirit, as that Holy Ghost of life and health possesses us; but if we act for pleasure instead of use, we shall be punished by such misery as no heart can conceive nor tongue tell; but which can only be revealed by the adverse spirit, whose is the power of death. And that—I assure you—is absolute, inevitable, daily and hourly Fact for us, to the simplicity of which I to-day invite your scholarly and literary attention.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE St. George's Company is now distinctly in existence; formed of about twenty accepted Companions, to whose number I am daily adding, and to whom the entire property of the Company legally belongs, and who have the right at any moment to depose the Master, and dispose of the property in any manner they may think fit. Unless I believed myself capable of choosing persons for Companions who might be safely entrusted with this power, I should not have endeavoured to form the society at all. Every one of these Companions has a right to know the names and addresses of the rest, which the Master of the Company must furnish him with; and of course the roll of the names, which will be kept in Corpus Christi College, is their legal certificate. I do not choose to begin this book at the end of the year, but at the beginning of the next term it will be done; and as our lawyer's paper, revised, is now—15th December—in my hands, and approved, the 1st of January will see us securely constituted. I give below the initials of the Companions accepted before the 10th of this month, thinking that my doing so will be pleasing to some of them, and right, for all.

Initials of Companions accepted before 10th December, 1875. I only give two letters, which are I think as much indication as is at present desirable:—

1. D. L.	14. A. H.
2. F. C.	15. W. S.
3. L. B.	16. W. S.
4. B. B.	17. J. B.
5. F. T.	18. B. G.
6. R. T.	19. H. L.
7. G. S.	20. J. F.
8. B. A.	21. J. M.
9. A. H.	22. R. S.
10. T. D.	23. H. C.
11. M. K.	24. J. T.
12. S. B.	25. J. S.
13. G. A.	

This 'Fors' is already so much beyond its usual limits, and it introduces subject-matter so grave, that I do not feel inclined to go into further business details this month; the rather because in the February 'Fors,' with the accounts of the Company, I must begin what the Master of the Company

will be always compelled to furnish—statement of his own personal current expenditure. And this will require some explanation too long for to-day. I defer also the Wakefield correspondence, for I have just got fresh information about the destruction of Wakefield chapel, and have an election petition to examine.

I. Our notes for the year 1876 may, I think, best begin with the two pieces of news which follow; and which, by order of Atropos, also followed each other in the column of the 'Morning Advertiser,' from which I print them.

For, though I am by this time known to object to Advertisement in general, I beg the public to observe that my objection is only to bought or bribed Advertisement (especially if it be Advertisement of one's self). But that I hold myself, and this book of mine, for nothing better than Morning, Noon, and Evening Advertisers, of what things appear verily noteworthy in the midst of us. Whereof I commend the circumstances of the death, beneath related, very particularly to the attention of the Bishops of London and York.

SHOCKING DEATH FROM STARVATION.—Last night Mr. Bedford, the Westminster coroner, held an inquest at the Board-room, Dean Street, Soho, on the body of Thomas Gladstone, aged 58, of 43, King Street, Seven Dials, a shoemaker, who was found dead on Thursday last.

William Gladstone, a lad of 15, identified the body as that of his father, with whom he and three other children lived. Deceased had been ailing for some time past, and was quite unable to do any work. The recent cold weather had such an effect upon him that he was compelled to remain in his room on Wednesday last, and at three the next morning witness found him sitting up in bed complaining of cold, and that he was dying. Witness went to sleep, and on awaking at eight that morning he found deceased with his head in the fireplace. Thinking he was only asleep, witness went to work, and on returning two hours later he was still in the same position, and it was then found that he was dead.

Coroner.—Why did you not send for a doctor?

Witness.—I didn't know he wanted one until he was dead, and we found out amongst us that he was dead.

Jane Gladstone, the widow, said she had been living apart from her husband for some months, and first heard of his death at 2.30 on Thursday afternoon, and upon going to his room found him dead lying upon a mattress on the floor. He was always ailing, and suffered from consumption, for which he had received advice at St. George's Hospital. They had had seven children, and for some time prior to the separation they had been in the greatest distress; and on the birth of her last child, on December 7, 1874, they applied at the St. James's workhouse for relief, and received two loaves and 2 lb. of meat per week for a month, and at the end of that time one of the relieving officers stopped the relief, saying that they were both able to work. They told the relieving officer that they had no work, and had seven children to keep, but he still refused to relieve them.

By the Coroner.—They did not ask again for relief, as deceased said "he had made up his mind that, after the way he had been turned away like a dog, he would sooner starve," and she herself would also rather do so. Deceased was quite unable to earn sufficient to maintain the family, and their support fell mainly upon her, but it was such a hard life that she got

situations for two of the boys, got a girl into a school, and leaving the other three boys with deceased, took the baby and separated from him. He was in great want at that time.

The Coroner.—Then why did you not go to the workhouse and represent his case to them?

Witness.—What was the good when we had been refused twice?

Mr. Green, the Coroner's officer, said that he believed the witness had been in receipt of two loaves a week from the St. James's workhouse, but had not called lately for the loaves.

The Coroner said he hardly thought that so poor a woman would refuse or neglect to apply for so valuable a contribution to the needs of a family as two loaves of bread; and some of the jury said that Mr. Green must be mistaken, and that such a statement should be made upon oath if at all. The officer, however, was not sworn.

John Collins, of 43, King Street, said that about eleven o'clock on Thursday morning he met a gentleman on the stairs, who said that he had been up to the room of the deceased to take him some work to do, but that the room door was locked, and a child had called out, "Father is dead, and you can't come in." Witness at once went for the police, who came, and broke open the door. Upon going into the room witness found a piece of paper (produced) in which was written, "Harry, get a pint of milk for the three of you; father is dead. Tell your schoolmaster you can't come to school any more. Cut your own bread, but don't use the butter." He believed that the eldest boy had returned home at ten o'clock in the morning, and finding two of the boys at school had left the note for them.

Police-constable Crabb, 18 C R., deposed to breaking open the door and finding deceased dead on the floor, with a little child crouching by him shivering with cold.

Dr. Howard Clarke, of 19, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, and Gerrard Street, Soho, said that he was called to see the deceased, and found him lying upon the floor of his room dead and cold, with nothing on him but stockings and a shirt, the room being nearly destitute of furniture. The place was in a most filthy condition, and deceased himself was so shockingly dirty and neglected, and so overrun with vermin, that he (witness) was compelled to wash his hands five times during the post-mortem examination. By the side of the corpse sat a little child about four years old, who cried piteously, "Oh, don't take me away; poor father's dead!" There was nothing in the shape of food but a morsel of butter, some arrowroot, and a piece of bread, and the room was cold and cheerless in the extreme. Upon making a post-mortem he found the brain congested, and the whole of the organs of the body more or less diseased. The unfortunate man must have suffered fearfully. The body was extremely emaciated, and there was not a particle of food or drop of liquid in the stomach or intestines. Death had resulted probably from a complication of ailments, but there was no doubt whatever that such death had been much accelerated by want of the common necessities of life.

The Coroner.—Starvation, in short?

Witness.—Precisely so. I never in all my experience saw a greater case of destitution.

The Coroner.—Then I must ask the jury to adjourn the case. Here is a very serious charge against workhouse officials, and a man dying clearly from starvation, and it is due alike to the family of the deceased, the parish officials, and the public at large, that the case should be sifted to the very bottom, and the real cause of this death elucidated.

Adjourned accordingly.

SHOCKING DISCOVERY.—A painful sensation was, says the 'Sheffield Telegraph,' caused in the neighbourhood of Castleford, near Pontefract, on Fri-

day evening, by the report made to a police-constable stationed at Allerton Bywater that a woman and child had been found dead in bed in Lock Lane, Castleford, under most mysterious circumstances, and that two small children were also found nearly starved to death beside the two dead bodies. The report, however, turned out to be correct. The circumstances surrounding the mystery have now been cleared up. An inquest, held on Saturday at Allerton Bywater, before Dr. Grabham, of Pontefract, reveals the following:—It appears on Sunday, the 28th ult., John Wilson, miner, husband of Emma Wilson, aged thirty-six years (one of the deceased), and father of Fred, aged eighteen months (the other deceased), left home to proceed to his employment at Street House Colliery, and would remain away all the week. Mrs. Wilson was seen going into her house on Monday evening, but was not seen again alive. There were besides the woman three children of very tender years in the house. The neighbours missed the woman and children from Monday night, but finding the blinds were drawn down, concluded that the family had gone to the husband. On Friday evening a neighbour, named Ann Foggett, rapped at the door, and hearing the faint bark of a dog, which was found to be fastened up in a cupboard, continued to knock at the door, and ultimately heard the voice of a child. The door was subsequently burst open, and on proceeding upstairs the sight was horrifying. On the bed lay the mother and infant child dead, beside whom were two other small children in their night dresses. They, too, were nigh death's door, having been without proper food and clothing evidently since their mother's death, which must have occurred on the Monday night. Beside the corpse of the mother lay a knife and portions of a loaf of bread, which had been no doubt taken to her by the children to be supplied with some, but being unable to get an answer from her, they had nibbled the middle of the loaf clean away. A post-mortem examination showed that the mother had died from heart disease, and the child on the following day from starvation. The jury returned a verdict to that effect.—*Morning Advertiser*, December 7th, 1875.

II. The following is sent me by a correspondent. Italics mine throughout. The passage about threshing is highly curious; compare my account of the threshers at Thun. Poor Gilbert had been doubtless set to thresh, like Milton's fiend, by himself, and had no creambowl afterwards.

24th October, 1800.

GILBERT BURNS TO JAMES CURRIE, M.D.

The evils peculiar to the lower ranks of life derive their power to wound us from the suggestions of false pride, and the contagion of luxury, rather than from the refinement of our taste. There is little labour which custom will not make easy to a man in health, if he is not ashamed of his employment, or does not begin to compare his situation with those who go about at their ease. But the man of enlarged mind feels the respect due to him as a man; he has learnt that no employment is dishonourable in itself; that, while he performs aright the duties of the station in which God has placed him, he is as great as a king in the eyes of Him whom he is principally desirous to please. *For the man of taste, who is constantly obliged to labour, must of necessity be religious.* If you teach him only to reason, you may make him an atheist, a demagogue, or any vile thing; but if you teach him to feel, his feelings can only find their proper and natural relief in devotion and religious resignation. *I can say from my own experience that there is no sort of farm labour inconsistent with the most refined and pleasurable state of the mind, that I am acquainted with, threshing alone excepted.* That, indeed, I have always considered insupportable drudgery, and think the man who invented

the threshing-machine ought to have a statue among the benefactors of his country.

Perhaps the thing of most importance in the education of the common people is to prevent the intrusion of artificial wants. I bless the memory of my father for almost everything in the dispositions of my mind and the habits of my life, which I can approve of, and for none more than the pains he took to impress my mind with the sentiment that *nothing was more unworthy the character of a man than that his happiness should in the least depend on what he should eat and drink.*

To this hour I never indulge in the use of any delicacy but I feel a degree of reproach and alarm for the degradation of the human character. If I spent my halfpence in sweetmeats, every mouthful I swallowed was accompanied with shame and remorse. . . . Whenever vulgar minds begin to shake off the dogmas of the religion in which they have been educated, the progress is quick and immediate to downright infidelity, and nothing but refinement of mind can enable them to distinguish between the pure essence of religion and the gross systems which men have been perpetually connecting it with. Higher salaries for village schoolmasters, high English reading-classes, village libraries,—if once such high education were to become general, the low delights of the public-house, and other scenes of riot, would be neglected; while industry, order, and cleanliness, and every virtue which taste and independence of mind could recommend, would prevail and flourish. Thus possessed of a virtuous and enlightened populace, with delight I should consider my country at the head of all the nations of the earth, ancient or modern.—*From the 'Life of Robert Burns.'*

III. The following letter is, as I above said, from a valued, and, at present, my *most* valued,—Companion;—a poor person, suffering much and constant pain, confined to her room, and seeing from her window only a piece of brick wall and a little space of sky. The bit about the spider is the most delightful thing to me that has ever yet come of my teaching:—

I have told the only two children I have seen this summer, about the bees, and both were deeply interested, almost awe-stricken by the wonderful work. How could they do it without scissors? One, an intelligent boy of six years, is the well-cared-for child of well-to-do parents. He came into my room when I was sorting some of the cut leaves, and I gave him a very cleanly-cut specimen, saying, "What do you think cut this, Willie?" "It was *somebody* very clever, wasn't it?" he asked. "Very clever indeed," I said. "Then it was Miss Mildred!"—his governess. "No, not Miss Mildred," I replied. He stood silent by the side of the bed for a minute, looking intently at the leaf in his hand, and evidently puzzling out some idea of his own; and I waited for it—a child's own thoughts are lovely;—then my little visitor turned eagerly to me: "I know,—I know who did it: it was God."

My second pupil is a girl of twelve years. She was a veritable "little ragamuffin" when—ten months back—we took her, motherless, and most miserably destitute, into our home, in the hope of training her for service; and my sister is persistently labouring—with pleasing success, and disheartening failure—to mould her into an honest woman, while I try to supplement her efforts by giving the child—Harriett—lessons according to 'Fors.' But I regret to say it is only partially done, for I am but a learner myself, and sorely hindered by illness: still the purpose is always in my mind, and I do what I can.

Taking advantage of every trifle that will help to give Harriett a love for *innocent* out-of-door life, we told her—as soon as we could show her some of the cut leaves—of the work of the cutter bees, much to her delight. "And

then she forgot all about them," many persons would assert confidently, if they heard this story.

Not so, for some weeks after she told me with great pride that she had two of "the bees' leaves," thinking they were probably only eaten by caterpillars. I asked to see them; and then, how she obtained them. She had found them in a glass of withered flowers sent out of the parlour, and carefully dried them—(she had seen me press leaves); and she added, "all the girls" in her class in the Sunday-school "did want them." I wondered why the leaves were taken there, until I discovered that she *keeps them in her Testament*.

So far the possibility; may I now give a proof of the utility of such teaching? When Harriett first came to us, she had an appetite for the horrible that quite frightened me, but it is gradually, I hope, dying out, thanks to the substitution of childlike pleasures. Imagine a child of eleven years coolly asking—as Harriett did a few days after she came—"If you please, has anybody been hanged, or anything, this week?" and she added, before I could reply, and looking quite wistfully at a newspaper lying near, "I should love to hear about it, please." I could have cried, for I believe there are many lovable young ladies in this town who are fretting out weary lives, to whom *work* would be salvation, and who can tell the number of such children all about them, who have not a soul to care *how* they live, or if they die.

Harriett used to catch and kill flies for pleasure, and would have so treated any living insect she saw; but she now holds bees in great respect, and also, I hope, some other insect workers, for one day she was much pleased to find one of the small spotted spiders, which had during the night spun its web across the fire-grate. She asked me many questions about it, (I permit her to do so on principle, at certain times, as a part of her education); she said it was "a shame" to break "such beautiful work," and left it as long as she could; and then, (entirely of her own accord) she carefully slipped her dusting brush under web and spider, and so put the "pretty little dear" outside the window, with the gentle remark, "There, now you can make another." Was not this hopeful? This child had lived all her life in one of the low, crowded courts in the centre of the town, and her ignorance of all green life was inconceivable. For instance, to give her a country walk I sent her last March with a parcel to a village near the town, and when she came back—having walked *a mile* through field-paths—she said she did not think there were "such a many trees and birds in the world." *And on that memorable day she first saw the lambs in the field—within two miles of the house where she was born.* Yet she has the purest love for flowers, and goes into very real ecstasies over the commonest weeds and grasses, and is nursing with great pride and affection some roots of daisy, buttercup, and clover which she has brought from the fields, and planted in the little yard at the back of our house; and every new leaf they put forth is wonderful and lovely to her, though of course her ideas of "gardening" are as yet most elementary, and will be for some time, apparently. But it is really helpful to me to see her happiness over it, and also when my friends send me a handful of cut flowers—we have no garden; and the *orgerness* with which she learns even their names, for it makes me feel more hopeful about the future of our working classes than some of your correspondents.

The despairing letter from Yorkshire in last 'Fors'—on their incapacity to enjoy wholesome amusements—has prompted me, as I am writing to you, to tell you this as an antidote to the pain that letter must have given you. For if we can do nothing for this generation, cannot we make sure that the next shall be wiser? Have not young ladies a mighty power in their own hands here, if they but use it for good, and especially those who are Sabbath-school teachers? Suppose each one who has a garden felt it to be her

duty to make all her scholars as familiar with all the life in it as she is herself, and every one who can take a country walk her duty to take her girls with her—two or three at a time—until they know and love every plant within reach; would not teacher and pupils learn with this much more that would also be invaluable? * And if our Sunday-school children were not left to killing flies and stoning cats and dogs during the week, would there be so many brutal murders and violent assaults? The little English heathen I have named has attended a Sunday-school for about six years, and the Sunday-school teachers of this town are—most of them—noble men and women, who devoutly labour year after year “all for love, and nothing for reward.” But even good people too often look on the degradation of the lower classes as a matter of course, and despise them for ignorance they cannot help. Here the sneer of “those low shoemakers” is for ever on the lip, yet few ask *how* they became so much lower than ourselves; still I have very pleasing proof of what may be done even for adults by a little wise guidance, but I must not enter into that subject. Pray forgive me for writing so much: I have been too deeply interested, and now feel quite ashamed of the length of this.

Again thanking you most earnestly for all you have taught me to see and to do,
I remain, very faithfully yours.

IV. What the young ladies, old ladies, and middle-aged ladies *are* practically doing with the blessed fields and mountains of their native land, the next letter very accurately shows. For the sake of fine dresses they let their fathers and brothers invest in any Devil's business they can steal the poor's labour by, or destroy the poor's gardens by; pre-eminently, and of all Devil's businesses, in rushing from place to place, as the Gennesaret swine. And see here what comes of it.

A gentleman told me the other night that trade, chiefly in cotton from India, was going back to Venice. One can't help being sorry—not for our sake, but Venice's—when one sees what commercial prosperity means now.

There was a lovely picture of Cox's of Dollwydellan (I don't think it's spelt right) at the Club. All the artists paint the Slidr valley; and do you know what is being done to it? It's far worse than a railway to Ambleside or Grasmere, because those places are overrun already; but Dollwydellan is such a quiet out-of-the-way corner, and no one in the world will be any the better for a railway there. I went about two months ago, when I was getting better from my first illness; but all my pleasure in the place was spoiled by the railway they are making from Betwys. It is really melancholy to see the havoc it makes. Of course no one cares, and they crash, and cut, and destroy, like utter barbarians, as they are. Through the sweetest, wildest little glens, the line is cleared—rocks are blasted for it, trees lie cut—anything and everything is sacrificed—and for what? The tourists will see nothing if they go in the train; the few people who go down to Betwys or Llanwrst to market, will perhaps go oftener, and so spend more money in the end, and Dollwydellan will get some more people to lodge there in the summer, and prices will go up. † In the little village, a hideous 'traction engine' snorted and puffed out clouds of black smoke, in the mornings, and

* Yes, dear lady; see, therefore, the next article.

† Yes, my dear, shares down; and—it is some poor comfort for you and me to know that. For as I correct this sheet for press, I hear from the proprietor of the chief slate quarry in the neighbourhood, that the poor idiots of shareholders have been beguiled into tunnelling four miles under Welsh hills—to carry slates! and even those from the chief quarry in question, they cannot carry, for the proprietors are under contract to send them by an existing line.

then set off crunching up and down the roads, to carry coals for the works, I think; but I never in my life saw anything more incongruous than that great black monster getting its pipes filled at a little spring in the village, while the lads all stood gaping round. The poor little clergyman told us his village had got sadly corrupted since the navvies came into it; and when he pointed out to us a pretty old stone bridge that was being pulled down for the railway, he said, "Yes, I shall miss that, *very* much;" but he would not allow that things so orthodox as railways could be bad on the whole. I never intended, when I began, to trouble you with all this, but Cox's picture set me off, and it really is a great wrong that any set of men can take possession of one of the few peaceful spots left in England, and hash it up like that. Fancy driving along the road up the Slidr valleys and seeing on boards a notice, to "beware when the horn was blowing," and every now and then hearing a great blasting, smoke, and rocks crashing down. Well, you know just as well as I how horrible it all is. Only I can't think why people sit still, and let the beautiful places be destroyed.

The owners of that property,—I forget their name, but they had monuments in the little old church,—never live there, having another 'place' in Scotland,—so of course they don't care.*

V. A fragment to illustrate the probable advantage of sulphurous air, and articles, in the country.

I did not think to tell you, when speaking of the fatality of broken limbs in our little dressmaker and her family, that when in St. Thomas's Hospital with a broken thigh, the doctors said in all probability the tenderness of her bones was owing to the manufacture of sulphur by her *mother's grandfather*. Dr. Simon knows her family through operating on the brother of our dressmaker, and often gave them kindly words at the hospital.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully.

* Will any charitable Christian tell me who the owners are?—in the meantime, "confusion on their banners wait."

LETTER LXII.

THERE were more, and more harmful misprints in last 'Fors' than usual, owing to my having driven my printers to despair, after they had made all the haste they could, by late dubitation concerning the relative ages of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, which forced me to cut out a sentence about them, and displace corrected type. But I must submit to all and sundry such chances of error, for, to prevent them, would involve a complete final reading of the whole, with one's eye and mind on the look-out for letters and stops all along, for which I rarely allow myself time, and which, had I a month to spare, would yet be a piece of work ill spent, in merely catching three t's instead of two in a "letter." The name of the Welsh valley is wrong, too; but I won't venture on correction of that, which I feel to be hopeless; the reader must, however, be kind enough to transfer the 'and,' now the sixth word in the upper line of the note at page 24, and make it the fourth word, instead; to put a note of interrogation at the end of clause in the twenty-second line of page 23, and to insert an s, changing 'death' into 'deaths' in the fifteenth line of page 19;—the death in Sheffield being that commended to the Episcopie attention of York, and that in London to the Episcopie attention of London.

And this commendation, the reader will I hope perceive to be made in sequel to much former talk concerning Bishops, Soldiers, Lawyers, and Squires;—which, perhaps, he imagined me to have spoken jestingly; or it may be, in witlessness; or it may be, in voluble incipient insanity. Admitting myself in no small degree open to such suspicion, I am now about to re-word some matters which madness would gambol from; and I beg the reader to observe that any former gambolling

on my part, awkward or untimely as it may have seemed, has been quite as serious, and intentionally progressive, as Morgiana's dance round the captain of the Forty Thieves.

If, then, the reader will look at the analysis of Episcopacy in 'Sesame and Lilies,' the first volume of all my works; next at the chapter on Episcopacy in 'Time and Tide;' and lastly, refer to what he can gather in the past series of 'Fors,' he will find the united gist of all to be, that Bishops cannot take, much less give, account of men's souls unless they first take and give account of their bodies: and that, therefore, all existing poverty and crime in their dioceses, discoverable by human observation, must be, when they are Bishops indeed, clearly known to, and describable by them, or their subordinates. Of whom the number, and discipline in St. George's Company, if by God's grace it ever take the form I intend, will be founded on the institution of the same by the first Bishop, or more correctly Archbishop, whom the Christian Church professes to obey. For what can possibly be the use of printing the Ten Commandments which he delivered, in gold,—framing them above the cathedral altar,—pronouncing them in a prelatially sonorous voice,—and arranging the responsive supplications of the audience to the tune of an organ of the best manufacture, if the commanding Bishops institute no inquiry whatever into the physical power of—say this starving shoemaker in Seven Dials,—to obey such a command as 'thou shalt not covet' in the article of meat; or of his son to honour in any available measure either the father or mother, of whom the one has departed to seek her separate living, and the other is lying dead with his head in the fire-place.

Therefore, as I have just said, our Bishops in St. George's Company will be constituted in order founded on that appointed by the first Bishop of Israel, namely, that their Primate, or Supreme Watchman, shall appoint under him "out of all the people, able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place such over them to be rulers (or, at the *least*, observers) of thousands, rulers of hundreds, rulers

of fifties, and rulers of tens ;” * and that of these episcopic centurions, captains of fifty, and captains of ten, there will be required clear account of the individual persons they are set over ;—even a baby being considered as a decimal quantity not to be left out of their account by the decimal Bishops, —in which episcopacy, however, it is not improbable that a queenly power may be associated, with Norman caps for mitres, and for symbol of authority, instead of the crosier, (or crook, for disentangling lost sheep of souls from among the brambles,) the broom, for sweeping diligently till they find lost silver of souls among the dust.

You think I jest, still, do you? Anything but that; only if I took off the Harlequin’s mask for a moment, you would say I was simply mad. Be it so, however, for this time.

I simply and most utterly mean, that, so far as my best judgment can reach, the present Bishops of the English Church, (with only one exception, known to me,—the Bishop of Natal,) have forfeited and fallen from their Bishoprics by transgression; and betrayal of their Lord, first by simony, and secondly, and chiefly, by lying for God with one mouth, and contending for their own personal interests as a professional body, as if these were the cause of Christ. And that in the assembly and Church of future England, there must be, (and shall be so far as this present body of believers in God and His law now called together in the name of St. Michael and St. George are concerned,) set up and consecrated other Bishops; and under them, lower ministering officers and true “Dogs of the Lord,” who, with stricter inquisition than ever Dominican, shall take knowledge—not of creeds, but of every man’s way and means of life; and shall be either able to avouch his conduct as honourable and just, or bound to impeach it as shameful and iniquitous, and this down to minute details;—above all, or before all, particulars of revenue, every companion, retainer, or associate in the Company’s work being bound to keep such accounts that the position of his affairs

* Exodus xviii. 21.

may be completely known to the Bishops at any moment : and all bankruptcies or treacheries in money matters thus rendered impossible. Not that direct inquisition will be often necessary ; for when the true nature of Theft, with the other particulars of the Moral Law, are rightly taught in our schools, grown-up men will no more think of stealing in business than in burglary. It is merely through the quite bestial ignorance of the Moral Law in which the English Bishops have contentedly allowed their flocks to be brought up, that any of the modern English conditions of trade are possible.

Of course, for such work, I must be able to find what Jethro of Midian assumes could be found at once in Israel, these "men of truth, hating covetousness," and all my friends laugh me to scorn for thinking to find any such.

Naturally, in a Christian country, it will be difficult enough ; but I know there are still that kind of people among Midianites, Caffres, Red Indians, and the destitute, afflicted, and tormented, in dens and caves of the earth, where God has kept them safe from missionaries :—and, as I above said, even out of the rotten mob of money-begotten traitors calling itself a 'people' in England, I do believe I shall be able to extricate, by slow degrees, some faithful and true persons, hating covetousness, and fearing God.

And you will please to observe that this hate and fear are flat opposites one to the other ; so that if a man fear or reverence God, he must hate covetousness, and if he fear or reverence covetousness, he must hate God ; and there is no intermediate way whatsoever. Nor is it possible for any man, wilfully rich, to be a God-fearing person ; but only for those who are involuntarily rich, and are making all the haste they prudently and piously can, to be poor ; for money is a strange kind of seed ; scattered, it is poison ; but set, it is bread : so that a man whom God has appointed to be a sower must bear as lightly as he may the burden of gold and of possessions, till he find the proper places to sow them in. But persons desiring to be rich, and accumulating riches, always hate God, and never fear Him ; the idol they do fear—(for many of them

are sincerely religious) is an imaginary, or mind-sculptured God of their own making, to their own liking; a God who allows usury, delights in strife and contention, and is very particular about everybody's going to his synagogues on Sunday.

Indeed, when Adam Smith formally, in the name of the philosophers of Scotland and England, set up this opposite God, on the hill of cursing against blessing, Ebal against Gerizim; and declared that all men 'naturally' desired their neighbours' goods; and that in the name of Covetousness, all the nations of the earth should be blessed,—it is true, that the half-bred and half-witted Scotchman had not gift enough in him to carve so much as his own calf's head on a whinstone with his own hand; much less to produce a well molten and forged piece of gold, for old Scottish faith to break its tables of ten commandments at sight of. But, in leaving to every artless and ignorant boor among us the power of breeding, in imagination, each his own particular calf, and placidly worshipping that privately fatted animal; or, perhaps,—made out of the purest fat of it in molten Tallow instead of molten Gold,—images, which may be in any inventive moment, misshapen anew to his mind, Economical Theology has granted its disciples more perfect and fitting privilege.

From all taint or compliance with such idolatry, the Companions of St. George have vowed to withdraw themselves; writing, and signing their submission to, the First and great Commandment, so called by Christ,—and the Second which is like unto it.

And since on these two hang all the Law and the Prophets, in signing these two promises they virtually vow obedience to all the Law of which Christ then spoke; and belief of all the Prophets of which Christ then spoke. What that law is; who those prophets are;—whether they *only* prophesied 'until John,' or whether St. Paul's command to all Christians living, "Follow after charity, and desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy,"—is an important *little* commandment following the two great ones, I cannot tell you in a single letter, even if I altogether knew myself. Partly I do know;—

and can teach you, if you will work. No one can teach you anything worth learning but through manual labour; the very bread of life can only be got out of the chaff of it by "rubbing it in your hands."

You vow, then, that you will at least strive to keep both of these commandments—as far as, what some would call the corruption, but what in honest people is the weakness, of flesh, permits. If you cannot watch an hour, because you don't love Christ enough to care about His agony, that is your weakness; but if you first sell Him, and then kiss Him, that is your corruption. I don't know if I can keep either you or myself awake; but at least we may put a stop to our selling and kissing. Be sure that you are serving Christ, till you are tired and can do no more, for that time: and then, even if you have not breath enough left to say "Master, Master" with,—He will not mind.

Begin therefore 'to-day,'—(which you may, in passing, note to be your present leader's signal-word or watch-word),—to do good work for Him—whether you live or die,—(see first promise asked of you, Letter II., page 38, explained in Letter VII., page 19, etc.)—and see that every stroke of this work—be it weak or strong, shall therefore be done in love of God and your neighbour, and in hatred of covetousness. Which that you may hate accurately, wisely, and well, it is needful that you should thoroughly know, when you see it, or feel it. What covetousness is, therefore, let me beg you at once clearly to understand, by meditating on these following definitions.

AVARICE means the desire to collect money, not goods. A 'miser' or 'miserable person' desires to collect goods only for the sake of turning them into money. If you can read French or German, read Molière's *l'Avare*, and then get Gotthelf's 'Bernese Stories,' and read 'Schnitzfritz,' with great care.

Avarice is a quite natural passion, and, within due limits, healthy. The addition of coin to coin, and of eipher to eipher, is a quite proper pleasure of human life, under due rule; the two stories I ask you to read are examples of its disease;

which arises mainly in strong and stupid minds, when by evil fortune they have never been led to think or feel.

FRUGALITY. The disposition to save or spare what we have got, without any desire to gain more. It is constantly, of course, associated with avarice; but quite as frequently with generosity, and is often merely an extreme degree of housewifely habit. Study the character of Alison Wilson in 'Old Mortality.'

COVETOUSNESS. The desire of possessing more than we have, of any good thing whatsoever of which we have already enough for our uses, (adding house to house, and field to field). It is much connected with pride; but more with restlessness of mind and desire of novelty; much seen in children who tire of their toys and want new ones. The pleasure in having things 'for one's very own' is a very subtle element in it. When I gave away my Loire series of Turner drawings to Oxford, I thought I was rational enough to enjoy them as much in the University gallery as in my own study. But not at all! I find I can't bear to look at them in the gallery, because they are 'mine' no more.

Now, you observe, that your creed of St. George says you believe in the nobleness of human nature—that is to say, that all our natural instincts are honourable. Only it is not always easy to say which of them are natural and which not.

For instance, Adam Smith says that it is 'natural' for every person to covet his neighbour's goods, and want to change his own for them; wherein is the origin of Trade, and Universal Salvation.

But God says, 'Thou shalt *not* covet thy neighbour's goods;' and God, who made you, does in that written law express to you *His* knowledge of your inner heart, and instruct you in the medicine for it. Therefore on due consideration, you will find assuredly it is quite *unnatural* in you to covet your neighbour's goods.

Consider, first, of the most precious, the wife. It is natural for you to think your own the best and prettiest of women; not at all to want to change her for somebody else's wife. If

you like somebody else's better than yours, and this somebody else likes yours better than his, and you both want to change, you are both in a non-natural condition, and entirely out of the sphere of happy human love.

Again. It is natural for you to think your own house and garden the nicest house and garden that ever were. If, as should always be, they were your father's before you, and he and you have both taken proper care of them, they are a treasure to you which no money could buy,—the leaving them is always pain,—the return to them, a new thrill and wakening to life. They are a home and place of root to you, as if you were founded on the ground like its walls, or grew into it like its flowers. You would no more willingly transplant yourself elsewhere than the espalier pear-tree of your own grafting would pull itself out by the roots to climb another trellis. That is the natural mind of a man. "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house." You are in an entirely non-natural state if you do, and, properly speaking, never had a house in your life.

"Nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant." It is a 'natural' thing for masters to get proud of those who serve them; and a 'natural' thing for servants to get proud of the masters they serve. (You see above how Bacon connects the love of the master with the love of the country.) Nay, if the service has been true, if the master has indeed asked for what was good for himself, and the servant has done what was good for his master, they cannot choose but like each other; to have a new servant, or a new master, would be a mere horror to both of them. I have got two Davids, and a Kate, that I wouldn't change for anybody else's servants in the world; and I believe the only quarrel they have with me is that I don't give them enough to do for me:—this very morning, I must stop writing, presently, to find the stoutest of the Davids some business, or he will be miserable all day.

"Nor his ox, nor his ass." If you have petted both of your own, properly, from calf and foal, neither these, nor anything else of your's, will you desire to change for "anything that is his." Do you really think I would change my pen for your's,

or my inkstand, or my arm-chair, or my Gainsborough little girl, or my Turner pass of St. Gothard? I would see you—very uncomfortable—first. And that is the natural state of a human being who has taken anything like proper pains to make *himself* comfortable in God's good world, and get some of the right good, and true wealth of it.

For, you observe farther, the commandment is only that thou shalt not covet *thy neighbour's* goods. It does not say that you are not to covet *any* goods. How *could* you covet your neighbour's, if both your neighbour and you were forbidden to have any? Very far the contrary; in the first piece of genealogic geography I have given you to learn, the first descriptive sentence of the land of Havilah is,—“where there is gold;” and it goes on to say, “And the gold of that land is of the best: there is bdellium, and the onyx stone.” In the Vulgate, ‘dellium’ and ‘lapis onichinus.’ In the Septuagint, ‘anthrax,’ and the ‘prase-stone.’

Now, my evangelical friends, here is this book which you call “Word of God,” and idolatrously print for your little children's reading and your own, as if your eternal lives depended on every word of it. And here, of the very beginning of the world—and the beginning of property—it professes to tell you something. But what? Have you the smallest idea what ‘dellium’ is? Might it not as well be bellium, or gellium, or pellium, or mellium, for all *you* know about it? Or do you know what an onyx is? or an anthrax? or a prase? Is not the whole verse pure and absolute gibberish and gabble to you; and do you expect God will thank you for talking gibberish and gabble to your children, and telling them—*that* is His Word? Partly, however, the verse is only senseless to you, because you have never had the sense to look at the stones which God has made. But in still greater measure, it is necessarily senseless, because it is *not* the word of God, but an imperfectly written tradition, which, however, being a most venerable and precious tradition, you do well to make your children read, provided also you take pains to explain to them so much sense as there *is* in it,

and yourselves do reverently obey so much law as there in it. Towards which intelligence and obedience, we will now take a step or two farther from the point of pause in last Fors.

Remember that the three sons of Noah are, respectively,

SHEM, the father of the Imaginative and Contemplative races.
 JAPHETH, “ “ Practical and Constructive.
 HAM, “ “ Carnal and Destructive.

The sons of Shem are the perceivers of Splendour;—they see what is best in visible things, and reach forward to the invisible.

The sons of Japheth are the perceivers of Justice and Duty; and deal securely with all that is under their hand.

The sons of Ham are the perceivers of Evil or Nakedness; and are slaves therefore for ever—‘servants of servants’: when in power, therefore, either helpless or tyrannous.

It is best to remember among the nations descending from the three great sires, the Persians, as the sons of Shem; Greeks, as the sons of Japheth; Assyrians, as the sons of Ham. The Jewish captivity to the Assyrian then takes its perfect meaning.

This month, therefore, take the first descendant of Ham—Cush; and learn the following verses of Gen. x. :—

“ And Cush begat Nimrod; he began to be a mighty one in the earth.

“ He was a mighty hunter before the Lord.

“ And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel in the land of Shinar.

“ Out of that land went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh.”

These verses will become in future a centre of thought to you, wherenpon you may gather, as on one root-germ, what you farther learn of the influence of hunting on the minds of men; and of the sources of Assyrian power, and causes of the Assyrian ruin in Birs Nemrond, out of which you have had those

hunting-pieces brought to the narrow passage in the British Museum.

For further subject of thought, this month, read of Carey's Dante, the 31st canto of the 'Inferno,' with extreme care; and for your current writing lesson, copy these lines of Italics, which I have printed in as close resemblance as I can to the Italics of the Aldine edition of 1502.

P ero che come in su 'la cerchia tonda
 Monte reggion di torri si corona,
 Così la proaa che'l pozzo circonda
T orregiavan di mezza la persona
 Gli orribili giganti; cui minaccia
 Giove del cielo anchora, quando tona

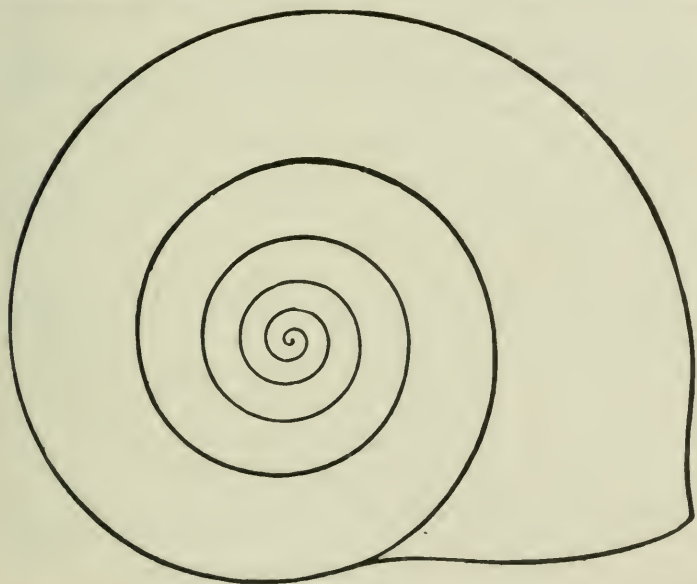
The putting of the capital letters that begin the stanza, outside, is a remaining habit of the scribes who wrote for the illuminator, and indicated the letter to be enlarged with ornament at the side of the text.

Of these larger capitals, the A given in last Fors, is of a Byzantine Greek school, in which though there is much quiet grace, there is no elasticity or force in the lines. They are always languid, and without spring or evidence of nervous force in the hand. They are not, therefore, perfect models for English writers, though they are useful as exercises in tranquillity of line: and I chose for that and many more reasons, that letter and sentence for our first exercise. But my letter B is to be given from the Northern Schools; and will have spring and power in it, which you cannot at once hope to imitate in a complete letter; and must be prepared for by copying a mere incipient fragment or flourish of ornamental line.

This line has been drawn for you, very leisurely indeed, by one of the gentlest of the animals living on our English south downs,—and yet, quietly done as it is, being the result of wholly consistent energy, it is a line which a Byzantine Greek would never have produced in writing, nor even in architecture, except when he was imitating an Ionian one.

You are to draw a horizontal line through the point in the centre of this figure. Then measure the breadth of the six coils on each side, counting from the centre backwards and forwards.

Then draw a vertical line through centre, and measure the breadths above and below. Then draw the complete curve lightly through these fixed points—alter it to your mind—and



then paint over it the determined line, with any dark colour and a camel's hair brush.

The difficulty is to draw it so that there shall not be the smallest portion of it which is not approaching the inner curve, and narrowing the intermediate space. And you will find no trick of compasses will draw it. Choose any number of centres you like, and still I defy you to draw the curve mechanically; it can be done only as I have done it myself, with the free hand, correcting it and correcting till I got it right.*

* The law of its course will be given in the 'Laws of Fésolé,' Plate V.

When you have succeeded, to any moderate extent, in doing this, your hand will have begun to receive the power of executing a serene and dignified flourish instead of a vulgar 'dash.' And you may also begin to understand that the word 'flourish' itself, as applied to writing, means the springing of its lines into floral exuberance,—therefore, strong procession and growth, which must be in a spiral line, for the stems of plants are always spirals. (See 'Proserpina,' Number IV.); and that this bursting out into foliage, in calm swiftness, is a totally different action from the impudent and useless sweeps and loops of vulgar writing.

Further. As your eyes get accustomed to the freely drawn, unmechanical, immeasurable line, you will be able, if you care about architecture, to know a Greek Ionic volute from a vulgar day-labourer's copy of it—done with compasses and calculations. And you will know how the volute of the throne of Lippi's Madonna, (though that is studied from the concave side of the shell) shows him to have been Etruscan-bred; and you will begin to see what his power was; and to laugh at the books of our miserable modern builders, filled with elaborate devices for drawing volutes with bits of circles:—the wretches might as well try to draw the lips of Sir Joshua's Circe,—or the smile in her cat's triangular eyes, in that manner. Only in Eleutheria of soul and body, shall any human creature draw so much as one rightly bending line.

Any *human* creature, I say. Little freedom, either of body or soul, had the poor architect who drew this our first model line for us; and yet and yet, simple as his life and labours may be, it will take our best wits to understand them. I find myself, at present, without any startpoint for attempt to understand them. I found the downs near Arundel, being out on them in a sunny day just after Christmas, sprinkled all over with their pretty white shells, (none larger than a sixpence, my drawing being increased as about seven to one, in line, or fifty to one, square,) and all empty, unless perchance some spectral remnant of their dead masters remain inside;—and I can't answer a single question I ask myself about them.

I see they most of them have six whirls, or whorls. Had they six when they were young? have they never more when they are old? Certainly some shells have periodical passion of progress—and variously decorative stops and rests; but these little white continuities down to this woful time of their Christmas emptiness, seem to have deduced their spiral caves in peace.

But it's of no use to waste time in 'thinking.' I shall go and ask some pupil of my dear old friend Dr. Gray at the British Museum, and rejoice myself with a glance at the volutes of the Erectheium—fair home of Athenian thought.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. I AM surprised to find that my Index to Vols. I. and II. of *Fors* does not contain the important article 'Pockets'; and that I cannot therefore, without too much trouble, refer to the place where I have said that the Companions of St. George are all to have glass pockets; so that the absolute contents of them may be known of all men. But, indeed, this society of ours is, I believe, to be distinguished from other close brotherhoods that have been, or that are, chiefly in this, that it will have no secrets, and that its position, designs, successes, and failures, may at any moment be known to whomsoever they may concern.

More especially the affairs of the Master and of the Marshals, when we become magnificent enough to have any, must be clearly known, seeing that these are to be the managers of public revenue. For although, as we shall in future see, they will be held more qualified for such high position by contentment in poverty than responsibility of wealth; and, if the society is wise, be chosen always from among men of advanced age, whose previous lives have been recognized as utterly without stain of dishonesty in management of their private business,—the complete publication of their accounts, private as well as public, from the day they enter on the management of the Company's funds, will be a most wholesome check on the glosses with which self interest, in the minds even of the honestest people, sometimes may colour or confuse their actions over property on a large scale; besides being examples to the accountants of other public institutions.

For instance, I am myself a Fellow of the Horticultural Society; and, glancing the other day at its revenue accounts for 1874, observed that out of an expenditure of eleven thousand odd pounds, one thousand nine hundred and sixty-two went to pay interest on debts, eleven hundred and ninety to its 'salaries'—two hundred to its botanical adviser, a hundred and fifty to its botanical professor, a hundred and twenty-six to its fruit committee, a hundred and twenty to its floral committee, four hundred and twenty to its band, nine hundred and ten to its rates and taxes, a hundred and eighty-five to its lawyers, four hundred and thirty-nine to its printers, and three pounds fifteen shillings to its foreign importations' account, (being interest on Cooper's loan): whereupon I wrote to the secretary expressing some dissatisfaction with the proportion borne by this last item to the others, and asking for some further particulars respecting the 'salaries'; but was informed that none could be had. Whereas, whether wisely or foolishly directed, the ex-

penditure of the St. George's Company will be always open, in all particulars, to the criticism not only of the Companions, but of the outside public. And Fors has so arranged matters that I cannot at all, for my own part, invite such criticism to-day with feelings of gratified vanity; my own immediate position (as I generally stated in last letter) being not in the least creditable to my sagacity, nor likely to induce a large measure of public confidence in me as the Company's Master. Nor are even the affairs of the Company itself, in my estimate, very brilliant, our collected subscriptions for the reform of the world amounting, as will be seen, in five years, only to some seven hundred and odd pounds. However, the Company and its Master may perhaps yet see better days.

First, then, for the account of my proceedings in the Company's affairs. Our eight thousand Consols giving us £240 a year, I have appointed a Curator to the Sheffield Museum, namely, Mr. Henry Swan, an old pupil of mine in the Working Men's College in London; and known to me since as an estimable and trustworthy person, with a salary of forty pounds a year, and residence. He is obliged at present to live in the lower rooms of the little house which is to be the nucleus of the museum:—as soon as we can afford it, a curator's house must be built outside of it.

I have advanced, as aforesaid, a hundred pounds of purchase-money, and fifty for current expenses; and paid, besides, the lawyers' bills for the transfer, amounting to £48 16s. 7d.: these, with some needful comments on them, will be published in next Fors; I have not room for them in this.

I have been advised of several mistakes in my subscribers' list, so I reprint it below, with the initials attached to the numbers, and the entire sum, (as far as I can find out,) hitherto subscribed by each; and I beg of my subscribers at once to correct me in all errors.

The names marked with stars are those of Companions. The numbers 10, 17, 36, 43, and 48 I find have been inaccurately initialled, and are left blank for correction.

LIST OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
1. D. L.*	24	0	0
2. R. T.*	80	0	0
3. T. K.	5	0	0
4. C. S.	75	0	0
5. A. R.	20	0	0
6. J. M.*	4	4	0
7. P. S.	45	0	0
8. D. A.	20	0	0
9. A. B.	25	0	0
10.	1	1	0
11. G. S.*	2	2	0
12. J. S.	4	0	0
13. B. A.	9	0	0
14. A. P.	13	10	0
15. W. P.	5	0	0
Carried forward	332	17	0

		£	s.	d.
	Brought forward	332	17	0
16.	A. H.*	25	0	0
17.	1	1	0
18.	F. E.	10	0	0
19.	J. S.	25	0	0
20.	— D.	2	0	0
21.	C. W.	10	10	0
22.	S. B.*	2	0	0
23.	E. G.	6	1	0
24.	— L.	1	1	0
25.	S. W.	55	0	0
26.	B. B.*	2	3	4
27.	J. W.	1	1	0
28.	E. F.	50	0	0
29.	L. L.	1	5	0
30.	A. A.	0	2	6
31.	T. D.	5	0	0
32.	M. G.	3	3	0
33.	J. F.	40	0	0
34.	W. S.	10	0	0
35.	H. S.	9	0	0
36.	1	1	0
37.	A. H.	10	0	0
38.	S. S.	1	0	0
39.	H. W.	50	0	0
40.	J. F.	8	0	0
41.	J. T.	5	0	0
42.	J. O.	25	0	0
43.	1	1	0
44.	A. C.	1	0	0
45.	J. G.	5	0	0
46.	T. M.	5	5	0
47.	J. B.*	2	11	0
48.	1	1	0
49.	J. D.	0	5	0
50.	G.	15	15	0
51.	F. B.	1	1	0
52.	C. B.	6	0	0
53.	H. L.	10	0	0
54.	A. G.	0	10	0
		<u>£741</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>10</u>

II. Affairs of the Master.

When I instituted the Company by giving the tenth of my available property to it, I had, roughly, seventy thousand pounds in money or land, and thirty thousand* in pictures and books. The pictures and books I do not consider mine, but merely in my present keeping, for the country, or the persons I may leave them to. Of the seventy thousand in substance, I gave

* An under-estimate, at present prices for Turner drawings, and I have hitherto insured for full thirty thousand, but am now going to lower the insurance, for no money would replace the loss of them, and I less and less regard them as exchangeable property.

away fourteen thousand in that year of the Company's establishment, (see above, Letter XLIX., p. 2.) and have since lost fifteen thousand by a relation whom I tried to support in business. As also, during my battle with the booksellers, I have been hitherto losing considerably by my books, (last year, for instance, paying three hundred and ninety-eight pounds to my assistant, Mr. Burgess, alone, for plates and woodcutting, and making a profit, on the whole year's sales, of fifty pounds), and have been living much beyond my income besides, my seventy thousand is reduced to certainly not more than thirty; and it is very clear that I am too enthusiastically carrying out my own principles, and making more haste to be poor than is prudent, at my present date of possible life, for, at my current rate of expenditure, the cell at Assisi, above contemplated as advisably a pious mortification of my luxury, would soon become a necessary refuge for my 'holy poverty.' The battle with the booksellers, however, is now nearly won; and the publishing accounts will soon show better balance: what changes in my mode of living may, nevertheless, be soon either exemplary or necessary will be better understood after I have given account of it for a year.

Here are my opening expenses, then, from 1st January to 20th, and in each following Fors they will be given from 20th to 20th of the month. I content myself, being pressed for space in this number, with giving merely the sums of cheques drawn; somewhat lengthily gossiping explanation of items being also needed, which will come in due place. The four first large sums are, of course, payments of Christmas accounts.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balance in Bank, 1st Jan. 1876				1344	17	9
Paid by cheque :						
<i>Jan.</i> 1. Jackson, (outdoor Steward, Brantwood)	50	0	0			
1. Kate Smith, (indoor Stewardess, Brantwood)	160	0	0			
1. David Downes, (Steward in London)	115	0	0			
1. David Fudge, (Coachman in London)	60	0	0			
1. Secretary, 1st quarter, 1876	25	0	0			
4. Frederick Crawley, in charge of school-rooms at Oxford	10	0	0			
6. Self, pocket-money	20	0	0			
17. Arthur Burgess, assistant engraver	27	10	0			
20. New carriage	190	0	0			
20. Gift to Carshalton, for care of spring	110	0	0			
20. Madame Nozzoli, charities at Florence	10	0	0			
20. Mrs. Wonnacott, charities at Abingdon	3	10	0			
20. William Ward, for two copies of Turner	21	0	0			
20. Charles Murray, for rubbings of brasses, and copy of Filippo Lippi	15	0	0			
				<hr/>		
				817	0	0
Balance Jan. 20				<hr/>		
				527	17	9
				<hr/>		

III. I am gradually rising into greater indignation against the baseness and conceit of the modern scientific mob, than even against the mere money-

seekers. The following fragment of a letter from a Companion bears notably on this matter :—

“The only earnest folks I know are cold-hearted ‘Freethinkers,’ and not very earnest either. My church-going friends are not earnest, except about their form of sound words. But I get on best with them. They are warmer, and would be what I wish, were circumstances not so dead set against it. My ‘Freethinking’ acquaintances say that with Carlyle the last of the great dreamers *who have impeded the advance of science* will pass away, and that, in fact, he is dead already, for nobody minds him. I don’t heed such words now as I used to do. Had I lived when Socrates was condemned, I would have felt hope extinguished; yet Jesus came long after him, and I will not fear that God will fail to send His great and good men, any more than that the sun will forget to rise.

“My Freethinking friends sneer even at the mention of any God; and their talk of methods of reformation that infer any wisdom above their own has long since sickened me. One Sunday evening last year, I accompanied one of them to what they call the ‘Eclectic Hall’ here, to hear a Mrs. Law speak. There were from two to three hundred present,—few women—almost all toil-worn looking men. Mrs. Law, the lecturess—a stout, coarse-looking lady, or woman who might have been a lady—based her address on another by Mr. Gladstone, M.P. One thing she said will give you an idea of the spirit of her lecture, which was full of sadness to me, because highly appreciated by her audience: ‘Jesus tells you,’ she shouted, ‘“Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven,” but I tell you, Blessed are the rich, for theirs is no myth-world, but *this* substantial one with its tangible, satisfying joys.’

“I got one of them to read the October Letter—and then Volumes I. and IV. of Fors. Another young fellow, a Londoner, read them too, and then at leisure moments there was a talk over them for some days. But, with the exception of the first referred to, they talked pitifully enough. Your incidental remark about destroying the new town of Edinburgh, and other items of dubious sort, blinded them to any good, and it was a blessing when something else came athwart their vacant minds, and they ceased to remember you.”

IV. I am grateful for the following note on the name ‘Sheffield’ :—

“LEEDS, 29th Dec., 1875.

“Sir,—The town, in all probability, took its name from the river ‘Sheaf,’ which flows into the Don.

“Doncaster is a case in point out of hundreds of others. It may be that the river has been named in recent times, but it is unlikely; for as a rule a river always has some name by which it is known before any settlements are made on its banks.”

V. I must now request my reader’s attention somewhat gravely to the questions in debate between my correspondents at Wakefield; not that these are in themselves of any importance, but they are of extreme importance in their general issue. In the first place, observe the extreme difficulty of writing history. You shall have one impertinent coxcomb after another in these days, writing constitutional Histories of England and the like, and telling you all the relationships and all the motives of Kings and Queens a thousand years dead; and here is question respecting the immediate ancestor of a living lady, which does not appear at once or easily determinable;

and which I do not therefore pursue ;—here again is question respecting the connection of her husband with the cases of bribery reported in the subjoined evidence on the Wakefield election petition, also indeterminable ;—here are farther two or three questions respecting the treatment of his workmen, respecting which the evidence is entirely conflicting ; and finally, here is the chapel on Wakefield bridge pulled down,* a model of it built in its place, and the entire front of the historical building carried away to decorate a private boathouse ; and I, quite as knowing in architecture as most people, am cheated into some very careful and quite useless work, and even into many false conclusions, by the sculpture of the sham front, decayed and broken enough in thirty years to look older than sculpture of 500 years B.C. would, or *does*, in pure air.

Observe, in the second place, how petulant and eager people are, the moment a single word touches themselves, while universal abuses may be set before them enough to bring all the stones in heaven but what serve for the thunder, down about their ears,—and they will go on talking about Shakespeare and the musical glasses undisturbed, to the end of their lives ; but let a single word glance at their own windows, or knock at their own doors, and—instantly—‘ If Mr. Ruskin is what I think him, he will retract,’ etc. etc. But, alas! Mr. Ruskin is not the least what Mrs. Green thinks him,—does not in the smallest degree care for a lady’s “ Fie’s,” and, publishing the following letters and newspaper extracts for the general reader’s satisfaction and E. L.’s justification, very contentedly, for his part, ends the discussion, though of course Fors shall be open to any further communication, if not too long, which either Mrs. Green or her husband may desire to have inserted.

In the following letter I have left all the passages containing due apology, while I have removed some which contained matter of further debate, if not offence, thereby much weakening the whole.

“ Dear Mr. Ruskin,—I have been away from home, and have only recently seen Mrs. Green’s letter in the Fors of last month.

“ I am sorry to have vexed her ; I did not think that you would print the passages referring to her husband in the form in which they stood.†

“ When you said that you would assume my permission to print passages from the letter, I supposed that they would be those relating to the general life of Wakefield. All that I have written is essentially true, but I do not wish to hold any controversy on the matter, for if I defended myself publicly I should have to wound still further the feelings of one who is no doubt a devoted wife.

“ It is for your satisfaction alone that I write these lines. I have been inaccurate on two points, on which I wrote too hastily, from hearsay, gleaned on brief visits to Wakefield. Mr. Green has not a Scotch estate, only occasional shooting, and he is not concerned in the forges that stand near the bridge, as I was wrongly informed.

“ I did not say, though I may have led your readers to infer it, that the so-called ‘ American devil ’ was his. I knew, or rather was told, that it be-

* I have not space in this Fors to give the letter certifying me of this.

† See my reason stated, Letter LIX., p. 204.

longed to Whithams, who have the largest foundry. He (Mr. Green) does not forge iron, it seems; he makes it into machines. He can hardly be classed as an engineer; he is a machine-maker. If he is not an 'iron lord,' on what is his wealth based?

"Robin the Pedlar is no myth. I often heard him mentioned, when a girl, as being Mrs. Green's father. I dare say that Mrs. Edward Green never heard of him. She came into the family in its genteeler days; but there are old people in Wakefield who remember all about him. I send by this post a Wakefield paper containing some speeches highly illustrative of the town of which Mr. Green is the hero and model." (These I do not think it necessary to publish.) Party feeling still runs high at Wakefield, and when the next election occurs, Mrs. Green expects to find big yellow bills on the gate-pillars of Heath Common, 'Professor Ruskin on Ned Green,' and she is naturally angry.

"Of course he is not the sole offender. This case occurred to me because he is the most prominent type of the modern successful men who are to inaugurate a new era in the town's history. It is the blind leader of the blind in the downward way that things are going. Everybody wants to get rich like him; everybody who has greed and competence pushes to the front. The town council promise them that they will make of Wakefield a second Bradford. Meanwhile they squabble about their duties, the streets are filthy, smallpox breeds there, and they set up a hospital in a tent. It catches fire, and nurse and patients are burnt together. I think that was eight or nine years since. Possibly arrangements are better now.

"You say truly that quickly acquired fortunes must be ill acquired, but you must live on my level to realize fully how the prospect and possibility of such gains are disorganizing middle-class life. English people do not lift their families along with them, as we reproach the 'clannish' Scotch with doing.

"Ignorant pride on the one hand, envy on the other, breed hate between those who should be a mutual stay. As classes are estranged, so are families.

"In conclusion, I must again say that I shall always feel regret at having pained Mrs. Green, but what I have said is true in all essentials.

"He is the hero of the men who are changing Wakefield so rapidly. I liked it better thirty years since, when, if it was poor, it was clean and honest.

"I am, dear Mr. Ruskin, yours truly,
"E. L."

I print the following first portion (about the fourth part) of a column and a half of the evidence on the Wakefield election petition, sent me by my correspondent; though I do not suppose it to indicate anything more than compliance on Mr. Green's part with the ordinary customs of English electioneering.

"The trial of the petition against the return of Mr. Green, the Conservative member for Wakefield, was resumed this morning before Mr. Justice Grove. Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., and Mr. Chandos Leigh again appeared for the petitioners, and Mr. C. Russell, Q.C., and Mr. Forbes for the respondent. There was again a crowded attendance.

John Thompson, a tailor, and a voter in the Northgate Ward, said that about half-past six o'clock, on Sunday, the 1st February—the day before the polling—"Councillor Joe" (Mr. J. Howden) called at his house and solicited his vote for Mr. Green. Witness said he did not think that he could give it, but if he did he must 'have something.' Mr. Howden said, 'If it's worth anything I'll let you know.' About half-past one o'clock on the polling day witness again saw him. Mr. Howden said, 'If you vote for Green,

I'll send you 10s. for your day's wage.' Witness said, 'No;' and they parted.

Cross-examined: Witness did not say to Mr. Howden that he had already been offered a couple of pounds. He was a strong Radical. Mr. Howden was at witness's house several times, but he only saw him once. He (witness) voted about half-past two in the afternoon.

Elizabeth Thompson, wife of the last witness, said that on the Saturday and Sunday before the polling day Mr. J. Howden called to solicit her husband's vote, and he said, 'If he votes for Green, I'll see that he is paid.' On the Monday, when Mr. Howden called, he said, 'If your husband votes for Green, I'll give him 5s. out of my own pocket, and see that he is "tipped" in the committee room.' Later in the day, her husband was at home when Howden called, and they left the house together.

Henry Blades, a blacksmith's striker, and a voter in the Westgate Ward, said that on the day of the election Mr. Ough gave him £2 in the Finisher Olf public-house, on condition that he voted for Mr. Green. Witness voted in the course of the day.

Cross-examined: Witness, since he received his subpoena, had met Mr. Gill, the respondent's solicitor, and others, at the Bull Hotel, and put his name to a paper, of the nature of which he was ignorant.

Mr. Russell: Was it not a statement, made by yourself, and taken down in writing, to the effect that you had never received any bribe or offer of a bribe?

Witness: I don't know. They asked me to sign the paper, and I signed it. I was not sober.

Re-examined by Mr. Hawkins: Witness was sent for to the Bull. He received there, after making his statement, two glasses of beer, and 5s. in money—the latter from Mr. Ough.

Henry Lodge said that on the afternoon of the election he was in Farrar's beerhouse, in Westgate. Blade was there 'fresh,' and taking three half-sovereigns from his pocket, he threw them on the table, and said, 'That's the sort to have.'

James Meeghan, an Irish labourer, said that he was a voter for the borough, and on the polling day was canvassed by Mr. Kay for the Conservatives. He met Mr. Kay in the polling booth, and received from him 10s. Before voting, witness said to Mr. Kay that he was a poor man and could not afford to lose his day's wage. Mr. Kay said, 'I can't give you a bribe—that's against the law; but as you have had to pay your mates for doing your work, you shall have something.' In the polling station Mr. Kay held a half-sovereign in his hand, behind him, and witness took it.

Cross-examined: Mr. Kay offered witness the 10s. out of his own pocket.

Mr. Russell (to the Judge): What this man says is quite true. Mr. Kay does not deny that he gave him half a sovereign for his loss of time.

Patrick M'Hugh, an Irish labourer, and a voter in the Northgate Ward, said that on the polling day he visited the Conservative Committee room at the Zetland School, and saw Mr. Tom Howden. Mr. Howden said, 'Are you going to vote?' Witness replied, 'I suppose so;' and Mr. Howden said, 'Come this way and I'll show you how.' Witness was taken into a back room, and there Mr. Howden said, 'Well, how much?' Witness said, 'Three,' and Mr. Howden took them out of his pocket (three sovereigns), and said, 'See there.' Witness took the money and voted. He had, since receiving his subpoena, been away from Wakefield.

Cross-examined: Witness had visited Harrogate—staying a week there to take the waters—(laughter),—and afterwards Thirsk. He paid his own expenses and travelled alone, having been recommended by a doctor to go away for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Russell: Who was the doctor?

Witness: Mr. Unthank—(great laughter);—Mr. Unthank being a chemist, and a prominent Liberal. He said that if I could go, and was strong enough, a bit of an out would do me good. (Laughter.) The £3 that I received at the election supported me while I was away.

James Wright, a police officer of the borough of Wakefield, said that on the polling day he was acting as door-keeper at the Zetland Street polling station, and observed Mr. Priestly hand some money to one who presented himself as a voter. Witness followed the voter into the booth, and pointed him out to his superior officer. The man voted, and then left. Mr. Priestly was busily employed during the polling hours in conducting voters from the Conservative committee-room to the polling station.

Cross-examined: At half-past three Priestly was 'fresh' in drink, and it was found necessary to keep him out of the polling station. He was in Mr. Green's employment. Witness could not say what amount of money passed; but some one in the crowd, who also saw the transaction, said to Priestly, 'You are doing it too brown.' (Laughter.)

The letters next following are from an entirely honest engineer workman, a Companion of St. George.

"Dear Master,—I read Mrs. Green's letter in the November Fors two or three days ago, and yesterday I adopted the hint in it to inquire amongst the workmen. I asked one working beside me, who I knew came from Yorkshire, if he ever worked in Wakefield, and, curiously enough, he belongs there, and was apprenticed in a workshop close to Mr. Green's. He says he knows the place well, and that certainly when he was there, 'At six o'clock, or some approximate hour,' the firm of Green and Son, 'issued its counter-order' with a horrible noise; and not only at six o'clock, but also after meals.

"He also tells me that the wages of a working engineer in the workshop of Green and Son average 22s. a week, and I know that here, in London, they average 38s. a week, and Wakefield is close to coal and iron, while London is not. It may be, as I once heard it, urged that the workmen in London are superior as workmen to those in the provinces; but my experience, which has been considerable in London and the provinces as a working engineer, enables me to assert that this is not the case. Also it may be urged that low wages prevail in the provinces, but in Glasgow I got 30s. a week two years ago, and this week meant fifty-one hours, while in Wakefield a week's work means fifty-four hours.

"Since Mr. Green derives no pecuniary benefit from Wakefield, it is evident from the above that the London and Glasgow engineers are very ingenious persons indeed, if they contrive to get pecuniary benefit from the cities in which they issue their 'counter-order.'

"Moreover, my fellow-workman tells me that there is a system of piece-work carried on in the workshop of Green and Son, which is extended to the apprentices, so that the boys are set to think, not how to learn to work properly, but how to learn to get hold of the greatest number of shillings they can in a week. In the man the desire for more money is tempered with forethought: he knows that if he earns more than a certain amount the price of his job will be cut down; but the boy does not consider this, and *his* price, to use the language of the workshop, is cut down accordingly.

"Mrs. Green in her letter says Mr. Green never had a forge. This means that he never had a place which exclusively turned out forgings. But connected with Mr. Green's establishment, my fellow-workman tells me, are forges, as indeed there are in every engineering work I have seen. Besides, there is constantly carried on a process of moulding 'pig iron' at Mr. Green's place, which requires the most intense heat, and to which the work-

men are exposed, as they are at the forge Mrs. Green speaks of. (In your lectures to the students at Oxford in 1870, you say that work requiring the use of fire must be reduced to its minimum, and speak of its effects in Greek. I know some of its evil effects on the blacksmiths, but I wonder if it is desirable for me to know the meaning of the Greek language you use on that occasion.) (Yes; but you need not be in any hurry about it.)

"It would seem, then, that Mr. Green stays at Heath Hall, and cultivates an ideal refinement in art, while he is instrumental in causing two or three hundred men and boys in Wakefield, from whom he derives no pecuniary benefit, to cultivate there the fine art of music in the shriek and roar of machines all day, to cultivate a trader's eagerness for bargaining, instead of a wish to do good work, and to cultivate an acquaintance with the sort of work which, over ten years' constant experience in it tells me, is the most effective in this country for qualifying themselves and others for admission to the Ophthalmic, Orthopedic, and other institutions mentioned by your correspondent, E. L.

"Last week I had intelligence of the death of a young engineer friend of mine. A boiler burst while he was standing by, and shot him a distance of 60 yards, killing him instantly.

"Dear Master, if I have made a mistake in troubling you with these notes on Mrs. Green's letter, I am sorry, but I could not resist the impulse to write to you after what I learned from my fellow-workman. I believe the facts are reliable, and at any rate I can give the workman's name who furnished them, if it is wanted."

"Dear Master,—Since I wrote to you last I chanced on another workman, who has worked in Green's shop. He tells me it is known among the workmen as 'The Port in a Storm.'

"My first informant also, unasked, wrote to Wakefield for further information. He showed me the letter in reply, which says that Green's whistle (it is also called a 'buzzard') was not stopped till force was applied.

"'The Port in a Storm' means that only when assailed by the fierce storm of hunger do the workmen think of applying for work at Green's place; that is, when they can't get work anywhere else in the neighbourhood."

These letters appear to me entirely to justify the impression under which E. L. wrote; but of course I shall be most happy if Mr. Green will furnish me with more accurate indication of the persons who have made Wakefield the horrible spectacle that it is. For although many of my discreet friends cry out upon me for allowing 'personalities,' it is my firm conviction that only by justly personal direction of blame can any abuse be vigorously dealt with. And, as I will answer for the sincerity and impartiality of attack, so I trust to make it always finally accurate in aim and in limitation.

LETTER LXIII.

I FIND it wholly impossible to crush into one Fors what I have been gathering of Bible lesson, natural history lesson, and writing lesson, and to leave room enough for what I have to give of immediate explanation to the Companions, now daily increasing in number. My readers must bear with me—I cannot do more than I am doing, though every day I wonder more at there being so many things apparently my duty to do, while I have only two feeble hands for all of them.

But this much of general statement of the meaning of our Companionship is now absolutely necessary.

Of course, the first natural idea taken up by persons who merely hear talk, or read newspapers, about the Company, is that their domain is intended for a *refuge* for the persons who join it—that within its walls the poor are at once to be made rich, and the sorrowful happy.

Alas, this is not by any means the notion of the St. George's Company. It is to be a band of delivering knights—not of churls needing deliverance; of eager givers and servants—not of eager beggars,* and persons needing service. It is only the Rich, and the Strong, whom I receive for Companions,—those who come not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Rich, yet some of them in other kind of riches than the world's; strong, yet some in other than the world's strength. But this much at least of literal wealth and strength they *must* have,—the power, and formed habit, of self-support. I accept no Companion by whom I am not convinced that the Society will be aided rather than burdened; and although I value

* See note at end of this letter.

intelligence, resolution, and personal strength, more than any other riches, I hope to find, in a little while, that there are people in the world who can hold money, without being blinded, by their possession of it, to justice or duty.

The Companions whom I accept will be divided, according to their means and circumstances, into three classes.

The first and highest class will be called "Comites Ministrantes," "Companions Servant." It will be composed of the few who devote their main energy to the work of the Company; and who, as I do myself, and as the Master must always, pursue their private avocations only in subjection to its interests, being at the same time in positions absolutely independent, and openly shown to be so.

The second, or middle class, will be called "Comites Militantes," "Companions Militant."

These will be persons occupied actually in manual labour on the ground, or in any work which the Master may order, for the fulfilment of the Society's functions; being dependent on such labour for their maintenance, under the conditions fixed by the Company's statutes.

The third and lowest order will be called "Comites Consilii," (Friends of, or in, Council,) "Companions Consular," who will form the general body of the Society, being occupied in their own affairs as earnestly as before they joined it; but giving it the tenth of their income; and in all points, involving its principles, obeying the orders of the Master. Thus almost any tradesman may continue his trade, being a Companion; but, if a jeweller, he must not sell false jewels; or if a butcher, (I have one accepted already, and I very much want to get a butcher's daughter, if I could; but she won't come,) must not sell bad meat.

I at first meant them to be called Censors, or Companions Estimant, because when the Society comes into real work, the sentences of fine, or other disgrace, pronounced by the marshals' officers, and the general modes of determining quality and value of goods, must be always ratified by majority of this order of the Companions, in whom also, by virtue of their

number, the election, and therefore censorship, of the Master, will necessarily be vested.

To these last, especially, I have now some special matters to write.

Will you please look back to the Fors of December 24th, last year, p. 181, and tell me,—or rather, which is chiefly needful, answer to yourselves, how far you have reflected, since reading it, on the nature of “unfruitful works of darkness;” how many you have abandoned, and how many reprovèd. It is too probable that you have not, even yet, the slightest idea what works of darkness are. You know,—they can’t mean merely murder, or adultery, or theft. You don’t, when you go to church, mean to pray that you may have grace to give up committing murder or adultery, or that you may ‘rather reprove *them*’? But what then is it that you pray to give up? If you don’t know, are you not, yet, in the least, ashamed of yourselves, for going every Sunday, if not every day, to pray to God, without having the dimmest idea what you mean to ask Him for?

Well,—not to be farther teasing about it,—in the first and simple sense, works of darkness are useless, or ill-done, or half-done, things, which pretend to be good, or to be wholly done; and so mislead or betray.

In the deeper and final sense, a work of darkness is one that seeks concealment, and conceals facts; or even casts disdain and disgrace on facts.

A work of light is one that seeks light, and that, not for its own sake, but to light all men; so that all workers of good work delight in witnesses; only with true desire that the witnesses’ pleasure may be greater than theirs; and that the Eternal witnesses—the Cloud around us, and Powers above—may have chief pleasure of all:—(see on this matter, ‘Eagle’s Nest,’ page 47). So that, of these works, what was written of St. Bernard must be always true, “Opera sancti Patris velut Sol in conspectu Dei;” for indeed they are a true Light of the world, infinitely better in the Creator’s sight than its dead sunshine: and the discovery by modern science that all mortal

strength is from the Sun, while it has thrown foolish persons into atheism, is, to wise ones, the most precious testimony to their faith yet given by physical nature; for it gives us the arithmetical and measurable assurance that men vitally active are living sunshine, having the roots of their souls set in sunlight, as the roots of a tree are in the earth; not that the dust is therefore the God of the tree, but the Tree is the animation of the dust, and the living Soul, of the sunshine. And now you will understand the meaning of the words on our St. George's wealth,—“Sit splendor.”

And you must take care that your works do shine before men, if it may be, as a lamp; but at least, as a shield;—nay, if your Captain in Heaven wills it, as a sword.

For the failure of all good people nowadays is that, associating politely with wicked persons, countenancing them in their wickedness, and often joining in it, they think to avert its consequences by collaterally labouring to repair the ruin it has caused; and while, in the morning, they satisfy their hearts by ministering to the wants of two or three destitute persons, in the evening they dine with, envy, and prepare themselves to follow the example of, the rich speculator who has caused the destitution of two or three thousand. They are thus destroying more in hours than they can amend in years; or, at the best, vainly feeding the famine-struck populations, in the rear of a devouring army, always on the increase in mass of numbers, and rapidity of march.

Now I call on the St. George's Company, first, to separate themselves clearly, as a body, from persons who practise recognized, visible, unquestionable iniquity. They are to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of Darkness; but to walk as Children of Light.

Literally, observe. Those phrases of the Bible are entirely evaded, because we never apply them to immediate practice.

St. George's Companions are to have *no fellowship* with works of darkness; no companionship whatsoever with recognizable mischief, or mischievous men. Of every person of your acquaintance, you are solemnly to ask yourselves, ‘Is this

man a swindler, a liar, a gambler, an adulterer, a selfish oppressor, and taskmaster?’

Don't suppose you can't tell. You can tell with perfect ease; or, if you meet any mysterious personage of whom it proves difficult to ascertain whether he be rogue or not, keep clear of him till you know. With those whom you *know* to be honest, *know* to be innocent, *know* to be striving, with main purpose, to serve mankind and honour their God, you are humbly and lovingly to associate yourselves: and with none others.

“You don't like to set yourself up for being better than other people? You dare not judge harshly of your fellow-creatures?”

I do not tell you to judge them. I only tell you not to dine with them, and not to deal with them. That they lose the pleasure of your company, or the profit on your custom, is no crushing punishment. To their own Master they stand or fall; but to *your* Master, Christ,* *you* must stand, with your best might; and in this manner only, self-asserting as you may think it, can you confess Him before men. Why do you suppose that thundrous word of His impends over your denial of Him, “Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before Angels,” but because you are sure to be constantly tempted to such denial?

How, therefore, observe, in modern days, are you so tempted. Is not the temptation rather, *as it seems*, to confess Him? Is it difficult and shameful to go to church?—would it not require more courage to stay away? Is it difficult or shameful to shut your shop on Sunday, in the East,—or, to abstain from your ride in the Park on Sunday, in the West? Is it dangerous to hold family worship in your house, or dishonourable to be seen with a cross on your Prayer Book? None of these modes or aspects of confession will bring any outcry against you from the world. You will have its good word, on

* I have got no Turks yet in the Company: when any join it, I will give them Koran enough for what I ask of them.

the contrary, for each and all of them. But declare that you mean to speak truth,—and speak it, for an hour; that you mean to abstain from luxury,—and abstain from it, for a day; that you, obeying God's law, will resolutely refuse fellowship with the disobedient;—and be 'not at home' to them, for a week: and hear *then* what the High Priests' servants will say to you, round the fire.

And observe, it is in charity for them, much more than by duty to others, that you are required to do this. For half, at least, of these Caiaphas' servants sin through pure ignorance, confirmed by custom. The essential difference in business, for instance, between a man of honour and a rogue, is that the first tries to give as *much* to his customer for his money as he can, and the second to give as *little*; but how many are at present engaged in business who are trying to sell their goods at as high a price as possible, supposing that effort to be the very soul and vital principle of business! Now by simply asserting to these ignorant persons that they *are* rogues, whether they know it or not; and that, in the present era of general enlightenment, gentlemen and ladies must not only learn to spell and to dance, but also to know the difference between cheating their neighbours and serving them; and that, as on the whole it is inexpedient to receive people who don't know how to express themselves grammatically, in the higher circles of society, much more is it inexpedient to receive those who don't know how to behave themselves honestly. And by the mere assertion, practically, of this assured fact to your acquaintance' faces, by the direct intervention of a deal door between their's and yours, you will startle them out of their Rogues' Paradise in a most healthful manner, and be the most orthodox and eloquent evangelical preacher to them that they have ever heard since they were born.

But all this must, of course, be done with extreme tenderness and modesty, though with absolute decision; and under much submission to their elders by young people—especially those living in their father's houses. I shall not, of course, receive any Companions under age; but already there are

some names on my list of young unmarried women; and, while I have shown in all former writings that I hold the power of such to be the greatest, because the purest, of all social ones, I must as definitely now warn them against any manifestation of feeling or principle tending to break the unity of their home circles. They are bound to receive their father's friends as their own, and to comply in all sweet and subjected ways with the wishes and habits of their parents; remaining calmly certain that the Law of God, for them, is that while they remain at home they shall be spirits of Peace and Humility beneath its roof. In all rightly ordered households, the confidence between the parent and child is such that in the event of a parent's wish becoming contrary to a child's feeling of its general duty, there would be no fear or discomfort on the child's part in expressing its thoughts. The moment these are necessarily repressed, there is wrong somewhere; and in houses ordered according to the ways of modern fashionable life, there *must* be wrong, often, and everywhere. But the main curse of modern society is that, beginning by training its youth to be 'independent' and disobedient, this carefully cultivated independence shows itself, of course, by rejecting whatever is noble and honourable in their father's houses, and never by healing or atoning what is faultful.

Of all St. George's young Companions, therefore, he requires first the graces of gentleness and humility; nor, on the whole, much independent action of any kind; but only the quiet resolve to find out what is absolutely right, and so far as it may be kindly and inoffensively practised to fulfil it, at home; and so far as it may be modestly and decorously uttered, to express the same abroad. And a well-bred young lady has always personal power enough of favour and discouragement, among persons of her own age, to satisfy the extremest demands of conscience in this direction.

And now let me see what room I have left for talk of present matters. Here is a piece printed a fortnight since, which I can't be plained to keep in type till next month.

Corpus Christi College, Oxford,

8th February, 1876.

I am fifty-seven to-day: and may perhaps be allowed to talk a little of myself.

Among several pretty love-letters from my pets, which only make me sorrier that I'm fifty-seven—but I really don't think some of the letters could be nicer if I were only twenty-seven—there's one with a ghost story in it, more precious to me than all the others, seeing I draw more quickly * near, now, daily, to the Loyal land.

I may as well write it as I read, thus:

“I heard such a pretty story last night of something that happened at a school in Germany, not long since. It was the custom of one of the masters to go round every night to the dormitories to see that the boys were asleep, all right. One night he was astonished to see a lady go up to one of the boys, stoop over him and kiss him, and then vanish. Next morning, news came that the mother of that particular boy had died at the time. Isn't it lovely? Even A. believes that.”

Yes; and A. does wisely; and so may B., and C.: but yet I should much like to know *what* particular boy, in what particular school in Germany.

Nevertheless, the story has more value for me because it is written to me by a person who herself saw the shade—or rather light—of her sister, at the time of that sister's death on the other side of the world; being a member of that branch of my family in which some gift of the Scottish second sight remains, inherited by my maternal grandmother, who ran away with my paternal grandfather when she was not quite sixteen; and my aunt Jessie, (my father's only sister,) was born a year afterwards; a few weeks after which event, my grandmother, not yet seventeen, was surprised, (by a friend who came into her room unannounced,) dancing a threesome reel, with two chairs for her partners, she having found at the moment no other way of adequately expressing the pleasure she took in this mortal life, and its gifts, and promises.

* Every day taking more away than the one before it.

The latter failed somewhat afterwards ; and my aunt Jessie, a very precious and perfect creature, beautiful in her dark-eyed, Highland way ; utterly religious, in her quiet Puritan way, and very submissive to Fates mostly unkind, married, or was married to—I never could make out exactly which, or why,—a somewhat rough tanner, with a fairly good business, in the good town of Perth ; and, when I was old enough to be taken first to visit them, as aforesaid, my aunt and my uncle the tanner lived in a good square-built gray stone house at the ‘ Bridge-End ’ of Perth, some fifty yards north of the bridge ; their garden sloping steeply to the Tay, which eddied, three or four feet deep of sombre crystal, round the steps where the servants dipped their pails.

My aggrieved correspondent of Wakefield thought to cure me with her delicate ‘ Fie,’ of what she supposed my coarse habit of sneering at people of no ancestry. I have it not ; yet might have fallen into it in my youth, for I remember now, with more grief and shame than I can speak, being once ashamed of my own father and mother in Mr. Ryman’s shop here in Oxford ; nor am I entirely at ease, at this moment, in writing of my uncles the baker and the tanner ; yet my readers may trust me when I tell them, that in now remembering my dreams in the house of the entirely honest chief baker of Market Street, Croydon ; and of Peter—not Simon—the tanner, whose house was by the riverside of Perth, I would not change the dreams, far less the tender realities, of those early days, for anything I hear now remembered by lords or dames, of their days of childhood in castle halls, and by sweet lawns and lakes in park-walled forest.

I do not mean this for a republican sentiment ; quite the opposite. I hate republicans, as I do all other manner of fools. I love Lords and Ladies, (especially unmarried ones, with beautiful three-syllabled Christian-names. I know a simple two-syllabled one, also, very charming) ; and Earls, and Countesses, and Marquises and Marchionesses, and Honourables, and Sirs ; and I bow down before them and worship them, in the way that Mr. Thackeray thought ‘ snobs ’ did ; he never per-

ceiving with all the wit of him, (being mostly spent in mean smellfungus work which spoiled its scent,) that it is *himself* the snob truly worships, all the time, and not the Lord he looks at. But my way of worship was Walter Scott's, which my father taught me (always excepting such recreance as that in Mr. Ryman's shop). And therefore, when I say I would not change my dreams of Market Street, and Bridge End, and Rose Terrace, (where we used to live after my uncle died, briefly apoplectic, at Bridge End,) for anything that the Palatial and Maxime-Pontifical abodes of Nobles and Bishops give them—I mean simply that I had a home, being a child, and loved it, and did not then, and do not now, covet my neighbour's house; * but cling to every likeness findable in these ruinous days to the places of peace given me in that lowly time.

Peace, and the knowledge of God it gave me. For, by the way, observe in that sacredest of benedictions, which my Dean gave me in my own cathedral last Sunday, (I being an honorary student of Christ Church;—and there *are* only eight, if you please to look in the Oxford Calendar,) “The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God;”—observe, I say, for we do not always think of this, it is not the knowledge that is to give peace; but the peace which is to give knowledge; so that as long as we fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness, and bite and devour one another, and are consumed one of another—every traveller paying an eight per cent. tax in his fare, for dividend to a consuming railroad company—we can't know anything about God at all. And compare again ‘Eagle's Nest,’ p. 170.

There, then, at Rose Terrace, I lived in peace in the fair Scotch summer days, with my widowed aunt, and my little cousin Jessie, then traversing a bright space between her sixth and ninth year; dark-eyed deeply, like her mother, and similarly pious; and she and I used to compete in the Sunday

* Compare Letter XXI., p. 279.

evening Scriptural examinations; and be as proud as two little peacocks because Jessie's elder brothers, and sister Mary, used to get 'put down,' and either Jessie or I was always 'Dux.' We agreed upon this that we would be married, when we were a little older; not considering it preparatorily necessary to be in any degree wiser.

9th February.

I couldn't go on about my cousin Jessie, for I was interrupted by the second post with more birthday compliments, from young ladies now about Jessie's age—letters which of course required immediate answer,—some also with flowers, which required to be immediately put into water, and greatly worried me by upsetting themselves among my books all day afterwards; but I let myself be worried, for love;—and, from a well-meaning and kindly feeling friend, some very respectful and respectable poetry, beautifully written, (and I read part of it, for love, but I had much rather he had sent me sixpence, for I hate poetry, mostly, and love pence, always); and to-day, half-past seven before chapel, my mind is otherwise set altogether, for I am reading Leviticus carefully now, for my life of Moses; and, in working out the law of the feast of harvest, chanced on the notable verse, xxiii. 24: "In the seventh month, in the first day of the month, shall ye have a Sabbath, a memorial of blowing of trumpets, an holy convocation;" and then flashed on me, all in a minute, the real meaning of Holbein's introduction to the Dance of Death, (the third wood-cut in the first edition), which till this moment I only took for his own symbol of the Triumph of Death, adopted from Orcagna and others, but which I see now, in an instant, to be the *un-Holy Convocation*; the gathering together to their temple of the Tribes of Death, and the blowing of trumpets on their solemn feast day, and sabbath of rest to the weary in evil doing.

And, busy friends, in the midst of all your charming preparations for the Spring season, you will do well to take some method of seeing that design, and meditating, with its help, upon the grave question, what kind of weariness *you* will have

to rest from. My own thoughts of it are disturbed, as I look, by that drummer-death, in front,* with his rattling and ringing kettledrums (*he* the chief Musician in the Psalm for the sons of Korah—Dathan and Abiram, because his sounding is on Skin, with sticks of Bone,) not only because of my general interest in drummers, but because, after being much impressed, when I was a child, by the verses I had to learn about the last trump, out of the 15th of 1st Corinthians,—when I became a man, and put away childish things, I used often to wonder what we should all say of any sacred Saga among poor Indians whose untutored mind sees God in clouds, if it told them that they were all to rise from the dead at the sound of the last drum.

And here I'm interrupted again by a delightful letter about the resurrection of snails, Atropos really managing matters, at present, like the daintiest and watchfullest housewife for me, —everything in its place, and under my hand.

“Dear Mr. Ruskin,—As I have just read the last part of February ‘Fors,’ I want to say what I know about the little shells—(*Helix virgata*—I suppose). I think—indeed, am pretty sure, nearly, if not quite—all those shells had little live snails in them. I have found them in quantities on the South Downs near Lewes, on Roundway Hill near Devizes, near Lyme Regis, in North Wales; and before any of those places, on our own Hampton Common in Gloucestershire, where my sisters and myself used to gather those and other pretty ones when we were children. If you have any stored by, in a few months I think you will find them (if not shut up) walk away.

“When I was a girl I once had to choose a birthday present from one of my aunts, and asked for ‘Turton’s British Shells,’ for I always wanted to know the name and history of everything I found; then I collected all the land and freshwater shells I could find, as I could not get *sea* shells—one of my longings—for I never saw the sea till after I was twenty, except for a few hours at Munsley in Norfolk, when I was eight years old. I have my

* I have desired Mr. Ward to prepare small photographs of this design, in case any reader cares to have it,—but mind, it is not altogether done according to Mr. Stopford Brooke’s notion of the object of true art, “to please”—(see page 88 of the *Manual of English Literature*, just published by that omniscient divine—under the auspices of the all-and-sundry-scient Mr. T. R. Green, M. A.,—so, if you only want to be pleased, you had better not order it. But at any rate, order, if you wish to understand the next coming Fors, the Etruscan *Leucothea*, for comparison with your Lippi Madonna. Mr. Ward will have it ready with my signature about the time next Fors comes out;—or you can get it, unmounted, for a shilling, from Mr. Parker’s agent in Rome.

little shells still; and have four or five varieties of *Helix virgata*: I think the number of rings increases as the shell goes on growing.

'In the autumn these shells are often suddenly observed in such great numbers as to give rise to the popular notion of their having fallen from the clouds. This shell is very hardy, and appears nearly insensible to cold, as it does not hibernate even when the ground is covered with snow.'

"I always fancied the Lord let them lie about in such numbers to be food for some little birds, or may be rooks and starlings, robins, etc., in cold weather when there was so little to eat.

"I dare say you know how the blackbirds and thrushes eat the larger snails. I have often seen in the woods a very pretty coloured shell lying on a white stone,—the birds had put it there to crack a hole in it and to take out the snail. The shell looked such a pretty clear colour because it was alive, and yet empty."

Yes; the Holy Ghost of Life, not yet finally departed, can still give fair colours even to an empty shell. Evangelical friends,—worms, as you have long called yourselves, here is a deeper expression of humility suggested possible: may not some of you be only painted shells of worms,—alive, yet empty?

Assuming my shell to be *Helix virgata*, I take down my magnificent French—(let me see if I can write its title without a mistake)—"Mannel de Conchyliologie et de Paléontologie Conchyliologique," or, in English, "Manual of Shell-talking and Old-body-talking in a Shell-talking manner." Eight hundred largest octavo—more like folio—pages of close print, with four thousand and odd (nearly five thousand) exquisite engravings of shells; and among them I look for the creatures elegantly, but inaccurately, called by modern naturalists Gasteropods; in English, Belly-feet, (meaning, of course, to say Belly-walkers, for they haven't got any feet); and among these I find, with much pains, one that is rather like mine, of which I am told that it belongs to the sixteenth sort in the second tribe of the second family of the first sub-order of the second order of the Belly-walkers, and that it is called 'Adeorbis subcarinatus,'—Adeorbis by Mr. Wood, and subearinatus by Mr. Montagu; but I am not told where it is found, nor what sort of creature lives in it, nor any single thing whatever about it, except that it is "sufficiently depressed" ("assez déprimée"), and "deeply enough navelled" (assez profondément ombiliquée,)—but how on earth can I tell when a shell is navelled

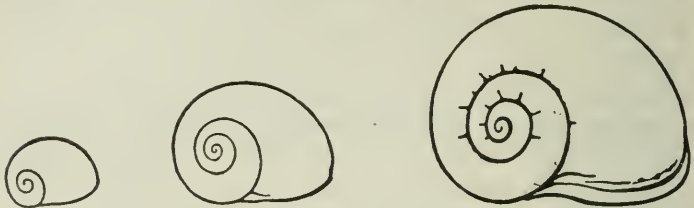
to a depth, in the author's opinion, satisfactory ?) and that the turns (taken by the family), are 'little numerous' (peu nombreux). On the whole, I am not disposed to think my shell is here described, and put my splendid book in its place again.

I next try my English Cuvier, in sixteen octavo volumes ; in which I find no notice whatever taken of these minor snails, except a list of thirty-three species, finishing with an etc. ; out of which I mark 'Cretacea,' 'Terrestris,' and 'Nivea,' as perhaps likely to fit mine ; and then I come, by order of Atropos, on this amazing account of the domestic arrangements of a little French snail, "*Helix decollata*" (Guillotined snail ?) with references to "Cm. Chemn. cxxxvi. 1254—1257," a species which "has the singular habit of successively fracturing the whorls at the top, (origin, that is,—snails building their houses from heaven towards earth,) of the spire, so that at a particular epoch, of all the whorls of the spire originally possessed by this bulimus, not a single one remains." Bulimus,—what's a bulimus ? *Helix* is certainly a screw, and bulimus—in my Riddle's dictionary—is said to be "empty-bellied." Then this French snail, revolutionary in the manner of a screw, appears to be a belly-walker with an empty belly, and no neck,—who literally "breaks up" his establishment every year ! Query—breaks ? or melts ? Confraction or confusion ?

I must put my fine English book back in its place, too ;—but here, at last, comes a 'work of light' to help us, from my favourite pupil, who was out with me that day on the Downs, and nearly killed himself with keeping a fox in sight on foot, up and down them ;—happily surviving, he has pursued the slower creature for me to its cave of silver earth ; and writes thus.

"I have sent you two little boxes—one containing common garden snail shells of various ages, and the other black striped Down shells ; and you will see that in Box 1 the full-grown ones, with the strong finished lip, have four whorls each, and all the full grown garden shells I have noticed had the same number, though they varied a little in size. The next largest in the box have only three and a half turns, but if they had lived longer they would have added on another half turn, bigger than all the rest of the shell put together. In fact, if one looks at this shell, one sees that my half

whorl is half as large again as all the rest of the shell before it. Then, besides these, there are four or five younger shells, the smallest of which has only two and a half whorls, which exactly correspond to two and a half whorls taken from any of the larger shells; so I think we may conclude that a shell grows by adding on *length only* to the large end of a tapering tube,



like a dunce's cap, which, however, is curled up like a ram's horn, to look prettier, take up less room, and allow the occupant to beat a retreat round the corner when a robin comes. By-the-by, I wonder some birds don't grow bills like corkscrews, to get at the snails with.

"Then in box No. 2 there are several black striped Down shells, and the full-grown ones have six whorls, and the smallest ones, which died young, some four and some five, according to age; but the dunce's cap is longer, and so there are more whorls.

"I couldn't get these facts clearly stated in two handbooks which I read. I suppose they took it for granted that one knew; but I found, what after all would lead one to infer the rest, that the young snail at birth corresponds to the colourless APEX of the shell, and that the colour only comes in that part which grows under the influence of light and air."

"Wednesday, Feb. 9.

"Another fact is, that all the shells I ever remember looking at grow in the direction of the sun.

"Another fact. Since the shells have been in this room, my chimney-piece has been full of sleepy, small, long-bodied spiders, which had gone to sleep for the winter in these black and white caverns, out of the reach of flocks of half-starved larks and starlings."

I drew the three advancing stages of the common snail's houses, thus sent me, forthwith; and Mr. Burgess swiftly and rightly engraves them. Note that the apparent irregularities in the spirals are conditions of perspective, necessarily affecting the deeply projecting forms; note also that each whorl is partly hidden by the subsequent one, built with its edge lapping over it; and finally, that there is really, I believe, a modification, to some extent, an enlargement, of the inner whorls; until the domestic creature is satisfied with its length of cave, and expresses its rest in accomplished labour and full age, by putting that binding lip round its border, and term to its hope.

Wherein, building for the earth, we may wisely imitate it. Of other building, not with slime for mortar, yet heavenward, we may perhaps conceive in due time.

I beg all my readers, but especially my Companions, to read with their best care the paper by Mr. Girdlestone, which, by the author's kindly gift, I am enabled to send them with this Fors. It is the most complete and logical statement of Economic truth, in the points it touches, that I have ever seen in the English language: and to master it will be the best possible preparation for the study of personal duties to which I shall invite my Companions in my next letter.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. AFFAIRS of the Company.

I give below our banker's account to the end of last year, drawn up by my friend Mr. W. Walker, whom I asked to take salary as the Company's accountant, but who, as will be seen by the part of his letter I take leave here to print, gives us his work in true sympathy.

18, YONGE PARK, HOLLOWAY, N., *Nov. 11th, 1875.*

Dear Sir,—I am of the same opinion as your printseller, and agree with him that "it is delightful to do business with you,"—so you must please let me volunteer to be of any practical service so far as keeping accounts, etc., can be useful to you or the St. George's Company.

I readily accept the duties as *honorary* but not *titled* accountant, and as the labour is light, entailing very little trouble, my reward shall be the self-satisfaction in thinking I have done very little in the cause wherein you have done and are doing so very much.

Nevertheless, your kindly worded offer was gratefully received, and I was really pleased.

The enclosed accounts are a mere copy of the ledger items. I would have put all the names of the donors, (I found a few,) but you have a record, if I may judge from the notices in the December number of 'Fors.'

With sincere respect, yours faithfully,

John Ruskin, Esq., LL.D.

WM. WALKER.

Dr. THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S FUND. Cr.

		£ s. d.	1872.	£ s. d.
Nov. 27.	To Cash	100	0	0
Dec. 11.	" Draft at Peckham	25	0	0
		£125	0	0
				1872.
				Dec. 4. By Cheque Book
				Dec. 27. Power of Attorney to receive Dividend on Consols
				Dec. 31. By Balance
				£124 10 10
				£125 0 0
<hr/>				
		£ s. d.	1873.	£ s. d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance	124	10	10
Jan. 2.	" John Ruskin, Esq.	30	0	0
Feb. 10.	" Ditto	20	0	0
	" Dividend on Consols, Jan., 1872	29	5	0
	" Ditto July, 1872	103	5	0
	" Ditto Jan., 1873	103	5	0
April 15	" Draft at Blackheath	7	0	0
June 10.	" Draft at Bury St. Edmund's	13	10	0
July 8.	" R. J. Tyrwhitt	20	0	0
July 9.	" Dividend on £7000 Consols	103	13	9
July 29.	" John Ruskin, Esq.	20	0	0
July 30.	" No. 18	5	0	0
		£579	9	7
				1873.
				March 13. By Postage
				£ 0 0 3
<hr/>				
		£ s. d.	1874.	£ s. d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance	579	9	4
	" Interest on Current Account Balance	2	13	4
	" Draft at Durham by A. Hunt	25	0	0
Jan. 7.	" Dividend on £7000 Consols	103	13	9
Jan. 17.	" John Ruskin, Esq.	31	10	0
Feb. 13.	" Cash	10	0	0
July 1.	" Interest on Current Account Balance	7	4	8
July 8.	" Dividend on £7000 Consols	104	2	6
Dec. 3.	" John Ruskin, Esq.	20	0	0
		£579	9	7
				1874.
				Dec. 10. By Postage
				" Purchase of £1000 Consols
				£ 918 15 0

II. Affairs of the Master.*

	£	s.	d.
Balance in Bank, 20th Jan., 1876	527	17	9
Received : Mr. Allen, on Publishing Account.	50	0	0
Mr. Ellis, on ditto	7	0	0
Lecture, London Institution	10	10	0
	<hr/>		
	595	7	9
<i>Jan.</i> 24. Royal Insurance Company (<i>a</i>)	37	10	0
27. F. Crawley (<i>b</i>)	25	0	0
31. Taxes on Armorial Bearings, etc.	7	19	0
<i>Feb.</i> 4. Warren and Jones—Tea for Shop	36	1	0
6. Buying a lad off who had enlisted and repented	20	0	0
7. Christmas Gifts in Oxford	14	10	0
7. Klein (<i>c</i>)	5	0	0
7. Pocket Money	10	10	0
7. Crawley	5	0	0
8. Miss Rudkin, Clifford Street (<i>d</i>)	14	14	0
11. Dr. Parsons (<i>e</i>)	21	0	0
11. The Bursar of Corpus (<i>f</i>)	27	7	3
13. Professor Westwood (<i>g</i>)	50	0	0
14. Mr. Sly (<i>h</i>), Couiston, Waterhead Inn	33	0	0
19. Downs (<i>i</i>)	25	0	0
20. Subscriptions to Societies, learned and other (<i>k</i>)	37	11	0
	<hr/>		
	360	2	0
Balance Feb. 20	£225	5	9

(*a*) Insurance on £15,000 worth of drawings and books in my rooms at Oxford.

(*b*) Particulars of this account to be afterwards given ; my Oxford assistant having just lost his wife, and been subjected to unusual expenses.

(*c*) My present valet, a delightful old German, on temporary service.

(*d*) Present, on my birthday, of a silk frock to one of my pets. It became her very nicely ; but I think there was a little too much silk in the flounces.

(*e*) My good doctor at Couiston. Had to drive over from Hawkshead every other winter day, because I wouldn't stop drinking too much tea—also my servants were ill.

(*f*) About four times this sum will keep me comfortably—all the year

* My friends (see a really kind article in the Monetary Gazette,) much doubt, and very naturally, the wisdom of this exposition. I indeed expected to appear to some better advantage; but that the confession is not wholly pleasant, and appears imprudent, only makes it the better example. Fors would have it so.

round—here among my Oxford friends—when I have reduced myself to the utmost allowable limit of a St. George's Master's income—366 pounds a year, (the odd pound for luck).

(g) For copies of the Book of Kells, bought of a poor artist. Very beautiful, and good for gifts to St. George.

(h) My honest host (happily falsifying his name), for friends when I haven't house-room, etc. This bill chiefly for hire of carriages.

(i) Downs shall give account of himself in next Fors.

	£	s.
(k) Athenæum	7	7
Alpine Club	1	1
Early English Text Society	10	10
Horticultural	4	4
Geological	2	2
Architectural	1	1
Historical	1	1
Anthropological	2	2
Consumption Hospital	3	3
Lifeboat	5	0
	<hr/>	
	£37 11	
	<hr/>	

LETTER LXIV.

I WILL begin my letter to-day with our Bible lesson, out of which other necessary lessons will spring. We must take the remaining three sons of Ham together, in relation to each other and to Israel.

Mizraim, the Egyptian; Phut, the Ethiopian; Sidon, the Sidonian: or, in breadth of meaning the three African powers, —A, of the watered plain, B, of the desert, and C, of the sea; the latter throning itself on the opposite rocks of Tyre, and returning to culminate in Carthage.

A. Egypt is essentially the Hamite slavish *strength* of body and intellect.

B. Ethiopia, the Hamite slavish *affliction* of body and intellect; condemnation of the darkened race that can no more change its skin than the leopard its spots; yet capable, in its desolation of nobleness. Read the “What doth hinder me to be baptized?—If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest” of the Acts; and after that the description in the ‘Daily Telegraph’ (first Monday of March), of the Nubian king, with his sword and his Bible at his right hand, and the tame lioness with her cubs, for his playmates, at his left.

C. Tyre is the Hamite slavish *pleasure* of sensual and idolatrous art, clothing her nakedness with sea purple. She is lady of all beautiful carnal pride, and of the commerce that feeds it,—her power over the Israelite being to beguile, or help for pay, as Hiram.

But Ethiopia and Tyre are always connected with each other: Tyre, the queen of commerce; Ethiopia, her gold-bringing slave; the redemption of these being Christ’s utmost victory. “They of Tyre, with the Morians—*there, even there*, was He born.” “Then shall princes come out of Egypt, and

Ethiopia stretch forth her hands unto God." "He shall let go my captives, not for price; and the *labour* of Egypt, and *merchandise* of Ethiopia, shall come over unto thee, and shall be thine." *

Learn now after the fifteenth, also the sixteenth verse of Genesis x., and read the fifteenth chapter with extreme care. If you have a good memory, learn it by heart from beginning to end; it is one of the most sublime and pregnant passages in the entire compass of ancient literature.

Then understand generally that the spiritual meaning of Egyptian slavery is *labour without hope*, but having all the reward, and all the safety, of labour absolute. Its beginning is to discipline and adorn the body,—its end is to embalm the body; its religion is first to restrain, then to judge, "whatsoever things are done in the body, whether they be good or evil." Therefore, whatever may be well done by measure and weight,—what force may be in geometry, mechanism, and agriculture, bodily exercise, and dress; reverent esteem of earthly birds, and beasts, and vegetables; reverent preparation of pottage, good with flesh;—these shall Egypt teach and practise, to her much comfort and power. "And when Jacob heard that there was corn in Egypt, he called his sons."

And now remember the scene at the threshing floor of Atad (Gen. 50th, 10 and 11).

"A grievous mourning." They embalmed Jacob. They put him in a coffin. They dutifully bore him home, for his son's sake. Whatsoever may well be done of earthly deed, they do by him and his race. And the end of it all, for *them*, is a grievous mourning.

Then, for corollary, remember,—all fear of death, and embalming of death, and contemplating of death, and mourning for death, is the pure bondage of Egypt.

* Psalm lxxviii. 31; lxxxiii. 7 and 8; lxxxvii. 4; Isaiah xlv. 14. I am not sure of my interpretation of the 87th Psalm; but, as far as any significance exists in it to our present knowledge, it can only be of the power of the Nativity of Christ to save Rahab the harlot, Philistia the giant, Tyre the trader, and Ethiopia the slave.

And whatsoever is formal, literal, miserable, material, in the deeds of human life, is the preparatory bondage of Egypt; of which, nevertheless, some formalism, some literalism, some misery, and some flesh-pot comfort, will always be needful for the education of such beasts as we are. So that, though, when Israel was a child, God loved him, and called his son out of Egypt, He preparatorily sent him *into* Egypt. And the first deliverer of Israel had to know the wisdom of Egypt before the wisdom of Arabia; and for the last deliverer of Israel, the dawn of infant thought, and the first vision of the earth He came to save, was under the palms of Nile.

Now, therefore, also for all of us, Christians in our nascent state of muddy childhood, when Professor Huxley is asking ironically, 'Has a frog a soul?' and scientifically directing young ladies to cut out frogs' stomachs to see if they can find it,—whatsoever, I say, in our necessary education among that scientific slime of Nile, is formal, literal, miserable, and material, is necessarily Egyptian.

As, for instance, brickmaking, scripture, flogging, and cooking,—upon which four heads of necessary art I take leave to descant a little.

And first of brickmaking. Every following day the beautiful arrangements of modern political economists, obeying the law of covetousness instead of the law of God, send me more letters from gentlemen and ladies asking me 'how they are to live'?

Well, my refined friends, you will find it needful to live, if it be with success, according to God's Law; and to love that law, and make it your meditation all the day. And the first uttered article in it is, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread."

"But you don't really expect us to work with our hands, and make ourselves hot?"

Why, who, in the name of Him who made you, are you then, that you shouldn't? Have you got past the flaming sword, back into Eden; and is your celestial opinion there that we miserable Egyptians are to work outside, here, for

your dinners, and hand them through the wall to you at a tourniquet? or, as being yet true servants of the devil, while you are blessed, dish it up to you, spiritually hot, through a trap-door?

Fine anti-slavery people you are, forsooth! who think it is right not only to make slaves, but *accursed* slaves, of other people, that you may slip your dainty necks out of the collar!

“ Ah, but we thought Christ’s yoke had *no* collar!”

It is time to know better. There may come a day, indeed, when there shall be no more curse;—in the meantime, you must be humble and honest enough to take your share of it.

So what *can* you do, that’s useful? Not to ask too much at first; and, since we are now coming to particulars, addressing myself first to gentlemen,—Do you think you can make a brick, or a tile?

You rather think not? Well, if you are healthy, and fit for work, and can do nothing better,—go and learn.

You would rather not? Very possibly: but you can’t have your dinner unless you do. And why would you so much rather not?

“ So ungentlemanly!”

No; to beg your dinner, or steal it, is ungentlemanly. But there is nothing ungentlemanly, that I know of, in beating clay, and putting it in a mould.

“ But my wife wouldn’t like it?”

Well, that’s a strong reason: you shouldn’t vex your wife, if you can help it; but why will she be vexed? If she is a nice English girl, she has pretty surely been repeating to herself, with great unction, for some years back, that highly popular verse,—

“ The trivial round, the common task,
Will give us all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.”

And this, which I recommend, is not a trivial round, but an important square, of human business; and will certainly supply any quantity of room to deny yourselves in; and will

bring you quite as near God as, for instance, writing lawyers' letters to make appointments, and charging five shillings each for them. The only difference will be that, instead of getting five shillings for writing a letter, you will only get it for a day and a half's sweat of the brow.

"Oh, but my wife didn't mean *that* sort of 'common task' at all!"

No; but your wife didn't know what she meant; neither did Mr. Keble. Women and clergymen have so long been in the habit of using pretty words without ever troubling themselves to understand them, that they now revolt from the effort, as if it were an impiety. So far as your wife had any meaning at all, it was that until she was made an angel of, and had nothing to do but be happy, and sing her flattering opinions of God for evermore,—dressing herself and her children becomingly, and leaving cards on her acquaintances, were sufficiently acceptable services to Him, for which trivial though they were, He would reward her with immediate dinner, and everlasting glory. That was your wife's real notion of the matter, and modern Christian women's generally, so far as they have got any notions at all under their bonnets, and the skins of the dead robins they have stuck in them,—the disgusting little savages. But that is by no means the way in which either your hands are to be delivered from making the pots, or her head from carrying them.

Oh, but you will do it by deputy, and by help of capital, will you? Here is the Grand Junction Canal Brick, Tile, and Sanitary Pipe Company, Limited; Capital, £50,000, in 10,000 shares of £5 each; "formed for the purpose of purchasing and working an estate comprising fifty-eight acres of land known as the 'Millpost Field,' and 'The Duddles,' situate at Southall, in the county of Middlesex." You will sit at home, serene proprietor, not able, still less willing, to lift so much as a spadeful of Duddles yourself; but you will feed a certain number of brickmaking Ethiopian slaves thereon, as cheap as you can; and teach them to make bricks, as basely as they can; and you will put the meat out of their mouths into your

own, and provide for their eternal salvation by gracious ministries from Uxbridge. A clerical friend of mine in that neighbourhood has, I hear, been greatly afflicted concerning the degenerate natures of brickmakers. Let him go and make, and burn, a pile or two with his own hands; he will thereby receive apocalyptic visions of a nature novel to his soul. And if he ever succeeds in making one good brick, (the clay must lie fallow in wind and sun two years before you touch it, my master Carlyle tells me,) he will have done a good deed for his generation which will be acknowledged in its day by the Stone of Israel, when the words of many a sermon will be counted against their utterers, every syllable as mere insolent breaking of the third commandment.

In the meantime, it seems that no gracious ministries from Uxbridge, or elsewhere, can redeem this untoward generation of brickmakers. Like the navvies of Furness, (Letter XI., p. 81,) they are a fallen race, fit for nothing but to have dividends got out of them, and then be damned. My fine-lady friends resign themselves specifically to that necessity, though greatly excited, I perceive, at present, concerning vivisection. In which warmth of feeling they are perfectly right, if they would only also remember that England is spending some thirty millions of pounds a year in making machines for the vivisection, not of dogs, but men; nor is this expenditure at all for anatomical purposes; but, in the real root of it, merely to maintain the gentlemanly profession of the Army, and the ingenious profession of Engineers.

Oh, but we don't want to live by soldiering, any more than by brickmaking; behold, we are intellectual persons, and wish to live by literature.

Well, it is a slavish trade,—true Hamite; nevertheless, if we will learn our elements in true Egyptian bondage, some good may come of it.

For observe, my literary friends, the essential function of the slavish Egyptian, in the arts of the world, is to lose the picture in the letter; as the essential function of the Eleutherian Goth is to illuminate the letter into the picture.

The Egyptian is therefore the scribe of scribes,—the supremely literary person of earth. The banks of Nile give him his rock volume: the reeds of Nile his paper roll. With cleaving chisel, and cloven reed, he writes thereon, exemplarily: the ark which his princess found among the paper reeds, is the true beginning of libraries,—Alexandrian, and all other. What you call Scripture, in special, coming out of it; the first portion written in Egyptian manner, (it is said,) with the finger of God. Scribe and lawyer alike have too long forgotten the lesson,—come now and learn it again, of Theuth, with the ibis beak.*

When next you are in London on a sunny morning, take leisure to walk into the old Egyptian gallery of the British Museum, after traversing which for a third of its length, you will find yourself in the midst of a group of four massy sarcophagi,—two on your left, two on your right. Assume that they are represented by the letters below, and that you are

walking in the direction of the arrow, so that you have the sarcophagi A and B on your left, and the sarcophagi C and D on your right.

In my new Elements of Drawing, I always letter the corners of a square all round thus, so that A C is always the diagonal, A B the upright side on the left, and A D the base.

The sarcophagus A is a king's; B, a scribe's; C, a queen's; and D, a priest's.

A is of a grand basaltic rock with veins full of agates, and white onyx,—the most wonderful piece of erag I know; B and C are of grey porphyry; D of red granite.

The official information concerning sarcophagus A, (Nectabenes,) is to the effect that it dates from the 30th dynasty, or about 380 B.C.

B, (Hapimen,) of the 26th dynasty, or about 525.

C, (the Queen's,) of the same dynasty and period.

D, (Naskatu,) of the 27th dynasty, or about 500 B.C.

* Letter XVII., p. 201.

The three sarcophagi, then, B, C, and D, were, (we are told,) cut exactly at the time when, beyond the North Sea, Greek art, just before Marathon, was at its grandest.

And if you look under the opened lid of the queen's, you will see at the bottom of it the outline portrait, or rather symbol, of her, engraved, with the hawk for her crest, signifying what hope of immortality or power after death remained to her.

But the manner of the engraving you must observe. This is all that the Egyptian Holbein could do on stone, after a thousand years at least of practised art; while the Greeks, who had little more than begun only two hundred years before, were already near to the strength of carving their Thebens, perfect for all time.

This is the Hamite bondage in Art: of which the causes will teach themselves to us as we work, ourselves. Slavery is good for us in the beginning, and for writing-masters we can find no better than these Mizraimites: see what rich lines of Scripture they are, along the black edges of those tombs. To understand at all how well they are done, we must at once begin to do the like, in some sort ourselves.

By the exercise given in Fors of January, if you have practised it, you have learned something of what is meant by merit and demerit in a pure line, however produced. We must now consider of our tools a little.

You can make a mark upon things in three ways—namely, by scratching them, painting on them with a brush, or letting liquid run on them out of a pen. Pencil or chalk marks are merely a kind of coarse painting with dry material.

The primitive and simplest mark is the scratch or cut, which shall be our first mode of experiment. Take a somewhat blunt penknife, and a composition candle; and scratch or cut a fine line on it with the point of the knife, drawing the sharp edge of the knife towards you.

Examine the trace produced through a magnifying glass, and you will find it is an angular ditch with a little ridge raised at its side, or sides, pressed out of it.

Next, scratch the candle with the point of the knife, turning the side of the blade forwards: you will now cut a broader furrow, but the wax or composition will rise out of it before the knife in a beautiful spiral shaving, formed like the most lovely little crimped or gathered frill; which I've been trying to draw, but can't; and if *you* can, you will be far on the way to drawing spiral staircases, and many other pretty things.

Nobody, so far as I have myself read, has yet clearly explained why a wood shaving, or continuously driven portion of detached substance, should thus take a spiral course; nor why a substance like wax or water, capable of yielding to pressure, should rise or fall under a steady force in successive undulations. Leaving these questions for another time, observe that the first furrow, with the ridge at its side, represents the entire group of incised lines ploughed in soft grounds, the head of them all being the plough furrow itself. And the line produced by the flat side of the knife is the type of those produced by complete *excision*, the true engraver's.

Next, instead of wax, take a surface of wood, and, drawing first as deep and steady a furrow in it as you can with the edge of the knife, proceed to deepen it by successive cuts.

You will, of course, find that you must cut from the two sides, sloping to the middle, forming always a deeper angular ditch; but you will have difficulty in clearing all out neatly at the two ends.

And if you think of it, you will perceive that the simplest conceivable *excision* of a clear and neat kind must be that produced by three cuts given triangularly.* For though you can't clear out the hollow with two touches, you need not involve yourself in the complexity of four.

And unless you take great pains in keeping the three sides of this triangle equal, two will be longer than the third. So the type of the primitive incised mark is what grand persons call 'enneiform'—wedge-shaped.

* You may indeed dip softly into the ground and rise gradually out of it; but this will give you not a clear, but an infinitely graduated *excision*, exquisite in drawing, but not good for writing.

Ades catholice ecclesie tu ob **A** choral

Pro **A**lgundus **P**edris **P**episcopo

If you cut five such cuneiform incisions in a star group, thus, with a little circlé connecting them in the middle, you will have the element of the decorative upper border both on the scribe's coffin and the queen's. You will also have an elementary picture of a starfish—or the portrait of the pentagonal and absorbent Adam and Eve who were your ancestors, according to Mr. Darwin.



You will see, however, on the sarcophagi that the rays are not equidistant, but arranged so as to express vertical position,—of that afterwards; to-day observe only the manner of their cutting; and then on a flat surface of porphyry,—do the like yourself.

You don't know what porphyry is—nor where to get it? Write to Mr. Tennant, 149, Strand, and he will send you a little bit as cheap as he can. Then you must get a little vice to fix it, and a sharp-pointed little chisel, and a well-poised little hammer; and, when you have cut your asterisk, you will know more about Egypt than nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand,—Oxford scholars and all. Awaiting the result of your experiment, I proceed to the other instrument of writing, the reed, or pen.

Of which the essential power is that it can make a narrow stroke sideways, and a broad one when you press it open.

Now our own current writing, I told you, is to be equal in thickness of line. You will find that method the quickest and serviceablest. But in quite beautiful writing, the power of the pen is to be exhibited with decision; and of its purest and delicatest exertion, you will see the result on the opposite page; facsimile by Mr. Burgess, coloured afterwards by hand, from a piece of Lombardie writing, of about the eleventh century,—(I shall not say where the original is, because I don't want it to be fingered)—which the scribe has entirely delighted in doing, and of which every line and touch is perfect in its kind. Copy it, with what precision you can, (and mind how you put in the little blue dash to thicken the s of Fides,) for in its perfect uprightness, exquisite use of the diamond-shaped

touches obtained by mere pressure on the point, and reserved administration of colour, it is a model not to be surpassed; standing precisely half-way between old Latin letters and mediæval Gothic. The legend of it is—

“Fides catholica edita ab Athanasio Alexandrie sedis episcopo.”

Towards the better understanding of which Catholic faith, another step may be made, if you will, by sending to Mr. Ward for the Etruscan *Leucothea*,* with Dionysus on her knees, which also stands just half-way in imagination, though only a quarter of the way in time, between the Egyptian Madonna, (Isis with Horus,) of fifteen hundred years before Christ, and the Florentine Madonna by Lippi, fifteen hundred years after Christ. Lippi, being true-bred Etruscan, simply raises the old sculpture into pure and sacred life, retaining all its forms, even to the spiral of the throne ornament, and the transgression of the figures on the bordering frame, acknowledging, in this subjection to the thoughts and laws of his ancestors, a nobler Catholic Faith than Athanasius wrote: faith, namely, in that one Lord by whose breath, from the beginning of creation, the children of men are born; and into whose hands, dying, they give up their spirit.

This photograph of Etruscan art is therefore to be the second of our possessions, and means of study; affording us at once elements of art-practice in many directions, according to our strength; and as we began with drawing the beads of cap, and spiral of chair, in the Lippi, rather than the Madonna, so here it will be well to be sure we can draw the throne, before we try the *Leucothea*. Outline it first by the eye, then trace the original, to correct your drawing; and by the time next Fors comes out, I hope your power of drawing a fine curve, like that of the back of this throne, will be materially increased; by that time also I shall have got spirals to compare with these Etruscan ones, drawn from shells only an hour or

* I take the title of this relief from Mr. Parker's catalogue, not being certain of the subject myself, and rather conceiving it to be *Latona* with *Apollo*.

two old, sent me by my good friend Mr. Sillar, (who taught me the wrongness of the infinite spiral of money interest.) by which I am at present utterly puzzled, finding our conclusions in last Fors on this point of zoology quite wrong; and that the little snails have no less twisted houses than the large. But neither for drawing nor architecture is there to-day more time, but only to correct and clarify my accounts, which I have counted a little too far on my power of keeping perspicuous without trouble; and have thereby caused my subscribers and myself a good deal more than was needful.

Henceforward I must ask your permission, unless I receive definite instruction to the contrary, to give names in full, as the subscriptions come in, and give up our occult notation.

I am not quite so well pleased with my good friend Mr. Girdlestone's pamphlet on luxury as I was with that on classification of society, though I am heartily glad to be enabled by him to distribute it to my readers, for its gentle statements may be more convincing than my impatient ones. But I must protest somewhat against their mildness. It is not now merely dangerous, but criminal, to teach the lie that the poor live by the luxury of the rich. Able men—even Pope himself—have been betrayed into thinking so in old times, (blaming the luxury, however, no less,) but the assertion is now made by no intelligent person, unless with the deliberate purpose of disguising abuses on which all the selfish interests of society depend.

I have to acknowledge a quite magnificent gift of Japanese inlaid work to our Sheffield Museum, from my kind friend Mr. Henry Willett, of Arnold House, Brighton. A series of some fifty pieces was offered by him for our selection: but I have only accepted a tithe of them, thinking that the fewer examples of each school we possess, the better we shall learn from them. Three out of the five pieces I have accepted are of quite unsurpassable beauty, and the two others of extreme interest. They are sent to the Curator at Sheffield.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

I give on next two pages our banker's account to 14th March of this year. Calling this 'Account B,' and that given to the end of last year, in last Fors, 'Account A,' the following abstract of both is, I hope, accurate.

	£	s.	d.
By Account A :			
Cash paid into bank	653	1	0
Interest accumulated	780	5	6
By Account B :			
Cash paid into bank	324	11	1
Interest	119	0	0
Giving total to our credit	1876	17	7

Per contra, we have—

Petty expenses	0	10	9
Purchase of £1000 Consols	918	15	0
Cheques to myself	800	0	0
Balance	157	11	10
	1876	17	7

Of the cheques for £800 I will give account presently ; but first, we must compare the cash paid in with the subscription list.

The total cash paid in is—Account A	653	1	0
Account B	324	11	1
	977	12	1

Now see subscription list, after banker's account, page 84.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH
ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

Dr.

Cr.

		1876.		1876.	
		£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Jan. 1.	To Balance	14	1 10		
Jan. 6.	“ Dividend on £8000 Consols	119	0 0	Feb. 22.	By Charges on two local notes
Jan. 13.	“ Geo. Allen	24	11 1	Feb. 25.	“ Postage of Pass Book
Feb. 15.	“ John Ruskin, Esq.	25	0 0	March 3.	“ John Ruskin, Esq.
Feb. 15.	“ Draft at Sheffield	8	0 0		
Feb. 15.	“ “ Ambleside	6	0 0		
Feb. 15.	“ “ Bridgwater	100	0 0		
Feb. 15.	“ “ Birmingham	5	0 0		
Feb. 22.	“ Cash	35	0 0		
March 4.	“ Draft at Windsor	20	0 0		
March 7.	“ Cash	25	0 0		
March 7.	“ Draft at Oxford	50	0 0		
March 14.	“ Cash	6	0 0		
March 14.	“ Draft at Sheffield	20	0 0	March 15.	By Balance
					157 11 10
					<u>£457 12 11</u>

1876.

March 15.	To Balance	£	s. d.
		157	11 10
			<u>157 11 10</u>

SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

To March 14th of this Year.

	£	s.	d.
Total in Fors of February	741	14	10
(Corrections received note of.)			
No. 8. Additional.	40	0	0
“ 26. “	1	5	0
“ 38. Subscriptions 1875, 1876	2	2	0
	<hr/>		
	785	1	10

Now continuing the list.

No. 55. J. W.	50	0	0
“ 56. The mother of the first donor of land to St. George	100	0	0
“ 57. The Curator of our Museum	8	0	0
“ 58. B. A., Subscription, 1876	3	0	0
“ 59. J. T. S.	50	0	0
“ 60. E. L.	20	0	0
“ 61. S. I.	2	0	0
“ 62. R. R.	5	0	0
“ 63. L. L.	0	10	0
	<hr/>		
	1023	11	10
Cash paid in	977	12	1
	<hr/>		
Balance in my hands	45	19	9

The sum in my hands, thus amounting to £845 19s. 9d., has been distributed as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Purchase of land and house at Sheffield	600	0	0
Henry Swan—Two quarters' salary to 31st March, 1876	20	0	0
Expenses of repair, Sheffield	41	0	0
Prints (Colnaghi). See November Fors	29	10	0
Messrs. Tarrant and Mackrell, 29th December, 1876	£20	17	5
	26	15	11
Balance in my hands	106	16	5
	<hr/>		
	£845	19	9

Messrs. Tarrant and Mackrell's accounts follow. I had an offer from Sheffield to do this legal work for nothing; but I wanted to be sure that everything was in due form, and I can trust this London firm. My very good friend Mr. Tarrant must, however, pardon my pointing out to him

how much more pleasantly, for all parties, he might be employed, as suggested in Fors XVI., pp. 187 and 188, than in taxing this transfer of property to the amount of nearly fifty pounds—(seven pounds odd worth of letters merely). For, were the members of the legal profession employed generally in illuminating initials, and so got out of our way, and the lands of the country surveyed and fenced, all that would be really needful for the sale of any portion of them by anybody to anybody else, would be the entry in a roll recording the tenure of so many square miles round each principal town. “The piece of land hitherto belonging to A B, is this day sold to and henceforward belongs to C D, whereof we (city magistrate and a head of any county family) are witnesses.”

THE ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY,
To TARRANT & MACKRELL,

*Costs of Purchase of Freehold Land and Messuage in Bell Hagg Road,
Sheffield.*

		£	s.	d.
1875.				
<i>Sept. 20.</i>				
On receipt of letters from Messrs. Webster, and from Mr. Ruskin, as to purchase of land and a house at Sheffield, writing Messrs. Webster, the vendor's solicitors, to send us contract		0	5	0
Writing Mr. Ruskin as to amount of purchase money, he having stated it to be £600, and Messrs. Webster £630		0	3	6
<i>Oct. 4.</i>				
On receipt of draft contract for approval from Messrs. Webster, with abstract of title for inspection, looking through abstract, when we found it would be necessary to have a copy of plan on deed of 1st May, 1857, and an abstract of the Rivelin View Society's Deed of Covenants, before investigating the title, or approving contract		0	13	4
Writing Messrs. Webster accordingly		0	5	0
Copy contract to keep, fo. 15.		0	5	0
<i>Oct. 11.</i>				
Perusing abstract of title, nine sheets		1	0	0
Perusing the Rivelin View Company's Deed of Covenants, four sheets		0	10	0
Perusing and approving draft contract		0	6	8
Writing vendor's solicitors with contract approved and thereon, and for plan which they had omitted to send		0	5	0
<i>Oct. 13.</i>				
Writing Messrs. Webster, acknowledging letter approving of our alterations in contract, and asking for plan which they had omitted to send, although in their letter they stated it was enclosed		0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Engrossing one part of the contract for signature of Mr. Ruskin, and paid stamp thereon	0	10	6
Drawing plan thereon	0	7	3
Writing Mr. Ruskin, with contract for his signature, and fully thereon, and as to the contents of the Rivelin View Society's Deed of Covenants, and as to Trustees of the Company to whom the property might be conveyed, and for cheque for £60 for deposit	0	5	0
<i>Oct.</i> 18.			
On receipt of letter from Mr. Ruskin with contract signed and cheque for deposit, writing him acknowledging receipt	0	3	6
Writing with appointment to exchange contracts and pay deposit	0	3	6
Attending exchanging contracts, and paying deposit	0	6	8
<i>Oct.</i> 19.			
Writing our agents at Sheffield (Messrs. Broomhead and Co.) with abstract of title to examine, with deeds, and instructing them	0	5	0
<i>Oct.</i> 20.			
Writing vendor's solicitors that contract exchanged and deposit paid to their London agent, and as to examination of title deeds	0	5	0
<i>Oct.</i> 21.			
On receipt of abstract from Messrs. Broomhead and Co., with remarks on title, writing them to examine probate of H. Norton's will in hands of Messrs. Tattershall, and on subject of duties, etc., under that will, and returning abstract to them	0	3	6
<i>Oct.</i> 23.			
Attending perusing conditions of sale under which Mr. Bagshawe bought the property before drawing requisitions on title	0	6	8
<i>Oct.</i> 29.			
Drawing requisitions and copy	0	10	0
Writing vendor's solicitors therewith	0	3	6
<i>Nov.</i> 5.			
Instructions for deed of conveyance	0	6	8
Drawing same, fo. 16	0	16	0
Fair copy for perusal	0	5	4
Writing Messrs. Webster therewith and fully thereon	0	5	0
<i>Nov.</i> 10.			
Engrossing conveyance	0	13	4
Paid parchment	0	5	0

	£	s.	d.
Writing Mr. Ruskin on subject of completion, and for cheque for £540 balance of purchase money, and with consent to be signed by him to conveyance being taken to the Right Hon. W. C. Temple and Sir T. D. Acland as Trustees for the Company, Mr. Ruskin having entered into the contract	0	5	0
Writing vendor's solicitors, with engrossment for examination, and fully thereon	0	5	0
Writing Messrs. Broomhead, our agents, instructing them to make proper searches in the Land Registry at Wakefield, and as to completion of purchase	0	3	6
<i>Nov.</i> 12.			
Writing our agents at Sheffield, with cheque for £540 purchase money, and very fully as to registering deed of conveyance, searches, and settling	0	5	0
Writing Mr. Ruskin acknowledging receipt of his two letters, with two cheques for, together, £540	0	3	6
<i>Nov.</i> 15.			
Attending examining certificates of searches, with abstract, when we found same satisfactory	0	6	8
<i>Nov.</i> 16.			
On receipt of conveyance executed by the vendor and his mortgagee, attending stamping, and afterwards, for same .	0	6	8
Paid stamp	3	0	0
Writing our agents, with stamped deed conveyance for registration, and fully thereon	0	3	6
<i>Nov.</i> 22.			
Making schedule of documents received from agents (Messrs. Broomhead), and writing them acknowledging receipt of deeds, and for account of their charges	0	3	6
<i>Nov.</i> 29.			
On receipt of account of agents' charges, amounting to £10 14s. 11d., writing them with cheque	0	3	6
Writing Mr. Ruskin on subject of insurance	0	5	0
Incidentals	0	10	0
		16	1 0
Paid Messrs. Broomhead's charges	10	14	11
		26	15 11

THE ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY,
To W. M. B. TARRANT.

General Bill of Costs to 10th December, 1875.

1875.		£	s.	d.
<i>Feb. 13.</i>				
On receipt of letter from Mr. Ruskin, attending him at Herne Hill, and conferring on course to be taken on subject of letter from Messrs. Griffith and Son, of Dolgelly, as to conveyance of cottage property at Barmouth, and on the necessity of trust deed for the purpose of such conveyance, so as to carry out the wishes of Mr. Ruskin and others for improving the condition of agriculturists, and paid rail				1 2 0
<i>Feb. 15.</i>				
Writing Messrs. Griffith and Son, as arranged				0 5 0
<i>Feb. 18.</i>				
Attending Sir Sidney Waterlow, Mr. W. J. Thompson, and others, as to the Industrial Dwellings Company, of which they had been promoters, with a view to obtaining information to guide me in the formation of the St. George's Company				0 6 8
<i>Feb. 22.</i>				
* Instructions to counsel to advise in conference on course to be adopted to carry out the scheme				0 6 8
Making copy of Mr. Ruskin's letter to accompany instructions				0 5 0
Attending counsel therewith, when it was arranged that conference should be postponed until Mr. Ruskin could attend				0 6 8
Writing Mr. Ruskin to let me know on what day he could attend conference				0 5 0
<i>Feb. 23.</i>				
On receipt of letter from Messrs. Griffith and Son, writing them fully in reply				0 5 0
<i>March 10.</i>				
Attending counsel, Mr. Barber appointing conference for 3.30 on Monday				0 6 8
Writing Mr. Ruskin, with appointment				0 3 6
<i>March 15.</i>				
Attending conference with Mr. Ruskin at Mr. Barber's, when it was decided that he should draw a deed for the purpose of carrying out Mr. Ruskin's wishes, and paid cab				1 3 0
Paid counsel's fee and clerk				1 6 0
Drawing proposal circular				0 12 0
<i>March 21.</i>				
Attending counsel therewith to settle				0 6 8
Paid his fee and clerk				1 3 6

	£	s.	d.
<i>March 26.</i>			
Attending counsel, appointing conference on draft . . .	0	6	8
<i>April 26.</i>			
Attending conference	0	13	4
Paid counsel's fee and clerk	1	6	0
<i>April 29.</i>			
Fair copy of proposed circular as settled	0	4	0
Letter to Mr. Ruskin therewith and thereon	0	5	0

To TARRANT & MACKRELL.

<i>June 9.</i>			
On receipt of letter from Mr. Ruskin on draft circular, making copy of Mr. Ruskin's suggestions to place before counsel three brief sheets	0	10	0
Perusing and considering same	0	10	0
Drawing memoranda of constitution of the Company, to take place of the circular	1	10	0
<i>June 10.</i>			
Instructions to counsel to settle same, and with Mr. Ruskin's suggestions, etc.	0	6	8
Attending counsel therewith	0	6	8
Paid his fee and clerk	2	4	6
<i>June 11.</i>			
Long letter to Mr. Ruskin in reply to his of the 27th and 28th ult., and 8th inst.	0	5	0
<i>June 15.</i>			
Fair copy memoranda of constitution of the Company as settled by counsel, fo. 30	0	10	0
Writing Mr. Ruskin therewith and thereon	0	5	0
<i>June 23.</i>			
Attending Mr. Ruskin on his calling and handing us print of the proposed memoranda in a number of his 'Fors Clavigera,' and with Mr. Ruskin's suggestions for some alterations; and we were to submit same to counsel, and obtain a conference with him in about a month's time, which Mr. Ruskin would attend	0	6	8
<i>Oct. 7.</i>			
On receipt of the July and October 'Fors' from Mr. Ruskin, attending, perusing, and considering remarks and suggestions contained therein, and bearing on the formation of the St. George's Company, and also your letter to us of the 2nd inst., returning us the draft memoranda sent you on the 15th June, with your remarks thereon, and letter you had received from a correspondent on the subject, attending, perusing, and considering the several letters and documents to enable us to revise the memoranda as desired	1	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Oct. 15.			
Writing Mr. Ruskin very fully on subject of revision of memoranda and statutes, and for further information as to marshals, etc.	0	5	0
Oct. 24.			
On receipt of letter from Mr. Ruskin withdrawing all reference to marshals from the proposed memoranda, making fresh copy of the memoranda as drawn, and adding in the margin thereof all suggestions and comments thereon contained in the 'Fors,' and the several letters we had received in connection with the matter	0	10	0
Oct. 30.			
Instructions to counsel to revise memoranda	0	6	8
Attending him therewith and thereon	0	6	8
Paid his fee and clerk	1	3	6
Dec. 10.			
Writing Mr. Ruskin, with draft memoranda and counsel's amendments, and with counsel's opinion at foot thereof, and also as to insurance of the Sheffield premises	0	5	0
Petty disbursements and incidentals	0	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£22		0 8

II. Affairs of the Master.

	£	s.	d.
Balance, Feb. 20th	225	5	9
Cash (Portsmouth mortgage, paid March 2nd)	1522	12	4
	<hr/>		
	1747		18 1
Feb. 28. Klein (a)	40	0	0
March 1. Raffaella Carloforti (b)	15	0	0
2. Thomas Wade, Esq. (c)	31	10	0
6. Self (d)	35	0	0
6. Arthur Burgess	30	0	0
9. F. Crawley (e)	40	0	0
10. Charles F. Murray, Esq. (f)	10	0	0
11. Antonio Valmarana (g)	50	0	0
16. Antonio Coletti (h)	25	0	0
	<hr/>		
	276		10 0
Balance	<hr/>		
	£1471		8 1

(a) Travelling and personal expenses since January 1st, of which I have no space for the details in this Fors; it will be given in its place. Klein has ten pounds a month, himself, besides his expenses in Oxford when I've no rooms for him.

(b) A youth, whom I am maintaining in art-study at Venice. He has £7 10s. monthly. This payment is to end of April.

(c) Water-colour drawing of a cottage at Coniston, likely to be soon destroyed by 'improvements.'

(d) £10 pocket-money, £25 to St. George, money of his in my hands included in my banker's January balance, acknowledged in St. George accounts, March 7th.

(e) £21 of this my own upholsterer's and other bills at Oxford; the rest, Crawley will account for.

(f) Drawings made for me at Siena.

(g) Fifty drawings made for me by Signor Caldara of Venice, being part of a complete Venetian Herbal in process of execution. I count none of my money better spent than this.

(h) Annual gift to monastery of Assisi, for 1875; not sent last year because I meant to go there. Due always on the Corpus Domini.

III.

"6, MOIRA PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON, 15th Feb., 1876.

"Dear Sir,—On referring to *Helix ericetorum* (the species I take your outline to be enlarged from) in Dr. Turton's British Land and Fresh-water Shells, with additions by Dr. Gray, I find it stated, on the authority of M. Bouchard, that the eggs of *H. ericetorum* are laid from July to November, and are from forty to sixty in number, the time of hatching being twenty days after laying, and the length of the snail's life is eighteen months. It is not, however, stated whether these particulars refer to *H. ericetorum* in England or France.

"The only extra information I can get from my other book is that heavy rains kill great numbers of them.

"Your drawing refers to the shell of a full-grown snail, shown by its having six whorls, and by the slight reflex curve at the outer end of the spiral.*

"With regard to the formation of the shell, I can state that it was formed by successive additions during the life of the snail, the small dark transparent portion in the centre of the spiral being the nucleus, and the lines and ridges crossing the spiral indicate the different rings or layers of shell added to suit the convenience of the snail.

"I enclose specimens of *H. ericetorum* from Deal,† to enable you to compare them with those from Arundel, to make sure that they are the same species.

"I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

"H. L."

IV. "A Swedish newspaper contains a lengthy account of the gallant rescue of a Swedish steamer by the people of the village of Cresswell, Northumberland. Thirteen out of the fifteen male inhabitants manned the boat, to launch which the women waded to their wastes. A fisher-girl named Bella Brown ran ten miles to the next lifeboat station for assistance, and had to wade through several bays on an icy January night. The brave girl was seized with cramp on returning and nearly lost her life."

* Exaggerated a little, I'm afraid.—J. R.

† The shells sent, for which I heartily thank my correspondent, are, I think, the same as mine, only not so white.

V. Part of a letter from one of my best friends, Fellow and Tutor of Corpus, communicating some recent notes on English scenery :—

“I next went to the Isle of Wight, which is very pretty, but all overbuilt. It threatens soon to become a mere suburb of London. Portsmouth detained me a day,—all too brief a time for its beauties and horrors, its relics of past naval glories and picturesque bits on land and sea, its night-mare sea-going caldrons, misnamed men-of-war, at the present. I went on board the Thunderer, twin ship of the Devastation. I had expected some thing ugly and horrible, both inside and out ; but my expectations were surpassed tenfold, especially with regard to the inside of the ship. The crew are confined altogether in utterly dark dungeons at each end of the ship, wholly under water, and hardly high enough for a man to walk in upright. An iron-shielded and very high deck in the middle of the ship is the only place where a man can see the light of day, and live when this witch's kettle is at sea, as the ends of the vessel cut under the waves. The bull of Phalaris would have been an eligible prison to me in comparison of this ; victims, at any rate, were not sent to sea in it.”

VI.

“LAXEY, ISLE OF MAN, *March 4th, 1876.*

“Dear Sir,—In this month's ‘Fors,’ page 68—‘Affairs of the Master,’—if you add up the amounts paid out, I think you will find, instead of £360 2s. 0d., the amount should be £370 2s. 3d., and leaves a proper balance of £225 5s. 6d.

“I hope you will not be offended at me for troubling you with these trifling errors, of no moment ; but I have got a singular habit—that I can never pass over a column of added figures, no matter what length, without testing their correctness.

“Yours truly,
“E. RYDINGS.”

(If only my good correspondent—now a Companion—will indulge himself constantly in this good habit as respects the Fors accounts, I shall be much more at ease about them. But his postscript is more important.)

“P.S. You say that the girls of St. George's Company shall learn to *spin* and *weave*, etc. There is a good deal of hand-spinning done on this little island, but I am sorry to say that there are no young girls learning now to spin ; and in a few years more, the common spinning-wheel here will be as great a curiosity as it is in Lancashire, where one is never seen—only at the theatre. I have gone to some little trouble to ascertain why the young girls are not learning now to spin ; and the principal reason I can gather is that home-spun ‘Manks-made dresses,’ as they are called, last *too long*, and therefore do not give the young women a chance of having four or five new dresses in the year. I could give you some interesting information about hand-spinning and weaving here, but must reserve it for another time, and will send you patterns of cloth, etc. All our blankets, sheets, flannels, skirts, jacket-cloth, stockings, and yarns, have been spun by my wife and her mother before her. We have now linen sheets in wear, not a hole or a tear in them, that were spun by my wife's mother,—and she, poor body, has been dead twenty-eight or twenty-nine years,—the flax grown on their own farm. Fine and white they are, and would compare favourably in *fineness* with machine-made Irish linen. The daughters of Lord Auckland, when he was bishop here, used to go every Saturday afternoon to my wife's mother's, (who lived just behind Bishop Court,) to learn to spin.

“But I must write you a special letter on the subject when I have got my patterns ready.”

LETTER LXV.

I TOLD you in last Fors to learn the 15th chapter of Genesis by heart. Too probably, you have done nothing of the sort; but, at any rate, let us now read it together, that I may tell you, of each verse, what I wanted, (and still beg.) you to learn it for.

1. "The word of God came to Abram." Of course you can't imagine such a thing as that the word of God should ever come to *you*? Is that because you are worse, or better, than Abram?—because you are a more, or less, civilized person than he? I leave you to answer that question for yourself;—only, as I have told you often before, but cannot repeat too often, find out first what the Word *is*; and don't suppose that the printed thing in your hand, which you call a Bible, is the Word of God, and that the said Word may therefore always be bought at a pious stationer's for eighteen-pence.

Farther, in the "Explanatory and Critical Commentary and Revision of the Translation" (of the Holy Bible) by Bishops and other Clergy of the Established Church, published in 1871, by Mr. John Murray, you will find the interesting statement, respecting this verse, that "This is the first time that the expression—so frequent afterwards—'the Word of the Lord' occurs in the Bible." The expression *is* certainly rather frequent afterwards; and one might have perhaps expected from the Episcopal and clerical commentators, on this, its first occurrence, some slight notice of the probable meaning of it. They proceed, however, without farther observation, to discuss certain problems, suggested to them by the account of Abram's vision, respecting somnambulism; on which, though one would have thought few persons more qualified than themselves to give an account of that condition, they arrive at no particular conclusion.

But even their so carefully limited statement is only one-third true. It is true of the Hebrew Law; not of the New Testament:—of the entire Bible, it is true of the English version only; not of the Latin, nor the Greek. Nay, it is very importantly and notably *untrue* of those earlier versions.

There are three words in Latin, expressive of utterance in three very different manners; namely, ‘*verbum*,’ a word, ‘*vox*,’ a voice, and ‘*sermo*,’ a sermon.

Now, in the Latin Bible, when St. John says “the Word was in the beginning,” he says, the ‘*Verbum*’ was in the beginning. But here, when somebody (nobody knows who, and that is a bye question of some importance,) is represented as saying, “The word of the Lord came to Abram,” what somebody really says, is that “There was made to Abram a ‘*Sermon*’ of the Lord.”

Does it not seem possible that one of the almost unconscious reasons of your clergy for not pointing out this difference in expression, may be a doubt whether you ought not rather to desire to hear God preach, than them?

But the Latin word ‘*verbum*,’ from which you get ‘*verbal*’ and ‘*verbosity*,’ is a very obscure and imperfect rendering of the great Greek word ‘*Logos*,’ from which you get ‘*logic*,’ and ‘*theology*,’ and all the other logics.

And the phrase “word of the Lord,” which the Bishops, with unusual episcopical clairvoyance, have really observed to ‘occur frequently afterwards’ in the English Bible, is, in the Greek Bible always “the *Logos* of the Lord.” But this Sermon to Abraham is only ‘*rhema*,’ an actual or mere *word*; in his interpretation of which, I see, my good Dean of Christ Church quotes the Greek original of Sancho’s proverb, “Fair words butter no parsneps.” Which we shall presently see to have been precisely Abram’s—(of course cautiously expressed)—feeling, on this occasion. But to understand his feeling, we must look what this sermon of the Lord’s was.

The sermon (as reported), was kind, and clear. “Fear not, Abram, I am thy Shield, and thy exceeding great Reward,” (‘reward’ being the poetical English of our translators—the

real phrase being 'thy exceeding great pay, or gain'). Meaning, "You needn't make an iron tent, with a revolving gun in the middle of it, for I am your tent and artillery in one; and you needn't care to get a quantity of property, for *I* am your property; and you needn't be stiff about your rights of property, because nobody will dispute your right to *me*."

To which Abram answers, "Lord God, what wilt Thou give me, seeing I go childless."

Meaning,—“Yes, I know that;—but what is the good of *you* to me, if I haven't a child? I am a poor mortal: I don't care about the Heavens or You; I want a child.”

Meaning this, at least, if the Latin and English Bibles are right in their translation—“*I* am thy great gain.” But the Greek Bible differs from them; and puts the promise in a much more tempting form to the modern English mind. It does not represent God as offering Himself; but something far better than Himself, actually exchangeable property! Wealth, according to Mr. John Stuart Mill. Here is indeed a prospect for Abram!—and something to refuse, worth thinking twice about. For the Septuagint reads, “Fear not, Abram. I am thy Protector, and *thou shalt have* an exceeding great pay.” Practically, just as if, supposing Sir Stafford Northcote to represent the English nation of the glorious future, a Sermon of the Lord should come just now to him, saying, “Fear not, Sir Stafford, I am thy Devastation; and thou shalt have an exceeding great surplus.”

On which supposition, Abram's answer is less rude, but more astonishing. “O God, what wilt thou give me? What good is money to me, who am childless?”

Again, as if Sir Stafford Northcote should answer, in the name of the British people, saying, “Lord God, what wilt thou give me? What is the good to me of a surplus? What can I make of surplus? It is children that I want, not surplus!”

A truly notable parliamentary utterance on the Budget, if it might be! Not for a little while yet, thinks Sir Stafford; perhaps, think wiser and more sorrowful people than he, not

until England has had to stone, according to the law of Deuteronomy xxi. 18, some of the children she has got: or at least to grapeshot them. I couldn't get anything like comfortable rooms in the Pea Hen at St. Alban's, the day before yesterday, because the Pea Hen was cherishing, for chickens under her wings, ever so many officers of the Royal Artillery; and some beautiful sixteen-pounders,—exquisite fulfilments of all that science could devise, in those machines; which were unlimbered in the market-place, on their way to Sheffield—where I am going myself, as it happens. I wonder much, in the name of my mistress, whose finger is certainly in this pie, what business we have there, (both of us,) the black machines, and I. As Atropos would have it, too, I had only been making out, with good Mr. Douglas's help, in Woolwich Repository on Wednesday last, a German Pea Hen's inscription on a sixteen-pounder of the fourteenth century:—

**Ich bin furwahr, ein Grober Baur
Ver frist mein ayr, es wurd ihm Saur.**

Verse 5th. “And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Tell now the stars, if thou be able to number them. So shall thy seed be.”

Of course *you* would have answered God instantly, and told Him the exact number of the stars, and all their magnitudes. Simple Abram, conceiving that, even if he did count all he could see, there might yet be a few more out of sight, does not try.

Verse 6th. “And he believed in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness.”

That, on the whole; is the primary verse of the entire Bible. If that is true, the rest is worth whatever Heaven is worth; if that is untrue, the rest is worth nothing. You had better, therefore, if you can, learn it also in Greek and Latin.

“Καὶ ἐπίστευσεν Ἀβραὰμ τῷ Θεῷ, καὶ ἐλογίσθη αὐτῷ εἰς δικαιοσύνην.”

“Credidit Abram Deo, et reputatum est illo in justitiam.”

If, then, that text be true, it will follow that you also, if you would have righteousness counted to you, must believe God. And you can't believe Him if He never says anything to you. Whereupon it will be desirable again to consider if He ever *has* said anything to you; and if not, why not.

After this verse, I don't understand much of the chapter myself—but I never expect to understand everything in the Bible, or even more than a little; and will make what I can of it.

Verses 7th, 8th. "And He said, I the Lord brought thee, to give thee this land, to inherit it.

"But he said, Lord, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it?"

Now, I don't see how he could know it better than by being told so; nor how he knew it any better, after seeing a lamp moving between half-carcases. But we will at least learn, as well as we can, what happened; and think it over.

The star-lesson was of course given in the night; and, in the morning, Abram slays the five creatures, and watches their bodies all day.

'Such an absurd thing to do—to cut rams and cows in two, to please God!'

Indeed it seems so; yet perhaps is better than cutting men in two to please ourselves; and we spend thirty millions a year in preparations for doing that. How many more swiftly divided carcases of horses and men, think you, my Christian friends, have the fowls fed on, *not* driven away,—finding them already carved for their feast, or blown into small and convenient morsels, by the military gentlemen of Europe, in sacrifice to—their own epaulettes, (poor gilded and eyeless idols!) during the past seventy and six years of this *one* out of the forty centuries since Abram?

"The birds divided he not." A turtle dove, or in Greek 'cooing dove;' and a pigeon, or in Greek 'dark dove;' or black dove, such as came to Dodona;—these were not to be cut through breast and backbone! Why? Why, indeed, any of this butchery and wringing of necks? Not wholly, perhaps,

for Abram's amusement, or God's; like our coursing and pigeon-shooting;—but then, all the more earnestly one asks, why?

The Episcopal commentary tells you, (usefully this time) that the *beasts* were divided, because among all nations it was then the most solemn attestation of covenant to pass between halves of beasts. But the birds?

We are not sure, by the way, how far the cleaving might reach, without absolute division. Read Leviticus i., 15 to 17, and v., 6 to 10. 'You have nothing to do with those matters,' you think? I don't say you have; but in my schools you must know your Bible, and the meaning of it, or want of meaning, at least a little more definitely than you do now, before I let you throw the book away for ever. So have patience with it a little while; for indeed until you know something of this Bible, I can't go on to teach you any Koran, much less any Dante or Shakspeare. Have patience, therefore,—and you will need, probably, more than you think; for I am sadly afraid that you don't at present know so much as the difference between a burnt-offering and a sin-offering; nor between a sin-offering and a trespass-offering,—do you? (Lev. v. 15); so how can you possibly know anything about Abram's doves, or afterwards about Ion's,—not to speak of the Madonna's? The whole story of the Ionic migration, and the carving of those Ionic capitals, which our architects don't know how to draw to this day, is complicated with the tradition of the saving of Ion's life by his recognition of a very small 'trespass'—a servant's momentary 'blasphemy.' Hearing it, he poured the wine he was about to drink out upon the ground. A dove, flying down from the temple cornice, dipped her beak in it, and died, for the wine had been poisoned by—his mother. But the meaning of all that myth is involved in this earlier and wilder mystery of the Mount of the Amorite.

On the slope of it, down to the vale of Eshcol, sat Abram, as the sun ripened its grapes through the glowing day; the shadows lengthening at last under the crags of Machpelah;—the golden light warm on Ephron's field, still Ephron's, wild

with wood. "And as the sun went down, an horror of great darkness fell upon Abram."

Indigestion, most likely, thinks modern philosophy. Accelerated cerebration, with automatic conservation of psychic force, lucidly suggests Dr. Carpenter. Derangement of the sensori-motor processes, having certain relations of nextness, and behaviour uniformly depending on that nextness, condescendingly explains Professor Clifford.

Well, my scientific friends, if ever God does you the grace to give you experience of the sensations, either of horror, or darkness, even to the extent your books and you inflict them on my own tired soul, you will come out on the other side of that shadow with newer views on many subjects than have occurred yet to you,—novelty-hunters though you be.

"Behold, thy seed shall be strangers, in a land not theirs." Again, the importunate question returns, 'When was this written?' But the really practical value of the passage for ourselves, is the definite statement, alike by the Greeks and Hebrews, of dream, as one of the states in which knowledge of the future may be distinctly given. The truth of this statement we must again determine for ourselves. Our dreams are partly in our power, by management of daily thought and food; partly, involuntary and accidental—very apt to run in contrary lines from those naturally to be expected of them; and partly, (at least, so say all the Hebrew prophets, and all great Greek, Latin, and English thinkers,) prophetic. Whether what Moses, Homer, David, Daniel, the Evangelists and St. Paul, Dante, Chancer, Shakspeare, and Bacon, think on this matter, or what the last-whelped little curly-tailed puppy of the Newington University thinks, is most likely to be true—judge as you will.

"In the fourth generation they shall come hither again, for the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full."

What *was* the iniquity of the Amorites, think you, and what kind of people were they? Anything like ourselves? or wide-mouthed and goggle-eyed,—terrifically stalking above the vineyard stakes of Esheol? If like us, in any wise, is it pos-

sible that we also may be committing iniquity, capable of less and more fulness, through such a space as four hundred years? Questions worth pausing at; and we will at least try to be a little clear-headed as to Amorite personality.

We habitually speak of the Holy Land as the Land of 'Canaan.' The 'promised' land was indeed that of Canaan, with others. But Israel never got it. They got only the Mount of the Amorites; for the promise was only to be perfected on condition of their perfect obedience. Therefore, I asked you to learn Genesis x. 15, and Genesis x. 16, separately. For *all* the Canaanites were left, to prove Israel, (Judges iii. 3.) and a good many of the Amorites and Jebusites too, (Judges iii. 5—7,) but in the main Israel subdued the last two races, and held the hill country from Lebanon to Hebron, and the capital, Jerusalem, for their own. And if instead of 'Amorites,' you will read generally 'Highlanders,' (which the word means,) and think of them, for a beginning of notion, simply as Campbells and Macgregors of the East, getting themselves into relations with the pious Israelites closely resembling those of the Highland race and mind of Scotland with its evangelical and economical Lowlanders, you will read these parts of your Bible in at least an incipiently intelligent manner. And above all, you will, or may, understand that the Amorites had a great deal of good in them: that they and the Jebusites were on the whole a generous and courteous people,—so that, when Abram dwells with the Amorite princes, Mamre and Esheol, they are faithful allies to him; and when he buys his grave from Ephron the Hittite, and David the threshing floor from Arannah the Jebusite, both of the mountaineers behave just as the proudest and truest Highland chief would. 'What is that between me and thee?' "All these things did Arannah, as a King, give unto the King—and Arannah said unto the King, The Lord thy God accept thee." Not *our* God, you see; but giving sadly, as the Sidonian widow begging,—with claim of no part in Israel.

'Mere oriental formulæ,' says the Cockney modern ex-

positor—‘offers made in fore-knowledge that they would not be accepted.’

No, curly-tailed bow-wow ; it is only you and other such automatic poodles who are ‘ formulæ.’ Automatic, by the way, you are not ; we all know how to wind you up to run with a whirr, like toy-mice.

Well, now read consecutively, but quietly, Numbers xiii. 32—29, xxi. 13—26, Deuteronomy iii. 8—13, and Joshua x. 6—14, and you will get a notion or two, which with those already obtained you may best arrange as follows.

Put the Philistines, and giants, or bulls, of Bashan, out of the way at present ; they are merely elements of physical malignant force, sent against Samson, Saul, and David, as a half-human shape of lion or bear,—carrying off the ark of God in their mouths, and not knowing in the least what to do with it. You already know Tyre as the trading power, Ethiopia as the ignorant—Egypt as the wise—slave ; then the Amorites, among the children of Ham, correspond to the great mountain and pastoral powers of the Shemites ; and are far the noblest and purest of the race : abiding in their own fastnesses, desiring no conquest, but as Silon, admitting no invader ;—holding their crags so that nothing can be taken out of the hand of the Amorite but with the sword and bow, (Gen. xlvi. 22 ;) yet living chiefly by pasture and agriculture ; worshipping, in their early dynasties, the one eternal God ; and, in the person of their great high priest, Melchizedec, but a few years before this vision, blessing the father of the faithful, and feeding him with the everlasting sacraments of earth,—bread and wine,—in the level valley of the Kings, under Salem, the city of peace.

Truly, ‘ the iniquity of the Amorites was not yet full.’

I have given you enough to think of, for this time ; but you can’t work it out rightly without a clearly intelligible map of Palestine, and raised models of the districts of Hebron and Jerusalem, which I will provide as soon as possible, according to St. George’s notions of what such things should be, for the Sheffield museum : to the end that at least, in that district of the Yorkshire Amorites, singularly like the Holy Land in its

level summits and cleft defiles, it may be understood what England also had once to bring forth of blessing in her own vales of peace; and how her gathering iniquity may bring upon her,—(and at this instant, as I write, early on Good Friday, the malignant hail of spring time, slaying blossom and leaf, smites rattling on the ground that should be soft with flowers,) such day of ruin as the great hail darkened in the going down to Beth-horzon, and the sun, that had bronzed their corn and flushed their grape, prolonged on Ajalon, implacable.

“And it came to pass, when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold, a smoking furnace, and a burning lamp which passed between those pieces.”

What a lovely vision, half of it, at any rate, to the eye of modern progress! Foretelling, doubtless, smoking furnaces, and general civilization, in this Amorite land of barbarous vines and fig-trees! Yes—my progressive friends. That was precisely what the vision *did* foretell,—in the first half of it; and not very many summer mornings afterwards, Abram going out for his walk in the dew round his farm,* saw its fulfilment in quite literal terms, on the horizon. (Gen. xix. 28.) The smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace. But what do you make of the other part of the night-vision? Striking of oil? and sale of numerous patent lamps? But Abram never did strike any oil—except olive, which could only be had on the usual terms of laborious beating and grinding, and in moderate quantities. What do you make of the second half of the vision?

* Abram's mountain home seems to have been much like Horace's, as far as I can make out: but see accounts of modern travellers. Our translation “in the plain of Mamre” (Genesis xiii. 28; xiv. 13) is clearly absurd; the gist of the separation between Lot and Abram being Lot's choice of the plain, as ‘the Paradise of God,’ and Abram's taking the rock ground. The Vulgate says ‘in the ravine’ of Mamre; the Septuagint, ‘by the oak.’ I doubt not the Hebrew is meant to carry both senses, as of a rocky Vallombrosa; the Amorites at that time knew how to keep their rain, and guide their springs. Compare the petition of Caleb's daughter when she is married, after being brought up on this very farm, Joshua xv. 17, 18; comparing also xiv. 14, 15, and of the hill country generally, xvi. 15, and Deut. xi. 10—12, 17.

Only a minute part of its infinite prophecy was fulfilled in those flames of the Paradise of Lot. For the two fires were the sign of the presence of the Person who accepted the covenant, in passing between the pieces of the victim. And they shone, therefore, for the signature of His Name; that name which we pray may be hallowed; and for what that name entirely means;—‘the Lord, merciful and gracious,—and that will by no means clear the guilty.’

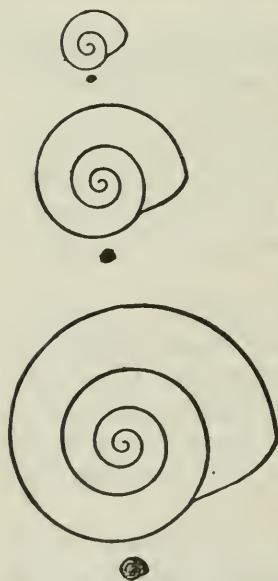
For as on the one side He is like a refiner’s fire, so that none may abide the day of His coming,—so on the other He is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. And all the pain of grief and punishment, temporal or eternal, following on the broken covenant; and all the sweet guidance of the lamb to the feet and the light to the path, granted to those who keep it, are meant by the passing of the darkened and undarkened flames.

Finish now the learning this whole chapter accurately, and when you come to the eighteenth verse, note how much larger the *promised* land was, than we usually imagine it; and what different manner of possession the Israelites got of its borders, by the waters of Babylon, and rivers of Egypt, (compare Jeremiah xxxix. 9, with xliii. 6 and 7) than they might have had, if they had pleased.

And now, when you have got well into your heads that the Holy Land is, broadly, the mountain or highland of the Amorites, (compare Deut. i. 7, 20, 44, Numbers xiii. 29.) look to the verse which you have probably quoted often, “Behold upon the mountains the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings,”—without ever asking *what* mountains, or what tidings. The mountains are these Amorite crags, and the tidings are of the last destruction of the Hamite power, in the other three great brethren, Cush, Mizraim, and Phut. Read your Nahum through slowly; and learn the eighth and ninth verses of the third chapter, to be always remembered as the completion of the fifteenth, which you know the first half of so well already—though I suppose you rarely go on to its practical close, “O Judah, keep thy solemn feasts, perform

thy vows; for the wicked shall no more pass through thee" —this 'passing,' observe, being the ruinous war of the bitter and hasty nation, (compare Habakkuk i. 6—8, with the last verse of Nahum,) which spiritually is the type of all ruinous and violent passion, such as now passes continually to and fro in this English land of ours.

I am not much in a humour to examine further to-day the



passing of its slower molluscous Assyrians; but may at least affirm what I believe at last to be the sure conclusion of my young hunter of Arundel; that the spiral of the shell uniformly increases its coil, from birth to maturity. Here are examples of the minute species, sent me by Mr. Sillar, in three stages of growth; the little black spots giving them in their natural size (with much economic skill of Mr. Burgess' touch). The three magnified spirals you may as well copy, and find out how many these little creatures may have. I had taken them for the young of the common snail when I wrote last; but we will have all our facts

clear some day, both concerning bees, and slugs, and the larger creatures, industrious or lazy, whom they are meant to teach.

But I want to finish my letter for this time with a word or two more of my Scottish Amorite aunt, after she was brought down into Lowland life by her practical tanner. She, a pure dark-eyed dove-priestess, if ever there was one, of Highland Dodona.* Strangely, the kitchen servant-of-all work in the house at Rose Terrace was a very old "Manse" who might

* I need scarcely desire the reader to correct the misprint of 'maternal' for 'paternal' in ninth line from bottom of p. 57 in Fors of March. In last Fors, please put a comma before and after 'there' in p. 72, second line from bottom.

well have been the prototypic of the Mause of 'Old Mortality,'* but had even a more solemn, fearless, and patient faith, fastened in her by extreme suffering; for she had been nearly starved to death when she was a girl, and had literally picked the bones out of cast-out dust-heaps to gnaw; and ever afterwards, to see the waste of an atom of food was as shocking to her as blasphemy. "Oh, Miss Margaret!" she said once to my mother, who had shaken some crumbs off a dirty plate out of a window, "I had rather you had knocked me down." She would make her dinner upon anything in the house that the other servants wouldn't eat;—often upon potato skins, giving her own dinner away to any poor person she saw; and would always stand during the whole church service, (though at least seventy years old when I knew her, and very feeble, if she could persuade any wild Amorite out of the streets to take her seat. Her wrinkled and worn face, moveless in resolution, and patience; incapable of smile, and knit sometimes perhaps too severely against Jessie and me, if we wanted more creamy milk to our porridge, or jumped off our favorite box on Sunday,—('Never mind, John,' said Jessie to me, once seeing me in an unchristian state of provocation on this subject, 'when we're married, we'll jump off boxes all day long, if we like!') may have been partly instrumental in giving me that slight bias against the Evangelical religion which I con-

* Vulgar modern Puritanism has shown its degeneracy in nothing more than its incapability of understanding Scott's exquisitely finished portraits of the Covenanters. In 'Old Mortality' alone, there are four which cannot be surpassed; the typical one, Elspeth, faultlessly sublime and pure; the second, Ephraim Macbriar, giving the too common phase of the character, which is touched with ascetic insanity; the third, Mause, coloured and made sometimes ludicrous by Scottish conceit, but utterly strong and pure at heart; the last, Balfour, a study of supreme interest, showing the effect of the Puritan faith, sincerely held, on a naturally and incurably cruel and base spirit. His last battle-cry—"Down with the Amorites," the chief Amorite being Lord Evandale, is intensely illustrative of all I have asked you to learn to-day. Add to these four studies, from this single novel, those in the 'Heart of Midlothian,' and Nicol Jarvie and Andrew Fairservice from 'Rob Roy,' and you have a series of theological analyses far beyond those of any other philosophical work that I know, of any period.

fess to be sometimes traceable in my later works : but I never can be thankful enough for having seen, in her, the Scottish Puritan spirit in its perfect faith and force : and been enabled therefore afterwards to trace its agency in the reforming policy of Scotland with the reverence and honour it deserves.

My aunt was of a far gentler temper, but still, to me, remained at a wistful distance. She had been much saddened by the loss of three of her children, before her husband's death. Little Peter, especially, had been the corner-stone of her love's building ; and it was thrown down swiftly :—white-swelling came in the knee ; he suffered much ; and grew weaker gradually, dutiful always, and loving, and wholly patient. She wanted him one day to take half a glass of port wine,—and took him on her knee, and put it to his lips. 'Not now, mamma ;—in a minute,' said he ; and put his head on her shoulder, and gave one long, low sigh, and died. Then there was Catherine ; and—I forget the other little daughter's name. I did not see them ; my mother told me of them ;—eagerly always about Catherine, who had been her own favourite. My aunt had been talking earnestly one day with her husband about these two children ; planning this and that for their schooling and what not : at night, for a little while she could not sleep ; and as she lay thinking, she saw the door of the room open ; and two spades come into it, and stand at the foot of her bed. Both the children were dead within brief time afterwards. I was about to write 'within a fortnight'—but I cannot be sure of remembering my mother's words accurately.

But when I was in Perth, there were still—Mary, her eldest daughter, who looked after us children when Mause was too busy,—James and John, William and Andrew ; (I can't think whom the unapostolic William was named after ; he became afterwards a good physician in London, and Tunbridge Wells ; his death, last year, is counted among the others that I have spoken of as recently leaving me very lonely). But the boys were then all at school or college,—the scholars, William and Andrew, only came home to tease Jessie and me, and eat the

biggest jargonel pears ; the collegians were wholly abstract ; and the two girls and I played in our quiet ways on the North-inch, and by the 'Lead,' a stream, 'led' from the Tay past Rose Terrace, into the town for molinary purposes ; and long ago, I suppose, bricked over, or choked with rubbish ; but then lovely, and a perpetual treasure of flowing diamond to us children. Mary, by the way, was nearly fourteen—fair, blue-eyed, and moderately pretty ; and as pious as Jessie, without being quite so zealous. And I scarcely know if those far years of summer sunshine were dreams, or if this horror of darkness is one, to-day, at St Albans, where, driven out of the abbey, unable to bear the sight of its restorations, and out of the churchyard, where I would fain have stayed to draw, by the black plague-wind, I take refuge from all in an old apple-woman's shop, because she reminds me of my Croydon Amorite aunt,—and her little window of the one in the parlour beside the shop in Market Street. She sells comic songs as well as apples. I invest a penny in 'The Union Jack,' and find, in the course of conversation, that the result of our unlimited national prosperity upon *her*, is, that where she used to take twopence from one customer, she now takes five farthings from five,—that her rates are twelve shillings instead of six,—that she is very tired of it all, and hopes God will soon take her to heaven.

I have been a little obscure in direction about the Egyptian asterisk in last Fors. The circle in the middle is to be left solid ; the rays round are to be cut quite shallow ; not in deep furrows, as in wood, but like rising, sharp, cliff-edged harbours with flat bottoms of sand ; as little of the hard rock being cut away as may be.

The Etrurian Lencothea has come at last ; but please let my readers observe that my signature to it means only that it will answer our purpose, not that it is a good print, for Mr. Parker's agent is a 'Grober Baur,' and will keep neither time nor troth in impressions. Farther, I have now put into Mr. Ward's hands a photograph from a practice-sketch of my own at Ox-

ford, in pure lead pencil, on grey paper secured with ink on the outlines, and touched with white on the lights. It is of a stuffed Kingfisher,—(one can't see a live one in England nowadays,) and done at full speed of hand ; and it is to be copied for a balance practice to the slow spiral lines.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

I have given leave to two of our Companions to begin work on the twenty acres of ground in Worcestershire, given us by Mr. George Baker, our second donor of land; (it was all my fault that he wasn't the first). The ground is in copsewood; but good for fruit trees; and shall be cleared and brought into bearing as soon as the two Companions can manage it. We shall now see what we are good for, working as backwoodsmen, but in our own England.

I am in treaty for more land round our Sheffield museum; and have sent down to it, for a beginning of the mineralogical collection, the agates on which I lectured in February at the London Institution. This lecture I am printing, as fast as I can, for the third number of 'Deucalion;' but I find no scientific persons who care to answer me any single question I ask them about agates; and I have to work all out myself; and little hitches and twitches come, in what one wants to say in print. And the days go.

Subscriptions since March 14th to April 16th. I must give names, now; having finally resolved to have no secrets in our Company,—except those which must be eternally secret to certain kinds of persons, who can't understand either our thoughts or ways:—

	£	s.	d.
<i>March.</i> F. D. Drewitt (tithe of a first earning)	1	4	1
Miss M. Guest	2	2	0
<i>April.</i> James Burdan (tithe of wages)	2	10	0
Wm. B. Graham (gift)	1	0	0
Anonymous (post stamp, Birkenhead)	1	10	0
	£8	6	1

II. Affairs of the Master.

	£	s.	d.
<i>March</i> 16. Balance	1471	8	1
21. Miss O. Hill, 1½ year's rent on Marylebone Freehold	90	15	0
28. R. Forsyth (teashop)	54	0	0
<i>April</i> 7. Dividend on £7000 Bank Stock	315	0	0
8. Petty cash (Dividends on small shares in building Societies and the like)	25	3	3
Carried forward	1956	6	4

	Brought forward	£1956	6	4
<i>March</i> 21.	Jackson	£50	0	0
22.	Self *	100	0	0
23.	Warren and Jones	56	16	3
25, and <i>April</i> 7.	Crawley	40	0	0
<i>April</i> 1.	Secretary	25	0	0
1.	Downs	25	0	0
2.	Kate, (and 11th <i>April</i>)	45	0	0
6.	Burgess	50	0	0
6.	David	53	0	0
			444	16 3
	Balance, <i>April</i> 16	£1511	10	1

III. I have promised an answer this month to the following pretty little letter; and will try to answer fully, though I must go over ground crossed often enough before. But it is often well to repeat things in other times and words:—

“16th *March*, 1876.

“Sir,—Being very much interested in the St. George’s Society, we venture to write and ask you if you will be so kind as to send us the rules, as, even if we could not join it, we should so like to try and keep them. We hope you will excuse our troubling you, but we do not know how else to obtain the rules.
We remain, yours truly.”

My dear children, the rules of St. George’s Company are none other than those which at your baptism your godfather and godmother promised to see that you should obey—namely, the rules of conduct given to all His disciples by Christ, so far as, according to your ages, you can understand or practise them. But the Christian religion being now mostly obsolete, (and worse, falsely professed) throughout Europe, your godfather, and godmother, too probably, had no very clear notion of the Devil or his works, when they promised you should renounce them; and St. George hereby sends you a splinter of his lance, in token that you will find extreme difficulty in putting any of Christ’s wishes into practice, under the present basilisk power of society.

Nevertheless, St. George’s first order to you, supposing you were put under his charge, would be that you should always, in whatever you do, endeavour to please Christ; (and *He* is quite easily pleased if you try;) but in attempting this, you will instantly find yourself likely to displease many of your friends or relations; and St. George’s second order to you is that in whatever you do, you consider what is kind and dutiful to them also, and that you hold it for a sure rule that no manner of disobedience to your parents, or of disrespect and presumption towards your friends, can be pleasing

* For accounts in London, to save drawing small cheques. I have not room for detail this month, the general correspondence being lengthy.

to God. You must therefore be doubly submissive ; first in your own will and purpose to the law of Christ ; then in the carrying out of your purpose, to the pleasure and order of persons whom He has given you for superiors. And you are not to submit to them sullenly, but joyfully and heartily, keeping nevertheless your own purpose clear, so soon as it becomes proper for you to carry it out.

Under these conditions, here are a few of St. George's orders for you to begin with:—

1st. Keep absolute calm of temper, under all chances ; receiving everything that is provoking and disagreeable to you as coming directly from Christ's hand : and the more it is like to provoke you, thank Him for it the more ; as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And remember, it does not in the least matter what happens to you,—whether a clumsy schoolfellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the governess doesn't understand you. The *one* thing needful is that none of these things should vex you. For your mind is at this time of your youth crystallizing like sugar-candy ; and the least jar to it flaws the crystal, and that permanently.

2nd. Say to yourselves every morning, just after your prayers : “ Whoso forsaketh not all that he hath, cannot be my disciple.” That is exactly and completely true : meaning that you are to give all you have to Christ to take care of for you. Then if He doesn't take care of it, of course you know it wasn't worth anything. And if He takes anything from you, you know you are better without it. You will not indeed, at your age, have to give up houses, or lands, or boats, or nets ; but you may perhaps break your favourite teacup, or lose your favourite thimble, and might be vexed about it, but for this second St. George's precept.

3rd. What, after this surrender, you find entrusted to you, take extreme care of, and make as useful as possible. The greater part of all they have is usually given to grown-up people by Christ, merely that they may give it away again : but school-girls, for the most part, are likely to have little more than what is needed for themselves : of which, whether books, dresses, or pretty room furniture, you are to take extreme care, looking on yourself, indeed, practically, as a little housemaid set to keep Christ's books and room in order, and not as yourself the mistress of anything.

4th. Dress as plainly as your parents will allow you : but in bright colours, (if they become you,) and in the best materials,—that is to say, in those which will wear longest. When you are really in want of a new dress, buy it, (or make it) in the fashion : but never quit an old one merely because it has become unfashionable. And if the fashion be costly, you must not follow it. You may wear broad stripes or narrow, bright colours or dark, short petticoats or long, (in moderation,) as the public wish you ; but you must not buy yards of useless stuff to make a knot or a flounce of, nor drag them behind you over the ground. And your walking dress must never touch the ground at all. I have lost much of the faith I once had in the common sense and even in the personal delicacy of the present race of average Eng-

lish women, by seeing how they will allow their dresses to sweep the streets, if it is the fashion to be scavengers.

5th. If you can afford it, get your dresses made by a good dressmaker, with utmost attainable precision and perfection : but let this good dressmaker be a poor person, living in the country : not a rich person living in a large house in London. 'There are no good dressmakers in the country.' No : but there soon will be if you obey St. George's orders, which are very strict indeed, about never buying dresses in London. 'You bought one there, the other day, for your own pet!' Yes ; but that was because she was a wild Amorite, who had wild Amorites to please ; not a Companion of St. George.

6th. Learn dressmaking yourself, with pains and time ; and use a part of every day in needlework, making as pretty dresses as you can for poor people who have not time nor taste to make them nicely for themselves. You are to show them in your own wearing what is most right, and graceful ; and to help them to choose what will be prettiest and most becoming in their own station. If they see that you never try to dress above yours, they will never try to dress above theirs. Read the little scene between Miss Somers and Simple Susan, in the draper's shop, in Miss Edgeworth's *Parent's Assistant* ; and by the way, if you have not that book, let it be the next birthday present you ask papa or uncle for.

7th. Never seek for amusement, but be always ready to be amused. The least thing has play in it—the slightest word, wit, when your hands are busy and your heart is free. But if you make the aim of your life amusement, the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh. Play actively and gaily ; and cherish, without straining, the natural powers of jest in others and yourselves ;—remembering all the while that your hand is every instant on the helm of the ship of your life, and that the Master, on the far shore of Araby the blest, looks for its sail on the horizon,—to its hour.

I can't tell you more till next letter.

IV. Extract from a letter of one of my own girl-pupils and changes :—

"What *is* to be done with town children? Do you remember going with me to see Mrs. G—, our old servant? She has died since, and left two children for us to love and care for, for her. The elder, Louie, is thirteen ; unusually intelligent and refined ; I was helping her last night in her work for an examination. She had Tennyson's 'Dora' to learn by heart, and said it beautifully, with so much spirit,—and then, *asked me what the harvest was*. She said she had such a vague idea about it, she shouldn't know how to explain it, if the Inspector asked her.

"I am just going to take her down to the picture gallery, to give her a geography lesson on moors and lakes, etc., which is the best I can do for her here ; but isn't that dreadful?

"Much love, dear Godfather,

"Ever your loving Godchild."

V. I accept the offer of subjoined letter thankfully. Our Companion,

Mr. Rydings, is henceforward to be answerable for our arithmetic ; and all sums below fifty pounds are to be sent to him, not to me.

“LAXEY, *April* 14, 1876.

“My dear Master,—At page 84, April ‘Fors’ Subscription List, near the bottom of page 84, balance in hand £106 16s. 5d., should be £107 16s. 5d.

“Yours, ever truly,

“EGBERT RYDINGS.

“P.S.—Would it be possible to have these items checked before being printed? I should feel it a pleasure if I could be of use.”

[*All Signed Petitions against Rydal Railway to be sent immediately to me at Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire.*]

LETTER LXVI.

BRANTWOOD, 14th May, 1876.

THOSE of my readers who have followed me as far as I have hitherto gone in our careful reading of the Pentateuch, must, I think, have felt with me, in natural consequence of this careful reading, more than hitherto, the life and reality of the record; but, in the degree of this new life, new wonderfulness, and difficult credibility! For it is always easy to imagine that we believe what we do not understand; and often graceful and convenient to consent in the belief of others, as to what we do not care about. But when we begin to know clearly what is told, the question if it be fable or fact becomes inevitable in our minds; and if the fact, once admitted, would bear upon our conduct, its admission can no longer be made a matter of mere social courtesy.

Accordingly, I find one of my more earnest readers already asking me privately, if I really believed that the hail on Good Friday last had been sent as a punishment for national sin?—and I should think, and even hope, that other of my readers would like to ask me, respecting the same passage, whether I believed that the sun ever stood still?

To whom I could only answer, what I answered some time since in my paper on *Miracle for the Metaphysical Society*, ('*Contemporary Review*') that the true miracle, to my mind, would not be in the sun's standing still, but in its going on! We are all of us being swept down to death in a sea of miracle; we are drowned in wonder, as gnats in a Rhine whirlpool; unless we are worse,—drowned in pleasure, or sloth, or insolence.

Nevertheless, I do not feel myself in the least called upon to believe that the sun stood still, or the earth either, during that pursuit at Ajalon. Nay, it would not anywise amaze me to find that there never had been any such pursuit—never any Joshua, never any Moses; and that the Jews, “taken generally,” as an amiable clerical friend told me from his pulpit a Sunday or two ago, “were a Christian people.”

But it does amaze me—almost to helplessness of hand and thought—to find the men and women of these days careless of such issue; and content, so that they can feed and breathe their fill, to eat like cattle, and breathe like plants, questionless of the Spirit that makes the grass to grow for them on the mountains, or the breeze they breathe on them, its messengers, or the fire that dresses their food, its minister. Desolate souls, for whom the sun—beneath, not above, the horizon—stands still for ever.

‘Amazed,’ I say, ‘almost to helplessness of hand and thought’—quite literally of both. I was reading yesterday, by Fors’ order, Mr. Edward B. Tylor’s idea of the Greek faith in Apollo: “If the sun travels along its course like a glittering chariot, forthwith the wheels, and the driver, and the horses are there;” * and Mr. Frederick Harrison’s gushing article on Humanity, in the ‘Contemporary Review’; and a letter about our Cotton Industry, (hereafter to be quoted, †) and this presently following bit of Sir Philip Sidney’s 68th Psalm:—and my hands are cold this morning, after the horror, and wonder, and puzzlement of my total Sun-less-day, and my head is now standing still, or at least turning round, giddy, instead of doing its work by Shrewsbury; and I don’t know where to begin with the quantity I want to say,—all the less that I’ve said a great deal of it before, if I only knew where to tell you to find

* ‘Early History of Mankind,’ (a book of rare value and research, however,) p. 379.

† In the meantime, if any of my readers will look at the leading articles of the ‘Monetary Gazette,’ whose editor I thank with all my heart and soul, for the first honest commercial statements I ever saw in English journals, they will get sufficient light on such matters.

it. All up and down my later books, from 'Unto This Last' to 'Eagle's Nest,' and again and again throughout 'Fors,' you will find references to the practical connection between physical and spiritual light—of which now I would fain state, in the most unmistakable terms, this sum: that you cannot love the real sun, that is to say physical light and colour, rightly, unless you love the spiritual sun, that is to say justice and truth, rightly. That for unjust and untrue persons, there is no real joy in physical light, so that they don't even know what the word means. That the entire system of modern life is so corrupted with the ghastliest forms of injustice and untruth, carried to the point of not recognising themselves as either—for as long as Bill Sykes knows that he is a robber, and Jeremy Diddler that he is a rascal, there is still some of Heaven's light left for both—but when everybody steals, cheats, and goes to church, complacently, and the light of their whole body is darkness, how great is that darkness! And that the physical result of that mental vileness is a total carelessness of the beauty of sky, or the cleanness of streams, or the life of animals and flowers: and I believe that the powers of Nature are depressed or perverted, together with the Spirit of Man; and therefore that conditions of storm and of physical darkness, such as never were before in Christian times, are developing themselves, in connection also with forms of loathsome insanity, multiplying through the whole genesis of modern brains.

As I correct this sheet for press, I chance, by Fors' order, in a prayer of St. John Damascene's to the Virgin, on this, to me, very curious and interesting clause: "Redeem me from the dark metamorphosis of the angels, reseuing me from the bitter law-giving of the farmers of the air, and the rulers of the darkness."

“τῆς σκοτεινῆς με τῶν δαιμόνων λυτροῦ μέτημορφῆς, (I am not answerable either for Damascene Greek, or for my MS. of it, in 1396.) τοῦ πυροτάτου λογοθεσίου τῶν τελωνῶν τοῦ ἀέρος καὶ τῶν ἀρχόντων τοῦ σκοτίου ἐξαίρουσα.”

And now—of this entangling in the shrine of half-born and

half-sighted things, see this piece of Sir Philip Sidney's psalm. I want it also for the bit of conchology at the end. The italics are mine.

“ And call ye this to utter what is just,
 You that of justice hold the sov'raign throne ?
 And call yee this to yield, O sonnes of dust,
 To wronged brethren ev'ry one his own ?
 O no : it is your long malicious will
 Now to the world to make by practice known,
 With whose oppression you the ballance fill,
 Just to your selves, indiff'rent else to none.

But what could they, who ev'n in birth declin'd,
 From truth and right to lies and injuries?
 To shew the *venom of their cancered mynd*
 The adder's image scarcely can suffice.
 Nay, scarce the aspick may with them contend,
 On whom the charmer all in vaine applies
 His skilful's spells : aye, missing of his end,
 While shee *self-deaf, and unaffected* lies.

Lord, crack their teeth, Lord, crush Thou these lions' jaws,
 Soe lett them sinck as water in the sand :
 When deadly bow their aiming fury draws,
 Shiver the shaft, ere past the shooter's hand.
So make them melt as the dishoused snaille,
Or as the embrio, whose vitall band
Breakes ere it holdes, and formlesse eyes doe faile
To see the sun, though brought to lightfull land.”

‘ *Dishoused* ’ snail ! That’s a bit, observe, of Sir Philip’s own natural, history perfecting the image in the psalm, “ as a snail which melteth.” The ‘ *housed* ’ snail can shelter himself from evil weather, but the poor houseless slug, a mere slimy mass of helpless blackness,—shower-begotton, as it seems,—what is to become of *it* when the sun is up !

Not that even houseless snails melt,—nor that there’s anything about snails at all in David’s psalm, I believe, both Vulgate and LXX. saying ‘ wax ’ instead, as in Psalms lxxviii. 2, xevii. 5, etc. ; but I suppose there’s some reptilian sense in the Hebrew, justifying our translation here—all the more interesting to me because of a puzzle I got into in Isaiah, the other

day, respecting which, lest you should fancy I'm too ready to give up Joshua and the sun without taking trouble about them, please observe this very certain condition of your Scriptural studies: that if you read the Bible with predetermination to pick out every text you approve of—that is to say, generally, any that confirm you in the conceit of your own religious sect,—that console you for the consequences of your own faults,—or assure you of a pleasant future though you attend to none of your present duties—on these terms you will find the Bible entirely intelligible, and wholly delightful: but if you read it with a real purpose of trying to understand it, and obey; and so read it all through, steadily, you will find it, out and out, the crabbedest and most difficult book you ever tried; horribly ill written in many parts, according to all human canons; totally unintelligible in others; and with the gold of it only to be got at by a process of crushing in which nothing but the iron teeth of the fiercest and honestest resolution will prevail against its adamant.

For instance, take the 16th of Isaiah. Who is to send the Lamb? Why is the Lamb to be sent? What does the Lamb mean? There is nothing in the Greek Bible about a Lamb at all, nor is anybody told to send anything. But God says *He* will send something, apostolically, as reptiles!

Then, are the daughters of Moab the outcasts, as in the second verse, or other people, as in the fourth? How is Moab's throne to be established in righteousness, in the tabernacle of David, in the fifth? What are his lies not to be, in the sixth? And why is he to howl for himself, in the seventh? Ask any of the young jaekanapes you put up to chatter out of your pulpits, to tell you even so much as this, of the first half-dozen verses! But above all, ask them who the persons are who are to be sent apostolically as reptiles?

Meanwhile, on the way to answer, I've got a letter,* not from a jaekanape, but a thoroughly learned and modest clergyman, and old friend, advising me of my mistake in April

* Corr., Art. VI.

Fors, in supposing that Rahab, in the 89th Psalm, means the harlot. It is, he tells me, a Hebrew word for the Dragon adversary, as in the verse "He hath cut Rahab, and wounded the Dragon." That will come all the clearer and prettier for us, when we have worked it out, with Rahab herself and all; meantime, please observe what a busy creature she must have been—the stalks of her flax in heaps enough to hide the messengers! doubtless also, she was able to die her thread of the brightest scarlet, a becoming colour.*

Well, I can't get that paper of Mr. Frederick Harrison's out of my head; chiefly because I know and like its writer; and I *don't* like his wasting his time in writing that sort of stuff. What I have got to say to him, anent it, may better be said publicly, because I must write it carefully, and with some fulness; and if he won't attend to me, perhaps some of his readers may. So I consider him, for the time, as one of my acquaintances among working men, and dedicate the close of this letter to him specially.

My dear Harrison,—I am very glad you have been enjoying yourself at Oxford; and that you still think it a pretty place. But why, in the name of all that's developing, did you walk in those wretched old Magdalen walks? They're as dull as they were thirty years ago. Why didn't you promenade in our new street, opposite Mr. Ryman's? or under the rapturous sanctities of Keble? or beneath the lively new zigzag parapet of Tom Quad?—or, finally, in the name of all that's human and progressive, why not up and down the elongating suburb of the married Fellows, on the cock-horse road to Banbury?

However, I'm glad you've been at the old place; even though you wasted the bloom of your holiday-spirits in casting your eyes, in that too childish and pastoral manner, "round this sweet landscape, with its myriad blossoms and foliage, its meadows in their golden glory," etc.; and declaring that all you want other people to do is to "follow out in its concrete results this sense of collective evolution." Will

* See, on that subject, the third number of Deucalion.

you only be patient enough, for the help of this old head of mine on stooping shoulders, to tell me one or two of the inconcrete results of separate evolution?

Had you done me the honour to walk through my beautifully developing schools, you would have found, just outside of them, (turned out because I'm tired of seeing it, and want something progressive) the cast of the Elgin Theseus. I am tired thereof, it is true; but I don't yet see my way, as a Professor of Modern Art, to the superseding it. On the whole, it appears to me a very satisfactory type of the human form; arrived at, as you know, two thousand and two hundred years ago. And you tell me, nevertheless, to "see how this transcendent power of collective evolution holds *me* in the hollow of its hand!" Well, I hope I *am* handsomer than the Theseus; it's very pleasant to think so, but it did not strike me before. May I flatter myself it is really your candid opinion? Will you just look at the "Realization of the (your?) Ideal," in the number of 'Vanity Fair' for February 17th, 1872, and confirm me on this point?

Granting whatever advance in the ideal of humanity you thus conclude, I still am doubtful of your next reflection. "But these flowers and plants which we can see between the cloisters, and trellised round the grey traceries—" (My dear boy, what have *you* to do with cloisters or traceries? Leave that business to the jackdaws; their loquacious and undeveloped praise is enough for such relics of the barbarous past. You don't want to shut yourself up, do you? and you couldn't design a tracery, for your life; and you don't know a good one from a bad one: what in the name of common sense or common modesty do you mean by chattering about these?) "What races of men in China, Japan, India, Mexico, South America, Australasia, first developed their glory out of some wild bloom?" Frankly, I don't know—being in this no wiser than you; but also I don't care: and in this carelessness *am* wiser than you, because I *do* know this—that if you will look into the Etruscan room of the British Museum, you will find

there an Etruscan Demeter of—any time you please—B.C., riding on a car whose wheels are of wild roses: that the wild rose of *her* time is thus proved to be precisely the wild rose of *my* time, growing behind my study on the hillside; and for my own part, I would not give a spray of it for all Australasia, South America, and Japan together. Perhaps, indeed, apples have improved since the Hesperides' time; but I know they haven't improved since I was a boy, and I can't get a Ribston Pippin, now, for love or money.

Of Pippins in Devonshire, of cheese in Cheshire, believe me, my good friend,—though I trust much more than you in the glorified future of both,—you will find no development in the present scientific day;—of Asphodel none; of Apples none demonstrable; but of Eves? From the ductile and silent gold of ancient womanhood to the resonant bronze, and tinkling—not cymbal, but shall we say—saucepan, of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, there *is* an interval, with a vengeance; widening to the future. You yourself, I perceive, have no clear insight into this solidified dispersion of the lingering pillar of Salt, which *had* been good for hospitality in its day; and which yet would have some honour in its descendant, the poor gleaning Moabites, into your modern windily progressive pillar of Sand, with “career open to it” indeed other than that of wife and mother—good for nothing, at last, but burial heaps. But are you indeed so proud of what has been already achieved? I will take you on your own terms, and study only the evolution of the Amazonian Virgin. Take first the ancient type of her, leading the lucent Cobbes of her day, ‘florentes aere catervas.’

“Bellatrix. Non illa colo, calathisque Minervae
 Focineas assueta manus.
 Illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa Juventus
 Turbaque miratur matrum; et prospectat euntem.
 Attonitis inhians animis: ut regius ostro
 Velet honos leves humeros; ut fibula crinem
 Auro internectat; Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram
 Et pastorem praeclata cuspide myrtum.”

With this picture, will you compare that so opportunely furnished me by the author of the 'Angel in the House,'* of the modern Camilla, in "white bodice, purple knee-breeches, which she had borrowed from an Ethiopian serenader, red stockings, and shoes." From this sphere of Ethiopian aspiration, may not even the divinely emancipated spirit of Cobbe cast one glance—"Backward, Ho"?

But suppose I grant your Evolution of the Japanese Rose, and the Virginian Virago, how of other creatures? of other things? I don't find the advocates of Evolution much given to studying either men, women, or roses; I perceive them to be mostly occupied with frogs and lice. Is there a Worshipful Batrachianity—a Divine Pedicularity?—Stay, I see at page 874 that Pantheism is "muddled sentiment"; but it was you, my dear boy, who began the muddling with your Japanese horticulture. *Your* Humanity has no more to do with roses than with Rose-chafers or other vermin; but I must really beg you not to muddle your terms as well as your head. "We, who *have* thought and studied," do not admit that "humanity is an aggregate of men." An aggregate of men is a mob, and not 'Humanity'; and an aggregate of sheep is a flock, and not Ovility; and an aggregate of geese is—perhaps you had better consult Mr. Herbert Spencer and the late Mr. John Stuart Mill for the best modern expression,—but if you want to know the proper names for aggregates, in good old English, go and read Lady Juliana's list in the book of St. Albans.

I do not care, however, to pursue questions with you of these 'concrete developments.' For, frankly, I conceive myself to know considerably more than you do, of organic Nature and her processes, and of organic English and its processes; but there is one development of which, since it is your special business to know it, and I suppose your pleasure, I hope you know much more than I do, (whose business I find by no means forwarded by it, still less my pleasure)—the Develop-

* Article III. of Correspondence.

ment of Law. For the concrete development of beautifully bewigged humanity, called a lawyer, I beg you to observe that I always express, and feel, extreme respect. But for Law itself, in the existent form of it, invented, as it appears to me, only for the torment and taxation of Humanity, I entertain none whatsoever. I may be wrong, and I don't want to be wrong; and you, who know the law, can show me if I am wrong or not. Here, then, are four questions of quite vital importance to Humanity, which if you will answer to me positively, you will do more good than I have yet known done by Positivism.

1. What is 'Usury' as defined by existing Law?

2. Is Usury, as defined by existing law, an absolute term, such as Theft, or Adultery? and is a man therefore a Usurer who only commits Usury a little, as a man is an Adulterer who only commits Adultery a little?

3. Or is it a sin incapable of strict definition, or strictly retributive punishment; like 'Cruelty'? and is a man criminal in proportion to the quantity of it he commits?

4. If criminal in proportion to the quantity he commits, is the proper legal punishment in the direct ratio of the quantity, or inverse ratio of the quantity, as it is in the case of theft?

If you will answer these questions clearly, you will do more service to Humanity than by writing any quantity of papers either on its Collective Development or its Abstract being. I have not touched upon any of the more grave questions glanced at in your paper, because in your present Mercantile temper I cannot expect you to take cognizance of anything grave. With respect to such matters, I will "ask for you to-morrow," not to-day. But here—to end my Fors with a piece of pure English,—are two little verses of Sir Philip's, merry enough, in measure, to be set to a Fandango if you like. I may, perhaps, some time or other, ask you if you can apply them personally, in address to Mr. Comte. For the nonce I only ask you the above four plain questions of English law; and I adjure you, by the soul of every Comes reckoned up in unique Comte—by all that's positive, all that's progressive, all

that's spiral, all that's conchoidal, and all that's evolute—great Human Son of Holothurian Harries, answer me.

“ Since imprisoned in my mother
 Thou me feed'st, whom have I other
 Held my stay, or made my song ?
 Yea, when all me so misdeemed,
 I to most a monster seemed
 Yet in thee my hope was strong.

Yet of thee the thankful story
 Filled my mouth: thy gracious glory
 Was my ditty all the day.
 Do not then, now age assaileth,
 Courage, verdure, vertue faileth,
 Do not leave me cast away.”

I have little space, as now too often, for any definite school work. My writing-lesson, this month, is a fac-simile of the last words written by Nelson; in his cabin, with the allied fleets in sight, off Trafalgar. It is entirely fine in general structure and character.

Mr. Ward has now three, and will I hope soon have the fourth, of our series of lesson photographs, namely,—

1. Madonna by Filippo Lippi.
2. The Etruscan Leucothea.
3. Madonna by Titian.
4. Infanta Margaret, by Velasquez.

On these I shall lecture, as I have time, here and in the ‘Laws of Fésole;’ but, in preparation for all farther study, when you have got the four, put them beside each other, putting the Leucothea first, the Lippi second, and the others as numbered.

Then, the first, the Leucothea, is entirely noble religious art, of the fifth or sixth century B. C., full of various meaning and mystery, of knowledges that are lost, feelings that have ceased, myths and symbols of the laws of life, only to be traced by those who know much both of life and death.

Many find

Christianity gives us success over these fellows
and enables us to get a Peace

Technically, it is still in Egyptian bondage, but in course of swiftly progressive redemption.

The second is nobly religious work of the fifteenth century of Christ,—an example of the most perfect unison of religious myth with faithful realism of human nature yet produced in this world. The Etrusean traditions are preserved in it even to the tassels of the throne cushion: the pattern of these, and of the folds at the edge of the angel's drapery, may be seen in the Etrusean tomb now central in the first compartment of the Egyptian gallery of the British Museum; and the double cushion of that tomb is used, with absolute obedience to his tradition, by Jacopo della Quercia, in the tomb of Ilaria di Caretto.

The third represents the last phase of the noble religious art of the world, in which realization has become consummate; but all supernatural aspect is refused, and mythic teaching is given only in obedience to former tradition, but with no anxiety for its acceptance. Here is, for certain, a sweet Venetian peasant, with her child, and fruit from the market-boats of Mestre. The *Ecce Agnus*, topsy-turvy on the finely perspective scroll, may be deciphered by whoso list.

But the work itself is still sternly conscientious, severe, reverent, and faultless.

The fourth is an example of the highest reach of technical perfection yet reached in art; all effort and labour seeming to cease in the radiant peace and simplicity of consummated human power. But all belief in supernatural things, all hope of a future state, all effort to teach, and all desire to be taught, have passed away from the artist's mind. The Child and her Dog are to him equally real, equally royal, equally mortal. And the History of Art since it reached this phase—cannot be given in the present number of 'Fors Clavigera.'

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

No. 50. G. £10 10s.

This is a subscription of five guineas for each year : this amount completes that sum (with the £15 15s. which appeared at p. 65, February Fors) for each of the five years.

The publication of the following letter, with its answer, will, I hope, not cause Mr. Tarrant any further displeasure. I have only in the outset to correct his statement that the payment of £10 14s. 11d. was on *my* behalf. It is simply payment to another lawyer. And my first statement was absolutely accurate ; I never said Mr. Tarrant had himself taxed, but that he had been "employed in taxing"; I do not concern myself with more careful analysis, when the accounts are all in print. My accusation is against the 'legal profession generally,' not against a firm which I have chosen as an entirely trustworthy one, to be employed both in St. George's business and my own.

2, BOND COURT, WALBROOK, 25th April, 1876.

Dear Mr. Ruskin,—I have the April 'Fors,' in which I see you have published our account of costs against you, amounting to £47 13s. 4d. The document was yours, and you had a perfect right to lay it before your readers, but you are the first client who has ever thought it necessary to put such a document of mine to such a use. I don't know, however, that it will do me any injury, although the statement preceding it is somewhat inaccurate, because our costs of the transfer of the Sheffield property were £26 15s. 11d., which included a payment of £10 14s. 11d. made on your behalf, leaving our costs at £16 1s. the other portion of the £47 13s. 4d. being costs relating to the constitution of the St. George's Company, leaving altogether £29 14s. 11d. only payable to us beyond money paid on your account. It is hardly fair, therefore, to say that I *employed myself* in taxing the transfer of the property to nearly £50.

As to the charge for letters (the writing of which is really not brick-makers' work), you must bear in mind that the entire of your matters had to be done by correspondence, for which you are fairly chargeable ; and I cannot accuse myself of having written a single letter that was unnecessary.

As to the position of the St. George's Company, it is not a legal company, if by that you mean a company recognized by law : it has neither the advantages nor disadvantages of companies incorporated in accordance with the provisions of the several Acts of Parliament relating to such matters. It is not a legal trust of a charitable nature, if by that term be meant a trust which is liable to the supervision or interference of the Charity Commis-

sioners. It is a number of persons unincorporated, but associated for other purposes than that of gain. It is on a similar footing to such a society as that for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. The Master will be personally responsible for the debts of the Company contracted by his order. If you desire to have a legal Company, or the supervision of the Charity Commissioners, you must give way in many points which you have hitherto considered indispensable to your scheme. On the 29th February last we sent you a specimen of the form in which we proposed to draw up the memorandum for each Companion to subscribe. If you will return us this with any remarks upon it which may occur to you, we will at once have it engrossed, and send it you to be signed by all the Companions.

We were expecting a call from you when you were in town some time since, and should then have discussed this subject with you, and also the subject of the trust deed which will have to be executed by the Master of the Company.

We will act upon your suggestion, and forward the deed of the Sheffield property to Mr. Bagshawe. Shall I also send all the title deeds to him relating to the property? Tell me this.

Professor Ruskin,
Arthur Severn, Esq., Herne Hill, S. E.

Faithfully yours,
W. P. TARRANT.

(Answer.)

PATTERDALE, 6th May, 1876.

Dear Mr. Tarrant,—I was surprised and vexed by the opening of your letter of 25th April, showing that you had not in the least hitherto understood the scope or meaning of my present work. There is not the smallest unfriendliness in my publication of your account. No client ever had occasion to do it before, of course;—you never had a client before engaged in steady and lifelong contest with the existing principles of the Law, the Church, and the Army,—had you? The publication of your accounts of course can do you no harm, if they are fair: nor have, or had I, the slightest idea of their being otherwise. All accounts for St. George are to be printed: the senders-in must look to the consequences.

The delay in my returning your draft of the rules of Company is because every lawyer I speak to tells me of a new difficulty. The whole piece of business, you remember, arose from my request to you simply to secure a piece of ground to our trustees, which had been given us by Mr. Baker. Now I find at the last moment that neither Mr. Baker nor anybody else can give us a piece of land at all, but must sell it us.

Next, I want to know if this form, as you have drawn it up, is approved by me, what are you going to do with it? What is the good of it? Will the writing of it in black letter make us a legal company, like a railway company, capable of holding land? Do the Charity Commissioners interfere with *their* business? or must we blow some people to bits or smash them into jelly, to prove our want of charity,—and get leave, therefore, to do what we like with our own?

Fix your minds, and Mr. Barber's, on this one point—the grip of the land. If you can't give us that, send us in your accounts, and let us be done with the matter. If you can, on the document as it stands, write it out on the rubbish your modern stationers call parchment, and do what you will with it, so.

I am really ashamed to give any further account, just now, of the delays in our land work, or of little crosses and worries blocking my first attempt at practice. One of the men whom I thought I had ready for this Worces-

tershire land, being ordered, for trial, to do a little bit of rough work in Yorkshire that I might not torment Mr. Baker with his freshmanship, threw up the task at once, writing me a long letter of which one sentence was enough for me,—that “he would do *his share*, but no more.” These infernal notions of Equality and Independence are so rooted, now, even in the best men’s minds, that they don’t so much as know even what Obedience or Fellowship means! Fancy one of Nelson’s or Lord Cochrane’s men retreating from his gun, with the avowed resolution to ‘do no more than his share’! However, I know there’s good in this man, and I doubt not he will repent, and break down no more; but I shall not try him again for a year. And I must be forgiven my St George’s accounts this month. I really can’t let the orchises and hyacinths go out of flower while I’m trying to cast sums; and I’ve been two whole days at work on the purple marsh orchis alone, which my botanical readers will please observe is in St. George’s schools to be called ‘*Porphyria veris*,’ ‘Spring Purplet.’ It is, I believe, *Ophelia*’s “long purple.” There are a quantity of new names to be invented for the whole tribe, their present ones being not by St. George enduring.

The subjoined letter gives me great pleasure: it is from a son of my earliest Oxford friend: who, as his father helped me in educating myself, is now helping me in the education of others. I print it entire; it may give some of my readers an idea of the minor hindrances which meet one at every step, and take as much time to conquer as large ones. The work to be done is to place a series of the simple chemical elements as ‘Imps’ in a pretty row of poetical Bottles at Sheffield.

“BROAD STREET, OXFORD, *March 30, 1876.*

“My dear Mr. Ruskin,—I knocked in vain at your ‘oak’ last night when I came to Corpus to report progress, and also to ask you two questions, which must be put to you by letter, as there is not much time to lose if you wish to have the alkaline earths ready by the time you go to Sheffield. Firstly, do you wish me to see about getting the *metals* of the alkalies, and if so which of them do you want? Some of them are extremely expensive,—calcium, for instance, being *2d.* a grain; but then, as it is very light a very small quantity would be required as a specimen. The other questions were about the amount of the oxides, and about the shape of the bottles to hold them. I have in your absence chosen some long sample bottles which are very beautiful of their kind, and even if they do not meet your approval they can easily be changed when you return to Oxford. I am progressing fairly well with the earths—Magnesia is ready; Alumina and Baryta partly made, but not yet pure, for it is not more easy in chemistry to get a perfect thing than in any other matter with which man has anything to do, and to day I have been extremely unfortunate with the Baryta, having tried two methods of making it, broken four crucibles, and, worst of all, failed to make it in a state of purity; however I shall have one more try to-morrow, and no doubt shall succeed. If there is any chance of your being in Oxford before Easter, I will not make the Silica, since the process is very beautiful, and one which no doubt you would like to see. Please excuse the length of my letter, and believe me,

“Affectionately yours, .

“THEODORE D. ACLAND.”

II. Affairs of the Master.

I am aghast at the columnar aspect of any account given in satisfactory detail; and will only gradually, as I have space, illustrate my own expenditure and its course. That unexplained hundred of last month, diminished itself, I find, thus:

	£	s.	d.
Pocket	10	0	0
Klein, (final account on dismissal to Rotterdam, paying his passage, and a shilling or two over)	30	0	0
Downs, for my London quarterly pensioners	25	0	0
Morley, (Oxford bookbinding)	3	1	6
Easter presents	5	0	0
	<hr/>		
	73	1	6
	<hr/>		
Leaving a balance of	26	18	6

to be added to the £200 of personal expenses in this month's accounts. About a hundred and twenty of this has gone in a fortnight's posting, with Mr. and Mrs. Severn, from London to Coniston, stopping to see St. Albans, Peterborough, Croyland, Stamford, and Burleigh, Grantham, Newark, Lincoln, our new ground at Sheffield, Pomfret, Knaresborough, Ripon, Fountain's, Richmond, Mortham Tower, and Brougham Castle. A pleasant life, you think? Yes,—if I led an unpleasant one, however dutiful, I could not write any of my books, least of all, Fors. But I am glad, if you honestly think it a pleasant life; why, if so, my richer readers, do you drive only round the parks, every day, instead of from place to place through England, learning a thing or two on the road? Of the rest of the 'self' money, I leave further account till next month: it is not all gone yet. I give, however, for a typical example, one of Downs's weekly bills, reaching the symmetrical total of £7 7s. 7d., or a guinea and a penny a day, which I think is about the average. Of the persons named therein as receiving weekly wage, Hersey is our old under-gardener, now rheumatic, and as little able to earn his dinner as I am myself: Rusch, my old lapidary, who cuts in the course of the week what pebbles he can for me; Best, an old coachman, who used to come to us from livery-stable on occasion, and now can't drive any more; Christy, an old woman who used to work for my mother.

1876	£	s.	d.
April 22. Cash in hand	30	12	8
29. Men's Wages	4	1	0
Coachman's Book	1	16	10
Charittles	0	16	0
Sundries	0	13	9
	<hr/>		
	£7	7	7
	<hr/>		
April 29. Balance in hand	£23	5	1

<i>Men's Wages.</i>		£	s.	d.
<i>April 29.</i>	David Downs	1	15	0
	Thomas Hersey	1	5	0
	John Rusch	1	1	0
		<hr/>		
		£4	1	0

<i>Coachman's Book.</i>		£	s.	d.
<i>April 29.</i>	Plate Powder, 1s.; Oil, 10d.	0	1	10
	Soap and Sand	0	1	0
	Wages	1	14	0
		<hr/>		
		£1	16	10

<i>Charities.</i>		£	s.	d.
	William Best	0	10	0
	Mrs. Christy	0	6	0
		<hr/>		
		£0	16	0

<i>Sundries.</i>		£	s.	d.
<i>April 22.</i>	Postage	0	0	5
24.	Rail and Bus, British Museum	0	1	0
	Cord for Boxes, 1s. 6d.; Postage, 1s. 6½d.	0	3	0½
25.	Horse and Cart, Boxes to Station	0	7	6
	Carman, 1s.; Booking ditto, 6d.	0	1	6
	Postage	0	0	1
26 and 28.	Postage	0	0	2½
		<hr/>		
		£0	13	9

After thus much of miniature illustration, I have only to explain of the broad effects in the account below, that my Oxford secretary, who has £200 a year, does such work for me connected with my Professorship as only a trained scholar could do, leaving me free here to study hyacinths. I wish I could give him the Professorship itself, but must do as I am bid by Oxford. My younger secretary, who has £100 a year, is this year put into office, for St. George's correspondence; and I must beg my good friends—now, I am thankful to say, gathering a little to St. George's work,—not to think themselves slighted in being answered by his hand, for mine is weary.

1876.		£	s.	d.
<i>April 16.</i>	Balance	1511	10	1
<i>May 1.</i>	Half year's Stipend of Slade Professorship	179	0	0
		<hr/>		
		1690	10	1
		<hr/>		
		464	11	0
		<hr/>		
	Balance, May 16th	£1225	19	1

	£	s.	d.
<i>April</i> 20 and 30. Self	200	0	0
20. Downs	50	0	0
22. Photographs (Leucothea and Lippi)	16	5	0
25. Tailor's Account	33	6	0
<i>May</i> 1. Oxford Secretary	100	0	0
1. Raffaele for May and June	15	0	0
15. Burgess	50	0	0
	<u>£464</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>0</u>

III.

“ HASTINGS, *May* 15.

“ My dear Ruskin,—I enclose two extracts, cut from the same day's paper, which contain so grimly humorous a parallel between the ways in which the ‘ Protestant Church ’ and ‘ the world ’ are engaged in ‘ obliterating all traces of the Virgin Mary,’ that I thought you might possibly use them in ‘ Fors ’ or elsewhere.

“ Yours affectionately,
“ C. PATMORE.”

(The following are the two extracts. Before giving them, I must reply to my greatly honoured and loved friend, that both the Bristol destroyers of images and New York destroyers of humanity, are simply—Lost Sheep of the great Catholic Church ; account of whom will be required at *her* hand.)

“ **ICONOCLASM AT BRISTOL.**—Our Bristol correspondent writes: The removal of the ‘ imagery ’ from the north porch of Bristol Cathedral has created considerable excitement in the city and in Clifton. As a member of the capitular body who is known to strongly object to the figures was seen near the Cathedral late on Wednesday night, the clerk of the works employed ‘ watchers,’ his intention being to refuse admission to other than his own workmen. On Thursday morning he had occasion to leave the works to go to the quarries at Corsham, and while he was absent a gang of men, under the orders of the chapter clerk, entered the gates, and before the clerk of the works, who was telegraphed for, could return, hauled down the four statues and *obliterated all traces of the Virgin Mary*, doing much damage to other carving in the process of removal. The last has by no means been heard of this affair. The statues cost over £100 each, but the money value of the ‘ imagery ’ is not considered by the Restoration Committee. Their contention is that, until the work was completed and handed over to the Cathedral body, it belonged to the Restoration Committee; and it is believed that the right of the Chapter to act as they have done will be tested in a court of law. Feeling is so strong against the action of the Dean and Chapter that plenty of money would be forthcoming to prosecute such an inquiry.”—*Pull Mall Gazette*, *April* 7, 1876.

“ One of the latest ‘ sensations ’ in New York has been a ‘ female boxing match,’ aptly described by the *New York Times* as a ‘ novel and nonsensical exhibition.’ The combatants—or ‘ lady contestants,’ as they are called in the report of the proceedings—were two ballet-girls, of the kind known as ‘ variety dancers.’ One, Miss Saunders, wore a white bodice, purple knee-breeches, which she had borrowed from an Ethiopian serenader, red stockings, and shoes. The other, Miss Harland, was attired in blue trunks and

white tights. Both appeared nervous, were very pale, tried to blush, and 'partially succeeded.' When the fighting began, Miss Harland 'did not know what to do with her hands.' Miss Saunders, however, had her fists more at command, and, after some preliminary sparring, succeeded in striking her opponent 'square in the face.' Miss Harland, on her side, 'by a vicious blow from the shoulder,' managed to disarrange Miss Saunders's back hair. Both ladies then smiled. In the end Miss Harland lost the match, 'owing to her confirmed habit of swinging her hands around in the air.' Miss Saunders was declared the winner, and carried off a prize of 200 dols. and a piece of silver plate; Miss Harland received a ten-dollar bill from an amateur who thought she deserved consolation; and the two 'lady contestants' left the stage arm-in-arm."—*Pull Mall Gazette*, April 7, 1876.

IV. In last Fors, though I thought I knew my 'Old Mortality' well enough, I carelessly wrote 'Elspeth,' for 'Elizabeth,' (meaning Bessie Macclure); and the misprint 'Arannah' for 'Araunah' escaped my eyes three times over. The more grotesque one of 'changes' for 'charges,' in p. 112, line 32, was I suppose appointed by Fors to chastise me for incurable flirtation. I wish I knew who these two schoolgirls are, whom I've got to finish my letter to if I can, this time.

My dears, will you please, for I can't rewrite what I've said so often, read, when you have opportunity, the letter to a young lady in Fors 34, pp. 183, 184.* Respecting the third article in that letter, I have now a few words to add; (read also, if you can, what is said of the Word of God, in Letters 45 and 46). I told you in last Fors that you would have great difficulty in getting leave from English society to obey Christ. Fors has since sent me, in support of this statement, a paper called 'The Christian,'—the number for Thursday, May 11,—in the fifteenth page of which is an article on young ladies headed "What can they do?" from which I take the following passage:—

"There have been times of special prayer for young men and women. Could there not be also for the very large class of young ladies who do not go out into society? They have no home duties to detain them, as many, in a humbler condition; they have hours and hours of leisure, and know not how to spend them—partly from need of being directed, but more so from the prejudices and hindrances in their way. Their hearts are burning to do something for Christ, but they are not allowed, partly because it is considered 'improper,' and for a variety of reasons.

"There is a cry on every side for labourers. There are numbers longing to respond; if not wholly to dedicate their lives, at least a portion of their days, to active Christian service, and only a wave of united prayer can throw these objections aside, and free the large band who are so willing.

"A bright young Christian came to me this week. She is tired of meetings to which she is constantly taken, but never allowed to work in the inquiry-room at them,—hindered from taking up the least bit of work, till at last she cannot even *ask* for it. Almost to 'kill time,' she has taken up a secular corresponding agency."

* I should like my lady readers in general to have, of back Fors numbers, at least, 30, 31, 36, 45, 46, and 48; those who have the complete book should scratch out the eleventh line in p. 18 of the last Index, and put the 10th line of it thus: "Ladies, and girls, advice to, 30, 90; 34, 183; 45, 136; 48, 176."

Now that it is 'considered improper' by the world that you should do anything for Christ, is entirely true, and always true; and therefore it was that your Godfathers and Godmothers, in your name, renounced the "vain pomp and glory of the world," with all covetous desires of the same—see baptismal service—(I wonder if you had pretty names—won't you tell me?) but I much doubt if you, either privately or from the pulpit of your doubtless charming church, have ever been taught what the "vain pomp and glory of the world" was.

Well, do you want to be better dressed than your schoolfellows? Some of them are probably poor, and cannot afford to dress like you; or, on the other hand, you may be poor yourselves, and may be mortified at their being dressed better than you. Put an end to all that at once, by resolving to go down into the deep of your girl's heart, where you will find, inlaid by Christ's own hand, a better thing than vanity; pity. And be sure of this, that, although in a truly Christian land, every young girl would be dressed beautifully and delightfully,—in this entirely heathen and Baal-worshipping land of ours, not one girl in ten has either decent or healthy clothing, and that you have no business now to wear anything fine yourself, but are bound to use your full strength and resources to dress as many of your poor neighbours as you can. What of fine dress your people insist upon your wearing, take—and wear proudly and prettily, for their sakes; but, so far as in you lies, be sure that every day you are labouring to clothe some poorer creatures. And if you cannot clothe, at least help, with your hands. You can make your own bed; wash your own plate; brighten your own furniture,—if nothing else.

'But that's servant's work'? Of course it is. What business have you to hope to be better than a servant of servants? 'God made you lady'? Yes, he has put you, that is to say, in a position in which you may learn to speak your own language beautifully; to be accurately acquainted with the elements of other languages; to behave with grace, tact, and sympathy to all around you; to know the history of your country, the commands of its religion, and the duties of its race. If you obey His will in learning these things, you will obtain the power of becoming a true 'lady;' and you will become one, if while you learn these things you set yourself, with all the strength of your youth and womanhood, to serve His servants, until the day come when He calls you to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

You may thus become a Christ's lady, or you may, if you will, become a Belial's lady, taking Belial's gift of miserable idleness, living on the labour and shame of others, and deceiving them and yourself by lies about Providence, until you perish in hell with the rest of such, shrieking the bitter cry, "When saw we *Thee*?"

V.

"3, ATHOLE CRESCENT, PERTH, 10th May, 1876.

"Sir,—Thinking that it may interest you, I take the liberty of writing to let you know that the 'Lead' is not at all in the state you suppose it to be;

but still runs down, very clear, by the side of the North Inch, and past Rose Terrace, and, judging from the numbers of them at this moment playing by it, affords no small delight to the children.

“I am, yours most respectfully,

“A READER OF ‘FORS.’”

VI.

“EASTHAMPSTEAD RECTORY, BRACKNELL,

“April 20, 1876.

“My dear Ruskin,—I have just received this month’s ‘Fors,’ but not read it, (of course not; my friends never do, except to find the mistakes,) as I am off to Dublin, but as regards Psalm lxxxvii., (note, p. 71,) I expounded it in a sermon some time since, and was talking of it to a very learned Hebraist last Monday. Rahab, there, is generally understood to mean ‘the monster,’ and has nothing to do, beyond resemblance of sound, with Rahab the harlot. And the monster is the crocodile, as typical of Egypt. In Psalm lxxxix. 10, (the Bible version, not the Prayer Book,) you will see Rahab explained in the margin, by ‘*or Egypt.*’

“Perhaps Rahab the harlot was called by the same from the rapacity of her class, just as in Latin *lupa*.

“The whole Psalm is badly translated, and, as we have it, unintelligible. But it is really charged with deep prophetic meaning. I cannot write more, so believe me,

“Ever yours affectionately,

“O. GORDON.

“I hope you will have had a pleasant journey when you receive this. The Greek Septuagint is much better than the English, but not good. As regards the general meaning, you have divined it very correctly.”

LETTER LXVII.

As I am now often asked, in private letters, the constitution of St. George's Company, and cannot, hitherto, refer, in answer, to any clear summary of it, I will try to write such a summary in this number of Fors; that it may henceforward be sent to inquirers as alone sufficiently explanatory.

The St. George's Company is a society established to carry out certain charitable objects, towards which it invites, and thankfully will receive, help from any persons caring to give it, either in money, labour, or any kind of gift. But the Company itself consists of persons who agree in certain general principles of action, and objects of pursuit, and who can, therefore, act together in effective and constant unison.

These objects of pursuit are, in brief terms, the health, wealth, and long life of the British nation: the Company having thus devoted itself, in the conviction that the British nation is at present unhealthy, poor, and likely to perish, as a power, from the face of the earth. They accordingly propose to themselves the general medicining, enriching, and preserving in political strength, of the population of these islands; they themselves numbering at present, in their ranks, about thirty persons,—none of them rich, several of them sick, and the leader of them, at all events, not likely to live long.

Whether the nation be healthy, or in unwholesome degradation of body and mind; wealthy, or in continual and shameful distress; strong, or in rapid decline of political power and authority,—the reader will find debated throughout the various contents of the preceding five volumes of Fors. But there is one public fact, which cannot be debated—that the nation is in debt. And the St. George's Company do practically make it their *first*, though not their principal, object, to bring *that*

state of things to an end; and to establish, instead of a National Debt, a National Store. (See the 24th line of the third page of the first letter of the series, published 1st January, 1871, and the eleventh, and twenty-seventh, letters, throughout.)

That very few readers of *this* page have any notion, at this moment, what a National Debt is, or can conceive what a National Store should be, is one of many evil consequences of the lies which, under the title of "Political Economy," have been taught by the ill-educated, and mostly dishonest, commercial men who at present govern the press of the country.

I have again and again stated the truth in both these matters, but must try once more to do it, emphatically, and intelligibly.

A 'civilized nation' in modern Europe consists, in broad terms, of (A) a mass of half-taught, discontented, and mostly penniless populace, calling itself the people; of (B) a thing which it calls a government—meaning an apparatus for collecting and spending money; and (C) a small number of capitalists, many of them rogues, and most of them stupid persons, who have no idea of any object of human existence other than money-making, gambling, or champagne-bibbing. A certain quantity of literary men, saying anything they can get paid to say,—of clergymen, saying anything they have been taught to say,—of natural philosophers, saying anything that comes into their heads,—and of nobility, saying nothing at all, combine in disguising the action, and perfecting the disorganization, of the mass; but with respect to practical business, the civilized nation consists broadly of mob, money-collecting machine, and capitalist.

Now when the civilized mob wants to spend money for any profitless or mischievous purposes,—fireworks, illuminations, battles, driving about from place to place, or what not,—being itself penniless, it sets its money-collecting machine to borrow the sum needful for these amusements from the civilized capitalist.

The civilized capitalist lends the money, on condition that,

through the money-collecting machine, he may tax the civilized mob thenceforward for ever. The civilized mob spends the money forthwith, in gunpowder, infernal machines, masquerade dresses, new boulevards, or anything else it has set its idiotic mind on for the moment; and appoints its money-collecting machine to collect a daily tax from its children, and children's children, to be paid to the capitalists from whom it had received the accommodation, thenceforward for ever.

That is the nature of a National Debt.

In order to understand that of a National Store, my readers must first consider what any store whatever, serviceable to human beings, consists of. A store properly means a collection of useful things. Literally, it signifies only a quantity,—or much of *anything*. But the heap of broken bottles which, I hear, is accumulating under the principal cliff of Snowdon, through the contributions of tourists from the summit, is not properly to be called a store; though a binfull of old wine is. Neither is a heap of cannon-balls a store;* though a heap of potatoes is. Neither is a cellar full of gunpowder a store; though a cellar full of coals is. A store is, for squirrels, of nuts; for bees, of honey; for men, of food, clothes, fuel, or pretty things, such as toys or jewels,—and, for educated persons, of books and pictures.

And the possession of such a store by the nation would signify, that there were no taxes to pay; that everybody had clothes enough, and some stuff laid by for next year; that everybody had food enough, and plenty of salted pork, pickled walnuts, potted shrimps, or other conserves, in the cupboard; that everybody had jewels enough, and some of the biggest laid by, in treasuries and museums; and, of persons caring for such things, that everybody had as many books and pictures as they could read or look at; with quantities of the highest quality besides, in easily accessible public libraries and galleries.

Now the wretches who have, at present, the teaching of the

* They may serve for the *defence* of the store, of course;—so may the broken bottles, stuck on the top of a wall. But the lock of your cupboard is not the contents of it.

people in their hands, through the public press, tell them that it is not 'practical' to attempt to bring about this state of things;—and that their government, or money-collecting machine, must not buy wine, potatoes, jewels, or pictures for them; but *must* buy iron plates two feet thick, gunpowder, and red tape. And this popular instruction is given, you will find, in the end, by persons who know that they could not get a percentage themselves, (without the public's coming to know it,) on buying potatoes or pictures; but *can* get it, and a large one, on manufacturing iron, on committing wholesale murder, or on tying up papers with red tape.

Now the St. George's Company propose to themselves,—and, if the God they believe in, lives, will assuredly succeed in their proposition,—to put an end to this rascally and inhuman state of things, and bring about an honest and human state of them, instead. And they have already actually begun the accumulation of a National Store of good and useful things; by the collection and administration of which, they are not themselves to derive any gain whatsoever, but the Nation only.

We are, therefore, at present, as I said at first, a company established for a charitable purpose; the object of charity being the entire body of the British nation, now paying taxes to cheating capitalists. But we hope to include, finally, in our ranks a large number of the people themselves, and to make quite a different sort of people of them, carrying out our company's laws, to the abolition of many existing interests, and in abrogation of many existing arrangements.

And the laws which we hope thus to see accepted are none of them new; but have been already recommended by all wise men, and practised by all truly prosperous states; nor is there anything whatever new in the modes of administration proposed;—and especially be it noted, there is nothing of the present leader's fancies, in any part or character of the scheme—which is merely the application, to our nationally diseased thoughts and practices, of the direct precepts of the true sages of past time, who are every one of them in harmony concerning all that is necessary for men to do, feel, and know.

And we hope to establish these laws, not by violence, but by obeying them ourselves, to the extent of which existing circumstances admit; and so gradually showing the advantage of them, and making them acceptable to others. Not that, for the enforcement of some of them, (the abolition of all manufactures that make the air unwholesome, for instance,) we shall hesitate to use the strong hand, when once our hands are strong. But we shall not begin by street riots to throw down our neighbour's chimneys, or break his machinery;—though what we shall *end* in doing—God knows, not I,—but I have my own thoughts concerning it; not at present needing exposition.

The Companions, for the most part, will remain exactly in the condition of life they held before entering the Society; but they will direct all their powers, and some part of their revenues, in that condition, to the advance of its interests. We hold it shortsighted and ruinous policy to form separate institutions, or attempt the sudden establishment of new systems of labour. Every one of us must use the advantages he now possesses, whatever they may be, and contend with the difficulties arising out of his present position, gradually modifying it, as he can, into conformity with the laws which the Society desires may be ultimately observed by all its members.

The first of our conditions of Companionship is Honesty. We are a company of honest persons, vowing to have no fellowship with dishonest ones. Persons who do not know the meaning of the word 'Honesty,' or who would in anywise, for selfish convenience, tolerate any manner of cheating or lying, either in others or themselves, we class indiscriminately with the self-conscious rogues, for whom we have more respect; and our separation from all such is to be quite manifest and unmistakable. We do not go into monasteries,—we seek no freedom of conscience in foreign lands,—we profess no severities of asceticism at home. We simply refuse to have any dealings with rogues, whether at home or abroad.

I repeat, for this must be strictly understood; we are a company of honest persons; and will add to ourselves none but persons of that quality. We, for our own part, entirely decline

to live by passing bad half-crowns, by selling bad goods, or by lying as to their relative quality. And we hold only such communication with persons guilty of such practices, as we should with any other manner of thieves or liars.

It will follow that anything gravely said by a Companion of St. George may be, without investigation, believed; and anything sold by one, without scrutiny, bought for what it is said to be,—of which recovery of old principles of human speech and commerce, no words can set forth the infinitude of beneficial consequences, when it is once brought about among a discernible and every-day increasing body of persons.

The second condition of companionship is the resolution, so far as we have ability, to earn our own living with our own hands; and not to allow, much less compel, other people to work for us: this duty being of double force,—first, as necessary to our own health and honour; but much more, as striking home at the ghastly universal crime of modern society,—stealing the labourer's bread from him, (making him work, that is to say, for ours, as well as his own.) and then abusing and despising him for the degradation of character which his perpetual toil involves;* deliberately, in many cases, refusing to encourage him in economy, that we may have him at our mercy to grind in the mill; always selling as much gin and beer to him as we can persuade him to swill, at the rate of twenty-pence for twopence' worth, (see Letter XXVII.,) to fill our own pockets; and teaching him pious catechisms, that we may keep him our quiet slave.

We cannot, at present, all obey this great law concerning labour, however willing we may be; for we may not, in the condition of life in which we have been brought up, have been taught any manual labour by which we now could make a living. I myself, the present Master of the Society, cannot obey this, its second main law; but then I am only a makeshift Master, taking the place till somebody more fit for it be

* See Letter XI. (November '71.) pages 81—84, the most pregnant five pages in the entire series of these letters; and compare that for January of this year, pp. 6—8, and for April, pp. 72—3.

found. Sir Walter Scott's life, in the full strength of it at Ashestiel, and early at Abbotsford, with his literary work done by ten, or at latest twelve, in the morning; and the rest of the day spent in useful work with Tom Purdie in his woods, is a model of wise moral management of mind and body, for men of true literary power; but I had neither the country training of body, nor have the natural strength of brain, which can reach this ideal in anywise. Sir Walter wrote as a stream flows; but I do all my brain-work like a wrung sponge, and am tired out, and good for nothing, after it. Sir Walter was in the open air, farm-bred, and playing with lambs, while I was a poor little Cockney wretch, playing in a dark London nursery, with a bunch of keys. I do the best I can, and know what ought to be; and that is all the Company really need of me. I would fain, at this moment, both for pleasure and duty's sake, be cutting the dead stems out of my wood, or learning to build a dry stone wall under my good mason, Mr. Usher, than writing these institutes of St. George, but the institutes are needed, and must be written by me, since there is nobody else to write them.

Any one, therefore, may be a Companion of St. George who sincerely does what they can, to make themselves useful, and earn their daily bread by their own labour: and some forms of intellectual or artistic labour, inconsistent (as a musician's) with other manual labour, are accepted by the Society as useful; provided they be truly undertaken for the good and help of all; and that the intellectual labourer ask no more pay than any other workman. A scholar can generally live on less food than a ploughman, and there is no conceivable reason why he should have more.* And if he be a false-hearted scholar, or a bad painter or fiddler, there is infinite reason why he should

* Again, I have more myself—but that is because I have been ill-bred; and I shall be most thankful to take less, as soon as other people cease to be paid for doing nothing. People cry out upon me for asking ten shillings for a year's Fors; but never object to Mr. Barber's paying his clerk a guinea for opening his study door to me five times, charging the same to St. George's account. (See Fors of April, pp. 88, 89, 90.)

have less. My readers may have been surprised at the instant and eager assertion, as of a leading principle, in the first of these letters, (January '71,) that people cannot live by art. But I spoke swiftly, because the attempt so to live is among the worst possible ways they can take of injurious begging. There are a few, a very few persons born in each generation, whose words are worth hearing; whose art is worth seeing. These born few will preach, or sing, or paint, in spite of you; they will starve like grasshoppers, rather than stop singing; and even if you don't choose to listen, it is charitable to throw them some crumbs to keep them alive. But the people who take to writing or painting as a means of livelihood, because they think it genteel, are just by so much more contemptible than common beggars, in that they are noisy and offensive beggars. I am quite willing to pay for keeping our poor vagabonds in the workhouse; but not to pay them for grinding organs outside my door, defacing the streets with bills and caricatures, tempting young girls to read rubbishy novels, or deceiving the whole nation to its ruin, in a thousand leagues square of dirtily printed falsehood, every morning at breakfast. Whatever in literature, art, or religion, is done for money, is poisonous itself; and doubly deadly, in preventing the hearing or seeing of the noble literature and art which have been done for love and truth. If people cannot make their bread by honest labour, let them at least make no noise about the streets; but hold their tongues, and hold out their idle hands humbly; and they shall be fed kindly.

Then the third condition of Companionship is, that, after we have done as much manual work as will earn our food, we all of us discipline ourselves, our children, and any one else willing to be taught, in all the branches of honourable knowledge and graceful art attainable by us. Having honestly obtained our meat and drink, and having sufficiently eaten and drunken, we proceed, during the rest of the day, to seek after things better than meat and drink; and to provide for the nobler necessities of what, in ancient days, Englishmen used to call their souls.

To this end, we shall, as we increase in numbers, establish such churches and schools as may best guide religious feeling, and diffuse the love of sound learning and prudent art. And when I set myself first to the work of forming the society, I was induced to do so chiefly by the consciousness that the balanced unison of artistic sensibility with scientific faculty, which enabled me at once to love Giotto, and learn from Galileo, gave me singular advantages for a work of this kind. More particularly, the course of study through which, after being trained in the severest schools of Protestant divinity, I became acquainted with the mythology of Greece, and legends of Rome, in their most vivid power over the believing minds of both nations, permits me now to accept with freedom and respect the concurrence of a wider range of persons holding different views on religious subjects, than any other scholar I know, at the present day, in England, would feel himself secure in the hope of reconciling to a common duty, and in uncontested elements of faith.

The scheme, and elementary means, of this common education, I am now occupied in arranging and choosing as I best may.* In especial, I have set myself to write three grammars—of geology, botany, and zoology, which will contain nothing but indisputable facts in those three branches of proper human learning; and which, if I live a little longer, will embrace as many facts as any ordinary schoolboy or schoolgirl need be taught. In these three grammars, ('Deucalion,' 'Proserpina,' and 'Love's Meinie,')† I shall accept every aid that sensible and earnest men of science can spare me, towards the task of popular education: and I hope to keep thankful records of the names of the persons who are making true discoveries in any of these sciences, and of the dates of such discovery, which shall be unassailably trustworthy as far as they extend. I hope also to be able to choose, and in some degree provide, a body of popular literature of entirely serviceable

* See Fors for January of this year, pp 15, 16.

† This book I shall extend, if time be given me, from its first proposed form into a parallel one with the two others.

quality. Of some of the most precious books needed, I am preparing, with the help of my friends, new editions, for a common possession in all our school libraries.

If I have powers fitted for this task, (and I should not have attempted it but in conviction that I have,) they are owing mainly to this one condition of my life, that, from my youth up, I have been seeking the fame, and honouring the work, of others;—never my own. I first was driven into literature that I might defend the name of Turner; since that day I have been explaining the power, or proclaiming the praise, of Tintoret,—of Luini,—of Carpaccio,—of Botticelli,—of Carlyle;—never thinking for an instant of myself: and sacrificing what little faculty, and large pleasure, I had in painting, either from nature or noble art, that, if possible, I might bring others to see what I rejoiced in, and understand what I had deciphered. There has been no heroism in this, nor virtue;—but only, as far as I am myself concerned, quaint ordering of Fate; but the result is, that I *have* at last obtained an instinct of impartial and reverent judgment, which sternly fits me for this final work, to which, if to anything, I was appointed.

And for the right doing of it, and for all future work of the same kind, requiring to be done for the Society by other persons, it is absolutely needful that the person charged with it should be implicitly trusted, and accurately obeyed by the Companions, in all matters necessary to the working of the Society. He cannot lose his time in contention or persuasion; he must act undisturbedly, or his mind will not suffice for its toil; and with concurrence of all the Society's power, or half their power will be wasted, and the whole perverted, by hesitation and opposition. His authority over them must correspond precisely, in the war against the poverty and vice of the State, to that of a Roman Dictator, in his war against its external enemies.

Of a Roman '*Dictator*,' I say, observe: not a Roman '*Emperor*.' It is not the command of private will, but the dictation of necessary law, which the Society obeys:—only, the obedience must be absolute, and without question; faith-

ful to the uttermost,—that is to say, trusting to the uttermost. The practice of faith and obedience to some of our fellow-creatures is the alphabet by which we learn the higher obedience to heaven; and it is not only needful to the prosperity of all noble united action, but essential to the happiness of all noble living spirits.

I have not, in my past letters, much noticed this condition of the Society's work; because its explanation will involve that of our religious creed to the full; and its enforcement must be in the very teeth of the mad-dog's creed of modernism, "I will not be dictated to," which contains the essence of all diabolical error. For, in sum, the moral scale is raised exactly according to the degree and motive of obedience. To be disobedient through temptation, is human sin; but to be disobedient for the sake of disobedience, fiendish sin. To be obedient for the sake of success in conduct, is human virtue; but to be obedient for the sake of obedience, angelic virtue.

The constitution of the Society is to be, therefore, that of an aristocracy electing an absolute chief. (as the Senate of Rome their Dictator, or the Senate of Venice their Doge,) who is to be entirely responsible for the conduct of the Society's affairs; to appoint its principal officers, and to grant or refuse admission to candidates for Companionship. But he is liable to deposition at any moment, by a vote of the majority of the Companions; and is to have no control over the property of the Society, but through the Trustees in whom that property is vested.

And now, for farther explanation of the details of our constitution and design, I must refer the reader to the Fors for March of this year; and, if he desires to pursue his inquiry, to the 8th, 9th, 11th, 17th, and 19th Letters of the previous series. These state clearly what we propose to do, and how: but, for defence of our principles, the entire series of Letters must be studied; and that with quiet attention, for not a word of them has been written but with purpose. Some parts of the plan are confessedly unexplained, and others

obscurely hinted at; nor do I choose to say how much of this indistinctness has been intentional. But I am well assured that if any patient and candid person cares to understand the book, and master its contents, he may do so with less pains than would be required for the reading of any ordinary philosophical treatise on equally important subjects.

Only readers should be clearly aware of one peculiarity in the manner of my writing in Fors, which might otherwise much mislead them:—namely, that if they will enclose in brackets with their pen, passages of evident irony, all the rest of the book is written with absolute seriousness and literalness of meaning. The violence, or grotesque aspect, of a statement may seem as if I were mocking; but this comes mainly of my endeavour to bring the absolute truth out into pure crystalline structure, unmodified by disguise of custom, or obscurity of language; for the result of that process is continually to reduce the facts into a form so contrary, if theoretical, to our ordinary impressions, and so contrary, if moral, to our ordinary practice, that the straightforward statement of them looks like a jest. But every such apparent jest will be found, if you think of it, a pure, very dreadful, and utterly imperious, veracity.

With this understanding, the following series of aphorisms contain the gist of the book, and may serve to facilitate the arrangement of its incidental matter.

1. Any form of government will work, provided the governors are real, and the people obey them; and none will work, if the governors are unreal, or the people disobedient. If you mean to have logs for kings, no quantity of liberty in choice of the wood will be of any profit to you:—nor will the wisest or best governor be able to serve you, if you mean to discuss his orders instead of obeying them. Read carefully on this matter Letter XIII., pp. 129 and 130.

2. The first duty of government is to see that the people have food, fuel, and clothes. The second, that they have means of moral and intellectual education.

3. Food, fuel, and clothes can only be got out of the ground,

or sea, by muscular labour; and no man has any business to have any, unless he has done, if able, the muscular work necessary to produce his portion, or to render, (as the labour of a surgeon or physician renders,) equivalent benefit to life. It indeed saves both toil and time that one man should dig, another bake, and another tan; but the digger, baker, and tanner are alike bound to do their equal day's duty; and the business of the government is to see that they have done it, before it gives any one of them their dinner.

4. While the daily teaching of God's truth, doing of His justice, and heroic bearing of His sword, are to be required of every human soul according to its ability, the mercenary professions of preaching, law-giving, and fighting must be entirely abolished.

5. Scholars, painters, and musicians, may be advisedly kept, on due pittance, to instruct or amuse the labourer after, or at, his work; provided the duty be severely restricted to those who have high special gifts of voice, touch, and imagination;* and that the possessors of these melodious lips, light-fingered hands, and lively brains, do resolutely undergo the normal discipline necessary to ensure their skill; the people whom they are to please, understanding, always, that they cannot employ these tricky artists without working double-tides themselves, to provide them with beef and ale.

6. The duty of the government, as regards the distribution of its work, is to attend first to the wants of the most necessitous; therefore, to take particular charge of the back streets of every town; leaving the fine ones, more or less, according to their finery, to take care of themselves. And it is the duty of magistrates, and other persons in authority, but especially of all bishops, to know thoroughly the numbers, means of subsistence, and modes of life of the poorest persons in the community, and to be sure that *they* at least are virtuous and com-

* Such limitation being secured by the severity of the required education in the public schools of art, and thought; and by the high standard of examination fixed, before granting licence of exhibition, in the public theatres, or picture galleries.

fortable; for if poor persons be not virtuous, after all the wholesome discipline of poverty, what must be the state of the rich, under their perilous trials and temptations? *—but, on the other hand, if the poor are made comfortable and good, the rich have a fair chance of entering the kingdom of heaven also, if they choose to live honourably and decently.

7. Since all are to be made to labour for their living, and it is not possible to labour without materials and tools, these must be provided by the government, for all persons, in the necessary quantities. If bricks are to be made, clay and straw must be provided; if sheep are to be kept, grass; if coats are to be made, cloth; if oakum to be picked, oakum. All these raw materials, with the tools for working them, must be provided by the government, at first, free of cost to the labourer, the value of them being returned to them as the first-fruits of his toil; and no pawnbrokers or usurers may be allowed to live by lending sea to fishermen, air to fowlers, land to farmers, crooks to shepherds, or bellows to smiths.

8. When the lands and seas belonging to any nation are all properly divided, cultivated, and fished, its population cannot be increased, except by importing food in exchange for useless articles.—that is to say, by living as the toy-manufacturers of some independent nation, which can both feed itself, and afford to buy toys besides. But no nation can long exist in this servile state. It must either emigrate, and form colonies to assist in cultivating the land which feeds it, or become entirely

* Here is just an instance of what might at first seem to be a jest; but is a serious and straightforward corollary from the eternally true fact stated by St. Timothy: "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition;" and by Horace:

"Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit
Ab Dis plura feret."

The passage might at first be thought inconsistent with what is said above of the 'degradation' which perpetual toil involves. But toil and poverty are two different things. Poverty ennobles, and secures; toil degrades, and endangers. We are all bound to fulfil our task; but happy only if we can also enter into our rest.

slavish and debased. The moment any nation begins to import food,* its political power and moral worth are ended.

9. All the food, clothing, and fuel required by men, can be produced by the labour of their own arms on the earth and sea; all food is appointed to be so produced, and *must* be so produced, at their peril. If instead of taking the quantity of exercise made necessary to their bodies by God, in the work appointed by God, they take it in hunting or shooting, they become ignorant, irreligious, and finally insane, and seek to live by fighting as well as by hunting; whence the type of Nimrod in the circle of the Hell-towers, which I desired you to study in Dante. If they do not take exercise at all, they become sensual, and insane in worse ways. *And it is physically impossible that true religious knowledge, or pure morality, should exist among any classes of a nation who do not work with their hands for their bread.* Read Letter XI. carefully.

10. The use of machinery † in agriculture throws a certain number of persons out of wholesome employment, who must thenceforward either do nothing, or mischief. The use of machinery in art destroys the national intellect; and, finally, renders all luxury impossible. All machinery needful in ordinary life to supplement human or animal labour may be moved by wind or water: while steam, or any modes of *heat-power*, may only be employed justifiably under extreme or special conditions of need; as for speed on main lines of communication, and for raising water from great depths, or other such work beyond human strength.

* It may always import such food as its climate cannot produce, in exchange for such food as it can; it may buy oranges with corn, or pepper with cheese. But not with articles that do not support life. Separate *cities* may honourably produce saleable art; Limoges its enamel, Sheffield its whittle, but a *nation* must not live on enamel or whittles.

† Foolish people are continually quibbling and stupefying themselves about the word 'machine.' Briefly, any instrument is a machine so far as its action is, in any particular, or moment, beyond the control of the human hand. A violin, a pencil, and a plough, are tools, not machines. A grinding organ, or a windmill, is a machine, not a tool: often the two are combined; thus a lathe is a machine, and the workman's chisel, used at it, a tool.

11. No true luxury, wealth, or religion is possible to dirty persons; nor is it decent or human to attempt to compass any temporal prosperity whatever by the sacrifice of cleanliness. The speedy abolition of all abolishable filth is the first process of education;* the principles of which I state in the second group of aphorisms following.

12. All education must be moral first; intellectual secondarily. Intellectual, before—(much more without)—moral education, is, in completeness, impossible; and in incompleteness, a calamity.

13. Moral education begins in making the creature to be educated, clean, and obedient. This must be done thoroughly, and at any cost, and with any kind of compulsion rendered necessary by the nature of the animal, be it dog, child, or man.

14. Moral education consists next in making the creature practically serviceable to other creatures, according to the nature and extent of its own capacities; taking care that these be healthily developed in such service. It may be a question how long, and to what extent, boys and girls of fine race may be allowed to run in the paddock before they are broken; but assuredly the sooner they are put to such work as they are able for, the better.† Moral education is summed when the creature has been made to do its work with delight, and thoroughly; but this cannot be until some degree of intellectual education has been given also.

15. Intellectual education consists in giving the creature the faculties of admiration, hope, and love.

These are to be taught by the study of beautiful Nature; the sight and history of noble persons; and the setting forth of noble objects of action.

16. Since all noble persons hitherto existent in the world

* The ghastly squalor of the once lovely fields of Dulwich, trampled into mud, and strewn with rags and paper by the filthy London population, bred in cigar smoke, which is attracted by the Crystal Palace, would alone neutralize all possible gentlemanly education in the district.

† See an entirely admirable paper on school-sports, in 'The World' for February of this year.

have trusted in the government of it by a supreme Spirit, and in that trust, or faith, have performed all their great actions, the history of these persons will finally mean the history of their faith; and the sum of intellectual education will be the separation of what is inhuman, in such faiths, and therefore perishing, from what is human, and, for human creatures, eternally true.

These sixteen aphorisms contain, as plainly as I can speak it, the substance of what I have hitherto taught, and am now purposed to enforce practice of, as far as I am able. It is no business of mine to think about possibilities;—any day, any moment, may raise up some one to take the carrying forward of the plan out of my hands, or to furnish me with larger means of prosecuting it; meantime, neither hastening nor slackening, I shall go on doing what I can, with the people, few or many, who are ready to help me.

Such help, (to conclude with what simplest practical direction I can,) may be given me by any persons interested in my plans, mainly by sending me money; secondly, by acting out as much as they agree with of the directions for private life given in Fors; and thirdly, by promulgating and recommending such principles. If they wish to do more than this, and to become actual members of the Company, they must write to me, giving a short and clear account of their past lives, and present circumstances. I then examine them on such points as seem to me necessary; and if I accept them, I inscribe their names in the roll, at Corpus Christi College, with two of our masters for witnesses. This roll of the Company is written, hitherto, on the blank leaves of an eleventh-century MS. of the Gospels, always kept in my rooms; and would enable the Trustees, in case of my death, at once to consult the Companions respecting the disposition of the Society's property. As to the legal tenure of that property, I have taken counsel with my lawyer-friends till I am tired; and, as will be seen by the statement in the first page of the Correspondence, I purpose henceforward to leave all such legal arrangements to the discretion of the Companions themselves.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

The new purchases of land round our little museum at Sheffield have been made at rather under than over the market price of land in the district ; and they will enable me, as I get more funds, to extend the rooms of the museum under skylight as far as I wish. I did not want to buy so soon ; but Fors giving me the opportunity, I must take it at her hand. Our cash accounts will in future be drawn up, as below, by our Companion, Mr. Rydings, to whom all questions, corrections, etc., are to be sent, and all subscriptions under fifty pounds.

[For Cash Account, see next page (153).]

The following letter from Messrs. Tarrant will be seen to be in reply to mine of the 6th June printed in last Fors. From the tone of it, as well as from careful examination of my legal friends, I perceive that it is out of my power to give the Company a legal status, according to the present law of England, unless it be permitted to gather dividends for itself, instead of store for the nation, and to put its affairs in the hands of a number of persons who know nothing about them, instead of in the hands of one person who is acquainted with them.

Under these circumstances, I consider it to be best that the Companions should settle their own legal status with the lawyers ; and this the more, as I do not choose to run the Society into farther expence by the continuance of correspondence between these legal gentlemen and me, without the slightest chance of either party ever understanding the other. Accordingly, I hereby authorize Mr. Robert Somervell, of Hazelthwaite, Windermere, to collect the opinions of the other Companions, (a list of whom I have put in his hands,) and to act in their name, as they shall direct him, respecting the tenure of the Company's lands and property, now and in future. And I hereby hold myself quit of all responsibility touching such tenure, maintaining simply the right of the master of the Company to direct their current expenditures.

Re ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY.

“2, BOND COURT, WALBROOK, LONDON,

“31st May, 1876.

“Dear Sir,—We have carefully considered the points raised in your letter to us of the 6th inst., and have also consulted Mr. Barber upon them, and with reference thereto we advise you that the law stands shortly thus :—by the 13th Eliz., c. 5, a voluntary settlement of real or personal estate will be

Dr. CASH ACCOUNT OF ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY (*From March 15th to June 15th, 1876.*) *Cr.*

1876.		£	s.	d.	1876		£	s.	d.	
March 15.	To Balance at Union Bank, London (see April Fors, p. 83)	.	157	11	10	April 17.	By Benjamin Bradshawe (advance on new purchase of land at Sheffield)	30	0	0
	" Balance in Mr. Ruskin's hand (see May Fors, p. 113)	.	107	16	5	23.	" Theodore D. Acland (expenses of chemicals for Sheffield Museum)	5	0	0
March	" F. D. Drewitt (tithes of first earning)	.	1	4	1	May 7.	" Henry Swan (Salary and Expenses at Museum)	55	15	3
	" Miss M. Guest	.	2	2	0	23.	" Mrs. Talbot (repairing expenses on our cottages at Barmouth, with other expenses for educational pur- poses, afterwards to be explained)	27	0	0
April	" James Burdon (tithe of wage).	.	2	10	0	26.	" Benjamin Bagshawe (on completion of purchase at Sheffield)	300	0	0
	" Wm. B. Graham (gift)	.	1	0	0					
April 16	" Anon., post stamp, Birkenhead,	.	1	10	0					
	" Egbert Rydings	.	25	0	0					
	" Miss S. Beever	.	7	0	6					
	" Anon. (tithe gift for half-year 1876)	.	50	0	0					
	" Rev. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt	.	20	0	0					
	" No. 50, G.	.	10	10	0					
June 16	" Balance due to Mr. Ruskin	.	31	10	5					
			<u>£417 15 3</u>					<u>£417 15 3</u>		

void and may be set aside by a creditor of the settlor, upon his showing an intent on the part of the settlor to defraud his creditors; and such an intent may be inferred from the circumstances. The Bankruptcy Act 1869 (32 and 33 Vict., c. 71) contains a still more stringent provision where the voluntary settlor is a trader. These are liabilities and risks which your association cannot avoid; but they are more imaginary than real, as the donors of land to the Company are not likely to make a voluntary gift for the purpose of defeating their creditors. By the 27th Eliz., c. 4, a voluntary gift or settlement of real estate, unless it be in favour of a charity, will be avoided by a subsequent *bona fide* sale for value, even though the purchaser have notice of the voluntary settlement. This, too, is an ordinary risk from which you cannot escape, unless you are willing to submit to the jurisdiction of the Charity Commissioners. It does not often happen that a person who has made a voluntary settlement of real estate seeks to stultify his own act by a subsequent sale of the same estate, but the payment of a small consideration, or even matter, *ex post facto*, would prevent the deed being voluntary, and the risk is not a very serious one.

“We do not recollect Mr. Baker’s name, and we find no mention of it in any of your letters to us: we think you must have meant Mr. Talbot, with whose solicitors we were in communication as to some cottages and land, and it was arranged that that matter should stand over until the St. George’s Company was constituted.

“As to the writing out of the memorandum and rules for signature of the Companions—the case is this: you receive donations from people who give them to you on the faith of a certain scheme of yours being duly carried out; it is therefore necessary that the leading features of that scheme should be reduced to writing, in order that there may be no misunderstanding between the givers and receivers of these donations as to the objects to which they are devoted. The signatures of the Companions are a feature of your published scheme, and in addition will be useful to show who are the acknowledged Companions having a direct interest in it—the right to elect and control the action of the Master, elect Trustees, etc., etc.; and the signatures will be the evidence of the deliberate submission of the Companions to be bound by the rules to which they subscribe their names.

“But all this will not make the St. George’s Company other than a voluntary association of persons which the law will not recognize as a corporation.

“The Companions of St. George will be capable of holding land, but not as the St. George’s Company,—that is, not as a corporation. Land must be held by or for them as individuals. You may have a piece of land conveyed to, say two hundred Companions; naming each of them; but for the sake of convenience you would have it conveyed to two or three who should hold it upon trust for the Companions generally.

“You can only obtain the countenance and supervision of the law for your Company on certain conditions, and when you came to us we were careful to explain this to you. You at once told us the conditions would not do for your Company, therefore we have had to do the best we could for you, treating your Company as an association without the countenance and supervision of the law.

“Forgive us for quoting from a letter of yours to us of the 27th May, 1875. ‘Mr. Barber’s notion is the popular one of a Mob of Directors. But St. George’s Company must have only one Master. They may dismiss him at their pleasure, but they must not bother him. I am going to draw up a form myself, and submit it to Mr. Barber for criticism and completion.’ We think you may rest satisfied with matters as they are.

“We remain, dear Sir,

“Yours very truly,

“John Ruskin, Esq.

“TARRANT & MACKRELL.

“Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire.”

II. Affairs of the Master.

	£	s.	d.
Balance, May 16th . . .	1225	19	1
	460	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£765	19	1
Spent.	£	s.	d.
May 17. a. Messrs. Weldon and Inglis . . .	23	0	0
b. Mr. Stowe, Camberwell Green . . .	11	0	0
Warren and Jones	21	19	3
June 1. c. Annie Brickland	10	0	0
8. d. Furniture of new Lodge . . .	300	0	0
Downs	44	0	9
3. Kate	50	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£460	0	0
	<hr/>		

a and *b*. The first of these bills is for a sealskin jacket ; the second for a gold and pearl frame to a miniature. Respecting my need for these articles, I have more to say when my lecture on Jewels can be got published : it is fine weather just now, and I can't see to it.

c. In 1871, in one of my walks at Abingdon, (see Fors, Letters IV. and VI.) I saw some ragged children playing by the roadside on the bank of a ditch, and gathering what buttercups they could find. Watching them a little while, I at last asked what they were doing. 'This is my garden,' answered a little girl about nine years old. 'Well, but gardens ought to be of use ; this is only full of buttercups. Why don't you plant some strawberries in it ?' 'I have none to plant.' 'If you had a little garden of your own, and some to plant, would you take care of them ?' 'That I would.' Thereupon I told her to come and ask for me at the Crown and Thistle, and with my good landlady Mrs. Wonnacott's help, rented a tiny piece of ground for her. Her father and mother have since died ; and her brothers and sisters (four in all,) are in the Union, at Abingdon. I did not like to let this child go there too ; so I've sent her to learn shepherding at a kindly shepherd's ; close to Arundel, on the farm of the friend whose son (with perhaps a little help from his sister) took me out foxhunting ; and examined the snail-shells for me. This ten pounds is for her board, etc., till she can be made useful.

d. I had settled my servant Crawley, with his wife and his three children, in a good house here at my gate. He spent his savings in furnishing it, in a much more costly manner than I thought quite proper ; but that, (as I then supposed, was his affair, more than mine. His wife died last year : and now both he and I think he will be more useful to me at Oxford than Coniston. So I send him to Oxford,—but have to pay him for his house-furniture, which is very provoking and tiresome, and the kind of expense one does not calculate on. The curious troublesomeness of Fors to me in all business matters has always been one of the most grotesque conditions of my life.

The names of Warren and Jones appear for the last time in my accounts, for I have had to give up my tea-shop, owing to the (too surely mortal) illness of my active old servant, Harriet Tovey, — a great grief to me, no less than an utter stop to my plans in London.

III. I somewhat regret, for my friend's sake, that he desires me to print the subjoined letter in its entirety, if at all. I *must* print his answer to my question about Usury, for which I am heartily grateful to him, for reference in next Fors; and can only therefore do as he bids me with the rest, which he has written more hastily than is his habit. What answer it seems to me to need will be found in the attached notes.

“Dear Mr. Ruskin, — It did not need your kind letters by post to assure me that the rebuke pronounced on me by Fors in June was meant in the most friendly spirit — for my good and that of all men. Fors set me thinking, and, as you urged me to say what I thought, I began to write you a letter, partly to show that I am not such so repulsive a person as you paint, (*a*) or at least that it is not the fault of Comte if I am; partly to show that, whilst agreeing with you very much about modern life, I find other reasons for trusting that the world as a whole improves. I owe you, and the age owes you, profound gratitude for much noble teaching; and it is very sad to me to find you reviling (*b*) other teachers to whom we owe much, and who know a thousand things about which you have told us nothing. And indiscriminate abuse of all that the human race has now become, wounds my ear as if I heard one cursing our own fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. If you believe that ‘the entire system of modern life is corrupted with the ghastliest forms of injustice and untruth,’ I wonder that you believe in God or any future, in effort at all, or in anything but despair. (*c*)

“But my letter to you grew at last to such a length that I must find for it another place, and you or any reader of Fors who may take the trouble to look, may see what I wish to put to you in the ‘Fortnightly Review.’ I wanted especially to point out that the impression you have conveyed about Comte and his teaching is almost exactly the contrary of the truth. You speak as if Comte were a physiologist, (*d*) mostly occupied with frogs and lice, whereas he is mostly occupied with history, morality, and religion; as if he insisted on the origin of man from the protozoa, whereas no one has more earnestly repudiated such speculations; as if he claimed political and public careers for women, whereas no one has said more against everything of the kind; as if he looked on modern industrial and social life with admiration, whereas he preaches a regeneration of our lives far more searching than any which you even contemplate; lastly, you speak of him and his students as if they were forbidden all sympathy with the spirit of the ages past, whereas the reverence which Comte has expressed for the Middle Age at its best, its religion, its chivalry, its poetry and its art, far exceeds in depth and completeness of spiritual insight even all the fine things which you yourself have taught us.

“Now I ask you, who love the very soul of truth, to repair an injustice which you have done in representing Comte (*e*) to teach quite the contrary of what you will find, if you turn to his books, that he does teach. I give a trifling instance. You write as if it were sheer impertinence in me, a student of positivism, (*f*) to allude to a mediæval building or speak of a tracery. Now the truth is that some of Comte's profoundest thoughts relate to the moral and spiritual meaning of these sacred relics; and for my own part, though I *know* nothing of the matter, some of the best seasons of my life have been given to companionship with these most sublime monuments, and study of the ‘writing on the wall,’—or all that men have spared,

“I say nothing about others whose views you may wish to class under the general title ‘Evolution,’ or of a lady whom I am sorry to see you speak of as ‘Cobbe.’ I have never shared all the opinions of those to whom you allude, and they are not followers of Comte. I shall say nothing about them; though I should like to know on what grounds you think yourself entitled to call Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. John Stuart Mill—geese. (g) The letter addressed to me in Fors has reference to Positivism, or it should have been addressed to some one else; and I assure you that every one of the doctrines which you ascribe to Positivists are not held by them at all, but quite the contrary are held.

“Whether the world is wholly worse than it was of old, is a very big matter on which I cannot now enter. I do not think it can be settled by statutes, old MSS., or bits from the poets. Thought and life are very wide; and I will listen to the judgment only of those who have patiently weighed the *whole* of both. (h) The grandest times of art are often those of especial vile-ness in life and society; and the grandest times of one art are sometimes those of utter decadence in another art, even in the same people and place. When the Theseus was carved, Aristophanes gives us the domestic and public life of the Athenians, and it has its dark side. Titian was the contemporary of Palladio, and also of Philip II.; Milton of Sir Peter Lely and Louis XIV.; so too were Bach and Mozart contemporaries of Greuze and Louis XV. I don’t quite see what is to be made of these violent contrasts. And by the way, I wish you would work out for us the bearing of musical art on the social and moral life of various ages. It always seemed to me you omitted music.

“Now I will try to answer your questions of law about Usury. There is no such thing as usury in law at all,—that is to say, there is no rate of interest above which the lending of money is criminal or unlawful. BY THE 17 AND 18 VICT., c. 90, (PASSED IN 1854,) “ALL EXISTING LAWS AGAINST USURY SHALL BE REPEALED.” (Caps. mine.) There are a great many cases where courts of law interfere in bargains which seem to them unfair or unreasonable. But they all arise out of the *special relations* of the parties, and it would take a volume to tell you what these may be. For more than twenty years, as I suppose every one knows who reads a newspaper, there has been known to the law no lawful rate of interest which it is punishable to exceed. I cannot imagine for what end you ask me the question. Lawyers do not make the law, be it good or bad; they follow it like policemen or soldiers who obey orders.

“I reserve what else I have to say. I am sure all that you write to me comes from you in the most friendly feeling, as believe me does from me all that I write to you. Your Fors fills me with melancholy each time I read it. For it reminds me how many of those to whom we might look to bring more order, patience, and faith into the world, are occupied in setting us against one another, in making us rebels against our fathers, and all that they have done for us and taught us.

“Ever gratefully and most sincerely yours,

“FREDERIC HARRISON.”

a. I believe there is no other friend, with whom I have had so brief opportunity of intercourse, whom I like so much as I do Mr. Harrison. What reproach this sentence is to me as an artist, I must submit to silently.

b. To ‘revile’ means, in accurate English, to vilify under the influence of passion. It is not an expression which my friend could have used, except thoughtlessly, of any words of mine, uttered of any person living.

c. I do not ‘believe,’—I know that the entire system of modern life is thus corrupted. But I have long learned to believe in God, without expecting

Him to manage everything as I think proper; and I have no occasion for belief in effort, so long as I know the duty of it.

d. Where and when?

e. The only word I have applied to Comte, in my whole letter, is "unique." For the justice of which epithet I trusted my friend's report of him. I have never read a word he has written,—never heard anything about him that interested me,—and never represented, or misrepresented, him, in any manner whatsoever. When I said 'physiologists,' I meant physiologists; and no more thought of Comte than of Adam.

f. I did not write to my friend as a 'student of Positivism,' for I have no idea what positivism means. I wrote to him as an assessor, in the paper I was reading, of the splendours of Evolution; and therefore ventured to imply, not that it was an impertinence, but an absurdity, in him to linger under the scholastic architecture dimly evolved from the superstition of Magdalen, when he might have disported himself under the commercial architecture more brightly evolved from the moral consciousness of Oriel.

g. Simply because I know a goose when I see one,—and when my friend has himself learned to know geese from swans, he will not think himself 'entitled' to call either anything else.

h. Mr. Harrison underlines the word 'whole.' I am bound, therefore, to italicize it. Whether my friend will, hereafter, thank me for so faithfully echoing his emphasis on this sentence, my respect for his general common sense makes very doubtful to me. I do not see anything requiring notice in the rest of the letter so far as it regards myself. I seldom flaunt my poor little ragged feathers in my friends' faces; but must in simplicity confess to my feeling that it is not necessary for the author of 'Modern Painters' to defend himself against the charge of uttering "indiscriminate abuse of all that the human race has now become;" nor for the author of 'Sesame and Lilies,' to receive lessons in courtesy to women, from modern Anglo-French chivalry, because he chooses to call a Cobbe, a Cobbe, no less plainly than a Plantagenet, a Plantagenet.

IV. "PIOUS SENTIMENT.—*'I wish to God we could get a good bloody war somewhere.'* It is not without reluctance that we reproduce these awful words, but they were literally spoken in our hearing in that most sober place of business, Mincing Lane, only a few hours ago. They were spoken by a merchant or broker of gentlemanly appearance and apparent respectability, in a public room, and the most melancholy incident in connection with the utterance is that the atrocious sentiment *apparently* created no surprise, and was met with no outburst of indignation. We say *apparently*, for we ourselves were greatly surprised," (There is nothing whatever to be surprised at, except the frankness of the expression. Modern Liberal Protestantism has always held that you must not kill a man for his creed; but you may, for his money,) "and we felt burning indignation, but we controlled our feelings, and we hope others may have felt as we did, and had equally good reasons for silence. We are accused of taking a pessimist view of mercantile morality and mercantile activity. We commend the expressed wish of an English merchant, publicly expressed, in a public place, where merchants most do congregate, to consideration of those who differ from us in opinion, and we merely place the fact on record without further comment."—*Monetary Gazette, June 14th.*

I reprint the paragraph for final illustration to Mr. Harrison of the 'evolution' of British character. I wish I had space for some others which the courage of the editor of this excellent journal has exposed; or for the leading article in the same number, which is an admirably temperate and clear estimate of the real value of the work of Adam Smith.

V. Lastly, here is some most valuable evidence from the faithful old friend to whom I wrote, in 'Time and Tide,' of the increasing 'wealth' of England, which with the example given in the last extract of her increasing morality, may symmetrically close the summary of St. George's designs, and their cause.

"15, SUNDERLAND STREET, SUNDERLAND,
20th June, 1876.

"Dear Sir,—I have read with deep and earnest attention the last small tract of Girdlestone. I feel its tremendous truth, and have long done so too; but there is now a very pressing matter I would like to see gone into, and if possible some remedy proposed for it. It is one I have written many times to you about: I mean the rent question for the poor, the working people. At the present there is a sad depressing trade all over our country, and even in Europe. Yet, despite this awful depression, I note what is termed real estate is now going up gradually in value. I mean property and land. And that in the midst of this very depression and want of all kinds of labour by our workpeople and manufacturers, and in the midst of a tremendous opposition from our foreign competitors; yet nowhere do I see it named in any of our papers in the way I expected to see it treated of; they all seem quite elated with the great advance that has taken place, and the continued activity of all our building trades. Now, it seems to me, here is a question of vital importance that needs some sound information given on it, and some reasons assigned for this strange change in the value of all such property, in a time of such widespread depression of all trade. How are our people and our manufacturers to pay increased rents when there is a depressed trade, and no work for our workmen to do? Our town is now in a sad depressed state—work of all kinds very scarce; yet on all sides I learn the rents are being increased to workmen, manufacturers, and shopkeepers; and I note it also the case in other towns. I would like to see some good report as to the real extent of such advance of property in England. I find the advance in price of hotel, public-house, and such-like property has been something tremendous within these few years, since I wrote you my letters in 'Time and Tide.' To me it is something very sad to reflect upon this great change in the value or cost of a house to our workpeople. I find their food, such as butcher's meat, potatoes, and vegetables, milk, and some other kinds of necessaries, are also increased in price, owing to this advance in rent. So that the outlook for our workpeople, despite all our wealth, is indeed not a very pleasant one, for how are they to tide over this storm with all these necessaries at such prices? I note in the papers the miners of the Forest of Dean in some places are starving. I send you a book;* you can make any use of it you like. I have here and there marked its pages that I thought might serve in some measure to awaken an interest in this question of the workpeople, versus the rise in the value of their necessaries in dull times.

"Yours respectfully,

"THOMAS DIXON."

* 'Threading My Way'—an excellent one.

LETTER LXVIII.

I FIND that the letter which I wrote in the Fors of May to those two children, generally pleases the parents and guardians of children. Several nice ones ask me to print it separately: I have done so; and commend it, to-day, to the attention of the parents and guardians also. For the gist of it is, that the children are told to give up all they have, and never to be vexed. That is the first Rule of St. George, as applied to children,—to hold their childish things for God, and never to mind losing anything.

But the parents and guardians are not yet, it seems to me, well aware that St. George's law is the same for grown-up people as for little ones. To hold all they have,—all their grown-up things,—for God, and never to mind losing anything,—silver or gold, house or lands, son or daughter;—law seldom so much as even attempted to be observed! And, indeed, circumstances have chanced, since I wrote that Fors, which have caused me to consider much how curious it is that when good people lose their own son or daughter, even though they have reason to think, God has found what they have lost, they are greatly vexed about it: but if they only hear of other people's losing *their* sons or daughters,—though they have reason to think God has *not* found them, but that the wild beasts of the wilderness have torn them,—for such loss they are usually not vexed in anywise. To-day, nevertheless. I am not concerned with the stewardship of these spirit-treasures, but only with the stewardship of money or lands, and proper manner of holding such by Christians. For it is important that the accepted Companions should now understand that although, in *creed*, I ask only so much consent as may include Christian, Jew, Turk, and Greek,—in *conduct*, the So-

ciety is to be regulated at *least* by the Law of Christ. It may be, that as we fix our laws in further detail, we may add some of the heavier yokes of Lycurgus, or Numa, or John the Baptist: and, though the Son of Man came eating and drinking, and turning water into wine, we may think it needful to try how some of us like living on locusts, or wild honey, or Spartan broth. But at least, I repeat, we are here, in England, to obey the law of Christ, if nothing more.

Now the law of Christ about money and other forms of personal wealth, is taught, first in parables, in which He likens himself to the masters of this world, and explains the conduct which Christians should hold to Him, their heavenly Master, by that which they hold on earth, to earthly ones.

He likens himself, in these stories, several times, to unkind or unjust masters, and especially to hard and usurious ones. And the gist of the parables in each case is, "If ye do so, and are thus faithful to hard and cruel masters, in earthly things, how much more should ye be faithful to a merciful Master, in heavenly things?"

Which argument, evil-minded men wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, to their own destruction. And instead of reading, for instance, in the parable of the Usurer, the intended lesson of industry in the employment of God's gifts, they read in it a justification of the crime which, in other parts of the same scripture, is directly forbidden. And there is indeed no doubt that, if the other prophetic parts of the Bible be true, these stories are so worded that they *may* be touchstones of the heart. They are nets, which sift the kindly reader from the selfish. The parable of the Usurer is like a mill sieve:—the fine flour falls through it, bolted finer; the chaff sticks in it.

Therefore, the only way to understand these difficult parts of the Bible, or even to approach them with safety, is first to read and obey the easy ones. Then the difficult ones all become beautiful and clear:—otherwise they remain venomous enigmas, with a Sphinx of destruction provoking false souls to read them, and ruining them in their own replies.

Now the orders, "not to lay up treasures for ourselves on earth," and to "sell that we have, and give alms," and to "provide ourselves bags which wax not old," are perfectly direct, unmistakable,—universal; and while we are not at all likely to be blamed by God for not imitating Him as a Judge, we shall assuredly be condemned by Him for not, under Judgment, doing as we were bid. But even if we do not feel able to obey these orders, if we must and will lay up treasures on earth, and provide ourselves bags with holes in them,—God may perhaps still, with scorn, permit us in our weakness, provided we are content with our earthly treasures, when we have got them, and don't oppress our brethren, and grind down their souls with them. We may have our old bag about our neck, if we will, and go to heaven like beggars;—but if we sell our brother also, and put the price of his life in the bag, we need not think to enter the kingdom of God so loaded. A rich man may, though hardly, enter the kingdom of heaven without repenting him of his riches; but not the thief, without repenting his theft; nor the adulterer, without repenting his adultery; nor the usurer, without repenting his usury.

The nature of which last sin, let us now clearly understand, once for all.

Mr. Harrison's letter, published in the Fors for June, is perhaps no less valuable as an evidence of the subtlety with which this sin has seized upon and paralyzed the public mind, (so that even a man of Mr. Harrison's general intelligence has no idea why I ask a question about it,) than as a clear statement of the present condition of the law, produced by the usurers who *are* 'law-makers' for England, though lawyers are not.

Usury is properly the taking of money for the loan or use of anything, (over and above what pays for wear and tear,) such use involving no care or labour on the part of the lender. It includes all investments of capital whatsoever, returning 'dividends,' as distinguished from labour wages, or profits. Thus anybody who works on a railroad as platelayer, or stoker, has

a right to wages for his work ; and any inspector of wheels or rails has a right to payment for such inspection ; but idle persons who have only paid a hundred pounds towards the road-making, have a right to the return of the hundred pounds,—and no more. If they take a farthing more, they are usurers. They may take fifty pounds for two years, twenty-five for four, five for twenty, or one for a hundred. But the first farthing they take more than their hundred, be it sooner or later, is usury.

Again, when we build a house, and let it, we have a right to as much rent as will return us the wages of our labour, and the sum of our outlay. If, as in ordinary cases, not labouring with our hands or head, we have simply paid—say £1000—to get the house built, we have a right to the £1000 back again at once, if we sell it ; or, if we let it, to £500 rent during two years, or £100 rent during ten years, or £10 rent during a hundred years. But if, sooner or later, we take a pound more than the thousand, we are usurers.

And thus in all other possible or conceivable cases, the moment our capital is ‘increased’ by having lent it, be it but in the estimation of a hair, that hair’s-breadth of increase is usury, just as much as stealing a farthing is theft, no less than stealing a million.

But usury is worse than theft, in so far as it is obtained either by deceiving people, or distressing them ; generally by both : and finally by deceiving the usurer himself, who comes to think that usury is a real increase, and that money can grow of money ; whereas all usury is increase to one person only by decrease to another ; and every grain of calculated Increment to the Rich, is balanced by its mathematical equivalent of Decrement to the Poor. The Rich have hitherto only counted their gain ; but the day is coming, when the Poor will also count their loss,—with political results hitherto unparalleled.

For instance, my good old hairdresser at Camberwell came to me the other day, very uncomfortable about his rent. He wanted a pound or two to make it up ; and none of his customers wanted their hair cut. I gave him the pound or two,—

with the result, I hope my readers have sagacity enough to observe, of distinct decrement to *me*, as increment to the landlord; and then inquired of him, how much he had paid for rent, during his life. On rough calculation, the total sum proved to be between 1500 and 1700 pounds. And after paying this sum,—earned, shilling by shilling, with careful snippings, and studiously skilful manipulations of tongs,—here is my poor old friend, now past sixty, practically without a roof over his head;—just as roofless in his old age as he was in the first days of life,—and nervously wandering about Peckham Rye and East Norwood, in the east winter winds, to see if, perchance, any old customers will buy some balm for their thinning locks—and give him the blessed balm of an odd half-crown or two, to rent shelter for his own, for three months more.

Now, supposing that £1500 of his had been properly laid out, on the edification of lodgings for him, £500 should have built him a serviceable tenement and shop; another £500 have met the necessary repairing expenses for forty years; and at this moment he ought to have had his efficient freehold cottage, with tile and wall right weatherproof, and a nice little nest-egg of five hundred pounds in the Bank, besides. But instead of this, the thousand pounds has gone in payment to slovenly builders, each getting their own percentage, and doing as bad work as possible, under the direction of landlords paying for as little as possible of any sort of work. And the odd five hundred has gone into the landlord's pocket. Pure increment to him; pure decrement to my decoratively laborious friend. No gain 'begotten' of money; but simple subtraction from the pocket of the labouring person, and simple addition to the pocket of the idle one.

I have no mind to waste the space of Fors in giving variety of instances. Any honest and sensible reader, if he chooses, can think out the truth in such matters for himself. If he be dishonest, or foolish, no one can teach him. If he is resolved to find reason or excuse for things as they are, he may find refuge in one lie after another; and, dislodged from each in

turn, fly from the last back to the one he began with. But there will not long be need for debate—nor time for it. Not all the lying lips of commercial Europe can much longer deceive the people in their rapidly increasing distress, nor arrest their straight battle with the cause of it. Through what confused noise and garments rolled in blood,—through what burning and fuel of fire, they will work out their victory,—God only knows, nor what they will do to Barabbas, when they have found out that he *is* a Robber, and not a King. But that discovery of his character and capacity draws very near: and no less change in the world's ways than the former fall of Feudalism itself.

In the meantime, for those of us who are Christians, our own way is plain. We can with perfect ease ascertain what usury is; and in what express terms forbidden. I had partly prepared, for this Fors, and am able to give, as soon as needful, an analysis of the terms 'Increase' and 'Usury' throughout the Old and New Testaments. But the perpetual confusion of the English terms when the Greek and Latin are clear, (especially by using the word 'increase' in one place, and 'generation' in another, at the English translator's pleasure,) renders the matter too intricate for the general reader, though intensely interesting to any honest scholar. I content myself, therefore, with giving the plain Greek and plain English of Leviticus xxv. 35 to 37.*

Ἐὰν δὲ πένηται ὁ ἀδελφός σου, καὶ ἀδύνατήσῃ ταῖς χερσὶν αὐτοῦ παρὰ σοὶ, ἀντιλήψῃ αὐτοῦ ὡς προσηλύτου καὶ παροίκου. καὶ ζήσεται ὁ ἀδελφός σου μετὰ σοῦ.

Οὐ λήψῃ παρ' αὐτοῦ τόκον, οὐδὲ ἐπὶ πλήθει, καὶ φοβηθήσῃ τὸν θεόν σου· ἐγὼ κύριος· καὶ ζήσεται ὁ ἀδελφός σου μετὰ σοῦ.

Τὸ ἀργύριόν σου οὐ δώσεις αὐτῷ ἐπὶ τόκῳ, καὶ ἐπὶ πλεονασμῷ οὐ δώσεις αὐτῷ τὰ βρώματά σου·

* The twenty-third verse of the same chapter is to be the shield-legend of the St. George's Company.

“And if thy brother be poor, and powerless with his hands, at thy side, thou shalt take his part upon thee, to help him,* as thy proselyte and thy neighbour; and thy brother shall live with thee. Thou shalt take no usury of him, nor anything over and above, and thou shalt fear thy God. I am the Lord, and thy brother shall live with thee. Thou shalt not give him thy money, for usury: and thou shalt not give him thy food, for increase.”

There is the simple law for all of us;—one of those which Christ assuredly came not to destroy, but to fulfil: and there is no national prosperity to be had but in obedience to it.

How we usurers are to live, with the hope of our gains gone, is precisely the old temple of Diana question. How Robin Hood or Cœur de Lion were to live without arrow or axe, would have been as strange a question to *them*, in their day. And there are many amiable persons who will not directly see their way, any more than I do myself, to an honest life; only, let us be sure that this we are leading now is a dishonest one; and worse, (if Dante and Shakspeare’s mind on the matter are worth any heed, of which more in due time,) being neither more nor less than a spiritual manner of cannibalism, which, so long as we persist in, every word spoken in Scripture of those who “eat my people as they eat bread,” is spoken directly of us.† It may be an encourage-

* Meaning, to do his work instead of him. Compare Acts xx. 35. “I have showed you all things, how that, so labouring, ye ought to *support* the weak.”

† Dear Mr. Ruskin,

8th July, 1876.

I see that you intend to speak on the question of usury in next Fors. Would it not be well, since the Bishops of the Established Church have not a word to offer in defence of their conduct, to appeal to some of the other sects that profess to take the teaching of the Bible and of Christ for their guidance? The Wesleyans, for instance, teach that the Bible was given almost verbally by the Spirit of God; and John Wesley says his followers are “*to die sooner than to put anything in pawn, or borrow and lend on usury.*” Perhaps if you were to challenge the President and Conference, and call on them either to state that they do not accept the teaching of Moses, David, and Christ on this matter, or to bring the sin clearly before the minds of the members of their body, you might force the question on the attention of the professedly religious persons in the country.

A READER OF FORS.

ment to some of us—especially those evangelically bred—in weaning ourselves slowly from such habits, to think of our dear old converted friend, Friday. We need not fear our power of becoming good Christians yet, if we will: so only that we understand, finally and utterly, that all gain, increase, interest, or whatever else you call it or think it, to the lender of capital, is loss, decrease, and dis-interest, to the borrower of capital. Every farthing we, who lend the tool, make, the borrower of the tool loses. And all the idiotical calculations of what money comes to, in so many years, simply ignore the debit side of the book, on which the labourer's Deficit is precisely equal to the Capitalist's Efficit. I saw an estimate made by some blockhead in an American paper, the other day, of the weight of gold which a hundred years' 'interest' on such and such funds would load the earth with! Not even of wealth in that solid form, could the poor wretch perceive so much of the truth as that the gold he put on the earth above, he must dig out of the earth below! But the mischief in real life is far deeper on the negative side, than the good on the positive. The debt of the borrower loads his heart, cramps his hands, and dulls his labour. The gain of the lender hardens his heart, fouls his brain, and puts every means of mischief into his otherwise clumsy and artless hands.

But here, in good time, is one example of honest living sent me, worth taking grave note of.

In my first inaugural lecture on Art at Oxford, given in the theatre, (full crowded to hear what first words might be uttered in the University on so unheard-of a subject.) I closed by telling my audience—to the amusement of some, the offence of others, and the disapproval of all,—that the entire system of their art-studies must be regulated with a view to the primal art, which many of them would soon have to learn, that of getting their food out of the Ground, or out of the Sea.

Time has worn on; and, last year, a Christ-Church man, an excellent scholar, came to talk with me over his brother's prospects in life, and his own. For himself, he proposed, and

very earnestly, considering his youth and gifts, (lying, as far as I could judge, more towards the rifle-ground than in other directions,) to go into the Church: but for his brother, he was anxious, as were all his relatives;—said brother having broken away from such modes of living as the relatives held orthodox, and taken to catching and potting of Salmon on the Columbia River; having farther transgressed all the proprieties of civilized society by providing himself violently with the ‘capital’ necessary for setting up in that line of business, and ‘stealing a boat.’ How many boats, with nine boilers each in them, the gentlemen of Her Majesty’s navy construct annually with money violently abstracted out of my poor pockets, and those of other peaceful labourers,—boats not to catch salmon with, or any other good thing, but simply to amuse themselves, and blow up stokers with,—civilized society may perhaps in time learn to consider. In the meantime, I consoled my young St. Peter as well as I could for his brother’s carnal falling away; represented to him that, without occasional fishing for salmon, there would soon be no men left to fish for; and that even this tremendous violation of the eighth commandment, to the extent of the extraction of a boat, might not perchance, with due penitence, keep the young vagabond wholly hopeless of Paradise; my own private opinion being that the British public would, on the whole, benefit more by the proceeding of the young pirate, if he provided them annually with a sufficient quantity of potted salmon, than by the conscientious, but more costly, ministry of his brother, who, provided with the larger boat-apparatus of a nave, and the mast of a steeple, proposed to employ this naval capital only in the provision of potted talk.

And finding that, in spite of the opinion of society, there were still bowels of mercies in this good youth, yearning after his brother, I got him to copy for me some of the brother’s letters from the Columbia River, confessing his piratical proceedings, (as to which I, for one, give him a Christian man’s absolution without more ado;) and account of his farther life in those parts—a life which appears to me, on the whole, so

brave, exemplary, and wise, that I print the letters as chief article of this month's correspondence; and I am going to ask the boy to become a Companion of St. George forthwith, and send him a collar of the Order, (as soon as we have got gold to make collars of,) with a little special pictorial chasing upon it, representing the **Miraculous Draught of Fishes.**

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Master.

		£	s.	d.
Balance, June 16	765	19	1
By cash, (rents, etc.,) May and June	180	11	8
		946 10 9		
		328 19 6		
Balance, July 16		£617 11 3		
<i>June</i> 25.	Downs	16	0	0
<i>July</i> 1.	St. George Secretary	25	0	0
"	Raffaelle, July and August	15	0	0
"	Gift to poor relation, annual	50	0	0
	6. Johns, Camberwell, Bookseller	17	19	6
	7. Jackson	40	0	0
	7. Joseph Sly (<i>a</i>)	40	0	0
	8. Crawley	30	0	0
	11. To Assisi (<i>b</i>)	45	0	0
	11. Self (<i>c</i>)	50	0	0
		£328 19 6		

a. Carriage expenses, of which the out-of-the-wayness of Brantwood incurs many, from April 6th to June 19th.

b. Twenty pounds more than usual, the monks being in distress there.

c. I shall take a fit of selfish account-giving, one of these days, but have neither time nor space this month.

II. Affairs of the Company.

I have no subscriptions to announce. My friends send me occasional letters inquiring how I do, and what I am doing. Like Mr. Toots, I am very well, I thank them; and they can easily find out what I am doing, and help me, if they like; and if not, I don't care to be asked questions. The sub-joined account gives the detail of Sheffield Museum expenses to end of June. I am working hard at the catalogue of its mineral collection; and the forthcoming number of 'Deucalion' will give account of its proposed arrangement. But things go slowly when one has so many in hand, not only because

of the actual brevity of time allowable for each, but because, of that short time, much is wasted in recovering the threads of the work.

SHEFFIELD MUSEUM ACCOUNT.

<i>Dr.</i>		£	s.	d.
<i>April</i>	1. To Balance in hand	21	3	3
<i>May</i>	9. " J. Ruskin, by cheque	55	15	3
		<hr/>		
		£76	18	6

CURRENT EXPENSES.

<i>Cr.</i>		£	d.	s.
<i>April</i>	26. By H. Swan, (salary)	10	0	0
<i>May</i>	2. " Watch Rate	0	5	0
"	" Poor Rate	0	10	0
	17. " Water Rate	0	5	8
"	" Gas	0	13	3
<i>June</i>	29. " Rate on New Land Allotment	0	2	3
		<hr/>		
			11	16 2

REPAIRS AND FITTINGS.

<i>April</i>	15. By J. Smith, for making paths	1	19	3
	26. " J. Ashton, brass taps	0	3	9
"	" S. Bower, card mounts	0	3	10
"	" Walter Nield, cases	5	10	0
"	" J. Smith, paths	1	14	10
<i>May</i>	12. " Sheffield Water Works—repairs	0	5	8
	13. " Silicate Paint Co.	2	0	9
"	" J. Smith	1	3	8
	19. " Mr. Bell, for applying silicate	0	15	0
<i>June</i>	4. " Mr. Aiken, fixtures, etc., pertaining to the two cottages	1	0	0
	26. " C. Collingwood, materials for paths	5	4	0
	29. " G. H. Hovey, floor-cloth	4	11	0
	Petty expenses	1	13	5
		<hr/>		
			26	5 2
Balance in hand			38	17 2

July 20, 1876. Examined and found correct, £76 18 6

E. RYDINGS.

III. I give the following letters without changing a syllable; never were any written with less view to literary fame, and their extreme value consists precisely in their expression of the spirit and force of character which still happily exists in English youth:—

"ASTORIA, COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON, NORTH AMERICA.

"I hope you flourish still on this terrestrial sphere. I have been watching my chance to hook it for a long time: however, I may get a chance to

morrow. If I do, I will write and let you know immediately. This is a nice country, only there are a great deal too many trees. We have been up to Portland, and are now down at Astoria again, waiting for 250 tons more cargo, and the ship will proceed to Queenstown for orders, so that if I do go home in her, I shall not get home till about the month of August. There was a bark wrecked here the other night, and the crew spent a night in the rigging; hard frost on, too. We have had snow, ice, frost, and rain in great abundance. The salmon are just beginning here, and are so cheap and fresh. I am steward now, as the other steward has run away."

* * * *

"BROOKFIELD, COLUMBIA RIVER, OREGON.

"I have just started another business, and knocked off going to sea: yours truly is now going in for salmon fishing. I had quite enough of it, and the ship would have been very unpleasant, because she was very deep, and I think short-handed.

"One night five figures without shoes on (time 1 a.m.) might be seen gliding along the decks, carrying a dingy. We launched her over the side, and put our clothes, provisions, etc., in her, and effected as neat a clear as one could wish to see. We had been watching our chances for the last week or so, but were always baffled by the vigilance of the third mate: however, I happened to hear that he and the boatswain had also arranged to clear, so we all joined together. We were to call the boatswain at twelve o'clock; the third mate and all of us had our clothes up on deck, and boatswain backed out of it, and the third mate said he wouldn't go; but it would have been impossible for him to go in the ship, for all must have come out" [gentle persuasion, employed on boatswain, given no account of]. "We started: favoured by the tide, we pulled fifteen miles to the opposite shore; concealed the boat, had breakfast, and slept. At twelve that night we started again, and went on a sandbank; got off again, and found a snug place in the bush. We hauled the boat up, and built a house, and lay there over a fortnight, happy and comfortable. At last the ship sailed, and we got to work. . . . We live like princes, on salmon, pastry, game, etc. These fishermen take as many as 250 (highest catch) in one boat in a night. I suppose there are about five hundred boats out every night; and the fish weigh" [up to sixty pounds—by corrections from next letter], "and for each fish they get 10d.—twenty cents. They sell them to canneries, where they are tinned, or salt them themselves. They pay two men a boat from £8 10s. a month. If I can raise coin for a boat and net (£100), I shall make money hand over fist. Land is 10s. an acre: up country it is cheaper."

* * * *

"Care of Captain Hodge, Hog'em, Brookfield.

"May 9th, 1875.

"I am now in pretty steady work, and very snug. All the past week I have been helping Hodge build a house, all of wood; and every morning I sail a boatful of fish up to the cannery, so altogether it is not bad fun. I am getting four pounds a month, and if the fishing season is prosperous, I am to get more. A sixty pound salmon is considered a very big one. There is a small stream runs at the back of the house, wherein small trout do abound. . . . I shall catch some. The houses here generally are about a mile apart, but the one Tom works at is alongside. It is pretty cold of a night-time, but we have a roaring fire. You are not allowed to shoot game during the next three months, but after that you can: there are plenty of grouse, pheasants, ducks, geese, elk, deer, bears, and all sorts, so perhaps I shall do a little of that. There are some splendid trees about, some of which are ten feet thick, from 100 to 200 high, and as straight as an arrow. Some

Indians live at the back of us,—civilised, of course: the men work in the boats: some of the squaws have got splendid bracelets; whether they are made of gold or brass I don't know. It rains here all the winter, and the moss grows on the people's backs: up around Portland they are called web-feet. There is a train runs from Portland to San Francisco every day. Tom is with a very nice old fellow, who is very fond of him, and gave him a new pair of india rubber thigh boots the other day, which I consider to be very respectable of him."

"The boats go out of a night-time mostly; they have a little store on board, and we have coffee, cake, and bread and butter, whenever we feel so disposed."

* * * *

"In the first place, I will describe all hands belonging to this shanty. Captain Hodge is a man characteristically lovely, resembling Fagin the Jew whilst he is looking for Oliver Twist. Still he is honest—and honest men are scarce: if he is a rum'un to look at, he is a d—l to go. He has a cat whom he addresses in the following strain: 'It was a bully little dog, you bet it was: it had a handle to it, you bet it had: it was fond of fresh meat, you bet it was.' The next one is Jem the cook: he is a Chinaman, and holds very long and interesting conversations with me, but as I have not the slightest idea of what they are about, I cannot tell you the details. Then comes Swiggler, who is an old married wretch, and says he is a grandson of a German Count. One or two more of less note, the dog Pompey, and myself.

"I can keep myself in clothes and food, but I can't start to make money, under £100.

"So F— will come for £10 a month, will he? He could make that anywhere while the fishing season lasts, but that is only three months; and this is rather a cold, wet climate. I have had my first shot at a bear, and missed him, as it was pretty dark: they are common here, and we see one every day—great big black fellows—about a hundred yards from the house: they come down to eat salmon heads.

"I met an old 'Worcester' friend, who had run away from his ship, the other day in Astoria: he was going home overland.

"Hodge offers to board me free all the winter, but as friend Hodge says he can't afford wages, I'll see friend Hodge a long way off.

"I am very well contented, and shall be about a hundred dollars in pocket at the end of the season."

* * * *

"July 19th.

"We expect the fishing season to last about a fortnight or three weeks more. Tom and I got some old net from Hodge, and went out fishing: we caught about six salmon the first night, for which we got 4s. We went out again on Saturday, and caught eighteen, for which we got 9s. 3d., and as that is extra money we profit a little. There are plenty of bears knocking around here, and Tom and I got a boat and went out one night. We don't have to go more than two hundred yards from the house. About dusk, out comes old Bruin. I was very much excited, and Tom fired first, and did not hit him; then I had a running shot, and did not hit him either. He has taken a sack of salmon heads, which I put out for a bait, right away to his den, and I have not seen him since. However—the time will come, and when it does, let him look well to himself.

"Did you ever taste sturgeon? I don't remember ever having any in the 'old country,' but it's very nice.

"Hodge has a fisherman who has caught over eight hundred fish in the last seven nights; he gets 10d. per fish, so he is making money hand over fist.

"I have not decided on any particular plans for the winter, but shall go along somehow.

"Send me any old papers you can, and write lots of times."

* * * *

"The last fortnight we have been very busy salting and taking salmon to the cannery. I have been out four times with Hodge, whom I call Bill, and the first drift we got twenty-eight; second, twenty-eight; third and fourth, thirty-one.

"I like this sort of business very well, and am quite contented.

"I wish you would send me some English newspapers now and then—'Illustrated London News,' 'Graphics,' etc. It does not much matter if they are not quite new.

"The people out here are a rough lot, but a very goodnatured sort. Hodge has got a nice piece of ground which he intends to cultivate: he put some potatoes in early last year, and has not looked at them since. However, I am to be put on to work there for a bit, and I'll bet my crop will beat yours.

"There are wild cherries and strawberries growing in the woods, but of course they are not ripe yet.

"My idea was, or is, to stop till I raise money enough to come home and get a farm, which I am able to do in two, three, or four years."

* * * *

"ALDER POINT (so called because we're 'all dere'),
"Sept. 4th.

"I have been paid off now about a month. I received fifty-one dollars (a dollar equals 4s. 2d.), and a present of a pair of gum boots, which every one said was low wages. Tom had fifty, and Jackson a hundred and fourteen dollars. We combined these, and bought a fishing boat for ninety dollars, and sail for five more. We then set about to find a land agent; but they are scarce, so we didn't find one. Then we went down to the sawmills, and bought 2094 feet of assorted lumber. I can't tell how they measure this lumber; but our house is 24 feet by 16½, with walls 9 feet high, and a roof about 8 feet slope. The lumber cost twenty-eight dollars; hammer, nails, etc., about fifteen dollars. We then chose a spot close to a stream, and built our house. It's built very well, considering none of us ever built a house before. It is roofed with shingles—*i. e.*, pieces of wood 3 feet by ½ foot, and very thin; they cost seven dollars per 1000. Our house is divided into two rooms—a bedroom, containing a big fireplace and three bunks; and in the other room we grub, etc. At the back of the house we have the sword of Damocles, a tree which has fallen, and rests on its stump, and we know not at what hour he may fall. In the front we have the Siamese twins, a tree about 200 feet high, with another tree, about 100 feet, growing out of him. Nothing but trees all around us, and the nearest house is two miles away."

* * * *

"THE ALDER POINT MANSION.

"I have now shifted my quarters, and am living in my own house, built of rough wood, in the woods on the bank of the river, and free from ornament save 'Sweet Seventeen' and 'The Last Days in Old England,' which I have framed and hung up.

"I am now, to use the words of the poet, 'head cook and bottle washer, chief of all the waiters,' in my own house. It stands in its own grounds—for a simple reason, it couldn't stand in anybody else's. It has an elevated appearance,—that is, it looks slightly drunk, for we built it ourselves, and my architectural bump is not very largely developed. Our floor is all of a cant, but Tom settled that difficulty by saying we were to imagine ourselves at sea, and the ship lying over slightly.

"I am very poor,—have not had a red cent for some time ; spent it all on the house, boat, etc. We have got grub to last us a month and a half, and 'what will poor Hally do then, poor thing?' Probably bust up and retire. I can't help envying you occasionally. I am a rare cad in appearance ; an old blue shirt is my uniform. We live principally on bread and butter and coffee, sometimes varied by coffee and butter and bread. I have made a dresser, and we have six knives, forks, teaspoons, plates, cups and saucers, three big spoons, a kettle, frying-pan, and camp oven, also a condensed sewing machine, which some people call 'needles.'"

* * * *

"Sept. 17th.

"Our house was invaded by wasps the other day for our sugar. I accordingly rigged myself up in shirts, etc., to look something like a man in a diving suit, and went and seized the sugar and put it in the chimney, and then fled for dear life. Whilst I was gone the sugar caught fire, and about forty pounds were burnt, and the chimney also was nearly burned down. Tom and I and hot water then slaughtered about four hundred wasps, but that don't sweeten the coffee.

"I have just been building a slip to haul our boat up on, as it blows very stiff here in the winter, and there is a good sea in consequence. Tom and I have been bathing this week or so, but the water is cold. We see one mountain from here on whose summit there is snow all the year round. It's rather monotonous living here ; we see no one for days together. I heard there were two bears below here, so at about nine o'clock one night I started in the canoe. The river was smooth as glass, and it was a glorious night ; and I guess Bruin thought so too, for he didn't give me a sight of him. Ducks are beginning to show round here, but my gun, which is a United States musket, don't do much execution. It is dark here about half-past five or six in the evening, so I don't know what our allowance of daylight will be in the winter.

"I remain yours, etc."

* * * *

"Oct. 27th.

"Thus far yours truly is progressing favourably. My latest achievement is in the lifeboat line, which you will hear of, no doubt, from other sources. The bears have all retired for the winter, which shows Bruin's sense. Tomorrow I'm going to work up at Brookfield, clearing land. I shall probably work there three weeks, and then—well, I mean to go to Portland, and work till Christmas.

"Supper is now ready :—

Poisson. *Légumes.*

Salmon heads and potatoes.

Entrée.

Potatoes and heads of salmon.

Pièce de résistance.

Salmon heads and spuds.

Dessert.

Bread surmounted with butter.

(Note.—You can't manage the bread without $\frac{3}{4}$ inch of grease, called for decency's sake 'butter.')

Vin.

Café avec beaucoup de chicorée.

Finish off.

A smoke.

"Having digested supper, and trimmed the yeast powder tin with lard in it for a lamp, I resume. The sport going on here at this time of the year is sturgeon fishing, with lines a fathom or so, and any number of hooks. The sturgeon run very big : I have seen one that measured eight feet from stern

to stern. In the spring there are swarms of smelts ; you take them with a net the size of a landing-net, with small meshes. There is good elk shooting, and deer away back in the woods ; but you must go after them for about a week, and that is poor fun in this sort of weather. We got one of our big trees down the other day with a big auger : you bore two holes in the tree, stick a live piece of charcoal in it, and blow like mad, and the tree will catch, and in a few days he'll burn and fall. Very interesting, but it fills up."

* * * *

" Oct. 28th.

" It's some time since you last had a letter, and I guess you deserve this. Tom and I are both all right, and the other man, Jackson, is, I think, going home. Since I wrote last the rainy season has commenced, and at times it blows like my namesake ' Old Harry.'

" During a heavy squall some days ago, when Tom and I were returning from Brookfield, a boat about three-quarters of a mile behind us capsized, and a man and boy who were in her managed to climb on to her bottom. Tom and I bore away and picked them up, and they were truly grateful—not without cause, for, but for our assistance, they must have lost their lives.

" The man was * * *, who has lots of money, but he hasn't given us any. Perhaps he saw the necessity of our saving him,—made a virtue of a necessity, and virtue is its own reward. So much for my new ten shilling hat, lost in the rescue.

" I am in with all that's going on in London and England, for I get lots of papers, and as soon as I have done with them they are in great request all along the river. A boat has just called here, and John Elliot, a New Brunswick man, was grateful for a ' Graphic.'

" The ' London News' has just come to hand,—the ' Prince's visit to India' edition,—and is certainly quite a furore amongst the boys. On Tuesday night there was a hurricane here : it blew a great deal of the cannery down, and the place presents the appearance of a wreck. The house was swaying to and fro, and all hands had to leave for their lives. It nearly blew a man 6 ft. 3 in. off the wharf, and everybody was crawling on their hands and knees. Great trees were rooted up by hundreds : and at the next cannery above this, the owner had just left his house and gone to play a game of cards, when a tree came down on his house and smashed it into many pieces.

" I am working here clearing land : I don't work when it rains, so I get about four days a week to myself. However, this week has been an exception, for we have had three fine days. Snowed thick last week : weather cold and bracing. Am getting one dollar fifteen cents a day's work, but am living up to it."

* * * *

" Nov. 23rd.

" You doubtless think I am quite uncivilized : however, whilst I am writing a cat is purring on my knees, if that is any evidence of civilization.

" To-morrow I am going out to work for about three weeks, clearing away bush for a Swede. I shall ask a dollar a day, but I don't expect it. I may add, necessity alone compels me to take this step, as I am beginning to forget what a dollar is like, it is so long since I had one. I am heavy on the axe : I cut down five trees to-day, and the trees out here are by no means small. A troop of five wild-ducks came round here on Saturday, so I loaded my old musket and let rip into the middle of them : singular to relate, they all swam away. Then occurred one of the most vigorous pursuits the human eyes has ever witnessed. Hungry H. H. H. *v.* the ducks.

I broke three paddles and my own nose, and then they escaped. However, one white one was sighted, and in the evening the old mudstick (*i. e.* musket) was again prepared, and next day we ate wild-duck for dinner.

"On the whole, I like this much better than being on the ship, and I don't think I shall come home for two or three years.

"I am rigging a model of a ship, and I am not unhandy at it, and I calculate it will fetch me twenty dollars."

* * * *

"Dec. 26th.

"I will begin by wishing the house a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, if so be it is not too late. We had a quiet Christmas Day with our select few. We are going to have a deer hunt, but the weather, which made a regular old-fashioned Christmas, stopped us. We had a good dinner, but no turkey or sausages. There is a strange old character stopping here, an ex-prizefighter, and in the evening he gave us a short sermon on the Star in the East, and asked us if we remembered Christmas Eve 1800 years ago. He then gave us a step-dance, so as not to dwell too long on one subject. Italian Sam gives a dance on New Year's night, and I may go.

"I got my discharge from Megler on Tuesday week, after putting in 25½ days' work since November 1, in consequence of bad weather, for which I had the large sum of 0 to take, being one dollar in debt. However, I struck a job right away, which is pretty stiff work—cutting cord-wood, making one dollar a day and board. Cord-wood is a pile of wood eight feet long, four high, and four broad, about one foot thick, and it is pretty hard work swinging a heavy oaken maul all day long, splitting the wood with wedges. But it's good for the muscle. Goodbye."

* * * *

"ALDER POINT. *Date uncertain.*

"It's about a month since I last wrote to you; I had no writing-paper, and no coin to buy any; however, Oleson paying up enabled me to lay in a stock. The rainy, blowy, galy season has set in, and it is pretty miserable down here. We had a heavy gale the other day, but did not suffer any damage, though many people predicted we should lose our boat; but the gale is over, and the boat is still there, so that it shows public opinion may sometimes err. We were scared lest some of the big trees should come down, but they did not. If you could spare Gladstone for a bit, I would board him free, and he could wire in all round here free gratis for nothing. After the gale, the next day looked fine, so Tom and I (a puff of wind just came, and I thought the house would succumb, but no! it holds its own) went up to Brookfield. Coming back, there were lots of squalls; I was steering, and we saw one coming, so shortened sail: the boat was nearly capsized, and we had to take out the mast and let it rig, and so saved ourselves. There was a boat behind us, and we were watching her as the squall passed up: they shortened sail and tried to run before the wind to Brookfield, but—over she went. So Tom and I made all haste to save the crew. She was about three-quarters of a mile off, so we up sail and ran down for her. The crew, * * * and a boy, were sitting on the bottom of the boat white as ghosts. We took them aboard, picked up his oars and rudder, and then took them ashore to a house where we all got dry clothes and something to eat. They certainly owed their lives to us, and it was very lucky we saw them, for they must otherwise have perished. I lost a new 10s. hat in the rescue. * * * has lots of money; but he has offered us none, yet. Perhaps, as he saw that we must of necessity save him, he made a virtue of a necessity, and virtue they say is its own reward. So much for my new hat."

IV. I beg all my readers who can afford it, to buy 'Threading my Way,' by Robert Dale Owen, (Trübner, 1874). It is full of interest throughout; but I wish my Companions to read with extreme care pages 6 to 14, in which they will find account of the first establishment of cotton industry in these islands; 101 to 104, where they will find the effect of that and other manufacturing industries on the humanities of life; and 215 to 221, where they will find the real statistics of that increased wealth of which we hear so constant and confident boasting.

V.—Part of letter from an honest correspondent expressing difficulties which will occur to many:—

"I thank you for what you say about the wickedness of 'taking interest' consisting in the cruelty of making a profit out of the distresses of others. And much of the modern spirit of looking for bargains, and buying in the cheapest market, is precisely the same. But is there not a radical moral difference between such deliberate heartlessness, and simply receiving interest from an ordinary investment? Surely it is very important that this matter should be made clear."

The difference between deliberate and undeliberate heartlessness;—between being intelligently cruel, with sight of the victim, and stupidly cruel, with the interval of several walls, some months, and aid and abetting from many other equally cruel persons, between him and us, is for God to judge; not for me. But it *is* very important that this matter should be made clear, and my correspondent's question, entirely clarified, will stand thus: "If I persist in extracting money from the poor by torture, but keep myself carefully out of hearing of their unpleasant cries, and carefully ignorant of the arrangements of mechanism which enable me, by turning an easy handle, to effect the compression of their bones at that luxurious distance, am I not innocent?" Question which I believe my correspondent quite capable of answering for himself.

VI.—Part of a letter from my nice goddaughter:—

"I want to tell you about an old woman we sometimes go to see here" (Brighton), "who was ninety-one yesterday. She lived in service till her health failed, and since then she has had her own little room, which is always exquisitely clean and neat. The bed-hangings and chair-covers are all of white dimity, embroidered by her in patterns of her own designing, with the ravelings of old carpets. She has made herself two sets. Her carpet is made in the same way, on coarse holland covered close with embroidery, which, as she says proudly, never wears out. She is still able to work, though her arrangement of colours isn't quite as good as it used to be. The contrast came into my mind between work like that, and something I was told the other day,*—that it takes a workwoman a week to make one inch of the finest Valenciennes lace, and that she has to do it, sitting in a dark cellar, with the light only admitted through a narrow slit, to concentrate it on the work. It's enough to make one give up wearing Valenciennes at all!"

* Please, some one, tell me if this something be true, or how far true.

This last piece of impassioned young lady's English, translated into unimpassioned old gentleman's English, means, I suppose, that "it is very shocking, but not at all enough to make one give up wearing Valenciennes." Nor should it be. But it should be quite enough to make one inquire into the matter ; ascertain with what degree of fineness lace *can* be made in the open daylight and fresh air of France; request some benevolent lady friend, who has nothing else to do, to undertake the sale of such lace, with due Episcopal superintendence of the relieved workers ; and buy one's lace only from this benevolent lady-Bishop.

LETTER LXIX.

I HAVE just been down to Barmouth to see the tenants on the first bit of ground,—noble crystalline rock, I am thankful to say,—possessed by St. George in the island.

I find the rain coming through roofs, and the wind through walls, more than I think proper, and have ordered repairs; and for some time to come, the little rents of these cottages will be spent entirely in the bettering of them, or in extending some garden ground, fenced with furze hedge against the west wind by the most ingenious of our tenants.

And in connection with this first—however small—beginning under my own eyes of St. George's work,—(already some repairs had been made by my direction, under the superintendence of the donor of the land, Mrs. Talbot, before I could go to see the place)—I must state again clearly our St. George's principle of rent. It is taken first as the acknowledgment of the authority of the Society over the land, and in the amount judged by the Master to be just, according to the circumstances of the person and place, for the tenant to pay as a contribution to the funds of the Society. The tenant has no claim to the return of the rent in improvements on his ground or his house; and I order the repairs at Barmouth as part of the Company's general action, not as return of the rent to the tenant. The reader will thus see that our so-called 'rents' are in fact taxes laid on the tenants for the advancement of the work of the Company. And all so-called rents are, in like manner, taxes laid on the labourer for the advancement of the work of his landlord. If that work be beneficial, on the whole, to the estate, and of all who live on it, the rents are on a right footing; but if they are abstracted by the landlord to his own private uses, he is merely another form of the old mediæval Knight of Evilstone, living as hawk in eyrie.

It chanced, while I set this work on foot at Barmouth, that a paragraph was sent me out of a Carlisle paper, giving the information that all Lord Lonsdale's tenants have received notice to quit, that the farms might be re-valued. I requested my correspondent to ascertain for me the manner of the holdings on Lord Lonsdale's estates;—his reply is the third article in our correspondence this month, and I beg to recommend it to the reader's most earnest attention. What it says of rents, with the exception indicated in my note, is right; and cannot be more tersely or clearly expressed. What it says of ground-produce is only partially right. To discover another America at our own doors would not be any advantage to us;—nor even to make England bigger. We have no business to want England to be bigger, any more than the world to be bigger. The question is not, for *us*, how much land God ought to have given us; but to fill the land He *has* given us, with the wisest and best inhabitants we can. I could give a plan, if I chose, with great ease, for the maintenance of a greatly increased quantity of inhabitants, on iron scaffolding, by pulverizing our mountains, and strewing the duly pulverized and, by wise medical geology, drugged, materials, over the upper stages; carrying on our present ingenious manufactures in the dark lower stories. But the arrangement, even if it could be at once achieved, would be of no advantage to England.

Whereas St. George's arrangements, which are to take the hills, streams, and fields that God has made for us; to keep them as lovely, pure, and orderly as we can; * to gather their carefully cultivated fruit in due season; and if our children then multiply so that we cannot feed them, to seek other lands to cultivate in like manner,—these arrangements, I repeat, will be found very advantageous indeed, as they always have been; wheresoever even in any minor degree enforced. In some happy countries they have been so, many a long year already; and the following letter from a recent traveller in

* What *can* be done, ultimately, it is not yet in human imagination to conceive. What *has* been done, by one sensible man, for the land he had under control, may be read in the fourth article of our correspondence.

one of them, may further illustrate the description given in a Fors of early date, of the felicity verily and visibly to be secured by their practice.

SALZBURG, *July 30, 1876.*

“Dear Professor Ruskin,—I have long intended to write to you, but the mountain of matters I had to tell you has increased till Pelion is piled upon Ossa within my mind, and so I must confine myself to one or two points. In the Black Forest, and more especially in remote mountain valleys of Tyrol, I have found the people living more or less according to principles laid down for the Company of St. George. I have seen the rules so much decried, and even ridiculed, in England, wrought into the whole life of the people. One may still find villages and communes where lawsuits are impossible—a head-man of their own deciding all disputes; where the simplest honesty and friendliness are all but universal, and the stranger is taken in only in the better sense of the phrase; where the nearest approach to steam power is the avalanche of early summer; where there are no wheeled vehicles, and all burthens are carried on the backs of men and mules,” (my dear friend, I really don’t want people to do without donkey-carts, or pony-chaises; nay, I was entirely delighted at Dolgelly, the other day, to meet a four-in-hand coach—driven by the coachman’s daughter;) “where rich and poor must fare alike on the simple food and cheap but sound wine of the country; where the men still carve wood, and the women spin and weave, during the long hours of winter; and where the folk still take genuine delight in picturesque dress, and daily church-going, and have not reduced both to the dreary felon’s uniform of English respectability. With these unconscious followers of Ruskin, and Companions of St. George, I formed deep friendships; and for me, if I ever revisit the wild recesses of the Eitzthal, it will almost be like going amongst my own people and to my own home. Indeed, wherever I left the beaten track of tourists, and the further I left it, so did the friendliness of my entertainers increase. It was evident they regarded me not as a mere purse-bearing animal, but as an argosy of quite a different sort—a human spirit coming from afar, from a land ‘belonging,’ as one of them conjectured, ‘to Spain,’ and laden with all kinds of new knowledge and strange ideas, of which they would gladly have some share. And so towards the close of a dinner, or supper, the meek-eyed hostess would come and sit beside me, hoping I had enjoyed a ‘happy meal;’ and after a complimentary sip from my glass, ask me all sorts of delightful and simple questions about myself, and my family, and my country. Or the landlord would come sometimes,—alas, at the very beginning of a meal,—and from huge pipe bowl, wonderfully painted with Crucifixion or Madonna, blow clouds of anything but incense smoke. But the intention of honouring and amusing me were none the less apparent.”

With my friend’s pleasant days among this wise and happy people, I will forthwith compare the very unpleasant day I

spent myself on my journey to Barmouth, among unwise and wretched ones; one incident occurring in it being of extreme significance. I had driven from Brantwood in early morning down the valley of the Crake, and took train first at the Uiverston station, settling myself in the corner of a carriage next the sea, for better prospect thereof. In the other corner was a respectable, stolid, middle-aged man reading his paper.

I had left my Coniston lake in dashing ripples under a south wind, thick with rain; but the tide lay smooth and silent along the sands; melancholy in absolute pause of motion, nor ebb nor flow distinguishable;—here and there, among the shelves of grey shore, a little ruffling of their apparent pools marked stray threadings of river-current.

At Grange, talking loud, got in two young coxcombs; who reclined themselves on the opposite cushions. One had a thin stick, with which, in a kind of St. Vitus's dance, partly affectation of nonchalance, partly real fever produced by the intolerable idleness of his mind and body, he rapped on the elbow of his seat, poked at the button-holes of the window strap, and switched his boots, or the air, all the way from Grange to the last station before Carnforth,—he and his friend talking yacht and regatta, listlessly;—the St. Vitus's, meantime, dancing one expressing his opinion that "the most dangerous thing to do on these lakes was going before the wind." The respectable man went on reading his paper, without notice of them. None of the three ever looked out of the windows at sea or shore. There was not much to look at, indeed, through the driving, and gradually closer-driven, rain,—except the drifting about of the seagulls, and their quiet dropping into the pools, their wings kept open for an instant till their breasts felt the water well; then closing their petals of white light, like suddenly shut water flowers.

The two regatta men got out, in drenching rain, on the coverless platform at the station before Carnforth, and all the rest of us at Carnforth itself, to wait for the up train. The shed on the up-line side, even there, is small, in which a crowd of third-class passengers were packed close by the outside drip.

I did not see one, out of some twenty-five or thirty persons, tidily dressed, nor one with a contented and serenely patient look. Lines of care, of mean hardship, of comfortless submission, of gnawing anxiety, or ill-temper, characterized every face.

The train came up, and my poor companions were shuffled into it speedily, in heaps. I found an empty first-class carriage for myself: wondering how long universal suffrage would allow itself to be packed away in heaps, for my convenience.

At Lancaster, a father and daughter got in; presumably commercial. Father stoutly built and firm featured, sagacious and cool. The girl hard and common; well-dressed, except that her hat was cocked too high on her hair. They both read papers all the way to Warrington. I was not myself employed much better; the incessant rain making the windows a mere wilderness of dirty dribblings; and neither Preston nor Wigan presenting anything lively to behold, I had settled myself to Mrs. Brown on Spelling Bees, (an unusually forced and poor number of Mrs. Brown, by the way).

I had to change at Warrington for Chester. The weather bettered a little, while I got a cup of tea and a slice of bread in the small refreshment room; contemplating, the while, in front of me, the panels of painted glass on its swinging doors, which represented two troubadours, in broadly-striped blue and yellow breeches, purple jackets, and plumed caps; with golden-hilted swords, and enormous lyres. Both had soft curled monstaches, languishing eyes, open mouths, and faultless legs. Meanwhile, lounged at the counter behind me, much bemused in beer, a perfect example of the special type of youthful blackguard now developing generally in England; more or less blackly pulpos and swollen in all the features, and with mingled expression of intense grossness and intense impudence,—half pig, half jackdaw.

There got in with me, when the train was ready, a middle-class person of commercial-traveller aspect, who had possessed himself of a 'Graphic' from the newsboy; and whom I presently forgot, in examining the country on a line new to me,

which became quickly, under gleams of broken sunlight, of extreme interest. Azure-green fields of deep corn; undulations of sandstone hill, with here and there a broken crag at the edge of a cutting; presently the far glittering of the Solway-like sands of Dee, and rounded waves of the Welsh hills on the southern horizon, formed a landscape more fresh and fair than I have seen for many a day, from any great line of English rail. When I looked back to my fellow-traveller, he was sprawling all his length on the cushion of the back seat, with his boots on his 'Graphic,'—not to save the cushions assuredly, but in the foul modern carelessness of everything which we have 'done with' for the moment;—his face clouded with sullen thought, as of a person helplessly in difficulty, and not able to give up thinking how to avoid the unavoidable.

In a minute or two more I found myself plunged into the general dissolution and whirlpool of porters, passengers, and crook-boned trucks, running round corners against one's legs, of the great Chester station. A simply-dressed upper-class girl of sixteen or seventeen, strictly and swiftly piloting her little sister through the populace, was the first human creature I had yet seen, on whom sight could rest without pain. The rest of the crowd was a mere dismal fermentation of the Ignominious.

The train to Ruabon was crowded, and I was obliged to get into a carriage with two cadaverous sexagenarian spinsters, who had been keeping the windows up, all but a chink, for fear a drop of rain or breath of south wind should come in, and were breathing the richest compound of products of their own indigestion. Pretending to be anxious about the construction of the train, I got the farther window down, and my body well out of it; then put it only half-way up when the train left, and kept putting my head out without my hat; so as, if possible, to impress my fellow passengers with the imminence of a collision, which could only be averted by extreme watchfulness on my part. Then requesting, with all the politeness I could muster, to be allowed to move a box with which they had occupied the corner-seat—"that I might sit

face to the air"—I got them ashamed to ask that the window might be shut up again; but they huddled away into the opposite corner to make me understand how they suffered from the draught. Presently they got out two bags of blue grapes, and ate away unanimously, availing themselves of my open window to throw out rolled-up pips and skins.

General change, to my extreme relief, as to theirs, was again required at Ruabon, effected by a screwing backwards and forwards, for three-quarters of an hour, of carriages which one was expecting every five minutes to get into; and which were puffed and pushed away again the moment one opened a door, with loud calls of 'Stand back there.' A group of half a dozen children, from eight to fourteen—the girls all in straw hats, with long hanging scarlet ribands—were more or less pleasant to see meanwhile; and sunshine through the puffs of petulant and cross-purposed steam, promised a pleasant run to Llangollen.

I had only the conventional 'business man with a paper' for this run; and on his leaving the carriage at Llangollen was just closing the door, thinking to have both windows at command, when my hand was stayed by the father of a family of four children, who, with their mother and aunt, presently filled the carriage, the children fitting or scrambling in anywhere, with expansive kicks and lively struggles. They belonged to the lower middle-class; the mother an ideal of the worthy commonplace, evidently hard put to it to make both ends meet, and wholly occupied in family concerns; her face fixed in the ignoble gravity of virtuous persons to whom their own troublesome households have become monasteries. The father, slightly more conscious of external things, submitting benevolently to his domestic happiness out on its annual holiday. The children ugly, fidgety, and ill-bred, but not unintelligent,—full of questionings, 'when' they were to get here, or there? how many rails there were on the line; which side the station was on, and who was to meet them. In such debate, varied by bodily contortions in every direction, they contrived to pass the half-hour which took us through the vale

of Llangollen, past some of the loveliest brook and glen scenery in the world. But neither the man, the woman, nor any one of the children, looked out of the window once, the whole way.

They got out at Corwen, leaving me to myself for the run past Bala lake and down the Dolgelly valley; but more sorrowful than of late has been my wont, in the sense of my total isolation from the thoughts and ways of the present English people. For I was perfectly certain that among all the crowd of living creatures whom I had that day seen,—scarlet ribands and all,—there was not one to whom I could have spoken a word on any subject interesting to me, which would have been intelligible to them.

But the first broad sum of fact, for the sake of which I have given this diary, is that among certainly not less than some seven or eight hundred people, seen by me in the course of this day, I saw not one happy face, and several hundreds of entirely miserable ones. The second broad sum of facts is, that out of the few,—not happy,—but more or less spirited and complacent faces I saw, among the lower and the mercantile classes, what life or spirit they had depended on a peculiar cock-on-a-dunghill character of impudence, which meant a total inability to conceive any good or lovely thing in this world or any other: and the third sum of fact, that in this rich England I saw only eight out of eight hundred persons gracefully dressed, and decently mannered. But the particular sign, and prophetic vision of the day, to me, was the man lying with his boots on his 'Graphic.' There is a long article in the 'Monetary Gazette,' sent me this morning, on the folly of the modern theory that the nation is suffering from 'over-production.' The writer is quite correct in his condemnation of the fallacy in question; but it has not occurred to him, nor to any other writer that I know of on such matters, to consider whether we may not possibly be suffering from *over-destruction*. If you use a given quantity of steam power and human ingenuity to produce your 'Graphic' in the morning, and travel from Warrington to Chester with your boots upon it in

the afternoon,—Is the net result, production, my dear editor? The net result is labour with weariness A.M.,—idleness with disgust P.M.,—and nothing to eat next day. And do not think our Warrington friend other than a true type of your modern British employer of industry. The universal British public has no idea of any other use of art, or industry, than he! It reclines everlastingly with its boots on its ‘Graphic.’ ‘To-morrow there will be another,—what use is there in the old?’ Think of the quantity of energy used in the ‘production’ of the daily works of the British press? The first necessity of our lives in the morning,—old rags in the evening! Or the annual works of the British naval architect? The arrow of the Lord’s deliverance in January, and old iron in June! The annual industry of the European soldier,—of the European swindler,—of the European orator,—will you tell me, good Mr. Editor, what it is that they produce? Will you calculate for me, how much of all that *is*, they destroy?

But even of what we do produce, under some colour or fancy, of service to humanity,—How much of it *is* of any service to humanity, good Mr. Editor? Here is a little bit of a note bearing on the matter, written last Christmas in a fit of incontrollable provocation at a Christian correspondent’s drawl of the popular sentiment, “living is so very expensive, you know!”

Why, of course it is, living as you do, in a saucepan full of steam, with no potatoes in it!

Here is the first economical fact I have been trying to teach, these fifteen years; and can’t get it, yet, into the desperate, leathern-skinned, death-helmeted skull of this wretched England—till Jael-Atropos drive it down, through skull and all, into the ground;—that you can’t have bread without corn, nor milk without kine; and that being dragged about the country behind kettles won’t grow corn on it; and speculating in stocks won’t feed mutton on it; and manufacturing steel pens, and scrawling lines with them, won’t clothe your backs or fill your bellies, though you scrawl England as black with ink as you have strewed her black with cinders.

Now look here: I am writing in a friend's house in a lovely bit of pasture country, surrounding what was once a bright bit of purple and golden heath—inlaid as gorse and heather chose to divide their possession of it; and is now a dusty wilderness of unlet fashionable villas, bricks, thistles, and crockery. My friend has a good estate, and lets a large farm; but he can't have cream to his tea, and has 'Dorset' butter.* If he ever gets any of these articles off his own farm, they are brought to him from London, having been carried there that they may pay toll to the railroad company once as they go up, and again as they come down; and have two chances of helping to smash an excursion train.

Meantime, at the apothecary's shop in the village, I can buy, besides drugs,—cigars, and stationery; and among other stationery, the 'College card,' of "eighteen *useful* articles,"—namely, Bohemian glass ruler, Bohemian glass penholder, pen-box with gilt and diapered lid, pen-wiper with a gilt tin fern leaf for ornament, pencil, india-rubber, and twelve steel pens,—all stitched separately and neatly on the card; and the whole array of them to be bought for sixpence.

What times!—what civilization!—what ingenuity!—what cheapness!

Yes; but what does it mean? First, that I, who buy the card, can't get cream to my tea? And secondly, that the unhappy wretches,—Bohemian and other,—glass blowers, iron diggers, pen manufacturers, and the like,—who have made the eighteen useful articles, have sixpence to divide among them for their trouble. What sort of cream have *they* to their tea?

But the question of questions about it all, is—Are these eighteen articles 'useful articles'? For what? Here's a—nominal—'pencil' on our 'College card.' But not a collegian, that I know of, wants to draw,—and if he did, he couldn't draw with *this* thing, which is *not* a pencil, but some sand and

* Most London theatre-goers will recollect the Butterman's pity for his son, in "Our Boys," as he examines the remains of the breakfast in their lodgings.

coal-dust jammed in a stick. The 'india-rubber' also, I perceive, is not india-rubber; but a composition for tearing up the surface of paper,—useful only to filthy blunderers; the nasty glass-handled things, which will break if I drop them, and cut the housemaid's fingers, I shall instantly turn out of the house; the pens, for which I bought the card, will perhaps be useful to me, because I have, to my much misery, writing to do: but *you*, happier animals, who may exist without scratching either paper or your heads,—what is the use of them to *you*? (N.B. I couldn't write a word with one of them, after all.)

I must go back to my Warrington friend; for there are more lessons to be received from him. I looked at him, in one sense, not undefereentially. He was, to the extent of his experience, as good a judge of art as I. He knew what his 'Graphic' was worth. Pronounced an entirely divine verdict upon it. Put it, beneficently, out of its pictorial pain,—for ever.

Do not think that it is so difficult to know good art from bad. The poorest-minded public cannot rest in its bad possessions,—wants them new, and ever new. I have given my readers, who have trusted me, four art-possession, which I do not fear their wishing to destroy; and it will be a long while before I wish them to get another. I have too long delayed beginning to tell them *why* they are good; and one of my Sheffield men asked Mr. Swan the other day what I had commended the Leucothea for.—“he couldn't see anything in it.” To whom the first answer must be—Did you expect to, then? My good manufacturing friend, be assured there was no more thought of pleasing *you* when Leucothea was carved, than of pleasing—Ganymede, when Rosalind was christened. Some day you will come to “like her name.”

But, whether you ever come to 'see anything in it' or not, be assured that this, and the Lippi, and the Titian, and the Velasquez, are, all four, alike in one quality, which you can respect, even if you do not envy. They are work of men doing their best. And whose *pride* is in doing their best and

most. You modern British workmen's pride, I find more and more, is in doing ingeniously the worst, and least, you can.

Again: they all four agree in being the work of men trained under true masters, and themselves able to be true masters to others. They belong, therefore, to what are properly called 'schools' of art. Whereas your modern British workman recognizes no master; but is, (as the result of his increasing intelligence, according to Mr. Mill,) less and less disposed "to be guided in the way which he should go by any prestige or authority." The result of which is that every British artist has to find out how to paint as he best can; and usually begins to see his way to it, by the time he is sixty.

Thirdly. They belong to schools which, orderly and obedient themselves, understood the law of order in all things. Which is the chief distinction between Art and Rudeness. And the first aim of every great painter, is to express clearly his obedience to the law of Kosmos, Order, or Symmetry.* The only *perfect* work of the four I have given, the Titian, binds itself by this symmetry most severely. Absolutely straight lines of screen behind the Madonna's head,—a dark head on one side, a dark head on the other; a child on one side, a child on the other; a veil falling one way on one side, a scroll curling the other way on the other; a group of leaves in the child's right hand balanced by another in the Madonna's left; two opposed sprays of leaves on the table, and the whole clasped by a single cherry. In the Lippi, the symmetry is lateral; the Madonna fronting the group of the child central, with supporting angel on each side. In the Leucothea, the diminishing magnitudes of the attendant goddesses on the right are answered by the diminishing magni-

* The law of symmetry, however, rests on deeper foundations than that of mere order. It is here, in Greek terms, too subtle to be translated except bit by bit, as we want them.

Τίς οὖν δὴ πρᾶξις φίλη καὶ ἀκόλουθος θεῶ; μία, καὶ ἓνα λόγον ἔχουσα ἀρχαῖον, ὅτι τῶ μὲν ὁμοίῳ τὸ ὅμοιον ὄντι μετρίῳ φίλον ἂν εἴη, τὰ δ' ἄμετρα οὔτ' ἀλλήλοις οὔτε τοῖς ἐμμέτροις.—(Plato, Laws, Book IV.)

tudes from the seated goddess and the child, to the smallest figure at her knee, which clasps both the sides of the chain.

Lastly, in the Velasquez, the little pyramid of a child, with her three tassels and central brooch, and a chair on each side of her, would have been *too* symmetrical, but for the interfering light in the dog.

I said just now, the Titian was the only *perfect* one of the four. Everything there is done with absolute rightness: and you don't see how. The hair in the Lippi is too stiff,—in the Velasquez, too slight; and one sees that it is drawn in the one, dashed in the other; but by Titian only, 'painted'—you don't know how.

I say the Titian is the most perfect. It does not follow that it is the best. There are gifts shown in the others, and feelings, which are not in it; and of which the relative worth may be matter of question. For instance, the Lippi, as I told you before, is a painting wrought in real Religion;—that is to say, in the binding of the heart in obedience to the conceived nature and laws of God.

The Titian is wrought in what Mr. Harrison calls the Religion of Humanity: but ought more accurately to call, the Religion of Manity, (for the English use of the word 'humane' is continually making him confuse benevolence with religion,)—that is to say, in the binding of the heart in obedience to the nature and laws of Man.

And, finally, the Velasquez is wrought in the still more developed Modern Religion of Dogity, or obedience of the heart to the nature and laws of Dog; (the lovely little idol, you observe, dominant on velvet throne, as formerly the Madonna). Of which religion, as faithfully held by the brave British Squire, in its widest Catholic form of horse-and-dog-ity, and passionately and tenderly indulged by the devoted British matron in the sectarian limitation of Lapdogity,—there is more to be told than Velasquez taught, or than we can learn, to-day.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

I leave our accounts now wholly in the hands of Mr. Walker and Mr. Rydings, reserving to myself only the usual—as I understand—and proper functions of Director,—that of spending the Company's money. I have ordered, as above stated, repairs at Barmouth, which will somewhat exceed our rents, I fancy; and a mineral cabinet for the Museum at Sheffield, in which the minerals are to rest, each in its own little cell, on purple, or otherwise fittingly coloured, velvet of the best. Permission to handle and examine them at ease will be eventually given, as a moral and mineralogical prize to the men who attain a certain proficiency in the two sciences of Mineralogy and Behaviour.

Our capital, it will be observed, is increased, by honest gift, this month, to the encouraging amount of £16 16s.;—the iniquitous interest, of which our shareholders get none, I have pretty nearly spent in our new land purchase.

CASH ACCOUNT OF ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY.

(From June 15th to Aug. 15th, 1876.)

1876.	<i>Dr.</i>	£ s. d.
June 29. To Mrs. Jane Lisle		1 1 0
30. " Chas. Firth		1 1 0
Aug. 7. " G. No. 50.		10 10 0
12. " Miss Sargood		2 2 0
" Miss Christina Allen		2 2 0
15. " Balance due Mr. Ruskin		14 14 5
		£31 10 5
		£31 10 5
1876.	<i>Cr.</i>	£ s. d.
June 16. By Balance due, Mr. Ruskin		31 10 5
		£31 10 5
		£31 10 5

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT
WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

1876.		<i>Dr.</i>	£ s. d.
<i>March</i>	15.	To Balance	157 11 10
<i>May</i>	3.	“ Cash Paid Mr. John Ruskin	17 11 0
	6.	“ Ditto draft at Bridgwater (J. Talbot)	9 19 3
	9.	“ Ditto draft at Douglas (E. Ryding)	24 18 9
<i>June</i>	9.	“ Ditto Cash	5 0 0
	13.	“ Ditto, draft at Bridgwater (F. Talbot)	20 12 6
	“	“ Ditto, draft at Bilston (Wilkins)	50 0 0
	17.	“ Ditto, Cash	20 0 0
<i>July</i>	6.	“ Dividend on £8000 Consols	118 10 0
			<u>£424 3 4</u>
1876.		<i>Cr.</i>	£ s. d.
<i>July</i>	28.	By Cheque to Mr. John Ruskin	330 0 0
<i>Aug.</i>	15.	To Balance	94 3 4
			<u>£424 3 4</u>

II. Affairs of the Master.

It was not my fault, but my printers' (who deserve raps for it), that mine came before the Company's in last Fors.* It is, I think, now time to state, in general comment on my monotonous account, that the current expenses recorded in the bills of Jackson, Kate, Downs, and David, represent for the most part sums spent for the maintenance or comfort of others; and that I could if need were, for my own part, be utterly at ease in the sunny parlour of a village inn, with no more carriage or coachman than my own limbs,—no more service than a civil traveller's proper share,—and the blessedness of freedom from responsibility from everything. To which condition, if I ever reduce myself by my extravagance, and, (indeed, just after paying my good Mr. Ellis for thirteenth-century MSS.,† etc., a hundred and forty pounds, I am in treaty to-day with Mr. Quaritch for another, which he says is charged at the very lowest penny at three hundred and twenty)—it will be simply to me only occasion for the loadless traveller's song; but as it would be greatly inconvenient to other people, I don't at present intend it. Some day, indeed, perhaps I shall begin to turn a penny by my books. The bills drawn by Mr. Burgess represent now the only loss I incur on them.

		£ s. d.
Stated Balance, July 15th		617 11 3
Repayment and other receipts, July and August		406 6 5
		<u>1023 17 8</u>
Expenses		427 5 0
Balance, August 15th		<u>£596 12 8</u>

* Note by printer:—"We did this to avoid an unseemly division of balance sheet, and of two evils thought this the least."

† One of these is a perfect English Bible, folio, and in beautiful state, sent to Sheffield for the first volume of our Museum library. Of course I must make St. George a present of it.

	£	s.	d.
July 16. Geoghegan (blue neckties)	4	0	0
“ Naval School	5	5	0
17. David	65	0	0
“ Downs	25	0	0
30. Jackson	50	0	0
“ Kate	50	0	0
Aug. 1. Herne Hill ground-rent	23	0	0
14. Burgess	40	0	0
15. Ellis and White	140	0	0
“ Lucy Tovey (gift)	10	0	0
“ Self (chiefly gone in black quartz from St. Gothard Tunnel)	15	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£427	5	0

III.

“My dear Sir,—I duly received your very kind note referring to the ‘notice to quit’ to Lord Lonsdale’s farmers in West Cumberland, and have delayed to reply till I had made special inquiries, and find that, as a rule, these tenants have no leases, but have held their farms from year to year only.

“Formerly, I am told, some had leases; but as these expired they were not renewed, and the supposition now is that all such have run out, and that all now as yearly tenants have had the notice given them simultaneously.

“The notice is clearly given to allow a re-valuation to be made; and when the new rents are arranged, it is expected that leases will then be granted, though it is plain to be seen that all the increased prosperity that the prosperity of recent years of the coal and iron industries have caused to farming, *may thus be secured to the landholder*; and the farmer, with or without leases, but with higher rents, may be left to bear alone the ebb of the tide that is evidently on the turn; and in any or every case, the general public—the consumers of these farmers’ produce—will have to pay the extra rent, whatever it may be, that Lord Lonsdale may see fit to lay upon the land.*

“I have been studying this matter—the increase of land-rents—for many years, and consider it is very much to blame for the present high prices of all land produce, and the distress amongst the poorest of our population, as well as being a great hindrance to the carrying out of any schemes that have for their object the application of more of our own labour to our own soil. In a letter to my son a few weeks ago, I ventured to say that the man who was the first to demonstrate by actual experiment that English soil could be made to double or quadruple its produce, would earn the name of a new Columbus, in that he had discovered another America at our own doors. This son, my oldest, having shown a turn for mathematics, I was induced to send to Cambridge, my hope being that a good education might fit him to solve some of the problems that are so pressing us for solution

* As I correct this sheet, Fors places another Carlisle paper in my hand; from which I gather that Lord Lonsdale’s conceptions of what is fit, and not, are probably now changed. But my correspondent is wrong in *assuming* that the public will have to pay the extra rent. Very probably they will if the farming improvements are fallacious; but if indeed produce can be raised at less expense, the increased rent *may* represent only the difference between past and present cost of production. In this sense, however, the public *do* pay Lord Lonsdale’s extra rent, that their market prices, but for his Lordship, would have been lowered. As matters stand, they may be thankful if they are not raised.

(and which I had been essaying myself in the pamphlet on 'Labour and Capital'); and as he now, on the completion of his second term, holds the second place in his year at St. John's, there is a hope that he may take a good place in the mathematical tripos for 1878; and yet, since we got introduced to your books—two years ago—both he and I think he had best, so soon as he completes his course, go into farming; and hence the reference to growing crops that appeared in his letter last week, and which I am most happy to find has met with your approbation." (Yes;—and I trust with higher approbation than mine.)

IV. The following paragraphs from a county paper gladden me exceedingly, by taking from me all merit of originality in any part of the design of the operations of St. George's Company, while they prove to the most incredulous not only the practicability, but the assured good of such operations, already, as will be seen, carried to triumphant results on a private gentleman's estate.

The 'Agricultural Gazette' gives, as one of a series of papers on "Noteworthy Agriculturists," a sketch of Mr. William Mackenzie, Achandunie, who, acting for Mr. Matheson, has carried out so many improvements on the Ardrass estates. The sketch is in the form of an autobiography, which, as the 'Gazette' remarks, carries with it a most pleasant impression of directness and simplicity of character no less than of industry, energy, and success. It is accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Mackenzie, which his friends will recognize as a fair likeness. Mr. Mackenzie states that he was born in 1806, in the parish of Urquhart, Ross-shire, where his ancestors had resided for many generations. His father, who occupied a small farm, died about five years ago at the advanced age of ninety. In 1824, he (Mr. William Mackenzie) entered as an apprentice at Belmaduthy^a Gardens, and after serving there three years, removed to the nurseries of Dickson and Co., Edinburgh, where he remained only a few months. He then went to the Duke of Buccleuch's gardens at Dalkeith, serving under Mr. Macdonald, who was in advance of his time as a practical gardener. There he assisted in carrying out the improvements which were made in the gardens and pleasure-grounds. New ranges of hothouses and a fine conservatory were erected, into which the hot-water system of heating was, it is believed, first introduced in Scotland. Next Mr. Mackenzie assisted in laying out gardens and grounds at Barcaldine, the seat of Sir Duncan Campbell, in Argyllshire; and coming in 1835 to Rosehaugh, as head gardener, forester, and superintendent of estate works, he carried out the construction of new gardens, both at Rosehaugh and Kinlochluichart, and the remodelling of private grounds and approaches. These large gardens at Barcaldine and Rosehaugh were made with great care, *especially in selecting and preparing the soil for the wall and vinery borders, so that after the lapse, in the one case of thirty years, and in the other of forty years, no decay or canker has appeared among the fruit trees.*^b

"In 1847 Mr. Matheson commenced the improvements at Ardrass, the property of Alexander Matheson, Esq., M.P. for the county of Ross.

"Ardrass proper is surrounded by high hills, and with trifling exceptions was in a state of nature, the whole surface of the district being covered with coarse grass and heather, stunted birches, morass or quagmire, and studded with granite boulders drifted from the hills. The place was under sheep

^a I can't be responsible for these Scotch names. I sent the slip of paper to my printers, and 'on their eyes be it.'

^b Italics mine (throughout the article, the rest of which is in Mr Mackenzie's own words). Have the vine-proprietors of Europe yet begun to look to the Earth—not the Air, as the power that fails them? (See note ^d.)

and a few black cattle, and, owing to the coarseness of the herbage the cattle were subject to red water. *The tenants' houses were mere hovels, without chimneys, and with little or no glass in the windows. The population of the district of Ardrross proper was, in 1847, only 109 souls; and now, in 1875, the population on the same area is 600, and the number of children attending school is about 140.*

"In giving a summary of the improvements, we will begin with the pleasure grounds.^c They extend to about 800 acres. In forming them, waggons on rails were used for two years in removing knolls, forming terraces, and filling up gullies. The banks of the river and of the burns flowing through the grounds have been planted with upwards of a hundred different varieties of the finest and hardiest ornamental trees that could be procured, from the tulip-tree to the evergreen oak, and from the native pine to the Wellingtonia. Evergreen shrubs cover about 25 acres in detached portions on the banks of the river which flows immediately beneath the castle, as well as on the banks of two romantic burns, with beautiful cascades, and in ravines. The garden is enclosed with a brick-lined wall, and so boggy was the site that the foundation of the wall is more than 6 feet below the sills of some of the doors.

The south side is enclosed by a terrace wall 12 feet high, and the north wall is covered with glass, which includes vineries, conservatory, and orchard houses, besides a range of pits, all heated with water. *The soil of the garden was prepared and carted a considerable distance,^d as there was none to be got on the site.*

"Upwards of 5000 acres of moor ground have been planted, chiefly with Scotch fir and larch, the thinnings of which are now being shipped for pit props, the plants of the oldest woods only having been taken out of the nursery in 1847.

"The extent of arable land may be best explained by stating that there are twenty-seven farms with thrashing mills, paying rents from £50 to £800 each; and upwards of a hundred ploughs are used in cultivating the lands improved. The steam plough is also to be seen at work on some of the farms." (St. George does not, however, propose entertaining the curious spectator in this manner.) "Cattle reared on the reclaimed land have taken prizes at the Highland Society's Shows, and at all local shows; and for cereals and green crops, they will bear a favourable comparison with any part of Scotland.

"At one of the detached properties, great care had to be taken, and engineering skill used, in the drainage. Recently a low-lying part of the lands, a mile and a half long by three-quarters broad, was a mixture of the lower stratum of peaty bog, marsh, and spouty sand, charged with ochrey-coloured water, impregnated with sulphur and saltpetre. Attempts made by former occupants to drain this place were fruitless, from want of depth and proper outfall. We found all the pipes in their drains completely choked by deposited ochrey matter. The whole subsoil was running sand. In order to make the drainage perfect, a main leading drain was made, 800 yards long, and in some places 8 feet deep, in which were laid 'spigot and faucet,' vitrified pipes 10 to 15 inches in diameter, jointed with cement to prevent sand from getting in, with junctions to receive pipes of smaller sizes, from 10 inches down to 6 inches. Minor drains are from 3½ to 4 feet deep, with tiles of 2 to 4 inch bore, the smaller sizes having collars on the joints.

^c It will, I hope, not be thought an absurdity in the St. George's Company to retain on their estates 'pleasure-grounds' for their *tenants*, instead of themselves. In this one respect, and in this only, their public work will differ from this admirable piece of 'private enterprise.'

^d Supposing the labour of all navvies, gold-diggers, and bad architects, throughout the world during the last fifty years, had been spent entirely in carting soil to where it was wanted for vegetables,—my dinnerless friends, you would have found the difference, by *W. J. Thne!*

Large stone cisterns are formed to receive the silt, and ventilating shafts with iron gratings are built to give circulation of air. By these means the whole flat is drained effectually, and where bog rushes were the prevailing produce, crops of the richest wheat now grow. THE STUNTED HERBAGE AND WATER WERE SO POISONOUS THAT BLACK CATTLE WERE KNOWN TO HAVE TURNED GRAY IN A SEASON (?).^e

"More than fifty miles of private roads have been made, and twelve miles of walks through the pleasure grounds. One walk is six miles continuous, along the windings of fine scenery of the Alness. Upwards of forty miles of stone dykes and eighty of wire fences have been erected, enclosing the arable land and plantations.

"For twenty years from three to four hundred men were employed; two hundred of them lived in a square of barracks for nearly eleven years, and so orderly were they that the services of a policeman were never required. There are still a number of men employed, but the improvements are now coming to a close.

"All the assistance I had in the engineering and planning was that of a young man only seventeen years old when the works were begun, and we never had occasion to employ a man for a single day re-doing work.

"I may further add that I have now the great pleasure of seeing my liberal employer reletting all his farms on the Ardross estate to the same tenants, on a second nineteen years' lease," (at increased rents, of course, my friend?) "the second leases having been renewed between two and three years before the expiry of the previous leases, and none of the farms were ever advertised.

"I cannot leave this part of the present brief sketch without noticing a feature in the important work so successfully carried out by my enlightened employer, and one which cannot fail to be a source of great satisfaction to himself. Among the first things he did was to establish a school in the district, with a most efficient teacher, and the result is that sons of the small farmers and labourers are now in respectable positions in various walks of life. They are to be found in the capacities of gardeners, artisans, and merchants, students of law, medicine, and divinity. One of them, Donald Ross, carried the Queen's prize of £100 in the University, and is now one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools. Another is the chief constable of the county. Others are in the colonies of Australia, New Zealand, and America, all doing well; and out of hundreds working for themselves, to my knowledge, not one has gone astray.^f

"I will now advert to the improvements on the west coast estates. A mansion-house was built in the parish of Kintail, with pleasure-grounds and gardens, the former being chiefly reclaimed from the sea. Two islands, which were surrounded by water 11 feet deep on the shore side, are now part of the lawn, the intervening spaces having been filled up by the removal of a hill of rotten rock. This house is let to a shooting tenant. The garden is excellent for fruit, including peaches, nectarines, and apricots, which come to perfection. At Duncraig, recently, a new mansion-house has been built, with all the modern appliances. New gardens have also been made at Duncraig, the site of which was originally a narrow gully running between high ridges of rock. The gardens are upwards of two acres within the walls. The soil is composed of virgin soil and turfy loam, the whole hav-

^e This passage, in capitals, being wholly astounding to me, I venture to put a note of interrogation to it. I have long myself been questioning the farmers in Westmoreland about the quantity of rank bog grass they let grow. But their only idea of improvement is to burn the heather; this being a cheap operation, and dangerous only to their neighbours' woods. Brantwood was within an ace of becoming Brantashes last summer.

^f The name of the certainly very efficient teacher of these young people, and the general principles of their tuition, would have been a desirable addition, St. George thinks, to the information furnished by Mr. Mackenzie.

ing been carted a considerable distance. The gardens were completed in 1871, and the different kinds of fruit trees, including pears, peaches, and apricots, are now bearing.

"Duncraig is rarely to be surpassed in scenery and beauty. The view is extensive, embracing the Cuchullin hills in Skye," (etc., etc.) "There are two fresh-water lakes within the grounds, one covering thirty-seven acres, and the other about sixty acres, abounding with excellent trout and char. One of them supplies Duncraig House with water, having a fall of about 300 feet. The pipe in its course supplies the gardens; the livery stables and laundry have also connections for applying hose in case of fire.

"The conformation of the ground is a mingling of winding valleys with high rock hills, on which grow natural wood, such as birch, oak, ash, and mountain ash. Several of the valleys have been improved and laid out under permanent pasture, making the landscape, as seen from the front of the house, with wood, rock, and winding grassy bay, very picturesque.

"There are twelve miles of private drives and walks—miles of them cut out of the solid rock, and in some places in the face of precipices 100 feet sheer up above the sea. A home-farm is in course of being improved at Achandarroch, a mile south of Duncraig House."

The 'Gazette' adds: Mr. Mackenzie himself farms some of the land which he has reclaimed, and nowhere probably is there a better example of what is possible in the way of agricultural improvement under a northern climate. Excellent crops of barley, clover, and roots are grown where nothing but a marshy wilderness once existed. Here obviously are the circumstances and the experience which should guide and stimulate the efforts of estate owners and improvers in the way of the reclamation of land which is now waste and worthless.

"HOLME HEAD, CARLISLE,

"July 6th, 1875.

"Dear Sir,—When I read the number of 'Fors' for last April, and came to your account of the rose-leaf cutting bees, I recollected that I had seen one of these bees making its fragmentary cell in a hole in a brick wall, and that I had often seen the remnants of the cut leaves; but I never had a chance of watching them when at work till last week; and thinking the result may be interesting to you, and may correct the omission you refer to at the foot of page 66 in the April 'Fors,' I take the liberty to send them to you.

"I had the opportunity of seeing a great many bees—often half a dozen together—at work upon a solitary dog-rose in front of a house at a small watering place (Silloth), and I observed that they cut various shapes at different times. I picked off a great many of the leaves that they had been at, and send you herewith one or two specimens. I find that these have occasionally cut through the midrib of the leaf; but this is a rare exception. I found they carried the cuttings to some adjoining sand hills, where they had bored small holes in the sand; and in these they built their leaf-cells. The pollen in these cells was not purple, but yellow, and may have been gathered from the Hawkweed which covers the banks where their nests are made.

"Since we came home, I have found some more leaves in my own garden similarly cut. The leaves I find to be cut in this way are the rose, French bean, and young laburnum.

"Yours truly,

"W. LATTIMER."

V. Part of a letter from the lady who sent me *Helix virgata* :—

"We live in a poor neighbourhood, and I have come to know the history

of many poor working people lately ; and I want to understand so much about it, even more than I used to long to understand the mysterious life of shells and flowers. Why aren't there public baths, etc., for children as much as public schools? They want washing more than teaching. 'Hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and bodies washed in pure water, is continually sounding in my ears.' (Well—why don't you go and wash some, then?)

"A poor woman, whose father was a West Country carrier," (very good, but what is *she*?—the gist of the story depends on that: at present it's like one of those French twisty Bulimi, with no beginning to it,) "was so delighted the other day to find we knew the 'West Country ;' and when I was saying something about our intending to take the children down in May to pick cowslips, her face gleamed with delight as she said, 'Oh, the years since I've seen a cowslip!' We used to make 'tistics'" (twisties?) "of them, and it sent a thrill of remembrance through me of my own birthday treats, and cowslip-ball days.

"But I'm so glad you like the shells. No, there *is* nothing about vegetables in the word Bulimus; but 'empty-bellied' generally is hungry, and hungry generally eats a great deal when opportunity offers. Now these 'Bulimi' eat a great deal, (of *vegetables*, it happens,) so I suppose some one who named them thought they must be very hungry or 'empty-bellied.' That's the way I read the story." Well, it's very accommodating and ingenious of you to read it that way; but many snails, thrushes, blackbirds, or old gentlemen of my acquaintance who 'eat a great deal,' appear to me more suggestive of the epithet 'full' than 'empty.'—waistcoated, shall we say?

VI. Week's Diary of a Companion of St. George:—

"*First day.*—Received from Sheffield a dainty 'well-poised little hammer' and three sharp-pointed little chisels: felt quite cheerful about porphyry-cutting.

"*Second day.*—Sent to the village in the morning for a slab of freestone; employed man in the afternoon to chisel a hole in it, and to fix the porphyry therein with plaster-of-Paris; drew a straight line, thinking it wiser not to begin with an asterisk; turned the points of two chisels without making the least impression on my line;—the process turned out to be skating, not engraving. Tried the third chisel, and, after diligent efforts, made a cut equal in depth to about two grains of sand. This is the Hamite bondage of art. Felt an increasing desire that the Master should try it, and a respect for the ancient Egyptians. Bore patiently the scoffs of the Amorites.

"*Third day.*—Sent chisel to the village to be hardened. Was recommended a lead hammer. Finally, a friend went to the village and brought with him an iron hammer and two shorter chisels. Was asked by an Amorite gardener how I was 'getting on'—unconcealed pleasure on his part to hear that I was not getting on at all. Later, accomplished a beautifully irregular star-fish, which looks *mashed out* rather than *cut*, not the least like 'sharp cliff-edged harbours,' as the Master kindly supposes. I begin to feel for the ancient Egyptians; they must have got a great deal of porphyry dust into their eyes. I shall rise in the morning to dulled points and splintered chisels; but '*when you have cut your asterisk, you will know,*' etc., and this is not the voice of a syren, (see 'Eagle's Nest,') but of my honoured Master. . . . A terrible suspicion occurs to me that he thought no one would or could cut it! Obedience is a fine thing! How it works in the midst of difficulties, dust, and worst of all—doubt!

"*Fourth day.*—I think porphyry-cutting is delightful work: it is true that I have not done any to-day, but I have had my chisels sharpened, and two new ones have arrived from the blacksmith this evening, made out of old files. Also, I have covered my chisels with pretty blue paper, and my ham-

mer with blue and-white ribbon. I feel the importance of the step gained. Surely I may rest righteously after such labour. If they sing 'From Egypt lately come,' in church, I shall think it very personal.

"*Fifth day.*—My piece of porphyry is now enriched by a second star-fish, with a little more backbone in it, and two dividing lines. I worked on the lawn this morning, under the chestnut tree;—the derision of the Amorite gardener (who was mowing the grass *with a scythe*) was manifested by the remark 'Is *that-t* all!' I told him about the Egyptian tombs, but he probably thinks me mildly insane; he however suggested a flat edge instead of a point to a chisel, and I will try it.

"*Sixth day.*—Had lead hammer cast, and waited for chisel.

"*Seventh day.*—With third hammer and seventh chisel will surely charm the porphyry.

"But, no! my latest asterisk is jagged in outline instead of sharp. I wonder what attempts others have made. Any one living in or near a blacksmith's shop would have an advantage, for the chisels are always wanting hardening, or rectifying in some way; and my blue papers soon disappeared. If obedience for the sake of obedience is angelic, I must be an exalted creature. One Amorite's suggestion was, 'You would do a deal better with a softer material.' This was the voice of the tempter.

"What is gained?—(besides a lifelong affection for porphyry)—a knowledge of one more thing that I *cannot* do; an admiration (to a certain extent) of those who could do it; and a wonder as to what the Master will require next of (amongst others) his faithful and obedient disciple."

VII. Portion of valuable letter from Mr. Sillar:—

"KINGSWOOD LODGE, LEE GREEN, S.E.

"August 7th, 1876.

"My dear Mr. Ruskin,—It may interest your correspondent, 'A Reader of Fors,' and possibly yourself also, to know that interested persons have altered old John Wesley's rules to suit modern ideas.

"Rules of the Methodist Societies (Tyerman's *Life and Times of Wesley*, p. 431).

"Rule.—Leader to receive once a week what members are willing to give towards *relief of the poor*.

"Altered to 'support of the Gospel.'

"*Going to law* forbidden, is altered to '*brother going to law with brother*.'

"Original Rule.—The giving or taking things on usury, the words have been added, 'that is, unlawful interest.'

"Mr. Tyerman remarks, 'the curious reader will forgive these trifles.'

"I for one do not at all feel disposed to do so."

(Nor does St. George; nor has he either leave, or hope, to say, "God for give them.")

LETTER LXX.

I HAVE been not a little pestered this month by the quantities of letters, which I can't wholly cure myself of the weakness of reading, from people who fancy that, like other political writers of the day, I print, on the most important subjects, the first thing that comes into my head; and may be made immediately to repent of what I have said, and generally to see the error of my ways, by the suggestions of their better judgment.

Letters of this sort do not surprise me if they have a Scottish postmark, the air of Edinburgh having always had a curiously exciting quality, and amazing power over weak heads; but one or two communications from modest and thoughtful English friends have seriously troubled me by the extreme simplicity of their objections to statements which, if not acceptable, I had at least hoped would have been intelligible to them.

I had, indeed, expected difficulty in proving to my readers the mischievousness of Usury; but I never thought to find confusion in their minds between Property itself, and its Interest. Yet I find this singular confusion at the root of the objections made by most of my cavilling correspondents: "How *are* we to live" (they say) "if, when we have saved a hundred pounds, we can't make a hundred and five of them, without any more trouble?"

Gentlemen and ladies all,—you are to live on your hundred pounds, saved; and if you want five pounds more, you must go and work for five pounds more; just as a man who hasn't a hundred pounds must work for the first five he gets.

The following sentence, written by a man of real economical knowledge, expresses, with more than usual precision, the

common mistake: "I much fear if your definition of Usury be correct, which is to the effect that it is a sin to derive money from the possession of capital, or otherwise than by our own personal work. Should we follow this proposition to its final logical conclusion, we must preach communism pure and simple, and contend that property is theft,—which God forbid."

To this correspondent I answered briefly, "Is my house not my property unless I let it for lodgings, or my wife not my property unless I prostitute her?"

But I believe it will be well, though I intended to enter on other matters this month, to repeat instead once more, in the shortest and strongest terms I can find, what I have now stated at least a hundred times respecting the eternal nature and sanctity of 'Property.'

A man's 'Property,' the possession 'proper' to him, his own, rightly so called, and no one else's on any pretence of theirs—consists of,

- A, The good things,
- B, Which he has honestly got,
- C, And can skilfully use.

That is the A B C of Property.

A. It must consist of good things—not bad ones. It is rightly called therefore a man's 'Goods,' not a man's 'Bads.'

If you have got a quantity of dung lodged in your drains, a quantity of fleas lodged in your bed, or a quantity of nonsense lodged in your brains,—that is not 'Property,' but the reverse thereof; the value to you of your drains, bed, and brains being thereby diminished, not increased.

Can you understand *that* much, my practical friend? *

B. It must be a good thing, honestly got. Nothing that you have stolen or taken by force, nor anything that your fathers stole or took by force, is your property. Nevertheless, the benignant law of Nature concerning any such holding, has

* I suppose myself, in the rest of this letter, to be addressing a "business man of the nineteenth century."

always been quite manifestly that you may keep it—if you can,—so only that you acknowledge that and none other to be the condition of tenure.*

Can you understand that much more, my practical friend?

C. It must be not only something good, and not only something honestly got, but also something you can skilfully use.

For, as the old proverb, “You can’t eat your pudding and have it,” is utterly true in its bearing against Usury,—so also this reverse of it is true in confirmation of property—that you can’t ‘have’ your pudding unless you *can* eat it. It may be composed for you of the finest plums, and paid for wholly out of your own pocket; but if you can’t stomach it—the pudding is not for *you*. Buy the finest horse on four legs, he is not ‘proper’ to you if you can’t ride him. Buy the best book between boards,—Horace, or Homer, or Dante,—and if you don’t know Latin, nor Greek, nor Christianity, the paper and boards are yours indeed, but the books—by no means.

You doubt this, my practical friend?

Try a child with a stick of barley-sugar;—tell him it is his, but he mustn’t eat it; his face will express to you the fallaciousness of that principle of property in an unmistakable manner. But by the time he grows as old and stupid as you, perhaps he will buy barley-sugar that he can’t taste, to please the public.

“I’ve no pleasure in that picture of Holman Hunt’s,” said a highly practical man of business to a friend of mine the other day, “nor my wife neither, for that matter; but I always buy under good advice as to market value; and one’s collection isn’t complete without one.”

I am very doubtful, my stupid practical friend, whether you have wit enough to understand a word more of what I have got to say this month. However, I must say it on the chance. And don’t think I am talking sentiment or metaphysics to you.

* Thus, in the earlier numbers of Fors, I have observed more than once, to the present landholders of England, that they may keep their lands—if they can! Only let them understand that trial will soon be made, by the Laws of Nature, of such capacity in them.

This is the practicablest piece of lessoning you ever had in your days, if you can but make it out;—that you can only possess wealth according to your own capacity of it. An ape can only have wealth of nuts, and a dog of bones,* an earth-worm of earth, a charnel-worm of flesh, a west-end harlot of silk and champagne, an east-end harlot of gauze and gin, a modern average fine lady of such meat and drink, dress, jewels, and furniture, as the vile tradesmen of the day can provide, being limited even in the enjoyment of these,—for the greater part of what she calls ‘hers,’ she wears or keeps, either for the pleasure of others, if she is good, or for their mortification, if she is wicked,—but assuredly not for herself. When I buy a missal, or a picture, I buy it for myself, and expect everybody to say to me, What a selfish brute you are. But when a lady walks about town with three or four yards of silk tied in a bundle behind her, she doesn’t see it herself, or benefit by it herself. She carries it for the benefit of beholders. When she has put all her diamonds on in the evening, tell her to stay at home and enjoy them in radiant solitude; and the child, with his forbidden barley-sugar, will not look more blank. She carries her caparison either for the pleasure or for the mortification of society; and can no more enjoy its brilliancy by herself than a chandelier can enjoy having its gas lighted.

We must leave out of the question, for the moment, the element of benevolence which may be latent in toilette †; for the main economical result of the action of the great law that we can only have wealth according to our capacity, in modern Europe at this hour, is that the greater part of its so-called wealth is composed of things suited to the capacity of harlots and their keepers,—(including in the general term harlot, or daughter of Babylon, both the unmarried ones, and the mar-

* A *masterless* dog, I should have written, but wanted to keep my sentence short and down to my practical friend’s capacity. For if the dog have the good fortune to find a master, he has a possession thenceforth, better than bones; and which, indeed, he will, at any moment, leave, not his meat only, but his life for.

† It is a very subtle and lovely one, not to be discussed hurriedly.

ried ones who have sold themselves for money,)—as of watches, timepieces, tapestries, china, and any kind of pictures or toys good for bedrooms and boudoirs; but that, of any wealth which harlots and keepers of harlots have no mind to, Europe at present takes no cognizance whatsoever.

Now what the difference may be in the quality of property which honest and dishonest women like is—for you, my practical friend—quite an unfathomable question; but you can at least understand that all the china, timepieces, and lewd pictures, which form the main ‘property’ of Paris and her imitators, are verily, in the *commercial* sense of the word, property; and would be estimated as such by any Jew in any bankruptcy court; yet the harlots don’t lend their china, or timepieces, on usury, nor make an income out of their *bed-hangings*,—do they? So that you see it is perfectly possible to have property, and a very costly quantity of it, without making any profit of such capital?

But the harlots have another kind of capital which you, my blind practical friend, don’t call ‘Property’; but which I, having the use of my eyes as well as of my hands, do. They have beauty of body;—many of them, also, wit of mind. And on these two articles of property, you observe, my friend, being much *more* their own, and much more valuable things, if they knew it, than china and timepieces—on these they do make an annual income, and turn them over, as you call it, several times perhaps in the year.

Now if beauty of body and wit of tongue can be thus made sources of income, you will rank them perhaps, even as I do, among articles of wealth.

But, in old usury, there was yet another kind of treasure held account of, namely—Beauty of Heart, and Wit of Brains;—or what was shortly called by the Greek usurers, *Psyche*—(you may have heard the word before, my practical friend; but I do not expect you to follow me further). And this *Psyche*, or Soul, was held by the two great old masters of economy—that is to say, by Plato and David—the best property of all that a man had; except only one thing, which the soul itself

must be starved without, yet which you would never guess, my practical friend, if you guessed yourself into your grave, to be an article of property at all! The Law of God, of which David says, "*My soul fainteth* for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments," or in terms which you can perhaps better understand, "The law of thy mouth is dearer unto me than thousands of gold and silver."

But indeed the market value of this commodity has greatly fallen in these times. "Damn the Laws of God," answered a City merchant of standing to a personal friend of mine, who was advising him the other day to take a little of that capital into his business.

Then, finally, there is just one article of property more to be catalogued, and I have done. The Law-giver Himself, namely; the Master of masters, whom, when, as human dogs, we discover, and can call our own Master, we are thenceforth ready to die for, if need be. Which Mr. Harrison and the other English gentlemen who are at present disensing, in various magazines, the meaning of the word 'religion'* (appearing never to have heard in the course of their education, of either the word 'lietor' or 'ligature') will find, is, was, and will be, among all educated scholars, the perfectly simple meaning of that ancient word; and that there can be no such thing, even for sentimental Mr. Harrison, as a religion of Manity, nor for the most orthodox hunting parson, as a religion of Dogity; nor for modern European civilization as a religion of Bitchity, without such submission of spirit to the worshipped Power as shall in the most literal sense 'bind' and chain us to it for ever.

And now, to make all matters as clear as may be, I will put down in the manner of a Dutch auction—proceeding to the lower valuation,—the articles of property, rightly so called, which belong to any human creature.

I. The Master, or Father, in the old Latin phrase, 'Pater

* See 'definition' quoted as satisfactory in 'Anthropological Magazine,' "the belief in spiritual beings," which would make the devil a religious person, inasmuch as he both believes—and fears.

Noster ;' of whom David wrote, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee;" but this possession, includes in Plato's catalogue, the attendant spirits, "θεοὺς, ὄντας δεσπότας, καὶ τοὺς τούτοις ἐπομένους,"—"the Gods, being Masters, and those next to them," specially signified in another place as "the Gods, and the Angels, and the Heroes, and the Spirits of our Home, and our Ancestors."

II. The Law or Word of God, which the Bible Society professes to furnish for eighteenpence. But which, indeed, as often heretofore stated in *Fors Clavigera*, is by no means to be had at that low figure; the whole long hundred and nineteenth Psalm being little more than one agonizing prayer for the gift of it: and a man's life well spent if he has truly received and learned to read ever so little a part of it.

III. The Psyche, in its sanity, and beauty (of which, when I have finished my inventory, I will give Plato's estimate in his own words). Some curious practical results have followed from the denial of its existence by modern philosophers; for the true and divine distinction between 'genera' of animals, and quite the principal 'origin of species' in them, is in their Psyche: but modern naturalists, not being able to vivisect the Psyche, have on the whole resolved that animals are to be classed by their bones; and whereas, for instance, by divine distinction of Psyche, the Dog and Wolf are precisely opposite creatures in their function to the sheepfold; and, spiritually, the Dominican, or Dog of the Lord, is for ever in like manner opposed to the Wolf of the Devil, modern science, finding Dog and Wolf indistinguishable in their Bones, declares them to be virtually one and the same animal.*

* See the last results of modern enlightenment on this subject in Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins's directions for the scientific representation of Dogs, illustrated by the charming drawings of that great artist;—especially compare the learned outlines of head and paw in Plate II., and the delineation of head without Psyche in Plate III, with the ignorant efforts of Velasquez in such extremities and features in our fourth photograph. Perhaps Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins will have the goodness, in his next edition, to show us

IV. The Body, in its sanity and beauty: strength of it being the first simple meaning of what the Greeks called virtue: and the eternity of it being the special doctrine of the form of religion professed in Christendom under the name of Christianity.

V. The things good and pleasing to the Psyche; as the visible things of creation,—sky, water, flowers, and the like; and the treasured-up words or feats of other Spirits.

VI. The things good and pleasing to the Body; summed under the two heads of Bread and Wine, brought forth by the Amorite King of Salem.

VII. The documents giving claim to the possession of these things, when not in actual possession; or ‘money.’

This catalogue will be found virtually to include all the articles of wealth which men can either possess or lend, (for the fourth, fully understood, means the entire treasure of domestic and social affection;) and the law of their tenure is that a man shall neither sell nor lend that which is indeed his *own*; neither his God, his conscience, his soul, his body, or his wife’s; his country, his house, nor his tools. But that things which are not ‘his own,’ but over which he has charge or authority, (as of more land than he can plough, or more books than he can read,) these he is bound to lend or give, as he sees they may be made serviceable to others; and not for farther gain to himself. Thus his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury is, under penalties, bound to make his very excellent library at Lambeth serviceable to other scholars; but it is not at all permitted to his Grace, by the laws of God, to use any part of the income derived from his pretty estate on the slope of the Addington Hills, for the purchase of books, by the loan of which, in the manner of Mr. Mudie, to the ignorant inhabitants of the village of Croydon, his Grace may at once add to his income (not more than) five per cent. on the capital thus laid out in literature; and to his dignity as a

how Velasquez ought to have expressed the Scapholinar, Cuneiform, Pisi-form, Trapezium, Trapezoid, Magnum, and Unciform bones in those miserably drawn fore-paws.

Christian pastor. I know, as it happens, more about the heather than the rents of his Grace's estate at Addington; my father and I having taken much pleasure in its bloom, and the gleaming of blue-bells amongst it—when he, in broken health, sought any English ground that Scottish flowers grew on, and I was but a child;—so that I thought it would please him to be laid in his last rest at the feet of those brown hills. And thus, as I say, I know somewhat of their flowers, but never inquired into their rents; and perhaps, as I rather hope, the sweet wood and garden ground serve only for his Grace's entertainment—not emolument: but even if only so, in these hard times his Grace must permit me to observe that he has quite as much earthly ground and lodging as any angel of the Lord can be supposed to require; and is under no necessity of adding to his possessions by the practice of usury. I do not know if the Archbishop has in his library the works of Mr. Thackeray; but he probably has sometimes relieved his studies of the Christian Fathers with modern literature, and may remember a figure of an amiable and economical little school-boy who begins life by lending three halfpence, early in the week, to the boys who had outrun their income, for four halfpence at the week's end. The figure of the same little boy grown into an Archbishop, and making a few pence extra on his episcopal income by the loan of his old school books, did not, it appears, suggest itself to the lamented author; but here it is, in relief, for us:—

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THE HIGH BAILIFF OF THE BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK.

THE MAYOR OF REIGATE.

It is proposed to found at Croydon* an Institution to be called the *East Surrey Hall, Museum and Library*. This Institution, to be placed in the largest town of Surrey, is intended for the benefit and use of the whole county.

The Hall will be adapted for public meetings of every description, and it is hoped that it will also be an ornament to the town.

In the Museum it is intended to form a collection of objects of historic, scientific, and artistic interest, particularly of such as may be found in the County of Surrey. The Museum will be free.

The Library will consist of standard works of reference, arranged in rooms suitably furnished for the purposes of reading and study. In addition to works on general literature, it is intended to place in this Library, Books, Maps, and everything of the like nature, tending to elucidate the History, Topography, etc., of the County of Surrey, and especially of the Parish of Croydon. In the Company's Memorandum of Association it is expressly stipulated that one department of this Library shall be Free.

Other parts of the building will be so arranged as to be suitable for occupation, or for letting as offices to Friendly Societies and other Public Bodies.

* Being somewhat interested in Croydon, as readers of past Fors know, and in Museums also, I give large print to these proposals.

The Capital required to found this Institution will be raised by means of Donations and One Pound Shares.

The Donations will be applied to carrying out all or any of the above objects, according as the Donor may desire.

The Articles of Association provide that "no dividend shall be declared in any one year exceeding in amount £5 per cent per annum upon the amount of the Capital of the Company for the time being called up. If, in any one year, the net earnings of the Company would allow of a dividend exceeding in amount the said dividend of £5 per cent. per annum being declared, the Directors shall employ the surplus earnings in improving the buildings of the Company, or in the purchase of additional stock or effects, or otherwise, for the benefit of the Company, as the Directors for the time being shall from time to time determine."

VENICE, *16th September, 1876.*

I am weary, this morning, with vainly trying to draw the Madonna-herb clustered on the capitals of St. Mark's porch; and mingling its fresh life with the marble acanthus leaves which saw Barbarossa receive the foot of the Primate of Christendom on his neck;—wondering within myself all the while, which did not further my painting, how far the existing Primate of Canterbury, in modestly declining to set his foot upon the lion and the adder, was bettering the temper of the third Alexander; and wondering yet more whether the appointment—as vice-defender of the Faith for Her Majesty—of Lord Lonsdale to be enurator of Lancashire souls, in the number implied by the catalogue of livings in his patronage, given in our fourth article of Correspondence, gave to the Lord of the Dales of Lune more of the character of the Pope, or of the Lion?

What may be the real value of the Lancashire souls as a property in trust, we may, perhaps, as clearly gather from the following passage of Plato as from any Christian political economist.

"And now, whosoever has been content to hear me speaking of the Gods, and of our dear ancestors, let him yet hear

me in this. For next to the Gods, of all his possessions his soul is the mightiest, being the most his own.

“And the nature of it is in all things twofold; the part that is stronger and better, ruling, and the part that is weaker and worse, serving; and the part of it that rules is always to be held in honour before that that serves. I command, therefore, every man that he should rightly honour his soul, calling it sacred, next to the Gods and the higher Powers attendant on them.

“And indeed, to speak simply, none of us honours his soul rightly, but thinks he does. For Honour is a divine good, nor can any evil thing bring it,^a or receive; and he who thinks to magnify his soul by any gifts to it, or sayings, or submittings, which yet do not make it better, from less good, seems indeed to himself to honour it, but does so in nowise.

“For example, the boy just become man thinks himself able to judge of all things; and thinks that he honours his own soul in praising it; and eagerly commits to its doing whatsoever it chooses to do.

“But, according to what has been just said, in doing this he injures and does not honour his soul, which, second to the Gods, he is bound to honour.

“Neither when a man holds himself not guilty of his own errors, nor the cause of the most and the greatest evils that befall him^b; but holds others to be guilty of them, and himself guiltless, always;—honouring his own soul, as it seems; but far away is he from doing this, for he injures it; neither when he indulges it with delights beyond the word and the praise of the Lawgiver^c;—then he in nowise honours it, but

^a I have no doubt of the mingled active sense of *τιμω* in this sentence, necessary by the context; while also the phrase would be a mere flat truism, if the word were used only in its ordinary passive meaning.

^b To see clearly that whatever our fates may have been, the heaviest calamity of them—and, in a sort, the only real calamity—is our own causing, is the true humility which indeed we profess with our lips, when our heart is far from it.

^c Pleasures which the Word of God, or of the earthly Lawgiver speaking in His Name, does not allow, nor *praise*; for all right pleasures it praises, and forbids sadness as a grievous sin.

disgraces, filling it with weaknesses and repentances; neither when he does not toil through, and endure patiently, the contraries of these pleasures, the divinely praised Pains, and Fears, and Grievs, and Mourning, but yields under them; then he does not honour it in yielding; but, in doing all these things, accomplishes his soul in dishonour; neither (even if living honourably)^d when he thinks that life is wholly good, does he honour it, but shames it, then also weakly allowing his soul in the thought that all things in the invisible world are evil; and not resisting it, nor teaching it that it does not know but that, so far from being evil, the things that belong to the Gods of that world may be for us the best of all things. Neither when we esteem beauty of body more than beauty of soul, for nothing born of the Earth is more honourable than what is born of Heaven; and he who thinks so of his soul knows not that he is despising his marvellous possession: neither when one desires to obtain money in any dishonourable way, or having so obtained it, is not indignant and unhappy therefore—does he honour his soul with gifts; far otherwise; he has given away the glory and honour of it for a spangle of gold; and all the gold that is on the earth, and under the earth, is not a price for virtue.”

That is as much of Plato's opinions concerning the Psyche as I can write out for you to-day; in next Fors, I may find you some parallel ones of Carpaccio's: meantime I have to correct a mistake in Fors, which it will be great delight to all Amorites to discover; namely, that the Princess, whom I judged to be industrious because she went on working while she talked to her father about her marriage, cannot, on this ground, be praised beyond Princesses in general; for, indeed, the little mischief, instead of working, as I thought,—while her father is leaning his head on his hand in the greatest distress at the thought of parting with her,—is trying on her marriage ring!

^d This parenthesis is in Plato's mind, visibly, though not in his words.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

I am sending in gifts to the men at Sheffield, wealth of various kinds, in small instalments—but in secure forms. Five bits of opal; the market value of one, just paid to Mr. Wright, of Great Russell Street, £3; a beryl, of unusual shape, ditto, £2; a group of emeralds, from the mine of Holy Faith of Bogota, and two pieces of moss gold,—market value £2 10s.,—just paid to Mr. Tennant. Also, the first volume of the Sheffield Library; an English Bible of the thirteenth century,—market value £50,—just paid to Mr. Ellis. I tell these prices only to secure the men's attention, because I am not sure what acceptant capacity they have for them. When once they recognize the things themselves to be wealth,—when they can see the opals, know the wonderfulness of the beryl, enjoy the loveliness of the golden fibres, read the illuminations of the Bible page,—they will not ask what the cost, nor consider what they can get for them. I don't believe they will think even of lending their Bible out on usury.

I have no subscriptions, or other progress of the Society, to announce this month.

II. Affairs of the Master.

I am a little ashamed of my accounts this time, having bought a missal worth £320 for myself, and only given one worth £50 to Sheffield. I might state several reasons, more or less excusing this selfishness; one being that the £50 Bible is entirely perfect in every leaf, but mine wants the first leaf of Genesis; and is not, therefore, with all its beauty, fit for the first volume of the library. But it is one of my present principles of action not at all to set myself up for a reformer, and it must be always one not to set up for a saint; and I must beg my severely judging readers, in the meantime, rather to look at what I have done, than at what I have left undone, of the things I ask others to do. To the St. George's Fund I have given a tenth of my living,—and much more than the tenth of the rest was before, and is still, given to the poor. And if any of the rich people whom we all know will do as much as this, I believe you may safely trust them to discern and do what is right with the portion they keep, (if kept openly, and not Ananias-fashion,) and if you press them farther, the want of grace is more likely on your part than theirs. I have never, myself, felt so much contempt for any living creature as for a miserable Scotch woman—curiously enough of

Burns' country, and of the Holy Willy breed,—whom I once by mischance allowed to come and stay in my house; and who, asking, when I had stated some general truths of the above nature, "why I kept my own pictures;" and being answered that I kept them partly as a national property, in my charge, and partly as my tools of work,—said "she liked to see how people reasoned when their own interests were touched;"—the wretch herself evidently never in all her days having had one generous thought which could not have been smothered if it had touched 'her own interest,' and being therefore totally unable to conceive any such thought in others.

Farther, as to the price I ask for my books, and my continuing to take rent for my house property, and interest from the Bank, I must request my readers still for a time to withhold their judgment;—though I willingly insert the following remonstrance addressed to my publisher on the subject by an American Quaker gentleman, whose benevolent satisfaction in sending Mr. Sillar's three shillings to St. George's Fund, has induced him farther to take this personal interest in the full carrying out of all my principles.

33, OAK STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y., U.S.A.,
11th mo. 4th, 1875.

GEORGE ALLEN.

Respected Friend,—I have paid to the Post Office here, to be paid to thee in London, the equivalent of three shillings, which I have been requested to forward to thee for the St. George's Fund, in payment for W. C. Sillar's pamphlets on Usury.

Thy friend,

EDWARD RUSHMORE.

P.S.—I am a constant reader of Fors Clavigera, and was by it put in the way to obtain W. C. Sillar's pamphlets. I have abandoned the practice of usury, and take pleasure in the thought that the payment for the pamphlets, though trifling, goes to St. George's Fund. I sincerely wish Mr. Ruskin could feel it his duty to act promptly in withdrawing his money from usury. I think it would increase tenfold the force of his teaching on the subject. Please show this to him, if convenient.—E. RUSHMORE.

I am partly, indeed, of my correspondent's way of thinking in this matter; but I must not allow myself to be dazzled by his munificence into an undue respect for his opinion; and I beg to assure him, and one or two other religious gentlemen who have had the goodness to concern themselves about my inconsistency, that the change in my mode of life which they wish me to carry out, while it would cause no inconvenience to me, seeing that I have before now lived in perfect comfort, and could now live in what is much more to me than comfort—peace—on a couple of guineas a week; plaguing myself no more either with authorship or philanthropy, and asking only so much charity from the Bursar of Corpus as to take charge for me of the sum of £2,000 sterling, and dole me out my guineas from that dead capital monthly,—the surplus, less burial expenses, to be spent in MSS. for Corpus library at my death;—while, I say, this would be an entirely satisfactory arrangement, and serenely joyful release from care, to myself, it would be an exceedingly inconvenient arrangement to a number of persons who are at present dependent on me for daily bread, and who, not sharing my views

about Interest, would have no consolation in their martyrdom. For which, and sundry valid reasons besides, I once for all assure my conscientious correspondents that the time is not yet come for me to do more than I have done already, and that I shall receive without cavilling, or asking for more, the tenth part of their own fortunes for St. George, with extreme pleasure.

THE MASTER'S ACCOUNTS.

		£	s.	d.
Aug. 21.	Crawley (a)	30	0	0
“	George Inn, Aylesbury (b)	30	0	0
23.	Circular notes (c)	200	0	0
“	Down's	50	0	0
25.	Annie Brickland	10	0	0
Sept. 1.	Raffaelle	10	0	0
“	Bernard Quaritch	320	0	0
		<hr/>		
		£655	0	0
	Balance, Aug. 15th	596	12	8
	Sale of £500 Bank Stock	1279	8	0
		<hr/>		
		1876	0	8
		655	0	0
		<hr/>		
	Balance, Sept. 15th	£1221	0	8

(a) Quarterly wages.

(b) Representing some dinners to friends; also exploring drives in the neighbourhood.

(c) Fast melting away in expensive inns, the only ones in which I can be quiet. If some pious young English boys and girls, instead of setting up for clergymen and clergywomen, would set up, on their marriage, for publicans, and keep clean parlours, lavendered sheets, and honest fare, all for honest price, for poor wanderers like myself, I doubt not their reward would be great in Heaven.

III. From 'Carlisle Journal.'

“The deceased nobleman was the third Earl of the second creation of the title. He was born on the 27th of March, 1818, and was consequently fifty-eight years of age when he died. He was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, taking the degree of M.A. in 1838. In 1841, he entered the Life Guards as Cornet, and retired as Captain in 1854. From 1847 to 1872 he represented West Cumberland in Parliament in the Conservative interest, and succeeded to the title of Earl of Lonsdale upon the death of his uncle in 1872. He was Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Hon. Colonel of the Royal Cumberland Militia, and of Cumberland Rifle Volunteers, and Lieutenant Colonel of Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeomanry Cavalry.

“The Earl was patron of more than forty church livings in this diocese. The following, forty-three in number, were, for the most part, wholly at his

disposal, and of course descend to his successor :—Aikton, Armathwaithe, Bootle, Bolton, Bowness, Brigham, Buttermere, Cockermouth, Cleator, Corney, Distington, Embleton, Gosforth, Hensingham, Haile, Kirkandrews-upon-Eden, Kirkbride, Lorton, Loweswater, Morsey, Mosser, St. Bees, Threlkeld, Whicham, Whitbeck; St. James, Christ Church, St. Nicholas, and Holy Trinity, Whitehaven; Askham, Bampton, Barton, Kirkby Stephen, Lowther, Patterdale, Clifton, Ravenstondale, Shap, Startforth (Yorkshire), Bampton Kirk, Orton, St. John's-in-the-Vale, and Crosthwaite.

“The late Lord Lonsdale never took a prominent public part in political life, although he had a seat in the House of Commons for twenty-five years; but he had won much personal popularity as a country gentleman. In agriculture he was naturally interested, the rental of his landed estates in Cumberland alone being £40,000 a year, and in Westmoreland nearly as much more; but it was that department concerning the breeding of horses to which he turned most attention. In the development of this taste he became an active member of the Turf. His horse ‘King Lud’ won the Cesarewitch Stakes in 1873, and it was its noble owner’s ambition to win the Cumberland Plate with it the following year. An unfortunate accident, however, lost him the race, and as in the previous year the break-down of ‘The Preacher’ had also proved a disappointment, he did not try again. But horse-racing was not the only kind of sport with which the late Earl was closely connected. In the hunting-field he was a popular M. F. H., but only the other day it was announced that failing health had compelled him to say that he could not after next season hunt the Cottesmore hounds, of which he has held the mastership for six years.

“The remains of the deceased peer were removed to Lowther Castle on Tuesday evening, and several members of the Town and Harbour Board accompanied them from Whitehaven Castle to the railway station. The hearse was followed by two mourning coaches, containing the Viscount Lowther and Colonel Williams; Mr. R. A. Robinson, Mr. Mawson, and Mr. Borthwick. After these followed servants in the employ of the late lord, the trustees, and other inhabitants.

“The funeral will probably take place to-morrow or on Monday, at the family mausoleum at Lowther.

“The flags on the public buildings of Whitehaven and Carlisle have since Tuesday been displayed half-mast high.”—*Carlisle Journal*, August 18th, 1876.

The ‘Sportsman’ contains the following memoir of the late Lord Lonsdale as a patron of the Turf :—“When he succeeded his uncle to the title of Earl of Lonsdale in 1872, he relinquished his Parliamentary duties. It was then that the observance of a very ancient custom devolved upon him—that of giving a cup to be raced for on Burgh Marsh, the contest to be confined to horses bred in the barony. The only occasions of race meetings being held on the Marsh, or foreshores of the Solway, are when there is a new Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland, and from having assisted at the meeting—the management of which was entrusted to Mr. Lawley—I can well remember with what zeal his lordship entered into the rural sports, and the graceful speech he made when he presented the cup to Major Browne, who won with ‘The Crow,’ a son of ‘Grand Secret,’ that had been travelling the county. It was the especial delight of Lord Lonsdale that the winner was ridden by Jem Snowdon—a native of Carlisle; and he presented the jockey with a handsome whip, and complimented the Cumberland horseman on his riding. There were not less than sixty thousand people present, and

within almost a stone's throw of the Grand Stand was the monument put up to mark the spot where died King Edward, who was on his way to Scotland when death overtook him. Lord Lonsdale acted as steward of Carlisle Races for years, and he took a great deal of interest in the meeting, as he also did in the local gathering on Harras Moor, close to Whitehaven."

IV. I am very grateful for the following piece of letter, (as for all other kindness from the Companion to whom I owe it;) and really I think it is "enough to make one give up wearing Valenciennes."

"August 9th, 1876.

"My dear Master,—I have tried in vain to resist those words in the August Fors,—'some one tell me,' but at last resolve to say my say, trusting to your indulgence if it is in vain.

"Some years ago, a friend of mine visiting Brussels went over the Royal Lace Manufactory, and seeing a woman busily at work on a very fine, and, according to the then fashion, large, collar, went up to her, and inquired how long she had been over this one piece. The woman answered, four years; and handed the work for my friend to examine more closely, but without changing her position, or lifting her eyes from the spot on which they were fixed; and on being asked the reason of this, said it would take too long time to have again to *fix* her eyes, so she kept them to the *one* spot through all the working hours. This is quite true. But the women were working in a large, light room—I doubt the correctness of the dark cellar, and do not see the reason for it—but all who have ever done any fine work can understand the loss of time in moving the eyes. But, after all, is lace-making worse for women than the ceaseless treadle movement of the sewing-machine? Lace-making hurts eyes only; the machine injures the whole woman—so I am told."

V. A letter from a Methodist minister, though written on the 14th, only reaches me here at Venice on the 28th. It will appear in next Fors. The gist of it is contradiction of Mr. Sillar's statement that the Wesleyans altered John Wesley's rules. "The alterations, whether good or bad," (says my new correspondent,) "were made by himself." I am not surprised to hear this; for had Wesley been a wise Christian, there would no more, now, have been Wesleyan than Apollosian ministers.

LETTER LXXI.

VENICE, 4th October, 1876.

I AM able at last to give you some of the long-promised opinions of Carpaccio on practical subjects; not that, except ironically, I ever call them 'opinions.' There are certain men who *know* the truths necessary to human life; they do not 'opine' them; and nobody's 'opinions,' on any subject, are of any consequence opposed to them. Hesiod is one of these, Plato another, Dante another, Carpaccio is another. He speaks little, and among the inspired painters may be thought of as one of the lesser prophets; but his brief book is of extreme value.

I have been happy enough to get two of my faithful scholars to work upon it for me; and they have deciphered it nearly all—much more, at all events, than I can tell you either in this Fors, or in several to come.

His message is written in the Venetian manner, by painting the myths of the saints, in his own way.

If you will look into the introduction to the 'Queen of the Air,' you will find it explained that a great myth *can* only be written in the central time of a nation's power. This prophecy of Carpaccio's may be thought of by you as the sweetest, *because* the truest, of all that Venice was born to utter: the painted syllabing of it is nearly the last work and word of hers in true life. She speaks it, and virtually, thereafter, dies, or begins to die.

It is written in a series of some eighteen to twenty pictures, chiefly representing the stories of St. Ursula, St. George, and St. Jerome.

The first, in thoughtful order, of these, the dream of St. Ursula, has been already partly described in Fors; (July, 1872, p. 259). The authorities of the Venetian Academy have

been kind enough to take the picture down and give it me to myself, in a quiet room, where I am making studies which I hope will be of use in Oxford, and elsewhere.

But there is this to be noted before we begin; that of these three saints, whose stories Carpaccio tells, one is a quite real one, on whose penman's work we depend for our daily Bible-bread. Another, St. George, is a very dimly real one,—very disputable by American faith, and we owe to him, only in England, certain sentiments;—the Order of the Garter, and sundry sign-boards of the George and Dragon. Venice supposed herself to owe more to him; but he is nevertheless, in her mind also, a very ghostly saint,—armour and all too light to sink a gondola.

Of the third, St. Ursula, by no industry of my good scholars, and none has been refused, can I find the slightest material trace. Under scholarly investigation, she vanishes utterly into the stars and the æther,—and literally, as you will hear, and see, into moonshine, and the modern German meaning of everything,—the Dawn.* Not a relic, not a word, remains of her, as what Mr. John Stuart Mill calls “a utility embodied in a material object.”

The whole of her utility is Immaterial—to us in England, immaterial, of late years, in every conceivable sense. But the strange thing is that Carpaccio paints, of the substantial and indisputable saint—only three small pictures; of the disputable saint, three more important ones; but of the entirely aerial saint, a splendid series, the chief labour of his life.

The chief labour;—and chief rest, or play, it seems also: questionable in the extreme as to the temper of Faith in which it is done.

We will suppose, however, at first, for your better satisfaction, that in composing the pictures he no more believed there ever

* The primary form in which the legend shows itself is a Nature myth, in which Ursula is the Bud of flowers, enclosed in its rough or hairy calyx, and her husband, Æther—the air of spring. She opens into lovely life with 'eleven' thousand other flowers, their fading is their sudden martyrdom. And—says your modern philosopher—'That's all'!

had been a Princess Ursula than Shakspeare, when he wrote *Midsummer Night's Dream*, believed there had been a Queen Hippolyta: and that Carpaccio had just as much faith in angels as Shakspeare in fairies—and no more. Both these artists, nevertheless, set themselves to paint, the one fairies, the other angels and saints, for popular—entertainment, (say your modern sages,) or popular—instruction, it may yet appear. But take it your own way; and let it be for popular amusement. This play, this picture which I am copying for you, were, both of them we will say, toys, for the English and Venetian people.

Well, the next question is, whether the English and Venetians, when they *could* be amused with these toys, were more foolish than now, when they can only be amused with steam merry-go-rounds.

Below St. George's land at Barmouth, large numbers of the English populace now go to bathe. Of the Venetians, beyond St. George's island, many go now to bathe on the sands of Lido. But nobody thinks of playing a play about queens and fairies, to the bathers on the Welsh beach. The modern intellectual teacher erects swings upon the beach. There the suspended population oscillate between sea and sky, and are amused. Similarly in Venice, no decorative painter at Lido thinks of painting pictures of St. Nicholas of the Lido, to amuse the modern Venetian. The white-necked orchestra plays them a 'pot-pourri,' and their steamer squeaks to them, and they are amused.

And so sufficiently amused, that I, hearing with sudden surprise and delight the voice of native Venetian Punch last night, from an English ship, and instantly inquiring, with impatience, why I had not had the happiness of meeting him before, found that he was obliged to take refuge as a runaway, or exile, under the British Flag, being forbidden in his own Venice, for evermore—such the fiat of liberty towards the first Apostolic Vicar thereof.

I am willing, however, for my own part, to take Carpaccio a step farther down in the moral scale still. Suppose that he

painted this picture, not even to amuse his public—but to amuse himself!

To a great extent I *know* that this is true. I know,—(you needn't ask how, because you can't be shown how,—but I *do* know, trust me,) that he painted this picture greatly to amuse himself, and had extreme delight in the doing of it; and if he did not actually believe that the princess and angels ever were, at least he heartily wished there had been such persons, and could be.

Now this is the first step to real faith. There may never have been saints: there may be no angels,—there may be no God. Professors Huxley and Tyndall are of opinion that there is no God: they have never found one in a bottle. Well: possibly there isn't; but, my good Sheffield friends, do you wish there was? or are you of the French Republican opinion—"If there were a God, we should have to shoot him" as the first great step towards the "abolition of caste" proposed by our American friends? *

You will say, perhaps,—It is not a proper intellectual state to approach such a question in, to wish anything about it. No, assuredly not,—and I have told you so myself, many a time. But it is an entirely proper state to fit you for being approached by the Spirits that you wish for, if there are such. And if there are not, it can do you no harm.

Nor, so long as you distinctly understand it to be a wish, will it warp your intellect. "Oh, if I had but Aladdin's lamp, or Prince Houssain's carpet!" thinks the rightly-minded child, reading its 'Arabian Nights.' But he does not take to rubbing his mother's lamps, nor to squatting on scraps of carpet, hopefully.

Well—concerning these Arabian nights of Venice and the Catholic Church. Carpaccio thinks,—“Oh, if there had but been such a Princess as this—if there could but be! At least I can paint one, and delight myself in the image of her!”

Now, can you follow him so far as this? Do you really

wish there were such a Princess? Do you so much as want any kind of Princess? Or are your aims fixed on the attainment of a world so constituted that there shall be no Princesses in it any more,—but only Helps in the kitchen, who shall “come upstairs to play the piano,” according to the more detailed views of the American Socialist, displayed in our correspondence.

I believe you can scarcely so much as propose this question to yourselves, not knowing clearly what a Princess is. For a Princess is truly one of the members of that Feudal System which, I hear on all hands, is finally ended. If it be so, it is needful that I should explain to you specifically what the Feudal System was, before you can wish for a Princess, or any other part of it, back again.

The Feudal System begins in the existence of a Master, or Mister; and a Mistress,—or, as you call her, Missis,—who have deputed authority over a piece of land, hereditarily theirs; and absolute authority in their own house, or home, standing on such land: authority essentially dual, and not by any means admitting two masters, or two missises, still less our American friend’s calculated desirable quantity of 150, mixed. And the office of a Master implies the office of Servants; and of a Mistress, the office of Maids. These are the first Four Chemical Elements of the Feudal System.

The next members of it in order of rank are the Master of the Masters, and Mistress of the Mistresses; of whom they hold their land in fee, and who are recognized still, in a sort, as landlord and landlady, though for the most part now degenerate into mere tax-gatherers; but, in their true office, the administrators of law concerning land, and magistrates, and hearers of appeal between household and household:* their duty involving perfect acquaintance and friendship with all the households under their rule; and their dominion, therefore, not by any possibility extending over very large space of

* Compare the last page of Fors, October 1875.

territory,—what is commonly called in England an ‘estate’ being usually of approximately convenient space.

The next members of the Feudal System in order of rank, are the Lord of the Landlords, and Lady of the Landladies; commonly called their Duke, Doge, or leader, and Duchess or Dogaressa: the authority of this fourth member of the Feudal System being to enforce law and hear appeal between Lord and Lord; and to consult with them respecting the harmonious government of their estates over such extent of land as may from some specialty of character be managed by common law referring to some united interest,—as, for instance, Cumberland, by a law having reference to pastoral life, Cornwall by laws involving the inspection of mines of tin, and the like,—these provinces, or shires, having each naturally a capital city, cathedral, town hall, and municipality of merchants.

As examples of which Fourth Order* in the Feudal System, the Dukes and Dukedoms of York, Lancaster, Venice, Milan, Florence, Orleans, and Burgundy, may be remembered by you as having taken very practical part in the government, or, it may be, misgovernment, of the former world.

Then the persons of the Fifth Order, in the Feudal System, are the Duke of the Dukes, and Duchess of the Duchesses, commonly called the King and Queen, having authority and magistracy over the Dukes of the provinces, to the extent in which such provinces may be harmoniously joined in a country or kingdom, separated from other portions of the world by interests, manners, and dialect.

Then the Sixth Order in the Feudal System, much, of late years, misunderstood, and even forgotten, is that of the Commander or Emperor of the Kings; having the same authority and office of hearing appeal among the Kings of kingdoms, as they among the Dukes of provinces.

The systems of all human civilized governments resolve themselves finally into the balance of the Semitic and lapetic

* I. Servant. II. Master. III. Lord. IV. Duke.

powers under the anointed Cyrus of the East and Karl of the West.*

The practical power of the office has been necessarily lost since the Reformation; and in recent debates in an English Parliament on this subject, it appeared that neither the Prime Minister of England, nor any of her Parliamentary representatives, had the slightest notion of the meaning of the word.

The reason that the power of the office has been lost since the Reformation, is that all these temporal offices are only perfected, in the Feudal System, by their relative spiritual offices. Now, though the Squire and the Rector still in England occupy their proper symmetrical position, the equally balanced authority of the Duke and Bishop has been greatly confused: that of the King and Cardinal was so even during the fully animated action of both; and all conception of that of the Emperor and Pope is of course dead in Protestant minds.

But there was yet, in the Feudal System, one Seventh and Final Authority, of which the imagination is like to be also lost to Protestant minds. That of the King of Kings, and Ruler of Empires; in whose ordinances and everlasting laws, and in 'feudom' or faith and covenant with whom, as the Giver of Land and Bread, all these subordinate powers lived, and moved, and had their being.

And truly if, since we cannot find this King of Kings in the most carefully digested residuum, we are sure that we cannot find Him anywhere; and if, since by no fineness of stopper we can secure His essence in a bottle, we are sure that we cannot stay Him anywhere, truly what I hear on all hands is correct; and the Feudal System, with all consequences and members thereof, is verily at an end.

In the meantime, however, you can now clearly understand the significance, in that system, of the word Princess, meaning a King's daughter, bred in such ways and knowledges as may fit her for dominion over nations. And thus you can enjoy,

* I want to write a long note on Byzantine empire,—Commanders of the Faithful,—Grand Turks,—and the "Eastern question." But can't: and perhaps the reader will be thankful.

if otherwise in a humour for its enjoyment, the story of the Princess Ursula, here following,—though for the present you may be somewhat at a loss to discern the practical bearings of it; which, however, if you will note that the chief work of the Princess is to convert the savage minds of the ‘English,’ or people of Over-sea, from the worship of their god ‘Malcometto,’ to the ‘rule of St. John the Baptist,’—you may guess to be in some close connection with the proposed ‘practice’ of St. George’s Company; not less, indeed, than the functions of Carpaccio’s other two chiefly worshipped saints.

The legends of St. Ursula, which were followed by him, have been collated here at Venice, and reduced to this pleasant harmony, in true help to me, by my good scholar James Reddie Anderson. For whose spirit thus active with us, no less than for the spirit, at rest, of the monk who preserved the story for us, I am myself well inclined to say another Pater and Ave.

THE STORY OF ST. URSULA.*

There was once a just and most Christian King of Britain, called Maurus. To him and to his wife Daria was born a little girl, the fairest creature that this earth ever saw. She came into the world wrapped in a hairy mantle, and all men wondered greatly what this might mean. Then the King gathered together his wise men to inquire of them. But they could not make known the thing to him, for only God in Heaven knew how the rough robe signified that she should follow holiness and purity all her days, and the wisdom of St. John the Baptist. And because of the mantle, they called her ‘Ursula,’ ‘Little Bear.’

Now Ursula grew day by day in grace and loveliness, and in such wisdom that all men marvelled. Yet should they not have marvelled, since with God all things are possible. And

* This Life of St. Ursula has been gathered from some of the stories concerning her which were current through Italy in the time of Carpaccio. The northern form of the legend, localized at Cologne, is neither so lovely nor so ancient.

when she was fifteen years old she was a light of all wisdom, and a glass of all beauty, and a fountain of scripture and of sweet ways. Lovelier woman there was not alive. Her speech was so full of all delight that it seemed as though an angel of Paradise had taken human flesh. And in all the kingdom no weighty thing was done without counsel of Ursula.

So her fame was carried through the earth, and a King of England, a heathen of over-seas, hearing, was taken with the love of her. And he set all his heart on having her for wife to his son Æther, and for daughter in his home. So he sent a mighty and honourable embassy, of earls and marquesses, with goodly company of knights, and ladies, and philosophers; bidding them, with all courtesy and discretion, pray King Maurus to give Ursula in marriage to Æther. "But," he said, "if Maurus will not hear your gentle words, open to him all my heart, and tell him that I will ravage his land with fire, and slay his people, and make himself die a cruel death, and will, after, lead Ursula away with me. Give him but three days to answer, for I am wasted with desire to finish the matter, and hold Ursula in my ward."

But when the ambassadors came to King Maurus, he would not have his daughter wed a heathen; so, since prayers and gifts did not move him, they spoke out all the threats. Now the land of Britain was little, and its soldiers few, while the heathen was a mighty King and a conqueror; so Maurus, and his Queen, and his councillors, and all the people, were in sore distress.

But on the evening of the second day, Ursula went into her chamber, and shut close the doors; and before the image of the Father, who is very pitiful, prayed all night with tears, telling how she had vowed in her heart to live a holy maiden all her days, having Christ alone for spouse. But, if His will were that she should wed the son of the heathen King, she prayed that wisdom might be given her, to turn the hearts of all that people who knew not faith nor holiness; and power to comfort her father and mother, and all the people of her fatherland.

And when the clear light of dawn was in the air, she fell asleep. And the Angel of the Lord appeared to her in a dream, saying, "Ursula, your prayer is heard. At the sun-rising you shall go boldly before the ambassadors of the King of Over-sea, for the God of Heaven shall give you wisdom, and teach your tongue what it should speak." When it was day, Ursula rose to bless and glorify the name of God. She put on for covering and for beauty an enwrought mantle like the starry sky, and was crowned with a coronet of gems. Then, straightway passing to her father's chamber, she told him what grace had been done to her that night, and all that now was in her heart to answer to the ambassadors of Over-sea. So, though long he would not, she persuaded her father.

Then Maurus, and his lords and counsellors, and the ambassadors of the heathen King, were gathered in the Hall of Council. And when Ursula entered the place where these lords were, one said to the other, "Who is this that comes from Paradise?" For she moved in all noble gentleness, with eyes inclined to earth, learned, and frank, and fair, delightful above all women upon earth. Behind her came a hundred maidens, clothed in white silk, fair and lovely. They shone brightly as the stars, but Ursula shone as the moon and the evening star.

Now this was the answer Ursula made, which the King caused to be written, and sealed with the royal seal, and gave to the ambassadors of the King of Over-sea.

"I will take," she said, "for spouse, Æther, the son of my lord the King of Over-sea. But I ask of my lord three graces, and with heart and soul * pray of him to grant them.

"The first grace I ask is this, that he, and the Queen, and their son, my spouse, be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

"The second grace is that three years may be given me, before the bridal, in which to go to and fro upon the sea, that I may visit the bodies of the Saints in Rome, and the blessed places of the Holy Land.

* Molto incarnalmente.

“And for the last grace, I ask that he choose ten fair maidens of his kingdom, and with each of these a thousand more, all of gentle blood, who shall come to me here, in Britain, and go with me in gladness upon the sea, following this my holy pilgrimage.”

Then spake one of the nobles of the land to Maurus, saying, “My lord the King, this your daughter is the Dove of Peace come from Paradise, the same that in the days of the Flood brought to the Ark of Noah the olive-branch of good news.” And at the answer, were the ambassadors so full of joy that they wellnigh could not speak, and with praise and triumph they went their way, and told their master all the sweet answer of Ursula.

Then my lord the King said, “Praised and blessed be the name of our God Malcometto, who has given my soul for comfort that which it desired. Truly there is not a franker lady under the wheel of the sun; and by the body of my mother I swear there is nothing she can ask that I will not freely give. First of the maidens she desires shall be my daughter Florence.” Then all his lords rose, man by man, and gladly named, each, his child.

So the will of Ursula was done; and that King, and all his folk, were baptized into the Holy Faith. And Æther, with the English maidens, in number above ten thousand, came to the land of Britain.

Then Ursula chose her own four sisters, Habila, and Julia, and Victoria, and Aurea, and a thousand daughters of her people, with certain holy bishops, and great lords, and grave counsellors, and an abbot of the order of St. Benedict, men full of all wisdom, and friends of God.

So all that company set sail in eleven ships, and passing this way and that upon the sea, rejoiced in it, and in this their maiden pilgrimage. And those who dwelt by the shores of the sea came forth in multitudes to gaze upon them as they passed, and to each man it appeared a delightful vision. For the ships sailed in fair order, side by side, with sound of sweet psalms and murmur of the waters. And the maidens

were clad, some in scarlet and some in pure samite, some in rich silk of Damascens, some in cloth of gold, and some in the purple robe that is woven in Judea. Some wore crowns, others garlands of flowers. Upon the shoulder of each was the visible cross, in the hands of each a pilgrim's staff, by their sides were pilgrim's scrips, and each ship's company sailed under the gonfalon of the Holy Cross. Ursula in the midst was like a ray of sunlight, and the Angel of the Lord was ever with them for guide.

So in the holy time of Lent they came to Rome. And when my Lord the Pope came forth, under the Castle of St. Angelo, with great state, to greet them, seeing their blessed assembly, he put off the mantle of Peter, and with many bishops, priests, and brothers, and certain cardinals, set himself to go with them on their blessed pilgrimage.

At length they came to the land of Slavonia, whose ruler was friend and liegeman to the Soldan of Babylon. Then the Lord of the Saracens sent straightway to the Soldan, telling what a mighty company had come to his land, and how they were Christian folk. And the Soldan gathered all his men of war, and with great rage the host of the heathen made against the company of Ursula.

And when they were nigh, the Soldan cried and said, "What folk are ye?" And Ursula spake in answer, "We are Christian folk: our feet are turned to the blessed tomb of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the saving of our souls, and that we may win grace to pass into eternal life, in the blessed Paradise." And the Soldan answered, "Either deny your God, or I will slay you all with the sword. So shall ye die a dolorous death, and see your land no more." And Ursula answered, "Even so we desire to be sure witnesses for the name of God, declaring and preaching the glory of His name; because He has made heaven and earth and the sea by His Word; and afterward all living things; and afterward has willed, Himself, to die, for our salvation and glory. And who follows Him shall go to rejoice in His Fatherland and in His Kingdom."

Then she turned to her people: "My sisters and my brothers, in this place God has given us great grace. Embrace and make it sure, for our death in this place will be life perpetual, and joy, and sweetness never-ending. And there, above, we shall be with the Majesty and the angels of Paradise." Then she called her spouse to comfort and teach him. And he answered her with these words, "To me it appears three thousand years that death is a-coming, so much have I already tasted of the sweetness of Paradise."

Then the Soldan gave commandment that they should all be slain with the sword. And so was it done.

Yet when he saw Ursula standing, in the midst of all that slaughter, like the fairest stalk of corn in harvest, and how she was exceeding lovely, beyond the tongues of this earth to tell, he would have saved her alive, and taken her for wife. But when she would not, and rebuked him, he was moved with anger. Now there was a bow in his hand, and he set an arrow on the string, and drew it with all his strength, and it pierced the heart of the glorious maiden. So she went to God.

And one maiden only, whose name was Corbula, through fear hid herself in the ship. But God, who had chosen all that company, gave her heart, and with the dawn of the next day she came forth willingly, and received the martyr's crown.

Thus all were slain, and all are gone to Paradise, and sing the glad and sweet songs of Paradise.

Whosoever reads this holy history, let him not think it a great thing to say an Our Father, and a Hail Mary, for the soul of him who has written it.

Thus far the old myth. You shall hear now in what manner such a myth is re-written by a great man, born in the days of a nation's strength.

Carpaccio begins his story with what the myth calls a dream. But he wishes to tell you that it was no dream,—but a vision;—that a real angel came, and was seen by Ursula's soul, when her mortal eyes were closed.

"The Angel of the Lord," says the legend, What!—thinks

Carpaccio;—to this little maid of fifteen, the angel that came to Moses and Joshua? Not so, but her own guardian angel.

Guardian, and to tell her that God will guide her heart tomorrow, and put His own answer on her lips, concerning her marriage. Shall not such angel be crowned with light, and strew her chamber with lilies?

There is no glory round his head; there is no gold on his robes; they are of subdued purple and gray. His wings are colourless—his face calm, but sorrowful,—wholly in shade. In his right hand he bears the martyr's palm; in his left, the fillet borne by the Greek angels of victory, and, together with it, gathers up, knotted in his hand, the folds of shroud * with which the Etrurians veil the tomb.

He comes to her, "in the clear light of morning;" the Angel of Death.

You see it is written in the legend that she had shut close the doors of her chamber.

They have opened as the angel enters,—not one only, but

* I could not see this symbol at the height at which the picture hung from the ground, when I described it in 1872. The folds of the drapery in the *hand* are all but invisible, even when the picture is seen close; and so neutral in their gray-green colour that they pass imperceptibly into violet, as the faint green of evening sky fades into its purple. But the folds are continued under the wrist in the alternate waves which the reader may see on the Etruscan tomb in the first room of the British Museum, with a sculpturesque severity which I could not then understand, and could only account for by supposing that Carpaccio had meant the Princess to "dream out the angel's dress so particularly"! I mistook the fillet of victory also for a scroll; and could not make out the flowers in the window. They are pinks, the favourite ones in Italian windows to this day, and having a particular relation to St. Ursula in the way they rend their calyx; and I believe also in their peculiar relation to the grasses, (of which more in 'Proserpina'). St. Ursula is not meant, herself, to recognize the angel. He enters under the door over which she has put her little statue of Venus; and through that door the room is filled with light, so that it will not seem to her strange that his own form, as he enters, should be in shade: and she cannot see his dark wings. On the tassel of her pillow, (Etrurian also,) is written "Infantia"; and above her head, the carving of the bed ends in a spiral flame, typical of the finally ascending Spirit. She lies on her bier, in the last picture but one, exactly as here on her bed; only the coverlid is there changed from scarlet to pale violet. See notes on the meaning of these colours in third Deucalion,

all in the room,—all in the house. He enters by one at the foot of her bed; but beyond it is another—open into the passage; out of that another into some luminous hall or street. All the window-shutters are wide open; they are made dark that you may notice them,—nay, all the press doors are open! No treasure bars shall hold, where *this* angel enters.

Carpaccio has been intent to mark that he comes in the light of dawn. The blue-green sky glows between the dark leaves of the olive and dianthus in the open window. But its light is low compared to that which enters *behind* the angel, falling full on Ursula's face, in divine rest.

In the last picture but one, of this story, he has painted her lying in the rest which the angel came to bring; and in the last, is her rising in the eternal Morning.

For this is the first lesson which Carpaccio wrote in his Venetian words for the creatures of this restless world,—that Death is better than *their* life; and that not bridegroom rejoices over bride as they rejoice who marry not, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God, in Heaven.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

Venice, October 20th.—I have sent for press, to-day, the fourth number of 'Deucalion,' in which will be found a statement of the system on which I begin the arrangement of the Sheffield Museum.

There are no new subscriptions to announce. Another donation, of fifty pounds, by Mrs. Talbot, makes me sadly ashamed of the apathy of all my older friends. I believe, in a little while now, it will be well for me to throw them all aside, and refuse to know any one but my own Companions, and the workmen who are willing to listen to me. I have spoken enough to the upper classes, and they mock me;—in the seventh year of Fors I will speak more clearly than hitherto,—but not to *them*.

Meantime, my Sheffield friends must not think I am neglecting them, because I am at work here in Venice, instead of among them. They will know in a little while the use of my work here. The following portions of letter from the Curator of our Museum, with the piece of biography in it, which I venture to print, in haste, assuming permission, will be of good service to good workers everywhere.

"H. Swan to J. Ruskin.

"WALKLEY, SHEFFIELD, *October 18, 1876.*

"Dear Master,—The interest in the Museum seems still increasing. Yesterday (Sunday), in addition to our usual allotment of casual calls at the Museum, we had a visit from a party of working men; two or three of them from Barnsley, but the most Shefflelders, among which last were several of those who came to meet thee on the last occasion. Their object was a double one; first, to see what progress we were making with the Museum; and, secondly, to discuss the subject of Usury, the unlawfulness of which, in its ordinary aspects, being (unlike the land question) a perfectly new notion to all except one or two. The objection generally takes this shape: 'If I have worked hard to earn twenty pounds, and it is an advantage to another to have the use of that twenty pounds, why should he get that advantage without paying me for it?' To which my reply has been, there may, or may not, be reasons why the lender should be placed in a better position for using his powers of body or mind; but the special question for you, with your twenty pounds, now is, not what right has he to use the money without payment—(he has every right, if you give him leave; and none, if you don't):—the question *you* have to propose to yourself is this, 'Why should I, as a man and a Christian, after having been paid for what I have earned, expect or desire to make an agreement by which I may get, from the labour

of others, money I have not earned?' Suppose, too, bail for a hundred pounds to be required for a prisoner in whose innocence you believed, would you say I will be bail for the hundred pounds, but I shall expect five pounds from him for the advantage he will thereby get? No; the just man would weigh well whether it be right or no to undertake the bail; but, having determined, he would shrink from receiving the unearned money, as I believe the first unwarped instinct of a good man does still in the case of a loan.

"Although, as I have said, all question as to the right of what is called a moderate rate of interest was new to most of our visitors, yet I found a greater degree of openness to the truth than might have been expected. One of the most interesting parts of the discussion was the relation by one of the party of his own experiences, in years past, as a money-lender. 'In the place where I used to work at that time,' said he, 'there was a very many of a good sort of fellows who were not so careful of their money as I was, and they used often to run out of cash before the time came for them to take more. Well, knowing I was one that always had a bit by me, they used to come to me to borrow a bit to carry them through to pay-day. When they paid me, some would ask if I wanted aught for the use of it. But I only lent to pleasure them, and I always said, No, I wanted nought. One day, however, Jack — came to me, and said, "Now, my lad, dost want to get more brass for thyself, and lay by money? because I can put thee in the way of doing it." I said that was a great object for me. "Well," said he, "thou must do as I tell thee. I know thou'rt often lending thy brass to them as want a lift. Now thou must make them pay for using thy money, and if thou works as I tell thee, it'll grow and grow. And by-and-by they'll be paying and paying for the use of their own money over and over again." Well, I thought it would be a good thing for me to have the bits of cash come in and in, to help along with what I earned myself. So I told each of the men, as they came, that I couldn't go on lending for nothing, and they must pay me a bit more when they got their pay. And so they did. After a time, Jack — came again and said, "Well, how'rt getting on?" So I told him what I was doing, and that seemed all right. After a time, he came again, and said, "Now thou finds what I said was right. The men can spare thee a bit for thy money, and it makes things a deal more comfortable for thyself. Now I can show thee how a hundred of thy money shall bring another hundred in." "Nay," said I, "thou canst not do that. That can't be done." "Nay, but it can," said Jack. And he told me how to manage; and that when I hadn't the cash, he would find it, and we'd halve the profits. [Say a man wants to borrow twenty pounds, and is to pay back at three shillings a week. The interest is first deducted for the whole time, so that if he agrees to pay only five per cent. he will receive but nineteen pounds; then the interest is more than five per cent. on the money actually out during the very first week, while the rate gradually rises as the weekly payments come,—slowly at first, but at the last more and more rapidly, till, during the last month, the money-lender is obtaining two hundred per cent. for the amount (now, however, very small) still unpaid.]

"Well, it grew and grew. Hundreds and hundreds I paid and received every week, (and we found that among the poorest little shops it worked the best for us). At last it took such hold of me that I became a regular blood-sucker—a bloodsucker of poor folk, and nothing else. I was always reckoning up, night and day, how to get more and more, till I got so thin and ill I had to go to the doctor. It was old Dr. Sike, and he said, "Young man, you must give up your present way of work and life, or I can do nothing for you. You'll get worse and worse."

"So I thought and thought, and at last I made up my mind to give it all up, though I was then getting rich. But there was no blessing on what

I'd got, and I lost it every farthing, and had to begin again as poor as I was when I first left the workhouse to learn a trade. And now, I've prospered and prospered in my little way till I've no cause to worry anyways about money, and I've a few men at work with me in my shop.

" 'Still, for all that, I don't see why I shouldn't have interest on the little capital I've saved up *honestly*; or how am I to live in my old age?'

" Another workman suggested, ' Wouldn't he be able to live on his capital? ' 'Aye, but I want to leave that to somebody else,' was the answer. [Yes, good friend, and the same excuse might be made for any form of theft.—J. R.]

" I will merely add, that if there were enforced and public account of the amount of monies advanced on loan, and if the true conditions and workings of those loans could be shown, there would be revealed such an amount of cruel stress upon the foolish, weak, and poor of the small tradesmen (a class far more numerous than are needed) as would render it very intelligible why so many faces are seamed with lines of suffering and anxiety. I think it possible that the fungus growth and increasing mischief of these loan establishments may reach such a pitch as to necessitate legislative interference, as has been the case with gambling. But there will never fail modes of evading the law, and the sufficient cure will be found only when men shall consider it a dishonour to have it imputed to them that *any* portion of their income is derived from usury."

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S FUND.

1876.		<i>Dr.</i>	£	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
<i>Aug.</i>	16.	To Balance	94	3	4
<i>Oct.</i>	12.	" Draft at Bridgwater (per Mr. Ruskin)	50	0	0
	24.	" (J. P. Stilwell)	25	0	0
			<hr/>		
			£169	3	4
			<hr/>		
		<i>Cr.</i>	£	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
<i>Oct.</i>	12.	By Postage of Pass Book	0	0	3
	25.	Balance	169	3	1
			<hr/>		
			£169	3	4
			<hr/>		

II. Affairs of the Master.

		£	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	£	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
<i>Sept.</i>	15.	Balance (a)			1221	0	8
	20.	Kate	100	0	0	0	0
	26.	— at Venice, Antonio (b)	50	0	0	0	0
<i>Oct.</i>	1.	Secretary	25	0	0	0	0
	3.	Downs	50	0	0	0	0
	5.	Gift (c)	20	0	0	0	0
	10.	Loan	200	0	0	0	0
	"	Jackson	50	0	0	0	0
			<hr/>		495	0	0
<i>Oct.</i>	15.	Balance			£726	0	8
					<hr/>		

(a) By report from Bank; but the 'repayments' named in it should not have been added to the cash account, being on separate account with the Company. I will make all clear in December

(b) For Signora Caldara (Venetian botany).

(c) Nominally loan, to poor relation, but I do not suppose he will ever be able to pay me. The following £300 I do not doubt receiving again.

III. I print the following letter with little comment, because I have no wish to discuss the question of the uses of Dissent with a Dissenting Minister; nor do I choose at present to enter on the subject at all. St. George, taking cognizance only of the postscript, thanks the Dissenting Minister for his sympathy; but encourages his own servant to persist in believing that the "more excellent way" (of Charity), which St. Paul showed, in the 13th of Corinthians, is quite as truly followed in devoting the funds at his said servant's disposal to the relief of the poor, as in the maintenance of Ruskinian Preachers for the dissemination of Ruskinian opinions, in a Ruskinian Society, with the especial object of saving Mr. Ruskin's and the Society's souls.

"September 14th, 1876.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—Mr. Sillar's 'valuable letter' in last month's Fors, (a) would have been more valuable if he had understood what he was writing about. Mr. Tyerman (in his 'Life and Times of Wesley,' p. 431,) gives the trifling differences between the present Rules of the Methodist Societies and the first edition issued in 1743. Instead of '*interested persons* having altered old John Wesley's rules' (he was forty years old when he drew them up) 'to suit *modern ideas*'—the alterations, whether good or bad, were made by himself.

"The first contributions in the 'Classes' were made for the express purpose of discharging a debt on a preaching house. Then they were devoted '*to the relief of the poor,*' there being at the time no preachers dependent on the Society for support. After 1743, when circuits had been formed and preachers stationed in certain localities, their maintenance gradually became the principal charge upon the Society's funds. (See Smith's 'History of Methodism,' vol. i., p. 669.) In 1771 Wesley says expressly that the contributions are applied '*towards the expenses of the Society.*' (b) ('Journal,' vol. iii., p. 205.) Certainly Methodism, thus supported, has done far more to benefit the poor and raise them, than any amount of mere almsgiving could have done. Methodist preachers have at least one sign of being in the apostolical succession. They can say, with Paul, 'as poor, yet making many rich.' (c)

"'Going to law' was altered by Mr. Wesley to 'brother going to law with brother,' in order, no doubt, to bring the rule into verbal agreement with 1 Cor. vi. 6. (d)

"'Usury' was defined by Mr. Wesley to be 'unlawful interest.' (e) in accordance with the ordinary notions of his day. He was greatly in advance of his age, yet he could scarcely have been expected to anticipate the definition of Usury given, as far as I know, (f) for the first time in Fors for August, 1876. I don't see why we Methodists should be charged with breaking the laws of Moses, David, and Christ (Fors, p. 166), if we consider 'old John Wesley's' definition to be as good as the 'modern idea.'

"Of course St. George, for whom I have the greatest respect and admiration, will correct Mr. Sillar's mistake.

"I am, Sir,

"ANOTHER READER OF FORS (which I wish you would sell a little cheaper), and

"A METHODIST PREACHER."

"P.S.—Why should you not copy old John Wesley, and establish your St. George's Company on a legal basis? In 1784 he drew up a Deed of Declaration, which was duly enrolled in Chancery. It stated the purposes for which his Society was formed, and the mode in which it was to be governed. A Deed of Trust was afterwards drawn up for *one* of our chapels,

reciting at length this Deed of Declaration, and all the purposes for which the property was to be used. All our other property is settled on the same trusts. A single line in each subsequent chapel deed—stating that all the trusts are to be the same as those of the ‘Model Deed,’ as we call the first one—obviates the necessity and expense of *repeating* a very long legal document. “Success to St. George,—yet there is, I think, ‘a more excellent way.’”

a. Mr. Sillar’s letter did not appear in last month’s Fors. A small portion of it appeared, in which I regret that Mr. Sillar so far misunderstood John Wesley as to imagine him incapable of altering his own rules so as to make them useless.

b. I wish the Wesleyans were the only Society whose contributions are applied to no better purpose.

c. I envy my correspondent’s complacency in his own and his Society’s munificence, too sorrowfully to endeavour to dispel it.

d. The ‘*verbal*’ agreement is indeed secured by the alteration. But as St. Paul, by a ‘brother,’ meant any Christian, I shall be glad to learn from my correspondent whether the Wesleyans understand their rule in that significance.

e. Many thanks to Mr. Wesley. Doubtless his disciples know what rate of interest is lawful, and what not; and also by what law it was made so; and always pause with pious accuracy at the decimal point whereat the excellence of an investment begins to make it criminal. St. George will be grateful to their representative for information on these—not unimportant—particulars.

f. How far that *is*, my correspondent’s duly dissenting scorn of the wisdom of the Greeks, and legality of the Jews, has doubtless prevented his thinking it necessary to discover. I must not waste the time of other readers in assisting his elementary investigations; but have merely to point out to him that definitions either of theft, adultery, usury, or murder, have only become *necessary* in modern times: and that Methodists, and any other persons, are charged by me with breaking the law of Moses, David, and Christ, in so far only as they do accept Mr. John Wesley’s, or any other person’s, definition instead of *their* utterly unquestionable meaning (Would T. S., of North Tyne, reprint his letters for me from the Sunderlaud paper, to be sent out with December Fors?)

IV. I reprint the following paragraph chiefly as an example of our ineffable British absurdity. It is perfectly right to compel fathers to send their children to school; but, once sent, it is the schoolmaster’s business to keep hold of them. In St. George’s schools, it would have been the little runaway gentleman who would have got sent to prison; and kept, sotto piombi, on bread and water, until he could be trusted with more liberty. The fate of the father, under the present application of British law, leaves the problem, it seems to me, still insoluble but in that manner. But I should like to know more of the previous history of parent and child.

“The story of George Widowson, aged fifty seven, told at the inquest held on his remains at Mile End Old Town on Wednesday, is worth record-

ing. Widowson was, as appears by the evidence of his daughter, a sober, hard-working man until he was sent to prison for three days in last December in default of paying a fine for not sending his son, a boy eleven years of age, to school. The deceased, as several witnesses deposed, constantly endeavoured to make the child go to school, and had frequently taken him there himself; but it was all in vain. Young Widowson when taken to school invariably ran away, the result being that his father was driven to distraction. His imprisonment in December had preyed on his mind, and he took to drinking. He frequently threatened to destroy himself rather than be imprisoned again. Hearing that another summons was about to be issued against him, he broke up his home, and on the night of the 30th ultimo solved the educational problem by throwing himself into the Regent's Canal. Fear of being again sent to prison by the School Board was, his daughter believed, the cause of his committing this act. The jury returned a verdict in accordance of this opinion; and although George Widowson was wrong to escape from the clutches of the friends of humanity by putting an end to his life, those who blame him should remember that imprisonment to a *bonâ fide* working man of irreproachable character, is simply torture. He loses all that in his own eyes makes life worth preservation."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, July 7th, 1876.

V. The next extract contains some wholesome comments on our more advanced system of modern education.

“INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.—At a meeting of the Indian section of the Society of Arts, under the presidency of Mr. Andrew Cassels, a paper on ‘Competition and its Effects upon Education’ was read by Dr. George Birdwood. In the course of his remarks, he commented at length upon the India Office despatch of Feb. 24, regarding ‘the selection and training of candidates for the Indian Civil Service,’ and feared that it would but serve to confirm and aggravate and rapidly extend the very worst evil of the old system of competition—namely, the degeneration of secondary education throughout England. . . . The despatch tended to make over all the secondary schooling of the country to the crammers, or to reduce it to the crammers’ system. They were making the entrance examinations year by year more and more difficult—as their first object must necessarily now be, not the moral and intellectual discipline of the boyhood of England, but to show an ever-growing percentage of success at the various competitive examinations always going on for public services. ‘The devil take the hindmost’ was fast becoming the ideal of education, even in the public schools. If they seriously took to cramming little fellows from twelve to fourteen for entrance into public schools, the rising generation would be used up before it reached manhood. A well-known physician, of great experience, told him that the competition for all sorts of scholarships and appointments was showing its evil fruits in the increase of insanity, epilepsy, and other nervous diseases amongst young people of the age from seventeen to nineteen, and especially amongst pupil-teachers; and if admission into the public schools of England was for the future to be regulated by competition, St. Vitus’s dance would soon take the place of gout, as the fashionable disease of the upper classes. This was the inevitable result of the ill-digested and ill-regulated system of competition for the public services, and especially the Indian Civil Service, which had prevailed; and he feared that the recent despatch would only be to hasten the threatened revolution in their national secondary schools, and the last state of cramming under the despatch would be worse than the first. . . . The best of examiners was the examiner of his own pupils; for no man could measure real knowledge like the teacher. What should be aimed at was regular moderate study and sound and continuous discipline to start the growing man in life in the healthiest bodily and moral

condition possible. He objected to children striving for prizes, whether in games or in studies. The fewer prizes won at school, the more would probably be won in life. Let their only anxiety be to educate their children well, and suffer no temptation to betray them into cramming, and the whole world was open to them."—*Daily Telegraph*.

VI. The development of 'humanity' in America is so brilliantly illustrated in the following paragraphs, that I have thought them worth preserving:—

From 'The American Socialist, devoted to the Enlargement and Perfection of Home.'

"THE FUTURE OF SOCIETY.

"An American, visiting Europe, notices how completely there the various functions of the social body are performed. He finds a servant, an officer, a skilled workman, at every place. From the position of the stone-breaker on the highway, up to that of the highest Government official, every post is filled; every personal want of the traveller or the citizen is attended to. Policemen guard him in the streets, lackeys watch for his bidding at the hotels, railroad officials with almost superfluous care forward him on his way. As compared with American railroad management, the great English roads probably have four *employés* to our one. This plentitude of service results from three things—viz., density of population, which gives an abundant working class; cheapness of labour; and the aristocratic formation of society that tends to fix persons in the caste to which they were born. The effect is to produce a smoothness in the social movement—an absence of jar and friction, and a release in many cases from anxious, personal outlook, that are very agreeable. The difference between English and American life in respect to the supply of service is like that between riding on a highly-finished macadamized way, where every rut is filled and every stone is removed, and picking one's way over our common country roads.

"Another thing that the traveller observes in Europe is the abundance everywhere of works of art. One's sense of beauty is continually gratified: now with a finished landscape, now with a noble building, now with statues, monuments, and paintings. This immense accumulation of art springs in part of course from the age of the nations where it is found; but it is also due in a very great degree to the employment given to artists by persons of wealth and leisure. Painting, sculpture, and architecture have always had constant, and sometimes magnificent, patrons in the nobility and the Established Church.

"Observing these things abroad, the American asks himself whether the institutions of this country are likely to produce in time any similar result here. Shall we have the finished organization, the mutual service, and the wealth of art that characterize European society? Before answering this, let us first ask ourselves whether it is desirable that we should have them in the same manner that they exist abroad? Certainly not. No American would be willing to pay the price which England pays for her system of service. The most painful thing which one sees abroad is the utter absence of ambition in the class of household servants. Men who in this country would be looking to a seat in the legislature, (a) and who would qualify themselves for it, there dawdle away life in the livery of some noble, in smiling, aimless, do nothing content, and beget children to follow in their steps. On seeing these servile figures, the American thanks heaven

(a) May St. George be informed of how many members the American Legislature is finally to be composed; and over whom it is to exercise the proud function of legislation, which is to be the reward of heroic and rightly-minded flunkeys?

that the ocean rolls between his country and such a system. Rather rudeness, discomfort, self-service, and poverty, with freedom and the fire of aspiration, than luxury purchased by the enervation of man!

"Still, cannot we have the good without the bad? Cannot we match Europe in culture and polish without sacrificing for it our manhood? And if so, what are the influences in this country that are working in that direction? In answering this question, we have to say frankly that we see nothing in democracy alone that promises to produce the result under consideration. In a country where every one is taught to disdain a situation of dependence, where the hostler and the chambermaid see the way opened for them to stand even with the best in the land, if they will but exercise their privilege of 'getting on,' there will be no permanent or perfect service. And so long as every man's possessions are divided and scattered at his death, there will be no class having the secured leisure and the inducement to form galleries of art. Why should John Smith take pains to decorate his house with works of art, when he knows that within a year after his death it will be administered upon by the Probate Court, and sold with its furniture for the benefit of his ten children?" (Well put,—republican sage.)

"In a word, looking at the aesthetic side of things, our American system must be confessed to be not yet quite perfect." (You don't say so!) "Invaluable as it is for schooling men to independence and aspiration, it requires, to complete its usefulness, another element. The Republic has a sequel. That completing element, that sequel, is Communism. Communism supplies exactly the conditions that are wanting in the social life of America, and which it must have if it would compete with foreign lauds in the development of those things which give ease and grace to existence.

"For instance, in respect to service: Communism, by extinguishing caste and honouring labour, makes every man at once a servant and lord. It fills up, by its capacity of minute organization, all the social functions as completely as the European system does; while, unlike that, it provides for each individual sufficient leisure, and frequent and improving changes of occupation. The person who serves in the kitchen this hour may be experimenting with a microscope or giving lessons on the piano the next. Applying its combined ingenuity to social needs, Communism will find means to consign all repulsive and injurious labour to machinery. It is continually interested to promote labour-saving improvements. The service that is performed by brothers and equals from motives of love will be more perfect than that of hired lackeys, while the constantly varying round of occupation granted to all will form the most perfect school for breadth of culture and true politeness. Thus Communism achieves through friendship and freedom that which the Old World secures only through a system little better than slavery.

"In the interest of art and the cultivation of the beautiful, Communism again supplies the place of a hereditary aristocracy and a wealthy church. A Community family, unlike the ephemeral households of ordinary society, is a permanent thing. Its edifice is not liable to be sold at the end of every generation, but like a cathedral descends by unbroken inheritance. Whatever is committed to it remains, and is the care of the society from century to century. With a home thus established, all the members of a Community are at once interested to gather about it objects of art. It becomes a picture-gallery and a museum, by the natural accretion of time, and by the zeal of persons who know that every embellishment added to their home will not only be a pleasure to them personally, but will remain to associate them with the pleasure of future beholders in all time to come.

"Thus in Communism we have the conditions that are necessary to carry this country to the summit of artistic and social culture. By this route, we may at one bound outstrip the laboured attainments of the aristocracies of

the Old World. The New York Central Park shows what can be achieved by combination on the democratic plan, for a public pleasure-ground. No other park is equal to it. Let this principle of combination be extended to the formation of homes as well as to municipal affairs, and we shall simply dot this country over with establishments (*b*) as much better than those of the nobles of England as they are better than those of a day-labourer. We say better, for they will make art and luxury minister to universal education, and they will replace menial service with downright brotherhood. Such must be the future of American society."

"*To the Editor of the 'American Socialist.'*

"In your first issue you raise the question, '*How large ought a Home to be?*' This is a question of great interest to all; and I trust the accumulated answers you will receive will aid in its solution.

"I have lived in homes varying in numbers from one (the bachelor's home) to several hundred; and my experience and observation lead me to regard one hundred and twenty-five as about the right number to form a complete home. I would not have less than seventy-five nor more than one hundred and fifty. In my opinion a Home should minister to all the needs of its members, spiritual, intellectual, social, and physical. This ordinary monogamic homes cannot do; hence resort is had to churches, colleges, club-rooms, theatres, etc.; and in sparsely settled regions of country, people are put to great inconvenience and compelled to go great distances to supply cravings as imperative as the hunger for bread. This view alone would not limit the number of persons constituting a Home; but I take the ground that in a perfect Home there will be a perfect blending of all interests and perfect vibration in unison of all hearts; and of course thorough mutual acquaintance. My experience and observation convince me that it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to secure these results in a family of over one hundred and fifty members.

"In simply a monetary view it is undoubtedly best to have large Homes of a thousand or more; but money should not have great weight in comparison with a man's spiritual, intellectual and social needs.—D. E. S."

(*b*) As a painter, no less than a philanthropist, I am curious to see the effect of scenery in these 'polite' terms of description, "dotted over with establishments."

LETTER LXXII.

VENICE, 9th November, 1876, 7 morning.

I HAVE set my writing-table close to the pillars of the great window of the Ca' Ferro, which I drew, in 1841, carefully, with those of the next palace, Ca' Contarini Fasan. Samuel Prout was so pleased with the sketch that he borrowed it, and made the upright drawing from it of the palace with the rich balconies, which now represents his work very widely as a chromolithotint.*

Between the shafts of the pillars, the morning sky is seen pure and pale, relieving the grey dome of the church of the Salute; but beside that vault, and like it, vast thunderclouds heap themselves above the horizon, catching the light of dawn upon them where they rise, far westward, over the dark roof of the ruined Badia;—but all so massive, that, half an hour ago, in the dawn, I scarcely knew the Salute dome and towers from theirs; while the sea-gulls, rising and falling hither and thither in clusters above the green water beyond my balcony, tell me that the south wind is wild on Adria.

“Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ.”—The Sea has her Lord, and the sea-birds are prescient of the storm; but my own England, ruler of the waves in her own proud thoughts, can she rule the tumult of her people, or, pilotless, even so much as discern the thunderclouds heaped over her Galilean lake of life?

Here is a little grey cockle-shell, lying beside me, which I gathered, the other evening, out of the dust of the Island of St. Helena; and a brightly-spotted snail-shell, from the thistly sands of Lido; and I want to set myself to draw these, and describe them, in peace.

* My original sketch is now in the Schools of Oxford.

‘Yes,’ all my friends say, ‘that is my business; why can’t I mind it, and be happy?’

Well, good friends, I would fain please you, and myself with you; and live here in my Venetian palace, luxurious; scrutinant of dome, cloud, and cockle-shell. I could even sell my books for not inconsiderable sums of money if I chose to bribe the reviewers, pay half of all I got to the booksellers, stick bills on the lamp-posts, and say nothing but what would please the Bishop of Peterborough.

I could say a great deal that would please him, and yet be very good and useful; I should like much again to be on terms with my old publisher, and hear him telling me nice stories over our walnuts, this Christmas, after dividing his year’s spoil with me in Christmas charity. And little enough mind have I for any work, in this seventy-seventh year that’s coming of our glorious century, wider than I could find in the compass of my cockle-shell.

But alas! my prudent friends, little enough of all that I have a mind to may be permitted me. For this green tide that eddies by my threshold is full of floating corpses, and I must leave my dinner to bury them, since I cannot save; and put my cockle-shell in cap, and take my staff in hand, to seek an unnumbered shore. This green sea-tide!—yes, and if you knew it, your black and sulphurous tides also—Yarrow, and Teviot, and Clyde, and the stream, for ever now drumly and dark as it rolls on its way, at the ford of Melrose.

Yes, and the fair lakes and running waters in your English park pleasure-grounds,—nay, also the great and wide sea, that gnaws your cliffs,—yes, and Death, and Hell also, more cruel than cliff or sea; and a more neutral episcopal person than even my Lord of Peterborough* stands, level-barred balance in hand,—waiting (how long?) till the Sea shall give up the dead which are in it, and Death, and Hell, give up the dead which are in them.

Have you ever thought of, or desired to know, the real meaning of that sign, seen with the human eyes of his soul by

* See terminal Article of Correspondence.

the disciple whom the Lord loved? Yes, of course you have! and what a grand and noble verse you always thought it! "And the Sea——" Softly, good friend,—I know you can say it off glibly and pompously enough, as you have heard it read a thousand times; but is it, then, merely a piece of pomp? mere drumming and trumpeting, to tell you—what might have been said in three words—that all the dead rose again, whether they had been bedridden, or drowned, or slain? If it means no more than that, is it not, to speak frankly, bombast, and even bad and half unintelligible bombast?—for what does 'Death' mean, as distinguished from the Sea,—the American lakes? or Hell as distinguished from Death,—a family vault instead of a grave?

But suppose it is not bombast, and does mean something that it would be well you should think of,—have you yet understood it,—much less, thought of it? Read the whole passage from the beginning: "I saw the Dead, small and great, stand before God. And the Books were opened;"—and so to the end.

'Stand' in renewed perfectness of body and soul—each redeemed from its own manner of Death.

For have not they each their own manner? As the seed by the drought, or the thorn,—so the soul by the soul's hunger, and the soul's pang;—athirst in the springless sand; choked in the return-wave of Edom; grasped by the chasm of the earth: some, yet calling "out of the depths;" but some—"Thou didst blow with Thy wind, and the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters." But *now* the natural grave, in which the gentle saints resigned their perfect body to the dust, and perfect spirit to Him who gave it;—and now the wide sea of the world, that drifted with its weeds so many breasts that heaved but with the heaving deep;—and now the Death that overtook the lingering step, and closed the lustful eyes;—and now the Hell, that hid with its shade, and scourged with its agony; the fierce and foul spirits that had forced its gates in flesh: *—all these the Loved Apostle

* *Conf.* 'Inferno,' xxiii. 123.

saw compelled to restore their ruin ; and all these, their prey, stand once again, renewed, as their Maker made them, before their Maker. “ And the Sea gave up the dead which were in it, and Death, and Hell, the dead which were in them.”

Not bombast, good reader, in any wise ; nor a merely soothing melody of charming English, to be mouthed for a ‘ second lesson.’

But is it worse than bombast, then ? Is it, perchance, pure Lie ?

Carpaccio, at all events, thought not ; and this, as I have told you, is the first practical opinion of his I want you to be well informed of.

Since that last Fors was written, one of my friends found for me the most beautiful of all the symbols in the picture of the Dream ;—one of those which leap to the eyes when they are understood, yet which, in the sweet enigma, I had deliberately twice painted, without understanding.

At the head of the princess’s bed is embroidered her shield ; (of which elsewhere)—but on a dark blue-green space in the cornice above it is another very little and bright shield, it seemed),—but with no bearing. I painted it, thinking it was meant merely for a minute repetition of the escutcheon below, and that the painter had not taken the trouble to blazon the bearings again. (I might have known Carpaccio never would even *omit* without meaning.) And I never noticed that it was not in a line above the escutcheon, but exactly above the princess’s head. It gleams with bright silver edges out of the dark-blue ground—the point of the mortal Arrow !

At the time it was painted the sign would necessarily have been recognised in a moment ; and it completes the meaning of the vision without any chance of mistake.

And it seems to me, guided by such arrow-point, the purpose of Fors that I should make clear the meaning of what I have myself said on this matter, throughout the six years in which I have been permitted to carry on the writing of these letters, and to preface their series for the seventh year, with the interpretation of this Myth of Venice.

I have told you that all Carpaccio's sayings are of knowledge, not of opinion. And I mean by knowledge, *communicable* knowledge. Not merely personal, however certain—like Job's 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' but discovered truth, which can be shown to all men who are willing to receive it. No great truth is allowed by nature to be demonstrable to any person who, foreseeing its consequences, desires to refuse it. He has put himself into the power of the Great Deceiver; and will in every effort be only further deceived, and place more fastened faith in his error.

This, then, is the truth which Carpaccio knows, and would teach:—

That the world is divided into two groups of men; the first, those whose God is their God, and whose glory is their glory, who mind heavenly things; and the second, men whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame,* who mind earthly things. That is just as demonstrable a scientific fact as the separation of land from water. There may be any quantity of intermediate mind, in various conditions of bog;—some, wholesome Scotch peat,—some, Pontine marsh,—some, sulphurous slime, like what people call water in English manufacturing towns; but the elements of Croyance and Meseroyance are always chemically separable out of the putrescent mess: by the faith that is in it, what life or good it can still keep, or do, is possible; by the miscreance in it, what mischief it can do, or annihilation it can suffer, is appointed for its work and fate. All strong character curdles itself out of the seum into its own place and power, or impotence: and they that sow to the Flesh do of the Flesh reap corruption; and they that sow to the Spirit, do of the Spirit reap Life.

I pause, without writing 'everlasting,' as perhaps you expected. Neither Carpaccio nor I know anything about Duration of life, or what the word translated 'everlasting' means. Nay, the first sign of noble trust in God and man, is to be

* Mr. Darwin's last discoveries of the gestures of honour and courtesy among baboons are a singular completion of the types of this truth in the natural world.

able to act without any such hope. All the heroic deeds, all the purely unselfish passions of our existence, depend on our being able to live, if need be, through the Shadow of Death: and the daily heroism of simply brave men consists in fronting and accepting Death as such, trusting that what their Maker decrees for them shall be well.

But what Carpaccio knows, and what I know also, are precisely the things which your wiseacre apothecaries, and their apprentices, and too often your wiseacre rectors and vicars, and *their* apprentices, tell you that you can't know, because "eye hath not seen nor ear heard them," the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God has revealed them to *us*,—to Carpaccio, and Angelico, and Dante, and Giotto, and Filippo Lippi, and Sandro Botticelli, and me, and to every child that has been taught to know its Father in heaven,—by the Spirit: because we have minded, or do mind, the things of the Spirit in some measure, and in such measure have entered into our rest.

"The things which God *hath prepared* for them that love Him." Hereafter, and up there, above the clouds, you have been taught to think;—until you were informed by your land-surveyors that there was neither up nor down; but only an axis of *x* and an axis of *y*; and by aspiring aeronauts that there was nothing in the blue but damp and azote. And now you don't believe these things are prepared *anywhere*? They are prepared just as much as ever, when and where they used to be: just now, and here, close at your hand. All things are prepared,—come ye to the marriage. Up and and down on the old highways which your fathers trod, and under the hedges of virgin's bower and wild rose which your fathers planted, there are the messengers crying to you to come. Nay, at your very doors, though one is just like the other in your model lodging-houses,—there is One knocking, if you would open, with something better than traets in His basket;—supper, and very material supper, if you will only condescend to eat of angel's food first. There are meats for the belly, and the belly for meats; doth not your Father know that ye have

need of these things? But if you make your belly your only love, and your meats your only masters, God shall destroy both it and them.

Truly it is hard for you to hear the low knocking in the hubbub of your Vanity Fair. You are living in the midst of the most perfectly misereant crowd that ever blasphemed creation. Not with the old snap-finger blasphemy of the wantonly profane, but the deliberate blasphemy of Adam Smith: 'Thou shalt hate the Lord thy God, damn his laws, and covet thy neighbour's goods.' Here's one of my own boys getting up that lesson beside me for his next Oxford examination. For Adam Smith is accepted as the outcome of Practical Philosophy, at our universities; and their youth urged to come out high in competitive blasphemy. Not the old snap-finger sort,* I repeat, but that momentary sentiment, deliberately adopted for a national law. I must turn aside for a minute or two to explain this to you.

The eighth circle of Dante's Hell (compare Fors of December, 1872, p. 351.) is the circle of Fraud, divided into ten gulphs; in the seventh of these gulphs are the Thieves, by Fraud,—brilliantly now represented by the men who covet their neighbour's goods and take them in any way they think safe, by high finance, sham companies, cheap goods, or any other of our popular modern ways.

Now there is not in all the Inferno quite so studied a piece of descriptive work as Dante's relation of the infection of one cursed soul of this crew by another. They change alternately into the forms of men and serpents, each biting the other into this change—

"Ivy ne'er clasped
A doddered oak, as round the other's limbs
The hideous monster intertwined his own;
Then, as they both had been of burning wax,
Each melted into other."

* In old English illuminated Psalters, of which I hope soon to send a perfect example to Sheffield to companion our Bible, the vignette of the Fool saying in his heart, 'There is no God,' nearly always represents him in this action. Vanni Fucci makes the Italian sign of the Fig,—'A fig for you!'

Read the story of the three transformations for yourself (Cantos xxiv., xxv.), and then note the main point of all, that the spirit of such theft is especially indicated by its intense and direct manner of blasphemy:—

“ I did not mark,
Through all the gloomy circle of the abyss,
Spirit that swelled so proudly 'gainst its God,
Not him who headlong fell from Thebes.”

The soul is Vanni Fucci's, who rifled the sacristy of St. James of Pistoja, and charged Vanni della Nona with the sacrilege, whereupon the latter suffered death. For in those days, death was still the reward of sacrilege by the Law of State; whereas, while I write this Fors, I receive notice of the conjunction of the sacred and profane civic powers of London to de-consecrate, and restore to the definitely pronounced 'unholy' spaces of this world, the church of All-Hallows, wherein Milton was christened.

A Bishop was there to read, as it were, the Lord's Prayer backwards, or at least address it to the Devil instead of to God, to pray that over this portion of British Metropolitan territory *His* Kingdom might again come.

A notable sign of the times,—completed, in the mythical detail of it, by the defiance of the sacred name of the Church, and the desecration of good men's graves,* lest, perchance, the St. Ursulas of other lands should ever come on pilgrimage, rejoicing, over the sea, hopeful to see such holy graves among the sights of London.

Infinitely ridiculous, such travelling as St. Ursula's, you think,—to see dead bodies, forsooth, and ask, with every poor, bewildered, Campagna peasant, “Dov' è San Paolo?” Not at all such the object of modern English and American tourists!—nay, sagacious Mr. Spurgeon came home from his foreign tour, and who more proud than he to have scorned, in a

* My friend Mr. W. C. Sillar rose in the church, and protested, in the name of God, against the proceedings. He was taken into custody as disorderly,—the press charitably suggested, only drunk;—and was I believe discharged without fine or imprisonment, for we live in liberal days.

rational manner, all relics and old bones? I have some notes by me, ready for February, concerning the unrejoicing manner of travel adopted by the sagacious modern tourist, and his objects of contemplation, for due comparison with St. Ursula's; but must to-day bring her lesson close home to your own thoughts.

Look back to the fifth page, and the seventeenth, of the Fors of January, for this year. The first tells you, what this last sign of Church desecration now confirms, that you are in the midst of men who, *if* there be truth in Christianity at all, must be punished for their open defiance of Heaven by the withdrawal of the Holy Spirit, and the triumph of the Evil One. And you are told in the last page that by the service of God only you can recover the presence of the Holy Ghost of Life and Health—the Comforter.

This—vaguely and imperfectly, during the last six years, proclaimed to you, as it was granted me—in this coming seventh year I trust to make more simply manifest; and to show you how every earthly good and possession will be given you, if you seek first the Kingdom of God and His Justice. If, in the assurance of Faith, you can ask and strive that such kingdom may be with you, though it is not meat and drink, but Justice, Peace, and Joy in the Holy Ghost,—if, in the first terms I put to you for oath,* you will do good work, whether you live or die, and so lie down at night, whether hungry or weary, at least in peace of heart and surety of honour;—then, you shall rejoice, in your native land, and on your nursing sea, in all fulness of temporal possession;—then, for you the earth shall bring forth her increase, and for you the floods clap their hands;—throughout your sacred pilgrimage, strangers here and sojourners with God, yet His word shall be with you,—“the land shall not be sold for ever, for the land is Mine,” and after your numbered days of happy loyalty, you shall go to rejoice in His Fatherland, and with His people.

* Compare Fors of October, 1874, page 146 to end, observing especially the sentence out of 2nd Esdras, “before *they* were sealed, that have gathered Faith for a Treasure.”

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

There is no occasion to put our small account again in print till the end of the year: we are not more than ten pounds ahead, since last month.

I certainly would not have believed, six years ago, that I had so few friends who had any trust in me; or that the British public would have entirely declined to promote such an object as the purchase of land for national freehold.

Next year I shall urge the operatives whom any words of mine may reach, to begin some organization with a view to this object among themselves. They have already combined to build co-operative mills; they would find common land a more secure investment.

I am very anxious to support, with a view to the determination of a standard of material in dress, the wool manufacture among the old fashioned cottagers of the Isle of Man; and I shall be especially grateful to any readers of *Fors* who will communicate with Mr. Egbert Rydings (Laxey, Isle of Man,) on this subject. In the island itself, Mr. Rydings tells me, the stuffs are now little worn by the better classes, because they 'wear too long,'—a fault which I hope there may be yet found English housewives who will forgive. At all events, I mean the square yard of Laxey homespun of a given weight, to be one of the standards of value in St. George's currency.

The cheque of £25, sent to Mr. Rydings for the encouragement of some of the older and feebler workers, is the only expenditure, beyond those for fittings slowly proceeded with in our Museum at Sheffield, to which I shall have to call attention at the year's end.

II. Affairs of the Master.

Though my readers, by this time, will scarcely be disposed to believe it, I really *can* keep accounts, if I set myself to do so; and even greatly enjoy keeping them, when I do them the first thing after my Exodus or Plato every morning; and keep them to the uttermost farthing. I *have* examples of such in past diaries; one, in particular, great in its exhibition of the prices of jargonel and Queen Louise pears at Abbeville. And my days always go best when they are thus begun, as far as pleasant feeling and general prosperity of work are concerned. But there is a great deal of work, and especially such as I am now set on, which does not admit of accounts in the

morning; but imperatively requires the fastening down forthwith of what first comes into one's mind after waking. Then the accounts get put off; tangle their thread—(so the Fates always instantly then ordain)—in some eightpenny matter, and without *Œdipus* to help on the right hand and *Ariadne* on the left, there's no bringing them right again. With due invocation to both, I think I have got my own accounts, for the past year, stated clearly below.

	RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.			BALANCE.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
February	1344	17	9	817	0	0	527	17	9
March	67	10	0	370	2	3	225	5	6
April	1522	12	4	276	10	0	1471	7	10
May	484	18	3	444	16	3	1511	9	10
June	179	0	0	464	11	0	1225	18	10
July	0	0	0	460	0	0	765	18	10
August	180	11	8	328	19	6	617	11	0
September	0	0	0	427	5	0	190	6	0
October	1279	8	0	655	0	0	814	14	0
November	0	0	0	495	0	0	784	8	0
December	592	15	4	242	0	0	1135	3	4

In the first column are the receipts for each month; in the second, the expenditure; in the third, the balance, which is to be tested by adding the previous balance to the receipts in the first column, and deducting the expenditure from the sum.

The months named are those in which the number of Fors was published in which the reader will find the detailed statements: a grotesque double mistake, in March, first in the addition and then in the subtraction, concludes in a total error of threepence; the real balance being £225 5s. 6d. instead of £225 5s. 9d. I find no error in the following accounts beyond the inheritance of this excessive threepence: (in October, p. 217, the entry under September 1 is misprinted 10 for 15; but the sum is right,) until the confusion caused by my having given the banker's balance in September, which includes several receipts and disbursements not in my own accounts, but to be printed in the final yearly estimate in Fors of next February. My own estimate, happily less than theirs, brings my balance for last month to £784 8s.; taking up which result, the present month's accounts are as follows:—

	RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Oct. 15. Balance		784	8	0			
Dividend on £6,500 Stock		292	10	0			
Rents, Marylebone		90	15	4			
Rents, Herne Hill		30	0	0			
Oxford, Half-year's Salary		179	10	0			

1377 3 4

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Brought forward				1377	3	4
EXPENDITURE.						
Oct. 15 to Nov. 15. Self at Venice	150	0	0			
Oct. 24. Burgess	42	0	0			
Nov. 1. Raffaele	15	0	0			
“ 7. Downs	25	0	0			
“ 11. Crawley	10	0	0			
				242	0	0
Balance, Nov. 15				£1135	3	4

III. I have lost the reference to a number of the ‘Monetary Gazette,’ of three or four weeks back, containing an excellent article on the Bishop of Peterborough’s declaration, referred to in the text, that the disputes between masters and men respecting wages were a question of Political Economy, in which the clergy must remain ‘strictly neutral.’

Of the Bishop’s Christian spirit in the adoption of his Master’s “Who made me a divider?” rather than of the earthly wisdom of John the Baptist, “Exact no more than that which is appointed you,” the exacting public will not doubt. I must find out, however, accurately what the Bishop *did* say; and then we will ask Little Bear’s opinion on the matter. For indeed, in the years to come, I think it will be well that nothing should be done without counsel of Ursula.

IV. The following is, I hope, the true translation of Job xxii. 24, 25. I greatly thank my correspondent for it.

“Cast the brass to the dust, and the gold of Ophir to the rocks of the brooks.

“So, will the Almighty be thy gold and thy shining silver.*

“Yes, then wilt thou rejoice in the Almighty and raise thy countenance to God.”

V. The following letter from a Companion may fitly close the correspondence for this year. I print it without suppression of any part, believing it may encourage many of my helpers, as it does myself:—

“My dear Master,—I have learnt a few facts about Humber keels. You know you were interested in my little keel scholars, because their vessels were so fine, and because they themselves were once simple bodies, almost guiltless of reading and writing. And it seems as if even the mud gives testimony to your words. So if you don’t mind the bother of one of my tiresome letters, I’ll tell you all I know about them.

“The Humber keels are, in nearly all cases, the property of the men who go in them. They are house and home to the keel family, who never live on shore like other sailors. It is very easy work navigating the rivers. There’s only the worry of loading and unloading,—and then their voyages are full of leisure.

“Keelmen are rural sailors, passing for days and days between cornfields and poppy banks, meadows and orchards, through low moist lands, where skies are grand at sunrise and sunset.

* Silver of strength.

“Now all this evidently makes a happy joyous life, and the smart colours and decoration of the boats are signs of it. Shouldn't you say so? Well, then, independence, home, leisure and nature are right conditions of life—and that's a bit of St. George's doctrine I've verified nearly all by myself; and there are things I know about the keel folks besides, which quite warrant my conclusions. But to see these very lowly craft stranded low on the mud at low tide, or squeezed in among other ships—big and grimy things—in the docks, you would think they were too low in the scale of shipping to have any pride or pleasure in life; yet I really think they are little arks, dressed in rainbows. Remember, please, Humber keels are quite different things to barges of any kind. And now keels are off my mind—except that if I can ever get anybody to paint me a gorgeous one, I shall send it to you.

“My dear Master, I have thought so often of the things you said about yourself, in relation to St. George's work; and I feel sure that you are disheartened, and too anxious about it—that you have some sort of feeling about not being sufficient for all of it. Forgive me, but it is so painful to think that the Master is anxious about things which do not need consideration. You said, I think, the good of you was, that you collected teaching and laws for us. But is that just right? Think of your first impulse and purpose. Was not that your commission? Be true to it. To me it seems that the good of you (as you say it) is that you have a heart to feel the sorrows of the world—that you have courage and power to speak against injustice and falsehood, and more than all, that you act out what you say. Everybody else seems asleep or dead—wrapped up in their own comfort or satisfaction,—and utterly deaf to any appeal. Do not think your work is less than it is, and let all unworthy anxieties go. The work is God's, if ever any work was, and He will look after its success. Fitness or unfitness is no question, for you are chosen. Mistakes do not matter. Much work does not matter. It only really matters that the Master stays with us, true to first appointments; that his hand guides all first beginnings of things, sets the patterns for us—and that we are loyal.

“Your affectionate servant.”

THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

JOHN RUSKIN

VOLUME XX



FORS CLAVIGERA

VOLUMES VII-VIII

FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTERS

TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS
OF GREAT BRITAIN.

VOLUME VII.

CONTAINING LETTERS LXXIII-LXXXIV.

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FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTER LXXIII.

VENICE, 20th November, 1876.

THE day on which this letter will be published will, I trust, be the first of the seventh year of the time during which I have been permitted, month by month, to continue the series of Fors Clavigera. In which seventh year I hope to gather into quite clear form the contents of all the former work; closing the seventh volume with accurate index of the whole. These seven volumes, if I thus complete them, will then be incorporated as a single work in the consecutive series of my books.

If I am spared to continue the letters beyond the seventh year, their second series will take a directly practical character, giving account of, and directing, the actual operations of St. George's Company; and containing elements of instruction for its schools, the scheme of which shall be, I will answer for it, plainly enough, by the end of this year, understood. For, in the present volume, I intend speaking directly, in every letter, to the Yorkshire operatives, and answering every question they choose to put to me,—being very sure that they will omit few relevant ones.

And first they must understand one more meaning I have in the title of the book. By calling it the 'Nail bearer,' I mean not only that it fastens in sure place the truths it has to teach, (January, 1872, page 126,) but also, that it nails down, as on the barn-door of our future homestead, for permanent and picturesque exposition, the extreme follies of which it has to give

warning: so that in expanded heraldry of beak and claw, the spread, or split, harpies and owls of modern philosophy may be for evermore studied, by the curious, in the parched skins of them.

For instance, at once, and also for beginning of some such at present needful study, look back to page 104 of Fors for 1874, wherein you will find a paragraph thus nailed fast out of the 'Pall Mall Gazette'—a paragraph which I must now spend a little more space of barn-door in delicately expanding. It is to the following effect, (I repeat, for the sake of readers who cannot refer to the earlier volumes): "The wealth of this world may be 'practically' regarded as infinitely great. It is not true that what one man appropriates becomes thereby useless to others; and it is also untrue that force or fraud, direct or indirect, are the principal, or indeed that they are at all common or important, modes of acquiring wealth."

You will find this paragraph partly answered, though but with a sneer, in the following page, 105; but I now take it up more seriously, for it is needful you should see the full depth of its lying.

The 'wealth of this world' consists broadly in its healthy food-giving land, its convenient building land, its useful animals, its useful minerals, its books, and works of art.

The healthy food-giving land, so far from being infinite, is, in fine quality, limited to narrow belts of the globe. What properly belongs to you as Yorkshiremen is only Yorkshire. You by appropriating Yorkshire keep other people from living in Yorkshire. The Yorkshire squires say the whole of Yorkshire belongs to them, and will not let any part of Yorkshire become useful to anybody else, but by enforcing payment of rent for the use of it; nor will the farmers who rent it allow its produce to become useful to anybody else but by demanding the highest price they can get for the same.

The convenient building land of the world is so far from being infinite, that, in London, you find a woman of eight-and-twenty paying one-and-ninepence a week for a room in which she dies of suffocation with her child in her arms; Fors,

November, 1872, p. 355 ; and, in Edinburgh, you find people paying two pounds twelve shillings a year for a space nine feet long, five broad, and six high, ventilated only by the chimney; Fors, April, 1874, p. 58 ; and compare March, 1873, p. 45.

The useful animals of the world are not infinite : the finest horses are very rare ; and the squires who ride them, by appropriating them, prevent you and me from riding them. If you and I and the rest of the mob took them from the squires, we could not at present probably ride them ; and unless we cut them up and ate them, we could not divide them among us, because they are not infinite.

The useful minerals of Yorkshire are iron, coal, and marble, —in large quantities, but not infinite quantities by any means ; and the masters and managers of the coal mines, spending their coal on making useless things out of the iron, prevent the poor all over England from having fires, so that they can now only afford close stoves, (if those!) Fors, January, 1873, p. 48.

The books and works of art in Yorkshire are not infinite, nor even in England. Mr. Fawkes' Turners are many, but not infinite at all, and as long as they are at Farnley, they can't be at Sheffield. My own thirty Turners are not infinite, and as long as they are at Oxford, can't be at Sheffield. You won't find, I believe, another such thirteenth-century Bible as I have given you, in all Yorkshire ; and so far from other books being infinite, there's hardly a woman in England, now, who reads a clean one, because she can't afford to have one but by borrowing.

So much for the infinitude of wealth. For the mode of obtaining it, all the land in England was first taken by force, and is now kept by force. Some day, I do not doubt, you will yourselves seize it by force. Land never has been, nor can be, got, nor kept, otherwise, when the population on it was as large as it could maintain. The establishment of laws respecting its possession merely define and direct the force by which it is held : and fraud, so far from being an unimportant mode of acquiring wealth, is now the only possible one ; our merchants say openly that no man *can* become rich by honest dealing. And it is precisely because fraud and force *are* the

chief means of becoming rich, that a writer for the 'Pall Mall Gazette' was found capable of writing this passage. No man could by mere overflow of his natural folly have written it. Only in the settled purpose of maintaining the interests of Fraud and Force; only in fraudfully writing for the concealment of Fraud, and frantically writing for the help of unjust Force, do literary men become so senseless.

The wealth of the world is not infinite, then, my Sheffield friends; and moreover, it is most of it unjustly divided, because it has been gathered by fraud, or by dishonest force, and distributed at the will, or lavished by the neglect, of such iniquitous gatherers. And you have to ascertain definitely, if you will be wise Yorkshiremen, how much of it is actually within your reach in Yorkshire, and may be got without fraud, by *honest* force. Compare propositions 5 and 6, page 301, September, 1872.

It ought to be a very pleasant task to you, this ascertaining how much wealth is within your reach in Yorkshire, if, as I see it stated in the article of the 'Times' on Lord Beaconsfield's speech at the Lord Mayor's dinner, quoted in 'Galigani' of the 10th of November, 1876: "The immense accession of wealth which this country has received through the development of the railway system and the establishment of free trade, makes the present war expenditure," etc., etc., etc. What it does in the way of begetting and feeding Woolwich Infants is not at present your affair; your business is to find out what it does, and what you can help it to do, in making it prudent for you to beget, and easy for you to feed, Yorkshire infants.

But are you quite sure the 'Times' is right? Are we indeed, to begin with, richer than we were? How is anybody to know? Is there a man in Sheffield who can,—I do not say, tell you what the country is worth,—but even show you how to set about ascertaining what it is worth?

The 'Times' way, 'Morning Post' way, and 'Daily News' way, of finding out, is an easy one enough, if only it be exact.

Look back to Fors of December, 1871, page 118, and you

will find the 'Times' telling you that "by every kind of measure, and on every principle of calculation, the growth of our prosperity is established," because we drink twice as much beer, and smoke three times as many pipes, as we used to. But it is quite conceivable to *me* that a man may drink twice as much beer, and smoke three times as many pipes, as he used to do, yet not be the richer man for it, nor his wife or children materially better off for it.

Again, the 'Morning Post' tells you (Fors, September, 1872, p. 296) that because the country is at present in a state of unexampled prosperity, coals and meat are at famine prices; and the 'Daily News' tells you (Fors, April, 1873, p. 71) that because coals are at famine prices, the capital of the country is increased. By the same rule, when everything else is at famine prices, the capital of the country will be at its maximum, and you will all starve in the proud moral consciousness of an affluence unprecedented in the history of the universe. In the meantime your wealth and prosperity have only advanced you to the moderately enviable point of not being able to indulge in what the 'Cornhill Magazine' (Fors, April, 1873, p. 66) calls the "luxury of a wife," till you are forty-five—unless you choose to sacrifice all your prospects in life for that unjustifiable piece of extravagance;—and your young women (Fors, May, 1873, p. 80) are applying, two thousand at a time, for places in the Post Office!

All this is doubtless very practical, and businesslike, and comfortable, and truly English. But suppose you set your wits to work for once in a Florentine or Venetian manner, and ask, as a merchant of Venice would have asked, or a 'good man' of the trades of Florence, *how much money there is in the town*,—who has got it, and what is becoming of it? These, my Sheffield friends, are the first of economical problems for *you*, depend upon it; perfectly soluble when you set straightforwardly about them; or, so far as insoluble, instantly indicating the places where the roguery is. Of money honestly got, and honourably in use, you can get account: of money ill got, and used to swindle with, you will get none.

But take account at least of what is countable. Your initial proceeding must be to map out a Sheffield district clearly. Within the border of that, you will hold yourselves Sheffields;—outside of it, let the Wakefield and Bradford people look after themselves; but determine your own limits, and see that things are managed well within them. Your next work is to count heads. You must register every man, woman, and child, in your Sheffield district; (compare and read carefully the opening of the Fors of February last year;) then register their incomes and expenditure; it will be a business, but when you have done it, you will know what you are about, and how much the town is really worth.

Then the next business is to establish a commissariat. Knowing how many mouths you have to feed, you know how much food is wanted daily. To get that quantity good; and to distribute it without letting middlemen steal the half of it is the first great duty of civic authority in villages, of ducal authority in cities and provinces, and of kingly authority in kingdoms.

Now, for the organization of your commissariat, there are two laws to be carried into effect, as you gain intelligence and unity, very different from anything yet conceived for your co-operative stores—(which are a good and wise beginning, no less). Of which laws the first is that, till all the mouths in the Sheffield district are fed, no food must be sold to strangers. Make all the ground in your district as productive as possible, both in cattle and vegetables; and see that such meat and vegetables be distributed swiftly to those who most need them, and eaten fresh. Not a mouthful of anything is to be sold across the border, while any one is hungry within it.

Then the second law is, that as long as any one remains unfed, or barebacked, the wages fund must be in common.*

* Don't shriek out at this, for an impossible fancy of St. George's. St. George only cares about, and tells you, the constantly necessary laws in a well organized state. *This* is a temporarily expedient law in a distressed one. No man, of a boat's crew on short allowance in the Atlantic, is allowed to keep provisions in a private locker;—still less must any man of the crew of a *city* on short allowance.

When every man, woman, and child is fed and clothed, the saving men may begin to lay by money, if they like; but while there is hunger and cold among you, there must be absolutely no purse-feeding, nor coin-wrapping. You have so many bellies to fill;—so much wages fund (besides the eatable produce of the district) to do it with.* Every man must bring all he earns to the common stock.

“What! and the industrious feed the idle?”

Assuredly, my friends; and the more assuredly, because under that condition you will presently come to regard their idleness as a social offence, and deal with it as such: which is precisely the view God means you to take of it, and the dealing He intends you to measure to it. But if you think yourselves exempted from feeding the idle, you will presently believe yourselves privileged to take advantage of their idleness by lending money to them at usury, raising duties on their dissipation, and buying their stock and furniture cheap when they fail in business. Whereupon you will soon be thankful that your neighbour's shutters are still up, when yours are down; and gladly promote his vice for your advantage. With no ultimate good to yourself, even at the devil's price, believe me.

Now, therefore, for actual beginning of organization of this Sheffield commissariat, since probably, at present, you won't be able to prevail on the Duke of York to undertake the duty, you must elect a duke of Sheffield, for yourselves. Elect a doge, if, for the present, to act only as purveyor-general:—honest doge he must be, with an active and kind duchess. If you can't find a couple of honest and well-meaning married souls in all Sheffield to trust the matter to, I have nothing

* “But how if other districts refused to sell *us* food, as you say we should refuse to sell food to *them*?”

You *Sheffielders* are to refuse to sell food only because food is scarce with you, and cutlery plenty. And as you had once a reputation for cutlery, and have yet skill enough left to recover it if you will, the other districts of England (and some abroad) will be glad still to give you some of their dinner in exchange for knives and forks,—which is a perfectly sagacious and expedient arrangement for all concerned.

more to say: for by such persons, and by such virtue in them only, is the thing to be done.

Once found, you are to give them fixed salary* and fixed authority; no prince has ever better earned his income, no consul ever needed stronger lictors, than these will, in true doing of their work. Then, by these, the accurately estimated demand, and the accurately measured supply, are to be coupled, with the least possible slack of chain; and the quality of food, and price, absolutely tested and limited.

But what's to become of the middleman?

If you really saw the middleman at his work, you would not ask that twice. Here's my publisher, Mr. Allen, gets tenpence a dozen for his cabbages; the consumer pays threepence each. That is to say, you pay for three cabbages and a half, and the middleman keeps two and a half for himself, and gives you one.

Suppose you saw this financial gentleman, in bodily presence, toll-taking at your door,—that you bought three loaves, and saw him pocket two, and pick the best crust off the third as he handed it in;—that you paid for a pot of beer, and saw him drink two-thirds of it and hand you over the pot and sops,—would you long ask, then, what was to become of him?

To my extreme surprise, I find, on looking over my two long-delayed indexes, that there occurs not in either of them the all-important monosyllable 'Beer.' But if you will look out the passages referred to in the index for 1874, under the articles 'Food' and 'Fish,' and now study them at more leisure, and consecutively, they will give you some clear notion of what the benefit of middlemen is to you; then, finally, take the Fors of January, 1873, and read the forty-fourth and forty-fifth pages carefully,—and you will there see that it has been shown by Pro-

* The idea of fixed salary, I thankfully perceive, is beginning to be taken up by philanthropic persons, (see notice of the traffic in intoxicating liquors in 'Pall Mall Budget' for December 1, 1876,) but still connected with the entirely fatal notion that they are all to have a fixed salary themselves for doing nothing but lend money, which, till they wholly quit themselves of, they will be helpless for good.

fessor Kirk, that out of the hundred and fifty-six millions of pounds which you prove your prosperity by spending annually on beer and tobacco, you pay a hundred millions to the rich middlemen, and thirty millions to the middling middlemen, and for every two shillings you pay, get threepence-halfpenny-worth of beer to swallow !

Meantime, the Bishop, and the Rector, and the Rector's lady, and the dear old Quaker spinster who lives in Sweetbriar Cottage, are *so* shocked that you drink so much, and that you are such horrid wretches that nothing can be done for you ! and you mustn't have your wages raised, because you *will* spend them in nothing but drink. And to-morrow they are all going to dine at Drayton Park, with the brewer who is your member of Parliament, and is building a public-house at the railway station, and another in the High Street, and another at the corner of Philpotts Lane, and another by the stables at the back of Tunstall Terrace, outside the town, where he has just bricked over the Dovesbourne, and filled Buttercup Meadow with broken bottles ; and, by every measure, and on every principle of calculation, the growth of your prosperity is established !

You helpless sots and simpletons ! Can't you at least manage to set your wives—what you have got of them—to brew your beer, and give you an honest pint of it for your money ? Let *them* have the halfpence first, anyhow, if they must have the kicks afterwards.

Read carefully over, then, thirsty and hungry friends, concerning these questions of meat and drink, that whole Fors of March, 1873 ; but chiefly Sir Walter's letter, and what it says of Education, as useless, unless you limit your tippling-houses.*

Yet some kind of education is instantly necessary to give you the courage and sense to limit them. If I were in your place, I should drink myself to death in six months, because I had nothing to amuse me ; and such education, therefore, as may teach you how to be rightly amused I am trying with all

* Compare Fors, February, 1872.

speed to provide for you. For, indeed, all real education, though it begins in the wisdom of John the Baptist—(quite *literally* so; first in washing with pure water,) goes on into an entirely merry and amused life, like St. Ursula's; and ends in a delightful death. But to be amused like St. Ursula you must feel like her, and become interested in the distinct nature of Bad and Good. Above all, you must learn to know faithful and good men from miscreants. Then you will be amused by knowing the histories of the good ones—and very greatly entertained by visiting their tombs, and seeing their statues. You will even feel yourselves pleased, some day, in walking considerable distances, with that and other objects, and so truly seeing foreign countries, and the shrines of the holy men who are alive in them, as well as the shrines of the dead. You will even, should a voyage be necessary, learn to rejoice upon the sea, provided you know first how to row upon it, and to catch the winds that rule it with bright sails. You will be amused by seeing pretty people wear beautiful dresses when you are not kept yourselves in rags, to pay for them; you will be amused by hearing beautiful music, when you can get your steam-devil's tongues, and throats, and wind-holes anywhere else, stopped, that you may hear it; and take enough pains yourselves to learn to know it, when you do. All which sciences and arts St. George will teach you, in good time, if you are obedient to him:—without obedience, neither he nor any saint in heaven can help you. Touching which, now of all men hated and abused, virtue,—and the connection more especially of the arts of the Muse with its universal necessity,—I have translated a piece of Plato for you, which, here following, I leave you to meditate on, till next month.

'The Athenian.'—It is true, my friends, that over certain of the laws, with us, our populace had authority; but it is no less true that there were others to which they were entirely subject.

'The Spartan.'—Which mean you?

'The Athenian.'—First, those which in that day related to

music, if indeed we are to trace up to its root the change which has issued in our now too licentious life.

For, at that time, music was divided according to certain ideas and forms necessarily inherent in it; and one kind of songs consisted of prayers to the gods, and were called hymns; and another kind, contrary to these, for the most part were called laments,* and another, songs of resolute strength and triumph, were sacred to Apollo; and a fourth, springing out of the frank joy of life, were sacred to Dionusos, and called 'dithyrambs.'† And these modes of music they called Laws as they did laws respecting other matters; but the laws of music for distinction's sake were called Harp-laws.

And these four principal methods, and certain other subordinate ones, having been determined, it was not permitted to use one kind of melody for the purpose of another; and the authority to judge of these, and to punish all who disobeyed the laws concerning them, was not, as now, the hissing, or the museless ‡ cry of the multitude in dispraise, neither their clapping for praise: but it was the function of men trained in the offices of education to hear all in silence; and to the children and their tutors, and the most of the multitude, the indication

* The Coronach of the Highlanders represents this form of music down to nearly our own days. It is to be defined as the sacredly ordered expression of the sorrow permitted to human frailty, but contrary to prayer, according to Plato's words, because expressing will contrary to the will of God.

† "The origin of this word is unknown" (Liddell and Scott). But there must have been an idea connected with a word in so constant use, and spoken of matters so intimately interesting; and I have myself no doubt that a sense of the doubling and redoubling caused by instinctive and artless pleasure in sound, as in nursery rhymes, extended itself gradually in the Greek mind into a conception of the universal value of what may be summed in our short English word 'reply'; as, first, in the reduplication of its notes of rapture by the nightingale,—then, in the entire system of adjusted accents, rhythms, strophes, antistrophes, and echoes of burden; and, to the Greek, most practically in the balanced or interchanged song of answering bodies of chorus entering from opposite doors on the stage: continuing down to our own days in the alternate chant of the singers on each side of the choir.

‡ 'Museless,' as one says 'shepherdless,' unprotected or helped by the Muse.

of order was given with the staff ; * and in all these matters the multitude of the citizens was willing to be governed, and did not dare to judge by tumult ; but after these things, as time went on, there were born, beginners of the museless libertinage,—poets, who were indeed poetical by nature, but incapable of recognizing what is just and lawful for the Muse ; exciting themselves in passion, and possessed, more than is due, by the love of pleasure : and these mingling laments with hymns, and pæans with dithyrambs, and mimicking the pipe with the harp, and dragging together everything into everything else, involuntarily and by their want of natural instinct † led men into the false thought that there is no positive rightness whatsoever in music, but that one may judge rightly of it by the pleasure of those who enjoy it, whether their own character be good or bad. And constructing such poems as these, and saying, concerning them, such words as these, they led the multitude into rebellion against the laws of music, and the daring of trust in their own capacity to judge of it. Whence the theatric audiences, that once were voiceless, became clamorous, as having

* I do not positively understand this, but the word used by Plato signifies properly, ' putting in mind,' or rather putting in the notion, or ' nous ' ; and I believe the wand of the master of the theatre was used for a guide to the whole audience, as that of the leader of the orchestra is to the band,—not merely, nor even in any principal degree, for time-keeping, (which a pendulum in his place would do perfectly),—but for exhortation and encouragement. Supposing an audience thoroughly bent on listening and understanding, one can conceive the suggestion of parts requiring attention, the indication of subtle rhythm which would have escaped uncultivated ears, and the claim for sympathy in parts of singular force and beauty, expressed by a master of the theatre, with great help and pleasure to the audience ;—we can imagine it best by supposing some great, acknowledged, and popular master, conducting his own opera, secure of the people's sympathy. A people not generous enough to give sympathy, nor modest enough to be grateful for leading, is not capable of hearing or understanding music. In our own schools, however, all that is needful is the early training of children under true musical law ; and the performance, under excellent masters, of appointed courses of beautiful music, as an essential part of all popular instruction, no less important than the placing of classical books and of noble pictures, within the daily reach and sight of the people.

† Literally, ' want of notion or conception.'

professed knowledge, in the things belonging to the Muses, of what was beautiful and not; and instead of aristocracy in that knowledge, rose up a certain polluted teatrocracy. For if indeed the demoeraey had been itself composed of more or less well-educated persons, there would not have been so much harm; but, from this beginning in music, sprang up general disloyalty, and *pronouncing of their own opinion by everybody about everything*; and on this followed mere licentiousness, for, having no fear of speaking, supposing themselves to know, fearlessness begot shamelessness. For, in our audacity, to have no fear of the opinion of the better person, is in itself a corrupt impudence, ending in extremity of license. And on this will always follow the resolve no more to obey established authorities; then, beyond this, men are fain to refuse the service and reject the teaching of father and mother, and of all old age,—and so one is close to the end of refusing to obey the national laws, and at last to think no more of oath, or faith, or of the gods themselves: thus at last likening themselves to the ancient and monstrous nature of the Titans, and filling their lives full of ceaseless misery.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

Our accounts to the end of the year will be given in the February Fors. The entire pause in subscriptions, and cessation of all serviceable offers of Companionship,* during the last six months, may perhaps be owing in some measure to the continued delay in the determination of our legal position. I am sure that Mr. Somervell, who has communicated with the rest of the Companions on the subject, is doing all that is possible to give our property a simply workable form of tenure; and then, I trust, things will progress faster; but, whether they do or not, at the close of this seventh year, if I live, I will act with all the funds then at my disposal.

II. Affairs of the Master.

Paid—	£	s.	d.
Nov. 18. The Bursar of Corpus	13	0	0
“ Henry Swan; engraving for ‘Laws of Fésolle’	5	0	0
29. Jackson	25	0	0
Dec. 7. C. F. Murray, for sketch of Princess Ursula and her Father, from Carpaccio	10	0	0
10. Oxford Secretary	100	0	0
11. Self at Venice †	150	0	0
12. Downs	50	0	0
15. Burgess	42	0	0
	<u>£395</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>
Balance, November 15th	£1135	3	4
		395	0
		<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>
Balance, December 15th	£740	3	4

* I have refused several which were made without clear understanding of the nature of the Companionship; and especially such as I could perceive to be made, though unconsciously, more in the thought of the honour attaching to the name of Companions, than of the self-denial and humility necessary in their duties.

† Includes the putting up of scaffolds at St Mark's and the Ducal Palace to cast some of their sculptures; and countless other expenses, mythologically defensible as the opening of Danne's brazen tower: besides enormous bills at the "Grand Hotel," and sundry inexcusable "indiscriminate charities."

III. The mingled impertinence and good feeling of the following letter makes it difficult to deal with. I should be unjust to the writer in suppressing it, and to myself, (much more to Mr. Sillar,) in noticing it. The reader may answer it for himself: the only passage respecting which I think it necessary to say anything is the writer's mistake in applying the rule of doing as you would be done by to the degree in which your neighbour may expect or desire you to violate an absolute law of God. It may often be proper, if civil to your neighbour, to drink more than is good for you; but not to commit the moderate quantity of theft or adultery which you may perceive would be in polite accordance with his principles, or in graceful compliance with his wishes.

“ November 14th, 1876.

“ Dear Mr. Ruskin,—Why so cross? I don't want to discuss with you the ‘uses of Dissent.’ I am no more a Dissenting minister than you are, and not nearly as much of a Dissenter; and where you find my ‘duly dissenting scorn of the wisdom of the Greeks and the legality of the Jews’ I don't know.

“ Mr. Sillar backbites with his pen, and does evil to his neighbour. He does it quite inadvertently, misled by a passage in a book he has just read. Mr. Ruskin, forgetting his own clear exposition of Psalm xv., takes up the reproach against his neighbour, believes the evil, and won't even pray for the sinner. I correct the mistake; whereupon Mr. Ruskin, instead of saying he is sorry for printing a slander, or that he is glad to find Mr. Sillar was mistaken, calls Mr. Wesley an ass, (‘unwise Christian—altering rules so as to make them useless,’ are his words, but the meaning is the same,) and sneers at Methodism, evidently without having made even an ‘elementary investigation’ of its principles, or having heard one sermon from a Methodist preacher,—so at least I judge from Fors XXXVI., p. 209.

“ If you wanted information—which you don't—about our rules, I would point out that our rules are only three:—1, ‘To do no harm;’ 2, ‘To do all the good we can to men's bodies and souls;’ and 3, ‘To attend upon all the ordinances of God.’ A Methodist, according to Mr. Wesley's definition, (pardon me for quoting another of his definitions; unfortunately, in this case it does not express what *is*, but what ought to be,) is, ‘One who lives after the method laid down in the Bible.’

In answer to your questions, we don't approve of *going to law*, yet sometimes it may be necessary to appeal unto Cæsar; and in making a reference to a Christian magistrate in a Christian country, we don't think we should be doing what St. Paul condemns,—‘going to law before the unjust, before unbelievers, and not before saints.’

“ As to usury and interest. Hitherto, perhaps wrongly, we have been satisfied with the ordinary ideas of men—including, apparently, some of your most esteemed friends—on the subject. You yourself did not find out the wrong of taking interest until Mr. Sillar showed you how to judge of it (Fors for 1874, p. 100); and your investigations are still, like mine, so elementary that they have not influenced your practice.

“ I cannot tell you with ‘pious accuracy’ the exact number of glasses of wine you may properly take, giving God thanks; but pray don't take too many. Personally, I fancy the rule, ‘Do unto others as you would be done by,’ would keep me on the right side if I had any capital to invest, which I haven't. My good mother, eighty three years of age, has a small sum, and since reading Fors I have just calculated that she has already received the entire amount in interest; and of course she must now, if your ideas are correct, give up the principal, and ‘go and work for more.’

“As for my postscript, I really thought, from Fors (pp. 127-8, Letter LXVI. ; 152-4, Letter LXVII.), that you were bothered with lawyers, and did not know what to do with sums of money given to you for a definite purpose, and which apparently could not be legally applied to that purpose. A plan that has answered well for John Wesley’s Society would, I thought, answer equally well for another company, in which I feel considerable interest. The objects of the two societies are not very dissimilar: our rules are substantially yours, only they go a little further. But whilst aiming at remodelling the world, we begin by trying to mend ourselves, and to ‘save our own souls,’ in which I hope there is nothing to raise your ire, or bring upon us the vials of your scorn. Referring to Fors (p. 19 *et seq.*), I think I may say that ‘we agree with most of your directions for private life.’ In our plain and simple way,—assuredly not with your eloquence and rigour,—‘we promulgate and recommend your principles,’ without an idea that they are to be considered distinctively yours. We find them in the Bible; and if we don’t ‘aid your plans by sending you money,’ it is because not one of us in a hundred thousand ever heard of them; and besides, it is possible for us to think that, whilst your plans are good, our own are better. For myself, I have for some time wished and intended to send something, however trifling it might seem to you, towards the funds of St. George’s Company. Will you kindly accept 20s. from a *Methodist Preacher*?* I was going to send it before you referred to us, but spent the money in your photographs and Xenophon; and sovereigns are so scarce with me that I had to wait a little before I could afford another.

“And now, if you have read as far as this, will you allow me to thank you most sincerely for all that I have learnt from you. I could say much on this subject, but forbear. More intelligent readers you may have, but none more grateful than

“Yours very truly,
“A METHODIST PREACHER.”

* With St. George’s thanks.

LETTER LXXIV.

VENICE, *Christmas Day*, 1876.*

LAST night, St. Ursula sent me her dianthus "out of her bedroom window, with her love," and, as I was standing beside it, this morning,—(ten minutes ago only,—it has just struck eight,) watching the sun rise out of a low line of cloud, just midway between the domes of St. George, and the Madonna of Safety, there came into my mind the cause of our difficulties about the Eastern question: with considerable amazement to myself that I had not thought of it before; but, on the contrary, in what I had intended to say, been misled, hitherto, into quite vain collection of the little I knew about either Turkey or Russia; and entirely lost sight, (though actually at this time chiefly employed with it!) of what Little Bear has thus sent me the flower out of the dawn in her window, to put me in mind of,—the religious meanings of the matter.

I must explain her sign to you more clearly before I can tell you these.

She sent me the living dianthus, (with a little personal message besides, of great importance to *me*, but of none to the matter in hand,) by the hands of an Irish friend now staying here: but she had sent me also, in the morning, from England, a dried sprig of the other flower in her window, the sacred vervain,† by the hands of the friend who is helping me in all I want for 'Proserpina,'—Mr. Oliver.

* I believe the following entry to be of considerable importance to our future work; and I leave it, uncorrected, as it was written at the time, for that reason.

† I had carelessly and very stupidly taken the vervain for a decorative modification of olive. It is painted with entire veracity, so that my good friend Signor Coldara, (who is painting Venetian flowers for us, knew it for the "Erla Luisa" at the first glance,) went to the Botanical Gardens here, and painted it from the life. I will send his painting, with my own draw-

Now the vervain is the ancient flower sacred to domestic purity; and one of the chief pieces of teaching which showed me the real nature of classic life, came to me ten years ago, in learning by heart one of Horace's house-songs, in which he especially associates this herb with the *cheerful* service—yet sacrificial service—of the household Gods.

“The whole house laughs in silver;—maid and boy in happy confusion run hither and thither; the altar, wreathed with chaste vervain, asks for its sprinkling with the blood of the lamb.”

Again, the *Dianthus*, of which I told you more was to be learned, means, translating that Greek name, “Flower of God,” or especially of the Greek Father of the Gods; and it is of all wild flowers in Greece the brightest and richest in its divine beauty. (In ‘*Proserpina*,’ note classification.*)

Now, see the use of myths, when they are living.

You have the Domestic flower, and the Wild flower.

You have the Christian sacrifice of the Passover, for the Household; and the universal worship of Allah, the Father of all,—our Father which art in Heaven, made of specialty to you by the light of the crimson wild flower on the mountains; and all this by specialty of sign sent to you in Venice, by the Saint whose mission it was to convert the savage people of “England, over-sea.”

I am here interrupted by a gift, from another friend, of a little painting of the ‘pitcher’ (Venetian water-carrier’s) of holy water, with the sprinkling thing in it,—I don’t know its name,—but it reminds me of the “*Tu asperges*” in *Lethe*, in the *Purgatorio*, and of other matters useful to me: but mainly observe from it, in its bearing on our work, that the blood of Sprinkling, common to the household of the Greek, Roman, and the Jew,—and water of Sprinkling, common to all nations on earth, in the Baptism to which Christ submitted,—the one,

ing of the plant from the Carpaccio picture, to the Sheffield museum. They can there be photographed for any readers of Fors who care to see such likenesses of them.

* All left as written, in confusion: I will make it clear presently.

speaketh better things than that of Abel, and the other than that unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea, in so far as they give *joy* together with their purity; so that the Lamb of the Passover itself, and the Pitcher of Water borne by him who showed the place of it, alike are turned, the one, by the last Miracle, into sacramental wine which immortally in the sacred Spirit makes glad the Heart of Man, and the other, by the first Miracle, into the Marriage wine, which here, and immortally in the sacred, because purified Body, makes glad the Life of Man.

2nd January, 1877.

Thus far I wrote in the morning and forenoon of Christmas Day: and leave it so, noting only that the reference to the classification in 'Proserpina' is to the name there given for the whole order of the pinks, including the dianthus,—namely, Clarissa. It struck me afterwards that it would be better to have made it simply 'Clara,'—which, accordingly, I have now determined it shall be. The Dianthus will be the first subspecies; but note that this Greek name is modern, and bad Greek also; yet to be retained, for it is *our* modern contribution to the perfectness of the myth. Carpaccio meant it, first and practically, for a balcony window-flower—as the vervain is also: and what more, I can't say, or seek, to-day, for I must turn now to the business for this month, the regulation of our Sheffield vegetable market:—yet for *that*, even you will have to put up with another page or two of myth, before we can get rightly at it.

I must ask you to look back to Fors of August, 1872, page 251; and to hear why the boy with his basket of figs was so impressive a sign to me.

He was selling them before the south façade of the Ducal Palace; which, built in the fourteenth century, has two notable sculptures on its corner-stones. Now, that palace is the perfect type of such a building as should be made the seat of a civic government exercising all needful powers.* How

* State prisoners were kept in the palace, instead of in a separate tower, as was our practice in London, that none might be in bonds more than a month before they were brought up for judgment.

soon you may wish to build such an one at Sheffield depends on the perfection of the government you can develop there, and the dignity of state which you desire it should assume. For the men who took counsel in that palace "considered the poor," and heard the requests of the poorest citizens, in a manner of which you have had as yet no idea given you by any government visible in Europe.

This palace being, as I said, built in the fourteenth century, when the nation liked to express its thoughts in sculpture, and being essentially the national palace, its builder, speaking as it were the mind of the whole people, signed first, on its corner-stones, their consent in the scriptural definition of worldly happiness,—“Every man shall dwell under his vine and under his fig tree.” And out of one corner-stone he carved a fig tree; out of the other, a vine. But to show upon what conditions, only, such happiness was to be secured, he thought proper also on each stone to represent the temptations which it involved, and the danger of yielding to them. Under the fig tree, he carved Adam and Eve, unwisely gathering figs: under the vine, Noah, unwisely gathering grapes.

‘*Gathering,*’ observe;—in both instances the hand is on the fruit; the sculpture of the Drunkenness of Noah differing in this from the usual treatment of the subject.

These two sculptures represent broadly the two great divisions of the sins of men;—those of Disobedience, or sins against known command,—Presumptuous sins—and therefore, against Faith and Love; and those of Error, or sins against unknown command, sins of Ignorance—or, it may be, of Weakness, but not against Faith, nor against Love.

These corner-stones form the chief decoration or grace of its strength—meaning, if you read them in their national lesson, “Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.” Then, next above these stones of warning, come the stones of Judgment and Help.

3rd January, 1877.

Above the sculpture of Presumptuous Sin is carved the angel Michael, with the lifted sword. Above the sculpture of Err-

ing Sin, is carved the angel Raphael, leading Tobias, and his dog.

Not *Tobit*, and his dog, observe. It is very needful for us to understand the separate stories of the father and son, which gave this subject so deep a meaning to the mediæval Church. Read the opening chapter of *Tobit*, to the end of his prayer. That prayer, you will find, is the seeking of death rather than life, in entirely noble despair. Erring, but innocent; blind, but *not thinking that he saw*,—therefore without sin.

To him the angel of all beautiful life is sent, hidden in simplicity of human duty, taking a servant's place for hire, to lead his son in all right and happy ways of life, explaining to him, and showing to all of us who read, in faith, for ever, what is the root of all the material evil in the world, the great error of seeking pleasure before use. This is the dreadfulness which brings the true horror of death into the world, which hides God in death, and which makes all the lower creatures of God—even the happiest, suffer with us,—even the most innocent, injure us.*

But the young man's dog went with them—and returned, to show that all the lower creatures, who can love, have passed, through their love, into the guardianship and guidance of angels.

And now you will understand why I told you in the last Fors for last year that you must eat angel's food before you could eat material food.

Tobit got leave at last, you see, to go back to his dinner.

Now, I have two pretty stories to tell you, (though I must not to-day.) of a Venetian dog, which were told to me on Christmas Day last, by Little Bear's special order. Her own dog, at the foot of her bed, is indeed unconscious of the angel with the palm; but is taking care of his mistress's earthly crown; and St. Jerome's dog, in his study, is seriously and admiringly interested in the progress of his master's literary

* Measure,—who can,—the evil that the Horse and Dog, worshipped before God, have done to England.

work, though not, of course, understanding the full import of it.

The dog in the vision to the shepherds, and the cattle in the Nativity, are always essential to these myths, for the same reason; and in next Fors, you shall have with the stories of the Venetian dog, the somewhat more important one of St. Theodore's horse,—God willing. Finally, here are four of the grandest lines of an English prophet, sincere as Carpaccio, which you will please remember:

'The bat that flits at close of eve,
Hath left the brain that won't believe.'

'Hurt not the moth, nor butterfly,
For the Last Judgment draweth nigh.'

And now, Tobit having got back to his dinner, we may think of ours: only Little Bear *will* have us hear a little reading still, in the refectory. Take patience but a minute or two more.

Long ago, in 'Modern Painters,' I dwelt on the, to me, utter marvellousness, of that saying of Christ, (when "on this wise showed He Himself")—

"Come and dine. . . .

. . . . So when they had dined," etc.

I understand it now, with the "Children, have ye here any meat?" of the vision in the chamber. My hungry and thirsty friends, do not you also begin to understand the sacredness of your daily bread; nor the divinity of the great story of the world's beginning;—the infinite truth of its "Touch not—taste not—handle not, of the things that perish in the using, but only of things which, whether ye eat or drink, are to the glory of God"?

But a few more words about Venice, and we come straight to Sheffield.

My boy with his basket of rotten figs *could* only sell them in front of the sculpture of Noah, because all the nobles had perished from Venice, and he was there, poor little coster-

monger, stooping to cry *fighiaie* between his legs, where the stately lords in Europe were wont to walk, erect enough, and in no disordered haste. (Curiously, as I write this very page, one of the present authorities in progressive Italy, progressive without either legs or arms, has gone whizzing by, up the canal, in a steam propeller, like a large darting water beetle.) He *could* only sell them in that place, because the Lords of Venice were fallen, as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs; and the sentence is spoken against them, "No man eat fruit of thee, hereafter." And he could only sell them in Venice at all, because the laws of the greater Lords of Venice who *built* her palaces are disobeyed in her modern liberties. Hear this, from the Venetian Laws of State respecting "Frutti e Fruttaroli," preserved in the Correr Museum.

19th June, 1516.*—"It is forbidden to all and sundry to sell bad fruits. Figs, especially, must not be kept in the shop from one day to another, on pain of fine of twenty-five lire."

30th June, 1518.—"The sale of squeezed figs and preserved figs is forbidden. They are to be sold ripe."

10th June, 1523.—"Figs cannot be preserved nor packed. They are to be sold in the same day that they are brought into this city."

The intent of these laws is to supply the people largely and cheaply with ripe fresh figs from the mainland, and to prevent their ever being eaten in a state injurious to health, on the one side, or kept, to raise the price, on the other. Note the continual connection between Shakspeare's ideal, both of commerce and fairyland, with Greece, and Venice: "Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,—with purple grapes, *green* figs, and mulberries"; the laws of Venice respecting this particular fruit being originally Greek; (Athenian; see derivation of word 'sycophant,' in any good dictionary).

But the next law, 7th July, 1523, introduces question of a fruit still more important to Venetians.

* "Innibito a chiunque il vendere frutti cattivi." *Before 1510, observe, nobody thought of doing so.*

“On pain of fine (ut supra), let no spoiled or decaying melons or bottle-gourds be sold, nor any yellow cucumbers.”

9th June, 1524.—“The sale of fruits which are not good and nourishing is forbidden to every one, both on the canals and lands of this city. Similarly, it is forbidden to keep them in baskets more than a day; and, similarly, to keep bad mixed with the good.”

On the 15th July, 1545, a slight relaxation is granted of this law, as follows: “Sellers of melons cannot sell them either unripe or decayed (*erudi o marci*), without putting a ticket on them, to certify them as such.”

And to ensure obedience to these most wholesome ordinances of state, the life of the Venetian greengrocer was rendered, (according to Mr. John Bright,*) a burden to him, by the following regulations:—

* (Fors, January, 1874, page 3.)

I observe that, in his recent speech at Rochdale, Mr. Bright makes mention of me which he “hopes I shall forgive.” There is no question of forgiveness in the matter; Mr. Bright speaks of me what he believes to be true, and what, to the best of his knowledge, is so: he quotes a useful passage from the part of my books which he understands; and a notable stanza from the great song of Sheffield, whose final purport, nevertheless, Mr. Bright himself reaches only the third part of the way to understanding. He has left to me the duty of expressing the ultimate force of it, in such rude additional rhyme as came to me yesterday, while walking to and fro in St. Mark’s porch, beside the grave of the Duke Marino Morosini; a man who knew more of the East than Mr. Bright, and than most of his Rochdale audience; but who nevertheless shared the incapacity of Socrates, Plato, and Epaminondas, to conceive the grandeur of the ceremony “which took place yesterday in Northern India.”

Here is Ebenezer’s stanza, then, with its sequence, taught me by Duke Morocen:

“What shall Bread-Tax do for thee,
Venerable Monarchy?
Dreams of evil,—sparing sight,
Let that horror rest in night.”

What shall Drink-Tax do for thee,
Faith-Defending Monarchy?
Priestly King,—is *this* thy sign,
Sale of Blessing,—Bread,—and Wine?

6th July, 1559.—“The superintendents of fruits shall be confined to the number of eight, of whom two every week, (thus securing a monthly service of the whole octave,) shall stand at the barrier, to the end that no fruits may pass, of any kind, that are not good.”

More special regulations follow, for completeness of examination; the refusal to obey the law becoming gradually, it is evident, more frequent as the moral temper of the people declined, until, just two centuries after the issuing of the first simple order, that no bad fruit is to be sold, the attempts at evasion have become both cunning and resolute, to the point of requiring greater power to be given to the officers, as follows:—

28th April, 1725.—“The superintendents of the fruits may go through the shops, and seek in every place for fruits of bad quality, and they shall not be impeded by whomsoever it may be. They shall mount upon the boats of melons and other fruits, and shall prohibit the sale of bad ones, and shall denounce transgressors to the magistracy.”

Nor did the government once relax its insistence, or fail to carry its laws into effect, as long as there was a Duke in Venice. Her people are now Free, and all the glorious liberties of British trade are achieved by them. And having been here through the entire autumn, I have not once been able to taste wall-fruit from the Rialto market, which was not *both* unripe and rotten, it being invariably gathered hard, to last as long as possible in the baskets; and of course the rottenest sold first, and the rest as it duly attains that desirable state.

The Persian fruits, however, which, with pears and cher-

What shall Roof-Tax do for thee,
 Life-Defending Monarchy?
 Find'st thou rest for England's head,
 Only free among the Dead?
 Loosing still the stranger's slave.—
 Sealing still thy Garden-Grave?
 Kneel thou there; and trembling pray,
 “Angels, roll the stone away.”—

(Venice, 11th January, 1877.)

ries, fill the baskets on the Ducal Palace capitals, are to the people of far less importance than the gourd and melon. The 'melon boats,' as late as 1845, were still so splendid in beauty of fruit, that my then companion, J. D. Harding, always spent with me the first hour of our day in drawing at the Rialto market. Of these fruits, being a staple article in constant domestic consumption, not only the quality, but the price, became an object of anxious care to the government; and the view taken by the Venetian Senate on the question I proposed to you in last Fors, the function of the middle-man in raising prices, is fortunately preserved at length in the following decree of 8th July, 1577:—

DECREE OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORDS, THE FIVE
OF THE MARIEGOLE.*

“It is manifestly seen that Melons in this City have reached a price at which scarcely anybody is bold enough to buy them; a condition of things discontenting to everybody, and little according with the dignity of the persons whose duty it is to take such precautionary measures as may be needful,” (the Five, most Illustrious, to wit,) “and although our Presessors † and other Magistrates, who from time to time have had special regard to this difficulty, have made many and divers provisional decrees, yet it is seen manifestly that they have always been vain, nor have ever brought forth the good effect which was desired; and the cause of this is seen expressly to be a great number of buyers-to-sell-again who find themselves in this city, and in whose presence it is impossible so quickly to make public anything relating to the import or export of food, but this worst sort of men pounce on it, ‡ and buy it, be-

* A Mariegola, Madre-Regola, or Mother-Law, is the written code of the religious and secular laws either of a club of Venetian gentlemen, or a guild of Venetian tradesmen. With my old friend Mr. Edward Cheney's help, I shall let you hear something of these, in next Fors.

† Those who before us sat on this Seat of Judgment.

‡ Most illustrious, a little better grammar might here have been advisable; —had indignation permitted!

fore it is born ; in this, using all the intelligences, eunnings, and frands which it is possible to imagine ; so that the people of this city cannot any more buy anything, for their living, of the proper Garden-master of it ; but only from the buyers-to-sell-again, through whose hands such things will pass two or three times before they are sold, which notable disorder is not by any manner of means to be put up with. Wherefore, both for the universal benefit of all the City, and for the dignity of our Magistracy, the great and illustrious Lords, the Five Wise Men, and Foreseers upon the Mariegole, make it publicly known that henceforward there may be no one so presumptuous as to dare, whether as Fruiterer, Green-grocer, Buyer-to-sell-again, or under name of any other kind of person of what condition soever, to sell melons of any sort, whether in the shops or on the shore of our island of Rialto, beginning from the bridge of Rialto as far as the bridge of the Beccaria ; and similarly in any part of the piazza of St. Mark, the Pescaria, or the Tèra Nuova,* under penalty to whosoever such person shall sell or cause to be sold contrary to the present order, of 120 ducats for each time ; to lose the melons, and to be whipped round the Piazza of the Rialto, or of San Marco, wheresoever he has done contrary to the law ;” but the Garden-masters and gardeners may sell where they like, and nobody shall hinder them.

5th January, Morning.

I will give the rest of this decree in next Fors ; but I must pause to-day, for you have enough before you to judge of the methods taken by the Duke and the statesmen of Venice for the ordering of her merchandize, and the aid of her poor.

I say, for the ordering of her merchandize ; other merchandize than this she had ;—pure gold, and ductile crystal, and inlaid marble,—various as the flowers in mountain turf. But her first care was the food of the poor ; she knew her first

* These limitations referring to the Rialto market and piazza leave the town greengrocers free to sell, they being under vowed discipline of the Mariegola of Greengrocers.

duty was to see that they had each day their daily bread. Their corn and pomegranate; crystal, not of flint, but life; manna, not of the desert, but the home—"Thou shalt let none of it stay until the morning."

"To see that they had their daily bread;" yes—but how to make such vision sure? My friends, there is yet one more thing, and the most practical of all, to be observed by you as to the management of your commissariat. Whatever laws you make about your bread—however wise and brave, you will not get it unless you pray for it. If you would not be fed with stones, by a Father Devil, you must ask for bread from your Father, God. In a word, you must understand the Lord's Prayer—and *pray it*; knowing, and desiring, the Good you ask; knowing also, and abhorring, the Evil you ask to be delivered from. Knowing and obeying your Father who is in Heaven; knowing and wrestling with 'your Destroyer' who is come down to Earth; and praying and striving also, that your Father's will may be done there,—not his; and your Father's kingdom come there, and not his.

And finally, therefore, in St. George's name, I tell you, you cannot know God, unless also you know His and your adversary and have no fellowship with the works of that Living Darkness, and put upon you the armour of that Living Light.

'Phrases,—still phrases,' think you? My friends, the Evil spirit indeed exists; and in so exact contrary power to God's, that as men go straight to God by believing in Him, they go straight to the Devil by disbelieving in him. Do but fairly rise to fight him, and you will feel him fast enough, and have as much on your hands as you are good for. Act, then. Act—yourselves, waiting for no one. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, to the last farthing in your own power. Whatever the State does with its money, do you that with yours. Bring order into your own accounts, whatever disorder there is in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's; then, when you have got the Devil well under foot in Sheffield, you may begin to stop him from persuading my Lords of the Admiralty that they want a new grant, etc., etc., to make his machines

with; and from illuminating Parliament with new and ingenious suggestions concerning the liquor laws. For observe, as the outcome of all that is told you in this Fors, all taxes put by the rich on the meat or drink of the poor, are *precise* Devil's laws. That is why they are so loud in their talk of national prosperity, indicated by the Excise, because the fiend, who blinds them, sees that he can also blind you, through your lust for drink, into quietly allowing yourselves to pay fifty millions a year, that the rich may make their machines of blood with, and play at shedding blood.*

But patience, my good fellows. Everything must be confirmed by the last, as founded on the first, of the three resolutions I asked of you in the beginning,—“Be sure you can obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones.” No rat-tening, if you please; no pulling down of park railings; no rioting in the streets. It is the Devil who sets you on that sort of work. Your Father's Servant does not strive, nor cry, nor lift up his voice in the streets. But He will bring forth judgment unto victory; and, doing as He bids you do, you may pray as He bids you pray, sure of answer, because in His Father's gift are all order, strength, and honour, from age to age, for ever.

Of the Eastern question, these four little myths contain all I am able yet to say:—

- I. St. George of England and Venice does not bear his sword for his own interests; nor in vain.
- II. St. George of Christendom becomes the Captain of her Knights in putting off his armour.
- III. When armour is put off, pebbles serve.
- IV. Read the psalm ‘In Exitu.’

* See third article in Correspondence, showing how the game of our nobles becomes the gain of our usurers.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

Our accounts I leave wholly in the hands of our Companion, Mr. Rydings, and our kind helper, Mr. Walker. I believe their statement will be ready for publication in this article.

[For accounts of the St. George's Fund and Sheffield Museum see opposite and four following pages.]

Our legal affairs are in the hands of our Companion, Mr. Somervell, and in the claws of the English faculty of Law: we must wait the result of the contest patiently.

I have given directions for the design of a library for study connected with the St. George's Museum at Sheffield, and am gradually sending down books and drawings for it, which will be specified in Fors from time to time, with my reasons for choosing them. I have just presented the library with another thirteenth-century Bible,—that from which the letter R was engraved at page 188 of Fors, April 1872; and two drawings from Filippo Lippi and Carpaccio, by Mr. C. F. Murray.

II. Affairs of the Master.

I am bound to state, in the first place,—now beginning a new and very important year, in which I still propose myself for the Master of the St. George's Company,—that my head certainly does not serve me as it did once, in many respects. The other day, for instance, in a frosty morning at Verona, I put on my dressing-gown (which is of bright Indian shawl stuff) by mistake for my great-coat; and walked through the full market-place, and half-way down the principal street, in that costume, proceeding in perfect tranquillity until the repeated glances of unusual admiration bestowed on me by the passengers led me to investigation of the possible cause. And I begin to find it no longer in my power to keep my attention fixed on things that have little interest for me, so as to avoid mechanical mistakes. It is assuredly true, as I said in the December Fors, that I *can* keep accounts; but, it seems, not of my own revenues, while I am busy with the history of those of Venice. In page 254, Letter LXXII., the November expenses were deducted from the sum in the first column instead of from that in the third, and the balance in that page should have been £670 9s. 4d.; and in last Fors, £275 9s. 4d. My Greenwich pottery usually brings me in £60; but I remitted most of the

Dr. CASH STATEMENT OF ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY TO 31st DECEMBER, 1876. *Cr.*

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Subscriptions to beginning of year, see April Fors	785 1 10	Purchase of £1000 Consols	918 15 0
Ditto to end of year, see Fors, April to July, Sept., Nov., and Dec.	461 2 7	Power of attorney for dividends	0 5 0
Ditto from Mr. George Allen, viz.: Miss Kate Bradley . . . £1 1 0		Cheque book and other small charges at bankers' Purchase of land and house at Sheffield for Museum	0 6 3
F. Somerscales . . . 5 0 0		Law expenses on the above	930 0 0
Miss Guest . . . 2 2 0		F. D. Acland, for chemicals at Museum	26 15 11
Mona . . . 1 1 0		Fittings, salary, taxes, etc., at ditto, per separate accounts to Dec. 31	5 0 0
Miss Guest . . . 2 2 0		Repairs of cottages at Barmouth	193 12 2
'Methodist Preacher' . . . 1 0 0		Colnaghi and Co., for prints	27 0 0
Ditto from Mr. Rydings, Dec. 14	12 6 0 33 15 0	Law charges for the Company	29 10 0
Interest on £7000 Consols to Jan. 1875, and on £8000 from July 1875 to July 1876	1292 5 5	Mr. Rydings, for feeble "home spun" workers at Laxey	20 17 5
Interest from balance at bankers'	1007 17 6	Mr. Rydings, cheque sent to Italy and not yet returned	25 0 0
Balance remaining due to Mr. Ruskin for sums advanced at various times	9 18 0	Cash at bankers'	£33 15 0
	108 8 0	Ditto at Museum	191 9 1
			16 3 1
			241 7 2
			<u>£2418 8 11</u>
			<u>£2418 8 11</u>

EGBERT RYDINGS IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY

(From June 29, 1876, to January 16, 1877).

Dr.	£	s.	d.	1876.	£	s.	d.	Cr.
June 29.	To Mrs. Jane Lisle	1	1	0				
30.	" Chas. Firth	1	1	0				
Aug. 7.	" G. No. 50	10	10	0				33 15 0
12.	Miss Sargood	2	2	0				
12.	Miss Christina Allan	2	2	0				
Sept. 1.	" John Morgan, for 1871, No. 6	1	1	0				
5.	Geo. Thomson	5	0	0				
9.	" John Morgan, for 1876, No. 6	1	1	0				
Nov. 8.	" B. B., No. 26	1	10	0				
Dec. 7.	" J. D. No. 49	0	5	0				
9.	Josiah Gittins	1	0	0				
9.	Miss M. Guest	2	2	0				
12.	" A. H., No. 37	5	0	0				
16.	Wm. Smither	5	0	0				
July 1.	" Miss M. Guest (received by Mr. Rus- kin, omitted in his account)	2	2	0				
Dec. 23.	" Miss Dora Livesey	5	0	0				
29.	" John E. Fowler	3	0	0				
1877.								
Jan. 1.	" Miss Julia Firth	7	0	0				
1.	" John and Mary Gay	1	0	0				
3.	" Miss Sarah A. Gimson	1	1	0				
16.	" Miss F. B.	2	0	0				
		£59	18	0				£59 18 0

SHEFFIELD MUSEUM ACCOUNT.

Cr.

Dr.		Cr.	
1876.	£ s. d.	1876.	£ s. d.
July 1. To Balance in hand	38 17 2	July 1. H. Swan (salary)	10 0 0
Nov. 22. " J. Ruskin, Esq., by cheque	60 0 0	Sept. 11. Water	0 6 2
		Oct. 1. H. Swan (salary)	0 5 7
		Nov. 16. Water	10 0 0
		Dec. 13. Gas	0 8 8
		23. Poor-rate	0 7 3
			0 15 4
		<i>Repairs and Building Expenses.</i>	22 3 0
		Oct. 14. J. Tunnard, for two gates	3 15 0
		Dec. 20. Silicate Paint Company	0 17 1
		21. Gravel and cartage	0 13 6
		<i>Fittings and Cases.</i>	5 5 7
		Sept. 6. Jones, for cloth	0 3 6
		" " Cockayne, ditto	0 3 4
		7. Jackson, ditto	0 7 8
		Oct. 12. C. H. Griffiths, safe	6 0 0
		Nov. 22. Leaf and Co., velvets	3 7 4
		Dec. 1. Smithson and Dale, cabinet cases	40 0 0
		12. Cockayne, velvet	0 2 3
			50 4 1
		Cartage of goods	3 13 2
		Petty expenses	1 8 3
		Balance in hand	5 1 5
			16 3 1
			£98 17 2

Examined, and found correct, W.M. WALKER, Jan. 9th, 1877.

rent, this year, to the tenant, who has been forced into expenses by the Street Commissioners. He pays me £24 16s. 9d., bringing my resources for Christmas to the total of £300 6s. 1d.

My expenses to the end of the year are as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Dec. 18. Raffaele (a)	15	0	0
22. A. Giordani (b)	20	0	0
23. Self	50	0	0
25. Gift to relation	60	0	0
“ Paul Huret (c)	5	0	0
27. Downs	10	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£160	0	0

(a) In advance, because he goes home to Assisi at Christmas.

(b) The old Venetian sculptor who cast the Colleone statue for the Crystal Palace. Payment for casting Noah's vine on the Ducal Palace.

(c) My godson at Boulogne. (His father, a pilot, now dead, taught me to steer a lugger.) Christmas gift for books and instruments.

Thus leaving me, according to my own views, (I don't vouch for the banker's concurrence in all particulars,) £140 6s. 1d. to begin the year with, after spending, between last New Year's Day and this, the total sum of—I won't venture to cast it till next month; but I consider this rather an economical year than otherwise. It will serve, however, when fairly nailed down in exposition, as a sufficient specimen of my way of living for the last twelve years, resulting in an expenditure during that period of some sixty thousand, odd, pounds. I leave, for the present, my Companions to meditate on the sort of Master they have got, begging them also to remember that I possess also the great official qualification of Dogberry, and am indeed “one that hath had losses.” In the appropriate month of April, they shall know precisely to what extent, and how much—or little—I have left of the money my father left me. With the action I mean to take in the circumstances.

III. I reprint the following admirable letter with all joy in its sturdy statements of principle: but I wish the writer would look at Mr. D. Urquhart's ‘Spirit of the East.’ He is a little too hard upon the Turk, though it is not in Venice that one should say so.

“TURKISH LOANS AND BULGARIAN ATROCITIES.

“To the Editor of the Carlisle Journal.

“Sir,—There appears to be one probable cause of the present Eastern imbroglio which has escaped the notice of most of those who have written or spoken on the subject, viz, the various Turkish loans which have been floated on the London Stock Exchange.

“At first sight, few would be inclined to regard these as the root of the present mischief, but investigation may reveal that Turkish loans at high

rates of interest, and Bulgarian atrocities follow each other simply as cause and effect.

“Of course few of the Christian investors in these loans would ever think, when lending their spare capital to the Turk, that they were aiding and abetting him in his brutalities, or sowing the seed which was to produce the harvest of blood and other abominations in the Christian provinces under his sway. But such, nevertheless, may be the fact, and the lenders of the sinews of war to tyrannical and bloodthirsty governments should be warned that they are responsible for the sanguinary results which may ensue.

“The horrors to which our world has been subjected, through this system of lending and borrowing, are beyond possibility of computation. But let us simply inquire how much misery, destitution, and death lie at the door of our national debt.

“If our ecclesiastical leaders could take up this subject during the present mission, and preach sermons upon it (as Christ Himself would have done), from such texts as these,—‘For they bind burdens upon men’s shoulders, grievous to be borne, and will not touch them themselves with one of their fingers,’ and ‘For ye devour widows’ houses,’ they would not find it necessary to refer so much to empty or appropriated pews, or to lament that only five per cent. of our working men are in attendance at church.

“One can fancy the effect which could be produced by a few sermons on these texts. Our own debt is a ‘burden’ which takes nearly one pound annually from every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, and our war armaments take nearly another pound. How many ‘widows’ houses’ must these ‘burdens’ be literally devouring? And yet when do we find the professed followers of ‘the Prince of Peace’ imitating their Master, and crying out boldly against those who lay these heavy burdens upon the shoulders of the people?

“Few would think, when investing in the Turkish loans, that they were laying the train which has just exploded in the Turkish provinces with such disastrous effects, scattering so much ruin and desolation amongst the poor inhabitants there. No, they would only think what a good investment it was, and what a large interest the Turkish Government had engaged to pay for the accommodation. This is as far as borrower and lender usually look. The child wishes to hold the razor, the maniac wants the revolver; let them have them; it is their look-out, not ours, what use they make of them; and in this same spirit we callously hand over the wealth which the labour of England and its laws have put under our control, to a race of homicides, and sit supinely by while they, having transformed part of it into powder and shot, shower these relentlessly over their Christian subjects, till the heart of Europe turns sick at the sight.

“Now, let us follow the consequences, as they crop out in natural sequence. The Turk obtains his loan from Englishmen, and doubtless intends to pay the large interest he promised; but how has he to accomplish this? If he had had a Fortunatus’ purse he would not have had to borrow. He has no such purse, but he has provinces, where a population of Christians are faithfully cultivating the soil, and in one way or another providing themselves with the means of existence. These have to be the Fortunatus’ purse, out of which he will abstract the cash to pay the English lenders the promised interest on their loan. The principal he spends in luxurious living, and in providing the arguments (gunpowder and steel) which may be required to convince his Christian subjects that they owe the English lenders the interest he has engaged to pay for the loan. The loan itself, of course, had been contracted for their protection and defence!

“Here, then, we come to the old story. His tax-farming agents have to apply the screw of higher taxes to the people, demanding more and still

more, to pay these English lenders their interest, till human patience reaches its limit; and the provinces revolt, resolved to be free from those unjust and cruel exactions, or to perish in the attempt. The rest is all too well known to need recapitulation. Every one knows how the Turkish hordes rushed down upon the patient people whom they had despoiled for centuries, like an avalanche of fire and steel, and the horrors and abominations that ensued. Yet, when a neighbouring monarch, of kindred faith to the suffering provinces, demanded (with an

‘Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered Saints whose bones
Lie scattered o’er Bulgaria’s mountains cold’)

that these oppressions and atrocities should cease, as our Oliver Cromwell did effectually two centuries ago, when similar atrocities were being perpetrated in Piedmont, what did we see?

“To the everlasting shame of England, we saw its fleet despatched to Besika Bay, as a menace to Russia not to put an end to these iniquities, and as a hint to Turkey to stamp out the revolt as quickly as possible and by whatever means it might see fit to employ.

“Now to what have we to attribute this degradation of the British flag and British influence? Is it to secure British interests, the interest of a beggarly fifty millions, or thereabouts, of foolishly invested money, that our jolly tars have to be despatched to give at least moral support and countenance to the murderers of women and children?

“Why, take it on this mercenary ground, and calculate what those Christians, if freed from their thralldom to the Turk, might make out of this ‘fairest part of God’s creation’ in a year or two, and the result will be astonishing. An agricultural race like the French, in a year, would raise ten times fifty millions’ worth of produce from the ground which Turkish rule is only cumbering. Then is it not time this cumberer were cut down? It has been let alone for centuries, and we, as its special husbandman, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, have been digging about it and dunging it (to our cost), and all to no purpose, and yet we have statesmen who think this fruitless—Heaven’s lightning-struck—old trunk must still be nourished as a shelter and protection to our interests in the East.

“These Turks, whom a few are so anxious to protect, have been a curse to Europe ever since they entered it. Their first generally known atrocities upon Christians were the massacres and outrages on the pilgrims who, in the middle ages, were visiting the Holy Sepulchre. Serve them right for their folly, say many. But call it our ‘ancient muniments,’ and how then? What would be said if a party from London, visiting Stonehenge, had to get their heads broken by the people of Salisbury for their folly? These atrocities roused the chivalry of the Christian nations of Europe, and gave rise to the Crusades. These eventually led to the Turks’ entrance into Europe, which they were likely to overrun, when Sobieski, ‘a man sent from God, whose name was John,’ came to the front and drove them back again. Ever since their appearance, they have been a thorn in the side of Europe—a thorn which should long ere this have been extracted.

“Should Europe extract this thorn now, and send this man of the sword back to his native deserts, and place a guard of Christian knights in charge of Constantinople, to teach him, should he attempt to return, that ‘all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword,’ then the nations of Europe, too long crushed under the weight of ‘bloated armaments’ and standing armies, might begin to study the art of peace.

“Then might we begin to regard ironclads and Woolwich infants as demons from the pit, which some of our bishops might venture to exorcise as monsters that were devouring widows’ houses every day they floated, or every time they were discharged; and which had no right to exist in a

Christian or sane community. Then, too, we might find that Russia was, after all, no more a bear than England was a lion; and that, though peopled with men with passions like our own, they had them not less bridled than we, and could prove themselves to be men of honour, men to be trusted, and men who desired to stand by the principles of right and justice, be the consequences what they might, even though the heavens should fall and earthy patronisers of the angels be dissatisfied.—I am, etc.,

“COSMOPOLITAN.”

IV. I am grieved to leave my Scottish correspondent's letter still without reply. But it is unconnected with the subjects on which I wish to lay stress in this letter; and I want to give its own most important subject a distinct place.

ERRATUM.—In *Fors* of December last, p. 246, for XXIII., read XXXIII.

LETTER LXXV.

VENICE, 1st February, 1877.

I AM told that some of my "most intelligent readers" can make nothing of what I related in last Fors, about St. Ursula's messages to me. What is their difficulty? Is it (1), that they do not believe in guardian angels,—or (2), that they do not think me good enough to have so great an angel to guard me,—or (3), that knowing the beginning of her myth, they do not believe in St. Ursula's personality?

If the first, I have nothing more to say;—if the second, I can assure them, they are not more surprised than I was myself;—if the third, they are to remember that all great myths are conditions of slow manifestation to human imperfect intelligence; and that whatever spiritual powers are in true personality appointed to go to and fro in the earth, to trouble the waters of healing, or bear the salutations of peace, can only be revealed, in their reality, by the gradual confirmation in the matured soul of what at first were only its instinctive desires, and figurative perceptions.

Oh me! I had so much to tell you in this Fors, if I could but get a minute's peace;—my stories of the Venetian doggie, and others of the greater dog and the lesser dog—in Heaven; and more stories of Little bear in Venice, and of the Greater bear and Lesser bear in Heaven; and more of the horses of St. Mark's, in Venice, and of Pegasus and the chivalry of Heaven;—ever so much more of the selling of lemons in Venice, and of the twelve manner of fruits in Heaven for the healing of the nations. And here's an infernal paragraph about you, in your own Sheffield, sent me in a Lincoln paper by some people zealous for schools of art,—poor fools!—which is like to put it all out of my head. Of that presently. I *must* try to keep to my business.

Well, the beginning of all must be, as quickly as I can, to show you the full meaning of the nineteenth Psalm. "Cœli enarrant;" the heavens declare—or make clear—the honour of God; which I suppose, in many a windy oratorio, this spring, will be loudly declared by basses and tenors, to tickle the ears of the public, who don't believe one word of the song all the while!

But it is a true song, none the less; and you must try to understand it before we come to anything else; for these Heavens, so please you, are the real roof, as the earth is the real floor, of God's house for you here, rentless, by His Law. That word 'cœli,' in the first words of the Latin psalm, means the 'hollow place.' It is the great space, or, as we conceive it, vault, of Heaven. It shows the glory of God in the existence of the light by which we live. All force is from the sun.

The firmament is the ordinance of the clouds and sky of the world.* It shows the handiwork of God. He daily paints that for you; constructs, as He paints,—beautiful things, if you will look,—terrible things, if you will think. Fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind, (cyclone and other) fulfilling His Word. The Word of God, printed in very legible type of gold on lapis-lazuli, needing no translation of yours, no colporteurship. There is no speech nor language where *their* voice is not heard. Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their word to the ends of the world. In them hath He set a tabernacle for the Sun, the Lord of Physical Life; in them also, a tabernacle for the Sun of Justice, the Lord of Spiritual Life. And the light of this Sun of the Spirit is divided into this measured Iris of colours:—

I. THE LAW OF THE LORD. Which is perfect, converting the soul.

That is the constant law of creation, which breathes life into matter, soul into life.

II. THE TESTIMONIES OF THE LORD. Which are sure,—making wise the simple.

* See 'Modern Painters,' in various places.

These are what He has told us of His law, by the lips of the prophets,—from Enoch, the seventh from Adam, by Moses, by Hesiod, by David, by Elijah, by Isaiah, by the Delphic Sibyl, by Dante, by Chaucer, by Giotto. Sure testimonies all; their witness agreeing together, making wise the simple—that is to say, all holy and humble men of heart.

III. THE STATUTES OF THE LORD. Which are right, and rejoice the heart.

These are the appointed conditions that govern human life;—that reward virtue, infallibly; punish vice, infallibly;—gladsome to see in operation. The righteous shall be glad when he seeth the vengeance—how much more in the mercy to thousands?

IV. THE COMMANDMENT OF THE LORD. Which is pure, enlightening the eyes.

This is the written law—under (as we count) ten articles, but in many more, if you will read. Teaching us, in so many words, when we cannot discern it unless we are told, what the will of our Master is.

V. THE FEAR OF THE LORD. Which is clean, enduring for ever.

Fear, or faith,—in this sense one: the human faculty that purifies, and enables us to see this sunshine; and to be warmed by it, and made to live for ever in it.

VI. THE JUDGMENTS OF THE LORD. Which are true, and righteous altogether.

These are His searchings out and chastisements of our sins; His praise and reward of our battle; the fiery trial that tries us, but is “no strange thing”; the crown that is laid up for all that love His appearing. More to be desired are they than gold;—(David thinks first of these special judgments)—Sweeter than honey, or the honey-comb;—moreover by them is Thy servant warned, and in keeping of them there is great reward. Then—pausing—“Who can understand his errors?”

Cleanse Thou me from the faults I know not, and keep me from those I know; and let the words of my lips, and the thoughts of my brain, be acceptable in thy open sight—oh Lord my strength, who hast made me,—my Redeemer, who hast saved.”

That is the natural and the spiritual astronomy of the nineteenth Psalm; and now you must turn back at once to the analysis given you of the eighth, in Fors, May, 1875.

For as, in the one, David looking at the sun in his light, passes on to the thought of the Light of God, which is His law, so in the eighth Psalm, looking at the sun on his throne, as the ruler and guide of the state of Heaven, he passes on to the thoughts of the throne and state of man, as the ruler and light of the World: Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,—Thou hast put all things under his feet,—beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl.

It is of this dominion in love over the lower creatures that I have to speak to-day: but I must pause a moment to point out to you the difference between David's astronomy with his eyes, and modern astronomy with telescopes.*

David's astronomy with the eyes, first rightly humbles him,—then rightly exalts;—What is man that Thou so regardest him—yet, how Thou hast regarded! But modern astronomy with telescope first wrongly exalts us, then wrongly humbles.

First, it wrongly exalts. Lo and behold—we can see a dozen stars where David saw but one; we know how far they are from each other; nay, we know where they will all be, the day after to-morrow, and can make almanacks. What wise people are we! Solomon, and all the Seven Sages of Greece,—where are they? Socrates, Plato, and Epaminondas—what talk you to us of them! Did they know, poor wretches, what the Dog Star smelt of?

We are generally content to pause at this pleasant stage of self-congratulation; by no means to ask further what the general conclusions of the telescope may be, concerning our-

* Compare the whole of the lecture on Light, in 'Eagle's Nest.'

selves. It might, to some people, perhaps seem a deficiency in the telescope that it could discern no Gods in heaven; that, for all we could make out, it saw through the Gods, and out at the other side of them. Mere transparent space, where we thought there were houses, and gardens, and rivers, and angels, and what not. The British public does not concern itself about losses of that nature: behold, there is the Universe; and here are we, the British public, in the exact middle of it, and scientific of it in the accuratest manner. What a fine state of things! Oh, proud British public, have you ever taken this telescopic information well into your minds; and considered what it verily comes to?

Go out on the seashore when the tide is down, on some flat sand; and take a little sand up into your palm, and separate one grain of it from the rest. Then try to fancy the relation between that single grain and the number in all the shining fields of the far distant shore, and onward shores immeasurable. Your astronomer tells you, your world is such a grain compared with the worlds that are, but that he can see no inhabitants on them, no sign of habitation, or of beneficence. Terror and chance, cold and fire, light struck forth by collision, desolateness of exploding orb and flying meteor. Meantime—you, on your grain of sand—what are you? The little grain is itself mostly uninhabitable; has a damp green belt in the midst of it. In that,—poor small vermin,—you live your span, fighting with each other for food, most of the time; or building—if perchance you are at peace—filthy nests, in which you perish of starvation, phthisis, profligate diseases, or despair. There is a history of civilization for you! briefer than Mr. Buckle's, and more true—when you see the Heavens and Earth without their God.

It is a fearful sight, and a false one. In what manner or way I neither know nor ask; this I know, that if a prophet touched your eyes, you might in an instant see all those eternal spaces filled with the heavenly host; and this also I know, that if you will begin to watch these stars with your human eyes, and learn what noble men have thought of them,

and use their light to noble purposes, you will enter into a better joy and better science than ever eye hath seen.

“Take stars for money—stars, not to be told
By any art,—yet to be purchased.”

I have nothing to do, nor have you, with what is happening in space, (or possibly may happen in time), we have only to attend to what is happening here—and now. Yonder stars are rising. Have you ever noticed their order, heard their ancient names, thought of what they were, as teachers, ‘lecturers,’ in that large public hall of the night, to the wisest men of old? Have you ever thought of the direct promise to you yourselves, that you may be like them if you will? “They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever.”

They that be *wise*. Don’t think that means knowing how big the moon is. It means knowing what you ought to do, as man or woman; what your duty to your father is, to your child, to your neighbour, to nations your neighbours. A wise head of the English Government for instance, (Oliver, had he been alive,) would have sent word, a year ago, to the Grand Signior, that if he heard a word more of ‘atrocities’ in Bulgaria after next week, he would blow his best palace into the Bosphorus. Irrespective of all other considerations, that was the first thing to be wisely said, and done, if needful. What *has* been said and *not* done, since,—the quantities of print printed, and talk talked, by every conceivable manner of fool, —not an honest syllable in all the lot of it, (for even Mr. Bright’s true and rational statement—the only *quite* right word, as far as I can judge, I’ve seen written on the business,*

* I do not venture to speak of the general statements in my master Carlyle’s letter; but it seemed to me to dwell too much on the idea of total destruction to the Turk, and to involve considerations respecting the character of Turk and Russian not properly bearing on the business. It is not, surely, ‘the Eastern Question’ whether Turkey shall exist, or Russia triumph, but whether we shall or shall not stop a man in a turban from murdering a Christian.

that Russians had as much right to the sea, everywhere, as anybody else, was tainted by his party spirit), I only wish I could show, in a heap of waste paper, to be made a bonfire of on Snowdon top.

That, I repeat, was the one simple, knightly, English-hearted thing to be done; and so far as the 'Interests of England' are concerned, her first interest was in this, to *be* England; and not a filthy nest of tax-gatherers and horse-dealers. For the horse-dealer and the man-dealer are alike ignoble persons, and their interests are of little consequence. But the horse-rider and the man-ruler, which was England's ancient notion of a man, and Venice's also, (of which, in abrupt haste, but true sequence, I must now speak,) have interests of a higher kind. But, if you would well understand what I have next to tell you, you must first read the opening chapter of my little Venetian guide, 'St. Mark's Rest,' which will tell you something of the two piazzetta shafts, of which Mr. Swan has now photographs to show you at St. George's Museum; and my Venetian readers, on the other hand, must have this Fors, to tell them the meaning of the statues on the top of said pillars.

These are, in a manner, her Jacob's pillars, set up for a sign that God was with her. And she put on one of them, the symbol of her standard-bearer, St. Mark; and on the other, the statue of 'St. Theodore,' whose body, like St. Mark's, she had brought home as one of her articles of commercial wealth; and whose legend—what was it, think you?—What Evangel or Gospel is this, to be put level with St. Mark's, as the banner on the other wing of the Venetian Host?

Well, briefly, St. Mark is their standard-bearer in the war of their spirit against all spiritual evil; St. Theodore, their standard-bearer in the war of their body against material and fleshly evil:—not the evil of sin, but of *material malignant force*. St. Michael is the angel of war against the dragon of sin; but St. Theodore, who also is not merely a saint, but an angel, is the angel of noble fleshly life in man and animals, leading both against base and malignant life in men and animals. He is the Chevalier, or Cavalier, of Venice,—her **first**

of loving knights, in war against all baseness, all malignity; in the deepest sense, St. Theodore, literally 'God gift,' is Divine life in nature; Divine Life in the flesh of the animal, and in the substance of the wood and of the stone, contending with poison and death in the animal,—with rottenness in the tree, and in the stone. He is first seen, (I can find no account of his birth,) in the form of a youth of extreme beauty; and his first contest is with a dragon very different from St. George's; and it is fought in another manner. So much of the legend I must give you in Venice's own words, from her Mother-Rule of St. Theodore,—the Rule, from the thirteenth century down, of her chief Club, or School, of knights and gentlemen. But meditate a little while first on that Venetian word, "Mother-Law." You were told, some time since, in Fors, by an English lawyer, that it was not a lawyer's business to make laws. He spoke truth—not knowing what he said. It's only God's business to make laws. None other's than His ever were made, or will be. And it is lawyers' business to read and enforce the same; however laughable such notion of this function may be to the persons bearing present name of lawyer.* I walked with one of these—the Recorder of London—to and fro beside sweet river bank in South England, a year ago; he discoursing of his work for public benefit. He was employed, at that time, in bringing before Parliament, in an acceptably moderate form, the demand of the Railroad Companies to tax the English people to the extent of six millions, as payment for work they had expected to have to do; and were *not* to do.

A motherly piece of law, truly! many such Mariegolas your blessed English liberties provide you with! All the while, more than mother, "for she *may* forget, yet will I not forget thee"—your loving Lord in Heaven pleads with you in the everlasting law, of which all earthly law, that shall ever stand, is part; loveable, infinitely; binding, as the bracelet upon the arm—as the shield upon the neck; covering, as the hen gath-

* Compare 'Unto this Last,' in the note, significant of all my future work, at page 70. (I am about to republish this book page for page in its first form.)

ereth her brood under her wings; guiding, as the nurse's hand the tottering step; ever watchful, merciful, life-giving; Marie-gola to the souls,—and to the dust,—of all the world.

This of St. Theodore's was first written, in visible letters for men's reading, here at Venice, in the year 1258. "At which time we all, whose names are written below, with a gracious courage, with a joyful mind, with a perfect will, and with a single spirit,* to the honour of the most holy saviour and lord

* "Cum gratiosæ mente, cum alegro anemo, cum sincera voluntate, et cum uno spirito, ad honor de lo santissimo salvador et signor nostro, misier Jesu-cristo et de la gloriosa verghene madoña senta maria soa mare."

So much of the dialect of Venice, in mid-thirteenth century, the reader may bear with; the 'mens' being kept in the Homeric sense still, of fixed purpose, as of Achilles. It is pretty to see the word 'Mother' passing upon the Venetian lips into 'sea.'

The precious *mariegola* from which these passages are taken was first, I believe, described by Mr. Edward Cheney, "Remarks on the Illuminated Manuscripts of the early Venetian Republic," page 13. Of the manuscript written in 1258 there remain however only two leaves, both illuminated: (see notes on them in fifth chapter of 'St. Mark's Rest,') the text is a copy of the original one, written after 1400. Mr. Cheney's following account of the nature of the 'Schools' of Venice, of which this was the earliest, sums all that the general reader need learn on this subject:—

"Though religious confraternities are supposed to have existed at a much earlier period, their first *historical* mention at Venice dates from the middle of the thirteenth century. They were of various sorts: some were confined to particular guilds and callings, while others included persons of every rank and profession.

"The first object of all these societies was religious and charitable. Good works were to be performed, and the practices of piety cherished. In all, the members were entitled to receive assistance from the society in times of need, sickness, or any other adversity.

"The 'Confraternita Grandi,' (though all had the same object,) were distinguished by the quantity, as well as by the quality, of their members, by their superior wealth, and by the magnificence of the buildings in which they assembled; buildings which still exist, and still excite the admiration of posterity, though the societies to which they owed their existence have been dispossessed and suppressed.

"The 'Confraternità Piccole,' less wealthy, and less magnificently lodged, were not the less constituted societies, with their own rules and charters, and having their own chapel, or altar, in the church of their patron-saint, in the sacristy of which their '*mariegola*' was usually preserved. Many of the confraternities had a temporal as well as a spiritual object, and those which

sir Jesus christ, and of the glorious virgin madonna saint mary his mother, and of the happy and blessed sir saint theodore, martyr and cavalier of God,—('martir et cavalier de dio')—and of all the other saints and saintesses of God," (have set our names,—understood) "to the end that the above-said sir, sir saint theodore, who stands continually before the throne of God, with the other saints, may pray to our Lord Jesus christ that we all, brothers and sisters, whose names are underwritten, may have by his most sacred pity and mercy, remission of our minds, and pardon of our sins."

"Remission of mind" is what we now profess to ask for in our common prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, oh Lord, and renew a right spirit within me." Wherenpon follow the stories of the contest and martyrdom of St. Theodore, and of the bringing his body to Venice. Of which tradition, this is the passage for the sake of which I have been thus tedious to you.

"For in that place there was a most impious dragon, which, when it moved, the earth trembled; when it came forth of its cave, whatsoever it met, it devoured.

"Then St. Theodore said in his heart, 'I will go, and of my Father's substance make sacrifice, against the most impious dragon.' So he came into the very place, and found there grass with flowers, and lighted down off his horse, and slept, not knowing that in that place was the cave of the dragon. And a kind woman, whose name was Eusebia, a Christian, and fearing God, while she passed, saw St. Theodore sleeping, and went with fear, and took him by the hand, and raised him up, saying, 'Rise, my brother, and leave this place, for, being a youth, you know not, as I see, the fear that is in this place. A great fear is here. But rise quickly, and go thy way.' Then the martyr of Christ rose and said, 'Tell me, woman,

were composed exclusively of members of the same trade regulated their worldly concerns, and established the rules by which the Brothers of the Guild should be bound. Their bye-laws were subject to the approval of the Government; they were stringent and exclusive, and were strictly enforced. No competition was allowed."

what fear is in this place.' The maidservant of God answered, saying, 'Son, a most impious dragon inhabits this place, and no one can pass through it.' Then St. Theodore made for himself the sign of the cross, and smiting on his breast, and looking up to heaven, prayed, saying, 'Jesus, the Son of the living God, who of the substance of the Father didst shine forth for our salvation, do not slack my prayer which I pray of thee, (because thou in battle hast always helped me and given me victory) that I may conquer this explorer of the Devil.' Thus saying, he turned to his horse, and speaking to him as to a man, said, 'I know that in all things I have sinned against thee, oh God, who, whether in man or beast, hast always fought with me. Oh thou horse of Christ, comfort thee, be strong like a man, and come, that we may conquer the contrary enemy.' And as the horse heard his master saying fiery (sacrificial) words, he stood, looking forth as with human aspect, here and there; expecting the motion of the dragon. Then the blessed Theodore with a far-sent voice cried, and said, 'Dragon, I say to thee, and give precept to thee in the name of my Lord Jesus Christ, who is crucified for the human race, that thou shouldest come out of thy place, and come to me.' Instantly as he heard the voice of St. Theodore, he prepared himself that he should go out to him. And he moving himself and raging, presently in that place the stones were moved, and the earth trembled. . . . Then the blessed Theodore, as he saw him moving himself in his fury, mounted his horse, and trampled him down, and the horse, giving a leap, rose over the most impious dragon, trampling it down with all its four feet. Then the most strong martyr of Christ, St. Theodore, extending his lance, struck it through the heart, and it lay stretched out dead."

VENICE, *Purification of the Virgin*, 1877.

Oh me, again, how am I ever to tell you the infinite of meaning in this all-but-forgotten story. It is eleven years to-day since the 2nd of February became a great festival to me; now, like all the days of all the years, a shadow; deeper,

this, in beautiful shade. The sun has risen cloudless, and I have been looking at the light of it on the edges of St. Ursula's flower, which is happy with me, and has four buds bursting, and one newly open flower, which the first sunbeams filled with crimson light down under every film of petal; whose jagged edges of paler rose broke over and over each other, tossed here and there into crested flakes of petal foam, as if the Adriatic breakers had all been changed into crimson leaves at the feet of Venice-Aphrodite. And my dear old Chamouni guide, Joseph Contet, is dead; he who said of me, "*le pauvre enfant,—il ne sait pas vivre*" and (another time) he would give me nine sous a day, to keep cows, as that was all I was worth, for aught he could see. Captain of Mont Blanc, in his time,—eleven times up it, before Alpine clubs began; like to have been left in a crevasse of the Grand Plateau, where three of his mates were left, indeed; he, fourth of the line, under Dr. Hamel, just brought out of the avalanche-snow breathing. Many a merry walk he took me in his onward years—fifty-five or so, thirty years ago. Clear in heart and mind to the last, if you let him talk; wandering a little if you wanted him to listen;—I've known younger people with somewhat of that weakness. And so, he took to his bed, and—ten days ago, as I hear, said, one evening, to his daughter Judith, "*Bon soir, je pars pour l'autre monde,*" and so went. And thinking of him, and of others now in that other world, this story of St. Theodore, which is only of the Life in this, seems partly comfortless. 'Life in nature.' There's another dead friend, now, to think of, who could have taught us much, James Hinton; gone, he also, and we are here with guides of the newest, mostly blind, and proud of finding their way always with a stick. If they trusted in their dogs, one would love them a little for their dogs' sakes. But they only vivisect their dogs.

If I don't tell you my tale of the Venetian doggie at once, it's all over with it. How so much love and life can be got into a little tangle of floss silk, St. Theodore knows; not I; and its master is one of the best servants in this world, to one of the best masters. It was to be drowned, soon after its eyes

had opened to the light of sea and sky,—a poor worthless wet flake of floss silk it had like to have been, presently. Toni pitied it, pulled it out of the water, bought it for certain sous, brought it home under his arm. What it learned out of his heart in that half-hour, again, St. Theodore knows;—but the mute spiritual creature has been his own, verily, from that day, and only lives for him. Toni, being a pious Toni as well as a pitiful, went this last autumn, in his holiday, to see the Pope; but did not think of taking the doggie with him, (who, St. Theodore would surely have said, ought to have seen the Pope too). Whereupon, the little silken mystery wholly refused to eat. No coaxing, no tempting, no nursing, would cheer the desolate-minded thing from that sincere fast. It would drink a little, and was warmed and medicined as best might be. Toni came back from Rome in time to save it; but it was not its gay self again for many and many a day after; the terror of such loss, as yet again possible, weighing on the reviving mind, (stomach, supposably, much out of order also). It greatly dislikes getting itself wet; for, indeed, the tangle of its mortal body takes half a day to dry; some terror and thrill of uncomprehended death, perhaps, remaining on it, also,—who knows; but once, after this terrible Roman grief, running along the quay cheerfully beside rowing Toni, it saw him turn the gondola's head six feet aside, as if going away. The dog dashed into the water like a mad thing. "See, now, if aught but death part thee and me."

Indistinguishable, doubtless, in its bones from a small wolf: according to Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins; but much distinguishable, by St. Theodore's theology, telling of God, down, thus far at least, in nature. Emmanuel,—with us; in Raphael, in Tobias, in all loving and lowly things; "the young man's dog went with them."

And in those Adriatic breakers, anger-fringed, is He also?—*Effice queso, fretum, Raphael reverende, quietum.** And in the Dragons also, as in the deeps? Where is the battle to

* Engraved above the statue of Raphael on the Ducal Palace.

begin? How far down in the darkness lies this enemy, for whom Hell beneath is moved at the sound of his coming?

I must not keep you longer with mythic teaching to-day; but may briefly tell you that this dragon is the 'Rahab' which I mistook in the 86th Psalm; the crocodile, spiritually named for the power of Egypt, with that of Babylon. Look in the indices of Fors for the word "Crocodile," and remember that the lifted cobra is the crest of the Egyptian Kings, as the living crocodile their idol. Make what you can out of that, till I have more time to tell you of Egyptian animal and herb gods; meantime, for the practical issue of all this.

I have told you the wealth of the world consists, for one great article, in its useful animals.

How to get the most you can of those, and the most serviceable?

"Rob the squires' stables, to begin with?"

No, good friends,—no. Their stables have been to them as the first wards of Hell, locked on them in this life, for these three hundred years. But you must not open them that way, even for their own sakes.

"Poach the squires' game?"

No, good friends,—no. Down among the wild en'mies, the dust of many a true English keeper forbids you that form of theft, for ever.

"Poison the squires' hounds, and keep a blood bull terrier?"

Worse and worse—merry men, all.

No—here's the beginning. Box your own lad's ears the first time you see him shy a stone at a sparrow; and heartily, too: but put up, you and mother—(and thank God for the blessed persecution,)—with every conceivable form of vermin the boy likes to bring into the house,*—and go hungry yourselves rather than not feed his rat or his rabbit.

Then, secondly,—you want to be a gentleman yourself, I suppose?

* See the life of Thomas Edwards; (abstract given in 'Times' of January 22nd of this year).

Well, you can't be, as I have told you before, nor I neither; and there's an end, neither of us being born in the caste: but you may get some pieces of gentlemen's education, which will lead the way to your son's being a better man than you.

And of all essential things in a gentleman's bodily and mortal training, this is really the beginning—that he should have close companionship with the horse, the dog, and the eagle. Of all birtherights and bookrights—this is his first. He needn't be a Christian,—there have been millions of Pagan gentlemen; he needn't be kind—there have been millions of cruel gentlemen; he needn't be honest,—there have been millions of crafty gentlemen. He needn't know how to read, or to write his own name. But he *must* have horse, dog, and eagle for friends. If then he has also Man for his friend, he is a noble gentleman; and if God for his Friend, a king. And if, being honest, being kind, and having God and man for his friends, he *then* gets these three brutal friends, besides his angelic ones, he is perfect in earth, as for heaven. For, to be his friends, these must be brought up with him, and he with them. Falcon on fist, hound at foot, and horse part of himself—Eques, Ritter, Cavalier, Chevalier.

Yes;—horse and dog you understand the good of; but what's the good of the falcon, think you?

To be friends with the falcon must mean that you love to see it soar; that is to say, you love fresh air and the fields. Farther, when the Law of God is understood, you will like better to see the eagle free than the jessed hawk. And to preserve your eagles' nests, is to be a great nation. It means keeping everything that is noble; mountains, and floods, and forests, and the glory and honour of them, and all the birds that haunt them. If the eagle takes more than his share, you may shoot him,—(but with the knight's arrow, not the black-guard's gun)—and not till then.

Meantime, for you are of course by no means on the direct way to the accomplishment of all this, your way to such wealth, so far as in your present power, is this: first, acknowledgment of the mystery of divine life, kindly and dreadful,

throughout creation ; then the taking up your own part as the Lord of this life ; to protect, assist, or extinguish, as it is commanded you. Understand that a mad dog is to be slain ; though with pity—infinite of pity,—(and much more, a mad *man*, of an injurious kind ; for a mad dog only bites flesh ; but a mad man, spirit : get your rogue, the supremely maddest of men, with supreme pity always, but inexorably, hanged). But to all good and sane men and beasts, be true brother ; and as it is best, perhaps, to begin with all things in the lowest place, begin with true brotherhood to the beast : in pure simplicity of practical help, I should like a squad of you to stand always harnessed, at the bottom of any hills you know of in Sheffield, where the horses strain ;—ready there at given hours ; carts ordered not to pass at any others : at the low level, hook yourselves on before the horses ; pull them up too, if need be ; and dismiss them at the top with a pat and a mouthful of hay. Here's a beginning of chivalry, and gentlemanly life for you, my masters.

Then next, take *canal* life as a form of 'university' education.

Your present system of education is to get a rascal of an architect to order a rascal of a clerk-of-the-works to order a parcel of rascally bricklayers to build you a bestially stupid building in the middle of the town, poisoned with gas, and with an iron floor which will drop you all through it some frosty evening ; wherein you will bring a puppet of a cockney lecturer in a dress coat and a white tie, to tell you smugly there's no God, and how many messes he can make of a lump of sugar. Much the better you are for all that, when you get home again, aren't you ?

I was going here to follow up what our Companion had told us (Fors, December, 1876, Art. V. of Corr.), about the Hull 'keels' ; and to show you how an entirely refined life was conceivable in these water cottages, with gardens all along the shore of them, and every possible form of wholesome exercise and teaching for the children, in management of boat and horse, and other helpfulness by land and water ; but

as I was beginning again to walk in happy thought beside the courses of quiet water that wind round the low hill-sides above our English fields,—behold, the ‘Lincoln Gazette,’ triumphant in report of Art-exhibitions and competitions, is put into my hand,—with this notable paragraph in it, which Fors points me to, scornful of all else:—

“A steam engine was used for the first time on Wednesday,” (January 24th), “in drawing tram-cars through the crowded streets of Sheffield. The tramways there are about to dispense with the whole of their horses, and to adopt steam as the motive power.”

And doubtless the Queen will soon have a tramway to Parliament, and a kettle to carry her there, and steam-horse guards to escort her. Meantime, my pet cousin’s three little children have just had a Christmas present made to them of a real live Donkey; and are happier, I fancy, than either the Queen or you. I must write to congratulate them; so good-bye for this time, and pleasant drives to you.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

I hope the accounts last month, with their present supplement, will be satisfactory. The sense of steady gain, little by little indeed, but infallible, will become pleasant, and even triumphant, as time goes on.

The present accounts supply some omissions in the general ones, but henceforward I think we need not give Mr. Walker or Mr. Ryding the trouble of sending in other than half yearly accounts.

The best news for this month is the accession of three nice Companions; one sending us two hundred pounds for a first title; and the others, earnest and experienced mistresses of schools, having long worked under St. George's orders in their hearts, are now happy in acknowledging him and being acknowledged. Many a young creature will have her life made happy and noble by their ministry.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH), IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY.

<i>Dr.</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>
1877. Jan. 1. To Balance	191 9 1
23. " Per Mr. John Ruskin, cheque at Bridgewater (Talbot)	£50 0 0
Ditto ditto	26 11 3
Sheffield (Fowler)	20 0 0
	96 11 3
25. " Per ditto, draft at Brighton (Moss)	200 0 0
26. " Per Mrs. Bradley	7 0 0
29. " Per Mr. John Ruskin (Mr. Ryding's cheque,	33 13 4
Feb. 15. " Per ditto, draft at Bridgewater (Browne)	100 0 0
	£628 13 8
 <i>Cr.</i>	
1877. Feb. 15. By Balance	£628 13 8

II. Affairs of the Master.

I believe I have enough exhibited my simplicities to the public,—the more that, for my own part, I rather enjoy talking about myself, even in my fol-

lies. But my expenses here in Venice require more illustration than I have time for, or think Fors should give space to; the Companions will be content in knowing that my banker's balance, February 5, was £1030 14s. 7d.; but that includes £118 10s., dividend on St. George's Consols, now paid by the trustees to my account for current expenses. The complete exposition of my present standing in the world I reserve for the Month of Opening.

III.

“EDINBURGH, November 2, 1876.

“I have been for some time a pupil of yours, at first in art, where I am only a beginner, but later in those things which belong to my profession, (of minister). Will you allow this to be my excuse for addressing you?—the subject of my letter will excuse the rest.

“I write to direct your attention to an evil which is as yet unattacked, in hopes that you may be moved to lift your hand against it; one that is gaining virulence among us in Scotland. I know no way so good by which its destruction may be compassed as to ask your help, and I know no other way.

“I shall state the mere facts as barely as I can, being sure that whatever my feelings about them may be, they will affect you more powerfully.” (Alas, good friend—you have no notion yet what a stony heart I've got!)

“I know you say that letters need not ask you to *do* anything; but that you, should be asked for help in this case, and not give it, I believe to be impossible. Please read this letter, and see if that is not true; the next four pages may be missed, if the recent regulations made to carry out the Anti-Patronage Act have engaged your attention. The evil I speak of has to do with them.

“This Act made the congregation the electors of their pastor, the Government leaving the General Assembly to regulate the process of election. It has enacted that the congregation meet and choose a committee to make inquiries, to select and submit to a second meeting of voters the names of one or more clergymen, whom they (the committee) are agreed to recommend. It is then in the power of the congregation to approve or disapprove the report; if the latter, a new committee is appointed; if the former, they proceed to elect; then if one name only is submitted, they accept it, and call the clergyman named to be their pastor; if more than one, to choose between them by voting.

“But the Assembly did not venture to take precautions against an abuse of which every one knew there was danger, or rather certainty. Every one knew that the congregations would not consent to choose without greater knowledge of the men to be chosen from, than could be obtained by means of the committee; and every one knew also of what sort was the morality popular on the subject. And what has happened is this: between the first meeting (to elect a committee), and the second meeting (to elect a minister), the church is turned into a theatre for the display and enjoyment of the powers—physical, mental, and devotional—of the several candidates.

“On a vacancy being declared, and the committee appointed, these latter find that they do not need to exert themselves to seek fit men!” (Italics and note of admiration mine;—this appearing to me a most wonderful discovery on the part of the committee, and indeed the taproot of the mischief in the whole business.) “They are inundated with letters of application and testimonials from men who are seeking, not the appointment, but permission to preach before the congregation.

“The duties of the committee are practically confined to sifting” (with what aperture of sieve?) “these applications, and selecting a certain number, from twelve to three, who are on successive Sundays to conduct public worship before the electors, who may thus compare and choose,

“When all the ‘lect’ (as it is called) have exhibited themselves, a second meeting is called, and the committee recommend two or three of those who are understood to be most ‘popular,’ and the vote is duly taken. At first it was only unordained licentiates who were asked to ‘preach on the lect’ (as they call it), and they only for parishes; but nowadays—*i.e.*, this year—they ask and get men long ordained to do it; men long ordained lay themselves out for it; and for most assistantships (curacies) the same is required and given; that is to say, that before a man can obtain leave to work he must shame himself, and everything which it is to be the labour of his life to sanctify. He is to be the minister of Christ, and begin that by being the devil’s. I suppose his desire is to win the world for Christ; as he takes his first step forward to do so, there meets him the old Satan with the old offer (there is small question here of whether he appears visible or not), ‘Some of this will I give thee, if thou wilt bow down and worship me.’ You see how it is. He is to conduct a service which is a sham; he is to pray, but not to Him he addresses; to preach, but as a candidate, not as an ambassador for Christ. The prayer is a performance, his preaching a performance. It is just the devil laughing at Christ, and trying to make us join him in the mockery.” (No, dear friend, not quite that. It is the Devil *acting* Christ; a very different matter. The religious state which the Devil must attack by pretending religious zeal, is a very different one from that which he can attack—as our modern political economists,—by open scorn of it.)

“They are not consistent. There should be a mock baptism, a mock communion, a mock sick woman, to allow of more mock prayer and more mock comfort. Then they would see what the man could do—for a pastor’s work is not confined to the usual Sunday service,—and could mark all the gestures and voice modulations, and movements of legs and arms properly. I once was present as elector at one of these election-services, and can give my judgment of this people’s ‘privilege.’ It simply made me writhe to see the man trying his best with face, figure, and voice to make an impression; to listen to the competition sermon and the competition prayer; to look at him and think of George Eliot’s ‘Sold, but not paid for.’ The poor *people*,—will twenty years of faithful ministry afterwards so much as undo the evil done them in the one day? They are forced to assemble in God’s house for the purpose of making that house a theatre, and divine service a play, with themselves as actors. They are to listen to the sermon, but as critics: for them to join in the prayers they stand up or kneel to offer, would be unfaithfulness to the purpose of their gathering. They are then to listen and criticize—to enjoy, if they can. On future Sundays will not they find themselves doing the same?

‘I have not spoken to many about it, but what they say is this: 1. How else can the people know whom to choose? (But that is not the question) 2. The clergyman is doing so great a thing that he should forget himself in what he does—*id est*, he is to throw himself down (having gone to the temple to do it), and trust to the angels. Supposing that were right, it could make little difference; the actor may forget himself in ‘Macbeth,’ but he is not the less an actor; and it is not a case of forgetting or remembering, but of doing. Yet this has been urged to me by a leading ecclesiastic and by other good men; who, besides, ignored the two facts, that all clergymen are not Christians,” (is this an *acknowledged* fact, then, in our Reformed Churches, and is it wholly impossible to ascertain whether the candidates do, or do not, possess so desirable a qualification?) “far less exalted Christians, and that the Church has no right to lend its clergy into temptation. 3. The people ought to listen as sinners, and worship as believers, even at such exhibitions; judging of the minister’s abilities from their own impression afterwards. (This is met by the two facts stated above as applied to the lay members of the Church and congregation; and by this, that they are unfaithful to the main purpose of their meeting, if they lose sight of

that purpose to listen and pray.) 4. That certainly a poor assistantship is not worth preaching and praying for, but that a good one, or a parish, is. 5. That one must conform to the spirit of the age. (Spirit of God at a discount.)

“To this long letter I add one remark: that the reasons why the Church submits to this state of things seem to be the desire of the ecclesiastical party in power to do nothing which may hinder the influx of Dissenters (who in Scotland enjoy the same privileges); and the fact that our feelings on the subject, never fine, are already coarsened still more by custom.

“Dear sir (if you will allow me to call you so), I have expressed myself ill, and not so that you can, from what I have written, put yourself in our place. But if you were among us, and could see how this is hurting everybody and everything, and corrupting all our better and more heavenward feelings,—how it is taking the heart out of our higher life, and making even our best things a matter of self-seeking and ‘supply and demand,’—then you could not help coming to our rescue. I know the great and good works you have planned and wish to finish; but still, do this before it is too late for us. I seem to ask you as Cornelius did Peter. All Scotland is the worse for it, and it will spread to England. And after all you are one of us, one of the great army of Christ—I think a commander; and I claim your help, and beseech it, believing no one else can give what I ask.

“Ever your faithful servant to command,

“A LICENTIATE OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.”

I can only answer provisionally this able and earnest letter, for the evils which my correspondent so acutely feels, and so closely describes, are indeed merely a minor consequence of the corruption of the motives, no less than the modes, of ordination, through the entire body of the Christian Churches. No way will ever be discovered of rightly ordaining men who have taken up the trade of preaching as a means of livelihood, and to whom it is matter of personal interest whether they preach in one place or another. Only those who have *left* their means of living, that they may preach, and whose peace follows them as they wander, and abides where they enter in, are of God’s ordaining: and, practically, until the Church insists that every one of her ministers shall either have an independent income, or support himself, for his ministry on Sunday, by true bodily toil during the week, no word of the living Gospel will ever be spoken from her pulpits. How many of those who now occupy them have verily been invited to such office by the Holy Ghost, may be easily judged by observing how many the Holy Ghost has similarly invited, of religious persons already in prosperous business, or desirable position.

But, in themselves, the practices which my correspondent thinks so fatal, do not seem to me much more than ludicrous and indecorous. If a young clergyman’s entire prospects in life depend, or seem to depend, on the issue of his candidature, he may be pardoned for endeavouring to satisfy his audience by elocution and gesture, without suspicion, because of such efforts, of less sincerity in his purpose to fulfil to the best of his power the real duties of a Christian pastor: nor can I understand my correspondent’s meaning when he asks, “Can twenty years undo the mischief of a day?” I should have thought a *quarter* of an hour’s honest preaching next Sunday quite enough to undo it.

And, as respects the direct sin in the anxious heart of the poor gesticulant orator, it seems to me that the wanderings of thought, or assumptions of fervour, in a discourse delivered at such a crisis, would be far more innocent in the eyes of the Judge of all, than the consistent deference to the opinions, or appeals to the taste, of his congregation, which may be daily observed, in any pulpit of Christendom, to warp the preacher's conscience, and indulge his pride

And, although unacquainted with the existing organization of the Free Church of Scotland, I am so sure of the piety, fidelity, and good sense of many of her members, that I cannot conceive any serious difficulty in remedying whatever may be conspicuously indecorous in her present modes of Pastor-selection. Instead of choosing their clergymen by universal dispute, and victorious acclaim, might not the congregation appoint a certain number of—(may I venture to use the most significant word without offence?)—*cardinal-elders*, to such solemn office? Surely, a knot of sagacious old Scotchmen, accustomed to the temper, and agreeing in the theology, of their neighbours, might with satisfaction to the general flock adjudge the prize of Pastorship among the supplicant shepherds, without requiring the candidates to engage in competitive prayer, or exhibit from the pulpit prepared samples of polite exhortation, and agreeable reproof.

Perhaps, also, under such conditions, the former tenor of the young minister's life, and the judgment formed by his masters at school and college, of his character and capacity, might have more weight with the jury than the music of his voice or the majesty of his action; and, in a church entirely desirous to do what was right in so grave a matter, another Elector might reverently be asked for His casting vote; and the judgment of elders, no less than the wishes of youth, be subdued to the final and faithful petition,

“Show whether of these two, *Thou hast chosen.*”

IV. The following noble letter will not eventually be among the least important of the writings of my Master. Its occasion, (I do not say its subject, for the real gist of it lies in that sentence concerning the Catechism,) is closely connected with that of the preceding letter. My ecclesiastical correspondent should observe that the Apostles of the Gospel of Dirt have no need to submit themselves to the ordeal of congregational Election. They depend for their influence wholly on the sweetness of the living waters to which they lead their flocks.

The ‘Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald’ publishes the following extract of a letter written to a friend by Mr. Carlyle: “A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it is a sad a terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking round in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what, in fact, they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog-spawn: the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the

brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes, ‘What is the chief end of man?—To glorify God, and enjoy Him for ever.’ No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside.”

V. The following admirable letter contains nearly all I have to affirm as to the tap-root of economy, namely, house-building :—

“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

CARSHALTON, *Jan. 27, 1877.*

“ Sir,—Some seven or eight years ago you permitted me to give you an account of a small house which I had recently built for my own occupation. After the ample experience which I have had, more particularly during the wet of this winter, you may like to know what my convictions now are about houses and house-building. You will remember that I was driven to house-building because of my sufferings in villas. I had wanted warmth and quiet, more particularly the latter, as I had a good deal of work to do which could not be done in a noise. I will not recount my miseries in my search after what to me were primal necessities of life. Suffice to say, at last I managed to buy a little piece of ground, and to put on it a detached cottage, one storey high, with four good bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, and a study. I got what I desired, and never once during these seven years have I regretted building. There are some things which I should like altered, and for the benefit of those who may be intending to follow my example, I will say what they are, and get rid of them. In the first place, the house ought to have one room in the roof, and that room should have been the study, away from all household hubbub, and with a good view of the stars. I could easily have kept out both cold and heat. In the next place, what is called a kitchener is a miserable contrivance for wasting coals, and, what is worse, for poisoning the soft water and spoiling the flowers with the soot which the great draught blows out of the chimney. At the same time, I would earnestly advise an oven in which bread can be baked. No dyspeptic person can well overrate the blessing of bread made simply from flour, yeast, water, and salt; and it is absolutely impossible to procure such bread from ordinary bakers. Thirdly, as I have a garden, I would use earth-closets, and save the expense of manure, and the chance of bursting pipes in frosty weather. Lastly, the cellar ought to have been treble the size it now is, and should have had a stove in it, for warming the house through gratings in the ceiling. I cannot recollect anything else I should like changed, except that I should like to have had a little more money to spend upon making the rooms loftier and larger.

“ Now for what I have gained. We have been perfectly dry during all this winter, for the walls are solid, and impervious even to horizontal rain. They are jacketed from the top of the ground-floor upwards with red tiles, which are the best water-proof covering I know, infinitely preferable to the unhealthy looking suburban stucco. Peace has been secured. Not altogether because a man must have a very large domain if he is to protect himself utterly against neighbours who will keep peacocks, or yelping curs which are loose in the garden all night. But the anguish of the piano next door fitting into the recess next to my wall,—worse still, the anguish of expectation when the piano was not playing, are gone. I go to bed when I like, without having to wait till my neighbours go to bed also. All these, however, are obvious advantages. There is one, not quite so obvious, on which I wish particularly to insist. I have got a home. The people about me inhabit houses, but they have no homes, and I observe that they invite

one another to their 'places.' Their houses are certain portions of infinite space, in which they are placed for the time being, and they feel it would be slightly absurd to call them 'homes.' I can hardly reckon up the advantages which arise from living in a home, rather than a villa, or a shed, or whatever you like to call it, on a three years' agreement, or as an annual tenant. The sacredness of the family bond is strengthened. The house becomes the outward and visible sign of it, the sacramental sign of it. All sorts of associations cluster round it, of birth, of death, of sorrow, and of joy. Furthermore, there seems to be an addition of permanence to existence. One reason why people generally like castles and cathedrals is because they abide, and contradict that sense of transitoriness which is so painful to us. The house teaches carefulness. A man loves his house, and does not brutally damage plaster or paint. He takes pains to decorate it as far as he can, and is not selfishly anxious to spend nothing on what he cannot take away when he moves. My counsel, therefore, to everybody who can scrape together enough money to make a beginning is to build. Those who are not particularly sensitive, will at least gain solid benefits, for which they will be thankful; and those with a little more soul in them will become aware of subtle pleasures and the growth of sweet and subtle virtues, which, to say the least, are not promoted by villas. Of course I know it will be urged that estimates will be exceeded, and that house-building leads to extravagance. People who are likely to be led into extravagance, and can never say 'No,' should not build. They may live anywhere, and I have nothing to say to them. But really the temptation to spend money foolishly in house-building is not greater than the temptation to walk past shop windows.

"I am, Sir, etc.,
"W. HALE WHITE."

VI.

"Pardon the correction, but I think you were not quite right in saying in a recent *Fors* that the spiral line could be drawn by the hand and eye only. Mr. F. C. Peurose, whose work on the Parthenon you referred to in one of your earlier books, showed me some time ago a double spiral he had drawn with a machine of his own devising, and also a number of other curves (cycloidal, conchoidal, and cissoidal, I think) drawn in the same way, and which latter, he said he believed, had never been drawn with absolute accuracy before."

My correspondent has misunderstood me. I never said 'the spiral' but *this* spiral, under discussion.

I have no doubt the machines are very ingenious. But they will never draw a snail shell, nor any other organic form. All beautiful lines are drawn under mathematical laws organically *transgressed*, and nothing can ever draw these but the human hand. If Mr. Peurose would make a few pots with his own hand on a potter's wheel, he would learn more of Greek art than all his measurements of the Parthenon have taught him.

LETTER LXXVI.

VENICE, *Sunday, 4th March, 1877.*

“Μάχη δὴ, φαμέν, ἀθάνατός ἐστιν ἡ τοιαύτη. ζύμμαχοι δὲ ἡμῖν θεοί τε ἅμα καὶ δαίμονες, ἡμεῖς δ’ αὐτὴ κτήματα θεῶν καὶ δαιμόνων, φθείρει δὲ ἡμᾶς ἀδικία καὶ ὕβρις μετὰ ἀφροσύνης, σώζει δὲ δικαιοσύνη καὶ σωφροσύνη μετὰ φρονησεως, ἐν ταῖς τῶν θεῶν ἐμψύχοις δικοῦσθαι δυνάμεσι.”

“WHEREFORE, our battle is immortal; and the Gods and the Angels fight with us: and we are their possessions. And the things that destroy us are injustice, insolence, and foolish thoughts; and the things that save us are justice, self-command, and true thought, which things dwell in the living powers of the Gods.”

This sentence is the sum of the statement made by Plato in the tenth book of the *Laws*, respecting the relations of the will of man to the Divine creative power. Statement which is in all points, and for ever, true; and ascertainably so by every man who honestly endeavours to be just, temperate, and true.

I will translate and explain it throughout, in due time;* but am obliged to refer to it here hastily, because its introduction contains the most beautiful and clear pre-Christian expression at present known to me, of the law of Divine life in the whole of organic nature, which the myth of St. Theodore taught in Christian philosophy.

* For the present, commending only to those of my Oxford readers who may be entering on the apostleship of the Gospel of Dirt, this following sentence, with as much of its context as they have time to read :

“ὁ πρῶτον γενέσεως καὶ φθορᾶς αἴτιον ἀπάντων, τοῦτο οὐ πρῶτον ἀλλὰ ὕστερον ἀπεφάναντο εἶναι γεγονὸς οἱ τὴν τῶν ἀσεβῶν ψυχὴν ἀπεργασάμενοι λόγοι, ὃ δὲ ὕστερον πρότερον, ὄθεν ἡμαρτήμασι περὶ θεῶν τῆς ὄντως οὐσίας.”

I give one passage of it as the best preface to the matters I have to lay before you in connection with our beginning of real labour on English land, (announced, as you will see, in the statement of our affairs for this month).

“Not, therefore, Man only, but all creatures that live and die, are the possessions of the Gods, whose also is the whole Heaven.

“And which of us shall say that anything in the lives of these is great, or little, before the Gods? for it becomes not those to whom we belong, best and carefullest of possessors, to neglect either this or that.

“For neither in the hands of physician, pilot, general, or householder, will great things prosper if he neglect the little; nay, the stonemason will tell you that the large stones lie not well without the small: shall we then think God a worse worker than men, who by how much they are themselves nobler, by so much the more care for the perfectness of all they do; and shall God, the wisest, because it is so easy to care for little things, therefore not care for them, as if He were indolent or weary?”

Such preface befits well the serious things I have to say to you, my Sheffield men, to-day. I had them well in my mind when I rose, but find great difficulty in holding them there, because of the rattling of the steam cranes of the huge steamer, Pachino.

Now, that's curious: I look up to read her name on her bow—glittering in the morning sun, within thirty paces of me; and, behold, it has St. George's shield and cross on it;* the first ship's bow I ever saw with a knight's shield for its bearing. I must bear with her cranes as best I may.

It is a right omen, for what I have to say in especial to the little company of you, who are minded, as I hear, out of your steam-crane and all other such labour in Sheffield, pestilent to the enduring Sabbath of human peace on earth and goodwill

* At least, the sharp shield of crusading times, with the simple cross on it—St. George's in form, but this the Italian bearing, reversed in tincture, gules, the cross argent.

towards men, to take St. George's shield for your defence in Faith, and begin truly the quiet work and war—his, and all the saints,—cleaving the wide “seas of Death, and sunless gulfs of Doubt.”

Remember, however, always that seas of Death must mean antecedent seas of Life; and that this voice, coming to you from the laureated singer of England, prophesying in the Nineteenth century,* does truly tell you what state Britannia's ruled waves have at present got into, under her supremely wise ordination.

I wonder if Mr. Tennyson, of late years, has read any poetry but his own; or if, in earlier years, he never read, with attention enough to remember, words which most other good English scholars will instantly compare with his somewhat forced—or even, one might say, steam-eraned, rhyme, to ‘wills,’ “Roaring moon of—Daffodils.” Truly, the nineteenth century altogether, and no less in Midsummer than March, may be most fitly and pertinently described as a ‘roaring moon’: but what has it got to do with daffodils, which belong to lakes of Life, not Death? Did Mr. Tennyson really never read the description of that golden harbour in the little lake which my Companions and I have been striving to keep the nineteenth century from changing into a cesspool with a beach of broken ginger-beer bottles?

“The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.”

No steam-eraned versification in that, you will observe, by the way; but simple singing for heart's delight, which you will find to be the vital form of real poetry; disciplined singing, also, if it may be, but natural, all the while. So also architecture, sculpture, painting.—Sheffield ironwork. Natural to Sheffield,†—joyful to Sheffield, otherwise an entirely im-

* The sonnet referred to begins, I hear, the periodical so named.

† All the fine work of man must be first instinctive, for he is bound to be a fine Animal—King of Animals; then, moral or disciplined, for he is bound to be a fine Spirit also, and King of Spirits. The Spirit power begins in

possible form of poetry there. (Three enormous prolonged trumpeting, or indecent bellowings—audible, I should think, ten miles off—from another steamer entering the Giudecca, interrupt me again,—and you need not think that I am peculiar in sensitiveness: no decent family worship, no gentle singing, no connectedly thoughtful reading, would be possible to any human being under these conditions, wholly inevitable now by any person of moderate means in Venice. With considerable effort, and loss of nervous energy, I force myself back into course of thought.)

You don't, perhaps, feel distinctly how people can be joyful in ironwork, or why I call it 'poetry'?

Yet the only piece of good part-singing I heard in Italy, for a whole summer, was over a blacksmith's forge; (and there has been disciplined music, as you know, made of its sounds before now; and you may, perhaps, have seen and heard Mr. G. W. Moore as the Christy Blacksmith). But I speak of better harmonies to be got out of your work than Handel's, when you come at it with a true heart, fervently, as I hope this company of you are like to do, to whom St. George has now given thirteen acres of English ground for their own: so long as they observe his laws.

They shall not be held to them at first under any formal strictness—for this is mainly their own adventure; St. George merely securing coign of vantage for it, and requiring of them observance only of his bare first principles—good work, and no moving of machinery by fire. But I believe they will be glad, in many respects, to act by St. George's advice; and, as I hope, truly begin his active work; of which, therefore, it seems to me now necessary to state unambiguously the religious laws which underlie the Creed and vow of full Companionship, and of which his retainers will, I doubt not, soon recognize the outward observance to be practically useful.

You cannot but have noticed—any of you who read atten-

directing the Animal power to other than egoistic ends. Read, in connection with last Fors, 'The Animals of the Bible,' by John Worcester, Boston, Lockwood and Brooke, 1875.

tively,—that Fors has become much more distinctly Christian in its tone, during the last two years; and those of you who know with any care my former works, must feel a yet more vivid contrast between the spirit in which the preface to ‘The Crown of Wild Olive’ was written, and that in which I am now collating for you the Mother Laws of the Trades of Venice.

This is partly because I am every day compelled, with increasing amazement, and renewed energy, to contradict the idiotic teaching of Atheism which is multiplied in your ears; but it depends far more essentially on two vital causes: the first, that since Fors began, “such things have befallen me” * personally, which have taught me much, but of which I need not at present speak; the second, that in the work I did at Assisi in 1874, I discovered a fallacy which had underlain all my art teaching, (and the teaching of Art, as I understand it, is the teaching of all things,) since the year 1858. Of which I must be so far tedious to you as to give some brief account. For it is continually said of me, and I observe has been publicly repeated lately by one of my very good friends, that I have “changed my opinions” about painting and architecture. And this, like all the worst of falsehoods, has one little kernel of distorted truth in the heart of it, which it is practically necessary, now, that you, my Sheffield essayists of St. George’s service, should clearly know.

All my first books, to the end of the ‘Stones of Venice,’ were written in the simple belief I had been taught as a child; and especially the second volume of ‘Modern Painters’ was an outcry of enthusiastic praise of religious painting, in which you will find me placing Fra Angelico, (see the closing paragraph of the book,) above all other painters.

But during my work at Venice, I discovered the gigantic power of Tintoret, and found that there was a quite different spirit in that from the spirit of Angelico: and, analysing Venetian work carefully, I found,—and told fearlessly, in

* Leviticus x. 19.

spite of my love for the masters,—that there was “no religion whatever in any work of Titian’s; and that Tintoret only occasionally forgot himself into religion.”—I repeat now, and reaffirm, this statement; but must ask the reader to add to it, what I partly indeed said in other places at the time, that only when Tintoret forgets himself, does he truly find himself.

Now you see that among the four pieces of art I have given you for standards to study, only one is said to be ‘perfect,’—Titian’s. And ever since the ‘Stones of Venice’ were written, Titian was given in all my art-teaching as a standard of perfection. Conceive the weight of this problem, then, on my inner mind—how the most perfect work I knew, in my special business, could be done “wholly without religion”!

I set myself to work out that problem thoroughly in 1858, and arrived at the conclusion—which is an entirely sound one, and which did indeed alter, from that time forward, the tone and method of my teaching,—that human work must be done honourably and thoroughly, because we are now Men;—whether we ever expect to be angels, or ever were slugs, being practically no matter. We *are* now Human creatures, and must, at our peril, do Human—that is to say, affectionate, honest, and earnest work.*

Farther, I found, and have always since taught, and do teach, and shall teach, I doubt not, till I die, that in resolving to do our work well, is the only sound foundation of any religion whatsoever; and that by that resolution only, and what we have done, and not by our belief, Christ will judge us, as He has plainly told us He will, (though nobody believes Him) in the Resurrection.

But, beyond this, in the year 1858, I came to another conclusion, which was a false one.

My work on the Venetians in that year not only convinced me of their consummate power, but showed me that there was

* This is essentially what my friend Mr. Harrison means (if he knew it) by his “Religion of Humanity,”—one which he will find, when he is slightly more advanced in the knowledge “of all life and thought,” was known and acted on in epochs considerably antecedent to that of modern Evolution.

a great *worldly* harmony running through all they did—opposing itself to the fanaticism of the Papacy; and in this worldly harmony of human and artistic power, my own special idol, Turner, stood side by side with Tintoret; so also Velasquez, Sir Joshua, and Gainsborough, stood with Titian and Veronese; and those seven men—quite demonstrably and indisputably giants in the domain of Art, of whom, in the words of Velasquez himself, “Tizian z’è quel che porta la Bandiera.”—stood, as heads of a great Worldly Army, worshippers of Worldly visible Truth, *against* (as it seemed then to me), and assuredly distinct from, another sacred army, bearing the Rule of the Catholic Church in the strictest obedience, and headed by Cimabue, Giotto, and Angelico; worshippers not of a worldly and visible Truth, but of a visionary one, which they asserted to be higher; yet under the (as they asserted—supernatural) teaching of the Spirit of this Truth, doing less perfect work than their unassisted opposites!

All this is entirely so; fact tremendous in its unity, and difficult enough, as it stands to me even now; but as it stood to me then, wholly insoluble, for I was still in the bonds of my old Evangelical faith; and, in 1858, it was with me, Protestantism or nothing: the crisis of the whole turn of my thoughts being one Sunday morning, at Turin, when, from before Paul Veronese’s Queen of Sheba, and under quite overwhelmed sense of his God-given power, I went away to a Waldensian chapel, where a little squeaking idiot was preaching to an audience of seventeen old women and three louts,* that they were the only children of God in Turin; and that all the people in Turin outside the chapel, and all the people in the world out of sight of Monte Viso, would be damned. I came out of the chapel, in sum of twenty years of thought, a conclusively *un*-converted man—converted by this little Piedmontese gentleman, so powerful in his organ-grinding, inside-out, as it were. “Here is an end to my ‘Mother-Law’ of Protestantism anyhow!—and now—what is there left?” You

* Counted at the time;—I am not quite sure now if seventeen or eighteen.

will find what was left, as, in much darkness and sorrow of heart I gathered it, variously taught in my books, written between 1858 and 1874. It is all sound and good, as far as it goes: whereas all that went before was so mixed with Protestant egotism and insolence, that, as you have probably heard, I won't republish, in their first form, any of those former books.*

Thus then it went with me till 1874, when I had lived sixteen full years with 'the religion of Humanity,' for rough and strong and sure foundation of everything; but on that, building Greek and Arabian superstructure, taught me at Venice, full of sacred colour and melancholy shade. Which is the under meaning of my answer to the Capuchin (Fors, Aug. 1875, p. 139), that I was 'more a Turk than a Christian.' The Capuchin insisted, as you see, nevertheless that I might have a bit of St. Francis's cloak: which accepting thankfully, I went on to Assisi, and there, by the kindness of my good friend Padre Tini, and others, I was allowed, (and believe I am the first painter who *ever was* allowed.) to have scaffolding erected above the high altar, and therefore above the body of St. Francis which lies in the lower chapel beneath it; and thence to draw what I could of the great fresco of Giotto, "The marriage of Poverty and Francis." †

And while making this drawing, I discovered the fallacy under which I had been tormented for sixteen years,—the fallacy that Religious artists were weaker than Irreligious. I

* Not because I am ashamed of them, nor because their Art teaching is wrong; (it is precisely the Art teaching which I am now gathering out of the 'Stones of Venice,' and will gather, God willing, out of 'Modern Painters,' and reprint and reaffirm every syllable of it;) but the Religious teaching of those books, and all the more for the sincerity of it, is misleading—sometimes even poisonous; always, in a manner, ridiculous; and shall not stand in any editions of them republished under my own supervision.

† The drawing I made of the Bride is now in the Oxford schools, and the property of those schools, and King Alfred. But I will ask the Trustees to lend it to the Sheffield Museum, till I can copy it for you, of which you are to observe, please, that it had to be done in a dark place, from a fresco on a vaulted roof which could no more be literally put on a flat surface than the figures on a Greek vase.

found that all Giotto's 'weaknesses,' (so called,) were merely absences of material science. He did not know, and could not, in his day, so much of perspective as Titian,—so much of the laws of light and shade, or so much of technical composition. But I found he was in the make of him, and contents, a very much stronger and greater man than Titian; that the things I had fancied easy in his work, because they were so unpretending and simple, were nevertheless entirely inimitable; that the Religion in him, instead of weakening, had solemnized and developed every faculty of his heart and hand; and finally that his work, in all the innocence of it, was yet a human achievement and possession, quite above everything that Titian had ever done!

'But what is all this about Titian and Angelico to you,' are you thinking? "We belong to cotton mills—iron mills;—what is Titian to *us!*—and to all men. Heirs only of simial life, what Angelico?"

Patience—yet for a little while. They shall both be at least something to you before St. George's Museum is six months older.

Meantime, don't be afraid that I am going to become a Roman Catholic, or that I am one, in disguise. I can no more become a *Roman-Catholic*, than again an Evangelical-Protestant. I am a 'Catholic' of those Catholics, to whom the Catholic Epistle of St. James is addressed—"the Twelve Tribes which are scattered abroad"—the literally or spiritually wandering Israel of all the Earth. The St. George's creed includes Turks, Jews, infidels, and heretics; and I am myself much of a Turk, more of a Jew; alas, most of all,—an infidel; but not an atom of a heretic: Catholic, I, of the Catholics; holding only for sure God's order to his scattered Israel,—
"He hath shown thee, oh man, what is good; and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Thy God."

'Humbly.'—Have you the least idea, do you think, my Sheffield friends, what humility means,—or have any of your dress-coated lecturers? Is not almost everything you are try-

ing to do begun in pride, or in ambition? And for walking humbly with your God;—(*yours*, observe, and your Fathers', as revealed to you otherwise than a Greek's and *his* Fathers', or an Indian's and his Fathers'), have you ever taken the least pains to know what kind of Person the God of England once was? and yet, do you not think yourselves the cleverest of human creatures, because you have thrown His yoke off, with scorn. You need not crow so loudly about your achievement. Any young gutter-bred blackguard your police pick up in the streets, can mock your Fathers' God, with the best of you.

“He is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation,—my Father's God, and I will exalt Him.” You will find that to be an entirely salutary resolve of true humility; and I have no hope of any prosperity for you in this or any other undertaking, but as you set yourselves to recover, and reform, in truest sense, the Christian Faith you have been taught to spit on, and defile.

Which, that you may be able to do, you must learn it from the Catholic epistles; which are written to you Sheffielders as much as to any one else;—the Pauline epistles being only to special persons, and parts of them having no more help in them for *you*, than Jonah's message to Nineveh. But the Catholic epistles are directly addressed to you—every word vital for you; and the most vital of these is the one that is given in nearly the same words by two of the Apostles, Peter and Judas, (not Iscariot;) namely, II. Peter i. 19, to end of epistle, and the epistle of Jude entire, comparing it with his question and its answer, John xiv. 22.

For if you understand those two epistles,* and that question

* I may as well notice, now I am on the Epistles, one of the grotesque mistakes that continually slip into Fors through my crowding of work; (I made two delicious ones in my Latin last month, and have had to cancel the leaf where I could: what are left will be literary curiosities in time). I had written, in Fors of July, 1876, p. 148, “true fact stated by St. *James*,” and gave the scrawled page to an assistant, to be copied; who, reading the fair text afterwards to me, it struck me the passage was in Timothy. I bade my assistant look, and finding it so, said rapidly, “Put Timothy instead, then.” But the ‘Saint’ was left, and only caught my eye as I corrected the press,

and answer, you will understand the great scientific fact respecting, not the origin, but the existence, of species: that there is one species of Men on God's side—called to be Saints—elect—precious; (but by no means limited to the horizon of Monte Viso) who have everything in Christ; and another on the side of the Prince of this world, whose spot is the spot of *His* Children—who have nothing in Christ.

And that you must belong, whether knowingly or not, to one of these armies; and are called upon, by St. George, now to ascertain which:—the battle being henceforth like to be sore between them, and between their Captain Archangels, whose old quarrel over the body of Moses is by no means yet decided.

And then you will also understand the definition of true Religious service, (*θρησκεία*) by St. James the Bishop, (which, if either Archdeacon Denison, or simpleton Tooth, or the stout British Protestant beadles of Hatcham, ever come to understand—as in God's good time they may, in Heaven—they will be a greatly astonished group of the Blessed, for some while,)—to wit, “Pure service, and undefiled, (even by its tallow-candle-dropping, if the candles are lighted for help of widows' eyes—(compare Fors, June, 1871, page 114)—before God, and the Father, (God, of the Spirits of all Flesh—and *our* Father, who know Him.) is this, to visit the Fatherless and Widows in their affliction, and to *keep himself unspotted from the world,*” of whose spots,—leopard's, snake's, Ethiopian's, and fine lady's patches,—your anatomical Students, though dispensing knowledge only skin-deep, are too slightly cognizant; and even your wise Christian scarcely can trace them from skin to clothes, so as to hate rightly “even the garment spotted by the Flesh.”

Well, I must draw to an end, for I have no more time this month. Read, before next Fors time, that epistle of Jude with intense care. It sums all the Epistles, coming, by the order

and set me thinking “why Timothy was never called a saint like other people,” and I let it go!

of the Fors which grouped the Bible books, just before the Apocalypse; and it precisely describes your worst—in verity, your only,—Enemies of this day; the *twice* dead people,—plucked up by the *roots*, having once been rooted in the Holy Faith of Christendom; but now, *filthy* dreamers, (apostles of the Gospel of Dirt, in perpetual foul dream of what man was, instead of reverence for what he is;) carried about of winds of vanity, (pitiful apothecaries' apprentices,) speaking evil of things they know not; but in the things they know naturally as brute beasts, in these, corrupting themselves; going in the way of Cain—(brother kingdom at war with brother, France and Germany, Austria and Italy)—running after the error of Balaam for reward; (the Bishop of Manchester—whom I finally challenged, personally and formally, through my Oxford Secretary, two months ago, not daring to answer me a word,—knowing that the city he rules over is in every business act of it in mortal sin, and conniving,—to keep smooth with it—he! and the Bishop of Peterborough, “neutral,” in sleek consent to the son of Zippor's prayer—“Neither curse them at all, nor bless them at all,”) and perishing in the gainsaying of Kore, going down quick into volcanic petroleum pit, in the gathering themselves against Lawgiver and Priest, saying, “Wherefore lift ye up yourselves above the congregation of the Lord? the days of Kingdom and Priesthood are ended!”

A notable piece of the Word of God to you, this, if ye will receive it: and in this last clause of it, for us of St. George's Company, precisely imperative. You see that whole mysterious passage about the contest for the body of Moses, (first, I suppose, of our Christian worshipping of relics, though old Greek motive of sacredest battle), comes in to enforce the not speaking evil of Dignities. And the most fearful practical lessons in modern history are that the entire teaching of Mazzini, a man wholly upright, pure, and noble, and of subtlest intellectual power—Italian of the Italians, was rendered poisonous to Italy because he set himself against Kingdom; and the entire war of Garibaldi, a soldier of ten thousand, innocent and gentle and true, and of old Roman valour, was ren-

dered utterly ruinous to Italy, by his setting himself against the Priesthood. For both King and Priest are for ever, after the Order of Melchizedek, and none that rise against them shall prosper : and this, in your new plannings and fancyings, my good Sheffields, you will please take to heart, that though to yourselves, in the first confusion of things, St. George leaves all liberty of conscience consistent with the perfect law of liberty, (which, however, you had better precisely understand from James the Bishop, who has quite other views concerning it than Mr. John Stuart Mill ;—James i. 25 ; ii. 12, 13), so soon as you have got yourselves settled, and feel the ground well under you, we must have a school built on it for your children, with enforced sending of them to be schoolèd ; in earliest course of which schooling your old Parish-church golden legend will be written by every boy, and stitched by every girl, and engraven with diamond point into the hearts of both,—

“ Fear God. Honour the King.”

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

A few of the Sheffield working-men who admit the possibility of St. George's notions being just, have asked me to let them rent some ground from the Company, whereupon to spend what spare hours they have, of morning or evening, in useful labour. I have accordingly authorized the sale of £1,200 worth of our stock, to be re-invested on a little estate, near Sheffield, of thirteen acres, with good water supply. The workmen undertake to St. George for his three per cent.; and if they get tired of the bargain, the land will be always worth our stock. I have no knowledge yet of the men's plans in detail; nor, as I have said in the text, shall I much interfere with them, until I see how they develop themselves. But here is at last a little piece of England given into the English workman's hand, and heaven's.

II. Affairs of the Master.

I am beginning, for the first time in my life, to admit some notion into my head that I am a great man. God knows at how little rate I value the little that is in me; but the maintaining myself now quietly against the contradiction of every one of my best friends, rising as it does into more harmonious murmur of opposition at every new act to which I find myself compelled by compassion and justice, requires more than ordinary firmness: and the absolute fact that, being entirely at one in my views of Nature and life with every great classic author, I am yet alone in the midst of a modern crowd which rejects them all, is something to plume myself upon,—sorrowfully enough: but haughtily also. And now here has Fors reserved a strange piece of—if one's vanity were to speak—good fortune for me; namely, that after being permitted, with my friend Mr. Sillar's guidance, to declare again in its full breadth the great command against usury, and to explain the intent of Shakspeare throughout the 'Merchant of Venice' (see 'Munera Pulveris'), it should also have been reserved for me to discover the first recorded words of Venice herself, on her Rialto!—words of the ninth century,* inscribed on her first church, St. James of the Rialto; and entirely unnoticed by all historians, hitherto; yet in letters which he who ran might read:—only the historians never looked at the church, or at least,

* I have the best antiquarian in Venice as authority for this date—my own placing of them would have been in the eleventh.

looked only at the front of it and never round the corners. When the church was restored in the sixteenth century, the inscription, no more to be obeyed, was yet (it seems) in reverence for the old writing, put on the gable at the back, where, an outhouse standing a little in the way, nobody noticed it any more till I came on it, poking about in search of the picturesque. I found it afterwards recorded in a manuscript catalogue of ancient inscriptions in Venice, in St. Mark's library (and as I write this page, Sunday, March 11th, 1877, the photograph I have had made of it is brought in to me—now in the Sheffield Museum). And this is the inscription on a St. George's Cross, with a narrow band of marble beneath—marble so good that the fine edges of the letters might have been cut yesterday.

On the cross—

“Be thy Cross, oh Christ, the true safety of this place.” (In case of mercantile panics, you see.)

On the band beneath it—

“Around this temple, let the merchant's law be just—his weights true, and his agreements guileless.”

Those, so please you, are the first words of Venice to the mercantile world—nor words only, but coupled with such laws as I have set before you—perfect laws of ‘liberty and fraternity,’ such as you know not, nor yet for many a day, can again learn.

It is something to be proud of to have deciphered this for you; and more to have shown you how you may attain to this honesty through Frankness. For indeed the law of St. George, that our dealings and fortunes are to be openly known, goes deeper even than this law of Venice, for it cuts at the root, not only of dishonesty, but of avarice and pride. Nor am I sorry that in myself submitting to it, my pride must be considerably mortified. If all my affairs had been conducted with prudence, or if my present position in the world were altogether stately, it might have been pleasant to unveil the statue of one's economy for public applause. But I scarcely think even those of my readers who least understand me, will now accuse me of ostentation.

My father left all his fortune to my mother and me: to my mother, thirty-seven thousand pounds* and the house at Denmark Hill for life; to me, a hundred and twenty thousand,† his leases at Herne and Denmark Hills, his freehold pottery at Greenwich, and his pictures, then estimated by him as worth ten thousand pounds, but now worth at least three times that sum.

My mother made two wills; one immediately after my father's death; the other—in gentle forgetfulness of all worldly things past—immediately before her own. Both are in the same terms, “I leave all I have to my son.” This sentence, expanded somewhat by legal artifice, remains yet pathetically clear, as the brief substance of both documents. I have therefore to-day, in total account of my stewardship, to declare what I have done with a hundred

* 15,000 Bank Stock.

† I count Consols as thousands, forty thousand of this were in stocks.

and fifty-seven thousand pounds ; and certain houses and lands besides. In giving which account I shall say nothing of the share that other people have had in counselling or mis-counselling me ; nor of my reasons for what I have done. St. George's bishops do not ask people who advised them, or what they intended to do ; but only what they did.

My first performance was the investment of fifty thousand pounds in 'entirely safe' mortgages, which gave me five per cent. instead of three. I very soon, however, perceived it to be no less desirable, than difficult, to get quit of these 'entirely safe' mortgages. The last of them that was worth anything came conveniently in last year (see 'Fors' accounts). I lost about twenty thousand pounds on them, altogether.

In the second place, I thought it rather hard on my father's relations that he should have left all his money to me only ; and as I was very fond of some of them, indulged myself, and relieved my conscience at the same time, by giving seventeen thousand pounds to those I liked best. Money which has turned out to be quite rightly invested, and at a high interest ; and has been fruitful to me of many good things, and much happiness.

Next I parted with some of my pictures, too large for the house I proposed to live in, and bought others at treble the price, the dealers always assuring me that the public would not look at any picture which I had seen reason to part with ; and that I had only my own eloquence to thank for the prices of those I wished to buy.*

I bought next a collection of minerals (the foundation now of what are preparing Sheffield and other schools) for a stipulated sum of three thousand pounds, on the owner's statement of its value. It proved not to be worth five hundred. I went to law about it. The lawyers charged me a thousand pounds for their own services ; gave me a thousand pounds back, out of the three ; and made the defendant give me another five hundred pounds' worth of minerals. On the whole, a satisfactory legal performance ; but it took two years in the doing, and caused me much worry ; the lawyers spending most of the time they charged me for, in cross-examining me, and other witnesses, as to whether the agreement was made in the front or the back shop, with other particulars, interesting in a picturesque point of view, but wholly irrelevant to the business.

Then Brantwood was offered me, which I bought, without seeing it, for fifteen hundred pounds ; (the fact being that I have no time to see things, and *must* decide at a guess ; or not at all).

Then the house at Brantwood, a mere shed of rotten timber and loose stone, had to be furnished, and repaired. For old acquaintance sake, I went to my father's upholsterer in London, (instead of the country Coniston one, as I ought,) and had five pounds charged me for a footstool ; the re-

* Fortune also went always against me. I gave *carte-blanche* at Christie's for Turner's drawing of Terni (five inches by seven), and it cost me five hundred pounds. I put a limit of two hundred on the Roman Forum, and it was bought over me for a hundred and fifty. and I gnash my teeth whenever I think of it, because a commission had been given up to three hundred.

pairs also proving worse than complete rebuilding ; and the moving one's chattels from London, no small matter. I got myself at last settled at my tea table, one summer evening, with my view of the lake—for a net four thousand pounds all told. I afterwards built a lodge nearly as big as the house, for a married servant, and cut and terraced a kitchen garden out of the 'steep wood'*—another two thousand transforming themselves thus into "utilities embodied in material objects"; but these latter operations, under my own immediate direction, turning out approvable by neighbours, and, I imagine, not unprofitable as investment.

All these various shiftings of harness, and getting into saddle,—with the furnishing also of my rooms at Oxford, and the pictures and universal acquisitions aforesaid—may be very moderately put at fifteen thousand for a total. I then proceeded to assist my young relation in business ; with resultant loss, as before related of fifteen thousand ; of which indeed he still holds himself responsible for ten, if ever able to pay it ; but one of the pieces of the private message sent me, with St. Ursula's on Christmas Day, was that I should forgive this debt altogether. Which hereby my cousin will please observe, is very heartily done ; and he is to be my cousin as he used to be, without any more thought of it.

Then, for my St. George and Oxford gifts—there are good fourteen thousand and gone—nearer fifteen—even after allowing for stock prices, but say fourteen.

And finally, you see what an average year of carefully restricted expense has been to me !—Say £5,500 for thirteen years, or, roughly, seventy thousand ; and we have this—I hope not beyond me—sum in addition :—

Loss on mortgages	£20,000
Gift to relations	17,000
Loss to relations	15,000
Harness and stable expenses	15,000
St. George and Oxford	14,000
And added yearly spending	70,000
	£151,000

Those are the clearly stateable and memorable heads of expenditure—more I could give, if it were needful ; still, when one is living on one's capital, the melting away is always faster than one expects ; and the final state of affairs is, that on this 1st of April, 1877, my goods and chattels are simply these following :—

In funded cash—six thousand Bank Stock, worth, at present prices, something more than fifteen thousand pounds.

Brantwood—worth, certainly with its house, and furnitures, five thousand.

Marylebone freehold and leaseholds—three thousand five hundred.

Greenwich freehold—twelve hundred.

Herne Hill leases and other little holdings—thirteen hundred.

* 'Brant,' Westmoreland for steep.

And pictures and books, at present lowest auction prices, worth at least double my Oxford insurance estimate of thirty thousand; but put them at no more, and you will find that, gathering the wrecks of me together, I could still now retire to a mossy hermitage, on a little property of fifty-four thousand odd pounds; more than enough to find me in meal and cresses. So that I have not at all yet reached my limit proposed in *Munera Pulveris*,—of dying 'as poor as possible,' nor consider myself ready for the digging scenes in *Timon of Athens*. Accordingly, I intend next year, when St. George's work really begins, to redress my affairs in the following manner:—

First. I shall make over the Marylebone property entirely to the St. George's Company, under Miss Hill's superintendence always. I have already had the value of it back in interest, and have no business now to keep it any more.

Secondly. The Greenwich property was my father's, and I am sure he would like me to keep it. I shall keep it therefore; and in some way, make it a Garden of Tuileries, honourable to my father, and to the London he lived in.

Thirdly. Brantwood I shall keep, to live upon, with its present servants—necessary, all, to keep it in good order; and to keep me comfortable, and fit for my work. I may not be able to keep quite so open a house there as I have been accustomed to do: that remains to be seen.

Fourthly. My Herne Hill leases and little properties that bother me, I shall make over to my pet cousin—whose children, and their donkey, need good supplies of bread and butter, and hay: she always promising to keep my old nursery for a lodging to me, when I come to town.

Fifthly. Of my ready cash, I mean to spend to the close of this year, another three thousand pounds, in amusing myself—with such amusement as is yet possible to me—at Venice, and on the Alps, or elsewhere; and as, at the true beginning of St. George's work, I must quit myself of usury and the Bank of England, I shall (at some loss you will find, on estimate) then buy for myself twelve thousand of Consols stock, which, if the nation hold its word, will provide me with three hundred and sixty pounds a-year—the proper degrees of the annual circle, according to my estimate, of a bachelor gentleman's proper income, on which, if he cannot live, he deserves speedily to die. And this, with Brantwood strawberries and cream, I will for my own poor part, undertake to live upon, uncomplainingly, as Master of St. George's Company,—or die. But, for my dependants, and customary charities, further provision must be made; or such dependencies and charities must end. Virtually, I should then be giving away the lives of these people to St. George, and not my own.

Wherefore,

Sixthly. Though I have not made a single farthing by my literary work last year,* I have paid Messrs. Hazell, Watson, and Viney an approximate

* Counting from last April fool's day to this.

sum of £800 for printing my new books, which sum has been provided by the sale of the already printed ones. I have only therefore now to *stop* working ; and I shall receive regular pay for my past work—a gradually increasing, and I have confidence enough in St. George and myself to say an assuredly still increasing, income, on which I have no doubt I can sufficiently maintain all my present servants and pensioners ; and perhaps even also sometimes indulge myself with a new missal. New Turner drawings are indeed out of the question ; but, as I have already thirty large and fifty or more small ones, and some score of illuminated MSS., I may get through the declining years of my æsthetic life, it seems to me, on those terms, resignedly, and even spare a book or two—or even a Turner or two, if needed—to my St. George's schools.

Now, to stop working *for the press*, will be very pleasant to me—not to say medicinal, or even necessary—very soon. But that does not mean stopping work. 'Deucalion' and 'Proserpina' can go on far better without printing; and if the public wish for them, they can subscribe for them. In any case, I shall go on at leisure, God willing, with the works I have undertaken.

Lastly. My Oxford professorship will provide for my expenses at Oxford as long as I am needed there.

Such, Companions mine, is your Master's position in life;—and such his plan for the few years of it which may yet remain to him. You will not, I believe, be disposed wholly to deride either what I have done, or mean to do; but of this you may be assured, that my spending, whether foolish or wise, has not been the wanton lavishness of a man who could not restrain his desires; but the deliberate distribution, as I thought best, of the wealth I had received as a trust, while I yet lived, and had power over it. For what has been consumed by swindlers, your modern principles of trade are answerable; for the rest, none even of that confessed to have been given in the partiality of affection, has been bestowed but in real self-denial. My own complete satisfaction would have been in buying every Turner drawing I could afford, and passing quiet days at Brantwood between my garden and my gallery, praised, as I should have been, by all the world, for doing good to myself.

I do not doubt, had God condemned me to that selfishness, He would also have inflicted on me the curse of happiness in it. But He has led me by other ways, of which my friends who are wise and kind, neither as yet praising me, nor condemning, may one day be gladdened in witness of a nobler issue.

III. The following letter, with the extracts appended to it, will be of interest, in connection with our present initiation of closer Bible study for rule of conduct.

I should also be glad if Major Hartley could furnish me with any satisfactory explanation of the circumstances which have induced my correspondent's appeal.

“My dear Sir,—When I had the pleasure of seeing you last week you expressed some interest in the house in Gloucestershire where for a time resided the great translator of the English Scriptures, William Tyndale, and which is now in a sadly neglected condition. It is charmingly set on the south-western slope of the Cotswolds, commanding a fine prospect over the richly wooded vale of the Severn, to the distant hills of Wales. After leaving Oxford, Tyndale came to reside in this manor-house of Little Sodbury, as tutor in the family of the proprietor, Sir John Walsh, and was there probably from 1521 to 1523. It was in the old dining hall that, discussing with a neighbouring priest, Tyndale uttered his memorable words, ‘If God spare my life, I will cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do.’ This prediction he fulfilled, for he was the first man to translate from the original, and print in a foreign land, the English Scriptures, and was rewarded for his toil by being strangled and burnt. However England may have misused and abused the book, there can be no doubt that the introduction of Tyndale’s Testaments marked a new and remarkable era in the history of our country; and whatever opinion may be formed of the contents of the volume, the fine masculine English and nervous simplicity of Tyndale’s translation have commanded the admiration alike of friends and foes. Though they are probably familiar to you, I enclose an extract from the late Dr. Faber, a Roman Catholic, and another from Mr. Froude, the historian, as to the beauty of Tyndale’s style.” (I wish Mr. Froude, the historian, cared a little less about style; and had rather told us what he thought about the Bible’s matter. I bought the ‘Rinnovamento’ of Venice yesterday, with a review in it of a new Italian poem in praise of the Devil, of which the reviewer says the style is excellent.) “You may also be interested in perusing a translation from the Latin of the only letter of the translator that has ever been discovered, and which touchingly reveals his sufferings in the castle of Vilvorde, in Flanders, shortly before he was put to death. Now I hope you will agree with me that the only house in the kingdom where so great a man resided ought not to be allowed to fall into decay and neglect as it is now doing. Part of the house is unroofed, the fine old dining hall with its beautiful roof has been turned into a carpenter’s shop, the chimney-piece and other portions of the fittings of the manor-house having been carried off by the owner, Major Hartley, to his own residence, two or three miles off. I have appealed to the proprietor in behalf of the old house, but in vain, for he does not even condescend to reply. I should be glad if your powerful pen could draw attention to this as well as other similar cases of neglect. The interesting old church of St. Adeline, immediately behind the manor-house of Little Sodbury, and where Tyndale frequently preached, was pulled down in 1858, and the stones carried off for a new one in another part of the parish. Many would have gladly contributed towards a new church, and to save the old one, but they were never asked, or had any opportunity. I fear I have wearied you with these particulars, but I am sure you will not approve the doings I have recounted. With pleasant recollections of your kind hospitality,

“Believe me, dear Sir,

“Your faithful and obliged.”

“The late Dr. Faber wrote of the English Bible, of which Tyndale’s translation is the basis, as follows.” (I don’t understand much of this sweet writing of Dr. Faber’s myself; but I beg leave to state generally that the stronghold of Protestant heresy is pure pig-headedness, and not at all a taste for pure English.)

“Who will not say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like music that can never be forgotten—like

the sound of a church bell which a convert hardly knows he can forego. Its felicities seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The dower of all the gifts and trials of a man's life is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of the best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft and gentle, and pure and penitent and good, speaks to him for ever out of the English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt has never dimmed and controversy never soiled.' (Doctor I) "In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of righteousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his English Bible."

"Mr. Froude says of Tyndale's version:—

"Of the translation itself, though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if such a word may be permitted"—(better *unpermitted*)—"which breathes through it, the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity, the preternatural" (Do you really mean that, Mr. Froude?) "grandeur, unequalled, unapproached in the attempted improvements of modern scholars, all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndale."—*Froude's History of England.*

"The only letter of William Tyndale which has been discovered was found in the archives of the Council of Brabant, and is as follows; it is addressed to the Marquis of Berg-op-Zoom, the Governor of Vilvorde Castle, in the Low Countries; the date is 1535:—

"I believe, right worshipful, that you are not ignorant of what has been determined concerning me, (by the Council of Brabant,) therefore I entreat your lordship, and that by the Lord Jesus, that if I am to remain here (in Vilvorde) during the winter, you will request the Procureur to be kind enough to send me, from my goods which he has in his possession, a warmer cap, for I suffer extremely from cold in the head, being afflicted with a perpetual catarrh, which is considerably increased in the cell. A warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin; also a piece of cloth to patch my leggings: my overcoat has been worn out; my shirts are also worn out. He has a woollen shirt of mine, if he will be kind enough to send it. I have also with him leggings of thicker cloth for putting on above; he has also warmer caps for wearing at night. I wish also his permission to have a candle in the Evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study. And in return may you obtain your dearest wish, provided always it be consistent with the salvation of your soul. But if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, that I must remain during the whole winter, I shall be patient, abiding the will of God to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, whose spirit I pray may ever direct your heart. Amen.

"W. TYNDALE."

LETTER LXXVII.

VENICE, *Easter Sunday*, 1877.

I HAVE yet a word or two to say, my Sheffield friends, respecting your religious services, before going on to practical matters. The difficulties which you may have observed the School Board getting into on this subject, have, in sum, arisen from their approaching the discussion of it always on the hypothesis that there is no God: the ecclesiastical members of the board wishing to regulate education so as to prevent their pupils from painfully feeling the want of one; and the profane members of it, so as to make sure that their pupils may never be able to imagine one. Objects which are of course irreconcilable; nor will any national system of education be able to establish itself in balance of them.

But if, instead, we approach the question of school discipline on the hypothesis that there is a God, and one that cares for mankind, it will follow that if we begin by teaching the observance of His Laws, He will gradually take upon Himself the regulation of all minor matters, and make us feel and understand, without any possibility of doubt, how He would have us conduct ourselves in outward observance.* And the real difficulty of our Ecclesiastical party has of late been that they could not venture for their lives to explain the Decalogue, feeling that Modernism and all the practices of it must instantly be turned inside-out, and upside-down, if they did; but if, without explaining it, they could manage to get it *said* every Sunday, and a little agreeable tune on the organ played after every clause of it, that perchance would do, (on the

* The news from Liverpool in the third article of Correspondence, is the most cheering I ever read in public papers.

assumption, rendered so highly probable by Mr. Darwin's discoveries respecting the modes of generation in the Orchideæ, that there *was* no God, except the original Baalzebub of Ekron, Lord of Bluebottles and flyblowing in general; and that this Decalogue was only ten crotchets of Moses's, and not God's at all.)—on such assumption, I say, they thought matters might still be kept quiet a few years longer in the Cathedral Close, especially as Mr. Bishop was always so agreeably and inoffensively pungent an element of London society; and Mrs. Bishop and Miss Bishop so extremely proper and pleasant to behold, and the grass of the lawn so smooth shaven. But all that is drawing very fast to its end. Poor dumb dogs that they are, and blind mouths, the grim wolf with privy paw daily devouring apace, and nothing said, and their people loving to have it so. I know not what they will do in the end thereof; but it is near. Disestablishment? Yes, and of more powers than theirs; that prophecy of the Seventh from Adam is of judgment to be executed upon all, and conviction of their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed.

I told you to read that epistle of Jude carefully, though to some of you, doubtless, merely vain words; but to any who are earnestly thoughtful, at least the evidence of a state of the Christian Church in which many things were known, and preserved, (that prophecy of Enoch, for instance,) lost to us now; and of beliefs which, whether well or ill founded, have been at the foundation of all the good work that has been done, yet, in this Europe of ours. Well founded or not, at least let us understand, as far we may, what they were.

With all honour to Tyndale, (I hope you were somewhat impressed by the reward he had from the world of his day, as related in that final letter of his,) there are some points in the translation that might be more definite: here is the opening of it, in simpler, and in some words certainly more accurate, terms.

“Judas, the servant of Jesus Christ, and the brother of James, to all who are sanctified in God, and called and guarded in Christ.

“Pity, and Peace, and Love, be fulfilled in you.

“Beloved, when I was making all the haste I could to write to you of the common salvation, I was suddenly forced to write to you, exhorting you to fight for the faith, once for all delivered to the Saints.

“For there are slunk in among you certain men, written down before to this condemnation, insolent, changing the grace of God into fury, and denying the only Despot, God; and our Lord, Jesus Christ.

“And I want to put you in mind, you who know this,—once for all,—that the Lord, having delivered his people out of the land of Egypt, in the second place destroyed those who believed not.

“And the Angels which guarded not their beginning, but left their own habitation, he hath guarded in eternal chains, under darkness, to the judgment of the great day.”

Now this translation is certainly more accurate, in observing the first principle of all honest translation, that the same word shall be used in English, where it is the same in the original. You see I have three times used the word ‘guarded.’ So does St. Judas. But our translation varies its phrase every time; first it says ‘preserved,’ then ‘kept,’ and then ‘reserved,’—every one of these words being weaker than the real one, which means guarded as a watch-dog guards. To ‘reserve’ the Devil, is quite a different thing from ‘watching’ him. Again, you see that, for ‘lasciviousness’ I have written ‘fury.’ The word is indeed the same always translated lasciviousness, in the New Testament, and not wrongly, if you know Latin; but wherever it occurs, (Mark vii. 22; Ephesians iv. 19, etc.,) it has a deeper under-meaning than the lust of pleasure. It means essentially the character which “refuses to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely,” which cannot be soothed, or restrained, but will take its own way, and rage its own rage,*—alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them,—who, being *past feeling*, have

* See fourth article in Correspondence.

given themselves over to fury, (*animal* rage, carnivorousness in political economy,—competition, as of horses with swinging spurs at their sides in the Roman corso, in science, literature, and all the race of life,) to work *all* uncleanness,—(not mere sensual vices, but all the things that defile, comp. Mark vii. 22, just quoted,) with greediness;—then, precisely in the same furrow of thought, St. Jude goes on,—“denying the only Despot, God;” and St. Paul, “but ye have not so learned Christ—*if so be* that ye *have* heard him, and been taught by him”—(which is indeed precisely the point dubitable)—“that ye put off the old man,” etc., where you will find following St. Paul’s explanation of the Decalogue, to end of chapter (Eph. iv.), which if you will please learn by heart with the ten commandments, and, instead of merely praying, when you hear that disagreeable crotchet of Moses’s announced, “Thou shalt not steal,” “Lord have merey upon us and incline our hearts to keep this—crotchet,” which is all you can now do,—resolve solemnly that you will yourselves literally obey, (and enforce with all your power such obedience in others,) the Christian answering article of Decalogue, “Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing that is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth,” you will, in that single piece of duty to God, overthrow, as I have said, the entire system of modern society, and form another in righteousness and true holiness, by no rage refusing, and in no cowardice denying, but wholly submitting to, the Lord who bought them with a price, the only Despot, God.

For our present translation of the passage is finally better in retaining the Greek word ‘Despot’ here rather than ‘Lord,’ in order to break down the vulgar English use of the word for all that is evil. But it is necessary for you in this to know the proper use of the words Despot and Tyrant. A despot is a master to whom servants belong, as his property, and who belongs to his servants as their property. My *own* master, my *own* servant. It expresses the most beautiful relation, next to that of husband and wife, in which human souls

can stand to each other; but is only perfected in the right relation between a soul and its God. "Of those whom thou gavest me—mine—I have lost none,—but the son of perdition." Therefore St. Jude calls God the *only* Despot. On the other hand, a Tyrant, Tyrannus, Doric for Cyranus, a person with the essential power of a Cyrus, or imperial commander from whose decision there is no appeal, is a king exercising state authority over persons who do not in any sense belong to him as his property, but whom he has been appointed, or has appointed himself, to govern for general purposes of state-benefit. If the tyranny glow and soften into despotism, as Suwarrow's soldiers, (or any good commanding officer's.) gradually become his 'children,' all the better—but you must get your simple and orderly tyrant, or Cyrus, to begin with. Cyrus, first suppose, only over greengroceries—as above recommended, in these gardens of yours, for which yesterday, 11th April, I sent our Trustees word that they must provide purchase-money. In which territory you will observe the Master of St. George's Company is at present a Tyrant only; not a Despot, since he does not consider you as St. George's servants at all; but only requires compliance with certain of his laws while you cultivate his ground. Of which, the fixing of standard quality for your shoe-leather, since I hear you are many of you shoemakers, will be essential: and on this and other matters of your business, you will look to our St. George's Companion, Mr. Somervell, for instruction; with this much of general order, that you are to make shoes with extremest care to please your customers in all matters which they ought to ask; by fineness of fit, excellence of work, and exactitude of compliance with special orders: but you are not to please them in things which they ought not to ask. It is *your* business to know how to protect, and adorn, the human foot. When a customer wishes you really to protect and adorn his or her foot, you are to do it with finest care: but if a customer wishes you to injure their foot, or disfigure it, you are to refuse their pleasure in those particulars, and bid them—if they insist on such *dis-service*—to go elsewhere. You are not, the smiths of

you, to put horseshoes hot on hoofs; and you are not, the shoemakers of you, to make any shoes with high heels, or with vulgar and useless decorations, or—if made to measure—that will pinch the wearer. People who wish to be pinched must find torturers off St. George's ground.

I expected, before now, to have had more definite statements as to the number of families who are associated in this effort. I hope that more are united in it than I shall have room for, but probably the number asking to lease St. George's ground will be greatly limited, both by the interferences with the modes of business just described, and by the law of openness in accounts. Every tradesman's books on St. George's ground must always be open on the Master's order, and not only his business position entirely known, but his *profits* known to the public: the prices of all articles of general manufacture being printed with the percentages to every person employed in their production or sale.

I have already received a letter from a sensible person interested in the success of our schemes, "fearing that people will not submit to such inquisition." Of course they will not; if they would, St. George's work would be soon done. If he can end it any day these hundred years, he will have fought a good fight.

But touching this matter of episcopal inquiry, here in Venice, who was brought up in her youth under the strictest watch of the Primates of Aquileia—eagle-eyed, I may as well say what is to be in Fors finally said.

The British soul, I observe, is of late years peculiarly inflamed with rage at the sound of the words 'confession' and 'inquisition.'*

The reason of which sentiment is essentially that the British soul has been lately living the life of a Guy Fawkes; and is in perpetual conspiracy against God and man,—evermore devis-

* The French soul concurring, with less pride, but more petulance, in these sentiments. (See Fors, August, 1871, p. 30, and observe my decision of statement. "The Inquisition *must* come.")

ing how it may wheedle the one, and rob the other.* If your conscience is a dark lantern,—then, of course, you will shut it up when you see a policeman coming; but if it is the candle of the Lord, no man when he hath lighted a candle puts it under a bushel. And thus the false religions of all nations and times are broadly definable as attempts to cozen God out of His salvation at the lowest price; while His inquisition of the accounts, it is supposed, may by proper tact be diverted.

On the contrary, all the true religions of the world are forms of the prayer, "Search me, and know my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

And there are broadly speaking two ways in which the Father of men does this: the first, by making them eager to tell their faults to Him themselves, (Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee;) the second, by making them sure they cannot be hidden, if they would: "If I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there." In neither case, do the men who love their Father fear that others should hear their confession, or witness His inquisition. But those who hate Him, and perceive that He is minded to make inquisition for blood, cry, even in this world, for the mountains to fall on them, and the hills to cover them. And in the actual practice of daily life you will find that wherever there is secrecy, there is either guilt or danger. It is not possible but that there should be things needing to be kept secret; but the dignity and safety

* "It was only a week or two ago that I went into one of the best iron-mongers in London for some nails, and I assure you that 25 per cent. of the nails I can't drive: they, the bad ones, are simply the waste edges of the sheets that the nails are cut from: one time they used to be thrown aside; now they are all mixed with the good ones, and palmed on to the public. I say it without hesitation, and have proved it, that one cannot buy a thing which is well or honestly made, excepting perhaps a railway engine, or, by-the-by, a Chubb's safe to keep out thieves. I looked in their window yesterday and saw a small one, not three feet high, marked £83 10s. Like ships versus guns,—more thieves, and more strength to keep them out. Verily, a reckoning day is near at hand." (Part of letter from my publisher, Mr. Allen.)

of human life are in the precise measure of its frankness. Note the lovely description of St. Ursula,—Fors, November, 1876, page 229,—learned and *frank* and fair. There is no fear for any child who is frank with its father and mother; none for men or women, who are frank with God.

I have told you that you can do nothing in policy without prayer. The day will be ill-spent, in which you have not been able, at least once, to say the Lord's Prayer with understanding: and if after it you accustom yourself to say, with the same intentness, that familiar one in your church service, "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts be open," etc., you will not fear, during the rest of the day, to answer any questions which it may conduce to your neighbour's good should be put to you.

Finally. You profess to be proud that you allow no violation of the sacredness of the domestic hearth. Let its love be perfect, in its seclusion, and you will not be ashamed to show the house accounts. I know—no man better—that an Englishman's should be his castle; and an English city, his camp; and I have as little respect for the salesmen of the ramparts of Berwick,* as for the levellers of the walls of Florence. But you were better and merrier Englishmen, when your camps were banked with grass, and roofed with sky, than now, when they are, "ventilated only by the chimney;" and, trust me, you had better consent to so much violation of the secrecy of the domestic hearth, as may prevent you being found one day dead, with your head in the fireplace.

Enough of immediate business, for to-day: I must tell you, in closing, a little more of what is being sent to your museum.

By this day's post I send you photographs of two fourteenth-century capitals of the Ducal Palace here. The first is that representing the Virtues; the second, that representing the Sages whose power has been greatest over men. Largitas, (Generosity,) leads the Virtues; Solomon, the Sages; but Solomon's head has been broken off by recent republican

* See fifth article of Correspondence.

movements in Venice ; and his teaching superseded by that of the public press—as “Indi-catore generale”—you see the inscription in beautiful modern bill type, pasted on the pillar.

Above, sits Priscian the Grammarian ; and next to him, Aristotle the Logician : whom that in contemplating you may learn the right and calm use of reason, I have to-day given orders to pack, with extreme care, a cast of him, which has been the best ornament of my room here for some weeks ; and when you have examined him well, you shall have other casts of other sages. But respecting what I now send,* observe, first,—

These capitals being octagonal, are composed each of sixteen clusters of leaves, opening to receive eight figure subjects in their intervals ; the leaf clusters either bending down at the angles and springing up to sustain the figures, (capital No. 1,) or bending down under the figures and springing up to the angles, (No. 2 ;) and each group of leaves being composed of a series of leaflets divided by the simplest possible undulation of their surface into radiating lobes, connected by central ribs.

Now this system of leaf-division remains in Venice from the foliage of her Greek masters ; and the beauty of its consecutive flow is gained by the observance of laws descending from sculptor to sculptor for two thousand years. And the hair which flows down the shoulders of Aristotle, and the divisions of the drapery of his shoulders and of the leaves of his book, are merely fourteenth-century forms of the same art which divided the flowing hair of your Lencothea by those harmonious furrows. Of which you must now learn the structure with closer observance, to which end, in next Fors, we will begin our writing and carving lessons again.

* Mr. Ward will always be able to provide my readers with copies of the photographs referred to in Fors ; and will never send bad impressions ; but I can only myself examine and sign the first four.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S FUND,

	<i>Dr.</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>
1877.		
Feb. 15. To Balance		628 13 8
19. " Draft at Douglas (per Mr. E. Rydings), less 1s. 6d., charges		28 18 6
April 3. " Per Mr. Swan, left at Museum by a " Sheffield Working Man"		0 2 0
9. " Per ditto, from a "Sheffielder"		0 2 6
		£657 16 8
	<i>Cr.</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>
April 16. By Balance		657 16 8

No details have yet reached me of the men's plan at Sheffield; but the purchase of their land may be considered as effected "if the titles are good." No doubt is intimated on this matter; and I think I have expressed my opinion of the wisdom of requiring a fresh investigation of title on every occasion of the sale of property; so that, as my days here in Venice are surcharged with every kind of anger and indignation already, I will not farther speak at present of the state of British Law.

I receive many letters now from amiable and worthy women, who would be glad to help us, but whose circumstances prevent them from actually joining the society.

If they will compare notes with each other, first of all, on the means to be adopted in order to secure the delivery on demand, for due price, over at least some one counter in the nearest county town, entirely good fabric of linen, woolen, and silk; and consider *that* task, for the present, their first duty to Heaven and Earth; and speak of it to their friends when they walk by the way, and when they sit down, and when they rise up,—not troubling *me* about it, but determining among themselves that it shall be done,—that is the first help they can give me, and a very great one it will be. I believe myself they will find the only way is the slow, but simple and sure one, of teaching any girls they have influence or authority over, to spin and weave;

and appointing an honest and religious woman for their merchant. If they find any quicker or better way, they are at liberty to adopt it, so long as any machinery employed in their service is moved by water only. And let them re-read, in connection with the gifts and loans reported in this number of *Fors* as made to the Sheffield Museum, the end of *Fors* of August 1874, pp. 132—139.

II. Affairs of the Master.

I have been pleased, and not a little surprised, by the generally indulgent view expressed by the public, as vocal through its daily press, of the way I have broadcast my fortune. But I wish it always to be remembered that even in what I believe to have been rightly distributed, this manner of lavish distribution is not in the least proposed by me as generally exemplary. It has been compelled in my own case, by claims which were accidental and extraordinary; by the fact that all my father's and mother's relations were comparatively poor,—and the still happier fact that they were all deserving; by my being without family of my own; by my possession of knowledge with respect to the arts which rendered it my duty to teach more than to enjoy, and to bestow at least a tithe of what I collected; and finally by what I conceive to be the unhappy conditions of social disorder temporarily existing around me, involving call no less imperative than that of plague or famine for individual exertion quite distinct from the proper course of the ordinary duty of private persons. My readers and Companions must not therefore be surprised, nor accuse me of inconsistency, when they find me as earnestly enforcing the propriety on their part, in most cases, of living much within their incomes, as contentedly exposing the (hitherto) excess of my expenditure above my own.

III. A paragraph from Galignani, sent me by *Fors* for her part of cheering comment on the Catholic Epistles:—

“A WESLEYAN MAYOR AND A ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool laid on Monday the foundation-stone of a new church at Greenbank, St. Helens. The new building is to accommodate 850 worshippers, and will cost about £10,000. In the evening a banquet was given, and the Mayor of St. Helens, who (the ‘*Liverpool Post*’ says) is a member of the Wesleyan community, was present. The Bishop proposed the Mayor's health; and the Mayor, in acknowledging the compliment, said that it gave him great pleasure to be present, and he rejoiced with them in the success which had attended their efforts that day—a success which had enabled them to lay the foundation-stone of another church in the town. He rejoiced because he looked upon the various churches of the town as centres of instruction and centres of influence, which tended to the moral and spiritual welfare of the people. He was not a Roman Catholic, but he rejoiced in every centre of influence for good, whatever might be the tenets of the Church to which those centres belonged. For the welfare of the town which he had the honour of representing, he felt pleasure in being there that evening; and it would be ungrateful of him, with the feelings which he had for every branch of the Church, if he did not wish his Catholic townsmen God-speed. There was still a vast amount of ignorance to be removed, and the churches were the centres around which the moral influence was to be

thrown, and which should gather in the outcasts who had hitherto been left to themselves. He hoped that the church the foundation-stone of which they had just laid, would be raised with all possible speed, and he wished it God's blessing."

St. George and St. John Wesley charge me very earnestly to send their united compliments both to the Bishop, and to the Mayor of Liverpool; but they both beg to observe that a place may be got to hold 850 people comfortably, for less than ten thousand pounds; and recommend the Mayor and Bishop to build the very plainest shelter for the congregation possible. St. George wishes the Bishop to say mass at an altar consisting of one block of Lancashire mountain limestone, on which no tool has been lifted up; and St. John Wesley requests the Mayor to issue orders to the good people of Liverpool to build the walls—since walls are wanted—in pure charity, and with no commission whatever to the architect. No design is needed either for churches or sheepfolds—until the wolf is kept well out. But see next article.

IV. The most perfect illustration of what is meant by "turning the grace of God into fury" was given me here in Venice during the last Carnival. This grace, St. Paul writes to Titus, "hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God." Now the institution of Lent, before Easter, has the special function of reminding us of such grace; and the institution of Carnival before Lent, as to be pardoned by it, is the turning of such grace into fury. I print on the opposite page, as nearly as I can in facsimile, the bill of Venetian entertainments in St. Mark's Place, in front of St. Mark's Church, (certainly, next to the square round the Baptistery of Florence, the most sacred earth in Italy,) on the 9th February of this year. And I append translation, accurate I think in all particulars—commending, however, by St. Mark's order, and with his salutation, the careful study of the original to his good servant the Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool, to the end that the said prelate may not attach too much importance to church-building, while these things are done in front of St. Mark's.

"Day 5th.—*Friday, 9th February.*

"GREAT SABBATH OF THE WITCHES.

"Portentous spectacle, and which will make the water high with rejoicing of the Sea.* Two hundred legitimate descendants of the Witches of Macbeth, will hurl themselves out of their forest of Birningan," (Birnam?) "and with a Satanic leap will precipitate themselves upon the piazza of St. Mark, taking it by assault on various points, shrieking, howling, piping, singing, and shaking fires which will illuminate all the vast dominions of his Joyful Majesty," (the leader of Carnival,) "they will carry by assault the saloon of the Throne, where they will begin their infernal dances. Then there will be diabolic songs and music, and the Great Wrestling and Combat of Demons,

* "Let the floods clap their hands," etc.

GIORNATA V.—Venerdì 9 Febbrajo.

GRAN SABBA

Delle Streghe

Spettacolo portentoso e che farà venir l'aqua alta dal giubilo del Mare — Duecento discendenti legittime delle Maghe di Macbet, si scaraventeranno dalla loro foresta di Birmingham, e con un salto satanico precipiteranno sulla Piazza San Marco prendendola d'assalto da vari punti. — Stridendo, urlando, suonando, cantando, e agitando fuochi che illumineranno tutti i vasti domini di S. M. Allegra prenderanno d'assalto la Sala del Trono, dove daran principio alle loro danze infernali; quindi vi saranno canti e suoni diabolici e la

GRANDE LOTTA

e combattimento di demonj

finchè il fischio di Satana ordinerà la pace intimando

Un Canto

ED UNA RIDDA INFERNALE

al chiarore di luci fantastiche, fosforiche, da far restar ciechi tutti coloro che sono orbi.

Finalmente la piazza di S. Marco sarà invasa e completamente illuminata dalle

FIAMME DI BELZEBÙ

Perchè il *Sabba* possa riuscire più completo, si raccomanda a tutti gli spettatori di fischiare durante le *fiamme* come anime dannate.

Su questa serata che farà stupire e fremere gli elementi, non aggiungiamo dettagli, per lasciar ai felici regnicoli di S. M. Pantalone, gustar vergini gli effetti delle più prodigiose sorprese.

until the whistle of Satan shall order peace, intimating a song and infernal 'ridda' (?) by the glare of fantastic phosphoric lights, enough to make all remain blind who cannot see. Finally, the piazza of St. Mark will be invaded and completely illuminated by the flames of Beelzebub.

"That the Sabbath may succeed more completely, it is recommended to all the spectators to whistle, during the flames, like damned souls.

"But of this evening, which will astonish the elements, we will add no details, in order to leave the happy subjects of his Majesty Pantaloon to taste the virgin impressions of the most prodigious surprises."

V. I reserve comment on the following announcement, (in which the italics are mine,) until I learn what use the Berwick Urban Sanitary Authority mean to put the walls to, after purchasing them :—

"THE WALLS OF BERWICK.—The Berwick 'ramparts' are for sale. The Government has offered to sell a considerable part of them to the Berwick Urban Sanitary Authority ; and at a special meeting of that body on Wednesday it was decided to negotiate for the purchase. From an account given of these ramparts by the 'Scotsman,' it seems that when the town was taken in 1296 by Edward I., they consisted only of wooden palisades, erected on the ridge of a narrow and shallow ditch,—so narrow, in fact, that his Majesty cleared both ditch and palisades at a leap, and was the first thus gaily to enter the town. He afterwards caused a deep ditch to be dug round the town, and this ditch, when built, was encircled by a stone wall. *Robert Bruce, on obtaining possession of Berwick, raised the wall ten feet round, and this wall was again strengthened by Edward III. after the battle of Hallidon Hill. Parts of this wall still exist, as well as of the castle, which was a formidable structure founded at a remote date. It is stated to have been rebuilt by Henry II., and to have passed out of royal hands in 1303, being subsequently sold by the second Earl of Dunbar to the corporation of Berwick for £320. The corporation dismantled it, and used the stones for building the parish church, selling what they did not require for £109 to an alderman of Berwick, who afterwards sold it to the ancestor of Mr. Askew, of Pallinsburn. It was retained in that family until the construction of the North British Railway. A considerable portion of the keep which was then standing, was levelled to the ground, and the railway station built upon the site of the main building.* The old fortifications which joined the castle measured in length 2 miles 282 yards, but in length the present walls only measure 1½ mile 272 yards, and are constituted of a rampart of earth levelled and faced with stones. There are five bastions which, with the ramparts, were kept garrisoned until 1819, when the guns were removed to Edinburgh Castle, in order to prevent them falling into the hands of the Radical rioters."

LETTER LXXVIII.

VENICE, 9th May, 1877.

I SEND to-day, to our Museum, a photograph of another capital of the Ducal palace—the chief of all its capitals: the corner-stone of it, on which rests the great angle seen in your photograph No. 3: looking carefully, you will easily trace some of the details of this sculpture, even in that larger general view; for this new photograph, No. 7, shows the same side of the capital.

Representing, (this white figure nearest us) LUNA, the Moon, or more properly the Angel of the Moon, holding her symbol, the crescent, in one hand, and the zodiacal sign Cancer in the other,—she herself in her crescent boat, floating on the tides,—that being her chief influence on Venice. And note here the difference between heraldic and pictorial symbolism: she holds her small crescent for heraldic bearing, to show you who she is; once that understood, her crescent boat is a *picturesque* symbol of the way her reflected light glides, and traverses, and trembles on the waves. You see also how her thin dress is all in waves; and the water ripples under her boat so gaily, that it sets all the leaf below rippling too. The *next* leaf, you observe, does not ripple.

Next to the Angel of the Moon, is the Angel of the planet Jupiter,—the symbol of the power of the Father (Zeus, Pater) in creation. He lays his hand on the image of Man; and on the ledge of stone, under the iron bar above his head you may decipher, beginning at the whitest spot on the exactly nearest angle,—these letters:

D (written like a Q upside down) E L I; then a crack breaks off the first of the three legs of M; then comes O, and another crack; then D S A D A (the A is seen in the light,

a dancing or pirouetting A on one leg); then D E C O, up to the edge of Jupiter's nimbus; passing over his head, you come on the other side to S T A F O, and a ruinous crack, carrying away two letters, only replaceable by conjecture; the inscription then closing with A V I T 7 E V A. The figure like a numeral 7 is, in all the Ducal palace writing, short for E T, so that now putting the whole in order, and adding the signs of contraction hidden by the iron bar, we have this legend:

“DE LIMO \overline{DS} $\overline{AD\bar{A}}$ DE COSTA FO $\overline{**}$ AVIT ET EV \bar{A} ;”

or, in full,

“De limo Dominus Adam, de costa formavit et Evam.”

“From the clay the Lord made Adam, and from the rib, Eve.”

Both of whom you see imaged as standing above the capital, in photograph No. 3.

And above these, the Archangel Michael, with his name written on the cornice above him— $\overline{ACANGEL}$. MICHAEL; the Archangel being written towards the piazzetta, and Michael, larger, towards the sea; his robe is clasped by a brooch in the form of a rose, with a small cross in its centre; he holds a straight sword, of real bronze, in his right hand, and on the scroll in his left is written:

“ENSE
BONOS
TEGO
MALOR \bar{V}
CRIMINA
PURGO.”

“WITH MY SWORD, I GUARD THE GOOD, AND PURGE THE CRIMES OF THE EVIL.”

Purge—not punish; so much of purgatorial doctrine being engraved on this chief angle of the greater council chamber of the Senate.

Of all such inscription, modern Venice reads no more; and of such knowledge, asks no more. To guard the good is no

business of hers now: 'is not one man as good as another?' and as to angelic interference, 'must not every one take care of himself?' To purify the evil;—'but what!—are the days of religious persecution returned, then? And for the old story of Adam and Eve,—don't we know better than that!' No deciphering of the old letters, therefore, any more; but if you observe, here are new ones on the capital, more to the purpose. Your Modern Archangel Uriel—standing in the Sun—provides you with the advertisement of a Photographic establishment, FOTOGRAFIA, *this* decoration, alone being in letters as large, you see, as the wreath of leafage round the neck of the pillar. Another bill—farther round the shaft—completes the effect; and at your leisure you can compare the beautiful functions and forms of the great modern art of Printing, with the ancient rude ones of engraving.

Truly, it is by this modern Archangel Uriel's help, that I can show you pictures of all these pretty things, at Sheffield;—but by whose help do you think it is that you have no real ones at Sheffield, to see instead? Why haven't you a Ducal palace of your own, without need to have the beauties of one far away explained to you? Bills enough you have,—stuck in variously decorative situations; public buildings also—but do you take any pleasure in them? and are you never the least ashamed that what little good there may be in them, every poor flourish of their cast iron, every bead moulding on a shop front, is borrowed from Greece or Venice: and that if you got all your best brains in Sheffield, and best hands to work, with that sole object, you couldn't carve such another capital as this which the photographer has stuck his bill upon?

You don't believe that, I suppose. Well,—you will believe, and know, a great deal more, of supreme serviceableness to you, if ever you come to believe and know that. But you can only come to it slowly, and after your "character" has been much "improved,"—as you see Mr. Goldwin Smith desires it to be; (see the third article of Correspondence). To-day you shall take, if you will, a step or two towards such improvement, with Leucothea's help—white goddess of sea

foam, and the Sun-Angel's help—in our lesson-Photograph No. 1. With your patience, we will now try if anything 'is to be seen in it.'

You see at all events that the hair in every figure is terminated by severely simple lines externally, so as to make approximately round balls, or bosses, of the heads; also that it is divided into minute tresses from the crown of the head downwards; bound round the forehead by a double fillet, and then, in the headdress of the greater Goddess, escapes into longer rippling tresses, whose lines are continued by the rippling folds of the linen sleeve below.

Farther, one of these longer tresses, close behind the ear, parts from the others, and falls forward, in front of the right shoulder.

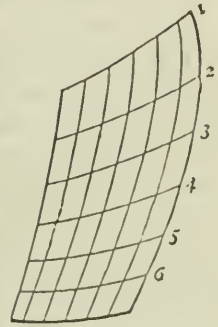
Now take your museum copy of my *Aratra Pentelici*, and, opposite page 55, you will find a woodcut,* giving you the typical conception of the Athena of Athens at the time of the battle of Marathon. You see precisely the same disposition of the hair; but she has many tresses instead of one, falling in front of her shoulders; and the minute curls above her brow are confined by a close cap, that her helmet may not fret them. Now, I have often told you that everything in Greek myths is primarily a physical,—secondly and chiefly a moral—type. This is first, the Goddess of the air, secondly and chiefly, celestial inspiration, guiding *deed*; specially those two deeds of weaving, and righteous war, which you practise at present, both so beautifully, 'in the interests of England.'

Those dark tresses of hair, then, physically, are the dark tresses of the clouds;—the spots and serpents of her ægis, hail and fire; the soft folds of her robe, descending rain. In her spiritual power, all these are the Word of God, spoken either by the thunder of His Power, or as the soft rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass. Her spear is the strength of sacred deed, and her helmet, the hope of salvation.

* I place copies of this cut in Mr. Ward's hands, for purchase by readers who have not access to *Aratra*.

You begin now to take some little interest in these rippings of the leaves under the Venetian Lady of Moonlight, do not you, and in that strangely alike *Leucothea*, sedent there two thousand years before that peaceful moon rose on Venice; and that, four hundred years before our "Roaring moon" rose on *us*.

But farther. Take a very soft pencil, and touching very lightly, draw lines on the photograph between the ripples of the hair, thus; and you will find that the distances 1—2, 2—3, 3—4, etc., first diminish gradually, and then increase;—that the lines 1, 2, 3, etc., radiate from the slope of the fillet, gradually, till they become horizontal at the shoulder; and lastly, that the whole group first widens and then diminishes, till the tress farthest back losing itself altogether, and the four nearest us hiding behind the shoulder, the fullest one, set for contrast beside the feeblest, dies away in delicate rippling over the shoulder line.



Now, sketch with a soft pencil such a little diagram of all this, as the figure above; and then, take your pen, and try to draw the lines of the curved tresses within their rectangular limits. And if you don't 'see a little more in' *Leucothea's* hair before you have done,—you shall tell me, and we'll talk more about it.

Supposing, however, that you do begin to see more in it, when you have finished your drawing, look at the plate opposite page 97 in *Aratra*, and read with care the six paragraphs 115—120. Which having read, note this farther,—the disorder of the composition of the later art in Greece is the sign of the coming moral and physical ruin of Greece; but through and under all her ruin, the art which submitted itself to religious law survived as a remnant; unthought of, but immortal, and nourished its little flock, day by day, till Byzantium rose out of it, and then Venice. And that flowing hair of the *Luna* was in truth sculptured by the

sacred power of the ghosts of the men who carved the Leucothea.

You must be patient enough to receive some further witness of this, before our drawing lesson ends for to-day.

You see that drapery at Leucothea's knee. Take a sheet of thin note-paper: fold it (as a fan is folded) into sharp ridges; but straight down the sheet, from end to end. Then cut it across from corner to corner, fold either half of it up again, and you have the root of all Greek, Byzantine, and Etruscan pendent drapery.

Try, having the root thus given you, first to imitate that simple bit of Leucothea's, and then the complex ones, ending in the tasselled points, of Athena's robe in the woodcut. Then, take a steel pen, and just be good enough to draw the edges of those folds;—every one, you see, taken up in order duly, and carried through the long sweeping curves up to the edge of the ægis at her breast. Try to do that yourself, with your pen-point, and then, remember that the Greek workman did it with his brush-point, designing as he drew, and that on the convex surface of a vase,—and you will begin to see what Greek vases are worth, and why they are so.

Then lastly, take your photograph No. 10, which is of a door of St. Mark's, with two prophets bearing scrolls, in the midst of vineleaf ornament on each side, and look at the drapery of the one on the left where it falls in the last folds behind his foot.

Athena's sacred robe, you see, still!—and here no vague reminiscence, as in the Luna, but absolutely pure Greek tradition, kept for two thousand years,—for this decoration is thirteenth century work, by Greek, not Venetian, artists.

Also I send other photographs, now completing your series to the twelfth, namely—

No. 8. Entire west front of St. Mark's, as it stood in the fifteenth century; from Gentile Bellini's picture of it.

No. 9. Entire west front, as it stands now.

No. 10. Northern of the five porches of the west front, as it is.

No. 11. Southern porch of the west front, as it is now.

No. 12. Central porch of the west front, as it is now. The greater part of this west front is yet uninjured, except by time, since its mosaics were altered in the sixteenth century. But you see that some pillars of the southern porch are in an apparently falling condition; propped by timbers. They were all quite safe ten years ago; they have been brought into this condition by the restorations on the south side, and so left: the whole porch was therefore boarded across the front of it during the whole of this last winter; and the boards used for bill-sticking, like the pillars of the Ducal palace. I thought it worth while to take note of the actual advertisements which were pasted on the palings over the porch, on Sunday, the 4th of March of this year (see next page): two sentences were written in English instead of Italian by the friend who copied them for me.

Such are the modern sacred inscriptions and divine instructions presented to the Venetian people by their church of St. Mark. What its ancient inscriptions and perennial advertisements were, you shall read in 'St. Mark's Rest,' if you will, with other matters appertaining to ancient times.

With none others do I ask you to concern yourselves; nor can I enough wonder at the intense stupidity and obstinacy with which the public journals speak of all I am trying to teach and to do, as if I were making a *new* experiment in St. George's Company; while the very gist and essence of everything St. George orders is that it shall *not* be new, and not an 'experiment';* but the re-declaration and re-doing of things known and practised successfully since Adam's time.

Nothing new, I tell you,—how often am I to thrust this in your ears? Is the earth new, and its bread? Are the plough and sickle new in men's hands? Are Faith and Godliness new in their hearts? Are common human charity and cour-

* The absurd endeavours of modern rhymesters and republicans, with which St. George's work is so often confounded, came to water, because they were new, and because the rhyming gentlemen thought themselves wiser than their fathers.

CASA OMNIA

ED AGENZIE REUNITE,

For Information on all matters of Commercial Enterprise, Speculation,
&c., &c.

SALA DI EVANGELIZZAZIONE,

CHIESA EVANGELICA,

Avra luogo una Pubblico Conferenza sul seguente soggetto.

LA VERA CHIESA.

VILLE DE NICE.

SOCIETE DE BEAUX ARTS.

EXPOSITION DE PEINTURE ET SCULPTURE.

SOCIETA NAZIONALE ITALIANA,

EMISSIONE 1866.

PRESTITO E PREMI.

Tickets 1 lire.

THOSE WHO BUY 10 WILL RECEIVE 11.

DENTI.

NON PIU ESTRAZIONE, SICURA GUARIGIONE.

CALLE DEI SPECCHIERIE.

10 LIRE DI MANCIA.

PERDUTA UNA

CAGNOLINA,

COLORE CANNELLA COLLE ORECCHIE PIUTOSTO LUNGE

age new? By God's grace, lasting yet, one sees in miners' hearts and sailors'. Your political cowardice is new, and your public rascality, and your blasphemy, and your equality, and your science of Dirt. New in their insolence and rampant infinitude of egotism—not new in one idea, or in one possibility of good.

Modern usury is new, and the abolition of usury laws; but the law of Fors as old as Sinai. Modern divinity with—not so much as a lump of gold—but a clot of mud, for its god, is new; but the theology of Fors as old as Abraham. And generally the modern Ten Commandments are new:—"Thou shalt have any other god but me. Thou shalt worship every beastly imagination on earth and under it. Thou shalt take the name of the Lord in vain to mock the poor, for the Lord will hold him guiltless who rebukes and gives not; thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it profane; thou shalt dishonour thy father and thy mother; thou shalt kill, and kill by the million, with all thy might and mind and wealth spent in machinery for multifold killing; thou shalt look on every woman to lust after her; thou shalt steal, and steal from morning till evening,—the evil from the good, and the rich from the poor;* thou shalt live by continual lying in million-fold sheets of lies; and covet thy neighbour's house, and country, and wealth, and fame, and everything that is his." And finally, by word of the Devil, in short summary, through Adam Smith, "A new commandment give I unto you: that ye hate one another."

Such, my Sheffield, and elsewhere remaining friends, are the

* Stealing by the poor from the rich is of course still forbidden, and even in a languid way by the poor from the poor; but every form of theft, forbidden and approved, is practically on the increase.

Just as I had finished writing this modern Decalogue, my gondolier, Piero Mazzini, came in for his orders. His daughter is, I believe, dying of a brain disease, which was first brought on by fright, when his house was broken into last year, and all he had in it carried off. I asked him what the new doctor said, knowing one had been sent for. The new doctor said "he had been called too late; but the girl must have a new medicine, which would cost a franc the dose."

developed laws of your modern civilization ; not, you will find, whatever their present freshness, like to last in the wear. But the old laws (which alone Fors teaches you) are not only as old as Sinai, but much more stable. Heaven and its clouds, earth and its rocks, shall pass ; but these shall not pass away. Only in *their* development, and full assertion of themselves, they will assuredly appear active in new directions, and commandant of new duties or abstinences ; of which that simple one which we stopped at in last Fors,—“ Let him that stole steal no more ’—will be indeed a somewhat astonishing abstinence to a great many people, when they see it persisted in by others, and therefore find themselves compelled to think of it, however unwillingly, as perhaps actually some day imperative also on themselves.

When I gave you in Fors, April, 1871, page 70, the little sketch of the pillaging of France by Edward III. before the battle of Crecy, a great many of my well-to-do friends said, “ Why does he print such things ? they will only do mischief ! ”—meaning, they would open the eyes of the poor a little to some of the mistaken functions of kings. I had previously given, (early enough at my point, you see,) that sketch of the death of Richard I. Fors, March, 1871, iii. 55, differing somewhat from the merely picturesque accounts of it, and Academy pictures, in that it made you clearly observe that Richard got his death from Providence, not as a king, but as a burglar. Which is a point to be kept in mind when you happen any day to be talking about Providence.

Again. When Mr. Greg so pleasantly showed in the ‘ Contemporary Review ’ how benevolent the rich were in drinking champagne, and how wicked the poor were in drinking beer, you will find that in Fors of Dec., 1875, I requested him to supply the point of economical information which he had inadvertently overlooked,—how the champagne drinker had *got* his champagne. The poor man, drunk in an ungraceful manner though he be, has yet worked for his beer—and does but drink his wages. I asked, of course, for complete parallel of the two cases,—what work the rich man had done for *his*

sparkling beer; and how it came to pass that *he* had got so much higher wages, that he could put them, unblamed, to that benevolent use. To which question, you observe, Mr. Greg has never ventured the slightest answer.

Nor has Mr. Fawcett, you will also note, ventured one word of answer to the questions put to him in Fors, October 4th, 1872, pp. 295, 298; June 1st, 1872, p. 231; November 1st, 1871, p. 88; and to make sure he dared not, I challenged him privately, as I did the Bishop of Manchester, through my Oxford Secretary. Not a word can either of them reply. For, indeed, you will find the questions are wholly unanswerable, except by blank confessions of having, through their whole public lives, the one definitely taught, and the other, in cowardice, permitted the acceptance of, the great Devil's law of Theft by the Rich from the Poor, in the two terrific forms, either of buying men's tools, and making them pay for the loan of them (Interest)—or buying men's lands, and making them pay for the produce of them—(Rent). And it is the abstinence from these two forms of theft, which St. Paul first requires of every Christian, in saying, "Let him that stole, steal no more."

And in this point, your experiment at Sheffield *is* a new one. It will be the first time, I believe, in which the Landlord, (St. George's Company, acting through its Master,) takes upon himself the Ruler's unstained authority,—the literal function of the Shepherd who is *no* Hireling, and who *does* care for the sheep: and not count them only for their flesh and fleece. And if you will look back to the last chapter of 'Munera Pulveris,' and especially to its definition of Royal Mastership,—or the King's, as separated from the Hireling's, or Usurer's, pp. 137-8; and read what follows of Mastership expectant of Death, p. 147,—you will see both what kind of laws you will live under; and also how long these have been determined in my mind, before I had the least thought of being forced myself to take any action in their fulfilment. For indeed I knew not, till this very last year in Venice, whether some noble of England might not hear and under-

stand in time, and take upon himself Mastership and Captaincy in this sacred war: but final sign has just been given me that this hope is vain; and on looking back over the preparations made for all these things in former years—I see it must be my own task, with such strength as may be granted me, to the end. For in rough approximation of date nearest to the completion of the several pieces of my past work, as they are built one on the other,—at twenty, I wrote ‘Modern Painters’; at thirty, ‘The Stones of Venice’; at forty, ‘Unto this Last’; at fifty, the Inaugural Oxford lectures; and—if ‘Fors Clavigera’ is ever finished as I mean—it will mark the mind I had at sixty; and leave me in my seventh day of life, perhaps—to rest. For the code of all I had to teach will then be, in form, as it is at this hour, in substance, completed. ‘Modern Painters’ taught the claim of all lower nature on the hearts of men; of the rock, and wave, and herb, as a part of their necessary spirit life; in all that I now bid you to do, to dress the earth and keep it, I am fulfilling what I then began.

The ‘Stones of Venice’ taught the laws of constructive Art, and the dependence of all human work or edifice, for its beauty, on the happy life of the workman. ‘Unto this Last’ taught the laws of that life itself, and its dependence on the Sun of Justice: the Inaugural Oxford lectures, the necessity that it should be led, and the gracious laws of beauty and labour recognized, by the upper, no less than the lower, classes of England; and lastly ‘Fors Clavigera’ has declared the relation of these to each other, and the only possible conditions of peace and honour, for low and high, rich and poor, together, in the holding of that first Estate, under the only Despot, God, from which whoso falls, angel or man, is kept, not mythically nor disputably, but here in visible horror of chains under darkness to the judgment of the great day: and in keeping which service is perfect freedom, and inheritance of all that a loving Creator can give to His creatures, and an immortal Father to His children.

This, then, is the message, which, knowing no more as I unfolded the scroll of it, what next would be written there, than a

blade of grass knows what the form of its fruit shall be, I have been led on year by year to speak, even to this its end.

And now it seems to me, looking back over the various fragments of it written since the year 1860, 'Unto this Last,' 'Time and Tide,' 'Munera Pulveris,' and 'Eagle's Nest,' together with the seven years' volumes of 'Fors Clavigera,' that it has been clearly * enough and repeatedly enough spoken for those who will hear: and that, after such indexed summary of it as I may be able to give in the remaining numbers of this seventh volume, I should set aside this political work as sufficiently done; and enter into my own rest, and your next needed service, by completing the bye-law books of Botany and Geology for St. George's schools, together with so much law of art as it may be possible to explain or exhibit, under the foul conditions of the age.

Respecting all these purposes, here are some words of Plato's, which reverently and thankfully adopting also for my own, I pray you to read thoughtfully, and abide by.

"Since, then, we are going to establish laws; and there have been chosen by us guardians of these laws, and we ourselves are in the sunset of life, and these guardians are young in comparison of us, we must at the same time write the laws themselves; and, so far as possible, make these chosen keepers of them able to write laws also, when there shall be need. And therefore we will say to them, 'Oh our friends, saviours of law, we indeed, in all matters concerning which we make law, shall leave many things aside unnoticed: how can it be otherwise? Nevertheless, in the total system, and in what is chief of its parts, we will not leave, to the best of our power, anything that shall not be encompassed by strict outline, as with a painter's first determination of his subject within some exact limit. This line, then, that we have drawn round, it

* The complaints of several of my friends that they cannot understand me lead me the more to think that I am multiplying words in vain. I am perfectly certain that if they once made the resolution that nothing should stay them from doing right when they once knew what the right was, they would understand me fast enough.

will be for you afterwards to fill. And to what you must look, and keep forever in your view as you complete the body of law, it behoves you to hear. For, indeed, the Spartan Megillus, and the Cretan Clinias, and I, Athenian, have many a time agreed on this great purpose among ourselves; but now we would have you our disciples to feel with us also, looking to the same things to which we have consented with each other that the lawgiver and law-guardian should look. And this consent of ours was in one great sum and head of all purposes: namely, that a man should be made good, having the virtues of soul which belong to a man; and that whatever occupations, whatever disciplines, whatever possessions, desires, opinions, and instructions, contribute to this end, whether in male or female, young or old, of all that dwell together in our state, those, with all zeal, are to be appointed and pursued through the whole of life: and as for things other than such, which are impediments to virtue, that no soul in the state shall show itself as prizing or desiring them. And this shall be so finally and sternly established, that if it became impossible to maintain the city, so ordered, in the presence of its enemies, then its inhabitants should rather choose to leave their city for ever, and bear any hardship in exile, than submit to any yoke put on them by baser men, or change their legislation for any other which would make them baser themselves. This was the very head and front of all that we consented in, to which we would, now, that you our disciples looking also, should praise or blame the laws we have made; such of them as have no real power to this noble end, reject; but such as contribute to it, salute; and affectionately receiving them, live in them; but to all other way of life leading to anything else than such good, you must bid farewell.”

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

The quite justifiable, but—in my absence from England—very inconvenient, hesitation of our trustees to re-invest any part of our capital without ascertaining for themselves the safety of the investment, has retarded the completion of the purchase of Abbey-dale: and the explanations which, now that the Company is actually beginning its work, I felt it due to our trustees to give, more clearly than heretofore, of its necessary methods of action respecting land, have issued in the resignation of our present trustees, with the immediately resulting necessity that the estate of Abbey-dale should be vested in me only until I can find new trustees. I have written at once to the kind donor of our land in Worcestershire, and to other friends, requesting them to undertake the office. But this important and difficult business, coming upon me just as I was in the midst of the twelfth-century divinity of the mosaics of St. Mark's, will, I hope, be sufficient apology to my readers for the delay in the publication of the present number of *Fors*. I have, however, myself guaranteed the completion of the purchase of Abbey-dale to the owner: and as, God willing, I shall be at home now in a fortnight, will get the estate vested under new trustees with utmost speed. Respecting the future tenants of it, I have pleasant intelligence, but do not care to be hasty in statement of so important matters.

II. Affairs of the Master.

I do not suppose that any of my readers,—but there is chance that some who hear and talk of me *without* reading me—will fancy that I have begun to be tired of my candour in exposition of personal expenses. Nothing would amuse me more, on the contrary, than a complete history of what the last six months have cost me; but it would take me as long to write that, as an account of the theology of St. Mark's, which I am minded to give the time to instead, as a more important matter; and, for the present, to cease talk of myself. The following statement, by Miss Hill, of the nature and value of the property which I intend to make over next year to the St. George's Company is more clear than I could before give; and I am sure that at least *this* portion of the Society's property will be rightly managed for them.

“The houses owned by Mr. Ruskin in Paradise Place are three in number. They are held of the Duke of Portland, under a lease of which forty-one years are unexpired. The houses are subject to a ground-rent of £4

each. Mr. Ruskin invested £800 at first in these houses. About £160 of this sum has been repaid out of the surplus rents, and has been by his desire reinvested in the Temperance Building Society, 4, Ludgate Hill. It stands for convenience of management in his name and my own, but is of course all his. He has more than once expressed his wish that it should some day be employed again for a similar purpose as at first; but that is for him to determine. The remainder of the capital, £640, bears interest at five per cent. Every year the capital in the houses, of course, decreases; that in the Temperance Building Society increases. The latter bears a varying rate of interest; it has not amounted to five per cent. for some years. The investment can be altered if a month's notice is at any time given.

"Mr. Ruskin's other property in Marylebone is freehold. It consists of one house in the Marylebone Road, and five in Freshwater Place, besides a small open space used as a playground. The capital invested was £2880, and bears interest at five per cent. Mr. Ruskin has directed me to spend £84 of this money yearly on any good object I have in hand for the benefit of the poor; and the first payment in accordance with this desire of his has just been made. During the years he has owned the property previously, the entire five per cent. has always been paid direct to him.

"Mr. Ruskin last year asked me to take charge of a house of which he holds the lease in Paddington Street. I have not had the care of it long enough to be sure how it will answer; but as no capital was, as far as I know, expended, and the rent to the ground landlord is considerable, I shall be well satisfied if it is entirely self-supporting, which I quite hope it may be.

OCTAVIA HILL.

"6th April, 1877."

III. "PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH AT READING.—There was a large and fashionable gathering on Wednesday afternoon at the opening of the Victoria Hall, Reading, a new public building, with club rooms *en suite*, erected at the east end of the town, for the purpose of affording means of recreation to this rapidly-increasing neighbourhood. The inaugural address was delivered by Professor Goldwin Smith, who is a native and was a former resident in the town:—

"The learned gentleman commented upon the marvellous changes that had taken place in Reading since he was a boy. A crisis had arrived in the history of the British Empire, and whether England would successfully surmount it or not would *depend mainly upon the character of the working men*. The growth of wealth during the twenty years preceding 1872 had been something marvellous and beyond all previous experience. There had been nothing in the commercial history of any country, of either ancient or modern times, that would compare with the mass of opulence of England of the present day;—*e.g.*, nobody can have butter for their children's bread: see next article. 'The speaker then proceeded to review the causes of this vast prosperity, to see if they were such as could firmly be relied upon, or whether it was merely a transitory flow of wealth. In part, the sources of wealth were due to the fortunate position of England, the great variety of its mineral and other resources, and, above all, *the steady, energetic, and industrious character of her working men*,' (not in the least, you observe, to that of their masters; who have nevertheless got the wealth, have not they, Mr. Smith?) 'In part, the sources of wealth were accidental and transitory. The close of the great wars of Napoleon left England the only manufacturing and almost the only maritime power in the world. The manufactures of other countries were destroyed by the desolating inroads of war, and their mercantile marine was almost swept from the seas. Add to these facts that England was the banker of the world, and they would understand the great source of England's wealth. The wars were, however, now over, and other nations were entering into competition, and now this country had formida-

ble rivals in Germany and Belgium and on the other side of the Atlantic, and they must expect them to take their own part in having manufactories, though it would be possible for England to open up new countries for produce. England must expect competitors, too, in her carrying trade, and they all knew that the bank of the world went where the principal trade was done. In the middle of the last century the bank of the world was at Amsterdam. They must expect, therefore, that some of the accidental and transitory sources of superiority would pass away. All the more necessary was it therefore that *the main source of prosperity, the character of the workmen*, should remain unimpaired. It was impossible to say that there were not dangers threatening the character of the working men, for the rapid increase of ('their masters') wealth, with the sudden rise of wages, had exposed them to many temptations.' It was of no use being censorious. The upper classes of the land had, for the most part, spent their large wealth in enjoyments suited to their tastes,' (as for instance Mr Smith ?) 'and they must not be surprised that workmen should act likewise, though their tastes might not be so refined. It was appalling to see how large an amount of wages was spent in drink. *The decay of the industrial classes of England would be disastrous to her in proportion to her previous prosperity*, because the past had of course increased the population of England to an enormous extent, and should the wealth and industry of the land pass away, this vast mass would become a population of penury and suffering. Mr. Goldwin Smith went on to say that he understood that the present institution had this object in view ; to draw away the artisan from places where he was tempted to indulgences, to places of more rational entertainment, and where the same temptations would not spread their snares before him. He expressed his sympathy with the moral crusade movement instituted by the teetotalers, but he doubted the efficacy of restrictive legislation on this subject. The Anglo-American race was an exceedingly temperate people, and the restrictive measures adopted in some parts of the country were rather the expression than the cause of temperance, but their effect in restraining the habits of the intemperate was not very great. In proof of this he quoted the effect of the Drunken Act of Canada, a permissive measure which had been adopted in Prince Edward's County. He was ready enough, he had told his friends in Canada, to co-operate in favour of strong measures if they could show him there was a desperate emergency, and in his judgment the only one way to prevent liquor being drunk was to prevent it being made; but if they simply wished to harass the retail trade, they would have a constant amount of contrabandism and habitual violation of the law. Therefore he had not that confidence that many good and wise men had in restrictive legislation, though he could sympathize with their aim. They could all concur, however, in removing temptation out of the way of the working men and providing counter attractions, and that he understood was their object in erecting the present building. A man who had been working all day must have some enjoyment, and they should provide it as best suited to the taste;' (in the next article the public are required to accommodate their tastes to the nutriment,) 'and, therefore, as these were the objects of the present establishment, they deserved hearty sympathy and support.'

"A fancy fair was then opened, which will extend over three days, in aid of the objects of the institution."

IV. "ADULTERATED BUTTER.—The manufacture of those unpleasant compounds, 'butterine,' 'margarine,' and their congeners, is, we hear, making rapid progress. Indeed, there seems a dismal probability that these objectionable compounds will soon almost entirely supersede the genuine article in the market. To a large extent, the public will be absolutely compelled by circumstances to accommodate their tastes to this new form of nutri-

ment. They may be quite ready to pay, as at present, 1s. 10d. to 2s. per lb. for the best Devonshire or Aylesbury, but the option will no longer remain in their hands. Here is the *modus operandi* by which a malevolent fate is compassing the perpetual nausea of butter *gourmets*. To manufacture butterine and margarine, the first step is to obtain a supply of real butter. This must be of the finest quality. Inferior descriptions do not sufficiently disguise the rank flavour of the fat which forms about nine-tenths of the manufactured article. Having procured a sufficient quantity of prime Devonshire, the manufacturer next proceeds to amalgamate it with beef-fat, until he has obtained a product marvellously resembling pure butter. This nasty stuff costs about 6d. per lb., and the manufacturer, therefore, makes a handsome profit by retailing it at from 10d. to 1s. per lb. to that large class of the community which believes in the saving efficacy of small economies. The quantity of first-class butter in the market is strictly limited, and is incapable of being increased. Already the demand almost outruns the supply, as is proved by the high price commanded by such descriptions in the market. What, then, will be the result when the manufacturers of shoddy butter come to bid for the article? Some experts go so far as to predict that Devonshire butter will fetch 3s. per lb. before another twelve months, through the operation of this competition. On the other hand, inferior sorts will be altogether driven out of the market by the new compound, which is, we believe, more palatable, and 50 per cent. cheaper. Under these depressing circumstances, we can but trust some other means may be found for disguising the rancid taste of beef fat. It would be hard, indeed, if butter connoisseurs in moderate circumstances were condemned to the Hobson's choice of margarine or nothing."—*Land and Water*.

Very hard indeed; but inevitable, with much other hardness, under modern conditions of prosperity.

I must briefly explain to you the error under which our press-writers and the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Goldwin Smith are all labouring.

They have got into the quite infinitely and diabolically stupid habit of thinking that the increase of *money* is the increase of prosperity.

Suppose at this moment every man in Sheffield had a thousand pounds, in gold, put into his coat pockets. What would be the consequence? 'You would all buy all you wanted'?

But do you think all you want is in Sheffield, then? You would gobble up all the turtle—first come first served—drink all the beer, dress your wives in all the silks, and then in a little while—Stand staring at each other, with nothing to eat, drink, or put on, shaking your gold in your pockets. 'You would send somewhere else'? Yes, I dare say; but then mind you, the prosperity is to be universal. Everybody in Bradford and Halifax has a thousand pounds in *his* pocket, and all the turtle and beer are gone, long ago, there, too.

'Oh—but you would send abroad'? Yes, I dare say. But the prosperity is to be world wide: everybody in France has a thousand pounds in *his* pockets, and all the turtle and champagne are gone there, too, since yesterday at five o'clock—and everything is at famine prices everywhere, and will soon be—for no price to be had anywhere. *That* is your 'universal prosperity,' according to the word of the devil. But the word of God is *that* the increase of prosperity is increase, not of money, but money's worth,

V. Several of my readers have asked me to write a letter to boys as well as to girls. Here is some advice respecting them, which I cannot better.

“A PLEA FOR BOYS.—The Rev. Thomas Street sends to the ‘New York Christian Union’ ‘A Plea for Boys,’ in the course of which he says:— ‘Every boy, if he is in sound health, has an excess of energy which must find an outlet. The mother is alarmed and worried at what she calls his mischievous proclivities. He is always breaking things, is never still, is always in the way, wanting to act outside of household law, He keeps the good mother and sister in a constant fever. Their *bête noire* is a rainy day, when Charley can’t go outdoors to play; a school vacation is a burden hard to be borne, and the result is, Charley must be packed off to a distant boarding school, not so much for his education, but to get rid of him. If, as we hold, the interests of husband and wife are one, and it is essential to train the girl for wifehood in all household duties, it is equally so to train the boy for his part in the same direction. He should be under the law of home order, taught to be as neat and tidy as the girl; to arrange his bed-clothing and furniture, instead of leaving it to his sister to do. He should have provided him needles, thread, and buttons, and be taught their use, that he may not be subjected in manhood to that terror of nervous men, a buttonless shirt. He should take lessons from the cook, and be capable of preparing a wholesome dinner. He should learn how to do the multitude of little things that are constantly demanding attention in the house. There is no knowledge, however trivial, that will not at some time come into service. It is said that a “Jack of all trades is master of none,” but he need not make himself master. He may know enough of the general principle of mechanics to be able to repair wastes, and keep things in order. If a swollen door sticks, he should know how to ease it. If a hinge creaks, how to get at it and stop its music. If a lock or a clock is out of repair, how to take it to pieces and arrange it properly. If a pipe or a pan leaks, how to use iron and solder for its benefit. If the seams of a tub are open, how to cooper it. If a glass is broken in a sash, how to set another. How to hang paper on walls, and use brush and paint and putty. How to make a fire, and lay a carpet, and hang a curtain. Every boy may learn enough of these things to do away with the necessity of calling a cobbling mechanic to his house when he is a man. And he will delight to learn them. He will take infinite pleasure in the employment. Nothing makes a boy feel so proud as to be able to do things. His workshop will be his paradise. He will have his mind occupied and amused with utilities. He will be led to think, to reflect, and invent. Neither need this interfere with his studies or his plays; he will pursue and enjoy them with more zest. It is idleness, aimlessness, that is ruining our boys. With nothing attractive to do at home, they are in the streets or in worse places, expending their energies and feeding their desires for entertainment upon follies.”

VI. The following letter, from one of our brave and gentle companions, has encouraged me in my own duties, and will, I trust, guide no less than encourage others in theirs:—

“SCARBOROUGH, *Whit Sunday, 1877.*

“DEAR MASTER,—I write to acquaint you with our removal from Skelton to Scarborough, and how it happened. At Newby Hall Farm (where I was employed as carpenter) is a steam engine which they use for thrashing, chopping, pumping and sawing purposes; the blacksmith acts as engineer. It got out somehow that I understood engines and machinery; and the blacksmith at times was busy shoeing horses when he was wanted at the engine, so I was asked to attend to it for an hour or so, which I did at frequent intervals.

In April, 1876, we got a change in farm manager—a regular steam-go ahead sort of a man, with great ideas of 'modern improvements,' and with him more work to be done through the engine, which used to work two or three days a month, but now three or four days a week, and I came to be looked upon by him as engineer. I remonstrated with him two or three times, telling him that it was quite contrary to my views and wishes, and that I hoped he would free me from it. Well, winter comes, with its wet weather, and the labourers, numbering about thirty, had to work out in all the bad weather, or else go home and lose their pay of course, the engine all the time hard at work doing that which they very comfortably might be doing under cover, and so saving them from hunger or rheumatism. Well, this sort of thing cut me up very much, and my wife and I talked the matter over several times, and we were determined that I should do it no longer, let the consequence be what it may; so at Christmas I told him that with the closing year I should finish with the engine. He said he was very sorry, etc., but if I did I should have to leave altogether. On New Year's morning he asked me if I was determined on what I said, and I answered yes; so he told me to pack my tools and go, and so ended my work at Newby Hall Farm. The parson and one or two kindly wishing ladies wished to intercede for me, but I told them that I did not desire it, for I meant what I said, and he understood me. Well, I sought about for other employment, and eventually started work here at Scarborough with Mr. Bland, joiner and builder, and we have got nicely settled down again, with a full determination to steer clear of steam.

“ Remaining yours humbly,

“ JOHN GUY.

“ J. Ruskin, Esq.”

LETTER LXXIX.

HERNE HILL, 18th June, 1877.

SOME time since, at Venice, a pamphlet on social subjects was sent me by its author—expecting my sympathy, or by way of bestowing on me his own. I cut the following sentence out of it, which, falling now out of my pocket-book, I find presented to me by Fors as a proper introduction to things needing further declaration this month.

“It is indeed a most blessed provision that men will not work without wages; if they did, society would be overthrown from its roots. A man who would give his labour for nothing would be a social monster.”

This sentence, although written by an extremely foolish, and altogether insignificant, person, is yet, it seems to me, worth preserving, as one of the myriad voices, more and more unanimous daily, of a society which is itself a monster; founding itself on the New Commandment, Let him that hateth God, hate his brother also.

A society to be indeed overthrown from its roots; and out of which, my Sheffield workmen, you are now called into this very ‘monstrosity’ of labour, not for wages, but for the love of God and man: and on this piece of British ground, freely yielded to you, to free-heartedness of unselfish toil.

Looking back to the history of guilds of trade in England, and of Europe generally, together with that of the great schools of Venice, I perceive the real ground of their decay to have lain chiefly in the conditions of selfishness and isolation which were more or less involved in their vow of fraternity, and their laws of apprenticeship. And in the outset of your labour here on St. George’s ground, I must warn you very

earnestly against the notion of 'co-operation' as the policy of a privileged number of persons for their own advantage. You have this land given you for your work that you may do the best you can for *all* men; you are bound by certain laws of work, that the 'best you can' may indeed be good and exemplary: and although I shall endeavour to persuade you to accept nearly every law of the old guilds, that acceptance, I trust, will be with deeper understanding of the wide purposes of so narrow fellowship; and, (if the thought is not too foreign to your present temper,) more in the spirit of a body of monks gathered for missionary service, than of a body of tradesmen gathered for the promotion even of the honestest and usefullest trade.

It is indeed because I have seen you to be capable of co-operation, and to have conceived among yourselves the necessity of severe laws for its better enforcement, that I have determined to make the first essay of St. George's work at Sheffield. But I do not think you have yet learned that such unity of effort can only be vital or successful when organized verily for the "interests of England"—not for your own; and that the mutiny against co-operative law which you have hitherto selfishly, and therefore guiltily, sought to punish, is indeed to be punished for precisely the same reasons as mutiny in the Channel Fleet.

I noticed that there was some report of such a thing the other day,—but discredited by the journals in which it appeared, on the ground of the impossibility that men trained as our British sailors are, should disobey their officers, unless under provocation which no modern conditions of the service could involve. How long is it to be before these virtues of loyalty and obedience shall be conceived as capable of development, no less in employments which have some useful end, and fruitful power, than in those which are simply the moral organization of massacre, and the mechanical reduplication of ruin?

When I wrote privately to one of your representatives, the other day, that Abbeydale was to be yielded to your occupa-

tion rent-free,* you received the announcement with natural, but I must now tell you, with thoughtless, gratitude. I ask you no rent for this land, precisely as a captain of a ship of the line asks no rent for her deck, cleared for action. You are called into a Christian ship of war;—not hiring a corsair's hull, to go forth and rob on the high seas. And you will find the engagements you have made only tenable by a continual reference to the cause for which you are contending,—not to the advantage you hope to reap.

But observe also, that while you suffer as St. George's soldiers, he answers for your lives, as every captain must answer for the lives of his soldiers. Your ranks shall not be thinned by disease or famine, uncared for,—any more than those of the Life Guards: and the simple question for each one of you, every day, will be, not how he and his family are to live, for your bread and water will be sure; but how much good service you can do to your country. You will have only to consider, each day, how much, with an earnest day's labour, you can produce, of any useful things you are able to manufacture. These you are to sell at absolutely fixed prices, for ready money only; and whatever stock remains unsold at the end of the year, over and above the due store for the next, you are to give away, through such officers of distribution as the society shall appoint.

You can scarcely, at present, having been all your lives, hitherto, struggling for security of mere existence, imagine the peace of heart which follows the casting out of the element of selfishness as the root of action; but it is peace, observe, only, that is promised to you, not at all necessarily, or at least primarily, *joy*. You shall find rest unto your souls when first you take on you the yoke of Christ; but joy only when you have borne it as long as He wills, and are called to enter into the joy of your Lord.

* Practically so. The tenants must legally be bound to pay the same rent as on the other estates of St. George; but in this case, the rents will be entirely returned to the estate, for its own advantage; not diverted into any other channels of operation.

That such promises should have become all but incredible to most of you, is the necessary punishment of the disobedience to the plainest orders of God, in which you have been taught by your prophets, and permitted by your priests, to live for the last quarter of a century. But that this incredibility should be felt as no calamity,—but rather benefit and emancipation; and that the voluble announcement of vile birth and eternal death as the origin and inheritance of man, should be exulted over as a new light of the eyes and strength of the limbs; *this* sometimes, after all that I have resolved, is like to paralyse me into silence—mere horror and inert winter of life.

I am going presently to quote to you, with reference to the accounts of what I have been last doing for your Museum, (Article I. of Correspondence.) some sentences of an admirable letter which has been just put into my hands, though it appeared on the 27th of February last, in the ‘Manchester Guardian.’ An admirable letter, I repeat, in its general aim; and in much of its text;—closing, nevertheless, with the sorrowful admission in the sentence italicized in following extract,—its writer appearing wholly unconscious of the sorrowfulness of it.

“That art had, as we believe, great popularity in Greece—that it had, as we know, such popularity in Italy—was in great measure owing to its representing personages and events known to all classes. Statue and picture were the illustration of tales, the text of which was in every memory. *For our working men no such tales exist*, though it may be hoped that to the children now in our schools a few heroic actions of great Englishmen will be as well known, when, a few years hence, the children are men and women, as the lives of the saints were to Italian workmen of the fifteenth century, or the hunting in Calydon and the labours of Hercules to Athenians, twenty-three hundred years ago.”

“For our working men, no such tales exist.” Is that, then, admittedly and conclusively true? Are Englishmen, by order of our school-board, never more to hear of Hercules,—of Theseus,—of Atreides—or the tale of Troy? Nor of the lives

of the saints neither? They are to pass their years now as a tale that is *not* told—are they? The tale of St. Mary and St. Magdalen—the tale of St. John and his first and last mother*—the tale of St. John's Master, on whose breast he leant? Are all forgotten then? *and* for the English workman, is it to be assumed in the outset of benevolent designs for 'improving his character' that "no such tales exist"?

And those other tales, which *do* exist—good Manchester friend,—tales *not* of the saints? Of the Magdalens who love—*not* much; and the Marys, who never waste anything; and the "heroic Englishmen" who feel the "interests of England" to be—their own?—You will have pictures of these, you think, for improvement of our working mind. Alas, good friend, but where is your painter to come from? You have forgotten, in the quaintest way, to ask *that!* When you recognize as our inevitable fate that we shall no more "learn in our childhood, as the Italians did, at once grateful reverence for the love of Christ, the sufferings of the Virgin, or the patient courage of the saints," and yet would endeavour to comfort us in the loss of these learnings by surrounding us with "beautiful things"—you have not told us who shall make them! You tell us that the Greeks were surrounded with beautiful objects. True; but the Greeks must have *made* them before they could be surrounded by them. How did they do so? The Romans stole them, in the spirit of conquest; and we buy them—in the spirit of trade. But the Greek and the Italian *created* them. By what spirit?—they?

Although attempting no answer to this ultimate question, the immediate propositions in the paper are, as I have said, admirable; and in the comments with which I must accompany what I now quote of it, please understand that I am not opposing the writer, but endeavouring to lead him on the traces of his hitherto right thoughts, into their true consequences.

* "Then came unto him the mother of the two sons of Zebedee, beseeching him."

"Then saith he to that disciple, Behold, thy mother."

The sentences quoted above are part of a description of England, in which I leave them now to take their proper place.

“What are the conditions under which art is now studied? We meet in no temples adorned with statues of gods, whose forms are at the same time symbols of divine power and types of earthly beauty. (*a*) Our eyes are not trained to judge sculpture by watching the lithe strong limbs of athletes. (*b*) We do not learn in our childhood, as the Italians did, at once grateful reverence for the love of Christ, the sufferings of the Virgin, the patient courage of the saints, and admiration of the art that shadowed them forth. But we have the Royal Institution in Mosley Street, and its annual exhibition of pictures and sculpture. We have far less leisure than the contemporaries of Raphael or of Praxiteles. (*c*) Our eyes rest

(*a*) In his presently following proposals for “a better system,” the writer leaves many of these calamitous conditions unspoken of, assuming them, presumably, to be irretrievable. And this first one, that we do not meet in temples, etc., he passes in such silence.

May I at least suggest that if we cannot have any graven images of gods, at least, since the first of the Latter-day pamphlets, we might have demolished those of our various Hudsons.

(*b*) The writer feels instinctively, but his readers might not gather the implied inference, that locomotives, however swift, as substitutes for legs, and rifles or torpedoes, however effective and far-reaching as substitutes for arms, cannot,—by some extraordinary appointments of Providence in the matter of taste,—be made subjects of heroic sculpture.

(*c*) Why, my friend? Does not Mr. Goldwin Smith declare (see last Fors, p. 114) that “there has been nothing in the commercial history of any country, of either ancient or modern times, that would compare with the mass of opulence of England of the present day”?—and cannot opulence purchase leisure? It is true that Mr. Goldwin Smith is a goose; and his inquiries into the commercial history of ancient and modern times have never reached so far as the origin even of adultera-

patiently on the unmeaning and ugly forms of modern furniture, on soot-begrimed and hideous houses, on a stratum of smoke-laden air that usurps the name of sky. (*d*) The modern system of landscape painting, the modern use of water-colour, alone suffice to make an intelligent knowledge of art far more difficult than it was two hundred years ago. (*e*) Yet we act as

tion of butter; (Look back, by the way, to my former notes on Isaiah vii. 15; and just take these farther little contributions on the subject. The other day, in the Hotel de la Poste at Brieg, I had a nice girl-waitress from the upper Valais; to whom, having uttered complaint of the breakfast honey being watery and brown, instead of sugary and white, "What!" she said, in self-reproachful tone, "have I brought you 'du clair'!" and running briskly away, returned presently with a clod of splendid saccharine snow. "Well, but tell me then, good Louise, what do they put in their honey to make this mess of it, that they gave you first for me?" "Carrots, I believe, sir," she answered, bravely; and I was glad to hear it was no worse;) but, though Mr. Goldwin Smith *be* a goose, and though, instead of an opulent nation, we are indeed too poor to buy fresh butter, or eat fresh meat,—is even that any reason why we should have no leisure? What are all our machines for, then? Can we do in ten minutes, without man or horse, what a Greek could not have done in a year, with all the king's horses and all the king's men?—and is the result of all this magnificent mechanism, only that we have "far less leisure"?

(*d*) One of the most grotesque consequences of this total concealment of the sky, with respect to art, is the hatred of the modern landscape painter for blue colour! I walked through the Royal Academy yesterday; and found that, in all the landscapes, the sky was painted like a piece of white wall plaster.

(*e*) Probably the modern use of landscape painting, and the modern use of water-colour, are wrong, then. The use of good landscape painting is to make the knowledge of nature easier, —not the knowledge of art more difficult,—than it was in earlier days.

if we believed that by strolling for a few hours a day, on a few days in the year, through a collection of pictures most of which are bad, and by carelessly looking at a few pictures of our own, we can learn to understand and be interested in more forms of art than Da Vinci or Michael Angelo would have tried to master, at a time when art still confined itself to familiar and noble subjects, and had not yet taken the whole universe for its province. (*f*)

“Is no better system possible? It is, I believe, as certain that in the last twenty years we have learnt to better understand good music, and to love it more, as that in the same time our knowledge and love of pictures have not increased. *The reason is easily found. Our music has been chosen for us by masters, and our pictures have been chosen by ourselves.* (*g*) If

(*f*) I do not myself observe any petulant claims on the part of modern art to take the universe for its province. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be principally occupied in its own dining-room, dressing-room, and drawing-room.

(*g*) I have italicized this sentence, a wonderful admission from an Englishman; and indeed the gist of the whole matter. But the statement that our pictures have been chosen by ourselves is not wholly true. It was so, in the days when English amateurs filled their houses with Teniers, Rubens, and Guido, and might more cheaply have bought Angelico and Titian. But we have not been masterless of late years; far from it. The suddenly luminous idea that Art might possibly be a lucrative occupation, secured the submission of England to such instruction as, with that object, she could procure: and the Professorship of Sir Henry Cole at Kensington has corrupted the system of art-teaching all over England into a state of abortion and falsehood from which it will take twenty years to recover. The Professorships also of Messrs. Agnew at Manchester have covered the walls of that metropolis with “exchangeable property” on the exchanges of which the dealer always made his commission, and of which perhaps one canvas in a hundred is of some intrinsic value, and may be hereafter

we can imagine exhibitions where good, bad, and indifferent symphonies, quartets, and songs could be heard, not more imperfectly than pictures good, bad, and indifferent are seen at the Academy, and works to which at a concert we must listen for twenty minutes were to be listened through in as many seconds or indeed by an ear glance at a few bars, can we doubt that pretty tunes would be more popular than the finest symphonies of Beethoven, or the loveliest of Schubert's songs?

“It is surely possible (*h*) to find a man or men who will guide

put to good and permanent use. But the first of all conditions, for this object, is that the Manchester men *should*, for a little while, ‘choose for themselves’! That they should buy nothing with intent to sell it again; and that they should buy it of the artist only, face to face with him; or from the exhibition wall by direct correspondence with him.*

(*h*) Perfectly possible; if first you will take the pains to ascertain that the person who is to guide you in painting, can paint, as you ascertained of Mr. Hallé that he could play. You did not go to the man at the music shop, and pay him fifty guineas commission for recommending you a new tune, did you? But what else than that have you ever done, with respect to painting? I once, for instance, myself, took the trouble to recommend the burghers of Liverpool to buy a Raphael. As nobody had paid, or was to pay me, any commission for my recommendation, they looked on it as an impertinence; printed it—though written as a private letter to a personal friend,—made what jest they could out of it, declared the picture was cracked, left it to crack farther, bought more

* The existence of the modern picture dealer is impossible in any city or country where art is to prosper; but some day I hope to arrange a ‘bottega’ for the St. George's Company, in which water-colour drawings shall be sold, none being received at higher price than fifty guineas, nor at less than six,—(Prout's old fixed standard for country dealers.)—and at the commission of one guinea to the shopkeeper, paid by the buyer; on the understanding that the work is, by said shopkeeper, known to be good, and warranted as such; just as simply as a dealer in cheese or meat answers for the quality of those articles.

us in our study of pictures as Mr. Hallé has guided us in our study of music,—who will place before us good pictures, and carefully guard us from seeing bad. A collection of a dozen pictures in oil and water colour, each excellent of its kind, each with an explanation of what its painter most wished to show, of his method of work, of his reasons for choosing his point of view, and for each departure from the strictest possible accuracy in imitation, written by men of fit nature and training—such a collection would be of far greater help to those people who desire to study art than any number of ordinary exhibitions of pictures. Men who by often looking at these few works, knew them well, would have learnt more of painting, and would have a safer standard by which to judge other pictures, than is often learnt and gained by those who are not painters. Such a collection would not need a costly building for its reception, so that in each of our parks a small gallery of the kind might be formed, which might, of course, also contain a few good engravings, good vases, and good casts, each with a carefully written explanation of our reasons for thinking it good. Then, perhaps, in a few years, authority would do for these forms of art what it has done for music. But many other lessons could at the same time be taught. None is of greater importance than that beautiful form in the things that surround us can give us as much, if not as high, pleasure, as

David Coxes, and got an amateur lecturer next year to lecture to them on the beauties of Raphael.

But if you will get once quit of your precious British idea that your security is in the dealer's commission on the cost, you may get help and authority easily enough. If you look at Number VI. of my 'Mornings in Florence,' you will see that I speak with somewhat mortified respect of my friend Mr. Charles F. Murray, as knowing more, in many ways, of Italian pictures than I do myself. You may give *him* any sum you like to spend in Italian pictures,—you will find that none of it sticks to his fingers: that every picture he buys for you is a good one; and that he will charge you simply for his time.

that in pictures and statues;—that our sensibility for higher forms of beauty is fostered by everything beautiful that gives us pleasure;—and that the cultivation of a sense of beauty is not necessarily costly, but is as possible for people of moderate incomes as for the rich. Why should not the rooms in which pictures are shown be furnished as the rooms are furnished in which the few English people of cultivated love of art live, so that we may learn from them that the difference between beautiful and ugly wall papers, carpets, curtains, vases, chairs, and tables is as real as the difference between good and bad pictures? In hundreds of people there is dormant a sensibility to beauty that this would be enough to awaken.

“Of our working classes, comparatively few ever enter a gallery of pictures, and unless a sense of beauty can be awakened by other means, the teaching of the School of Art is not likely to be sought by many people of that class. In our climate, home, and not gallery or piazza, is the place where the influence of art must be felt. To carry any forms of art into the homes of working people would a few years ago have been impossible. Happily we have seen lately the creation of schools and workmen’s clubs, destined, we may hope, to be as truly parts of their homes as public-houses have been, and as their cramped houses are. Our schools are already so well managed that probably many children pass in them the happiest hours they know. In those large, airy rooms let us place a few beautiful casts, a few drawings of subjects, if possible, that the elder children read of in their lessons, a few vases or pretty screens. By gifts of a few simple things of this kind, of a few beautiful flowers beautifully arranged, the love and the study of art will be more helped than by the gift of twenty times their cost to the building fund of an art gallery.”

From the point where my last note interrupted it, the preceding letter is all admirable; and the passage respecting choice and explanation of pictures, the most valuable I have ever seen printed in a public journal on the subject of the Arts. But let me strongly recommend the writer to put out

of his thoughts, for the time, all questions of beautiful furniture and surroundings. Perfectly simple shelter, under the roughest stones and timber that will keep out the weather, is at present the only wholesome condition of private life. Let there be no assumptions of anything, or attempts at anything, but cleanliness, health, and honesty, both in person and possession. Then, whatever you can afford to spend for education in art, give to good masters, and leave them to do the best they can for you: and what you can afford to spend for the splendour of your city, buy grass, flowers, sea, and sky with. No art of man is possible without those primal Treasures of the art of God.

I must not close this letter without noting some of the deeper causes which may influence the success of an effort made this year in London, and in many respects on sound principles, for the promulgation of Art-knowledge; the opening, namely, of the Grosvenor Gallery.

In the first place, it has been planned and is directed by a gentleman* in the true desire to help the artists and better the art of his country:—not as a commercial speculation. Since in this main condition it is right, I hope success for it; but in very many secondary matters it must be set on different footing before its success can be sure.

Sir Coutts Lindsay is at present an amateur both in art and shopkeeping. He must take up either one or the other business, if he would prosper in either. If he intends to manage the Grosvenor Gallery rightly, he must not put his own works in it until he can answer for their quality: if he means to be a painter, he must not at present superintend the erection of public buildings, or amuse himself with their decoration by china and upholstery. The upholstery of the Grosvenor Gallery is poor in itself; and very grievously injurious to the best pictures it contains, while its glitter as unjustly veils the vulgarity of the worst.

In the second place, it is unadvisable to group the works of

* As also, by the way, the Fine-art gallery by my friend Mr. Huish, who means no less well.

each artist together. The most original of painters repeat themselves in favourite dexterities,—the most excellent of painters forget themselves in habitual errors: and it is unwise to exhibit in too close sequence the monotony of their virtues, and the obstinacy of their faults. In some cases, of course, the pieces of intended series illustrate and enhance each other's beauty,—as notably the Gainsborough Royal Portraits last year; and the really beautiful ones of the three sisters, by Millais, in this gallery. But in general it is better that each painter should, in fitting places, take his occasional part in the pleasantness of the picture-concert, than at once run through all his pieces, and retire.

In the third place, the pictures of scholars ought not to be exhibited together with those of their masters; more especially in cases where a school is so distinct as that founded by Mr. Burne Jones, and contains many elements definitely antagonistic to the general tendencies of public feeling. Much that is noble in the expression of an individual mind, becomes contemptible as the badge of a party; and although nothing is more beautiful or necessary in the youth of a painter than his affection and submission to his teacher, his own work, during the stage of subservience, should never be exhibited where the master's may be either confused by the frequency, or disgraced by the fallacy, of its echo.

Of the estimate which should be formed of Mr. Jones's own work, I have never, until now, felt it my duty to speak; partly because I knew that the persons who disliked it were incapable of being taught better; and partly because I could not myself wholly determine how far the qualities which are to many persons so repulsive, were indeed reprehensible.

His work, first, is simply the only art-work at present produced in England which will be received by the future as 'classic' in its kind,—the best that has been, or could be. I think those portraits by Millais may be immortal, (if the colour is firm,) but only in such subordinate relation to Gainsborough and Velasquez, as Bonifazio, for instance, to Titian. But the action of imagination of the highest power in Burne

Jones, under the conditions of scholarship, of social beauty, and of social distress, which necessarily aid, thwart, and colour it, in the nineteenth century, are alone in art,—unrivalled in their kind; and I *know* that these will be immortal, as the best things the mid-nineteenth century in England could do, in such true relations as it had, through all confusion, retained with the paternal and everlasting Art of the world.

Secondly. Their faults are, so far as I can see, inherent in them as the shadow of their virtues;—not consequent on any error which we should be wise in regretting, or just in reproving. With men of consummately powerful imagination, the question is always, between finishing one conception, or partly seizing and suggesting three or four: and among all the great inventors, Botticelli is the only one who never allowed conception to interfere with completion. All the others,—Giotto, Masaccio, Luini, Tintoret, and Turner, permit themselves continually in slightness; and the resulting conditions of execution ought, I think, in every case to be received as the best possible, under the given conditions of imaginative force. To require that any one of these Days of Creation should have been finished as Bellini or Carpaccio would have finished it, is simply to require that the other Days should not have been begun.

Lastly, the mannerisms and errors of these pictures, whatever may be their extent, are never affected or indolent. The work is natural to the painter, however strange to us; and it is wrought with utmost conscience of care, however far, to his own or our desire, the result may yet be incomplete. Scarcely so much can be said for any other pictures of the modern schools: their eccentricities are almost always in some degree forced; and their imperfections gratuitously, if not impertinently, indulged. For Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen, and heard, much of Cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a

coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.

Among the minor works carefully and honourably finished in this gallery, M. Heilbuth's are far the best, but I think M. Tissot's require especial notice, because their dexterity and brilliancy are apt to make the spectator forget their conscientiousness. Most of them are, unhappily, mere coloured photographs of vulgar society; but the 'Strength of Will,' though sorely injured by the two subordinate figures, makes me think the painter capable, if he would obey his graver thoughts, of doing much that would, with real benefit, occupy the attention of that part of the French and English public whose fancy is at present caught only by Gustave Doré. The rock landscape by Millais has also been carefully wrought, but with exaggeration of the ligneous look of the rocks. Its colour as a picture, and the sense it conveys of the real beauty of the scene, are both grievously weakened by the white sky; already noticed as one of the characteristic errors of recent landscape. But the spectator may still gather from them some conception of what this great painter might have done, had he remained faithful to the principles of his school when he first led its onset. Time was, he could have painted every herb of the rock, and every wave of the stream, with the precision of Van-Eyck, and the lustre of Titian.

And such animals as he drew,—for perfectness and ease of action, and expression of whatever in them had part in the power or the peace of humanity! He could have painted the red deer of the moor, and the lamb of the fold, as never man did yet in this world. You will never know what you have lost in him. But landscape, and living creature, and the soul of man—you are like to lose them all, soon. I had many things to say to you in this Fors;—of the little lake of Thirlmere, and stream of St. John's Vale, which Manchester, in its zeal for art, is about to drain from their mountain-fields into its water-closets (make pictures of those, will you then, my Manchester friends?); so also for educational purposes, here in the fine West of London, the decent burghers place their middle-

class girls' school at the end of Old Burlington Street, and put a brutal head, to make mouths at them, over its door. *There*, if you will think of it, you may see the complete issue of Sir Henry Cole's professorship at Kensington. This is the best your Modern Art can write—of divine inscription over the strait gate—for its girl-youth! But I have no more time, nor any words bitter enough, to speak rightly of the evil of these things; and here have Fors and St. Theodore been finding, for me, a little happy picture of sacred animal life, to end with for this time. It is from a lovely story of a country village and its good squire and gentle priest—told by one of my dear friends, and every word of it true,—in 'Baily's Magazine' for this month.* It is mostly concerning a Derby Favourite, and is a strait lesson in chivalry throughout;—but this is St. Theodore's bit of it. The horse had been sent down to Doncaster to run for the St. Leger, and there went off his feed, and became restless and cheerless,—so that every one thought he had been 'got at.' One of the stable-boys, watching him, at last said, "He's a-looking for his kitten." The kitten was telegraphed for, and sent down, two hundred miles. "The moment it was taken out of its basket and saw the horse, it jumped on his back, ran over his head, and was in the manger in a moment, and began patting his nose." And the horse took to his feed again, and was as well as ever—and won the race.

* Magazine—or Miscellany. I forget which.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

I have obtained the kind consent of Mr. George Baker (at present the Mayor of Birmingham), to accept Trusteeship for us, such Trusteeship being always understood as not implying any general consent in the principles of the Company, but only favourable sympathy in its main objects. Our second Trustee will be Mr. Q. Talbot, virtually the donor, together with his mother, who has so zealously helped us in all ways, of our little rock-estate at Barmouth. I am just going down to see the twenty acres which Mr. Baker has also given us in Worcestershire. It is woodland, of which I have ordered the immediate clearing of about the fourth part; this is being done under Mr. Baker's kind superintendence; the cheque for £100 under date 5th May in the subjoined accounts is for this work.

At last our legal position is, I think, also secure. Our solicitors have been instructed by Mr. Barber to apply to the Board of Trade for a licence under sec. 23 of the "Companies Act, 1867." The conditions of licence stated in that section appear to have been drawn up precisely for the convenience of the St. George's Company, and the terms of it are clearer than any I have yet been able to draw up myself, as follows:—

"The income and property of the Association, whencesoever derived, shall be applied solely towards the promotion of the objects of the Association as set forth in this memorandum of association; and no portion thereof shall be paid or transferred directly or indirectly, by way of dividend, or bonus, or otherwise howsoever by way of profit, to the persons who at any time are or have been members of the Association, or to any of them, or to any person claiming through any of them.

"Provided that nothing herein shall prevent the payment, in good faith, of remuneration to any officers or servants of the Association, or to any member of the Association, or other person, in return for any services actually rendered to the Association."

There will not, in the opinion of our lawyers, be any difficulty in obtaining the sanction of the Board of Trade under this Act; but I remain myself prepared for the occurrence of new points of formal difficulty; and must still and always pray the Companions to remember that the real strength of the Society is in its resolved and vital unity; not in the limits of its external form.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST.
GEORGE'S FUND.

<i>Dr.</i>		<i>Cr.</i>	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
1877.		1877.	
April 15. To Balance	657 16 8	April 23. By Power of attorney for sale of Con- sols	0 11 6
20. " Per J. P. Stilwell	25 0 0	May 11. " Postage of pass-book	0 0 3
May 7. " Per a Sheffield Silversmith from Mr. H. Swan	0 4 0	" " Power of attorney for sale of Con- sols	0 11 6
11. " Per Mr. Rydings, draft at Wolver- hampton (Wilkins)	50 0 0	26. " Mr. John Ruskin	400 0 0
18. " Per Mr. Rydings, draft at Douglas (less 10 <i>d.</i> , charges)	17 13 2	June 5. " Deposit account	500 0 0
26. " Proceeds of sale of Consols	2700 0 0	" " Mr. B. Bagshawe	2287 16 6
June 8. " Per Mr. Rydings, draft at Douglas (less 1 <i>s.</i> 10 <i>d.</i> , charges)	36 18 2	June 15. By Balance	298 12 3
	<u>£3487 12 0</u>		<u>£3487 12 0</u>
June 15. To Balance	£298 12 <i>s.</i> 3 <i>d.</i>		

JOHN RUSKIN, Esq., IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S FUND,
FROM 1ST JANUARY TO 30TH JUNE, 1877.

1877.		<i>Dr.</i>	<i>Cr.</i>	£	s.	d.
Jan. 6.	To Dividend on £8000 Consols	118	10	0		108 8 0
"	" Subscriptions received from 1st January to 28th February (see March Fors) as per contra	430	4	7		430 4 7
May 26.	" Cash per Trustees	400	0	0		80 12 0
		948	14	7		50 0 0
						40 0 0
						180 0 0
						10 0 0
						5 0 0
						5 0 0
						25 0 0
						25 0 0
						50 0 0
						100 0 0
June 30.	To Balance	335	10	0		150 0 0
		£1284	4	7		£1284 4 7

June 30. By Balance due to Mr. Ruskin . . . £335 10s.

I must enter into more particulars than I have space for, to-day, respecting the position of some of our poorer Companions, before explaining some of the smaller items of wages in the subjoined account. The principal sums have been paid to Mr. Swan for the gradual furnishing of the Museum; and to artists at Venice for drawings made for its art gallery. But for £100 of the £150 last paid to Mr. Murray, I have also secured, with his assistance, a picture of extreme value that has been hitherto overlooked in the Manfrini gallery; and clearly kept for us by Fors, as the exactly right picture on the possession of which to found our Sheffield school of art. It is a Madonna by Verrocchio, the Master of Lionardo da Vinci, of Lorenzo di Credi, and of Perugino, and the grandest metal-worker of Italy.

And it is entirely pure and safe for us; but will need carefullest securing of the tempera colour on its panel before it can be moved: it cannot, therefore, reach Sheffield till the autumn. The other works bought for the Museum will be there in the course of this month.

II. I have received several kind letters from correspondents, under the impression of my having definitely announced the discontinuance of Fors at the close of the year, encouraging me still to proceed with it. But I never said that it was to be discontinued;—only that it was to be completed at least into a well-abstracted and indexed first series of seven volumes. I cannot tell from day to day what I shall be able or shall be ordered to do or write: Fors will herself show me, when the time comes.

In the meantime, I have to thank my readers for the help given me by their assurance that the book is of use, in many ways which are little manifest to me.

III. The following portions of two letters from a kind and practised schoolmistress, now one of our Companions, are of extreme value:—

“BRISTOL, 19th April, 1877.

“Mothers indeed need first to understand and value their own children—strange as it seems to say so. Whether rich or poor, they seem to have no notion of what they are, or could be,—nor, certainly, of what they could *do*.

“Delighting much in all you say about goodness of work, generally, I rejoice in it especially, looking to what might be done by children, and what *will*, I trust, be done by them when rightly taught and trained.

“Those active energies which now so often show themselves in ‘naughtiness,’ and cause teachers such terrible trouble, might be turned to account for the best and highest purposes. Children are perfectly capable of excellent work, of many kinds,—and, as you say, of finding ‘play’ in it,—perhaps all that they would need, (though I am not quite prepared to say that).

“They could be made to understand the need of help, and could give very real help indeed, in ways which I shall be only too happy to suggest, and make a beginning in, when a little less tied than at present. The difficulty is not at all with children, but with their parents, who never seem to think of, or care for, general needs, as in any way affecting educational work—at least, in its progress. And meanwhile, for lack of such training as can only come through the earnest following up of a worthy aim, the educational work itself suffers miserably.

“I find myself speaking of children and parents, rather than girls and mothers,—which may be partly accounted for from the fact that both boys

and girls come under us in village schools, such as I have had most to do with. And this leads me also (following your direction) to suggest, first, that 'mamas' should teach their little girls to *care for their humbler brothers and sisters*,—which they would naturally do if not warned against them, as is, I fear, the rule. There are indeed obvious dangers in such contact as would seem right and natural; but here, again, your Oxford Lectures give sufficient direction—if it were but applied, (I mean where you speak of the danger of travelling on certain parts of the Continent).^{*} Kindly intercourse, even if somewhat imperfect and scanty, would soon lead to the discovery of ways of helping, besides the sympathy implied in it, far more valuable, if genuine, than the upper classes seem to have any idea of. But I am sure I am not saying too much when I repeat that, so far from being encouraged to care for 'poor' children, girls are studiously kept away from them, excepting for superficial kindnesses—mere gifts, etc. But many things might be given, too, with the greatest advantage to both parties, and at the smallest cost, if any, (pecuniary, at least,) to the giver. Are you aware of the shameful waste that goes on, quite as a rule, in the houses of those who leave domestic management largely to housekeepers and upper servants?—and I fear that this is an increasing number. I have not entered far into this matter, but I know quite enough to make me miserable whenever I think of it. If 'young ladies' were instructed in the barest elements of 'domestic economy' rightly understood, they would soon lessen this evil, without being, necessarily, either very wise or very good. And if they were at all good and kind, they would at once think of ways of benefiting 'poor' people through their own economy.

"But nothing will stand in the place of free personal intercourse, for the securing of the full blessing; and this is the very thing that *mamas* shrink from entirely, for both themselves and their daughters."

"P.S.—I had meant to spare you a further infliction, but wish much to add a word about the true relations of young gentlefolks to servants, as nearest to them of the humbler class. Even nice girls are in the habit of behaving most unbecomingly towards them, and speak of them in a way which shows they are entirely at sea as to their real position and duty towards these 'neighbours.' And yet their power for good might be very great indeed in this direction, if but known and used; for, as you know, genuine sympathy will win its way at once with so-called inferiors. But is it not so throughout? 'Middle-class' people will never be won as long as there is such a barrier placed in their way of pride and exclusiveness.† The *greater* and truer bond seems entirely sacrificed to the lesser distinction. See Oxford alone in evidence, which should teach in everything."

"Easter Monday.

"Education (and I will dare to use the word in writing to yourself) is no hopeless drudgery, but full of life and brightness, if at all properly understood. Some few of those who have to do with children would be able to follow me thus far. But even these few do not seem to see the connection there is between their work and the more general one—that which St. George is taking in hand.

"Everybody agrees that the people are to be helped upwards by 'education' (whatever may be meant by the word), and we are supposed to be doing something in England to forward that cause. We know too well that the work is not being done, all the time—looking to elementary schools, at least; but even supposing it were, it takes years for each child to be taught and

^{*} I forgot, and don't understand.

† Again, I don't quite understand. Does my correspondent mean servants by "Middle-class people"? and what has Oxford to do with it?

trained, and the need of help is pressing. Children cannot be educated in a shorter time than they can grow up to be men and women; but meanwhile, even in a single year, teaching of the right sort would speak for itself as to general bettering. And its effects would extend at once in a way which 'educators' have no idea of at present, simply because they do not understand their craft. I know less than I thought I did a few years ago, but hope that this humble-looking admission will gain credence for me when I say that—though groping along with the rest—I have felt my way to facts enough to make me far more than hopeful about what may be done when free scope for right work is once secured.

"There is no need of extraordinary outlay, or even special ability in the teacher; all that is required is that the children should be handled wisely and kindly, and turned to account at once as *helpers in the work* with themselves.

"I really cannot feel happy in taking up your time with going into detail, at present, but am most thankful to be allowed to bear witness in this matter—so entirely misunderstood, as it seems to me. Through neglect of the grand rule given in St. Matt. vi. 33,* so entirely applicable to aims with children, we come short of success as regards the humblest attainments, the highest 'standard' in which, as set by Government, could be reached with the greatest ease, if any right way were taken."

IV. The following fragment of a letter I have been just writing to an old farmer-friend who is always lecturing me on the impossibility of reclaiming land on a small scale, may be perhaps of use to some other people:—

"You have never got it clearly into your head that the St. George's Company reclaims land, as it would build an hospital or erect a monument, for the public good; and no more asks whether its work is to 'pay,' in reclaiming a rock into a field, than in quarrying one into a cathedral."

My friend tells me of some tremendous work with steam, in the Highlands, by the Duke of Sutherland, of which I must hear more before I speak.

* "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." My correspondent, in fear of being diffuse, has not enough explained her following meaning, namely, that the parents' first effort in their child's education should be to make it a 'child of the kingdom.' I heard the other day of a little boy for whom good and affectionate parents had ordered that there should be a box or sweetmeats on the table of every room in the house, and a parcel of them under his pillow. They are now obliged to send him away for 'change of air,'—which might not have been necessary had they sought for him first the kingdom of God, and observed that it consisted not in meat and drink, nor in 'goodies,' but in 'joy in the Holy Ghost.'

LETTER LXXX.

BELLEFIELD, BIRMINGHAM, *16th July, 1877.*

I NEVER yet sate down to write my Fors, or indeed to write anything, in so broken and puzzled a state of mind as that in which, this morning, I have been for the last ten minutes idly listening to the plash of the rain; and watching the workmen on the new Gothic school, which is fast blocking out the once pretty country view from my window.

I have been staying for two days with the good Mayor of Birmingham: and he has shown me St. George's land, his gift, in the midst of a sweet space of English hill and dale and orchard, yet unhurt by hand of man: and he has brought a representative group of the best men of Birmingham to talk to me; and they have been very kind to me, and have taught me much: and I feel just as I can fancy a poor Frenchman of some gentleness and sagacity might have felt, in Nelson's time, —taken prisoner by his mortal enemies, and beginning to apprehend that there was indeed some humanity in Englishmen, and some providential and inscrutable reason for their existence.

You may think it strange that a two days' visit should produce such an effect on me; and say, (which indeed will be partly true,) that I ought to have made this visit before now. But, all things considered, I believe it has been with exactness, timely; and you will please remember that just in proportion to the quantity of work and thought we have spent on any subject, is the quantity we can farther learn about it in a little while, and the power with which new facts, or new light cast on those already known, will modify past conclusions. And when the facts are wholly trustworthy, and the lights thrown precisely where one asks for them, a day's talk may sometimes do as much as a year's work.

The one great fact which I have been most clearly impressed by, here, is the right-mindedness of these men, so far as they see what they are doing. There is no equivocation with their consciences,—no silencing of their thoughts in any wilful manner; nor, under the conditions apparent to them, do I believe it possible for them to act more wisely or faithfully. That some conditions, non-apparent to them, may give unexpectedly harmful consequences to their action, is wholly the fault of others.

Meantime, recovering myself as a good ship tries to do after she has been struck by a heavy sea, I must say to my Birmingham friends a few things which I could not, while I was bent on listening and learning;—could not, also, in courtesy, but after deliberation had: so that, in all our debate, I was under this disadvantage, that they could say to me, with full pleasure and frankness, all that was in their minds; but I could not say, without much fear and pause, what was in mine. Of which unspoken regrets this is the quite initial and final one; that all they showed me, and told me, of good, involved yet the main British modern idea that the master and his men should belong to two entirely different classes; perhaps loyally related to and assisting each other; but yet,—the one, on the whole, living in hardship—the other in ease;—the one uncomfortable—the other in comfort; the one supported in its dishonourable condition by the hope of labouring through it to the higher one,—the other honourably distinguished by their success, and rejoicing in their escape from a life which must nevertheless be always (as they suppose,) led by a thousand to one* of the British people. Whereas St. George, whether in Agriculture, Architecture, or Manufacture, concerns himself only with the life of the workman,—refers all to that,—measures all by that,—holds the Master, Lord, and

* I do not use this as a rhetorical expression. Take the lower shopkeepers with the operatives, and add the great army of the merely helpless and miserable; and I believe "a thousand to one" of the disgraced and unhappy poor to the honoured rich will be found a quite temperately expressed proportion.

King, only as an instrument for the ordering of that ; requires of Master, Lord, and King, the entire sharing and understanding of the hardship of that,—and his fellowship with it as the only foundation of his authority over it.

‘But we *have* been in it, some of us,—and know it, and have, by our patience——’

‘Won your escape from it.’ I am rude—but I know what you would say. Does then the Physician—the Artist—the Soldier—the good Priest—labour only for escape from his profession? Is not this manufacturing toil, as compared with all these, a despised one, and a miserable,—by the confession of all your efforts, and the proclamation of all your pride; and will you yet go on, if it may be, to fill England, from sea to sea, with this unhappy race, out of which you have risen?

‘But we cannot all be physicians, artists, or soldiers. How are we to live?’

Assuredly not in multitudinous misery. Do you think that the Maker of the world intended all but one in a thousand of His creatures to live in these dark streets; and the one, triumphant over the rest, to go forth alone into the green fields?

This was what I was thinking, and more than ever thinking, all the while my good host was driving me by Shenstone’s home, the Leasowes, into the vale of Severn; and telling me how happily far away St. George’s ground was, from all that is our present England’s life, and—pretended—glory. As we drove down the hill a little farther towards Bewdley, (Worcestershire for ‘Beaulieu,’ I find;—Fors undertakes for pretty names to us, it seems,—Abbey-dale, Beau-lieu, and if I remember, or translate, rightly, the House by the Fountain—our three Saxon, Norman, and Celtic beginnings of abode,) my host asked me if I would like to see ‘nailing.’ “Yes, truly.” So he took me into a little cottage where were two women at work,—one about seventeen or eighteen, the other perhaps four or five and thirty; this last intelligent of feature as well could be; and both, gentle and kind,—each with hammer in right hand, pincers in left, (heavier hammer poised over her anvil, and let fall at need by the touch of her foot on a treadle

like that of a common grindstone). Between them, a small forge, fed to constant brightness by the draught through the cottage, above whose roof its chimney rose:—in front of it, on a little ledge, the glowing lengths of cut iron rod, to be dealt with at speed. Within easy reach of this, looking up at us, in quietly silent question,—stood, each in my sight an ominous Fors, the two Clavigeræ.

At a word, they laboured, with ancient Vulcanian skill. Foot and hand in perfect time: no dance of Muses on Parnassian mead in truer measure;—no sea fairies upon yellow sands more featly footed. Four strokes with the hammer in the hand: one ponderous and momentary blow ordered of the balanced mass by the touch of the foot; and the forged nail fell aside, finished, on its proper heap;—level-headed, wedge-pointed,* a thousand lives soon to depend daily on its driven grip of the iron way.

So wrought they,—the English Matron and Maid;—so was it their darg to labour from morning to evening,—seven to seven,—by the furnace side,—the winds of summer fanning the blast of it. The wages of the Matron Fors, I found, were eight shillings a week; †—her husband, otherwise and variously employed, could make sixteen. Three shillings a week for rent and taxes, left, as I count, for the guerdon of their united labour, if constant, and its product providentially saved, fifty-five pounds a year, on which they had to feed and clothe themselves and their six children; eight souls in their little Worcestershire ark.

Nevertheless, I hear of all my friends pitying the distress I propose to reduce myself to, in living, all alone, upon three hundred and sixty, and doing nothing for it but contemplate the beauties of nature; while these two poor women, with

* Flattened on two sides, I mean: they were nails for fastening the railroad metals to the sleepers, and made out of three-inch (or thereabouts) lengths of iron rod, which I was surprised and pleased to find, in spite of all our fine machines, the women still preferred to cut by hand.

† Sixteen-pence a day, or, for four days' work, the price of a lawyer's letter. Compare Fors LXIV., p. 74.

other such, pay what portion of their three shillings a week goes to provide me with my annual dividend.

Yet it was not chiefly their labour in which I pitied them, but rather in that their forge-dress did not well set off their English beauty; nay, that the beauty itself was marred by the labour; so that to most persons, who could not have looked through such veil and shadow, they were as their Master, and had no form nor comeliness. And all the while, as I watched them, I was thinking of two other Englishwomen, of about the same relative ages, with whom, in planning last Fors, I had been standing a little while before Edward Burne Jones's picture of Venus's Mirror, and mourning in my heart for its dullness, that it, with all its Forget-me-nots, would not forget the images it bore, and take the fairer and nobler reflection of their instant life. Were these then, here,—their sisters; who had only, for Venus' mirror, a heap of ashes; compassed about with no Forget-me-nots, but with the Forgetfulness of all the world?

I said just now that the evil to which the activities of my Birmingham friends tended was in nowise their own fault.

Shall I say now whose fault it is?

I am blamed by my prudent acquaintances for being too personal; but truly, I find vaguely objurgatory language generally a mere form of what Plato calls *σκιαμαχία*, or shadow-fight: and that unless one can plainly say, Thou art the man, (or woman, which is more probable,) one might as well say nothing at all. So I will frankly tell, without wandering into wider circles, among my own particular friends, whose fault it is. First, those two lovely ladies who were studying the *Myosotis palustris* with me;—yes, and by the way, a little beauty from Cheshire who came in afterwards;—and then, that charming—(I didn't say she was charming, but she was, and is)—lady whom I had charge of at Furness Abbey, (Fors XI., p. 81,) and her two daughters; and those three beautiful girls who tormented me so on the 23rd of May, 1875, (Fors LIV., p. 106,) and another one who greatly disturbed my mind at church, only a Sunday or two ago, with the sweetest little white straw

bonnet I had ever seen, only letting a lock or two escape of the curliest hair,—so that I was fain to make her a present of a Prayer-book afterwards, advising her that her tiny ivory one was too coquettish,—and my own pet cousin; and—I might name more, but leave their accusation to their consciences.

These, and the like of them, (not that there are very many their like,) are the very head and front of mischief;—first, because, as I told them in Queen’s Gardens—ages ago, they have it in their power to do whatever they like with men and things, and yet do so little with either; and secondly, because by very reason of their beauty and virtue, they have become the excuse for all the iniquity of our days: it seems so impossible that the social order which produces such creatures should be a wrong one.* Read, for instance, this letter concerning them from a man both wise and good,—(though thus deceived!) sent me in comment on Fors for April, 1876, referring especially to pp. 73, 74 :

“ My dear Ruskin,—Thank you for Fors, which I have read eagerly, but without being quite able to make out what you are at. You are hard on Mr. Keble and the poor lady who ‘ dresses herself and her children becomingly.’ If ever your genuine brickmaker gets hold of her and her little ones—as he very likely may some day,—he will surely tear them to pieces, and say that he has your authority for thinking that he is doing God a service. Poor lady!—and yet dressing becomingly and looking pleasant are a deal harder, and better worth doing, than brickmaking. You make no allowance for the many little labours and trials (the harder to do and bear, perhaps, because they are so little), which she must meet with, and have to perform in that ‘ trivial round ’ of visiting and dressing. As it is, she is at least no worse than a flower of the field. But what prigs would she and her husband become if they did actually take to dilettante (*i.e.*, non-compulsory) brickmaking! In their own way, almost all ‘ rich ’ people, as well as the so-called ‘ poor ’—who, man, woman, and child, pay £5 each per annum in *taxes* on intoxicating drinks—*do* eat their bread in the sweat of their faces: for the word you quote ‘ is very broad,’ and more kinds of bread than one, and more sorts of sweat than one, are meant therein.”

A letter this which, every time I read it, overwhelms me

* ‘ Would you have us less fair and pure then?’ No; but I would have you resolve that your beauty should no more be bought with the disgrace of others, nor your safety with their temptation. Read again Fors XLV., p. 136

with deeper amazement: but I had rather, if it may be, hear from some of my fair friends what *they* think of it, before I farther tell them thoughts of mine; only, lest they should hold anything I have in this Fors said, or am, in the next, likely to say, disloyal to their queenship, or their order, here are two more little pieces of Plato, expressing his eternal fidelity to Conservatism, which, like the words of his in last Fors, I again pray to be permitted, reverently, to take also for mine.

“For at that time” (of the battle of Marathon, Mr. Lowe may perhaps be interested in observing,) “there was an ancient polity among us, and *ancient divisions of rank, founded on possession*; and the queen * over us all was a noble shame, for cause of which we chose to live in bondage to the existing laws. By which shame, as often before now said, all men who are ever to be brave and good must be bound; but the base and cowardly are ever to be brave and good must be bound; but the base and cowardly are free from it, and have no fear of it.

* * * * * *

“And these laws which we have now told through, are what most men call unwritten laws: and what besides they call laws of the Fatherland, are but the sun and complete force of these. Of which we have said justly that we must neither call them laws, nor yet leave them unspoken,—for these lie in the very heart of all that has been written, and that is written now, or can be written for evermore: being simply and questionlessly father-laws from the beginning, which, once well founded and practised, encompass † with eternal security whatever following laws are established within these; but if once the limits of these be over-passed,‡ and their melody

* ‘Despotis,’ the feminine of Despot.

† More strictly, ‘cover,’ or ‘hide’ with security; a lovely word—having in it almost the fulness of the verse,—“in the secret of the tabernacle shall he hide me.” Compare the beginning of Part III. of ‘St. Mark’s Rest.’

‡ The apparent confusion of thought between ‘enclosing’ and ‘supporting’ is entirely accurate in this metaphor. The foundation of a great building is always wider than the superstructure; and if it is on loose ground, the outer stones must grasp it like a chain, embedded themselves in the

broken, it is as when the secretest foundations of a building fail, and all that has been built on them, however beautiful, collapses together,—stone ruining against stone.”

The unwritten and constant Law of which Plato is here speaking, is that which my readers will now find enough defined for them in the preface to the second volume of ‘*Bibliotheca Pastorum*,’ p. xxvi., as being the *Guardian* Law of Life, in the perception of which, and obedience to which, all the life of States for ever consists. And if now the reader will compare the sentence at the bottom of that page, respecting the more gross violations of such law by Adultery and Usury, with the farther notes on Usury in page 17, and then, read, connectedly, the 14th and 15th Psalms in Sidney’s translation,* he will begin to understand the mingled weariness and indignation with which I continue to receive letters in defence of Usury, from men who are quite scholars enough to ascertain the facts of Heaven’s Law and Revelation for themselves, but will not,—partly in self-deceived respect to their own interests; and partly in mere smug conceit, and shallow notion that they can discern in ten minutes objections enough to confound statements of mine that are founded on the labour of as many years.

The portion of a letter from a clergyman to Mr. Sillar, which I have printed for the third article of our Correspondence, deserves a moment’s more attention than other such forms of the ‘*Dixit Insipiens*,’ because it expresses with precision the dullest of all excuses for usury, that some kind of good is done by the usurer.

earth, motionlessly. The embedded cannon-balls at the foundation of any of the heaps at Woolwich will show you what Plato means by these Earth, or Fatherland, laws; you may compare them with the first tiers of the Pyramids, if you can refer to a section of these.

* ‘*Rock Honeycomb*’ cost me and my printers’ best reader more than usual pains to get into form; some errata have, nevertheless, escaped us both; of which ‘fully’ for ‘full,’ in line 114, as spoiling a pretty stanza, and ‘106’ for ‘166,’ in page 62, as causing some inconvenience, had better be at once corrected. It is also the hundred and first, not the fifty-first psalm whose rhythm is analyzed at page xliii. of the Preface.

Nobody denies the good done; but the principle of Righteous dealing is, that if the good costs you nothing, you must not be paid for doing it. Your friend passes your door on an unexpectedly wet day, unprovided for the occasion. You have the choice of three benevolences to him,—lending him your umbrella,—lending him eighteen pence to pay for a cab,—or letting him stay in your parlour till the rain is over. If you charge him interest on the umbrella, it is profit on capital—if you charge him interest on the eighteen-pence, it is ordinary usury—if you charge him interest on the parlour, it is rent. All three are equally forbidden by Christian law, being actually worse, because more plausible and hypocritical sins, than if you at once plainly refused your friend shelter, umbrella, or pence. You feel yourself to be a brute, in the one case, and may some day repent into grace; in the other you imagine yourself an honest and amiable person, rewarded by Heaven for your charity: and the whole frame of society becomes rotten to its core. Only be clear about what is finally right, whether you can do it or not; and every day you will be more and more able to do it if you try.

For the rest, touching the minor distinctions of less and greater evil in such matters, you will find some farther discourse in the fourth article of our Correspondence: and for my own compromises, past or future, with the practices I condemn, in receiving interest, whether on St. George's part or my own, I hold my former answer consistently sufficient, that if any of my readers will first follow me in all that I have done, I will undertake in full thereafter to satisfy their curiosity as to my reasons for doing no more.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

The first of the formal points of difficulty which, last month, I said I should be prepared to meet, turns out to be one of nomenclature. Since we take no dividend, we cannot be registered as a 'Company,' but only a 'Society'—'Institute'—'Chamber,' or the like.

I accept this legal difficulty as one appointed by Fors herself; and submit to the measures necessitated by it even with satisfaction; having for some time felt that the title of 'Company' was becoming every day more and more disgraceful, and could not much longer be attached to any association of honourable Englishmen.

For instance, here is a little notification which has just been sent me,—charmingly printed, with old English letters at the top of the page, as follows:—(see below); respecting which I beg Mr. Ashley, being a friend whom I can venture a word to, to observe, that if he would take a leaf out of Fors's books, and insist on all accounts being made public monthly, he would find in future that the mismanagement could be 'arrested,' instead of the mismanager; which would be pleasanter for all concerned.

The Artizans', Labourers' & General Dwellings Company, Limited.

INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE.

OFFICES—27, GREAT GEORGE STREET,
WESTMINSTER, S. W.,

July 4th, 1877.

MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,

We are desired by the Committee to address you briefly at the present stage with respect to the aspect of the Company's affairs.

The discoveries already made have proved the importance of the investigation, and led to the arrest of the Company's Manager.

Although waste, extravagance, and possibly fraud, have been discovered, the Committee would advise the Shareholders not to sacrifice their Shares under the influence of groundless panic, as there is good reason to believe that the property is of such intrinsic value that it may yet be placed upon a solid and satisfactory footing.

We are, &c.,

EVELYN A. ASHLEY,

Chairman.

JOHN KEMPSTER,

Hon. Sec.

Now, as I never mean any of the members of St. George's 'Company' (so called at present) to be put to such exercise of their faith respecting the intrinsic value of their property as the Committee of the General Dwellings Company here recommend, I am of opinion that the sooner we quit ourselves of this much-dishonoured title the better; and I have written to our solicitors that they may register us under the name of St. George's Guild; and that the members of the Guild shall be called St. George's Guildsmen and Guildswomen.

I have a farther and more important reason for making this change. I have tried my method of Companionship for six years and a half, and find that the demand of the tenth part of the income is a practical veto on the entrance of rich persons through the needle's eye of our Constitution. Among whom, nevertheless, I believe I may find some serviceable Guildsmen and Guildswomen, of whom no more will be required than such moderately creditable subscription as the hitherto unheard-of affluence described by Professor Goldwin Smith may enable them to spare; while I retain my old 'Companions' as a superior order, among whom from time to time I may perhaps enroll some absurdly enthusiastic Zacheus or Mary,—who, though undistinguished in the eye of the law from the members of our general Guild, will be recognized by St. George for the vital strength of the whole Society.

The subjoined accounts will, I hope, be satisfactory: but I am too practically busy in pushing forward the arrangement of our Museum, and co-operative work, at Sheffield, to spare time, this month, for giving any statement about them.

Please note with respect to Mr. Bagshawe's subjoined account for the cheque of June 5th (see last Fors), that the amount of stock sold to produce the £2700 out of which this cheque was paid, was £2853 7s. 5d.

“3, HIGH STREET, SHEFFIELD, 8th June, 1877.

“My dear Sir,—Yourself from Badger.

“This purchase has been long delayed in completion for various reasons, the last being some little delay in remitting the cheque for the purchase-money and valuation, which I received only on Tuesday last. However, I have paid over the purchase-money and amount of valuation this morning, and the conveyance to yourself has been executed by Mrs. Badger and her husband, and is in my possession. The title-deeds relate to other property

as well as to that purchased by you, and therefore the vendor retains them, and has entered into a covenant to produce them in the usual form. The certificate of Mrs. Badger's acknowledgment of the conveyance before commissioners has to be filed, and upon receiving an office copy of it to attach to the conveyance, the latter shall be forwarded to Messrs. Tarrant and Co., as you requested, together with the deeds of the property lately purchased from Mr. Wright at Walkley, which are still in my safe.

"On the other side I give a short cash statement of the transaction for your guidance.

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"BENJAMIN BAGSHAWE.

"PROFESSOR RUSKIN."

	£	s.	d.
To amount of cheque received, 5th June, 1877, from Mr. Cowper Temple, signed by himself and Sir T. D. Acland	2287	16	6
By purchase-money of Mickley property paid over to Mrs. Badger, 8th June, 1877	£2200	0	0
By amount of valuation for tillage and fixtures	74	6	6
By stamps, law stationers' charges, and railway fare to Totley, on my attending to take possession of the property on your behalf	12	11	4
By balance remitted to you by cheque herewith	0	18	8
	—————	£2287	16 8

II. Affairs of the Master.

I am being very much tormented just now by my friends; and to make them understand how, I will print a short letter from one of the least wise among them, by which I think the rest may perceive, beyond the possibility of mistake, what measure of absurdity may be more or less involved in their own treatment of me.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—You have never answered my latter letters, so I suppose you are inexorably angry with me for something or other. Nevertheless I should like to see you, and show you my own pretty little girl. Won't you see me just five minutes ?

"Yours ever truly."

Now this letter exhibits in the simplest possible form the error which I find most of my friends at present falling into; namely, thinking that they show their regard for me by asking me for sympathy, instead of giving it. They are sincere enough in the regard itself, but are always asking me to do what, in consequence of it, they should like themselves, instead of considering what *they* can do, which *I* should like. Which briefly, for the most part at present, is to keep out of my way, and let me alone. I am never angry with anybody unless they deserve it; and least of all angry with my friends;—but I simply at present can't answer their letters, having, I find, nine books in the press, besides various other business; and much as I delight in pretty little girls, I only like seeing them like clouds or flowers, as they chance to come, and not when I have to compliment their mothers

EGBERT RYDINGS IN ACCOUNT WITH ST. GEORGE'S COMPANY

FROM 16TH JANUARY TO 30TH JUNE, 1877.

1877.		<i>Dr.</i>		<i>Cr.</i>		<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Jan.	16.	To Balance cash in hand (see Fors, No. 74)	.	.	Feb. 7.	By cash sent Union Bank, London .	.	29 0 0
	26.	" Miss L. Kennedy	May 5.	Ditto ditto	50 0 0
Feb.	15.	" Robert Somervell	9.	Ditto ditto	17 14 0
March	13.	" Mrs. Joseph Fry	31.	Ditto ditto	37 0 0
April	18.	" A tithie of gifts, E. B.	June 25.	Ditto ditto	2 2 0
	21.	" G. D.				
May	1.	" Companion No. 29				
	12.	" G., No. 50				
	19.	" G. D.				
	25.	" G. D.				
June	4.	" Miss Sargood				
								<i>£</i> 135 16 0

upon them. Moreover, I don't much value any of my general range of friends now, but those who will help me in what my heart is set on: so that, excepting always the old and tried ones, Henry Acland, and George Richmond, and John Simon, and Charles Norton, and William Kingsley, and Rawdon Brown, and Osborne Gordon, and Burne Jones, and 'Grannie' and 'Mammie,' and Miss Ingelow, with their respective belongings of family circle; and my pets—who all know well enough how much I depend on them; and one or two newly made ones besides, but who can only yet be as pictures or dreams to me,—with such, I hope enough comprehensive exception,—I don't care any more about my friends, unless they are doing their best to help my work; which, I repeat, if they can't, let them at least not hinder; but keep themselves quiet, and not be troublesome.

III. The following letter, expressing a modern clergyman's sense of his privileges in being "a Gentile, and no Jew," in that so long as he abstains from things strangled, and from fornication, he may fatten at his ease on the manna of Usury,—I cannot but rejoice in preserving, as an elect stone, and precious, in the monumental theology of the Nineteenth Century:—

"Dear Mr. Sillar,—Thanks for calling my notice again to the Jewish law against usury. When we last talked and wrote about this subject, I told you the Hebrew word for usury means *biting*, and our own word *usury* commonly means *unlawful profit*.

"But our conversation this morning has led to this thought, 'I am a Gentile, and not a Jew.' And Gentile Christians are living under the rules laid down with respect to the peculiar laws of Judaism in Acts xv., where there is no mention made of the Jewish usury law. I refer you to verses 10, 28, and 29. This, to my mind, quite settles the matter.

"You want me to preach against bankers, and lenders of money at interest. Upon my conscience, I cannot preach against the benefactors of their fellow-men.

"Let me give you a case in point. I have myself received great benefit from lenders of money at interest. A year or two ago I bought a new block of chambers near the new Law Courts. I gladly borrowed £8000 to help me to pay for them. Without that assistance I could not have made the purchase, which is a very advantageous one to me already; and will be much more so when the Law Courts are completed.

"How can the trustees of the settlement under which the money was put out, or the person who ultimately receives the interest, be condemned in the day of judgment, according to your theory?

"They have not wronged, nor oppressed, nor bit me; but have really conferred a great benefit upon me. And I hope I am not to be condemned for paying them a reasonable interest, which I very willingly do.

"Yours very sincerely."

IV. Though somewhat intimately connected with the 'affairs of the Master,' the following letters are so important in their relation to the subject of usury in general, that I think it well to arrange them in a separate article.

I received, about three months ago, in Venice, a well-considered and well-written letter, asking me how, if I felt it wrong to remain any longer a holder of Bank stock, I yet could consent to hold Consols, and take interest on those, which was surely no less usury than the acceptance of my Bank

dividend. To this letter I replied as follows, begging my correspondent to copy the letter, that it might be inserted in Fors :—

“My dear Sir,—I am much pleased by your intelligent question, which you would have seen at any rate answered at length, as soon as I got out of Venice, where I must keep my time for Venetian work—also I did not wish to confuse my statement of facts with theoretical principles.

“All interest is usury; but there is a vital difference between exacting the interest of an already contracted debt, and taking part in a business which consists in enabling new ones to be contracted. As a banker, I derange and corrupt the entire system of the commerce of the country; but as a stock holder I merely buy the right to tax it annually—which, under present circumstances, I am entirely content to do, just as, if I were a born Highlander, I should contentedly levy black-mail, as long as there was no other way for Highlanders to live, unless I thought that my death would put an end to the system;—always admitting myself a thief, but an outspoken, wholesome, or brave thief;* so also, as a stock-holder, I am an outspoken and wholesome usurer;—as a soldier is an outspoken and wholesome murderer. Suppose I had been living as a hired bravo, stabling for hire, and had written,—‘I must quit myself of this murderous business,—I shall go into the army,’—you might ask me, What—are you not still paid an annual income, to kill anybody Mr. Disraeli orders you to? ‘Yes,’ I should answer; ‘but *now* outspokenly, and, as I think soldiering is managed, without demoralizing the nature of other people. But, as a bravo, I demoralized both myself and the people I served.’

“It is quite true that my *phrase* ‘to quit myself of usury and the Bank of England,’ implied that stock interest was not usury at all. But I could not modify the sentence intelligibly, and left it for after explanation.

“All national debts, you must have seen in Fors abused enough. But the debt existing, and on such terms, the value of all money payments depends on it in ways which I cannot explain to you by letter, but will as Fors goes on. “Very truly yours.”

To this letter I received last month the following reply :—

“My dear Sir,—I am very grateful to you for your courteous and candid letter in reply to mine of the 11th ult. It is with pleasure that I have made, in accordance with your request, the copy of it enclosed herein.

“May I again trespass on your kindness and ask you still further to meet the difficulties into which your teaching on usury has plunged me.

“If a national debt be wrong on principle, is it right of you to encourage its prolongation by lending the country money? Or is the fact of its being ‘already contracted’ a sufficient reason for your taxing the people annually, and thereby receiving money without working for it?

“Again, is the case of the Highlander quite analogous? *You have* another ‘way to live’ apart from taking any ‘interest’ or ‘usury’; and should you not, to be quite consistent with your teaching, rather live on your principal as long as it lasts? (Fors LXX., pp. 202-3.) You speak of yourself as ‘an outspoken and wholesome usurer’;—if I read aright, you taught in Fors LXVIII. pp. 165-6, that the law enunciated in Leviticus xxv. 35-37, ‘is the simple law for all of us—one of those which Christ assuredly came not to destroy but to fulfil.’ If ‘all interest is usury,’ is not the acceptance of it—even when derived from Consols—contrary to the law of Christ, and therefore sinful? Can there be any ‘wholesome’ sin, however outspoken?

“Pardon my thus trespassing on your time, and believe me,

“Gratefully and faithfully yours.”

* Compare Fors, Letter XLV., p. 133, and note.

The questions put by my correspondent in this second letter have all been answered in Fors already, (had he read carefully,) and that several times over; but lest he should think such answer evasive, I will go over the ground once more with him.

First, in reply to his general question, 'Can there be *any* wholesome sin?' No; but the violation of a general law is not always sin. 'Thou shalt not kill' is a general law. But Phinehas is blessed for slaying, and Saul rejected for sparing.

Secondly. Of acts which under certain conditions would be sin, there is every degree of wholesomeness and unwholesomeness, according to the absence or presence of those conditions. For the most part, open sin is wholesomer than secret; yet some iniquity is fouler for being drawn with cords of vanity, and some blasphemy baser for being deliberate and insolent, like that of our modern men of science. So again, all sin that is fraudulent is viler than that which is violent; but the venal fraud of Delilah is not to be confused with the heroic treachery of Judith. So again, all robbery is sin, but the frank pillage of France by the Germans is not to be degraded into any parallel with the vampire lotteries of the modern Italian Government. So again, all rent is usury, but, it may often be wise and right to receive rent for a field,—never, to receive it for a gambling table. And for application to St. George's business, finally,—so long as our National debt exists, it is well that the good Saint should buy as much stock of it as he can; and far better that he should take the interest already agreed for, and spend it in ways helpful to the nation, than at once remit it, so as to give more encouragement to the contraction of debt.

V. Part of a letter from a young lady Companion, which will be seen, without comment of mine, to be of extreme value:—

"Last Sunday morning my father and brothers went to the funeral of an old workman who had been in my father's service for forty years. The story of his life is rather an unusual one in these days. The outside of his life, as I know it, is just this. He was a boy in the works to which my father was apprenticed to learn —; and when my father bought —, Tom went with him, and had been foreman for many years when he died. He spent his whole life in honest, faithful labour, chiefly, it seems to me, for other people's benefit, but certainly to his own entire satisfaction. When my brothers grew up and went into the business, they often complained, half in joke, that Tom considered himself of much more importance than they; and even after they were made partners, he would insist upon doing things his way, and in his own time. His only interest was their interest; and they knew that, in spite of his occasional stubbornness, they could rely without hesitation on his absolute faithfulness to them. They say, 'One of the old sort, whom we can never replace.'

"But the leisure side of Tom's life is to me grievous,—so pleasureless, narrow, dull. He came from Wales, and has lived ever since in the street where the — is,—a dirty, wretched, close street in one of the worst neighbourhoods in —, peopled by the lowest class,—a street where he can never have seen one green leaf in spring or flower in summer, where the air is poisoned with bad smells, and the very sunlight only shines on ugliness, filth, and poverty. And here Tom lived—not even taking a country

walk, or going to breathe fresher air in the wider streets. He was once offered a ticket for an entertainment of some sort at — Hall, only a few minutes' walk from the —, and was not sure of the way there! He never went away but once, to the funeral of a relative in Wales; and once, twenty-four years ago, to take charge of a house out of town for my father, and then of course came to his work every day. He was never known to be drunk, and never away from work for a day's illness in his life—until the very end. Tom was a great reader and politician, I believe, and in reading found his sole recreation from the monotony of daily toil. Ought one to pity most the man who was content (apparently) with such a poor, bare life, unconscious of the pleasures that lay outside it, waiting to be enjoyed, or the crowds of restless, discontented people who ramble yearly all over the world, in vain search for new excitements, 'change of air' and scene?" (Does my correspondent really doubt?)

"Tom's illness seemed to become alarming all at once. His wife could not persuade him to stay away from work until the last few days, and he would not take a real holiday. My father wanted him to go to Wales, and try his native air, but Tom said it would kill him. The only indulgence he would take, when quite unable to work, was a *ride in the omnibuses once or twice* with his wife, and a sail across the river. But it was too late, and he died after a very short illness, almost in harness. His wife's words to my brother are very touching: 'I ran away with him, and my friends were very angry, but I've never regretted it. It's thirty-nine years ago, but my heart has never changed to him. He was very kind to me always; he couldn't have been kinder if he had been a gentleman!' I suppose she thinks gentlemen are always kind to their wives.

"Poor Tom! I wonder if he has had said to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' But I can't help wishing his life had not been so colourless and pleasureless here. I do not like to think that a steady, honest, industrious working man should either be obliged, or should ever be *content*, to live like a machine, letting the best faculties of a man for enjoyment and improvement" (I should have been very much puzzled for 'improve' Tom, my dear, if you had sent him to me with that view) "be ignored; and die knowing nothing of the infinite loveliness of God's world, though he may know much of the beauty of faithfulness, and the blessedness of honest work. It seems such a needless sacrifice and waste; for surely these conditions of life *are* needless, or else our civilization and Christianity are utter failures."

Possibly not quite, my dear,—in so far as they have produced Tom, to begin with; and are even beginning to make you yourself perceive the value of that 'production.'

VI. The following letter, from another Companion, says, in more gentle terms, nearly all I wish to say, myself, concerning church service in modern days:—

"My dear Master,—I want to tell you, if you've no objection, how tiresome, and like a dull pantomime, Christmas grows to me—in its religious sense. The Bethlehem story is revived, with music and picturing, simply to mock and cheat one's heart, I think; for people can't live for ever on other people's visions and messages. If we want to see fine things, and hear high and gracious ones, such as the shepherds did, we must live under the same conditions. We, too, *must* have the simple, healthy lives,—the fields near, the skies pure,—and then we shall understand, for ourselves, nativity mysteries, belonging to our own immediate time, directly sent from heaven.

But it would be troublesome to give us those things, while it is profitable to get up a mimic scene of past glories. Well, I cannot care for it, and so instead of going painfully to Bethlehem, I come to Venice—or wherever the master is; for you would not cheat nor mock, but give the real good. That people don't care for the good, is a sad thing for them, but there were not many who cared for the actual, simple truth in the Bethlehem days. It is a very different thing the caring for things called after them. We are so prone to be apish, somehow or other; for ever mimicking, acting—never thinking or feeling for ourselves. If you are quite faithful to the truth, you cannot fail; and it is so priceless a blessing that one amongst us is true.

“I have a little incident of *my* splendid Christmas Day to tell you,—a mere straw, but showing which way the wind blows.

“We went to church on Christmas morning—my sister and I. All was in orthodox fashion. There were the illuminated Scriptures, and the choir sang about ‘Unto you is born this day,’ etc. The sermon wandered from the point a little, but it kept returning to the manger and its mystery.

“Well, on leaving, a violent storm of sleet and hail came on, and we were glad to take shelter in a tramway car close by, along with quite a little company of church-leavers. While the car waited its time for starting, three ragged little lads were swept up, like birds drifted by a storm-gust; and they too scrambled into the car, one of them saying to the most miserable of the three, ‘Come in, Jim; I’ll pay a penny for you.’ They looked like dissipated little Christmas-boxers, who had been larking in the streets all night, waiting for the dingy dawn to go begging in. Huddled up shivering in a corner, and talking about their money in hoarse tones—like young ravens, they were the pictures of birds of prey. As they muttered hoarsely among themselves, they contrasted so much with the little treble singers in the choir, that they hardly seemed to be children. I heard them propose buying penny pies: and after twisting about like eels, they suddenly became still!—spell-bound, I imagine, with the thoughts of penny pies. ‘Jim,’ the very ragged one with no money, looked anxious about his fare. Presently, as if at a signal, the other two got up and went out softly,—like little Judases—without a word to their companion! On reaching the pavement, they called to the conductor, ‘Hi, you’ll have to turn that lad out,—he’s no money;’ then they scampered off at full speed. Jim gathered his rents and rags together for a descent into the storm and slush of the street. I was just opposite, so gave him the fare, and bid him sit still. And just then some more very wet church folks came in—so full of thoughts about the child of Bethlehem, I imagine, for whom there was such scant room, that they were utterly oblivious of poor Jim, and the little room he might want. Two of them squeezed him, without looking at him, into merely nothing; and a third, also without looking, fairly sat upon him, it seemed to me, but he got himself behind cleverly. These were grandly dressed people. Next came, as we had started, the conductor, for fares, and I felt rather glad our ragged companion was so smothered up. But when his little thin, dirty arm came forth with his penny, there was a shameful scene. The conductor ordered him roughly out on to the steps at the back, but took his fare, saying there was no room for him. Not one of us said anything. I was very angry, but I suppose didn’t like to make a little scene by asking the man to let him come in. I am remorseful yet about it. So the poor bairn went out. However (this is nicer), a minute after came in a young workman—quiet and delicate looking. As he glanced round, he spied the child, and inquired immediately about him. ‘There must be *made* room,’ he replied to the conductor’s shamefaced excuse. And the man looked round with such reproach and severity that master Jim was asked in, in less than no time, and invited to ‘Take a seat, my boy.’ It was rather funny too; but I was pleased exceedingly, and I tell it to you for the sake of the young workman. *He* had

not been to church,—*we* had. That puzzles me—or rather it makes it clear to me.”

VII. Fragment of note from another Companion, with a nice little illustration of ‘Rent’ in it:—

“I wonder if St. George would listen to a very sad little petition, and give me anything out of his fund for a poor old woman who is bedridden, and her hands so crippled she can’t do any work with them. All she has to depend on is 3s. a week from the parish, out of which she has to pay 2s. 9d. weekly (‘to whom?’ asks St. George) for the rent of her room; so that all *she* has to support her is 3d. a week, and a loaf from the parish (Kensington) every week. She has an idiot daughter who sometimes earns a few half-pence for mangling.

“Mrs. E. (the old woman) is so devoted to flowers; and she has a few pots in the window beside her bed, and she wriggles herself to them with diffculty, but can just manage to pick off a fading leaf; and after a long sleepless night of pain, spoke of it as a great reward that she had actually *seen a bud opening!* Do speak to St. George! I know he’ll listen to you; and if he gave even a shilling a week, or half-a-crown, with certainty, this poor old woman’s heart would indeed rejoice. I can give more particulars if wanted.”

I read all this to St. George; who grumbled a little, saying it was all the same as asking *him* to pay the rent to the — (here he checked himself)—landlord; but gave his half-crown at last, under protest.

VIII. Two pleasant little scraps about useful industry, which will refresh us after our various studies of modern theology and charity.

“The swarm of bees came down by passenger train *from London*, a week before we came home, and Mrs. Allen and Grace managed to put them in their place without being stung. The people at the station were much tickled at the notion of a swarm of bees coming by train. The little things have been very busy ever since. Hugh and I looked into their little house, and saw that they had built the best part of eight rows of comb in ten days. They are very kind and quiet. We can sit down by the side of the hive for any length of time, without harm, and watch them come in loaded. It is funny to see a certain number of them at the entrance, whose duty it is to keep their wings going as fans, to drive cool air into the hive (people say), but I don’t know; anyhow, there were lines of them fanning last night; and the others, as they came in loaded, passed up between them.

* * * * *

“A lady asks if you couldn’t write on domestic servants. A smith at Orpington, on being canvassed by a gentleman to give his vote in favour of having a School Board here, replied, ‘We don’t want none of your School Boards here. As it is, if you want clerks, you can get as many as you like at your own price; but if I want a good smith to-morrow, I couldn’t get one at any price.’

“G. ALLEN.”

IX. I must needs print the last words of a delicious letter from a young lady, which I dearly want to answer, and which I think she expected me to answer,—yet gave me only her name, without her address. If she sends it

—will she also tell me what sort of 'unkind or wicked' things everybody says?

"I did not mean to write all this, but I could not help it—you have been like a personal friend to me ever since I was sixteen. It *is* good of you to keep on writing your beautiful thoughts when everybody is so ungrateful, and says such unkind, wicked things about you."

LETTER LXXXI.

BRANTWOOD, 13th August, 1877.

THE Thirteenth,—and not a word yet from any of my lady-friends in defence of themselves! Are they going to be as mute as the Bishops?

But I have a delightful little note from the young lady whose praise of my goodness I permitted myself to quote in the last article of my August correspondence,—delightful in several ways, but chiefly because she has done, like a good girl, what she was asked to do, and told me the “wicked things that people say.”

“They say you are ‘unreasoning,’ ‘intolerably conceited,’ ‘self-asserting;’ that you write about what you have no knowledge of (Politie. Econ.); and two or three have positively asserted, and tried to persuade me, that you are mad—really mad!! They make me so angry, I don’t know what to do with myself.”

The first thing to be done with yourself, I should say, my dear, is to find out *why* you are angry. You would not be so, unless you clearly saw that all these sayings were malignant sayings, and come from people who would be very thankful if I *were* mad, or if they could find any other excuse for not doing as I bid, and as they are determined not to do. But suppose, instead of letting them make you angry, you serenely ask them what I have said that is wrong; and make them, if they are persons with any pretence to education, specify any article of my teaching, on any subject, which they think false, and give you their reason for thinking it so. Then if you cannot answer their objection yourself, send it to *me*.

You will not, however, find many of the objectors able, and it may be long before you find *one* willing, to do anything of

this kind. For indeed, my dear, it is precisely because I am not self-asserting, and because the message that I have brought is not mine, that they are thus malignant against me for bringing it. "For this is the message that ye have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another." Take your first epistle of St. John, and read on from that eleventh verse to the end of the third chapter: and do not wonder, or be angry any more, that "if they have called the Master of the house, Baalzebub, they call also those of his household."

I do not know what Christians generally make of that first epistle of John. As far as I notice, they usually read only from the eighth verse of the first chapter to the second of the second; and remain convinced that they may do whatever they like all their lives long, and have everything made smooth by Christ. And even of the poor fragment they choose to read, they miss out always the first words of the second chapter, "My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin *not*:" still less do they ever set against their favourite verse of absolution—"If any man sin, he hath an Advocate,"—the tremendous eighth verse of the third chapter, "He that committeth sin is of the Devil, for the Devil sinneth from the beginning," with its before and after context—"Little children, let no man deceive you: he that *doeth* righteousness is righteous:" and "whosoever *doeth* not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother."

But whatever modern Christians and their clergy choose to make of this epistle, there is no excuse for any rational person, who reads it carefully from beginning to end, and yet pretends to misunderstand its words. However originally confused, however afterwards interpolated or miscopied, the message of it remains clear in its three divisions: (1) That the Son of God is come in the flesh, (chap. iv. 2, v. 20, and so throughout): (2) That He hath given us understanding, that we may know Him that is true, (iii. 19, iv. 13, v. 19, 20); and (3) that in this understanding we know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren, (iii. 14). All which teachings have so passed from deed and truth into mere

monotony of unbelieved phrase, that no English now is litera^t enough to bring the force of them home to my readers' minds. 'Are these, then, your sisters?' I asked of our fair English-women concerning those two furnace-labourers. They do not answer,—or would answer, I suppose, 'Our sisters in God, certainly,' meaning thereby that they were not at all sisters in Humanity; and denying wholly that Christ, and the Sisterhood of Christendom, had "come in the Flesh."

Nay, the farthest advanced of the believers in Him are yet so misguided as to separate themselves into costumed 'Sisterhoods,' as if these were less their sisters who had forge-aprons only for costume, and no crosses hung round their necks.

But the fact is assuredly this,—that if any part or word of Christianity be true, the literal Brotherhood in Christ is true, in the Flesh as in the Spirit; and that we are bound, every one of us, by the same laws of kindness to every Christian man and woman, as to the immediate members of our own households.

And, therefore, we are bound to know who are Christians, and who are not.—and the test of such division having been made verbal, in defiance of Christ's plainest orders, the entire body of Christ has been corrupted into such disease, that there is no soundness in it, but only wounds and bruises and putrefying sores. Look back to Fors for November 1875, pp. 5-7. How is it that no human being has answered me a word to the charge on the sixth page? "You who never sowed a grain of corn, never spun a yard of thread, devour and waste to your fill, and think yourselves better creatures of God, doubtless, than this poor starved wretch." No one has sent me answer; but see what terrific confirmation came to me, in that letter from a good, wise, and Christian man, which I printed in last Fors, who nevertheless is so deceived by the fiends concerning the whole method of division between his own class and the poor brethren, that he looks on all his rich brethren as seed of Abel, and on all his poor brethren as seed of Cain, and conceives nothing better of the labourer but that he is in his nature a murderer. "He will tear your pretty

lady in pieces, and think he is doing God service." When was there ever before, in the human world, such fearful Despising of the Poor?*

These things are too hard for me; but at least, as now the days shorten to the close of the seventh year, I will make this message, so far as I have yet been able to deliver it, clearly gatherable. Only, perhaps, to do so, I must deliver it again in other and gentler terms. It cannot be fully given but in the complete life and sifted writings of St. John, promised for the end of our code of foundational Scripture, (Fors, November 1875, p. 2, and compare July, pp. 143-4,)—nevertheless it may be that the rough or brief words in which it has already been given, (January 1876, pp. 8 and 17; February, pp. 27 and 31; March, p. 54; April, p. 73; and, of chief importance, July, pp. 140 and 148,) have been too rough, or too strange, to be patiently received, or in their right bearing understood: and that it may be now needful for me to cease from such manner of speaking, and try to win men to this total service of Love by praise of their partial service. Which change I have for some time thought upon, and this following letter,†—which, being a model of gentleness, has exemplary weight with me myself,—expresses better than I could without its help, what I suppose may be the lesson I have to learn.

MANCHESTER, *July 25th*, 1877.

"My dear Sir,—I have long felt that I ought to write to you about 'Fors Clavigera,' and others of your later books. I hesitated to write, but all that I have heard from people who love you, and who are wise enough and true enough to be helped by you, and all that I have thought in the last few years about your books,—and I have thought much about them,—convinces me that my wish is right, and my hesitation wrong. For I cannot doubt that there are not very many men who try harder to be helped by you than I do. I should not wish to write if I did not know that most of the work

* Compare Fors LXI., page 24: "Here, the sneer of 'those low shoe-makers' is for ever on the lip," and the answer of the sweet lady at Furness, November 1871, page 81.

† This letter is by the author of the excellent notes on Art-Education in the July number of Fors, of which a continuation will be found in the correspondence of this month.

which you are striving to get done, ought to be done, and if I did not see that many of the means which you say ought to be used for doing it, are right means. My dulness of mind, because I am not altogether stupid, and my illness, because I do not let it weaken my will to do right, have taught me some things which you cannot know, just because you have genius and mental vigour which give you knowledge and wisdom which I cannot hope to share.

“May I not try to make my humble knowledge of the people, through whom alone you can act,* aid your high knowledge of what has to be done?

“Since, eight or nine years ago, I read ‘Sesame and Lilies,’ I have had the reverence and love for you which one feels only for the men who speak in clear words the commands which one’s own nature has before spoken less clearly. And I say without self-conceit that I am trying to do the best work that I know of. It could not then be quite useless that you should know why I often put down ‘Fors’ and your other books in despair, and why I often feel that, in being so impatient with men whose training has been so different from yours, and who are what they are only partly by their own fault;—in forgetting that still it is true of most sinners that ‘they know not what they do;’ and in choosing some of the means which you do choose for gaining a good object, you are making a ‘refusal’ almost greater than can be made by any other man, in choosing to work for evil rather than for good.

“May I show you that sometimes ‘Fors’ wounds me, not because I am sinful, but because I know that the men whom you are scourging for sin, are so, only because they have not had the training, the help, which has freed you and me from that sin?

“If I were a soldier in a small army led by you against a powerful foe, would it not be my duty to tell you if words or acts of yours weakened our courage and prevented other men from joining your standard? I ask you to let me tell you, in the same spirit, of the effect of your words in ‘Fors.’

“You do not know, dear Mr. Ruskin, what power for good you would have, if you would see that to you much light has been given in order that through you other men may see. You speak in anger and despair because they show that they greatly need that which it is your highest duty to patiently give them.

“Pardon me if all that I have written seems to you to be only weak.

“I have written it because I know, from the strong effect of the praise which you gave my letter in the July ‘Fors,’ and of the kind words in your note, that in no other way can I hope to do so much good as I should do, if anything I could say should lead you to try to be, not the leader of men entirely good and wise, free from all human weakness, but the leader, for every man and woman in England, of the goodness and wisdom which are

* Herein lies my correspondent’s chief mistake. I have neither intention, nor hope, of acting through any of the people of whom he speaks; but, if at all, with others of whom I suppose myself to know more,—not less,—than he.

in them, in the hard fight they have to wage against what in them is bad and foolish.

“I am, dear Mr. Ruskin, yours very truly.”

This letter, I repeat, seems to me deserving of my most grave respect and consideration;* but its writer has entirely ignored the first fact respecting myself, stated in Fors at its outset—that I do not, and cannot, set myself up for a political leader; but that *my* business is to teach art, in Oxford and elsewhere;—that if any persons trust me enough to *obey* me without scruple or debate, I can securely tell them what to do, up to a certain point, and be their ‘makeshift Master’ till they can find a better; but that I entirely decline any manner of political action which shall hinder me from drawing leaves and flowers.

And there is another condition, relative to this first one, in the writing of Fors, which my friend and those others who love me, for whom he speaks, have never enough observed: namely, that Fors *is a letter*, and written as a letter should be written, frankly, and as the mood, or topic, chances; so far as I finish and retouch it, which of late I have done more and more, it ceases to be what it should be, and becomes a serious treatise, which I never meant to undertake. True, the play of it, (and much of it is a kind of bitter play,) has always, as I told you before, as stern final purpose as Morgiana’s dance; but the gesture of the moment must be as the humour takes me.

But this farther answer I must make, to my wounded friends, more gravely. Though, in Fors, I write what first comes into my head or heart, so long as it is true, I write no syllable, even at the hottest, without weighing the truth of it in balance accurate to the estimation of a hair. The language

* The following passage in a more recent note adds to this feeling on my part, and necessitates the fulness of my reply:—

“I feel so sure that what I said in my first letter very many people who love you would say,—have said inaudibly,—that the words hardly seem any longer to be mine. It was given to me to speak for many. So if you think the words printed can be of any use, they are of course entirely at your service.”

which seems to you exaggerated, and which it may be, therefore, inexpedient that I should continue, nevertheless expresses, in its earnestness, facts which you will find to be irrefragably true, and which no other than such forceful expression could truly reach, whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear.

Therefore Fors Clavigera is not, in any wise, intended as counsel adapted to the present state of the public mind, but it is the assertion of the code of Eternal Laws which the public mind *must* eventually submit itself to, or die; and I have really no more to do with the manners, customs, feelings, or modified conditions of piety in the modern England which I have to warn of the accelerated approach either of Revolution or Destruction, than poor Jonah had with the qualifying amiabilities which might have been found in the Nineveh whose overthrow he was ordered to foretell in forty days. That I should rejoice, instead of mourning, over the falseness of such prophecy, does not at all make it at present less passionate in tone.

For instance, you have been telling me what a beloved Bishop you have got in Manchester; and so, when it was said, in page 29 of Fors for 1876, that "it is merely *through the quite bestial ignorance of the Moral Law* in which the English Bishops have contentedly allowed their flocks to be brought up, that any of the modern conditions of trade are possible,"* you thought perhaps the word 'bestial' inconsiderate! But it was the most carefully considered and accurately true epithet I could use. If you will look back to the 133d page of Fors of 1874, you will find the following sentence quoted from the Secretary's speech at the meeting of the Social Science Association in Glasgow in that year. It was unadvisably allowed by me to remain in small print: it shall have large type now, being a sentence which, in the monumental vileness of it, ought to be blazoned, in letters of stinking gas-fire, over the condemned cells of every felon's prison in Europe:—

"MAN HAS THEREFORE BEEN DEFINED AS AN ANIMAL THAT EXCHANGES. IT WILL BE SEEN, HOWEVER, THAT HE NOT ONLY

EXCHANGES, BUT FROM THE FACT OF HIS BELONGING, IN PART, TO THE ORDER CARNIVORA, THAT HE ALSO INHERITS TO A CONSIDERABLE DEGREE THE DESIRE TO POSSESS WITHOUT EXCHANGING; OR, IN OTHER WORDS, BY FRAUD OR VIOLENCE, WHEN SUCH CAN BE USED FOR HIS OWN ADVANTAGE, WITHOUT DANGER TO HIMSELF."

Now, it is not at all my business, nor my gift, to 'lead' the people who utter, or listen to, this kind of talk, to better things. I have no hope for them,—any quantity of pity you please, as I have also for wasps, and puff-adders:—but not the least expectation of ever being able to do them any good. My business is simply to state in accurate, not violent, terms, the nature of their minds, which they themselves ("out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant") assert to be 'bestial,'—to show the fulfilment, in them, of the words of prophecy: "What they know naturally, as brute-beasts, in those things they corrupt themselves,"—and to fasten down their sayings in a sure place, for eternal scorn, driving them into the earth they are born of, as with Jael's hammer. And this I have held for an entirely stern duty, and if it seems to have been ever done in uncharitable contempt, my friends should remember how much, in the doing of it, I have been forced to read the writings of men whose natural stupidity is enhanced always by their settled purpose of maintaining the interests of Fraud and Force,* (see Fors for January 1877, page 4, line 4), into such frightful conditions of cretinism, that having any business with them and their talk is to me exactly as if all the slaving Swiss populace of the high-air-eure establishment at Interlaken had been let loose into my study at once. The piece of Bastiat, for instance, with analysis of which I began Fors seven years ago,—what can you put beside it of modern trade-literature, for stupidity, set off with dull cunning?—or this, which in good time has been sent me by Fors, (perhaps for a coping-stone of all that I need quote from

* That is to say, the "framework of Society." It is a perfectly conscientious feeling on their part. "We will reason as far as we can, without saying anything that shall involve any danger to "property."

these men, that so I may end the work of nailing down scare-crows of idiotic soul, and be left free to drive home the fastenings of sacred law)—what can you put beside *this*, for blasphemy, among all the outcries of the low-foreheaded and long-tongued races of demented men?—

“HAD MANKIND GIVEN OBEDIENCE TO THAT PROHIBITION,* THE RACE WOULD LONG SINCE HAVE DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH. FOR WITHOUT INTEREST THE ACCUMULATION OF CAPITAL IS IMPOSSIBLE, WITHOUT CAPITAL THERE CAN BE NO CO-OPERATION OF ANTERIOR AND PRESENT LABOUR, WITHOUT THIS CO-OPERATION THERE CAN BE NO SOCIETY, AND WITHOUT SOCIETY MAN CANNOT EXIST.” (Bastiat, “Harmonies of Political Economy,” vol. ii., page 165. English edition.)

With this passage, and some farther and final pushing home of my challenge to the Bishops of England, which must be done, assuredly, in no unseemly temper or haste,—it seems probable to me that the accusing work of Fors may close. Yet I have to think of others of its readers, before so determining, of whom one writes to me this month, in good time, as follows:—

“In reading the last (June) ‘Fors,’ I see—oh, so sorrowfully!—that you have been pained by hearing ‘complaints’ that should never have been felt—much less spoken, and least of all for you to hear. It is bad enough for those who love every word of your teaching to find ‘Fors’ mis-read. But I for one feel it to be just unpardonable that anything so mistaken should reach you as to lead you to think you are ‘multiplying words in vain.’

“‘In vain’?—Dearest Master, surely, surely you know that far and near, many true hearts (who—known or unknown to you—call you by that sacred name) watch hungrily for the coming of your monthly letter, and find it Bread, and Light.

“Believe me, if the ‘well-to-do’—who have never felt the consequences of the evils you seek to cure—‘can’t understand’ you, there are those who can, and do.

“Perhaps, for instance, your ‘well-to-do friends,’ who can

* The Prohibition of Usury.

get any fruit they wish for, in season or out of season, from their own garden or hothouse, may think the 'Mother Law' of Venice about Fruit only beautiful and interesting from an antiquarian point of view, and not as having any practical value for English people to-day: but suppose that one of them could step so far down as to *be* one of 'the *poor*' (*not* 'the working' classes) in our own large towns—and so living, to suffer a fever, when fruit is a necessity, and find, as I have done, that the price of even the commonest kinds made it just impossible for the very poor to buy it—would not he or she, after such an experience, look on the matter as one, not only of personal but of wide importance? I begin to think it is only through their own need, that ordinary people know the needs of others. Thus, if a man and his wife living, with no family, on say ten shillings per week, find that in a town they can't afford to buy, and can get no garden in which to grow fruit—they will know at once that their neighbours who on the same sum must bring up half a dozen children, will have to do without vegetables as well as fruit; and having felt the consequences of their own privation, they will know that the children will soon—probably—suffer with skin and other diseases, so serious as to make them ask, *why* are fruit and vegetables so much scarcer and dearer than they were when we were children? And once any one begins to honestly puzzle out that, and similar questions (as I tried to do before 'Fors' was given us), they will be, I know, beyond all telling, thankful for the guidance of 'Fors,' and quite ready to 'understand' it.

"Ah me! if only the 'well-to-do' would *really* try to find an answer, only to the seemingly simple question asked above, I would have more hope than now for the next generation of 'the lower classes.' For they would find that dear vegetables means semi-starvation to countless poor families. One of the first facts I learnt when I came here was,—'Poor folks' children don't get much to eat all winter but bread and potatoes.' Yet, last October, I one day gave twopence for three ordinary potatoes; and, all winter, could buy no really good ones. Under such conditions, many children, and infirm and sick

people, could be but half fed; and half-fed children mean feeble, undersized, diseased men and women, who will become fathers and mothers of sickly children,—and where will the calamity end? Surely the ‘food supply’ of the people *is* every one’s business. (‘That can’t concern you, my dear,’ is the putting down we women get, you know, if we ask the ‘why?’ of a wrong to other people.) I can’t, when I hear of sickly children, but ask, very sadly, what kind of workmen and soldiers and sailors will they and their children be in another century?

“You will think I am looking a long way forward; yet if one begins only to puzzle out this question (the scarcity of fruit and vegetables), they will find it takes them back, far away from towns, far off the ‘very poor,’ until they come to the beginning of the mischief, as you show us; and then the well-to-do will find they *have* had much to do with the question, and find too a meaning in the oft-read words, ‘We are every one members one of another.’

“There, I fear I’m very rude, but I’m not a little angry when people who are blind say there is no light to see by. I’ve written so much, that I’m now afraid I shall tire you too much; but I do so want to tell you what I feel now, even more than when I began—no words *can* tell you—*how* close, and true, and tried a friend ‘Fors’ is.

“Last winter there was great distress in this town. Many persons were thrown out of employment because there was ‘great depression in the shoe trade:’ of course among some classes there was great suffering. Yet, with children literally starving because their fathers could get no work to do, all the winter through, and up to the present time, a ‘traction engine’ (I think they call it) was at work levelling, etc., the streets, and a machine brush swept them,—past the very door of a house where there was a family of little children starving. ‘They have pawned about everything in the house but the few clothes they have on, and have had no food since yesterday morning,’ I was told on *Christmas Day*. All the winter through I could get no person who talked to me of ‘the dis-

dress in the shoe trade' to see that it was only like applying a plaster to a broken limb, instead of setting the bone, to give coal and bread tickets to these poor starving people, and was not really 'feeding the hungry.' People are, as far as *I* know, *never* half fed by such means, but over-fed one day in the week, and left foodless the other six.*

"I talked earnestly to a 'Board' schoolmistress who is 'educating' near three hundred children; but, alas! she persisted in saying, 'It would be a disgraceful thing if we had not the engine and brush, when other towns have got them long ago.' Will you not believe that in such a winter it was good to get 'Fors'? People do listen to you.

"John Grey's letter is glorious. I am so thankful for it. I would like to tell him so, but fear he may not read the name 'Companion' as I do."

I should not have given this letter large type for the portions referring to myself; but I wish its statement of the distress for food among the poorer classes—distress which is the final measure of decrease of National wealth—to be compared with the triumphant words of Mr. Goldwin Smith in contemplation of the increased number of chimneys at Reading (and I suppose also of the model gaol which conceals from the passing traveller the ruins of its Abbey). And I will pray my first correspondent to believe me, that if once he thoroughly comprehends the quantity of fallacy and of mischief involved in these thoughtless expressions of vulgar triumph, and sets himself to contradict and expose them, he will no longer be sensitive to the less or more of severity in the epithets given to their utterers. The following passage from another of his letters on this subject, with my following general answer, may, I think, sufficiently conclude what is needful to be said on this subject.

"To quite free my mind from the burden which it has long carried. I will speak, too, of what you have said of Goldwin

* Compare Letter LXI., page 2.

Smith, and Mill. I know that men who fail to see that political change is purely mischievous* are so far 'geese'; but I know, too, that it is wrong to call them geese. They are entirely so; and of the geese or half-geese who follow them in flocks, about the noblest quality is that they are loyal to and admire their leaders, and are hurt and made angry when names which they do not like are used of those leaders."

Well, my dear sir, I solemnly believe that the less they like it, the better my work has been done. For you will find, if you think deeply of it, that the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools, and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men of all past time inaudible. This is, first, the result of the invention of printing, and of the easy power and extreme pleasure to vain persons of seeing themselves in print. When it took a twelve-month's hard work to make a single volume legible, men considered a little the difference between one book and another; but now, when not only anybody can get themselves made legible through any quantity of volumes, in a week, but the doing so becomes a means of living to them, and they can fill their stomachs with the foolish foam of their lips,† the universal pestilence of falsehood fills the mind of the world as cicadas do olive-leaves, and the first necessity for our mental government is to extricate from among the insectile noise, the few books and words that are Divine. And this has been my main work from my youth up, —not caring to speak my own words, but to discern, whether in painting or scripture, what is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly what is worthless and venomous. So that now,

* I had not the slightest intention of alluding to *this* failure of theirs, which happens to be my own also.

† Just think what a horrible condition of life it is that any man of common vulgar wit, who knows English grammar, can get, for a couple of sheets of chatter in a magazine, two-thirds of what Milton got altogether for 'Paradise Lost!' all this revenue being of course stolen from the labouring poor, who are the producers of all wealth. (Compare the central passage of Fors XI., page 80.)

being old, and thoroughly practised in this trade, I know either of a picture—a book—or a speech, quite securely whether it is good or not, as a cheesemonger knows cheese;—and I have not the least mind to try to make wise men out of fools, or silk purses out of sows' ears; but my one swift business is to brand them of base quality, and get them out of the way, and I do not care a cobweb's weight whether I hurt the followers of these men or not,—totally ignoring them, and caring only to gets the facts concerning the men themselves fairly and roundly stated for the people whom I have real power to teach. And for qualification of statement, there is neither time nor need. Of course there are few writers capable of obtaining any public attention who have not some day or other said something rational; and many of the foolishhest of them are the amiablest, and have all sorts of minor qualities of a most recommendable character,—propriety of diction, snavity of temper, benevolence of disposition, wide acquaintance with literature, and what not. But the one thing I have to assert concerning them is that they are men of eternally worthless intellectual quality, who never ought to have spoken a word in this world, or to have been heard in it, out of their family circles; and whose books are merely so much floating fogbank, which the first breath of sound public health and sense will blow back into its native ditches for ever.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

(Before entering on general business, I must pray the reader's attention to the following letter, addressed by me to the Editor of the Standard on the 24th of August:—

“ To the Editor of the Standard.

“ BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,

“ 24th August, 1877.

“ Sir,—My attention has been directed to an article in your columns of the 22nd inst. referring to a supposed correspondence between Mr. Lowe and me. Permit me to state that the letter in question is not Mr. Lowe's. The general value of your article as a review of my work and methods of writing, will I trust be rather enhanced than diminished by the correction, due to Mr. Lowe, of this original error; and the more that your critic in the course of his review expresses his not unjustifiable conviction that no correspondence between Mr. Lowe and me is possible on any intellectual subject whatever.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ JOHN RUSKIN.”)

I. Affairs of the Company.

I shall retain the word ‘Company’ to the close of the seventh volume of Fors, and then substitute whatever name our association may have been registered under, if such registration can be effected. Supposing it cannot, the name which we shall afterwards use will be ‘Guild,’ as above stated.

I regret that the Abbey Dale property still stands in my name; but our solicitors have not yet replied to my letter requesting them to appoint new Trustees; and I hope that the registration of the Guild may soon enable me to transfer the property at once to the society as a body.

I ought, by rights, as the Guild's *master*, to be at present in Abbey Dale itself; but as the Guild's *founder*, I have quite other duties. See the subsequent note on my own affairs.

Our accounts follow, (see next five pages,) which I can only hope will be satisfactory, as, in these stately forms, I don't understand them myself. The practical outcome of them is, that we have now of entire property, five thousand Consols, (and something over);—eight hundred pounds balance in cash; thirteen acres freehold at Abbey Dale,—twenty at Bewdley, two at Barmouth, and the Walkley Museum building, ground, and contents.

Dr.

SHEFFIELD MUSEUM ACCOUNT, FROM

1877.		£ s. d.		
Jan.	1.	To Cash in hand	£16	3 1
	8.	" Mrs. Hannah Grant	0	1 0
Feb.	10.	" J. Ruskin (cheque)	50	0 0
May	1.	" Ditto ditto	50	0 0
June	30.	" Ditto ditto	50	0 0
			<hr/>	166 4 1

£166 4 1

JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 30, 1877.

Cr.

1877.		CURRENT EXPENSES.	£	s.	d.
Jan.	1.	By Curator's salary	£25	0	0
	3.	" Fire insurance	0	4	6
	31.	" Gas	1	14	3
Feb.	7.	" Water rate	0	5	7
March	31.	" Property tax	0	7	2
April	1.	" Curator's salary	25	0	0
	9.	" District rate	1	19	0
May	2.	" Gas (temporarily employed in heating; will not be used during ensuing winter)	6	6	9
June	11.	" Water	0	5	8
	14.	" Poor rate	0	13	5
	25.	" Ditto in addition of land	0	1	9
			<hr/>		
			61	18	1

BUILDING AND GROUNDS.

Jan.	11.	By J. Tunnard (wooden gate and joinery)	2	14	9
Feb.	13.	" W. Webster (gateway and wallwork)	5	4	7
March	10.	" B. Bagshawe (transfer of fresh land) .	1	16	2
	22.	" J. C. and J. S. Ellis (on account) .	10	0	0
April	20.	" J. Swift (wood and zinc)	0	8	0
May	1.	" J. C. and J. S. Ellis (balance, hot water apparatus)	10	14	0
	5.	" J. Smith (drains)	0	12	0
	14.	" Fisher, Holmes and Co. (grass seed) .	0	8	0
	"	" E. Richardson (tree planting) . . .	2	0	0
	19.	" Geo. Creswick (gravel)	1	17	6
	"	" C. Ellis and J. S. Smith (labour on path and road)	9	13	2
			<hr/>		
			45	8	2

CASES AND FITTINGS.

March	3.	By W. Chaloner (on account)	5	0	0
	16.	" Ditto (balance, table and fittings) .	6	4	6
May	1.	" Leaf and Co. (velvets)	4	12	6
	14.	" B. Dixon (silk)	0	5	0
	21.	" B. Dixon (silk)	0	12	3
	"	" Brooks and Son (silk)	0	12	0
			<hr/>		
			17	6	3
June	30.	Carriage of goods and postage	5	2	5
"		Petty expenses	1	5	7
"		Cash in hand	35	3	7
			<hr/>		
			£166	4	1

Examined and found correct, Aug. 22, 1877.

WM. WALKER,

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH) IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST.
GEORGE'S FUND.

Dr.

Cr.

		1877.			
		£	s.	d.	
Jan. 1.	To Balance	191	9	1	
23.	Per Mr. J. Ruskin, draft at Bridgewater (Talbot)				0 11 6
"	" Ditto ditto	50	0	0	0 0 3
"	" Ditto, Sheffield (Fowler)	26	11	3	0 11 6
25.	" Ditto, Brighton (Moss)	20	0	0	400 0 0
26.	" Per Mrs. Bradley	200	0	0	500 0 0
29.	" Per Mr. J. Ruskin, Mr. Rydings' draft, less 1s. 8d. charges	7	0	0	2287 16 6
Feb. 15.	" Per Mr. J. Ruskin draft at Bridgewater, (Brown)	33	13	4	301 14 3
19.	" Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Douglas, less 1s. 6d. charges	100	0	0	
April 3.	" Per Mr. Swan, left at Museum by "A Sheffield Working Man"	28	18	6	
9.	" Per ditto, from a "Sheffielder"	0	2	0	
20.	" Per J. P. Stilwell	0	2	6	
May 7.	" Per Mr. Swan, from "A Sheffield silversmith"	25	0	0	
11.	" Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Wolverhampton	0	4	0	
18.	" Per ditto, draft at Douglas, less 10d. charges	50	0	0	
26.	" Proceeds of sale of £2853 7s. 5d. Consols	17	13	2	
June 8.	" Per Mr. Rydings' draft at Douglas, less 1s. 10d. charges	2700	0	0	
22.	" Per Mr. J. Ruskin, Post Office Order	36	18	2	
30.	" Draft at Croydon, per Mr. Rydings	1	0	0	
		2	2	0	
		£3490	14	0	
July 1.	To Balance	£3490	14	0	
		£301	14	3	

£3490 14 0

£301 14 3

CASH STATEMENT OF ST. GEORGE'S FUND, FROM JANUARY 1 TO JUNE 30, 1877.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Total from last account	2310 0 11	Total from last account	2177 1 9
Subscriptions and donations—		Powers of attorney for sale of Consols	1 3 0
See March Fors	£403 11 3	Postage of pass-book	0 0 3
See May ditto	0 4 6	Commission of local banker on cheque	0 1 8
See July ditto	25 4 0	Purchase of land at Abbey Vale, Sheffield	2287 16 6
PostOffice Order by Mr. Ruskin	1 0 0	Fittings, salary, taxes etc., at Museum, to June 30, less 1s. received from Mrs. H. Grant, as per separate account	130 19 6
Subscriptions sent to Mr. Rydings as per his account in August Fors	135 16 0	Mr. Bunney, for drawings	90 0 0
Less local banker's charges	0 4 2	Mrs. Talbot, for repairs at Barmouth	80 12 0
Sale of £2853 7s. 5d. Consols	2700 0 0	Mr. Bagsshawe, for land at Sheffield	180 0 0
Dividend on £8000 Consols, placed to Mr. Rus- kin's account, to meet payments made by him for St. George	118 10 0	Mr. Geddes	10 0 0
Balance due to Mr. Ruskin for payments made for ditto (inclusive of £50 sent to Mr. Swan on the 30th June, and not accounted for in July Fors)	385 10 0	Mr. Graham	5 0 0
		Mr. Burdon	5 0 0
		Mr. Murray, for painting and drawings	175 0 0
		Mr. Baker, for clearing land on Worcestershire estate	100 0 0
		Cash at banker's—	
		On deposit account	£500 0 0
		On current account	301 14 3
		At Museum	35 3 7
			836 17 10
	£6079 12 6		£6079 12 6

N.B. The above will be made more intelligible if readers will kindly refer to the account on page 137 of July Fors.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON (CHANCERY LANE BRANCH), IN ACCOUNT WITH THE ST.
GEORGE'S FUND.

*Dr.**Cr.*

	£	s.	d.	1877.	£	s.	d.
July 1. To Balance	301	14	3				
" " Stamp allowed on power of attorney for sale of Consols.	0	10	0				
14. " Per John Ruskin, Esq., sale of Jap- anese books	25	0	0				
16. " Per ditto, drafts at Bridgwater: Gift (Mrs. Talbot) . £10 0 0 Rents of Barmouth land 26 16 9	36	16	9				
19. " Per Mr. Swan, from "Manchester Friends of St. George".	2	0	0				
Aug. 13. " Per John Ruskin, Esq., from Rev. R. St. J. Tyr- whitt, July 1 . . £20 0 0 E. T. Russell, Esq., July 12 5 0 0 Miss Susan Beeves, July 20 7 6 0 Charles W. Smith, Aug. 11 50 0 0	82	6	0				
	£448	7	0				
Aug. 15. To Balance					92	17	0
					£448	7	0

I must personally acknowledge a kind gift of three guineas, to enable St. George, with no detriment to his own pocket, to meet the appeal in the Correspondence of Fors LXXX., page 159.

II. Affairs of the Master.

I said just now that I ought to be at Abbey Dale; and truly I would not fail to be there, if I had only the Guild's *business* to think of. But I have the Guild's schools to think of, and while I know there are thousands of men in England able to conduct our business affairs better than I, when once they see it their duty to do so, I do not believe there is another man in England able to organize our elementary lessons in Natural History and Art. And I am therefore wholly occupied in examining the growth of *Anagallis tenella*, and completing some notes on St. George's Chapel at Venice; and the Dalesmen must take care of themselves for the present.

Respecting my own money matters, I have only to report that things are proceeding, and likely to proceed to the end of this year, as I intended, and anticipated: that is to say, I am spending at my usual rate, (with an extravagance or two beyond it,) and earning nothing.

III. The following notes on the existing distress in India, by correspondents of the 'Monetary Gazette,' are of profound import. Their slightly predicatorial character must be pardoned, as long as our Bishops have no time to attend to these trifling affairs of the profane world.

"Afflictions spring not out of the ground, nor is this dire famine an accident that might not have been averted. David in the numbering of Israel sinned in the pride and haughtiness of his heart, and the retribution of Heaven was a pestilence that from Dan to Beersheba slew in one day seventy thousand men. The case of India is exactly parallel. This rich country has been devastated by bad government, and the sins of the rulers are now visited on the heads of the unoffending and helpless people. These poor sheep, what have they done? It cannot be denied that, taking the good years and the bad together, India is capable of supplying much more corn than she can possibly consume; and besides, she can have abundant stores left for exportation. But the agricultural resources of the land are paralyzed by a vile system of finance, the crops remain insufficient, the teeming population is never properly fed, but is sustained, even in the best of times, at the lowest point of vitality. So that, when drought comes, the food supplies fall short at once, and the wretched hungry people are weak and prostrate in four-and-twenty hours. The ancient rulers of India by their wise forethought did much, by the storage of water and by irrigation, to avoid these frightful famines; and the ruins of their reservoirs and canals, which exist to this day, testify alike to their wisdom, and to the supreme folly of India's modern rulers. Diverse principles of statesmanship underlie these different policies, and the germ of the whole case is hidden in these first principles. The ancients reserved from the 'fat' years some part of their produce against the inevitable 'lean' years which they knew would overtake them. When, therefore, the 'lean' years came, their granaries were comparatively full. You, with your boasted wisdom of the nineteenth century, in reality degenerate into the madness of blind improvidence. You do even worse. You draw on the future, by loans and kindred devices, in order to repair the errors and shortcomings of the present. The past was

once the present, and you drew on what was then the future ; that future is now the present, the bill is at maturity, there are no resources either in the storehouse or in the till, and famine comes of consequence. Nor is this all—the greater part of the folly and crime remains to be told. You have desolated the fairest portion of the land by the iniquities of usury. The cultivating classes are in hopeless indebtedness, the hereditary money-lender holds them firmly in his grasp, and the impoverished villagers have neither the means nor the heart properly to cultivate the soil. The rulers sit quietly by, while the normal state of things is that agriculture—the primitive industry of the land—is carried on under the vilest system of ‘high finance’ ; where loans are regularly contracted even for the purchase of cattle, and of implements of husbandry, *and the rates of usury run from thirty to eighty per cent.* Agriculture is thus stunted and paralyzed by usury, and not by droughts ; and as links in a natural chain of sequences, the earth refuses her increase, and the people perish. The blight and curse of India is usury. You and all your subordinates know it is so, and you do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. Your fathers planted that tree, so fair to behold, and so seemingly desirable to make the partakers thereof rich ; but it is *forbidden*, as was the tree in the early Paradise of man. Every great statesman who has written his fame in the history and in the laws of the world, has denounced and forbidden it. Are you wiser than they ? Was Lycurgus a fool when he forbade it ? Was Solon a fanatic when he poured his bitterest denunciations on it ? Were Cato, Plato, and Aristotle mad when with burning words they taught its iniquities ? Were the Councils of the Church of Rome drunk with insane prejudices, when one after another they condemned it as a mortal sin ? Was the Protestant Church of England in deadly error, or in petty warfare against the science of political economy, against truth or against morality, when she declared it to be the revenue of Satan ? Was Mahomet wrong when he strictly forbade it ? or the Jewish Church when it poured its loudest anathemas on it as a crime of the first magnitude ? They all with one accord, in all ages, under the influences of every form of civilization and religion, denounced and forbade it even in the smallest degree ; and it has destroyed every nation where it has been established. In India it is not one per cent. which is inherently wrong, and insidiously destructive. It is *eighty per cent.*, with the present penalty of a deadly famine, and a sharp and complete destruction imminent.

“ But this wisdom of Joseph in Egypt was not so rare in ancient times. The rulers of these epochs had not been indoctrinated with Adam Smith and the other political economists, whose fundamental maxim is, ‘ Every man for himself, and the devil for the rest.’ Here is another illustration, and as it belongs to Indian history, it is peculiarly pertinent here. The Sultan, Ala ud-din, fixed the price of grain, and received it as tribute ; by these means so much royal grain came in Delhi, that there never was a time when there were not two or three royal granaries full of grain in the city. When there was a deficiency of rain, the royal stores were opened ; corn was never deficient in the market, *and never rose above the fixed price.* If the rains had fallen regularly, and the seasons had always been favourable, there would have been nothing so wonderful in grain remaining at one price ; but the extraordinary fact was, that though during the reign of Ala-ud-din there were years in which the rain was deficient, yet, instead of the usual scarcity, there was no want of corn in Delhi, and there was no rise in the price, either of the grain brought out of the royal granaries or of that imported by the dealers. Once or twice when the rains failed to some extent, a market overseer reported that the price had risen half a jital, *and he received twenty blows with a stick.* That was an admirable administration for the people ; our own is supreme folly in comparison. Perhaps if every

time there were an Indian famine we were to administer twenty blows with a stick to a finance minister and a political economist, and were to hang up in every village the principal usurer, the nations might, by aid of these crude methods, arrive at a perception of the wisdom of ancient rule. We certainly would do much to prevent the recurrence of Indian famines after the establishment of that stern but salutary discipline.

"Talking of usury in India, the 'Globe' has just published for public edification another illustration of this rampant iniquity. 'In a case which lately came before the Calcutta Small Cause Court, it was proved that during two years the debtor had paid 1,450 rupees for the interest and amortization of an original debt of 600 rupees. Yet the creditor had so arranged the account that he was able to make a final claim of 450 rupees on account of principal, and 26 rupees as overdue interest. Thus, in the course of only two years, the loan of 600 rupees had swallowed up 1,926 rupees, or at the rate of 963 rupees per annum. After deducting the amount of the original advance, the interest charges came to 681 rupees 8 annas a year, so that the creditor really recovered the debt, with 13½ per cent. interest, in the course of twelve months, and yet held as large a claim as ever against his victim. Owing to the non-existence of usury laws in India, the judge was compelled to give judgment against the defendant for the full sum claimed; but he marked his sense of the transaction by allowing the balance to be paid off in small monthly instalments. At the same time he expressed a regret, in which we heartily agree, that the Indian Civil Code contains no restrictions on the practice of usury.'

"I would 'heartily agree' also, if the regret were intended to fructify in a measure to put down usury altogether, and abolish the money-lender with all his functions. There will be no hope for India till that shall be done; and what is more, we shall have a famine of bread in England very shortly, if we do not deal effectually with that obnoxious gentleman at home."

IV. The following more detailed exposition of my Manchester correspondent's designs for the founding of a museum for working men in that city, should be read with care. My own comments, as before, are meant only to extend, not to invalidate, his proposals.

"It is many years since the brightest sunshine in Italy and Switzerland began to make me see chiefly the gloom and foulness of Manchester; since the purest music has been mingled for my ear with notes of the obscene songs which are all the music known to thousands of our workpeople; since the Tale of Troy and all other tales have been spoiled for me by the knowledge that 'for our working classes no such tales exist.' Do not doubt that I know that those words are sorrowful,—that I know that while they are true, gladness cannot often be felt except by fools and knaves. We are so much accustomed to allow conditions of life to exist which make health impossible, and to build infirmaries and hospitals for a few of the victims of those conditions;—to allow people to be drawn into crime by irresistible temptations, which we might have removed, and to provide prison chaplains for the most troublesome criminals;—our beneficent activity is so apt to take the form of what, in Mrs. Fry's case, Hood so finely called 'nugatory teaching,' that it is quite useless to urge people of our class to take up the work of making healthy activity of body and mind possible for the working classes of our towns, and a life less petty than that which we are now living, possible too for the rich. They prefer to work in hospitals and prisons. (a) The

(a) Most true. This morbid satisfaction of consciences by physicking people on their deathbeds, and preaching to them under the gallows, may be ranked among the most insidious mischiefs of modern society. My correspondent must pardon St. George for taking little interest in any work which proposes to itself, even in the most expanded

most hospital-like and therefore inviting name which I can find for the work which I have mentioned—a work to which I shall give what strength I have—is the ‘cure of drunkenness.’ Under the ‘scientific treatment of drunkenness’ I can find a place for every change that seems to me to be most urgently needed in Manchester and all manufacturing towns. Pray do not think that I am jesting, or that I would choose a name for the sake of deception. The name I have chosen quite accurately describes one aspect of the work to be done. I must write an explanation of the work, as I am not rich enough to do more than a small part by myself.

“There is, I believe, no doubt that in the last seventy or eighty years the higher and middle classes of English people, formerly as remarkable for drunkenness as our workmen now are, (b) have become much more temperate. I try to show what are the causes of the change, and how these causes, which do not yet affect the poor, may be made to reach them. I must tell you very briefly what we are already doing in Manchester, and what I shall try to get done. The work of smoke prevention goes on very slowly. The Noxious Vapours Association will have to enforce the law, which, if strictly enforced, would make all mill chimneys almost smokeless. But the ‘nuisance sub-committees’ will not enforce the law. We shall show as clearly and effectively as possible how grossly they neglect their duty. I believe that in a year or two all that the law can help us to do will be done, and the air will be much purer. (c)

* * * * *

“Music is one of the things most needed. The mood, which I know well, must be very well known by workpeople—the mood in which one does not wish to improve one’s mind, or to talk, but only to rest. All men must know that temptation is never harder to resist than then. We have music to protect us, which calls up our best thoughts and feelings and memories. The poor have—the public house,—where their thoughts and feelings are at the mercy of any one who chooses to talk or sing obscenely; and they are ordered to leave even that poor refuge if they don’t order beer as often as the landlord thinks they ought to do. In every large English town there are scores of rich people who know what Austrian beer-gardens are,—how much better than anything in England; and yet nowhere has one been started. I am trying now to get a few men to join me in opening one. I should prefer to have tea and coffee and cocoa instead of beer, as our beer is much more stupefying than that which is drunk in Austria. All that is needed is a large, well-lighted, well-ventilated room; (d) where every evening three or four good musicians shall play such music as one hears in Austria,—music of course chosen by us, and not, as it is in music-halls, virtually by the lowest blackguards. (e) A penny or twopence will be paid at

sense, merely curative results. Is it wholly impossible for him to substitute, as a scope of energy, for the “cure of drunkenness,” the “distribution of food?” I heard only yesterday of an entirely well-conducted young married woman fainting in the street for hunger. If my correspondent would address himself to find everybody enough of Meat, he would incidentally, but radically, provide against anybody’s having a superabundance of Drink.

(b) Compare ‘The Crown of Wild Olive,’ §§ 148, 149.

(c) I omit part of the letter here; because to St. George’s work it is irrelevant. St. George forbids, not the smoke only, but much more—the fire.

(d) Alas, my kindly friend—do you think there is no difference between a ‘room’ and a ‘garden,’ then? The *Garden* is the essential matter; and the Daylight. Not the music, nor the beer, nor even the coffee.

(e) I will take up this subject at length, with Plato’s help, in next Fors. Meantime, may I briefly ask if it would not be possible, instead of keeping merely the bad music out of the hall, to keep the bad men out of it? Suppose the music, instead of being charged twopence for, were given of pure grace;—suppose, for instance, that rich people, who now endeavour to preserve memory of their respected relations, by shutting the light out of their church windows with the worst glass that ever good sand was spoiled into,—would bequeath an annual sum to play a memorial tune of a celestial

the door, to quite cover the cost of the music; and tea, etc., will be sold to people who want it; but no one will have to order anything for the 'good of the house.' Then there will be a place where a decent workman can take his wife or daughter, without having to pay more than he can well afford, and where he will be perfectly sure that they will hear no foul talk or songs. I don't know of any place of which that can now be said.

"Mr. Ward probably told you of my plans for a museum. I shall be very grateful to you if you will tell me whether or not they are good. (*f*) I want to make art again a teacher. I know that while our town children are allowed to live in filthy houses, to wear filthy clothes, to play in filthy streets, look up to a filthy sky, and love filthy parents, there can be very little in them—compared, at least, with what under other conditions there would be—that books, or art, or after-life can 'educate.' But still there is something—far more than we have any right to expect. How very many of these children, when they grow up, do not become drunkards, do not beat their wives! When I see how good those already grown up are, how kind, as a rule, to each other, how tender to their children, I feel not only shame that we have left them unhelped so long: but, too, hope, belief, that in our day we can get as many people with common kindness and common sense, to work together, as will enable us to give them effective help.

"After all, town children sometimes see brightness. To-day the sky was radiantly blue: looking straight up, it was hardly possible to see that there was smoke in the air, though my eyes were full of 'blacks' when I left off watching the clouds drift.

"So long as people are helpful to each other and tender to their children, is there not something in them that art can strengthen and ennoble? Can we not find pictures, old or new, that will bring before them in beautiful forms their best feelings and thoughts? I speak of pictures with great diffidence. For what in them directly reveals noble human feeling I care deeply; but my eyes and brain are dull for both form and colour. I venture to speak of them at all to you only because I have thought much of the possibility of using them as means for teaching people who can barely read. Surely pictures must be able to tell tales, (*g*) even to people whose eyes have been trained in a Manchester back street. The plan which I wish to try is, to take, with the help of other men, a warehouse with some well-lighted walls. On these I would hang first the tale of the life of Christ, told by the copies published by the Arundel Society, as far as they can be made to tell it; and with the gaps, left by them, filled by copies made specially for us. Under the whole series the same history would be told in words, and under each picture there would be a full explanation. There are hundreds of English people who have never heard this tale; but it is the tale that is better known than any other. Other tales told by pictures, I hope, can be found.

character?—or in any other pious way share some of their own operatic and other musical luxury with the poor; or even appoint a Christian lady-visitor, with a voice, to sing to them, instead of preach?—and then, as aforesaid, instead of permitting seats to be obtained for twopence, make the entry to such entertainments a matter of compliment, sending tickets of admission, as for Almack's, to persons who, though moneyless, might yet be perceived to belong to a penurious type of good society,—and so exclude 'blackguards,' whether lowest or highest, altogether. Would not the selection of the pieces become easier under such conditions?

(*f*) *Very good*:—but the main difficulty which we have to overcome is, not to form plans for a museum, but to find the men leisure to muse. My correspondent has not yet answered my question, why we, and they, have less than the Greeks had.

(*g*) Yes, provided the tales be true, and the art honest. Is my correspondent wholly convinced that the tales he means to tell are true? For if they are not, he will find no good whatever result from an endeavour to amuse the grown-up workmen of England with medieval fiction, however elegant. And if they are true, perhaps there is other business to be done before painting them.

Respecting the real position of the modern English mind with respect to its former religion, I beg my readers' accuratest attention to Mr. Mallock's faultlessly logical article in the 'Nineteenth Century' for this month, "Is life worth living?"

“You speak hopelessly of the chance of finding painters for the actions of great Englishmen, but could we not find painters for English hills and woods? (h) I should like to make other people, and myself, look with their brains, eventually with their hearts, at what they now see only with their eyes. So I would have drawings made of the prettiest places near Manchester to which people go on holidays. They should be so painted that, if rocks are seen, it may be easy to know what kind of rocks they are; if trees, what kind of trees. Under or near these pictures, there should be sketches in outline giving the names of all the principal things—‘clump of oaks,’ ‘new red sandstone.’ On the opposite wall I would have cases of specimens—large scale drawings of leaves of trees, of their blossom and seeds. For pictures of hills there should be such plates, showing the leading lines of the hills, as you give in the ‘Mountain’ volume of ‘Modern Painters.’ It might help to make us think of the wonderfulness of the earth if we had drawings—say of a valley in the coal measure district as it now is, and another of what it probably was when the coal plants were still growing. If each town had such a series of pictures and explanatory drawings, they might be copied by chromo-lithography, and exchanged.

“We would have the photographs which you have described in ‘Fors,’ or, better, coloured copies of the pictures, with all that you have written about them. Might we not have also good chromo-lithographs of good drawings, so that we might learn what to buy for our houses?

“I speak as if I thought that one museum could do measurable good in a huge city. I speak so because I hope that there are rich people enough, sick at heart of the misery which they now helplessly watch, to open other museums, if the first were seen to do good; or enough such people to lead the poor in forcing the authorities of the city to pay for museums from the rates.

“I would have good music in the museum every evening, and I would have it open on Sunday afternoons, and let fine music be played then too. I would do this for the same reason which makes me think little of ‘temples.’ How can churches help us much now? I have *heard no preacher tell us, in calmness or in anger, that it is the duty of our class—still the ruling class—to give the people light and pure air, and all that light and pure air, and only they, would bring with them.* (i) Until preachers have the wisdom to see, and the courage to say, that if, while the people are being stifled, in body and mind, for air now, and only *may* want more water seven years hence, and probably will not want a Gothic town-hall even seventy years hence, we spend half a million pounds sterling on a town-hall, and I don’t know how many millions for your Thirlmere water, we are guilty of grievous sin,—until they see and say this, how can the religion of which they are the priests help us? The poor and the rich are one people. If we can prevent the poor from being brutes, and do not, we are brutes too, though we be rich and educated brutes. Where two or three, or two or three hundred such, are gathered together—it matters not in what name—God is *not* in the midst of them. Some day I hope we shall be able again to meet in churches and to thank God—the poor for giving them good rulers, and we for giving us the peace which we shall not find until we have taken up our duty of ruling. At present many workmen, after drinking on Saturday till public-houses

(h) Possibly; but as things are going we shall soon have our people incredulous of the existence of these also. If we cannot keep the fields and woods themselves, the paintings of them will be useless. If you can, they are your best museum. It is true that I am arranging a museum in Sheffield, but not in the least with any hope of regenerating Sheffield by means of it:—only that it may be ready for Sheffield, otherwise regenerated, to use. Nor should I trouble myself even so far, but that I know my own gifts be more in the way of cataloguing minerals than of managing men.

The rest of my correspondent’s letter, to its close, is of extreme value and interest.

(i) Italics mine.

close, lie in bed on Sunday until public-houses open. Then they rise, and begin to drink again. Till churches will help many, I want museums to help a few. Till Sunday be a day which brings to us all a livelier sense that we are bound to God and man with bonds of love and duty, I would have it be at least a day when working men may see that there are some things in the world very good. The first day will do as well as the seventh for that. How can people, trained as our working classes now are, rest on Sunday? To me it seems that *our* Sunday rest, which finds us with stores of knowledge and wisdom that we could not have, had not hundreds of people worked for us, is as much out of the reach of workmen as the daintily cooked cold meats which we eat on Sunday when we wish to be very good to our servants."

V. Perhaps, after giving due attention to these greater designs, my readers may have pleasure in hearing of the progress of little Harriet's botanical museum; see Fors LXI., page 23.

"I have told Harriet of the blue 'Flag flowers' that grew in our garden at home on the bank by the river, and I was as pleased as she, when among the roots given us, I found a Flag flower. One morning, when Harriet found a bud on it, she went half wild with delight. 'Now I shall see one of the flowers you tell about.' She watched it grow day by day, and said, 'It *will* be a grand *birthday* when it bursts open.' She begged me to let her fetch her 'father and little brother' up to look at the wonderfully beautiful (to her) flower on its 'birthday.' Of course I agreed; but, alas! almost as soon as it was open, a cat broke it off. Poor little Harriet!—it was a real grief to her: said flower was, like all our flowers, (the soil is so *very* bad,) a most pitiable, colourless thing, hardly to be known as a relative of country flowers; but they are all 'most lovely' to Harriet; she tells me, 'We shall have such a garden as never was known,' which is perhaps very true.

"Harriet's plants don't ever live long, but she is learning to garden by degrees,—learning even by her mistakes. Her first daisy and buttercup roots, which you heard of, died, to *her* surprise, in their first winter. 'And I took ever such care of them,' she said; 'for when the snow came I scraped it all off, and covered them up nice and warm with *soot and ashes*, and *then* they died!'"

VI. Finally, and for hopefulest piece of this month's Fors, I commend to my readers every word of the proposals which, in the following report of the "Bread-winner's League," are beginning to take form in America; and the evidence at last beginning to be collected respecting the real value of railroads, which I print in capitals.

"The Bread-winners' League"—an organization of workmen and politicians extending throughout the State of New York—publishes the following proclamation:—

"Riots are the consequence of vicious laws, enacted for the benefit of the powerful few to the injury of the powerless many.

"Labour, having no voice in our law-making bodies, will, of necessity, continue to strike.

"Riot and bloodshed will spasmodically re occur until these questions are squarely put before the American people for popular vote and legislative action.

"It is an iniquity and absurdity that half a dozen railroad magnates can

hold the very existence of the nation in their hands, and that we shall continue to be robbed by national banks and other moneyed corporations. That "resumption of labour" must be had is self-evident; and if the industrial and labouring classes desire to protect their just interests and independence, they must first emancipate themselves from party vassalage and secure direct and honest representation in the councils of the nation, state, and municipality.

"The directors that by negligence or crime steal the earnings of the poor from savings banks, and render life insurance companies bankrupt, invariably escape punishment. And under existing laws there is no adequate protection for the depositors or the insured."

"Justus Schwab, the most prominent Communistic leader in the country, lays it down as part of the platform of his party that—

"The Government must immediately take, control, own, and operate the railroads and work the mines. The only monopoly must be the Government."

"At the Communistic meeting held in Tompkins Square a few nights ago, it was resolved that—

"To secure the greatest advantages of economy and convenience resulting from the improvements of the age, and to guard against the cupidity of contractors, the fraudulent principle of interest on money, the impositions of the banking system, and the extortions practised by railroads, gas companies, and other organized monopolies, the system of contracting public work should be abolished, and all public improvements, such as postroads, railroads, gasworks, waterworks, mining operations, canals, post-offices, telegraphs, expresses, etc., should be public property, and *be conducted by Government* at reasonable rates, for the interest of society."

"Thus, you observe, the Ohio Republicans in their official declarations, are at one with the Communists.

"Judge West, the candidate of the Ohio Republicans for the office of Governor, in a speech upon receiving the nomination, said:—

"I desire to say, my fellow-citizens, to you a word only upon a subject which I know is uppermost in the minds and in the hearts of most of you. It is that the industry of our country shall be so rewarded as that labour shall at least receive that compensation which shall be the support and sustenance of the labourer. I do not know how it may certainly be brought about. But if I had the power, I would try one experiment at least. I would prohibit the great railroad corporations, the great thoroughfares of business and trade, from so reducing their rates by ruinous competition as to disable themselves from paying a just compensation to their operators.

"I would go further, and would arrange and fix a minimum of prices for all who labour in the mines and upon the railroads, and then require that from all the net receipts and the proceeds of the capital invested the labourer at the end of the year should, in addition to his fixed compensation, receive a certain per cent. of the profits.

"Then, if the profits were insufficient to compensate you as liberally as you might otherwise desire, you would bear with your employers a portion of the loss. But if these receipts be sufficient to make a division, we would in God's name let the labourer, who is worthy of his hire, share a portion of the profits."

"Three other facts are worthy of attention:—

"1. THERE ARE 811 RAILROADS IN THE UNITED STATES, AND OF THESE ONLY 196 THAT PAID A DIVIDEND WITHIN THE LAST FISCAL YEAR. IN SIXTEEN STATES AND TERRITORIES NOT A SINGLE RAILROAD HAS PAID A DIVIDEND. THERE ARE 71 RAILROADS IN NEW YORK, AND ONLY 20 OF THEM PAID A DIVIDEND; 52 IN ILLINOIS, AND ONLY 7 PAID A DIVIDEND; 18 IN WISCONSIN, AND ONLY 1 PAID A DIVIDEND; AND SO ON.

"2. THE NUMBER OF COMMERCIAL FAILURES THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE COUNTRY DURING THE FIRST HALF OF THIS YEAR WAS 4,749 ; DURING THE FIRST HALF OF 1876 IT WAS 4,600 ; DURING THE FIRST HALF OF 1875 IT WAS 3,563. BUSINESS GROWS WORSE INSTEAD OF BETTER.

"3. CONGRESS, AT ITS COMING SESSION, WILL BE ASKED TO VOTE A SUBSIDY OF \$91,085,000, IN THE SHAPE OF A GUARANTEE OF INTEREST ON BONDS, TO BUILD 2,431 MILES OF THE TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILROAD, AND THE JOB WILL PROBABLY BE SUCCESSFUL."

LETTER LXXXII.

BRANTWOOD, 13th September, 1877.

I REALLY thought Fors would have been true to its day, this month; but just as it was going to press, here is something sent me by my much-honoured friend Frederic Gale, (who told me of the race-horse and kitten,) which compels me to stop press to speak of it.

It is the revise of a paper which will be, I believe, in 'Baily's Magazine' by the time this Fors is printed;—a sketch of English manners and customs in the days of Fielding; (whom Mr. Gale and I agree in holding to be a truly moral novelist, and worth any quantity of modern ones since Scott's death,—be they who they may).

But my friend, though an old Conservative, seems himself doubtful whether things may not have been a little worse managed, in some respects, then, than they are now: and whether some improvements may not really have taken place in the roads,—postage, and the like: and chiefly his faith in the olden time seems to have been troubled by some reminiscences he has gathered of the manner of inflicting capital punishment in the early Georgian epochs. Which manner, and the views held concerning such punishment, which dictate the manner, are indeed among the surest tests of the nobility or vileness of men: therefore I will ask my friend, and my readers, to go with me a little farther back than the days of Fielding, if indeed they would judge of the progress, or development, of human thought on this question;—and hear what, both in least and in utmost punishment, was ordained by *literally* 'Rhadamanthine' law, and remained in force over that noblest nation who were the real Institutors of Judg-

ment,* some eight hundred years, from the twelfth to the fourth century before Christ.

I take from Müller's 'Dorians,' Book III., chap. ii., the following essential passages. (*italics always mine*):—

"*Property* was, according to the Spartan notions, to be looked upon as a matter of indifference; in the decrees and institutions attributed to Lycurgus, no mention was made of this point, and the ephors were permitted to judge according to their own notions of equity. The ancient legislators had an evident repugnance to any strict regulations on this subject; thus Zaleucus—who however first made particular enactments concerning the right of property—*expressly interdicted certificates of debt.*

"The ephors decided all disputes concerning money and property, as well as in accusations against responsible officers, provided they were not of a criminal nature; the kings decided in cases of heiresses and adoptions. Public offences, particularly of the kings and other authorities, were decided by an extreme course of judicature. The popular assembly had probably no judicial" (meaning only elective) "functions: disputes concerning the succession to the throne were referred to it only after ineffectual attempts to settle them, and it then passed a decree.

"Among the various punishments which occur, the fines levied on property would appear ridiculous in any other state than Sparta, on account of their extreme lowness. Perseus, in his treatise on the Lacedæmonian government, says that 'the judge immediately condemns the rich man to the loss of a *dessert* (*ἑπίαινον*); the poor he orders to bring a reed, or a rush, or laurel leaves for a public banquet.' Nicocles the Lacedæmonian says upon the same subject, 'when the ephor has heard all the witnesses, he either acquits the defendant or condemns him; and the successful plaintiff slightly fines him in a cake, or some laurel leaves,' which were used to give a relish to the cakes.

* The Mosaic law never having been observed by the Jews in *litera*

“Banishment was probably never a regular punishment in Sparta, for the law could hardly compel a person to do that which, if he had done it voluntarily, would have been punished with death. On the other hand, banishment exempted a person from the most severe punishments, and, according to the principles of the Greeks, preserved him from every persecution; so that even a person who was declared an outlaw by the Amphictyons was thought secure when out of the country. There is no instance in the history of Sparta of any individual being banished for political reasons, as long as the ancient constitution continued.

“The laws respecting the penalty of death which prevailed in the Grecian, and especially in the Doric, states, were derived from Delphi. They were entirely founded upon the ancient rite of expiation, by which a limit was first set to the fury of revenge, and a fixed mode of procedure in such cases was established.

“The Delphian institutions were, however, doubtless connected with those of Crete, where Rhadamanthus was reported by ancient tradition to have first established courts of justice, and a system of law, (the larger and more important part of which, in early times, is always the criminal law).* Now as Rhadamanthus is said to have made exact retaliation the fundamental principle of his code, it cannot be doubted, after what has been said in the second book on the connexion of the worship of Apollo, and its expiatory rites, with Crete, that in this island the harshness of that principle was early softened by religious ceremonies, in which victims and libations took the place of the punishment which should have fallen on the head of the offender himself.

“The punishment of death was inflicted either by strangulation, in a room of the public prison, or by throwing the

* I have enclosed this sentence in brackets, because it is the German writer's parenthesis, from his own general knowledge; and it shows how curiously unconsciously he had remained of the real meaning of the ‘retaliation’ of Rhadamanthus, which was of good for good, not of evil for evil. See the following note.

criminal into the Cæadas,* a ceremony which was always performed by night. It was also in ancient times the law of Athens that no execution should take place in the daytime. So also the senate of the Eolie Cnme (whose antiquated institutions have been already mentioned) decided criminal cases during the night, and voted with covered balls, nearly in the same manner as the kings of the people of Atlantis, in the Critias of Plato. These must not be considered as oligarchical contrivances for the undisturbed execution of severe sentences, but they must be attributed to the dread of pronouncing and putting into execution the sentence of death, and to an unwillingness to bring the terrors of that penalty before the eye of day. A similar repugnance is expressed in the practice of Spartan Gerusia, which never passed sentence of death without several days' deliberation, nor ever without the most conclusive testimony."

These being pre-Christian views of the duty and awfulness of capital punishment—(we all know the noblest instance of that waiting till the sun was behind the mountains)—here is the English eighteenth century view of it, as a picturesque and entertaining ceremony.

"As another instance of the matter-of-course way of doing business in the olden time, an old Wiltshire shepherd pointed out to a brother of mine a place on the Downs where a highwayman was hung, on the borders of Wilts and Hants. 'It was quite a pretty sight,' said the old man; 'for the sheriffs and javelin-men came a-horseback, and they all stopped at the Everleigh Arms for refreshment, as they had travelled a long way.' 'Did the man who was going to be hanged have anything?' 'Lord, yes, as much strong beer as he liked; and we drank to his health; and then they hung he, and buried him under the gallows.'"

Now I think the juxtaposition of these passages may enough show my readers how vain it is to attempt to reason from any

* I did not know myself what the Cæadas was; so wrote to my dear old friend, Osborne Gordon, who tells me it was probably a chasm in the limestone rock; but his letter is so interesting that I keep it for 'Deucalion.'

single test, however weighty in itself,—to general conclusions respecting national progress. It would be as absurd to conclude, from the passages quoted, that the English people in the days of George the Third were in all respects brutalized, and in all respects inferior to the Dorians in the days of Rhadamanthus, as it is in the modern philanthropist of the New-gatory* school to conclude that we are now entering on the true Millennium, because we can't bear the idea of hanging a rascal for his crimes, though we are quite ready to drown any quantity of honest men, for the sake of turning a penny on our insurance; and though (as I am securely informed) from ten to twelve public executions of entirely innocent persons take place in Sheffield, annually, by crushing the persons condemned under large pieces of sandstone thrown at them by steam-engines; in order that the moral improvement of the public may be secured, by furnishing them with carving-knives six-pence a dozen cheaper than, without these executions, would be possible.

All evidences of progress or decline have therefore to be collected in mass,—then analyzed with extreme care,—then weighed in the balance of the Ages, before we can judge of the meaning of any one:—and I am glad to have been forced by Fors to the notice of my friend's paper, that I may farther answer a complaint of my Manchester correspondent, of which I have hitherto taken no notice, that I under-estimate the elements of progress in Manchester. My answer is, in very few words, that I am quite aware there are many amiable persons in Manchester—and much general intelligence. But, taken as a whole, I perceive that Manchester can produce no good art, and no good literature; it is falling off even in the quality of its cotton; it has reversed, and vilified in loud lies, every essential principle of political economy; it is cowardly in war,

* As a literary study, this exquisite pun of Hood's, (quoted by my correspondent in last Fors,) and intensely characteristic of the man, deserves the most careful memory, as showing what a noble and instructive lesson even a pun may become, when it is deep in its purpose, and founded on a truth which is perfectly illustrated by the seeming equivocation.

predatory in peace; and as a corporate body, plotting at last to steal, and sell, for a profit,* the waters of Thirlmere and clouds of Helvellyn.

And therefore I have no serious doubt that the Rhadamanthine verdict † on that society, being distinctly retributive, would be, not that the Lake of Thirlmere should be brought to the top of the town of Manchester, but that the town of Manchester, or at least the Corporation thereof, should be put at the bottom of the Lake of Thirlmere.

You think I jest, do you? as you did when I said I should like to destroy the New Town of Edinburgh,—(see notes in Correspondence, on the article in the ‘Scotsman,’) and the city of New York?

My friends, I did not jest then, and do not, now. I am no Roman Catholic,—yet I would not willingly steal holy water

* The reader must note—though I cannot interrupt the text to explain, that the Manchester (or typically commercial,—compare Fors, Letter LXX., p. 204,) heresy in political economy is twofold,—first, what may specifically be called the Judasian heresy,—that the value of a thing is what it will fetch in the market: “This ointment might have been sold for much,—this lake may be sold for much,—this England may be sold for much,—this Christ may be sold for—little; but yet, let us have what we can get,” etc., and, secondly, what may specifically be called the ‘heresy of the tables’—i.e. of the money changers—that money begets money, and that exchange is the root of profit. Whereas only labour is the root of profit, and exchange merely causes loss to the producer by tithing to the pedlar.

Whereupon I may also note, for future comparison of old and new times, the discovery made by another of my good and much regarded friends, Mr. Alfred Tylor, who is always helping me, one way or other; and while lately examining some documents of the old Guilds, for I forget what purpose of his own, it suddenly flashed out upon him, as a general fact concerning them, that they never looked for ‘profit’—(and practically, never got it,)—but only cared that their work should be good, and only expected for it, and got surely, day by day, their daily bread.

† More properly, in this case, the *Minoan* verdict. Though I do not care for ‘discoveries,’ and never plume myself on them, but only on clear perception of long-known facts; yet, as I leave my work behind me, I think it right to note of new things in it what seem to me worthy,—and the analysis of the powers of the three Judges,—Minos, the Punisher of Evil; Rhadamanthus, the Rewarder of Good; and Æacus, the Divider of Possession, is, I believe, mine exclusively.

out of a font, to sell; and being no Roman Catholic, I hold the hills and vales of my native land to be true temples of God, and their waves and clouds holier than the dew of the baptistery, and the incense of the altar.

And to these Manchester robbers, I would solemnly speak again the words which Plato wrote for prelude to the laws forbidding crimes against the Gods.—though crimes to him unconceivable as taking place among educated men. “Oh, thou wonderful,” (meaning wonderful in wretchedness,) “this is no human evil that is upon thee, neither one sent by the Gods, but a mortal pestilence and œstrus* begotten among men from old and uncleansed iniquities: wherefore, when such dogmas and desires come into thy soul, that thou desirest to steal sacred things, seek first to the shrines for purification, and then for the society of good men; and hear of them what they say, and with no turning or looking back, fly out of the fellowship of evil men:—and if, in doing this, thy evil should be lightened, well; but if not, then holding death the fairer state for thee, depart thou out of this life.”

For indeed† “the legislator knows quite well that to such men there is ‘no profit’ in the continuance of their lives; and that they would do a double good to the rest of men, if they would take their departure, inasmuch as they would be an example to other men not to offend, and they would relieve the city of bad citizens.”

I return now to what I began a week ago, thinking then, as I said, to be in the best of time. And truly the lateness of Fors during the last four or five months has not been owing to neglect of it, but to my taking more pains with it, and spending, I am grieved to say, some ten or twelve days out of the month in the writing of it, or finishing sentences, when press correction and all should never take more than a week.

* There is no English word for this Greek one, symbolical of the forms of stinging fury which men must be transformed to beasts, before they can feel.

† The closing sentence from this point is farther on in the book. I give Jowett’s translation, p. 373.—The inverted commas only are mine.

else it gets more than its due share of my shortening life. And this has been partly in duty, partly in vanity, not remembering enough my often-announced purpose to give more extracts from classical authors, in statement of necessary truth; and trust less to myself; therefore to-day, instead of merely using Plato's help, in talking of music, I shall give little more than his own words, only adding such notes as are necessary for their application to modern needs. But what he has said is so scattered up and down the two great treatises of the Republic and the Laws, and so involved, for the force and basis of it, with matter of still deeper import, that, arrange it how best I may, the reader must still be somewhat embarrassed by abruptness of transition from fragment to fragment, and must be content to take out of each what it brings. And indeed this arrangement is more difficult because, for my present purposes, I have to begin with what Plato concludes in,—for *his* dialogues are all excavatory work, throwing aside loose earth, and digging to rock foundation; but *my* work is edificatory, and I have to lay the foundation first. So that to-day I must begin with his summary of conclusions in the twelfth book of the Laws,* namely, that “the Ruler must know the principle of good which is common to the four cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance; and which makes each and all of them virtue: and he must know, of what is beautiful and good, the principle that makes it beautiful, and makes it good; and knowing this, he must be able to set it forth first in words, and follow it out in action. Therefore, since of all beautiful things one of the most beautiful is the fact of the existence and power of the Gods; although it may be pardoned to the common people of

* My own edition of Plato is Bekker's, printed by Valpy, 1826; and my own references, made during the last fifteen years, are all to page and line of this octavo edition, and will be given here,—after naming the book of each series; thus, in the present case, Laws, XII. 632. 9, meaning the twelfth book of the Laws, 9th line of 632nd page in Bekker's 8th volume; but with this reference I will also give always, in brackets, that to the chapter in Stephanus, so that the full reference here is,—Laws, XII. 632. 9 (966).

the city that they know these things only by fame, no man may be a governor who has not laboured to acquire every faith concerning the existence of the Gods: and there should be no permission to choose, as a guardian of the laws, any one who is not a divine man, and one who has wholly gone through the sum of labour in such things,"—(meaning, having laboured until he has fought his way into true faith).

“And there are two lines of knowledge by which we arrive at belief in the Gods: the first, the right understanding of the nature of the soul, that it is the oldest and divinest of all the things to which motion, taking to itself the power of birth, gives perpetual being; and the other, the perception of order in the movements of matter, in the stars, and in all other things which an authoritatively ruling mind orders and makes fair. For of those who contemplate these things neither imperfectly nor idiotically, no one of men has been born so atheist as not to receive the absolutely contrary impression to that which the vulgar suppose. For to the vulgar it seems that people dealing with astronomy and the other arts that are concerned with necessary law, must become atheists, in seeing that things come of necessity, and not of the conception formed by a will desiring the accomplishment of good. But that has been so only when they looked at them” (in the imperfect and idiotic way) “thinking that the soul was newer than matter, instead of older than matter, and after it, instead of before it,—thinking which, they turned all things upside-down, and themselves also: so that they could not see in the heavenly bodies anything but lifeless stones and dirt; and filled themselves with atheism and hardness of heart, against which the reproaches of the poets were true enough, likening the philosophers to dogs uttering vain yelpings. But indeed, as I have said, the contrary of all this is the fact. For of mortal men he only can be rightly wise and reverent to the Gods, who knows these two things—the Priority of the Spirit, and the Masterhood of Mind over the things in Heaven, and who knowing these things first, adding then to them those necessary parts of introductory learning of which we have often

before spoken, and also those relating to the Muse, shall harmonize them all into the system of the practices and laws of states." *

"The word 'necessary' in the above sentence, refers to a most important passage in the seventh book, to understand which, I must now state, in summary, Plato's general plan of education.

It is founded primarily on the distinction between masters and servants; the education of servants and artizans being not considered in the Laws, but supposed to be determined by the

* The Greek sentence is so confused, and the real meaning of it so entirely dependent on the reader's knowledge of what has long preceded it, that I am obliged slightly to modify and complete it, to make it clear. Lest the reader should suspect any misrepresentation, here is Mr. Jowett's more literal rendering of it, which however, in carelessly omitting one word (*ἀναγκαῖα*), and writing "acquired the previous knowledge," instead of "acquired the previous *necessary* knowledge," has lost the clue to the bearing of the sentence on former teaching:—

"No man can be a true worshipper of the Gods who does not know these two principles—that the soul is the eldest of all things which are born, and is immortal, and rules over all bodies; moreover, as I have now said several times, he who has not contemplated the mind of nature which is said to exist in the stars, and acquired the previous knowledge, and seen the connection of them with music, and harmonized them all with laws and institutions, is not able to give a reason for such things as have a reason." Compare the Wisdom of Solomon, xiii. 1—9:—"Surely vain are all men by nature, who are ignorant of God, and could not out of the good things that are seen, know him that is: neither by considering the works did they acknowledge the workmaster; but deemed either fire, or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven, to be the gods which govern the world. With whose beauty if they being delighted took them to be gods; let them know how much better the Lord of them is: for the first author of beauty hath created them. But if they were astonished at their power and virtue, let them understand by them how much mightier he is that made them. For by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the maker of them is seen. But yet for this they are the less to be blamed: for they peradventure err, seeking God, and desirous to find him. For being conversant in his works they search him diligently, and believe their sight: because the things are beautiful that are seen. Howbeit neither are they to be pardoned. For if they were able to know so much, that they could aim at the world, how did they not sooner find out the Lord thereof?"

nature of the work they have to do. The education he describes is only for the persons whom we call 'gentlemen'—that is to say, landholders, living in idleness on the labour of slaves. (The Greek word for slave and servant is the same; our word slave being merely a modern provincialism contracted from 'Sclavonian.' See 'St. Mark's Rest,' Supplement I.)

Our manufacturers, tradesmen, and artizans, would therefore be left out of question, and our domestic servants and agricultural labourers all summed by Plato simply under the word 'slaves' *—a word which the equivocation of vulgar historians and theologians always translates exactly as it suits their own views: 'slave,' when they want to depreciate Greek politics; and servant, when they are translating the words of Christ or St. Paul, lest either Christ or St. Paul should be recognized as speaking of the same persons as Plato.

Now, therefore, the reader is to observe that the teaching of St. George differs by *extension* from that of Plato, in so far as the Greek never imagined that the blessings of education could be extended to servants as well as to masters: but it differs by absolute contradiction from that of Mr. Wilberforce and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in *their* imagination that there should be no servants and no masters at all. Nor, except in a very modified degree, does even its extended charity differ from Plato's severity. For if you collect what I have said about education hitherto, you will find it always spoken of as a means of discrimination between what is worthless and worthy in men; that the rough and worthless may be set to the roughest and foulest work, and the finest to the finest; the rough and rude work being, you will in time perceive, the best of charities to the rough and rude people. There is probably, for instance, no collier's or pitman's work so rough or dirty, but that—if you set and kept Mr. Ayrton to it,—his general character and intelligence would in course of time be improved to the utmost point of which they are capable.

* Laws, VII. 303, 17 (806).

A Greek gentleman's education then, which, in some modified degree, St. George proposes to make universal for Englishmen who really deserve to have it, consisted essentially in perfect discipline in music, poetry, and military exercises; but with these, if he were to be a perfect person, fit for public duties, he had also to learn three 'necessary' sciences: those of number, space, and motion, (arithmetic, geometry, astronomy,) which are called 'necessary,' not merely as being instrumental to complete human usefulness, but also as being knowledges of things existing by Divine Fate, which the Gods themselves cannot alter, against which they cannot contend, and "without the knowledge of which no one can become a God, an angel, or a hero capable of taking true care of men." *

None of these sciences, however, were to be learned either with painful toil, or to any extent liable to make men lose sight of practical duty. "For," he says, "though partly I fear indeed the unwillingness to learn at all, much more do I fear the laying hold of any of these sciences in an evil way. For it is not a terrible thing, nor by any means the greatest of evils, nor even a great evil at all, to have no experience of any of these things. But to have much experience and much learning, with evil leading, is a far greater loss than that." This noble and evermore to be attended sentence is (at least in the fulness of it) untranslatable but by expansion. I give, therefore, Mr. Jowett's and the French translations, with my own, to show the various ways in which different readers take it; and then I shall be able to explain the full bearing of it.

(1) "For entire ignorance is not so terrible or extreme an evil, and is far from being the greatest of all; too much cleverness, and too much learning, accompanied with ill bringing up, are far more fatal."

The word which Plato uses for 'much experience' does literally mean *that*, and has nothing whatever to do with

* This most singular sentence, (VII. 818), having reference to the rank in immortality attainable by great human spirits, ("haec arte Pollux et vagus Hercules," etc.) will be much subject of future inquiry. See, however, the note farther on.

'cleverness' in the ordinary sense; but it involves the idea of dexterity gained by practice, which was what Mr. Jowett thought of. "Ill bringing up" is again too narrow a rendering. The word I translate literally 'leading' * is technically used for a complete scheme of education; but in this place it means the tendency which is given to the thoughts and aim of the person, whatever the scheme of education may be. Thus we might put a boy through all the exercises required in this passage—(through music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy,) and yet throughout give him an evil 'leading,' making all these studies conducive to the gratification of ambition, or the acquirement of wealth. Plato means that we had better leave him in total ignorance than do this.

(French) "L'ignorance absolue n'est pas le plus grand des maux, ni le plus à redouter : une vaste étendue de connaissances mal digérées est quelque chose de bien pire."

The Frenchman avoids, you see, the snare of the technical meaning; but yet his phrase, 'ill digested,' gives no idea of Plato's real thought, which goes to the *cause* of indigestion, and is, that knowledge becomes evil if the aim be not virtuous: nor does he mean at all that the knowledge *itself* is imperfect or 'ill digested,' but that the most accurate and consummate science, and the most splendid dexterity in art, and experience in politics, are worse evils, and that by far, than total ignorance, if the aim and tone of the spirit are false.

"Therefore,"—he now goes on, returning to his practical point, which was that no toilsome work should be spent on the sciences, such as to enslave the soul in them, or make them become an end of life—"Therefore, children who are to be educated as gentlemen should only learn, of each science, so much as the Egyptian children learn with their reading and writing, for from their early infancy their masters introduce the practice of arithmetic, giving them fruits and garlands of flowers," (cowslip-balls and daisy-chains), "to fit together,

* It is virtually the *end* of the word *pedagogue*—the person who *led* children to their school.

fewer or more out of equal numbers ; and little vessels of gold, silver, and bronze, sometimes to be mingled with each other, sometimes kept separate ;” (with estimate of relative value probably in the game, leading to easy command of the notion of pounds, shillings, and pence,) “ and so making every operation of arithmetic of practical use to them, they lead them on into understanding of the numbering and arranging of camps, and leadings * of regiments, and at last of household economy, making them in all more serviceable and shrewd than others.” Such, with geometry and astronomy, (into the detail of which I cannot enter to-day,) being Plato’s ‘necessary’ science, the higher conditions of education, which alone, in his mind, deserve the name, are those above named as relating to the Muse.

To which the vital introduction is a passage most curiously contrary to Longfellow’s much-sung line, “ Life is real, life is earnest,”—Plato declaring out of the very deep of his heart, that it is *unreal* and *unearnest*. I cannot give space to translate the whole of the passage, though I shall return for a piece presently ; but the gist of it is that the Gods alone are great, and have great things to do ; but man is a poor little puppet, made to be their plaything ; and the virtue of him is to play merrily in the little raree-show of his life, so as to please the Gods. Analyzed, the passage contains three phases of most solemn thought ; the first, an amplification of the “ What is man that thou art mindful of him ?” the second, of the “ He walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain ;” the third, that his real duty is to quiet himself, and live in happy peace and play, all his measure of days. “ The lambs play always, they know no better ; and they ought to know no better, he thinks, if they are truly lambs of God : the practical outcome of all being that religious service is to be entirely with rejoicing,—that only brightness of heart can please the Gods ; and that asceticism and self-discipline

* The same word again--the end of pedagogue, applied to soldiers instead of children.

are to be practised only that we may be made capable of such sacred joy.

The extreme importance of this teaching is in its opposition to the general Greek instinct, that 'Tragedy,' or song in honour of the Gods, should be sad. An instinct which, in spite of Plato, has lasted to this day, in the degree in which men disbelieve in the Gods themselves, and in their love. Accepting cheerfulness, therefore, as the fulfilment of sanctity, we shall understand in their order the practical pieces both about music * and about higher education, of which take this first (VII. 766).

"For every sprout of things born, once *started* fairly towards the virtue of its nature, fulfils it in prosperous end; this being true of all plants, and of animals wild or gentle, and of man; and man, as we have said, is indeed gentle, if he receive right education, together with fortunate nature; and so becomes the divinest and the gentlest of things alive; but if not enough or not rightly trained, he becomes, of all things that earth brings forth, the savagest."

The "together with fortunate nature" in this passage, refers to the necessity of fine race in men themselves; and limits the future question of education to such, Plato not concerning

* I thought to have collected into this place the passages about the demoralizing effect of sad music, (Verdi's, for instance, the most corrupting type hitherto known,) from the Republic as well as the Laws: but that must be for next month; meantime, here is a little bit about tragedy which *must* be read now, though I'm terribly sorry to give it only in small print. It must not have small print, so I separate it only by a line from the text.

"Concerning comedy, then, enough said; but for the earnest poets of the world occupied in tragedy, if perchance any of these should come to us, and ask thus: 'Oh, ye strangers, will you have us to go into your city and your land, or no?'

¹ In sentences like this the familiar euphony of 'no' for 'not,' is softer and fuller in meaning, as in sound, than the (commonly held) grammatical form;—and in true analysis, the grammar is better, because briefer, in the familiar form; it being just as accurate to complete the sentence by understanding 'say' before 'no,' as by repeating 'have us' after not.'

himself about such as are ill born. Compare the Vulgate of the birth of Moses, "videns eum elegantem."

The essential part of the education of these, then,—that properly belonging to the Muse,—is all to be given by the time they are sixteen; the ten years of childhood being exclusively devoted to forming the disposition; then come three years of grammar, with the collateral sciences, in the manner above explained, and then three years of practice in executive music: bodily exercises being carried on the whole time to the utmost degree possible at each age. After sixteen, the youth enters into public life, continuing the pursuit of virtue as the object of all, life being not long enough for it.

The three years of literary education, from ten to thirteen, are supposed enough to give a boy of good talent and disposition all the means of cultivating his mind that are needful. The term must not be exceeded. If the boy has not learned

and shall we bring our poetry to you and act it to you, or how is it determined by you of the doing¹ such things?' What then should we answer, answering rightly, to the divine men? For in my thoughts it is fixed that we should answer thus: 'Oh, noblest of strangers,' should we say, 'we ourselves also according to our power are poets of tragedy,—the most beautiful that we can and the best. For all our polity is but one great presentment of the best and most beautiful life, which we say to be indeed the best and truest tragedy: poets therefore are you, and we also alike poets of the same things, anti-artists, and antagonists to you as our hope is of that most beautiful drama, which the true law only can play to its end. Do not therefore think that we at all thus easily shall allow you to pitch your tents in our market-place; and yield to you that bringing in your clear-voiced actors, speaking greater things

¹ In every case, throughout this sentence, (and generally in translations from good Greek philosophical writing,) the reader must remember that 'drana' being our adopted Greek word for 'the thing done,' and 'poetry' our adopted Greek word for 'the thing made,' properly the meaning of the sentence would require us to read 'maker' for poet, and 'doer' for actor.'

by that time to read and write accurately and elegantly,* he is not to be troubled with such things more, but left illiterate. Then, literary study is to be foregone for three years even by those who are afterwards to take it up again, that they may learn music completely—this being considered a sedentary study, and superseding grammar, while the athletic exercises always occupy the same time of each day, and are never remitted.

Understanding this general scheme, we begin at the beginning; and the following passage, II. 501. 1 (653), defines for us Plato's thoughts, and explains to us his expressions relating to the discipline of childhood.

“ Now, I mean by education † that first virtue which can be attained by children, when pleasure and liking, and pain and disliking, are properly implanted in their souls while yet they cannot understand why; but so that when they get the power of reasoning, its perfect symphony may assure them that they have been rightly moralled into their existing morals. This perfect symphony of the complete soul is properly called virtue; but the part of its tempering which, with respect to

than we, you should speak to our people,—to our wives and to our children and to all our multitude, saying, concerning the same things that we speak of, not the same words, but for the most part, contrary words.’ ”

* Every day, I perceive more and more the importance of accurate verbal training. If the Duke of Argyll, for instance, had but had once well taught him at school the relations of the words *lex*, *lego*, *loi*, and *loyal*; and of *rex*, *rego*, *roi*, and *royal*, (see ‘*Unto this Last*,’ p. 66,) he could neither have committed himself to the false title of his treatise on natural history, ‘*reign of law*,’ nor to the hollow foundation of his treatise on the tenure of land in the assumption that the long establishment of a human law, whether criminal or not, must make it divinely indisputable. See p. 6 of “*A Crack with His Grace the Duke of Argyll*.” Seton and Mackenzie, Edinburgh; Whittaker, London.

† Jowett thus translates; but the word here in Plato means, properly, the result of education, spoken of as the habit fixed in the child; ‘good breeding’ would be the nearest English, but involves the idea of race, which is not here touched by the Greek.

pleasure and pain, has been so brought up, from first to last, as to hate what it should hate, and love what it should love, we shall be right in calling its education.

“Now these well-nourished habits of being rightly pained and pleased are, for the most part, loosened and lost by men in the rough course of life; and the Gods, pitying the race born to labour, gave them, for reward of their toil and rest from it, the times of festival to the Gods. And the Gods gave, for companions to them in their festivals, the Muses, and Apollo, the leader of Muses, and Dionysus, that the pure instincts they first had learned might be restored to them while they kept festival with these Gods.

“Now, therefore, we must think whether what is hymned* among us be truly said, and according to nature or not.

“And this is what is said: that every young thing that lives is alike in not being able to keep quiet, but must in some way move and utter itself,—for mere movement’s sake, leaping and skipping, as if dancing and at play for pleasure,—and for noise sake, uttering every sort of sound. And that, indeed, other living creatures have no sense of the laws of order and disorder in movements which we call rhythm and harmony; but to us, those Gods whom we named as fellows with us in our choirs,† these are they who gave us the delightful sense of rhythm and harmony in which we move; and they lead our choirs, binding us together in songs and dances, naming them choruses from the choral joy.

“Shall we, then, receive for truth thus much of their tradition, that the first education must be by the Muses and Apollo?

“K. So let it be accepted.‡

“A. Then the uneducated person will be one who has received no choral discipline; and the educated, one who has been formed to a sufficient degree under the choral laws.

* A hymn is properly a song embodying sacred tradition; hence, familiarly the thing commonly said of the Gods.

† Compare II. 539. 5 (665).

‡ Henceforward, I omit what seem to me needless of the mere expressions of varied assent which break the clauses of the Athenian’s course of thought.

“Also the choir, considered in its wholeness, consists of dance and song; therefore a well-educated person must be one who can sing and dance well.

“*K.* It would seem so.”

And here, that we may not confuse ourselves, or weaken ourselves, with any considerations of the recent disputes whether we have souls or not,—be it simply understood that Plato always means by the soul the aggregate of mental powers obtained by scientific culture of the imagination and the passions; and by the body the aggregate of material powers obtained by scientific promotion of exercise and digestion. It is possible for the soul to be strong with a weak body, and the body strong with a weak soul; and in this sense only the two are separately considered, but not necessarily, therefore, considered as finally separable.

And understanding thus much, we can now clearly understand, whether we receive it or not, Plato’s distinct assertion that, as gymnastic exercise is necessary to keep the body healthy, musical exercise is necessary to keep the soul healthy; and that the proper nourishment of the intellect and passions can no more take place without music, than the proper functions of the stomach and the blood without exercise.

We may be little disposed, at first, to believe this, because we are unaware, in the first place, how much music, from the nurse’s song to the military band and the lover’s ballad, does really modify existing civilized life; and, in the second place, we are not aware how much higher range, if rightly practical, its influence would reach, of which right practice I must say, before going on with Plato’s teaching, that the chief condition is companionship, or choral association, (not so much marked by Plato in words, because he could not conceive of music practised otherwise,) and that for persons incapable of song to be content in amusement by a professional singer, is as much a sign of decay in the virtue and use of music, as crowded spectators in the amphitheatre sitting to be amused by gladiators are a sign of decline in the virtue and use of war.

And now, we take the grand statement of the evil of *change*

in methods of childish play, following on the general discussion of the evil of change :—

“ I say, then, that in all cities we have all failed to recognize that the kind of play customary with the children is the principal of the forces that maintain the established laws. For when the kind of play is determined, and so regulated that the children always play and use their fancies in the same way and with the same playthings, this quietness allows the laws which are established in earnest to remain quiet also; but if once the plays are moved and cast in new shapes, always introducing other changes, and none of the young people agreeing with each other in their likings, nor as to what is becoming and unbecoming either in the composure of their bodies or in their dress, but praise in a special way any one who brings in a new fashion whether of composure or colour—nothing, if we say rightly, can be a greater plague (destructive disease) in a city; for he who changes the habits of youth is, indeed, without being noticed, making what is ancient contemptible, and what is new, honourable,—and than this, I repeat, whether in the belief of it, or the teaching, there cannot be a greater plague inflicted on a city.

“ Can we do anything better to prevent this than the Egyptians did; namely, to consecrate every dance and every melody, ordering first the festivals of the year, and determining what days are to be devoted to the Gods, and to the children of the Gods, and to the Angels.* And then to determine also what

* I cannot but point out with surprise and regret the very mischievous error of Mr. Jowett's translation in this place of the word 'δαιμονες'—'heroes.' Had Plato meant heroes, he would have said heroes, the word in this case being the same in English as in Greek. He means the Spiritual Powers which have lower office of ministration to men; in this sense the word *dæmon* was perfectly and constantly understood by the Greeks, and by the Christian Church adopting Greek terms; and on the theory that the Pagan religion was entirely false, but that its spiritual powers had real existence, the word *dæmon* necessarily came among Christians to mean an evil angel,—just as much an angel as Raphael or Gabriel—but of contrary powers. I cannot therefore use the literal word *dæmon*, because it has this wholly false and misleading association infixed in it; but in translating

song at each offering is to be sung ; and with what dances each sacrifice to be sanctified ; and whatever rites and times are thus ordained, all the citizens in common, sacrificing to the Fates and to all the Gods, shall consecrate with libation.

“ I say, then, there should be three choirs to fill, as with enchantment of singing, the souls of children while they are tender, teaching them many other things, of which we have told and shall tell, but this chiefly and for the head and sum of all, that the life which is noblest is also deemed by the Gods the happiest. Saying this to them, we shall at once say the truest of things, and that of which we shall most easily persuade those whom we ought to persuade.” With which we may at once read also this,—II. 540. 2 (665): “ That every grown-up person and every child, slave and free, male and female,—and, in a word, the entire city singing to itself—should never pause in repeating such good lessons as we have explained ; yet somehow changing, and so inlaying and varying them, that the singers may always be longing to sing, and delighting in it.”

An this is to be ordered according to the ages of the people

it ‘angel,’ I give to the English reader its full power and meaning in the Greek mind; being exactly what the term *ἄγγελος*, or messenger, was adopted by the Christians to signify, of their own *good* spirits. There are then, the reader must observe generally, four orders of *higher* spiritual powers, honoured by the Greeks :

I. The Gods,—of various ranks, from the highest Twelve to the minor elementary powers, such as Tritons, or Harpies.

II. The Sons of the Gods,—children of the Gods by mortal mothers, as Heracles, or Castor. Rightly sometimes called Demi-Gods.

III. Angels,—spiritual powers in constant attendance on man.

IV. Heroes,—men of consummate virtue, to whose souls religious rites are performed in thankfulness by the peoples whom they saved or exalted, and whose immortal power remains for their protection. I have often elsewhere spoken of the beautiful custom of the Locrians always to leave a vacant place in their charging ranks for the spirit of Ajax Oileus. Of these four orders, however, the first two naturally blend, because the sons of the Gods became Gods after death. Hence the real orders of spiritual powers *above* humanity, are three—Gods, Angels, Heroes, (as we shall find presently, in the passage concerning prayer and praise,) associated with the spirits on the ordinary level of humanity, of Home, and of Ancestors. Compare Fors, Letter LXX., p. 208.

and the ranks of the deities. For the choir of the Muses is to be of children, up to the age of sixteen; after that, the choir of Apollo, formed of those who have learned perfectly the mastery of the lyre,—from sixteen to thirty; and then the choir of Dionysus, of the older men, from thirty to sixty; and after sixty, being no longer able to sing, they should become mythologists, relating in divine tradition the moral truths they formerly had sung. II. 528. 12 (664).

At this point, if not long before, I imagine my reader stopping hopelessly, feeling the supreme uselessness of such a conception as this, in modern times, and its utter contrariness to everything taught as practical among us. ‘Belief in Gods! belief in divine tradition of Myths! Old men, as a class, to become mythologists, instead of misers! and music, throughout life, to be the safeguard of morality!—What futility is it to talk of such things *now*.’

Yes, to a certain extent this impression is true. Plato’s scheme was impossible even in his own day,—as Bacon’s New Atlantis in *his* day—as Calvin’s reform in *his* day—as Goethe’s Academe in his. Out of the good there was in all these men, the world gathered what it could find of evil, made its useless Platonism out of Plato, its graceless Calvinism out of Calvin, determined Bacon to be the meanest of mankind, and of Goethe gathered only a luscious story of seduction, and daintily singable devilry. Nothing in the dealings of Heaven with Earth is so wonderful to me as the way in which the evil angels are allowed to spot, pervert, and bring to nothing, or to worse, the powers of the greatest men: so that Greece must be ruined, for all that Plato can say,—Geneva for all that Calvin can say,—England for all that Sir Thomas More and Bacon can say;—and only Gounod’s Faust to be the visible outcome to Europe of the school of Weimar.

What, underneath all that visible ruin, these men have done in ministry to the continuous soul of this race, may yet be known in the day when the wheat shall be gathered into the garner. But I can’t go on with my work now; besides, I had a visit yesterday from the friend who wrote me that letter

about speaking more gently of things and people, and he brought me a sermon of the Bishop of Manchester's to read,—which begins with the sweetly mild and prudent statement that St. Paul, while “wading in the perilous depths” of anticipations of immortality, and *satisfied* that there would be a victory over the grave, and that mortality would be swallowed up of life, *wisely* brought his readers' thoughts back from *dreamland* to reality, by bidding them simply be steadfast, unmovable—always abounding in the work of the Lord,—forasmuch as they knew that their labour would not be in vain in the Lord; and in which, farther on, the Bishop, feeling the knowledge in modern times not quite so positive on that subject, supports his own delicately suggested opinions by quoting Mr. John Stuart Mill, who “in his posthumous essays admits that though the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is probably an illusion, it is morally so valuable that it had better be retained,”—a sentence, by the way, which I recommend to the study of those friends of mine who were so angry with me for taxing Mr. John Stuart Mill with dishonesty, on the subject of rent. ('Time and Tide,' pp. 167—169.)

Well, all this, the sermon, and the quotations in it, and the course of thought they have led me into, are entirely paralyzing to me in the horrible sense they give me of loathsome fallacy and fatuity pervading every syllable of our modern words, and every moment of our modern life; and of the uselessness of asking such people to read any Plato, or Bacon, or Sir Thomas More, or to do anything of the true work of the Lord, forasmuch as they *don't* know, and seem to have no capacity for learning, that such labour shall not be in vain. But I will venture once more to warn the Bishop against wading, himself, in the “perilous depths” of anticipations of immortality, until he has answered my simple question to him, whether he considers usury a work of the Lord? And he will find, if he has “time” to look at them, in last Fors, some farther examples of the Lord's work of that nature, done by England in India just now, in which his diocese of Manchester is somewhat practically concerned.

I cannot go on with my work, therefore, in this temper, and indeed perhaps this much of Plato is enough for one letter;—but I must say, at least, what it is all coming to.

If you will look back to the 64th page of ‘Time and Tide,’ you will find the work I am now upon, completely sketched out in it, saying finally that “the action of the devilish or deceiving person is in nothing shown quite so distinctly among us at this day, not even in our commercial dishonesties, or social cruelties, as in its having been able to take away music as an instrument of education altogether, and to enlist it almost wholly in the service of superstition on the one hand, and of sensuality on the other. And then follows the promise that, after explaining, as far as I know it, the significance of the parable of the Prodigal Son, (done in ‘Time and Tide,’ ss. 186—188,) I should “take the three means of human joy therein stated, fine dress, rich food, and music, and show you how these are meant all alike to be sources of life and means of moral discipline, to all men, and how they have all three been made by the devil the means of guilt, dissoluteness, and death.”

This promise I have never fulfilled, and after seven years am only just coming to the point of it. Which is, in few words, that to distribute good food, beautiful dress, and the practical habit of delicate art, is the proper work of the fathers and mothers of every people for help of those who have been lost in guilt and misery: and that only by *direct* doing of these three things can they now act beneficently or helpfully to any soul capable of reformation. Therefore, you who are eating luxurious dinners, call in the tramp from the highway and share them with him,—so gradually you will understand how your brother came to *be* a tramp; and practically make your own dinners plain till the poor man’s dinner is rich,—or you are no Christians; and you who are dressing in fine dress, put on blouses and aprons, till you have got your poor dressed with grace and decency,—or you are no Christians; and you who can sing and play on instruments, hang your harps on the pollards above the rivers you have poisoned, or else go down

among the mad and vile and deaf things whom you have made, and put melody into the souls of them,—else you are no Christians.

No Christians, you ; no, nor have you even the making of a Christian in you. Alms and prayers, indeed, alone, won't make one, but they have the bones and substance of one in the womb ; and you—poor modern Judasian—have lost not only the will to give, or to pray, but the very understanding of what gift and prayer mean. “Give, and it shall be given to you,”—not by God, forsooth, you think, in glorious answer of gift, but only by the Jew money-monger in twenty per cent., and let no benevolence be done that will not pay. “Knock, and it shall be opened to you,”—nay, never by God, in miraculous answer, but perchance you may be allowed to amuse yourself, with the street boys, in rat-tat-tatting on the knocker ; or perchance you may be taken for a gentleman, if you elegantly ring the visitors' bell,—till the policeman Death comes down the street, and stops the noise of you.

Wretch that you are, if indeed, calling yourself a Christian, you *can* find any dim fear of God, or any languid love of Christ, mixed in the dregs of you.—then, for God's sake, learn at least what prayer means, from Hezekiah and Isaiah, and not from the last cockney curly-tailed puppy who yaps and snaps in the ‘Nineteenth Century,’*—and for Christ's sake, learn what alms mean, from the Lord who gave you His Life, and not from the lady patronesses of the last charity ball.

Learn what these mean, Judasian Dives, if it may be,—while Lazarus yet lies among the dogs,—while yet there is no gulf fixed between you and the heavens,—while yet the stars in their courses do not *forbid* you to think their Guide is mindful of you. For truly the day is coming of which Isaiah told—“The sinners in Zion are afraid ; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the

* Nevertheless, I perceive at last a change coming over the spirit of our practical literature, and commend all the recent papers by Lord Blackford, Mr. Oxenham, Mr. Mallock, and Mr. Hewlett, very earnestly to my own readers' attention.

devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" And the day of which he told is coming, also, when the granaries of the plains of heaven, and the meres of its everlasting hills, shall be opened, and poured forth for its children; and the bread shall be given, and the water shall be sure, for him "that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly—that despiseth the gain of oppressions—that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes—that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil. He shall dwell on high—his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks." Yea, blessing, beyond all blessing in the love of mortal friend, or the light of native land,—“Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the Land that is far away.”

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

Prospering. The Companions must take this brief statement, for once, with as much faith as if it were the chairman's of an insolvent railway, for I have no space to tell them more.

II. Affairs of the Master.

Too many for him: and it is quite certain he can't continue to ride so many horses at once, or keep so many balls in the air. All that he thinks it needful, in this Fors, to say, is that, whatever he may cease hope of doing, he will not fail from St. George's work, as long as he has strength for any work at all.

III. I give a general answer to the following letter, asking my correspondent's pardon for anything which may seem severe, or inapplicable, in his own special case. There are also, I fear, one or two words misprinted or misplaced in the letter—but I have carelessly lost the MS., and cannot correct.

“Dear Sir,—I venture to address you upon a matter that concerns me very much—viz., the leisure time of my existence. Nine hours of each day are taken up as employer (sedentary business); three hours of which, perhaps, working myself. One hour and a half, each, devoted to the study of music and drawing or painting. Five hours yet remaining walking to or from business, meals, physical exercise,—this last of the usual gymnastic useless pattern.

“I cannot but think that there must be many others like situated—perhaps *compelled* to plunge with the stream of the questionable morality of modern commerce, or in other various ways making it utterly impossible, during that portion of the day, to follow out the life you teach us to live,—yet who feel and desire that that portion of day they can really call their own, should be spent in a true rounded manly development, and as far as may be in harmony with that which is eternally right. I do not know of any prescribed detail you have made with special reference to this compromised class, and this is the only excuse I can offer for writing to you—you that are the source of all that I feel deepest in religion and morality: fathom it I cannot, yet feel deeper and stronger each succeeding year, all that I love in nature and art I owe to you; and this debt of gratitude has made me bold to try and make it greater.

“Ever gratefully yours.”

If we know there is a God, and mean to please Him, or if even (which is the utmost we can generally say, for the best of our faith, if we think

there is so much hope, or danger, of there being a God as to make it prudent in us to try to discover whether there be or not, in the only way He has allowed us to ascertain the fact, namely, doing as we have heard that He has bidden us,) we may be sure He can never be pleased by the form of compromise with circumstances, that all the business of our day shall be wrong, on the principle of sacrificial atonement, that the play of it shall be right;—or perhaps not even that *quite* right, but in my correspondent's cautious phrase, only "as far as may be, in harmony with what is right."

Now the business 'necessities' of the present day are the precise form of idolatry which is, at the present day, *crucially* forbidden by Christ; precisely as falling down to worship graven images, or eating meat offered to idols, was *crucially* forbidden in earlier times. And it is by enduring the persecution, or death, which may be implied in abandoning 'business necessities' that the Faith of the Believer, whether in the God of the Jew or Christian, must be *now* tried and proved.

But in order to make such endurance possible, of course our side must be openly taken, and our companions in the cause known; this being also needful, that our act may have the essential virtue of Witness-dom, or as we idly translate it, Martyr-dom.

This is the practical reason for joining a guild, and signing at least the Creed of St. George, which is so worded as to be acceptable by all who are resolved to serve God, and withdraw from idolatry.*

But for the immediate question in my correspondent's case—

First. Keep a working man's dress at the office, and always walk home and return in it; so as to be able to put your hand to anything that is useful. Instead of the fashionable vanities of competitive gymnastics, learn common forge work, and to plane and saw well;—then, if you find in the city you live in, that everything which human hands and arms are able, and human mind willing, to do, of pulling, pushing, carrying, making, or cleaning—(see in last Fors the vulgar schoolmistress's notion of the civilization implied in a mechanical broom)—is done by machinery,—you will come clearly to understand, what I have never been able yet to beat, with any quantity of *verbal* hammering, into my readers' heads,—that, as long as living breath-engines, and their glorious souls and muscles, stand idle in the streets, to dig coal out of pits to drive dead steam-engines, is an absurdity, waste, and wickedness, for which—I am bankrupt in terms of contempt,—and politely finish my paragraph—"My brethren, these things ought not so to be."

Secondly. Of simple exercises, learn to walk and run at the utmost speed consistent with health: do this by always going at the quickest pace you can in the streets, and by steadily, though minutely, increasing your pace over a trial piece of ground, every day. Learn also dancing, with extreme precision; and wrestling, if you have any likely strength; in summer, also

* The magnificent cheat which the Devil played on the Protestant sect, from Knox downwards, in making them imagine that Papists were disbelieving idolaters, and thus entirely effacing all spiritual meaning from the word 'idolatry,' was the consummation of his great victory over the Christian Church, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries,

rowing in sea-boats; or barge-work, on calm water; and, in winter, (with skating of course,) quarterstaff and sword-exercise.

IV. The following extract from the report of the Howard Association is of great value and importance:—

“*INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION versus CRIME.*—Several years ago the Secretary of the Howard Association, having to visit the chief prisons of Holland and Belgium, took occasion to notice other social institutions of those countries, and on his return to England invited attention (in many newspapers) to the very useful tendency of the cheap technical schools of Holland, for the industrial training of poor children. Many circumstances indicate that public and legislative attention is more than ever needed to this question. For the extension of intellectual teaching through the ‘Board Schools,’ valuable as it is, has not, as yet, been accompanied by an adequate popular conviction that mere head knowledge, apart from *handicraft* skill, is a very one-sided aspect of education, and if separated from the latter, may in general be compared to rowing a boat with one oar. (Far worse than that, to loading it with rubbish till it sinks.—J. R.) Indeed, popular intellectual education, if separated from its two essential complements—*religious* and *industrial* training—is an engine fraught with terrible mischief.

“An instructive leading article in the ‘Hull Packet’ (of May 11th, 1877) complains of a great increase of juvenile crime in that large town, where, at times, the spectacle has been witnessed of ‘gangs of young thieves lining the front of the dock, several of them so small that they had to be placed upon a box or stool to enable the magistrates to see them.’ *And the crimes of those children are not only more numerous but more serious than formerly.* The Editor adds, ‘*It is singular that the rapid increase should date from the time that the Education Act came into force.*’ *Here again is indicated the necessity for manual training in addition to head knowledge.**

“In connection with *industrial* education, it may also be mentioned that during the year a veteran member of this Association, ex-Sheriff Watson (of Ratho, N. B.) has published a pamphlet, ‘Pauperism and Industrial Education in Aberdeenshire’ (Blackwood), in which he shows that a very remarkable diminution of crime and pauperism has taken place in that particular county as compared with the rest of Scotland, owing mainly to *industrial* day schools. The children came from their own homes at seven or eight o’clock a.m.; had breakfast, dinner, and supper; were employed three hours daily in learning, and religious instruction, and five hours in *manual industry*, and returned to their own homes at night. It is stated, ‘When all these elements are combined and skilfully applied, success is certain. *When any one of them is left out, failure is equally sure.*’

(I do not quite know what the writer means by ‘learning’ in this passage. But I can assure him, whatever he means by it, *that* element may be left out harmlessly, if only the child be taught good manners, religious faith, and manual skill.—J. R.)

V. I have not time, alas, to comment on the following two letters; except only to say that the introductory one is from a Companion of the Guild; and that the introduced one is the most extraordinary testimony to the practical powers of children, rightly educated, which I have ever seen or heard of. Here is little Hercules, again visible to us in his cradle, and no more in myth, but a living symbol! If any practical reader should be too much pained by the sentimental names of the children, let him read, to

* Italics mine.

refresh himself, the unsentimental oration of the 'Scotsman' in the last article of our Correspondence,

"24th July, 1877.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—When Mr. Ward was here the other evening, we were reading a letter from a cousin of ours who has been several years in California; and he said he thought you would like it for Fors; so I send some extracts—more perhaps than are suitable for Fors,—but I thought you might like to see them. The gentleman was an English doctor, and practised for many years in Ceylon, and has been almost all over the world. He married a gentle, well-educated English lady, and they have seven children. 'Neece's' name is 'Irene Dolores;' the boy they call 'Buddha' is 'Everest,' after the highest mountain in Hindostan. 'Nannie' is 'Ianthé.' Every word of the letter is true, for 'Gus' couldn't exaggerate or prevaricate in the slightest possible degree.

Ever yours sincerely."

"15th May, 1877.

"I am running two farms, about four miles apart—one with goats (Angora), and the other grain, sheep, and pigs. My time is at present entirely occupied, and all of us are busy all the time. Percy and Nannie herd the goats just now, and will have to, for another month, as they are kidding, and we are milking them. We have about 222 goats, all the Angoras which produce mohair. They are the most beautiful creatures you ever saw. Percy is only five, yet he killed a rattlesnake a few days ago, about four feet long, and as big as my arm: it was as much as he could carry with both hands, when he brought it home in triumph. Nannie nearly trod on it, and he killed it for her. I can't afford to get the children boots, so they are obliged to look out sharp for snakes. Buddha trod on an enormous rattlesnake the other day, but his naked foot did not hurt it, so it did not bite him.

"On the other farm I have about 400 merino sheep and 70 hogs. The children all have their work to do. Percy, Nannie, and Buddha herd goats. Zoe and Neece look after the baby and the younger children, and dress and wash them, lay the table, help cook, and wash dishes; and the mother makes all our clothes. We live roughly, but we have plenty to eat and drink. All our plans as to coming home are knocked on the head, and I have determined not to entertain the idea again, but to settle down here for good. Farming is slow work, but we shall get on in time; and if we don't, the boys will. We will educate them the best we can, and I don't think much of education or civilization anyhow. Zoe is learning the violin, and I shall buy a zithern for Neece. All the children have an excellent ear for music, and Zoe bids fair to have a very fine voice. The boys will have been brought up to this sort of farming, and will have a good chance to get on, I think. For a man with a lot of children, Cala is the best place. I don't wish to have anything more to do with medicine,—it's all a big humbug. For the most part farming is honest;—anyhow, at least it's possible to be an honest farmer.

"I am just about to enlarge the house. The climate is the best in the world. We live very roughly, and perhaps a little slovenly: but we have lots to eat and drink,—three good square meals every day; and after this year shall have fruit.

"I believe we are fixtures here now; indeed I mean to dig me a grave on the top of our hill, so as to get as near to heaven as possible.

"I think, on the whole, the kids will have a better chance here than at home.* Besides, the times will be bad at home now. You are drifting into a

* Very certainly, my friend;—but what is the chance of home, if all the kids good for anything are in California?

terrible war, in the course of which England will lose India, I think,—not altogether directly by Russia, but by revolt of the natives.”

VI. A letter of deep import from my old friend and correspondent in ‘Time and Tide,’ Mr. Dixon. It shall be commented on at length in next Fors; meantime, I commend with sternest ratification, to all my readers, Mr. George Mitchell’s letter in the ‘Builder’ for August 25th of this year.

“15 SUNDERLAND STREET, SUNDERLAND, 15th Sept., 1877.

“Dear Sir,—I omitted in my last to inform you that the new Labour League of America is a revival of the old ideas that were promulgated by the Anabaptists in the time of Luther, in Germany, in the Peasants’ War, and then again by the French Revolutionists, 1789. The leader Schwab is one of the leaders of the ‘Internationalists’ who figured in the Paris Commune days. A very good summary of their ideas and plans was given in a series of articles in ‘Fraser’s Magazine’ a few years ago. I possess several of their programmes, though of late I have heard very little of them. I enclose a cutting respecting their Congress this year on the Continent.

“I will try to procure something of more detail, for I am very deeply interested in this organization, though I do not agree with all the principles they advocate. I see in it a great principle for the good of the working classes if it was rightly and justly conducted. It aims to unite the working classes of every country in one bond of universal brotherhood. It is opposed to war, strikes, and all such like combinations having *force* as the principal means of attaining the amelioration of the evils they suffer from. The original ideas were of a simple, gradual, progressive character, but ultimated in the fierce rabid actions that stained the Commune in Paris, the result of being led by fierce wild men. In a novel entitled ‘The Universalist,’ is a very good account of their aims, only it is coloured with a novelist’s romantic way of depicting such matters.

“If you care for more respecting them, I can, I think, send you some particulars. I enclose you Bright’s speech at Manchester, which seems not so jubilant as he used to be of the progress of our people: his allusion to Venice seemed akin to some thoughts of yours, so thought would interest you; also his allusion to the Indian Famine, and our neglect of our duty to these people.

“Was the leisure of the Greeks not due to the hard work of the helots and slaves they had? Is *our* leisure, or rather the leisure of our rich people, not due to the work done by our workpeople? Just think of the leisure of our people,—think of the idle lives of the daughters of our tradespeople: it seems to me there is more leisure enjoyed now by our people than ever was enjoyed by any people—I mean the rich and trading classes.

“When I visit the houses of our trading classes I feel amazed to see the gradual change in their circumstances within these few years,—the style of life they live, the servants they keep, the almost idle lives of their sons and daughters. Then see the way in which we live,—how different to the simple style of our forefathers! If our lives were simpler, if we all had to labour somewhat like our old people, then how different it would be!

“Yours respectfully,

“THOMAS DIXON.”

Well said, my old friend: but you must not confuse fevered idleness with leisure.

All questions raised either by my Manchester or Newcastle correspondent, respecting our want or possession of leisure, are answered by the following short extract from Plato:—

"*The Athenian*. Do we then all recognize the reason why, in our cities, such noble choirs and exercise have all but passed away;—or shall we only say that it is because of the ignorance of the people and their legislators?"

"*The Cretan*. Perhaps so.

"*A*. Ah no, you too simple Cleinias! there are two other causes; and causes enough they are, too.

"*C*. Which mean you?"

"*A*. The first, the love of riches, leaving no moment of leisure" (making all Time leisureless) "to care about anything but one's own possessions, upon which the soul of every citizen being suspended, cannot contain any other thought but of his daily gain. And whatever knowledge or skill may conduce to such gain,—*that*, he is most ready in private to learn and practice; but mocks at every other. Here then is one of the causes we look for, that no one cares any more to be earnest in any good or honourable thing; but every man, in insatiable thirst for gold and silver, will submit himself to any art or trick if only he can grow rich by it, and do any deed,—be it holy, be it profane, or be it utterly vile,—reluctant at nothing, if only he may get the power, like a beast, to eat and drink his fill of every kind, and fulfil to the uttermost all his lusts."—*Laws*, VIII. 351. 20 (831).

VII. The following public voice of the New Town of Edinburgh, on the 'inevitable' in Scotland, may perhaps enable some of my readers to understand at last when I said, seven years ago, that I should like to destroy the New Town of Edinburgh;—namely, because I loved the Old one,—and the better Burg that shall be for ever.

I have yet one other modern oration to set beside this; and then I will say my say of both.

"A letter which we print elsewhere, written by an able practical farmer, appeals strongly to the Highland and Agricultural Society to do something 'to stay the plague of depopulation of men and valuable live-stock, and to dislodge the wild beasts and birds which have been the cause of so much injury to Scottish agriculture.' The request will seem, on the face of it, to be strange, if not unintelligible, seeing that there are more people in Scotland now than ever there were before, and that Scottish agriculture, judged by what it brings to market, produces more than ever it did. A perusal of the whole of the letter, however, will show what it is that the writer means. He has been looking at a farm, or what used to be a sheep farm, somewhere in the north, and he finds that it is now given up to game. The land was, he says, thirty or forty years ago divided into four or five average sized farms, each having tenants, and carefully cultivated in the lower lying parts, while on the hills cattle and sheep fed. Altogether these farms afforded a 'livelihood to quiet and industrious tenants and peasants, giving the owners fair rentals, with certainty of advance by judicious outlay in permanent improvements.' Now all this is changed. There are no men, horses, cattle, or sheep, only game. The sheep-drains are choked, and the lands are boggy. This, then, is what the writer means by depopulation, and by injury to Scottish agriculture. Of course he sees in it great national injury in the shape of limitation of the area of land fitted for agriculture, and in the lessening of the meat supply, and, as we have said, he calls upon the Highland and Agricultural Society to do something to bring back the people and the farms.

"The question will naturally be asked, What can the Highland and Agricultural Society do? Perhaps, too, most people will ask, Ought it to do anything? The writer of the letter is laudably anxious for the extension and improvement of the business in which he is engaged, and he regards the afforesting of sheep land as a great offence. But can it be so regarded

by the Highland and Agricultural Society, or by the country generally? It may be that many of us would think the land better used as a sheep farm than as a game forest; but that is not the question. *What the landlord has had to decide* has been how to make the most profitable use of his property, and he has apparently found that he could make more of it for sporting purposes than he could for farming. 'There's a greater interest at stake than the sheep farmer,' said the gamekeeper to our correspondent, who adds that 'you discover that some wealthy Cockney pays more for six weeks blowing off powder and shot than the sheep farmer can pay for a whole year. Well, that is the whole question in a nutshell—the land lets for more to the sportsman than to the farmer. *What would be thought of the landlord* as a man of business if he did not let his land in the best market? Our correspondent would think it hard if anybody sought to place restrictions upon the sale of his produce. The people who denounce all intoxicating liquors are in the habit of showing that the consumption of barley in breweries and distilleries is an enormous abstraction from the food of the people for purposes which have no value—nay, which they assert are positively injurious. What would our correspondent think if it was proposed to compel him to grow less barley or to sell his barley for other purposes than brewing or distillation? He would say, and rightly, that it was a grossly improper interference with his right to make the most of his business; yet it would really be no worse in principle than what he virtually proposes in the case of landlords. To say that they must not let their lands for sporting purposes, and that they must let it for agriculture, would be a limitation of their market exactly the same in principle, and proportionately the same in effect, as a law preventing farmers from selling their barley to brewers, and compelling them to use it or sell it only for the feeding of cattle. The mistake of supposing that landlords ought to have some peculiar economic principles applied to them in the sense of restricting the use to which they shall put their land is common enough, but the reasons given are, as a rule, *sentimental* rather than practical. It may be said that the complaint of our correspondent as to the abstraction of land from agriculture, and the consequent lessening of the supply of food, is practical. In the same sense so is the complaint of the total abstainers as to barley, and so would be an objection to the sale or feuing of land for building purposes; but they are not convincing. In the neighbourhood of every great town many acres of land that would have produced food have been covered with buildings; ought the extension of towns, therefore, to be prohibited by law?

"The depopulation of the country districts is a favourite theme with *sentimental* people, who will persist in fighting against the inevitable, and speaking of that as a crime which is in fact the operation of a *natural law*. (1) Like our correspondent, they draw loving pictures of small farms and numerous tenants, giving the impression that when these could be seen, the times were blissful and the nation strong. According to these theorists, not only were the farmers and peasantry numerous, but they were happy, contented, and prosperous; and now they are all gone, to the injury of the country. If the picture were in all respects faithful, it would not show that any action to prevent the change would have been possible or successful. It is as certain as anything can be that so long as better wages and better living are to be got in towns, working people will not stay in the country. Census returns show that while the population of the rural districts is steadily decreasing, that of the towns is as steadily and rapidly increasing; the reason being that people can earn more in towns than they can in the country. Nor is that all. It cannot be doubted that the tendency to throw several small farms into a single large one, while it has helped the decrease of the population, has largely increased the quantity of food produced. The crofter's life alternated between barely enough and starvation. It was rare that he could

get before the world. His means being small, he could not cultivate his land to advantage, and what he did cost him heavily. He had to do wearily and wastefully what the large farmer can do with ease and economically. No doubt many of the crofters clung to their mode of life—they knew no other. But with the spread of railways, the increase of steamboats, the opening of roads, and the accessibility of newspapers, they learned to change their opinions, as they discovered that they could shake off their misery and live comparatively well without half the anxiety or actual labour that accompanied their life of semi-starvation. It would probably be found that, in the cases where changes were made by compulsion and by wholesale, the people who were sent away are now highly grateful for what was done. Whether that be the case or not, however, it is certain that what is called the depopulation of the country districts will go on as long as the towns offer greater inducements to the people. It seems to be thought not only that landlords ought to be compelled to let their land in small farms, but that some people should be compelled to occupy them. That is the logical inference from the complaints that are made, and it is enough to state it to show its absurdity. Nothing of the kind is or ought to be possible. Land and its cultivation must be on a perfectly business footing if there is to be real progress and if no injustice is to be done. The people who complain of depopulation are not, as a rule, those whose lot in having to leave their patches of land is thought to be so hard, but theorists and sentimentalists who, if they could have their way, would inflict terrible evils upon the country. It is not meant that our correspondent is one of these. He probably talks of depopulation rather as a fashion of speaking than as advancing a theory, or because he is actuated by a sentiment. He is a farmer, and does not like to see a farm become a forest; that is why he complains. Yet he would no doubt admit that every man is entitled to do the best he can for himself provided he does no injury to others. That is a rule which he would insist upon in his own case, and properly; and he will find it very difficult to show cause why it should not also be applied to crofters and landlords.”—*Scotsman*, 20th June, 1877.

LETTER LXXXIII.

“WAS the leisure of the Greeks not owing to the hard work of the helots and slaves they had?” asked my old friend, Thomas Dixon, in his letter given last month.

Yes, truly, good labourer; nor the Greeks’ leisure only, but also—if we are to call it leisure—that of the rich and powerful of this world, since this world began. And more and more I perceive, as my old age opens to me the deeper secrets of human life, that the true story and strength of that world are the story and strength of these helots and slaves; and only its fiction and feebleness in the idleness of those who feed on them:—which fiction and feebleness, with all their cruelty and sensuality, filling the cup of the fornication of the kings of the earth now to the lip, must be, in no long time now, poured out upon the earth; and the cause of the poor judged by the King who shall reign in righteousness. For all these petty struggles of the past, of which you write to me, are but the scudding clouds and first wailing winds, of the storm which must be as the sheet lightning—from one part of heaven to the other,—“So also shall the coming of the Son of Man be.”

Only the first scudding clouds, I say,—these hitherto seditions: for, as yet, they have only been of the ambitious, or the ignorant; and only against tyrannous men: so that they ended, if successful, in mere ruinous license; and if they failed, were trampled out in blood: but *now*, the ranks are gathering. on the one side, of men rightly informed, and meaning to seek redress by lawful and honourable means only; and, on the other, of men capable of compassion, and open to reason, but with personal interests at stake so vast, and with all the gear and mechanism of their acts so involved in the web of past iniquity, that the best of them are helpless, and the wisest blind.

No debate, on such terms, and on such scale, has yet divided the nations; nor can any wisdom foresee the sorrow, or the glory, of its decision. One thing only we know, that in this contest, assuredly, the victory cannot be by violence; that every conquest under the Prince of War retards the standards of the Prince of Peace; and that every good servant must abide his Master's coming in the patience, not the refusal, of his daily labour.

Patiently, and humbly, I resume my own, not knowing whether shall prosper—either this or that; caring only that, in so far as it reaches and remains, it may be faithful and true.

Following the best order I can in my notes,—interrupted by the Bishop's sermon in last letter,—I take, next, Plato's description of the duties of the third choir, namely that of men between the ages of thirty and sixty; VII. 316, 9. (S12).

“We said, then, that the sixty-years-old singers in the service of Dionysus should be, beyond other men, gifted with fine sense of rhythm, and of the meetings together of harmonies; so that, being able to choose, out of imitative melody, what is well and ill represented of the soul in its passion, and well discerning the picture of the evil spirit from the picture of the good, they may cast away that which has in it the likeness of evil, and bring forward into the midst that which has the likeness of good; and hymn and sing *that* into the souls of the young, calling them forth to pursue the possession of virtue, by means of such likenesses. And for this reason the sounds of the lyre ought to be used for the sake of clearness in the chords;* the master and pupil keeping both their voices in one note together with the chord: but the changes of the voice and variety of the lyre, the chords giving one tune, and the poet another melody, and the oppositions of many notes to few, and of slow to swift, sometimes in symphony, sometimes in antiphony, the rhythm of the song also in every sort of complication inlaying itself among the sounds of the lyre,—with

* ‘Chord,’ in the Greek use, means only one of the strings of the instrument, not a concord of notes. The lyre is used instead of the flute, that the music may be subordinate always to the words.

all this, the pupils who have to learn what is useful of music in only three years, must have nothing to do: for things opposed, confusing each other, are difficult to learn: and youth, as far as possible, should be set at ease in learning.”*

I think this passage alone may show the reader that the Greeks knew more of music than modern orchestral fiddlers fancy. For the essential work of Stradinarius, in substituting the violin for the lyre and harp, was twofold. Thenceforward, (A) instrumental music became the captain instead of the servant of the voice; and (B) skill of instrumental music, as so developed, became impossible in the ordinary education of a gentleman. So that, since his time, old King Cole has called for his fiddlers three, and Squire Western sent Sophia to the harpsichord when he was drunk: but of souls won by Orpheus, or cities built by Amphion, we hear no more.

Now the reader must carefully learn the meanings of the—no fewer than seven—distinct musical terms used by Plato in the passages just given. The word I have translated ‘changes of the voice’ is in the Greek, technical,—‘heterophony’; and we have besides, rhythm, harmony, tune, melody, symphony, and antiphony,

Of these terms ‘rhythm’ means essentially the time and metre; ‘harmony’ the fixed relation of any high note to any low one; † ‘tune’ the air given by the instrument; ‘melody’ the air given by the voice; ‘symphony’ the concord of the voice with the instrument, or with companion voices; ‘dia-

* Not by having smooth or level roads made for it, but by being plainly shown, and steadily cheered in; the rough and steep.

† The apparently vague use of the word ‘harmony’ by the Greeks is founded on their perception that there is just as fixed a relation of influence on each other between high and low notes following in a well-composed melody as when they are sounded together in a single chord. That is to say, the notes in their assigned sequence relatively increase the pleasure with which each is heard, and in that manner act ‘harmoniously,’ though not heard at the same instant. But the definition of the mingled chord is perfect in II. 539, 3. (665). “And to the order” (time) “of motion the name ‘rhythm’ is given, and to the mingling of high and low in sound, the name of ‘harmony,’ and the unison of both these we call ‘choreia.’”

phony' their discord; 'antiphony' their opposition; and 'heterophony' their change.

And it will do more for us than merely fasten the sense of the terms, if we now re-read in last Fors the passage (page 206) respecting the symphony of acquired reason with rightly compelled affection; and then those following pieces respecting their diaphony, from an earlier part of the Laws, III. 39, 8. (688), where the concordant verdict of thought and heart is first spoken of as the ruling virtue of the four cardinal; namely, "Prudence, with true conception and true opinion, and the loves and desires that follow on these. For indeed, the Word * returns to the same point, and what I said before, (if you will have it so, half in play,) now I say again in true earnest, that prayer itself is deadly on the lips of a fool, unless he would pray that God would give him the contrary of his desires. And truly you will discern, if you follow out the Word in its fulness, that the ruin of the Doric cities never came on them because of cowardice, nor because their kings knew not how to make war; but because they knew not nobler human things, and were indeed ignorant with the greatest and fatallest of ignorances. And the greatest of ignorances, if you will have me tell it you, is this: when a man, judging truly of what is honourable and good, yet loves it not, but hates it, and loves and caresses with his soul what he perceives to be base and unjust,—this diaphony of his pain and pleasure with the rational verdict of his intellect, I call the last of ignorances; and the greatest, because it is in the multitude of the soul's thoughts."†

Presently afterwards—though I do not, because of the introduction of other subjects in the sentence, go on translating—

* I write 'Word' (Logos) with the capital initial when it stands in the original for the 'entire course of reasoning,' since to substitute this long phrase would weaken the sentences fatally. But no mystic or divine sense is attached to the term 'Logos' in these places.

† Note David, of the contrary state—

"In the *multitude* of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts *delight* my soul."

this same ignorance is called the 'out-of-tune-est' of all; there being scarcely a word in Greek social philosophy which has not reference to musical law; and scarcely a word in Greek musical science which has not understood reference to social law.

So that in final definition—(II. 562, 17. (673)—“The whole Choreia is whole child-education for us, consisting, as we have seen, in the rhythms and harmonies which belong to sound, (for as there is a rhythm in the movement of the body, so there is a rhythm in the movement of sound, and the movement of sound we call tune). And *the movement of sound, so as to reach the soul for the education of it in virtue,* (we know not how,) we call **MUSIC.**”

You see from this most important passage that the Greeks only called 'Music' the kind of sound which induced right moral feeling, (“they knew not *how*,” but they knew it *did*), and any other kind of sound than that, however beautiful to the ear or scientific in composition, they did not call 'Music' (exercise under the Muses), but 'Amusia,'—the denial, or desolation for want, of the Muses. Word now become of wide use in modern society; most accurately, as the Fates have ordained, yet by an equivocation in language; for the old French verb 'muser,' 'to think in a dreamy manner,' came from the Latin 'musso,' 'to speak low,' or whisper, and not from the Greek word 'muse.' But it once having taken the meaning of meditation, 'a-muser,' 'to dispel musing,' became a verb very dear to generations of men whom any manner of thoughtfulness tormented; and,—such their way of life—could not but torment: whence the modern 'amusement' has practically established itself as equivalent to the Greek 'amusia.'

The Greek himself, however, did not express his idea fully in language, but only in myth. His 'amusia' does not mean properly the opposing delightfulness, but only the interruption, and violation, of musical art. The proper word for the opposed delightful art would have been 'sirenic;' but he was content in the visionary symbol, and did not need the word, for the disciples of the Sirens of course asserted their songs to be Music as much as the disciples of the Muses. First, therefore,

take this following passage respecting the violation of music, and then we will go on to consider its opposition.

III. 47, 10. (690). “For now, indeed, we have traced such a fountain of seditions as well needs healing; and first consider, in this matter, how, and against what, the kings of Argos and Messene sinned, when they destroyed at once themselves and the power of the Greeks, marvellous great as it was in their time. Was not their sin that they refused to acknowledge the utter rightness of Hesiod in his saying that ‘the half is often more than the whole?’ For, when to take the whole is mischievous, but the half, a measured and moderated good, then the measured good is more than the unmeasured, as better is more than worse.

“*The Cretan.* It is a most right and wise saying.

“*The Athenian.* Whether, then, are we to think, of the kings, that it was this error in *their* hearts that in each several case destroyed them, or that the mischief entered first into the heart of the people?”

“*The Cretan.* In all likelihood, for the most part, the disease was in the kings, living proudly because of luxury.

“*The Athenian.* Is it not evident, as well as likely, that the kings first fell into this guilt of grasping at more than the established laws gave them: and with what by speech and oath they had approved, they kept no symphony in act; and their diaphony, as we said, being indeed the uttermost ignorance, yet seeming wisdom, through breaking of tune and sharp amusia, destroyed all those noble things?”

Now in applying this great sentence of Plato’s to the parallel time in England, when her kings “kept no symphony in act with what by word and oath they had approved,” and so destroyed at once themselves and the English power, “marvellous great as it was in their time”—the ‘sharp amusia’ of Charles I. and his Cavaliers was indeed in grasping at more than the established laws gave them; but an entirely contrary—or, one might technically call it, ‘flat amusia’—met it on the other side, and ruined Cromwell and his Roundheads. Of which flat or dead amusia Plato had seen no instance, and could not

imagine it; and for the laying bare its root, we must seek to the truest philosopher of our own days, from whose good company I have too long kept the reader,—Walter Scott.

When he was sitting to Northcote, (who told the story to my father, not once nor twice, but I think it is in Hazlitt's conversations of Northcote also,) the old painter, speaking with a painter's wonder of the intricate design of the Waverley Novels, said that one chief source of his delight in them was that "he never knew what was coming."

"Nor I neither," answered Sir Walter.

Now this reply, though of course partly playful, and made for the sake of its momentary point, was deeply true, in a sense which Sir Walter himself was not conscious of. He was conscious of it only as a weakness,—not as a strength. His beautiful confession of it as a weakness is here in my bookcase behind me, written in his own hand, in the introduction to the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' I take it reverently down, and copy it from the dear old manuscript, written as it is at temperate speed, the letters all perfectly formed, but with no loss of time in dotting *i*'s, crossing *t*'s, writing mute *e*'s in past participles, or in punctuation; the current dash and full period alone being used. I copy with scrupulous care, adding no stop where stop is not.

"*Captain*" (Clutterbuck) "Respect for yourself then ought to teach caution—"

Author. Aye if caution could augment my title to success—But to confess to you the truth the books and passages in which I have succeeded have uniformly been written with the greatest rapidity and when I have seen some of these placed in opposition with others and commended as more highly finished I could appeal to pen and standish that those in which I have come feebly off were by much the more labour'd. I have not been fool enough to neglect ordinary precautions. I have laid down my work to scale divided it into volumes and chapters and endeavour'd to construct a story which should evolve itself gradually and strikingly maintain suspense and stimulate curiosity and finally terminate in a striking catastrophe—But

I think there is a dæmon which seats himself upon the feather of my pen when I begin to write and guides* leads it astray from the purpose Characters expand under my hand incidents are multiplied the story lingers while the materials increase—my regular mansion turns out a Gothic anomaly and the work is done long before I have attained the end I proposed.

Captain. Resolution and determined forbearance might remedy that evil.

Author. Alas my dear Sir you do not know the fever of paternal affection—When I light on such a character as Baillie Jarvie or Dalgety my imagination brightens and my conception becomes clearer at every step which I make in his company although it leads me many a weary mile away from the regular road and forces me to leap hedge and ditch to get back into the route again—†

If I resist the temptation as you advise me my thoughts become prosy flat and dull I write painfully to myself and under a consciousness of flagging which makes me flag—the sunshine with which fancy had invested the incidents departs from them and leaves everything flat and gloomy—I am no more the same author than the dog in a wheel condemn'd to go round and round for hours is like the same dog merrily chasing his own tail and gamboling in all the frolic of freedom—In short I think I am bewitch'd—

Captain Nay Sir if you plead sorcery there is no more to be said ”

Alas, he did but half know how truly he had right to plead sorcery, feeling the witchcraft, yet not believing in it, nor knowing that it was indeed an angel that guided, not a dæmon, (I am forced for once to use with him the Greek word in its Presbyterian sense) that misled his hand, as it wrote in gladness the fast-coming fancies. For truly in that involuntary vision was the true ‘design,’ and Scott’s work differs from all

* The only word altered in the whole passage, and that on the instant.

† The closing passage of the author’s paragraph, down to ‘bewitch’d,’ is an addition on the lateral leaf.

other modern fiction by its exquisiteness of art, precisely *because* he did not 'know what was coming.' For, as I have a thousand times before asserted—though hitherto always in vain,—no great composition was ever produced by composing, nor by arranging chapters and dividing volumes; but only with the same heavenly involuntariness in which a bird builds her nest. And among the other virtues of the great classic masters, this of enchanted Design is of all the least visible to the present apothecary mind: for although, when I first gave analysis of the inventive power in 'Modern Painters,' I was best able to illustrate its combining method by showing that "there was something like it in chemistry," it is precisely what *is* like it in chemistry, that the chemist of to-day denies.

But one farther great, and greatest, sign of the Divinity in this enchanted work of the classic masters, I did not then assert,—for, indeed, I had not then myself discerned it,—namely, that this power of noble composition is never given but with accompanying instinct of moral law; and that so severe, that the apparently too complete and ideal justice which it proclaims has received universally the name of 'poetical' justice—the justice conceived only by the men of consummate imaginative power. So that to say of any man that he has power of design, is at once to say of him that he is using it on God's side; for it can only have been taught him by that Master, and cannot be taught by the use of it against Him. And therefore every great composition in the world, every great piece of painting or literature—without any exception, from the birth of Man to this hour—is an assertion of moral law, as strict, when we examine it, as the Eumenides or the Divina Commedia; while the total collapse of all power of artistic design in Italy at this day has been signalized and sealed by the production of an epic poem in praise of the Devil, and in declaration that God is a malignant 'Larva.'*

And this so-called poetical justice, asserted by the great designers, consists not only in the gracing of virtue with her own

* A highly laudatory review of this work, in two successive parts, will be found in the columns of the Venetian Journal 'Il Tempo,' in the winter of 1876-77.

proper rewards of mental peace and spiritual victory ; but in the proportioning also of worldly prosperity to visible virtue ; and the manifestation, therefore, of the presence of the Father in this world, no less than in that which is to come. So that, if the life-work of any man of unquestioned genius does not assert this visible justice, but, on the contrary, exhibits good and gentle persons in unredeemed distress or destruction,—that work will invariably be found to show no power of design ; but to be merely the consecutive collection of interesting circumstances well described, as continually the best work of Balzac, George Sand, and other good novelists of the second order. In some separate pieces, the great masters will indeed exhibit the darkest mystery of human fate, but never without showing, even then, that the catastrophe is owing in the root of it to the violation of some moral law : “ *She hath deceived her father,—and may thee.*” The root of the entire tragedy is marked by the mighty master in that one line—the double sin, namely, of daughter and father ; of the first in too lawlessly forgetting her own people, and her father’s house ; and of the second, in allowing his pride and selfishness to conquer his paternal love, and harden him, not only in abandonment of his paternal duty, but in calumnious insult to his child. Nor, even thus, is Shakspeare content without marking, in the name of the victim of Evil Fortune, his purpose in the tragedy, of showing that there *is* such a thing as Destiny, permitted to veil the otherwise clear Providence, and to leave it only to be found by noble Will, and proved by noble Faith.

Although always, in reading Scott, one thinks the story one has last finished, the best, there can be little question that the one which has right of pre-eminence is the ‘Heart of Midlothian,’ being devoted to the portraiture of the purest life, and most vital religion, of his native country.

It is also the most distinct in its assertion of the moral law ; the assignment of earthly reward and punishment being, in this story, as accurately proportioned to the degrees of virtue and vice as the lights and shades of a photograph to the force of the rays. The absolute truth and faith of Jeanie make the

suffering through which she has to pass the ultimate cause of an entirely prosperous and peaceful life for herself, her father, and her lover: the falsehood and vanity of Effie prepare for her a life of falsehood and vanity: the pride of David Deans is made the chief instrument of his humiliation; and the self-confidence which separated him from true fellowship with his brother-Christians, becomes the cause of his eternal separation from his child.

Also, there is no other analysis of the good and evil of the pure Protestant faith which can be for a moment compared to that in the 'Heart of Midlothian,' showing that in an entirely simple, strong, and modest soul, it brings forth fruit of all good works and kindly thoughts; but that, when it meets with innate pride, and the unconquerable selfishness which comes from want of sympathy, it leads into ludicrous and fatal self-worship, mercilessness to the errors, whether in thought or conduct, of others; and blindness to the teaching of God Himself, where it is contrary to the devotee's own habits of thought. There is no other form of the Christian religion which so insolently ignores all Scripture that makes against it, or gathers with so passionate and irrational embrace all Scripture that makes for it.

And the entire course of the tragic story in the 'Heart of Midlothian' comes of the 'Museless' hardness of nature, brought upon David Deans by the persecution in his early life, which changed healthy and innocent passion into religious pride,—“I bless God, (with that singular worthy, Peter Walker, the packman at Bristo port,) that ordered my lot in my daneing days, so that fear of my head and throat, dread of bloody rope and swift bullet, cauld and hunger, wetness and weariness, stopped the lightness of my head, and the wantonness of my feet. And now, if I hear ye, quean lassies, sae muckle as name daneing, or think there's such a thing in the world as flinging to fiddlers' sounds and pipers' springs, as sure as my father's spirit is with the just, ye shall be no more either charge or concern of mine.”

Over the bronze sculpture of this insolent pride, Scott in-

stantly casts, in the following sentence, (“Gang in then, hin-nies,” etc.) the redeeming glow of paternal love; but he makes it, nevertheless, the cause of all the misery that follows, to the end of the old man’s life:—

“The objurgation of David Deans, however well meant, was unhappily timed. It created a division of feeling in Effie’s bosom, and deterred her from her intended confidence in her sister. ‘She wad haud me nae better than the dirt below her feet,’ said Effie to herself, ‘were I to confess that I hae danced wi’ him four times on the green down by, and ance at Maggie Macqueen’s.’”

Such, and no more than such, the little sin that day concealed—sin only *in* concealment. And the fate of her life turns on the Fear and the Silence of a moment.

But for the effective and final cause of it, on that Deadly Muselessness of the Cameronian leaders, who indeed would read of the daughter of Herodias dancing before Herod, but never of the son of Jesse dancing before the Lord; and banished sackbut and psaltery, for signals in the service of Nebuchadnezzar, forgetting that the last law of Moses and last prayer of David were written in song.

And this gloomy forgetfulness, or worse,—presumptuous defiance, of the laws of the nature given by his Maker to man, left, since the Reformation, the best means of early education chiefly in the hands of the adversary of souls; and thus defiled the sanctuary of joy in the human heart, and left it desolate for the satyrs to dance there, and the wild beasts of the islands to cry.

Which satyric dance and siren song, accomplished, both, with all the finish of science, and used in mimicry of every noble emotion towards God and man, become the uttermost, and worst—because the most traitorous—of blasphemies against the Maker who gave us motion and voice submissive to other laws than of the elements; and would have made us ‘as happy’—nay, how much happier!—than the wave that dances on the sea; and how much more glorious in praise than the forests, though they clap their hands, and the hills, that rejoice together before the Lord.

And this cry of the wild beasts of the islands, or sirenian blasphemy, has in modern days become twofold; consisting first in the mimicry of *devotion* for pleasure, in the oratorio, withering the life of religion into dead bones on the sirensands; and secondly, the mimicry of *compassion*, for pleasure, in the opera, wasting the pity and love which should overflow in active life, on the ghastliest visions of fictitious grief and horriblemest decoration of simulated death. But these two blasphemies had become one, in the Greek religious service of Plato's time. "For, indeed,—VII. 289, 20. (800)—this has come to pass in nearly all our cities, that when any public sacrifice is made to the Gods, not one choros only, but many choruses, and standing, not reverently far from the altars, but beside them," (yes, in the very cathedrals themselves,) "pour forth blasphemies of sacred things," (not mockeries, observe, but songs precisely corresponding to our oratorios—that is to say, turning dramatic prayer into a solemn sensual pleasure), "both with word and rhythm, and the most wailing harmonies, racking the souls of the hearers; and whosoever can make the sacrificing people weep the most, to him is the victory. Such lamentations, if indeed the citizens have need to hear, let it be on accursed instead of festal days, and from hired mourners as at funerals. But that we may get rid at once of the need of speaking of such things, shall we not accept, for the mould and seal of all song, Euphemy, the speaking the good of all things, and not Blasphemy, the speaking their sorrow."

Which first law of noble song is taught us by the myth that Euphemy was the Nurse of the Muses—(her statue was still on Parnassus in Pausanias' time)—together with that of Linus, who is the master of true dirge music, used in permitted lamentation.

And here, in good time, comes to me a note from one of my kindest and best teachers, in old time, in the Greek Vase room of the British Museum,* which points out one fact

* Mr. A. S. Murray, the first, I believe, of our Greek antiquaries who distinguished, in the British Museum, the vases executed in imitation of archaic forms by late Roman artists, from real Athenian archaic pottery.

respecting the physical origin of the music-myths, wholly new to me :—

“On reading your last Fors I was reminded of what used to seem to me an inconsistency of the Greeks in assigning so much of a harmonizing influence to music for the practical purposes of education, while in their myths they regularly associated it with competition, and cruel punishment of the loser. The Muses competed with the Sirens—won, and plucked their feathers to make crowns of. Apollo competed with Marsyas—won, and had him flayed alive. Apollo and Pan had a dispute about the merits of their favourite instruments ; and Midas, because he decided for Pan, had his ears lengthened at the command of Apollo. The Muses competed with the daughters of Pieros, who failed, and lost their life. It looks as if there had been a Greek Eistedfodd ! But, seriously, it is not easy to be confident about an explanation of this mythical feature of Music. As regards Apollo and Marsyas, it is to be observed that Marsyas was a river god, who made the first flute from the reeds of his own river, and thus he would represent the music of flowing water, and of wind in the reeds. Apollo was the god of the music of animate nature ; the time of his supremacy was summer. The time when Marsyas had it all his own way was winter. In summer his stream was dried up, and, as the myth says, he was flayed alive. The competition was, then, in the first place, between the music of summer and the music of winter ; and, in the second place, between the music of animate nature and that of water and wind. This explanation would also apply to the competition of the Muses and Sirens, since the latter represented the music of the seashore, while the Muses were associated with Apollo, and would represent whatever principle he represented. The myth of the daughters of Pieros is probably only a variant of that of the Sirens. As regards the rivalry of Apollo and Pan, I do not see any satisfactory explanation of it. It was comparatively slight, and the consequences to Midas were not so dreadful after all.”

The interpretation here of the punishment of Marsyas as

the drying up of the river, whose 'stony channel in the sun' so often, in Greece and Italy, mocks us with memory of sweet waters in the drought of summer, is, as I said, wholly new to me, and, I doubt not, true. And the meaning of the other myths will surely be open enough to the reader who has followed Plato thus far: but one more must be added to complete the cycle of them—the contest of Dionysus with the Tyrrhenian pirates;—and then we have the three orders of the Deities of music throughout the ages of Man,—the Muses, Apollo, and Dionysus,—each with their definite adversaries. The Muses, whose office is the teaching of sacred pleasures to childhood, have for adversaries the Sirens, who teach sinful pleasure; Apollo, who teaches intellectual, or historic, therefore worded, music, to men of middle age, has for adversary Marsyas, who teaches the wordless music of the reeds and rivers; and, finally, Dionysus, who teaches the cheerful music which is to be the wine of old age, has for adversary the commercial pirate, who would sell the god for gain, and drink no wine but gold. And of these three contests, bearing as they do in their issue on all things festive and pantomimic, I reserve discussion to my seventh year's Christmas Fors; such discussion being, I hope, likely to prove serviceable to many of my honest friends, who are losing their strength in forbidding men to drink, when they should be helping them to eat; and cannot for the life of them understand what, long since pointed out to them, they will find irrefragably true, that "the holiness of the parsonage and parson at one end of the village, can only be established in the holiness of the tavern and tapster at the other."

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

My general assertion of our prosperity last month referred principally to the accession of new Companions, whose enrolment much encourages me, especially that of one much-regarded friend and Fellow of my college. On the other hand, I have been greatly concerned by the difficulties which naturally present themselves in the first organization of work at Abbey Dale,—the more that these are for the most part attributable to very little and very ridiculous things, which, with all my frankness, I see no good in publishing. The root of all mischief is of course that the Master is out of the way, and the men, in his absence, tried at first to get on by vote of the majority,—it is at any rate to be counted as no small success that they have entirely convinced themselves of the impossibility of getting on in that popular manner; and that they will be glad to see me when I can get there.

II. Affairs of the Master.

I have nothing interesting to communicate under this head, except that I have been very busy clearing my wood, and chopping up its rotten sticks into faggots;—that I am highly satisfied with the material results of this amusement; and shall be able to keep the smoke from my chimneys this winter of purer blue than usual, at less cost.

III. I think it well, in connection with what is said in the reply to Mr. Dixon at the opening of this letter, to print, below, part of the article in the 'Builder' to which I so gravely recommended my readers' attention last month. If the writer of that article can conceive of any means by which his sentence, here italicized, could be carried out, short of revolution, other than the means I propose in the action of the St. George's Company,—the steady and irrevocable purchase of the land for the nation by national subscription,—I should be very thankful to hear of them. The organization of a Parliament strong enough even to modify the existing methods of land tenure, would *be* revolution.

“ Five men own one-fourth of Scotland. One duke owns 96,000 acres in Derbyshire, besides vast estates in other parts of England and in Ireland.

Another, with estates all over the United Kingdom, has 40,000 acres in Sussex and 300,000 acres in Scotland. This nobleman's park is fifteen miles in circumference! Another duke has estates which the highroad divides for twenty-three miles! A marquis there is who can ride a hundred miles in a straight line upon his own land! There is a duke who owns almost an entire county stretching from sea to sea. An earl draws £200,000 every year from his estates in Lancashire. A duke regularly invests £80,000 a year in buying up lands adjoining his already enormous estates. A marquis enjoys £1,000,000 a year from land. An earl lately died leaving to his heirs £1,000,000 sterling and £160,000 a year income from land. The income from land derived by one ducal family of England is £1,600,000, which is increasing every year by the falling in of leases. One hundred and fifty persons own half England, seventy-five persons own half Scotland, thirty-five persons own half Ireland; and all the lands of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are owned by less than 60,000 persons, and they say to the remaining 32,000,000 of people, 'All this land of Great Britain and Ireland was given to the children of men, and behold we are the Lord's children in possession, and you millions, you go to work!'

"Now, sir, these noblemen and gentlemen might keep their lands for all I cared, provided they would adopt and act upon the old adage, that 'property has its duties as well as its rights;' but, sir, they will never act upon that motto until they are compelled by the loud, long, and united voice of the people. *We must get this land system readjusted*, or revolution is bound to come, within the lifetime of grave and reverend seniors like you and me. The fact is, sir, that a majority of the inhabitants of this country are in a state of squalid poverty,—living in miserable fever dens, without any of the decencies of life,—scarcely ever getting a good meal, and yet they are becoming educated! Cannot others see what this means? Are the dukes, and lords, and baronets, and squires, so blinded by their wealth, the result in too many cases of sacrilege, that they cannot see what is coming? Education and starvation! What will they produce? Why, sir, as sure as two and two make four, they will bring revolution. You have well and truly said, 'Such a question allowed to remain unanswered in another part of Europe has induced revolution, followed by destruction,' and you said this with regard to the London monopolies of property; but, sir, the land monopoly of the provinces must lead to revolution in this part of Europe before very long, and I will attempt to show you why. The land monopoly is at the bottom of all the pauperism, both that which is recognized and that which is unrecognized; for that is the dangerous poverty which does not stoop to parish relief, but bears and resolves in silence."—*Builder*, Aug. 25, 1877.

IV. I meant to have given in this *Fors* the entire speech of the Angel of the Church of Manchester, at the banquet whose deliciousness inspired that superb moral peroration of Mr. Bright, which I hope entered profoundly into the pleased stomachs of the Corporation. But—it has been the will of *Fors* that I should mislay the Manchester Angel's speech—and find, instead, among a heap of stored papers, this extract respecting Episcopal Revenues, from No. 1 of "Humanitarian Tracts" on "Past and Passing Events, the Church, Modern Jesuitism, Church Lands, and the Rights of Property, published by John Hopper, Bishopwearmouth." Not feeling complete confidence in the Humanitarian and Hopperian account of these things, I sent the subjoined extract to a reverend friend, requesting him to ascertain and let me know the truth. His reply follows the accusation; but it will be seen

that the matter requires further probing; and I would fain advise my antiquarian friends that it would be better service to history, at this moment, if any faithful investigator,—Mr. Froude, for instance,—would lay the whole subject clearly before the public, than any labours among the chronicles, or ruins, of St. Albans or any other abbey, are likely to render, unless they were undertaken in a spirit which could read the silence, as well as the utterance, of the great Ages. Thus then, the Humanitarian:—

“On the 1st of August, 1848, Mr. Horsman, in the House of Commons, speaking on Temporalities and Church leases, said: ‘I believe few people have any idea of the value of the episcopal and capitular estates. No return of them has ever been made. . . . It is known, however, that these estates are immense. . . . When the Committee on Church Leases was sitting in 1838, it attempted to get returns of the actual value of these leased estates. From some of the prelates and dignitaries they did receive them; others indignantly refused.’

	Per annum.
The present Archbishop of Canterbury (then Bishop of Chester) returned his income at	£3,951
But the rental of his leased estate was	16,236
Making a difference of	£12,285
The Archbishop of York returned his income at	£13,798
Actual rental	41,030
Making a difference of	£27,232
The then Archbishop of Canterbury returned his income at	£22,216
Actual rental	52,000
Making a difference of	£29,784”

Next, my clerical friend's letter:—

“April 4, 1876.

“Dear Mr. Ruskin,—It is with great disappointment that I return your pamphlet and paper, without being able to give a satisfactory answer to the charge against the Bishops of 1839. I have tried and waited patiently, and tried again, but people now know little, and care less, for what then happened, and my name is not influential enough to get the information from officials who alone can supply it.

“You must forgive my obstinacy if I still doubt whether the difference went into the Bishops' pockets! My doubts are the more confirmed by examining other assertions made in the pamphlet at random. I venture to send you such statistics as I have been able to gather in reply to the main argument of the tract, should you think it worth your while to read them.”

Having no interest in the ‘general argument’ of the pamphlet, but only in its very definite and stern charges against the Bishops, I did not trouble myself with their statistics; but wrote to another friend, my most helpful and kind Mr. F. S. Ellis, of New Bond Street, who presently procured for me the following valuable letter and essential documents; but, as it always happens, somehow,—we have not got at the main point, the difference, if any, between the actual and alleged incomes. For decision of which I again refer myself, humbly, to the historians of this supereminently glorious, pious, and well-informed century.

“THE GROVE, 21st September, 1875.

“Dear Sir,—I find on referring to Hansard, that the report of Mr. Horsman’s speech on pp. 22, 23 of the pamphlet, is substantially, but *not verbally*, accurate. Some only of the figures are quoted by him, but not in the way in which they are placed in the pamphlet. With this I hand you extracts from printed returns covering the range of the figures on p. 23 of the pamphlet, and also giving the incomes finally assigned to the various sees.

“I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

“FRED. W. FOSTER.

“F. S. Ellis, Esq.,

“New Bond Street, London.”

Parliamentary Reports from Committees, 1839, vol. viii., pp. 237—376.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 6th May, 1839. No. 247.

Page 40. The total annual value of the property let on leases by the Archbishop of Canterbury—£52,086 1s.

Return dated 23rd February, 1839.

Parliamentary Reports from Committees, 1837-38, vol. ix.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 7th Aug., 1838. No 692.

Page 560. The aggregate net annual value of lands and tithes in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, held by lease, under the See of York:—

Three leases	£2,546
	6,350
	<u>33,134</u>

Return dated 28th July, 1838.

£42,030

Parliamentary Reports from Committees, 1837-38, vol. ix.

Report from the Select Committee on Church Leases, etc. Ordered to be printed 7th Aug., 1838. No 692.

Page 566. The annual value of the property belonging to the See of Chester, and which is let on lives, is £15,526; on years, £710. Total, £16,236.

Return dated 25th July, 1838.

Sees.	Total Amount of the average gross Yearly Income of the See, and of the Ecclesiastical Preferments (if any) permanently or accustomably annexed thereto.	Permanent Yearly Payments made out of the Revenues of the See.	Net Yearly Income subject to temporary charges (if any) stated below.
Canterbury	£22,216	£3,034	£19,182*
York	13,798	1,169	12,629
Chester	3,951	690	3,261
Total of the 27 Sees	181,631	—	160,292
Average	6,727	—	5,936

By an Order in Council, passed 25th August, 1871, and gazetted 19th Sept., 1851, the annual incomes assigned to the various Sees was as follows:—

* Temporary charge; repayment of mortgage, the principal by instalments, and interest; making a yearly payment of about £3,780. The interest decreases at the rate of £60 every year. Final payment to be made in 1873.

Canterbury	£15,000
York, London	10,000
Durham	8,000
Winchester	7,000
Ely	5,500
Bath and Wells, Exeter, Gloucester and Bristol, Lincoln, Oxford, Rochester, Salisbury, Worcester	5,000
Carlisle, Chester, St. David's, Lichfield, Norwich, Peterborough, Ripon	4,500
St. Asaph, Bangor, Chichester, Hereford, Llandaff, Manchester	4,200
Total	<u>£152,200</u>
Average	<u>£25,637</u>

Parliamentary Accounts and Papers, 1837, vol. xli. pp 223-320.—A return of the clear annual revenue of every Archbishopric, Bishopric, etc., according to the Report of the Commissioners appointed by the King to inquire into the Ecclesiastical Revenues of England and Wales, on an average of three years, ending 31st Dec., 1831, etc. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 25th April, 1837. No. 240. (1s.)

V. I can no more vouch for any of the statements in the following newspaper article than I can for those of the pamphleteer of Bishopwearmouth. But that such statements should have been publicly made, and, so far as I know, without contradiction, is a fact to be noted in Fors. I have omitted much useless newspaper adornment, and substituted one or two clearer words in the following article, which may be seen in its entirety in 'Christian Life' for 1st September, 1877.

"DIZZINESS IN HIGH PLACES.—Kells is in Ireland; and his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, who is at present recreating himself in that country, has been at Kells. In Kells there is a branch of the Protestant Orphan Society, and this branch has held a meeting, presided over by a prelate of Unitarian ancestry, Bishop Plunket, of Meath. The meeting was further dignified by the presence of his Grace.

"However, it seems there was something to get over before Kells could enter with proper rapture into the unwonted delight of welcoming a Primate of All England. A whisper had run abroad that the Archbishop had not been the best of friends to the Episcopalianism of the Green Isle. It was muttered that he had gone for disestablishment—at least, when disestablishment was kept at a safe distance from the State Church of England. It was even alleged by some unscrupulous spirits, that Canterbury's voice had been heard to second Earl Granville's motion for the second reading of the Bill. The right reverend chairman set this calumny at rest. Dr. Plunket assured the Episcopalianians of Kells that his Grace had always been a warm lover of their Church, and had never seconded the dreadful Bill. Technically, no doubt, this was perfectly true; Dr. Tait was not Earl Granville's seconder. If the Archbishop had been content to let the disclaimer rest where his disestablished brother had placed it, the occasion would have excited no comment from the critics of the Irish press; but his Grace, still feeling uneasy under the cruel aspersion of rumour, must needs go further, and in a short speech of his own he boldly declared that if he had been accused of murder he could not have been more astonished than to hear it reported that 'he had individually helped to pull down the old Established Church of Ireland.' Of all the public measures carried in his time none did he more deeply deplore than that which removed it from the position it had so long occupied; and he was happy to say that he had endeavoured to do what he could to mitigate the blow when it fell.

"The 'Northern Whig' has been at the pains to look up 'Hansard' on the point at issue, and reports the result as follows: 'It is certain that when Lord Granville moved the second reading of the Bill in the House of

Lords, on 14th June, 1869, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke in favour of the Bill, and against an amendment proposed by Lord Harrowby and seconded by the Duke of Rutland. He wanted amendments, all of them with a pecuniary effect introduced into it, and said it could be made a good Bill, for which the people would bless God that they had a House of Lords. He likewise supported Lord Cairns' compromise, which the Lord Derby stigmatized as "an unconditional surrender," and a concession of the very principle of the Bill; and he did not sign Lord Derby's protest against it. While thirteen English bishops voted against the Irish Church Bill, His Grace, together with the late Bishop Wilberforce, did not vote at all. This is the true state of the case.'

"We call attention to this discrepancy between the Archiepiscopal acts and the Archiepiscopal account of them with unfeigned sorrow and concern. Nothing presents itself to us as a more melancholy feature of the public *morale* of our time than the indulgence accorded of late years to a scandalously immoral species of public distortion of well-known or well-ascertainable facts. Of this the worst example has long been notorious in the most conspicuous place. Mr. Chamberlain once outraged all etiquette in his denunciation of it, but his indignation, however uncouth in form, was universally felt to be neither undeserved nor ill-timed. A pernicious example is sure sooner or later to tell. Our public men are now being educated in a school which easily condones on the ground of personal convenience the most flagrant breaches of the law of truth. The chief minister of the Church follows in the tortuous path which has long been a favourite resort of the chief Minister of the State. It was not always so. English public men were once pre-eminently distinguished for the lofty, open honour of their public speech. The moral scorn and loathing with which, for example, a quarter of a century ago men regarded Louis Napoleon's worthless word, bids fair to become an extinct sentiment. Straightforwardness is a foolish old-fashioned habit, a custom we have outgrown. 'We have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves.' We repeat, this is the most serious symptom of our times. The newspapers which have been speculating as to the disasters which are to flow, after a thousand years, from England's future want of coal, would do better to inquire into the far greater disasters which threaten at our door through England's present lack of supreme reverence for truth."

VI. Part of a letter from a Companion, connected with our present subject in its illustration of other modes of clerical revenue:—

"Some four or five years ago, I made acquaintance with a girl whom I used to see often at church, and whom I watched and admired, and pitied. She was about eighteen years of age,—always pale,—always very poorly dressed indeed,—always came to church in a hurry. But her voice was delicious in the psalms; and she was delicate and pretty, with such evident enthusiastic devotion to church-services, and such an air of modest self-sufficiency, that I could not let her alone, for curiosity. I tried to catch her going out of church, but she walked too fast. I tried to waylay her coming in, but her self-possessed air of reserve kept me off. Until at last, one evening, a lingering of people in the porch about some testimonial matter for a young curate who was going away, kept her a minute or two near me. I was not at all interested in the testimonial, but I said to her,—the little crowd and general air of sympathy giving me courage,—'I do not think of subscribing, do you?' 'Yes; certainly she did,'—with quite a glow of emphatic fervour. I pretended to need persuasion and conviction about my intention; and we walked along together. And I learnt,—besides the wonderful perfections of the curate in Sunday-school teaching, etc.—that she was a machinist in a large draper's and clothier's shop; that she earned

very few shillings a week ; that she had a mother dependent on her earnings ; that she worked in an upper room with many more—I think about twenty—women ; that just then they suffered very much from cold, and more from bad air, as they had to keep the windows shut ; and that she worked from seven in the morning till seven at night. (Imagine it, amid the noise of twenty sewing machines—the dust and disagreeableness of material in the course of being made—the dismal surroundings—the outside prospect of chimney-pots. What a life!) The proprietor of this paradise—the shopkeeper—was a churchwarden, or something official, at the same church.

“ The remedy in this case might have been found in two ways. The curate—so gratefully remembered, but who could not, by reason of the veil of poverty and care she wore, or who dared not, by reason of his goodishness, have rendered her any help as to a sister—might have, in proper parish service, exposed the state of things at the shop, and asked for subscriptions for the master of it to enable his servants to have warmth and fresh air at least. Or the man himself, properly preached to, made to give his work-girls three times as much for half their work, and to provide them a workroom, healthy and pretty. I am sure that clergymen—very ordinary ones—might, with honesty, do little miracles like these.”

VII. The next two articles I leave without comment. They are illustrations, needing none, of false and true methods of education.

“ August 9, 1877.

“ Dear Master,—You asked to know more about the ‘bondage’ in which Government teachers worked—referring to Miss —— in particular. The enclosed (written independently, and more fully than usual, on that point) gives just the illustration I could have wished.” (Illustration lost, but the commentary is the essential matter.)

“ Now you will let me comment upon the sentence in this letter.—‘I cannot teach as if I were a machine ; I must put life into my work, or let it alone.’ This comes at once to the special grievance, felt by all those of us (I do not at all know how many this includes) who *care* for their children. *They* are ‘lively,’ if they are anything ; and we discover, sooner or later, that our one duty as teachers is to crush life in every form and whenever showing itself. I do not mean to say that the ‘Education Department’ *aims* at this result ; but it follows inevitably from the ‘pressure’ put upon teachers who, crammed, *not* ‘trained,’ themselves, (I speak from painful experience as to the so-called ‘Training Colleges,’) almost necessarily perpetuate the evil : the better sort groaning under it, and trying to free themselves and their children ; the rest, groaning too, but accepting their fate, and tightening the chains of those under them. I believe Miss —— would agree to this as too generally true.”

VIII. “I paid a visit last week to aged neighbours—known here as the ‘Old Shepherd,’ and the ‘Old Shepherd’s Wife.’ I only found the old lady at home, and she was exceedingly pleased with a poor little gift I took her, and began at once to tell me how well both she and he were at present. They look *very* old, but that may be their hard life, in this trying climate. But she told me she had been more than fifty years married, and had been so happy with her kind, good man ; and then she added, so earnestly, ‘And I’m happy yet—just as happy as happy can be.’ They have never had any children themselves ; ‘but I’ve had bairns as much on my knee as if I’d had o’ my ain,’ she added. For she first brought up a motherless niece of her own ; and then, when *she* had married and died, leaving one baby girl, she went to Edinburgh and took baby, and has reared her, though ‘she put on

ten years to my age, she was that fractious and ill to bring thro'!' The child is now ten years old, and goes to a Board school near. They are well off for their position,—have a cottage, which they let in summer, and a garden, well cared for. Both have been industrious and economical all their lives. And yet, could many of the idler class declare honestly they are so happy and contented?"

IX. In justice to the Manchester Corporation, Rhadamanthus commands me to print what they have got to say for themselves anent their proposed speculation in Thirlmere, adding a delightful little note of Mr. Anderson's.

"Those who wish to further the scheme answer this charge by the declaration that they are but using prudent foresight with a view to future needs. They admit the commercial value of fine scenery as a means of bringing tourists to a district, but assert that when once this enormous reservoir is made, many more persons will go to see it than would ever travel in search of any beauty of lake or mountain, and that it will, in point of fact, greatly enhance the charm of the scenery. They kindly, if not judiciously, promise to take the greatest care to 'add to the beautification of the surroundings.' If the little church of Wythburn should be submerged, they will build another of a prettier pattern, a little higher up the hill, and carry the grave-stones up to a fresh bit of ground. 'The old road,' they think, 'may be relegated to the deeps without a murmur, especially as it is the intention of the Waterworks Committee to substitute [*sic*] the present tortuous up-and-down track by a straight road, cut on a level line around the slopes of Helvellyn. Below it, the lake, enlarged to more than twice its present dimensions, will assume a grandeur of appearance in more striking accordance with its majestic surroundings.' These lovers of the picturesque regret feelingly that 'the embankment at the north end will not be seen from the highway, in consequence of the intervention of a wooded hill. This,' they say, 'is a circumstance which may be regretted by tourists in search of the beautiful in nature and the wonderful in art, as the embankment will be of stupendous height and strength, and by scattering a few large boulders over its front, and planting a few trees in the midst of them, it will be made to have an exact resemblance to its surroundings, if indeed it does not approach in grandeur to its proud neighbour the Raven Crag,' etc."—*Spectator*.

"I have a translation for 'oestrus' in the connexion you use it in Fors. Mad dogs do not *shun* water, but rush to, and wallow in it, though they cannot drink. It is a mortal 'hydrophobia' begotten among the uncleaned iniquities of Manchester."—(J. Rennie Anderson.)

X. Farther most precious notes on the real causes of the Indian Famine:—

"EXPORTS AND FAMINE.—Some of the former famines of India were famines of money rather than of corn, as we have pointed out on several previous occasions. Now there is a veritable famine of corn—of money there is always more or less a famine there, so far as the great bulk of the population is concerned. But in the midst of this famine of corn—under the dreadful pressure of which the helpless people die by hundreds of thousands—there goes on a considerable exportation of corn, and it becomes imperatively necessary to send back a corresponding quantity, at largely enhanced prices for the profits of the merchants, and at the cost of British philanthropy and the national funds. The force of folly can no further go! This blemish on our statesmanship will be recorded to the bewilderment of the historians of posterity, who will be amazed at our stupidity, and at the weakness of the Government that, in the face of a famine so dreadful, has

neither heart nor power to enforce a better 'political economy,' or to restrain the cupidity which, like the unclean vulture, fattens on death and decay.

"During the year 1876 India exported to the ports of the United Kingdom 3,087,236 cwt. of wheat. The significance of this quantity will be apparent when we consider that importations from Germany were only 2,324,148 cwt., from Egypt 2,223,238 cwt., and British North America 2,423,183 cwt. Russia, which was at one time our principal granary, exported 8,880,628 cwt., which shows our imports of Indian wheat were considerably more than one-third of those from Russia, while the United States sent us 19,323,052 cwt., the supply from India being about one-sixth; a remarkable result for a trade in the very earliest stages of its development.

"With regard to the growth of wheat, it is important to observe that it has been confined to the last few years, and has been remarkably rapid. It has in fact been during the period in which the modern famines have been rife. Not that we would argue that the export of wheat and other grain is the cause of famine. We have already indicated the wretched finance of the country, which keeps the agricultural classes in hopeless bondage to the village usurers, as the fruitful cause. *But this export of corn from a famishing land is a phenomenon of political rule and of paternal government, which it has been reserved for this Mammon-stricken age to illustrate. No ancient statesmanship would have been guilty of such cruel maladministration or such weakness.* The Great Moguls would have settled the business in a sterner and a better fashion. They would not have been content with administering a few blows with a stick to the unlucky wight who brought tidings of disaster, but would have peremptorily laid an embargo on the export of corn as a first necessity in times of famine, and would have hung up side by side the merchants who dared to sin against a law so just and necessary, with the usurers whose exactions paralyzed agricultural industry, and denuded the fields of the crops. We neither take the preventative measures which the government of our predecessors devised, nor do we, when the famines actually come, take the measures of ordinary prudence to alleviate their horrors. This is, indeed, the age of Mammon, and its licentious cupidity must not be restrained. Buy in the cheapest market, and sell in the dearest is its invariable maxim, and with fiendish pertinacity it claims its privilege among the dying and the dead. Thus it sweeps off from the famishing crowds the meagre crop which has escaped the ravages of drought and usury, and it brings it home to English ports to compete with American importations in our markets, or to send it back to India at prices which yield enormous profits to the adventurers. But this superior wisdom, and this hardened selfishness, is right, for it is sanctioned by Adam Smith.

"But it is not to England alone that this export is made; to Ceylon, the Mauritius, and the West India Islands, constant shipments are going on, and according to statistics that are before us, in the six months 1873-74, nearly 380,000 tons of wheat, grain, etc., were shipped from Bengal alone to the above-named places—enough to have filled with plenty, for two full months at least, the mouths of the wretched creatures who were perishing at that time. It is said that in 1873 Ceylon alone imported from the districts that are now famine-stricken 7,000,000 bushels of grain, and yet Ceylon is unsurpassed on this planet as a fruitful garden; it contains about 12 or 13 millions of acres, more or less, of fine arable land; it has a delicious climate, and abundant rainfall, and yet it has less than a million of acres under grain crop, and draws its chief supplies from India, while the landowners refuse to cultivate the land they hold, or to sell the land they will not cultivate."—*Monetary Gazette*, Sept. 1.

"What is it that reduces to insensibility in woman this Divine instinct of maternal tenderness? It is the hardening influences of Mammon, and the pressure which the accursed domination of the Demon of the Money power

brings to bear on every order of society. If it be a fact that women, even in the ranks of respectability, murder their unborn infants, it is because the pressure of the time reduces them to despair, and this fearful strain has its origin in nothing else than the Mammon of unrighteousness, which is a grinding tyranny, and a standing menace to the noblest sentiments of our nature, and the dearest interests of society. It hardens every heart, extinguishes every hope, and impels to crime in every direction. Nor do the soft influences of womanhood, nor the sanctities of maternity, escape its blighting curse."

"We quote—with our cordial acknowledgment of the diligence that has compiled the figures—from a paper read by Stephen Bourne, F.S.S., before the Manchester Statistical Society:—

"For the present purpose I commence with 1857, as being just twenty years back, and the first also of the peaceful era which followed on the termination of the Crimean War. In that year the total value of the foreign and colonial goods retained for consumption in this country amounted to £164,000,000, of which 64 was for articles of food, 82 for raw materials for manufacture, and 18 for manufactured articles. Last year, these amounts were a total of £319,000,000, of which 159 was for food, 119 raw materials, and 41 other, from which it will appear that 39 per cent. of the whole in the former year, and 50 per cent. in the latter, went for food. In making this separation of food from other articles, it is not possible to be absolutely correct, for so many substances admit of a two-fold use; take, for instance, olive oil, which is actually used both as food and in manufactures, or the fat of animals, which may appear on our table at meal times for food, or in the shape of candles to lighten its darkness. Again, it may be asked, What is food? Meat and tobacco are totally different in their use or abuse, but both enter the mouth and are there consumed; both, therefore, are classed under this head, together with wines, spirits, etc. . . . As it would be unsafe to take for comparison the amount of either in a single year, an average for the first and last three years has been worked out, showing that whilst the number of consumers had increased from 28½ to 32¼ millions, the food furnished from abroad had advanced from 59 to 153, a growth of the one by 16, of the other by 160 per cent. This means that on an average each member of the community now consumes to the value of two and a half times as much foreign food as he did twenty years back, somewhere about £5 for £2.'"—*Monetary Gazette*, Aug. 25.

XI. The following account of 'Talbot Village' is sent me in a pamphlet without date. I am desirous of knowing the present condition and likelihood of matters there, and of answers to the questions asked in notes.

"Talbot Village, which is situate about two miles to the north of Bournemouth, stands on a high and breezy level in Dorset, and on the confines of Hampshire, commanding a magnificent view on all sides.

"The enclosure of the village comprehends about 465 acres, of which 150 acres lie open and uncultivated for the cattle of the farmers and recreation of the cottagers in the village. There are five farms, (a) with suitable houses and outhouses, and nineteen cottages, each of which has an acre of ground attached. In the village stands a handsome block of stone buildings, which embraces seven distinct and separate houses, (b) altogether known as 'Talbot Almshouses.' In addition, there is a school-house, in combination with an excellent house and garden for the use of the master. Further, the village

(a) What rent is paid for these farms, and to whom?

(b) The 'village,' as far as I can make it out, consists of nineteen cottages, seven poor-houses, a church, a school-house, and a shop. If this be meant for an ideal of the village of the future, is not the proportion of poor-house to dwelling-house somewhat large?

contains a church, which stands in a churchyard of three acres; in the tower of the church is a clock with chimes.

“There is one house in the village devoted to the purposes of a general shop, but all beer-houses are strictly prohibited.

“So much by way of brief description of a village which attracts the observation of all visitors to Bournemouth.

“Previously to 1842, the whole of the country now comprising the village was a wild moor, the haunt of smugglers and poachers. About that time the late Miss Georgina Talbot, of Grosvenor Square, paid a visit to Bournemouth, then in its infancy. Her attention was drawn to the wretched state of the labouring population of the district, and her first impulse was to encourage industry and afford them employment. She first rented some land, and set men (who were for the most part leading vagrant lives) (*c*) to work to improve it. Many of the more influential people in the neighbourhood of that day thought her views Utopian, and were disposed to ridicule them; Miss Talbot, however, had deeply considered the subject, and was not to be discouraged; and, observing how wretchedly the poor (*d*) were housed, determined to build suitable cottages, to each of which should be attached an acre of land. Steadily progressing, Miss Talbot continued to acquire land, and eventually (in addition to other land in Hampshire) became the possessor of the district which is now known as ‘Talbot Village.’ The almshouses before referred to were then built for the benefit of the aged (*e*) of the district, who had ceased to be able to work, and the school-house for the benefit of the young of the village. Having succeeded in laying out the whole village to her satisfaction, Miss Talbot’s mind began to consider how these benefits should be permanently secured to the objects of her bounty; and, accordingly, the almshouses were endowed by an investment in the Funds, and the village, with the almshouses, vested in Lord Portman, the late Lord Wolverton, and three other gentlemen, and their successors, upon trusts in furtherance of the settlor’s views. When this had been accomplished, it became necessary to provide a church and place of sepulture, and three acres of land were set apart for the purpose; but before the church could be completed and fit for consecration, Miss Talbot’s sudden death occurred; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that this lady was the first to be interred in the ground she had appropriated for burials. Those who have visited the spot cannot have failed to see the tomb erected by her sister, the present Miss Talbot.

“This lady completed the church and its various appliances, and supplied all that her sister could have desired. The church itself has been supplied with a heating apparatus, an organ, and musical service; a clock with chimes, (*f*) arranged for every day in the week; a pulpit of graceful proportions, and an ancient font brought from Rome. On the interior walls of the church have been placed texts of Scripture, revised and approved by Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, and Stanley, Dean of Westminster.

“Before concluding a brief account of ‘Talbot Village,’ we must add that the whole is managed by trustees, under the judicious and far-seeing views of the founder. The rent of each cottage and garden is limited to £6 per annum, free of rates and taxes, and no lodger is allowed, so that there may be no possible overcrowding. The objects of the almshouses are strictly defined, and rules regulating the inmates are to be found on the walls.

(*c*) These were not afterwards taken for settlers, I suppose?

(*d*) What poor? and what wages are now paid by the farmers to the cottagers?

(*e*) If for the benefit of the *destitute*, it had been well; but the aged are, in right human life, the chief treasure of the household.

(*f*) The triumphant mention of this possession of the village twice over, induces me to hope the chimes are in tune. I see it asserted in a book which seems of good authority that chimes in England are not usually required to possess this merit. But better things are surely in store for us!—see last article of Correspondence.

To sum up the whole, everything has been devised by Miss Georgina Talbot, seconded by the present Miss Talbot, to ensure a contented, virtuous, and happy community.

“It is an instance of success attending the self denying efforts of a most estimable lady, and, it is to be hoped, may prove an incentive to others to ‘go and do likewise.’

M. KEMP-WELCH,

“*One of the Trustees.*”

I beg that it may be understood that in asking for farther information on these matters, I have no intention whatever of decrying Miss Talbot's design ; and I shall be sincerely glad to know of its ultimate success. But it is of extreme importance that a lady's plaything, if it should turn out to be nothing more, should not be mistaken for a piece of St. George's work, nor cast any discredit on that work by its possible failure.

XII. Fors is evidently in great good-humour with me, just now ; see what a lovely bit of illustration of Sirenic Threnodia, brought to final perfection, she sends me to fill the gap in this page with :—

“Here's a good thing for ‘Fors.’ A *tolling-machine* has been erected at the Ealing cemetery at the cost of £80, and seems to give universal satisfaction. It was calculated that this method of doing things would, (at 300 funerals a year,) be in the long run cheaper than paying a man threepence an hour to ring the bell. Thus we mourn for the departed !—L. J. H.”

LETTER LXXXIV.

“THEY HAVE NO WINE.”

“WHATSOEVER HE SAITH UNTO YOU, DO IT.”

BRANTWOOD, *29th Oct.*, 1877.

THESE, the last recorded words of the Mother of Christ, and the only ones recorded during the period of His ministry, (the “desiring to see thee” being told him by a stranger’s lips,) I will take, with due pardon asked of faithful Protestant readers, for the motto, since they are the sum, of all that I have been permitted to speak, in God’s name, now these seven years.

The first sentence of these two, contains the appeal of the workman’s wife, to her son, for the help of the poor of all the earth.

The second, the command of the Lord’s mother, to the people of all the earth, that they should serve the Lord.

This day last year, I was walking with a dear friend, and resting long, laid on the dry leaves, in the sunset, under the vineyard-trellises of the little range of hills which, five miles west of Verona, look down on the Lago di Garda at about the distance from its shore that Cana is from the Lake of Galilee;—(the Madonna had walked to the bridal some four miles and a half). It was a Sunday evening, golden and calm; all the vine leaves quiet; and the soft clouds held at pause in the west, round the mountains that Virgil knew so well, blue above the level reeds of Mincio. But we had to get under the crest of the hill, and lie down under cover, as if avoiding an enemy’s fire, to get out of hearing of the discordant practice, in fanfaronade, of the military recruits of the village,—modern Italy, under the teaching of the Marsyas of Mincio, delighting herself on the Lord’s day in that, doubtless, much

civilized, but far from mellifluous, manner; triumphing that her monasteries were now for the most part turned into barracks, and her chapels into stables. We, for our own part, in no wise exultant nor exhilarated, but shrinking down under the shelter of the hill, and shadows of its fruitful roofs, talked, as the sun went down.

We talked of the aspect of the village which had sent out its active life, marching to these new melodies; and whose declining life we had seen as we drove through it, half an hour before. An old, far-straggling village, its main street following the brow of the hill, with gardens at the backs of the houses, looking towards the sacred mountains and the uncounted towers of purple Verona.

If ever peace, and joy, and sweet life on earth might be possible for men, it is so here, and in such places,—few, on the wide earth, but many in the bosom of infinitely blessed, infinitely desolate Italy. Its people were sitting at their doors, quietly working—the women at least,—the old men at rest behind them. A worthy and gentle race; but utterly poor, utterly untaught the things that in *this* world make for their peace. Taught anciently, other things, by the steel of Ezzelin; taught anew the same lesson, by the victor of Arcola, and the vanquished of Solferino,—and the supreme evil risen on the ruin of both.

There they sate—the true race of Northern Italy, mere prey for the vulture,—patient, silent, hopeless, careless: infinitude of accustomed and bewildered sorrow written in every line of their faces, unnerving every motion of their hands, slackening the spring in all their limbs. And their blood has been poured out like water, age after age, and risen round the wine-press, even to the horse-bridles. And of the peace on earth, and the goodwill towards men, which He who trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with Him—died to bring them, they have heard by the hearing of the ear,—their eyes have not seen.

“They have no wine.”

But He Himself has been always with them, though they

saw Him not, and they have had the deepest of His blessings. "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." And in the faith of these, and such as these,—in the voiceless religion and uncomplaining duty of the peasant races, throughout Europe,—is now that Church on earth, against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail. And on the part taken in ministry to them, or in oppressing them, depends now the judgment between the righteous and the wicked servant, which the Lord, who has so long delayed His coming, will assuredly now at no far-off time, require.

"But and if that servant shall say in his heart, 'My Lord delayeth His coming'—

* * * * * *

Shall I go on writing? We have all read the passage so often that it falls on our thoughts unfelt, as if its words were dead leaves. We will write and read it more slowly to-day—so please you.

"Who then is a faithful and wise servant whom his Lord hath made ruler over His household, to give them their meat in due season."

Over *His* household,—He probably having His eyes upon it, then, whether *you* have or not. But He has made you ruler over it, that you may give it meat, in due season. Meat—literally, first of all. And that seasonably, according to laws of duty, and not of chance. You are not to leave such giving to chance, still less to take advantage of chance, and buy the meat when meat is cheap, that you may 'in due season' sell it when meat is dear. You don't see that in the parable? No, you cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond. You will find something else is not in the bond too, presently.

But at least this is plain enough, that you are to give meat—when it is due. "Yes, spiritual meat—but not mutton"? Well, then—dine first on spiritual meat yourself. Whatever is on your own table, be it spiritual or fleshly, of *that* you are to distribute; and are made a ruler that you may distribute, and not live only to consume. You say I don't speak plain English, and you don't understand what I mean. It doesn't

matter what I mean,—but if Christ hasn't put that plain enough for you—you had better go learn to read.

“Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing. Verily I say unto you, that He shall make him ruler over all His goods.”

A vague hope, you think, to act upon? Well, if you only act on such hope, you will never either know, or get, what it means. No one but Christ can tell what *all* His goods are; and you have no business to mind, yet; for it is not the getting of these, but the doing His work, that you must care for yet awhile. Nevertheless, at spare times, it is no harm that you wonder a little where He has gone to, and what He is doing; and He has given you at least some hint of that, in another place.

“Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, *when He shall return from the wedding.*” Nor a hint of it merely, but you may even hear, at quiet times, some murmur and syllabing of its music in the distance—“The Spirit, and the Bride, say, Come.”

“But and if that evil servant shall say in his heart, ‘My Lord delayeth His coming,’ and shall begin to smite his fellow-servants, and to eat and drink with the drunken——”

To ‘smite’—too fine a word: it is, quite simply, to ‘strike’—that same verb which every Eton boy used to have, (and mercifully) smitten into him.—You smite nobody now—boy or man—for their good, and spare the rod of *correction*. But you smite *unto death* with a will. What is the ram of an ironclad for?

“To eat and drink *with* the drunken.” Not drunk himself—the upper servant; too well bred, he; but countenancing the drink that does not overcome him,—a goodly public taster; charging also the poor twenty-two shillings for half a crown's worth of the drink he draws for them; boasting also of the prosperity of the house under his management. So many bottles, at least, his chief butlerhood can show emptied out of his Lord's cellar,—‘and shall be exalted to honour, and

for ever give the cup into Pharaoh's hand,' he thinks. Not lascivious, he, but frank in fellowship with all lasciviousness—a goodly speaker after Manchester Banquet,* and cautious not to add, personally, drunkenness to Thirlmere thirst.

“The Lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for Him, and in an hour that he is not aware of. And shall cut him asunder, and shall appoint him his portion with the hypocrites; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

“*Cut him asunder.*”

Read now this—mighty among the foundational words of Human Law, showing forth the Divine Law.

“Tum Tullus, . . . Meti Suffeti, inquit, si ipse discere posses fidem ac foedera servare, vivo tibi ea disciplina a me adhibita esset; nunc, quoniam tuum insanabile ingenium est, tu tuo supplicio doce humanum genus ea sancta credere quae a te violata sunt. Ut igitur paulo ante, animum inter Fidenatem Romanamque rem ancipitem gessisti, ita jam corpus passim distrahendum dabis.”

And after, this:

“But there brake off; for one had caught mine eye,
 Fix'd to a cross with three stakes on the ground:
 He, when He saw me, writhed himself throughout
 Distorted, ruffling with deep sighs His beard.
 And Catalano, who thereof was 'ware,
 Thus spake: 'That pierced spirit, whom intent
 Thou view'st, was He who gave the Pharisees
 Counsel, that it were fitting for one man
 To suffer for the people. He doth lie
 Transverse; nor any passes, but Him first
 Behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.
 In straits like this along the foss are placed
 The father of His consort, and the rest
 Partakers in that counsel, seed of ill
 And sorrow to the Jews.' I noted, then,
 How Virgil gazed with wonder upon Him,
 Thus abjectly extended on the cross
 In banishment eternal.”

* Compare description in Fors, October, 1871, of the 'Entire Clerkly or Learned Company,' and the passage in 'Munera Pulveris' there referred to.

And after, this :

“ Who, e'en in words unfetter'd, might at full
 Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,
 Though he repeated oft the tale ? No tongue
 So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought
 Both impotent alike. If, in one band,
 Collected, stood the people all, whoe'er
 Pour'd on Apulia's fateful soil their blood,
 Slain by the Trojans ; and in that long war
 When of the rings the measured booty made
 A pile so high, as Rome's historian writes
 Who errs not ; with the multitude, that felt
 The girding force of Guiscard's Norman steel,
 And those, the rest, whose bones are gathered yet
 At Ceperano, there where treachery
 Branded th' Apulian name, or where beyond
 Thy walls, O Tagliacozzo, without arms
 The old Alardo conquer'd:—and his limbs
 One were to show transpierced, another his
 Clean lopt away,—a spectacle like this
 Were but a thing of nought, to the hideous sight
 Of the ninth chasm.

* * * * *

Without doubt,

I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,
 A headless trunk, that even as the rest
 Of the sad flock paced onward. By the hair
 It bore the sever'd member, lantern-wise
 Pendent in hand, which look'd at us, and said,
 ‘ Woe's me ! ’ The spirit lighted thus himself ;
 And two there were in one, and one in two :
 How that may be, he knows who ordereth so.”

I have no time to translate “ him who errs not,” * nor to comment on the Dante,—whoso readeth, let him understand,—only this much, that the hypocrisy of the priest who counselled that the King of the Jews should die for the people, and the division of heart in the evil statesman who raised up son against father in the earthly kingship of England, † are for

* “ Che non erra.” I never till now, in reading this passage for my present purpose, noticed these wonderful words of Dante's, spoken of Livy. True, in the grandest sense.

† Read the story of Henry II. in Fors, March, 1871.

ever types of the hypocrisy of the Pharisee and Scribe,—penetrating, through the Church of the nation, and the Scripture or Press of it, into the whole body politic of it; cutting it verily in sunder, as a house divided against itself; and appointing for it, with its rulers, its portion—where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Now, therefore, if there be any God, and if there be any virtue, and if there be any truth, choose ye this day, rulers of men, whom you will serve. Your hypocrisy is not in pretending to be what you are not; but in *being* in the uttermost nature of you—Nothing—but dead bodies in coffins suspended between Heaven and Earth, God and Mammon.

If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him. You would fain be respectful to Baal, keep smooth with Belial, dine with Moloch, sup, with golden spoon of sufficient length, with Beelzebub;—and kiss the Master to bid Him good-night. Nay, even my kind and honest friends make, all of them, answer to my message: ‘I have bought a piece of ground, and I must go and see it.—Suffer me first to bury my father.—I have married a wife—have not I to keep her and my children first of all? Behold, I cannot come.’

So after this seventh year, I am going out into the highways and hedges: but now no more with expostulation. I have wearied myself in the fire enough; and now, under the wild roses and traveller’s joy of the lane hedges, will take what rest may be, in my pilgrimage.

I thought to have finished my blameful work before now, but Fors would not have it so;—now, I am well convinced she will let me follow the peaceful way towards the pleasant hills. Henceforth, the main work of Fors will be constructive only; and I shall allow in the text of it no syllable of complaint or scorn. When notable public abuses or sins are brought to my knowledge, I will bear witness against them simply, laying the evidence of them open in my Correspondence, but sifted before it is printed; following up myself, the while, in plain directions, or happy studies, St. George’s separate work, and lessoning.

Separate, I say once more, it must be; and cannot become work at all until it is so. It is the work of a world-wide monastery; protesting, by patient, not violent, deed, and fearless, yet henceforward unpassionate, word, against the evil of this our day, till in its heart and force it be ended.

Of which evil I here resume the entire assertion made in Fors, up to this time, in few words.

All social evils and religious errors arise out of the pillage of the labourer by the idler: the idler leaving him only enough to live on (and even that miserably,*) and taking all the rest of the produce of his work to spend in his own luxury, or in the toys with which he beguiles his idleness.

And this is done, and has from time immemorial been done, in all so-called civilized, but in reality corrupted, countries,—first by the landlords; then, under their direction, by the three chief so-called gentlemanly ‘professions,’ of soldier, lawyer, and priest; and, lastly, by the merchant and usurer. The landlord pillages by direct force, seizing the land, and saying to the labourer, You shall not live on this earth, but shall here die, unless you give me all the fruit of your labour but your bare living:—the soldier pillages by persuading the peasantry to fight, and then getting himself paid for skill in leading them to death:—the lawyer pillages by prolonging their personal quarrels with marketable ingenuity; and the priest by selling the Gospel, and getting paid for theatrical displays of it.† All this has to cease, inevitably and totally: Peace, Justice, and the Word of God must be *given* to the people, not sold. And these *can* only be given by a true Hierarchy and Royalty, beginning at the throne of God, and descending, by sacred stair let down from heaven, to bless and keep all the Holy creatures of God, man and beast, and to condemn and destroy the unholy. And in this Hierarchy and Royalty all the ser-

* “Maintain him—yes—but how?”—question asked of me by a working girl, long ago.

† Compare ‘Unto this Last,’ p. 37. The three professions said there to be ‘necessary’ are the pastor’s, physician’s, and merchant’s. The ‘pastor’ is the Giver of Meat, whose office I now explain in its fulness.

vants of God have part, being made priests and kings to Him, that they may feed His people with food of angels and food of men; teaching the word of God with power, and breaking and pouring the Sacrament of Bread and Wine from house to house, in remembrance of Christ, and in gladness and singleness of heart; the priest's function at the altar and in the tabernacle, at one end of the village, being only holy in the fulfilment of the deacon's function at the table and in the taberna, at the other.

And so, out of the true earthly kingdom, in fulness of time, shall come the heavenly kingdom, when the tabernacle of God shall be with men; no priest needed more for ministry, because all the earth will be Temple; nor bread nor wine needed more for mortal food, or fading memory, but the water of life given to him that is athirst, and the fruits of the trees of healing.

Into which kingdom that we may enter, let us read now the last words of the King when He left us for His Bridal, in which is the direct and practical warning of which the parable of the Servant was the shadow.

It was given, as you know, to Seven Churches, that live no more,—they having refused the word of His lips, and been consumed by the sword of His lips. Yet to all men the command remains—He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.

They lie along the hills, and across the plain, of Lydia, sweeping in one wide curve like a flight of birds or a swirl of cloud—(if you draw them by themselves on the map you will see)—all of them either in Lydia itself, or on the frontier of it: in nature, Lydian all—richest in gold, delicatest in luxury, softest in music, tenderest in art, of the then world. They unite the capacities and felicities of the Asiatic and the Greek: had the last message of Christ been given to the Churches in Greece, it would have been to Europe in imperfect age; if to the Churches in Syria, to Asia in imperfect age:—written to Lydia, it is written to the world, and for ever.

It is written 'to the Angels of the Seven Churches.' I have told you what 'angels' meant to the Heathen. What do

you, a Christian, mean by them? What is meant by them here?

Commonly the word is interpreted of the Bishops of these Churches; and since, in every living Church, its Bishop, if it have any, must speak with the spirit and in the authority of its angel, there is indeed a lower and literal sense in which the interpretation is true; (thus I have called the Archbishop of Canterbury an angel in Fors of October, 1876, p. 210;) but, in the higher and absolutely true sense, each several charge is here given to the Guardian Spirit of each several Church, the one appointed of Heaven to guide it. Compare 'Bibliotheca Pastorum,' vol. i., Preface, pp. xii to xv, closing with the words of Plato which I repeat here: "For such cities as no angel, but only a mortal, governs, there is no possible avoidance of evil and pain."

Modern Christians, in the beautiful simplicity of their selfishness, think—every mother of them—that it is quite natural and likely that their own baby should have an angel to take care of it, all to itself: but they cannot fancy such a thing as that an angel should take the liberty of interfering with the actions of a grown-up person,—how much less that one should meddle or make with a society of grown-up persons, or be present, and make any tacit suggestions, in a parliamentary debate. But the address here to the angel of the capital city, Sardis, marks the sense clearly: "These things saith He which hath the Seven Stars in His right hand, *and*" (that is to say) "the Seven Spirits of God."

And the charge is from the Spirit of God to each of these seven angels, reigning over and in the hearts of the whole body of the believers in every Church; followed always by the dateless adjuration, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the *Spirit* saith unto the Churches."

The address to each consists of four parts:—

First. The assertion of some special attribute of the Lord of the Churches, in virtue of which, and respect to which, He specially addresses that particular body of believers.

Second. The laying bare of the Church's heart, as known to its Lord.

Third. The judgment on that state of the heart, and promise or threat of a future reward or punishment, assigned accordingly, in virtue of the Lord's special attribute, before alleged.

Fourth. The promise, also in virtue of such special attribute, to all Christians who overcome, as their Lord overcame, in the temptation with which the Church under judgment is contending.

That we may better understand this scheme, and its sequence, let us take first the four divisions of charge to the Churches in succession, and then read the charges in their detail.

I. EPHESUS.

The Attribute.—That holdeth the seven stars, and walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks.

The Declaration.—Thou hast left thy first love.

The Judgment.—I will move thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent.

The Promise.—(Always, 'to him that overcometh.') I will give to eat of the tree of life.

II. SMYRNA.

The Attribute.—The First and the Last, which was dead, and is alive.

The Declaration.—I know thy sorrow,—and thy patience.

The Judgment.—Be thou faithful to death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

The Promise.—He shall not be hurt of the second death.

III. PERGAMOS.

The Attribute.—He which hath the sharp sword with two edges.

The Declaration.—Thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam,

The Judgment.—I will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth.

The Promise.—I will give him to eat of the hidden manna.

IV. THYATIRA.

The Attribute.—That hath His eyes like a flame of fire.

The Declaration.—Thou sufferest that woman Jezebel.

The Judgment.—I will kill her children with death.

The Promise.—I will give him the morning star.

V. SARDIS.

The Attribute.—That hath the seven Spirits of God.

The Declaration.—Thou hast a few names, even in Sardis.

The Judgment.—They shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.

The Promise.—I will confess his name before my Father and His angels.

VI. PHILADELPHIA.

The Attribute.—He that hath the key of David.

The Declaration.—I have set before thee an open door.

The Judgment.—I will keep thee from the hour of temptation.

The Promise.—He shall go out of my temple no more.

VII. LAODICEA.

The Attribute.—The Beginning of the Creation of God.

The Declaration.—Thou art poor and miserable.

The Judgment.—Behold, I stand at the door and knock.

The Promise.—I will grant him to sit with Me in My throne.

Let us now read the charges in their detail, that we may understand them as they are given to ourselves.

Observe, first, they all begin with the same words, "I know thy *works*."

Not even the maddest and blindest of Antinomian teachers could have eluded the weight of this fact, but that, in the following address to each Church, its 'work' is spoken of as the state of its heart.

Of which the interpretation is nevertheless quite simple; namely, that the thing looked at by God first, in every Christian man, is his work;—without that, there is no more talk or thought of him. "Cut him down—why cumbereth he the ground?" But, the work being shown, has next to be tested. In what spirit was this done,—in faith and charity, or in disobedient pride? "You have fed the poor?" yes; but did you do it to get a commission on the dishes, or because you loved the poor? You lent to the poor,—was it in true faith that you lent to *me*, or to get money out of my poor by usury in defiance of me? You thought it a good work—did you? Had you never heard then—"This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent"?

And now we take the separate charges, one by one, in their fulness:—

I. Ephesus.—The attribute is essentially the spiritual power of Christ, in His people,—the 'lamp' of the virgins, the 'light of the world' of the Sermon on the Mount.

The Declaration praises the intensity of this in the Church, and—which is the notablest thing for *us* in the whole series of the charges—it asserts the burning of the Spirit of Christ in the Church to be especially shown because it "cannot bear them which are evil." This fierceness against sin, which we are so proud of being well quit of, is the very life of a Church;—the toleration of sin is the dying of its lamp. How indeed should it shine before men, if it mixed itself in the soot and fog of sin?

So again, although the Spirit is beginning to burn dim, and thou hast left thy first love, yet, *this* 'thou hast, that thou

hatest the deeds of the Nicolaitanes.' (See note below on Pergamos.)

The promise is of fullest life in the midst of the Paradise and garden of God. Compare all the prophetic descriptions of living persons, or states, as the trees in the garden of God; and the blessing of the first Psalm.

II. Smyrna.—The attribute is that of Christ's endurance of death. The declaration, that the faithful Church is now dying, with Him, the noble death of the righteous, and shall live for evermore. The promise, that over those who so endure the slow pain of death in grief, for Christ's sake, the second death hath no power.

III. Pergamos.—The attribute is of Christ the Judge, visiting for sin; the declaration, that the Church has in it the sin of the Nicolaitanes, or of Balaam,—using its grace and inspiration to forward its worldly interest, and grieved at heart because it *has* the Holy Ghost;—the darkest of blasphemies. Against this, 'Behold, I come quickly, and will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth.'

The promise, that he who has kept his lips from blasphemy shall eat of the hidden manna: the word, not the sword, of the lips of Christ. "How sweet is Thy word unto my lips."

The metaphor of the stone, and the new name, I do not yet securely understand.

IV. Thyatira.—The attribute: "That hath his eyes like a flame of fire," (searching the heart,) "his feet like fine brass," (treading the earth, yet in purity, the type of all Christian practical life, unsoiled, whatever it treads on); but remember, lest you should think this in any wise opposed to the sense of the charge to Ephesus, that you may *tread* on foulness, yet remain undefiled; but not lie down in it and remain so.

The praise is for charity and active labour,—and the labour more than the charity.

The woman Jezebel, who calls herself a prophetess, is, I believe, the teacher of labour for lascivious purpose, beginning by the adornment of sacred things, not verily for the honour of God, but for own own delight, (as more or less in all mod-

ern Ritualism.) It is of all manner of sins the most difficult to search out, and detect the absolute root or secret danger of. It is the 'depth of Satan'—the most secret of his temptations, and the punishment of it, death in torture. For if our *charity* and *labour* are poisoned, what is there more to save us?

The reward of resistance is, to rule the nations with a rod of iron—(true work, against painted clay); and I will give him the morning star, (light of heaven, and morning-time for labour).

V. Sardis.—The attribute.—That hath the Seven Spirits of God, and the seven stars.

Again, the Lord of Life itself—the Giver of the Holy Ghost. (Having said thus, he breathed on them.) He questions, not of the poison or misuse of life, but of its *existence*. Strengthen the things that are left—that are ready to *die*. The white raiment is the transfiguration of the earthly frame by the inner life, even to the robe of it, so as no fuller on earth can white them.

The judgment.—I will come unto thee as a thief, (in thy darkness, to take away even that thou hast).

The promise.—I will not blot his name out of the Book of Life.

VI. Philadelphia.—The attribute.—He that is holy (separate from sin)—He that is true (separate from falsehood)—that hath the key of David, (of the city of David which is Zion, renewed and pure; conf. verse 12); that openeth, and no man shutteth (by *me* if any man enter in); and shutteth, and no man openeth,—(for without, are fornicators, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie).

The praise, for faithfulness with a little strength, as of a soldier holding a little fortress in the midst of assaulting armies. Therefore the blessing, after that captivity of the strait siege—the lifting up of the heads of the gates, and setting wide of the everlasting doors by the Lord, mighty in battle.

The promise: Him that overcometh will I make, not merely safe within my fortress temple, but a pillar of it—built on its rock, and bearing its vaults for ever.

VII. Laodicea. The attribute: the Faithful witness—the Word—the Beginning of Creation.

The sin, chaos of heart,—useless disorder of half-shaped life. Darkness on the face of the deep, and rejoicing in darkness,—as in these days of ours to the uttermost. Chaos in all things—dross for gold—slime for mortar—nakedness for glory—pathless morass for path—and the proud blind for guides.

The command, to try the gold, and purge the raiment, and anoint the eyes,—this order given as to the almost helpless—as men waked in the night, not girding their loins for journey, but in vague wonder at uncertain noise, who may turn again to their slumber, or, in wistful listening, hear the voice calling—‘Behold, I stand at the door!’

It is the last of the temptations, bringing back the throne of Annihilation; and the victory over it is the final victory, giving rule, with the Son of God, over the recreate and never to be dissolved order of the perfect earth.

In which there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, “for the former things are passed away.”

“Now, unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you, faultless, before the Presence of His glory with exceeding joy;

“To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.”

The first seven years' Letters of Fors Clavigera were ended in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 21st Nov., 1877.

FORS CLAVIGERA.

LETTERS

TO THE WORKMEN AND LABOURERS
OF GREAT BRITAIN.

VOLUME VIII.

CONTAINING LETTERS LXXXV-XCVI.

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FORS CLAVIGERA.

SECOND SERIES.

LETTER LXXXV.

“YEA, THE WORK OF OUR HANDS, ESTABLISH THOU IT.”

THE series of letters which closed last year were always written, as from the first they were intended to be, on any matter which *chanced* to interest me, and in any humour which *chance* threw me into. By the adoption of the title ‘Fors,’ I meant (among other meanings) to indicate this desultory and accidental character of the work; and to imply, besides, my feeling, that, since I wrote wholly in the interests of others, it might justifiably be hoped that the chance to which I thus submitted myself would direct me better than any choice or method of my own.

So far as regards the subjects of this second series of letters, I shall retain my unfettered method, in reliance on the direction of better wisdom than mine. But in my former letters, I also allowed myself to write on each subject, whatever came into my mind, wishing the reader, like a friend, to know exactly what my mind was. But as no candour will explain this to persons who have no feelings in common with me,—and as I think, by this time, enough has been shown to serve all purposes of such frankness, to those who can receive it,—henceforward, I shall endeavour to write, so far as I can judge, what may be serviceable to the reader, or acceptable by him; and only in some occasional and minor way, what may explain, or indulge, my own feelings.

Such change in my method of address is farther rendered necessary, because I perceive the address must be made to a wider circle of readers.

This book was begun in the limited effort to gather a society together for the cultivation of ground in a particular way;—a society having this special business, and no concern with the other work of the world. But the book has now become a call to all whom it can reach, to choose between being honest or dishonest; and if they choose to be honest, also to join together in a brotherhood separated, visibly and distinctly, from cheats and liars. And as I felt more and more led into this wider appeal, it has also been shown to me that, in this country of England, it must be made under obedience to the Angel of England;—the Spirit which taught our fathers their Faith, and which is still striving with us in our Atheism. And since this was shown to me, I have taken all that I understand of the Book which our fathers believed to be divine, not, as in former times, only to enforce, on those who still believed it, obedience to its orders; but indeed for help and guidance to the whole body of our society.

The exposition of this broader law mingling more and more frequently in my past letters with that of the narrow action of St. George's Guild for the present help of our British peasantry, has much obscured the simplicity of that present aim, and raised up crowds of collateral questions, in debate of which the reader becomes doubtful of the rightness of even what might otherwise have been willingly approved by him: while, to retard his consent yet farther, I am compelled, by the accidents of the time, to allege certain principles of work which only my own long study of the results of the Art of Man upon his mind enable me to know for surety; and these are peculiarly offensive in an epoch which has long made—not only all its Arts mercenary, but even those mercenary forms of them subordinate to yet more servile occupations.

For example; I might perhaps, with some success, have urged the purchase and cultivation of waste land, and the orderly and kindly distribution of the food produced upon it,

had not this advice been coupled with the discussion of the nature of Rent, and the assertion of the God-forbidden guilt of that Usury, of which Rent is the fatallest form. And even if, in subtlety, I had withheld, or disguised, these deeper underlying laws, I should still have alienated the greater number of my possible adherents by the refusal to employ steam machinery, which may well bear, to the minds of persons educated in the midst of such mechanism, the aspect of an artist's idle and unrealizable prejudice. And this all the more, because the greater number of business-men, finding that their own opinions have been adopted without reflection, yet being perfectly content with the opinions so acquired, naturally suppose that mine have been as confidently collected where they could be found with least pains:—with the farther equally rational conclusion, that the opinions they have thus accidentally picked up themselves are more valuable and better selected than the by no means obviously preferable faggot of mine.

And, indeed, the thoughts of a man who from his youth up, and during a life persistently literary, has never written a word either for money or for vanity, nor even in the careless incontinence of the instinct for self-expression, but resolutely spoken only to teach or to praise others, must necessarily be incomprehensible in an age when Christian preaching itself has become merely a polite and convenient profession,—when the most noble and living literary faculties, like those of Scott and Dickens, are perverted by the will of the multitude, and perish in the struggle for its gold; and when the conceit even of the gravest men of science provokes them to the competitive exhibition of their conjectural ingenuity, in fields where argument is impossible, and respecting matters on which even certainty would be profitless.

I believe, therefore, that it will be satisfactory to not a few of my readers, and generally serviceable, if I reproduce, and reply to, a portion of a not unfriendly critique which, appearing in the 'Spectator' for 22nd September, 1877, sufficiently expressed this general notion of my work, necessarily held by men who are themselves writing and talking merely for profit

or amusement, and have never taken the slightest pains to ascertain whether any single thing they say is true; nor are under any concern to know whether, after it has been sold in the permanent form of print, it will do harm or good to the buyer of it.

“MR. RUSKIN’S UNIQUE DOGMATISM.

“As we have often had occasion, if not exactly to remark, yet to imply, in what we have said of him, Mr. Ruskin is a very curious study. For simplicity, quaintness, and candour, his confidences to ‘the workmen and labourers of Great Britain’ in ‘Fors Clavigera’ are quite without example. For delicate irony of style, when he gets a subject that he fully understands, and intends to expose the ignorance, or, what is much worse, the affectation of knowledge which is not knowledge, of others, no man is his equal. But then as curious as anything else, in that strange medley of sparkling jewels, delicate spider-webs, and tangles of exquisite fronds which makes” (the writer should be on his guard against the letter *s* in future passages of this descriptive character) “up Mr. Ruskin’s mind, is the high-handed arrogance which is so strangely blended with his imperious modesty, and that, too, often when it is most grotesque. It is not, indeed, his arrogance, but his modest self-knowledge which speaks, when he says in this new number of the ‘Fors’ that though there are thousands of men in England able to conduct the business affairs of his Society better than he can, ‘I do not believe there is another man in England able to organize our elementary lessons in Natural History and Art. And I am therefore wholly occupied in examining the growth of *Anagallis tenella*, and completing some notes on St. George’s Chapel at Venice.’ And no doubt he is quite right. Probably no one could watch the growth of *Anagallis tenella* to equal purpose, and no one else could complete his notes on St. George’s Chapel without spoiling them. We are equally sure that he is wise, when he tells his readers that he must entirely decline any manner of political action which might hinder him ‘from drawing leaves and flowers.’ But what does astonish us is the supreme confidence,—or say, rather, hurricane of dictatorial passion,—though we do not use the word ‘passion’ in the sense of anger or irritation, but in the higher sense of mental white-heat, which has no vexation in it, (*a*)—with which this humble student of leaves and flowers, of the *Anagallis tenella* and the beauties of St. George’s Chapel at Venice, passes judgment on the whole structure of human society, from its earliest to its latest convolutions, and not only judgment, but the sweeping judgment of one who knows all its laws of structure and all its misshapen growths with a sort of assurance which Mr. Ruskin would certainly never feel in relation to the true form, or the distortions of the true form, of the most minute fibre of one of his favourite

(*a*) I don’t understand. Probably there is not another so much vexed person as I at present extant of his grave.

leaves or flowers. Curiously enough, the humble learner of Nature speaking through plants and trees, is the most absolute scorner of Nature speaking through the organization of great societies and centuries of social experience. (b) We know well what Mr. Ruskin would say,—that the difference is great between the growth that is without moral freedom and the growth which has been for century after century distorted by the reckless abuse of moral freedom. And we quite admit the radical difference. But what strikes us as so strange is that this central difficulty of all,—how much is really due to the structural growth of a great society, and quite independent of any voluntary abuse which might be amended by voluntary effort, and how much is due to the false direction of individual wills, *never strikes Mr. Ruskin as a difficulty at all.* (c) On the contrary, he generalizes in his sweeping way, on social tendencies which appear to be (d) far more deeply ingrained in the very structure of human life than the veins of a leaf in the structure of a plant, with a confidence with which he would never for a moment dream of generalizing as to the true and normal growth of a favourite plant. Thus he tells us in the last number of Fors that ‘Fors Clavigera is not in any way intended as counsel adapted to the present state of the public mind, but it is the assertor of the code of eternal laws which the public mind *must* eventually submit itself to, or die; and I have really no more to do with the manners, customs, feelings, or modified conditions of piety in the modern England, which I have to warn of the accelerated approach either of Revolution or Destruction, than poor Jonah had with the qualifying amiabilities which might have been found in the Nineveh whose overthrow he was ordered to foretell in forty days.’ But the curious part of the matter is that Mr. Ruskin, far from keeping to simple moral laws, denounces in the most vehement manner social arrangements which seem to most men (e) as little connected with them as they would have seemed to ‘poor Jonah.’ We are not aware, for instance, that Jonah denounced the use of machinery in Nineveh. Indeed, he seems to have availed himself of a ship, which is a great complication of machines, and to have ‘paid his fare’ from Joppa to Tyre, without supposing himself to have been accessory to anything evil in so doing. We are not aware, too, that Jonah held it to be wrong, as Mr. Ruskin holds it to be wrong, to charge for the use of a thing when you do not want to part with it altogether. These are practices which are so essentially interwoven alike with the most fundamental as also with the most superficial principles of social growth, that any one who assumes that they are rooted in moral evil is bound to be very careful to discriminate where the evil begins, and show

(b) It *would* be curious, and much more, if it only *were* so.

(c—Italics mine.) On what grounds did the writer suppose this? When Dr. Christison analyzes a poison, and simply states his result, is it to be concluded he was struck by no difficulties in arriving at it, because he does not advise the public of his embarrassments?

(d) What does it matter what they *appear* to be?

(e) What does it matter what they ‘seem to most men’?

that it can be avoided,—just as a naturalist who should reproach the trees on a hill-side for sloping away from the blast they have to meet, should certainly first ask himself how the trees are to avoid the blast, or how, if they cannot avoid it, they are to help so altering their growth as to accommodate themselves to it. But Mr. Ruskin, though in relation to nature he is a true naturalist, in relation to human nature has in him nothing at all of the human naturalist. It never occurs to him apparently that here, too, are innumerable principles of growth which are quite independent of the will of man, and that it becomes the highest moralist to study humbly where the influence of the human will begins and where it ends, instead of rashly and sweepingly condemning, as due to a perverted morality, what is in innumerable cases a mere inevitable result of social structure. (*f*)

“Consider only how curiously different in spirit is the humility with which the great student of the laws of beauty watches the growth of the *Anagallis tenella*, and that with which he watches the growth of the formation of human opinion. A correspondent had objected to him that he speaks so contemptuously of some of the most trusted leaders of English workmen, of Goldwin Smith, for instance, and of John Stuart Mill. Disciples of such leaders, the writer had said, ‘are hurt and made angry, when names which they do not like are used of their leaders.’ Mr. Ruskin’s reply is quite a study in its way:—

‘Well, my dear sir, I solemnly declare,’ etc., down to ‘ditches for ever.’—See Fors, September, 1877.

Now observe that here Mr. Ruskin, who would follow the lines of a gossamer-thread sparkling in the morning dew with reverent wonder and conscientious accuracy, arraigns, first, the tendency of man to express immature and tentative views of passing events, (*g*) as if that were wholly due, not to a law of human nature. !! (*h*) but to those voluntary abuses of human freedom which might as effectually be arrested as murder or theft could be arrested by moral

(*f*) To this somewhat lengthily metaphorical paragraph, the needful answer may be brief, and without metaphor. To every ‘social structure’ which has rendered either wide national crime or wide national folly ‘inevitable’—ruin is also ‘inevitable.’ Which is all I have necessarily to say; and which has been by me, now, very sorrowfully,—enough said. Nevertheless, somewhat more may be observed of England at this time,—namely, that she has no ‘social structure’ whatsoever; but is a mere heap of agonizing human maggots, scrambling and sprawling over each other for any manner of rotten eatable thing they can get a bite of.

(*g*) I have never recognized any such tendency in persons moderately well educated. What is their education for—if it cannot prevent their expressing immature views about *anything*?

(*h*) I insert two notes of admiration. What ‘law of human nature’ shall we hear of next? If it cannot keep its thoughts in its mind, till they are digested,—I suppose we shall next hear it cannot keep its dinner in its stomach.

effort ; next arraigns, if not the discovery of the printing-press (of which any one would suppose that he entertained a stern disapprobation), at least the inevitable (*i*) results of that discovery, precisely as he would arraign a general prevalence of positive vice ; and last of all, that he actually claims the power, as an old littérateur, to discern at sight ‘ what is eternally good and vital, and to strike away from it pitilessly what is worthless and venomous.’ On the first two heads, as it seems to us, Mr. Ruskin arraigns laws of nature as practically unchangeable as any by which the sap rises in the tree and the blossom forms upon the flower. On the last head, he assumes a tremendous power in relation to subjects very far removed from these which he has made his own,—”

—I have lost the next leaf of the article, and may as well, it seems to me, close my extract here, for I do not know what subject the writer conceives me to have made my own, if *not* the quality of literature ! If I am ever allowed, by public estimate, to know anything whatever, it is—how to write. My knowledge of painting is entirely denied by ninety-nine out of a hundred painters of the day ; but the literary men are great hypocrites if they don’t really think me, as they profess to do, fairly up to my work in that line. And what would an old littérateur be good for, if he did not know good writing from bad, and that without tasting more than a half page. And for the moral tendency of books—no such practised sagacity is needed to determine that. The sense, to a healthy mind, of being strengthened or enervated by reading, is just as definite and unmistakeable as the sense, to a healthy body, of being in fresh or foul air : and no more arrogance is involved in perceiving the stench, and forbidding the reading of an unwholesome book, than in a physician’s ordering the windows to be opened in a sick room. There is no question whatever concerning these matters, with any person who honestly desires to be in-

(*i*) There is nothing whatever of inevitable in the ‘ universal gabble of fools,’ which is the lamentable fact I have alleged of the present times, whether they gabble with or without the help of printing-press. The power of saying a very foolish thing to a very large number of people at once, is of course a greater temptation to a foolish person than he was formerly liable to ; but when the national mind, such as it is, becomes once aware of the mischief of all this, it is evitable enough—else there were an end to popular intelligence in the world.

formed about them ;—the real arrogance is only in expressing judgments, either of books or anything else, respecting which we have taken no trouble to be informed. Here is my friend of the ‘Spectator,’ for instance, commenting complacently on the vulgar gossip about my opinions of machinery, without even taking the trouble to look at what I said, else he would have found that, instead of condemning machinery, there is the widest and most daring plan in Fors for the adaptation of tide-mills to the British coasts that has yet been dreamt of in engineering ; and that, so far from condemning ships, half the physical education of British youth is proposed by Fors to be conducted in them.

What the contents of Fors really are, however, it is little wonder that even my most studious friends do not at present know, broken up as these materials have been into a mere moraine of separate and seemingly jointless stones, out of which I must now build such Cyclopean wall as I shall have time and strength for. Therefore, during some time at least, the main business of this second series of letters will be only the arrangement for use, and clearer illustration, of the scattered contents of the first.

And I cannot begin with a more important subject, or one of closer immediate interest, than that of the collection of rain, and management of streams. On this subject, I expect a series of papers from my friend Mr. Henry Willett, containing absolutely verified data : in the meantime I beg the reader to give his closest attention to the admirable statements by M. Violet-le-Duc, given from the new English translation of his book on Mont Blanc, in the seventh article of our Correspondence. I have before had occasion to speak with extreme sorrow of the errors in the theoretical parts of this work : but its practical intelligence is admirable.

Just in time, I get Mr. Willett’s first sheet. His preface is too valuable to be given without some farther comment, but this following bit may serve us for this month :

“The increased frequency in modern days of upland floods appears to be due mainly to the increased want of the retention of the rainfall. Now it is true of all drainage matters that man has complete power over them at the beginning, where they are widely disseminated, and it is only when by the uniting ramifications over large areas a great accumulation is produced, that man becomes powerless to deal satisfactorily with it. Nothing ever is more senseless than the direct contravention of Nature’s laws by the modern system of gathering together into one huge polluted stream the sewage of large towns. The waste and expense incurred, first in collecting, and then in attempting to separate and to apply to the land the drainage of large towns, seems a standing instance of the folly and perversity of human arrangements, and *it can only be accounted for by the interest which attaches to the spending of large sums of money.*” (Italics mine).

“It may be desirable at some future time to revert to this part of the subject, and to suggest the natural, simple, and inexpensive alternative plan.

“To return to the question of floods caused by rainfall only. The first and completely remunerating expenditure should be for providing tanks of filtered water for human drinking, etc., and reservoirs for cattle and manufacturing purposes, in the upland valleys and moorland glens which form the great collecting grounds of all the water which is now wastefully permitted to flow either into underground crevices and natural reservoirs, that it may be pumped up again at an enormous waste of time, labour, and money, or neglectfully permitted to deluge the habitations of which the improper erection on sites liable to flooding has been allowed.

“To turn for a moment to the distress and incurred expense in summer from want of the very same water which has been wasted in winter, I will give three or four instances which have come under my own knowledge. In the summer of 1876 I was put on shore from a yacht a few miles west of Swanage Bay, in Dorsetshire, and then, walking to the nearest village, I wanted to hire a pony-chaise from the landlady of

the only inn, but she was obliged absolutely to refuse me because the pony was already overworked by having to drag water for the cows a perpendicular distance of from two hundred to three hundred feet from the valley beneath. Hardly a rain-shoot, and no reservoir, could be seen. A highly intelligent gentleman in Sussex, the year before, remarked, 'I should not regret the rain coming and spoiling the remainder of my harvest, as it would thereby put an end to the great expense I am at in drawing water from the river for my flock of sheep.' In the village of Farnborough, Kent, there are two wells: one at the Hall, 160 feet deep, and a public one at the north-west of the village. In summer a man gets a good living by carting the water for the poor people, charging 1*d.* for six gallons, and earning from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* a day. One agricultural labourer pays 5*d.* a week for his family supply in summer. 'He could catch more off his own cottage, but the spouts are out of order, and the landlord won't put them right.' I know a farmer in Sussex who, having a seven-years' lease of some downland, at his own expense built a small tank which cost him £30. He told me at the end of his lease the farm would be worth £30 per annum more, because of the tank. The Earl of Chichester, who has most wisely and successfully grappled with the subject, says that £100 per annum is not an unfrequent expenditure by individual farmers for the carting of water in summer-time.

"In my next I will give, by his lordship's kind permission, a detailed account and plan of his admirable method of water supply, superseding wells and pumping."

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Company.

I never was less able to give any account of these, for the last month has been entirely occupied with work in Oxford; the Bank accounts cannot be in my hands till the year's end; the business at Abbeydale can in no wise be put on clear footing till our Guild is registered; and I have just been warned of some farther modifications needful in our memorandum for registry.

But I was completely convinced last year that, fit or unfit, I must take all these things in hand myself; and I do not think the leading article of our Correspondence will remain, after the present month, so wholly unsatisfactory.

II. Affairs of the Master. (12th December, 1877.)

Since I last gave definite statements of these, showing that in cash I had only some twelve thousand pounds left, the sale of Turner's drawings, out of the former collection of Mr. Munro, of Novar, took place; and I considered it my duty, for various reasons, to possess myself of Carnarvon Castle, Leicester Abbey, and the Bridge of Narni; the purchase of which, with a minor acquisition or two besides, reduced my available cash, by my banker's account yesterday, to £10,223, that being the market value of my remaining £4000 Bank Stock. I have directed them to sell this stock, and buy me £9000 New Threes instead; by which operation I at once lose about sixty pounds a year of interest, (in conformity with my views already enough expressed on that subject,) and I put a balance of something over £1500 in the Bank, to serve St. George and me till we can look about us a little.

Both the St. George's and my private account will henceforward be rendered by myself, with all clearness possible to me; but they will no longer be allowed to waste the space of Fors. They will be forwarded on separate sheets to the Companions, and be annually purchasable by the public.

I further stated, in last year's letters, that at the close of 1877 I should present my Marylebone property to St. George for a Christmas gift, without interfering with Miss Octavia Hill's management of it. But this piece of business, like everything else I try to do just now, has its own hitches; the nature of which will be partly understood on reading some recent correspondence between Miss Hill and myself, which I trust may be closed, and

in form presentable, next month. The transference of the property will take place all the same; but it will be seen to have become questionable how far Miss Hill may now consent to retain her control over the tenants.

III. We cannot begin the New Year under better auspices than are implied in the two following letters.

TO MR. JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.

"Honoured Sir,—I send ten shillings, which I beg you to accept as a gift for your St. George's Fund. The sum is small, but I have been thinking that as you are now bringing some plots of land into cultivation, that even so small a sum, if spent in the purchase of two or three apple or other fruit trees suitable to the locality, they might be pointed to, in a few years time, to show what had been the result of a small sum, when wisely deposited in the Bank of Nature.

"Yours very Respectfully,

"A Garden Workman,

"This day 80 years old,

"JOSEPH STAPLETON.

"November 28th, 1877."

(The apple-trees will be planted in Worcestershire, and kept separate note of.)

"CLOUGHTON MOOR, NEAR SCARBOROUGH,
November 15, 1877.

"Dear Master,—We have delayed answering your very kind letter, for which we were very grateful, thinking that soon we should be hearing again from Mr. Bagshawe, because we had a letter from him the same day that we got yours, asking for particulars of the agreement between myself and Dr. Rooke. I answered him by return of post, requesting him likewise to get the affair settled as soon as convenient; but we have not heard anything since. But we keep working away, and have got the house and some of the land a bit shapely. We are clearing, and intend enclosing, about sixteen hundred yards of what we think the most suitable and best land for a garden, and shall plant a few currant and gooseberry bushes in, I hope directly, if the weather keeps favourable. In wet weather we repair the cottage indoors, and all seems to go on very nicely. The children enjoy it very much, and so do we too. for you see we are altogether—'father's always at home.' I shall never be afraid of being out of work again, there is so much to do; and I think it will pay, too. Of course it will be some time before it returns anything, excepting tired limbs, and the satisfaction that it is, and looks, better. We intend rearing poultry, and have a cow, perhaps, when we get something to grow to feed them with; and to that intent I purpose preparing stone this winter to build an outbuilding for them in the spring-time. I can do it all myself—the working part; but should require help to purchase lime and timber, but not yet. We shall try our best to work and make our arrangements suit your views as far as we understand them, and anything you could like us to do, we shall be glad to perform.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN GUY.

"Our gross earnings for the year is £54 18s. 3½d. Our expenses this year have been heavy, with two removals, but we have a balance of £11 after paying tenth, for which we enclose Post Office order for £5 9s. 10d. We have plenty of clothing and shoes and fuel to serve us the winter through; so Mary says we can do very well until spring."

IV. The following important letters set the question raised about the Bishops' returns of income at rest. I need scarcely point out how desirable it would be for these matters to be put on so simple footing as to leave no ground for misapprehension by the common people. 'Disingenuousness' which the writer suspects in the 'Humanitarian' is not usually a fault of the lower orders; nor do they ever fail in respect to a good and active clergyman.

"November 28, 1877.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—I see from the November Fors that you ask for further explanation of some figures published by a 'Humanitarian,' of Bishopwearmouth, touching the Bishops' incomes of thirty-nine years ago. 'The apparent discrepancy between the actual and alleged incomes' is very easily explained. The larger figures are not, and are not said to be, the incomes of the Bishops at all. The estates were then let on 'beneficial' leases; and the people who held these leases, generally country squires, were the real owners of the lands, paying to the Bishops ancient nominal rents, and occasional lump sums ('fines'), when the leases were renewed. The big sums, therefore, are the estimated rental of the lands—that is, e.g., in the case of York the £41,030 represent the rents paid to the country gentlemen by their tenants, and the £13,798 is the average, one year with another, of what the squires paid to the Archbishop in rents and fines. The difference, of course, represents the value of the lands to the squires. What the figures really show, therefore, is the amount of Church property which, little by little, in the course of centuries, through a bad system of tenure, had got into the hands of laymen. This bad system has been long abolished, under the operation of divers laws passed in 1841, and later; and the Bishops have now, as your other table shows, much-reduced and unvarying income."

"It may help you to see how the proportions (in the case of different Bishops) of the Bishops' receipts to value of lands, vary so much, when I explain that the average episcopal income was required, in the forms issued by the Royal Commission, to be made out from the actual receipts of a specified period—seven years, I think.* Now the separate leaseholds were of very various values, some big and some little, and it would often happen that several years elapsed without any big 'fine' falling in; and then there might come, in quick succession, the renewals of three or four very valuable estates, thus raising immensely the average for those particular years. Hence every Bishop's return, though accurately given as required, was a very rough average, though the return, taken as a whole—that is, as regards all the sees together—gave a fair view of the facts. The ins and outs of the affair, you see, can only be understood by people familiar with the working of the now obsolete system. I therefore in my last note abstained from saying more than was just sufficient to indicate the blunder, or disingenuousness, of the pamphleteer, knowing that it would be useless to burden your pages with further details. To any one who knows the facts, the large figures given as the *apparent* incomes of Bishops are simply ludicrous. No Bishop ever had any income approaching to £50,000. That of the late Bishop Sumner, of Winchester, was always quoted as exorbitantly vast, and it was about £19,000. I know privately that the late Archbishop of Canterbury, with his £15,000 a year, left his family the noble fortune of £600 per annum!"

* The term had necessarily to be moderate, as it would have been useless to ask a Bishop as to the receipts of his predecessor.

V. "THE FATE OF CYFARTHFA.—Mr. Crawshaw has put a summary end to all rumours as to the possibility of a start at Cyfarthfa. One of his old servants, says the 'Western Mail,' wrote to him lately on matters apart from the iron-works; but in the course of his letter he asked his old master whether there were any hopes of the works being again started. The reply from Mr. Crawshaw was as follows: 'Trade is worse than ever it was, and I see not the slightest chance of Cyfarthfa starting again; and I believe if it ever does start it will be under different circumstances to the present, as it will require a large sum to be laid out in improvements, such as making steel-works, etc. I am too near my grave to think of doing anything of the sort; and I think so badly of trade altogether that I have no wish to see my sons remain in it. I am feeling very poorly, and do not think I can possibly live very long, and if I am able I shall sell the works before I die. There is nothing now to bind me to them, for I have been estranged from them by the conduct of the men. I always hoped and expected to die with the works going, and the same feeling among the men for their employers; but things have changed, and all is different, and I go to my grave feeling I am a perfect stranger, as all my old men are gone, or nearly so.'"

"9, STEVENSON SQUARE, MANCHESTER,
9th October, 1877.

"My dear Sir,—Could you have thought, did you expect, that such an utter vindication of your words would embody itself in this form?"

"J. RUSKIN, ESQ."

"T. W. P."

Yes, my friend, I not only expected, but knew positively that such vindication, not of my words only, but of the words of all the servants of God, from the beginning of days, would assuredly come, alike in this, and in other yet more terrible, forms. But it is to be noted that there are four quite distinct causes operating in the depression of English,—especially iron,—trade, of which two are our own fault; and the other two, being inevitable, should have been foreseen long since, by even the vulgar sagacity of self-interest.

The first great cause is the separation between masters and men, which is wholly the masters' fault, and the necessary result of the defiance of every moral law of human relation by modern political economy.

The second is the loss of custom, in consequence of bad work—also a result of the teaching of modern political economy.

The third, affecting especially the iron trade, is that the funds which the fools of Europe had at their disposal, with which to build iron bridges instead of wooden ones, put up spike railings instead of palings, and make machines in substitution for their arms and legs, are now in a great degree exhausted; and by the time the rails are all rusty, the bridges snapped, and the machines found to reap and thresh no more corn than arins did, the fools of Europe will have learned a lesson or two which will not be soon forgotten, even by *them*; and the iron trade will be slack enough, thereafter.

The fourth cause of trade depression,—bitter to the hearts of the persons whom Mr. Spencer Herbert calls patriots,—is, that the inhabitants of other countries have begun to perceive that they have got hands as well as we—and possibly, in some business, even better hands; and that they may just as well make their own wares as buy them of us. Which wholesome discov-

ery of theirs will in due time mercifully put an end to the British ideal of life in the National Shop; and make it at last plain to the British mind that the cliffs of Dover were not constructed by Providence merely to be made a large counter.

VI. The following paper by Professor W. J. Beal is sent me by a correspondent from a New York journal. The reader is free to attach such weight to it as he thinks proper. The passage about the Canada thistle is very grand.

“Interest money is a heavy tax on many people of the United States. There is no other burden in the shape of money which weighs down like interest, unless it be money spent for intoxicating liquors. Men complain of high State taxes, of school taxes, and taxes for bridges, sewers, (? grading,) and for building churches. For some of these they are able to see an equivalent, but for money paid as interest—for the use of money, few realize or gain (? guess) what it costs. It is an expensive luxury to pay for the mere privilege of handling what does not belong to you. People are likely to overestimate your wealth, and (make you?) pay more taxes than you ought to.

“In most parts of our new country, ten per cent. per annum, or more, is paid for the use of money. A shrewd business man may reasonably make it pay to live at this rate for a short time, but even such men often fail to make it profitable. It is an uncommon thing for any business to pay a sure and safe return of ten per cent. for any length of time. The profits of great enterprises, like railroads, manufactories of iron, cloth, farm-implements, etc., etc., are so variable, so fluctuating, that it is difficult to tell their average profit, or the average profit of any one of them. We know it is not uncommon for railroads to go into the hands of a receiver, because they cannot pay the interest on their debts. Factories stop, and often go to decay, because they cannot pay running expenses. Often they cannot continue without losing money, to say nothing about the interest on the capital. Merchants seldom can pay ten per cent. on large amounts for any length of time. Even six per cent. is a heavy tax on any kind of business.

“But it was not of these classes that I intended to speak at this time. The writer has been most of his life among farmers, and has had unusual opportunities for studying their management of finances. It may be worse in a new country than in an old one, but so far as my knowledge extends, a large majority of the farms of Michigan are covered by a mortgage. The farmer needs capital to buy sheep, cattle, tools; to build houses and barns, and to clear and prepare land for crops. He is very likely to underestimate the cost of a farm, and what it takes to stock it properly. He invests all his money, and perhaps runs in debt, for his land alone, leaving nothing with which to furnish it. Quite often he buys more land before he has money to pay for it, or even before he has paid off the mortgage on his present farm. Times may be easy; crops may be good, and high in price, for a few years. He overestimates his ability to make money, and runs in debt. Fortune changes. He has ‘bad luck,’ and the debt grows larger instead of smaller.

“Farming is a safe business, but even this has its dark side. Good crops are by no means sure, even with good culture. Blight, drought, insects, fire, sickness, and other calamities may come when least expected, and with a large debt overwhelm the hopeful farmer.

“I have never seen a farm that for several years together paid ten per cent. interest on the capital invested. In an old scrap-book I find the following: ‘No blister draws sharper than does the interest. Of all industries, none is comparable to that of interest. It works all day and night, in

fair weather and in foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws at a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound in the spider's web. Debts roll a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long legged interest devours him. There is but one thing on a farm like it, and that is the Canada thistle, which swarms with new plants every time you break its roots, whose blossoms are prolific, and every flower the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a spear, and every plant like a platoon of bayonets, and a field of them like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and a vegetable curse. And yet, a farmer had better make his bed of Canada thistles than to be at ease upon interest.'

"There are some exceptions to the general rule, that no man should run in debt. It may be better for one to owe something on a house and lot than to move from house to house every year or so and pay a high rent. It may do for a farmer to incur a small debt on a new piece of land, or on some improvement, but be cautious. A small debt will sometimes stimulate to industry and economy, but a large one will often weary, and finally come off victorious.

"A farmer wishes to save his extra lot for his son, and so pays ten per cent. His sons and daughters cannot go to a good school or college because of that mortgage. The son sees the privations of a farmer's life under unfavourable circumstances. The father dies, and leaves the farm to his son with a heavy debt on it, which he in vain attempts to remove, or he sells the farm and leaves that kind of drudgery. Very often a farmer is keeping more land than he is able to work or manage well. He does not know how to get value received, and more, out of his hired help. Such a one is unwise not to sell a part, clear the debt, and work the remainder better."

VII. The passage referred to in the text, from Mr. Bucknall's translation of M. Violet-le Duc's essay on Mont Blanc:—

"But what is man in presence of the great phenomena which geology reveals? What can he do to utilize or to counteract their consequences? How can such diminutive beings, whose most numerous army would be barely noticed on the slopes of these mountains, in any degree modify the laws which govern the distribution of watercourses, alluvial deposits, denudations, and the accumulation and melting of snows on such vast mountain masses? Is not their impotence manifest?

"No; the most terrible and powerful phenomena of nature are only the result of the multiplication of infinitesimal appliances or forces. The blade of grass or the fibre of moss performs a scarcely appreciable function, but which, when multiplied, conducts to a result of considerable importance. The drop of water which penetrates by degrees into the fissures of the hardest rocks, when crystallized as the result of a lowering of the temperature, ultimately causes mountains to crumble. In Nature there are no insignificant appliances, or, rather, the action of nature is only the result of insignificant appliances. Man, therefore, can act in his turn, since these small means are not beyond the reach of his influence, and his intelligence enables him to calculate their effects. Yet owing to his neglect of the study of Nature—his parent and great nurturer, and thus ignorant of her procedure, man is suddenly surprised by one of the phases of her incessant work, and sees his crops and habitations swept away by an inundation. Does he proceed to examine the cause of what he calls a cataclysm, but which is only the consequence of an accumulation of phenomena? No; he attributes it to Providence, restores his dykes, sows his field, and rebuilds his dwellings; and then . . . waits for the disaster—which is a consequence of laws he has neglected to study—to occur again. Is it not thus that things

have been taking place for centuries?—while nature, subject to her own laws, is incessantly pursuing her work with an inflexible logical persistency. The periodical inundations which lay waste vast districts are only a consequence of the action of these laws; it is for us, therefore, to become acquainted with them, and to direct them to our advantage.

“We have seen in the preceding investigations that Nature had, at the epoch of the great glacial *débaües*, contrived reservoirs at successive stages, in which the torrent waters deposited the materials of all dimensions that were brought down—first in the form of drift, whence, sifting them, they caused them to descend lower down; the most bulky being deposited first, and the lightest, in the form of silt, being carried as far as the low plains. We have seen that, in filling up most of these reservoirs by the deposit of materials, the torrents tended to make their course more and more sinuous—to lengthen it, and thus to diminish the slopes, and consequently render their flow less rapid. We have seen that in the higher regions the torrents found points of rest—levels prepared by the disintegration of the slopes; and that from these levels they incessantly cause *débris* to be precipitated, which ultimately formed cones of dejection, often permeable, and at the base of which the waters, retarded in their course and filtered, spread in rivulets through the valleys.

“Not only have men misunderstood the laws of which we mention here only certain salient points, but they have for the most part run counter to them, and have thus been paving the way for the most formidable disasters. Ascending the valleys, man has endeavoured to make the great laboratories of the mountains subservient to his requirements. To obtain pastures on the slopes, he has destroyed vast forests; to obtain fields suitable for agriculture in the valleys, he has embanked the torrents, or has obliterated their sinuosities, thus precipitating their course towards the lower regions; or, again, bringing the mud-charged waters into the marshes, he has dried up the latter by suppressing a great many accidental reserves. The mountaineer has had but one object in view—to get rid as quickly as possible of the waters with which he is too abundantly supplied, without concerning himself with what may happen in the lower grounds. Soon, however, he becomes himself the first victim of his imprudence or ignorance. The forests having been destroyed, avalanches have rolled down in enormous masses along the slopes. These periodical avalanches have swept down in their course the humus produced by large vegetable growths; and in place of the pastures which the mountaineer thought he was providing for his flocks he has found nothing more than the denuded rock, allowing the water produced by rain or thawing to flow in a few moments down to the lower parts, which are then rapidly submerged and desolated. To obtain a few acres by drying up a marsh or a small lake, he has often lost double the space lower down in consequence of the more rapid discharge of pebbles and sand. As soon as vegetation has attempted to grow on the cones of dejection—the products of avalanches, and which consist entirely of *débris*—he will send his herds of goats there, which will destroy in a few hours the work of several years. At the terminal point of the elevated combes—where the winter causes the snows to accumulate—far from encouraging the larger vegetable growths, which would mitigate the destructive effects of the avalanches, he has been in the habit of cutting down the trees, the approach to such points being easy, and the cones of dejection favouring the sliding down of the trunks into the valley.

“This destruction of the forests appears to entail consequences vastly more disastrous than are generally supposed. Forests protect forests, and the more the work of destruction advances, the more do they incline to abandon the altitudes in which they once flourished. At the present day, around the *massif* of Mont Blanc, the larch, which formerly grew vigorously

at an elevation of six thousand feet, and marked the limit of the larger vegetable growths, is quitting those heights, leaving isolated witnesses in the shape of venerable trunks which are not replaced by young trees.

* * * * *

“ Having frequently entered into conversation with mountaineers on those elevated plateaux, I have taken occasion to explain to them these simple problems, to point out to them the foresight of nature and the improvidence of man, and to show how by trifling efforts it was easy to restore a small lake, to render a stream less rapid, and to stop the fall of materials in those terrible couloirs. They would listen attentively, and the next day would anticipate me in remarking, ‘ Here is a good place to make a reservoir. By moving a few large stones here, an avalanche might be arrested.’

“ The herdsmen are the enemies of the forests ; what they want is pasturage. As far as they can, therefore, they destroy the forests, without suspecting that their destruction is sure to entail that of the greater part of the pastures.

“ We saw in the last chapter that the lowering* of the limit of the woods appear to be directly proportioned to the diminution of the glaciers ; in fact, that the smaller the volume of the glaciers, the more do the forests approach the lower (? higher) regions. We have found stumps of enormous larches on the beds of the ancient glaciers that surmounted La Flégère, beneath the Aiguilles Pourries and the Aiguilles Rouges—*i.e.*, more than three hundred feet above the level of the modern Châlet de la Flégère, whereas at present the last trees are some yards below this hotel, and maintain but a feeble existence. These deserts are now covered only with stone *débris*, rhododendrons, and scanty pasturage. Even in summer, water is absent at many points, so that to supply their cattle the herdsmen of La Flégère have been obliged to conduct the waters of the Lacs Blancs into reservoirs by means of a small dike which follows the slopes of the ancient moraines. Yet the bottoms of the trough shaped hollows are sheltered, and contain a thick layer of humus, so that it would appear easy, in spite of the altitude (6,600 feet), to raise larches there. But the larch is favoured by the neighbourhood of snows or ice. And on this plateau, whose summits reach an average of 8,500 feet, scarcely a few patches of snow are now to be seen in August.

“ Formerly these ancient glacier beds were dotted with small tarns, which have been drained off for the most part by the herdsmen themselves, who hoped thus to gain a few square yards of pasture. Such tarns, frozen from October to May, preserve the snow and form small glaciers, while their number caused these solitudes to preserve permanent nêvés, which, covering the rocky beds, regarded their disintegration. It was then also that the larches, whose stumps still remain, covered the hollows and sheltered parts of the combes. The area of pasturage was evidently limited ; but the pasturage itself was good, well watered, and could not be encroached upon. Now both tarns and nêvés have disappeared, and larches likewise, while we see inroads constantly made on the meadows by stony *débris* and sand.

“ If care be not taken, the valley from Nant-Borant to Bonhomme, which still enjoys such fine pastures, protected by some remains of forests, will be invaded by *débris* ; for these forests are already being cleared in consequence of a complete misunderstanding of the conditions imposed by the nature of the locality.

“ Conifers would seem to have been created with a view to the purpose they serve on the slopes of the mountains. Their branches, which exhibit a constant verdure, arrest the snows, and are strongly enough attached to their trunk to enable them to support the load they have to carry. In winter we may see layers of snow eight inches or a foot thick on the pal-

* ‘ Raising,’ I think the author must have meant.

mated branches of the firs, yet which scarcely make them bend. Thus every fir is a shelf which receives the snow and hinders it from accumulating as a compact mass on the slopes. Under these conditions avalanches are impossible. When the thaws come, these small separate stores crumble successively into powder. The trunk of the conifer clings to the rocks by the help of its roots, which, like widespread talons, go far to seek their nourishment, binding together among them all the rolling stones. In fact, the conifer prefers a rock, settles on it, and envelopes it with its strong roots as with a net, which, stretching far and wide, go in search of neighbouring stones, and attach them to the first as if to prevent all chance of their slipping down.* In the interstices *débris* of leaves and branches accumulate, and a humus is formed which retains the waters and promotes the growth of herbaceous vegetation.

“It is wonderful to see how, in a few years, slopes, composed of materials of all shapes, without any appearance of vegetation, become covered with thick and vigorous fir plantations—*i.e.*, if the goats do not tear off the young shoots, and if a little rest is left to the heaps on which they grow. Then the sterile ground is clothed, and if an avalanche occurs, it may prostrate some of the young trees and make itself a passage, but vegetation is eager to repair the damage. Does man ever aid in this work? No; he is its most dangerous enemy. Among these young conifers he sends his herds of goats, which in a few days make sad havoc, tear off the shoots, or hinder them from growing; moreover, he will cut down the slender trunks for firewood, whereas the great neighbouring forest would furnish him, in the shape of dead wood and fallen branches, with abundance of fuel.

“We have observed this struggle between man and vegetation for several years in succession. Sometimes, but rarely, the rising forest gains the victory, and, having reached a certain development, can defend itself. But most frequently it is atrophied, and presents a mass of stunted trunks, which an avalanche crushes and buries in a few moments.

* * * * *

“Reservoirs in steps at successive heights are the only means for preventing the destructive effects of floods, for regulating the streams, and supplying the plains during the dry seasons. If, when Nature is left to herself, she gradually fills up those she had formed, she is incessantly forming fresh ones; but here man interferes and prevents the work. He is the first to suffer from his ignorance and cupidity; and what he considers his right to the possession of the soil is too often the cause of injury to his neighbours and to himself.

“Civilized nations are aware that in the towns they build it is necessary to institute sanitary regulations—that is, regulations for the public welfare, which are a restriction imposed on the absolute rights of property. These civilized nations have also established analogous regulations respecting highways, the water-courses in the plains, the chase, and fishing; but they have scarcely troubled themselves about mountain districts, *which are the sources of all the wealth of the country*; (Italics mine; but the statement needs qualification.—J. R.) for where there are no mountains there are no rivers, consequently no cultivated lands; nothing but *steppes*, furnishing, at best, pasturage for a few cattle distributed over immense areas.

“On the pretext that mountain regions are difficult of access, those among us who are entrusted by destiny, ambition, or ability, with the management of the national interests, find it easier to concern themselves with the plains than with the heights. (I don't find any governments, nowadays, concerning

* Compare the chapter on the offices of the Root, in 'Proserpina.'

themselves even with the *plains*, except as convenient fields for massacre.—J. R.)

“We allow that in those elevated solitudes Nature is inclement, and is stronger than we are; but it so happens that an inconsiderable number of shepherds and poor ignorant mountaineers are free to do in those altitudes what their immediate interests suggest to them. What do those good people care about that which happens in the plains? They have timber for which the sawmill is ready, and they fell it where the transport to that sawmill is least laborious. Is not the incline of the couloir formed expressly for sliding the trunks directly to the mill?

“They have water in too great abundance, and they get rid of it as fast as they can. They have young fir-plants, of which the goats are fond; and to make a cheese which they sell for fifty centimes, they destroy a hundred francs' worth of timber, thereby exposing their slopes to be denuded of soil, and their own fields to be destroyed. They have infertile marshes, and they drain them by digging a ditch requiring two days' work. These marshes were filled with accumulations of peat, which, like a sponge, retained a considerable quantity of water at the time of the melting of the snows. They dry up the turf for fuel, and the rock, being denuded, sends in a few minutes into the torrents the water which that turf held in reserve for several weeks. Now and then an observer raises a cry of alarm, and calls attention to the reckless waste of territorial wealth. Who listens to what he says? who reads what he writes? (Punch read my notes on the inundations at Rome, and did his best to render them useless.—J. R.)

“Rigorously faithful to her laws, Nature does not carry up again the pebble which a traveller's foot has rolled down the slope—does not replant the forests which your thoughtless hands have cut down, when the naked rock appears, and the soil has been carried away by the melted snows and the rain—does not restore the meadow to the disappearance of whose soil our want of precaution has contributed. Far from comprehending the marvellous logic of these laws, you contravene their beneficent control, or at least impede their action. So much the worse for you, poor mortal! Do not, however, complain if your lowlands are devastated, and your habitations swept away; and do not vainly impute these disasters to a vengeance or a warning on the part of Providence. For these disasters are mainly owing to your ignorance, your prejudices, and your cupidity.”

LETTER LXXXVI.

IN assuming that the English Bible may yet be made the rule of faith and conduct to the English people; and in placing in the Sheffield Library, for its first volume, an MS. of that Bible in its perfect form, much more is of course accepted as the basis of our future education than the reader will find taken for the ground either of argument or appeal, in any of my writings on political economy previous to the year 1875. It may partly account for the want of success of those writings, that they pleaded for honesty without praise, and for charity without reward;—that they entirely rejected, as any motive of moral action, the fear of future judgment; and—taking St. Paul in his irony at his bitterest word,—“ Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,”—they merely expanded that worldly resolution into its just terms: “ Yes, let us eat and drink ”—what else?—but let us *all* eat and drink, and not a few only, enjoining fast to the rest.

Nor do I, in the least item, now retract the assertion, so often made in my former works,* that human probity and virtue are indeed entirely independent of any hope in futurity; and that it is precisely in accepting death as the end of all, and in laying down, on that sorrowful condition, his life for his friends, that the hero and patriot of all time has become the glory and safety of his country. The highest ideals of manhood given for types of conduct in ‘ Unto this Last ; ’ and the assertions that the merchant and common labourer must be ready, in the discharge of their duty, to die rather than fail, assume nothing more than this; and all the proper laws of

* Most carefully wrought out in the preface to the ‘ Crown of Wild Olive.’

human society may be perfectly developed and obeyed, and must be so wherever such society is constituted with prudence, though none of them be sanctioned by any other Divinity than that of our own souls, nor their violation punished by any other penalty than perfect death. There is no reason that we should drink foul water in London, because we never hope to drink of the stream of the City of God; nor that we should spend most of our income in making machines for the slaughter of innocent nations, because we never expect to gather the leaves of the tree for their healing.

Without, therefore, ceasing to press the works of prudence even on Infidelity, and expect deeds and thoughts of honour even from Mortality, I yet take henceforward happier, if not nobler, ground of appeal, and write as a Christian to Christians; that is to say, to persons who rejoice in the hope of a literal, personal, perpetual life, with a literal, personal, and eternal God.

To all readers holding such faith, I now appeal, urging them to confess Christ before men; which they will find, on self-examination, they are most of them afraid to do.

For going to church is only a compliance with the fashion of the day; not in the least a confession of Christ, but only the expression of a desire to be thought as respectable as other people. Staying to sacrament is usually not much more; though it *may* become superstitious, and a mere service done to obtain dispensation from other services. Violent combativeness for particular sects, as Evangelical, Roman Catholic, High Church, Broad Church—or the like, is merely a form of party-egotism, and a defiance of Christ, not confession of Him.

But to confess Christ is, first, to behave righteously, truthfully, and continently; and then, to separate ourselves from those who are manifestly or by profession rogues, liars, and fornicators. Which it is terribly difficult to do; and which the Christian church has at present entirely ceased to attempt doing.

And, accordingly, beside me, as I write, to-day, (shortest day, 1877,) lies the on the whole honestest journal of London,

—‘Punch,’—with a moral piece of Christian art occupying two of its pages, representing the Turk in a human form, as a wounded and all but dying victim—surrounded by the Christian nations, under the forms of bear and vultures.

“This witness is true,” as against themselves, namely, that hitherto the action of the Christian nation to the infidel has always been one of rapine, in the broad sense. The Turk is what he is because we—have been only Christians in name. And another witness is true, which is a very curious one; never, so far as I know, yet received from past history.

Wherever the Christian church, or any section of it, has indeed resolved to live a Christian life, and keep God’s laws in God’s name,—there, instantly, manifest approval of Heaven is given by accession of *worldly prosperity* and victory. This witness has only been unheard, because every sect of Christians refuses to believe that the religion of any other sect can be sincere, or accepted of Heaven: while the truth is that it does not matter a burnt stick’s end from the altar, in Heaven’s sight, whether you are Catholic or Protestant, Eastern, Western, Byzantine, or Norman, but only whether you are true. So that the moment Venice is true to St. Mark, her flag flies over all the Eastern islands; and the moment Florence is true to the Lady of Lilies, her flag flies over all the Apennines; and the moment Switzerland is true to Notre Dame des Neiges, her pine-club beats down the Austrian lances; and the moment England is true to her Protestant virtue, all the sea-winds ally themselves with her against the Armada: and though after-shame and infidel failure follow upon every nation, yet the glory of their great religious day remains unsullied, and in that, they live for ever.

This is the Temporal lesson of all history, and with that there is another Spiritual lesson,—namely, that in the ages of faith, conditions of prophecy and seer-ship exist, among the faithful nations, in painting and scripture, which are also immortal and divine;—of which it has been my own special mission to speak for the most part of my life: but only of late I have understood completely the meaning of what had been

taught me,—in beginning to learn somewhat more, of which I must not speak to-day; Fors appointing that I should rather say final word respecting our present state of spiritual fellowship, exemplified in the strikes of our workmen, the misery that accompanies them, and the articles of our current literature thereupon.

The said current literature, on this subject, being almost entirely under the command of the Masters, has consisted chiefly in lectures on the guilt and folly of strikes, without in any wise addressing itself to point out to the men any other way of settling the question. “You can’t have three shillings a day in such times; but we will give you two and sixpence: you had better take it—and, both on religious and commercial grounds, make no fuss. How much better is two-and-sixpence than nothing! and if once the mill stop—think—where shall we be all then?” “Yes,” the men answer, “but if to-day we take two and sixpence, what is to hinder you, to-morrow, from observing to us that two shillings are better than nothing, and we had better take *that* sum on religious and commercial principles, without fuss? And the day after, may not the same pious and moral instructors recommend to us the contented acceptance of eighteenpence? A stand must clearly be made somewhere, and we choose to make it here, and now.”

The masters again have reason to rejoin: “True, but if we give you three shillings to-day, how are we to know you will not stand for three and sixpence to-morrow, and for four shillings next week? A stand must be made somewhere, and we choose to make it here, and now.”

What solution is there, then? and of what use are any quantity of homilies either to man or master, on their manner of debate, that show them no possible solution in another way? As things are at present, the quarrel can only be practically closed by imminence of starvation on one side, or of bankruptcy on the other: even so, closed only for a moment,—never ended, burning presently forth again, to sink silent only in death;—while, year after year, the agonies of conflict and truces of exhaustion produce, for reward of the total labour,

and fiat of the total council, of the people, the minimum of gain for the maximum of misery.

Scattered up and down, through every page I have written on political economy for the last twenty years, the reader will find unfailing reference to a principle of solution in such dispute, which is rarely so much as named by other arbitrators;—or if named, never believed in: yet, this being indeed the only principle of decision, the conscience of it, however repressed, stealthily modifies every arbitrativè word.

The men are rebuked, in the magistral homilies, for their ingratitude in striking! Then there must be a law of *Grace*, which at least the masters recognize. The men are mocked in the magistral homilies for their folly in striking. Then there must be a law of *Wisdom*, which at least the masters recognize.

Appeal to *these*, then, for their entire verdict, most virtuous masters, all-gracious and all-wise. These reprobate ones, graceless and senseless, cannot find their way for themselves; you must guide them. That much I told you, years and years ago. You will have to do it, in spite of all your liberty-mongers. Masters, in fact, you must be; not in name.

But, as yet blind; and drivers—not leaders—of the blind, you must pull the beams out of your own eyes, now; and that bravely. Preach your homily to yourselves first. Let me hear once more how it runs, to the men. “Oh foolish and ungrateful ones,” you say, “did we not once on a time give you high wages—even so high that you contentedly drank yourselves to death; and now, oh foolish and forgetful ones, that the time has come for us to give you low wages, will you not contentedly also starve yourselves to death?”

Alas, wolf-shepherds—this is St. George’s word to you:—

“In your prosperity you gave these men high wages, not in any kindness to *them*, but in contention for business among yourselves. You allowed the men to spend their wage in drunkenness, and you boasted of that drunkenness by the mouth of your Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in the columns of your leading journal, as a principal sign of the

country's prosperity. You have declared again and again, by vociferation of all your orators, that you have wealth so overflowing that you do not know what to do with it. These men who dug the wealth for you, now lie starving at the mouths of the hell-pits you made them dig; yea, their bones lie scattered at the grave's mouth, like as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth. Your boasted wealth—where is it? Is the war between these and you, because you now mercilessly refuse them food, or because all your boasts of wealth were lies, and you have none to give?

“Your boasts of wealth *were* lies. You were working from hand to mouth in your best times; now your work is stopped, and you have nothing in the country to pay for food with; still less any store of food laid by. And how much distress and wrath you will have to bear before you learn the lesson of justice, God only knows. But this is the lesson you *have* to learn.”

Every workman in any craft* must pass his examination, (erucial, not competitive,) when he comes of age, and be then registered as capable of his profession; those who cannot pass in the higher crafts being remitted to the lower, until they find their level. Then every registered workman must be employed where his work is needed—(You interrupt me to say that his work is needed nowhere? Then, what do you want with machinery, if already you have more hands than enough, to do everything that needs to be done?)—by direction of the guild he belongs to, and paid by that guild his appointed wages, constant and unalterable by any chance or phenomenon whatsoever. His wages must be given him day by day, from the hour of his entering the guild, to the hour

* Ultimately, as often before stated, every male child born in England must learn some manner of skilled work by which he may earn his bread. If afterwards his fellow-workers choose that he shall sing, or make speeches to them instead, and that they will give him his turnip a day, or somewhat more, for Parliamentary advice, at their pleasure be it. I heard on the 7th of January this year that many of the men in Wales were reduced to that literal nourishment. Compare Fors, Nov. 1871, page 83.

of his death, never raised, nor lowered, nor interrupted; admitting, therefore, no temptation by covetousness, no wringing of anxiety, no doubt or fear of the future.

That is the literal fulfilment of what we are to pray for—"Give us each day—our daily *bread*," observe—not our daily money. For, that wages may be constant they must be in kind, not in money. So much bread, so much woollen cloth, or so much fuel, as the workman chooses; or, in lieu of these, *if* he choose, the order for such quantity at the government stores; order to be engraved, as he chooses, on gold, or silver, or paper: but the "penny" a day to be always and everywhere convertible, on the instant, into its known measure of bread, cloth, or fuel, and to be the standard, therefore, eternal and invariable, of all value of things, and wealth of men. That is the lesson you have to learn from St. George's lips, inevitably, against any quantity of shriek, whine, or sneer, from the swindler, the adulterator, and the fool. Whether St. George will let me teach it you before I die, is his business, not mine; but as surely as *I* shall die, these words of his shall *not*.

And "to-day" (which is my own shield motto) I send to a London goldsmith, whose address was written for me (so Fors appointed it) by the Prince Leopold, with his own hand,—the weight of pure gold which I mean to be our golden standard, (defined by Fors, as I will explain in another place,) to be beaten to the diameter of our old English "Angel," and to bear the image and superscriptions above told, (Fors, Oct. 1875, p. 182.)

And now, in due relation to this purpose of fixing the standard of bread, we continue our inquiry into the second part of the Deacon's service—in not only breaking bread, but also pouring wine, from house to house; that so making all food one sacrament, all Christian men may eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people, their Lord adding to their assembly daily such as shall be saved.

Read first this piece of a friend's recent letter:—

“My dear Mr. Ruskin,—In reading over again the December ‘Fors,’ I have been struck with your question quoted, ‘They have no wine?’ and the command is ‘Fill the water-pots with WATER.’ I am greatly averse to what is called improving, spiritualizing—*i.e.*, applying the sacred text in a manner other than the simple and literal one; but Christ’s words had doubtless in them a germ of thoughtful wisdom applicable to other aims and ends besides the original circumstances; and it is a singular coincidence that Fors should have induced you to close your last year with your quotation from the Cana miracle, and that the next number should propose to deal with ‘filling the water-pots (*cisterna*) with water.’ One thing is certain, *viz.*, that in many parts of the world, and even in England in summer, the human obedience to the command precedent to the miracle would be impossible. Did you ever read Kingsley’s Sermon on Cana? If you think it well to give a few of the extracts of him ‘who being dead yet speaketh,’ I shall be delighted to make them, and send them; * they are different from what one hears in ordinary churches, and are *vital* for St. George.”

“It is, I think in the first place, an important, as well as a pleasant thing, to know that the Lord’s glory, as St. John says, was first shown forth at a wedding,—at a feast. Not by helping some great philosopher to think more deeply, or some great saint to perform more wonderful acts of holiness; but in giving the simple pleasure of wine to simple, commonplace people of whom we neither read that they were rich, nor righteous.

Though no one else cares for the poor, He cares for them. With their hearts He begins His work, even as He did in England sixty years ago, by the preaching of Whitfield and Wesley. Do you wish to know if anything is the Lord’s work? See if it is a work among the poor.

But again, the Lord is a giver, and not a taskmaster. He does not demand from us: He gives to us. He had been giving from the foundation of the world. Corn and wine, rain and sunshine, and fruitful seasons had been His sending. And now He has come to show it. He has come to show men who it was who had been filling their heart with joy and gladness, who had been bringing out of the earth and air, by His unseen chemistry, the wine which maketh glad the heart of man.

In every grape that hangs upon the vine, water is changed into wine, as the sap ripens into rich juice. He had been doing that all along, in every vineyard and orchard; and that was His glory. Now He was come to prove that; to draw back the veil of custom and carnal sense, and manifest Himself. Men had seen the grapes ripen on the tree; and they were tempted to say, as every one of us is tempted now, ‘It is the sun, and the air, the nature of the vine and the nature of the climate, which make the wine.’ Jesus comes and answers, ‘Not so; I make the wine; I have been making it all along. The vines, the sun, the weather, are only my tools, wherewith I worked, turning rain and sap into wine: and I am greater than

* From ‘Sermons on National Subjects.’ Parker and Son. 1860.

they. I made them; I do not depend on them; I can make wine from water without vines, or sunshine. Behold, and drink, and see my glory *without* the vineyard, since you had forgotten how to see it *in* the vineyard !'

We, as well as they, are in danger of forgetting who it is that sends us corn and wine, and fruitful seasons, love, and marriage, and all the blessings of this life.

We are now continually fancying that these outward earthly things, as we call them, in our shallow carnal conceits, have nothing to do with Jesus or His kingdom, but that we may compete, and scrape, even cheat, and lie, to get *them*,* and when we have them, misuse them selfishly, as if they belonged to no one but ourselves, as if we had no duty to perform about them, as if we owed God no service for them.

And again, we are in danger of spiritual pride; in danger of fancying that because we are religious, and have, or fancy we have, deep experiences, and beautiful thoughts about God and Christ, and our own souls; therefore we can afford to despise those who do not know as much as ourselves; to despise the common pleasures and petty sorrows of poor creatures, whose souls and bodies are grovelling in the dust, busied with the cares of this world, at their wits' end to get their daily bread; to despise the merriment of young people, the play of children, and all those everyday happinesses which, though we may turn from them with a sneer, are precious in the sight of Him who made heaven and earth.

All such proud thoughts—all such contempt of those who do not seem as spiritual as we fancy ourselves—is evil.

See, in the epistle for the second Sunday after the Epiphany, St. Paul makes no distinction between rich and poor. This epistle is joined with the gospel of that day to show us what ought to be the conduct of Christians who believe in the miracle of Cana; what men should do who believe that they have a Lord in heaven, by whose command suns shine, fruits ripen, men enjoy the blessings of harvest, of marriage, of the comforts which the heathen and the savage, as well as the Christian, man partake.

My friends, these commands are not to one class, but to all. Poor as well as rich may minister to others with earnestness, and condescend to those of low estate. Not a word in this whole epistle which does not apply equally to every rank, and sex, and age. Neither are these commands to each of us by ourselves, but to all of us together, as members of a family. If you will look through them, they are not things to be done to ourselves, but to our neighbours; not experiences to be felt about our own souls, but rules of conduct to our fellow-men. They are all different branches and flowers from that one root, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

Do we live thus, rich and poor? Can we look each other in the face this afternoon and say, each man to his neighbour, 'I have behaved like a brother, to you. I have rejoiced at your good fortune, and grieved at your sorrow. I have preferred you to myself'?"

* Italics mine. The whole sentence might well have been; it is supremely important.

Seldom shall you read more accurate or more noble words. How is it that clergymen who can speak thus, do not see the need of gathering together, into one 'little' flock, those who will obey them?

I close our Fors this month with Mr. Willett's admirable prefatory remarks on water-distribution, and a few words of his from a private letter received at the same time; noting only farther a point or two of my own mountain experience. When 'Punch' threw what ridicule he could * on my proposal to form field and glen reservoirs on the Apennines to stay the storm-waters; and, calculating ironically the quantity that fell per acre in an hour's storm, challenged me to stay it, he did not know that all had actually been done to the required extent by the engineers of three hundred years since, in the ravine above Agubbio, (the Agubbio of Dante's Oderigi,)—their rampart standing, from cliff to cliff, unshaken, to this day; and he as little foresaw that precisely what I had required to be done to give constancy of sweet waters to the storm-blanchèd ravines of Italy, I should be called on in a few years more to prevent the mob of England from doing, that they may take them away from the fair pastures of the valley of St. John.

The only real difficulty in managing the mountain waters is when one cannot get hold of them,—when the limestones are so cavernous, or the sands so porous, that the surface drainage at once disappears, as on the marble flanks of hill above Lucca; but I am always amazed, myself, at the extreme docility of streams when they can be fairly caught and broken, like good horses, from their youth, and with a tender bridle-hand. I have been playing lately with a little one on my own rocks,

* It is a grotesque example of the evil fortune which continually waits upon the best efforts for *essential* good made in this unlucky nineteenth century, that a journal usually so right in its judgment, and sympathetic in its temper. (I speak in entire seriousness,) and fearless besides in expressing both, (see, for instance, the splendid article on the Prince Christian's sport in the number for the 12th of this month,) should have taken the wrong side, and that merely for the sake of a jest, on the most important economical question in physics now at issue in the world!

—now as tame as Mrs. Buckland's leopard,*—and all I have to complain of in its behaviour is, that when I set it to undermine or clear away rubbish, it takes a month to do what I expected it to finish with a morning's work on a wet day; and even that, not without perpetual encouragement, approbation, and assistance.

On the other hand, to my extreme discomfiture, I have entirely failed in inveigling the water to come down at all, when it chooses to stay on the hill-side in places where I don't want it: but I suppose modern scientific drainage can accomplish this, though in my rough way I can do nothing but peel the piece of pertinacious bog right off the rock,—so beneficently faithful are the great Powers of the Moss, and the Earth, to their mountain duty of preserving, for man's comfort, the sources of the summer stream.

Now hear Mr. Willett.

“Three or four times every year the newspapers tell us of discomfort, suffering, disease, and death, caused by floods. Every summer, unnecessary sums are expended by farmers and labourers for water carted from a distance, to supply daily needs of man and beast. Outbreaks of fever from drinking polluted and infected water are of daily occurrence, causing torture and bereavement to thousands.

All these evils are traceable mainly to our wicked, wasteful, and ignorant neglect; all this while, money is idly accumulating in useless hoards; people able and willing to work are getting hungry for want of employment; and the wealth of agricultural produce of all kinds is greatly curtailed for want of a wise, systematic, and simple application of the *mutual law of supply and demand* † in the storage of *rain water*.

I can only now briefly introduce the subject, which if you consider it of sufficient importance I will follow up in future letters.

While the flooding of the districts south of the Thames at London is mainly owing to the contraction of the channel by the embankment, thereby causing the flood-tide to form a sort of *bore*, or advancing tidal-wave, as in the Severn and Wye, the periodic winter floods near Oxford, and in all our upland valleys, are admittedly more frequent and more severe than formerly; and this *not* on account of the increased rainfall. ‡ The causes are to be found rather in—

* See 'The World,' January 9th of this year.

† Somewhere, (I think in 'Mucera Pulveris,') I illustrated the law of Supply and Demand in commerce, and the madness of leaving it to its natural consequences without interference, by the laws of drought and rain.

‡ On the Continent, however, *there has been* an increased rainfall in the

- I. The destruction of woods, heaths, and moorlands.
- II. The paving and improved road-making in cities and towns.
- III. The surface drainage of arable and pasture lands.
- IV. The draining of morasses and fens; and,
- V. The straightening and embanking of rivers and water-courses.

All these operations have a tendency to *throw* the *rainfall* rapidly from higher to lower levels.

This wilful winter waste is followed by woeful summer want.

'The people perish for lack of knowledge.' The remedy is in our own hands.

Lord Beaconsfield once wisely said, 'Every cottage should have its porch, its oven, and its TANK.'

And every farm-house, farm-building, and every mansion, should have its reservoir; every village its series of reservoirs; and every town and city its multiplied series of reservoirs, at different levels, and for the separate storage of water for drinking, for washing, and for streets, and less important purposes.

I propose in my next to give more in detail the operation of the principles here hinted at, and to show from what has been done in a few isolated instances, what would follow from a wider and more general application of them."

plains, caused by the destruction of the woods on the mountains, and by the coldness of the summers, which cannot lift the clouds high enough to lay snow on the high summits. The following note by Mr. Willett on my queries on this matter in last Fors, will be found of extreme value: "I am delighted with 'Violet le Duc's' extracts. Yet is it not strange that he calls man 'impotent'? The same hands that can cut down the forests, can plant them; that can drain the morass, can dam up and form a lake; the same child that could lead the goats to crop off the young fir-tree shoots, could herd them away from them. I think you may have missed Le Duc's idea about lower glaciers causing higher forests, and vice versâ. 'Forests collect snow, retard its rapid thaw, and its collection into denuding slides of snow by this lower temperature, and retards the melting of the glacier, which therefore grows—*i.e.*, accumulates,—and pushes lower and lower down the valley. The reduction in temperature condenses more of the warm vapour, and favours growth of conifers, which gradually spread up so that destruction of forests in higher regions causes melting and retraction of glaciers.' I will send you shortly an old essay of mine in which the storage of water and the destructive avalanche were used as illustrating the right and wrong use of accumulated wealth. Lord Chichester's agent is at work with the plans and details for us, and you shall have them early in the new year (D.V.), and for it may I say—

'With patient mind, thy path of duty run:
 God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
 But thou thyself wouldst do, if thou couldst see
 The end of all events as well as He,'"

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

I. Affairs of the Guild.

I am happy to be able at last to state that the memorandum of our constitution, drawn up for us by Mr. Barber, and already published in the 55th number of the first series of Fors, has been approved by the Board of Trade, with some few, but imperative, modifications, to which I both respectfully and gladly submit, seeing them to be calculated in every way to increase both our own usefulness, and public confidence in us.

The organization of the Guild, thus modified, will be, by the time this letter is published, announced, as required by the Board, in the public journals; and, if not objected to on the ground of some unforeseen injuriousness to existing interests, ratified, I believe, during the current month, or at all events within a few weeks. I have prepared a brief abstract of our constitution and aims, to be issued with this letter, and sent generally in answer to inquiry.

I stated in my last letter that I meant to take our accounts into my own hands;—that is to say, while they will always be printed in their properly formal arrangement, as furnished by our kind accountants, Mr. Rydings and Mr. Walker, I shall also give my own abstract of them in the form most intelligible to myself, and I should think also to some of my readers. This abstract of mine will be the only one given in Fors: the detailed accounts will be sent only to the members of the Guild. Until the registration of the Guild, I am still obliged to hold the Abbey Dale estate in my own name; and as we cannot appoint our new trustees till we are sure of our own official existence, I am obliged to order the payment of subscriptions to my own account at the Union Bank, to meet the calls of current expenses, for which I have no authority to draw on the account of the Guild but by cheque from its trustees.

I shall only farther in the present article acknowledge the sums I have myself received since the last statement of our accounts. The twenty days since the beginning of the year have melted into their long nights without sufficing for half the work they had been charged to do; and have had farther to meet claims of unexpected duty, not profitless to the Guild, assuredly; but leaving me still unable to give the somewhat lengthy explanations of our year's doings, without which our accounts would be unintelligible.

1877.		£	s.	d.
Nov.	1. Joseph Stapleton	0	10	0
	7. Mr. Talbot (Tithe)	100	0	0
	15. John Guy	5	9	10
	“ Frances M. Henderson	3	3	0
	“ Sale of Mr. Sillar’s pamphlets on Usury	0	17	0
Dec.	17. Louisa A. Keighley	5	0	0
	28. Helen J. Ormerod	1	1	0
	31. Elizabeth Green	0	10	9
1878.				
Jan.	1. Margaret Cox	5	0	0
	4. R. B. Litchfield	20	0	0
	10. William Hall	2	2	0
	20. Ada Hartwell	5	0	0
		<hr/>		
		£148	13	7

II. Affairs of the Master.

The lengthy correspondence given in our last article leaves me no farther space for talk of myself. People say I invite their attention to that subject too often: but I must have a long gossip in March.

III. “8, KINGSGATE STREET, WINCHESTER, 23rd Nov., 1877.

“Dear Sir,—If you will not help us, I do not know who will.

“One of the loveliest parts of the meadows close to the town is going to be entirely and irremediably spoiled: an engine-house is to be built, and all the drains are to be brought into a field in the middle of the Itchen Valley, so that the buildings will be a blot in the landscape, an eyesore from every point, whether looking towards South Cross or back from there to the Cathedral and College; or almost worse than these, from every hill round the town they will be the most conspicuous objects. I think you know the town; but do you know that this is its prettiest part? You can have some idea what it would be to have a spot which has been dear to you all your life, and which you see day by day in all its aspects, utterly ruined; and besides, it seems so wrong that this generation should spoil that which is not theirs, but in which none have really more than a life interest, but which God has given us to enjoy and to leave in its loveliness for those after us. I wish I could speak as strongly as I feel, if it would induce you to speak for us, or rather that I could show you the real need for speaking, as I know you would not keep silence for any but good reasons. Surely destroying beauty to save a little money *is* doing the devil’s work, though I am told that it is wrong to say so.

“Yours respectfully and gratefully,
“A. H. W.

“There is another place where the works might be, where they could be planted out, and where the trees would be an improvement; some engineers say that the soil too is better suited to the purpose. Do help us if you can! It is a haunting misery to me—both what we shall lose, and the sin of it.”

Alas, my poor friend, no mortal can help you. England has bred up a race of doggish and vile persons, for the last fifty years. And they will do their doggish work, be sure of that, whatever you or I can say, until, verily, him that dieth of them the dogs shall eat,

IV. The following admirable letter is enough for its work, I have no room for the article it enclosed:—

“ARNOLD HOUSE, 16th Dec., 1877.

“My dear Mr. Ruskin,—It is very singular that the day after I wrote to you on the evils of drainage as adopted by modern engineers, such an article as the enclosed should appear in the ‘Times.’ The time must come when most of the expenditure on these drains will prove useless. But the evil continues, viz., of adding daily more streets to the present system, often choking the drains and converting them into stagnant elongated cesspools, ten times more injurious than the old ones, because of the risk of contagious and infectious germs being introduced from some house to multiply and infect a number. The remedy I think should be, 1st, to prevent additions to the present system; 2ndly, to enact that instead of fresh constructive works, bearing interest to be paid in rates, each house above a certain rental, say above £20 a year, shall be compelled to deodorize and remove its own sewage—*i.e.*, faecal matter in its original concentrated form; and that all smaller houses should be done by the municipality or local board, who should employ a staff of labourers to do it by districts, weekly, the material being very valuable to agriculturists if kept concentrated and deodorized by the charcoal of peat or of tan, of sawdust, and of rubbish of all sorts. Labour of this kind would employ a great many now burdensome to the rates, unemployed; land would be fertilized instead of impoverished; and eventually perhaps districts now infested with drains that don’t drain might be gradually won from the senseless system of accumulating streams, to the natural order of distribution and deposit under earth for fertilizing objects.

“Just as ‘dirt is something in its wrong place,’ so social evils are mainly wrong applications of right powers; nay, even sin itself is but the misuse of Divine gifts,—the use at wrong times and places of right instincts and powers.

“Pardon these scribblings; but when I see and feel deeply, I think perhaps if I put the thoughts on paper to you, they may perhaps take a better form, and be sown in places where they may take root and spring up and bear fruit to man’s benefit, and therefore to the glory of the Great Father.

“Ever most faithfully and gratefully,

“HENRY WILLETT.”

V. The following “word about the notice which appeared in last *Fors* about the Cyfarthfa Ironworks” deserves the reader’s best attention; the writer’s name and position, which I am not at liberty to give, being to me sufficient guarantee of its trustworthiness.

“Their owner has lately passed as a martyr to unreasonable demands from his workmen, in more than one publication. But what are the facts? Mr. Crawshay held himself aloof from the Ironmasters’ combination which in 1873 leaked out the workmen. When the works of the combined masters were reopened, it was upon an agreed reduction. Mr. Crawshay’s workmen sent a deputation to him, offering to work upon the terms agreed upon at the other works of the district; but Mr. Crawshay would not accede unless his men accepted *ten per cent. below* the rate that was to be paid by his rivals in trade, and received by his men’s fellow-workmen in the same town and district! In a month or two the Associated Masters obtained another reduction of ten per cent. from their men. Mr. Crawshay’s workmen waited upon him, and offered to go in at *these* new terms. But no: they must still accept ten per cent. below their neighbours, or be shut out. In another couple of months wages fell another ten per cent. Mr. Crawshay’s men made the same offer, and met with the same rebuff. This was repeated, I

think, a fourth time—(wages certainly fell forty per cent in less than a twelvemonth)—but Mr. Crawshay had nailed his colours to the mast for ten per cent. below anybody else.

“It is quite true, as Lord Aberdare says, that ‘the Cyfarthfa Works are closed because the men would not work at the wages offered them.’ But what else is true? The following:—

“1. The works presumably could have been worked at a profit, with wages at the same rate as was paid at rival works.

“2. The demand that his men should work at ten per cent. less wages than was given in the same market, was the unjustifiable act of an unscrupulous competition, and the heartless act of an unreasonable and selfish master.

“3. Had the men submitted to his terms, it would have been the immediate occasion of reducing the whole of their fellow-workmen in the Associated works. Hence,

“4. What has been called the unreasonable conduct of infatuated workmen, can be clearly traced to conduct on their masters’ part flagrantly unreasonable; and the stand they made was recommended alike by justice, by regard for the other employers, and by unselfish solicitude for their fellows in the trade.

“I may add—Had the men quietly submitted, the works would have run only a short time. Iron-workers are now suffering from one of those stages in the march of civilization which always produces suffering to a few. Steel rails have supplanted iron rails, and capitalists who have not adapted their plant accordingly must needs stand. Some may perhaps feel that a great capitalist who, having amassed an enormous fortune, has neither built market, hall, fountain, or museum for the town where he made it, might be expected, at all events, to acknowledge his responsibility by adapting his works to meet the times, so that a little population of wealth producers might be kept in bread. However that may be, Cyfarthfa Works standing has no more to do with strikes and unreason of workmen than ‘Tenterden steeple has to do with Goodwin Sands.’ The ironworkers,—poor creatures!—had nothing to do with putting the knife to their throats by helping Mr. Bessemer to his invention of cheap steel; but of course they have long since got the blame of the collapse of the iron trade. All the capitalists in all the journals have said so. They might exclaim with Trotty Veck, ‘We must be born bad—that’s how it is.’”

VI. The following correspondence requires a few, and but a few, words of preliminary information.

For the last three or four years it has been matter of continually increasing surprise to me that I never received the smallest contribution to St. George’s Fund from any friend or disciple of Miss Octavia Hill’s.

I had originally calculated largely on the support I was likely to find among persons who had been satisfied with the result of the experiment made at Marylebone under my friend’s superintendence. But this hope was utterly disappointed; and to my more acute astonishment, because Miss Hill was wont to reply to any more or less direct inquiries on the subject, with epistles proclaiming my faith, charity, and patience, in language so laudatory, that, on the last occasion of my receiving such answer, to a request for a general sketch of the Marylebone work, it became impossible for me, in any human modesty, to print the reply.

The increasing mystery was suddenly cleared, a month or two ago, by a St. George’s Companion of healthily sound and impatient temper, who in-

formed me of a case known to herself, in which a man of great kindness of disposition, who was well inclined to give aid to St. George, had been diverted from such intention by hearing doubts expressed by Miss Hill of my ability to conduct any practical enterprise successfully.

I requested the lady who gave me this information to ascertain from Miss Hill herself what she had really said on the occasion in question. To her letter of inquiry, Miss Hill replied in the following terms:

“Madam,—In justice to Mr. Ruskin, I write to say that there has evidently been some misapprehension respecting my words.

“Excuse me if I add that beyond stating this fact I do not feel called upon to enter into correspondence with a stranger about my friend Mr. Ruskin, or to explain a private conversation of my own.

“I am, Madam, yours truly,

“OCTAVIA HILL.”

Now it would have been very difficult for Miss Hill to have returned a reply less satisfactory to her correspondent, or more irritating to a temper like mine. For, in the first place, I considered it her bounden duty to enter into correspondence with all strangers whom she could possibly reach, concerning her friend Mr. Ruskin, and to say to *them*, what she was in the habit of saying to me: and, in the second place, I considered it entirely contrary to her duty to say anything of me in private conversation which she did not feel called upon to “explain” to whomsoever it interested. I wrote, therefore, at once myself to Miss Hill, requesting to know why she had not replied to Mrs. —’s question more explicitly: and received the following reply:

“14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, Oct. 7th, 1877.

“My dear Mr. Ruskin,—I wrote instantly on receiving Mrs. —’s letter to say that my words had been misunderstood. I could not enter with a stranger, and such a stranger!! (a) into anything more concerning a friend, or a private conversation.

“But if *you* like to know anything I ever said, or thought, about you for the twenty four years I have known you, ‘most explicitly’ shall you know; and you will find no trace of any thought, much less word, that was not utterly loyal, and even reverently tender towards you” (my best thanks!—had I been more roughly handled, who knows what might have come of it?) “Carlyle, who never saw me, told you I was faithful. Faithful—I should think so! I could not be anything else. Ask those who have watched my life. I have not courted you by flattery; I have not feigned agreement where I differed or did not understand; I have not sought you among those I did not trust or respect;” (thanks, again, in the name of my acquaintance generally,) “I have not worried you with intrusive questions or letters. I have lived very far away from you, but has there been thought or deed of mine uncoloured by the influence of the early, the abiding, and the continuous teaching you gave me? Have I not striven to carry out what you have taught in the place where I have been called to live? Was there a moment when I would not have served you joyfully at any cost? Ask those who know, if, when you have failed or pained me, (b) I

(a) I have no conception what Miss Hill meant by this admiring parenthesis, as she knew nothing whatever of the person who wrote to her, except her curiosity respecting me.

(b) I should have been glad to have known the occasions on which I did either, before being excused.

have not invariably said, if I said anything, that you might have good reasons of which I knew nothing, or might have difficulties I could not understand; or that you had had so much sorrow in your life, that if it was easier to you to act thus or thus in ways affecting me, so far as I was concerned I was glad you should freely choose the easier. You have seen nothing of me; (*c*) but ask those who have, whether for twenty-four years I have been capable of any treasonable thought or word about you. It matters *nothing* to me; (*d*) but it is sad for you for babbling tongues to make you think any one who ought to know you, chattered, and chattered falsely, about you.

"I remember nothing of what I *said*, (*e*) but distinctly what I *thought*, and think, and will write that to you if you care. Or if you feel there is more that I can do to set the rumour at rest than the strong positive assertion I have made that I have been misunderstood, tell me. (*f*) But my own experience of character and of the world makes me *resolutely adhere to my belief* that though Mrs. — would vastly *like* to get behind that, (*g*) that, and nothing else, is the right, true, and wise position as far as you and as far as I (*h*) am concerned. Shall I not leave it there, then?

"I am sorry to write in pencil; I hope you will not find it difficult to read. I am ill and not able to be up.

"I have tried to answer both points. First, to show that I *have* contradicted the statement, and that explanations of what I did say (*i*) (unless to yourself) seem to me most unwise and uncalled-for.

"And secondly, to assure you, so far as words will, that however inadequate you may feel the response the world has given, an old friend has not failed you in thought, nor intentionally, though she seems to have made a confusion, by some clumsy words. Hoping you may feel both things,

"I am, yours as always,

"OCTAVIA HILL."

To this letter I replied, that it was very pretty; but that I wanted to know, as far as possible, exactly what Miss Hill *had* said, or was in the habit of saying.

I received the following reply. The portions omitted are irrelevant to the matter in hand, but shall be supplied if Miss Hill wishes.

"14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, W., Nov. 3rd, 1877.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—I offered immediately, on October 6th, on receiving your first letter, to tell you anything I had ever said about you. Whatever needed explanation seemed to me best said to you.

* * * * *

"I have spoken to you, I think, and certainly to others, of what appears to me an incapacity in you for management of great practical work,—due,

(*c*) This statement appears to me a singular one; and the rather that Miss Hill, in subsequent letters, implies, as I understand them, that she has seen a good deal of me.

(*d*) It seems to me that it ought, on the contrary, to matter much.

(*e*) I greatly regret, and somehow blame, this shortness of memory. The time is not a distant one,—seven or eight weeks. Anything I say, myself, earnestly, of my friends, I can remember for at least as many years.

(*f*) The only thing to be done, when people have been misunderstood, is to state what they said—which in this case Miss Hill has just declared impossible for her to do.

(*g*) She certainly would—and so should I.

(*h*) "As far as I"—am concerned, probably.

(*i*) Partly remembered then? but with a vague sense of danger in explaining the same, except to myself: I do not think the *explanation* would have been 'unwise,' as it was certainly not 'uncalled-for.' But I suspect the sayings *themselves* to have been both.

in my opinion, partly to an ideal standard of perfection, which finds it hard to accept *any* limitations in perfection, even temporarily; partly to a strange power of gathering round you, and trusting, the wrong people, which I never could understand in you, as it mingles so strangely with rare powers of perception of character, and which always seemed to me therefore rather a deliberate ignoring of disqualifications, in hope that that would stimulate to better action, but which hope was not realized.

“In Mr. —’s case, and so far as I can recollect in every case in which I have spoken of this, it has been when I have found people puzzled themselves by not finding they can take you as a practical guide in their own lives, yet feeling that you must mean practical result to follow on your teaching, and inclined to think you cannot help them. Mr. — and I were great friends: when I was a girl, and he a young man, we read and talked over your books together. I had not seen him for many years till he asked me to come and see him and his wife and children. He is a manufacturer, face to face with difficult problems, full of desire to do right, with memories of ideals and resolutions, building his house, managing his mills, with a distinct desire to do well. I found him inclined to think perhaps after all he had been wrong, and that you could teach him nothing, because he could not apply your definite directions to his own life. The object of my words was just this: ‘Oh, do not think so. All the nobility of standard and aim, all the conscience and clear sight of right principles, is there, and means distinct action. Do not look to Mr. Ruskin for definite direction about practical things: he is not the best judge of them. You, near to the necessities of this tangible world and of action, must make your own life, and apply principles to it. Necessity is God’s, rightly estimated, and cannot be inconsistent with right. But listen to the teacher who sees nearer to perfection than almost any of us: never lose sight or memory of what he sets before you, and resolutely apply it, cost what it may, to your own life.’

“I do think you most incapable of carrying out any great practical scheme. I do not the less think you have influenced, and will influence, action deeply and rightly.

* * * * *

“I have never said, or implied, that I was unable to answer any question. I did think, and do think, the explanation of what I might have said, *except to yourself*, likely to do you more harm than good; partly because I do strongly think, and cannot be sure that I might not have said, that I do feel you to have a certain incapacity for practical work; and all the other side it is difficult for the world to see. It is different to say it to a friend who reverences you, and one says more completely what one means. I was glad when you said, ‘Let the thing be while you are ill.’ God knows I am ill, but remember your proposal to leave it was in answer to one offering to tell you all. And I never have to any other single creature made my health any reason whatsoever for not answering any question, or fulfilling indeed any other duty of my not very easy life. Clearly, some one has received an impression from what I said to Mr. —, very different from what I had intended to convey, but he seemed in tune with your spirit and mine towards you when I spoke.

“For any pain my action may have given you, I earnestly desire to apologize—yes, to ask you to forgive me. I never wronged or injured you or your work in thought or word intentionally; and I am, whatever you may think, or seem to say,

Faithfully yours,

“OCTAVIA HILL.”

To this letter I replied as follows:—

“BRANTWOOD, November 4, 1877.

“My dear Octavia,—I am glad to have at last your letter, though it was

to Mrs. —, and not to me, that it ought at once to have been addressed, without forcing me to all the trouble of getting at it. Your opinions of me are perhaps of little moment to *me*, but of immense moment to others. But for this particular opinion, that I trust the wrong people, I wish you to give me *two* sufficient examples of the error you have imagined. You yourself will be a notable third; and at the mouth of two or three witnesses, the word will be established,

“But as I have never yet, to my own knowledge, ‘trusted’ any one who has failed me, *except* yourself, and one other person of whom I do not suppose you are thinking, I shall be greatly instructed, if you will give me the two instances I ask for. I never *trusted* even my father’s man of business; but took my father’s word as the wisest I could get. And I know not a single piece of business I have ever undertaken, which has failed by the fault of any person chosen by me to conduct it.

“Tell me, therefore, of two at least. Then I will request one or two more things of you; being always

“Affectionately yours,

“J. R.

“P.S.—Of all injuries you could have done—not me—but the cause I have in hand, the giving the slightest countenance to the vulgar mob’s cry of ‘unpractical’ was the fatallest.”

The reader may perhaps, at first, think this reply to Miss Hill’s sentimental letter somewhat hard. He will see by the following answer that I knew the ground:—

“14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, W., Nov. 5, 1877.

“Dear Mr. Ruskin,—You say that I am a notable instance of your having trusted the wrong people. Whether you have been right hitherto, or are right now, the instance is equally one of failure to understand character. It is the only one I have a right to give. I absolutely refuse to give other instances, or to discuss the characters of third parties. My opinion of your power to judge character is, and must remain, a matter of opinion. Discussions about it would be useless and endless; besides, after your letters to me, you will hardly be astonished that I decline to continue this correspondence.

“I remain, yours faithfully,

“OCTAVIA HILL.”

I *was*, however, a little astonished, though it takes a good deal to astonish me nowadays, at the suddenness of the change in tone; but it rendered my next reply easier:—

“CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
7th November, 1877.

“My dear Octavia,—You err singularly in imagining I invited you to a ‘discussion.’ I am not apt to discuss *anything* with persons of your sentimental volubility; and those with whom I enter on discussion do not, therefore, find it either useless or endless.

“I required of you an answer to a perfectly simple question. That answer I require again. Your most prudent friends will, I believe, if you consult them, recommend your rendering it; for they will probably perceive—what it is strange should have escaped a mind so logical and delicate as yours—that you have a better right to express your ‘opinions’ of my discarded servants, to myself, who know them, and after the time is long past when your frankness could have injured them, than to express your ‘opinions’ of your discarded master, to persons who know nothing of him, at the precise time

when such expression of opinion is calculated to do him the most fatal injury.

"In the event of your final refusal, you will oblige me by sending me a copy of my last letter for publication,—your own being visibly prepared for the press.

"Should you inadvertently have destroyed my last letter, a short abstract of its contents, as apprehended by you, will be all that is needful."

"14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, W., 8th Nov., 1877.

"Dear Mr. Ruskin,—I did consult friends whom I consider both prudent and generous before I declined to make myself the accuser of third persons.

"I send you at your request a copy of your last letter; but I disapprove of the publication of this correspondence. Such a publication obviously could not be complete,* and if incomplete must be misleading. Neither do I see what good object it could serve.

"I feel it due to our old friendship to add the expression of my conviction that the publication would injure you, and could not injure me.

"I am, yours faithfully,

"OCTAVIA HILL."

I saw no occasion for continuing the correspondence farther, and closed it on the receipt of this last letter, in a private note, which Miss Hill is welcome to make public, if she has retained it.

Respecting the general tenor of her letters, I have only now to observe that she is perfectly right in supposing me unfit to conduct, myself, the operations with which I entrusted *her*; but that she has no means of estimating the success of other operations with which I did *not* entrust her,—such as the organization of the Oxford Schools of Art; and that she has become unfortunately of late confirmed in the impression, too common among reformatory labourers, that no work can be practical which is prospective. The real relations of her effort to that of the St. George's Guild have already been stated, (*Fors.* X., 1871, page 72); and the estimate which I had formed of it is shown not to have been unkind, by her acknowledgement of it in the following letter,—justifying me, I think, in the disappointment expressed in the beginning of this article.

"14, NOTTINGHAM PLACE, Oct. 3rd, 1875.

"My dear Mr. Ruskin,—I send you accounts of both blocks of buildings, and have paid in to your bank the second cheque,—that for Paradise Place, £20 5s. 8d. I think neither account requires explanation.

"But I have to thank you, more than words will achieve doing, in silent gratitude, for your last letter, which I shall treasure as one of my best possessions. I had no idea you could have honestly spoken so of work which I have always thought had impressed you more with its imperfections, than as contributing to any good end. That it actually was in large measure derived from you, there can be no doubt. I have been reading during my holidays, for the first time since before I knew you, the first volume of 'Modern Painters,' which Mr. Bond was good enough to lend me these holidays; and I was much impressed, not only with the distinct recollection I had of paragraph after paragraph when once the subject was recalled,—

* This is not at all obvious to me. I can complete it to the last syllable, if Miss Hill wishes.

not only with the memory of how the passages had struck me when a girl,—but how even the individual words had been new to me then, and the quotations,—notably that from George Herbert about the not fooling,—had first sent me to read the authors quoted from. I could not help recalling, and seeing distinctly, how the whole tone and teaching of the book, striking on the imagination at an impressionable age, had biassed, not only this public work, but all my life. I always knew it, but I traced the distinct lines of influence. Like all derived work, it has been, as I said, built out of material my own experience has furnished, and built very differently to anything others would have done; but I know something of how much it owes to you, and in as far as it has been in any way successful, I wish you would put it among the achievements of your life. You sometimes seem to see so few of these. Mine is indeed poor and imperfect and small; but it is in this *kind of way* that the best influence tells, going right down into people, and coming out in a variety of forms, not easily recognized, yet distinctly known by those who know best; and hundreds of people, whose powers are tenfold my own, have received,—will receive,—their direction from your teaching, and will do work better worth your caring to have influenced.

“I am, yours always affectionately,
“OCTAVIA HILL.”

With this letter the notice of its immediate subject in Fors will cease, though I have yet a word to say for my other acquaintances and fellow-labourers. Miss Hill will, I hope, retain the administration of the Marylebone houses as long as she is inclined, making them, by her zealous and disinterested service, as desirable and profitable a possession to the Guild as hitherto to me. It is always to be remembered that she has acted as the administrator of this property, and paid me five per cent. upon it regularly, entirely without salary, and in pure kindness to the tenants. My own part in the work was in taking five instead of ten per cent., which the houses would have been made to pay to another landlord; and in pledging myself neither to sell the property nor raise the rents, thus enabling Miss Hill to assure the tenants of peace in their homes, and encourage every effort at the improvement of them.

LETTER LXXXVII.

By my promise that, in the text of this series of Fors, there shall be "no syllable of complaint, or of scorn," I pray the reader to understand that I in no wise intimate any change of feeling on my own part. I never felt more difficulty in my life than I do, at this instant, in not lamenting certain things with more than common lament, and in not speaking of certain people with more than common scorn.

Nor is it possible to fulfil these rightly warning functions of Fors without implying *some* measure of scorn. For instance, in the matter of choice of books, it is impossible to warn my scholars against a book, without implying a certain kind of contempt for it. For I never would warn them against any writer whom I had complete respect for,—however adverse to me, or my work. There are few stronger adversaries to St. George than Voltaire. But my scholars are welcome to read as much of Voltaire as they like. His voice is mighty among the ages. Whereas they are entirely forbidden Miss Martineau,—not because she is an infidel, but because she is a vulgar and foolish one.*

Do not say, or think, I am breaking my word in asserting, once for all, with reference to example, this necessary principle. This very vow and law that I have set myself, *must* be honoured sometimes in the breach of it, so only that the transgression be visibly not wanton or incontinent. Nay, in this very instance it is because I am not speaking in *pure* contempt, but

* I use the word vulgar, here, in its first sense of egoism, not of selfishness, but of not seeing one's own relations to the universe. Miss Martineau plans a book—afterwards popular—and goes to breakfast, "not knowing what a great thing had been done." So Mr. Buckle, dying, thinks only—he shall not finish *his* book. Not at all whether God will ever make up *His*.

have lately been as much surprised by the beauty of a piece of Miss Martineau's writings, as I have been grieved by the deadly effect of her writings generally on the mind of one of my best pupils, who had read them without telling me, that I make her a definite example. In future, it will be ordinarily enough for me to say to my pupils privately that they are not to read such and such books; while, for general order to my Fors readers, they may be well content, it seems to me, with the list of the books I want them to read constantly, and with such casual recommendation as I may be able to give of current literature. For instance, there is a quite lovely little book just come out about Irish children, 'Castle Blair,'—(which, let me state at once, I have strong personal, though stronger impersonal, reasons for recommending, the writer being a very dear friend; and some Irish children, for many and many a year, much more than that). But the *impersonal* reasons are—first, that the book is good and lovely, and true; having the best description of a noble child in it, (Winnie,) that I ever read; and nearly the best description of the next best thing—a noble dog; and reason second is that, after Miss Edgeworth's 'Ormond' and 'Absentee,' this little book will give more true insight into the proper way of managing Irish people than any other I know.*

Wherewith I have some more serious recommendations to give; and the first shall be of this most beautiful passage of Miss Martineau, which is quoted from 'Deerbrook' in the review of her autobiography:—

"In the house of every wise parent, may then be seen an epitome of life—a sight whose consolation is needed at times, perhaps by all. Which of the little children of a virtuous household can conceive of his entering into his parents' pur-

* Also, I have had it long on my mind to name the 'Adventures of a Phaeton' as a very delightful and wise book of its kind; very full of pleasant play and deep and pure feeling; much interpretation of some of the best points of German character; and, last and not least, with pieces of description in it which I should be glad, selfishly, to think inferior to what the public praise in 'Modern Painters,'—I can only say, they seem to *me* quite as good.

suits, or interfering with them? How sacred are the study and the office, the apparatus of a knowledge and a power which he can only venerate! Which of these little ones dreams of disturbing the course of his parents' thought or achievement? Which of them conceives of the daily routine of the household—its going forth and coming in, its rising and its rest—having been different before its birth, or that it would be altered by his absence? It is even a matter of surprise to him when it now and then occurs to him that there is anything set apart for him—that he has clothes and couch, and that his mother thinks and cares for him. If he lags behind in a walk, or finds himself alone among the trees, he does not dream of being missed; but home rises up before him as he has always seen it—his father thoughtful, his mother occupied, and the rest gay, with the one difference of *his* * not being there. This he believes, and has no other trust than in his shriek of terror, for being ever remembered more. Yet, all the while, from day to day, from year to year, without one moment's intermission, is the providence of his parent around him, brooding over the workings of his infant spirit, chastening its passions, nourishing its affections—now *troubling it with salutary pain*, now *animating it with even more wholesome delight*. All the while, is the order of the household affairs regulated for the comfort and profit of these lowly little ones, though they regard it reverently, because they cannot comprehend it. They may not know of all this—how their guardian bends over their pillow nightly, and lets no word of their careless talk drop unheeded, and records every sob of infant grief, hails every brightening gleam of reason and every chirp of childish glee—they may not know this, because they could not understand it aright, and each little heart would be inflated with pride, each little mind would lose the grace and purity of its unconscionness; but the guardianship is not the less real, constant, and tender for its being unrecognized by its objects.”

This passage is of especial value to me just now, because I

* Italics mine.

have presently to speak about faith, and its power; and I have never myself thought of the innocent *faithlessness* of children, but only of their faith. The idea given here by Miss Martineau is entirely new to me, and most beautiful. And had she gone on thus, expressing her own feelings modestly, she would have been a most noble person, and a verily 'great' writer. She became a vulgar person, and a little writer, in her conceit;—of which I can say no more, else I should break my vow unnecessarily.

And by way of atonement for even this involuntary disobedience to it, I have to express great shame for some words spoken, in one of the letters of the first series, in total misunderstanding of Mr. Gladstone's character.

I know so little of public life, and see so little of the men who are engaged in it, that it has become impossible for me to understand their conduct or speech, as it is reported in journals.

There are reserves, references, difficulties, limits, excitements, in all their words and ways, which are inscrutable to me; and at this moment I am unable to say a word about the personal conduct of any one, respecting the Turkish or any other national question,—remaining myself perfectly clear as to what was always needed, and still needs, to be *done*, but utterly unable to conceive *why* people talk, or do, or do not, as hitherto they have spoken, done, and left undone. But as to the actual need, it is now nearly two years since Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Froude, and several other men of 'creditable' (shall we say) name, gathered together at call of Mr. Gladstone, as for a great national need, together with a few other men of more retired and studious mind, Edward Burne Jones for one, and myself for another, did then plainly and to the best of their faculty tell the English nation what it had to do.

The people of England answered, by the mouths of their journals, that Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude knew nothing of history, that Mr. Gladstone was a dishonest leader of a party, and that the rest of us were insignificant, or insane, persons.

Whereupon the significant and sagacious persons, guiding

the opinions of the public, through its press, set themselves diligently to that solemn task.

And I will take some pains to calculate for you, my now doubtless well-informed and soundly purposed readers, what expenditure of type there has been on your education, guidance, and exhortation by those significant persons, in these last two years.

I am getting into that *Cathedra Pestilentia* again!—My good reader, I mean, truly and simply, that I hope to get, for next month, some approximate measure of the space in heaven which would be occupied by the unfolded tissue or web of all the columns of the British newspapers which have during these last two years discussed, in your pay, the Turkish question. All that counsel, you observe, you have bought with a price. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Fronde gave you theirs gratis, as all the best things are given; I put nearly a prohibitory tax upon mine, that you might not merely travel with your boots on it; but here was an article of counsel made up for your consumption at *market* price. You have paid for it, I can tell you *that*, approximately, just now, one million nine hundred and four thousand nine hundred and eighteen pounds. You have voted also in your beautiful modern manner, and daily directed your governors what they were to do for British interests and honour. And your result is—well, you shall tell me your opinions of that next month; but—whatever your opinions may be—here is the result for you, in words which are not of the newest, certainly, and yet are in a most accurate sense “*This Evening’s News.*”

“*Quare fremuerunt Gentes, et Populi meditati sunt inania.*

“*Astiterunt Reges terræ, et Principes convenerunt in unum, adversus Dominum et adversus Christum ejus.*

“*Dirumpamus vincula eorum, et projiciamus a nobis jugum ipsorum.*

“*Qui habitat in celis irridebit eos, et Dominus subsannabit eos.*

“*Tunc loquetur ad eos in ira sua, et in furore suo conturbabit eos.*”

If you can read that bit of David and St. Jerome, as it stands, so be it. If not, this translation is closer than the one you, I suppose, *don't* know:—

“Why have the nations foamed as the sea; and the people meditated emptiness?”

“The Kings of the earth stood, and the First Ministers met together in conference, against the Lord, and against His Christ.

“Let us break, they said, the chains of the Lord and Christ. Let us cast away from us the yoke of the Lord and Christ.

“He that inhabits heaven shall laugh at them, and the Lord shall mock them.

“Then shall He speak to them in His anger, and torment them with His strength.”

There are one or two of the points of difference in this version which I wish you to note. Our ‘why do the heathen rage’ is unintelligible to us, because we don’t think of *ourselves* as ‘heathen’ usually. But we are; and the nations spoken of are—the British public, and the All-publics of our day, and of all days.

Nor is the word ‘rage’ the right one, in the least. It means to “fret idly,” like useless sea,—incapable of *real* rage, or of *any* sense,—foaming out only its own shame. “The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt;”—and even just now—the purest and best of public men spitting out emptiness only and mischief. “Fluctibus et *fremitu* assurgens, *Benace* MARINO.” In the Septuagint, the word is to neigh like a horse—(“They were as fed horses in the morning; every one neighed after his neighbour’s wife.”)

Then, I have put the full words ‘of the Lord and Christ’ in the third verse, instead of ‘their,’ because else people don’t see who ‘they’ are.

And in the fourth verse, observe that the ‘anger’ of the Lord is the *mind* in which He speaks to the kings; but His ‘fury’ is the *practical* stress of the thunder of His power, and of the hail and death with which he ‘troubles’ them and tor-

ments. Read *this* piece of evening's news, for instance. It is one of thousands such. That is what is meant by "He shall vex them in His sore displeasure," which words you have chanted to your pipes and bellows so sweetly and so long,—‘His so-o-o-ore dis-plea-a-sure.’

But here is the *thing*, nearly at your doors, reckoning by railway distance. "The mother got impatient, thrust the child into the snow, and hurried on—not looking back."

But *you* are not ‘vexed,’ you say? No,—perhaps that is because you are so very good. And perhaps the muffins will be as cold as the snow, too, soon, if you don't eat them. Yet if, after breakfast, you look out of window westward, you may see some "vexation" even in England and Wales, of which more, presently, and if you read this second Psalm again, and make some effort to understand it, it may be provisionally useful to you,—provisionally on your recognizing that there is a God at all, and that it is a *Lord* that *reigneth*, and not merely a *Law* that reigneth, according to the latter-day divinity of the Duke of Argyll and Mr. George Dawson. Have patience with me. I'm not speaking as I didn't mean to. I want you to read, and attentively, some things that the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Dawson have said; but you must have the caterpillar washed out of the cabbage, first.

I want you to read,—ever so many things. First of all, and nothing else till you have well mastered that, the history of Montenegro given by Mr. Gladstone in the ‘Nineteenth Century’ for May 1877, p. 360. After that, ‘Some Current Fallacies about Turks,’ etc., by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, ‘Nineteenth Century,’ December 1877, p. 831. After that, the Duke of Argyll's ‘Morality in Politics.’ And after that, the obituary of ‘George Dawson, Politician, Lecturer, and Preacher,’ by the Rev. R. W. Dale, ‘Nineteenth Century,’ August 1877, p. 44.

It is an entirely kind and earnest review of one of the chief enemies of Evangelicalism, by an Evangelical clergyman. The closing passages of it (pp. 59 to 61) are entirely beautiful and

wise,—the last sentence, let me thankfully place for an abiding comfort and power in St. George's schools.

“To despise the creeds in which the noblest intellects of Christendom in past times found rest, is presumptuous folly ; to suppose that these creeds are a final and exact statement of all that the Church can ever know, is to forget that in every creed there are two elements,—the divine substance, and the human form. The form must change with the changing thoughts of men ; and even the substance may come to shine with clearer light, and to reveal unsuspected glories, as God and man come nearer together.”

And the whole of the piece of biography thus nobly closed is full of instruction ; but, in the course of it, there is a statement (pp. 49—51) respecting which I have somewhat contradictory to say, and that very gravely. I am sorry to leave out any of the piece I refer to : but those of my readers who have not access to the book, will find the gist of what I must contradict, qualifiedly, in these following fragments.

A. “The strength of his (George Dawson's) moral teaching was largely derived from the firmness of his own conviction that the laws which govern human life are not to be evaded ; that they assert their authority with relentless severity ; that it is of no use to try to cheat them ; that they have no pity ; that we must obey them, or else suffer the consequences of our disobedience. He insisted, with a frequency, an earnestness, and an energy which showed the depth of his own sense of the importance of this part of his teaching, that what a man sows he must also reap,—no matter though he has sown ignorantly or carelessly ; that the facts of the physical and moral universe have a stern reality ; and that, if we refuse to learn and to recognize the facts, the best intentions are unavailing. The iron girder must be strong enough to bear the weight that is put upon it, or else it will give way,—no matter whether the girder is meant to support the roof of a railway station, or the floor of a church, or the gallery of a theatre. Hard work is necessary for success in business ; and the man who works hardest—other things being

equal—is most likely to succeed, whether he is a saint or a sinner.”

B. “The facts of the universe are steadfast, and not to be changed by human fancies or follies; the laws of the universe are relentless, and will not relax in the presence of human weakness, or give way under the pressure of human passion and force.”

C. “No matter though you have a most devout and conscientious belief that by mere praying you can save a town from typhoid fever; if the drainage is bad and the water foul, praying will never save the town from typhoid.”

Thus far, Mr. Dale has been stating the substance of Mr. Dawson’s teaching; he now, as accepting that substance, so far as it reaches himself, proceeds to carry it farther, and to apply the same truths—admitting them to be truths—to spiritual things. And now, from *him* we have this following most important and noble passage, which I accept for wholly true, and place in St. George’s schools.

D. “It would be strange if these truths became false as soon as they are applied to the religious side of the life of man. The spiritual universe is no more to be made out of a man’s own head, than the material universe or the moral universe. *There*, too, the conditions of human life are fixed. *There*, too, we have to respect the facts; and, whether we respect them or not, the facts remain. *There*, too, we have to confess the authority of the actual laws; and, whether we confess it or not, we shall suffer for breaking them. To suppose that, in relation to the spiritual universe, it is safe or right to believe what we think it pleasant to believe,—to suppose that, because we think it is eminently desirable that the spiritual universe should be ordered in a particular way, therefore we are at liberty to act as though this were certainly the way in which it is ordered, and that, though we happen to be wrong, it will make no difference,—is preposterous. No; water drowns, fire burns, whether we believe it or not. No belief of ours will change the facts, or reverse the laws of the spiritual universe. It is our first business to discover the laws, and to learn how the facts stand.”

I accept this passage—observe, totally,—but I accept it for itself. The basis of it—the preceding Dawsonian statements, A, B, and C,—I wholly deny, so far as I am a Christian. If the Word of Christ be true, the facts of the physical universe are *not* steadfast. They are steadfast only for the infidel. But these signs shall evermore follow them that believe. “They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.” No matter how bad the drainage of the town, how foul the water, “He shall deliver thee from the noisome pestilence; and though a thousand fall at thy right hand, it shall not come nigh *thee*.” This, as a Christian, I am bound to believe. This, speaking as a Christian, I am bound to proclaim, whatever the consequences may be to the town, or the opinion of me formed by the Common Council; as a Christian, I believe prayer to be, in the last sense, sufficient for the salvation of the town; and drainage, in the last sense, insufficient for its salvation. Not that you will find me, looking back through the pages of Fors, unconcerned about drainage. But if, of the two, I must choose between drains and prayer—why, look you”—whatever you may think of my wild and whirling words, I will go pray.

And now, therefore, for St. George’s schools, I most solemnly reverse the statement B, and tell my scholars, with all the force that is in me, that the facts of the universe are *NOT* steadfast, that they *ARE* changed by human fancies, and by human follies (much more by human wisdoms,)—that the laws of the universe are no more relentless than the God who wrote them,—that they *WILL* relax in the presence of human weakness, and *DO* give way under the pressure of human passion and force, and give way so totally, before so little passion and force, that if you have but ‘faith’ as a grain of mustard seed, *nothing* shall be impossible unto you.

“Are these merely fine phrases, or is he mad, as people say?” one of my polite readers asks of another.

Neither, oh polite and pitying friend. Observe, in the first place, that I simply speak *as* a Christian, and express to you accurately what Christian doctrine is. I am myself so nearly,

as you are so grievously faithless to less than the least grain of—Colman's—mustard, that *I* can take up no serpents, and raise no dead.

But I don't say, therefore, that the dead are not raised, nor that Christ is not risen, nor the head of the serpent bowed under the foot of the Seed of the Woman. I say only,—*if* my faith is vain, it is because I am yet in my sins. And to others I say—what Christ bids me say. That, simply,—that literally,—that, positively; and no more. “If thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the salvation of God.”

If thou *wilt* (wouldest)—Faith being essentially a matter of will, after some other conditions are met. For how shall they believe on whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher? Yea; but—asks St. George, murmuring behind his visor,—much more, how shall they hear without—ears.

He that *hath* ears, (it is written)—let him hear;—but how of him that hath none?

For observe, far the greater multitude of men *cannot* hear of Christ at all. You can't tell an unloving person, what love is, preach you till his doomsday. What is to become of them, God knows, who is their Judge; but since they cannot hear of Christ, they cannot believe in Him, and for them, the Laws of the Universe are unchangeable enough. But for those who *can* hear—comes the farther question whether they *will*. And then, if they do, whether they will be steadfast in the faith, steadfast behind the shield, point in earth, cross of iron—(compare ‘Laws of Fésolé,’ chapter iii., and the old heraldic word ‘restrial,’ of bearings, first written in blood.)—else, having begun in the spirit, they may only be “made perfect in the flesh.” (Gal. iii. 3.) But if, having begun in the Spirit, they grieve it not, there will be assuredly among them the chorus-leader. He that “leads forth the choir of the Spirit,” and worketh MIRACLES among you. (Gal. iii. 5.)

Now, lastly, read in the ninth chapter of Froude's History of England, the passage beginning, “Here, therefore, we are to enter upon one of the grand scenes of history,”* down to

* Octavo edition of 1858, vol. ii., p. 341.

“He desired us each to choose our confessor, and to confess our sins one to another;” and the rest, I give here, for end of this Fors:—

“The day after, he preached a sermon in the chapel on the 59th Psalm: ‘O God, Thou hast cast us off, Thou hast destroyed us;’ concluding with the words, ‘It is better that we should suffer here a short penance for our faults, than be reserved for the eternal pains of hell hereafter;’—and so ending, he turned to us, and bade us all do as we saw him do. Then rising from his place he went direct to the eldest of the brethren, who was sitting nearest to himself, and, kneeling before him, begged his forgiveness for any offence which in heart, word, or deed he might have committed against him. Thence he proceeded to the next, and said the same; and so to the next, through us all, we following him, and saying as he did,—each from each imploring pardon.

“Thus, with unobtrusive nobleness, did these poor men prepare themselves for the end; not less beautiful in their resolution, not less deserving the everlasting remembrance of mankind, than those three hundred who in the summer morning sate combing their golden hair in the passes of Thermopylæ. We will not regret their cause; there is no cause for which any man can more nobly suffer than to witness that it is better for him to die than to speak words which he does not mean. Nor, in this their hour of trial, were they left without higher comfort.

“‘The third day after,’ the story goes on, ‘was the mass of the Holy Ghost, and God made known His presence among us. For when the host was lifted up, there came as it were a whisper of air, which breathed upon our faces as we knelt. Some perceived it with the bodily senses; all felt it as it thrilled into their hearts. And then followed a sweet, soft sound of music, at which our venerable father was so moved, God being thus abundantly manifest among us, that he sank down in tears, and for a long time could not continue the service—we all remaining stupefied, hearing the melody, and feeling the marvellous effects of it upon our spirits, but know-

ing neither whence it came nor whither it went. Only our hearts rejoiced as we perceived that God was with us indeed.'"

It can't be the end of this Fors however, I find, (15th February, half-past seven morning,) for I have forgotten twenty things I meant to say; and this instant, in my morning's reading, opened and read, being in a dreamy state, and not knowing well what I was doing,—of all things to find a new message!—in the first chapter of Proverbs.

I was in a dreamy state, because I had got a letter about the Thirlmere debate, which was to me, in my proposed quietness, like one of the voices on the hill behind the Princess Pairzael. And *she* could not hold, without cotton in her ears, dear wise sweet thing. But luckily for me, I have just had help from the Beata Vigri at Venice, who sent me her own picture and St. Catherine's, yesterday, for a Valentine; and so I *can* hold on:—only just read this first of Proverbs with me, please.

"The Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David, king of Israel.

"To *know* wisdom and instruction."

(Not to 'opine' them.)

"To *perceive* the words of understanding."

(He that hath eyes, let him read—he that hath ears, hear. And for the Blind and the Deaf,—if patient and silent by the right road-side,—there may also be some one to say 'He is coming.')

"To receive the instruction of WISDOM, JUSTICE, and JUDGMENT, and EQUITY."

Four things,—oh friends,—which you have not only to *perceive*, but to *receive*. And the species of these four things, and the origin of their species,—you know them, doubtless, well,—in these scientific days?

"To give subtlety to the simple; to the *young* man, knowledge and discretion."

(Did ever one hear, lately, of a young man's wanting either? Or of a simple person who wished to be subtle? Are not we all subtle—even to the total defeat of our hated antagonists, the Prooshians and Rooshians?)

"A wise man will hear and will increase learning."

(*e.g.* “A stormy meeting took place in the Birmingham Town Hall last night. It was convened by the Conservative Association for the purpose of passing a vote of confidence in the Government; but the Liberal Association also issued placards calling upon Liberals to attend. The chair was taken by Mr. Stone, the President of the Conservative Association, but the greater part of his speech was inaudible even upon the platform, owing to the frequent bursts of applause, groans, and Kentish fire, intermingled with comic songs. Flags bearing the words ‘Vote for Bright’ and ‘Vote for Gladstone’ were hoisted, and were torn to pieces by the supporters of the Government. Dr. Sebastian Evans moved, and Alderman Brinsley seconded, a resolution expressing confidence in Her Majesty’s Government. Mr. J. S. Wright moved, and Mr. R. W. Dale seconded, an amendment, but neither speaker could make himself heard; and on the resolution being put to the meeting it was declared carried, but the Liberal speakers disputed the decision of the chairman, and asserted that two-thirds of the meeting were against the resolution.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*, February 13th, 1878.)

“And a man of understanding shall *attain unto* wise counsels.”

(Yes, in due time; but oh me—over what burning marle, and by what sifting of wheat!)

“To understand a proverb, and the interpretation.”

(Yes, truly—all this chapter I have known from my mother’s knee—and never understood it till this very hour.)

“The words of the wise and their *dark* sayings.”

(Behold, this dreamer cometh,—and this is his dream.)

“The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge: but fools despise wisdom and instruction.”

(*e.g.* “Herr ——, one of the Socialist leaders, declaring that he and his friends, since they do not fear earthly Powers, are not likely to be afraid of Powers of any other kind.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*, same date.*)

* I take this passage out of an important piece of intelligence of a quite contrary and greatly encouraging kind. “A new political party has just

“My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.”

The father is to teach the boy's reason ; and the mother, his will. He is to take his father's word, and to obey his mother's—look, even to the death.

(Therefore it is that all laws of holy life are called ‘mother-laws’ in Venice.—Fors, 1877, page 26.)

“For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head.”

Alas, yes!—once men were crowned in youth with the gold of their father's glory ; when the hoary head was crowned also in the way of righteousness.

And so they went their way to prison, and to death.

But now, by divine liberty, and general indication, even Solomon's *own* head is not crowned by any means.—Fors, 1877, p. 92.

“And chains about thy neck”—(yes, collar of the knightliest. Let not thy mother's Mercy and Truth forsake thee) bind them about thy neck, write them upon the tables of thine heart. *She* may forget: yet will not *I* forget thee.

(Therefore they say—of the sweet mother laws of their loving God and lowly Christ—‘Disrumpamus *vincula* eorum et projiciamus a nobis, *jugum* ipsorum.’)

Nay—nay, but if they say thus then ?

“Let us swallow them up *alive*, as the grave.”

(Other murderers kill, before they bury ;—but you, you observe, are invited to bury before you kill. All these things,

been added to the many parties which already existed in Germany. It calls itself ‘the Christian Social party.’ It is headed by several prominent Court preachers of Berlin, who, alarmed at the progress made by the Socialists, have taken this means of resisting their subversive doctrines. The object of the party is to convince the people that there can be no true system of government which is not based upon Christianity ; and this principle is being elaborately set forth in large and enthusiastic meetings. Herr Most, one of the Socialist leaders, has given the political pastors an excellent text for their orations by declaring that he and his friends, since they do not fear earthly Powers, are not likely to be afraid of Powers of any other kind. Branches of the Christian Socialist party have been formed in several of the most important German towns ; and they confidently expect to be able to secure a definite position in the next Imperial Parliament.

when once you know their meaning, have their physical symbol quite accurately beside them. Read the story of the last explosion in Yorkshire—where a woman's husband and her seven sons fell—all seven—all eight—together: about the beginning of barley harvest it was, I think.)

“And *whole* as those that go down into the pit.”

(Other murderers kill the body only, but you are invited to kill ‘whole’—body and soul. Yea—and to kill with such wholeness that the creatures shall not even know they ever *had* a soul, any more than a frog of Egypt. You will not, think you. Ah, but hear yet—for second thoughts are best.)

“We shall find all precious substance. We shall fill our houses with spoil.”

(ALL precious substance. Is there anything in those houses round the park that could possibly be suggested as wanting?—And *spoil*,—all taken from the killed people. Have they not sped—have they not divided the spoil—to every man a damsel or two. Not one bit of it all worked for with your own hand,—even so, mother of Sisera.)

“Cast in thy lot among *us*.”—(The Company is limited.)

“Let us all have one”—(heart? no, for *none* of us have that;—mind? no, for none of us have that;—but let us all have one—) “purse.” And now—that you know the meaning of it—I write to the end my morning's reading.

My son, walk not thou in the way with them.

Refrain thy foot from their path. For their feet *run* to evil, and *hasten* to shed blood.

Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.

And they lay wait for their *own* blood.

They lurk privily for their *own* lives.

SO ARE THE WAYS OF EVERY ONE THAT IS GREEDY OF GAIN WHICH TAKETH AWAY THE LIFE OF THE OWNERS THEREOF.

Now, therefore, let us see what these ways are—the *Via* Peccatorum,—the Pleasantness of them, and the Peace.

The following are portions of a letter from the brother of one of my country friends here, who has been pastor of the English Baptist church in Tredegar about twenty years.

“TREDEGAR, 11th February, 1878.

“Some three hundred men are said to have been discharged from the works last week. The mills are to be closed all this week, and the iron-workers do not expect to be able to earn a penny. About a day and a half per week, on the average, is what they have been working for several months. The average earnings have been six shillings a week, and out of that they have to pay for coal, house-rent, and other expenses, leaving very little for food and clothing. The place has been divided into districts. I have one of these districts to investigate and relieve. In that district there are a hundred and thirty families in distress, and which have been relieved on an average of two shillings per week for each family for the last month. Many of them are some days every week without anything to eat, and with nothing but water to drink: they have nothing but rags to cover them by day, and very little beside their wearing apparel to cover them on their beds at night. They have sold or pawned their furniture, and everything for which they could obtain the smallest sum of money. In fact, they seem to me to be actually starving. In answer to our appeal, we have received about three hundred pounds, and have distributed the greater part of it. We also distributed a large quantity of clothing last week which we had received from different places. We feel increasing anxiety about the future. When we began, we hoped the prospect would soon brighten, and that we should be able before long to discontinue our efforts. Instead of that, however, things look darker than ever. We cannot tell what would become of us if contributions to our funds should now cease to come in, and we do not know how long we may hope that they will continue to come in, and really cannot tell who is to blame, nor what is the remedy.”

They know not at *what* they stumble. How should they?

Well—will they hear at last then? Has Jael-Atropos at last driven her nail well down through the Helmet of Death he wore instead of the Helmet of Salvation—mother of Sisera?

Ω θνητοῖσι δικαιοτάτη, πολύολβε, ποθεινή,
 ἐξ ἰσότητος αἰεὶ θνητοῖς χαίρουσα δικαίους,
 πάντιμ', ὀλβίομοιρε, Δικαιοσύνη μεγαλαυχῆς,
 ἢ καθαραῖς γνώμαις αἰεὶ τὰ δέοντα βραβεύεις,
 ἄθραυστος τὸ συνειδός· αἰεὶ θραύεις γὰρ ἅπαντας,
 ὅσσοι μὴ τὸ σὸν ἦλθον ὑπὸ ζυγόν, ἄλλοπρόβαλλοι,
 πλάστιγξιν βριαρῆσι παρεγκλίναντες ἀπλήστως·
 ἀσταβίαστε, φίλη πάντων, φιλόκωμ', ἐρατεινή,
 εἰρήνη χαίρουσα, βίον ζηλοῦσα βέβαιον.
 αἰεὶ γὰρ τὸ πλεον στυγέεις, ἰσότητι δὲ χαίρεις.
 ἐν σοὶ γὰρ σοφίη ἀρετῆς τέλος ἐσθλὸν ἰκάνει.
 κλῦθι, θεά, κακίην θνητῶν θραύουσα δικαίως,
 ὡς ἂν ἰσορροπήσιν αἰεὶ βίος ἐσθλὸς ὄδεοι
 θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων, οἱ ἀρουρης καρπὸν ἔδουσιν,
 καὶ ζώων πάντων, ὅπόσ' ἐν κόλποισι τιθηνεῖ
 γαῖ᾽ θεὰ μήτηρ καὶ πόντιος εἰνάλιος Ζεὺς.

Thou who doest right for mortals,—full of blessings,—thou, the desired of hearts.

*Rejoicing, for thy equity, in mortal righteousness;—
 All-honoured, happy-fated, majestic-minded Justice,
 Who dost arbitrate, for pure minds, all that ought to be.
 Unmoved of countenance thou;—(it is they who shall be moved
 That come not under thy yoke,—other always to others,
 Driving insatiably oblique the loaded scales.)
 Thou,—seditionless, dear to all—lover of revel, and lovely,
 Rejoicing in peace, zealous for pureness of life,
 (For thou hatest always the More, and rejoicest in equalness,
 For in thee the wisdom of virtue reaches its noble end.)
 Hear, Goddess!—trouble thou justly the mischief of mortals,
 So that always in fair equipoise the noble life may travel
 Of mortal men that eat the fruit of the furrow,
 And of all living creatures, whom nurse in their bosoms
 Earth the Goddess mother, and the God of the deep sea.*

ORPHEUS.—Sixty third Hymn.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

BRANTWOOD, *8th February*, 1880.

It is now close on two years since I was struck by the illness which brought these Letters to an end, as a periodical series; nor did I think, on first recovery, that I should ever be able to conclude them otherwise than by a few comments in arranging their topical index.

But my strength is now enough restored to permit me to add one or two more direct pieces of teaching to the broken statements of principle which it has become difficult to gather out of the mixed substance of the book. These will be written at such leisure as I may find, and form an eighth volume, which with a thin ninth, containing indices, I shall be thankful if I can issue in this tenth year from the beginning of the work.

To-day, being my sixty-first birthday, I would ask leave to say a few words to the friends who care for me, and the readers who are anxious about me, touching the above-named illness itself. For a physician's estimate of it, indeed, I can only refer them to my physicians. But there were some conditions of it which I knew better than they could: namely, first, the precise and sharp distinction between the state of morbid inflammation of brain which gave rise to false visions, (whether in sleep, or trance, or waking, in broad daylight, with perfect knowledge of the real things in the room, while yet I saw others that were not there,) and the not morbid, however dangerous, states of more or less excited temper, and too much quickened thought, which gradually led up to the illness, accelerating in action during the eight or ten days preceding the actual giving way of the brain, (as may be enough seen in the fragmentary writing of the first edition of my notes on the Turner exhibition); and yet, up to the transitional moment of first hallucination,

entirely healthy, and in the full sense of the word 'sane'; just as the natural inflammation about a healing wound in flesh is sane, up to the transitional edge where it may pass at a crisis into morbid, or even mortified, substance. And this more or less inflamed, yet still perfectly healthy, condition of mental power, may be traced by any watchful reader, in Fors, nearly from its beginning,—that manner of mental ignition or irritation being for the time a great additional force, enabling me to discern more clearly, and say more vividly, what for long years it had been in my heart to say.

Now I observed that in talking of the illness, whether during its access or decline, none of the doctors ever thought of thus distinguishing what was definitely diseased in the brain action, from what was simply curative—had there been time enough—of the wounded nature in me. And in the second place, not perceiving, or at least not admitting, this difference; nor, for the most part, apprehending (except the one who really carried me through, and who never lost hope—Dr. Parsons of Hawkshead) that there *were* any mental wounds to be healed, they made, and still make, my friends more anxious about me than there is occasion for: which anxiety I partly regret, as it pains them; but much more if it makes them more doubtful than they used to be (which, for some, is saying a good deal) of the "truth and soberness" of Fors itself. Throughout every syllable of which, hitherto written, the reader will find one consistent purpose, and perfectly conceived system, far more deeply founded than any bruted about under their founder's names; including in its balance one vast department of human skill,—the arts,—which the vulgar economists are wholly incapable of weighing; and a yet more vast realm of human enjoyment—the spiritual affections,—which materialist thinkers are alike incapable of imagining: a system not mine, nor Kant's, nor Comte's;—but that which Heaven has taught every true man's heart, and proved by every true man's work, from the beginning of time to this day.

I use the word 'Heaven' here in an absolutely literal sense, meaning the blue sky, and the light and air of it. Men who

live in that light,—“in pure sunshine, not under mixed-up shade,”—and whose actions are open as the air, always arrive at certain conditions of moral and practical loyalty, which are wholly independent of religious opinion. These, it has been the first business of Fors to declare. Whether there be one God or three,—no God, or ten thousand,—children should have enough to eat, and their skins should be washed clean. It is not *I* who say that. Every mother’s heart under the sun says that, if she has one.

Again, whether there be saints in Heaven or not, as long as its stars shine on the sea, and the thunnies swim there—every fisherman who drags a net ashore is bound to say to as many human creatures as he can, ‘Come and dine.’ And the fish-mongers who destroy their fish by cartloads that they may make the poor pay dear for what is left, ought to be flogged round Billingsgate, and out of it. It is not *I* who say that. Every man’s heart on sea and shore says that—if he isn’t at heart a rascal. Whatever is dictated in Fors is dictated thus by common sense, common equity, common humanity, and common sunshine—not by me.

But farther. I have just now used the word ‘Heaven’ in a nobler sense also: meaning, Heaven and our Father therein.

And beyond the power of its sunshine, which all men may know, Fors has declared also the power of its Fatherhood,—which only some men know, and others do not,—and, except by rough teaching, may not. For the wise of all the earth have said in their hearts always, “God is, and there is none beside Him;” and the fools of all the earth have said in their hearts always, “I am, and there is none beside me.”

Therefore, beyond the assertion of what is visibly salutary, Fors contains also the assertion of what is invisibly salutary, or salvation-bringing, in Heaven, to all men who will receive such health: and beyond this an invitation—passing gradually into an imperious call—to all men who trust in God, that they purge their conscience from dead works, and join together in work separated from the fool’s; pure, undefiled, and worthy of Him they trust in.

But in the third place. Besides these definitions, first, of what is useful to all the world, and then of what is useful to the wiser part of it, Fors contains much trivial and desultory talk by the way. Scattered up and down in it,—perhaps by the Devil's sowing tares among the wheat,—there is much casual expression of my own personal feelings and faith, together with bits of autobiography, which were allowed place, not without some notion of their being useful, but yet imprudently, and even incontinently, because I could not at the moment hold my tongue about what vexed or interested me, or returned soothingly to my memory.

Now these personal fragments must be carefully sifted from the rest of the book, by readers who wish to understand it, and taken within their own limits,—no whit farther. For instance, when I say that “St. Ursula sent me a flower with her love,” it means that I myself am in the habit of thinking of the Greek Persephone, the Latin Proserpina, and the Gothic St. Ursula, as of the same living spirit; and so far regulating my conduct by that idea as to dedicate my book on Botany to Proserpina; and to think, when I want to write anything pretty about flowers, how St. Ursula would like it said. And when on the Christmas morning in question, a friend staying in Venice brought me a pot of pinks, ‘with St. Ursula’s love,’ the said pot of pinks did afterwards greatly help me in my work;—and reprove me afterwards, in its own way, for the failure of it.

All this effort, or play, of personal imagination is utterly distinct from the teaching of Fors, though I thought at the time its confession innocent, without in any wise advising my readers to expect messages from pretty saints, or reprobation from pots of pinks: only being urgent with them to ascertain clearly in their own minds what they *do* expect comfort or reproof from. Here, for instance, (Sheffield, 12th February,) I am lodging at an honest and hospitable grocer's, who has lent me his own bedroom, of which the principal ornament is a card printed in black and gold, sacred to the memory of his infant son, who died aged fourteen months, and whose tomb

is represented under the figure of a broken Corinthian column, with two graceful-winged ladies putting garlands on it. He is comforted by this conception, and, in that degree, believes and feels with me: the merely palpable fact is probably, that his child's body is lying between two tall chimneys which are covering it gradually with cinders. I am quite as clearly aware of that fact as the most scientific of my friends; and can probably see more in the bricks of the said chimneys than they. But if they can see nothing in Heaven above the chimney tops, nor conceive of anything in spirit greater than themselves, it is not because they have more knowledge than I, but because they have less sense.

Less *common-sense*,—observe: less practical insight into the things which are of instant and constant need to man.

I must yet allow myself a few more words of autobiography touching this point. The doctors said that I went mad, this time two years ago, from overwork. I had not been then working more than usual, and what was usual with me had become easy. But I went mad because nothing came of my work. People would have understood my falling crazy if they had heard that the manuscripts on which I had spent seven years of my old life had all been used to light the fire with, like Carlyle's first volume of the French Revolution. But they could not understand that I should be the least annoyed, far less fall ill in a frantic manner, because, after I had got them published, nobody believed a word of them. Yet the first calamity would only have been misfortune,—the second (the enduring calamity under which I toil) is humiliation,—resisted necessarily by a dangerous and lonely pride.

I spoke just now of the 'wounds' of which that fire in the flesh came; and if any one ask me faithfully, what the wounds were, I can faithfully give the answer of Zechariah's silenced messenger, "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." All alike, in whom I had most trusted for help, failed me in this main work: some mocked at it, some pitied, some rebuked,—all stopped their ears at the cry:

and the solitude at last became too great to be endured. I tell this now, because I must say some things that grieve me to say, about the recent work of one of the friends from whom I had expected most sympathy and aid,—the historian J. A. Froude. Faithful, he, as it appeared to me, in all the intent of history: already in the year 1858 shrewdly cognizant of the main facts (with which he alone professed himself concerned) of English life past and present; keenly also, and impartially, sympathetic with every kind of heroism, and mode of honesty. Of him I first learned the story of Sir Richard Grenville; by him was directed to the diaries of the sea captains in Hakluyt; by his influence, when he edited Fraser's Magazine, I had been led to the writing of *Munera Pulveris*: his Rectorial address at St. Andrew's was full of insight into the strength of old Scotland; his study of the life of Hugo of Lincoln, into that of yet elder England; and every year, as Auld Reekie and old England sank farther out of memory and honour with others, I looked more passionately for some utterance from him, of noble story about the brave and faithful dead, and noble wrath against the wretched and miscreant dead-alive. But year by year his words have grown more hesitating and helpless. The first preface to his history is a quite masterly and exhaustive summary of the condition and laws of England before the Reformation; and it most truly introduces the following book as a study of the process by which that condition and those laws were turned upside-down, and inside-out, "as a man wipeth a dish,—wiping it, and turning it upside-down;" so that, from the least thing to the greatest, if our age is light, those ages were dark; if our age is right, those ages were wrong,—and *vice versa*. There is no possible consent to be got, or truce to be struck, between them. Those ages were feudal, ours free; those reverent, ours impudent; those artful, ours mechanical: the consummate and exhaustive difference being that the creed of the Dark Ages was, "I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;" and the creed of the Light Ages has become, 'I believe in Father Mud, the

Almighty Plastic; and in Father Dollar, the Almighty Drastic.'

Now at the time when Mr. Froude saw and announced the irreconcilableness of these two periods, and then went forward to his work on that time of struggling twilight which foretold the existing blaze of day, and general detection of all impostures, he had certainly not made up his mind whether he ought finally to praise the former or the latter days. His reverence for the righteousness of old English law holds staunch, even to the recognition of it in the most violent states of—literal—ebullition: such, for instance, as the effective check given to the introduction of the arts of Italian poisoning into England, by putting the first English cook who practised them into a pot of convenient size, together with the requisite quantity of water, and publicly boiling him,—a most concise and practical method. Also he rejoices in the old English detestation of idleness, and determination that every person in the land should have a craft to live by, and practise it honestly: and in manifold other matters I perceive the backward leaning of his inmost thoughts; and yet in the very second page of this otherwise grand preface, wholly in contravention of his own principle that the historian has only to do with facts, he lets slip this—conciliating is it? or careless? or really intended?—in any case amazing—sentence, "A condition of things" (the earlier age) "differing both outwardly and inwardly from that *into which a happier fortune has introduced ourselves.*" An amazing sentence, I repeat, in its triple assumptions—each in itself enormous: the first, that it is happier to live without, than with, the fear of God; the second, that it is chance, and neither our virtue nor our wisdom, that has procured us this happiness;—the third, that the 'ourselves' of Onslow Gardens and their neighbourhood may sufficiently represent also the ourselves of Siberia and the Rocky Mountains—of Afghanistan and Zululand.

None of these assumptions have foundation; and for fastening the outline of their shadowy and meteoric form, Mr. Froude is working under two deadly disadvantages. Intensely

loving and desiring Truth before all things, nor without sympathy even for monkish martyrs,—see the passage last quoted in my last written Fors, p. 54,—he has yet allowed himself to slip somehow into the notion that Protestantism and the love of Truth are synonymous ;—so that, for instance, the advertisements which decorate in various fresco the station of the Great Northern Railway, and the newspapers vended therein to the passengers by the morning train, appear to him treasures of human wisdom and veracity, as compared with the benighted ornamentation of the useless Lesche of Delphi, or the fanciful stains on the tunnel roof of the Lower Church of Assisi. And this the more, because, for second deadly disadvantage, he has no knowledge of art, nor care for it ; and therefore, in his life of Hugo of Lincoln, passes over the Bishop's designing and partly building, its cathedral, with a word, as if he had been no more than a woodman building a hut : and in his recent meditations at St. Albans, he never puts the primal question concerning those long cliffs of abbey-wall, how the men who thought of them and built them, differed, in make and build of soul, from the apes who can only pull them down and build bad imitations of them : but he fastens like a remora on the nearer, narrower, copper-coating of fact—that countless bats and owls did at last cluster under the abbey-eaves ; fact quite sufficiently known before now, and loudly enough proclaimed to the votaries of the Goddess of Reason, round *her* undefiled altars. So that there was not the slightest need for Mr. Froude's sweeping out these habitations of doleful creatures. Had he taken an actual broom of resolutely bound birch twigs, and, in solemn literalness of act, swept down the wrecked jackdaws' nests, which at this moment make a slippery dunghill-slope, and mere peril of spiral perdition, out of what was once the safe and decent staircase of central Canterbury tower, he would have better served his generation. But after he had, to his own satisfaction, sifted the mass of bone-dust, and got at the worst that could be seen or smelt in the cells of monks, it was next, and at least, his duty, as an impartial historian, to compare with

them the smells of modern unmonastic cells; (unmonastic, that is to say, in their scorn of sculpture and painting,—monastic enough in their separation of life from life). Yielding no whit to Mr. Froude in love of Fact and Truth, I will place beside his picture of the monk's cell, in the Dark Ages, two or three pictures by eye-witnesses—yes, and by line-and-measure witnesses—of the manufacturer's cell, in the happier times “to which Fortune has introduced ourselves.” I translate them (nearly as Fors opens the pages to me) from M. Jules Simon's ‘L'Onvrière,’ a work which I recommend in the most earnest manner, as a text-book for the study of French in young ladies' schools. It must, however, be observed, prefatorily, that these descriptions were given in 1864; and I have no doubt that as soon as this Fors is published, I shall receive indignant letters from all the places named in the extracts, assuring me that nothing of the sort exists there now. Of which letters I must also say, in advance, that I shall take no notice; being myself prepared, on demand, to furnish any quantity of similar pictures, seen with my own eyes, in the course of a single walk with a policeman through the back streets of any modern town which has fine front ones. And I take M. Jules Simon's studies from life merely because it gives me less trouble to translate them than to write fresh ones myself. But I think it probable that they *do* indicate the culminating power of the manufacturing interest in causing human degradation; and that things may indeed already be in some struggling initial state of amendment. What things *were*, at their worst, and were virtually *everywhere*, I record as a most important contribution to the History of France, and Europe, in the words of an honourable and entirely accurate and trustworthy Frenchman.

“Elbœuf, where the industrial prosperity is so great, ought to have healthy lodgings. It is a quite new town, and one which may easily extend itself upon the hills (*coteaux*) which surround it. We find already, in effect, *jusqu'à mi-côte* (I don't know what that means,—half-way up the hill?), beside a little road bordered by smiling shrubs, some small houses

built without care and without intelligence by little speculators scarcely less wretched than the lodgers they get together"—(this sort of landlord is one of the worst modern forms of Centaur,—half usurer, half gambler). "You go up two or three steps made of uncut stones" (none the worse for that though, M. Jules Simon), "and you find yourself in a little room lighted by one narrow window, and of which the four walls of earth have never been whitewashed nor rough-cast. Some half-rotten oak planks thrown down on the soil pretend to be a flooring. Close to the road, an old woman pays sevenpence halfpenny a week," (sixty-five centimes,—roughly, forty francs, or thirty shillings a year,) "for a mud hut which is literally naked—neither bed, chair, nor table in it (*c'est en demeurer confondu*). She sleeps upon a little straw, too rarely renewed; while her son, who is a labourer at the port, sleeps at night upon the damp ground, without either straw or covering. At some steps farther on, a little back from the road, a weaver, sixty years old, inhabits a sort of hut or sentry-box, (for one does not know what name to give it,) of which the filth makes the heart sick" (he means the stomach too—*fait soulever le cœur*). "It is only a man's length, and a yard and a quarter broad; he has remained in it night and day for twenty years. He is now nearly an idiot, and refuses to occupy a better lodging which one proposes to him.

"The misery is not less horrible, and it is much more general, at Rouen. One cannot form an idea of the filth of certain houses without having seen it. The poor people feed their fire with the refuse of the apples which have served to make cider, and which they get given them for nothing. They have quantities of them in the corner of their rooms, and a hybrid vegetation comes out of these masses of vegetable matter in putrefaction. Sometimes the proprietors, ill paid, neglect the most urgent repairs. In a garret of the Rue des Matelas, the floor, entirely rotten, trembles under the step of the visitor; at two feet from the door is a hole larger than the body of a man. The two unhappy women who live there are obliged to cry to you to take care, for they have not any-

thing to put over the hole, not even the end of a plank. There is nothing in their room but their spinning-wheel, two low chairs, and the wrecks of a wooden bedstead without a mattress. In a blind alley at the end of the Rue des Canettes, where the wooden houses seem all on the point of falling, a weaver of braces lodges with his family in a room two yards and a half broad by four yards and three-quarters long, measured on the floor; but a projection formed by the tunnels of the chimney of the lower stories, and all the rest, is so close to the roof that one cannot make three steps upright. When the husband, wife, and four children are all in it, it is clear that they cannot move. One will not be surprised to hear that the want of air and hunger make frequent victims in such a retreat (*reduit*). Of the four children which remained to them in April, 1860, two were dead three months afterwards. When they were visited in the month of April, the physician, M. Leroy, spoke of a ticket that he had given them the week before for milk. 'She has drunk of it,' said the mother, pointing to the eldest daughter, half dead, but who had the strength to smile. Hunger had reduced this child, who would have been beautiful, nearly to the state of a skeleton.

"The father of this poor family is a good weaver. He could gain in an ordinary mill from three to four francs a day, while he gains only a franc and a half in the brace manufactory. One may ask why he stays there. Because at the birth of his last child he had no money at home, nor fire, nor covering, nor light, nor bread. He borrowed twenty francs from his patron, who is an honest man, and he cannot without paying his debt quit that workshop where his work nevertheless does not bring him enough to live on. It is clear that he will die unless some one helps him, but his family will be dead before him."

Think now, you sweet milkmaids of England whose face is your fortune, and you sweet demoiselles of France who are content, as girls should be, with breakfast of brown bread and cream, (read Scribe's little operetta, *La Demoiselle à Marier*),

—think, I say, how, in this one,—even though she *has* had a cup of cold milk given her in the name of the Lord,—lying still there, “nearly a skeleton,” that verse of the song of songs which is Solomon’s, must take a new meaning for *you*: “We have a little sister, and she has no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day of her espousals?”

“For the cellars of Lille, those who defend them, were they of Lille itself, have not seen them. There remains one, No. 40 of the Rue des Etaques; the ladder applied against the wall to go down is in such a bad state that you will do well to go down slowly. There is just light enough to read at the foot of the ladder. One cannot read there without compromising one’s eyes: the work of sewing is therefore dangerous in that place; a step farther in, it is impossible, and the back of the cave is entirely dark. The soil is damp and unequal, the walls blackened by time and filth. One breathes a thick air which can never be renewed, because there is no other opening but the trap-door (*soupirail*). The entire space, three yards by four, is singularly contracted by a quantity of refuse of all sorts, shells of eggs, shells of mussels, crumbled ground and filth, worse than that of the dirtiest dunghill. It is easy to see that no one ever walks in this cave. Those who live in it lie down and sleep where they fall. The furniture is composed of a very small iron stove of which the top is shaped into a pan, three earthen pots, a stool, and the wood of a bed without any bedding. There is neither straw nor coverlet. The woman who lodges in the bottom of this cellar never goes out of it. She is sixty-three years old. The husband is not a workman: they have two daughters, of which the eldest is twenty-two years old. These four persons live together, and have no other domicile.

“This cave is one of the most miserable, first for the extreme filth and destitution of its inhabitants, next by its dimensions, most of the cellars being one or two yards wider. These caves serve for lodging to a whole family; in consequence, father, mother, and children sleep in the same place, and too often, whatever their age, in the same bed. The

greater number of these unhappies see no mischief in this confusion of the sexes; whatever comes of it, they neither conceal it, nor blush for it; nay, they scarcely know that the rest of mankind have other manners. Some of the caves, indeed, are divided in two by an arch, and thus admit of a separation which is not in general made. It is true that in most cases the back cellar is entirely dark, the air closer, and the stench more pestilent. In some the water trickles down the walls, and others are close to a gully-hole, and poisoned by mephitic vapours, especially in summer.

“There are no great differences between the so-called ‘courettes’ (little alleys) of Lille, and the so-called ‘forts’ of Roubaix, or the ‘convents’ of St. Quentin; everywhere the same heaping together of persons and the same unhealthiness. At Roubaix, where the town is open, space is not wanting, and all is new,—for the town has just sprung out of the ground,—one has not, as at Lille, the double excuse of a fortified town where space is circumscribed to begin with, and where one cannot build without pulling down. Also at Roubaix there are never enough lodgings for the increasing number of workmen, so that the landlords may be always sure of their rents. Quite recently, a manufacturer who wanted some hands brought some workwomen from Lille, paid them well, and put them in a far more healthy workshop than the one they had left. Nevertheless, coming on Thursday, they left him on Saturday; they had found no place to lodge, and had passed the four nights under a gateway. In this open town, though its rows of lodgings are more than half a mile from the workshops, they are not a bit more healthy. The houses are ill-constructed, squeezed one against another, the ground between not levelled, and often with not even a gutter to carry away the thrown-out slops, which accumulate in stagnant pools till the sun dries them. Here at hazard is the description of some of the lodgings. To begin with a first floor in Wattel Street: one gets up into it by a ladder and a trap without a door; space, two yards and a half by three yards; one window, narrow and low; walls not rough-cast; inhabitants, father, mother, and two chil-

dren of different sexes,—one ten, the other seventeen: rent, one franc a week. In Halluin Court there is a house with only two windows to its ground floor, one to the back and one to the front; but this ground floor is divided into three separate lodgings, of which the one in the middle”—(thus ingeniously constructed in the age of light)—“would of course have no window at all, but it is separated from the back and front ones by two lattices, which fill the whole space, and give it the aspect of a glass cage. It results that the household placed in this lodging has no air, and that none of the three households have any privacy, for it is impossible for any person of them to hide any of his movements from the two others. One of these lodgings is let for five francs a month; the woman who inhabits it has five children, though all young, but she has got a sort of cage made in the angle of her room, which can be got up to by a winding staircase, and which can hold a bed. This the lodger has underlet, at seventy-five centimes a week, to a sempstress, abandoned by her lover, with a child of some weeks old. This child is laid on the bed, where it remains alone all the day, and the mother comes to suckle it at noon. A gown and a bonnet, with a little parcel which may contain, at the most, one chemise, are placed on a shelf, and above them an old silk umbrella—an object of great luxury, the *débris* of lost opulence. Nearly all the inhabitants of this court are subject to fever. If an epidemic came on the top of that, the whole population would be carried off. Yet it is not two years since Halluin Court was built.”

Such, Mr. Froude, are the ‘fortresses’ of free—as opposed to feudal—barons; such the ‘convents’ of philosophic—as opposed to catholic—purity. Will you not tell the happy world of your day, how it may yet be a little happier? It is wholly your business, not mine;—and all these unwilling words of my tired lips are spoken only because *you* are silent.

I do not propose to enumber the pages of the few last numbers of Fors with the concerns of St. George’s Guild: of

which the mustard-seed state (mingled hopefully however with that of cress) is scarcely yet overpast. This slackness of growth, as I have often before stated, is more the Master's fault than any one else's, the present Master being a dilatory, dreamy, and—to the much vexation of the more enthusiastic members of the Guild—an extremely patient person; and busying himself at present rather with the things that amuse him in St. George's Museum than with the Guild's wider cares;—of which, however, a separate report will be given to its members in the course of this year, and continued as need is.

Many well-meaning and well-wishing friends outside the Guild, and desirous of entrance, have asked for relaxation of the grievous law concerning the contribution of the tithe of income. Which the Master is not, however, in the least minded to relax; nor any other of the Guild's original laws, none of which were set down without consideration, though this requirement of tithe does indeed operate as a most stiff stockade, and apparently insurmountable hurdle-fence, in the face of all more or less rich and, so to speak, overweighted, well-wishers. For I find, practically, that fifty pounds a year can often save me five—or at a pinch, seven—of them; nor should I be the least surprised if some merry-hearted apprentice lad, starting in life with a capital of ten pounds or so, were to send me one of them, and go whistling on his way with the remaining nine. But that ever a man of ten thousand a year should contrive, by any exertion of prudence and self-denial, to live upon so small a sum as nine thousand, and give one thousand to the poor,—this is a height of heroism wholly inconceivable to modern pious humanity.

Be that as it may, I am of course ready to receive subscriptions for St. George's work from outsiders—whether zealous or lukewarm—in such amounts as they think fit: and at present I conceive that the proposed enlargements of our museum at Sheffield are an object with which more frank sympathy may be hoped than with the agricultural business of the Guild. Ground I have, enough—and place for a pleasant gallery for such students as Sheffield may send up into the clearer

light;*—but I don't choose to sell out any of St. George's stock for this purpose, still less for the purchase of books for the Museum,—and yet there are many I want, and can't yet afford. Mr. Quaritch, for instance, has an eleventh century Lectionary, a most precious MS., which would be a foundation for all manner of good learning to us: but it is worth its weight in silver, and inaccessible for the present. Also my casts from St. Mark's, of sculptures never cast before, are lying in lavender—or at least in tow—invisible and useless, till I can build walls for them: and I think the British public would not regret giving me the means of placing and illuminating these rightly. And, in fine, here I am yet for a few years, I trust, at their service—ready to arrange such a museum for their artizans as they have not yet dreamed of;—not dazzling nor overwhelming, but comfortable, useful, and—in such sort as smoke-cumbered skies may admit,—beautiful; though not, on the outside, otherwise decorated than with plain and easily-worked slabs of Derbyshire marble, with which I shall face the walls, making the interior a working man's Bodleian Library, with cell and shelf of the most available kind, undisturbed, for his holiday time. The British public are not likely to get such a thing done by any one else for a time, if they don't get it done now by me, when I'm in the humour for it. Very positively I can assure them of that; and so leave the matter to their discretion.

Many more serious matters, concerning the present day, I have in mind—and partly written, already; but they must be left for next Fors, which will take up the now quite imminent question of Land, and its Holding, and Lordship.

* An excellent and kind account of the present form and contents of the Museum will be found in the last December number of Cassell's Magazine of Art.

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO THE TRADES UNIONS OF ENGLAND.

BEAUVAIS, *August 31, 1880.*

My dear Friends,

This is the first letter in Fors which has been addressed to you as a body of workers separate from the other Englishmen who are doing their best, with heart and hand, to serve their country in any sphere of its business, and in any rank of its people. I have never before acknowledged the division marked, partly in your own imagination, partly in the estimate of others, and of late, too sadly, staked out in permanence by animosities and misunderstandings on both sides, between you, and the mass of society to which you look for employment. But I recognize the distinction to-day, moved, for one thing, by a kindly notice of last Fors, which appeared in the Bingley Telephone of April 23rd of this year; saying, "that it was to be wished I would write more to and for the workmen and workwomen of these realms," and influenced conclusively by the fact of your having expressed by your delegates at Sheffield your sympathy with what endeavours I had made for the founding a Museum there different in principle from any yet arranged for working men: this formal recognition of my effort, on your part, signifying to me, virtually, that the time was come for explaining my aims to you, fully, and in the clearest terms possible to me.

But, believe me, there have been more reasons than I need now pass in review, for my hitherto silence respecting your special interests. Of which reasons, this alone might satisfy you, that, as a separate class, I knew scarcely anything of you but your usefulness, and your distress; and that the essential

difference between me and other political writers of your day, is that I never say a word about a single thing that I don't know; while they never trouble themselves to know a single thing they talk of; but give you their own 'opinions' about it, or tell you the gossip they have heard about it, or insist on what they like in it, or rage against what they dislike in it; but entirely decline either to look at, or to learn, or to speak, the Thing as it is, and must be.

Now I know many things that are, and many that must be hereafter, concerning my own class: but I know nothing yet, practically, of yours, and could give you no serviceable advice either in your present disputes with your masters, or in your plans of education and action for yourselves, until I had found out more clearly, what you meant by a Master, and what you wanted to gain either in education or action,—and, even farther, whether the kind of person you meant by a Master was one in reality or not, and the things you wanted to gain by your labour were indeed worth your having or not. So that nearly everything hitherto said in Fors has been addressed, in main thought, to your existing Masters, Pastors, and Princes, —not to you,—though these all I class with you, if they knew it, as "workmen and labourers, and you with them, if *you* knew it, as capable of the same joys as they, tempted by the same passions as they, and needing, for your life, to recognize the same Father and Father's Law over you all, as brothers in earth and in heaven.

But there was another, and a more sharply restricted reason for my never, until now, addressing you as a distinct class;—namely, that certain things which I knew positively must be soon openly debated—and what is more, determined—in a manner very astonishing to some people, in the natural issue of the transference of power out of the hands of the upper classes, so called, into yours,—transference which has been compelled by the crimes of those upper classes, and accomplished by their follies,—these certain things, I say, coming now first into fully questionable shape, could not be openly announced as subjects of debate by any man in my then offi-

cial position as one of a recognized body of University teachers, without rendering him suspected and disliked by a large body of the persons with whom he had to act. And I considered that in accepting such a position at all I had virtually promised to teach nothing contrary to the principles on which the Church and the Schools of England believed themselves — whether mistakenly or not — to have been founded.

The pledge was easy to me, because I love the Church and the Universities of England more faithfully than most chnhemen, and more proudly than most collegians; though my pride is neither in my college boat, nor my college plate, nor my college class-list, nor my college heresy. I love both the Church and the schools of England, for the sake of the brave and kindly men whom they have hitherto not ceased to send forth into all lands, well nurtured, and bringing, as a body, wherever their influence extended, order and charity into the ways of mortals.

And among these I had hoped long since to have obtained hearing, not for myself, but for the Bible which their Mothers revered, the laws which their Fathers obeyed, and the wisdom which the Masters of all men—the dead Senate of the noblest among the nations—had left for the guidance of the ages yet to be. And during seven years I went on appealing to my fellow-scholars, in words clear enough to them, though not to you, had they chosen to hear: but not one cared nor listened, till I had sign sternly given to me that my message to the learned and the rich was given, and ended.

And now I turn to you, understanding you to be associations of labouring men who have recognized the necessity of binding yourselves by some common law of action, and who are taking earnest counsel as to the conditions of your lives here in England, and their relations to those of your fellow-workers in foreign lands. And I understand you to be, in these associations, disregardant, if not actually defiant, of the persons on whose capital you have been hitherto passively dependent for occupation, and who have always taught you, by the mouths

of their appointed Economists, that they and their capital were an eternal part of the Providential arrangements made for this world by its Creator.

In which self-assertion, nevertheless, and attitude of inquiry into the grounds of this statement of theirs, you are unquestionably right. For, as things are nowadays, you know any pretty lady in the Elysian fields of Paris who can set a riband of a new colour in her cap in a taking way, forthwith sets a few thousands of Lyonnaise spinners and dyers furiously weaving ribands of like stuff, and washing them with like dye. And in due time the new French edict reaches also your sturdy English mind, and the steeples of Coventry ring in the reign of the elect riband, and the Elysian fields of Spital, or whatever other hospice now shelters the weaver's head, bestir themselves according to the French pattern, and bedaub themselves with the French dye; and the pretty lady thinks herself your everlasting benefactress, and little short of an angel sent from heaven to feed you with miraculous manna, and you are free Britons that rule the waves, and free Frenchmen that lead the universe, of course; but you have not a bit of land you can stand on—without somebody's leave, nor a house for your children that they can't be turned out of, nor a bit of bread for their breakfast to-morrow, but on the chance of some more yards of riband being wanted. Nor have you any notion that the pretty lady herself can be of the slightest use to you, except as a consumer of ribands; what God made *her* for—you do not ask: still less she, what God made *you* for.

How many are there of you, I wonder, landless, roofless, foodless, unless, for such work as they choose to put you to, the upper classes provide you with cellars in Lille, glass cages in Halluin Court, milk tickets, for which your children still have "the strength to smile—"* How many of you, tell me,—and what your united hands and wits are worth, at your own reckoning?

Trade Unions of England—Trade Armies of Christendom,

* See Fors for March of this year, p. 71, with the sequel.

what's the roll-call of you, and what part or lot have you, hitherto, in this Holy Christian Land of your Fathers? Is not that inheritance to be claimed, and the Birth Right of it, no less than the Death Right? Will you not determine where you may be Christianly bred, before you set your blockhead Parliaments to debate where you may be Christianly buried, (your priests also all a-squabble about that matter, as I hear,—as if any ground could be consecrated that had the bones of rascals in it, or profane where a good man slept!) But how the Earth that you tread may be consecrated to you, and the roofs that shade your breathing sleep, and the deeds that you do with the breath of life yet strengthening hand and heart,—this it is your business to learn, if you know not; and this, mine to tell you, if you will learn.

Before the close of last year, one of our most earnest St. George's Guildsmen wrote to me saying that the Irish Land League claimed me as one of their supporters; and asking if he should contradict this, or admit it.

To whom I answered, on Christmas Day of 1879, as follows:—

“BRANTWOOD, *Christmas, '79.*

“You know I never read papers, so I have never seen a word of the Irish Land League or its purposes; but I assume the purpose to be—that Ireland should belong to Irishmen; which is not only a most desirable, but, ultimately, a quite inevitable condition of things,—that being the assured intention of the Maker of Ireland, and all other lands.

“But as to the manner of belonging, and limits and rights of holding, there is a good deal more to be found out of the intentions of the Maker of Ireland, than I fancy the Irish League is likely to ascertain, without rueful experience of the consequences of any and all methods contrary to those intentions.

“And for my own part I should be wholly content to confine the teaching—as I do the effort—of the St. George's Guild, to the one utterly harmless and utterly wholesome principle, that land, by whomsoever held, is to be made the most

of, by human strength, and not defiled,* nor left waste. But since we live in an epoch assuredly of change, and too probably of Revolution; and thoughts which cannot be put aside are in the minds of all men capable of thought, I am obliged also to affirm the one principle which can—and in the end will—close all epochs of Revolution,—that each man shall possess the ground he can use—and no more,—USE, I say, either for food, beauty, exercise, science, or any other sacred purpose. That each man shall *possess*, for his own, no more than such portion, with the further condition that it descends to his son, inalienably—right of primogeniture being in this matter eternally sure. The nonsense talked about division is all temporary; you can't divide for ever, and when you have got down to a cottage and a square fathom—if you allow division so far—still primogeniture will hold the right of that.

“But though *possession* is, and must be, limited by use (see analytic passages on this head in ‘Munera Pulveris’), Authority is not. And first the Maker of the Land, and then the King of the Land, and then the Overseers of the Land appointed by the King, in their respective orders, must all in their ranks control the evil, and promote the good work of the possessors. Thus far, you will find already, all is stated in Fors; and *further*, the right of every man to possess so much land as he can *live* on—especially observe the meaning of the developed Corn Law Rhyme

“Find'st thou rest for England's head
Free alone among the Dead?” †

meaning that Bread, Water, and the Roof over his head, must be tax- (*i.e.* rent-) free to every man.

* And if not the land, still less the water. I have kept by me now for some years, a report on the condition of the Calder, drawn up by Mr. James Fowler, of Wakefield, in 1866, and kindly sent to me by the author on my mention of Wakefield in Fors. I preserve it in these pages, as a piece of English History characteristic to the uttermost of our Fortunate Times. See appendix to this number.

† See ‘Fors,’ Letter LXXIV. p. 24 (note).

“But I have never yet gone on in Fors to examine the possibly best forms of practical administration. I always felt it would be wasted time, for these *must* settle themselves. In Savoy the cottager has his garden and field, and labours with his family only; in Berne, the farm labourers of a considerable estate live under the master’s roof, and are strictly domestic; in England, farm labourers might probably with best comfort live in detached cottages; in Italy, they might live in a kind of monastic fraternity. All this, circumstance, time, and national character must determine; the one thing St. George affirms is the duty of the master in every case to make the lives of his dependants noble to the best of his power.”

Now you must surely feel that the questions I have indicated in this letter could only be answered rightly by the severest investigation of the effect of each mode of human life suggested, as hitherto seen in connection with other national institutions, and hereditary customs and character. Yet every snipping and scribbling blockhead hired by the bookseller to paste newspaper paragraphs into what may sell for a book, has his ‘opinion’ on these things, and will announce it to you as the new gospel of eternal and universal salvation—without a qualm of doubt—or of shame—in the entire logghead of him.

Hear, for instance, this account of the present prosperity, and of its causes, in the country of those Sea Kings who taught you your own first trades of fishing and battle:—

“The Norwegian peasant is a free man on the scanty bit of ground which he has inherited from his fathers; and he has all the virtues of a freeman—an open character, a mind clear of every falsehood, an hospitable heart for the stranger. His religious feelings are deep and sincere, and the Bible is to be found in every hut. He is said to be indolent and phlegmatic; but when necessity urges, he sets vigorously to work, and never ceases till his task is done. His courage and his patriotism are abundantly proved by a history of a thousand years.

“Norway owes her present prosperity chiefly to her liberal constitution. The press is completely free, and the power of the king extremely limited. All privileges and hereditary titles are abolished. The Parliament, or the ‘Storthing,’ which assembles every three years, consists of the ‘Odelthing,’ or Upper House, and of the ‘Logthing,’ or Legislative Assembly. Every new law requires the royal sanction; but if the ‘Storthing’ has voted it in

three successive sittings, it is definitely adopted in spite of the royal veto. Public education is admirably cared for. There is an elementary school in every village; and where the population is too thinly scattered, the schoolmaster may truly be said to be abroad, as he wanders from farm to farm, so that the most distant families have the benefit of his instruction. Every town has its public library; and in many districts the peasants annually contribute a dollar towards a collection of books, which, under the care of the priest, is lent out to all subscribers.

“No Norwegian is confirmed who does not know how to read, and no Norwegian is allowed to marry who has not been confirmed. He who attains his twentieth year without having been confirmed, has to fear the House of Correction. Thus ignorance is punished as a crime in Norway, an excellent example for far richer and more powerful governments.”

I take this account from a book on the Arctic regions, in which I find the facts collected extremely valuable, the statements, as far as I can judge, trustworthy, the opinions and teachings—what you can judge of by this specimen. Do you think the author wise in attributing the prosperity of Norway chiefly to her king’s being crippled, and her newspapers free? or that perhaps her thousand years of courage may have some share in the matter? and her mind clear of every falsehood? and her way of never ceasing in a task till it is done? and her circulating schoolmasters? and her collected libraries? and her preparation for marriage by education? and her House of Correction for the uneducated? and her Bible in every hut? and, finally, her granted piece of his native land under her peasant’s foot for his own? Is her strength, think you, in any of these things, or only in the abolition of hereditary titles, the letting loose of her news-mongers, and the binding of her king? *Date* of their modern constitutional measures, you observe, not given! and consequences, perhaps, scarcely yet conclusively ascertainable. If you cannot make up your own minds on one or two of these open questions, suppose you were to try an experiment or two? Your scientific people will tell you—and this, at least, truly—that they cannot find out anything without experiment: you may also in political matters think and talk for ever—resultlessly. Will you never try what comes of Doing a thing for a few years, perseveringly, and keep the result of that, at least, for known?

Now I write to you, observe, without knowing, except in the vaguest way, who you *are!*—what trades you belong to, what arts or crafts you practise—or what ranks of workmen you include, and what manner of idlers you exclude. I have no time to make out the different sets into which you fall, or the different interests by which you are guided. But I know perfectly well what sets you *should* fall into, and by what interests you *should* be guided. And you will find your profit in listening while I explain these to you somewhat more clearly than your penny-a-paragraph liberal papers will.

In the first place, what business have you to call yourselves only *Trade* Guilds, as if 'trade' and not production, were your main concern? Are you by profession nothing more than pedlars and mongers of things, or are you also makers of things?

It is too true that in our City wards our chapmen have become the only dignitaries—and we have the Merchant-Tailors' Company, but not the plain Tailors; and the Fishmongers' Company, but not the Fishermen's; and the Vintners' Company, but not the Vinedressers; and the Ironmongers' Company, but not the Blacksmiths'; while, though, for one apparent exception, the Goldsmiths' Company proclaims itself for masters of a craft, what proportion, think you, does its honour bear compared with that of the Calf-worshipful Guild of the Gold Mongers?

Be it far from me to speak scornfully of trade. My Father—whose Charter of Freedom of London Town I keep in my Brantwood treasury beside missal and cross—sold good wine, and had, over his modest door in Billiter Street, no bush. But he grew his wine, before he sold it; and could answer for it with his head, that no rotten grapes fermented in his vats, and no chemist's salt effervesced in his bottles. Be you also Tradesmen—in your place and in your right; but be you, primarily, Growers, Makers, Artificers, Inventors, of things good and precious. What talk you of Wages? Whose is the Wealth of the World but yours? Whose is the Virtue? Do you mean to go on for ever, leaving your wealth to be con-

sumed by the idle, and your virtue to be mocked by the vile?

The wealth of the world is yours; even your common rant and rabble of economists tell you that—"no wealth without industry." Who robs you of it, then, or beguiles you? Whose fault is it, you clothmakers, that any English child is in rags? Whose fault is it, you shoemakers, that the street harlots mince in high-heeled shoes, and your own babes paddle bare-foot in the street slime? Whose fault is it, you bronzed husbandmen, that through all your furrowed England, children are dying of famine? Primarily, of course, it is your clergymen's and masters' fault: but also in this your own, that you never educate any of your children with the earnest object of enabling them to see their way out of this, not by rising above their father's business, but by setting in order what was amiss in it: also in this your own, that none of you who do rise above your business, ever seem to keep the memory of what wrong they have known, or suffered; nor, as masters, set a better example than others.

Your own fault, at all events, it will be now, seeing that you have got Parliamentary power in your hands, if you cannot use it better than the moribund Parliamentary body has done hitherto.

To which end, I beg you first to take these following truths into your good consideration.

First. Men don't and can't live by exchanging articles but by producing them. They don't live by trade, but by work. Give up that foolish and vain title of Trades Unions: and take that of Labourers' Unions.

And, whatever divisions chance or special need may have thrown you into at present, remember, there are essential and eternal divisions of the Labour of man, into which you *must* practically fall, whether you like it or not; and these eternal classifications it would be infinitely better if you at once acknowledged in thought, name, and harmonious action. Several of the classes may take finer divisions in their own body, but you will find the massive general structure of working

humanity range itself under these following heads, the first eighteen assuredly essential; the three last, making twenty-one altogether, I shall be able, I think, to prove to you are not superfluous:—suffer their association with the rest in the meantime.

1. Shepherds.
2. Fishermen.
3. Ploughmen.
4. Gardeners.
5. Carpenters and Woodmen.
6. Builders and Quarrymen.
7. Shipwrights.
8. Smiths and Miners.*
9. Bakers and Millers.
10. Vintners.
11. Graziers and Butchers.
12. Spinners.
13. Linen and Cotton-workers.
14. Silk-workers.
15. Woollen-workers.
16. Tanners and Furriers.
17. Tailors and Milliners.
18. Shoemakers.
19. Musicians.
20. Painters.
21. Goldsmiths.

Get these eighteen, or twenty-one, as you like to take them, each thoroughly organized, proud of their work, and doing it under masters, if any, of their own rank, chosen for their sagacity and vigour, and the world is yours, and all the pleasures of it, that are true; while all false pleasures in such a life fall transparent, and the hooks are seen through the baits of them. But for the organization of these classes, you see there must be a certain quantity of land available to them, proportioned to their multitude: and without the possession

* See note in Appendix II.

of that, nothing can be done ultimately; though at present the mere organization of your masses under these divisions will clear the air, and the field, for you, to astonishment.

And for the possession of the land, mind you, if you try to take it by force, you will have every blackguard and vault-rien in the world claiming his share of it with you,—for by that law of force he has indeed as much right to it as you; but by the law of labour, he has not. Therefore you must get your land by the law of labour; working for it, saving for it, and buying it, as the spendthrifts and idlers offer it you: but buying never to let go.

And this, therefore, is practically the first thing you have to bring in by your new Parliaments—a system of land tenure, namely, by which your organized classes of labouring men may possess their land as corporate bodies, and add to it—as the monks once did, and as every single landlord can, now; but I find that my St. George's Guild cannot, except through complications or legal equivocations almost endless, and hitherto indeed paralyzing me in quite unexpectedly mean and miserable ways.

Now I hope all this has been clearly enough said, for once: and it shall be farther enforced and developed as you choose, if you will only tell me by your chosen heads whether you believe it, and are any of you prepared to act on it, and what kinds of doubt or difficulty occur to you about it, and what farther questions you would like me to answer.

And that you may have every power of studying the matter (so far as *I* am concerned), *this* Fors you shall have gratis;—and the next, if you enable me to make it farther useful to you. That is to say, your committees of each trade-guild may order parcels of them from my publisher in any quantities they wish, for distribution among their members. To the public its price remains fixed, as that of all my other books. One word only let me say in conclusion, to explain at once what I mean by saying that the pleasures of the world are all yours.

God has made man to take pleasure in the use of his eyes, wits, and body. And the foolish creature is continually try-

ing to live without looking at anything, without thinking about anything, and without doing anything. And he thus becomes not only a brute, but the unhappiest of brutes. All the lusts and lazinesses he can contrive only make him more wretched; and at this moment, if a man walks watchfully the streets of Paris, whence I am now writing to you,—a city in which every invention that science, wit, and wealth can hit upon to provoke and to vary the pleasures of the idle,—he will not see one happy or tranquil face, except among the lower and very hard-labouring classes. Every pleasure got otherwise than God meant it—got cheaply, thievingly, and swiftly, when He has ordered that it should be got dearly, honestly, and slowly,—turns into a venomous burden, and, past as a pleasure, remains as a load, increasing day by day its deadly coat of burning mail. The joys of hatred, of battle, of lust, of vain knowledge, of vile luxury, all pass into slow torture: nothing remains to man, nothing is possible to him of true joy, but in the righteous love of his fellows; in the knowledge of the laws and the glory of God, and in the daily use of the faculties of soul and body with which that God has endowed him.

PARIS, 18th *September*, 1880.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

“ JOHN RUSKIN, Esq.

“ Dear Sir,—May I take an advantage of this note, and call your attention to a fact of much importance to Englishmen, and it is this. On reference to some Freethought papers—notably, the ‘National Reformer’—I find a movement on foot amongst the Atheists, vigorous and full of life, for the alteration of the Land Laws in our much-loved country. It is a movement of much moment, and likely to lead to great results. The first great move on the part of Charles Bradlaugh, the premier in the matter, is the calling of a Conference to discuss the whole question. The meeting is to be attended by all the National Secular Society’s branches throughout the empire; representatives of nearly every Reform Association in England, Scotland, and Ireland; deputations of banded bodies from workmen, colliers, etc.,—such as the important band of Durham miners—trade unionists; and, in fact, a most weighty representative Conference will be gathered together. I am, for many reasons, grieved and shocked to find the cry for Reform coming with *such a heading* to the front. Where are our statesmen,—*our clergy?* The terrible crying evils of our land system are coming to the front in our politics without the help of the so-called upper classes; nay, with a deadly hatred of any disturbance in that direction, our very clergy are taking up arms against the popular cry.

“ Only a week ago I was spending a few days with a farmer near Chester, and learned to my sorrow and dismay that the Dean and Chapter of that city, who own most of the farms, etc., in the district wherein my friend resides, refuse now—and only *now*—to accept other than *yearly* tenants for these farms, have raised all the rents to an exorbitant pitch, and only allow the land to be sown with wheat, oats, or whatever else in seed, etc., on a personal inspection by their agent. The consequence of all this is, that poverty is prevailing to an alarming extent: the workers, all the bitter, hard toil; the clergy, one may say, *all* the profits. It is terrible, heart-breaking; I never longed so much for heart searching, vivid eloquence, so that I might move men with an irresistible tongue to do the Right.

“ I wonder how many of these great ones of our England have seen the following lines from Emerson; and yet what a lesson is contained in them!

‘ God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best;

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas,
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave;
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but toil shall have.’

Boston Hymn.

"I can only pray and hope that some mighty pen as yours, if not yourself, may be moved to show Englishmen the right way before it is too late.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Your obedient servant."

"MR. RUSKIN.

"Dear Sir,—I have seen a letter from you to Mr. G. J. Holyoake, in which you say 'the only calamity which I perceive or dread for an Englishman is his becoming a rascal; and co-operation amongst rascals—if it were possible—would bring a curse. *Every year sees our workmen more eager to do bad work, and rob their customers on the sly.* All political movement among such animals I call essentially fermentation and putrefaction—not co-operation.'

"Now, sir, I see, I think, as completely and consequently as positively as you possibly can, the truth of your general statement—that is, that there is a widespread *tendency* and *habit* of producing work that has the appearance of being good when yet it is a fraud; its reality is not according to the appearance. But, sir, is the part that I have underlined correct? It is said that Lancashire sends to India calico with lime or paste put in it to make it feel stout;—is that the workman's fault?

"I myself am a workman in what is called fancy hosiery, and to get a living have to make a great quantity of work—in some instances turning very good wool into rubbish, when yet I know that it is capable of being made into very nice and serviceable clothing; but if I made it into anything of the sort I should be ruining my employer, because he could not sell it at a profit; something at four shillings, that should be fourteen, is what is required—I should like to see it stopped. How is it to be done?

"If you, sir, were to ask a merchant in these goods why they were not made better, more serviceable, and perfect, he would most certainly tell you that the *Germans* are in our market with enormous quantities of these goods at terribly low prices, and that he has no market for goods of superior quality and higher prices. I produced a great novelty about six years ago; it was a beautiful class of goods and a vast trade came on in them; and now those goods are entirely run out in consequence of their being made worse, and still worse, till they were turned into rubbish. Competition did that—'fermentation and putrefaction;' but I cannot see that the workman was to blame: he was ordered to do it.

"Yours most respectfully."

(No answer to this is expected.)

Answer was sent, nevertheless; promising a more sufficient one in Fors; which may be briefly to the first question, "Is the part underlined correct?"—too sorrowfully, Yes; and to the second question—Is it the workman's fault?—that the workman can judge of that, if he will, for himself. Answer at greater length will be given in next Fors.

"CRANLEIGH, SURREY, *May 26th*, 1880.

"Revered Sir,—You ask me how I came to be one of your pupils. I have always been fond of books, and in my reading I often saw your name; but one day, when reading a newspaper account of a book sale, I saw that one of your books fetched £38 for the five volumes: I was struck with the amount, and thought that they must be worth reading; I made up my mind to find out more about them, and if possible to buy some. The next time I went to London I asked a bookseller to show me some of your works; he told me that he did not keep them. I got the same answer from about half a dozen more that I tried; but this only made me more determined to get them, and at last I found a bookseller who agreed to get me 'Fors.'

“When I got it, I saw that I could get them from Mr. Allen. I have done so; and have now most of your works.

“I read ‘Fors’ with extreme interest, but it was a tough job for me, on account of the number of words in it that I had never met with before; and as I never had any schooling worth mentioning, I was obliged to look at my dictionaries pretty often: I think I have found out now the meanings of all the *English* words in it.

“I got more good and real knowledge from ‘Fors’ than from all the books put together that I had ever read.

“I am now trying to carry out your principles in my business, which is that of a grocer, draper, and clothier; in fact, my shop is supposed by the Crauleigh people to contain almost everything that folks require.

“I have always conducted my business honestly: it is not so difficult to do this in a village as it is in larger places. As far as I can see, *the larger the town the worse it is for the honest tradesman.* [Italics mine.—J. R.]

“The principal difference I make now in my business, since I read ‘Fors,’ is to recommend hand-made goods instead of machine-made. I am sorry to say that most of my customers will have the latter. I don’t know what I can do further, as I am not the maker of the goods I sell, but only the distributor.

“If I understand your teaching, I ought to keep hand-made goods *only*,* and those of the best quality obtainable. If I did this, I certainly should lose nearly all my trade; and as I have a family to support, I cannot do so. No: I shall stick to it, and sell as good articles as I can for the price paid, and tell my customers, as I always have done, that the best goods are the cheapest.

“I know you are right about the sin of usury. I have but little time to-day, but I will write to you again some day about this.

“I met with a word (Adseintitious) in ‘Carlyle,’ I cannot find in any dictionaries that I can get at.

“I sent the minerals off yesterday packed in a box.† I am half-afraid now that you will not think them good enough for the Museum.

“Your grateful pupil,
“STEPHEN ROWLAND.”

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.

* Answered—By no means, but to recommend them at all opportunities.

† A collection of English minerals and fossils presented by Mr. Rowland to St. George’s museum, out of which I have chosen a series from the Clifton limestones for permanent arrangement.

APPENDIX I.

MR. FOWLER'S REPORT ON THE CONDITION OF THE CALDER.

Given in evidence before the Royal Commissioners at Wakefield, and published in their Report, page 17 (with some additions).

It would be difficult to find a more striking instance than that afforded by the Calder, of the extent to which our rivers have been defiled by sewage and refuse from manufactories. Its green banks and interesting scenery made it formerly a pleasant resort for the artizan and operative in hours of leisure, while its clear and sparkling waters invited the healthful recreations of boating, bathing, and fishing. "In 1826 the water was clear, and the bottom was free from mud; it was a gravelly, sandy bottom, and I have frequently myself sent stones into it for boys to dive down after; the water at a depth of seven or eight feet was sufficiently clear to distinguish stones at the bottom; some of the streams running in, for instance the Alverthorpe Beck, at that time were full of fish; there was a great deal of fish in the river. I have frequently seen kingfishers there, which shows the general clearness of the water."—*Extract from Mr. Milner's evidence, p. 63.* Pike of all sizes, trout up to three pounds in weight, salmon trout, dace, and bream were plentiful. Even so lately as within the last twenty years, any one with a fly might in an afternoon catch a basketful of chub, each weighing at least two or three pounds: and during freshes, with a cast net, very frequently ninety or a hundred, sometimes even a hundred and fifty pounds, of roach, chub, gudgeon, etc., were caught in an evening. On one occasion, where the water was let off from a quite short cutting belonging to the Calder and Hebble Navigation Company, at least four hundred and fifty pounds of eels were taken; in fact, whenever any one wanted fish, a sackful might readily be obtained. Nothing of this kind has been known, however, since the springing up of manufactories in the Vale of the Calder. Soon after the Thornes Soap Works were begun near Wakefield, many stones of fish, which had come up the river to spawn, were to be seen floating dead upon the surface. During that year all fish forsook this part of the stream as regular inhabitants. For some time after, however, during freshes, a fish was occasionally to be seen as a curiosity; and so lately as 1858, an experienced fisherman succeeded, on one of several persevering trials, in capturing two small chub.

At present, the condition of the river is most disgusting. Defiled almost from its source, it reaches us with the accumulated refuse of Todmorden, Hebden Bridge, Sowerby Bridge, Halifax, Elland, Brighouse, Cooper Bridge, Holmfirth, Huddersfield, Mirfield, Dewsbury, Earlsheaton, Thornhill, and Horbury. At the suspension bridge, about a mile and a half above Wakefield, it runs slowly, and in many places is almost stagnant. It has a bluish-black, dirty-slate colour; and a faint, nauseous smell, which leaves an extremely unpleasant impression for long after it has been once thoroughly perceived,—considerably worse than that made by the Thames after a stage on a penny boat. The banks and every twig and weed in reach are coated with soft, black slime or mud, which is studded on the edges of the stream with vivid patches of annelides. Above are overhanging willows; and where the branches of these touch the water, especially in any quiet pool, large sheets of thin bluish or yellowish green seum collects, undisturbed save by the rising to the surface of bubbles of foetid gas. Between this point and Wakefield, the refuse of extensive soap works and worsted mills enters, causing discolouration for several hundred yards. I have, in fact, traced large quantities of soap seum beyond Portobello, a distance of about half a mile. Nearer the town, quantities of refuse from large dye works are continually being discharged, to say nothing of the periodical emptying of spent liquor and vat sediments. *It is noteworthy that whereas formerly goods were brought to Wakefield to be dyed on account of the superiority of the water for the purpose, the trade has now left Wakefield to a considerable extent, and the Wakefield manufacturers have themselves to send away their finer goods from home to be dyed.* On the opposite side are two full streams, one of sewage, the other apparently from some cotton mills; and here it may be stated that the exact degree to which influxes of this kind injure in different cases is extremely difficult to estimate; some manufacturers using ammonia, while others adhere to the old-fashioned pigs' dung and putrid urine. The banks on each side are here studded with granaries and malting houses, from the latter of which is received that most pernicious contamination, the steep-liquor of malt. There is also the refuse of at least one brewhouse and piggery, and of a second soap manufactory drained into the river before it reaches the outlet of Ings Beck, at the drain immediately above Wakefield Bridge. In this situation, on any warm day in summer, torrents of gas may be seen rising to the surface, and every now and then large masses of mud, which float for awhile and then, after the gas they contain has escaped and polluted the atmosphere, break up and are re-deposited, or are at once carried down the river, stinking and putrefying in their course. The Calder and Hebble Navigation Company are periodically put to great inconvenience and expense in removing collections of this kind, the smell of which is often most offensive, and has more than once caused serious illness to the workmen employed. About two years ago the mud had accumulated to a depth of five feet, and, the water having been drained off, at least two thousand tons were removed, but no fish or living being of any kind was discovered. At the bridge there has been a water-mill for at least seven hundred years, and any

one interested in the smell of partially oxidized sewage should not omit to stand over the spray which ascends from the wheel. Masses of solid fæces may be seen at the grating through which the water is strained. Looking from the bridge westward, except in wet weather, is a large, open, shallow, almost stagnant pond of the most offensive character, with tracts of dark-coloured mud constantly exposed. The sewer of the town and the West Riding Asylum, with the refuse of the worsted, woollen, and cloth mills, malt-houses, breweries, brew-houses, slaughter-houses, dye-works, fibre mills, soap mills, and grease works enters by the drain just below; its surface covered with froth of every conceivable colour and degree of filthiness, overhung by willows, in whose branches are entangled and exposed to view the most disgusting objects. The scum may readily be traced down the river for a considerable distance. The last defilement of moment is that from some extensive grease works, in which oil of vitriol is largely employed.

The Ings Beck, to which I have already alluded, merits a few particular remarks, being the most important tributary the Calder receives in this district. On the day I last examined its outlet, the smell arising was most offensive. The general resemblance of the stream was rather to thick soup than water, and it had a dirty, greasy, yellowish, indigo-slate colour, where not coated by froth, scum, or floating filth. Its bed is silted to a considerable extent by black, fætid mud, and its outlet partially obstructed by two large ash heaps. It may be observed, however, that this is perhaps the only place in the neighbourhood at present where refuse ashes have been tilted, and that, though the height of the water in the river alters considerably according to the state of the weather, the raising of the bed is due for the most part to matters washed down from a higher source. Such is the case with the miscellaneously constituted sediment dredged by the Calder and Hebble Navigation Company near the Wakefield dam, and with the shoal at Lupset pond above Wakefield; an accumulation of ashes and dye-woods having risen in the latter situation during the last five or six years. Walking up the bank of the beck, one may form a fair idea of the kind of contamination received. Besides dead dogs, tin kettles, broken pots, old pans, boots, hats, etc., we find house-sinks and surface drains, public-house refuse and factors' privies flowing in unscrupulously. Myriads of annelides in the mud upon the banks subsist on the impurities; that in the neighbourhood of a warm sewer being, in fact, for some distance entirely concealed by sheets of moving pink. A railway waggon-maker's establishment was a little while ago an artificial manure factory, and contributed greatly to the general pollution.

At the bottom of Thornhill Street are two strong foul streams, one of sewage, the other, on the day I visited it, discharging deep indigo-coloured stuff. Immediately above this the beck, though receiving muddy refuse from some cement works, was purple-coloured, and where the branches of overhanging shrubs dipped beneath its surface, a polychrome froth and scum collected. A few hundred yards higher, having passed the place of entrance of the purple dye, the stream regained nearly its original dirty

indigo appearance. Near the Low Hill bridge was a fall of hot mauve refuse, with several yards of rainbow-coloured scum. Where the water could be seen, in one light it would have a bluish tint, in another a dirty yellowish; and the mud was deep and flocculent. Nearer Chald Lane there was an extremely filthy ditch, covered with scum, and loaded with the privy and house refuse of a large number of cottages and low lodging-houses; and a little higher two large streams of thick purple dye refuse. Above the dam in this situation enter the waste of a dye-works and shoddy mill, with the filthy privy and surface drains of Salt Pie Alley. The water here is the colour of the contents of a slop-pail, is almost stagnant, coated in patches of several yards with scum, and is in other respects very offensive. At Brooksbank a kind of long oblong pond is formed, two sides of which are of thick mud, one exposing the privy refuse and excrements in three drains from the neighbouring cottages and lodging-houses; and about here does or did recently enter the flushings of the cesspools from the prison with its sixteen hundred inmates, and the refuse of the chemicals used in the annual manufacture, dyeing, and bleaching of about seven hundred and fifty tons of matting. Balne Beck also enters at this point. Going upwards we find the Westgate Beck receiving the fouled water and other refuse of two large worsted mills, of surface drains, of piggeries, and of privies; then muddy water, apparently from some brick-yards, and hot waste from a large woollen mill. Immediately above healthy green confervæ begin to show themselves; long grass floats on the surface; shrubs grow upon the banks; and if a brown scum collects where the branches touch the surface, it has altogether a less disgusting character. Fairly out in the country the water is bright and clear, and boys bathe in it in summer when deep enough.

Balne Beck is on the whole as yet tolerably clean, the sides only being lined with mud patched with red, and the stones at the bottom coated with long trails of green confervæ. The principal impurities are from a soap-works, a coal-mine, a skin-preparing shed, and a brick-field. The Yorkshire Fibre Company did a short time since drain a large quantity of poisonous matter into the beck, but is at present restrained by an injunction.

The Water Company's works are situated about two and a half miles below Wakefield Bridge, and consequently receive the water in an extremely unfavourable condition. It has received the unchecked and accumulating filth and pollution of 400,000 inhabitants (number now much greater), and their manufactures, to which Wakefield itself, with its 20,000 inhabitants, has contributed. The large live-stock market also, with its average sale of 800 beasts and 6,000 sheep, has added a grave pollution. As if to show how completely we acquiesce in the abandoned corruption of the stream, the putrefying carcasses of animals—not only of dogs and cats, but of pigs, sheep, and calves—are allowed to drift along with their surfeit-smell, until stopped of themselves at Stanley Ferry.

On stirring up the mud from the bottom, a Winchester quart of gas was readily collected by means of an inverted funnel, and was found, on exami-

nation, to consist chiefly of carbonic acid, light carburetted hydrogen, sulphuretted hydrogen, and free nitrogen.

It is not easy to estimate accurately the effect of nuisances of this kind on the public health. Two years and a half ago, whilst the waterworks were undergoing improvement, and for some months the supply to the town was merely pumped up from the river into the mains without filtration, the actual mortality did not appear directly to increase. This, however, may be explained by the fact that a peculiar atmospheric condition is necessary in order to develop fully the death-bearing properties of impure water; and it may be added that, as it was, and as I had occasion to represent to the Local Board at that time, there was a greater amount of diarrhœa, continued fever, erysipelas, diffuse abscess, and of cutaneous and subcutaneous cellular inflammation; while the inflammation generally was peculiarly liable to take on the erysipelatous form and become unmanageable, and the convalescence from various diseases to be unwontedly interrupted and prolonged. Possibly this, and even an increased death-rate, had it occurred, might have been explained in part by other causes; but I cannot resist the conviction that bad water as a beverage, and the taint which it communicates to the atmosphere, bear a most important part both in causing actual disease and in weakening the power of the constitution to bear up against disease, and so shorten life in that way. Greatly improved houses have been built for the artizan class during the last few years; greater attention has been paid to the ventilation of mills and workshops; the agitation for a people's park, indicates how wide-awake the population is to the benefit of fresh air; wages have increased; the character of the food consumed is more closely inspected; the drainage is more efficient; many open sewers have been closed; bad wells have been stopped; but both the death rate and the amount of disease have increased; the former reaching so high as 27.4 per thousand in the present year. The whole of the excess in this mortality is due to preventable disease, which includes diarrhœa, cholera, and typhoid, the poison of which may unquestionably and has frequently been known to be conveyed through water. An indication of the extent to which constitutional vigour has at the same time diminished, is found in the fact that less than twenty years ago to blister, bleed, and purge was the routine of the physicians' practice at the dispensary, while cod-liver oil and quinine were unknown. This mode of treatment, if it did not cure, certainly did not kill; for the patients did well under it, having strength to bear up against and conquer both disease and treatment. Now, I will venture to say, that ninety-nine per cent. of our patients would sink under the depletory measures of bygone days; and during last year, in a practice of only 2,700 patients, it was found necessary to prescribe no less than twenty-three gallons of cod-liver oil, and sixty-four ounces of quinine, to say nothing of nourishment and stimulants. An atmosphere saturated with smoke, and shutting out instead of conveying the light of the sun, sedentary habits, dense population, and unhealthy pursuits, have doubtless shared in bringing about this general lowness of constitution; but the healthy

textural drainage and repair of the body, and consequently the perfect activity of its functions, can scarcely take place if, instead of pure water, it be supplied with a compound with which it is not organised to operate.

I have nothing to add respecting the moral contamination of material filthiness, since that is out of my province. But surely drunkenness and vice, and other forms of intellectual insensibility, are fostered, if not originated, by mental despair and disappointment; the things which should, in the ordinary course of nature, be pleasing and refreshing to the mind, having ceased to be so. At least we are taught that in the heavenly Jerusalem the river which proceeds from the throne of God is clear as crystal, giving birth on either side to the tree of life for the healing of the nations; whereas

“ Upon the banks a scurf,
From the foul stream condensed, encrusting hangs,
That holds sharp combat with the sight and smell,”

freighted by devils, in the dingy regions of the damned.

(Signed)

JAMES FOWLER.

WAKEFIELD, 15th October, 1866.

(The Commissioners at this time said the river had received the utmost amount of contamination of which a river was capable,—but it is much worse now.)

APPENDIX II.

The business of mining is put in this subordinate class, because there is already more metal of all sorts than we want in the world, if it be used prudently; and the effect of this surplus is even now to make mining, on the whole, always a loss. I did not know that this law extended even to recent gold-workings. The following extract from the 'Athenæum' of April 3 of this year is, I suppose, trustworthy:—

A History of the Precious Metals from the Earliest Times to the Present.
By Alexander Del Mar, M.E. (Bell and Sons.)

It is not often that a volume which deals with such a subject as that which Mr. Del Mar has written on can be considered interesting by the general reader. Yet in the present instance this really might be the case if the reader were to occupy himself with those chapters in this work which deal with mining for the precious metals in America. A residence of some years in California has given Mr. Del Mar a practical acquaintance with the manner in which mining is conducted, and the history of that industry there from the commencement. This knowledge also has enabled him to describe with the vividness derived from actual knowledge the operations of the Spaniards in Central America while searching for gold from the fifteenth century onwards. The picture Mr. Del Mar draws of the results of the *auri sacra fames* which consumed both earlier and later seekers after wealth is indeed terrible. Empires were overthrown, and their industrious and docile populations were swept away in numbers almost beyond belief, or ground down by every suffering which avarice, cruelty, and sensuality could inflict. The ultimate utter exhaustion both of conquerors and conquered marks the period, reaching far into the eighteenth century, when forced labour was employed. The statement that "the Indies had become 'a sort of money'" (p. 63), expresses perhaps as forcibly as possible what the fate of the native inhabitants of Southern America was under the rule of the Spaniard. And if, during the comparatively short period that has elapsed since the famous discovery of gold at Mill Race in California, the reckless consumption of life has not been associated with the utter brutality which marked the con-

duct of the followers of Cortes and Pizarro, the economic results are scarcely more satisfactory. Mr. Del Mar calculates that the outlay on mining far outweighs the proceeds; he estimates that the £90,000,000 of gold produced in California from 1848 to 1856 inclusive "cost in labour alone some £450,000,000, or five times its mint value" (p. 263). Nor is this estimate of the nett product even of the "Comstock Lode" more favourable to the owners (p. 266). Here also the total cost is placed at five times the return. Beyond this the mining country is devastated. Destruction of timber, consequent injury to climate, ruin to fertile land by hydraulic mining, are but a part of the injury. The scale on which operations are carried on may be judged from the fact that the aggregate length of the "mining ditches," or aqueducts, employed in bringing water to the mines, is put down as 6,585 miles in California in 1879 (p. 290). These works are maintained at much cost. The reader will ask, 'How can such an industry continue? The country is desolated, the majority of those employed lose. Why is all this labour thus misapplied?' The answer is, The spirit of gambling and the chance of a lucky hit lure the venturers on. The multitude forget the misfortunes of the many, while they hope to be numbered among the fortunate few.

LETTER XC.

I AM putting my house in order; and would fain put my past work in order too, if I could. Some guidance, at least, may be given to the readers of Fors—or to its partial readers—in their choice of this or that number. To this end I have now given each monthly part its own name, indicative of its special subject. The connection of all these subjects, and of the book itself, with my other books, may perhaps begin to show itself in this letter.

The first principle of my political economy will be found again and again reiterated in all the said books,—that the material wealth of any country is the portion of its possessions which feeds and educates good men and women in it; the connected principle of national policy being that the strength and power of a country depends absolutely on the quantity of good men and women in the territory of it, and not at all on the extent of the territory—still less on the number of vile or stupid inhabitants. A good crew in a good ship, however small, is a power; but a bad crew in the biggest ship—none,—and the best crew in a ship cut in half by a collision in a hurry, not much the better for their numbers.

Following out these two principles, I have farther, and always, taught that, briefly, the wealth of a country *is in* its good men and women, and in nothing else: that the riches of England are good Englishmen; of Scotland, good Scotchmen; of Ireland, good Irishmen. This is first, and more or less eloquently, stated in the close of the chapter called the Veins of Wealth, of 'Unto this Last'; and is scientifically, and in sifted terms, explained and enforced in 'Munera Pulveris.' I have a word or two yet to add to what I have written, which I will try to keep very plain and unfigurative..

It is taught with all the faculty I am possessed of, in 'Sesame and Lilies,' that in a state of society in which men and women are as good as they can be, (under mortal limitation,) the women will be the guiding and purifying power. In savage and embryo countries, they are openly oppressed, as animals of burden; in corrupted and fallen countries, more secretly and terribly. I am not careful concerning the oppression which they are able to announce themselves, forming anti-feminine-slavery colleges and institutes, etc.; but of the oppression which they cannot resist, ending in their destruction, I am careful exceedingly.

The merely calculable phenomena of economy are indeed supposed at present to indicate a glut of them; but our economists do not appear ever to ask themselves of what *quality* the glut is, or, at all events, in what quality it would be wisest to restrict the supply, and in what quality, educated according to the laws of God, the supply *is* at present restricted.

I think the experience of most thoughtful persons will confirm me in saying that extremely good girls, (good children, broadly, but especially girls.) usually die young. The pathos of their deaths is constantly used in poetry and novels; but the power of the fiction rests, I suppose, on the fact that most persons of affectionate temper have lost their own May Queens or little Nells in their time. For my own part of grief, I have known a little Nell die, and a May Queen die, and a queen of May, and of December also, die;—all of them, in economists' language, 'as good as gold,' and in Christian language, 'only a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour.' And I could count the like among my best-loved friends, with a rosary of tears.

It seems, therefore, that God takes care, under present circumstances, to prevent, or at least to check, the glut of that kind of girls. *Seems*, I say, and say with caution—for perhaps it is not entirely in His good pleasure that these things are so. But, they being so, the question becomes therefore yet more imperative—how far a country paying this enforced tax of its good girls annually to heaven is wise in taking little account of

the number it has left? For observe that, just beneath these girls of heaven's own, come another kind, who are just earthly enough to be allowed to stay with us; but who get put out of the way into convents, or made mere sick-nurses of, or take to mending the irremediable,—(I've never got over the loss to me, for St. George's work, of one of the sort). Still, the nuns are always happy themselves; and the nurses do a quantity of good that may be thought of as infinite in its own way; and there's a chance of their being forced to marry a King of the Lombards and becoming Queen Theodolindas and the like: pass these, and we come to a kind of girl, just as good, but with less strong will*—who is more or less spoilable and mis-manageable; and these are almost sure to come to grief, by the faults of others, or merely by the general fashions and chances of the world. In romance, for instance, Juliet—Lucy Ashton—Amy Robsart. In my own experience, I knew one of these killed merely by a little piece of foolish pride—the exactly opposite fault to Juliet's.† She was the niece of a most trusted friend of my father's, also a much trusted friend of mine in the earliest Herne Hill days of my Cock Robin-hood; when I used to transmute his name, Mr. Dowie, into 'Mr. Good-do,' not being otherwise clear about its pronunciation. His niece was an old sea-captain's only daughter, motherless, and may have been about twenty years old when I was twelve. She was certainly the most beautiful girl of the pure English-Greek‡ type I ever saw, or ever am likely to see of any type whatever. I've only since seen one who could match her, but she was Norman-English. My mother was her only confidante in her love affairs: consisting mostly in gentle refusals—not because she de-

* Or, it may be, stronger animal passion,—a greater inferiority.

† Juliet, being a girl of a noble Veronese house, had no business to fall in love at first sight with anybody. It is her humility that is the death of her; and Imogen would have died in the same way but for her helpful brothers. Of Desdemona, see 'Fors' for November, 1877 (vol. vii., p. 233).

‡ By the English-Greek type, I mean the features of the statue of Psyche at Naples, with finely-pencilled dark brows, rather dark hair, and bright pure colour. I never forget beautiful faces, nor confuse their orders of dignity, so that I am quite sure of the statement in the text.

spised people, or was difficult to please, but wanted simply to stay with her father; and did so serenely, modestly, and with avoidance of all pain she could spare her lovers, dismissing quickly and firmly, never tempting or playing with them.

At last, when she was some five or six and twenty, came one whom she had no mind to dismiss; and suddenly finding herself caught, she drew up like a hart at bay. The youth, unluckily for him, dared not push his advantage, lest he should be sent away like the rest; and would not speak,—partly could not, loving her better than the rest, and struck dumb, as an honest and modest English lover is apt to be, when he was near her; so that she fancied he did not care for her. At last, she came to my mother to ask what she should do. My mother said, “Go away for a while,—if he cares for you, he will follow you; if not, there’s no harm done.”

But she dared not put it to the touch, thus, but lingered on, where she could sometimes see him,—and yet, in her girl’s pride, lest he should find out she liked him, treated him worse than she had anybody ever before. Of course this piece of wisdom soon brought matters to an end. The youth gave up all hope, went away, and, in a month or two after, died of the then current plague, cholera: upon which his sister—I do not know whether in wrath or folly—told his mistress the whole matter, and showed her what she had done. The poor girl went on quietly taking care of her father, till his death, which soon followed; then, with some kindly woman-companion, went to travel.

Some five or six years afterwards, my father and mother and I were going up to Chamouni, by the old char-road under the Cascade de Chède. There used to be an idiot beggar-girl, who always walked up beside the chars, not ugly or cretinous, but inarticulate and wild-eyed, moaning a little at intervals. She came to be, in time, year after year, a part of the scene, which one would even have been sorry to have lost. As we drew near the top of the long hill, and this girl had just ceased following, a lady got out of a char at some little distance behind, and ran up to ours, holding out her hands.

We none of us knew her. There was something in the eyes like the wild look of the other's; the face was wrinkled, and a little hard in expression—Alpine, now, in its beauty. “Don't you know Sybilla?” said she. My mother made her as happy as she could for a week at Chamouui,—I am not sure if they ever met again: the girl wandered about wistfully a year or two longer, then died of rapid decline.

I have told this story in order to draw two pieces of general moral from it, which may perhaps be more useful than if they were gathered from fable.

First, a girl's proper confidant is her father. If there is any break whatever in her trust in him, from her infancy to her marriage, there is wrong somewhere,—often on his part, but most likely it is on hers; by getting into the habit of talking with her girl-friends about what they have no business with, and her father much. What she is not inclined to tell her father, should be told to no one; and, in nine cases out of ten, not thought of by herself.

And I believe that few fathers, however wrong-headed or hard-hearted, would fail of answering the habitual and patient confidence of their child with true care for her. On the other hand, no father *deserves*, nor can he entirely and beautifully win, his daughter's confidence, unless he loves her better than he does himself, which is not always the case. But again here, the fault may not be all on papa's side.

In the instance before us, the relations between the motherless daughter and her old sea-captain father were entirely beautiful, but not rational enough. *He* ought to have known, and taught his pretty Sybilla, that she had other duties in the world than those immediately near his own arm-chair; and she, if resolved not to marry while he needed her, should have taken more care of her own heart, and followed my mother's wise counsel at once.

In the second place, when a youth is fully in love with a girl, and feels that he is wise in loving her, he should at once tell her so plainly, and take his chance bravely, with other suitors. No lover should have the insolence to think of being

accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once; without severe reasons. If she simply doesn't like him, she may send him away for seven years or so—he vowing to live on cresses, and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance: if she likes him a little, or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her, putting him always on sharp trial to see what stuff he is made of, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion-skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth. The whole meaning and power of true courtship is Probation; and it oughtn't to be shorter than three years at least,—seven is, to my own mind, the orthodox time. And these relations between the young people should be openly and simply known, not to their friends only, but to everybody who has the least interest in them: and a girl worth anything ought to have always half a dozen or so of suitors under vow for her.

There are no words strong enough to express the general danger and degradation of the manners of mob-courtship, as distinct from these, which have become the fashion,—almost the law,—in modern times; when in a miserable confusion of candlelight, moonlight, and limelight—and anything but daylight,—in indecently attractive and insanely expensive dresses, in snatched moments, in hidden corners, in accidental impulses and dismal ignorances, young people smirk and ogle and whisper and whimper and sneak and stumble and flutter and fumble and blunder into what they call Love;—expect to get whatever they like the moment they fancy it, and are continually in the danger of losing all the honour of life for a folly, and all the joy of it by an accident.

Passing down now from the class of good girls who have the power, if they had the wisdom, to regulate their lives instead of losing them, to the less fortunate classes, equally good—(often, weighing their adversity in true balance, it might be conjectured, better,)—who have little power of ruling, and every provocation to misruling their fates: who have, from their births, much against them, few to help, and, virtually, none to guide,—how are we to count the annual loss of its

girl-wealth to the British nation in these? Loss, and probably worse; for if there be fire and genius in these neglected ones, and they chance to have beauty also, they are apt to become to us long-running, heavy burdening, incalculable compound interest of perdition. God save them, and all of us, at last!

But, merely taking the pocket-book red-lined balance of the matter, what, in mere cash and curriole, do these bright reverses of their best human treasures cost the economical British race, or the cheerful French? That account you would do well to cast, looking down from its Highgate upon your own mother—(of especially these sort of children?) city; or, in Paris, from the hill named, from the crowd of its Christian martyrs, Mont Martre, upon the island in Seine named ‘of our Lady’—the Ile Notre Dame; or, from top of Ingleborough, on all the south and east of Lancashire and Yorkshire, black with the fume of their fever-fretted cities, rolling itself along the dales, mixed with the torrent mists. Do this piece of statistic and arithmetic *there*, taking due note that each of these great and little Babylons, if even on the creditor side you may set it down for so much (dubitable) value of produce in dynamite and bayonet, in vitriol, brass, and iron,—yet on the debtor side has to account for annual deficit *indubitable!*—the casting away of things precious, the profanation of things pure, the pain of things capable of happiness—to what sum?

I have told you a true story of the sorrow and death of a maid whom all who knew her delighted in. I want you to read another of the sorrow and vanishing of one whom few, except her father, delighted in; and none, in any real sense, cared for. A younger girl this, of high powers—and higher worth, as it seems to me. The story is told in absolute and simple truth by Miss Laffan, in her little grey and red book,—‘Bambie Clarke.’ (Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh, 1880.) “It all happened in Edinburgh,” Miss Laffan says in a private letter to me, “exactly as I relate: I went into every place in which this child was, in order to describe them and her, and I

took great pains to give the dialect exactly. I remember how disappointed you were to learn that Flitters' death was not true;—this story is quite true, from first to last." I must leave my darling Baubie for a moment, to explain the above sentence with a word or two about my still better beloved Flitters, 'in Tatters, Flitters, and the Councillor.' The study of those three children, given by Miss Laffan, is, in the deepest sense, more true, as well as more pathetic, than that of Baubie Clarke,—for Miss Laffan knows and sees the children of her own country thoroughly,* but she has no clear perceptions of the Scotch. Also, the main facts concerning Tatters and Flitters and their legal adviser are all true—bitterly and brightly true: but the beautiful and heroic death was—I could find it in my heart to say, unhappily,—*not* the young girl's. Flitters, when last I heard of her, was still living her life of song; such song as was possible to her. The death, so faithfully and beautifully told, was actually that of an old man, an outcast, like herself. I have no doubt Flitters could, and would, have died so, had it become her duty, and the entire harmony of the story is perfect; but it is not so sound, for my purpose here, as the pure and straightforward truth of Baubie Clarke.

I must give the rude abstract of it at once: Miss Laffan's detailed picture will not, I believe, be afterwards of less interest.

Baubie, just thirteen, lived with her father and mother, in lodgings, such as the piety of Edinburgh provides for her poor. The mother was a hopeless drunkard, her father the same—on Saturday nights; during the week carrying advertisement-boards for what stipend that kind of service obtains. Baubie, a vagrant street-singer, is the chief support and guardian both of father and mother. She is taken captive one day, at a street corner, by a passing benevolent lady; (I can't find out, and

* It is curious, by the way, how totally Miss Edgeworth failed in drawing Irish *children*, though she could do English ones perfectly—and how far finer 'Simple Susan' is than 'The Orphans'—while her Irish men and women are perfect, and she is, in fact, the only classical authority in the matter of Irish character.

Miss Laffan is to be reprehended for this omission, if Baubie was pretty!—in her wild way, I gather—yes;) carried off to an institution of sempstresses, where she is cross-examined, with wonder, and some pity; but found to be an independent British subject, whose liberties, at that moment, cannot be infringed. But a day or two afterwards, her father coming to grief, somehow, and getting sent to prison for two months, the magistrate very properly takes upon him the responsibility of committing Baubie, in the meantime, to Miss Mackenzie's care. (I forget what becomes of the mother.)

She is taken into a charitable, religious, and extremely well-regulated institution; she is washed and combed properly, and bears the operation like a courageous poodle; obeys afterwards what orders are given her, patiently and duly. To her much surprise and discontent, her singing, the chief pleasure and faculty of her existence, is at once stopped, under penalties. And, while she stays in the institution, she makes no farther attempt to sing.

But, from the instant she heard her father's sentence in the police court, she has counted days and hours. A perfect little keeper of accounts she is: the Judgment Angel himself, we may not doubt, approving and assisting, so far as needful. She knows the day and the hour by the Tron church, at which her father, thinking himself daughterless, will be thrust out, wistful, from his prison gate. She is only fearful, prudently and beautifully self-distrusting, of missing count of a day.

In the dormitory of her institution, on an unregarded shutter, in the shade, morning after morning she cuts her punctual notch.

And the weary sixty days pass by. The notches are counted true to the last,—and on the last night, her measures all taken, and her points and methods of attack all planned, she opens the window-sash silently, leaps down into the flowerless garden, climbs its wall, cat-like,—Lioness-like,—and flies into Edinburgh before the morning light. And at noon, her father, faltering through the prison gate, finds her sitting on its step, waiting for him.

And they two leave Edinburgh together, and are seen—never more.

On the cover of the book which tells you this ower-true Scots novel, there is a rude woodcut of Baubie, with a background consisting of a bit of a theatre, an entire policeman, and the advertisement window of a tavern,—with tacit implication that, according to the benevolent people of Edinburgh, all the mischief they contend with is in theatres, as against chapels; taverns, as against coffee-shops; and police, as against universal Scripture-readers.

Partly, this is true.—in the much greater part it is untrue;—and all through ‘Fors’ you will find the contrary statement, that theatres should be pious places; taverns, holy places, and policemen an irresistibly benevolent power: which, indeed, they mostly *are* already; and what London crossings and cart-drivings would be without them we all know. But I can write no more on these matters myself, in this Fors, and must be content to quote the following extremely beautiful and practical suggestion by Sir John Ellesmere, and so, for to-day, end.

“I don’t care much about music myself. Indeed, I often wonder at the sort of passionate delight which Milverton, and people like him, have in the tinkling of cymbals; but I suppose that their professions of delight are sincere. I proposed to a grave statesman, who looked daggers at me for the proposal, that the surplus of the Irish Church revenues should be devoted to giving opera-boxes to poor people who are very fond of music. What are you all giggling at? I’ll bet any money that that surplus will not be half so well employed. Dear old Peabody used to send orders for opera-boxes to poor friends. I was once present when one of these orders arrived for a poor family devoted to music; and I declare I have seldom seen such joy manifested by any human beings. I don’t mind telling you that since that time, I have sometimes done something of the same kind myself. Very wrong, of course, for I ought to have given the money to a hospital.”

In looking back over Fors with a view to indices, I find the Notes and Correspondence in small print a great plague, and purpose henceforward to print all letters that are worth my reader’s diligence in the same-sized type as my own talk. His attention is first requested to the following very valuable one,

originally addressed to the editor of the 'Dunfermline Journal'; whence reprinted, it was forwarded to me, and is here gladly edited again; being the shortest and sensiblest I ever got yet on the vegetarian side.

VEGETARIANISM.—“Sir,—As a vegetarian, and mother of four vegetarian children, will you kindly grant me a little space in favour of a cause which editors seemingly regard as a subject for jest rather than serious consideration? Without aiming at convincing men, I would appeal principally to women and mothers; to consider this cause, if they wish to enjoy good rest at nights and see robust healthy children who are never fevered with fatty soups. Without taking up the question about the use or abuse of the lower animals, I would direct your attention to our own species—men and women—and the benefit of vegetarianism as regards them only, economy being one of my pleas; health, comfort, and cleanliness the others. Look on the lower masses who live in fever dens, dress in rags, are constant claimants of charity, invariable exhibitions of dirt and disease; and go when you like to their dens, what fries of steaks and pork do you not sniff up, with the other compounds of abominations! Look at the other picture. Scotsmen are all the world over foremen in workshops and leaders of men. Who are the best men in Scotland but these porridge-fed, abstemious, clear-headed Aberdonians, who only grow weakly and unhealthy when they grow out of the diet that made their positions, and take to the customs about them? Is the man or woman to be laughed at, or admired, the most who can be content with a bit of bread or a basin of porridge as a meal, that he may be able to buy clothes or books, or take a better house to live in, or have something to lay past for education, or to give in charity after he has paid his debts; or is the custom to be advocated that encourages gorging three or four times a-day with all sorts of expensive luxuries, meaning, to the workman, when his work is slack, starvation or dependence? Sir, to me—a vegetarian both from choice and necessity—it appears that no condition

of life can justify that practice while poverty exists. As regards the laws of health I leave the matter to doctors to take up and discuss. I have only to say from the personal experience of five years that, I am healthier and stronger than I was before, have healthy, strong children, who never require a doctor, and who live on oatmeal porridge and pease bannocks, but who do not know the taste of beef, butter, or tea, and who have never lost me a night's rest from their birth. Porridge is our principal food, but a drink of buttermilk or an orange often serve our dinner, and through the time saved I have been able to attend to the health of my children and the duties of my home without the hindrance of a domestic servant, my experiments in that line being a complete failure.

"I am, etc., HELEN NISBET.

"35, Lorne Street, Leith Walk."

I am in correspondence with the authoress of this letter, and will give the results arrived at in next Fors, only saying now that Walter Scott, Burns, and Carlyle, are, among the immortals, on her side, with a few other wise men, such as Orpheus, St. Benedict, and St. Bernard; and that, although under the no less wise guidance of the living Esculapius, Sir William Gull, (himself dependent much for diet on Abigail's gift to David, a bunch of raisins,) I was cured of my last dangerous illness with medicine of mutton-chop and oysters; it is conceivable that these drugs were in reality homœopathic, and hairs of the dogs that bit me. I am content to-day to close the evidence for the vegetarians with Orpheus' Hymn to the Earth:—

"Oh Goddess Earth, mother of the happy Gods and of mortal men,
 All-nursing, all-giving, all-bearing, all-destroying;
 Increasing in blossom, heavy with fruit, overflowing with beauty,
 Throne of eternal ordinance, infinitely adorned girl,
 Who bearest in birth-pang all manner of fruit;
 Eternal, all-honoured, deep-hearted, happy-fated;
 Rejoicing in meadow-sweetness, deity of flower-multitude,
 And joyful in thy Night; round whom the fair-wrought order of the stars
 Rolls in its everlasting nature and dreadful flowing;
 Oh blessed goddess, increase thy fruits in gladness,
 And through thy happy seasons in kindness of soul."

The second, and in this number terminal letter which I have to recommend to the reader's study, is one from the agents to the Dean and Chapter of Chester, as follows:—

“ St. Werburgh Chambers, Chester, April 17, 1883.

“ Sir,—Our attention has just been called to an anonymous letter contained in your ‘ Fors ’—letter fifth, 1880—reflecting on the Dean and Chapter of Chester in the management of their property. The paragraph occurs at p. 90, and commences thus: ‘ Only a week ago,’ etc.; and ends, ‘ With an irresistible tongue,’ etc.

“ Our answer is:—The Dean and Chapter have never refused to grant a lease to an eligible man, but have always complied when asked. They have *not* ‘ raised all the rents,’ etc., but have materially reduced most of them since they acquired their property. The agents never interfere with the modes of farming unless manifestly exhaustive; and the statement that they ‘ only allow the land to be sown,’ etc., on a ‘ personal inspection of their agents,’ is untrue. They never heard of any ‘ poverty prevailing (*sic*) on their estate to an alarming extent,’ or to any extent at all. Surely ‘ the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain ’ deserve to be approached with verified facts, and not thus.

“ Yours obediently, TOWNSHEND AND BARKUS.

(Agents to the Dean and Chapter of Chester.)

“ Jno. Ruskin, Esq., LL.D.”

The only notice which it seems to me necessary to take of this letter is the expression of my satisfaction in receiving it, qualified with the recommendation to the Very Rev^d. the Dean and Rev^{ds}. the Chapter of Chester, to advise their agents that ‘ prevailing’ is usually spelt with an ‘ i.’

BRANTWOOD, 23rd April, 1883.



LETTER XCI.

September, 1883.

DUST OF GOLD.

I HAVE received several letters from young correspondents, complaining that I attach too much importance to beauty in women, and asking, "What are plain girls to do?"—one of them putting this farther question, not easy of answer, "Why beauty is so often given to girls who have only the mind to misuse it, and not to others, who would hold it as a power for God's service?" To which question, however, it is to be answered, in the first place, that the mystery is quite as great in the bestowal of riches and wit; in the second place, that the girls who misuse their beauty, only do it because they have not been taught better, and it is much more other people's fault than theirs; in the third place, that the privilege of seeing beauty is quite as rare a one as that of possessing it, and far more fatally misused.

The question, "What are plain girls to do?" requires us first to understand clearly what "plainness" is. No girl who is

well bred, kind, and modest, is ever offensively plain; all real deformity means want of manners, or of heart. I may say, in defence of my own constant praise of beauty, that I do not attach half the real importance to it which is assumed in ordinary fiction;—above all, in the pages of the periodical which best represents, as a whole, the public mind of England. As a rule, throughout the whole seventy-volume series of ‘Punch,’—first by Leech and then by Du Maurier,—all nice girls are represented as pretty; all nice women, as both pretty and well dressed; and if the reader will compare a sufficient number of examples extending over a series of years, he will find the moral lesson more and more enforced by this most popular authority, that all real ugliness in either sex means some kind of hardness of heart, or vulgarity of education. The ugliest man, for all in all, in ‘Punch’ is Sir Gorgius Midas,—the ugliest women, those who are unwilling to be old. Generally speaking, indeed, ‘Punch’ is cruel to women above a certain age; but this is the expression of a real truth in modern England, that the ordinary habits of life and modes of education produce great plainness of *mind* in middle-aged women.

I recollect three examples in the course of only the last four or five months of railway travelling. The most interesting and curious one was a young woman evidently of good mercantile position, who came into the carriage with her brother out of one of the manufacturing districts. Both of them gave me the idea of being amiable in disposition, and fairly clever, perhaps a little above the average in natural talent; while the sister had good features, and was not much over thirty. But the face was fixed in an iron hardness, and keenly active incapacity of any deep feeling or subtle thought, which pained me almost as much as a physical disease would have done; and it was an extreme relief to me when she left the carriage. Another type, pure cockney, got in one day at Paddington, a girl of the lower middle class, round-headed, and with the most profound and sullen expression of discontent, complicated with ill-temper, that I ever saw on human features:—I could not at first be certain how far this expression was innate, and

how far superinduced; but she presently answered the question by tearing open the paper she had bought with the edge of her hand into jags half an inch deep, all the way across.

The third, a far more common type, was of self-possessed and all-engrossing selfishness, complicated with stupidity;—a middle-aged woman with a novel, who put up her window and pulled down both blinds (side and central) the moment she got in, and read her novel till she fell asleep over it: presenting in that condition one of the most stolidly disagreeable countenances which could be shaped out of organic clay.

In both these latter cases, as in those of the girls described in Fors XX., p. 264, the offensiveness of feature implied, for one thing, a constant vexation, and *diffused* agony or misery, endured through every moment of conscious life, together with total dulness of sensation respecting delightful and beautiful things, summed in the passage just referred to as “*tortured* indolence, and *infidel* eyes,” and given there as an example of “life negative, under the curse,” the state of condemnation which begins in this world, and separately affects every living member of the body; the opposite state of life, under blessing, being represented by the Venice-imagined beauty of St. Ursula, in whose countenance what beauty there may be found (I have known several people who saw none, and indeed Carpaccio has gifted her with no dazzling comeliness) depends mainly on the opposite character of *diffused* joy, and ecstasy in peace.

And in places far too many to indicate, both of Fors and my Oxford lectures, I have spoken again and again of this radiant expression of cheerfulness, as a primal element of Beauty, quoting Chaucer largely on the matter; and clinching all, somewhere, (I can't look for the place now,) by saying that the wickedness of any nation might be briefly measured by observing how far it had made its girls miserable.

I meant this quality of cheerfulness to be included, above, in the word “well-bred,” meaning original purity of race (Chaucer's “*debonnairété*”) disciplined in courtesy, and the exercises which develope animal power and spirit. I do not

in the least mean to limit the word to aristocratic birth and education. Gotthelf's Swiss heroine, Freneli, to whom I have dedicated, in 'Proserpina,' the pansy of the Wengern Alp, is only a farm-servant; and Scott's Jeanie Deans is of the same type in Scotland. And among virtuous nations, or the portions of them who remain virtuous, as the Tyrolese and Bavarian peasants, the Tuscans (of whom I am happily enabled to give soon some true biography and portraiture), and the mountain and sea-shore races of France, England, Scotland, and Ireland, almost everybody is "well-bred," and the girlish beauty universal. Here in Coniston it is almost impossible to meet a child whom it is not a real sorrow again to lose sight of. So that the second article of St. George's creed, "I believe in the nobleness of human nature," may properly be considered as involving the farther though minor belief in the loveliness of the human form; and in my next course of work at Oxford, I shall have occasion to insist at some length on the reality and frequency of beauty in ordinary life, as it has been shown us by the popular art of our own day. This frequency of it, however, supposing we admit the fact, in no wise diminishes the burden to be sustained by girls who are conscious of possessing less than these ordinary claims to admiration; nor am I in the least minded to recommend the redemption of their loneliness by any more than common effort to be good or wise. On the contrary, the prettier a girl is, the more it becomes her duty to try to be good; and little can be hoped of attempts to cultivate the understanding, which have only been provoked by a jealous vanity. The real and effective sources of consolation will be found in the quite opposite direction, of self-forgetfulness;—in the cultivation of sympathy with others, and in turning the attention and the heart to the daily pleasures open to every young creature born into this marvellous universe. The landscape of the lover's journey may indeed be invested with ætherial colours, and his steps be measured to heavenly tunes unheard of other ears; but there is no sense, because these selfish and temporary raptures are denied to us, in refusing to see the sunshine on

the river, or hear the lark's song in the sky. To some of my young readers, the saying may seem a hard one; but they may rest assured that the safest and purest joys of human life rebuke the violence of its passions; that they are obtainable without anxiety, and memorable without regret.

Having, therefore, this faith, or more justly speaking, this experience and certainty, touching the frequency of pleasing feature in well bred and modest girls, I did not use the phrase in last "Fors," which gave (as I hear) great offence to some feminine readers, "a girl *worth* anything," exclusively, or even chiefly, with respect to attractions of person; but very deeply and solemnly in the full sense of worthiness, or (regarding the range of its influence) All-worthiness, which qualifies a girl to be the ruling Sophia of an all-worthy workman, yeoman, squire, duke, king, or Caliph;—not to calculate the advance which, doubtless, the luxury of Mayfair and the learning of Girton must have made since the days when it was written of Koot el Kuloob, or Enees-el Jelees, that "the sum of ten thousand pieces of gold doth not equal the cost of the chickens which she hath eaten, and the dresses which she hath bestowed on her teachers; for she hath learned writing, and grammar, and lexicology, and the interpretation of the Koran, and the fundamentals of law, and religion, and medicine, and the computation of the Calendar, and the art of playing upon musical instruments,"*—not calculating, I say, any of these singular powers or preciousnesses, but only thinking of the constant value generalized among the King's verses, by that notable one, "Every wise woman buildeth her house; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands,"—and seeing that our present modes of thought and elements of education are not always so arranged as to foster to their utmost the graces of prudence and economy in woman, it was surely no over-estimate of the desirableness of any real house-builder among girls, that she should have five or six suitors at once under vow for her? Vow, surely also of no oppressive or extravagant nature! I

* 'Arabian Nights,' Lane's translation, i. 392.

said nothing of such an one as was required by Portia's father of *her* suitors, and which many a lover instinctively makes, in his own bosom,—“her, or none.” I said nothing of any oath of allegiance preventing the freedom of farther search or choice;—but only the promise of the youth that, until he saw one better worth winning, he would faithfully obey his chosen mistress's will in all things; and suffer such test as she chose to put him to: it being understood that at any time he had the power as openly to withdraw as he had openly accepted the candidature.

The position of Waverley towards Flora MacIvor, of Lord Evandale to Miss Bellenden, of Lovel to Miss Wardour, Tresilian to Amy Robsart, or Quentin Durward to the Countess Isabel, are all in various ways illustrative of this form of fidelity in more or less hopeless endeavour; while also the frankness of confession is assumed both by Miss Edgeworth and Richardson, as by Shakespeare, quite to the point of entire publicity in the social circle of the lovers.* And I am grieved to say that the casual observations which have come to my ears, since last “Fors” appeared, as to the absurdity and impossibility of such devotion, only further prove to me what I have long since perceived, that very few young people, brought up on modern principles, have ever felt love, or even know what it means, except under the conditions in which it is also possible to the lower animals. I could easily prove this, if it were apposite to my immediate purpose, and if the subject were not too painful, by the evidence given me in a single evening, during which I watched the enthusiastic acceptance by an English audience of Salvini's frightful, and radically false, interpretation of Othello.

Were I to yield, as I was wont in the first series of these letters, without scruple, to the eddies of thought which turned the main stream of my discourse into apparently irrelevant,

* See the decision of Miss Broadhurst in the thirteenth chapter of the “Absentee”; and the courtships to Harriet Byron, *passim*. The relations of France to Cordelia, of Henry V. to the Princess Katharine, and of the Duke to Olivia, are enough to name among the many instances in Shakespeare.

and certainly unprogressive inlets, I should in this place proceed to show how true-love is inconsistent with railways, with joint-stock banks, with the landed interest, with parliamentary interest, with grouse shooting, with lawn tennis, with monthly magazines, spring fashions, and Christmas cards. But I am resolute now to explain myself in one place before becoming enigmatic in another, and keep to my one point until I have more or less collected what has been said about it in former letters. And thus continuing to insist at present only on the worth or price of womanhood itself, and of the value of feminine creatures in the economy of a state, I must ask the reader to look back to "Fors" I. (Letter IV., p. 66), where I lament my own poverty in not being able to buy a white girl of (in jeweller's language) good lustre and facetting; as in another place I in like manner bewail the present order of society in that I cannot make a raid on my neighbour's house, and carry off three graceful captives at a time; and in one of the quite most important pieces of all the book, or of any of my books, the essential nature of real property in general is illustrated by that of the two primary articles of a man's wealth, Wife, and Home; and the meaning of the word "mine," said to be only known in its depth by any man with reference to the first. And here, for further, and in its sufficiency I hope it may be received as a final, illustration, read the last lines (for I suppose the terminal lines can only be received as epilogue) of the play by which, in all the compass of literature, the beauty of pure youth has been chiefly honoured; there are points in it deserving notice besides the one needful to my purpose:—

Prince. "Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

- Mont.* "But I can give thee more:
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
 That, while Verona by that name is known,
 There shall no figure at such rate be set,
 As that of true and faithful Juliet.
- Cap.* "As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity."

I do not know if in the tumultuous renderings and reckless abridgments of this play on the modern stage, the audience at any theatre is ever led to think of the meaning of the Prince's saying, "That heaven finds means to *kill your joys with love.*" Yet in that one line is the key of Christian theology and of wise natural philosophy; the knowledge of the law that binds the yoke of inauspicious stars, and ordains the slumber of world-wearied flesh.

Look back to Friar Laurence's rebuke of the parent's grief at Juliet's death,—

"Heaven and yourself
 Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all;"

and you will find, in the concluding lines, not only the interpretation of the Prince's meaning, but a clear light thrown on a question lately, in some one of our critical magazines, more pertinently asked than intelligently answered—"Why Shakespeare wrote tragedies?" One of my chief reasons for withdrawing from the later editions of "Sesame and Lilies" the closing lecture, on the "Mystery of Life," was the feeling that I had not with enough care examined the spirit of faith in God, and hope in Futurity, which, though unexpressed, were meant by the master of tragedy to be felt by the spectator, what they were to himself, the solution and consolation of all the wonderfulness of sorrow;—a faith for the most part, as I have just said, unexpressed; but here summed in a single line, which explains the instinctive fastening of the heart on the great poetic stories of grief,

"For Nature's tears are Reason's merriment."

Returning to the terminal passage of the play, may I now ask the reader to meditate on the alchemy of fate, which changes the youth and girl into two golden statues? Admit the gain in its completeness; suppose that the gold had indeed been given down, like Danæ's from heaven, in exchange for them; imagine, if you will, the perfectest art-skill of Bezaleel or Aholiab lavished on the imperishable treasures. Verona is richer, is she, by so much bullion? Italy, by so much art? Old Montagne and Capulet have their boy's and girl's "worth" in gold, have they? And though for every boy and girl whom now you exile from the gold of English harvest and the ruby of Scottish heath, there return to you, O loving friends, their corpses' weight, and more, in Californian sand,—is your bargain with God's bounty wholly to your mind? or if so, think you that it is to His, also?

Yet I will not enter here into any debate of loss by exile, and national ostracism of our strongest. I keep to the estimate only of our loss by helpless, reckless, needless death, the enduring torture at the bolted theatre door of the world, and on the staircase it has smoothed to Avernus.

'Loss of life'! By the ship overwhelmed in the river, shattered on the sea; by the mine's blast, the earthquake's burial—you mourn for the multitude slain. You cheer the lifeboat's crew: you hear, with praise and joy, of the rescue of one still breathing body more at the pit's mouth:—and all the while, for one soul that is saved from the momentary passing away (according to your creed, to be with its God), the lost souls, yet locked in their polluted flesh, haunt, with worse than ghosts, the shadows of your churches, and the corners of your streets; and your weary children watch, with no memory of Jerusalem, and no hope of return from *their* captivity, the weltering to the sea of your Waters of Babylon.

LETTER XCII.

ASHESTIEL.

ABBOTSFORD, *September 26th*, 1883.

I CAN never hear the whispering and sighing of the Tweed among his pebbles, but it brings back to me the song of my nurse, as we used to cross by Coldstream Bridge, from the south, in our happy days.

“For Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
With her barefooted lassies, and mountains so blue.”

Those two possessions, you perceive, my poor Enryclea felt to be the chief wealth of Scotland, and meant the epithet ‘bare-footed’ to be one of praise.

In the two days that have passed since I this time crossed the Border, I have seen but one barefooted lassie, and she not willingly so,—but many high-heeled ones:—who willingly, if they might, would have been heeled yet higher. And perhaps few, even of better minded Scots maidens, remember, with any due admiration, that the greater part of Jeanie Deans’ walk to London was done barefoot, the days of such pilgrimage being now, in the hope of Scotland, for ever past; and she, by help of the high chimneys built beside Holyrood and Melrose, will henceforward obtain the beatitude of Antichrist,—Blessed be ye Rich.

Nevertheless, it is worthy of note that in the village where Bruce’s heart is buried, I could yesterday find no better map of Scotland than was purchaseable for a penny,—no clear sign, to my mind, either of the country’s vaster wealth, or more refined education. Still less that the spot of earth under which the king’s heart lies should be indicated to the curious observer by a small white ticket, pegged into the grass; which might at

first sight seem meant to mark the price of that piece of goods; and indeed, if one meditates a little on the matter, verily does so; this piece of pasteboard being nothing less than King Robert Bruce's monument and epitaph; and the devotional offering of Scotland in the nineteenth century, at his shrine. Economical, even in pasteboard, as compared with the lavish expenditure of that material by which the 'Scots wha hae,' etc., receive on all their paths of pilgrimage the recommendation of Colman's mustard.

So much, looking out on the hillside which Scott planted in his pride, and the garden he enclosed in the joy of his heart, I perceive to be the present outcome of his work in literature. Two small white tickets—one for the Bruce, the other for Michael Scott: manifold acreage of yellow tickets—for Colman's mustard. Thus may we measure the thirst for knowledge excited by modern Scottish religion, and satisfied by modern Scottish education.

WHITHORN, *October 3rd, 1883.*

As the sum of Sir Walter's work at Melrose, so here the sum of St. Ninian's at Candida Casa, may be set down in few and sorrowful words. I notice that the children of the race who now for fifteen hundred years have been taught in this place the Word of Christ, are divided broadly into two classes: one, very bright and trim, strongly and sensibly shod and dressed, satchel on shoulder, and going to or from school by railroad; walking away, after being deposited at the small stations, in a brisk and independent manner. But up and down the earthy Broadway between the desolate-looking houses which form the main street of Whithorn, as also in the space of open ground which borders the great weir and rapid of the Nith at Dumfries, I saw wistfully errant groups of altogether neglected children, barefoot enough, tattered in frock, begrimed in face, their pretty long hair wildly tangled or ruggedly matted, and the total bodies and spirits of them springing there by the wayside like its thistles,—with such care as Heaven gives to the herbs of the field,—and Heaven's Adversary to the seed on the Rock.

They are many of them Irish, the Pastor of Whithorn tells me,—the parents too poor to keep a priest, one coming over from Wigton sometimes for what ministration may be imperative. This the ending of St. Ninian's prayer and fast in his dark sandstone cave, filled with the hollow roar of Solway,—now that fifteen hundred years of Gospel times have come and gone.

This the end : but of what is it to be the beginning ? of what new Kingdom of Heaven are *these* children the nascent citizens ? To what Christ are these to be allowed to come for benediction, unforbidden ?

BRANTWOOD, *October 10th*, 1883.

The above two entries are all I could get written of things felt and seen during ten days in Scott's country, and St. Ninian's ; somewhat more I must set down before the impression fades. Not irrelevantly, for it is my instant object in these resumed letters to index and enforce what I have said hitherto on early education ; and while, of all countries, Scotland is that which presents the main questions relating to it in the clearest form, my personal knowledge and feelings enable me to arrange aught I have yet to say more easily with reference to the Scottish character than any other. Its analysis will enable me also to point out some specialties in the genius of Sir Walter, Burns, and Carlyle, which English readers cannot usually discern for themselves. I went into the Border country, just now, chiefly to see the house of Ashestiel : and this morning have re-read, with better insight, the chapter of Lockhart's life which gives account of the sheriff's settlement there ; in which chapter there is incidental notice of Mungo Park's last days in Scotland, to which I first pray my readers' close attention.

Mungo had been born in a cottage at Fowlsheils on the Yarrow, nearly opposite Newark Castle. He returns after his first African journey to his native cottage, where Scott visits him, and finds him on the banks of Yarrow, which in that place passes over ledges of rock, forming deep pools between them. Mungo is casting stone after stone into the pools,

measuring their depths by the time the bubbles take to rise, and thinking (as he presently tells Scott) of the way he used to sound the turbid African rivers. Meditating, his friend afterwards perceives, on further travel in the distant land.

With what motive, it is important for us to know. As a discoverer—as a missionary—or to escape from ennui? He is at that time practising as a physician among his own people. A more sacred calling cannot be;—by faithful missionary service more good could be done among fair Scotch laddies in a day, than among black Hamites in a lifetime;—of discovery, precious to all humanity, more might be made among the woods and rocks of Etrick than in the thousand leagues of desert between Atlas and red Edom. Why will he again leave his native stream?

It is clearly not mere baseness of petty vanity that moves him. There is no boastfulness in the man. “On one occasion,” says Scott, “the traveller communicated to him some very remarkable adventures which had befallen him in Africa, but which he had not recorded in his book.” On Scott’s asking the cause of this silence, Mungo answered that “in all cases where he had information to communicate, which he thought of importance to the public, he had stated the facts boldly, leaving it to his readers to give such credit to his statements as they might appear justly to deserve; but that he would not shock their faith, or render his travels more marvellous, by introducing circumstances which, however true, were of little or no moment, as they related solely to his own personal adventures and escapes.”

Clearly it is not vanity, of Alpine-club kind, that the Old Serpent is tempting this man with. But what then? “His thoughts had always continued to be haunted with Africa.” He told Scott that whenever he awoke suddenly in the night, he fancied himself still a prisoner in the tent of Ali; but when Scott expressed surprise that he should intend again to re-visit those scenes, he answered that he would rather brave Africa and all its horrors, than “*wear out his life in long and toilsome rides over the hills of Scotland, for which the*

remuneration was hardly enough to keep soul and body together."

I have italicized the whole sentence, for it is a terrific one. It signifies, if you look into it, almost total absence of the instinct of personal duty,—total absence of belief in the God who chose for him his cottage birthplace, and set him his life-task beside it;—absolute want of interest in his profession, of sense for natural beauty, and of compassion for the noblest poor of his native land. And, with these absences, there is the clear presence of the fatallest of the vices, Avarice,—in the exact form in which it was the ruin of Scott himself,—the love of money for the sake of worldly position.

I have purposely placed the instinct for natural beauty, and compassion for the poor, in the same breath of the sentence;—their relation, as I hope hereafter to show, is constant. And the *total* want of compassion, in its primary root of sympathy, is shown in its naked fearsomeness in the next sentence of the tale.

"Towards the end of the autumn, Park paid Scott a farewell visit, and slept at Ashestiel. Next morning his host accompanied him homewards over the wild chain of hills between the Tweed and the Yarrow. Park talked much of his new scheme, and mentioned his determination *to tell his family that he had some business for a day or two in Edinburgh, and send them his blessing from thence without returning to take leave.*" He had married not long before a pretty and amiable woman; and when they reached the Williamhope Ridge, "the autumnal mist floating heavily and slowly down the valley of the Yarrow" presented to Scott's imagination "a striking emblem of the troubled and uncertain prospect which his undertaking afforded." He remained however unshaken, and at length they reached the spot where they had agreed to separate. A small ditch divided the moor from the road, and in going over it, Park's horse stumbled and nearly fell.

"I am afraid, Mungo," said the sheriff, "that is a bad omen." To which he answered, smiling, "*Freits* (omens) follow those who look to them." With this expression Mungo

struck the spurs into his horse, and Scott never saw him again.

“Freits follow those who look to them.” Words absolutely true, (with their converse, that they cease to follow those who do *not* look to them;) of which truth I will ask the consenting reader to consider a little while.

He may perhaps think Mungo utters it in all wisdom, as already passing from the darkness and captivity of superstition into the marvellous light of secure Science and liberty of Thought. A wiser man, are we to hold Mungo, than Walter, —then? and wiser—how much more, than his forefathers?

I do not know on what authority Lockhart interprets “*freit*,” as only meaning ‘omen.’ In the Douglas glossary it means ‘aid,’ or ‘protection’; it is the word used by Jove, declaring that he will not give ‘*freit*’ from heaven either to Trojan or Rutulian; and I believe it always to have the sense of *serviceable* warning—protective, if watched and obeyed. I am not here concerned with the question how far such guidance has been, or is still, given to those who look for it; but I wish the reader to note that the form of Celtic intellect which rejected the ancient faith was certainly not a higher one than that which received it. And this I shall best show by taking the wider ground of enquiry, how far Scott’s own intellect was capable of such belief,—and whether in its strength or weakness.

In the analysis of his work, given in the ‘Nineteenth Century’ in ‘Fiction, Fair and Foul,’ I have accepted twelve novels as characteristic and essentially good,—naming them in the order of their production. These twelve were all written in twelve years, before he had been attacked by any illness; and of these, the first five exhibit the natural progress of his judgment and faith, in the prime years of his life, between the ages of forty-three and forty-eight.

In the first of them, ‘Waverley,’ the supernatural element is admitted with absolute frankness and simplicity, the death of Colonel Gardiner being foretold by the, at that time well attested, faculty of second sight,—and both the captivity and

death of Fergus McIvor by the personal phantom, hostile and fatal to his house.

In the second, 'Guy Mannering,' the supernatural warning is not allowed to reach the point of actual vision. It is given by the stars, and by the strains in the thread spun at the child's birth by his gipsy guardian.

In the third, 'The Antiquary,' the supernatural influence reduces itself merely to a feverish dream, and to the terror of the last words of Elspeth of the Craighburnfoot: "I'm coming, my leddy—the staircase is as mirk as a Yule midnight."

In the fourth, 'Old Mortality,' while Scott's utmost force is given to exhibit the self-deception of religious pride, imagining itself inspired of heaven, the idea of prophetic warning is admitted as a vague possibility, with little more of purpose than to exalt the fortitude of Claverhouse; and in the two last stories of his great time, 'Rob Roy,' and 'The Heart of Midlothian,' all suggestion whatever of the interference of any lower power than that of the Deity in the order of this world has been refused, and the circumstances of the tales are confined within the limits of absolute and known truth.

I am in the habit of placing 'The Heart of Midlothian' highest of all his works, because in this element of intellectual truth, it is the strictest and richest; because, being thus rigid in truth, it is also the most exalted in its conception of human character;—and lastly, because it is the clearest in acknowledgment of the overruling justice of God, even to the uttermost, visiting the sin of the fathers upon the children, and purifying the forgiven spirit without the remission of its punishment.

In the recognition of these sacred laws of life it stands alone among Scott's works, and may justly be called the greatest: yet the stern advance in moral purpose which it indicates is the natural consequence of the discipline of age—not the sign of increased mental faculty. The entire range of faculty, imaginative and analytic together, is unquestionably the highest when the sense of the supernatural is most distinct,—Scott is *all himself* only in 'Waverley' and the 'Lay.'

No line of modern poetry has been oftener quoted with thoughtless acceptance than Wordsworth's:

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

It is wholly untrue in the implied limitation; if life be led under heaven's law, the sense of heaven's nearness only deepens with advancing years, and is assured in death. But the saying is indeed true thus far, that in the dawn of virtuous life every enthusiasm and every perception may be trusted as of divine appointment; and the *maxima reverentia* is due not only to the innocence of children, but to their inspiration.

And it follows that through the ordinary course of mortal failure and misfortune, in the career of nations no less than of men, the error of their intellect, and the hardening of their hearts, may be accurately measured by their denial of spiritual power.

In the life of Scott, beyond comparison the greatest intellectual force manifested in Europe since Shakespeare, the lesson is given us with a clearness as sharp as the incision on a Greek vase. The very first mental effort for which he obtained praise was the passionate recitation of the passage in the 'Eneid,' in which the ghost of Hector appears to Eneas. And the deadliest sign of his own approaching death is in the form of incredulity which dictated to his weary hand the 'Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft.'

Here, for the present, I must leave the subject to your own thought,—only desiring you to notice, for general guidance, the gradations of impression on the feelings of men of strong and well-rounded intellect, by which fancy rises towards faith.

The lowest stage is that of wilfully grotesque fancy, which is recognized as false, yet dwelt upon with delight and finished with accuracy, as the symbol or parable of what is true.

Shakespeare's Puck, and the Dwarf Goblin of the 'Lay,' are precisely alike in this first level of the imagination. Shakespeare does not believe in Bottom's translation; neither does Scott that, when the boy Buccleugh passes the drawbridge with the dwarf, the sentinel only saw a terrier and lureher passing out. Yet both of them permit the fallacy, because they

acknowledge the Elfin power in nature, to make things, sometimes for good, sometimes for harm, seem what they are not. Nearly all the grotesque sculpture of the great ages, beginning with the Greek Chimæra, has this nascent form of Faith for its impulse.

II. The ghosts and witches of Shakespeare, and the Bodach Glas and White Lady of Scott, are expressions of real belief, more or less hesitating and obscure. Scott's worldliness makes him deny his convictions, and in the end effaces them. But Shakespeare remains sincerely honest in his assertion of the uncomprehended spiritual presence; with this further subtle expression of his knowledge of mankind, that he never permits a spirit to show itself but to men of the highest intellectual power. To Hamlet, to Brutus, to Macbeth, to Richard III.; but the royal Dane does not haunt his own murderer,—neither does Arthur, King John; neither Norfolk, King Richard II.; nor Tybalt, Romeo.

III. The faith of Horace in the spirit of the fountain of Brundisium, in the Faun of his hillside, and in the help of the greater gods, is constant, vital, and practical; yet in some degree still tractable by his imagination, as also that of the great poets and painters of Christian times. In Milton, the tractability is singular; he hews his gods out to his own fancy, and then believes in them; but in Giotto and Dante the art is always subjected to the true vision.

IV. The faith of the saints and prophets, rising into serenity of knowledge. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is a state of mind of which ordinary men cannot reason; but which in the practical power of it, has always governed the world, and must for ever. No dynamite will ever be invented that can rule;—it can but dissolve and destroy. Only the Word of God and the heart of man can govern.

I have been led far, but to the saving of future time, by the examination of the difference in believing power between the mind of Scott and his unhappy friend. I now take up my immediate subject of enquiry, the effect upon Scott's own mind of the natural scenery of the native land he loved so

dearly. His life, let me first point out to you, was, in all the joyful strength of it, spent in the valley of the Tweed. Edinburgh was his school, and his office; but his home was always by Tweedside: and more perfectly so, because in three several places during the three clauses of life. You must remember also the cottage at Lasswade for the first years of marriage, and Sandy Knowe for his childhood; but, allowing to Smalholm Tower and Roslin Glen whatever collateral influence they may rightly claim over the babe and the bridegroom, the constant influences of home remain divided strictly into the three æras at Rosebank, Ashestiel, and Abbotsford.

Rosebank, on the lower Tweed, gave him his close knowledge of the district of Flodden Field: and his store of foot-traveller's interest in every glen of Ettrick, Yarrow, and Liddel-water.

The vast tract of country to which these streams owe their power is composed of a finely-grained dark and hard sandstone, whose steep beds are uniformly and simultaneously raised into masses of upland, which nowhere present any rugged or broken masses of crag, like those of our Cumberland mountains, and are rarely steep enough anywhere to break the grass by weathering; a moderate shaly—or, rather, gritty—slope of two or three hundred feet opposite Ashestiel itself, being noticeable enough among the rounded monotony of general form, to receive the separate name of “the Slidders.” Towards the bottom of a dingle, here and there, a few feet of broken bank may show what the hills consist of; but the great waves of them rise against the horizon without a single peak, crest, or cleft to distinguish one from another, though in their true scale of mountain strength heaved into heights of 1,500 or 2,000 feet; and covering areas of three or four square leagues for each of the surges. The dark rock weathers easily into surface soil, which forms for the greater part good pasture, with interspersed patches of heath or peat, and, Liddesdaleway, rushy and sedgy moorland, good for little to man or beast.

Much rain falls over the whole district; but, for a great part of its falling time, in the softly-diffused form of Scotch

mist, absorbed invisibly by the grass soil; while even the heavier rain, having to deal with broad surfaces of serenely set rock, and finding no ravines in which it can concentrate force, nor any loose lighter soil to undermine, threads its way down to the greater glens in gradual and deliberate confluence, nobody can well see how; there are no Lodoes nor Bruar waters, still less Staubbachs or Giesbachs; unnoticed, by million upon million of feebly glistening streamlets, or stealthy and obscure springs, the cloudy dew descends towards the river, and the mysterious strength of its stately water rises or declines indeed, as the storm impends or passes away; yet flows for ever with a serenity of power unknown to the shores of all other mountain lands.

And the more wonderful, because the uniformity of the hill-substance renders the *slope* of the river as steady as its supply. In all other mountain channels known to me, the course of the current is here open, and there narrow—sometimes pausing in extents of marsh cord lake, sometimes furious in rapids, precipitate in cataracts, or lost in subterranean caves. But the classic Scottish streams have had their beds laid for them, ages and ages ago, in vast accumulations of rolled shingle, which, occupying the floor of the valleys from side to side in apparent level, yet subdue themselves with a steady fall towards the sea.

As I drove from Abbotsford to Avestiel, Tweed and Ettrick were both in flood; not dun nor wrathful, but in the clear fulness of their perfect strength; and from the bridge of Ettrick I saw the two streams join, and the Tweed for miles down the vale, and the Ettrick for miles up among his hills,—each of them, in the multitude of their windless waves, a march of infinite light, dazzling,—interminable,—intervals indeed with eddies of shadow, but, for the most part, gliding paths of sunshine, far-swept beside the green glow of their level inches, the blessing of them, and the guard:—the stately moving of the many waters, more peaceful than their calm, only mighty, their rippled spaces fixed like orient clouds, their pools of pausing current binding the silver edges with a gloom

of amber and gold; and all along their shore, beyond the sward, and the murmurous shingle, processions of dark forest, in strange majesty of sweet order, and unwounded grace of glorious age.

The house of Ashestiel itself is only three or four miles above this junction of Tweed and Etrick.* It has been sorrowfully changed since Sir Walter's death, but the essential make and set of the former building can still be traced. There is more excuse for Scott's flitting to Abbotsford than I had guessed, for *this* house stands, conscious of the river rather than commanding it, on a brow of meadowy bank, falling so steeply to the water that nothing can be seen of it from the windows. Beyond, the pasture-land rises steep three or four hundred feet against the northern sky, while behind the house, south and east, the moorlands lift themselves in gradual distance to still greater height, so that virtually neither sunrise nor sunset can be seen from the deep-nested dwelling. A tricklet of stream wavers to and fro down to it from the moor, through a grove of entirely natural wood,—oak, birch, and ash, fantastic and bewildering, but nowhere gloomy or decayed, and carpeted with anemone. Between this wild avenue and the house, the old garden remains as it used to be, large, gracious, and tranquil; its high walls swept round it in a curving line like a war rampart, following the ground; the fruit-trees, trained a century since, now with grey trunks a foot wide, flattened to the wall like sheets of crag; the strong bars of their living trellis charged, when I saw them, with clusters of green-gage, soft bloomed into gold and blue; and of orange-pink magnum bonum, and crowds of ponderous pear, countless as leaves. Some open space of grass and path, now all re-designed for modern needs, must always have divided the garden from what was properly the front of the house, where the main entrance is now, between advanced wings, of which only the westward one is of Sir Walter's

* I owe to the courtesy of Dr. Matthews Duncan the privilege of quiet sight both of the house and its surroundings.

time: its ground-floor being the drawing-room, with his own bedroom of equal size above, cheerful and luminous both, enfiling the house front with their large side windows, which commanded the sweep of Tweed down the valley, and some high masses of Ettrick Forest beyond, this view being now mostly shut off by the opposite wing, added for symmetry! But Sir Walter saw it fair through the morning clouds when he rose, holding himself, nevertheless, altogether regardless of it, when once at work. At Ashestiel and Abbotsford alike, his work-room is strictly a writing-office, what windows they have being designed to admit the needful light, with an extremely narrow vista of the external world. Courtyard at Abbotsford, and bank of young wood beyond: nothing at Ashestiel but the green turf of the opposite fells with the sun on it, if sun there were, and silvery specks of passing sheep.

The room itself, Scott's true 'memorial' if the Scotch people had heart enough to know him, or remember, is a small parlour on the ground-floor of the north side of the house, some twelve feet deep by eleven wide; the single window little more than four feet square, or rather four feet *cube*, above the desk, which is set in the recess of the mossy wall, the light thus entering in front of the writer, and reflected a little from each side. This window is set to the left in the end wall, leaving a breadth of some five feet or a little more on the fireplace side, where now, brought here from Abbotsford, stands the garden chair of the last days.

Contentedly, in such space and splendour of domicile, the three great poems were written, 'Waverley' begun; and all the make and tenure of his mind confirmed, as it was to remain, or revive, through after time of vanity, trouble, and decay.

A small chamber, with a fair world outside:—such are the conditions, as far as I know or can gather, of all greatest and best mental work. At heart, the monastery cell always, changed sometimes, for special need, into the prison cell. But, as I meditate more and more closely what reply I may safely make to the now eagerly pressed questioning of my faithful scholars, what books I would have them read, I find the first

broadly-swept definition may be—Books written in the country. None worth spending time on, and few that are quite safe to touch, have been written in towns.

And my next narrowing definition would be, Books that have good music in them,—that are rightly-rhythmic: a definition which includes the delicacy of perfect prose, such as Scott's; and which *excludes* at once a great deal of modern poetry, in which a dislocated and convulsed versification has been imposed on the ear in the attempt to express uneven temper, and unprincipled feeling.

By unprincipled feeling, I mean whatever part of passion the writer does not clearly discern for right or wrong, and concerning which he betrays the reader's moral judgment into false sympathy or compassion. No really great writer ever does so: neither Scott, Burns, nor Byron ever waver for an instant, any more than Shakespeare himself, in their estimate of what is fit and honest, or harmful and base. Scott always punishes even error, how much more fault, to the uttermost; nor does Byron, in his most defiant and mocking moods, ever utter a syllable that defames virtue, or disguises sin.

In looking back to my former statement in the third volume of 'Modern Painters,' of the influence of natural scenery on these three men, I was unjust both to it and to them, in my fear of speaking too favourably of passions with which I had myself so strong personal sympathy. Recent Vandalism has taught me, too cruelly, and too late, the moral value of such scenes as those in which I was brought up; and given it me, for my duty to the future to teach the Love of the fair Universe around us, as the beginning of Piety, and the end of Learning.

The reader may be interested in comparing with the description in the text, Scott's first fragmentary stanzas relating to the sources of the Tweed. Lockhart, vol. i., p. 314.

" Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,
And pensive mark the lingering snow
In all his scaurs abide,

And slow dissolving from the hill
In many a sightless soundless rill,
Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.

“ Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,
As wimpling to the eastern sea
She seeks Till's sullen bed,
Indenting deep the fatal plain,
Where Scotland's noblest, brave in vain,
Around their monarch bled.

“ And westward hills on hills you see,
Even as old Ocean's mightiest sea
Heaves high her waves of foam,
Dark and snow-ridged from Cutsfeld's wold
To the proud foot of Cheviot roll'd,
Earth's mountain billows come.”



LETTER XCIII.

INVOCATION.

My Christmas letter, which I have extreme satisfaction in trusting this little lady to present to you, comes first to wish the St. George's Company, and all honest men, as merry a Christmas as they can make up their minds to; (though, under present circumstances, the merriment, it seems to me, should be temperate, and the feasting moderate,)—and in the second place, to assure the St. George's Company both of its own existence, and its Master's, which, without any extreme refinement of metaphysics, the said Company might well begin to have some doubt of—seeing that there has been no report made of its business, nor record of its additional members, nor catalogue of its additional properties, given since the—I don't know what day of—I don't know what year.

I am not going to ask pardon any more for these administrative defects, or mysterious silences, because, so far as they are results of my own carelessness or procrastination, they are unpardonable; and so far as they might deserve indulgence if explained, it could only be justified by the details, otherwise useless, of difficulty or disappointment in which more than one of our members have had their share—and of which *their* explanations might sometimes take a different shape from

mine. Several have left us, whose secession grieved me; one or two, with my full consent. Others, on the contrary, have been working with their whole hearts and minds, while the Master was too ill to take note of their labour: and, owing, I believe, chiefly to that unpraised zeal, but in a measure also to the wider reading and better understanding of *Fors* itself, new members are rapidly joining us, and, I think, all are at present animated with better and more definite hope than heretofore.

The accounts of the Company,—which, instead of encumbering *Fors*, as they used to do, it seems to me now well to print in a separate form, to be presented to the Companions with the recommendation not to read it, but to be freely purchaseable by the public who may be curious in literature of that kind,—do not, in their present aspect, furnish a wide basis for the confidence I have just stated to be increasing. But, in these days, that we are entirely solvent, and cannot be otherwise, since it is our principal law of business never to buy anything till we have got the money to pay for it,—that whatever we have bought, we keep, and don't try to make a bad bargain good by swindling anybody else,—that, at all events, a certain quantity of the things purchased on such terms are found to be extremely useful and agreeable possessions by a daily increasing number of students, readers, and spectators, at Sheffield and elsewhere,—and that we have at this Christmas-time of 1883 £4,000 and some odd hundreds of stock, with, besides the lands and tenements specified in my last report, conditional promise of a new and better site for the St. George's Museum at Sheffield, and of £5,000 to begin the building thereof,—these various facts and considerations do, I think, sufficiently justify the Companions of St. George in sitting down peaceful-minded, so far as regards their business matters, to their Christmas cheer; and perhaps also the Master in calling with confidence on all kind souls whom his words may reach, to augment the hitherto narrow fellowship.

Of whose nature, I must try to sum in this *Fors* what I have had often to repeat in private letters.

First, that the St. George's Guild is not a merely sentimental association of persons who want sympathy in the general endeavour to do good. It is a body constituted for a special purpose: that of buying land, holding it inviolably, cultivating it properly, and bringing up on it as many honest people as it will feed. It means, therefore, the continual, however slow, accumulation of landed property, and the authoritative management of the same; and every new member joining it shares all rights in that property, and has a vote for the re-election or deposition of its Master. Now, it would be entirely unjust to the Members who have contributed to the purchase of our lands, or of such funds and objects of value as we require for the support and education of the persons living on them, if the Master allowed the entrance of Members who would have equal control over the Society's property, without contributing to it. Nevertheless, I sometimes receive Companions whose temper and qualities I like, though they may be unable to help us with money, (otherwise it might be thought people had to pay for entrance,) but I can't see why there should not be plenty of people in England both able and willing to help us; whom I once more very solemnly call upon to do so, as thereby exercising the quite healthiest and straightfowardest power of Charity. They can't make the London or Paris landlords emancipate *their* poor, (even if it were according to sound law to make such an endeavour). But they can perfectly well become landlords themselves, and emancipate their *own*.

And I beg the readers alike, and the despisers of my former pleadings in this matter, to observe that all the recent agitation of the public mind, concerning the dwellings of the poor, is merely the sudden and febrile, (Heaven be thanked, though, for such fever!) recognition of the things which I have been these twenty years trying to get recognized, and reiterating description and lamentation of—even to the actual printing of my pages blood-red—to try if I could catch the eye at least, when I could not the ear or the heart. In my index, under the head of 'Misery,' I know not yet what accumulation of

witness may be gathered,—but let the reader think, now, only what the single sentence meant which I quoted from the *Evening News* in the last *Fors* I wrote before my great illness (vol. viii., p. 49), “The mother got impatient, *thrust the child into the snow*, and hurried on—not looking back.” There is a Christmas card, with a picture of English ‘nativity’ for you—O suddenly awakened friends! And again, take this picture of what Mr. Tenniel calls John Bull guarding his Pudding, authentic from the iron-works of Tredegar, 11th February, 1878 (vol. viii., p. 59): “For several months the average earnings have been six shillings a week, and out of that they have to pay for *coal*, and *house rent* and other expenses, (the rent-collector never out of *his* work), leaving very little for food or clothing. In my district there are a hundred and thirty families in distress; they have nothing but rags to cover them by day, and very little beside that wearing apparel to cover them on their beds at night,—they have sold or pawned their furniture, and everything for which they could obtain the smallest sum of money; many of them are some days every week without anything to eat,—and with nothing but water to drink”—and *that* poisoned, probably.

Was not this, the last message I was able to bring to John Bull concerning his Pudding, enough to make him think how he might guard it better? But on first recovery of my power of speech, was not the news I brought of the state of La Belle France worth *her* taking to thought also?—“In a room two yards and a half broad by four yards and three-quarters long, a husband, wife, and four children, of whom two were dead two months afterwards,—of those left, the eldest daughter ‘had still the strength to smile.’ Hunger had reduced this child, who would have been beautiful, nearly to the state of a skeleton.” (*Fors*, Letter 88, p. 71, and see the sequel.)

And the double and treble horror of all this, note you well, is that, not only the tennis-playing and railroad-flying public trip round the outskirts of it, and whirl over the roofs of it,—blind and deaf; but that the persons interested in the main-

tenance of it have now a whole embodied Devil's militia of base littérateurs in their bound service;—the worst form of serfs that ever human souls sank into—partly conscious of their lying, partly, by dint of daily repetition, believing in their own babble, and totally occupied in every journal and penny magazine all over the world, in declaring this present state of the poor to be glorious and enviable, as compared with the poor that have been. In which continual pother of parroquet lie, and desperately feigned defence of all things damnable, this nineteenth century stutters and shrieks alone in the story of mankind. Whatever men did before now, of fearful or fatal, they did openly. Attila does not say his horse-hoof is of velvet. Ezzelin deigns no disguise of his Paduan massacre. Prince Karl of Austria fires his red-hot balls in the top of daylight, “at stroke of noon, on the shingle roofs of the weavers of Zittau in dry July, ten thousand innocent souls shrieking in vain to Heaven and Earth, and before sunset Zittau is ashes and red-hot walls,—not Zittau, but a cinder-heap,”*—but Prince Karl never says it was the best thing that could have been done for the weavers of Zittau,—and that all charitable men hereafter are to do the like for all weavers, if feasible. But your nineteenth century prince of shams and shambles, sells for his own behoof the blood and ashes, preaches, with his steam-throat, the gospel of gain from ruin, as the only true and only Divine, and fills at the same instant the air with his darkness, the earth with his cruelty, the waters with his filth, and the hearts of men with his lies.

Of which the primary and all-pestilentiallest is the one formalized now into wide European faith by political economists, and bruited about, too, by frantic clergymen! that you are not to give alms, (any more than you are to fast, or pray),—that you are to benefit the poor entirely by your own eating and drinking, and that it is their glory and eternal praise to fill your pockets and stomach,—and themselves die, and be thankful. Concerning which falsehood, observe, whether you be

* *Friedrich*, v. 124.

Christian or not, *this* unquestionable mark it has of infinite horror, that the persons who utter it have themselves lost their *joy* in giving—cannot conceive that strange form of practical human felicity—it is more ‘blessed’ (not *benedictum*, but *beatum*) to give than to receive—and that the entire practical life and delight of a ‘lady’ is to be a ‘loaf-giver,’ as of a lord to be a land-giver. It is a degradation—forsooth—for your neighbour’s child to receive a loaf, and you are pained in giving it one; your own children are not degraded in receiving their breakfast, are they? and you still have some satisfaction of a charitable nature in seeing *them* eat it? It is a degradation to a bedridden pauper to get a blanket from the Queen! how, then, shall the next bedded bride of May Fair boast of the carcanet from her?

Now, therefore, my good Companions of the Guild,—all that are, and Companions all, that are to be,—understand this, now and evermore, that you come forward to be Givers, not Receivers, in this human world: that you are to *give* your time, your thoughts, your labour, and the reward of your labour, so far as you can spare it, for the help of the poor and the needy, (they are not the same personages, mind: the ‘poor’ are in constant, healthy, and accepted relations to you,—the needy, in conditions requiring change); and observe, in the second place, that you are to work, so far as circumstances admit of your doing so, with your own hands, in the production of substantial means of life—food, clothes, house, or fire—and that *only by such* labour can you either make your own living, or anybody else’s. One of our lately admitted Companions wrote joyfully and proudly to me the other day that she was ‘making her own living,’ meaning that she was no burden to her family, but supported herself by teaching. To whom I answered,—and be the answer now generally understood by all our Companions,—that *nobody* can live by teaching, any more than by learning: that both teaching and learning are proper duties of human life, or pleasures of it, but have nothing whatever to do with the support of it.

Food can only be got out of the ground, or the air, or the

sea. What you have done in fishing, fowling, digging, sowing, watering, reaping, milling, shepherding, shearing, spinning, weaving, building, carpentering, slating, coal-carrying, cooking, costermongering, and the like,—that is St. George's *work*, and means of power. All the rest is St. George's play, or his devotion—not his labour.

And the main message St. George brings to you is that *you* will not be degraded by this work nor saddened by it,—*you*, who in righteous will and modest resignation, take it upon you for your servant-yoke, as true servants, no less than children, of your Father in Heaven; but, so far as it *does* mean an acknowledgment that you are not better than the poor, and are content to share their lowliness in that humility, you enter into the very soul and innermost good of sacred monastic life, and have the loveliness and sanctity of it, without the sorrow or the danger; separating yourselves from the world and the flesh, only in their sin and in their pain. Nor, so far as the praise of men may be good and helpful to you, and, above all, good for *them* to give you, will it ever be wanting. Do you yourself—even if you are one of these who glory in idleness—think less of Florentine Ida because she is a working girl? or esteem the feeling in which “everybody called her ‘Signora’” less honourable than the crowd's stare at my lady in her carriage?

But above all, you separate yourself from the world in its sorrow. There are no chagrins so venomous as the chagrins of the idle; there are no pangs so sickening as the satieties of pleasure. Nay, the bitterest and most enduring sorrow may be borne through the burden and heat of day bravely to the due time of death, by a true worker. And, indeed, it is this very dayspring and fount of peace in the bosoms of the labouring poor which has till now rendered their oppression possible. Only the idle among *them* revolt against their state;—the brave workers die passively, young and old—and make no sign. It is for you to pity them, for you to stand with them, for you to cherish, and save.

And be sure there are thousands upon thousands already

leading such life—who are joined in no recognized fellowship, but each in their own place doing happy service to all men. Read this piece of a friend's letter, received only a day or two since, while I was just thinking what plainest examples I could give you from real life.

“I have just returned from W——, where I lived in a house of which the master was a distributor of sacks of grain, in the service of a dealer in grain, while his two daughters did, one of them the whole work of the house, including attendance on the old mother who was past work, and the other the managing of a little shop in the village,—work, with all” (father and daughters) “beginning at five a.m. I was there for some months, and was perfectly dealt with, and never saw a fault. What I wanted to tell you was that the daughter, who was an admirable cook, was conversant with her poets, quoted Wordsworth and Burns, when I led her that way, and knew all about Brantwood, as she had carefully treasured an account of it from an old Art Journal.”

‘*Perfectly dealt with.*’ Think what praise is in those three words!—what straightforward understanding, on both sides, of true hospitality! Think, (for one of the modes of life quickest open to you—and serviceablest,)—what roadside-inns might be kept by a true Gaius and Gaia! You have perhaps held it—in far back *Fors* one of my wildest sayings, that every village should have, as a Holy Church at one end, a Holy Tavern at the other! I will better the saying now by adding—“they may be side by side, if you will.” And then you will have entered into another mystery of monastic life, as you shall see by the plan given of a Cistercian Monastery in the second forthcoming number of *Valle Crucis*—where, appointed in its due place with the Church, the Scriptorium and the school, is the Hospitium for entertaining strangers unawares. And why not awares also? Judge what the delight of travelling would be, for nice travellers, (read the word ‘nice’ in any sense you will)—if at every village there were a Blue

Boar, or a Green Dragon, or Silver Swan*—with Mark Tapley of the Dragon for Ostler—and Boots of the Swan for Boots—and Mrs. Lupin or Mrs. Lirriper for Hostess—only trained at Girton in all that becomes a Hostess in the nineteenth century! Gentle girl-readers mine, is it any excess of Christianity in you, do you think, that makes you shrink from the notion of being such an one, instead of the Curate's wife?

My time fails me—my thoughts how much more—in trying to imagine what this sweet world will be, when the meek inherit it indeed, and the lowliness of *every* faithful handmaiden has been regarded of her Lord. For the day *will* come, the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever. Not by might, nor by power, but by His Spirit—the meek shall He guide in judgment, and the meek shall He teach His way.

* “And should I once again, as once I may,
 Visit Martigny, I will not forget
 Thy hospitable roof, Marguerite de Tours,
 Thy sign the Silver Swan. Heaven prosper thee.”

(ROGERS'S *Italy*.)

In my schools at Oxford I have placed, with Mr. Ward's beautiful copy of Turner's vignette of the old Cygne, at Martigny, my own early drawing of the corridor of its neighbour inn 'La Poste,'—once itself a convent.

CHRISTMAS POSTSCRIPT.

IN the following alphabetical list of our present Companions, I have included only those who, I believe, will not blame me for giving their names in full,* and in whose future adherence and support I have entire trust; for, although some of them have only lately joined us, they have done so, I think, with clearer knowledge of the nature and working of the Guild than many former Companions who for various causes have seen good to withdraw. But some names of members may be omitted, owing to the scattered registry of them while I was travelling, or perhaps forgotten registry during my illnesses. I trust that in the better hope and more steady attention which I am now able to bring to the duties of the Mastership, the list may soon be accurately completed, and widely enlarged. One Companion, ours no more, sends you, I doubt not, Christmas greeting from her Home,—FLORENCE BENNETT. Of her help to us during her pure brief life, and afterwards, by her father's fulfilment of her last wishes, you shall hear at another time.

*ADA HARTNELL.

ALBERT FLEMING.

ALICE KNIGHT.

*ANNIE SOMERSCALES.

*BLANCHE ATKINSON.

DAVID CAMPBELL.

*DORA LEES.

DORA THOMAS.

EDITH HOPE SCOTT.

EDITH IRVINE.

*EGBERT RYDINGS.

*ELIZABETH BARNARD.

EMILIE SISSISON.

EMMELINE MILLER.

ERNEST MILLER.

*FANNY TALBOT.

FERDINAND BLADON.

*FRANCES COLENZO.

*GEORGE ALLEN.

GEORGE NEWLANDS.

GRACE ALLEN.

HELEN ORMEROD.

*HENRIETTA CAREY.

*HENRY LARKIN.

* I only give the first Christian name, for simplicity's sake, unless the second be an indication of family.

HENRY LUXMORE.	*REBECCA ROBERTS.
HENRY WARD.	*ROBERT SOMERVILLE.
JAMES GILL.	SARAH THOMAS.
*JOHN FOWLER.	*SILVANUS WILKINS.
*JOHN MORGAN.	*SUSAN BEEVER.
*JULIA FIRTH.	WILLIAM MONK.
KATHLEEN MARTIN.	*WILLIAM SHARMAN.
MARGARET COX.	*WILLIAM SMITHERS.
MAUD BATEMAN.	

The names marked with a star were on the original roll of the Guild, when it consisted of only thirty-two Members and the Master.



LETTER XCIV.

RETROSPECT.

BRANTWOOD, 31st December, 1883.

It is a provoking sort of fault in our English language, that while one says defect, defection, and defective; retrospect, retrospection, and retrospective, etc.,—one says prospect and prospective, but not prospection; respect and respective, but not respection; perspective, but not perspect, nor perspection; præfect, but not præfection; and refection, but not reflect,—with a quite different manner of difference in the uses of each admitted, or reasons for refusal of each refused, form, in every instance: and therefore I am obliged to warn my readers that I don't mean the above title of this last 'Fors' of 1883 to be substantive, but participle;—that is to say, I don't mean that this letter will be *a* retrospect, or back-prospect, of all 'Forses' that have been; but that it will be in its own tenor, and to a limited distance, *Retrospective*: only I cut the 'ive' from the end of the word, because I want the retrospection to be complete as far as it reaches.

Namely, of the essential contents of the new series of 'Fors' up to the date of this letter; and in connection with them, of the First letter, the Seventeenth, and the Fiftieth, of the preceding series.

I will begin with the seventeenth letter; which bears directly on the school plan given in my report for this year. It will be seen that I struck out in that plan the three R's from among the things promised to be taught, and I wrote privately with some indignation to the Companion who had ventured to promise them, asking her whether she had never read this seventeenth letter; to which she answered that 'inspectors of schools' now required the three R's imperatively,—to which I again answered, with indignation at high pressure, that ten millions of inspectors of schools collected on Cader Idris should not make me teach in my schools, come to them who liked, a single thing I did not choose to.

And I do not choose to teach (as usually understood) the three R's; first, because, as I *do* choose to teach the elements of music, astronomy, botany, and zoology, not only the mistresses and masters capable of teaching these should not waste their time on the three R's; but the children themselves would have no time to spare, nor should they have. If their fathers and mothers can read and count, *they* are the people to teach reading and numbering, to earliest intelligent infancy. For orphans, or children whose fathers and mothers can't read or count, dame schools in every village (best in the almshouses, where there might be dames enow) are all that is wanted.

Secondly. I do not care that St. George's children, as a rule, should learn either reading or writing, because there are very few people in this world who get any good by either. Broadly and practically, whatever foolish people *read*, does *them* harm, and whatever they *write*, does other people harm: (see my notes on NARRS in general, and my own Narr friend in particular, 'Fors,' Vol. V., page 78,) and nothing can ever prevent this, for a fool attracts folly as decayed meat attracts flies, and distils and assimilates it, no matter out of what book;—he can get as

much out of the Bible as any other, though of course he or she usually reads only newspaper or novel.*

But thirdly. Even with children of good average sense,—see, for example, what happened in our own Coniston school, only the other day. I went in by chance during the hour for arithmetic; and, inserting myself on the nearest bench, learned, with the rest of the class, how much seven-and-twenty pounds

* Just think, for instance, of the flood of human idiotism that spent a couple of years or so of its life in writing, printing, and reading the Tichborne trial,—the whole of that vital energy and time being not only direct loss, but loss in loathsome thoughts and vulgar inquisitiveness. Had it been spent in pure silence, and prison darkness, how much better for all those creatures' souls and eyes! But, if they had been unable to read or write, and made good sailors or woodcutters, they might, instead, have prevented two-thirds of the shipwrecks on our own coast, or made a pestilential province healthy on Ganges or Amazon.

Then think farther—though which of us by any thinking can take measure?—of the pestilence of popular literature, as we perceive it now accommodating itself to the tastes of an enlightened people, in chopping up its formerly loved authors—now too hard for its understanding, and too pure for its appetite—into crammed sausages, or blood-puddings swiftly gorgable. Think of Miss Braddon's greasy mince-pie of Scott!—and buy, for subject of awed meditation, 'No. 1, One penny, complete in itself' (published by Henry Vickers, 317, Strand), the Story of Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens,—re arranged and sublimed into Elixir of Dickens, and Otto of Oliver, and bottled in the following series of aromatic chapters, headed thus:—

- | | | |
|-------|-------|--------------------------------|
| Chap. | I. | At the Mercy of the Parish. |
| " | II. | In the Clutches of the Beadle. |
| " | III. | Among the Coffins. |
| " | IV. | Among Thieves. |
| " | V. | Fagin the Jew. |
| " | VI. | Before the 'Beak.' |
| " | VII. | Bill Sikes. |
| " | VIII. | Nancy. |
| " | IX. | Nancy Carries on. |
| " | X. | The Burglary Planned. |
| " | XI. | The Burglary. |
| " | XII. | A Mysterious Stranger. |
| " | XIII. | The Murdered Girl. |
| " | XIV. | The Murderer's Flight. |
| " | XV. | The Murderer's Death. |
| " | XVI. | The Jew's Last Night Alive. |

of bacon would come to at ninepence farthing a pound, with sundry the like marvellous consequences of the laws of number; until, feeling myself a little shy in remaining always, though undetectedly, at the bottom of the class, I begged the master to let us all rest a little; and in this breathing interval, taking a sovereign out of my pocket, asked the children if they had ever been shown the Queen's Arms on it?

(Unanimous silence.)

"At any rate, you know what the Queen's Arms *are?*"
(Not a whisper.)

"What! a roomful of English boys and girls, and nobody know what the Queen's or the King's Arms are—the Arms of England?" (Mouths mostly a little open, but with no purpose of speech. Eyes also, without any immediate object of sight.)

"Do you not even remember seeing such a thing as a harp on them?" (Fixed attention,—no response.) "Nor a lion on his hind legs? Nor three little beasts running in each corner?" (Attention dissolving into bewilderment.)

"Well, next time I come, mind, you must be able to tell me all about it;—here's the sovereign to look at, and when you've learnt it, you may divide it—if you can. How many of you are there here to-day?" (Sum in addition, taking more time than usual, owing to the difficulty of getting the figures to stand still. It is established finally that there are thirty-five.)

"And how many pence in a sovereign?" (Answer instantaneous and vociferous.)

"And thirty-fives in two hundred and forty?" (All of us at pause. The master comes to the rescue, and recommends us to try thirties instead of thirty-fives.)

"It seems, then, if five of you will stand out, the rest can have eightpence apiece. Which of you will stand out?"

And I left *that* question for them to resolve at their leisure, seeing that it contained the essence of an examination in matters very much higher than arithmetic.

And now, suppose that there were any squire's sons or daughters down here, for Christmas, from Christchurch or Girtton, who could and would accurately and explicitly tell these

children "all about" the Queen's Arms: what the Irish harp meant, and what a bard was, and ought to be;—what the Scottish Lion meant, and how he got caged by the tressure of Charlemagne,* and who Charlemagne was;—what the English leopards meant, and who the Black Prince was, and how he reigned in Aquitaine,—would not this all be more useful, in all true senses, to the children, than being able, in two seconds quicker than children outside, to say how much twenty-seven pounds of bacon comes to at ninepence farthing a pound? And if then they could be shown, on a map, without any railroads on it,—where Aquitaine was, and Poitiers, and where Picardy, and Crecy, would it not, for children who are likely to pass their lives in Comiston, be more entertaining and more profitable than to learn where "New Orleans" is, (without any new Joan to be named from it), or New Jerusalem, without any new life to be lived in it?

Fourthly. Not only do the arts of literature and arithmetic continually hinder children in the *acquisition* of ideas,—but they are apt greatly to confuse and encumber the *memory* of them. Read now, with renewed care, Plato's lovely parable of Theuth and the King of Egypt (vol. i., p. 201), and observe the sentences I translated, though too feebly. "It is not medicine (to give the power) of divine memory, but a quack's drug for memorandum, leaving the memory idle." I myself, for instance, have written down memoranda of many skies, but have forgotten the skies themselves. Turner wrote nothing,—but remembered all. And this is much more true of things that depend for their beauty on sound and accent; for in the present fury of printing, bad verses, that could not be *heard* without disgust, are continually printed and read as if there was nothing wrong in them; while all the best powers of minstrel, bard and troubadour depended on the memory and voice, as distinct from writing.† All which was perfectly known to wise men ages ago, and it is continually intimated

* See "Fors," Letter XXV., pp. 9, 10.

† See lives of Beatrice and Lucia, in the first number of 'Roadside Songs of Tuscany.'

in the different forms which the myth of Hermes takes, from this Ibis Theuth of Egypt down to Correggio's most perfect picture of Mercury teaching Cupid to read;—where, if you will look at the picture wisely, you see that it really ought to be called, *Mercury trying, and failing*,* to teach Cupid to read! For, indeed, from the beginning and to the end of time, Love reads without letters, and counts without arithmetic.

But, lastly and chiefly, the personal conceit and ambition developed by reading, in minds of selfish activity, lead to the disdain of manual labour, and the desire of all sorts of unattainable things, and fill the streets with discontented and useless persons, seeking some means of living in town society by their wits. I need not enlarge on this head; every reader's experience must avow the extent and increasing plague of this fermenting imbecility, striving to make for itself what it calls a 'position in life.'

In sight, and thought of all these sources of evil in our present staples of education, I drew out the scheme of schooling, which incidentally and partially defined in various passages of 'Fors' (see mainly Letter LXVII., Vol. VI., page 150), I now sum as follows.

Every parish school to have garden, playground, and cultivable land round it, or belonging to it, spacious enough to employ the scholars in fine weather mostly out of doors.

Attached to the building, a children's library, in which the scholars who *care* to read may learn that art as deftly as they like, by themselves, helping each other without troubling the master;—a sufficient laboratory always, in which shall be specimens of all common elements of natural substances, and where simple chemical, optical, and pneumatic experiments may be shown; and according to the size and importance of the school, attached workshops, many or few,—but always a carpenter's, and first of those added in the better schools, a potter's.

* Sir Joshua, with less refinement, gives the same meaning to the myth, in his picture of Cupid pouting and recusant, on being required to decipher the word, "pinmoney."

In the school itself, the things taught will be music, geometry, astronomy, botany, zoology, to all; drawing, and history, to children who have gift for either. And finally, to all children of whatever gift, grade, or age, the laws of Honour, the habit of Truth, the Virtue of Humility, and the Happiness of Love.

I say, the "virtue of Humility," as including all the habits of Obedience and instincts of Reverence which are dwelt on throughout 'Fors,' and all my other books*—but the things included are of course the primary ones to be taught, and the thirteenth Aphorism of that sixty-seventh letter cannot be too often repeated, that "Moral education begins in making the creature we have to educate, clean, and obedient." In after time, this "virtue of humility" is to be taught to a child chiefly by gentleness to its failures, showing it that by reason of its narrow powers, it cannot *but* fail. I have seen my old clerical master, the Rev. Thomas Dale, beating his son Tom hard over the head with the edge of a grammar, because Tom could not construe a Latin verse, when the rev. gentleman ought only with extreme tenderness and pitifulness to have explained to Tom that—he wasn't Thomas the Rhymer.

For the definitely contrary cultivation of the vice of Pride, compare the education of Steerforth by Mr. Creakle. ('David Copperfield,' chap. vi.)

But it is to be remembered that humility can only be truly, and therefore only effectively taught, when the master is swift to recognize the special faculties of children, no less than their weaknesses, and that it is his quite highest and most noble

* Compare especially 'Crown of Wild Olive,' p. 122. I repeat emphatically the opening sentence—"Educate, or Govern,—they are one and the same word. Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know—it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth of England the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls,—by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise,—but above all, by example."

function to discern these, and prevent their discouragement or effacement in the vulgar press for a common prize. See the beautiful story of little George, 'Friends in Council.'

Next, as to writing. A certain kind of writing, which will take from half an hour to an hour for a line, will indeed be taught—as long ago promised, in St. George's schools; examples being given of the manner of it at p. 188 of Letter XVI., and Vol. VI., p. 79; but, so far from qualifying the pupil for immediately taking a lucrative clerkship in a Government office, or a county banking-house, or a solicitor's ante-room, the entire aim of our training will be to *disqualify* him, for ever, from writing with any degree of current speed; and especially from producing any such aescrography, (as everybody writes Greek-English nowadays, I use this term in order more clearly to explain myself,) as the entry in my own Banker's book facsimiled at p. 10, Vol. VI., and the 'Dec.' for December here fac-

similed from a London tradesman's bill just sent in, *Wlee*, or the ornamental R engrossed on my Father's executor's articles of release, engraved at p. 184 of Letter XVI.; but to compel him, on the contrary, to write whatever words deserve to be written in the most perfect and graceful and legible manner possible to his hand.

And in this resolution, stated long since, I am now more fixed than ever; having had much experience lately of handwriting, and finding, first, that the scholar who among my friends does the *most* as well as the best work, writes the most deliberately beautiful hand: and that all the hands of sensible people agree in being merely a reduction of good print to a form producible by the steady motion of a pen, and are therefore always round, and extremely upright, becoming more or less picturesque according to the humour of the writer, but never slurred into any unbecoming speed, nor subdud by any merely mechanical habit,* whereas the writing of foolish peo-

* Sir Walter's hand, from the enormous quantity and constancy of his labour, becomes almost mechanical in its steadiness, on the pages of his novels;

ple is almost always mechanically monotonous; and that of begging-letter writers, with rare exception, much sloped, and sharp at the turns.

It will be the law of our schools, therefore, that the children who want to write clerk's and begging-letter hands, must learn them at home; and will not be troubled by *us* to write at all. The children who want to write like gentlemen and ladies, (like St. Jerome, or Queen Elizabeth, for instance,) will learn, as aforesaid, with extreme slowness. And, if you will now read carefully the fiftieth letter, above referred to, you will find much to meditate upon, respecting home as well as school teaching; more especially the home-teaching of the mining districts (p. 25), and the home library of cheap printing, with the small value of it to little Agnes (p. 20). And as it chances—for I have no more time for retrospect in this letter—I will close it with the record of a lesson received again in Agnes's cottage, last week. Her mother died three years ago; and Agnes, and her sister Isabel, are at service:—another family is in the cottage—and another little girl, younger than Agnes, “Jane Anne,” who has two elder brothers, and one little one. The family have been about a year there, beginning farmer's life, after miner's, with much ill-fortune, the last stroke of which was the carrying away of the entire roof of their grange, at midnight, by the gale of 11th December, the timbers of it thundering and splintering over the roof of the dwelling house. The little girl was so terrified that she had a succession of fainting fits next day, and was sent for a week to Barrow, for change of scene. When I went up on Wednesday last to see how things were going on, she had come back that morning, and was sitting with her child-brother on her lap, in the corner by the fireside. I stayed talking to the mother for half an hour, and all that time the younger child was so quiet that

but is quite free in his letters. Sir Joshua's hand is curiously slovenly; Tintoret's, grotesque and irregular in the extreme; Nelson's, almost a perfect type: especially in the point of not hurrying, see facsimile just before Trafalgar, 'Fors' VI., p. 124. William the Conqueror and his queen Matilda could only sign a cross for their names.

I thought it must be ill ; but, on my asking,—“Not he,” the mother said, “but he’s been jumping about all the morning, and making such a fuss about getting his sister back, that now he’s not able to stir.”

But the dearest child of the cottage was not there.

Last spring they had a little boy, between these two, full of intelligent life, and pearl of chief price to them. He went down to the field by the brookside (Beck Leven), one bright morning when his elder brother was mowing. The child came up behind without speaking ; and the back sweep of the scythe caught the leg, and divided a vein. His brother carried him up to the house ; and what swift binding could do was done—the doctor, three miles away, coming as soon as might be, arranged all for the best, and the child lay pale and quiet till the evening, speaking sometimes a little to his father and mother. But at six in the evening he began to sing. Sang on, clearer and clearer, all through the night,—so clear at last, you might have heard him, his mother said, “far out on the moor there.” Sang on till the full light of morning, and so passed away.

“Did he sing with words?” I asked.

“Oh, yes ; just the bits of hymns he had learnt at the Sunday-school.”

So much of his education finally available to him, you observe.

Not the multiplication table *then*, nor catechism then, nor commandments then,—these rhymes only remained to him for his last happiness.

“Happiness in delirium only,” say you ?

All true love, all true wisdom, and all true knowledge, seem so to the world : but, without question, the forms of weakness of body preceding death, or those during life which are like them, are the testing states, often the strongest states, of the soul. The “Oh, I could prophesy!” of Harry Percy, is neither dream, nor delirium.

And the lesson I received from that cottage history, and which I would learn with my readers, is of the power for good in what, rightly chosen, has been rightly learned by heart at

school, whether it show at the time or not. The hymn may be forgotten in the playground, or ineffective afterwards in restraining contrary habits of feeling and life. But all that is good and right retains its unfelt authority; and the main change which I would endeavour to effect in ordinary school discipline is to make the pupils read less, and remember more; exercising them in committing to memory, not by painful effort, but by patient repetition, until they cannot but remember, (and observing always that the accentuation is right,—for if *that* be once right, the understanding will come in due time), helping farther with whatever elementary music, both of chant and instrument, may be familiarly attainable. To which end, may I modestly recommend all musical clergymen, and churchwardens, to dispense—if funds are limited—with organs in the church, in favour of harp, harpsichord, zittern, or peal of bells, in the schoolroom: and to endeavour generally to make the parish enjoy *proper* music out of the church as well as in it, and on Saturday as well as Sunday.

I hope to persevere in these summaries through next letter; meantime, this curiously opposite passage in one received this morning, from a much valued Companion, needs instant answer (she is the second tutress in a school for young girls, which has been lately begun by a German lady, who is resolved to allow no ‘cramming’):—

“We have nineteen pupils now, and more are promised. The children are all progressing satisfactorily, and seem happy, but our path will be up-hill for some time to come. Sewing is in a very backward condition; the children think it would be better done in the machine. Hardly any of them can write, and we can’t get any decent large-hand copy-books. And they don’t like poetry! What is to be done with such matter-of-fact young persons? On the other hand, they are loveable and intelligent children, much interested in the garden (they are to have little gardens of their own when the spring comes) and the birds. *Birds*, you observe, not merely sparrows; for though we are only on the edge of the Liverpool smoke we have plenty of robins and starlings, besides one tomtit, and a

visit from a chaffinch the other day. We have not been able to begin the cookery class yet, for we are not actually living at the school; we hope to take up our abode there next term. Mrs. Green, my 'principal,'—I don't see why I shouldn't say mistress, I like the word much better,—*could* teach spinning if she had a wheel, only then people would say we were insane, and take the children away from us.

"I am very much obliged for last 'Fors,' and delighted to hear that there is a new one nearly ready. But would you please be a little bit more explicit on the subject of 'work' and 'ladyhood.' Not that what you have said already seems obscure to me, but people disagree as to the interpretation of it. The other night I proposed to a few fellow-disciples that we should make an effort to put ourselves in serviceable relationship to some few of our fellow-creatures, and they told me that 'all that was the landlord's business or the capitalist's.' Rather disheartening, to a person who has no hope of ever becoming a landlord or capitalist."

Yes, my dear, and very finely the Landlord and Capitalist—in the sense these people use the words—of land-taxer and labour-taxer, have done that business of theirs hitherto! Land and labour appear to be discovering—and rather fast now-a-days—that perhaps they might get along by themselves, if they were to try. Of that, more next letter;—for the answers to your main questions in this,—the sewing is a serious one. The 'little wretches'—(this is a well-trained young lady's expression, not mine—interjectional on my reading the passage to her) must be got out of all that as soon as you can. For plain work, get Miss Stanley's book, which gives you the elements of this work at Whitelands,—(I hope, however, to get Miss Greenaway to sketch us a pattern frock or two, instead of the trimmed water-butts of Miss Stanley's present diagrams)—and for fine work, make them every one sew a proper sampler, with plenty of robins in it, and your visitors the tomtit and chaffinch, and any motto they like in illuminated letters, finished with gold thread,—the ground, silk. Then, for my meaning as to women's work, what *should* I mean, but scrub-

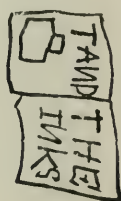
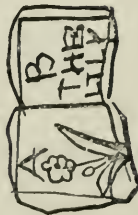
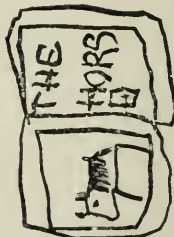
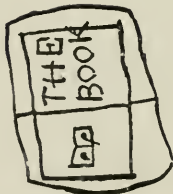
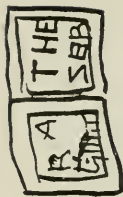
bing furniture, dusting walls, sweeping floors, making the beds, washing up the crockery, ditto the children, and whipping them when they want it,—mending their clothes, cooking their dinners,—and when there are cooks more than enough, helping with the farm work, or the garden, or the dairy? Is *that* plain speaking enough? Have I not fifty times over, in season and out of season, dictated and insisted and asseverated and—what stronger word else there may be—that the essentially right life for all womankind is that of the Swiss Paysanne,—and given Gotthelf's Freneli for the perfect type of it, and dedicated to her in 'Proserpina' the fairest pansy in the world, keeping only the poor little one of the sand-hills for Ophelia? But in a rougher way yet—take now the facts of such life in old Scotland, seen with Walter Scott's own eyes.

"I have often heard Scott mention some curious particulars of his first visit to the remote fastness of one of these Highland friends; but whether he told the story of Invernahyle, or of one of his own relations of the Clan Campbell, I do not recollect; I rather think the latter was the case. On reaching the brow of a bleak eminence overhanging the primitive tower and its tiny patch of cultivated ground, he found his host and three sons, and perhaps half a dozen attendant *gillies*, all stretched half asleep in their tartans upon the heath, with guns and dogs, and a profusion of game about them; while in the courtyard, far below, appeared a company of women, actively engaged in loading a cart with manure. The stranger was not a little astonished when he discovered, on descending from the height, that among these industrious females were the laird's own lady, and two or three of her daughters; but they seemed quite unconscious of having been detected in an occupation unsuitable to their rank—retired presently to their 'bowers,' and when they reappeared in other dresses, retained no traces of their morning's work, except complexions glowing with a radiant freshness, for one evening of which many a high-bred beauty would have bartered half her diamonds. He found the young ladies not ill informed, and exceedingly

agreeable; and the song and the dance seemed to form the invariable termination of their busy days."

You think such barbarism for ever past? No, my dears, it is only the barbarity of idle gentlemen that must pass. *They* will have to fill the carts—you to drive them; and never any more evade the burden and heat of the day—they, in shooting birds and each other, or you in walking about in sun-hats and parasols,—like this







LETTER XCV.

FORS INFANTILE.

I DO not well know whether it has more distressed, or encouraged me, to find how much is wanting, and how much to be corrected, in the hitherto accepted modes of school education for our youngest children. Here, for the last year or two, I have had the most favourable opportunities for watching and trying various experiments on the minds of country children, most thankfully recognising their native power; and most sorrowfully the inefficiency of the means at the schoolmaster's disposal, for its occupation and development. For the strengthening of his hands, and that of our village teachers and dames in general, I have written these following notes at speed, for the brevity and slightness of which I must pray the reader's indulgence: he will find the substance of them has been long and deeply considered.

But first let me fulfil the pledge given in last number of *Fors* by a few final words about the Land Question—needless, if people would read my preceding letters with any care, but useful, as a general heading of them, for those who have not time to do so.

The plan of St. George's Guild is wholly based on the sup-

posed possession of land by hereditary proprietors, inalienably ; or if by societies, under certain laws of responsibility to the State.

In common language, and in vulgar thought, the possession of land is confused with "freedom." But no man is so free as a beggar ; and no man is more solemnly a servant to God, the king, and the laws of his country, than an honest landholder.

The nonsense thought and talked about 'Nationalization of Land,' like other nonsense, must have its day, I suppose,—and I hope, soon, its night. All healthy states from the beginning of the world, living on land,* are founded on hereditary tenure, and perish when either the lords or peasants sell their estates, much more when they let them out for hire. The single line of the last words of John of Gaunt to Richard II., "Landlord of England art thou now, not King," expresses the root of the whole matter ; and the present weakness of the Peers in their dispute with the Commons is because the Upper House is composed now no more of Seigneurs, but of Landlords.

Possession of land implies the duty of living on it, and by it, if there is enough to live on ; then, having got one's own life from it by one's own labour or wise superintendence of labour, if there is more land than is enough for one's self, the duty of making it fruitful and beautiful for as many more as can live on it.

The owner of land, necessarily and justly left in a great measure by the State to do what he will with his own, is nevertheless entirely responsible to the State for the generally beneficial management of his territory ; and the sale of his land, or of any portion of it, only allowed under special conditions, and with solemn public registry of the transference to another owner : above all, the landmarks by which estates are described are never to be moved.

A certain quantity of public land (some belonging to the

* As distinct from those living by trade or piracy.

king and signory, some to the guilds of craftsmen, some to the town or village corporations) must be set aside for public uses and pleasures, and especially for purposes of education, which, rightly comprehended, consists, half of it, in making children familiar with natural objects, and the other half in teaching the practice of piety towards them (piety meaning kindness to living things, and orderly use of the lifeless).

And throughout the various passages referring to this subject in *Fors*, it will be found that I always presuppose a certain quantity of carefully tended land to be accessible near our schools and universities, not for exercise merely, but for instruction ;—see last *Fors*, p. 154.

Of course, schools of this kind cannot be in large towns,—the town school must be for townspeople ; but I start with the general principle that every school is to be fitted for the children in its neighbourhood who are likely to grow up and live in its neighbourhood. The idea of a general education which is to fit everybody to be Emperor of Russia, and provoke a boy, whatever he is, to want to be something better, and wherever he was born to think it a disgrace to die, is the most entirely and directly diabolic of all the countless stupidities into which the British nation has been of late betrayed by its avarice and irreligion. There are, indeed, certain elements of education which are alike necessary to the inhabitants of every spot of earth. Cleanliness, obedience, the first laws of music, mechanics, and geometry, the primary facts of geography and astronomy, and the outlines of history, should evidently be taught alike to poor and rich, to sailor and shepherd, to labourer and shopboy. But for the rest, the efficiency of any school will be found to increase exactly in the ratio of its direct adaptation to the circumstances of the children it receives ; and the quantity of knowledge to be attained in a given time being equal, its value will depend on the possibilities of its instant application. You need not teach botany to the sons of fishermen, architecture to shepherds, or painting to colliers ; still less the elegances of grammar to children who

throughout the probable course of their total lives will have, or ought to have, little to say, and nothing to write.*

Farther, of schools in all places, and for all ages, the healthy working will depend on the total exclusion of the stimulus of competition in any form or disguise. Every child should be measured by its own standard, trained to its own duty, and rewarded by its just praise. It is the *effort* that deserves praise, not the success; nor is it a question for any student whether he is cleverer than others or duller, but whether he has done the best he could with the gifts he has. The madness of the modern cram and examination system arises principally out of the struggle to get lucrative places; but partly also out of the radical blockheadism of supposing that all men are naturally equal, and can only make their way by elbowing;—the facts being that every child is born with an accurately defined and absolutely limited capacity; that he is naturally (if able at all) able for some things and unable for others; that no effort and no teaching can add one particle to the granted ounces of his available brains; that by competition he may paralyse or pervert his faculties, but cannot stretch them a line; and that the entire grace, happiness, and virtue of his life depend on his contentment in doing what he can, dutifully, and in staying where he is, peaceably. So far as he regards the less or more capacity of others, his superiorities are to be used for *their* help, not for his own pre-eminence; and his inferiorities to be no ground of mortification, but of pleasure in the admiration of nobler powers. It is impossible to express the quantity of delight I used to feel in the power of Turner and Tintoret, when my own skill was nascent only; and all good artists will admit that there is far less personal pleasure in doing a thing beautifully than in seeing it beauti-

* I am at total issue with most preceptors as to the use of grammar to *any* body. In a recent examination of our Coniston school I observed that the thing the children did exactly best, was their parsing, and the thing they did exactly worst, their repetition. Could stronger proof be given that the dissection of a sentence is as bad a way to the understanding of it as the dissection of a beast to the biography of it?

fully done. Therefore, over the door of every school, and the gate of every college, I would fain see engraved in their marble the absolute Forbidding

μηδὲν κατὰ ἐρίθειαν ἢ κενοδοξίαν:

“Let *nothing* be done through strife or vain glory:”

and I would have fixed for each age of children and students a certain standard of pass in examination, so adapted to average capacity and power of exertion, that none need fail who had attended to their lessons and obeyed their masters; while its variety of trial should yet admit of the natural distinctions attaching to progress in especial subjects and skill in peculiar arts. Beyond such indication or acknowledgment of merit, there should be neither prizes nor honours; these are meant by Heaven to be the proper rewards of a man's consistent and kindly life, not of a youth's temporary and selfish exertion.

Nor, on the other hand, should the natural torpor of wholesome dulness be disturbed by provocations, or plagued by punishments. The wise proverb ought in every schoolmaster's mind to be deeply set—“You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear;” expanded with the farther scholium that the flap of it will not be the least disguised by giving it a diamond earring. If, in a woman, beauty without discretion be as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, much more, in man, woman, or child, knowledge without discretion—the knowledge which a fool receives only to puff up his stomach, and sparkle in his cockscomb. As I said,* that in matters moral, most men are not intended to be any better than sheep and robins, so, in matters intellectual, most men are not intended to be any wiser than their cocks and bulls,—duly scientific of their yard and pasture, peacefully nescient of all beyond. To be proud and strong, each in his place and work, is permitted and ordained to the simplest; but ultra,—ne sutor, ne fossor.

And it is in the wholesome indisposition of the average mind

* Notes on the life of Santa Zita (*Songs of Tuscany*, Part II.).

for intellectual labour that due provision is made for the quantity of dull work which must be done in stubbing the Thornaby wastes of the world. Modern Utopianism imagines that the world is to be stubbed by steam, and human arms and legs to be eternally idle; not perceiving that thus it would reduce man to the level of his cattle indeed, who can only graze and gore, but not dig! It is indeed certain that advancing knowledge will guide us to less painful methods of human toil; but in the true Utopia, man will rather harness himself, with his oxen, to his plough, than leave the devil to drive it.

The entire body of teaching throughout the series of *Fors Clavigera* is one steady assertion of the necessity that educated persons should share their thoughts with the uneducated, and take also a certain part in their labours. But there is not a sentence implying that the education of all should be alike, or that there is to be no distinction of master from servant, or of scholar from clown. That education should be open to all, is as certain as that the sky should be; but, as certainly, it should be enforced on none, and benevolent Nature left to lead her children, whether men or beasts, to take or leave at their pleasure. Bring horse and man to the water, let them drink if, and when, they will;—the child who desires education will be bettered by it, the child who dislikes it, only disgraced.

Of course, I am speaking here of intellectual education, not moral. The laws of virtue and honour are, indeed, to be taught compulsorily to all men; whereas our present forms of education refuse to teach them to any; and allow the teaching, by the persons interested in their promulgation, of the laws of cruelty and lying, until we find these British islands gradually filling with a breed of men who cheat without shame, and kill without remorse.

It is beyond the scope of the most sanguine thought to conceive how much misery and crime would be effaced from the world by persistence, even for a few years, of a system of education thus directed to raise the fittest into positions of influence, to give to every scale of intellect its natural sphere, and to every line of action its unquestioned principle. At present

wise men, for the most part, are silent, and good men powerless; the senseless vociferate, and the heartless govern; while all social law and providence are dissolved by the enraged agitation of a multitude, among whom every villain has a chance of power, every simpleton of praise, and every scoundrel of fortune.

Passing now to questions of detail in the mode of organizing school instruction, I would first insist on the necessity of a sound system in elementary music. Musicians, like painters, are almost virulently determined in their efforts to abolish the laws of sincerity and purity; and to invent, each for his own glory, new modes of dissolute and lascivious sound. No greater benefit could be conferred on the upper as well as the lower classes of society than the arrangement of a grammar of simple and pure music, of which the code should be alike taught in every school in the land. My attention has been long turned to this object, but I have never till lately had leisure to begin serious work upon it. During the last year, however, I have been making experiments with a view to the construction of an instrument by which very young children could be securely taught the relations of sound in the octave; unsuccessful only in that the form of lyre which was produced for me, after months of labour, by the British manufacturer, was as curious a creation of visible deformity as a Greek lyre was of grace, besides being nearly as expensive as a piano! For the present, therefore, not abandoning the hope of at last attaining a simple stringed instrument, I have fallen back—and I think, probably, with final good reason—on the most sacred of all musical instruments, the ‘Bell.’

Whether the cattle-bell of the hills, or, from the cathedral tower, monitor of men, I believe the sweetness of its prolonged tone the most delightful and wholesome for the ear and mind of all instrumental sound. The subject is too wide to be farther dwelt on here; of experiment or progress made, account will be given in my reports to the St. George’s Guild.

Next for elocution. The foundational importance of beautiful speaking has been disgraced by the confusion of it with

diplomatic oratory, and evaded by the vicious notion that it can be taught by a master learned in it as a separate art. The management of the lips, tongue, and throat may, and perhaps should, be so taught; but this is properly the first function of the singing master. Elocution is a moral faculty; and no one is fit to be the head of a children's school who is not both by nature and attention a beautiful speaker.

By attention, I say, for fine elocution means first an exquisitely close attention to, and intelligence of, the meaning of words, and perfect sympathy with what feeling they describe; but indicated always with reserve. In this reserve, fine reading and speaking, (virtually one art), differ from "recitation," which gives the statement or sentiment with the explanatory accent and gesture of an actor. In perfectly pure elocution, on the contrary, the accent ought, as a rule, to be much lighter and gentler than the natural or dramatic one, and the force of it wholly independent of gesture or expression of feature. A fine reader should read, a great speaker speak, as a judge delivers his charge; and the test of his power should be to read or speak unseen.

At least an hour of the school-day should be spent in listening to the master's or some trustworthy visitor's reading, but no children should attend unless they were really interested; the rest being allowed to go on with their other lessons or employments; a large average of children, I suppose, are able to sew or draw while they yet attend to reading, and so there might be found a fairly large audience, of whom however those who were usually busy during the lecture should not be called upon for any account of what they had heard; but, on the contrary, blamed, if they had allowed their attention to be diverted by the reading from what they were about, to the detriment of their work. The real audience consisting of the few for whom the book had been specially chosen, should be required to give perfect and unbroken attention to what they heard; to stop the reader always at any word or sentence they did not understand, and to be prepared for casual examination on the story next day.

I say 'on the *story*,' for the reading, whether poetry or prose, should always be a story of some sort, whether true history, travels, romance, or fairy-tale. In poetry, Chaucer, Spenser, and Scott, for the upper classes, lighter ballad or fable for the lower, contain always some thread of pretty adventure. No merely didactic or descriptive books should be permitted in the reading room, but so far as they are used at all, studied in the same way as grammars; and Shakespeare, accessible always at play time in the library in small and large editions to the young and old alike, should never be used as a school book, nor even formally or continuously read aloud. He is to be known by thinking, not mouthing.

I have used, not unintentionally, the separate words 'reading room' and library. No school should be considered as organized at all, without these two rooms, rightly furnished; the reading room with its convenient pulpit and student's desk, in good light, skylight if possible, for drawing, or taking notes—the library with its broad tables for laying out books on, and recesses for niched reading, and plenty of lateral light kept carefully short of glare: both of them well shut off from the school room or rooms, in which there must be always more or less of noise.

The Bible-reading, and often that of other books in which the text is divided into verses or stanzas, should be frequently conducted by making the children read each its separate verse in important passages, afterwards committing them to memory, —the pieces chosen for this exercise should of course be the same at all schools,—with wider scope given within certain limits for choice in profane literature: requiring for a pass, that the children should know accurately out of the passages chosen, a certain number, including not less than five hundred lines, of such poetry as would always be helpful and strengthening to them; therefore never melancholy, but didactic, or expressive of cheerful and resolute feeling.

No discipline is of more use to a child's character, with threefold bearing on intellect, memory, and morals, than the being accustomed to relate accurately what it has lately done

and seen. The story of Eyes and No Eyes in *Evenings at Home* is intended only to illustrate the difference between inattention and vigilance; but the exercise in narration is a subsequent and separate one; it is in the lucidity, completeness, and honesty of statement. Children ought to be frequently required to give account of themselves, though always allowed reserve, if they ask: "I would rather not say, mamma," should be accepted at once with serene confidence on occasion; but of the daily walk and work the child should take pride in giving full account, if questioned; the parent or tutor closely lopping exaggeration, investigating elision, guiding into order, and aiding in expression. The finest historical style may be illustrated in the course of the narration of the events of the day.

Next, as regards arithmetic: as partly stated already in the preceding *Fors*, p. 150, children's time should never be wasted, nor their heads troubled with it. The importance at present attached to it is a mere filthy folly, coming of the notion that every boy is to become first a banker's clerk and then a banker,—and that every woman's principal business is in checking the cook's accounts. Let children have small incomes of pence won by due labour,—they will soon find out the difference between a threepenny-piece and a fourpenny, and how many of each go to a shilling. Then, watch the way they spend their money,* and teach them patience in saving, and the sanctity of a time-honoured hoard (but for use in a day of need, not for lending at interest); so they will painlessly learn the great truth known to so few of us—that two and two make four, not five. Then insist on perfect habits of order and putting-by of things; this involves continually knowing and counting how many there are. The multiplication table may be learned when they want it—a longish addition sum will always do instead; and the mere mechanism of multiplication and division and dotting and carrying can be taught by the monitors; also

* Not in Mrs. Pardiggle's fashion: a child ought to have a certain sum given it to give away, and a certain sum to spend for itself wisely; and it ought not to be allowed to give away its spending money. Prudence is a much more rare virtue than generosity.

of fractions, as much as that $\frac{1}{2}$ means a half-penny and $\frac{1}{4}$ a farthing.*

Next for geography. There is, I suppose, no subject better taught at elementary schools; but to the pursuit of it, whether in advanced studentship or in common life, there is now an obstacle set so ludicrously insuperable, that for ordinary people it is simply an end to effort. I happen at this moment to have the first plate to finish for the *Bible of Amiens*, giving an abstract of the features of France. I took for reduction, as of convenient size, probably containing all I wanted to reduce, the map in the *Harrow Atlas of Modern Geography*, and found the only clearly visible and the only accurately delineated things in it, were the railroads! To begin with, there are two Mont Blancs, of which the free-born British boy may take his choice. Written at some distance from the biggest of them, in small italics, are the words "Grand St. Bernard," which the boy cannot but suppose to refer to some distant locality; but neither of the Mont Blancs, each represented as a circular pimple, is engraved with anything like the force and shade of the Argonne hills about Bar le Duc; while the southern chain of the hills of Burgundy is similarly represented as greatly more elevated than the Jura. Neither the Rhine, Rhone, Loire, nor Seine is visible except with a lens; nor is any boundary of province to be followed by the eye; patches of feeble yellow and pale brown, dirty pink and grey, and uncertain green, melt into each other helplessly across wriggings of infinitesimal dots; while the railways, not merely black lines, but centipede or myriapede caterpillars, break up all France, as if it were crackling clay, into senseless and shapeless divisions, in which the eye cannot distinguish from the rest even the great lines of railway themselves, nor any relative magnitudes of towns, nor even their places accurately,—the measure of nonsense and misery being filled up by a mist of multitudinous

* I heard an advanced class tormented out of its life the other day at our school to explain the difference between a numerator and denominator. I wasn't sure myself, for the minute, which was which; and supremely didn't care.

names of places never heard of, much less spoken of, by any human being ten miles out of them.

For maps of this kind, there can be no question with any reasonable human creature that, first, proper physical maps should be substituted; and secondly, proper historical ones; the diagrams of the railways being left to Bradshaw; and the fungus growths of modern commercial towns to the sellers of maps for counting-houses. And the Geological Society should, for pure shame, neither write nor speak another word, till it has produced effectively true models to scale of the known countries of the world. These, photographed in good side light, would give all that was necessary of the proportion and distribution of mountain ranges; * and these photographs should afterwards be made the basis of beautiful engravings, giving the character of every district completely, whether arable, wooded, rocky, moor, sand, or snow, with the carefulest and clearest tracing of the sources and descent of its rivers; and, in equally careful distinction of magnitude, as stars on the celestial globe, the capitals and great provincial towns; but absolutely without names or inscriptions of any kind. The boy who cannot, except by the help of inscription, know York from Lancaster, or Rheims from Dijon, or Rome from Venice, need not be troubled to pursue his geographical studies. The keys to every map, with the names, should form part of the elementary school geography, which should be the same over the whole British Empire, and should be extremely simple and brief; concerning itself in no wise with manners and customs, number of inhabitants, or species of beasts, but strictly with geographical fact, completed by so much intelligible geology, as should explain whether hills were of chalk, slate, or granite, and remain mercifully silent as to whether they were Palæo- or Kaino-zoic, Permian or Silurian. The age, or ages of the

* Of the cheap barbarisms and abortions of modern eram, the frightful method of representing mountain chains by black bars is about the most ludicrous and abominable. All mountain chains are in groups, not bars, and their watersheds are often entirely removed from their points of greatest elevation.

world, are not of the smallest consequence either to ants or myrmidons,—either to moths or men. But the ant and man must know where the world, now existent, is soft or flinty, cultivable or quarriable.

Of course, once a system of drawing rightly made universal, the hand-colouring of these maps would be one of the drawing exercises, absolutely costless, and entirely instructive. The historical maps should also, as a matter of course, be of every country in successive centuries;—the state of things in the nineteenth century being finally simplified into a general brown fog, intensified to blackness over the manufacturing centres.

Next, in astronomy, the beginning of all is to teach the child the places and names of the stars when it can see them, and to accustom it to watch for the nightly change of those visible. The register of the visible stars of first magnitude and planets should be printed largely and intelligibly for every day of the year, and set by the schoolmaster every day; and the arc described by the sun, with its following and preceding stars, from point to point of the horizon visible at the place, should be drawn, at least weekly, as the first of the drawing exercises.

These, connected on one side with geometry, on the other with writing, should be carried at least as far, and occupy as long a time, as the exercises in music; and the relations of the two arts, and meaning of the words ‘composition,’ ‘symmetry,’ ‘grace,’ and ‘harmony’ in both should be very early insisted upon and illustrated. For all these purposes, every school should be furnished with progressive examples, in fac-simile, of beautiful illuminated writing: for nothing could be more conducive to the progress of general scholarship and taste than that the first natural instincts of clever children for the imitation or, often, the invention of picture writing, should be guided and stimulated by perfect models in their own kind.

The woodcut prefixed to this number shows very curiously what complete harmony there is between a clever child’s way of teaching itself to draw and write—(and no teaching is so

good for it as its own, if that can be had)—and the earliest types of beautiful national writing. The indifference as to the places of the letters, or the direction in which they are to be read, and the insertion of any that are to spare for the filling of corners or otherwise blank spaces in the picture, are exactly the modes of early writing which afterwards give rise to its most beautiful decorative arrangements—a certain delight in the dignity of enigma being always at the base of this method of ornamentation. The drawing is by the same little girl whose anxiety that her doll's dress might not hurt its feelings has been already described in my second lecture at Oxford, on the Art of England. This fresco, executed nearly at the same time, when she was six or seven years old, may be compared by antiquarians, not without interest, with early Lombardic MSS. It needs, I think, no farther elucidation than some notice of the difficulty caused by the substitution of **T** for **J** in the title of 'The Jug,' and the reversal of the letter **Z** in that of 'The Zebra,' and warning not to mistake the final **E** of 'The Cake' for the handle of a spotted tea-cup. The most beautifully Lombardic involution is that of "The Fan," written—

T N H
E A ʒ

Next, for zoology, I am taking the initiative in what is required myself, by directing some part of the funds of the St. George's Guild to the provision of strongly ringed frames, large enough to contain the beautiful illustrations given by Gould, Audubon, and other such naturalists; and I am cutting my best books to pieces for the filling of these frames, which can be easily passed from school to school; and I hope to prepare with speed a general text for them, totally incognisant of all quarrel or inquiry concerning species, and the origin thereof; but simply calling a hawk a hawk, and an owl an owl; and trusting to the scholar's sagacity to see the difference; but giving him all attainable information concerning the habits and talents of every bird and beast.

Similarly in botany, for which there are quite unlimited

means of illustration, in the exquisite original drawings and sketches of great botanists, now uselessly lying in inaccessible cupboards of the British Museum and other scientific institutions. But the most pressing need is for a simple handbook of the wild flowers of every country—French flowers for French children, Teuton for Teuton, Saxon for Saxon, Highland for Scot—severely accurate in outline, and exquisitely coloured by hand (again the best possible practice in our drawing school); with a text regardless utterly of any but the most popular names, and of all microscopic observation; but teaching children the beauty of plants as they grow, and their culinary uses when gathered, and that, except for such uses, they should be left growing.

And lastly of needlework. I find among the materials of *Fors*, thrown together long since, but never used, the following sketch of what the room of the Sheffield Museum, set apart for its illustration, was meant to contain.

“All the acicular art of nations, savage and civilized—from Lapland boot, letting in no snow water, to Turkey cushion bossed with pearl,—to valance of Venice gold in needlework,—to the counterpanes and samples of our own lovely ancestresses—imitable, perhaps, once more, with good help from Whitelands College and Girton. It was but yesterday my own womankind were in much wholesome and sweet excitement, delightful to behold, in the practice of some new device of remedy for Rents (to think how much of evil there is in the two senses of that four-lettered word! in the two methods of intonation of its synonym, Tear!), whereby it might be daintily effaced, and with a newness which would never make it worse. The process began—beautiful even to my uninformed eyes—in the likeness of herringbone masonry, crimson on white, but it seemed to me marvellous that anything should yet be discoverable in needle process, and that of so utilitarian character.

“All that is reasonable, I say, of such work is to be in our first Museum room; all that Athena and Penelope would ap-

prove. Nothing that vanity has invented for change, or folly loved for costliness.

“Illustrating the true nature of a thread and a needle, the structure first of wool and cotton, of fur and hair and down, hemp, flax, and silk, microscope permissible, *here*, if anything can be shown of *why* wool is soft, and fur fine, and cotton downy, and down downier; and how a flax fibre differs from a dandelion stalk, and how the substance of a mulberry leaf can become velvet for Queen Victoria’s crown, and clothing of purple for the housewife of Solomon.

“Then the phase of its dyeing. What azures and emeralds and Tyrian scarlets can be got into fibres of thread!

“Then the phase of its spinning. The mystery of that divine spiral, from finest to firmest, which renders lace possible at Valenciennes;—anchorage possible, after Trafalgar, (if Hardy had done as he was bid).

“Then the mystery of weaving. The eternal harmony of warp and woof; of all manner of knotting, knitting, and reticulation; the art which makes garments possible woven from the top throughout; draughts of fishes possible, miraculous enough, always, when a pilchard or herring shoal gathers itself into companionable catchableness;—which makes, in fine, so many nations possible, and Saxon and Norman beyond the rest.

“And, finally, the accomplished phase of needlework—the ‘Aeu Tetigisti’ of all time, which does indeed practically exhibit—what mediæval theologians vainly disputed—how many angels can stand on a needle point, directing the serviceable stitch, to draw the separate into the inseparable.”

Very thankfully I can now say that this vision of thread and needlework, though written when my fancy had too much possession of me, is now being in all its branches realized by two greatly valued friends,—the spinning on the old spinning-wheel, with most happy and increasingly acknowledged results, systematized here among our Westinoreland hills by Mr. Albert Fleming; the useful sewing, by Miss Stanley of Whitelands College, whose book on that subject

seems to me in the text of it all that can be desired, but the diagrams of dress may perhaps receive further consideration. For indeed the schools of all young womankind are in great need of such instruction in dressmaking as shall comply with womankind's natural instinct for self-decoration in all worthy and graceful ways, repressing in the rich their ostentation, and encouraging in the poor their wholesome pride. On which matters, vital to the comfort and happiness of every household, I may have a word or two yet to say in next *Fors*; being content that this one should close with the subjoined extract from a letter I received lately from Francesca's mother, who, if any one, has right to be heard on the subject of education; and the rather that it is, in main purport, contrary to much that I have both believed and taught, but, falling in more genially with the temper of recent tutors and governors, may by them be gratefully acted upon, and serve also for correction of what I may have myself too servilely thought respecting the need of compulsion.

“If I have the least faculty for anything in this world, it is for teaching children, and making them good and *perfectly happy* going along. My whole principle is that no government is of the least use except self-government, and the worst children will do right, if told which is right and wrong, and that they must act for themselves. Then I have a fashion, told me by a friend when Francesca was a baby; which is this,—*never see evil, but praise good*; for instance, if children are untidy, do not find fault, or appear to notice it, but the first time possible, praise them for being neat and fresh, and they will soon become so. I dare say you can account for this, I cannot; but I have tried it many times, and have never known it fail. I have other ideas, but you might not approve of them,—the religious instruction I limited to paying my little friends for learning Dr. Watts' ‘Though I'm now in younger days,’ but I suppose *that*, like my system generally, is hopelessly old-fashioned. Very young children can learn this verse from it:—

“ ‘I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.”

There was an old American sea captain who said he had been many times round the world comfortably by the help of this verse."

The following letters necessitate the return to my old form of notes and correspondence; but as I intend now the close of *Fors* altogether, that I may have leisure for some brief autobiography instead, the old book may be permitted to retain its colloquial character to the end.

"Woodburn, Selkirk, N.B., 11th December, 1883.

"DEAR SIR,—The Ashesteil number of *Fors* reaches me as I complete certain notes on the relationship of Scott to Mungo Park, which will form part of a History of Ettrick Forest, which I hope to publish in 1884. This much in explanation of my presumption in writing you at all.

"Having now had all the use of them I mean to take, I send you copies of three letters taken by myself from the originals—and never published until last year, in an obscure local print:—

"1. Letter from Mungo Park to his sister. 2. Letter from Scott to Mrs. Laidlaw, of Peel (close to Ashesteil), written after the bankruptcy of a lawyer brother of the African traveller had involved his entire family circle in ruin. The 'merry friend' is Archibald Park, brother of Mungo (see Lockhart, ch. xiii.). It is he Sir Walter refers to in his story about the hot hounds entering Loch Katrine (see Introd. *Lady of Lake*). 3. Letter to young Mungo Park, on the death of his father, the above Archibald.

"I send you these because I know the perusal of letter No. 2 will give you deep pleasure, and I owe you much. Nothing in Sir Walter's career ever touched me more.

"May I venture a word for Mungo Park? He brought my wife's aunt into this world in the course of his professional practice at Peebles; and I have heard about his work there. He was one of the most devoted, unselfish men that stood for Scott's hero—Gideon Gray. Apropos of which, a story. Park, lost on the moors one wild night in winter, directed his horse to a distant light, which turned out to be the candle of a hill-shepherd's cottage. It so happened that the doctor arrived there in the nick of time, for the shepherd's wife was on the point of confinement. He waited till all was well over, and next morning the shepherd escorted him to where he could see the distant road. Park, noticing the shepherd lag behind,

asked him the reason, on which the simple man replied—‘Deed, sir, my wife said she was sure you must be an angel, and I think sa tae; so I’m just keeping ahint, to be sure I’ll see you flee up.’ This I have from the nephew of Park’s wife, himself a worthy old doctor and ex-provost of Selkirk. The first motive of Park’s second journey may have been fame; I am disposed to think it was. But I am sure if *auri fames* had anything to do with it, it was for his wife and children that he wanted it. Read his letters home, as I have done, and you will concede to the ill-fated man a character higher than last *Fors* accords him.

“If you place any value on these letters, may I venture to ask you to discharge the debt by a copy of last *F. C.* with your autograph? I am not ashamed to say I ask it in a spirit of blind worship.

“I shall not vex you by writing for your own eyes how much I honour and respect you; but shall content myself with professing myself your obedient servant,

“T. CRAIG-BROWN.”

8th May, 1881.

COPY of letters sent to me by Mr. Blaikie, Holydean, and taken by him from boxes belonging to late Miss Jane Park, niece of Mungo Park.

1. Original letter from Mungo Park to his sister, Miss Bell Park, Hartwoodmires, near Selkirk. “Dear Sister,—I have not heard from Scotland since I left it, but I hope you are all in good health, and I attribute your silence to the hurry of harvest. However, let me hear from you soon, and write how Sandy’s marriage comes on, and how Jeany is, for I have heard nothing from her neither. I have nothing new to tell you. I am very busy preparing my book for the press, and all friends here are in good health. Mr. Dickson is running about, sometimes in the shop and sometimes out of it. Peggy is in very good health, and dressed as I think in a cotton gown of a bluish pattern; a *round-eared muck*, (sic,—properly mutch,) or what they call here a cap, with a white ribbon; a Napkin of lawn or muslin, or some such thing; a white striped dimity petticoat. Euphy and bill (Bell or Bill?) are both in very good health, but they are gone out to play, therefore I must defer a description of them till my next letter.—I remain, your loving brother, MUNGO PARK.—London, Sept. 21st, 1795. P.S.—Both Peggy and Mr. Dickson have been very inquisitive about you and beg their compliments to you.”

2. (Copy.) Letter from (Sir) Walter Scott to Mrs. Laidlaw, of Peel. (See Lockhart's Life, chap. xvii., p. 164.) "My dear Mrs. Laidlaw,—Any remembrance from you is at all times most welcome to me. I have, in fact, been thinking a good deal about Mr. Park, especially about my good merry friend Archie, upon whom such calamity has fallen. I will write to a friend in London likely to know about such matters to see if possible to procure him the situation of an overseer of extensive farms in improvements, for which he is so well qualified. But success in this is doubtful, and I am aware that their distress must be pressing. Now, Waterloo has paid, or is likely to pay me a great deal more money than I think proper to subscribe for the fund for families suffering, and I chiefly consider the surplus as dedicated to assist distress or affliction. I shall receive my letter in a few days from the booksellers, and I will send Mr. Laidlaw care for £50 and three months, the contents to be applied to the service of Mr. Park's family. It is no great sum, but may serve to alleviate any immediate distress; and you can apply it as coming from yourself, which will relieve Park's delicacy upon the subject. I really think I will be able to hear of something for him; at least it shall not be for want of asking about, for I will lug him in as a post-script to every letter I write. Will you tell Mr. Laidlaw with my best compliments—not that I have bought Kaeside, for this James will have told him already, but that I have every reason to think I have got it £600 cheaper than I would at a public sale? Mrs. Scott and the young people join in best compliments, and I ever am, dear Mrs. Laidlaw, very truly yours, WALTER SCOTT.—Edinburgh, 20th Nov. (1815)."

3. Letter (original) from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Mungo Park, Tobermory, Isle of Mull, Oban. "Sir,—I was favoured with your very attentive letter conveying to me the melancholy intelligence that you have lost my old acquaintance and friend, your worthy father. I was using some interest to get him placed on the Superannuated Establishment of the Customs, but God has been pleased to render this unnecessary. A great charge devolves on you, sir, for so young a person, both for the comfort and support of his family. If you let me know your plans of life when settled, it is possible I may be of use to you in some shape or other, which I should desire in the circumstances, though my powers are very limited unless in the way of recommendation. I beg my sincere condolence may be communicated to your sister, who I understand to be a very affectionate daughter and estimable young person. I

remain very much your obedient servant, WALTER SCOTT.—
Edinburgh, 17th May, 1820.”

I am greatly obliged to Mr. Brown for his own letter, and for those which I have printed above; but have only to answer that no “word for Mungo Park” was the least necessary in reply to what I said of him, nor could *any* word in reply lessen its force, as far as it goes. I spoke of him as the much regretted friend of Sir Walter Scott, and as a man most useful in his appointed place of a country physician. How useful, and honoured, and blessed that function was, nothing could prove more clearly than the beautiful fact of the shepherd’s following him as an angel; and nothing enforce more strongly my blame of his quitting that angel’s work by Tweedside to trace the lonely brinks of useless rivers. The letter to his sister merely lowers my estimate of his general culture; a common servant’s letter home is usually more interesting, and not worse spelt. A ‘sacred’ one to his wife, published lately by a rabid Scot in reply to the serene sentences of mine, which he imagines ‘explosive’ like his own, need not be profaned by *Fors* print. I write letters with more feeling in them to most of my good girl-friends, any day of the year, and don’t run away from them to Africa afterwards.

A letter from Miss Russell to the *Scotsman*, written soon after last *Fors* was published, to inform Scotland that Ashestiel was not a farm house,—(it would all, with the latest additions, go inside a Bernese farmer’s granary)—that nobody it belonged to had ever done any farming, or anything else that was useful,—that Scott had been greatly honoured in being allowed a lease of it, that his study had been turned into a passage in the recent improvements, and that in the dining-room of it, Mrs. Siddons had called for beer, may also be left to the reverential reading of the subscribers to the *Scotsman*;—with this only question, from me, to the citizens of Dun Edin, What good is their pinnacle in Prince’s Street, when they have forgotten where the room was, and corridor is, in which Scott wrote *Marmion*?

LETTER XCVI.—(TERMINAL.)

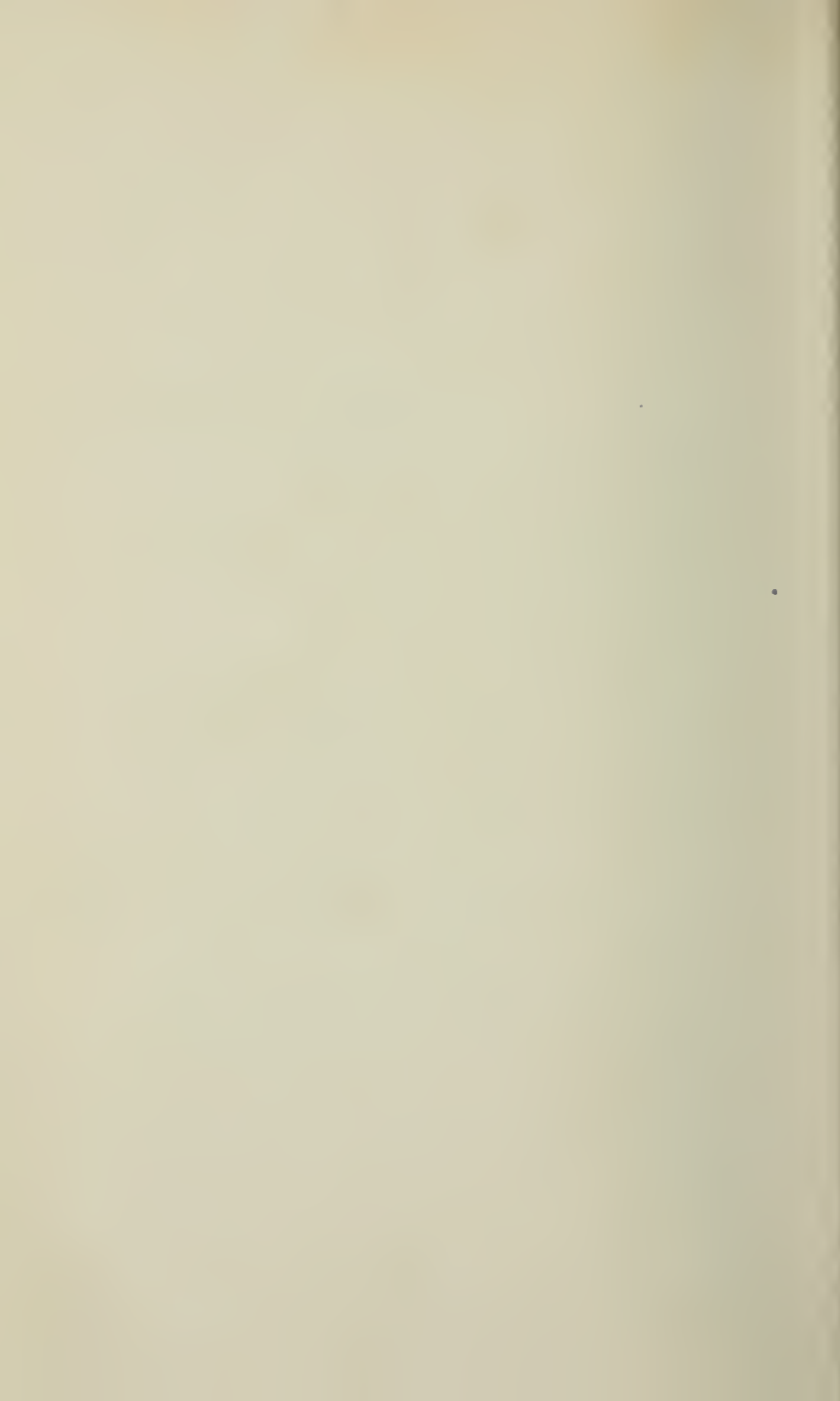
ROSY VALE.

“ST. DAVID, having built a monastery near Meneira, which is from him since called St. David’s, in a place called the Rosy Valley, (Vallis Rosina,) gave this strict rule of monastical profession,—‘That every monk should labour daily with his hands for the common good of the Monastery, according to the Apostle’s saying, He that doth not labour, let him not eat. For those who spend their time in idleness debase their minds, which become unstable, and bring forth impure thoughts, which restlessly disquiet them.’ The monks there *refused all gifts or possessions offered by unjust men; they detested riches; they had no care to ease their labour by the use of oxen or other cattle, for every one was instead of riches and oxen to himself and his brethren. They never conversed together by talking but when necessity required, but each one performed the labour enjoined him, joining thereto prayer, or holy meditations on Divine things: and having finished their country work, they returned to their monastery, where they spent the remainder of the day, till the evening, in reading or writing. In the evening, at the sounding of a bell, they all left their work and immediately repaired to the church, where they remained till the stars appeared, and then went all together to their refection, eating sparingly and not to satiety, for any excess in eating, though it be only of bread, occasions luxury. Their food was bread with roots or herbs, seasoned with salt, and their thirst they quenched with a mixture of water and milk. Supper being ended, they continued about three hours in watching, prayers, and genuflexions. After this they went to rest, and at cock-crowing they arose again, and continued at prayer till day appeared. All their inward*



ROSY VALE.

From the drawing by Kate Greenway



temptations and thoughts they discovered to their superior. Their clothing was of the skins of beasts. Whosoever desired to be admitted into their holy convocation was obliged to remain ten days at the door of the monastery as an offcast, unworthy to be admitted into their society, and there he was exposed to be scorned; but if, during that time, he patiently endured that mortification, he was received by the religious senior who had charge of the gate, whom he served, and was by him instructed. In that condition he continued a long time, exercised in painful labours, and grievous mortifications, and at last was admitted to the fellowship of the brethren.

“This monastery appears to have been founded by St. David, some time after the famous British synod assembled in the year 519, for crushing of the Pelagian heresy, which began again to spread after it had been once before extinguished by St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and St. Lupus, Bishop of Troyes. This monastery is not taken notice of in the *Monasticon*, any more than the other two above, and for the same reason, as not coming within any of the orders afterwards known in England, and having had but a short continuance; for what became of it, or when it finished, is not known.”

I chanced on this passage in the second volume of Dugdale's *Monasticon*, as I was choosing editions of it at Mr. Quaritch's, on one of the curious days which I suppose most people recognize as ‘white’ among the many-coloured ones of their lives; that is to say, the days when everything goes well, by no management of their own. About the same time I received the following letter from a very old and dear friend:—

“In an old *Fors* you ask for information about Nanterre. If you have not had it already, here is some. As you know, it is in the plain between Paris, Sèvres, and Versailles—a station on the Versailles line; a little station, at which few persons ‘descend,’ and fewer still ascend; the ladies of the still somewhat primitive and rather ugly little village being chiefly laundresses, and preferring, as I should in their place, to go to

Paris in their own carts with the clean linen. Nanterre has, however, two notable transactions in its community. It makes cakes, sold in Paris as 'Gâteaux de Nanterre,' and dear to childhood's soul. *And*—now prick up your ears—it yearly elects a Rosière. Not a high-falutin' æsthetic, self-conscious product, forced, and in an unsuitable sphere; but a *real* Rosière—a peasant girl, not chosen for beauty, or reading or writing, neither of which she may possibly possess; but one who has in some signal, but simple, *unself-conscious* way done her duty in the state of life unto which it has pleased God to call her,—done it in the open, fresh air, and under the bright sun, in the 'fierce white light' of village public opinion; who is known to young and old, and has been known all her life.

"She is crowned with roses in May, and has a portion of rather more than 1,000 francs. She is expected soon to marry, and carry on into the higher functions of wife and mother the promise of her maidenhood."

And with this letter came another, from Francesca, giving me this following account of her servant Edwige's* native village.

"I have been asking her about 'Le Rose;' she says it is *such* a pretty place, and the road has a hedge of beautiful roses on each side, and there are roses about all the houses. . . . But now I can hardly finish my letter, for since she has begun she cannot stop running on about her birth-place, and I am writing in the midst of a long discourse about the chestnut-trees, and the high wooded hill, with the chapel of the Madonna at its summit, and the stream of clear water where she used to wash clothes, and I know not what else! She has a very affectionate recollection of her childhood, poor as it was; and I do think that the beautiful country in which she grew up gave a sort of brightness to her life. I am very thankful that her story is going to be printed, for it has been a help to me, and will be, I think, to others."

Yes, a help, and better than that, a light,—as also this that follows, being an account just sent me by Francesca, of a Rosy Vale in Italy, rejoicing round its Living Rose.

* See *Roadside Songs of Tuscany*, No. II., p. 80.

THE MOTHER OF THE ORPHANS.

“In the beautiful city of Bassano, on the Brenta, between the mountains and the plain, Signora Maria Zanchetta has passed the eighty-five years of her busy, happy, and useful life, bringing a blessing to all who have come near her, first in her own family, and afterwards, for the last forty-five years, to one generation after another of poor orphan girls, to whom she has been more than a mother. She always had, from childhood, as she herself told me, a wish to enter a religious life, and her vocation seems to have been rather for the active than for the contemplative side of such a life. She belongs to an honourable family of Bassano, and appears to have had an especial love and reverence for her parents, whom she would never leave as long as they lived. After their death she continued to live with an invalid sister, Paola, whom she remembers always with great tenderness, and who is spoken of still, by those who knew her, as something very near a saint.

“I have often wondered how much of Signora Maria’s sweet and beautiful Christian spirit, which has brought comfort into hundreds of lives, may be owing to the influence of the saintly elder sister, whose helpless condition must have made her seem, to herself and others, comparatively useless in the world, but who lived always so very near to heaven! After Paola died, Maria, being no longer needed at home, resolved to give herself entirely to some charitable work, and her mind turned to the Girls’ Orphan Asylum, close to her own house. Her brother and other relations would have preferred that she should have become a nun in one of those convents where girls of noble families are sent for education, considering that such a life was more honourable,* and better suited to her condition. She told me this part of her story herself, and added, ‘In the convent I should have been paid for my work, but I wanted to serve the Lord without recompense in this world, and so I came here to the orphans.’ There she has lived ever since, *wearing the same dress as the poor girls,*† living their life,

* Let me earnestly pray the descendants of old Catholic families to think how constantly their pride, the primary mortal sin, has been the ruin of all they had most confidently founded it on, and all they strove to build on such foundation.

† The good Superiora’s example, comparing what we are told of the dress of the girls themselves at pp. 194, 195, may well take the place of all I had to say in this last *Fors*, about dress, summed in the simple advice to all

entering into all their pleasures, and troubles; overseeing the washing, giving a hand to the mending, leading a humble, laborious life, full, one would think, of wearisome cares and burdens. A mother's burdens, without a mother's instinct to support them; but still, if one may judge by her face, she has lived in perpetual sunshine. And how young she looks still! She must have been a delicate blonde beauty in her youth, and she still retains a complexion like a sweet-briar rose, and her kind blue eyes are as clear and peaceful as an infant's. Her hair, still abundant as in youth, is quite white, and yet not like snow, unless it be snow with the evening sunshine upon it; one sees in a moment that it has once been golden, and it is finer than anything that I ever saw, excepting thistle-down. Her dress is of the poorest and plainest, and yet I cannot feel that she would be more beautiful in any other. A blue cotton dress, and cap of the same, with a handkerchief and apron, such as are worn by the contadine, nothing else; but all arranged with scrupulous neatness. There is nothing monastic in the dress, nor in the life. Signora Maria is free to stay or go as she will; she is bound by no vow, belongs to no order; there has been nothing but the love of God, and of the poor children, to hold her to her place all these long years. She has some property, but she leaves the use of it to her family, taking for herself only just what is sufficient for her own maintenance in the asylum, that she may not take anything from the orphans. I had long wished to know this good Signora Maria, and finally, last May, I had the great pleasure of seeing her. I had sent, to ask at what hour she could see me, to which she replied, 'Any time after six in the morning,' which I thought was pretty well for eighty-five!

"When, the next morning, I went with Edwige to the orphan asylum, and we entered the very modest little bottega, as they call it, with its low ceiling and counter, where they sell artificial flowers, and certain simple medicines of their own preparing, in which the Bassano people have great faith; and where also they receive orders for ornamental laundry-work, and for embroidery of a religious description,*—when, as I was saying, we entered this room, half-a-dozen elderly women were standing talking together, all in the same old-

women of rank and wealth,—Till you can dress your poor beautifully, dress yourselves plainly; till you can feed all your poor healthily, live yourselves like the monks of Vallis Rosina, and the message of *Fors* is ended.

* I should be inclined considerably to modify these directions of industry, in the organization of similar institutions here.

fashioned blue dresses. I asked if I could see the superiora, at which this very pretty and young-looking lady came forward; and I, not dreaming that she could be the aged saint for whom I was looking, repeated my question. 'A servirla!' she replied. I was obliged to explain the astonishment, which I could not conceal, by saying, that I had expected to see a much older lady. 'I *am* old,' she answered, 'but I have good health, thank the Lord!' And then she led us through the room where a number of girls were doing the peculiar laundry-work of which I have spoken,—one cannot call it ironing, *for no iron is used about it*;* but with their fingers, and a fine stick kept for the purpose, they work the starched linen into all kinds of delicate patterns. They all rose and bowed politely as we passed, and then the old lady preceded us up the stone staircase (which she mounted so rapidly that she left us some way behind her), and conducted us to a pleasant upper chamber, where we all sat down together. On this day, and on those following when I was taking her portrait, I gathered many particulars of her own life, and also about the institution, which I must write down one by one as I can remember them, for I find it impossible to arrange them in any order. She told me that they were in all seventy-five, between women and girls. Every girl taken into the institution has a right to a home in it for life, if she will; and many never choose to leave it, or if they do leave it they return to it; but others have married, or gone to service, or to live with their relations. Once, many years ago, she had seven little slave girls, put temporarily under her care by a good missionary who had bought them in Africa. She seems to have a peculiar tenderness in her remembrance of the poor little unbaptized savages. 'The others call me Superiora,' she said, 'but *they* used to call me Mamma Maria.' And her voice softened to more than its usual gentleness as she said those words.

"And now I must leave the dear old lady for a moment, to repeat what Silvia told me once about those same little slave girls. It was a warm summer's evening, and Silvia and I were sitting, as we often do, on the broad stone steps of the Rezzonico Palace, between the two immense old stone lions that guard the door; and watching the sunset behind the mountains. And Silvia was telling me how, when she was a very small child, those little African girls were brought to the

* I italicize here and there a sentence that might otherwise escape notice. I might italicize the whole text, if I could so express my sympathy with all it relates.

house, and what wild black faces they had, and what brilliant eyes. As they were running about the wide lawn behind Palazzo Rezzonico (which stands in a retired country place about a mile from the city), they caught sight of those stone lions by the door, and immediately pressed about them, and fell to embracing them, as if they had been dear friends, and covered them with tears and kisses; * and Silvia thought that they were thinking of their own country, and perhaps of lions which they had seen in their African deserts. I asked Signora Maria if she knew what had become of those poor girls. She said that she had heard that two of them afterwards entered a convent; but she had lost sight of them all for many years; and, indeed, they had only remained in Bassano for five months.

“ While I was drawing the old lady’s portrait, a tall, strong, very pleasant-looking woman of fifty or so came in and stood beside me. She wore the same dress as the Superiora, excepting that she had no cap, nor other covering for her wavy black hair, which was elaborately braided, and knotted up behind, in the fashion commonly followed by the contadine in this part of the country. She had very bright eyes, in which a smile seemed to have taken up its permanent abode, even when the rest of her face was serious. Her voice was soft,—there seems to be something in the atmosphere of that orphanage which makes everybody’s voice soft!—but her movements were rapid and energetic, and she evidently had a supply of vigour and spirit sufficient for half-a-dozen, at least, of average women. She was extremely interested in the progress of the picture, (which she said was as much like the Superiora as anything could be that was *sitting still*), but it was rather a grievance to her that the old lady *would* be taken in her homely dress. ‘Come, now, you *might* wear that other cap!’ she said, bending over the little fair Superiora, putting her strong arm very softly around her neck, and speaking coaxingly as if to a baby; then looking at me: ‘She has such a pretty cap, that I made up for her myself, and she will not wear it!’ ‘I wear it when I go out,’ said Signora Maria, ‘but I would rather have my likeness in the dress that I always wear at home.’ I, too, said that I would rather draw her just as she was. ‘I suppose you are right,’ said the younger woman, regretfully, ‘but she is so much prettier in that cap!’ I thought her quite

* This is to me the most lovely and the most instructive fact I ever heard, in its witness to the relations that exist between man and the inferior intelligences of creation.

pretty enough in the old blue cap, and kept on with my work. Meanwhile I asked some questions about the institution. Signora Maria said that it was founded in the last century by a good priest, D. Giorgio Pirani, and afterwards farther endowed by D. Marco Cremona, whom she had herself known in his old age. How old this D. Marco was she could not remember; a cast of his face, which she afterwards showed me, and which she told me was taken after his death, represented a very handsome, benevolent-looking man, of about seventy, but I imagine (judging from the rest of the conversation) that he must have been much older. She told me that the founder, D. Giorgio, having inherited considerable property, and having no relations that needed it, had bought the land and three or four houses, which he had thrown into one; and had given it all for poor orphan girls of Bassano.

“The place accommodates seventy-five girls and women, and is always full. Thirty centimes a day are allowed for the maintenance of each girl, and were probably sufficient in D. Giorgio’s time, but times have changed since then. However, they do various kinds of work, principally of a religious or ecclesiastical nature, making priests’ dresses, or artificial flowers for the altar, or wafers to be used at the communion; besides sewing, knitting, and embroidery of all kinds; and the women work for the children, and the whole seventy-five live together in one affectionate and united family. The old lady seemed very fond of her ‘tose,’ as she calls the girls, and said that they also loved her,—which I should think they would, for a more entirely loveable woman it would be hard to find.

“She has the delightful manners of an old-fashioned Venetian, full of grace, sweetness, and vivacity, and would think that she failed in one of the first Christian duties if she did not observe all the laws of politeness. She never once failed, during our rather frequent visits at the institution, to come down stairs to meet us, receiving me always at the outside door with a kiss on both cheeks; and when we came away she would accompany us into the cortile, and stand there, taking leave, with the sun on her white hair. When, however, she found this last attention made me rather uncomfortable, she desisted; for her politeness being rather of the heart than of etiquette, she never fails in comprehending and considering the feelings of those about her.

“But to return to our conversation. The woman with the black, wavy hair, whose name was, as I found out, Annetta, remarked, with regard to the good Don Giorgio Pirani, that

‘he died so young, poor man!’ As it seemed he had accomplished a good deal in his life, I was rather surprised, and asked, ‘How young?’ To which she replied, in a tone of deep compassion, ‘Only seventy-five, poor man! But then he had worn himself out with the care of the institution, and he had a great deal of trouble.’ Annetta calculated age in the Bassano fashion; in this healthy air, and *with the usually simple habits of life of the people*, longevity is the rule, and not the exception. The portrait of Don Giorgio’s mother hangs beside his in the refectory, with an inscription stating that it was painted ‘in the year of her age eighty-nine’; also that her name was Daciana Pirani, and that she assisted her two sons, Giorgio and Santi, in their charitable work for the orphans. The picture itself bears the date 1774, and represents a fresh-coloured, erect, very pleasant-looking lady, with bright, black eyes, very plainly dressed in a long-waisted brown gown and blue apron, with a little dark-coloured cap, which time has rendered so indistinct that I cannot quite make out the fashion of it. A plain handkerchief, apparently of fine white linen, is folded over her bosom, and her arms are bare to the elbows, with a fine Venetian gold chain wound several times around one of them,—her only ornament, excepting her little round earrings. She is standing by a table, on which are her crucifix, prayer-book and rosary. The Superiora told me that when Don Giorgio was engaged in building and fitting up his asylum, sometimes at the table his mother would observe that he was absent and low-spirited, and had little appetite, at which she would ask him anxiously, ‘What ails you, my son?’ and he would reply, ‘I have no more money for my workmen.’ At this she always said, ‘Oh, if that is all, do not be troubled! I will see to it!’ And, rising from the table, she would leave the room, to return in a few minutes with a handful of money, sufficient for the immediate expenses. Don Giorgio himself must have had, if his portrait tells the truth, a singularly kind, sensible, and cheerful face, with more regular beauty than Don Marco Cremona, but less imposing, with dark eyes and white curling hair. Of Santi Pirani I could learn nothing, excepting that he was a priest, an excellent man, and his brother’s helper.

“But to return to what I was saying about the Bassano fashion of reckoning age. It is not long since a Bassano gentleman, himself quite a wonderful picture of vigorous health, was complaining to me that the health of the city was not what it used to be. ‘Indeed,’ he said, with the air of one bringing forward an unanswerable proof of his assertion, ‘at this present

time, among all my acquaintances, I know only one man past a hundred! My father knew several; but now they all seem to drop off between eighty and ninety.' And he shook his head sadly. I asked some questions about his centenarian friend, and was told that he was a poor man, and lived on charity. 'We all give to him,' he said; 'he always worked as long as he could, and at his age we do not think it ought to be expected of him.'

"As nearly as I can understand, people here begin to be considered elderly when they are about eighty, but those who die before ninety are thought to have died untimely. Signora Maria's family had an old servant, by name Bartolo Mosca, who lived with them for seventy-two years. He entered their service at fourteen, and left it (for a better world, I hope) at eighty-six. He was quite feeble for some time before he died, and his master kept a servant expressly to wait upon him. A woman servant, Maria Cometa, died in their house of nearly the same age, having passed all her life in their service.

"I was much interested in observing Annetta's behaviour to her Superiora; it was half reverential, half caressing. I could hardly tell whether she considered the old lady as a patron saint or a pet child. Anxious to know what was the tie between them, I asked Annetta how long she had been in the place. She did a little cyphering on her fingers, and then said, 'Forty years.' In answer to other questions, she told me that her father and mother had both died within a few weeks of each other, when she was a small child, the youngest of seven; and her uncle, finding himself left with the burden of so large a family on his shoulders, had thought well to relieve himself in part by putting the smallest and most helpless 'with the orphans.' 'She has been my mother ever since,' she said, dropping her voice, and laying her hand on the little old lady's shoulder. She added that some of her brothers had come on in the world, and had wished to take her home, and that she had gone at various times and stayed in their families, but that she had always come back to her place in the institution, because she could never be happy, for any length of time, anywhere else. I asked if the girls whom they took in were generally good, and repaid their kindness as they should do, to which the old lady replied, 'Many of them do, and are a great comfort; but others give us much trouble. What can we do? We must have patience; we are here on purpose.' 'Besides,' said Annetta, cheerfully, 'it would never do for us to have all our re-

ward in this world ; if we did, we could not expect any on the other side.'

"The Superiora told me many interesting stories about the institution, and of the bequests that had been left to it by various Bassano families, of which the most valuable appeared to be *some land in the country with one or two contadine houses*, where the girls are sent occasionally to pass a day in the open air and enjoy themselves. Many families had bequeathed furniture and pictures to the institution, so that one sees everywhere massive nutwood chairs and tables, carved and inlaid, all of old republican* times. One picture, of which I do not recollect the date, but it is about two hundred years old, I should think, represents a young lady with fair curls, magnificently dressed in brocade and jewels, by name Maddalena Bernardi, who looks always as if wondering at the simple unworldliness of the life about her ; and beside her hangs the last of her race (her son, I suppose, for he is much like her in feature ; but no one knows now), a poor Franciscan frate, 'Who did a great deal for the orphans,' Signora Maria says. Next to the frate, between him and good Don Giorgio, she showed me a Venetian senator, all robe and wig, with a face like nobody in particular, scarlet drapery tossed about in confusion, and a background of very black thunder-clouds. 'This picture,' she said, 'was left us by the Doge Erizzo, and represents one of his family. He left us also a hundred and twenty staia of Indian corn and two barrels of wine yearly, and we still continue to receive them.' She showed me also a room where the floor was quite covered with heaps of corn, saying, 'I send it to be ground as we need it ; but it will not last long, there are so many mouths!'

"During the many days that I visited Signora Maria, I noticed several things which seemed to me different from other orphan asylums which I have seen. To be sure I have not seen a great many ; but from what little I have been able to observe, I have taken an impression that orphan girls usually have their hair cut close to their heads, and wear the very ugliest clothes that can possibly be obtained, and that their clothes are made so as to fit no one in particular. Also I think that they are apt to look dull and dispirited, with a general effect of being educated by machinery, which is not pleasant. Signora Maria's little girls, on the contrary, *are*

* Old stately times, Francesca means, when Bassano and Castelfranco, Padua and Verona, were all as the sisters of Venice.

made to look as pretty as is possible in the poor clothes, which are the best that can be afforded for them. Their cotton handkerchiefs are of the gayest patterns, their hair is arranged becomingly, so as to make the most of the light curls of one, or the heavy braids of another, and most of them wear little gold earrings. And if one speaks to them, they answer with a pleasant smile, and do not seem frightened. I do not think that the dear old lady keeps them under an iron rule, by any means. Another thing which I noticed was that while many of the younger children, who had been but a little while in the place, looked rather sickly, and showed still the marks of poverty and neglect, the older girls, who had been there for several years, had, almost without exception, an appearance of vigorous health. It was my good fortune to be there once on washing-day, when a number of girls, apparently from fifteen to twenty years old, bare-armed (and some of them bare-footed), were hanging out clothes to dry in the cortile; and such a picture of health and beauty I have seldom seen, nor such light, strong, rapid movements, nor such evident enjoyment of their work.

“Next to the room where I did most of my work was a long narrow room where many of the women and elder girls used to work together. An inscription in large black letters hung on the wall, ‘*Silentium.*’ I suppose it must have been put there with an idea of giving an orderly conventual air to the place; perhaps it may have served that purpose, it certainly did no other! The door was open between us, and the lively talking that went on in that room was incessant. Once the old lady by my side called to them, ‘*Tose!*’ and I thought that she was calling them to order, but it proved that she only wanted to have a share in the conversation. When not sitting for her portrait she used to sew or knit, as she sat beside me. She could do beautiful mending, and never wore spectacles. She told me that she *had* worn them until a few years before, *when her sight had come back quite strong as in youth.*

“But I must allow, in speaking of my friends of the orphan asylum, that some of their religious observances are a little . . . peculiar. In the large garden, on the side where Signora Maria has her flower border (‘We cannot afford much room for flowers,’ Annetta says, ‘but they are the delight of the Superiora!’) is a long walk under a canopy of grape-vines, leading to a niche where stands, under the thick shade, a large wooden Madonna of the Immaculate Conception. She is very ugly, and but a poor piece of carving; a stout, heavy woman in

impossible drapery, and with no expression whatsoever. The seven stars (somewhat rusty and blackened by the weather) are arranged on a rather too conspicuous piece of wire about the head. The last time I saw her, however, she had much improved, if not in beauty or sanctity, at least in cleanliness of appearance, which Annetta accounted for by saying complacently: 'I gave her a coat of white paint myself, *oil* paint; so now she will look well for a long time to come, and the rain will not hurt her.' I observed that some one had placed a rose in the clumsy wooden hand, and that her ears were ornamented with little garnet earrings. Annetta said, 'The girls put together a few soldi and bought those earrings for the Madonna. They are very cheap ones, and I bored the holes in her ears myself with a gimlet.' Before this Madonna the girls go on summer afternoons to sing the litanies, and apparently find their devotion in no way disturbed by the idea of Annetta's tinkering. She seems to do pretty much all the carpentering and repairing that are wanted about the establishment, and is just as well pleased to 'restore' the Madonna as anything else. I was very sorry, at last, when the time came to say good-bye to the peaceful old house and its inmates. The Superiora, on the occasion of her last sitting, presented me with a very pretty specimen of the girls' work—a small pin-cushion, surrounded with artificial flowers, and surmounted by a dove, with spread wings, in white linen, its shape, and even feathers, quite wonderfully represented by means of the peculiar starching process which I have tried to describe. I can only hope that the dear old lady may be spared to the utmost limit of life in Bassano, which would give her many years yet, for it is sad to think of the change that must come over the little community when she is taken away. She is still the life of the house; her influence is everywhere. She reminds me always of the beautiful promise, 'They shall yet bear fruit in old age.' Once I was expressing to her my admiration for the institution, and she said, 'It is a *happy* institution.' And so it is, but it is she who has made it so."

This lovely history, of a life spent in the garden of God, sums, as it illumines, all that I have tried to teach in the series of letters which I now feel that it is time to close.

The "Go and do thou likewise," which every kindly intelligent spirit cannot but hear spoken to it, in each sentence of the quiet narrative, is of more searching and all-embracing

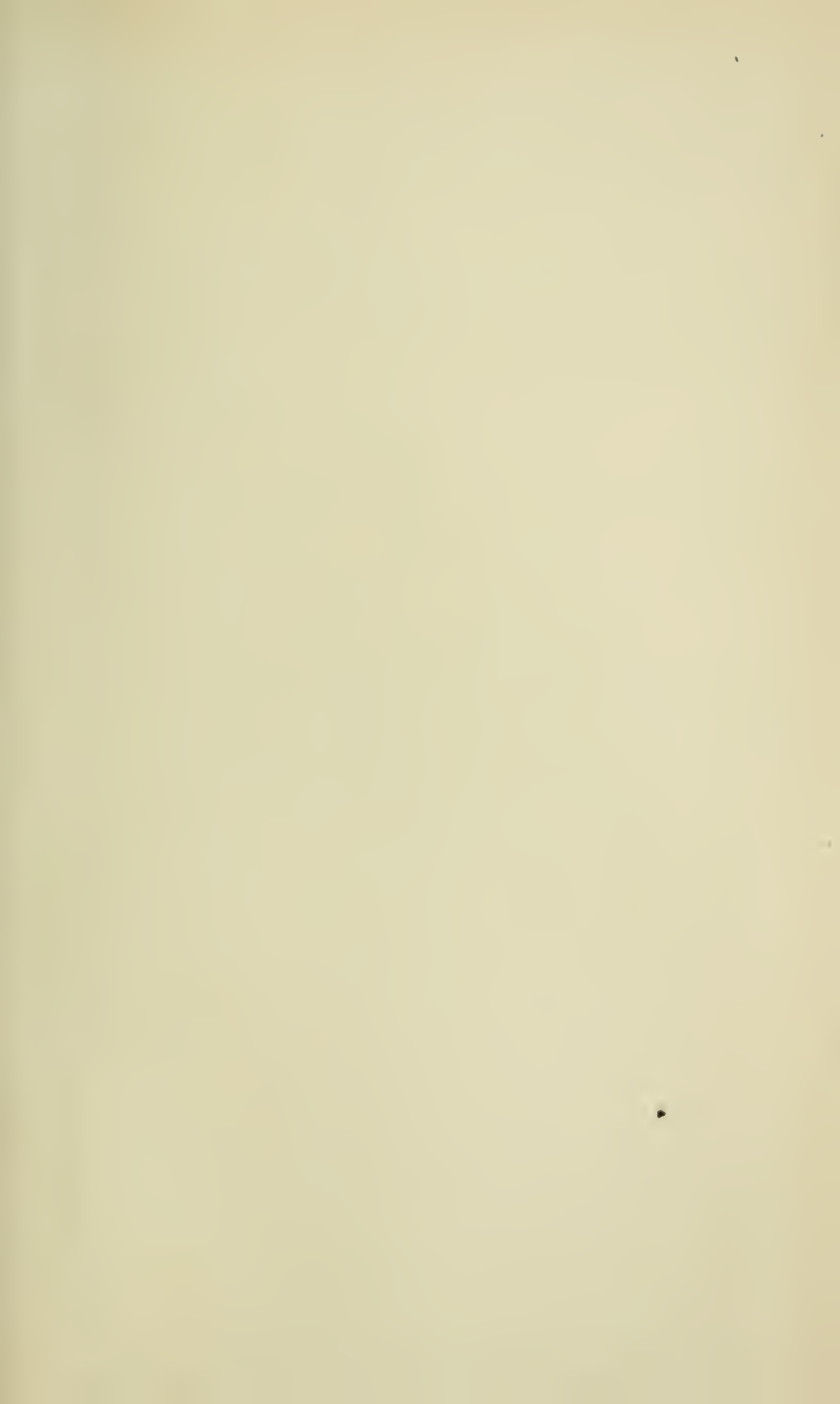
urgency than any appeal I have dared to make in my own writings. Looking back upon my efforts for the last twenty years, I believe that their failure has been in very great part owing to my compromise with the infidelity of this outer world, and my endeavour to base my pleading upon motives of ordinary prudence and kindness, instead of on the primary duty of loving God,—foundation other than which can no man lay. I thought myself speaking to a crowd which could only be influenced by visible utility; nor was I the least aware how many entirely good and holy persons were living in the faith and love of God as vividly and practically now as ever in the early enthusiasm of Christendom, until, chiefly in consequence of the great illnesses which, for some time after 1878, forbade my accustomed literary labour, I was brought into closer personal relations with the friends in America, Scotland, Ireland, and Italy, to whom, if I am spared to write any record of my life, it will be seen that I owe the best hopes and highest thoughts which have supported and guided the force of my matured mind. These have shown me, with lovely initiation, in how many secret places the prayer was made which I had foolishly listened for at the corners of the streets; and on how many hills which I had thought left desolate, the hosts of heaven still moved in chariots of fire.

But surely the time is come when all these faithful armies should lift up the standard of their Lord,—not by might, nor by power, but by His spirit, bringing forth judgment unto victory. That they should no more be hidden, nor overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. If the enemy cometh in like a flood, how much more may the rivers of Paradise? Are there not fountains of the great deep that open to bless, not destroy?

And the beginning of blessing, if you will think of it, is in that promise, "Great shall be the peace of thy *children*." All the world is but as one orphanage, so long as its children know not God their Father; and all wisdom and knowledge is only more bewildered darkness, so long as you have not taught them the fear of the Lord.

Not to be taken out of the world in monastic sorrow, but to be kept from its evil in shepherded peace ;—ought not this to be done for all the children held at the fonts beside which we vow, in their name, to renounce the world? Renounce! nay, ought we not, at last, to redeem?

The story of Rosy Vale is not ended ;—surely out of its silence the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and round it the desert rejoice, and blossom as the rose!



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Ruskin, John
The complete works

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