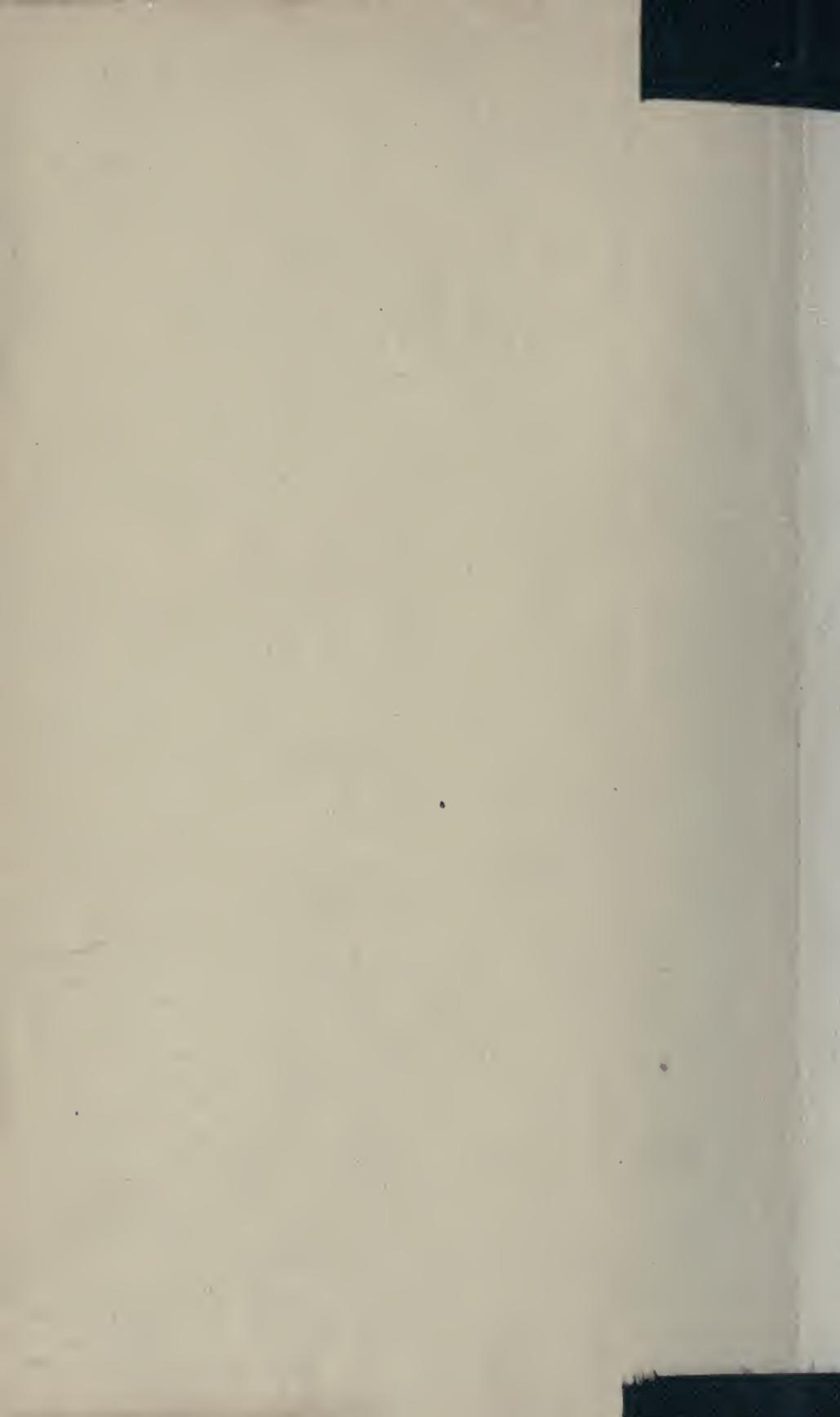


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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

JOHN RUSKIN

VOLUME XXIII



ARROWS OF THE CHACE

VOLUMES I-II



The Complete Works of
John Ruskin

Arrolus of the Chace
Our Fathers Have Told Us
The Storm-Cloud of the
Nineteenth Century
Hortus Inclusus



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ARROWS OF THE CHACE

BEING

A COLLECTION OF
SCATTERED LETTERS

PUBLISHED CHIEFLY IN THE DAILY NEWSPAPERS

1840-1880

VOLUME I.

LETTERS ON ART AND SCIENCE

"I NEVER WROTE A LETTER IN MY LIFE WHICH ALL THE WORLD ARE
NOT WELCOME TO READ IF THEY WILL."

Fors Clavigera, Letter 59, 1875.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

MY good Editor insists that this book must have an Author's Preface; and insists further that it shall not contain compliments to him on the editorship. I must leave, therefore, any readers who care for the book, and comprehend the trouble that has been spent on it, to pay him their own compliments, as the successive service of his notes may call for them: but my obedience to his order, not in itself easy to me, doubles the difficulty I have in doing what, nevertheless, I am resolved to do—pay, that is to say, several extremely fine compliments to myself, upon the quality of the text.

For of course I have read none of these letters since they were first printed: of half of them I had forgotten the contents, of some, the existence; all come fresh to me; and here in Rouen, where I thought nothing could possibly have kept me from drawing all I could of the remnants of the old town, I find myself, instead, lying in bed in the morning, reading these remnants of my old self—and that with much contentment and thankful applause.

For here are a series of letters ranging over a period of, broadly, forty years of my life; most of them written hastily, and all in hours snatched from heavier work: and in the

entire mass of them there is not a word I wish to change, not a statement I have to retract, and, I believe, few pieces of advice, which the reader will not find it for his good to act upon.

With which brief preface I am, for my own part, content ; but as it is one of an unusual tenor, and may be thought by some of my friends, and all my foes, more candid than graceful, I permit myself the apologetic egotism of enforcing one or two of the points in which I find these letters so well worth—their author's—reading.

In the building of a large book, there are always places where an indulged diffuseness weakens the fancy, and prolonged strain subdues the energy : when we have time to say all we wish, we usually wish to say more than enough ; and there are few subjects we can have the pride of exhausting, without wearying the listener. But all these letters were written with fully provoked zeal, under strict allowance of space and time : they contain the choicest and most needful things I could within narrow limits say, out of many contending to be said ; expressed with deliberate precision ; and recommended by the best art I had in illustration or emphasis. At the time of my life in which most of them were composed, I was fonder of metaphor, and more fertile in simile, than I am now ; and I employed both with franker trust in the reader's intelligence. Carefully chosen, they are always a powerful means of concentration ; and I could then dismiss in six words, "thistledown without seeds, and bubbles without color," forms of art on which I should now perhaps spend half a page of analytic vituperation ; and represent, with a pleasant accuracy which my best methods of outline and exposition could now no more achieve, the entire system of modern plutocratic policy, under the luckily remembered

image of the Arabian bridegroom, bewitched with his heels uppermost.

It is to be remembered also that many of the subjects handled can be more conveniently treated controversially than directly ; the answer to a single question may be made clearer than a statement which endeavors to anticipate many ; and the crystalline vigor of a truth is often best seen in the course of its serene collision with a trembling and dissolving fallacy. But there is a deeper reason than any such accidental ones for the quality of this book. Since the letters cost me, as aforesaid, much trouble ; since they interrupted me in pleasant work which was usually liable to take harm by interruption ; and since they were likely almost, in the degree of their force, to be refused by the editors of the adverse journals, I never was tempted into writing a word for the public press, unless concerning matters which I had much at heart. And the issue is, therefore, that the two following volumes contain very nearly the indices of everything I have deeply cared for during the last forty years ; while not a few of their political notices relate to events of more profound historical importance than any others that have occurred during the period they cover ; and it has not been an uneventful one.

Nor have the events been without gravity ; the greater, because they have all been inconclusive. Their true conclusions are perhaps nearer than any of us apprehend ; and the part I may be forced to take in them, though I am old,—perhaps I should rather say, *because* I am old,—will, as far as I can either judge or resolve, be not merely literary.

Whether I am spared to put into act anything here designed for my country's help, or am shielded by death from the sight of her remediless sorrow, I have already done for her as much service as she has will to receive, by laying before her facts

vital to her existence, and unalterable by her power, in words of which not one has been warped by interest nor weakened by fear; and which are as pure from selfish passion as if they were spoken already out of another world.

J. RUSKIN.

ROUEN, *St. Firmin's Day*, 1880.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

SOME words are needed by way of a general note to the present volumes in explanation of the principles upon which they have been edited. It is, however, first due to the compiler of the Bibliography of Mr. Ruskin's writings,* to state in what measure this book has been prompted and assisted by his previous labors. Already acquainted with some few of the letters which Mr. Ruskin had addressed at various times to the different organs of the daily press, or which had indirectly found their way there, it was not until I came across the Bibliography that I was encouraged to complete and arrange a collection of these scattered portions of his thought. When I had done this, I ventured to submit the whole number of the letters to their author, and to ask him if, after taking two or three of them as examples of the rest, he would not consider the advisability of himself republishing, if not all, at least a selected few. In reply, he was good enough to put me in communication with his publisher, and to request me to edit any or all of the letters without further reference to him.

I have, therefore, to point out that except for that request, or rather sanction; for the preface which he has promised to

* "The Bibliography of Ruskin: a bibliographical list, arranged in chronological order, of the published writings of John Ruskin, M.A. (From 1834 to 1879.)" By Richard Herne Shepherd.

add after my work upon the volumes is finished ; and for the title which it bears, Mr. Ruskin is in no way responsible for this edition of his letters. I knew, indeed, from the words of "Fors Clavigera" which are printed as a motto to the book, that I ran little risk of his disapproval in determining to print, not a selection, but the whole number of letters in question ; and I felt certain that the completeness of the collection would be considered a first essential by most of its readers, who are thus assured that the present volumes contain, with but two exceptions, every letter mentioned in the last edition of the bibliography, and some few more beside, which have been either printed or discovered since its publication.

The two exceptions are, first, the series of letters on the Lord's Prayer which appeared in the pages of the *Contemporary Review* last December ; and, secondly, some half-dozen upon "A Museum or Picture Gallery," printed in the *Art Journal* of last June and August. It seemed that both these sets of letters were really more akin to review articles cast in an epistolary form, and would thus find fitter place in a collection of such papers than in the present volumes ; and for the omission of the second set there was a still further reason in the fact that the series is not yet completed.* On the other hand, the recent circular on the proposed interference with St. Mark's, Venice, is included in the first, and one or two

* The letter out of which it took its rise, however, will be found on the 82d page of the first volume ; and with regard to it, and especially to the mention of Mr. Frith's picture in it, reference should be made to part of a further letter in the *Art Journal* of this month.

"I owe some apology, by the way, to Mr. Frith, for the way I spoke of his picture in my letter to the Leicester committee, not intended for publication, though I never write what I would not allow to be published, and was glad that they asked leave to print it." (*Art Journal*, August, 1880, where this sentence is further explained.)

other extraneous matters in the second volume, for reasons which their connection with the letters amongst which they are placed will make sufficiently clear.

The letters are reprinted word for word, and almost stop for stop, from the newspapers and other pages in which they first appeared. To ensure this accuracy was not an easy matter, and to it there are a few intentional exceptions. A few misprints have been corrected, such as that of "Fat Bard" for "Fort Bard" (vol. i. p. 147): and now and then the punctuation has been changed, as on the 256th page of the same volume, where a comma, placed in the original print of the letter between the words "visibly" and "owing," quite confused the sentence. To these slight alterations may be added others still less important, such as the commencement of a fresh paragraph, or the closing up of an existing one, to suit the composition of the type, which the number of notes rendered unusually tiresome. The title of a letter, too, is not always that provided it by the newspaper; in some cases it seemed well to rechristen, in others it was necessary to christen a letter, though the former has never been done where it was at all possible that the existing title (for which reference can always be made to the bibliography) was one given to it by Mr. Ruskin himself.

The classification of the letters is well enough shown by the tables of contents. The advantages of a topical over a chronological arrangement appeared beyond all doubt; whilst the addition to each volume of a chronological list of the letters contained in it, and the further addition to the second volume of a similar list of all the letters contained in the book, and of a full index, will, it is hoped, increase the usefulness of the work.

The beautiful engraving which forms the frontispiece of

the first volume originally formed that of "The Oxford Museum." The plate was but little used in the apparently small edition of that book, and was thus found to be in excellent state for further use here. The woodcut of the chestnut spandril (vol. i. p. 144) is copied from one which may also be found in "The Oxford Museum." The facsimile of part of one of the letters is not quite satisfactory, the lines being somewhat thicker than they should be, but it answers its present purpose.

Lastly, the chief difficulty of editing these letters has been in regard to the notes, and has lain not so much in obtaining the necessary information as in deciding what use to make of it when obtained. The first point was, of course, to put the reader of the present volumes in possession of every fact which would have been common knowledge at the time when such and such a letter was written; but beyond this there were various allusions, which might be thought to need explanation; quotations, the exact reference to which might be convenient; and so forth. Some notes, therefore, of this character have been also added; whilst some few which were omitted, either intentionally or by accident, from the body of the work, may be found on reference to the index.*

The effort to make the book complete has induced the notice of slight variations of text in one or two cases, especially in the reprint of the St. Mark's Circular. The space occupied by such notes is small, the interest which a few students take in the facts they notice really great, and the appearance of pedantry to some readers is thus risked in order to meet the

* Some of the notes, it will be remarked, are in larger type than the rest; these are Mr. Ruskin's original notes to the letters as first published, and are in fact part of them; and they are so printed to distinguish them from the other notes, for which I am responsible.

special wish of others. The same effort will account for the reappearance of one or two really unimportant letters in the Appendix to the second volume, which contains also some few letters the nature of which is rather personal than public.

I have asked Mr. Ruskin to state in his preface to the book the value he may set upon it in relation to his other and more connected work; and for the rest, I have only to add that the editing of it has been the pleasant labor of my leisure for more than two years past, and to express my hope that these scattered arrows, some from the bow of "An Oxford Graduate," some from that of an Oxford Professor, may not have been vainly winged anew by

AN OXFORD PUPIL.

October, 1880.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE LETTERS

NOTE.—In the second and third columns the bracketed words and figures are
dating of

TITLE OF LETTER.	WHERE WRITTEN.
A LANDSLIP NEAR GIAGNANO	Naples
MODERN PAINTERS: A REPLY	[Denmark Hill
ART CRITICISM	[Denmark Hill
ON REFLECTIONS IN WATER	[Denmark Hill
DANGER TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY	[Denmark Hill]
THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BRETHERN, I.	Denmark Hill
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THE NATIONAL GALLERY	Herne Hill, Dulwich
“THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD”	Denmark Hill
“THE AWAKENING CONSCIENCE”	[Denmark Hill
THE TURNER BEQUEST	Denmark Hill
ON THE GENTIAN.	Denmark Hill
THE TURNER BEQUEST & NATIONAL GALLERY	[Denmark Hill
THE CASTLE ROCK (EDINBURGH)	Dunbar
THE ARTS AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION	Penrith
EDINBURGH CASTLE	Penrith
THE CHARACTER OF TURNER	[.
PRE-RAPHAELITISM IN LIVERPOOL	[.
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GOthic ARCHITECTURE & OXFORD MUSEUM, I.	[.
THE TURNER SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS	[.
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THE LIBER STUDIORUM (EXTRACT)	[.
GOthic ARCHITECTURE & OXFORD MUSEUM, II.	[.
THE TURNER GALLERY AT KENSINGTON	Denmark Hill
MR. THORNBURY'S “LIFE OF TURNER” (EXTRACT)	Lucerne
ART TEACHING BY CORRESPONDENCE	Denmark Hill
ON THE REFLECTION OF RAINBOWS	[.
THE CONFORMATION OF THE ALPS	Denmark Hill
CONCERNING GLACIERS	Denmark Hill
ENGLISH <i>versus</i> ALPINE GEOLOGY	Denmark Hill
CONCERNING HYDROSTATICS	Norwich
THE BRITISH MUSEUM	Denmark Hill
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NOTRE DAME DE PARIS	[Denmark Hill
“TURNERS” FALSE AND TRUE	Denmark Hill
CASTLES AND KENNELS	Denmark Hill
VERONA <i>v.</i> WARWICK	Denmark Hill, S. E.
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MR. RUSKIN'S INFLUENCE: A REJOINDER	Denmark Hill
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COPY OF TURNER'S “FLUELEN”	London
THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY	[.

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LETTERS ON ART.

I.

ART CRITICISM AND ART EDUCATION.

“MODERN PAINTERS”; A REPLY. 1843.

ART CRITICISM. 1843.

THE ARTS AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION. 1857.

ART TEACHING BY CORRESPONDENCE. 1860.

ARROWS OF THE CHACE.

I.

ART CRITICISM AND ART EDUCATION.

[From "The Weekly Chronicle," September 23, 1843.]

"MODERN PAINTERS;" A REPLY.

To the Editor of "The Weekly Chronicle."

SIR: I was much gratified by reading in your columns of the 15th* instant a piece of close, candid, and artistical criticism on my work entitled "Modern Painters." Serious and well-based criticism is at the present day so rare, and our periodicals are filled so universally with the splenetic jargon or meaningless praise of ignorance, that it is no small pleasure to an author to meet either with praise which he can view with patience, or censure which he can regard with respect. I seldom, therefore, read, and have never for an instant thought of noticing, the ordinary animadversions of the press; but the critique on "Modern Painters" in your pages is evidently the work of a man both of knowledge and feeling; and is at once so candid and so keen, so honest and so subtle, that I am desirous of offering a few remarks on the points on which it principally touches—they are of importance to art; and I feel convinced that the writer is desirous only of elucidating truth, not of upholding a favorite error. With respect first to Gaspar's painting of the "Sacrifice of Isaac." It is not on the faith of any *single* shadow that I have pronounced the time intended to

* It should be 16th, the criticism having appeared in the preceding weekly issue.

be near noon*—though the shadow of the two figures being very short, and cast *from* the spectator, is in itself conclusive. The whole system of chiaroscuro of the picture is lateral; and the light is expressly shown not to come from the distance by its breaking brightly on the bit of rock and waterfall on the left, from which the high copse wood altogether intercepts the rays proceeding from the horizon. There are multitudes of pictures by Gaspar with this same effect—leaving no doubt whatever on my mind that they are all manufactured by the same approved recipe, probably given him by Nicholas, but worked out by Gaspar with the clumsiness and vulgarity which are invariably attendant on the efforts of an inferior mind to realize the ideas of a greater. The Italian masters universally make the horizon the chief light of their picture, whether the effect intended be of noon or evening. Gaspar, to save himself the trouble of graduation, washes his sky half blue and half yellow, and separates the two colors by a line of cloud. In order to get his light conspicuous and clear, he washes the rest of his sky of a dark deep blue, without any thoughts about time of day or elevation of sun, or any such minutæ; finally, having frequently found the convenience of a black foreground, with a bit of light coming in round the corner, and probably having no conception of the possibility of painting a foreground on any other principle, he naturally falls into the usual method—blackens it all over, touches in a few rays of lateral light, and turns out a very respectable article; for in such language only should we express the completion of a picture painted throughout on conventional principles, without one reference to nature, and without one idea of the painter's own. With respect to Salvator's "Mercury and the Woodman," † your critic has not

* See "Modern Painters," vol. i. p. 159 (Pt. II. § 2, cap. 2, § 5). "Again, take any important group of trees, I do not care whose,—Claude's, Salvator's, or Poussin's,—with lateral light (that in the Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca, or Gaspar's Sacrifice of Isaac, for instance); can it be supposed that those murky browns and melancholy greens are representative of the tints of leaves under full noonday sun?" The picture in question is, it need hardly be said, in the National Gallery (No. 31).

† See "Modern Painters," vol. i. pp. 157-8 (Pt. II. § ii., cap. 2, § 4). The

allowed for the effect of time on its blues. They are now, indeed, sobered and brought down, as is every other color in the picture, until it is scarcely possible to distinguish any of the details in its darker parts; but they *have been* pure and clean, and the mountain is absolutely the same color as the open part of the sky. When I say it is "in full light," I do not mean that it is the highest light of the picture (for no distant mountain *can* be so, when compared with bright earth or white clouds), but that no accidental shadow is cast upon it; that it is under open sky, and so illumined that there must necessarily be a difference in hue between its light and dark sides, at which Salvator has not even hinted.

Again, with respect to the question of focal distances,* your critic, in common with many very clever people to whom I have spoken on the subject, has confused the obscurity of objects which are *laterally* out of the focal *range*, with that of objects which are *directly* out of the focal *distance*. If all objects in a landscape were in the same plane, they should be represented on the plane of the canvas with equal distinctness, because the eye has no greater lateral range on the canvas than in the landscape, and can only command a point in each. But this point in the landscape may present an intersection of lines belonging to different distances—as when a branch of a critic of the *Chronicle* had written that the rocky mountains in this picture "are *not* sky-blue, neither are they near enough for detail of crag to be seen, neither are they in full light, but are quite as indistinct as they would be in nature, and just the color." The picture is No. 84 in the National Gallery.

* See "Modern Painters," vol. i. p. 184 (Pt. II. § ii., cap. 4, § 6). "Turner introduced a new era in landscape art, by showing that the foreground might be sunk for the distance, and that it was possible to express immediate proximity to the spectator, without giving anything like completeness to the forms of the near objects. This, observe, is not done by slurred or soft lines (always the sign of vice in art), but by a decisive imperfection, a firm but partial assertion of form, which the eye feels indeed to be close home to it, and yet cannot rest upon, nor cling to, nor entirely understand, and from which it is driven away of necessity to those parts of distance on which it is intended to repose." To this the critic of the *Chronicle* had objected, attempting to show that it would result in Nature being "represented with just half the quantity of light and color that she possesses."

tree, or tuft of grass, cuts against the horizon : and yet these different distances cannot be discerned together : we lose one if we look at the other, so that no painful intersection of lines is ever felt. But on the canvas, as the lines of foreground and of distance are on the *same* plane, they *will* be seen together whenever they intersect, painfully and distinctly ; and, therefore, unless we make one series, whether near or distant, obscure and indefinite, we shall always represent as visible at once that which the eye can only perceive by two separate acts of seeing. Hold up your finger before this page, six inches from it. If you look at the edge of your finger, you cannot see the letters ; if you look at the letters, you cannot see the edge of your finger, but as a confused, double, misty line. Hence in painting, you must either take for your subject the finger or the letters ; you cannot paint both distinctly without violation of truth. It is of no consequence how quick the change of the eye may be ; it is not one whit quicker than its change from one part of the horizon to another, nor are the two intersecting distances more visible at the same time than two opposite portions of a landscape to which it passes in succession. Whenever, therefore, in a landscape, we look from the foreground to the distance, the foreground is subjected to *two* degrees of indistinctness : the first, that of an object *laterally* out of the focus of the eye ; and the *second*, that of an object *directly* out of the focus of the eye ; being too near to be seen with the focus adapted to the distance. In the picture, when we look from the foreground to the distance, the foreground is subjected only to *one* degree of indistinctness, that of being out of the lateral range ; for as both the painting of the distance and of the foreground are on the same plane, they are seen together with the same focus. Hence we must supply the *second* degree of indistinctness by slurring with the brush, or we shall have a severe and painful intersection of near and distant lines, impossible in nature. Finally, a very false principle is implied by part of what is advanced by your critic—which has led to infinite error in art, and should therefore be instantly combated whenever it were hinted—that the

ideal is different from the true. It is, on the contrary, only the perfection of truth. The Apollo is not a *false* representation of man, but the most perfect representation of all that is constant and essential in man—free from the accidents and evils which corrupt the truth of his nature.* Supposing we are describing to a naturalist some animal he does not know, and we tell him we saw one with a hump on its back, and another with strange bends in its legs, and another with a long tail, and another with no tail, he will ask us directly, But what is its *true* form, what is its *real* form? This truth, this reality, which he requires of us, is the *ideal* form, that which is hinted at by all the individuals—aimed at, but not arrived at. But never let it be said that, when a painter is defying the principles of nature at every roll of his brush, as I have shown that Gaspar does, when, instead of working out the essential characters of specific form, and raising those to their highest degree of nobility and beauty, he is casting all character aside, and carrying out imperfection and accident; never let it be said, in excuse for such degradation of nature, that it is done in pursuit of the ideal. As well might this be said in defence of the promising sketch of the human form pasted on the wainscot behind the hope of the family—artist and musician of equal power—in the "Blind Fiddler."† Ideal beauty is the generalization of consummate knowledge, the concentration of perfect truth—not the abortive vision of ignorance in its study. Nor was there ever yet one conception of the human mind beautiful, but as it was based on truth. When-

* The passage in the *Chronicle* ran thus: "The Apollo is but an ideal of the human form; no figure ever moulded of flesh and blood was like it." With the objection to this criticism we may compare "Modern Painters" (vol. i. p. 27), where the ideal is defined as "the utmost degree of beauty of which the species is capable." See also vol. ii. p. 99: "The perfect *idea* of the form and condition in which all the properties of the species are fully developed is called the Ideal of the species;" and "That unfortunate distinctness between Idealism and Realism which leads most people to imagine that the Ideal is opposed to the Real, and therefore false."

† This picture of Sir David Wilkie's was presented to the National Gallery (No. 99) by Sir George Beaumont, in 1826.

ever we leave nature, we fall immeasurably beneath her. So, again, I find fault with the "ropy wreath" of Gaspar,* not because he chose massy cloud instead of light cloud; but because he has drawn his massy cloud *falsely*, making it look tough and powerless, like a chain of Bologna sausages, instead of gifting it with the frangible and elastic vastness of nature's mountain vapor.

Finally, Sir, why must it be only "when he is gone from us"† that the power of our greatest English landscape painter is to be acknowledged? It cannot, indeed, be fully understood until the current of years has swept away the minor lights which stand around it, and left it burning alone; but at least the scoff and the sneer might be lashed into silence, if those only did their duty by whom it is already perceived. And let us not think that our unworthiness has no effect on the work of the master. I could be patient if I thought that *no* effect was wrought on his noble mind by the cry of the populace; but, scorn it as he may, and does, it is yet impossible for any human mind to hold on its course, with the same energy and life, through the oppression of a perpetual hissing, as when it is cheered on by the quick sympathy of its fellow-men. It is not in art as in matters of political duty, where the path is clear and the end visible. The springs of feeling may be oppressed or sealed by the want of an answer in other bosoms, though the sense of principle cannot be blunted except by the individual's *own* error; and though the knowledge of what is right, and the love of what is beautiful, may still support our great painter through the languor of age—and Heaven grant it may for years to come—yet we cannot hope that he will ever cast his spirit upon the canvas with the same freedom and fire as if

* The bank of cloud in the "Sacrifice of Isaac" is spoken of in "Modern Painters" (vol. i. p. 227, Pt. II., § iii., cap. 3, § 7), as "a ropy, tough-looking wreath." On this the reviewer commented.

† "We agree," wrote the *Chronicle*, "with the writer in almost every word he says about this great artist; and we have no doubt that, when he is gone from among us, his memory will receive the honor due to his living genius." See also the postscript to the first volume of "Modern Painters" (pp. 422-3), written in June, 1851.

he felt that the voice of its inspiration was waited for among men, and dwelt upon with devotion. Once, in ruder times, the work of a great painter* was waited for through days at his door, and attended to its place of deposition by the enthusiasm of a hundred cities; and painting rose from that time, a rainbow upon the Seven Hills, and on the cypressed heights of Fiésolo, guiding them and lighting them forever, even in the stillness of their decay. How can we hope that England will ever win for herself such a crown, while the works of her highest intellects are set for the pointing of the finger and the sarcasm of the tongue, and the sole reward for the deep, earnest, holy labor of a devoted life, is the weight of stone upon the trampled grave, where the vain and idle crowd will come to wonder how the brushes are mimicked in the marble above the dust of him who wielded them in vain?

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

* Cimabue. The quarter of the town is yet named, from the rejoicing of that day, Borgo Allegri.* (*Original note to the letter: see editor's preface.*)

* The picture thus honored was that of the Virgin, painted for the Church of Santa Maria Novella, where it now hangs in the Rucellai Chapel. "This work was an object of so much admiration to the people, . . . that it was carried in solemn procession, with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the church, he himself being highly rewarded and honored for it. It is further reported, and may be read in certain records of old painters, that whilst Cimabue was painting this picture in a garden near the gate of San Pietro, King Charles the Elder, of Anjou, passed through Florence, and the authorities of the city, among other marks of respect, conducted him to see the picture of Cimabue. When this work was shown to the king, it had not before been seen by any one; wherefore all the men and women of Florence hastened in great crowds to admire it, making all possible demonstrations of delight. The inhabitants of the neighborhood, rejoicing in this occurrence, ever afterwards called that place Borgo Allegri; and this name it has since retained, although in process of time it became enclosed within the walls of the city.—Vasari, "Lives of Painters." Bohn's edition. London, 1850. Vol. i. p. 41. This well-known anecdote may also be found in Jameson's "Early Italian Painters," p. 12.

[From the "Artist and Amateur's Magazine" (edited by E. V. Rippingille), January, 1843, pp. 280-287.]

ART CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the "Artist and Amateur's Magazine."

SIR—Anticipating, with much interest, your reply to the candid and earnest inquiries of your unknown correspondent, Matilda Y.,* I am led to hope that you will allow me to have some share with you in the pleasant task of confirming an honest mind in the truth. Subject always to your animadversion and correction, so far as I may seem to you to be led astray by my peculiar love for the works of the artist to whom her letter refers, I yet trust that in most of the remarks I have to make on the points which have perplexed her, I shall be expressing not only your own opinions, but those of every other accomplished artist who is really acquainted—and which of our English masters is not?—with the noble system of poetry and philosophy which has been put forth on canvas, during the last forty years, by the great painter who has presented us with the almost unparalleled example of a man winning for himself the unanimous plaudits of his generation and time, and then casting them away like dust, that he may build his monument—*ære perennius*.

Your correspondent herself, in saying that mere knowledge

* This letter was written in reply to one signed "Matilda Y.," which had been printed in the *Artist and Amateur's Magazine*, p. 265, December, 1843, and which related to the opposite opinions held by different critics of the works of Turner, which were praised by some as "beautiful and profoundly truthful representations of nature," whilst others declared them to be "executed without end, aim, or principle." "May not these contradictions," wrote the correspondent, in the passage alluded to by Mr. Ruskin, "be in a great measure the result of extreme ignorance of art in the great mass of those persons who take upon themselves the office of critics and reviewers? Can any one be a judge of art whose judgment is not founded on an accurate knowledge of nature? It is scarcely possible that a mere knowledge of pictures, however extensive, can qualify a man for the arduous and responsible duties of public criticism of art."

of *pictures* cannot qualify a man for the office of a critic, has touched the first source of the schisms of the present, and of all time, in questions of pictorial merit. We are overwhelmed with a tribe of critics who are fully imbued with every kind of knowledge which is useful to the picture-dealer, but with none that is important to the artist. They know where a picture *has* been retouched, but not where it *ought* to have been; they know if it has been injured, but not if the injury is to be regretted. They are unquestionable authorities in all matters relating to the panel or the canvas, to the varnish or the vehicle, while they remain in entire ignorance of that which the vehicle conveys. They are well acquainted with the technical qualities of every master's touch; and when their discrimination fails, plume themselves on indisputable tradition, and point triumphantly to the documents of pictorial genealogy. But they never go *quite* far enough back; they stop *one* step short of the real original; they reach the human one, but never the Divine. Whatever, under the present system of study, the connoisseur of the gallery may learn or know, there is one thing he does *not* know—and that is nature. It is a pitiable thing to hear a man like Dr. Waagen,* about to set

* Gustav Friedrich Waagen, Director of the Berlin Gallery from 1832 until his death in 1868. He was the author of various works on art, amongst them one entitled "Works of Art and Artists in England" (London, 1838), which is that alluded to here. The passage quoted concludes a description of his "first attempt to navigate the watery paths," in a voyage from Hamburg to the London Docks (vol. i. p. 13). His criticism of Turner may be found in the same work (vol. ii. p. 80), where commenting on Turner's "Fishermen endeavoring to put their fish on board," then, as now, in the gallery of Bridgewater House (No. 169), and which was painted as a rival to the great sea-storm of Vandevelde, he writes, that "in the truth of clouds and waves" . . . it is inferior to that picture, compared with which "it appears like a successful piece of scene-painting. The great crowd of amateurs, who ask nothing more of the art, will always far prefer Turner's picture." Dr. Waagen revised and re-edited his book in a second, entitled, "Treasures of Art in Great Britain" (1854), in which these passages are repeated with slight verbal alterations (vol. i. p. 3, vol. ii. p. 53). In this work he acknowledges his ignorance of Turner at the time the first was written, and gives a high estimate of his genius. "Buildings," he writes, "he treats with peculiar felicity, while *the sea* in its most varied

the seal of his approbation, or the brand of his reprobation, on all the pictures in our island, expressing his insipid astonishment on his first acquaintance with the sea. "For the *first* time I understood the truth of their pictures (Backhuysen's and Van de Velde's), and the refined art with which, by intervening dashes of sunshine, near or at a distance, and *ships to animate the scene*, they produce such a charming variety on the surface of the sea." For the first time!—and yet this gallery-bred judge, this discriminator of colored shreds and canvas patches, who has no idea how ships animate the sea, until—charged with the fates of the Royal Academy—he ventures his invaluable person from Rotterdam to Greenwich, will walk up to the work of a man whose brow is hard with the spray of a hundred storms, and characterize it as "wanting in truth of clouds and waves"! Alas for Art, while such judges sit enthroned on their apathy to the beautiful, and their ignorance of the true, and with a canopy of canvas between them and the sky, and a wall of tradition, which may not be broken through, concealing from them the horizon, hurl their darkened verdicts against the works of men, whose night and noon have been wet with the dew of heaven—dwelling on the deep sea, or wandering among the solitary places of the earth, until they have "made the mountains, waves, and skies a part of them and of their souls."

When information so narrow is yet the whole stock in trade of the highest authorities of the day, what are we to expect from the lowest? Dr. Waagen is a most favorable specimen of the tribe of critics; a man, we may suppose, impartial, above all national or party prejudice, and intimately acquainted with that half of his subject (the technical half) which is all we can reasonably expect to be known by one who has been trained in aspects *is equally subservient to his magic brush*"!! He adds, that but for one deficiency, the want of a sound technical basis, he "should not hesitate to recognize Turner as the greatest landscape painter of all time"! With regard, however, to the above-named picture, it may be remembered that Mr. Ruskin has himself instanced it as one of the marine pictures which Turner spoiled by imitation of Vandevelde ("Pre-Raphaelitism," p. 45).

the painting-room instead of in the fields. No authority is more incontrovertible in all questions of the genuineness of old pictures. He has at least the merit—not common among those who talk most of the old masters—of knowing what he *does* admire, and will not fall into the same raptures before an execrable copy as before the original. If, then, we find a man of this real judgment in those matters to which his attention has been directed, entirely incapable, owing to his ignorance of nature, of estimating a modern picture, what can we hope from those lower critics who are unacquainted even with those technical characters which they have opportunities of learning? What, for instance, are we to anticipate from the sapient lucubrations of the critic—for some years back the disgrace of the pages of “Blackwood”—who in one breath displays his knowledge of nature, by styling a painting of a furze bush in the bed of a mountain torrent a specimen of the “high pastoral,” and in the next his knowledge of Art, by informing us that Mr. Lee “reminds him of Gainsborough’s best manner, but is inferior to him in composition”!* We do not mean to say anything against Mr. Lee; but can we forbear to smile at the hopeless innocence of the man’s novitiate, who could be reminded by them of landscapes powerful enough in color to take their place beside those of Rembrandt or Rubens? A little attention will soon convince your correspondent of the utter futility or falsehood of the ordinary critiques of the press; and there could, I believe, even at present, be little doubt in her mind as to the fitting answer to the question, whether we are to take the opinion of the accomplished artist or of the common newsmonger, were it not for a misgiving which, be she conscious of it or not, is probably floating in her mind—whether that can really be *great* Art which has no influence whatsoever on the multitude, and is appreciable only by the initiated few. And this is the real question of difficulty. It is easy to prove that such and such a critic is wrong; but not so, to prove that what everybody dislikes is right. It is fitting to

* See the Preface to the second edition of “Modern Painters” (vol. i. p. xix., etc.) Frederick Richard Lee, R.A., died in June, 1879.

pay respect to Sir Augustus Calcott, but is it so to take his word against all the world?

This inquiry requires to be followed with peculiar caution; for by setting at defiance the judgment of the public, we in some sort may appear to justify that host of petty scribblers, and contemptible painters, who in all time have used the same plea in defence of their rejected works, and have received in consequence merciless chastisement from contemporary and powerful authors or painters, whose reputation was as universal as it was just. "Mes ouvrages," said Rubens to his challenger, Abraham Janssens, "ont été exposés en Italie, et en Espagne, sans que j'aie reçu la nouvelle de leur condamnation. Vous n'avez qu'à soumettre les vôtres à la même épreuve." * "Je défie," says Boileau, "tous les amateurs les plus mécontents du public, de me citer un bon livre que le public ait jamais rebuté, à moins qu'ils ne mettent en ce rang leur écrits, de la bonté desquels eux seuls sont persuadés."

Now the fact is, that the whole difficulty of the question is caused by the ambiguity of this word—the "public." Whom does it include? People continually forget that there is a *separate* public for every picture, and for every book. Appealed to with reference to any particular work, the public is that class of persons who possess the knowledge which it presupposes, and the faculties to which it is addressed. With reference to a new edition of Newton's *Principia*, the "public" means little more than the Royal Society. With reference to one of Wordsworth's poems, it means all who have hearts. With reference to one of Moore's, all who have passions. With reference to the works of Hogarth, it means those who have worldly knowledge—to the works of Giotto, those who have religious faith. Each work must be tested exclusively by

* Abraham Janssens, in his jealousy of Rubens, proposed to him that they should each paint a picture, and submit the rival works to the decision of the public. Mr. Ruskin gives Rubens' reply, the tenor of which may be found in any life of the artist. See Hasselt's "Histoire de Rubens" (Brussels, 1840), p. 48, from which Mr. Ruskin quotes; Descamps, vol. i. p. 304; Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting," Bohn's octavo edition, p. 306.

the fiat of the *particular* public to whom it is addressed. We will listen to no comments on Newton from people who have no mathematical knowledge; to none on Wordsworth from those who have no hearts; to none on Giotto from those who have no religion. Therefore, when we have to form a judgment of any new work, the question "What do the public say to it?" is indeed of vital importance; but we must always inquire, first, who are *its* public? We must not submit a treatise on moral philosophy to a conclave of horse-jockeys, nor a work of deep artistical research to the writers for the Art Union.

The public, then, we repeat, when referred to with respect to a particular work, consist only of those who have knowledge of its subject, and are possessed of the faculties to which it is addressed.

If it fail of touching *these*, the work is a bad one; but it in no degree militates against it that it is rejected by those to whom it does not appeal. To whom, then, let us ask, and to *what* public do the works of Turner appeal? To those only, we reply, who have profound and disciplined acquaintance with nature, ardent poetical feeling, and keen eye for color (a faculty far more rare than an ear for music). They are deeply-toned poems, intended for all who love poetry, but not for those who delight in mimickries of wine-glasses and nutshells. They are deep treatises on natural phenomena, intended for all who are acquainted with such phenomena, but not for those who, like the painter Barry, are amazed at finding the realities of the Alps grander than the imaginations of Salvator, and assert that they saw the moon from the Mont Cenis four times as big as usual, "from being so much nearer to it"!* And they are studied melodies of exquisite color,

* This is a singular instance of the profound ignorance of landscape in which great and intellectual painters of the human form may remain; an ignorance, which commonly renders their remarks on landscape painting nugatory, if not false.†

† The amazement of the painter is underrated: "You will believe me much nearer heaven upon Mount Cenis than I was before, or shall probably be again for some time. We passed this mountain on Sunday last, and about seven in the morning were near

intended for those who have perception of color; not for those who fancy that all trees are Prussian green. Then comes the question, Were the works of Turner *ever* rejected by any person possessing even partially these qualifications? We answer boldly, never. On the contrary, they are universally hailed by *this* public with an enthusiasm not undeserving in appearance—at least to those who are debarred from sharing in it, of its usual soubriquet—the Turner mania.

Is, then, the number of those who are acquainted with the truth of nature so limited? So it has been asserted by one who knew much both of Art and Nature, and both were glorious in his country.*

“*ΙΙΙ. Οὐ μέντοι εἰώθασιν ἄνθρωποι ὀνομάζειν οὐτως.
ΣΩ. Πότερον, ὦ Ἱππία, οἱ εἰδότες ἢ οἱ μὴ εἰδότες;
ΙΙΙ. Οἱ πολλοί.
ΣΩ. Εἰσὶ δ' οὗτοι οἱ εἰδότες τἀληθές, οἱ πολλοί;
ΙΙΙ. Οὐ δῆτα.”*

HIPPIAS MAJOR.

Now, we are not inclined to go quite so far as this. There are many subjects with respect to which the multitude *are* cognizant of truth, or at least of *some* truth; and those subjects may be generally characterized as everything which materially concerns themselves or their interests. The public are acquainted with the nature of their own passions, and the point of their own calamities—can laugh at the weakness they

- * Plato.—“*Hippias.* Men do not commonly say so.
Socrates. Who do not say so—those who know, or those who do not know?
Hippias. The multitude.
Socrates. Are then the multitude acquainted with truth?
Hippias. *Certainly not.”*

The answer is put into the mouth of the sophist; but put as an established fact, which he cannot possibly deny.†

the top of the road over it, on both sides of which the mountain rises to a very great height, yet so high were we in the valley between them that the moon, which was above the horizon of the mountains, appeared at least five times as big as usual, and much more distinctly marked than I ever saw it through some very good telescopes.”—Letter to Edmund Burke, dated Turin, Sept. 24, 1766. Works of James Barry, R.A., 2 vols., quarto (London, 1809), vol. i. p. 58. He died in 1806.

† Plato: *Hippias Major*, 284 E. Steph.

feel, and weep at the miseries they have experienced ; but all the sagacity they possess, be it how great soever, will not enable them to judge of likeness to that which they have never seen, nor to acknowledge principles on which they have never reflected. Of a comedy or a drama, an epigram or a ballad, they are judges from whom there is no appeal ; but not of the representation of facts which they have never examined, of beauties which they have never loved. It is not sufficient that the facts or the features of nature be around us, while they are not within us. We may walk day by day through grove and meadow, and scarcely know more concerning them than is known by bird and beast, that the one has shade for the head, and the other softness for the foot. It is not true that "the eye, it cannot choose but see," unless we obey the following condition, and go forth "in a wise passiveness," * free from that plague of our own hearts which brings the shadow of ourselves, and the tumult of our petty interests and impatient passions, across the light and calm of Nature. We do not sit at the feet of our mistress to listen to her teaching ; but we seek her only to drag from her that which may suit our purpose, to see in her the confirmation of a theory, or find in her fuel for our pride. Nay, do we often go to her even thus ? Have we not rather cause to take to ourselves the full weight of Wordsworth's noble appeal—

"Vain pleasures of luxurious life !
 Forever with yourselves at strife,
 Through town and country, both deranged
 By affections interchanged,
 And all the perishable gauds
 That heaven-deserted man applauds.
 When will your hapless patrons learn
 To watch and ponder, to discern
 The freshness, the eternal youth
 Of admiration, sprung from truth,
 From beauty infinitely growing
 Upon a mind with love o'erflowing :

* Wordsworth. "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection," i. "Expostulation and Reply."

To sound the depths of every art
That seeks its wisdom through the heart ?" *

When *will* they learn it? Hardly, we fear, in this age of steam and iron, luxury and selfishness. We grow more and more artificial day by day, and see less and less worthiness in those pleasures which bring with them no morbid excitement, in that knowledge which affords us no opportunity of display. Your correspondent may rest assured that those who do not *care* for nature, who do not love her, *cannot* see her. A few of her phenomena lie on the surface; the nobler number lie deep, and are the reward of watching and of thought. The artist may choose *which* he will render: no human art can render both. If he paint the surface, he will catch the crowd; if he paint the depth, he will be admired *only*—but with how deep and fervent admiration, none but they who feel it can tell—by the thoughtful and observant few.

There are some admirable observations on this subject in your December number ("An Evening's Gossip with a Painter" †); but there is one circumstance with respect to the works of Turner which yet further limits the number of their admirers. They are not prosaic statements of the phenomena of nature—they are statements of them under the influence of ardent feeling; they are, in a word, the most fervent and real poetry which the English nation is at present producing. Now not only is this proverbially an age in which poetry is little cared for; but even with those who have most love of it, and most need of it, it requires, especially if high and philosophical, an attuned, quiet, and exalted frame of mind for its

* "Memorials of a Tour in Scotland. 1814. iii. Effusion."

† See the *Artist and Amateur's Magazine*, p. 248. The article named was written in dialogue, and in the passage alluded to "Palette," an artist, points out to his companion "Chatworthy," who represents the general public, that "next to the highest authorities in Art are the pure, natural, untainted, highly educated, and intelligent *few*." The argument is continued over some pages, but although the *Magazine* is not now readily accessible to the ordinary reader, it will not be thought necessary to go further into the discussion.

enjoyment; and if dragged into the midst of the noisy interests of every-day life, may easily be made ridiculous or offensive. Wordsworth recited, by Mr. Wakley, in the House of Commons, in the middle of a financial debate, would sound, in all probability, very like Mr. Wakley's* own verses. Wordsworth, read in the stillness of a mountain hollow, has the force of the mountain waters. What would be the effect of a passage of Milton recited in the middle of a pantomime, or of a dreamy stanza of Shelley upon the Stock Exchange? Are we to judge of the nightingale by hearing it sing in broad daylight in Cheapside? For just such a judgment do we form of Turner by standing before his pictures in the Royal Academy. It is a strange thing that the public never seem to suspect that there may be a poetry in painting, to meet which, some preparation of sympathy, some harmony of circumstance, is required; and that it is just as impossible to see half a dozen great pictures as to read half a dozen great poems at the same time, if their tendencies or their tones of feeling be contrary or discordant. Let us imagine what would be the effect on the mind of any man of feeling, to whom an eager friend, desirous of impressing upon him the merit of different poets, should read successively, and without a pause, the following passages, in which lie something of the prevailing character of the works of six of our greatest modern artists:

LANDSEER.

“ His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
 Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dougs,
 But whalpit some place far abroad
 Whar sailors gang to fish for cod.” †

* Mr. Thomas Wakley, at this time M.P. for Finsbury, and coroner for Middlesex. He was the founder of the *Lancet*, and took a deep interest in medicine, which he at one time practised. I do not find, however, that he published any volume of poems, though he may well have been the author, as the letter seems to imply, of some occasional verses. He died in 1862.

† The references to this and the five passages following are (1) Burns, “The Twa Dogs;” (2) Milton, “Paradise Lost,” vi. 79; (3) Burns, “Death and Doctor Hornbook;” (4) Byron, “Hebrew Melodies,” “Oh! snatched

MARTIN.

“ Far in the horizon to the north appear’d,
 From skirt to skirt, a fiery region, stretched
 In battailous aspéct, and nearer view
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable
 Of rigid spears, and helmets throng’d, and shields
 Various, with boastful argument portray’d.”

WILKIE.

“ The risin’ moon began to glow
 The distant Cumnock hills out owre ;
 To count her horns, wi’ a’ my pow’r,
 I set mysel’;
 But whether she had three or fowr,
 I couldna tell.”

EASTLAKE.

“ And thou, who tell’st me to forget,
 Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.”

STANFIELD.

“ Ye mariners of England,
 Who guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze.”

TURNER.

“ The point of one white star is quivering still,
 Deep in the orange light of widening dawn,
 Beyond the purple mountains. Through a chasm
 Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
 Reflects it, now it fades : it gleams again,
 As the waves fall, and as the burning threads
 Of woven cloud unravel in pale air,
 ’Tis lost ! and through yon peaks of cloudlike snow
 The roseate sunlight quivers.”

Precisely to such advantage as the above passages, so placed,* appear, are the works of any painter of mind seen in the

away in beauty’s bloom;” (5) Campbell; and (6) Shelley, “Prometheus Unbound,” Act ii. sc. 1.

* It will be felt at once that the more serious and higher passages generally suffer most. But Stanfield, little as it may be thought, suffers grievously in the Academy, just as the fine passage from Campbell is ruined by its position between the perfect tenderness of Byron and Shelley. The more vulgar a picture is, the better it bears the Academy.

Academy. None suffer more than Turner's, which are not only interfered with by the prosaic pictures around them, but neutralize each other. Two works of his, side by side, destroy each other to a dead certainty, for each is so vast, so complete, so demandant of every power, so sufficient for every desire of the mind, that it is utterly impossible for two to be comprehended together. Each must have the undivided intellect, and each is destroyed by the attraction of the other; and it is the chief power and might of these pictures, that they are works for the closet and the heart—works to be dwelt upon separately and devotedly, and then chiefly when the mind is in its highest tone, and desirous of a beauty which may be food for its immortality. It is the very stamp and essence of the purest poetry, that it can only be so met and understood; and that the clash of common interests, and the roar of the selfish world, must be hushed about the heart, before it can hear the still, small voice, wherein rests the power communicated from the Holiest.*

Can, then,—will be, if I mistake not, the final inquiry of your correspondent,—can, then, we ordinary mortals,—can I, who am not Sir Augustus Calcott, nor Sir Francis Chantrey, ever derive any pleasure from works of this lofty character? Heaven forbid, we reply, that it should be otherwise. *Nothing* more is necessary for the appreciation of them, than that which is necessary for the appreciation of any great writer—the quiet study of him with a humble heart. There are, indeed, technical qualities, difficulties overcome and principles devel-

* “Although it is in verse that the most consummate skill in composition is to be looked for, and all the artifices of language displayed, yet it is in verse only that we throw off the yoke of the world, and are, as it were, privileged to utter our deepest and holiest feelings. Poetry in this respect may be called the salt of the earth. We express in it, and receive in it, sentiments for which, were it not for this permitted medium, the usages of the world would neither allow utterance nor acceptance.”—*Southey's Colloquies*.^{*} Such allowance is never made to the painter. In him, inspiration is called insanity—in him, the sacred fire, possession.

* “Sir Thomas More; or, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society.” Colloquy xiv. (vol. ii. p. 399, in Murray's edition, 1839).

oped, which are reserved for the enjoyment of the artist; but these do not add to the influence of the picture. On the contrary, we must break through its charm, before we can comprehend its means, and "murder to dissect." The picture is intended, not for artists alone, but for all who love what it portrays; and so little doubt have we of the capacity of all to understand the works in question, that we have the most confident expectation, within the next fifty years, of seeing the name of Turner placed on the same impregnable height with that of Shakespeare.* Both have committed errors of taste and judgment. In both it is, or will be, heresy even to feel those errors, so entirely are they overbalanced by the gigantic powers of whose impetuosity they are the result. So soon as the public are convinced, by the maintained testimony of high authority, that Turner is worth understanding, they will try to understand him; and if they try, they can. Nor are they, now, as is commonly thought, despised or defied by him. He has too much respect for them to endeavor to please them by falsehood. He will not win for himself a hearing by the betrayal of his message.

Finally, then, we would recommend your correspondent, first, to divest herself of every atom of lingering respect or regard for the common criticism of the press, and to hold fast

* "This Turner, of whom you have known so little while he was living among you, will one day take his place beside Shakespeare and Verulam, in the annals of the light of England.

"Yes: beside Shakespeare and Verulam, a third star in that central constellation, round which, in the astronomy of intellect, all other stars make their circuit. By Shakespeare, humanity was unsealed to you; by Verulam the *principles* of nature; and by Turner, her *aspect*. All these were sent to unlock one of the gates of light, and to unlock it for the first time. But of all the three, though not the greatest, Turner was the most unprecedented in his work. Bacon did what Aristotle had attempted; Shakespeare did perfectly what Æschylus did partially; but none before Turner had lifted the veil from the face of nature; the majesty of the hills and forests had received no interpretation, and the clouds passed unrecorded from the face of the heavens which they adorned, and of the earth to which they ministered."—"Lectures on Architecture and Painting," by John Ruskin; published 1854; pp. 180, 181.

by the authority of Callcott, Chantrey, Landseer, and Stanfield ; and this, not because we would have her *slavishly* subject to any authority but that of her own eyes and reason, but because we would not have her blown about with every wind of doctrine, before she has convinced her reason or learned to use her eyes. And if she can draw at all, let her make careful studies of any natural objects that may happen to come in her way,—sticks, leaves, or stones,—and of distant atmospheric effects on groups of objects ; not for the sake of the drawing itself, but for the sake of the powers of attention and accurate observation which thus only can be cultivated. And let her make the study, not thinking of this artist or of that ; not conjecturing what Harding would have done, or Stanfield, or Callcott, with her subject ; not trying to draw in a bold style, or a free style, or any other style ; but drawing *all* she *sees*, as far as may be in her power, earnestly, faithfully, unselectingly ; and, which is perhaps the more difficult task of the two, *not* drawing what she does *not* see. Oh, if people did but know how many lines nature *suggests* without *showing*, what different art should we have ! And let her never be discouraged by ill success. She will seldom have gained more knowledge than when she most feels her failure. Let her use every opportunity of examining the works of Turner ; let her try to copy them, then try to copy some one else's, and observe which presents most of that kind of difficulty which she found in copying nature. Let her, if possible, extend her acquaintance with wild natural scenery of every kind and character, endeavoring in each species of scenery to distinguish those features which are expressive and harmonious from those which are unaffecting or incongruous ; and after a year or two of such discipline as this, let her judge for herself. No authority need then, or can then, be very influential with her. Her own pleasure in works of true greatness* will be too real, too

* We have not sufficiently expressed our concurrence in the opinion of her friend, that Turner's modern works are his greatest. His early ones are nothing but amplifications of what others have done, or hard studies of every-day truth. His later works no one but himself could have con-

instinctive, to be persuaded or laughed out of her. We bid her, therefore, heartily good-speed, with this final warning: Let her beware, in going to nature, of taking with her the commonplace dogmas or dicta of art. Let her not look for what is like Titian or like Claude, for composed form or arranged chiaroscuro; but believe that everything which God has made is beautiful, and that everything which nature teaches is true. Let her beware, above everything, of that wicked pride which makes man think he can dignify God's glorious creations, or exalt the majesty of his universe. Let her be humble, we repeat, and earnest. Truth was never sealed, if so sought. And once more we bid her good-speed in the words of our poet-moralist:

“ Enough of Science and of Art:
Seal up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches, and receives.”

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
THE AUTHOR OF “ MODERN PAINTERS.”

[From “ Some Account of the Origin and Objects of the New Oxford Examinations for the Title of Associate in Arts and Certificates,” by T. D. Acland, late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford,† 1858, pp. 54-60.]

THE ARTS AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

PENRITH, Sept. 25, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: I have just received your most interesting letter, and will try to answer as shortly as I can, saying nothing of what I feel, and what you must well know I should feel,

ceived: they are the result of the most exalted imagination, acting with the knowledge acquired by *means* of his former works.

* Wordsworth. “ Poems of Sentiment and Reflection.” ii. “ The Tables Turned ” (1798), being the companion poem to that quoted *ante*, p. 17. The second line should read, “ Close up these barren leaves.”

† This work related to University co-operation with schemes for middle-class education, and included letters from various authorities, amongst

respecting the difficulty of the questions and their importance ; except only this, that I should not have had the boldness to answer your letter by return of post, unless, in consequence of conversations on this subject with Mr. Acland and Dr. Acland, two months ago, I had been lately thinking of it more than of any other.*

Your questions fall under two heads: (1) The range which an art examination can take ; (2) The connection in which it should be placed with other examinations.

I think the art examination should have three objects :

(1) To put the happiness and knowledge which the study of art conveys within the conception of the youth, so that he may in after-life pursue them, if he has the gift.

(2) To enforce, as far as possible, such knowledge of art among those who are likely to become its patrons, or the guardian of its works, as may enable them usefully to fulfil those duties.

(3) To distinguish pre-eminent gift for the production of works of art, so as to get hold of all the good artistical faculty born in the country, and leave no Giotto lost among hill-shepherds.†

others one from Mr. Hullah on Music. The present letter was addressed to the Rev. F. Temple (now Bishop of Exeter), and was written in reply to a statement of certain points in debate between him and Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Acland. In forwarding it to his opponent, Mr. Temple wrote as follows: "The liberal arts are supreme over their sciences. Instead of the rules being despotic, the great artist usually proves his greatness by rightly setting aside rules ; and the great critic is he who, while he knows the rule, can appreciate the 'law within the law' which overrides the rule. In no other way does Ruskin so fully show his greatness in criticism as in that fine inconsistency for which he has been so often attacked by men who do not see the real consistency that lies beneath."

* In the following year Mr. Ruskin wrote a paper for the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, on "Education in Art" (Transactions, 1858, pp. 311-316), now reprinted in the eleventh volume of Mr. Ruskin's works, "A Joy for Ever," p. 185. To this paper the reader of the present letter is referred.

† "Giotto passed the first ten years of his life, a shepherd-boy, among these hills (of Fiésole) ; was found by Cimabue, near his native village, drawing one of his sheep upon a smooth stone ; was yielded up by his

In order to accomplish the first object, I think that, according to Mr. Acland's proposal, preliminary knowledge of drawing and music should be asked for, in connection with writing and arithmetic; but not, in the preliminary examination, made to count towards distinction in other schools. I think drawing is a necessary means of the expression of certain facts of form and means of acquaintance with them, as arithmetic is the means of acquaintance with facts of number. I think the facts which an elementary knowledge of drawing enables a man to observe and note are often of as much importance to him as those which he can describe in words or calculate in numbers. And I think the cases in which mental deficiency would prevent the acquirement of a serviceable power of drawing would be found as rare as those in which no progress could be made in arithmetic. I would not desire this elementary knowledge to extend far, but the limits which I would propose are not here in question. While I feel the force of all the admirable observations of Mr. Hullah on the use of the study of music, I imagine that the cases of physical incapacity of distinguishing sounds would be too frequent to admit of musical knowledge being made a *requirement*; I would *ask* for it, in Mr. Acland's sense; but the drawing might, I think, be required, as arithmetic would be.

2. To accomplish the second object is the main difficulty. Touching which I venture positively to state:

First. That sound criticism of art is impossible to young men, for it consists principally, and in a far more exclusive sense than has yet been felt, in the recognition of the facts represented by the art. A great artist represents many and abstruse facts; it is necessary, in order to judge of his works, that all those facts should be experimentally (not by hearsay) known to the observer; whose recognition of them constitutes his approving judgment. A young man *cannot* know them.

father, 'a simple person, a laborer of the earth,' to the guardianship of the painter, who, by his own work, had already made the streets of Florence ring with joy; attended him to Florence, and became his disciple."—
"Giotto and his Works in Padua," by John Ruskin, 1854, p. 12.

Criticism of art by young men must, therefore, consist either in the more or less apt retailing and application of received opinions, or in a more or less immediate and dextrous use of the knowledge they already possess, so as to be able to assert of given works of art that they are true up to a certain point; the probability being then that they are true farther than the young man sees.

The first kind of criticism is, in general, useless, if not harmful; the second is that which the youths will employ who are capable of becoming critics in after years.

Secondly. All criticism of art, at whatever period of life, must be partial; warped more or less by the feelings of the person endeavoring to judge. Certain merits of art (as energy, for instance) are pleasant only to certain temperaments; and certain tendencies of art (as, for instance, to religious sentiment) can only be sympathized with by one order of minds. It is almost impossible to conceive of any mode of examination which would set the students on anything like equitable footing in such respects; but their sensibility to art may be generally tested.

Thirdly. The history of art, or the study, in your accurate words, "*about* the subject," is in no wise directly connected with the studies which promote or detect art-capacity or art-judgment. It is quite possible to acquire the most extensive and useful knowledge of the forms of art existing in different ages, and among different nations, without thereby acquiring any power whatsoever of determining respecting any of them (much less respecting a modern work of art) whether it is good or bad.

These three facts being so, we had perhaps best consider, first, what direction the art studies of the youth should take, as that will at once regulate the mode of examination.

First. He should be encouraged to carry forward the practical power of drawing he has acquired in the elementary school. This should be done chiefly by using that power as a help in other work: precision of touch should be cultivated by map-drawing in his geography class; taste in form by flower-

drawing in the botanical schools ; and bone and limb drawing in the physiological schools. His art, kept thus to practical service, will always be right as far as it goes ; there will be no affectation or shallowness in it. The work of the drawing-master would be at first little more than the exhibition of the best means and enforcement of the most perfect results in the collateral studies of form.

Secondly. His critical power should be developed by the presence around him of the best models, *into the excellence of which his knowledge permits him to enter*. He should be encouraged, above all things, to form and express judgment of his own ; not as if his judgment were of any importance as related to the excellence of the thing, but that both his master and he may know precisely in what state his mind is. He should be told of an Albert Dürer engraving, “ That *is* good, whether you like it or not ; but be sure to determine *whether* you do or do not, and why.” All formal expressions of reasons for opinion, such as a boy could catch up and repeat, should be withheld like poison ; and all models which are too good for him should be kept out of his way. Contemplation of works of art without understanding them jades the faculties and enslaves the intelligence. A Rembrandt etching is a better example to a boy than a finished Titian, and a cast from a leaf than one of the Elgin marbles.

Thirdly. I would no more involve the art-schools in the study of the history of art than surgical schools in that of the history of surgery. But a general idea of the influence of art on the human mind ought to be given by the study of history in the historical schools ; the effect of a picture, and power of a painter, being examined just as carefully (in relation to its extent) as the effect of a battle and the power of a general. History, in its full sense, involves subordinate knowledge of all that influences the acts of mankind ; it has hardly yet been written at all, owing to the want of such subordinate knowledge in the historians ; it has been confined either to the relation of events by eye-witnesses (the only valuable form of it), or the more or less ingenious collation of such relations. And

it is especially desirable to give history a more archæological range at this period, so that the class of manufactures produced by a city at a given date should be made of more importance in the student's mind than the humors of the factions that governed, or details of the accidents that preserved it, because every day renders the destruction of historical memorials more complete in Europe owing to the total want of interest in them felt by its upper and middle classes.

Fourthly. Where the faculty for art was special, it ought to be carried forward to the study of design, first in practical application to manufacture, then in higher branches of composition. The general principles of the application of art to manufacture should be explained in all cases, whether of special or limited faculty. Under this head we may at once get rid of the third question stated in the first page—how to detect special gift. The power of drawing from a given form accurately would not be enough to prove this: the additional power of design, with that of eye for color, which could be tested in the class concerned with manufacture, would justify the master in advising and encouraging the youth to undertake special pursuit of art as an object of life.

It seems easy, on the supposition of such a course of study, to conceive a mode of examination which would test relative excellence. I cannot suggest the kind of questions which ought to be put to the class occupied with sculpture; but in my own business of painting, I should put, in general, such tasks and questions as these:

(1) "Sketch such and such an object" (given a difficult one, as a bird, complicated piece of drapery, or foliage) "as completely as you can in light and shade in half an hour."

(2) "Finish such and such a portion of it" (given a very small portion) "as perfectly as you can, irrespective of time."

(3) "Sketch it in color in half an hour."

(4) "Design an ornament for a given place and purpose."

(5) "Sketch a picture of a given historical event in pen and ink."

(6) "Sketch it in colors."

(7) "Name the picture you were most interested in in the Royal Academy Exhibition of this year. State in writing what you suppose to be its principal merits—faults—the reasons of the *interest* you took in it."

I think it is only the fourth of these questions which would admit of much change; and the seventh, in the name of the exhibition; the question being asked, without previous knowledge by the students, respecting some *one* of four or five given exhibitions which should be visited before the Examination.

This being my general notion of what an Art-Examination should be, the second great question remains of the division of schools and connection of studies.

Now I have not yet considered—I have not, indeed, knowledge enough to enable me to consider—what the practical convenience or results of given arrangements would be. But the logical and harmonious arrangement is surely a simple one; and it seems to me as if it would not be inconvenient, namely (requiring elementary drawing with arithmetic in the preliminary Examination), that there should then be three advanced schools:

- A. The School of Literature (occupied chiefly in the study of human emotion and history).
- B. The School of Science (occupied chiefly in the study of external facts and existences of constant kind).
- C. The School of Art (occupied in the development of active and productive human faculties).

In the school A, I would include Composition in all languages, Poetry, History, Archæology, Ethics.

In the school B, Mathematics, Political Economy, the Physical Sciences (including Geography and Medicine).

In the school C, Painting, Sculpture, including Architecture, Agriculture, Manufacture, War, Music, Bodily Exercises (Navigation in seaport schools), including laws of health.

I should require, for a first class, proficiency in two schools; not, of course, in all the subjects of each chosen school, but in a well-chosen and combined group of them. Thus, I should

call a very good first-class man one who had got some such range of subjects, and such proficiency in each, as this :

English, Greek, and Mediæval-Italian Literature.....	High.
English and French History, and Archæology.....	Average.
Conic Sections.....	Thorough, as far as learnt.
Political Economy.....	Thorough, as far as learnt.
Botany, <i>or</i> Chemistry, <i>or</i> Physiology.....	High.
Painting.....	Average.
Music.....	Average.
Bodily Exercises.....	High.

I have written you a sadly long letter, but I could not manage to get it shorter.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

REV. F. TEMPLE.

Perhaps I had better add what to you, but not to every one who considers such a scheme of education, would be palpable—that the main value of it would be brought out by judicious involution of its studies. This, for instance, would be the kind of Examination Paper I should hope for in the Botanical Class :

1. State the habit of such and such a plant.
2. Sketch its leaf, and a portion of its ramifications (memory).
3. Explain the mathematical laws of its growth and structure.
4. Give the composition of its juices in different seasons.
5. Its uses ? Its relations to other families of plants, and conceivable uses beyond those known ?
6. Its commercial value in London ? Mode of cultivation ?
7. Its mythological meaning ? The commonest or most beautiful fables respecting it ?
8. Quote any important references to it by great poets.
9. Time of its introduction.
10. Describe its consequent influence on civilization.

Of all these ten questions, there is not one which does not test the student in other studies than botany. Thus, 1, Geography; 2, Drawing; 3, Mathematics; 4, 5, Chemistry; 6, Political Economy; 7, 8, 9, 10, Literature.

Of course the plants required to be thus studied could be but few, and would rationally be chosen from the most useful of foreign plants, and those common and indigenous in England. All sciences should, I think, be taught more for the sake of their facts, and less for that of their system, than heretofore. Comprehensive and connected views are impossible to most men; the systems they learn are nothing but skeletons to them; but nearly all men can understand the relations of a few facts bearing on daily business, and to be exemplified in common substances. And science will soon be so vast that the most comprehensive men will still be narrow, and we shall see the fitness of rather teaching our youth to concentrate their general intelligence highly on given points than scatter it towards an infinite horizon from which they can fetch nothing, and to which they can carry nothing.

[From "Nature and Art," December 1, 1866.]

ART-TEACHING BY CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. WILLIAMS: * I like your plan of teaching by letter exceedingly: and not only so, but have myself adopted it largely, with the help of an intelligent under-master, whose operations, however, so far from interfering with, you will much facilitate, if you can bring this literary way of teaching into more accepted practice. I wish we had more drawing-masters who were able to give instruction definite enough to

* This letter was, it appears, originally addressed to an artist, Mr. Williams (of Southampton), and was then printed, some years later, in the number of *Nature and Art* above referred to.

be expressed in writing: many can teach nothing but a few tricks of the brush, and have nothing to write, because nothing to tell.

With every wish for your success,—a wish which I make quite as much in your pupils' interest as in your own,—

Believe me, always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *November*, 1860.

LETTERS ON ART.

II.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

DANGER TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 1847.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY. 1852.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM. 1866.

ON THE PURCHASE OF PICTURES. 1880.

II.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

[From "The Times," January 7, 1847.]

*DANGER TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.**

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: AS I am sincerely desirous that a stop may be put to the dangerous process of cleaning lately begun in our National Gallery, and as I believe that what is right is most effectively when most kindly advocated, and what is true most convincingly when least passionately asserted, I was grieved to see the violent attack upon Mr. Eastlake in your columns of Friday last; yet not less surprised at the attempted defence which appeared in them yesterday.† The outcry which has arisen

* Some words are necessary to explain this and the following letter. In the autumn of 1846 a correspondence was opened in the columns of *The Times* on the subject of the cleaning and restoration of the national pictures during the previous vacation. Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Eastlake was at this time Keeper of the Gallery, though he resigned office soon after this letter was written, partly in consequence of the attacks which had been made upon him. He was blamed, not only for restoring good pictures, but also for buying bad ones, and in particular the purchase of a "libel on Holbein" was quoted against him. The attack was led by the picture-dealer, and at one time artist, Mr. Morris Moore, writing at first under the pseudonym of "Verax," and afterwards in his own name. He continued his opposition through several years, especially during 1850 and 1852. He also published some pamphlets on the subject, amongst them one entitled "The Revival of Vandalism at the National Gallery, a reply to John Ruskin and others" (London, Ollivier, 1853). The whole discussion may be gathered in all its details from the Parliamentary Report of the Select Committee on the National Gallery in 1853.

† The "violent attack" alludes to a letter of "Verax," in *The Times* of Thursday (not Friday), December 31, 1846, and the "attempted defence" to another letter signed "A. G." in *The Times* of January 4, two days (not the day) before Mr. Ruskin wrote the present letter.

upon this subject has been just, but it has been too loud; the injury done is neither so great nor so wilful as has been asserted, and I fear that the respect which might have been paid to remonstrance may be refused to clamor.

I was inclined at first to join as loudly as any in the hue and cry. Accustomed, as I have been, to look to England as the refuge of the pictorial as of all other distress, and to hope that, having no high art of her own, she would at least protect what she could not produce, and respect what she could not restore, I could not but look upon the attack which has been made upon the pictures in question as on the violation of a sanctuary. I had seen in Venice the noblest works of Veronese painted over with flake-white with a brush fit for tarring ships; I had seen in Florence Angelico's highest inspiration rotted and seared into fragments of old wood, burnt into blisters, or blotted into glutinous maps of mildew;* I had seen in Paris Raphael restored by David and Vernet; and I returned to England in the one last trust that, though her National Gallery was an European jest, her art a shadow, and her connoisseurship an hypocrisy, though she neither knew how to cherish nor how to choose, and lay exposed to the cheats of every vender of old canvas—yet that such good pictures as through chance or oversight might find their way beneath that preposterous portico, and into those melancholy and miserable rooms, were at least to be vindicated thenceforward from the mercy of republican, priest, or painter, safe alike from musketry, monkery, and manipulation.

But whatever pain I may feel at the dissipation of this dream, I am not disposed altogether to deny the necessity of some illuminatory process with respect to pictures exposed to a London atmosphere and populace. Dust an inch thick, accumulated upon the panes in the course of the day, and darkness closing over the canvas like a curtain, attest too forcibly the influence on floor and air of the “mutable, rank-scented, many.”

* “The Crucifixion, or Adoration of the Cross,” in the church of San Marco. An engraving of this picture may be found in Mrs. Jameson's “History of our Lord,” vol. i. p. 189.

It is of little use to be over-anxious for the preservation of pictures which we cannot see; the only question is, whether in the present instance the process may not have been carried perilously far, and whether in future simpler and safer means may not be adopted to remove the coat of dust and smoke, without affecting either the glazing of the picture, or, what is almost as precious, the mellow tone left by time.

As regards the "Peace and War," * I have no hesitation in asserting that for the present it is utterly and forever partially destroyed. I am not disposed lightly to impugn the judgment of Mr. Eastlake, but this was indisputably of all the pictures in the Gallery that which least required, and least could endure, the process of cleaning. It was in the most advantageous condition under which a work of Rubens can be seen; mellowed by time into more perfect harmony than when it left the easel, enriched and warmed, without losing any of its freshness or energy. The execution of the master is always so bold and frank as to be completely, perhaps even most agreeably, seen under circumstances of obscurity, which would be injurious to pictures of greater refinement; and, though this was, indeed, one of his most highly finished and careful works (to my mind, before it suffered this recent injury, far superior to everything at Antwerp, Malines, or Cologne), this was a more weighty reason for caution than for interference. Some portions of color have been exhibited which were formerly untraceable; but even these have lost in power what they have gained in definiteness—the majesty and preciousness of all the tones are departed, the balance of distances lost. Time may perhaps restore something of the glow, but never the subordination; and the more delicate portions of flesh tint, especially the back of the female figure on the left, and of the boy in the centre, are destroyed forever.

The large Cuyp † is, I think, nearly uninjured. Many

* No. 46 in the National Gallery.

† "Landscape, with Cattle and Figures—Evening" (No. 53). Since the bequest of the somewhat higher "large Dort" in 1876 (No. 961), it has ceased to be "the large Cuyp."

portions of the foreground painting have been revealed, which were before only to be traced painfully, if at all. The distance has indeed lost the appearance of sunny haze, which was its chief charm, but this I have little doubt it originally did not possess, and in process of time may recover.

The "Bacchus and Ariadne" * of Titian has escaped so scot free that, not knowing it had been cleaned, I passed it without noticing any change. I observed only that the blue of the distance was more intense than I had previously thought it, though, four years ago, I said of that distance that it was "difficult to imagine anything more magnificently impossible, not from its vividness, but because it is *not faint and aerial enough* to account for its purity of color. There is so total a want of atmosphere in it, that but for the difference of form it would be impossible to distinguish the mountains from the robe of Ariadne." †

Your correspondent is alike unacquainted with the previous condition of this picture, and with the character of Titian distances in general, when he complains of a loss of aerial quality resulting in the present case from cleaning.

I unfortunately did not see the new Velasquez ‡ until it had undergone its discipline; but I have seldom met with an example of the master which gave me more delight, or which I believe to be in more genuine or perfect condition. I saw no traces of the retouching which is hinted at by your correspondent "Verax," nor are the touches on that canvas such as to admit of very easy or untraceable interpolation of meaner handling. His complaint of loss of substance in the figures of the foreground is, I have no doubt, altogether groundless. He has seen little southern scenery if he supposes that the brilliancy and apparent nearness of the silver clouds is in the slightest degree overcharged; and shows little appreciation of Velasquez

† "Modern Painters," vol. i. p. 146.

* No. 35 in the National Gallery. This and the two pictures already mentioned were the typical instances of "spoilt pictures," quoted by "Verax."

‡ "Philip IV. of Spain, hunting the Wild Boar" (No. 197), purchased in 1846.

in supposing him to have sacrificed the solemnity and might of such a distance to the inferior interest of the figures in the foreground. Had he studied the picture attentively, he might have observed that the position of the horizon suggests, and the *lateral* extent of the foreground *proves*, such a distance between the spectator and even its nearest figures as may well justify the slightness of their execution.

Even granting that some of the upper glazings of the figures had been removed, the tone of the whole picture is so light, gray, and glittering, and the dependence on the power of its whites so absolute, that I think the process hardly to be regretted which has left these in lustre so precious, and restored to a brilliancy which a comparison with any modern work of similar aim would render apparently supernatural, the sparkling motion of its figures and the serene snow of its sky.

I believe I have stated to its fullest extent all the harm that has yet been done, yet I earnestly protest against any continuance of the treatment to which these pictures have been subjected. It is useless to allege that nothing but discolored varnish has been withdrawn, for it is perfectly possible to alter the structure and continuity, and so destroy the ærial relations of colors of which no part has been removed. I have seen the dark blue of a water-color drawing made opaque and pale merely by mounting it; and even supposing no other injury were done, every time a picture is cleaned it loses, like a restored building, part of its authority; and is thenceforward liable to dispute and suspicion, every one of its beauties open to question, while its faults are screened from accusation. It cannot be any more reasoned from with security; for, though allowance may be made for the effect of time, no one can calculate the arbitrary and accidental changes occasioned by violent cleaning. None of the varnishes should be attacked; whatever the medium used, nothing but soot and dust should be taken away, and that chiefly by delicate and patient friction; and, in order to protract as long as possible the necessity even for this all the important pictures in the gallery should at once be put

under glass,* and closed, not merely by hinged doors, like the Correggio, but permanently and securely. I should be glad to see this done in all rich galleries, but it is peculiarly necessary in the case of pictures exposed in London, and to a crowd freely admitted four days in the week; it would do good also by necessitating the enlargement of the rooms, and the bringing down of all the pictures to the level of the eye. Every picture that is worth buying or retaining is worth exhibiting in its proper place, and if its scale be large, and its handling rough, there is the more instruction to be gained by close study of the various means adopted by the master to secure his distant effect. We can certainly spare both the ground and the funds which would enable us to exhibit pictures for which no price is thought too large, and for all purposes of study and for most of enjoyment pictures are useless when they are even a little above the line. The fatigue complained of by most persons in examining a picture gallery is attributable, not only to the number of works, but to their confused order of succession, and to the straining of the sight in endeavoring to penetrate the details of those above the eye. Every gallery should be long enough to admit of its whole collection being hung in one line, side by side, and wide enough to allow of the spectators retiring to the distance at which the largest picture was intended to be seen. The works of every master should be brought together and arranged in chronological order; and such drawings or engravings as may exist in the collection, either of, or for, its pictures, or in any way illustrative of them, should be placed in frames opposite each, in the middle of the room.

But, Sir, the subjects of regret connected with the present

* On this and other collateral subjects the reader is referred to the next letter; to Mr. Ruskin's evidence before the National Gallery Commission in 1857; and to the Appendix to his Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House, 1856-7. It is hardly necessary to state that a very large number of the national pictures, especially the Turners, are now preserved under glass. Of the other strictures here pronounced, some are no longer deserved; and it may well be remembered that at the time this letter was written the National Gallery had been founded less than five-and-twenty years.

management of our national collection are not to be limited either to its treatment or its arrangement. The principles of selection which have been acted upon in the course of the last five or six years have been as extraordinary as unjustifiable. Whatever may be the intrinsic power, interest, or artistical ability of the earlier essays of any school of art, it cannot be disputed that characteristic examples of every one of its most important phases should form part of a national collection: granting them of little value individually, their collective teaching is of irrefragable authority; and the exhibition of perfected results alone, while the course of national progress through which these were reached is altogether concealed, is more likely to discourage than to assist the efforts of an undeveloped school. Granting even what the shallowest materialism of modern artists would assume, that the works of Perugino were of no value, but as they taught Raphael; that John Bellini is altogether absorbed and overmastered by Titian; that Nino Pisano was utterly superseded by Bandinelli or Cellini, and Ghirlandajo sunk in the shadow of Buonaroti: granting Van Eyck to be a mere mechanist, and Giotto a mere child, and Angelico a superstitious monk, and whatever you choose to grant that ever blindness deemed or insolence affirmed, still it is to be maintained and proved, that if we wish to have a Buonaroti or a Titian of our own, we shall with more wisdom learn of those of whom Buonaroti and Titian learned, and at whose knees they were brought up, and whom to their day of death they ever revered and worshipped, than of those wretched pupils and partisans who sank every high function of art into a form and a faction, betrayed her trusts, darkened her traditions, overthrew her throne, and left us where we are now, stumbling among its fragments. Sir, if the canvases of Guido, lately introduced into the gallery,* had been works of the best of those pupils, which they are not; if they had been good works of even that bad master, which

* "Lot and his Daughters Leaving Sodom" (No. 193), bequeathed to the gallery in 1844; and "Susannah and the Elders" (No. 196), purchased in the same year.

they are not ; if they had been genuine and untouched works, even though feeble, which they are not ; if, though false and retouched remnants of a feeble and fallen school, they had been enduringly decent or elementarily instructive—some conceivable excuse might perhaps have been by ingenuity forged, and by impudence uttered, for their introduction into a gallery where we previously possessed two good Guidos,* and no Perugino (for the attribution to him of the wretched panel which now bears his name is a mere insult), no Angelico, no Fra Bartolomeo, no Albertinelli, no Ghirlandajo, no Verrochio, no Lorenzo di Credi—(what shall I more say, for the time would fail me ?) But now, Sir, what vestige of apology remains for the cumbering our walls with pictures that have no single virtue, no color, no drawing, no character, no history, no thought ? Yet 2,000 guineas were, I believe, given for one of those encumbrances, and 5,000 for the coarse and unnecessary Rubens, † added to a room half filled with Rubens before, while a mighty and perfect work of Angelico was sold from Cardinal Fesch's collection for 1,500. ‡ I do not speak of the

* The "two good Guidos" previously possessed are the "St. Jerome" (No. 11) and the "Magdalen" (No. 177). The "wretched panel" is No. 181, "The Virgin and Infant Christ with St. John." For the rest, the gallery now includes two other Peruginos, "The Virgin adoring the Infant Christ, the Archangel Michael, the Archangel Raphael and Tobias" (No. 288), three panels, purchased in 1856, and the very recent (1879) purchase of the "Virgin and Child with St. Jerome and St. Francis" (No. 1075). It boasts also two Angelicos—"The Adoration of the Magi" (No. 582) and "Christ amid the Blessed" (No. 663), purchased in 1857 and 1860; one Albertinelli, "Virgin and Child" (No. 645), also purchased in 1860; and two Lorenzo di Credis, both of the "Virgin and Child" (Nos. 593 and 648), purchased in 1857 and 1865. But it still possesses no Fra Bartolomeo, no Ghirlandajo, and no Verrochio.

† "The Judgment of Paris" (No. 194), purchased from Mr. Penrice's collection in 1846.

‡ "The Last Judgment;" its purchaser was the Earl of Dudley, in whose possession the picture, now hanging at Dudley House in London, has ever since remained. An engraving of this work (pronounced the finest of Angelico's four representations of this subject), may be found in Mrs. Jameson's "History of our Lord," vol. ii. p. 414. Cardinal Fesch was Archbishop of Lyons, and the uncle of Napoleon Buonaparte. His gallery contained in its time the finest private collection of pictures in Rome.

spurious Holbein,* for though the veriest tyro might well be ashamed of such a purchase, it would have been a judicious addition had it been genuine; so was the John Bellini, so was the Van Eyck; but the mighty Venetian master, who alone of all the painters of Italy united purity of religious aim with perfection of artistical power, is poorly represented by a single head; † and I ask, in the name of the earnest students of England, that the funds set apart for her gallery may no longer be played with like pebbles in London auction-rooms. Let agents be sent to all the cities of Italy; let the noble pictures which are perishing there be rescued from the invisibility and ill-treatment which their position too commonly implies, and let us have a national collection which, however imperfect, shall be orderly and continuous, and shall exhibit with something like relative candor and justice the claims to our reverence of those great and ancient builders, whose mighty foundation has been for two centuries concealed by wood, and hay, and stubble, the distorted growing, and thin gleaning of vain men in blasted fields.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

January 6.

[From "The Times," December 29, 1852.]

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: I trust that the excitement which has been caused by the alleged destruction of some of the most important pictures in the National Gallery will not be without results, whatever may

* The "libel on Holbein" was bought as an original, from Mr. Rochard, in 1845. It now figures in the National Gallery as "A Medical Professor, —artist unknown" (No. 195).

† The Bellini is the "Portrait of Doge Leonardo Loredano" (No. 189), purchased in 1844; four more examples (Nos. 280, 726, 808, 812) of the

be the facts of the case with respect to the works in question. Under the name of "restoration," the ruin of the noblest architecture and painting is constant throughout Europe. We shall show ourselves wiser than our neighbors if the loss of two Claudes and the injury of a Paul Veronese * induce us to pay so much attention to the preservation of ancient art as may prevent it from becoming a disputed question in future whether they are indeed pictures which we possess or their skeletons.

As to the facts in the present instance, I can give no opinion. Sir Charles Eastlake and Mr. Uwins † know more than I of oil paintings in general, and have far more profound respect for those of Claude in particular. I do not suppose they would have taken from him his golden armor that Turner might bear away a dishonorable victory in the noble passage of arms to which he has challenged his rival from the grave. ‡ Nor can the public suppose that the Curators of the National Gallery have any interest in destroying the works with which they are intrusted. If, acting to the best of their judgment,

‡ The public may not, perhaps, be generally aware that the condition by which the nation retains the two pictures bequeathed to it by Turner, and now in the National Gallery, is that "they shall be hung beside Claude's." §

same "mighty Venetian master" have since been introduced, so that he is no longer "poorly represented by a single head." The Van Eyck is the "Portrait of Jean Arnolfini and his Wife" (No. 186), purchased in 1842.

* Claude's "Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca" (No. 12), and his "Queen of Sheba" picture (No. 14, Seaport, with figures). The only pictures of Veronese which the Gallery at this time contained, were the "Consecration of St. Nicholas" (No. 26), and the "Rape of Europa" (No. 97). It is the former of these two that is here spoken of as injured (see the report of the National Gallery Committee in 1853).

† Mr. Thomas Uwins, R.A., had succeeded Sir Charles Eastlake as Keeper of the National Gallery in 1847; and resigned, for a similar reason, in 1855.

§ "Dido building Carthage" (No. 498), and "The Sun rising in a Mist" (No. 479). The actual wording of Turner's will on the matter ran thus: "I direct that the said pictures, or paintings, shall be hung, kept, and placed, that is to say, always between the two pictures painted by Claude, the Seaport and the Mill." Accordingly they now hang side by side with these two pictures (Nos. 5 and 12) in the National Gallery.

they have done harm, to whom are we to look for greater prudence or better success? Are the public prepared to withdraw their confidence from Sir C. Eastlake and the members of the Royal Academy, and entrust the national property to Mr. Morris Moore, or to any of the artists and amateurs who have inflamed the sheets of *The Times* with their indignation? Is it not evident that the only security which the nation can possess for its pictures must be found in taking such measures as may in future prevent the necessity of their being touched at all? For this is very certain, that all question respecting the effects of cleaning is merely one of the amount of injury. Every picture which has undergone more friction than is necessary at intervals for the removal of dust or dirt, has suffered injury to some extent. The last touches of the master leave the surface of the color with a certain substantial texture, the bloom of which, if once reached under the varnish, must inevitably be more or less removed by friction of any kind—how much more by friction aided by solvents? I am well assured that every possessor of pictures who truly loves them, would keep—if it might be—their surfaces from being so much as breathed upon, which may, indeed, be done, and done easily.

Every stranger who enters our National Gallery, if he be a thoughtful person, must assuredly put to himself a curious question. Perceiving that certain pictures—namely, three Correggios, two Raphaels and a John Bellini—are put under glass,* and that all the others are left exposed, as oil pictures are in general, he must ask himself, “Is it an ascertained fact that glass preserves pictures; and are none of the pictures here thought worth a pane of glass but these five?† Or is it unascertained whether glass is beneficial or injurious, and have the Raphaels and Correggios been selected for the trial—‘*Fiat experimentum in corpore vili?*’” Some years ago it might have been difficult to answer him; now the answer is easy, though it be strange. The experiment has been made. The Raphaels and Correggios have been under glass for many

* See p. 42, note.

† Query, a misprint? as *six* pictures are mentioned.

years : they are as fresh and lovely as when they were first enclosed ; they need no cleaning, and will need none for half a century to come ; and it must be, therefore, that the rest of the pictures are left exposed to the London atmosphere, and to the operations which its influence renders necessary, simply because they are not thought worth a pane of plate glass. No : there is yet one other possible answer—that many of them are hung so high, or in such lights, that they could not be seen if they were glazed. Is it then absolutely necessary that they should be hung so high ? We are about to build a new National Gallery ; may it not be so arranged as that the pictures we place therein may at once be safe and visible ?

I know that this has never yet been done in any gallery in Europe, for the European public have never yet reflected that a picture which was worth buying was also worth seeing. Some time or other they will assuredly awake to the perception of this wonderful truth, and it would be some credit to our English common-sense if we were the first to act upon it.

I say that a picture which is worth buying is also worth seeing ; that is, worth so much room of ground and wall as shall enable us to see it to the best advantage. It is not commonly so understood. Nations, like individuals, buy their pictures in mere ostentation ; and are content, so that their possessions are acknowledged, that they should be hung in any dark or out-of-the-way corners which their frames will fit. Or, at best, the popular idea of a national gallery is that of a magnificent palace, whose walls must be decorated with colored panels, every one of which shall cost £1,000, and be discernible, through a telescope, for the work of a mighty hand.

I have no doubt that in a few years more there will be a change of feeling in this matter, and that men will begin to perceive, what is indeed the truth—that every noble picture is a manuscript book, of which only one copy exists, or ever can exist ; that a national gallery is a great library,* of which the

* “ The Art of a nation is, I think, one of the most important points of its history, and a part which, if once destroyed, no history will ever supply the place of ; and the first idea of a National Gallery is that it should be a

books must be read upon their shelves ; but every manuscript ought, therefore, to be placed where it can be read most easily ; and that the style of the architecture and the effect of the saloons are matters of no importance whatsoever, but that our solicitude ought to begin and end in the two imperative requirements—that every picture in the gallery should be perfectly seen and perfectly safe ; that none should be thrust up, or down, or aside, to make room for more important ones ; that all should be in a good light, all on a level with the eye, and all secure from damp, cold, impurity of atmosphere, and every other avoidable cause of deterioration.

These are the things to be accomplished ; and if we set ourselves to do these in our new National Gallery,* we shall have made a greater step in art-teaching than if we had built a new Parthenon. I know that it will be a strange idea to most of us that Titians and Tintorets ought, indeed, all to have places upon “the line,” as well as the annual productions of our Royal Academicians ; and I know that the *coup d’œil* of the Gallery must be entirely destroyed by such an arrangement. But great pictures ought not to be subjects of “*coups d’œil*.” In the last arrangement of the Louvre, under the Republic, all the noble pictures in the gallery were brought into one room, with a Napoleon-like resolution to produce effect by concentration of force ; and, indeed, I would not part willingly with the memory of that saloon, whose obscurest shadows were full of Correggio ; in whose out-of-the-way angles one forgot, here and there, a Raphæl ; and in which the best Tintoret on this side of the Alps was hung sixty feet from the ground ! † But

Library of Art, in which the rudest efforts are, in some cases, hardly less important than the noblest.”—National Gallery Commission, 1857 : Mr. Ruskin’s evidence.

* It was at this time proposed to remove the national pictures from Trafalgar Square to some new building to be erected for them elsewhere. This proposal was, however, negatived by the commission ultimately appointed (1857) to consider the matter, and to some extent rendered unnecessary by the enlargement of the gallery, decided upon in 1866.

† The galleries of the Louvre were reorganized on their being declared national instead of crown property, after the Revolution of 1848 ; and the

Cleopatra dissolving the pearl was nothing to this ; and I trust that, in our own Gallery, our poverty, if not our will, may consent to a more modest and less lavish manner of displaying such treasures as are intrusted to us ; and that the very limitation of our possessions may induce us to make that the object of our care which can hardly be a ground of ostentation. It might, indeed, be a matter of some difficulty to conceive an arrangement of the collections in the Louvre or the Florence Gallery which should admit of every picture being hung upon the line. But the works in our own, including the Vernon and Turner bequests,* present no obstacle in their number to our making the building which shall receive them a perfect model of what a National Gallery ought to be. And the conditions of this perfection are so simple that if we only turn our attention to these main points it will need no great architectural ingenuity to attain all that is required.

It is evident, in the first place, that the building ought to consist of a series of chambers or galleries lighted from above, and built with such reference to the pictures they are to contain, as that opposite a large picture room enough should be allowed for the spectator to retire to the utmost distance at which it can ever be desirable that its effect should be seen ; but, as economy of space would become a most important object when every picture was to be hung on a level with the eye, smaller apartments might open from the larger ones for the reception of smaller pictures, one condition being, however, made imperative, whatever space was sacrificed to it—namely, that the works of every master should be collected together, either in the same apartment or in contiguous ones. Nothing has so much retarded the advance of art as our miserable habit

choicest pictures were then collected together in the “grand salon carré,” which, although since rearranged, still contains a similar selection. The “best Tintoret on this side of the Alps” is the “Susannah and the Elders,” now No. 349 in that room.

* The *gift* of Mr. Robert Vernon, in 1847, consisted of 157 pictures, all of them, with two exceptions only, of the British school. The Turner bequest included 105 finished oil paintings, in addition to the numerous sketches and drawings.

of mixing the works of every master and of every century. More would be learned by an ordinarily intelligent observer in simply passing from a room in which there were only Titians, to another in which there were only Caraccis, than by reading a volume of lectures on color. Few minds are strong enough first to abstract and then to generalize the characters of paintings hung at random. Few minds are so dull as not at once to perceive the points of difference, were the works of each painter set by themselves. The fatigue of which most persons complain in passing through a picture gallery, as at present arranged, is indeed partly caused by the straining effort to see what is out of sight, but not less by the continual change of temper and of tone of thought, demanded in passing from the work of one master to that of another.

The works of each being, therefore, set by themselves,* and the whole collection arranged in chronological and ethnological order, let apartments be designed for each group large enough to admit of the increase of the existing collection to any probable amount. The whole gallery would thus become of great length, but might be adapted to any form of ground-plan by disposing the whole in a labyrinthine chain, returning upon itself. Its chronological arrangement would necessitate its being continuous, rather than divided into many branches or sections. Being lighted from above, it must be all on the same floor, but ought at least to be raised one story above the ground, and might admit any number of keepers' apartments, or of schools, beneath; though it would be better to make it quite independent of these, in order to diminish the risk of fire. Its walls ought on every side to be surrounded by corridors, so that the interior temperature might be kept equal, and no outer surface of wall on which pictures were hung exposed to the weather. Every picture should be glazed, and the horizon

* An example of a cognate school might, however, be occasionally introduced for the sake of direct comparison, as in one instance would be necessitated by the condition above mentioned attached to part of the Turner bequest.

which the painter had given to it placed on a level with the eye.

Lastly, opposite each picture should be a table, containing, under glass, every engraving that had ever been made from it, and any studies for it, by the master's own hand, that remained, or were obtainable. The values of the study and of the picture are reciprocally increased—of the former more than doubled—by their being seen together; and if this system were once adopted, the keepers of the various galleries of Europe would doubtless consent to such exchanges of the sketches in their possession as would render all their collections more interesting.

I trust, Sir, that the importance of this subject will excuse the extent of my trespass upon your columns, and that the simplicity and self-evident desirableness of the arrangement I have described may vindicate my proposal of it from the charge of presumption.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

HERNE HILL, DULWICH, Dec. 27.

[From "The Times," January 27, 1866.]

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: As I see in your impression of yesterday that my name was introduced in support of some remarks made, at the meeting of the Society of Arts, on the management of the British Museum,* and as the tendency of the remarks I refer to was

* At the meeting of the Society, in the Hall, Adelphi, Lord Henry Lennox read a paper on "The Uses of National Museums to Local Institutions," in which he spoke of Mr. Ruskin's suggestions "adopted and recommended to Parliament in annual reports, and in obedience to distinct Commissions," as having been unwarrantably disregarded since 1858. See Mr. Ruskin's official report on the Turner Bequest, printed in the "Report of the Director of the National Gallery to the Lords of the Treasury, 1858," Appendix vii.

depreciatory of the efforts and aims of several officers of the Museum—more especially of the work done on the collection of minerals by my friend Mr. Nevil S. Maskelyne*—you will, I hope, permit me, not having been present at the meeting, to express my feeling on the subject briefly in your columns.

There is a confused notion in the existing public mind that the British Museum was partly a parish school, partly a circulating library, and partly a place for Christmas entertainments.

It is none of the three, and, I hope, will never be made any of the three. But especially and most distinctly it is not a “preparatory school,” nor even an “academy for young gentlemen,” nor even a “working-men’s college.” A national museum is one thing, a national place of education another; and the more sternly and unequivocally they are separated, the better will each perform its office—the one of treasuring and the other of teaching. I heartily wish that there were already, as one day there must be, large educational museums in every district of London, freely open every day, and well lighted and warmed at night, with all furniture of comfort, and full aids for the use of their contents by all classes. But you might just as rationally send the British public to the Tower to study mineralogy upon the Crown jewels as make the unique pieces of a worthy national collection (such as, owing mainly to the exertions of its maligned officers, that of our British Museum has recently become) the means of elementary public instruction. After men have learnt their science or their art, at least so far as to know a common and a rare example in either, a national museum is useful, and ought to be easily accessible to them; but until then, unique or selected specimens in natural history are without interest to them, and the best art is as useless as a blank wall. For all those who can use the existing national collection to any purpose, the Catalogue as it now stands is amply sufficient: it would be difficult to conceive a more serviceable one. But the rapidly progressive state of (especially mineralogical)

* Professor Nevil Story-Maskelyne (now M.P. for Cricklade) was then, and till his recent resignation, Keeper of Mineralogy at the Museum.

science, renders it impossible for the Curators to make their arrangements in all points satisfactory, or for long periods permanent. It is just because Mr. Maskelyne is doing more active, continual, and careful work than, as far as I know, is at present done in any national museum in Europe—because he is completing gaps in the present series by the intercalation of carefully sought specimens, and accurately reforming its classification by recently corrected analyses—that the collection cannot yet fall into the formal and placid order in which an indolent Curator would speedily arrange and willingly leave it.

I am glad that Lord H. Lennox referred to the passage in my report on the Turner Collection in which I recommended that certain portions of that great series should be distributed, for permanence, among our leading provincial towns.* But I had rather see the whole Turner Collection buried, not merely in the cellars of the National Gallery, but with Prospero's staff fathoms in the earth, than that it should be the means of inaugurating the fatal custom of carrying great works of art about the roads for a show. If you *must* make them educational to the public, hang Titian's Bacchus up for a vintner's sign, and give Henry VI.'s Psalter † for a

* In Mr. Ruskin's official report already mentioned, and which was made at the close of his labors in arranging the Turner drawings, and dated March 27, 1858, he divided the collection into three classes, of which the third consisted of drawings available for distribution among provincial Schools of Art. The passage of the report referred to is as follows: "The remainder of the collection consists of drawings of miscellaneous character, from which many might be spared with little loss to the collection in London, and great advantage to students in the provinces. Five or six collections, each completely illustrative of Turner's modes of study, and successions of practice, might easily be prepared for the academies of Edinburgh, Dublin, and the principal English manufacturing towns."—See also the similar recommendation with regard to the "Outlines of John Leech," in the letter on that subject.

† Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne"—already mentioned, p. 40. Henry VI.'s Psalter is in the British Museum ("Domitian A. 17," in the Cottonian Catalogue). It is of early fifteenth century work, and was executed in England by a French artist for the then youthful king, from whom it takes its name.

spelling-book to the Bluecoat School ; but, at least, hang the one from a permanent post, and chain the other to the boys' desks, and do not send them about in caravans to every annual Bartholomew Fair.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *Jan. 26.*

[From "The Leicester Chronicle and Mercury," January 31, and reprinted in "The Times," February 2, 1880.]

ON THE PURCHASE OF PICTURES.

DEAR SIR: YOUR letter is deeply interesting to me, but what use is there in my telling you what to do? The mob won't let you do it. It is fatally true that no one nowadays can appreciate pictures by the Old Masters! and that every one can understand Frith's "Derby Day"—that is to say, everybody is interested in jockeys, harlots, mountebanks, and men about town ; but nobody in saints, heroes, kings, or wise men—either from the east or west. What can you do? If your Committee is strong enough to carry such a resolution as the appointment of any *singly* responsible person, any well-informed gentleman of taste in your neighborhood, to buy for the Leicester public just what he would buy for himself—that is to say, himself *and his family*—children being the really most important of the untaught public—and to answer simply to all accusation—that is, a good and worthy piece of art (past or present, no matter which)—make the most and best you can of it. That method so long as tenable will be useful. I know of no other.

Faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* This letter was written in reply to one requesting Mr. Ruskin's views on the best means of forming a public Gallery at Leicester.

LETTERS ON ART.

III.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BRETHERN. 1851 (May 9).

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BRETHERN. 1851 (May 26).

“THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD,” HOLMAN HUNT. 1854.

“THE AWAKENING CONSCIENCE,” HOLMAN HUNT. 1854.

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III.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

[From "The Times," May 13, 1851.]

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BRETHERN.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: Your usual liberality will, I trust, give a place in your columns to this expression of my regret that the tone of the critique which appeared in *The Times* of Wednesday last on the works of Mr. Millais and Mr. Hunt, now in the Royal Academy, should have been scornful as well as severe.*

I regret it, first, because the mere labor bestowed on those works, and their fidelity to a certain order of truth (labor and fidelity which are altogether indisputable), ought at once to have placed them above the level of mere contempt; and, secondly, because I believe these young artists to be at a most critical period of their career—at a turning-point, from which they may either sink into nothingness or rise to very real greatness; and I believe also, that whether they choose the upward or the downward path, may in no small degree depend

* That the critique was sufficiently bitter, may be gathered from the following portions of it: "These young artists have unfortunately become notorious by addicting themselves to an antiquated style and an affected simplicity in painting. . . . We can extend no toleration to a mere senile imitation of the cramped style, false perspective, and crude color of remote antiquity. We want not to see what Fuseli termed drapery 'snapped instead of folded;' faces bloated into apoplexy, or extenuated to skeletons; color borrowed from the jars in a druggist's shop, and expression forced into caricature. . . . That morbid infatuation which sacrifices truth, beauty, and genuine feeling to mere eccentricity, deserves no quarter at the hands of the public."

upon the character of the criticism which their works have to sustain. I do not wish in any way to dispute or invalidate the general truth of your critique on the Royal Academy; nor am I surprised at the estimate which the writer formed of the pictures in question when rapidly compared with works of totally different style and aim; nay, when I first saw the chief picture by Millais in the Exhibition of last year,* I had nearly come to the same conclusion myself. But I ask your permission, in justice to artists who have at least given much time and toil to their pictures, to institute some more serious inquiry into their merits and faults than your general notice of the Academy could possibly have admitted.

Let me state, in the first place, that I have no acquaintance with any of these artists, and very imperfect sympathy with them. No one who has met with any of my writings will suspect me of desiring to encourage them in their Romanist and Tractarian tendencies.† I am glad to see that Mr. Millais' lady in blue ‡ is heartily tired of her painted window

* A sacred picture (No. 518) upon the text, "And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends" (Zechariah xiii. 6). He had two other pictures in the Academy of 1850, namely, "Portrait of a gentleman and his grandchild" (No. 429), and "Ferdinand lured by Ariel" (No. 504)—Shakespeare, "Tempest," Act ii. sc. 2.

† See the next letter, p. 96. With regard to the religious tone of some parts of Mr. Ruskin's early writings, it is worth noting that in the recent reissue (1880) of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," "some pieces of rabid and utterly false Protestantism . . . are cut from text and appendix alike."—(Preface, p. 1; and see the note on one such omission on p. 19.) So again in the preface to the final edition of "Modern Painters," issued in 1873, Mr. Ruskin stated that his objection to republishing unrevised the first two volumes of that work was that "they are written in a narrow enthusiasm, and the substance of their metaphysical and religious speculation is only justifiable on the ground of its absolute sincerity."—See also "Sesame and Lilies," 1871 ed., Preface, p. 2.

‡ The pre-Raphaelite pictures exhibited in the Academy of this year, and referred to here and in the following letter, were the "Mariana" (No. 561) of Millais, "The Return of the Dove to the Ark" (No. 651), and "The Woodman's Daughter" (No. 799), (see Coventry Patmore's Poems, vol. i. p. 184—4 vol. ed., 1879), both also by Millais; the "Valentine receiving (rescuing?) Sylvia from Proteus" (No. 594), of Holman Hunt;

and idolatrous toilet table; and I have no particular respect for Mr. Collins' lady in white, because her sympathies are limited by a dead wall, or divided between some gold fish and a tadpole—the latter Mr. Collins may, perhaps, permit me to suggest *en passant*, as he is already half a frog, is rather too small for his age). But I happen to have a special acquaintance with the water plant, *Alisma Plantago*, among which the said gold fish are swimming; and as I never saw it so thoroughly or so well drawn, I must take leave to remonstrate with you, when you say sweepingly that these men “sacrifice truth as well as feeling to eccentricity.” For as a mere botanical study of the water-lily and *Alisma*, as well as of the common lily and several other garden flowers, this picture would be invaluable to me, and I heartily wish it were mine.

But, before entering into such particulars, let me correct an impression which your article is likely to induce in most minds, and which is altogether false. These pre-Raphaelites (I cannot compliment them on common-sense in choice of a *nom de guerre*) do *not* desire nor pretend in any way to imitate antique painting as such. They know very little of ancient paintings who suppose the works of these young artists to resemble them.* As far as I can judge of their aim—for, as I

and the “Convent Thoughts” (No. 493) of Mr. C. Collins, to which were affixed the lines from “Midsummer Night's Dream” (Act i. sc. 1),

“Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;”

and the verse (Psalm cxliii. 5), “I meditate on all Thy works; I muse on the work of Thy hands.” The last-named artist also had a portrait of Mr. William Bennett (No. 718) in the Exhibition—not, however, alluded to in this letter. Mr. Charles Allston Collins, who was the son of William Collins, R. A., and the younger brother of Mr. Wilkie Collins, subsequently turned his attention to literature, and may be remembered as the author of “A Cruise upon Wheels,” “The Eye-Witness,” and other writings.

* Compare “Modern Painters,” vol. i. p. 415, note, where allusion is made to the painters of a society which “unfortunately, or rather unwisely, has given itself the name of ‘Pre-Raphaelite;’ unfortunately, because the principles on which its members are working are neither pre- nor post-Raphaelite, but everlasting. They are endeavoring to paint with

said, I do not know the men themselves—the pre-Raphaelites intend to surrender no advantage which the knowledge or inventions of the present time can afford to their art. They intend to return to early days in this one point only—that, as far as in them lies, they will draw either what they see, or what they suppose might have been the actual facts of the scene they desire to represent, irrespective of any conventional rules of picture-making; and they have chosen their unfortunate though not inaccurate name because all artists did this before Raphael's time, and after Raphael's time did *not* this, but sought to paint fair pictures, rather than represent stern facts; of which the consequence has been that, from Raphael's time to this day, historical art has been in acknowledged decadence.

Now, sir, presupposing that the intention of these men was to return to archaic *art* instead of to archaic *honesty*, your critic borrows Fuseli's expression respecting ancient draperies "snapped instead of folded," and asserts that in these pictures there is a "*servile* imitation of *false* perspective." To which I have just this to answer:

That there is not one single error in perspective in four out of the five pictures in question; and that in Millais' "*Mariana*" there is but this one—that the top of the green curtain in the distant window has too low a vanishing-point; and that I will undertake, if need be, to point out and prove a dozen worse errors in perspective in any twelve pictures, containing architecture, taken at random from among the works of the popular painters of the day.

Secondly: that, putting aside the small Mulready, and the works of Thorburn and Sir W. Ross, and perhaps some others of those in the miniature room which I have not examined, there is not a single study of drapery in the whole Academy, be it in large works or small, which for perfect truth, power, and finish could be compared for an instant with the black the highest possible degree of completion, what they see in nature, without reference to conventional established rules; but by no means to imitate the style of any past epoch."

sleeve of the Julia, or with the velvet on the breast and the chain mail of the Valentine, of Mr. Hunt's picture; or with the white draperies on the table of Mr. Millais' "Mariana," and of the right-hand figure in the same painter's "Dove returning to the Ark."

And further: that as studies both of drapery and of every minor detail, there has been nothing in art so earnest or so complete as these pictures since the days of Albert Dürer. This I assert generally and fearlessly. On the other hand, I am perfectly ready to admit that Mr. Hunt's "Silvia" is not a person whom Proteus or any one else would have been likely to fall in love with at first sight; and that one cannot feel very sincere delight that Mr. Millais' "Wives of the Sons of Noah" should have escaped the Deluge; with many other faults besides, on which I will not enlarge at present, because I have already occupied too much of your valuable space, and I hope to enter into more special criticism in a future letter.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

DENMARK HILL, *May 9.*

[From "The Times," May 30, 1851.]

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BRETHERN.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: Your obliging insertion of my former letter encourages me to trouble you with one or two further notes respecting the pre-Raphaelite pictures. I had intended, in continuation of my first letter, to institute as close an inquiry as I could into the character of the morbid tendencies which prevent these works from favorably arresting the attention of the public; but I believe there are so few pictures in the Academy whose

reputation would not be grievously diminished by a deliberate inventory of their errors, that I am disinclined to undertake so ungracious a task with respect to this or that particular work. These points, however, may be noted, partly for the consideration of the painters themselves, partly that forgiveness of them may be asked from the public in consideration of high merits in other respects.

The most painful of these defects is unhappily also the most prominent—the commonness of feature in many of the principal figures. In Mr. Hunt's "Valentine defending Sylvia," this is, indeed, almost the only fault. Further examination of this picture has even raised the estimate I had previously formed of its marvellous truth in detail and splendor in color; nor is its general conception less deserving of praise: the action of Valentine, his arm thrown round Sylvia, and his hand clasping hers at the same instant as she falls at his feet, is most faithful and beautiful, nor less so the contending of doubt and distress with awakening hope in the half-shadowed, half-sunlit countenance of Julia. Nay, even the momentary struggle of Proteus with Sylvia just past, is indicated by the trodden grass and broken fungi of the foreground. But all this thoughtful conception, and absolutely inimitable execution, fail in making immediate appeal to the feelings, owing to the unfortunate type chosen for the face of Sylvia. Certainly this cannot be she whose lover was

"As rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl."*

Nor is it, perhaps, less to be regretted that, while in Shakespeare's play there are nominally "Two Gentlemen," in Mr. Hunt's picture there should only be one—at least, the kneeling figure on the right has by no means the look of a gentleman. But this may be on purpose, for any one who remembers the conduct of Proteus throughout the previous scenes will, I think,

* "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Act ii. sc. 4. The scene of the picture was taken from Act v. sc. 4.

be disposed to consider that the error lies more in Shakspeare's nomenclature than in Mr. Hunt's ideal.

No defence can, however, be offered for the choice of features in the left-hand figure of Mr. Millais' "Dove returning to the Ark." I cannot understand how a painter so sensible of the utmost refinement of beauty in other objects should deliberately choose for his model a type far inferior to that of average humanity, and unredeemed by any expression save that of dull self-complacency. Yet, let the spectator who desires to be just turn away from this head, and contemplate rather the tender and beautiful expression of the stooping figure, and the intense harmony of color in the exquisitely finished draperies; let him note also the ruffling of the plumage of the wearied dove, one of its feathers falling on the arm of the figure which holds it, and another to the ground, where, by the bye, the hay is painted not only elaborately, but with the most perfect ease of touch and mastery of effect, especially to be observed because this freedom of execution is a modern excellence, which it has been inaccurately stated that these painters despise, but which, in reality, is one of the remarkable distinctions between their painting and that of Van Eyck or Hemling, which caused me to say in my first letter that "those knew little of ancient painting who supposed the works of these men to resemble it."

Next to this false choice of feature, and in connection with it, is to be noted the defect in the coloring of the flesh. The hands, at least in the pictures in Millais, are almost always ill painted, and the flesh tint in general is wrought out of crude purples and dusky yellows. It appears just possible that much of this evil may arise from the attempt to obtain too much transparency—an attempt which has injured also not a few of the best works of Mulready. I believe it will be generally found that close study of minor details is unfavorable to flesh painting; it was noticed of the drawing by John Lewis, in the old water-color exhibition of 1850* (a work which, as regards

* "The Hhareem" (No. 147), noticed, partly to the above effect, in *The Times*, May 1, 1850. It will be remembered that John Lewis is, with

its treatment of detail, may be ranged in the same class with the pre-Raphaelite pictures), that the faces were the worst painted portions of the whole.

The apparent want of shade is, however, perhaps the fault which most hurts the general eye. The fact is, nevertheless, that the fault is far more in the other pictures of the Academy than in the pre-Raphaelite ones. It is the former that are false, not the latter, except so far as every picture must be false which endeavors to represent living sunlight with dead pigments. I think Mr. Hunt has a slight tendency to exaggerate reflected lights; and if Mr. Millais has ever been near a piece of good painted glass, he ought to have known that its tone is more dusky and sober than that of his Mariana's window. But for the most part these pictures are rashly condemned because the only light which we are accustomed to see represented is that which falls on the artist's model in his dim painting room, not that of sunshine in the fields.

I do not think I can go much further in fault-finding. I had, indeed, something to urge respecting what I supposed to be the Romanizing tendencies of the painters; but I have received a letter assuring me that I was wrong in attributing to them anything of the kind; whereupon, all that I can say is that, instead of the "pilgrimage" of Mr. Collins' maiden over a plank and round a fish-pond, that old pilgrimage of Christiana and her children towards the place where they should "look the Fountain of Mercy in the face," would have been more to the purpose in these times. And so I wish them all heartily good-speed, believing in sincerity that if they temper the courage and energy which they have shown in the adoption of their systems with patience and discretion in framing it, and if they do not suffer themselves to be driven by harsh or careless criticism into rejection of the ordinary means of obtaining influence over the minds of others, they may, as they gain experience, lay in our England the foundations of a

Turner, Millais, Prout, Mulready, and Edwin Landseer, one of the artists particularly mentioned in Mr. Ruskin's pamphlet on "Pre-Raphaelitism" (1851), p. 33; and see also "Academy Notes," III., 1857, p. 48.

school of art nobler than the world has seen for three hundred years.*

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

DENMARK HILL, *May 26.*

[From "The Times," May 5, 1854.]

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

By HOLMAN HUNT.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: I trust that, with your usual kindness and liberality, you will give me room in your columns for a few words respecting the principal pre-Raphaelite picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this year. Its painter is travelling in the Holy Land, and can neither suffer nor benefit by criticism. But I am solicitous that justice should be done to his work, not for his sake, but for that of the large number of persons who, during the year, will have an opportunity of seeing it, and on whom, if rightly understood, it may make an impression for which they will ever afterwards be grateful.†

I speak of the picture called "the Light of the World," by Mr. Holman Hunt. Standing by it yesterday for upwards of an hour, I watched the effect it produced upon the passers-

* "I have great hope that they may become the foundation of a more earnest and able school of art than we have seen for centuries."—"Modern Painters," vol. i. p. 415, note.

† Of the two pictures described in this and the following letter, "The Light of the World" is well known from the engraving of it by W. H. Simmons. It was originally purchased by Mr. Thomas Combe, of Oxford, whose widow has recently presented it to Keble College, where it now hangs, in the library. The subject of the second picture, which is less well known, and which has never been engraved, sufficiently appears from the letter describing it.

by. Few stopped to look at it, and those who did almost invariably with some contemptuous expression, founded on what appeared to them the absurdity of representing the Saviour with a lantern in his hand. Now, it ought to be remembered that, whatever may be the faults of a præ-Raphaelite picture, it must at least have taken much time; and therefore it may not unwarrantably be presumed that conceptions which are to be laboriously realized are not adopted in the first instance without some reflection. So that the spectator may surely question with himself whether the objections which now strike every one in a moment might not possibly have occurred to the painter himself, either during the time devoted to the design of the picture, or the months of labor required for its execution; and whether, therefore, there may not be some reason for his persistence in such an idea, not discoverable at the first glance.

Mr. Hunt has never explained his work to me. I give what appears to me its palpable interpretation.

The legend beneath it is the beautiful verse, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii. 20. On the left-hand side of the picture is seen this door of the human soul. It is fast barred: its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it; its threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn—the wild grass "whereof the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth the sheaves his bosom." Christ approaches it in the night-time—Christ, in his everlasting offices of prophet, priest, and king. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon him; the jewelled robe and breast-plate, representing the sacerdotal investiture; the rayed crown of gold, inwoven with the crown of thorns; not dead thorns, but now bearing soft leaves, for the healing of the nations.

Now, when Christ enters any human heart, he bears with him a twofold light: first, the light of conscience, which displays

past sin, and afterwards the light of peace, the hope of salvation. The lantern, carried in Christ's left hand, is this light of conscience. Its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed, but to hereditary guilt.

The light is suspended by a chain, wrapt about the wrist of the figure, showing that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also to chain the hand of Christ.

The light which proceeds from the head of the figure, on the contrary, is that of the hope of salvation; it springs from the crown of thorns, and, though itself sad, subdued, and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts into the glow of it the forms of the leaves and boughs, which it crosses, showing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light, where its sphere extends.

I believe there are very few persons on whom the picture, thus justly understood, will not produce a deep impression. For my own part, I think it one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age.

It may, perhaps, be answered, that works of art ought not to stand in need of interpretation of this kind. Indeed, we have been so long accustomed to see pictures painted without any purpose or intention whatsoever, that the unexpected existence of meaning in a work of art may very naturally at first appear to us an unkind demand on the spectator's understanding. But in a few years more I hope the English public may be convinced of the simple truth, that neither a great fact, nor a great man, nor a great poem, nor a great picture, nor any other great thing, can be fathomed to the very bottom in a moment of time; and that no high enjoyment, either in picture-seeing or any other occupation, is consistent with a total lethargy of the powers of the understanding.

As far as regards the technical qualities of Mr. Hunt's painting, I would only ask the spectator to observe this difference between true præ-Raphaelite work and its imitations.

The true work represents all objects exactly as they would appear in nature in the position and at the distances which the arrangement of the picture supposes. The false work represents them with all their details, as if seen through a microscope. Examine closely the ivy on the door in Mr. Hunt's picture, and there will not be found in it a single clear outline. All is the most exquisite mystery of color; becoming reality at its due distance. In like manner examine the small gems on the robe of the figure. Not one will be made out in form, and yet there is not one of all those minute points of green color, but it has two or three distinctly varied shades of green in it, giving it mysterious value and lustre.

The spurious imitations of præ-Raphaelite work represent the most minute leaves and other objects with sharp outlines, but with no variety of color, and with none of the concealment, none of the infinity of nature. With this spurious work the walls of the Academy are half covered; of the true school one very small example may be pointed out, being hung so low that it might otherwise escape attention. It is not by any means perfect, but still very lovely—the study of a calm pool in a mountain brook, by Mr. J. Dearle, No. 191, “Evening, on the Marchno, North Wales.” *

I have the honor to be, Sir.

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF “MODERN PAINTERS.”

DENMARK HILL, *May 4.*

* Mr. Dearle informs me that this picture was bought from the walls of the Academy by a prize-holder in the Art Union of London. He adds that the purchaser resided in either America or Australia, and that the picture is now, therefore, presumably in one or other of those countries.

[From "The Times," May 25, 1854.]

"THE AWAKENING CONSCIENCE."

BY HOLMAN HUNT.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: Your kind insertion of my notes on Mr. Hunt's principal picture encourages me to hope that you may yet allow me room in your columns for a few words respecting his second work in the Royal Academy, the "Awakening Conscience." Not that this picture is obscure, or its story feebly told. I am at a loss to know how its meaning could be rendered more distinctly, but assuredly it is not understood. People gaze at it in a blank wonder, and leave it hopelessly; so that, though it is almost an insult to the painter to explain his thoughts in this instance, I cannot persuade myself to leave it thus misunderstood. The poor girl has been sitting singing with her seducer; some chance words of the song, "Oft in the stilly night," have struck upon the numbed places of her heart; she has started up in agony; he, not seeing her face, goes on singing, striking the keys carelessly with his gloved hand.

I suppose that no one professing the slightest knowledge of expression could remain untouched by the countenance of the lost girl, rent from its beauty into sudden horror; the lips half open, indistinct in their purple quivering; the teeth set hard; the eyes filled with the fearful light of futurity, and with tears of ancient days. But I can easily understand that to many persons the careful rendering of the inferior details in this picture cannot but be at first offensive, as calling their attention away from the principal subject. It is true that detail of this kind has long been so carelessly rendered, that the perfect finishing of it becomes a matter of curiosity, and therefore an interruption to serious thought. But, without entering into the question of the general propriety of such treatment, I would only observe that, at least in this instance, it is based on

a truer principle of the pathetic than any of the common artistical expedients of the schools. Nothing is more notable than the way in which even the most trivial objects force themselves upon the attention of a mind which has been fevered by violent and distressful excitement. They thrust themselves forward with a ghastly and unendurable distinctness, as if they would compel the sufferer to count, or measure, or learn them by heart. Even to the mere spectator a strange interest exalts the accessories of a scene in which he bears witness to human sorrow. There is not a single object in all that room—common, modern, vulgar (in the vulgar sense, as it may be), but it becomes tragical, if rightly read. That furniture so carefully painted, even to the last vein of the rosewood—is there nothing to be learnt from that terrible lustre of it, from its fatal newness; nothing there that has the old thoughts of home upon it, or that is ever to become a part of home? Those embossed books, vain and useless,—they also new,—marked with no happy wearing of beloved leaves; the torn and dying bird upon the floor; the gilded tapestry, with the fowls of the air feeding on the ripened corn; the picture above the fireplace, with its single drooping figure—the woman taken in adultery; nay, the very hem of the poor girl's dress, at which the painter has labored so closely, thread by thread, has story in it, if we think how soon its pure whiteness may be soiled with dust and rain, her outcast feet failing in the street; and the fair garden flowers, seen in that reflected sunshine of the mirror—these also have their language—

“ Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy—we are pure.”*

I surely need not go on. Examine the whole range of the walls of the Academy,—nay, examine those of all our public

* Shenstone: *Elegy* xxvi. The subject of the poem is that of the picture described here. The girl speaks—

“ If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmynes that could once allure,
Hope not,” etc.

and private galleries,—and while pictures will be met with by the thousand which literally tempt to evil, by the thousand which are directed to the meanest trivialities of incident or emotion, by the thousand to the delicate fancies of inactive religion, there will not be found one powerful as this to meet full in the front the moral evil of the age in which it is painted; to waken into mercy the cruel thoughtlessness of youth, and subdue the severities of judgment into the sanctity of compassion.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

DENMARK HILL.

[From "The Liverpool Albion," January 11, 1858.]

*PRE-RAPHAELITISM IN LIVERPOOL.**

I believe the Liverpool Academy has, in its decisions of late years, given almost the first instance on record of the entirely just and beneficial working of academical system. Usually such systems have degenerated into the application of formal rules, or the giving partial votes, or the distribution of a partial patronage; but the Liverpool awards have indicated at once the keen perception of new forms of excellence, and the frank honesty by which alone such new forms can be confessed and accepted. I do not, however, wonder at the outcry.

* The prize of the Liverpool Academy was awarded in 1858 to Millais's "Blind Girl." Popular feeling, however, favored another picture, the "Waiting for the Verdict" of A. Solomon, and a good deal of discussion arose as to whether the prize had been rightly awarded. As one of the judges, and as a member of the Academy, Mr. Alfred Hunt addressed a letter on the matter to Mr. Ruskin, the main portion of whose reply was sent by him to the *Liverpool Albion* and is now reprinted here. Mr. Solomon's picture had been exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1857 (No. 562), and is mentioned in Mr. Ruskin's Notes to the pictures of that year (p. 32).

People who suppose the pre-Raphaelite work to be only a condition of meritorious eccentricity, naturally suppose, also, that the consistent preference of it can only be owing to clique. Most people look upon paintings as they do on plants or minerals, and think they ought to have in their collections specimens of everybody's work, as they have specimens of all earths or flowers. They have no conception that there is such a thing as a real right and wrong, a real bad and good, in the question. However, you need not, I think, much mind. Let the Academy be broken up on the quarrels; let the Liverpool people buy whatever rubbish they have a mind to; and when they see, as in time they will, that it *is* rubbish, and find, as find they will, every pre-Raphaelite picture gradually advance in influence and in value, you will be acknowledged to have borne a witness all the more noble and useful, because it seemed to end in discomfiture; though it will *not* end in discomfiture. I suppose I need hardly say anything of my own estimate of the two pictures on which the arbitrament has arisen, I have surely said often enough, in good black type already, what I thought of pre-Raphaelite works, and of other modern ones. Since Turner's death I consider that any average work from the hand of any of the four leaders of pre-Raphaelitism (Rosetti, Millais, Hunt, John Lewis) is, singly, worth at least *three* of any other pictures whatever by living artists.

JOHN RUSKIN.

[From "The Witness" (Edinburgh), March 27, 1858.]

GENERALIZATION AND THE SCOTCH PRE-RAPHAELITES.

To the Editor of "The Witness."

I was very glad to see that good and firm defence of the pre-Raphaelite Brothers in the *Witness** the other day; only,

* The defence was made in a second notice (March 6, 1858) of the Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy, then open to the public. The picture of Mr. Waller Paton (now R.S.A.) alluded to here was entitled "Wild Water, Inveruglass" (161); he also exhibited one of "Arrochar

my dear Editor, it appears to me that you take too much trouble in the matter. Such a lovely picture as that of Waller Paton's must either speak for itself, or nobody can speak for it. If you Scotch people don't know a bit of your own country when you see it, who is to help you to know it? If, in that mighty wise town of Edinburgh, everybody still likes flourishes of brush better than ferns, and dots of paint better than birch leaves, surely there is nothing for it but to leave them in quietude of devotion to dot and faith in flourish. At least I can see no other way of dealing. All those platitudes from the *Scotsman*, which you took the pains to answer, have been answered ten thousand times already, without the smallest effect—the kind of people who utter them being always too misty in their notions ever to feel or catch an answer. You may as well speak to the air, or rather to a Scotch mist. The oddest part of the business is, that all those wretched fallacies about generalization might be quashed or crushed in an instant, by reference to any given picture of any great master who ever lived. There never was anybody who generalized, since paint was first ground, except Opie, and Benjamin West, and Fuseli, and one or two other such modern stars—in their own estimates,—night-lights, in fact, extinguishing themselves, not odoriferously at daybreak, in a sputter in the saucer. Titian, Giorgione, Veronese, Tintoret, Raphael, Leonardo, Correggio,—never any of them dreamt of generalization, and would have rejected the dream as having come by the horn gate,* if they had. The only difference between them and the pre-Raphaelites is, that the latter love nature better, and don't yet know their artist's business so well, having everything to find out for themselves athwart all sorts of contradiction, poor fellows ; so they are apt to put too

Road, Tarbet" (314). The platitudes of the *Scotsman* against the pre-Raphaelites were contained in its second notice of the Exhibition (February 20, 1858).

* There must be some error here, as it is the *true* dreams that come through the horn gate, while the fruitless ones pass through the gate of *ivory*. The allusion is to Homer (*Odyssey*, xix. 562).

much into their pictures—for love's sake, and then not to bring this much into perfect harmony; not yet being able to bridle their thoughts entirely with the master's hand. I don't say therefore—I never have said—that their pictures are faultless—many of them have gross faults; but the modern pictures of the generalist school, which are opposed to them, have nothing else but faults: they are not pictures at all, but pure daubs and perfect blunders; nay, they have never had aim enough to be called anything so honorable as blunders; they are mere emptinesses and idlenesses—thistledown without seeds, and bubbles without color; whereas the worst pre-Raphaelite picture has something *in* it; and the great ones, such as Windus's "Burd Helen,"* will hold their own with the most noble pictures of all time.

Always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

By the way, what ails you at our pre-Raphaelite Brothers' conceits? Windus's heart's-ease might have been a better

* In illustration of the old Scottish ballad of "Burd Helen," who, fearing her lover's desertion, followed him, dressed as a foot-page, through flood, if not through fire—

"Lord John he rode, Burd Helen ran,
The live-lang sumer's day,
Until they cam' to Clyde's Water,
Was filled frae bank to brae.

"'See'st thou yon water, Helen,' quoth he,
'That flows frae bank to brim?'
'I trust to God, Lord John,' she said,
'You ne'er will see me swim.'"

This picture (No. 141 in the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1858) was first exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1856. In the postscript to his Academy Notes of that year, Mr. Ruskin, after commenting on the "crying error of putting it nearly out of sight," so that he had at first hardly noticed it, estimates this picture as second only to the "Autumn Leaves" of Mr. Mil-lais in that exhibition. The following is a portion of his comment on it: "I see just enough of the figures to make me sure that the work is thoughtful and intense in the highest degree. The pressure of the girl's hand on her side; her wild, firm, desolate look at the stream—she not raising her eyes as she makes her appeal, for fear of the greater mercilessness

conceit, I grant you;* but for the conceits themselves, as such, I always enjoy them particularly; and I don't understand why I shouldn't. What's wrong in them?

in the human look than in the glaze of the gliding water—the just choice of the type of the rider's cruel face, and of the scene itself—so terrible in haggardness of rattling stones and ragged heath,—are all marks of the action of the very grandest imaginative power, shortened only of hold upon our feelings, because dealing with a subject too fearful to be for a moment believed true.”

The picture was originally purchased by Mr. John Miller, of Liverpool; at the sale of whose collection by Christie and Manson, two years later, in 1858, it fetched the price of two hundred guineas. At the same sale the “Blind Girl,” alluded to in the previous letter, was sold for three hundred.

For the poem illustrated by the picture, see Aytoun's “Ballads of Scotland,” i. 219, where a slightly different version of it is given: it may also be found in “Percy's Reliques” (vol. iii. p. 59), under the title of “Child Waters.” Other versions of this ballad, and other ballads of the same name, and probably origin, may be found in Jameson's collection, vol. i. p. 117, vol. ii. p. 376, in Buchan's “Ancient Ballads of the North,” ii. 29 (1879 ed.) and in “Four Books of Scottish Ballads,” Edin., 1868, Bk. ii. p. 21, where it is well noted that “Burd Helen” corresponds to the “Proud Elise” of northern minstrels, “La Prude Dame Elise” of the French, and the “Gentle Lady Elise” of the English—(Burd, Prud, Preux). It is also possible that it is a corruption of Burdalayn, or Burdalane, meaning an only child, a maiden, etc.

* The *Witness* had objected to the “astonishing fondness” of the pre-Raphaelite school for “conceits,” instancing as typically far-fetched that in the picture of “Burd Helen,” where Lord John was represented “pulling to pieces a heart's-ease,” as he crosses the stream.

LETTERS ON ART.

IV.

TURNER.

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IV.

TURNER.

[From "The Times," October 28, 1856.]

THE TURNER BEQUEST.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: As active measures are being now* taken to give the public access to the pictures and drawings left by the late Mr. Turner, you will perhaps allow me space in your columns for a few words respecting them.

I was appointed by Mr. Turner one of his executors. I examined the will, and the state of the property needing administration, and, finding that the questions arising out of the obscurity of the one and the disorder of the other would be numerous and would involve a kind of business in which I had no skill or knowledge, I resigned the office; but in the course of the inquiry I catalogued the most interesting of the drawings which are now national property, and respecting these the public will, I think, be glad of more definite information than they at present possess. They are referable mainly to three classes.

1. Finished water-color drawings.
2. Studies from nature, or first thoughts for pictures; in color.
3. Sketches in pencil or pen and ink.

* The first exhibition of Turner's pictures after his death was opened at Marlborough House early in November, 1856, seven months subsequent to the final decision as to the proper distribution of the property, which was the subject of Turner's will.

The drawings belonging to the two latter classes are in various stages of completion, and would contain, if rightly arranged, a perfect record of the movements of the master's mind during his whole life. Many of them were so confused among prints and waste-paper that I could neither collect nor catalogue them all in the time I had at my disposal; some portfolios I was not able even to open. The following statement, therefore, omits mention of many, and I believe even of some large water-color drawings. There are in the first class forty-five drawings of the "Rivers of France;" fifty-seven illustrating Rogers' Poems; twenty-three of the "River Scenery" and "Harbors of England;" four marine vignettes; five middle-sized drawings (including the beautiful "Ivy Bridge"); and a drawing, some three feet by two, finished with exquisite care, of a scene in the Val d'Aosta; total, 135.

It would occupy too much of your space if I were to specify all the various kinds of studies forming the second class. Many are far carried, and are, to my mind, more precious and lovely than any finished drawings; respecting some, there may be question whether Turner regarded them as finished or not. The larger number are light sketches, valuable only to artists, or to those interested in the processes of Turner's mind and hand. The total number of those which I catalogued as important is 1,757.

The sketches of the third class are usually more elaborate than the colored ones. They consist of studies from nature, or for composition, in firm outline, usually on gray paper, heightened with white. They include, among other subjects, more or less complete, fifty of the original drawings for the *Liber Studiorum*, and many of the others are of large folio size. The total of those I consider important is 1,322. Now the value of these sketches to the public consists greatly, first, in the preservation of each, as far as possible, in the state in which Turner left it; secondly, in their careful arrangement and explanation; thirdly, in convenience of general access to them. Permit me a word on each of these heads.

Turner was in the habit of using unusual vehicles, and in

the colored studies many hues are wrought out by singular means and with singular delicacy—nearly always in textures which the slightest damp (to which the drawings would necessarily be subjected in the process of mounting) would assuredly alter. I have made many experiments in mounting, putting colored drawings, of which I had previously examined the tones, into the hands of the best mounters, and I have never yet had a drawing returned to me without alteration. The vast mass of these sketches, and the comparative slightness of many, would but too probably induce a carelessness and generalization in the treatment they might have to undergo still more fatally detrimental to them.

Secondly, a large number are without names, and so slight that it requires careful examination and somewhat extended acquaintance with Turner's works to ascertain their intention. The sketches of this class are nearly valueless, till their meaning is deciphered, but of great interest when seen in their proper connection. Thus there are three progressive studies for one vignette in *Rogers' Italy** (Hannibal passing the Alps), which I extricated from three several heaps of other mountain sketches with which they had no connection. Thirdly, a large number of the drawings are executed with body color, the bloom of which any friction or handling would in a short period destroy. Their delicate tones of color would be equally destroyed by continuous exposure to the light or to smoke and dust.

Drawings of a valuable character, when thus destructible, are in European museums hardly accessible to the general public. But there is no need for this seclusion. They should be inclosed each in a light wooden frame, under a glass the surface of which a raised mount should prevent them from touching. These frames should slide into cases, containing about twelve drawings each, which would be portable to any part of the room where they were to be seen. I have long kept my own smaller Turner drawings in this manner; fifteen

* See Rogers' "Italy," p. 29.

frames going into the depth of about a foot. Men are usually accused of "bad taste," if they express any conviction of their own ability to execute any given work. But it would perhaps be better if in people's sayings in general, whether concerning others or themselves, there were less taste, and more truth; and I think it, under the circumstances, my duty to state that I believe none would treat these drawings with more scrupulous care, or arrange them with greater patience, than I should myself; that I am ready to undertake the task, and enter upon it instantly; that I will furnish, in order to prove the working of the system proposed, a hundred of the frames, with their cases, at my own cost; and that within six weeks of the day on which I am permitted to begin work (illness or accident not interfering), I will have the hundred drawings arranged, framed, accompanied by a printed explanatory catalogue, and ready for public inspection. It would then be in the power of the commissioners intrusted with the administration of this portion of the national property to decide if any, or how many more of the sketches, should be exhibited in the same manner, as a large mass of the less interesting ones might be kept as the drawings are at the British Museum, and shown only on special inquiry.

I will only undertake this task on condition of the entire management of the drawings, in every particular, being intrusted to me; but I should ask the advice of Mr. Carpenter, of the British Museum,* on all doubtful points, and intrust any necessary operations only to the person who mounts the drawings for the British Museum.

I make this offer † in your columns rather than privately, first, because I wish it to be clearly known to the public; and

* William Hookham Carpenter, for many years Keeper of the prints and drawings at the British Museum. He died in 1866.

† Mr. Ruskin's offer was accepted, and he eventually arranged the drawings, and, in particular, the four hundred now exhibited in one of the lower rooms of the National Gallery, and contained in the kind of cases above proposed, presented by Mr. Ruskin to the Gallery. Mr. Ruskin also printed, as promised, a descriptive and explanatory catalogue of a hundred of these four hundred drawings. (Catalogue of the Turner Sketches in the

of, with a great many leaves
being lighter - some blank but
a great many also elaborate in the
highest degree - some containing
ten exquisite compositions on each
side of the leaf thus -
each no bigger than
this -



and with about that quantity
out in each - but every touch of
it inestimable, done with his
whole soul in it. Generally
the deeper sketches are
written over everywhere, as in
the example enclosed, every
incident being noted that was
going on at the moment of
the sketch

also because I have no time to make representations in official ways, the very hours which I could give to the work needing to be redeemed by allowing none to be wasted in formalities.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, Oct. 27.

[From "The Times," July 9, 1857.]

THE TURNER BEQUEST AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: I am sorry that accident has prevented my seeing the debate of Friday last * on the vote for the National Gallery until to-day. Will you permit me, thus late, to correct the statement made by Lord Elcho, that I offered to arrange Turner's pictures, or could have done so as well as Mr. Wornum †?

National Gallery. For private circulation. Part I. 1857.—Only one hundred copies printed, and no further parts issued.)

Writing (1858) to Mr. Norton of his whole work in arranging the Turner drawings, Mr. Ruskin said: "To show you a little what my work has been, I have fac-similed for you, as nearly as I could, one of the nineteen thousand sketches (comprised in the Turner bequest). It, like most of them, is not a sketch, but a group of sketches, made on both sides of the leaf of the note-book. The note-books vary in contents from sixty to ninety leaves: there are about two hundred books of the kind—three hundred and odd note-books in all; and each leaf has on an average this quantity of work, a great many leaves being slighter, some blank, but a great many also elaborate in the highest degree, some containing ten exquisite compositions on each side of the leaf, thus (see facsimile), each no bigger than this—and with about that quantity of work in each, but every touch of it inestimable, done with his whole soul in it. Generally the slighter sketches are written over it everywhere, as in the example inclosed, every incident being noted that was going on at the moment of the sketch."—"List of Turner's Drawings shown in connection with Mr. Norton's Lectures." Boston: 1874. p. 11. The facsimile alluded to by Mr. Norton is reproduced here.

* July 3, 1857, upon the vote of £23,165 for the National Gallery.

† The late Mr. Ralph Nicholson Wornum, who succeeded Mr. Uwins as Keeper of the National Gallery in 1855, and retained that office till his death in 1878.

I only offered to arrange the sketches, and that I am doing ; but I never would have undertaken the pictures, which were in such a state of decay that I had given up many for lost ; while, also, most of them belonged to periods of Turner's work with which I was little acquainted. Mr. Wornum's patience and carefulness of research in discovering their subjects, dates of exhibition, and other points of interest connected with them, have been of the greatest service ; and it will be long before the labor and judgment which he has shown in compiling, not only this, but all the various catalogues now used by the public at our galleries, will be at all justly appreciated. I find more real, serviceable, and trustworthy facts in one of these catalogues, than in half a dozen of the common collections of lives of painters.

Permit me to add further, that during long residence in Venice, I have carefully examined the Paul Veronese lately purchased by the Government.* When I last saw it, it was simply the best Veronese in Italy, if not in Europe (the "Marriage in Cana" of the Louvre is larger and more magnificent, but not so perfect in finish) ; and, for my own part, I should think no price too large for it ; but putting my own deep reverence for the painter wholly out of the question, and considering the matter as it will appear to most persons at all

* "The family of Darius at the feet of Alexander after the Battle of Issus," purchased at Venice from the Pisani collection in 1857. Lord Elcho had complained in the course of the debate that the price, £13,650, paid for this picture, had been excessive ; and in reply allusion was made to the still higher price (£23,000) paid for the "Immaculate Conception" of Murillo, purchased for the Louvre by Napoleon III., in 1852, from the collection of Marshal Sout. — Of the great Veronese, Mr. Ruskin also wrote thus : "It at once, to my mind, raises our National Gallery from a second-rate to a first-rate collection. I have always loved the master, and given much time to the study of his works, but this is the best I have ever seen." (Turner Notes, 1857, ed. v., p. 89, note.) So again before the National Gallery Commission, earlier in the same year, he had said, "I am rejoiced to hear (of its rumored purchase). If it is confirmed, nothing will have given me such pleasure for a long time. I think it is the most precious Paul Veronese in the world, as far as the completeness of the picture goes, and quite a priceless picture."

acquainted with the real character and range of Venetian work, I believe the market value of the picture ought to be estimated at perhaps one-third more than the Government have paid for it. Without doubt the price of the Murillo lately purchased at Paris was much enhanced by accidental competition; under ordinary circumstances, and putting both the pictures to a fair trial of market value, I believe the Veronese to be worth at least double the Murillo; in an artistical point of view, the latter picture could not be put in any kind of comparison whatever with the Veronese.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

OXFORD, July 7.

[From "The Literary Gazette," November 13, 1858—partly reprinted in "The Two Paths," Appendix iv.]

THE TURNER SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS*

To the Editor of "The Literary Gazette."

SIR: I do not think it generally necessary to answer criticism; yet as yours is the first sufficient notice which has been taken of the important collection of sketches at Marlborough House, and as your strictures on the arrangement proposed for the body of the collection, as well as on some statements in my catalogue, are made with such candor and good feeling, will you allow me to offer one or two observations in reply to them? The mode of arrangement to which you refer as determined on

* The present letter was written in reply to a criticism, contained in the *Literary Gazette* of November 6, 1858, on Mr. Ruskin's "Catalogue of the Turner Sketches and Drawings exhibited at Marlborough House 1857-8." The subjects of complaint made by the *Gazette* sufficiently appear from this letter. They were, briefly, first, the mode of exhibition of the Turner Drawings proposed by Mr. Ruskin in his official report already alluded to, pp. 78 and 80, note; and, secondly, two alleged hyperboles and one omission in the Catalogue itself.

by the trustees has been adopted, not to discourage the study of the drawings by the public, but to put all more completely at their service. Drawings so small in size and so delicate in execution cannot be seen, far less copied, when hung on walls. As now arranged, they can be put into the hands of each visitor, or student, as a book is into those of a reader; he may examine them in any light, or in any position, and copy them at his ease. The students who work from drawings exhibited on walls will, I am sure, bear willing witness to the greater convenience of the new system. Four hundred drawings are already thus arranged for public use; framed, and disposed in eighty portable boxes, each containing five sketches, so that eighty students might at once be supplied with five drawings apiece. The oil paintings at Marlborough House, comprising as they do the most splendid works which Turner ever produced, and the 339 drawings exhibited beside them, are surely enough for the amusement of loungers—for do you consider as anything better than loungers those persons who do not care enough for the Turner drawings to be at the trouble of applying for a ticket of admission, and entering their names in a book—that is to say, who will not, to obtain the privilege of quiet study of perfect art, take, once for all, as much trouble as would be necessary to register a letter, or book, or parcel?

I entirely waive for the moment the question of exposure to light. I put the whole issue on the ground of greatest public convenience. I believe it to be better for the public to have two collections of Turner's drawings than one; nay, it seems to me just the perfection of all privilege to have one gallery for quiet, another for disquiet; one into which the curious, idle, or speculative may crowd on wet or weary days, and another in which people desirous of either thinking or working seriously may always find peace, light, and elbow-room. I believe, therefore, that the present disposition of these drawings will be at once the most convenient and the most just, even supposing that the finest works of Turner would not be injured by constant exposure. But that they would be so admits of no debate. It is not on my judgment nor on any

other unsupported opinion, that the trustees have acted, but in consideration of facts now universally admitted by persons who have charge of drawings. You will find that the officers both of the Louvre and of the British Museum refuse to expose their best drawings or missal-pages to light, in consequence of ascertained damage received by such drawings as have been already exposed; and among the works of Turner I am prepared to name an example in which, the frame having protected a portion while the rest was exposed, the covered portion is still rich and lovely in colors, while the exposed spaces are reduced in some parts nearly to white paper, and the color in general to a dull brown.

You allude to the contrary chance that some hues may be injured by darkness. I believe that some colors are indeed liable to darken in perpetual shade, but not while occasionally exposed to moderate light, as these drawings will be in daily use; nor is any liability to injury, even by perpetual shade, as yet demonstrable with respect to the Turner drawings; on the contrary, those which now form the great body of the national collection were never out of Turner's house until his death, and were all kept by him in tight bundles or in clasped books; and all the drawings so kept are in magnificent preservation, appearing as if they had just been executed, while every one of those which have been in the possession of purchasers and exposed in frames are now faded in proportion to the time and degree of their exposure; the lighter hues disappearing, especially from the skies, so as sometimes to leave hardly a trace of the cloud-forms. For instance, the great Yorkshire series is, generally speaking, merely the wreck of what it once was.* That water-colors are not injured by darkness is also sufficiently proved by the exquisite preservation of missal paintings, when the books containing them have been little used. Observe, then, you have simply this question to put to the public: "Will you have your Turner drawings to look at when you are at

* The cloud-forms which have disappeared from the drawings may be seen in the engravings.

leisure, in a comfortable room, under such limitations as will preserve them to you forever, or will you make an amusing exhibition of them (*if* amusing, which I doubt) for children and nursery-maids; dry your wet coats by them, and shake off the dust from your feet upon them, for a score or two of years, and then send them to the waste-paper merchant?" That is the simple question; answer it, for the public, as you think best.

Permit me to observe farther, that the small interest manifested in the existing Turner collection at Marlborough House does not seem to justify any further effort at exhibition. There are already more paintings and drawings placed in those rooms than could be examined properly in years of labor. But how placed? Thrust into dark corners, nailed on spare spaces of shutters, backs of doors, and tottering elongations of screens; hung with their faces to the light, or with their backs to the light, or with their sides to the light so that it "rakes" them (I use an excellent expression of Sir Charles Eastlake's), throwing every irregularity of surface into view as if they were maps in relief of hill countries; hung, in fine, in every conceivable mode that can exhibit their faults, or conceal their meaning, or degrade their beauty. Neither Mr. Wornum nor I are answerable for this; we have both done the best we could under the circumstances; the public are answerable for it, who suffer such things without care and without remonstrance. If they want to derive real advantage from the treasures they possess, let them show some regard for them, and build, or at least express some desire to get built, a proper gallery for them. I see no way at present out of the embarrassments which exist respecting the disposition of the entire national collection; but the Turner gallery was intended by Turner himself to be a distinct one, and there is no reason why a noble building should not be at once provided for it. Place the oil pictures now at Marlborough House in beautiful rooms, each in a light fit and sufficient for it, and all on a level with the eye; range them in chronological order; place the sketches at present exhibited, also in chronological order, in a lateral gallery; let illustrative engravings and explanations be put in cases near them; furnish

the room richly and gracefully, as the Louvre is furnished, and I do not think the public would any longer complain of not having enough to amuse them on rainy days.

That we ought to do as much for our whole national collection is as certain as that we shall not do it for many a year to come, nor until we have wasted twice as much money as would do it nobly in vain experiments on a mean scale. I have no immediate hope in this matter, else I might perhaps ask you to let me occupy your columns with some repetition, in other words (such repetition being apparently always needed in these talking days), of what I have already stated in the Appendix to my Notes on the oil-pictures* at Marlborough House. But I will only, being as I say hopeless in the matter, ask you for room for a single sentence.

“If ever we come to understand that the function of a picture, after all, with respect to mankind, is not merely to be bought, but to be seen, it will follow that a picture which deserves a price deserves a place; and that all paintings which are worth keeping, are worth, also, the rent of so much wall as shall be necessary to show them to the best advantage, and in the least fatiguing way for the spectator.

“It would be interesting if we could obtain a return of the sum which the English nation pays annually for park walls to inclose game, stable walls to separate horses, and garden walls to ripen peaches; and if we could compare this ascertained sum with what it pays for walls to show its art upon.”

I ask you to reprint this, because the fact is that if either Mr. Wornum at the National Gallery, or Mr. Carpenter at the British Museum, had as much well-lighted wall at their disposal as most gentlemen's gardeners have, they could each furnish the public with art enough to keep them gazing from one year's end to another's. Mr. Carpenter has already made a gallant effort with some screens in a dark room; but in the National Gallery, whatever mode of exhibition may be determined upon for the four hundred framed drawings, the great mass of the Turner sketches (about fifteen thousand, without

* “Notes on the *oil* pictures,” to be distinguished from the later catalogue of the Turner sketches and drawings with which this letter directly deals. See ante, p. 88, note.

counting mere color memoranda) must lie packed in parcels in tin cases, simply for want of room to show them. It is true that many of these are quite slight, and would be interesting to none but artists. There are, however, upwards of five thousand sketches in pencil outline,* which are just as interesting as those now exhibited at Marlborough House; and which might be constantly exhibited, like those, without any harm, if there were only walls to put them on.

I have already occupied much of your space. I do not say too much, considering the importance of the subject, but † I must [with more diffidence] ask you to allow me yet leave to reply to the objections you make to two statements [and to one omission] in my Catalogue, as those objections would otherwise diminish its usefulness. I have asserted that in a given drawing (named as one of the chief in the series), Turner's pencil did not move over the thousandth of an inch without meaning; and you charge this expression with extravagant hyperbole. On the contrary, it is much within the truth, being merely a mathematically accurate description of fairly good execution in either drawing or engraving. It is only necessary to measure a piece of any ordinarily good work to ascertain this. Take, for instance, Finden's engraving at the 180th page of Rogers' poems, ‡ in which the face of the

* By the way, you really ought to have given me some credit for the swivel frames in the desks of Marlborough House, which enable the public, however rough-handed, to see the drawings on both sides of the same leaf. §

† The rest of this letter may, with the exception of its two last paragraphs, and the slight alterations noted, be also found in "The Two Paths," Appendix iv., "Subtlety of Hand" (pp. 226-9 of the new, and pp. 263-6 of the original edition), where the words bracketed [sic] in this reprint of it are, it will be seen, omitted.

‡ From a vignette design by Stothard of a single figure, to illustrate the poem "On a Tear." (Rogers' Poems, London, 1834 ed.)

§ The identical frames, each containing examples of the sketches in pencil outline to which the letter alludes, may be seen in the windows of the lower rooms of the National Gallery, now devoted to the exhibition of the Turner drawings.

figure, from the chin to the top of the brow, occupies just a quarter of an inch, and the space between the upper lip and chin as nearly as possible one-seventeenth of an inch. The whole mouth occupies one-third of this space, say, one-fiftieth of an inch; and within that space both the lips and the much more difficult inner corner of the mouth are perfectly drawn and rounded, with quite successful and sufficiently subtle expression. Any artist will assure you, that in order to draw a mouth as well as this, there must be more than twenty gradations of shade in the touches; that is to say, in this case, gradations changing, with meaning, within less than the thousandth of an inch.

But this is mere child's play compared to the refinement of any first-rate mechanical work, much more of brush or pencil drawing by a master's hand. In order at once to furnish you with authoritative evidence on this point, I wrote to Mr. Kingsley, tutor of Sidney-Sussex College, a friend to whom I always have recourse when I want to be precisely right in any matter; for his great knowledge both of mathematics and of natural science is joined, not only with singular powers of delicate experimental manipulation, but with a keen sensitiveness to beauty in art. His answer, in its final statement respecting Turner's work, is amazing even to me; and will, I should think, be more so to your readers. Observe the successions of measured and tested refinement; here is No. 1:

“The finest mechanical work that I know of is that done by Nobert in the way of ruling lines. I have a series of lines ruled by him on glass, giving actual scales from .000024 and .000016 of an inch, perfectly correct to these places of decimals; [*] and he has executed others as fine as .000012, though I do not know how far he could repeat these last with accuracy.”

This is No. 1, of precision. Mr. Kingsley proceeds to No. 2:

“But this is rude work compared to the accuracy necessary for the construction of the object-glass of a microscope such as Rosse turns out.”

[* That is to say, accurate in measures estimated in *millionths* of inches.]

I am sorry to omit the explanation which follows of the ten lenses composing such a glass, "each of which must be exact in radius and in surface, and all have their axes coincident;" but it would not be intelligible without the figure by which it is illustrated, so I pass to Mr. Kingsley's No. 3:

"I am tolerably familiar," he proceeds, "with the actual grinding and polishing of lenses and specula, and have produced by my own hands some by no means bad optical work; and I have copied no small amount of Turner's work, and I still look with awe at the combined delicacy and precision of his hand; *it beats optical work out of sight.** In optical work, as in refined drawing, the hand goes beyond the eye, [†] and one has to depend upon the feel; and when one has once learned what a delicate affair touch is, one gets a horror of all coarse work, and is ready to forgive any amount of feebleness, sooner than the boldness which is akin to impudence. In optics the distinction is easily seen when the work is put to trial; but here too, as in drawing, it requires an educated eye to tell the difference when the work is only moderately bad; but with 'bold' work nothing can be seen but distortion and fog, and I heartily wish the same result would follow the same kind of handling in drawing; but here, the boldness cheats the unlearned by looking like the precision of the true man. It is very strange how much better our ears are than our eyes in this country: if an ignorant man were to be 'bold' with a violin, he would not get many admirers, though his boldness was far below that of ninety-nine out of a hundred drawings one sees."

The words which I have italicized † in the above extract are those which were surprising to me. I knew that Turner's was as refined as any optical work, but had no idea of its

[† In case any of your readers should question the use, in drawing, of work too fine for the touches to be individually, I quote a sentence from my "Elements of Drawing." § "All fine coloring, like fine drawing, is delicate; so delicate, that if at last you see the color you are putting on, you are putting on too much. You ought to feel a change wrought in the general tone by touches which are individually too pale to be seen."]

* Doubly emphasized in "The Two Paths," where the words are printed thus: "*I still look with awe at the combined delicacy and precision of his hand; IT BEATS OPTICAL WORK OUT OF SIGHT.*"

† "The Two Paths" reprint has "put in italics."

§ See the "Elements of Drawing," Letter III. on Color and Composition, p. 232.

going beyond it. Mr. Kingsley's word "awe," occurring just before, is, however, as I have often felt, precisely the right one. When once we begin at all to understand the work of any truly great executor, such as that of any of the three great Venetians [(Tintoret, Titian, and Veronese)], Correggio, or Turner, the awe of it is something greater than can be felt from the most stupendous natural scenery. For the creation of such a system as a high human intelligence, endowed with its ineffably perfect instruments of eye and hand, is a far more appalling manifestation of Infinite Power than the making either of seas or mountains. After this testimony to the completion of Turner's work, I need not at length defend myself from the charge of hyperbole in the statement that, "as far as I know, the galleries of Europe may be challenged to produce one sketch* that shall equal the chalk study No. 45, or the feeblest of the memoranda in the 71st and following frames;" † which memoranda, however, it should have been observed, are stated at the forty-fourth page to be in some respects "the grandest work in gray that he did in his life."

For I believe that, as manipulators, none but the four men whom I have just named (the three Venetians and Correggio) were equal to Turner; and, as far as I know, none of these four men put their full strength into sketches. But whether they did or not, my statement in the Catalogue is limited by my own knowledge, and as far as I can trust that knowledge :

* The following note is here added to the reprint in "The Two Paths:" "A sketch, observe—not a printed drawing. Sketches are only proper subjects of comparison with each other when they contain about the same quantity of work: the test of their merit is the quantity of truth told with a given number of touches. The assertion in the Catalogue which this letter was written to defend was made respecting the sketch of Rome, No. 101."

† No. 45 was a "Study of a Cutter." Mr. Ruskin's note to it in the Catalogue is partly as follows: "I have never seen any chalk sketch which for a moment could be compared with this for soul and power. . . . I should think that the power of it would be felt by most people; but if not, let those who do not feel its strength, try to copy it." See the Catalogue under No. 45, as also under No. 71, referred to above.

it is not an enthusiastic statement, but an entirely calm and considered one. It may be a mistake, but it is not an hyperbole.

Lastly, you object that the drawings for the "*Liber Studiorum*" are not included in my catalogue. They are not so, because I did not consider them as, in a true sense, drawings at all; they are merely washes of color laid roughly to guide the mezzotint engraver in his first process; the drawing, properly so called, was all put in by Turner when he etched the plates, or superadded by repeated touchings on the proofs. These brown "guides," for they are nothing more, are entirely unlike the painter's usual work, and in every way inferior to it; so that students wishing to understand the composition of the "*Liber*" must always work from the plates, and not from these first indications of purpose.* I have put good impressions of two of the plates in the same room, in order to show their superiority; and for the rest, thought it useless to increase the bulk of the Catalogue by naming subjects which have been published and well known these thirty years.†

Permit me, in conclusion, to thank you for drawing attention to the subject of this great national collection; and, again

* In a letter to Mr. Norton written in the same year as this one to the *Literary Gazette*, Mr. Ruskin thus speaks of the value of these plates: "Even those who know most of art may at first look be disappointed with the *Liber Studiorum*. For the nobleness of these designs is not more in what *is* done than in what *is not* done in them. Every touch in these plates is related to every other, and has no permission of withdrawn, monastic virtue, but is only good in its connection with the rest, and in that connection infinitely and inimitably good. The showing how each of these designs is connected by all manner of strange intellectual chords and nerves with the pathos and history of this old English country of ours, and with the history of European mind from earliest mythology down to modern rationalism and irrationalism—all this was what I meant to try and show in my closing work; but long before that closing I felt it to be impossible."—Extract from a letter of Mr. Ruskin, 1858, quoted in the "List of Turner Drawings, etc.," already mentioned, p. 5.

† The *Literary Gazette* of November 20, 1858, contains a reply to this letter, but as it did not provoke a further letter from Mr. Ruskin, it is not noticed in detail here.

asking your indulgence for trespassing so far upon your space,
to subscribe myself,

Very respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Times," October 21, 1859.]

*THE TURNER GALLERY AT KENSINGTON.**

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: At the time of my departure for the Continent some months ago I had heard it was proposed to light the Turner Gallery, at Kensington, with gas; but I attached no importance to the rumor, feeling assured that a commission would be appointed on the subject, and that its decision would be adverse to the mode of exhibition suggested.

Such a commission has, I find, been appointed; and has, contrary to my expectations, approved and confirmed the plan of lighting proposed.

It would be the merest presumption in me to expect weight to be attached to any opinion of mine, opposed to that of any one of the gentlemen who formed the commission; but as I was officially employed in some of the operations connected with the arrangement of the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House, and as it might therefore be supposed by the public that I at least concurred in recommending the measures now taken for exhibition of the Turner pictures in the evening, at Kensington, I must beg your permission to state in your columns that I take no share in the responsibility of lighting the pictures either of Reynolds or Turner with gas; that, on

* There was at the date of this and the following letter an exhibition of Turner drawings at the South Kensington Museum. These pictures have, however, been since removed to the National Gallery, and the only works of Turner now at Kensington, are some half dozen oil paintings belonging to the Sheepshanks collection, and about the same number of water-color drawings, which form part of the historical series of British water-color paintings.

the contrary, my experience would lead me to apprehend serious injury to those pictures from such a measure ; and that it is with profound regret that I have heard of its adoption.

I specify the pictures of Reynolds and Turner, because the combinations of equal coloring material employed by both these painters are various, and to some extent unknown ; and also because the body of their colors shows peculiar liability to crack, and to detach itself from the canvas. I am glad to be able to bear testimony to the fitness of the gallery at Kensington, as far as could be expected under the circumstances, for the exhibition of the Turner pictures by daylight, as well as to the excellence of Mr. Wornum's chronological arrangement of them in the three principal rooms.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, Oct. 20.

P.S.—I wish the writer of the admirable and exhaustive letter which appeared in your columns of yesterday on the subject of Mr. Scott's design for the Foreign Office would allow me to know his name.*

* This refers to a letter signed "E. A. F." which appeared in *The Times* of October 19, 1859, advising the adoption of Mr. Gilbert Scott's Gothic design for the Foreign Office in preference to any Classic design. The writer entered at some length into the principles of Gothic and Classic architecture, which he briefly summed up in the last sentence of his letter: "Gothic, then, is national; it is constructively real; it is equally adapted to all sorts of buildings; it is convenient; it is cheap. In none of these does Italian surpass it; in most of them it is very inferior to it." See the letters on the Oxford Museum as to the adaptability of Gothic—included in Section vi. of these Letters on Art. With regard to the cheapness of Gothic, the correspondent of *The Times* had pointed out that while it may be cheap and yet thoroughly good so far as it goes, Italian *must* always be costly.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," July 5, 1876.]

TURNER'S DRAWINGS.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: I am very heartily glad to see the subject of Turner's drawings brought more definitely before the public in your remarks on the recent debate* in Parliament. It is indeed highly desirable that these drawings should be made more accessible, and I will answer your reference to me by putting you in possession of all the facts which it is needful that the public should know or take into consideration respecting them, in either judging what has been hitherto done by those entrusted with their care, or taking measures for obtaining greater freedom in their use. Their *use*, I say, as distinguished from the mere pleasure of seeing them. This pleasure, to the general public, is very small indeed. You appear not to be aware that three hundred of the finest examples, including all the originals of the *Liber Studiorum*, were framed by myself, especially for the public, in the year 1858, and have been exhibited every day, and all day long, ever since in London. But the public never stops a moment in the room at Kensington where they hang; and the damp, filth, and gas (under the former management of that institution)† soiled their frames and warped the drawings, "by friend remembered not."

† Now I trust, under Mr. Poynter and Mr. Sparkes, undergoing thorough reform. ‡

* Hardly a debate. Lord Francis Hervey had recently (June 30, 1876) put a question in the House of Commons to Lord Henry Lennox (First Commissioner of Works) as to whether it was the fact that many of Turner's drawings were at that time stowed in the cellars of the National Gallery, and had never been exhibited. *The Daily Telegraph* in a short article on the matter (July 1, 1876) appealed to Mr. Ruskin for his opinion on the exhibition of these drawings.

‡ Mr. Poynter, R.A., was then, as now, Director, and Mr. Sparkes Head Master, of the Art School at the South Kensington Museum.

You have been also misinformed in supposing that "for some years these aquarelles were unreservedly shown, and in all the fulness of daylight." Only the "Seine" series (rivers of France), the rivers of England, the harbors of England, and the Rogers' vignettes (about a hundred drawings in all), were exhibited in the dark under-room of Marlborough House, and a few larger and smaller examples scattered up and down in the room of the National Gallery, including Fort Bard, Edinburgh, and Ivy Bridge.* These drawings are all finished, most of them have been engraved; they were shown as the choicest of the collection, and there is no question but that they should always be perfectly accessible to the public. There are no other finished drawings in the vast mass of the remaining material for exhibition and means of education. But these are *all* the drawings which Turner made during his lifetime, in color, chalk, pencil, and ink, for his own study or delight; that is to say, pencil sketches to be counted by the thousand (how many thousands I cannot safely so much as guess), and assuredly upwards of two thousand colored studies, many of exquisite beauty; and all instructive as no other water-color work ever was before, or has been since; besides the ink and chalk studies for all his great Academy pictures.†

There are in this accumulation of drawings means of education in the noblest principles of elementary art and in the most accomplished science of color for every drawing-school in England, were they properly distributed. Besides these, there are the three hundred chosen drawings already named, now at Kensington, and about two hundred more of equal value, now in the lower rooms of the National Gallery, which the Trustees permitted me to choose out of the mass, and frame for general service.

* For notes of these drawings see the Catalogue of the Turner Sketches and Drawings already mentioned—(a) The Battle of Fort Bard, Val d'Aosta, p. 32; (b) the Edinburgh, p. 30; and (c) the Ivy Bridge, Devon, p. 32.

† I have omitted to add to my note (p. 84) on Mr. Ruskin's arrangement of the Turner drawings a reference to his own account of the labor which that arrangement involved, and of the condition in which he found the vast mass of the sketches. See "Modern Painters," vol. v., Preface, p. vi.

They are framed as I frame exercise-drawings at Oxford, for my own schools. They are, when in use, perfectly secure from dust and all other sources of injury; slide, when done with, into portable cabinets; are never exposed to light, but when they are being really looked at; and can be examined at his ease, measured, turned in whatever light he likes, by every student or amateur who takes the smallest interest in them. But it is necessary, for this mode of exhibition, that there should be trustworthy persons in charge of the drawings, as of the MSS. in the British Museum, and that there should be attendants in observation, as in the Print Room of the Museum, that glasses may not be broken, or drawings taken out of the frames.

Thus taken care of, and thus shown, the drawings may be a quite priceless possession to the people of England for the next five centuries; whereas those exhibited in the Manchester Exhibition were virtually destroyed in that single summer.* There is not one of them but is the mere wreck of what it was. I do not choose to name destroyed drawings in the possession of others; but I will name the vignette of the Plains of Troy in my own, which had half the sky baked out of it in that fatal year, and the three drawings of Richmond (Yorkshire), Egglestone Abbey, and Langharne Castle,† which have had by former exposure to light their rose-colors entirely destroyed, and half of their blues, leaving nothing safe but the brown.

* The Art Treasures Exhibition in 1857, being the year in which the lectures contained in the "Political Economy of Art" were delivered. (See "A Joy for Ever"—Ruskin's Works, vol. xi. p. 80.)

† "The Plains of Troy;"—see for a note of this drawing Mr. Ruskin's Notes on his own "Turners," 1878, p. 45, where he describes it as "one of the most elaborate of the Byron vignettes, and full of beauty," adding that "the meaning of the sunset contending with the storm is the contest of the powers of Apollo and Athene;" and for the engraving of it, see Murray's edition of Byron's Life and Works (1832, seventeen volumes), where it forms the vignette title-page of vol. vii. For the Richmond and the Egglestone Abbey, also in the possession of Mr. Ruskin, see the above mentioned Notes, p. 29 (Nos. 26 and 27). The Langharne Castle was formerly in the possession of Mr. W. M. Bigg, at the sale of whose collection in 1868 it was sold for £451.

I do not think it necessary to repeat my former statements respecting the injurious power of light on certain pigments rapidly, and on all eventually. The respective keepers of the Print Room and of the Manuscripts in the British Museum are the proper persons to be consulted on that matter, their experience being far larger than mine, and over longer epochs. I will, however, myself undertake to show from my own collection a water-color of the eleventh century absolutely as fresh as when it was laid—having been guarded from light; and water-color burnt by sunlight into a mere dirty stain on the paper, in a year, with the matched piece from which it was cut beside it.

The public may, therefore, at their pleasure treat their Turner drawings as a large exhibition of fireworks, see them explode, clap their hands, and have done with them; or they may treat them as an exhaustless library of noble learning. To this end, they need, first, space and proper light—north light, as clear of smoke as possible, and large windows; and then proper attendance—that is to say, well-paid librarians and servants.

The space will of course be difficult to obtain, for while the British public of the upper classes are always ready to pay any money whatever for space to please their pride in their own dining-rooms and ball-rooms, they would not, most of them, give five shillings a year to get a good room in the National Gallery to show the national drawings in. As to the room in which it is at present proposed to place them in the new building, they might just as well, for any good that will ever be got out of them there, be exhibited in a railway tunnel.

And the attendants will also be difficult to obtain. For—and this is the final fact to which I beg your notice—these drawings now in question were, as I above stated, framed by me in 1858. They have been perfectly “accessible” ever since, and are so now, as easily as any works* in the shops of Regent Street are accessible over the counter, if you have got

* A misprint for “wares;” see next letter, p. 104.

a shopman to hand them to you. And the British public have been whining and growling about their exclusion from the sight of these drawings for the last eighteen years, simply because, while they are willing to pay for any quantity of sentinels to stand in boxes about town and country, for any quantity of flunkeys to stand on boards for additional weight to carriage horses, and for any quantity of footmen to pour out their wine and chop up their meat for them, they would not for all these eighteen years pay so much as a single attendant to hand them the Turner drawings across the National Gallery table; but only what was needful to obtain for two days in the week the withdrawal from his other duties in the Gallery of the old servant of Mr. Samuel Rogers.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, July 3.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," July 19, 1876.]

TURNER'S DRAWINGS.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: In justice to our living water-color artists, will you favor me by printing the accompanying letter,* which I think will be satisfactory to many of your readers, on points respecting which my own may have given some of them a false impression? In my former letter, permit me to correct the misprint of "works" in Regent Street for "wares."

* Addressed to Mr. Ruskin by Mr. Collingwood Smith, and requesting Mr. Ruskin to state in a second letter that the remarks as to the effect of light on the water colors of Turner did not extend to water-color drawings in general; but that the evanescence of the colors in Turner's drawings was due partly to the peculiar vehicles with which he painted, and partly to the gray paper (saturated with indigo) on which he frequently worked. Mr. Ruskin complied with this request by thus forwarding for publication Mr. Collingwood Smith's letter.

I have every reason to suppose Mr. Collingwood Smith's knowledge of the subject entirely trustworthy; but when all is conceded, must still repeat that no water-color work of value should ever be constantly exposed to light, or even to the air of a crowded metropolis, least of all to gaslight or its fumes.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *July 16.*

[From "The Times," April 25, 1876.]

COPIES OF TURNER'S DRAWINGS.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: You will oblige me by correcting the misstatement in your columns of the 22d,* that "only copies of the copies" of Turner exhibited at 148 New Bond Street, are for sale. The drawings offered for sale by the company will, of course, be always made by Mr. Ward from the originals, just as much as those now exhibited as specimens.

* The references to *The Times* allude to an article on the "Copies of Turner Drawings," by Mr. William Ward, of 2 Church Terrace, Richmond, Surrey, which were then, as now, exhibited for sale in the rooms of the Fine Art Society.

Of these copies of Turner, Mr. Ruskin says: "They are executed with extreme care under my own eye by the draughtsman trained by me for the purpose, Mr. Ward. Everything that can be learned from the smaller works of Turner may be as securely learned from these drawings. I have been more than once in doubt, seeing original and copy together, which was which; and I think them about the best works that can now be obtained for a moderate price, representing the authoritative forms of art in landscape."—Extract from letter of Mr. Ruskin, written in 1867. List of Turner Drawings, etc., shown in connection with Mr. Norton's lectures. Boston, 1874, p. 9. (See also "Ariadne Florentina," p. 221, note.)

The following comment of Mr. Ruskin on one of Mr. Ward's most recent copies is also interesting as evidence that the opinions expressed in this letter are still retained by its writer: "London, 20th March, 1880.—The copy of Turner's drawing of 'Fluelen,' which has been just completed

You observe in the course of your article that "surely such attempts could not gratify any one who had a true insight for Mr. Turner's works?" But the reason that the drawings now at 148 New Bond Street are not for sale is that they *do* gratify *me*, and are among my extremely valued possessions; and if among the art critics on your staff there be, indeed, any one whose "insight for Mr. Turner's work" you suppose to be greater than mine, I shall have much pleasure in receiving any instructions with which he may favor me, at the National Gallery, on the points either in which Mr. Ward's work may be improved, or on those in which Turner is so superior to Titian and Correggio, that while the public maintain, in Italy, a nation of copyists of these second-rate masters, they are not justified in hoping any success whatever in representing the work of the Londoner, whom, while he was alive, I was always called mad for praising.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

PETERBOROUGH, April 23.

[From "The Times," January 24, 1871.]

"TURNERS," FALSE AND TRUE.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: I have refused until now to express any opinion respecting the picture No. 40 * in the Exhibition of the Old

by Mr. Ward, and shown to me to-day, is beyond my best hopes in every desirable quality of execution; and is certainly as good as it is possible for care and skill to make it. I am so entirely satisfied with it that, for my own personal *pleasure*—irrespective of pride, I should feel scarcely any loss in taking it home with me instead of the original; and for all uses of artistic example or instruction, it is absolutely as good as the original.—JOHN RUSKIN.—The copy in question is from a drawing in the possession of Mr. Ruskin (see the Turner Notes, 1878, No. 70), and was executed for its present proprietor, Mr. T. S. Kennedy, of Meanwoods, Leeds.

* "Italy," a reputed Turner, lent by the late Mr. Wynn Ellis. No. 235 was "A Landscape," with Cattle, in the possession of Lord Leconfield.

Masters, feeling extreme reluctance to say anything which its kind owner, to whom the Exhibition owes so much, might deem discourteous.

But I did not suppose it was possible any doubt could long exist among artists as to the character of the work in question ; and, as I find its authenticity still in some quarters maintained, I think no other course is open to me than to state that the picture is not by Turner, nor even by an imitator of Turner acquainted with the essential qualities of the master.

I am able to assert this on internal evidence only. I never saw the picture before, nor do I know anything of the channels through which it came into the possession of its present proprietor.

No. 235 is, on the contrary, one of the most consummate and majestic works that ever came from the artist's hand, and it is one of the very few now remaining which have not been injured by subsequent treatment.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *Jan. 23.*

[From "The Life of Turner," by Walter Thornbury.]

*THE CHARACTER OF TURNER.**

[The following admonition, sent by Mr. Ruskin in 1857 to Mr. Thornbury, and coupled with the advice that for the biographer of Turner there was no time to be lost, "for those who knew him when young are dying daily," forms a fit conclusion to this division of the letters.]

* See also "Modern Painters," vol. v. pp. 345-347, and "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," pp. 181-188, where the character of Turner is further explained, and various anecdotes given in special illustration of his truth, generosity, and kindness of heart.

Fix at the beginning the following main characteristics of Turner in your mind, as the keys to the secret of all he said and did.

Uprightness.

Generosity.

Tenderness of heart (extreme).

Sensuality.

Obstinacy (extreme).

Irritability.

Infidelity.

And be sure that he knew his own power, and felt himself utterly alone in the world from its not being understood. Don't try to mask the dark side. . . .

Yours most truly,

J. RUSKIN.

[See the preface to the first edition of the "Life of Turner;" that to the second contains the following estimate of Mr. Thornbury's book :* "Lucerne, Dec. 2, 1861.—I have just received and am reading your book with deep interest. I am much gratified by the view you have taken and give of Turner. It is quite what I hoped. What beautiful things you have discovered about him! Thank you for your courteous and far too flattering references to me."]

* The book was also referred to in "Modern Painters," vol. v. p. 344, where Mr. Ruskin speaks of this "Life of Turner," then still unpublished, as being written "by a biographer, who will, I believe, spare no pains in collecting the few scattered records which exist of a career so uneventful and secluded."

LETTERS ON ART.

V.

PICTURES AND ARTISTS.

JOHN LEECH'S OUTLINES. 1872.

ERNEST GEORGE'S ETCHINGS. 1873.

THE FREDERICK WALKER EXHIBITION. 1876.

V.

PICTURES AND ARTISTS.

[From the "Catalogue of the Exhibition of Outlines by the late John Leech, at the Gallery, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street." 1872.*]

JOHN LEECH'S OUTLINES.

I AM honored by the request of the sister of John Leech that I should give some account of the drawings of her brother, which remain in her possession; and I am able to fulfil her request without departing from the rule which has always bound me, not to allow any private interest to weigh with me in speaking of matters which concern the public. It is merely and simply a matter of public concern that the value of these drawings should be known and measures taken for their acquisition, or, at least, for obtaining a characteristic selection from them, as a National property. It cannot be necessary for me, or for any one, now to praise the work of John Leech. Admittedly it contains the finest definition and natural history of the classes of our society, the kindest and subtlest analysis of its foibles, the tenderest flattery of its pretty and well-bred ways, with which the modesty of subservient genius ever amused or immortalized careless masters. But it is not generally known how much more valuable, as art, the first sketches for the woodcuts were than the finished drawings, even before those drawings sustained any loss in engraving.

John Leech was an absolute master of the elements of character,—but not by any means of those of *chiaroscuro*,—and the admirableness of his work diminished as it became elaborate. The first few lines in which he sets down his pur-

* Nearly eight years after Leech's death on October 29, 1864.

pose are invariably of all drawing that I know the most wonderful in their accurate felicity and prosperous haste. It is true that the best possible drawing, whether slight or elaborate, is never hurried. Holbein or Titian, if they lay only a couple of lines, yet lay them quietly, and leave them entirely right. But it needs a certain sternness of temper to do this.

Most, in the prettiest sense of the word, *gentle* artists indulge themselves in the ease, and even trust to the felicity of rapid—and even in a measure inconsiderate—work in sketching, so that the beauty of a sketch is understood to be consistent with what is partly unintentional.

There is, however, one condition of extreme and exquisite skill in which haste may become unerring. It cannot be obtained in completely finished work; but the hands of Gainsborough, Reynolds, or Tintoret often nearly approach completion at full speed, and the pencil sketches of Turner are expressive almost in the direct ratio of their rapidity.

But of all rapid and condensed realization ever accomplished by the pencil, John Leech's is the most dainty, and the least fallible, in the subjects of which he was cognizant. Not merely right in the traits which he seizes, but refined in the sacrifice of what he refuses.

The drawing becomes slight through fastidiousness not indolence, and the finest discretion has left its touches rare.

In flexibility and lightness of pencilling, nothing but the best outlines of Italian masters with the silver point can be compared to them. That Leech sketched English squires instead of saints, and their daughters instead of martyrs, does not in the least affect the question respecting skill of pencilling; and I repeat deliberately that nothing but the best work of sixteenth century Italy with the silver point exists in art, which in rapid refinement these playful English drawings do not excel. There are too many of them (fortunately) to be rightly exemplary—I want to see the collection divided, dated carefully, and selected portions placed in good light, in a quite permanent arrangement in each of our great towns in connection with their drawing schools.

I will not indeed have any in Oxford while I am there, because I am afraid that my pupils should think too lightly of their drawing as compared with their other studies, and I doubt their studying anything else but John Leech if they had him to study. But in our servile schools of mechanical drawing, to see what drawing was indeed, which could represent something better than machines, and could not be mimicked by any machinery, would put more life into them than any other teaching I can conceive.

It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure that I accept the honor of having my name placed on the committee for obtaining funds for the purchase of these drawings; and I trust that the respect of the English public for the gentle character of the master, and their gratitude for the amusement with which he has brightened so many of their days, will be expressed in the only way in which expression is yet possible by due care and wise use of the precious possessions he has left to them.

(Signed) J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Architect," December 27, 1873.]

ERNEST GEORGE'S ETCHINGS.

To the Editor of "The Architect."

MY DEAR SIR: I am entirely glad you had permission to publish some of Mr. Ernest George's etchings;* they are the most precious pieces of work I have seen for many a day, though they are still, like nearly everything the English do

* The number of the *Architect* in which this letter was printed contained two sketches from Mr. George's "Etchings on the Mosel"—those, viz., of the Elector's Palace, Coblenz, and of the interior of Metz Cathedral. The intention of the *Architect* to reproduce these etchings had apparently been previously communicated to Mr. Ruskin, who wrote the present letter for the issue in which the etchings were to be given. Mr. George has since published other works of the same kind—e.g., "Etchings in Belgium," "Etchings on the Loire" (see Mr. Ruskin's advice to him at the end of this letter, p. 116).

best in art, faultful in matters which might have been easily conquered, and not a little wasteful, sometimes of means and time; I should be glad, therefore, of space enough in your columns to state, with reference to these sketches, some of the principles of etching which I had not time to define in the lectures on engraving I gave this year, at Oxford,* and which are too often forgotten even by our best draughtsmen.

I call Mr. George's work precious, chiefly because it indicates an intense perception of points of character in architecture, and a sincere enjoyment of them for their own sake. His drawings are not accumulative of material for future use; still less are they vain exhibitions of his own skill. He draws the scene in all its true relations, because it delights him, and he perceives what is permanently and altogether characteristic in it. As opposed to such frank and joyful work, most modern architectural drawings are mere diagram or exercise.

I call them precious, in the second place, because they show very great powers of true composition. All their subjects are made delightful more by skill of arrangement than by any dexterities of execution; and this faculty is very rare amongst landscape painters and architects, because nearly every man who has any glimmering of it naturally takes to figure painting—not that the ambition to paint figures is any sign of the faculty, but that, when people have the faculty, they nearly always have also the ambition. And, indeed, this is quite right, if they would not forsake their architecture afterwards, but apply their power of figure design, when gained, to the decoration of their buildings.

To return to Mr. George's work. It is precious, lastly, in its fine sense of serene light and shade, as opposed to the coruscations and horrors of modern attempts in that direction. But it is a pity—and this is the first grand principle of etching

* The reference must, I think, be to "Ariadne Florentina: Six Lectures on Wood and Metal Engraving given before the University of Oxford, Michaelmas Term, 1872," and afterwards published, 1873-6. The lectures given in the year 1873 were upon Tuscan Art, now published in "Val d'Arno."

which I feel it necessary to affirm—when the instinct of chiaroscuro leads the artist to spend time in producing texture on his plate which cannot be ultimately perfect, however labored. All the common raptures concerning blots, burr, delicate biting, and the other tricks of the etching trade, merely indicate imperfect feeling for shadow.

The proper instrument of chiaroscuro is the brush; a wash of sepia, rightly managed, will do more in ten minutes than Rembrandt himself could do in ten days of the most ingenious scratching, or blurt out by the most happy mixtures of art and accident.* As soon as Mr. George has learned what true light and shade is (and a few careful studies with brush or chalk would enable him to do so), he will not labor his etched subjects in vain. The virtue of an etching, in this respect, is to express perfectly harmonious sense of light and shade, but not to realize it. All fine etchings are done with few lines.

Secondly—and this is a still more important general principle (I must let myself fall into dictatorial terms for brevity's sake)—Let your few lines be sternly clear, however delicate, or however dark. All burr and botch is child's play, and a true draughtsman must never be at the mercy of his copper and ink. Drive your line well and fairly home; don't scrawl or zigzag; know where your hand is going, and what it is doing, to a hairbreadth; then bite clear and clean, and let the last impression be as good as the first. When it begins to fail break your plate.

Third general principle.

Don't depend much on various biting. For a true master, and a great purpose, even one biting is enough. By no flux or dilution of acid can you ever etch a curl of hair or a cloud; and if you think you can etch the gradations of coarser things,

* The value of Rembrandt's etchings is always in the inverse ratio of the labor bestowed on them after his first thoughts have been decisively expressed; and even the best of his chiaroscuros (the spotted shell, for instance) are mere child's play compared to the disciplined light and shade of Italian masters.

it is only because you have never seen them. Try, at your leisure, to etch a teacup or a tallow candle, of their real size; see what you can make of the gradations of those familiar articles; if you succeed to your mind, you may try something more difficult afterwards.

Lastly. For all definite shades of architectural detail, use pencil or charcoal, or the brush, never the pen point. You can draw a leaf surface rightly in a minute or two with these—with the pen point, never, to all eternity. And on you knowing what the surface of a form is depends your entire power of recognizing good work. The difference between thirteenth-century work, wholly beautiful, and a cheap imitation of it, wholly damnable, lies in gradation of surface as subtle as those of a rose-leaf, and which are, to modern sculpture, what singing is to a steam-whistle.

For the rest, the limitation of etched work to few lines enables the sketcher to multiply his subjects, and make his time infinitely more useful to himself and others. I would most humbly solicit, in conclusion, such advantageous use of his gifts from Mr. George. He might etch a little summer tour for us every year, and give permanent and exquisite record of a score of scenes, rich in historical interest, with no more pains than he has spent on one or two of these plates in drawing the dark sides of a wall.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[From "The Times," January 20, 1876.]

THE FREDERICK WALKER EXHIBITION.

DEAR MR. MARKS:* YOU ask me to say what I feel of Frederick Walker's work, now seen in some collective mass, as

* This letter was written to Mr. H. Stacy Marks, A.R.A., in answer to a request that Mr. Ruskin would in some way record his impression of the Frederick Walker Exhibition, then open to the public. Frederick Walker died in June, 1875, at the early age of thirty-five, only four years after having been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

far as anything can be seen in black-veiled London. You have long known my admiration of his genius, my delight in many passages of his art. These, while he lived, were all I cared to express. If you will have me speak of him now, I will speak the whole truth of what I feel—namely, that every soul in London interested in art ought to go to see that Exhibition, and, amid all the beauty and the sadness of it, very diligently to try and examine themselves as to the share they have had, in their own busy modern life, in arresting the power of this man at the point where it stayed. Very chief share they have had, assuredly. But he himself, in the liberal and radical temper of modern youth, has had his own part in casting down his strength, following wantonly or obstinately his own fancies wherever they led him. For instance, it being Nature's opinion that sky should usually be blue, and it being Mr. Walker's opinion that it should be the color of buff plaster, he resolutely makes it so, for his own isolated satisfaction, partly in affectation also, buff skies being considered by the public more sentimental than blue ones. Again, the laws of all good painting having been long ago determined by absolute masters, whose work cannot be bettered nor departed from—Titian having determined forever what oil-painting is, Angelico what tempera-painting is, Perugino what fresco-painting is, two hundred years of noble miniature-painting what minutest work on ivory is, and, in modern times, a score of entirely skilful and disciplined draughtsmen what pure water-color and pure body-color painting on paper are (Turner's Yorkshire drawing of Hornby Castle, now at Kensington, and John Lewis's "Encampment under Sinai,"* being namable at once as unsurpassable standards), here is Mr. Walker refusing to learn anything from any of those schools or masters, but inventing a semi-miniature, quarter fresco, quarter wash manner of his own—exquisitely clever, and reaching, under such

* The "Hornby Castle" was executed, together with the rest of the "great Yorkshire series," for Whitaker's "History of Richmondshire" (Longman, 1823).—The picture of John Lewis here alluded to is described in Mr. Ruskin's "Academy Notes," 1856, No. II., p. 37.

clever management, delightfulest results here and there, but which betrays his genius into perpetual experiment instead of achievement, and his life into woful vacillation between the good, old, quiet room of the Water-Color Society, and your labyrinthine magnificence at Burlington House.

Lastly, and in worst error, the libraries of England being full of true and noble books—her annals of true and noble history, and her traditions of beautiful and noble—in these scientific times I must say, I suppose, “mythology”—not religion—from all these elements of mental education and subjects of serviceable art, he turns recklessly away to enrich the advertisements of the circulating library, to sketch whatever pleases his fancy, barefooted, or in dainty boots, of modern beggary and fashion, and enforce, with laboriously symbolical pathos, his adherence to Justice Shallow’s sublime theology that “all shall die.”

That theology has indeed been preached by stronger men, again and again, from Horace’s days to our own, but never to so little purpose. “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,” said wisely in his way, the Latin farmer: ate his beans and bacon in comfort, had his suppers of the gods on the fair earth, with his servants jesting round the table, and left eternal monuments of earthly wisdom and of cricket-song. “Let us labor and be just, for to-morrow we die, and after death the Judgment,” said Holbein and Durer, and left eternal monuments of upright human toil and honorable gloom of godly fear. “Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad, for to-morrow we die, and shall be with God,” said Angelico and Giotto, and left eternal monuments of divinely-blazoned heraldry of Heaven. “Let us smoke pipes, make money, read bad novels, walk in bad air, and say sentimentally how sick we are in the afternoon, for to-morrow we die, and shall be made ourselves clay pipes,” says the modern world, and drags this poor bright painter down into the abyss with it, vainly clutching at a handful or two of scent and flowers in the May gardens.

Under which sorrowful terms, being told also by your

grand Academicians that he should paint the nude, and, accordingly, wasting a year or two of his life in trying to paint schoolboys' backs and legs without their shirts or breeches, and with such other magazine material as he can pick up of sick gypsies, faded gentlewomen, pretty girls disguised as paupers, and the red-roofed or gray remnants of old English villages and manor-house, last wrecks of the country's peace and honor, remaining yet visible among the black ravages of its ruin, he supplies the demands of his temporary public, scarcely patient, even now that he has gone, to pause beside his delicate tulips or under his sharp-leaved willows, and repent for the passing tints and fallen petals of the life that might have been so precious, and, perhaps, in better days, prolonged.

That is the main moral of the Exhibition. Of the beauty of the drawings, accepting them for what they aim at being, there is little need that I should add anything to what has been already said rightly by the chief organs of the London Press. Nothing can go beyond them in subtlety of exhibited touch (to be distinguished, however, observe always from the serene completion of master's work, disdaining the applause to be gained by its manifestation); their harmonies of amber-color and purple are full of exquisite beauty in their chosen key; their composition always graceful, often admirable, and the sympathy they express with all conditions of human life most kind and true; not without power of rendering character which would have been more recognized in an inferior artist, because it would have been less restrained by the love of beauty.

I might, perhaps, in my days of youth and good fortune, have written what the public would have called "eloquent passages" on the subjects of the Almshouse and the Old Gate;* being now myself old and decrepit (besides being much

* The following are the pictures, as catalogued, mentioned here:

1. "The Almshouse"—No. 52—called "The House of Refuge." Oil on canvas. A garden and terrace in quadrangle of almshouses; on left an old woman and girl; on right a mower cutting grass. Exhibited R. A. 1872.

2. "The Old Gate"—No. 48—oil on canvas. Lady in black and servant

bothered with beggars, and in perpetual feud with parish officers), and having seen every building I cared for in the world ruined, I pass these two pictures somewhat hastily by, and try to enjoy myself a little in the cottage gardens. Only one of them, however,—No. 71,—has right sunshine in it, and that is

with basket coming through the gate of old mansion; four children at play at foot of steps; two villagers and dog in foreground. Exhibited R. A. 1869.

3. "The Cottage Gardens"—No. 71, "The Spring of Life." Water-color. Lady in a garden with two children and a lamb; a cherry-tree in blossom. Exhibited at the Water-Color Society, Winter 1866-7. See also Nos. 14 and 21.

4. "Ladies and Lilies"—No. 37, "A Lady in a Garden, Perthshire." Water-color. A lady seated on a knoll on which is a sun-dial; greyhound on left; background, old manor-house. No. 67, "Lilies." Water-color. Lady in a garden watering flowers, chiefly lilies. Exhibited at the Water-Color Society, Winter 1869-70 and 1868-9 respectively.

5. "The Chaplain's Daughter"—No. 20, subject from Miss Thackeray's "Jack the Giant-killer." Exhibited at the Water-Color Society, Summer 1868.

6. "Daughter of Heth," by W. Black. No. 87. "Do ye no ken this is the Sabbath?" Young lady at piano; servant enters hurriedly. (Study in black and white, executed in 1872.)—[See vol. i. p. 41. "'Preserve us a', lassie, do ye ken what ye're doing? Do ye no ken that this is the Sabbath, and that you're in a respectable house?' The girl turned round with more wonder than alarm in her face: 'Is it not right to play music on Sunday?'"—(No. 131. Three more studies for the same novel.)

7. "The Old Farm Garden"—No. 33—Water-color. A girl, with cat on lawn, knitting; garden path bordered by tulips; farm buildings in background. Painted in 1871.

8. "Salmon-fishers"—No. 47—"Fisherman and Boy"—Water-color. Keeper and boy on bank of river. Glen Spean. Salmon in foreground. Exhibited at the Water-Color Society, Summer 1867.

9. Mushrooms and Fungi—No. 41—Water-color. Painted in 1873.

10. "Fishmonger's Stalls"—Nos. 9 and 62 (not 952)—viz., No. 9, "A Fishmonger's Shop." Water-color. Painted in 1873; and No. 62, also "A Fishmonger's Shop." Water-color. Fishmongers selling fish; lady and boy in costumes of about 1800. Exhibited at Water-Color Society, Winter 1872-3. (The "Tobias" of Perugino has been already alluded to, p. 44, note.)

11. No. 68. "The Ferry." Water-color. Sight size, $11\frac{1}{4} \times 18$ in. A ferry boat, in which are two figures, a boatman and a lady, approaching a landing-place; on the bank figures of villagers, and children feeding swans. Exhibited at Water-Color Society, Winter 1870-71.

a sort of walled paddock where I begin directly to feel uncomfortable about the lamb, lest, perchance, some front shop in the cottages belong to a butcher. If only it and I could get away to a bit of thymy hill-side, we should be so much happier, leaving the luminous—perhaps too ideally luminous—child to adorn the pathetic paddock. I am too shy to speak to either of those two beautiful ladies among the lilies (37, 67), and take refuge among the shy children before the “Chaplain’s Daughter” (20)—delightfullest, it seems to me, of the minor designs, and a piece of most true and wise satire. The sketches of the “Daughter of Heth” go far to tempt me to read the novel; and, ashamed of this weakness, I retreat resolutely to the side of the exemplary young girl knitting in the “Old Farm Garden” (33), and would instantly pick up her ball of worsted for her, but that I wouldn’t for the world disappoint the cat. No drawing in the room is more delicately completed than this unpretending subject, and the flower-painting in it, for instantaneous grace of creative touch, cannot be rivalled; it is worth all the Dutch flower-pieces in the world.

Much instructed, and more humiliated, by passage after passage of its rapidly-grouped color, I get finally away into the comfortable corner beside the salmon-fishers and the mushrooms; and the last-named drawing, despise me who may, keeps me till I’ve no more time to stay, for it entirely beats my dear old William Hunt in the simplicity of its execution, and rivals him in the subtlest truth.

I say nothing of the “Fishmonger’s Stalls” (952), though there are qualities of the same kind in these also, for they somewhat provoke me by their waste of time—the labor spent on one of them would have painted twenty instructive studies of fish of their real size. And it is well for artists in general to observe that when they do condescend to paint still life carefully—whether fruit, fungi, or fish—it must at least be of the real size. The portrait of a man or woman is only justifiably made small that it may be portable, and nobody wants to carry about the miniature of a cod; and if the reader will waste five minutes of his season in London in the National Gallery, he

may see in the hand of Perugino's Tobias a fish worth all these on the boards together.

Some blame of the same kind attaches to the marvellous drawing No. 68. It is all very well for a young artist to show how much work he can put into an inch, but very painful for an old gentleman of fifty-seven to have to make out all the groups through a magnifying-glass. I could say something malicious about the boat, in consequence of the effect of this exertion on my temper, but will not, and leave with unqualified praise the remainder of the lesser drawings to the attention which each will variously reward.

Nor, in what I have already, it may be thought, too bluntly said, ought the friends of the noble artist to feel that I am unkind. It is because I know his real power more deeply than any of the admirers who give him indiscriminate applause, that I think it right distinctly to mark the causes which prevented his reaching heights they did not conceive, and ended by placing one more tablet in the street of tombs, which the passionate folly and uninstructed confusion of modern English society prolong into dark perspective above the graves of its youth.

I am, dear Marks, always very faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTERS ON ART.

VI.

ARCHITECTURE.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE AND THE OXFORD MUSEUM. 1858.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE AND THE OXFORD MUSEUM. 1859.

THE CASTLE ROCK (EDINBURGH). 1857 (Sept. 14).

EDINBURGH CASTLE. 1857 (Sept. 17).

CASTLES AND KENNELS. 1871 (Dec. 22).

VERONA *v.* WARWICK. 1871 (Dec. 24).

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS. 1871.

MR RUSKIN'S INFLUENCE—A DEFENCE. 1872 (March 15).

MR RUSKIN'S INFLUENCE—A REJOINDER. 1872 (March 21).

MODERN RESTORATION. 1877.

RIBBESFORD CHURCH. 1877.

Circular relating to St. MARK'S, VENICE. 1879.

Received of the Treasurer of the State of New York
the sum of \$1000.00

for the purchase of land for the State of New York
in the County of Albany

in full of the sum of \$1000.00
paid by the State of New York
to the Treasurer of the State of New York

in full of the sum of \$1000.00
paid by the State of New York
to the Treasurer of the State of New York

in full of the sum of \$1000.00
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in full of the sum of \$1000.00
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VI.

ARCHITECTURE.

[From "The Oxford Museum," by H. W. Acland and J. Ruskin. 1859. pp. 44-56.]

*GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE AND THE OXFORD MUSEUM.**

DEAR ACLAND: I have been very anxious, since I last heard from you, respecting the progress of the works at the Museum, as I thought I could trace in your expressions some doubt of an entirely satisfactory issue.

Entirely satisfactory very few issues are, or can be; and when the enterprise, as in this instance, involves the develop-

* In 1858 the Oxford Museum was in course of building, its architects being Sir Thomas Deane and Mr. Woodward, and its style modern Gothic, whilst amongst those chiefly interested in it were Dr. Acland (the Regius Professor of Medicine) and Mr. Ruskin. The present letter, written in June, 1858, was read by Dr. Acland at a lecture given by him in that summer "to the members of the Architectural Societies that met in Oxford" at that time. I am permitted to reprint the following passage from Dr. Acland's preface to the printed lecture, as well as one or two passages from the lecture itself (see below, pp. 130 and 132): "Many have yet to learn the apparently simple truth, that to an Artist his Art is his means of probation in this life; and that, whatever it may have of frivolity to us, to him it is as the two or the five talents, to be accounted for hereafter. I might say much on this point, for the full scope of the word Art seems by some to be even now unrecognized. Before the period of printing, Art was the largest mode of permanently recording human thought; it was spoken in every epoch, in all countries, and delivered in almost every material. In buildings, on medals and coins, in porcelain and earthenware, on wood, ivory, parchment, paper and canvas, the graver or the pencil has recorded the ideas of every form of society, of every variety of race and of every character. What wonder that the Artist is jealous of his craft, and proud of his brotherhood?"—See "The Oxford Museum," p. 4. The reader is also referred to "Sesame and Lilies," 1871 ed. §§ 103-4.

ment of many new and progressive principles, we must always be prepared for a due measure of disappointment,—due partly to human weakness, and partly to what the ancients would have called fate,—and we may, perhaps, most wisely call the law of trial, which forbids any great good being usually accomplished without various compensations and deductions, probably not a little humiliating.

Perhaps in writing to you what seems to me to be the bearing of matters respecting your Museum, I may be answering a few of the doubts of others, as well as fears of your own.

I am quite sure that when you first used your influence to advocate the claims of a Gothic design, you did so under the conviction, shared by all the seriously-purposed defenders of the Gothic style, that the essence and power of Gothic, properly so called, lay in its adaptability to all need; in that perfect and unlimited flexibility which would enable the architect to provide all that was required, in the simplest and most convenient way; and to give you the best offices, the best lecture-rooms, laboratories, and museums, which could be provided with the sum of money at his disposal.

So far as the architect has failed in doing this; so far as you find yourself, with the other professors, in anywise inconvenienced by forms of architecture; so far as pillars or piers come in your way, when you have to point, or vaults in the way of your voice, when you have to speak, or mullions in the way of your light, when you want to see—just so far the architect has failed in expressing his own principles, or those of pure Gothic art. I do not suppose that such failure has taken place to any considerable extent; but so far as it has taken place, it cannot in justice be laid to the score of the style, since precedent has shown sufficiently, that very uncomfortable and useless rooms may be provided in all other styles as well as in Gothic; and I think if, in a building arranged for many objects of various kinds, at a time when the practice of architecture has been somewhat confused by the inventions of modern science, and is hardly yet organized completely with respect to the new means at his disposal; if, under such

circumstances, and with somewhat limited funds, you have yet obtained a building in all main points properly fulfilling its requirements, you have, I think, as much as could be hoped from the adoption of any style whatsoever.

But I am much more anxious about the decoration of the building; for I fear that it will be hurried in completion, and that, partly in haste and partly in mistimed economy, a great opportunity may be lost of advancing the best interest of architectural, and in that, of all other arts. For the principles of Gothic decoration, in themselves as simple and beautiful as those of Gothic construction, are far less understood, as yet, by the English public, and it is little likely that any effective measures can be taken to carry them out. You know as well as I, what those principles are; yet it may be convenient to you that I should here state them briefly as I accept them myself, and have reason to suppose they are accepted by the principal promoters of the Gothic revival.

I. The first principle of Gothic decoration is that a given quantity of good art will be more generally useful when exhibited on a large scale, and forming part of a connected system, than when it is small and separated. That is to say, a piece of sculpture or painting, of a certain allowed merit, will be more useful when seen on the front of a building, or at the end of a room, and therefore by many persons, than if it be so small as to be only capable of being seen by one or two at a time; and it will be more useful when so combined with other work as to produce that kind of impression usually termed "sublime,"—as it is felt on looking at any great series of fixed paintings, or at the front of a cathedral,—than if it be so separated as to excite only a special wonder or admiration, such as we feel for a jewel in a cabinet.

The paintings by Meissonier in the French Exhibition of this year were bought, I believe, before the Exhibition opened, for 250 guineas each. They each represented one figure, about six inches high—one, a student reading; the other, a courtier standing in a dress-coat. Neither of these paintings conveyed any information, or produced any emotion whatever,

except that of surprise at their minute and dextrous execution. They will be placed by their possessors on the walls of small private apartments, where they will probably, once or twice a week, form the subject of five minutes' conversation while people drink their coffee after dinner. The sum expended on these toys would have been amply sufficient to cover a large building with noble frescoes, appealing to every passer-by, and representing a large portion of the history of any given period. But the general tendency of the European patrons of art is to grudge all sums spent in a way thus calculated to confer benefit on the public, and to grudge none for minute treasures of which the principal advantage is that a lock and key can always render them invisible.

I have no hesitation in saying that an acquisitive selfishness, rejoicing somewhat even in the sensation of possessing what can NOT be seen by others, is at the root of this art-patronage. It is, of course, coupled with a sense of securer and more convenient investment in what may be easily protected and easily carried from place to place, than in large and immovable works; and also with a vulgar delight in the minute curiosities of productive art, rather than in the exercise of inventive genius, or the expression of great facts or emotions.

The first aim of the Gothic Revivalists is to counteract, as far as possible, this feeling on all its three grounds. We desire (A) to make art large and publicly beneficial, instead of small and privately engrossed or secluded; (B) to make art fixed instead of portable, associating it with local character and historical memory; (C) to make art expressive instead of curious, valuable for its suggestions and teachings, more than for the mode of its manufacture.

II. The second great principle of the Gothic Revivalists is that all art employed in decoration should be informative, conveying truthful statements about natural facts, if it conveys *any* statement. It may sometimes merely compose its decorations of mosaics, checkers, bosses, or other meaningless ornaments: but if it represents organic form (and in all important places it *will* represent it), it will give that form truthfully,

with as much resemblance to nature as the necessary treatment of the piece of ornament in question will admit of.

This principle is more disputed than the first among the Gothic Revivalists themselves. I, however, hold it simply and entirely, believing that ornamentation is always, *cæteris paribus*, most valuable and beautiful when it is founded on the most extended knowledge of natural forms, and conveys continually such knowledge to the spectator.*

III. The third great principle of the Gothic Revival is that all architectural ornamentation should be executed by the men who design it, and should be of various degrees of excellence, admitting, and therefore exciting, the intelligent co-operation of various classes of workmen; and that a great public edifice should be, in sculpture and painting, somewhat the same as a great chorus of music, in which, while, perhaps, there may be only one or two voices perfectly trained, and of perfect sweetness (the rest being in various degrees weaker and less cultivated), yet all being ruled in harmony, and each sustaining a part consistent with its strength, the body of sound is sublime, in spite of individual weaknesses.

The Museum at Oxford was, I know, intended by its designer to exhibit in its decoration the working of these three principles; but in the very fact of its doing so, it becomes exposed to chances of occasional failure, or even to serious discomfitures, such as would not at all have attended the adoption of an established mode of modern work. It is easy to carve capitals on models known for four thousand years, and impossible to fail in the application of mechanical methods and formalized rules. But it is not possible to appeal vigorously to new canons of judgment without the chance of giving offence; nor to summon into service the various phases of human temper and intelligence, without occasionally finding the tempers rough and the intelligence feeble. The Oxford Museum is, I believe, the first building in this country which has had its ornamentation, in any telling parts, trusted to the invention of

* See next letter, pp. 131 *seqq.*

the workman: the result is highly satisfactory, the projecting windows of the staircases being as beautiful in effect as anything I know in civil Gothic: but far more may be accomplished for the building if the completion of its carving be not hastened; many men of high artistic power might be brought to take an interest in it, and various lessons and suggestions given to the workmen which would materially advantage the final decoration of leading features. No very great Gothic building, so far as I know, was ever yet completed without some of this wise deliberation and fruitful patience.

I was in hopes from the beginning that the sculpture might have been rendered typically illustrative of the English Flora: how far this idea has been as yet carried out I do not know; but I know that it cannot be properly carried out without a careful examination of the available character of the principal genera, such as architects have not hitherto undertaken. The proposal which I heard advanced the other day, of adding a bold entrance-porch to the façade, appeared to me every way full of advantage, the blankness of the façade having been, to my mind, from the first, a serious fault in the design. If a subscription were opened for the purpose of erecting one, I should think there were few persons interested in modern art who would not be glad to join in forwarding such an object.

I think I could answer for some portions of the design being superintended by the best of our modern sculptors and painters; and I believe that, if so superintended, the porch might and would become the crowning beauty of the building, and make all the difference between its being only a satisfactory and meritorious work, or a most lovely and impressive one.

The interior decoration is a matter of much greater difficulty; perhaps you will allow me to defer the few words I have to say about it till I have time for another letter: which, however, I hope to find speedily

Believe me, my dear Acland, ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.*

* After reading this letter to his audience, Dr. Acland thus continued: "The principles thus clearly enumerated by Mr. Ruskin are, on the

[From "The Oxford Museum," pp. 60-90.]

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE AND THE OXFORD MUSEUM.

January 20, 1859.

MY DEAR ADLAND: I was not able to write, as I had hoped, from Switzerland, for I found it impossible to lay down any principles respecting the decoration of the Museum which did not in one way or other involve disputed points, too many, and too subtle, to be discussed in a letter. Nor do I feel the difficulty less in writing to you now, so far as regards the question occurring in our late conversations, respecting the best mode of completing those interior decorations. Yet I must write, if only to ask that I may be in some way associated with you in what you are now doing to bring the Museum more definitely before the public mind—that I may be associated at least in the expression of my deep sense of the noble purpose of the building—of the noble sincerity of effort in its architect—of the endless good which the teachings to which it will be devoted must, in their ultimate issue, accomplish for mankind. How vast the range of that issue, you have shown in the lecture which I have just read, in which you have so admirably traced the chain of the physical sciences as it encompasses the great concords of this

main, those that animate the earnest student of Gothic. It is not for me especially to advocate Gothic Art, but only to urge, that if called into life, it should be in conformity to its own proper laws of vitality. If week after week, in my youth, with fresh senses and a docile spirit, I have drunk in each golden glow that is poured by a Mediterranean sun from over the blue Ægean upon the Athenian Parthenon,—if, day by day, sitting on Mars' Hill, I have watched each purple shadow, as the temple darkened in majesty against the evening sky,—if so, it has been to teach me, as the alphabet of all Art, to love all truth and to hate all falsehood, and to kiss the hand of every Master who has brought down, under whatever circumstance, and in whatever age, one spark of true light from the Beauty and the subtle Law, which stamps the meanest work of the Ever-living, Ever-working Artist."—"The Oxford Museum," pp. 56-7.

visible universe.* But how deep the workings of these new springs of knowledge are to be, and how great our need of them, and how far the brightness and the beneficence of them are to reach among all the best interests of men—perhaps none of us can yet conceive, far less know or say. For, much as I reverence physical science as a means of mental education (and you know how I have contended for it, as such, now these twenty years, from the sunny afternoon of spring when Ehrenberg and you and I went hunting for infusoria in Christchurch meadow streams, to the hour when the prize offered by Sir Walter Trevelyan and yourself for the best essay on the Fauna of that meadow, marked the opening of a new era in English education †)—much, I say, as I reverence physical science in

* See "The Oxford Museum," pp. 17-23. The following is a portion of the passage alluded to: "Without the Geologist on one side, and the Anatomist and Physiologist on the other, Zoology is not worthy of its name. The student of life, bearing in mind the more general laws which in the several departments above named he will have sought to appreciate, will find in the collections of Zoology, combined with the Geological specimens and the dissections of the Anatomist, a boundless field of interest and of inquiry, to which almost every other science lends its aid: from each science he borrows a special light to guide him through the ranges of extinct and existing animal forms, from the lowest up to the highest types, which, last and most perfect, but preshadowed in previous ages, is seen in Man. By the aid of physiological illustrations he begins to understand how hard to unravel are the complex mechanisms and prescient intentions of the Maker of all; and he slowly learns to appreciate what exquisite care is needed for discovering the real action of even an apparently comprehended machine. And so at last, almost bewildered, but not cast down, he attempts to scrutinize in the rooms devoted to Medicine, the various injuries which man is doomed to undergo in his progress towards death; he begins to revere the beneficent contrivances which shine forth in the midst of suffering and disease, and to veil his face before the mysterious alterations of structure, to which there seem attached pain, with scarce relief, and a steady advance, without a check, to death. He will look, and as he looks, will cherish hope, not unmixed with prayer, that the great Art of Healing may by all these things advance, and that by the progress of profounder science, by the spread among the people of the resultant practical knowledge, by stricter obedience to physiological laws, by a consequent more self-denying spirit, some disorders may at a future day be cured, which cannot be prevented, and some, perhaps, prevented, which never can be cured."

† Christian Gottfried Ehrenberg, the naturalist and author of many

this function, I reverence it, at this moment, more as the source of utmost human practical power, and the means by which the far-distant races of the world, who now sit in darkness and the shadow of death, are to be reached and regenerated. At home or far away—the call is equally instant—here, for want of more extended physical science, there is plague in our streets, famine in our fields; the pest strikes root and fruit over a hemisphere of the earth, we know not why; the voices of our children fade away into silence of venomous death, we know not why; the population of this most civilized country resists every effort to lead it into purity of habit and habitation—to give it genuineness of nourishment, and wholesomeness of air, as a new interference with its liberty; and insists vociferously on its right to helpless death. All this is terrible; but it is more terrible yet that dim, phosphorescent, frightful superstitions still hold their own over two-thirds of the inhabited globe, and that all the phenomena of nature which were intended by the Creator to enforce His eternal laws of love and judgment, and which, rightly understood, enforce them more strongly by their patient beneficence, and their salutary destructiveness, than the miraculous dew on Gideon's fleece, or the restrained lightnings of Horeb—that all these legends of God's daily dealing with His creatures remain unread, or are read backwards, into blind, hundred-armed horror of idol cosmogony.

How strange it seems that physical science should ever have been thought adverse to religion! The pride of physical science is, indeed, adverse, like every other pride, both to religion and truth; but sincerity of science, so far from being hostile, is the path-maker among the mountains for the feet of those who publish peace.

works, of which those on infusoria may be especially noted here. He was born in 1795, and in 1842 was elected Principal Secretary to the Berlin Academy of Science, which post he held till his death in 1876. The late Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan, Bart., will also be remembered in connection with the study of natural science, as well as for his efforts in philanthropy. He died in March, 1879. I have been unable to find any further information as to the prize mentioned by Mr. Ruskin, or as to the essay which obtained it.

Now, therefore, and now only, it seems to me, the University has become complete in her function as a teacher of the youth of the nation to which every hour gives wider authority over distant lands; and from which every rood of extended dominion demands new, various, and variously applicable knowledge of the laws which govern the constitution of the globe, and must finally regulate the industry, no less than discipline the intellect, of the human race. I can hardly turn my mind from these deep causes of exultation to the minor difficulties which beset or restrict your undertaking. The great work is accomplished; the immediate impression made by it is of little importance; and as for my own special subjects of thought or aim, though many of them are closely involved in what has been done, and some principles which I believe to be, in their way, of great importance, are awkwardly compromised in what has been imperfectly done—all these I am tempted to waive, or content to compromise when only I know that the building is in main points fit for its mighty work. Yet you will not think that it was matter of indifference to me when I saw, as I went over Professor Brodie's * chemical laboratories the other day, how closely this success of adaptation was connected with the choice of the style. It was very touching and wonderful to me. Here was the architecture which I had learned to know and love in pensive ruins, deserted by the hopes and efforts of men, or in dismantled fortress-fragments recording only their cruelty—here was this very architecture lending itself, as if created only for these, to the foremost activities of human discovery, and the tenderest functions of human mercy. No other architecture, as I felt in an instant, could have thus adapted itself to a new and strange office. No fixed arrangements of frieze and pillar, nor accepted proportions of wall and roof, nor practised refinement of classical decoration, could have otherwise than absurdly and fantastically yielded its bed to the crucible, and its blast to the furnace; but these old vaultings and strong buttresses—ready always to

* Mr. Brodie, who succeeded his father as Sir Benjamin Brodie in 1867, was appointed Professor of Chemistry at Oxford in 1855.

do service to man, whatever his bidding—to shake the waves of war back from his seats of rock, or prolonged through faint twilights of sanctuary, the sighs of his superstition—he had but to ask it of them, and they entered at once into the lowliest ministries of the arts of healing, and the sternest and clearest offices in the service of science.

And the longer I examined the Museum arrangements, the more I felt that it could be only some accidental delay in the recognition of this efficiency for its work which had caused any feeling adverse to its progress among the members of the University. The general idea about the Museum has perhaps been, hitherto, that it is a forced endeavor to bring decorative forms of architecture into uncongenial uses; whereas, the real fact is, as far as I can discern it, that no other architecture would, under the required circumstances, have been *possible*; and that any effort to introduce classical types of form into these laboratories and museums must have ended in ludicrous discomfiture. But the building has now reached a point of crisis, and it depends upon the treatment which its rooms now receive in completion, whether the facts of their propriety and utility be acknowledged by the public, or lost sight of in the distraction of their attention to matters wholly external.

So strongly I feel this, that, whatever means of decoration had been at your disposal, I should have been inclined to recommend an exceeding reserve in that matter. Perhaps I should even have desired such reserve on abstract grounds of feeling. The study of Natural History is one eminently addressed to the active energies of body and mind. Nothing is to be got out of it by dreaming, not always much by thinking—everything by seeking and seeing. It is work for the hills and fields,—work of foot and hand, knife and hammer,—so far as it is to be afterwards carried on in the house, the more active and workmanlike our proceedings the better, fresh air blowing in from the windows, and nothing interfering with the free space for our shelves and instruments on the walls. I am not sure that much interior imagery or color, or other exciting address to any of the observant faculties, would be desirable under

such circumstances. You know best; but I should no more think of painting in bright colors beside you, while you were dissecting or analyzing, than of entertaining you by a concert of fifes and cymbals.

But farther: Do you suppose Gothic decoration is an easy thing, or that it is to be carried out with a certainty of success at the first trial, under new and difficult conditions? The system of the Gothic decorations took eight hundred years to mature, gathering its power by undivided inheritance of traditional method, and unbroken accession of systematic power; from its culminating point in the Sainte Chapelle, it faded through four hundred years of splendid decline; now for two centuries it has lain dead—and more than so—buried; and more than so, forgotten, as a dead man out of mind; do you expect to revive it out of those retorts and furnaces of yours, as the cloud-spirit of the Arabian sea rose from beneath the seals of Solomon? Perhaps I have been myself faultfully answerable for this too eager hope in your mind (as well as in that of others) by what I have urged so often respecting the duty of bringing out the power of subordinate workmen in decorative design. But do you think I meant workmen trained (or untrained) in the way that ours have been until lately, and then cast loose on a sudden, into unassisted contentions with unknown elements of style? I meant the precise contrary of this; I meant workmen as we have yet to create them: men inheriting the instincts of their craft through many generations, rigidly trained in every mechanical art that bears on their materials, and familiarized from infancy with every condition of their beautiful and perfect treatment; informed and refined in manhood, by constant observation of all natural fact and form; then classed, according to their proved capacities, in ordered companies, in which every man shall know his part, and take it calmly and without effort or doubt,—indisputably well, unaccusably accomplished,—mailed and weaponed *cap-à-pie* for his place and function. Can you lay your hand on such men? or do you think that mere natural good-will and good-feeling can at once supply their place? Not so; and the

more faithful and earnest the minds you have to deal with, the more careful you should be not to urge them towards fields of effort, in which, too early committed, they can only be put to unserviceable defeat.

Nor can you hope to accomplish by rule or system what cannot be done by individual taste. The laws of color are definable up to certain limits, but they are not yet defined. So far are they from definition, that the last, and, on the whole, best work on the subject (Sir Gardiner Wilkinson's) declares the "color concords" of preceding authors to be discords, and *vice versa*.*

Much, therefore, as I love color decoration when it is rightly given, and essential as it has been felt by the great architects of all periods to the completion of their work, I would not, in your place, endeavor to carry out such decoration at present, in any elaborate degree, in the interior of the Museum. Leave it for future thought; above all, try no experiments. Let small drawings be made of the proposed arrangements of color in every room; have them altered on the paper till you feel they are right; then carry them out firmly and simply; but, observe, with as delicate execution as possible. Rough work is good in its place, three hundred feet above the eye, on a cathedral front, but not in the interior of rooms, devoted to studies in which everything depends upon accuracy of touch and keenness of sight.

With respect to this finishing, by the last touches bestowed on the *sculpture* of the building, I feel painfully the harmfulness of any ill-advised parsimony at this moment. For it may, perhaps, be alleged by the advocates of retrenchment, that so long as the building is fit for its uses (and your report is conclusive as to its being so), economy in treatment of external feature is perfectly allowable, and will in nowise diminish the serviceableness of the building in the great objects which its designs regarded. To a certain extent this is true. You have comfortable rooms, I hope sufficient apparatus; and it now

* Sir Gardner Wilkinson's book "On Color and the Diffusion of Taste" was published in 1858.

depends much more on the professors than on the ornaments of the building, whether or not it is to become a bright or obscure centre of public instruction. Yet there are other points to be considered. As the building stands at present, there is a discouraging aspect of parsimony about it. One sees that the architect has done the utmost he could with the means at his disposal, and that just at the point of reaching what was right, he has been stopped for want of funds. This is visible in almost every stone of the edifice. It separates it with broad distinctiveness from all the other buildings in the University. It may be seen at once that our other public institutions, and all our colleges—though some of them simply designed—are yet *richly* built, never pinchingly. Pieces of princely costliness, every here and there, mingle among the simplicities or severities of the student's life. What practical need, for instance, have we at Christchurch of the beautiful fan-vaulting under which we ascend to dine? We might have as easily achieved the eminence of our banquets under a plain vault. What need have the readers in the Bodleian of the ribbed traceries which decorate its external walls? Yet, which of those readers would not think that learning was insulted by their removal? And are there any of the students of Balliol devoid of gratitude for the kindly munificence of the man who gave them the beautiful sculptured brackets of their oriel window, when three massy projecting stones would have answered the purpose just as well? In these and also other regarded and pleasant portions of our colleges, we find always a wealthy and worthy completion of all appointed features, which I believe is not without strong, though untraced effect, on the minds of the younger scholars, giving them respect for the branches of learning which these buildings are intended to honor, and increasing, in a certain degree, that sense of the value of delicacy and accuracy which is the first condition of advance in those branches of learning themselves.

Your Museum, if you now bring it to hurried completion, will convey an impression directly the reverse of this. It will have the look of a place, not where a revered system of instruc-

tion is established, but where an unadvised experiment is being disadvantageously attempted. It is yet in your power to avoid this, and to make the edifice as noble in aspect as in function. Whatever chance there may be of failure in interior work, rich ornamentation may be given, without any chance of failure, to just that portion of the exterior which will give pleasure to every passer-by, and express the meaning of the building best to the eyes of strangers. There is, I repeat, no chance of serious failure in this external decoration, because your architect has at his command the aid of men, such as worked with the architects of past times. Not only has the art of Gothic sculpture in part remained, though that of Gothic color has been long lost, but the unselfish—and, I regret to say, in part self-sacrificing—zeal of two first-rate sculptors, Mr. Munro and Mr. Woolner, which has already given you a series of noble statues, is still at your disposal, to head and systematize the efforts of inferior workmen.

I do not know if you will attribute it to a higher estimate than yours of the genius of the O'Shea family,* or to a lower estimate of what they have as yet accomplished, that I believe they will, as they proceed, produce much better ornamental sculpture than any at present completed in the Museum. It is also to be remembered that sculptors are able to work for us with a directness of meaning which none of our painters could bring to their task, even were they disposed to help us. A painter is scarcely excited to his strength, but by subjects full of circumstance, such as it would be difficult to suggest appropriately in the present building; but a sculptor has room enough for his full power in the portrait statues, which are necessarily the leading features of good Gothic decoration. Let me pray you, therefore, so far as you have influence with the delegacy, to entreat their favorable consideration of the project stated in Mr. Greswell's appeal—the enrichment of the doorway, and the completion of the sculpture of the West Front. There is a reason for desiring such a plan to be carried

* See note to p. 142.

out, of wider reach than any bearing on the interests of the Museum itself. I believe that the elevation of all arts in England to their true dignity; depends principally on our recovering that unity of purpose in sculptors and architects, which characterized the designers of all great Christian buildings. Sculpture, separated from architecture, always degenerates into effeminacies and conceits; architecture, stripped of sculpture, is at best a convenient arrangement of dead walls; associated, they not only adorn, but reciprocally exalt each other, and give to all the arts of the country in which they thus exist, a correspondent tone of majesty.

But I would plead for the enrichment of this doorway by portrait sculpture, not so much even on any of these important grounds, as because it would be the first example in modern English architecture of the real value and right place of commemorative statues. We seem never to know at present where to put such statues. In the midst of the blighted trees of desolate squares, or at the crossings of confused streets, or balanced on the pinnacles of pillars, or riding across the tops of triumphal arches, or blocking up the aisles of cathedrals—in none of these positions, I think, does the portrait statue answer its purpose. It may be a question whether the erection of such statues is honorable to the erectors, but assuredly it is not honorable to the persons whom it pretends to commemorate; nor is it anywise matter of exultation to a man who has deserved well of his country to reflect that he may one day encumber a crossing, or disfigure a park gate. But there is no man of worth or heart who would not feel it a high and priceless reward that his statue should be placed where it might remind the youth of England of what had been exemplary in his life, or useful in his labors, and might be regarded with no empty reverence, no fruitless pensiveness, but with the emulative, eager, unstinted passionateness of honor, which youth pays to the dead leaders of the cause it loves, or discoverers of the light by which it lives. To be buried under weight of marble, or with splendor of ceremonial, is still no more than burial; but to be remembered daily, with profitable tenderness, by the activist intelligences of the nation we have served, and

to have power granted even to the shadows of the poor features, sunk into dust, still to warn, to animate, to command, as the father's brow rules and exalts the toil of his children. This is not burial, but immortality.

There is, however, another kind of portraiture, already richly introduced in the works of the Museum; the portraiture, namely, of flowers and animals, respecting which I must ask you to let me say a few selfish, no less than congratulatory words—selfish, inasmuch as they bear on this visible exposition of a principle which it has long been one of my most earnest aims to maintain. We English call ourselves a practical people; but, nevertheless, there are some of our best and most general instincts which it takes us half-centuries to put into practice. Probably no educated Englishman or Englishwoman has ever, for the last forty years, visited Scotland, with leisure on their hands, without making a pilgrimage to Melrose; nor have they ever, I suppose, accomplished the pilgrimage without singing to themselves the burden of Scott's description of the Abbey. Nor in that description (may it not also be conjectured?) do they usually feel any couplets more deeply than the—

“Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glistened with the dew of night.
No herb nor floweret glistened there
But was carved in the cloister arches as fair.”

And yet, though we are raising every year in England new examples of every kind of costly and variously intended buildings,—ecclesiastical, civil, and domestic,—none of us, through all that period, had boldness enough to put the pretty couplets into simple practice. We went on, even in the best Gothic work we attempted, clumsily copying the rudest ornaments of previous buildings; we never so much as dreamed of learning from the monks of Melrose, and seeking for help beneath the dew that sparkled on their “gude kail” garden.*

* “The monks of Melrose made good kail
On Friday, when they fasted.”

The kail leaf is the one principally employed in the decorations of the abbey. (Original note to “The Oxford Museum,” p. 83.)

Your Museum at Oxford is literally the first building raised in England since the close of the fifteenth century, which has fearlessly put to new trial this old faith in nature, and in the genius of the unassisted workman, who gathered out of nature the materials he needed. I am entirely glad, therefore, that you have decided on engraving for publication one of O'Shea's capitals;* it will be a complete type of the whole work, in its inner meaning, and far better to show one of them in its completeness than to give any reduced sketch of the building. Nevertheless, beautiful as that capital is, and as all the rest of O'Shea's work is likely to be, it is not yet perfect Gothic sculpture; and it might give rise to dangerous error, if the admiration given to these carvings were unqualified.

I cannot, of course, enter in this letter into any discussion of the question, more and more vexed among us daily, respecting the due meaning and scope of conventionalism in treatment of natural form; but I may state briefly what, I trust, will be the conclusion to which all this "vexing" will at last lead our best architects.

The highest art in all kinds is that which conveys the most truth; and the best ornamentation possible would be the painting of interior walls with frescos by Titian, representing perfect Humanity in color; and the sculpture of exterior walls by Phidias, representing perfect Humanity in form. Titian and Phidias are precisely alike in their conception and treatment of nature—everlasting standards of the right.

Beneath ornamentation, such as men like these could bestow, falls in various rank, according to its subordination to vulgar uses or inferior places, what is commonly conceived as ornamental art. The lower its office, and the less tractable its material, the less of nature it should contain, until a zigzag

* This engraving, which formed the frontispiece of "The Oxford Museum," will be found on the opposite page of the present volume, the original plate having proved in excellent condition. O'Shea was, together with others of his name and family, amongst the principal workmen on the building. The capital represents the following ferns: the common hart's-tongue (*scolopendrium vulgare*), the northern hard-fern (*blechnum boreale*), and the male fern (*filix mas*).



BRITISH FERNS.

becomes the best ornament for the hem of a robe, and a mosaic of bits of glass the best design for a colored window. But all these forms of lower art are to be conventional only because they are subordinate—not because conventionalism is in itself a good or desirable thing. All right conventionalism is a wise acceptance of, and compliance with, conditions of restraint or inferiority: it may be inferiority of our knowledge or power, as in the art of a semi-savage nation; or restraint by reason of material, as in the way the glass painter should restrict himself to transparent hue, and a sculptor deny himself the eyelash and the film of flowing hair, which he cannot cut in marble: but in all cases whatever, right conventionalism is either a wise acceptance of an inferior place, or a noble display of power under accepted limitation; it is *not* an improvement of natural form into something better or purer than Nature herself.

Now this great and most precious principle may be compromised in two quite opposite ways. It is compromised on one side when men suppose that the degradation of a natural form which fits it for some subordinate place is an improvement of it; and that a black profile on a red ground, because it is proper on a water-jug, is therefore an idealization of Humanity, and nobler art than a picture of Titian. And it is compromised equally gravely on the opposite side, when men refuse to submit to the limitation of material and the fitnesses of office—when they try to produce finished pictures in colored glass, or substitute the inconsiderate imitation of natural objects for the perfectness of adapted and disciplined design.

There is a tendency in the work of the Oxford Museum to err on this last side; unavoidable, indeed, in the present state of our art-knowledge—and less to be regretted in a building devoted to natural science than in any other: nevertheless, I cannot close this letter without pointing it out, and warning the general reader against supposing that the ornamentation of the Museum is, or can be as yet, a representation of what Gothic work will be, when its revival is complete. Far more severe, yet more perfect and lovely, that work will involve, under sterner conventional restraint, the expression not only of natu-

ral form, but of all vital and noble natural law. For the truth of decoration is never to be measured by its imitative power, but by its suggestive and informative power. In the annexed



[From "The Oxford Museum," p. 89.]

spandril of the iron-work of our roof, for instance, the horse-chestnut leaf and nut are used as the principal elements of form: they are not ill-arranged, and produce a more agreeable

effect than convolutions of the iron could have given, unhelped by any reference to natural objects. Nevertheless, I do not call it an absolutely good design; for it would have been possible, with far severer conventional treatment of the iron bars, and stronger constructive arrangement of them, to have given vigorous expression, not of the shapes of leaves and nuts only, but of their peculiar radiant or fanned expansion, and other conditions of group and growth in the tree; which would have been just the more beautiful and interesting, as they would have arisen from deeper research into nature, and more adaptive modifying power in the designer's mind, than the mere leaf termination of a riveted scroll.

I am compelled to name these deficiencies, in order to prevent misconception of the principles we are endeavoring to enforce; but I do not name them as at present to be avoided; or even much to be regretted. They are not chargeable either on the architect, or on the subordinate workmen; but only on the system which has for three centuries withheld all of us from healthy study; and although I doubt not that lovelier and juster expressions of the Gothic principle will be ultimately aimed at by us, than any which are possible in the Oxford Museum, its builders will never lose their claim to our chief gratitude, as the first guides in a right direction; and the building itself—the first exponent of the recovered truth—will only be the more venerated the more it is excelled.

Believe me, my dear Acland,
Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Witness" (Edinburgh), September 16, 1857.]

THE CASTLE ROCK.

DUNBAR, 14th September, 1857.

To the Editor of "The Witness."

MY DEAR SIR: As I was leaving Edinburgh this morning, I heard a report which gave me more concern than I can easily

express, and very sufficiently spoiled the pleasure of my drive here. If there be no truth in the said report, of course take no notice of this letter; but if there be real ground for my fears, I trust you will allow me space in your columns for a few words on the subject.

The whisper—I hope I may say, the calumny—regarded certain proceedings which are taking place at the Castle. It was said to be the architect's intention to cut down into the brow of the Castle rock, in order to afford secure foundation for some new buildings.*

Now, the Castle rock of Edinburgh is, as far as I know, simply the noblest in Scotland conveniently approachable by any creatures but sea-gulls or peewits. Ailsa and the Bass are of course more wonderful; and, I suppose, in the West Highlands there are masses of crag more wild and fantastic; but people only go to see these once or twice in their lives, while the Castle rock has a daily influence in forming the taste, or kindling the imagination, of every promising youth in Edinburgh. Even irrespectively of its position, it is a mass of singular importance among the rocks of Scotland. It is not easy to find among your mountains a "craig" of so definite a form, and on so magnificent a scale. Among the central hills of Scotland, from Ben Wyvis to the Lammermuirs, I know of none comparable to it; while, besides being bold and vast, its bars of basalt are so nobly arranged, and form a series of curves at once so majestic and harmonious, from the turf at their base to the roots of the bastions, that, as long as your artists have that crag to study, I do not see that they need casts from Michael Angelo, or any one else, to teach them the laws of composition or the sources of sublimity.

But if you once cut into the brow of it, all is over. Disturb, in any single point, the simple lines in which the walls now advance and recede upon the tufted grass of its summit, and you may as well make a quarry of it at once, and blast away rock, Castle, and all. It admits of some question whether

* A new armory was to be added to the Castle.

the changes made in the architecture of your city of late years are in every case improvements ; but very certainly you cannot improve the architecture of your volcanic crags by any explosive retouches. And your error will be wholly irremediable. You may restore Trinity Chapel, or repudiate its restoration, at your pleasure, but there will be no need to repudiate restoration of the Castle rock. You cannot re-face nor re-rivet that, nor order another in a "similar style." It is a dangerous kind of engraving which you practise on so large a jewel. But I trust I am wasting my time in writing of this: I cannot believe the report, nor think that the people of Edinburgh, usually so proud of their city, are yet so unaware of what constitutes its chief nobleness, and so utterly careless of the very features of its scenery, which have been the means of the highest and purest education to their greatest men, as to allow this rock to be touched. If the works are confined to the inside of the wall, no harm will be done ; but let a single buttress, or a single cleft-encumber or divide its outer brow, and there is not a man of sensibility or sense in Edinburgh who will not blush and grieve for it as long as he lives.

Believe me, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Witness" (Edinburgh), September 30, 1857.]

EDINBURGH CASTLE.

PENRITH, 27th September.

To the Editor of "The Witness."

MY DEAR SIR: I see by some remarks in the *Literary Gazette** on the letter of mine to which you gave a place in your columns of the 16th, that the design of the proposed additions to Edinburgh Castle is receiving really serious consideration.

* The *Literary Gazette* of September 26, 1857, after quoting a great part of the previous letter, stated that the new armory was not to be built without all due regard to the preservation of the rock, and that there was therefore no real cause for alarm.

Perhaps, therefore, a few words respecting the popular but usually unprofitable business of castle-building may be of some interest to your readers. We are often a little confused in our ideas respecting the nature of a castle—properly so called. A “castle” is a fortified dwelling-house containing accommodation for as many retainers as are needed completely to defend its position. A “fortress” is a fortified military position, generally understood to be extensive enough to contain large bodies of troops. And a “citadel,” a fortified military position connected with a fortified town, and capable of holding out even if the town were taken.

It is as well to be clear on these points: for certain conditions of architecture are applicable and beautiful in each case, according to the use and character of the building; and certain other conditions are in like manner inapplicable and ugly, because contrary to its character, and unhelpful to its use.

Now this helpfulness and unhelpfulness in architectural features depends, of course, primarily on the military practice of the time; so that forms which were grand, because rational, before gunpowder was invented, are ignoble, because ridiculous, in days of shell and shot. The very idea and possibility of the castle proper have passed away with the arms of the middle ages. A man’s house might be defended by his servants against a troop of cavalry, if its doors were solid and its battlements pierced. But it cannot be defended against a couple of field-pieces, whatever the thickness of its oak, or number of its arrow-slits.

I regret, as much as any one can regret, the loss of castelated architecture properly so called. Nothing can be more noble or interesting than the true thirteenth or fourteenth century castle, when built in a difficult position, its builder taking advantage of every inch of ground to gain more room, and of every irregularity of surface for purposes of outlook and defence; so that the castle *sate* its rock as a strong rider sits his horse—fitting its limbs to every writhe of the flint beneath it; and fringing the mountain promontory far into the sky with the wild crests of its fantastic battlements. Of such castles we can see no more; and it is just because I know them well and

love them deeply that I say so. I know that their power and dignity consists, just as a soldier's consists, in their knowing and doing their work thoroughly; in their being advanced on edge or lifted on peak of crag, not for show nor pride, but for due guard and outlook; and that all their beautiful irregularities and apparent caprices of form are in reality their fulfillments of need, made beautiful by their compelled association with the wild strength and grace of the natural rock. All attempts to imitate them now are useless—mere girl's play. Mind, I like girl's play, and child's play, in its place, but not in the planning of military buildings. Child's play in many cases is the truest wisdom. I accept to the full the truth of those verses of Wordsworth's* beginning—

“ Who fancied what a pretty sight
This rock would be, if edged around
With living snowdrops?—circlet bright!
How glorious to this orchard ground!
Was it the humor of a child?” etc.

But I cannot apply the same principles to more serious matters, and vary the reading of the verses into application to the works on Edinburgh Castle, thus:

“ Who fancied what a pretty sight
This rock would be, if edged around
With tiny turrets, pierced and light,
How glorious to this warlike ground!”

Therefore, though I do not know exactly what you have got to do in Edinburgh Castle, whatever it may be, I am certain the only right way to do it is the *plain* way. Build what is needed—chapel, barracks, or dwelling-house—in the best places, in a military point of view, of dark stone, and bomb-proof, keeping them low, and within the existing line of ramparts.

* “Poems of the Fancy,” xiv. (1803). The quotation omits two lines after the fourth:

“ Who loved the little rock, and set
Upon its head this coronet?”

The second stanza then begins: “Was it the humor of a child?” etc.

That is the rational thing to do; and the inhabitants of Edinburgh will find it in the end the picturesque thing. It would be so under any circumstances; but it is especially so in this instance; for the grandeur of Edinburgh Castle depends eminently on the great, unbroken, yet beautifully varied parabolic curve in which it descends from the Round Tower on the Castle Hill to the terminating piece of impendent precipice on the north. It is the last grand feature of Edinburgh left as yet uninjured. You have filled up your valley with a large chimney, a mound, and an Institution; broken in upon the Old Town with a Bank, a College, and several fires; dwarfed the whole of Princes Street by the Scott Monument; and cut Arthur's Seat in half by the Queen's Drive. It only remains for you to spoil the curve of your Castle, and your illustrations of the artistic principle of breadth will be complete.

It may appear at first that I depart from the rule of usefulness I have proposed, in entreating for the confinement of all buildings undertaken within the existing ramparts, in order to preserve the contour of the outside rock. But I presume that in the present state of military science, and of European politics, Edinburgh Castle is not a very important military position; and that to make it a serviceable fortress or citadel, many additional works would be required, seriously interfering with the convenience of the inhabitants of the New Town, and with the arrangements of the Railroad Company. And, as long as these subordinate works are not carried out, I do not see any use in destroying your beautiful rock, merely to bring another gun to bear, or give accommodation to another company. But I both see, and would earnestly endeavor to advocate, the propriety of keeping the architecture of the building within those ramparts masculine and simple in style, and of not allowing a mistaken conception of picturesqueness to make a noble fortress look like a child's toy.

Believe me, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," December 22, 1871.]

CASTLES AND KENNELS.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: I was astonished the other day by your article on taverns, but never yet in my life was so much astonished by anything in print as by your to-day's article on castles.*

I am a castle-lover of the truest sort. I do not suppose any man alive has felt anything like the sorrow or anger with which I have watched the modern destruction by railroad and manufacture, helped by the wicked improvidence of our great families, of half the national memorials of England, either actually or in effect and power of association—as Conway, for instance, now vibrating to ruin over a railroad station. For Warwick Castle, I named it in my letter of last October, in "Fors Clavigera," † as a type of the architectural treasures of

* The article on taverns occurred in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 8th December, and commented on a recent meeting of the Licensed Victualers' Protection Society. There was also a short article upon drunkenness as a cause of crime in the *Daily Telegraph* of December 9—referred to by Mr. Ruskin in a letter which will be found in the second volume of this book. The article on castles concluded with an appeal for public subscriptions towards the restoration of Warwick Castle, then recently destroyed by fire.

† The passage alluded to is partly as follows. "It happened also, which was the real cause of my bias in after-life, that my father had a real love of pictures. . . . Accordingly, wherever there was a gallery to be seen, we stopped at the nearest town for the night; and in reverentest manner I thus saw nearly all the noblemen's houses in England; not indeed myself at that age caring for the pictures, but much for castles and ruins, feeling more and more, as I grew older, the healthy delight of uncovetous admiration, and perceiving, as soon as I could perceive any political truth at all, that it was probably much happier to live in a small house and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle, and have nothing to be astonished at; and that, at all events, it would not make Brunswick Square in the least more pleasantly habitable to pull Warwick Castle down. And, at this day, though I have kind invitations enough to visit America, I could not, even for a couple of months, live in a country so miserable as to possess no castles."

this England of ours known to me and beloved from childhood to this hour.

But, Sir, I am at this hour endeavoring to find work and food for a boy of seventeen, one of eight people—two married couples, a woman and her daughter, and this boy and his sister—who all sleep together in one room, some 18 ft. square, in the heart of London; and you call upon me for a subscription to help to rebuild Warwick Castle.

Sir, I am an old and thoroughbred Tory, and as such I say, "If a noble family cannot rebuild their own castle, in God's name let them live in the nearest ditch till they can."

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, Dec. 20.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," December 25, 1871.]

VERONA v. WARWICK.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: Of lodging for poor and rich you will perhaps permit a further word or two from me, even in your close columns for Christmas morning. You think me inconsistent because I wanted to buy Verona, and do not want to restore Warwick.*

I wanted, and still want, to buy Verona. I would give half my fortune to buy it for England, if any other people would help me. But I would buy it, that what is left of it might not be burned, and what is lost of it *not* restored. It would indeed be very pleasant—not to me only, but to many other sorrowful persons—if things *could* be restored when we chose. I would subscribe willingly to restore, for instance, the manger wherein the King of Judah lay cradled this day some

* In a second article upon the same subject the *Daily Telegraph* had expressed surprise at Mr. Ruskin's former letter. "Who does not remember," it wrote, "his proposal to buy Verona, so as to secure from decay the glorious monuments in it?"

years since, and not unwillingly to restore the poorer cradle of our English King-maker, were it possible. But for the making of a new manger, to be exhibited for the edification of the religious British public, I will not subscribe. No; nor for the building of mock castles, or mock cathedrals, or mocks of anything. And the sum of what I have to say in this present matter may be put in few words.

As an antiquary—which, thank Heaven, I am—I say, “Part of Warwick Castle is burnt—’tis pity. Take better care of the rest.”

As an old Tory—which, thank Heaven, I am—I say, “Lord Warwick’s house is burned. Let Lord Warwick build a better if he can—a worse if he must; but in any case, let him neither beg nor borrow.”

As a modern renovator and Liberal—which, thank Heaven, I am not—I would say, “By all means let the public subscribe to build a spick-and-span new Warwick Castle, and let the pictures be touched up, and exhibited by gaslight; let the family live in the back rooms, and let there be a *table d’hôte* in the great hall at two and six every day, 2s. 6d. a head, and let us have Guy’s bowl for a dinner bell.”

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, S.E., 24th (for 25th) December.

[From “The Daily Telegraph,” January 19, 1871.]

“NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.”

To the Editor of “The Daily Telegraph.”

SIR: It may perhaps be interesting to some of your readers, in the present posture of affairs round Paris, to know, as far as I am able to tell them, the rank which the Church of Notre Dame holds among architectural and historical monuments.

Nearly every great church in France has some merit special

to itself ; in other countries, one style is common to many districts ; in France, nearly every province has its unique and precious monument.

But of thirteenth-century Gothic—the most perfect architectural style north of the Alps—there is, both in historical interest, and in accomplished perfectness of art, one *unique* monument—the Sainte Chapelle of Paris.

As examples of Gothic, ranging from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, the cathedrals of Chartres, Rouen, Amiens, Rheims, and Bourges, form a kind of cinque-foil round Notre Dame of Paris, of which it is impossible to say which is the more precious petal ; but any of those leaves would be worth a complete rose of any other country's work except Italy's. Nothing else in art, on the surface of the round earth, could represent any one of them, if destroyed, or be named as of any equivalent value.

Central among these, as in position, so in its school of sculpture ; unequalled in that specialty but by the porch of the north transept of Rouen, and, in a somewhat latter school, by the western porches of Bourges ; absolutely unreplaceable as a pure and lovely source of art instruction by any future energy or ingenuity, stands—perhaps, this morning, I ought rather to write, stood *—Notre Dame of Paris.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," March 16, 1872.]

MR. RUSKIN'S INFLUENCE: A DEFENCE.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR : I receive many letters just now requesting me to take notice of the new theory respecting Turner's work put forward by Dr. Liebreich in his recent lecture at the Royal Institu-

* This letter, it will be noticed, was written during the bombardment and a few days before the capitulation of Paris in 1871.

tion.* Will you permit me to observe in your columns, once for all, that I have no time for the contradiction of the various foolish opinions and assertions which from time to time are put forward respecting Turner or his pictures? All that is necessary for any person generally interested in the arts to know about Turner was clearly stated in "Modern Painters" twenty years ago, and I do not mean to state it again, nor to contradict any contradictions of it. Dr. Liebreich is an ingenious and zealous scientific person. The public may derive much benefit from consulting him on the subject of spectacles—not on that of art.

As I am under the necessity of writing to you at any rate, may I say further that I wish your critic of Mr. Eastlake's book † on the Gothic revival would explain what he means by

* On Friday, March 8, 1872, entitled "Turner and Mulready—On the Effect of certain Faults of Vision on Painting, with especial reference to their Works." The argument of the lecturer, and distinguished oculist, was that the change of style in the pictures of Turner was due to a change in his eyes which developed itself during the last twenty years of his life. (See "Proceedings of the Royal Institution," 1872, vol. vi., p. 450.)

† "A History of the Gothic Revival." By Charles L. Eastlake, F.R.I.B.A. London, Longman and Co., 1872.—In this work Mr. Eastlake had estimated very highly Mr. Ruskin's influence, on modern architecture, whilst his reviewer was "disposed to say that Mr. Ruskin's direct and immediate influences had almost always been in the wrong; and his more indirect influences as often in the right." It is upon these words that Mr. Ruskin comments here, and to this comment the critic replied in a letter which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 20th inst. The main portion of his reply was as follows: "The direct influences, then, which I had principally in my mind were those which had resulted in a preference for Venetian over English Gothic, in the underrating of expressional character in architecture, and the overrating of sculptured ornament, especially of a naturalistic and imitative character, and more generally in an exclusiveness which limited the due influence of some, as I think, noble styles of architecture. By the indirect influences I meant the habit of looking at questions of architectural art in the light of imaginative ideas; the recognition of the vital importance of such questions even in their least important details; and generally an enthusiasm and activity which could have resulted from no less a force than Mr. Ruskin's wondrously suggestive genius." To this explanation Mr. Ruskin replied in his second letter on the subject.

saying that my direct influence on architecture is always wrong, and my indirect influence right; because, if that be so, I will try to exercise only indirect influence on my Oxford pupils. But the fact to my own notion is otherwise. I am proud enough to hope, for instance, that I have had some direct influence on Mr. Street; and I do not doubt but that the public will have more satisfaction from his Law Courts* than they have had from anything built within fifty years. But I have had indirect influence on nearly every cheap villa-builder between this† and Bromley; and there is scarcely a public-house near the Crystal Palace but sells its gin and biters under pseudo-Venetian capitals copied from the Church of the Madonna of Health or of Miracles. And one of my principal notions for leaving my present house is that it is surrounded everywhere by the accursed Frankenstein monsters of, *indirectly*, my own making.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

March 15.

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," March 21, 1872.]

MR. RUSKIN'S INFLUENCE: A REJOINDER.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: I am obliged by your critic's reply to my question, but beg to observe that, meaning what he explains himself to have meant, he should simply have said that my influence on temper was right, and on taste wrong; the influence being in both cases equally "direct." On questions of taste I will not venture into discussion with him, but must be permitted to

* Mr. Street's design for the New Law Courts was, after much discussion, selected, May 30, 1868, and approved by commission, August, 1870. The building was not, however, begun till February, 1874, and the hope expressed in this letter is therefore, unfortunately, no expression of opinion on the work itself.

† Denmark Hill.

correct his statement that I have persuaded any one to prefer Venetian to English Gothic. I have stated that Italian—chiefly Pisan and Florentine—Gothic is the noblest school of Gothic hitherto existent, which is true; and that one form of Venetian Gothic deserves singular respect for the manner of its development. I gave the mouldings and shaft measurements of that form,* and to so little purpose, that I challenge your critic to find in London, or within twenty miles of it, a single Venetian casement built on the sections which I gave as normal. For Venetian architecture developed out of British moral consciousness I decline to be answerable. His accusation that I induced architects to study sculpture more, and what he is pleased to call “expressional character” less, I admit. I should be glad if he would tell me what, before my baneful influence began to be felt, the expressional character of our building was; and I will reconsider my principles if he can point out to me, on any modern building either in London or, as aforesaid, within twenty miles round, a single piece of good sculpture of which the architect repents, or the public complains.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

March 21.

[From “The Liverpool Daily Post,” June 9, 1877.]

MODERN RESTORATION.†

VENICE, 15th April, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR: It is impossible for any one to know the horror and contempt with which I regard modern restoration

* See “Arabian Windows in the Campo Santa Maria, Mater Domini,” Plate ii. of the “Examples of the Architecture of Venice,” selected and drawn to measurement from the edifice, 1851. And see, too, “Stones of Venice,” vol. ii., chap. vii., Gothic Palaces.

† This letter was originally received by “a Liverpool gentleman,” and sent inclosed in a long letter signed “An Antiquarian,” to the *Liverpool Daily Post*.

—but it is so great that it simply paralyzes me in despair,—and in the sense of such difference in all thought and feeling between me and the people I live in the midst of, almost makes it useless for me to talk to them. Of course all restoration is accursed architect's jobbery, and will go on as long as they can get their filthy bread by such business. But things are worse here than in England: you have little there left to lose—here, every hour is ruining buildings of inestimable beauty and historical value—simply to keep stone-lawyers* at work. I am obliged to hide my face from it all, and work at other things, or I should die of mere indignation and disgust.

Ever truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Kidderminster Times," July 28, 1877.]

RIBBESFORD CHURCH.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
July 24, 1877.

To the Editor of "The Kidderminster Times."

SIR: It chanced that, on the morning of the Sunday, when the appearances of danger in the walls of Ribbesford Church began seriously to manifest themselves (according to the report in your columns of the 21st inst.),† I was standing outside of the church, listening to the singing of the last hymn as the sound came through the open door (with the Archer Knight sculptured above it), and showing to the friend who had brought me to the lovely place the extreme interest of the old perpendicular traceries in the freehand working of the apertures.

* An obvious misprint for "stone-layers."

† Ribbesford Church was finally closed after the morning service on Sunday, July 15, 1877. It was then restored, and was reopened and reconsecrated on June 15, 1879. The *Kidderminster Times* of the 21st inst. contained an account of a meeting of the Ribbesford parishioners to consider the restoration of the church. Hence the allusions in this letter to "copying" the traceries.

Permit me to say, with reference to the proposed restoration of the church, that no modern architect, no mason either, can, or would if they could, "copy" those traceries. They will assuredly put up with geometrical models in their place, which will be no more like the old traceries than a Kensington paper pattern is like a living flower. Whatever else is added or removed, those traceries should be replaced as they are, and left in reverence until they moulder away. If they are already too much decayed to hold the glass safely (which I do not believe), any framework which may be necessary can be arranged to hold the casements within them, leaving their bars entirely disengaged, and merely kept from falling by iron supports. But if these are to be "copied," why in the world cannot the congregation pay for a new and original church, to display the genius and wealth of the nineteenth century somewhere else, and leave the dear old ruin to grow gray by Severn side in peace?

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

CIRCULAR RESPECTING MEMORIAL STUDIES OF ST. MARK'S,
VENICE, NOW IN PROGRESS UNDER MR. RUSKIN'S DI-
RECTION.*

This circular will be given to visitors to the Old Water-color Society's Exhibition, Pall Mall East, or on application to the Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond Street.

MY friends have expressed much surprise at my absence from the public meetings called in defence of St. Mark's. They cannot, however, be too clearly certified that I am now entirely unable to take part in exciting business, or even, without grave

* This circular, which was distributed as above noted during the winter of 1879-80, is here reprinted by Mr. Ruskin's permission, in connection with the preceding letters upon restoration in architecture. See the Notes on Prout and Hunt, 1879-80, p. 71.

danger, to allow my mind to dwell on the subjects which, having once been dearest to it, are now the sources of acutest pain. The illness which all but killed me two years ago* was not brought on by overwork, but by grief at the course of public affairs in England, and of affairs, public and private alike, in Venice; the distress of many an old and deeply regarded friend there among the humbler classes of the city being as necessary a consequence of the modern system of centralization, as the destruction of her ancient civil and religious buildings.

How far forces of this national momentum may be arrested by protest, or mollified by petition, I know not; what in either kind I have felt myself able to do has been done two years since, in conjunction with one of the few remaining representatives of the old Venetian noblesse.† All that now remains for me is to use what time may be yet granted for such record as hand and heart can make of the most precious building in Europe, standing yet in the eyes of men and the sunshine of heaven.

The drawing of the first two arches of the west front, now under threat of restoration, which, as an honorary member of the Old Water-color Society, I have the privilege of exhibiting in its rooms this year, shows with sufficient accuracy the actual state of the building, and the peculiar qualities of its architecture.‡ The principles of that architecture are analyzed at length in the second volume of the "Stones of Venice," and the whole façade described there with the best care I could, in hope of directing the attention of English architects to the forms of Greek sculpture which enrich it.§ The words have been occasionally read for the sound of them; and perhaps,

* In February, 1878; see the "Turner Notes" of that year, and "Fors Clavigera," New Series—Letter the Fourth, March, 1880.

† Count Alvise Piero Zorzi, the author of an admirable and authoritative essay on the restoration of St. Mark's (Venice, 1877).

‡ This drawing (No. 28 in the Exhibition) was of a small portion of the west front.

§ "Stones of Venice," vol. ii., chapter 4, of original edition, and vol. i., chapter 4, of the smaller edition for the use of travellers.

when the building is destroyed, may be some day, with amazement, perceived to have been true.

In the mean time, the drawing just referred to, every touch of it made from the building, and left as the color dried in the spring mornings of 1877, will make clear some of the points chiefly insisted on in the "Stones of Venice," and which are of yet more importance now.* Of these, the first and main ones are the exquisite delicacy of the work and perfection of its preservation to this time. It seems to me that the English visitor never realizes thoroughly what it is that he looks at in the St. Mark's porches: its glittering confusion in a style unexampled, its bright colors, its mingled marbles, produce on him no real impression of age, and its diminutive size scarcely any of grandeur. It looks to him almost like a stage scene, got up solidly for some sudden festa. No mere guide-book's passing assertion of date—this century or the other—can in the least make him even conceive, and far less feel, that he is actually standing before the very shafts and stones that were set on their foundations here while Harold the Saxon stood by the grave of the Confessor under the fresh-raised vaults of the first Norman Westminster Abbey, of which now a single arch only remains standing. He cannot, by any effort, imagine that those exquisite and lace-like sculptures of twined acanthus—every leaf-edge as sharp and fine as if they were green weeds fresh springing in the dew, by the Pan-droseion †—were, indeed, cut and finished to their perfect grace while the Norman axes were hewing out rough zigzags and dentils round the aisles of Durham and Lindisfarne. Or nearer, in what is left of our own Canterbury—it is but an hour's journey in pleasant Kent—you may compare, almost as if you looked from one to the other, the grim grotesque of the block capitals in the crypt with the foliage of these flexile ones, and with their marble

* In the first edition of this circular this sentence ran as follows: "In the mean time, with the aid of the drawing just referred to, every touch of it from the building, and left, as the color dried in the morning light of the 10th May, 1877, some of the points chiefly insisted on in the 'Stones of Venice,' are of importance now."

† Printed "Pan-choreion" in the first edition.

doves—scarcely distinguishable from the living birds that nestle between them. Or, going down two centuries (for the fillings of the portico arches were not completed till after 1204), what thirteenth-century work among our gray limestone walls can be thought of as wrought in the same hour with that wreath of intertwined white marble, relieved by gold, of which the tenderest and sharpest lines of the pencil cannot finely enough express the surfaces and undulations? For indeed, without and within, St. Mark's is not, in the real nature of it, a piece of architecture, but a jewelled casket and painted reliquary, chief of the treasures in what were once the world's treasuries of sacred things, the kingdoms of Christendom.

A jewelled casket, every jewel of which was itself sacred. Not a slab of it, nor a shaft, but has been brought from the churches descendants of the great Seven of Asia, or from the Christian-Greek of Corinth, Crete, and Thrace, or the Christian-Israelite in Palestine—the central archivolt copied from that of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the opposing lions or phœnixes of its sculptures from the treasury of Atreus and the citadel of Tyre.

Thus, beyond all measure of value as a treasury of art, it is also, beyond all other volumes, venerable as a codex of religion. Just as the white foliage and birds on their golden ground are descendants, in direct line, from the ivory and gold of Phidias, so the Greek pictures and inscriptions, whether in mosaic or sculpture, throughout the building, record the unbroken unity of spiritual influence from the Father of light—or the races whose own poets had said “We also are his offspring”—down to the day when all their gods, not slain, but changed into new creatures, became the types to them of the mightier Christian spirits; and Perseus became St. George, and Mars St. Michael, and Athena the Madonna, and Zeus their revealed Father in Heaven.

In all the history of human mind, there is nothing so wonderful, nothing so eventful, as this spiritual change. So inextricably is it interwoven with the most divine, the most distant threads of human thought and effort, that while none of the

thoughts of St. Paul or the visions of St. John, can be understood without our understanding first the imagery familiar to the Pagan worship of the Greeks; on the other hand, no understanding of the real purport of Greek religion can be securely reached without watching the translation of its myths into the message of Christianity.

Both by the natural temper of my mind, and by the labor of forty years given to this subject in its practical issues on the present state* of Christendom, I have become, in some measure, able both to show and to interpret these most precious sculptures; and my health has been so far given back to me that if I am at this moment aided, it will, so far as I can judge, be easily possible for me to complete the work so long in preparation. There will yet, I doubt not, be time to obtain perfect record of all that is to be destroyed. I have entirely honest and able draughtsmen at my command; my own resignation † of my Oxford Professorship has given me leisure; and all that I want from the antiquarian sympathy of England is so much instant help as may permit me, while yet in available vigor of body and mind, to get the records made under my own overseership, and registered for sufficient and true. The casts and drawings which I mean to have made will be preserved in a consistent series in my Museum at Sheffield, where I have freehold ground enough to build a perfectly lighted gallery for their reception. I have used the words "I want," as if praying this thing for myself. It is not so. If only some other person could and would undertake all this, Heaven knows how gladly I would leave the task to him. But there is no one else at present able to do it: if not now by me, it can never be done more.—And so I leave it to the reader's grace.

J. RUSKIN.

All subscriptions to be sent to Mr. G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent.

* For "state," the first edition reads "mind," and for "have become, in some measure, able," it has "have qualified myself." So again for "am at this moment aided," it reads "am asked, and enabled to do so."

† Early in 1879

POSTSCRIPT.*

By the kindness of the Society of Painters in Water-colors I am permitted this year, in view of the crisis of the fate of the façade of St. Mark's, to place in the exhibition-room of the Society ten photographs, illustrative of its past and present state. I have already made use of them, both in my lectures at Oxford and in the parts of *Fors Clavigera* intended for Art-teaching at my Sheffield Museum; and all but the eighth are obtainable from my assistant, Mr. Ward (2 Church Terrace, Richmond), who is my general agent for photographs, either taken under my direction (as here, Nos. 4, 9, and 10), or specially chosen by me for purposes of Art Education. The series of views here shown are all perfectly taken, with great clearness, from the most important points, and give, consecutively, complete evidence respecting the façade.

They are arranged in the following order:

1. THE CENTRAL PORCH.
2. THE TWO NORTHERN PORCHES. } *Arranged in one*
3. THE TWO SOUTHERN PORCHES. } *frame.*
4. THE NORTHERN PORTICO.
5. THE SOUTHERN PORTICO. *Before restoration.*
6. THE WEST FRONT, IN PERSPECTIVE. *Seen from the North.*
7. THE WEST FRONT, IN PERSPECTIVE. *Seen from the South.*
8. THE SOUTH SIDE. *Before restoration.*
9. DETAIL OF CENTRAL ARCHIVOLT.
10. THE CROSS OF THE MERCHANTS OF VENICE.

This last photograph is not of St. Mark's, but is of the inscription which I discovered, in 1877, on the Church of St. James of the Rialto. It is of the 9th or 10th century (according to the best antiquarians of Venice), and is given in this series, first, to confirm the closing paragraph in my notes on the Prout draw-

* Printed in the second edition only.

ings in Bond Street;* and secondly to show the perfect preservation even of the hair-strokes in letters carved in the Istrian marble used at Venice a thousand years ago. The inscription on the cross is—

“ Sit crux vera salus huic tua Christe loco.”
(Be Thy Cross, O Christ, the true safety of this place.)

And on the band beneath—

“ Hoc circa templum sit jus mercantibus æquum,
Pondera nec vergant nec sit conventio prava.”
(Around this temple let the merchants' law be just,
Their weights true, and their contracts fair.)

The bearing of this inscription on the relations of Antonio to Shylock may perhaps not be perceived by a public which now—consistently and naturally enough, but ominously—considers Shylock a victim to the support of the principles of legitimate trade, and Antonio a “speculator and sentimentalist.” From the series of photographs of St. Mark's itself, I cannot but think even the least attentive observer must receive one strong impression—that of the singular preservation of the minutest details in its sculpture. Observe, this is a quite separate question from the *stability* of the fabric. In our northern cathedrals the stone, for the most part, moulders away; and the restorer usually replaces it by fresh sculpture, on the faces of walls of which the mass is perfectly secure. Here, at St. Mark's, on the contrary, the only possible pretence for restoration has been, and is, the

* The reference is to the closing paragraph of the Preface to the Notes, which runs as follows: “Athena, observe, of the Agora, or Market *Place*. And St. James of the Deep Stream or Market *River*. The Angels of Honest Sale and Honest Portage; such honest portage being the grandeur of the Grand Canal, and of all other canals, rivers, sounds, and seas that ever moved in wavering morris under the night. And the eternally electric light of the embankment of that Rialto stream was shed upon it by the Cross—know you that for certain, you dwellers by high-embanked and steamer-burdened Thames. And learn from your poor wandering painter this lesson—for the sum of the best he had to give you (it is the Alpha of the Laws of true human life)—that no city is prosperous in the sight of Heaven, unless the peasant sells in its market—adding this lesson of Gentile Bellini's for the Omega, that no city is ever righteous in the Sight of Heaven unless the Noble walks in its street.”—Notes on Prout and Hunt, p. 44.

alleged insecurity of the masses of inner wall—the external sculptures remaining in faultless perfection, so far as unaffected by direct human violence. Both the Greek and Istrian marbles used at Venice are absolutely defiant of hypæthral influences, and the edges of their delicatest sculpture remain to this day more sharp than if they had been cut in steel—for then they would have rusted away. It is especially, for example, of this quality that I have painted the ornament of the St. Jean d’Acre pillars, No. 107, which the reader may at once compare with the daguerreotype (No. 108) beside it, which are exhibited, with the Prout and Hunt drawings, at the Fine Art Society’s rooms.* These pillars are known to be not later than the sixth century, yet wherever external violence has spared their decoration it is sharp as a fresh-growing thistle. Throughout the whole façade of St. Mark’s, the capitals have only here and there by casualty lost so much as a volute or an acanthus leaf, and whatever remains is perfect as on the day it was set in its place, mellowed and subdued only in color by time, but white still, clearly white; and gray, still softly gray; its porphyry purple as an Orleans plum, and the serpentine as green as a greengage. Note also, that in this throughout perfect decorated surface there is not a loose joint. The appearances of dislocation, which here and there look like yielding of masonry, are merely carelessness in the replacing or resetting of the marble armor at the different times when the front has been retouched—in several cases quite wilful freaks of arrangement. The slope of the porphyry shaft, for instance, on the angle at the left of my drawing, looks like dilapidation. Were it really so, the building would be a heap of ruins in twenty-four hours. These porches sustain no weight above—their pillars carry merely an open gallery; and the inclination of the red marble pilasters at the angle is not yielding at all, but an originally capricious adjustment of the marble armor. It will be seen that the investing marbles between the arch and pilaster are cut to the intended inclination, which brings the latter nearly into contact with the upper archivolt; the appearance of actual contact being caused by the projection of the dripstone. There are, indeed, one or two leaning towers in Venice whose founda-

* See the “Notes on Prout and Hunt,” p. 78.

tions have partly yielded ; but if *anything* were in danger on St. Mark's Place, it would be the campanile—three hundred feet high—and not the little shafts and galleries within reach—too easy reach—of the gaslighter's ladder. And the only dilapidations I have myself seen on this porch, since I first drew it forty-six years ago, have been, first, those caused by the insertion of the lamps themselves, and then the breaking away of the marble net work of the main capital by the habitual clattering of the said gaslighter's ladder against it. A piece of it which I saw so broken off, and made an oration over to the passers-by in no less broken Italian, is in my mineral cabinet at Brantwood.

Before leaving this subject of the inclined angle, let me note—usefully, though not to my present purpose—that the entire beauty of St. Mark's campanile depends on this structure, there definitely seen to be one of real safety. This grace and apparent strength of the whole mass would be destroyed if the sides of it were made vertical. In Gothic towers, the same effect is obtained by the retiring of the angle buttresses, without actual inclination of any but the coping lines.

In the Photograph No. 5 the slope of the angles in the correspondent portico, as it stood before restoration, is easily visible and measurable, the difference being, even on so small a scale, full the twentieth of an inch between the breadth at base and top, at the angles, while the lines bearing the inner arch are perfectly vertical.

There was, indeed, as will be seen at a glance, some displacement of the pillars dividing the great window above, immediately to the right of the portico. But these pillars were exactly the part of the south front which carried no weight. The arch above them is burdened only by its own fringes of sculpture ; and the pillars carried only the bit of decorated panelling, which is now bent—not outwards, as it would have been by pressure, but inwards. The arch has not subsided ; it was always of the same height as the one to the right of it (the Byzantine builders throwing their arches always in whatever lines they chose) ; nor is there a single crack or displacement in the sculpture of the investing fringe.

In No. 3 (to the right hand in the frame) there is dilapidation and danger enough certainly ; but that is wholly caused by

the savage and brutal carelessness with which the restored parts are joined to the old. The photograph bears deadly and perpetual witness against the system of "making work," too well known now among English as well as Italian operatives; but it bears witness, as deadly, against the alleged accuracy of the restoration itself. The ancient dentils are bold, broad, and cut with the free hand, as all good Greek work is; the new ones, little more than half their size, are cut with the servile and horrible rigidity of the modern mechanic.

This quality is what M. Meduna, in the passage quoted from his defence of himself* in the *Standard*, has at once the dulness and the audacity actually to boast of as "*plus exacte*"!

Imagine a Kensington student set to copy a picture by Velasquez, and substituting a Nottingham lace pattern, traced with absolute exactness, for the painter's sparkle and flow and flame. and boasting of his improvements as "*plus exacte*"! That is precisely what the Italian restorer does for *his* original; but, alas! he has the inestimable privilege also of destroying the original as he works, and putting his student's caricature in its place! Nor are any words bitter or contemptuous enough to describe the bestial stupidities which have thus already replaced the floor of the church, in my early days the loveliest in Italy, and the most sacred.

In the Photograph No. 7 there is, and there only, *one* piece of real dilapidation—the nodding pinnacle propped on the right. Those pinnacles stand over the roof gutters, and their bracket supports are, of course, liable to displacement, if the gutters get choked by frost or otherwise neglected. The pinnacle is not ten feet high, and can be replaced and secured as easily as the cowl on a chimney-pot. The timbers underneath were left there merely to give the wished-for appearance of repairs going on. They defaced the church front through the whole winter of 1876. I copied the bills stuck on them one Sunday, and they are printed in the 78th number of *Fors Clavigera*, the first being the announcement of the Reunited agencies for information on all matters of commercial enterprise and speculation, and the last the announcement of the loss of a cinnamon-colored little bitch,

* See the *Standard* (Dec. 3, 1879). M. Meduna was the architect who carried out the "restoration" of the South façade of the Cathedral.

with rather long ears (*coll' orecchie piuttosto lunghe*). I waited through the winter to see how much the Venetians really cared for the look of their church ; but lodged a formal remonstrance in March with one of the more reasonable civic authorities, who presently had them removed. The remonstrance ought, of course, to have come from the clergy ; but they contented themselves with cutting flower-wreaths on paper to hang over the central door at Christmas-time. For the rest, the pretence of rottenness in the walls is really too gross to be answered. There are brick buildings in Italy by tens of thousands, Roman, Lombardic, Gothic, on all scales and in all exposures. Which of them has rotted or fallen, but by violence? Shall the tower of Garisenda stand, and the Campanile of Verona, and the tower of St. Mark's, and, forsooth, this little fifty feet of unweighted wall be rotten and dangerous?

Much more I could say, and show ; but the certainty of the ruin of poor Bedlamite Venice is in her own evil will, and not to be averted by any human help or pleading. Her *Sabba delle streghe* has truly come ; and in her own words (see *Fors*, letter 77th): “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.”

Meantime, in what Saturday pause may be before this Witches' Sabbath, if I have, indeed, any English friends, let them now help me, and my fellow-workers, to get such casts, and colorings, and measurings, as may be of use in time to come. I am not used to the begging tone, and will not say more than that what is given me will go in mere daily bread to the workers, and that next year, if I live, there shall be some exposition of what we have got done, with the best account I can render of its parts and pieces. Fragmentary enough they must be,—poor fallen plumes of the winged lion's wings,—yet I think I can plume a true shaft or two with them yet.

Some copies of the second edition of this circular had printed at the top of its last and otherwise blank page the words, “*Present State of Subscription Lists:—*,” a printer's error, mistaken by some readers for a piece of dry humor.

Subscriptions were collected by Mr. G. Allen, as above intimated, and

also by Mr. F. W. Pullen, secretary to the Ruskin Society of Manchester, under the authority of the following letter, which was printed and distributed by him: "November 29, 1879.—DEAR MR. PULLEN: I am very glad to have your most satisfactory letter, and as gladly give you authority to receive subscriptions for drawings and sculptures of St. Mark's. Mr. Bunney's large painting of the whole west façade, ordered by me a year and a half ago, and in steady progress ever since, is to be completed this spring. It was a £500 commission for the Guild, but I don't want to have to pay it with Guild capital. I have the power of getting casts, also, in places where nobody else can, and have now energy enough to give directions, but can no more pay for them out of my own pocket. Ever gratefully yours, J. R. As a formal authority, this had better have my full signature—JOHN RUSKIN." In a further letter to Manchester on the subject, Mr. Ruskin wrote as follows: "It is wholly impossible for me at present to take any part in the defence—at last, though far too late—undertaken by the true artists and scholars of England—of the most precious Christian building in Europe; . . . nor is there any occasion that I should, if only those who care for me will refer to what I have already written, and will accept from me the full ratification of all that was said by the various speakers, all without exception men of the most accurate judgment and true feeling, at the meeting held in Oxford. All that I think it necessary for you to lay, directly from myself, before the meeting you are about to hold, is the explicit statement of two facts of which I am more distinctly cognizant from my long residences in Italy at different periods, and in Venice during these last years, than any other person can be—namely, the Infidel—(malignantly and scornfully Infidel and anti-religionist) aim of Italian 'restoration'—and the totality of the destruction it involves, of whatever it touches." So again, in a second and despairing letter, he wrote: "You cannot be too strongly assured of the total destruction involved, in the restoration of St. Mark's. . . . Then the plague of it all is, What can you do? Nothing would be effectual, but the appointment of a Procurator of St. Mark's, with an enormous salary, dependent on the Church's being let alone. What you can do by a meeting at Manchester, I have no notion. The only really practical thing that I can think of would be sending me lots of money to spend in getting all the drawings I can of the old thing before it goes. I don't believe we can save it by any protests." See the *Birmingham Daily Mail*, Nov. 27, 1879. The reader is also referred to "Fors Clavigera," New Series, Letter the Fourth, pp. 125-6.

The meeting in Oxford alluded to above was held in the Sheldonian Theatre on November 15, 1879. Amongst the principal speakers were the Dean of Christ Church (in the chair), Dr. Acland, the Professor of Fine Art (Mr. W. B. Richmond), Mr. Street, Mr. William Morris, and Mr. Burne Jones.

LETTERS ON SCIENCE.

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i.

GEOLOGICAL.

[From "The Reader," November 12, 1864.]

THE CONFORMATION OF THE ALPS.

DENMARK HILL, 10th November, 1864.

MY attention has but now been directed to the letters in your October numbers on the subject of the forms of the Alps.* I have, perhaps, some claim to be heard on this question, having spent, out of a somewhat busy life, eleven summers and two winters (the winter work being especially useful, owing to the definition of inaccessible ledges of strata by new-fallen snow) in researches among the Alps, directed solely to the questions of their external form and its mechanical causes; while I left to other geologists the more disputable and difficult problems of relative ages of beds.

I say "more disputable" because, however complex the phases of mechanical action, its general nature admits, among the Alps, of no question. The forms of the Alps are quite *visibly* owing to the action (how gradual or prolonged cannot yet be determined) of elevatory, contractile, and expansive forces, followed by that of currents of water at various temperatures, and of prolonged disintegration—ice having had small share in modifying even the higher ridges, and none in causing or forming the valleys.

* The *Reader* of October 15 contained an article "On the Conformation of the Alps," to which in the following issue of the journal (October 22) Sir Roderick Murchison replied in a letter dated "Torquay, 16th October," and entitled "On the Excavation of Lake-Basins in solid rocks by Glaciers," the possibility of which he altogether denied.

The reason of the extreme difficulty in tracing the combination of these several operative causes in any given instance, is that the effective and destructive drainage by no means follows the leading fissures, but tells fearfully on the softer rocks, sweeping away inconceivable volumes of these, while fissures or faults in the harder rocks of quite primal structural importance may be little deepened or widened, often even unindicated, by subsequent aqueous action. I have, however, described at some length the commonest structural and sculptural phenomena in the fourth volume of "Modern Painters," and I gave a general sketch of the subject last year in my lecture* at the Royal Institution (fully reported in the *Journal de Genève* of 2d September, 1863), but I have not yet thrown together the mass of material in my possession, because our leading chemists are only now on the point of obtaining some data for the analysis of the most important of all forces—that of the consolidation and crystallization of the metamorphic rocks, causing them to alter their bulk and exercise irresistible and irregular pressures on neighboring or incumbent beds.

But, even on existing data, the idea of the excavation of valleys by ice has become one of quite ludicrous untenableness. At this moment, the principal glacier in Chamouni pours itself down a slope of twenty degrees or more over a rock two thousand feet in vertical height; and just at the bottom of this ice-cataract, where a water-cataract of equal power would have excavated an almost fathomless pool, the ice simply accumulates a heap of stones, on the top of which it rests.

The lakes of any hill country lie in what are the isolated lowest (as its summits are the isolated highest) portions of its broken surface, and ice no more engraves the one than it builds the other. But how these hollows were indeed first dug,

* "On the Forms of the Stratified Alps of Savoy," delivered on June 5, 1863. The subject was treated under three heads. 1. The material of the Savoy Alps. 2. The mode of their formation. 3. The mode of their subsequent sculpture. (See the report of the lecture in the "Proceedings of the Royal Institution," 1863, vol. iv., p. 142. It was also printed by the Institution in a separate form, p. 4.)

we know as yet no more than how the Atlantic was dug; and the hasty expression by geologists of their fancies in such matters cannot be too much deprecated, because it deprives their science of the respect really due to it in the minds of a large portion of the public, who know, and *can* know, nothing of its established principles, while they can easily detect its speculative vanity. There is plenty of work for us all to do, without losing time in speculation; and when we have got good sections across the entire chain of the Alps, at intervals of twenty miles apart, from Nice to Innspruch, and exhaustive maps and sections of the lake-basins of Lucerne, Annecy, Como, and Garda, we shall have won the leisure, and may assume the right, to try our wits on the formative question.

J. RUSKIN.*

[From "The Reader," November 26, 1864.]

CONCERNING GLACIERS.

DENMARK HILL, *November 21.*

I AM obliged to your Scottish correspondent for the courtesy with which he expresses himself towards me; and, as his letter refers to several points still (to my no little surprise) in dispute among geologists, you will perhaps allow me to occupy, in reply, somewhat more of your valuable space than I had intended to ask for.

I say "to my no little surprise," because the great principles of glacial action have been so clearly stated by their discoverer, Forbes, and its minor phenomena (though in an envious temper, which, by its bitterness, as a pillar of salt, has

* In reply to this letter, the *Reader* of November 19, 1864, published one from a Scottish correspondent, signed "Tain Caimbeul," the writer of which declared that, whilst he looked on Mr. Ruskin "as a thoroughly reliable guide in all that relates to the external aspects of the Alps," he could not "accept his leadership in questions of political economy or the mechanics of glacier motion."

become the sorrowful monument of the discovery it denies)* so carefully described by Agassiz, that I never thought there would be occasion for much talk on the subject henceforward. As much as seems now necessary to be said I will say as briefly as I can.

What a river carries fast at the bottom of it, a glacier carries slowly at the top of it. This is the main distinction between their agencies. A piece of rock which, falling into a strong torrent, would be perhaps swept down half a mile in twenty minutes, delivering blows on the rocks at the bottom audible like distant heavy cannon,† and at last dashed into fragments, which in a little while will be rounded pebbles (having done enough damage to everything it has touched in its course)—this same rock, I say, falling on a glacier, lies on the top of it, and is thereon carried down, if at fullest speed, at the rate of three yards in a week, doing usually damage to nothing at all. That is the primal difference between the work of water and ice; these further differences, however, follow from this first one.

Though a glacier never rolls its moraine into pebbles, as a torrent does its shingle, it torments and teases the said moraine very sufficiently, and without intermission. It is always moving it on, and melting from under it, and one stone is always toppling, or tilting, or sliding over another, and one company of stones crashing over another, with staggering shift of heap behind. Now, leaving out of all account the pulverulent effect of original precipitation to glacier level from two or three thousand feet above, let the reader imagine a mass of sharp granite road-metal and paving-stones, mixed up with boulders of any size he can think of, and with wreck of softer rocks (micaceous schists in quantities, usually), the whole, say,

† Even in lower Apennine, “Dat sonitum saxis, et torto vertice torrens.”‡

* See below, “Forbes: his real greatness,” pp. 187 *seqq.*, and the references given in the notes there.

‡ Virgil, *Æneid*, vii. 567.

half a quarter of a mile wide, and of variable thickness, from mere skin-deep mock-moraine on mounds of unsuspected ice—treacherous, shadow-begotten—to a railroad embankment, *passenger*-embankment, one eternal collapse of unconditional ruin, rotten to its heart with frost and thaw (in regions on the edge of each), and withering sun and waste of oozing ice; fancy all this heaved and shovelled, slowly, by a gang of a thousand Irish laborers, twenty miles downhill. You will conjecture there may be some dust developed on the way?—some at the hill bottom? Yet thus you will have but a dim idea of the daily and final results of the movements of glacier moraines—beautiful result in granite and slate dust, delivered by the torrent at last in banks of black and white slime, recovering itself, far away, into fruitful fields, and level floor for human life.

Now all this is utterly independent of any action whatsoever by the ice on its sustaining rocks. It *has* an action on these indeed; but of this limited nature as compared with that of water. A stone at the bottom of a stream, or deep-sea current, necessarily and always presses on the bottom with the weight of the column of water above it—plus the excess of its own weight above that of a bulk of water equal to its own; but a stone under a glacier may be hitched or suspended in the ice itself for long spaces, not touching bottom at all. When dropped at last, the weight of ice may not come upon it for years, for that weight is only carried on certain spaces of the rock bed; and in those very spaces the utmost a stone can do is to press on the bottom with the force necessary to drive the given stone into ice of a given density (usually porous); and, with this maximum pressure, to move at the maximum rate of about a third of an inch in a quarter of an hour! Try to saw a piece of marble through (with edge of iron, not of sappy ice, for saw, and with sharp flint sand for felspar slime), and move your saw at the rate of an inch in three-quarters of an hour, and see what lively and progressive work you will make of it!

I say “a piece of marble;” but your permanent glacier-

bottom is rarely so soft—for a glacier, though it acts slowly by friction, can act vigorously by dead-weight on a soft rock, and (with fall previously provided for it) can clear masses of that out of the way, to some purpose. There is a notable instance of this in the rock of which your correspondent speaks, under the Glacier des Bois. His idea, that the glacier is deep above and thins out below, is a curious instance of the misconception of glacier nature, from which all that Forbes has done cannot yet quite clear the public mind, nor even the geological mind. A glacier never, in a large sense, thins out at all as it expires. It flows level everywhere for its own part, and never slopes but down a slope, as a rapid in water. Pour out a pot of the thickest old white candied, but still fluent, honey you can buy, over a heap of stones, arranged as you like, to imitate rocks.* Whatever the honey does on a small scale, the glacier does on a large; and you may thus steady the glacier phenomena of current—though, of course, not those of structure or fissure—at your ease. But note this specially: When the honey is at last at rest, in whatever form it has taken, you will see it terminates in tongues with low rounded edges. The possible height of these edges, in any fluid, varies as its viscosity; it is some quarter of an inch or so in water on dry ground; the most fluent ice will stand at about a hundred feet. Next, from this outer edge of the stagnant honey, delicately skim or thin off a little at the top, and see what it will do. It will not stand in an inclined plane, but fill itself up again to a level from behind. Glacier ice does exactly the same thing; and this filling in from behind is done so subtly and delicately, that, every winter, the whole glacier surface rises to replace the summer's waste, not with progressive wave, as "twice a day the Severn fills;" but with silent, level insurrection, as of ocean-tide, the gray sea-crystal passes by. And all the structural phenomena of the ice are modified by this mysterious action.

Your correspondent is also not aware that the Glacier des

* See "Deucalion," vol. i. p. 93.

Bois gives a very practical and outspoken proof of its shallowness opposite the Montanvert. Very often its torrent, under wilful touch of Lucina-sceptre, leaps to the light at the top of the rocks instead of their base.* That fiery Arveron, sometimes, hearing from reconnoitring streamlets of a nearer way down to the valley than the rounded ice-curve under the Chapeau, fairly takes bit in teeth, and flings itself out over the brow of the rocks, and down a ravine in them, in the wildest cataract of white thunder-clouds (endless in thunder, and with quiet fragments of rainbow for lightning), that I have ever blinded myself in the skirts of.

These bare rocks, over which the main river sometimes falls (and outlying streamlets always) are of firm-grained, massively rounded gneiss. Above them, I have no doubt, once extended the upper covering of fibrous and amiantoidal schist, which forms the greater part of the south-eastern flank of the valley of Chamouni. The schistose gneiss is continuous in direction of bed, with the harder gneiss below. But the outer portion is soft, the inner hard, and more granitic. This outer portion the descending glaciers have always stripped right off down to the hard gneiss below, and in places, as immediately above the Montanvert (and elsewhere at the brows of the valley), the beds of schistose gneiss are crushed and bent outwards in a mass (I believe) by the weight of the old glacier, for some fifty feet within their surface. This looks like work; and work of this sort, when it had to be done, the glaciers were well up to, bearing down such soft masses as a strong man bends a poplar sapling; but by steady push far more than by friction. You may bend or break your sapling with bare hands, but try to rub its bark off with your bare hands!

When once the ice, *with strength always dependent on pre-*

* There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

TENNYSON, "In Memoriam," xix.

existent precipice, has cleared such obstacles out of its way, and made its bed to its liking, there is an end to its manifest and effectively sculptural power. I do not believe the Glacier des Bois has done more against some of the granite surfaces beneath it, for these four thousand years, than the drifts of desert sand have done on Sinai. Be that as it may, its power of excavation on a level is proved, as I showed in my last letter, to be zero. Your correspondent thinks the glacier power vanishes towards the extremity; but as long as the ice exists, it has the same progressive energy, and, indeed, sometimes, with the quite terminal nose of it, will plough a piece of ground scientifically enough; but it never digs a hole: the stream always comes from under it full speed downhill. Now, whatever the dimensions of a glacier, if it dug a big hole, like the Lake of Geneva, when it was big, it would dig a little hole when it was little—(not that this is *always* safe logic, for a little stone will dig in a glacier, and a large one build; but it is safe within general limits)—which it never does, nor can, but subsides gladly into any hole prepared for it in a quite placid manner, for all its fierce looks.

I find it difficult to stop, for your correspondent, little as he thinks it, has put me on my own ground. I was *forced* to write upon Art by an accident (the public abuse of Turner) when I was two-and-twenty; but I had written a “Mineralogical Dictionary” as far as C, and invented a shorthand symbolism for crystalline forms, before I was fourteen: and have been at stony work ever since, as I could find time, silently, not caring to speak much till the chemists had given me more help.* For, indeed, I strive, as far as may be, not to speak of anything till I know it; and in that matter of Political Economy also (though forced in like manner to write of that by unendurable circumfluent fallacy), I know my ground; and if your present correspondent, or any other, will meet me fairly, I will give them uttermost satisfaction upon any point they doubt. There is free challenge: and in the

* See “Deucalion,” vol. i. p. 3 (Introduction).

knight of Snowdon's vows (looking first carefully to see that the rock be not a glacier boulder),

"This rock shall fly
From its firm base, as soon as I."

J. RUSKIN.*

[From "The Reader," December 3, 1864.]

ENGLISH VERSUS ALPINE GEOLOGY.

DENMARK HILL, 29th Nov.

I SCARCELY know what reply to make, or whether it is necessary to reply at all, to the letter of Mr. Jukes in your last number. There is no antagonism between his views and mine, though he seems heartily to desire that there should be, and with no conceivable motive but to obtain some appearance of it suppresses the latter half of the sentence he quotes from my letter.† It is true that he writes in willing ignorance of the Alps, and I in unwilling ignorance of the Wicklow hills; but the only consequent discrepancy of thought or of impression between us is, that Mr. Jukes, examining (by his own account) very old hills, which have been all but washed away to nothing, naturally, and rightly, attributes their present form, or want of form, to their prolonged ablutions, while I, examining new and lofty hills, of which, though much has been carried away, much is still left, as naturally and rightly ascribe a great part

* Following this letter in the same number of the *Reader* was one from the well-known geologist Mr. Joseph Beete Jukes, F.R.S., who, writing from "Selly Oak, Birmingham, Nov. 22," described himself as "the originator of the discussion." He therefore was no doubt the author of the article in the *Reader* alluded to above (p. 173, note). Mr. Jukes died in 1869.

† The following is the sentence from Mr. Jukes' letter alluded to: "Therefore when Mr. Ruskin says that 'the forms of the Alps are quite visibly owing to the action of elevatory, contractile, and expansive forces,' I would entreat him to listen to those who have had their vision corrected by the laborious use of chain and theodolite and protractor for many toilsome years over similar forms."

of their aspect to the modes of their elevation. The Alp-bred geologist has, however, this advantage, that (especially if he happen at spare times to have been interested in manual arts) he can hardly overlook the effects of denudation on a mountain-chain—which sustains Venice on the delta of one of its torrents, and Antwerp on that of another; but the English geologist, however practised in the detection and measurement of faults filled in by cubes of fluor, may be pardoned for dimly appreciating the structure of a district in which a people strong enough to lay the foundation of the liberties of Europe in a single battle,* was educated in a fissure of the Lower Chalk.

I think, however, that, if Mr. Jukes can succeed in allaying his feverish thirst for battle, he will wish to withdraw the fourth paragraph of his letter,† and, as a general formula, even the scheme which it introduces. That scheme, sufficiently accurate as an expression of one cycle of geological action, contains little more than was known to all leading geologists five-and-twenty years ago, when I was working hard under Dr. Buckland at Oxford;‡ and it is so curiously unworthy of the present state of geological science, that I believe its author, in his calmer moments, will not wish to attach his name to an attempt at generalization at once so narrow, and so audacious. My experience of mountain-form is probably as much more extended than his, as my disposition to generalize respecting it is less;§ and, although indeed the apparent limitation of the

* The Battle of Sempach (?). See the letters on “The Italian Question,” at the beginning of the second volume.

† To the effect that “the form of the ground is the result wholly of denudation.” For the “scheme,” consisting of ten articles, see the note § below.

‡ Dr. William Buckland, the geologist, and at one time Dean of Westminster. He died in 1856. See “Fors Clavigera,” 1873, Letter 34, p. 19.

§ This and the following sentences allude to parts of the above-mentioned scheme. “The whole question,” wrote Mr. Jukes, “depends on the relative dates of production of the lithological composition, the petrological structure, and the form of the surface.” The scheme then attempts to sketch the “order of the processes which formed these three things,” in ten articles, of which the following are specially referred to by Mr. Ruskin: “1. The formation of a great series of stratified rocks on the bed of

statement which he half quotes (probably owing to his general love of denudation) from my last letter, to the chain of the Alps, was intended only to attach to the words "quite visibly," yet, had I myself expanded that statement, I should not have assumed the existence of a sea, to relieve me from the difficulty of accounting for the existence of a lake; I should not have assumed that all mountain-formations of investiture were marine; nor claimed the possession of a great series of stratified rocks without inquiring where they were to come from. I should not have thought "even more than one" an adequate expression for the possible number of elevations and depressions which may have taken place since the beginning of time on the mountain-chains of the world; nor thought myself capable of compressing into Ten Articles, or even into Thirty-nine, my conceptions of the working of the Power which led forth the little hills like lambs, while it rent or established the foundations of the earth; and set their birth-seal on the forehead of each in the infinitudes of aspect and of function which range between the violet-dyed banks of Thames and Seine, and the vexed Fury-Tower of Cotopaxi.

Not but that large generalizations are, indeed, possible with respect to the diluvial phenomena, among which my antagonist has pursued his—(scarcely amphibious?)—investigations. The effects of denudation and deposition are unvarying everywhere, and have been watched with terror and gratitude in all ages. In physical mythology they gave tusk to the Grææ, claw to the Gorgons, bull's frontlet to the floods of Aufidus and Po. They gave weapons to the wars of Titans against Gods, and lifeless seed of life into the hand of Deucalion. Herodotus "rightly spelled" of them, where the lotus rose from the dust of Nile and leaned upon its dew; Plato rightly dreamed of them in his great vision of the disrobing of the Acropolis to its naked marble; the keen eye of Horace, half poet's, half farm-

a sea. . . . 3. The possible intrusion of great masses of granitic rock" in more or less fluent state; and 6, 7, 8, 9, which dealt with alternate elevation and depression, of which there might be "even more than one repetition."

er's (albeit unaided by theodolite), recognized them alike where the risen brooks of Vallombrosa, amidst the mountain-clamors, tossed their champed shingle to the Etrurian sea, and in the uncoveted wealth of the pastures,

“Quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis.”*

But the inner structure of the mountain-chains is as varied as their substance; and to this day, in some of its mightier developments, so little understood, that my Neptunian opponent himself, in his address delivered at Cambridge in 1862, speaks of an arrangement of strata which it is difficult to traverse ten miles of Alpine limestone without finding an example of, as beyond the limits of theoretical imagination.†

I feel tempted to say more; but I have at present little time even for useful, and none for wanton, controversy. Whatever information Mr. Jukes can afford me on these subjects (and I do not doubt he can afford me much), I am ready to receive, not only without need of his entreaty, but with sincere thanks. If he likes to try his powers of sight, “as corrected by the laborious use of the protractor,” against mine, I will in humility abide the issue. But at present the question before the house is, as I understand it, simply whether glaciers excavate lake-basins or not. That, in spite of measurement and survey, here or elsewhere, seems to remain a question. May we answer the first, if answerable? That determined, I think I might furnish some other grounds of debate in this notable cause of Peebles against Plainstones, provided that Mr. Jukes will not in future think his seniority gives him the right to answer me with disparagement instead of instruction, and will bear with the English “student’s” weakness, which induces

* See Herodotus, ii. 92; Plato, Critias, 112; and Horace, Od. i. 31.

† The address was delivered by Mr. Jukes as President of the Geological Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which met in 1862 at Cambridge. (See the Report of the Association, vol. xxxii. p. 54.)

me, usually, to wish rather to begin by shooting my elephant than end by describing it out of my moral consciousness.*

J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Reader," December 10, 1864.]

CONCERNING HYDROSTATICS.

NORWICH, 5th December.

YOUR pages are not, I presume, intended for the dissemination of the elements of physical science. Your correspondent "M. A. C." has a good wit, and, by purchasing any common treatise on the barometer, may discover the propriety of exercising it on subjects with which he is acquainted. "G. M." deserves more attention, the confusion in his mind between increase of pressure and increase of density being a very common one.† It may be enough to note for him, and for those of your readers whom his letter may have embarrassed, that in any incompressible liquid a body of greater specific gravity than the liquid will sink to any depth, because the column which it forms, together with the vertical column of the liquid above it, always exceeds in total weight the column formed by the equal bulk of the liquid at its side, and the vertical column of liquid above that. Deep-sea soundings would be otherwise impossible. "G. M." may find the explanation of the other phenomena to which he alludes in any elementary work on

* Mr. Jukes' letter had concluded by recommending English geologists to pursue their studies at home, on the ground that "a student, commencing to learn comparative anatomy, does not think it necessary to go to Africa and kill an elephant." In the following number of the *Reader* (Dec. 10) Mr. Jukes wrote, in answer to the present letter, that he had not intended to imply any hostility towards Mr. Ruskin, with whose next letter the discussion ended.

† "M. A. C." wrote "Concerning Stones," and dealt—or attempted to deal—with "atmospheric pressure" in addition to the pressure of water alluded to in Mr. Ruskin's letter of November 26. The letter signed "G. M." was entitled "Mr. Ruskin on Glaciers;" see next note. Both letters appeared in the *Reader* of December 3, 1864.

hydrostatics, and will discover on a little reflection that the statement in my last letter* is simply true. Expanded, it is merely that, when we throw a stone into water, we substitute pressure of stone-surface for pressure of water-surface throughout the area of horizontal contact of the stone with the ground, and add the excess of the stone's weight over that of an equal bulk of water.

It is, however, very difficult for me to understand how any person so totally ignorant of every circumstance of glacial locality and action, as "G. M." shows himself to be in the paragraph beginning "It is very evident," could have had the courage to write a syllable on the subject. I will waste no time in reply, but will only assure him (with reference to his assertion that I "get rid of the rocks," etc.), that I never desire to get rid of anything but error, and that I should be the last person to desire to get rid of the glacial agency by friction, as I was, I believe, the first to reduce to a diagram the probable stages of its operation on the bases of the higher Alpine aiguilles.†

Permit me to add, in conclusion, that in future I can take no notice of any letters to which the writers do not think fit to attach their names. There can be no need of initials in scientific discussion, except to shield incompetence or license discourtesy.

J. RUSKIN.

* Not in the "last letter," but in the last but one—see *ante*, p. 177, "A stone at the bottom of a stream," etc. The parts of "G. M.'s" letter specially alluded to by Mr. Ruskin are as follows :

"It is very evident that the nearer the source of the glacier, the steeper will be the angle at which it advances from above, and the greater its power of excavation. . . . Mr. Ruskin gets rid of the rocks and *débris* on the under side of the glacier by supposing that they are pressed beyond the range of action in the solid body of the ice; but there must be a limit to this, however soft the matrix."

† See "Modern Painters," Part v., chap. 13, "On the Sculpture Mountains," vol. iv. p. 174.

[From "Rendu's Theory of the Glaciers of Savoy," Macmillan, 1874.]

*JAMES DAVID FORBES: HIS REAL GREATNESS.**

THE incidental passage in "Fors," hastily written, on a contemptible issue, does not in the least indicate my sense of the real position of James Forbes among the men of his day. I have asked his son's † permission to add a few words expressive of my deeper feelings.

For indeed it seems to me that all these questions as to priority of ideas or observations are beneath debate among noble persons. What a man like Forbes first noticed, or demonstrated, is of no real moment to his memory. What he was, and how he taught, is of consummate moment. The actuality of his personal power, the sincerity and wisdom of his constant teaching, need no applause from the love they justly gained, and can sustain no diminution from hostility; for their proper honor is in their usefulness. To a man of no essential power, the accident of a discovery is apotheosis; to *him*, the former knowledge of all the sages of earth is as though it were not; he calls the ants of his own generation round him, to observe how he flourishes in his tiny forceps the grain of sand he has imposed upon Pelion. But from all such vindication of the claims of Forbes to mere discovery, I, his friend, would, for my

* In connection with the question of glacier-motion, Mr. Ruskin's estimate of Professor Forbes and his work is here reprinted from Rendu's "Glaciers of Savoy" (Macmillan, 1874), pp. 205-207. For a passage on the same subject which was reprinted in the "Glaciers of Savoy," in addition to the new matter republished here, and for a statement of the course of glacier-science, and the relation of Forbes to Agassiz, the reader is referred to "Fors Clavigera," 1873, Letter 34, pp. 17-26. The "incidental passage" consists of a review of Professor Tyndall's "Forms of Water" (London, 1872), and the "contemptible issue" was that of his position and Forbes' amongst geological discoverers.

† George Forbes, B.A., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Andersonian University, Glasgow, and editor of "The Glaciers of Savoy."

own part, proudly abstain. I do not in the slightest degree care whether he was the first to see this, or the first to say that, or how many common persons had seen or said as much before. What I rejoice in knowing of him is that he had clear eyes and open heart for all things and deeds appertaining to his life; that whatever he discerned, was discerned impartially; what he said, was said securely; and that in all functions of thought, experiment, or communication, he was sure to be eventually right, and serviceable to mankind, whether out of the treasury of eternal knowledge he brought forth things new or old.

This is the essential difference between the work of men of true genius and the agitation of temporary and popular power. The first root of their usefulness is in subjection of their vanity to their purpose. It is not in calibre or range of intellect that men vitally differ; every phase of mental character has honorable office; but the vital difference between the strong and the weak—or let me say rather, between the availing and valueless intelligence—is in the relation of the love of self to the love of the subject or occupation. Many an Alpine traveller, many a busy man of science, volubly represent to us their pleasure in the Alps; but I scarcely recognize one who would not willingly see them all ground down into gravel, on condition of his being the first to exhibit a pebble of it at the Royal Institution. Whereas it may be felt in any single page of Forbes' writing, or De Saussure's, that they love crag and glacier for their own sake's sake; that they question their secrets in reverent and solemn thirst: not at all that they may communicate them at breakfast to the readers of the Daily News—and that, although there were no news, no institutions, no leading articles, no medals, no money, and no mob, in the world, these men would still labor, and be glad, though all their knowledge was to rest with them at last in the silence of the snows, or only to be taught to peasant children sitting in the shade of pines.

And whatever Forbes did or spoke during his noble life was in this manner patiently and permanently true. The passage of his lectures in which he shows the folly of Macaulay's assertion that "The giants of one generation are the pigmies of

the next," * beautiful in itself, is more interesting yet in the indication it gives of the general grasp and melodious tone of Forbes' *reverent* intellect, as opposed to the discordant insolence of modernism. His mind grew and took color like an Alpine flower, rooted on rock, and perennial in flower; while Macaulay's swelled like a puff-ball in an unwholesome pasture, and projected itself far round in deleterious dust.

* This saying of Macaulay's occurred in an address which, as M.P. for that city, he delivered at the opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, 1846 (Nov. 4). Forbes' criticism of it and of the whole address may be found in a lecture introductory to a course on Natural Philosophy, delivered before the University of Edinburgh (Nov. 1 and 2, 1848), and entitled "The Danger of Superficial Knowledge;" under which title it was afterwards printed, together with a newspaper report of Macaulay's address (London and Edinburgh, 1849). In the edition of Macaulay's speeches revised by himself, the sentence in question is omitted, though others of a like nature, such as "The profundity of one age is the shallowness of the next," are retained, and the whole argument of the address remains the same. (See Macaulay's Works, 8 vol. ed., Longmans, 1866. Vol. viii. p. 380, "The Literature of Great Britain.") For a second mention of this saying by Mr. Ruskin, see also "Remarks addressed to the Mansfield Art Night Class," 1873, now reprinted in "A Joy for Ever" (Ruskin's Works, vol. xi. p. 201).

The following are parts of the passage (extending over some pages) in Forbes' lecture alluded to by Mr. Ruskin :

"How false, then, as well as arrogant, is the self-gratulation of those, who, forgetful of the struggles and painful efforts by which knowledge is increased, would place themselves, by virtue of their borrowed acquirements, in the same elevated position with their great teachers—nay, who, perceiving the dimness of light and feebleness of grasp, with which, often at first, great truths have been perceived and held, find food for pride in the superior clearness of their vision and tenacity of their apprehension!" Then, after quoting some words from Dr. Whewell's "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," vol. ii. p. 525, and after some further remarks, the lecturer thus continued: "The activity of mind, the earnestness, the struggle after truth, the hopeless perplexity breaking up gradually into the fulness of perfect apprehension,—the dread of error, the victory over the imagination in discarding hypotheses, the sense of weakness and humility arising from repeated disappointments, the yearnings after a fuller revelation, and the sure conviction which attends the final advent of knowledge sought amidst difficulties and disappointments,—these are the lessons and the rewards of the discoverers who first put truth within our reach, but of which we who receive it at second hand can form but a faint and lifeless conception." (See pp. 39–41 of "The Danger of Superficial Knowledge.")

I had intended saying a few words more touching the difference in temper, and probity of heart, between Forbes and Agassiz, as manifested in the documents now* laid before the public. And as far as my own feelings are concerned, the death of Agassiz † would not have caused my withholding a word. For in all utterance of blame or praise, I have striven always to be kind to the living—just to the dead. But in deference to the wish of the son of Forbes, I keep silence: I willingly leave sentence to be pronounced by time, above their two graves.

JOHN RUSKIN.

The following letters, ‡ one from Forbes to myself, written ten years ago, and the other from one of his pupils, received by me a few weeks since, must, however, take their due place among the other evidence on which such judgment is to be given.

J. R.

* In the edition of Rendu's "Glaciers of Savoy" already alluded to.

† Forbes died Dec. 31, 1868; Agassiz in 1873; and De Saussure in 1845.

‡ The letter from Forbes to Mr. Ruskin (dated December 2, 1864) was presumably elicited by the allusions to Forbes in Mr. Ruskin's letter to the *Reader* of November 26, 1874 (see *ante*, pp. 259 and 263). "Advancing years and permanently depressed state of health," ran the letter, "have taken the edge off the bitterness which the injustice I have experienced caused me during many years. But . . . the old fire revives within me when I see any one willing and courageous, like you, to remember an old friend, and to show that you do so."—The second letter speaks of the writer's "*boyish enthusiasm*" for Agassiz, an expression to which Mr. Ruskin appends this note: "*The italics are mine.* I think this incidental and naïve proof of the way in which Forbes had spoken of Agassiz to his class, of the greatest value and beautiful interest.—J. R."

II.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From "The Artist and Amateur's Magazine" (edited by E. V. Rippingille), February 1844, pp. 314-319.]

REFLECTIONS IN WATER.*

To the Editor of "The Artist and Amateur's Magazine."

SIR: The phenomena of light and shade, rendered to the eye by the surface or substance of water, are so intricate and so multitudinous, that had I wished fully to investigate, or even fully to state them, a volume instead of a page would have been required for the task. In the paragraphs † which I devoted to the subject I expressed, as briefly as possible, the laws which are of most general application—with which artists are indeed so universally familiar, that I conceived it altogether unnecessary to prove or support them: but since I have expressed them in as few words as possible, I cannot afford to have any of those

* In the first edition of "Modern Painters" (vol. i. p. 330) it was stated that "the horizontal lines cast by clouds upon the sea are not shadows, but reflections;" and that "on clear water near the eye there can never be even the appearance of shadow." This statement being questioned in a letter to the *Art Union Journal* (November, 1843), and that letter being itself criticised in a review of "Modern Painters" in the *Artist and Amateur's Magazine*, p. 262 (December, 1843), there appeared in the last-named periodical two letters upon the subject, of which one was from J. H. Maw, the correspondent of the *Art Union*, and the other—that reprinted here—a reply from "The Author of 'Modern Painters.'"

† The passages in "Modern Painters" referred to in this letter were considerably altered and enlarged in later editions of the work, and the exact words quoted are not to be found in it as finally revised. The reader is, however, referred to vol. i., part ii., § v., chap. i., "Of Water as painted by the Ancients," in whatever edition of the book he may chance to meet with or possess.

words missed or disregarded ; and therefore when I say that on *clear* water, *near* the eye, there is no shadow, I must not be understood to mean that on *muddy* water, *far* from the eye, there is no shadow. As, however, your correspondent appears to deny my position in toto, and as many persons, on their first glance at the subject, might be inclined to do the same, you will perhaps excuse me for occupying a page or two with a more explicit statement, both of facts and principles, than my limits admitted in the "Modern Painters."

First, for the experimental proof of my assertion that "on clear water, near the eye, there is no shadow." Your correspondent's trial with the tub is somewhat cumbrous and inconvenient ; * a far more simple experiment will settle the matter. Fill a tumbler with water ; throw into it a narrow strip of white paper ; put the tumbler into sunshine ; dip your finger into the water between the paper and the sun, so as to throw a shadow across the paper and on the water. The shadow will of course be distinct on the paper, but on the water absolutely and totally invisible.

This simple trial of the fact, and your explanation of the principle given in your ninth number, † are sufficient proof and explanation of my assertion ; and if your correspondent requires authority as well as ocular demonstration, he has only to ask Stanfield or Copley Fielding, or any other good painter of sea ; the latter, indeed, was the person who first pointed out the fact to me when a boy. What then, it remains to be determined, are those lights and shades on the sea, which, for the sake of clearness, and because they appear such to the ordinary observer, I have spoken of as "horizontal lines," and which have every

* See the *Artist and Amateur's Magazine*, p. 313, where the author of the letter, to which this is a reply, adduced in support of his views the following experiment, viz. : to put a tub filled with clear water in the sunlight, and then taking an opaque screen with a hole cut in it, to place the same in such a position as to intercept the light falling upon the tub. Then, he argued, cover the hole over, and the tub will be in shadow ; uncover it again, and a patch of light will fall on the water, proving that water is *not* "insusceptible of light as well as shadow."

† In the review of "Modern Painters" mentioned above.

appearance of being cast by the clouds like real shadows? I imagined that I had been sufficiently explicit on this subject both at pages 330 and 363 :* but your correspondent appears to have confused himself by inaccurately receiving the term *shadow* as if it meant darkness of any kind ; whereas my second sentence—"every *darkness* on water is reflection, not shadow"—might have shown him that I used it in its particular sense, as meaning the absence of *positive* light on a visible surface. Thus, in endeavoring to support his assertion that the shadows on the sea are as distinct as on a grass field, he says that they are so by contrast with the "light *reflected* from its polished surface;" thus showing at once that he has been speaking and thinking all along, not of shadow, but of the absence of reflected light—an absence which is no more shadow than the absence of the image of a piece of white paper in a mirror is shadow on the mirror.

The question, therefore, is one of terms rather than of things ; and before proceeding it will be necessary for me to make your correspondent understand thoroughly what is meant by the term shadow as opposed to that of reflection.

Let us stand on the sea-shore on a cloudless night, with a full moon over the sea, and a swell on the water. Of course a long line of splendor will be seen on the waves under the moon, reaching from the horizon to our very feet. But are those waves between the moon and us *actually* more illuminated than any other part of the sea? Not one whit. The whole surface of the sea is under the same full light, but the waves between the moon and us are the only ones which are in a position to reflect that light to our eyes. The sea on both sides of that path of light is in perfect darkness—almost black. But is it so from shadow? Not so, for there is nothing to intercept the moonlight from it: it is so from position, because it cannot reflect any of the rays which fall on it to our eyes, but reflects instead the dark vault of the night sky. Both the darkness

* Of the first edition of the first volume of "Modern Painters." The size of the book (and consequently the paging) was afterwards altered to suit the engravings contained in the last three volumes.

and the light on it, therefore—and they are as violently contrasted as may well be—are nothing but reflections, the whole surface of the water being under one blaze of moonlight, entirely unshaded by any intervening object whatsoever.

Now, then, we can understand the cause of the chiaro-scuro of the sea by daylight with lateral sun. Where the sunlight reaches the water, every ripple, wave, or swell reflects to the eye from some of its planes either the image of the sun or some portion of the neighboring bright sky. Where the cloud interposes between the sun and sea, all these luminous reflections are prevented, and the raised planes of the waves reflect only the dark under-surface of the cloud; and hence, by the multiplication of the images, spaces of light and shade are produced, which lie on the sea precisely in the position of real or positive light and shadows—corresponding to the outlines of the clouds—laterally cast, and therefore seen in addition to, and at the same time with, the ordinary or direct reflection, vigorously contrasted, the lights being often a blaze of gold, and the shadows a dark leaden gray; and yet, I repeat, they are no more real lights, or real shadows, on the sea, than the image of a black coat is a shadow on a mirror, or the image of white paper a light upon it.

Are there, then, *no* shadows whatsoever upon the sea? Not so. My assertion is simply that there are none on clear water near the eye. I shall briefly state a few of the circumstances which give rise to real shadow in distant effect.

I. Any admixture of opaque coloring matter, as of mud, chalk, or powdered granite renders water capable of distinct shadow, which is cast on the earthy and solid particles suspended in the liquid. None of the seas on our south-eastern coast are so clear as to be absolutely incapable of shade; and the faint tint, though scarcely perceptible to a near ob-

* It may be worth noting that the optical delusion above explained is described at some length by Mr. Herbert Spencer ("The Study of Sociology," p. 191, London, 1874) as one of the commonest instances of popular ignorance.

server,* is sufficiently manifest when seen in large extent from a distance, especially when contrasted, as your correspondent says, with reflected lights. This was one reason for my introducing the words—"near the eye."

There is, however, a peculiarity in the appearances of such shadows which requires especial notice. It is not merely the transparency of water, but its polished surface, and consequent reflective power, which render it incapable of shadow. A perfectly opaque body, if its power of reflection be perfect, receives no shadow (this I shall presently prove); and therefore, in any lustrous body, the incapability of shadow is in proportion to the power of reflection. Now the power of reflection in water varies with the angle of the impinging ray, being of course greatest when that angle is least: and thus, when we look along the water at a low angle, its power of reflection maintains its incapability of shadow to a considerable extent, in spite of its containing suspended opaque matter; whereas, when we look *down* upon water from a height, as we then receive from it only rays which have fallen on it at a large angle, a great number of those rays are unreflected from the surface, but penetrate beneath the surface, and are then reflected † from the suspended opaque matter: thus rendering

* Of course, if water be perfectly foul, like that of the Rhine or Arve, it receives a shadow nearly as well as mud. Yet the succeeding observations on its reflective power are applicable to it, even in this state.

† It must always be remembered that there are two kinds of reflection,—one from polished bodies, giving back rays of light unaltered; the other from unpolished bodies, giving back rays of light altered. By the one reflection we see the images of other objects on the surface of the reflecting object; by the other we are made aware of that surface itself. The difference between these two kinds of reflection has not been well worked by writers on optics; but the great distinction between them is, that the rough body reflects most rays when the angle at which the rays impinge is largest, and the polished body when the angle is smallest. It is the reflection from polished bodies exclusively

shadows clearly visible which, at a small angle, would have been altogether unperceived.

II. But it is not merely the presence of opaque matter which renders shadows visible on the sea seen from a height. The eye, when elevated above the water, receives rays reflected from the bottom, of which, when *near* the water, it is insensible. I have seen the bottom at seven fathoms, so that I could count its pebbles, from the cliffs of the Cornish coast; and the broad effect of the light and shade of the bottom is discernible at enormous depths. In fact, it is difficult to say at what depth the rays returned from the bottom become absolutely ineffective—perhaps not until we get fairly out into blue water. Hence, with a white or sandy shore, shadows forcible enough to afford conspicuous variety of color may be seen from a height of two or three hundred feet.

III. The actual color of the sea itself is an important cause of shadow in distant effect. Of the ultimate causes of local color in water I am not ashamed to confess my total ignorance, for I believe Sir David Brewster himself has not elucidated them. Every river in Switzerland has a different hue. The lake of Geneva, commonly blue, appears, under a fresh breeze, striped with blue and bright red; and the hues of coast-sea are

which I usually indicate by the term; and that from rough bodies I commonly distinguish as “positive light;” but as I have here used the term in its general sense, the explanation of the distinction becomes necessary. All light and shade on matter is caused by reflection of some kind; and the distinction made throughout this paper between reflected and positive light, and between *real* and pseudo shadow, is nothing more than the distinction between two kinds of reflection.

I believe some of Bouguer’s * experiments have been rendered inaccurate—not in their general result, nor in *ratio* of quantities, but in the quantities themselves—by the difficulty of distinguishing between the two kinds of reflected rays.

* Pierre Bouguer, author of, amongst other works, the “*Traité d’Optique sur la Gradation de la Lumière.*” He was born in 1698, and died in 1758.

as various as those of a dolphin; but, whatever be the cause of their variety, their intensity is, of course, dependent on the presence of sun-light. The sea under shade is commonly of a cold gray hue; in sun-light it is susceptible of vivid and exquisite coloring: and thus the forms of clouds are traced on its surface, not by light and shade, but by variation of *color* by grays opposed to greens, blues to rose-tints, etc. All such phenomena are chiefly visible from a height and a distance; and thus furnished me with additional reasons for introducing the words—"near the eye."

IV. Local color is, however, the cause of one beautiful kind of chiaro-scuro, visible when we are close to the water—shadows cast, not *on* the waves, but through them, as through misty air. When a wave is raised so as to let the sun-light through a portion of its body, the contrast of the transparent chrysoprase green of the illuminated parts with the darkness of the shadowed is exquisitely beautiful.

Hitherto, however, I have been speaking chiefly of the *transparency* of water as the source of its incapability of shadow. I have still to demonstrate the effect of its polished surface.

Let your correspondent pour an ounce or two of quicksilver into a flat white saucer, and, throwing a strip of white paper into the middle of the mercury, as before into the water, interpose an upright bit of stick between it and the sun: he will then have the pleasure of seeing the shadow of the stick sharply defined on the paper and the edge of the saucer, while on the intermediate portion of mercury it will be totally invisible.* Mercury is a perfectly opaque body, and its incapability of shadow is entirely owing to the perfection of its polished surface. Thus, then, whether water be considered as transparent or reflective (and according to its position it is one or the other, or partially both—for in the exact degree that it *is* the one, it is *not* the other), it is equally incapable of shadow. But as on distant water, so also on near water, when broken, pseudo

* The mercury must of course be perfectly clean.

shadows take place, which are in reality nothing more than the aggregates of reflections. In the illuminated space of the wave, from every plane turned towards the sun there flashes an image of the sun; in the *un*-illuminated space there is seen on every such plane only the dark image of the interposed body. Every wreath of the foam, every jet of the spray, reflects in the sunlight a thousand diminished suns, and refracts their rays into a thousand colors; while in the shadowed parts the same broken parts of the wave appear only in dead, cold white; and thus pseudo shadows are caused, occupying the position of real shadows, defined in portions of their edge with equal sharpness: and yet, I repeat, they are no more real shadows than the image of a piece of black cloth is a shadow on a mirror.

But your correspondent will say, "What does it matter to me, or to the artist, whether they *are* shadows or not? They are darkness, and they supply the place of shadows, and that it is all I contend for." Not so. They do *not* supply the place of shadows; they are divided from them by this broad distinction, that while shadow causes uniform deepening of the ground-tint in the objects which it affects, these pseudo shadows are merely portions of that ground-tint itself undeeptened, but cut out and rendered conspicuous by flashes of light irregularly disposed around it. The ground-tint both of shadowed and illumined parts is precisely the same—a pure pale gray, catching as it moves the hues of the sky and clouds; but on this, in the illumined spaces, there fall touches and flashes of intense reflected light, which are absent in the shadow. If, for the sake of illustration, we consider the wave as hung with a certain quantity of lamps, irregularly disposed, the shape and extent of a shadow on that wave will be marked by the lamps being all put out within its influence, while the tint of the water itself is entirely unaffected by it.

The works of Stanfield will supply your correspondent with perfect and admirable illustrations of this principle. His water-tint is equally clear and luminous whether in sunshine or shade; but the whole lustre of the illumined parts is attained by bright isolated touches of reflected light.

The works of Turner will supply us with still more striking examples, especially in cases where slanting sunbeams are cast from a low sun along breakers, when the shadows will be found in a state of perpetual transition, now defined for an instant on a mass of foam, then lost in an interval of smooth water, then coming through the body of a transparent wave, then passing off into the air upon the dust of the spray—supplying, as they do in nature, exhaustless combinations of ethereal beauty. From Turner's habit of choosing for his subjects sea much broken with foam, the shadows in his works are more conspicuous than in Stanfield's, and may be studied to greater advantage. To the works of these great painters, those of Vandewelde may be opposed for instances of the impossible. The black shadows of this latter painter's near waves supply us with innumerable and most illustrative examples of everything which sea shadows are *not*.

Finally, let me recommend your correspondent, if he wishes to obtain perfect knowledge of the effects of shadow on water, whether calm or agitated, to go through a systematic examination of the works of Turner. He will find *every* phenomenon of this kind noted in them with the most exquisite fidelity. The Alwick Castle, with the shadow of the bridge cast on the dull surface of the moat, and mixing with the reflection, is the most finished piece of water-painting with which I am acquainted. Some of the recent Venices have afforded exquisite instances of the change of color in water caused by shadow, the illumined water being transparent and green, while in the shade it loses its own color, and takes the blue of the sky.

But I have already, Sir, occupied far too many of your valuable pages, and I must close the subject, although hundreds of points occur to me which I have not yet illustrated.* The discussion respecting the Grotto of Capri is somewhat

* Among other points, I have not explained why water, though it has no shadow, has a dark side. The cause of this is the Newtonian law noticed below, that water weakens the rays passing through its mass, though it reflects none; and, also, that it reflects rays from both surfaces.

irrelevant, and I will not enter upon it, as thousands of laws respecting light and color are there brought into play, in addition to the water's incapability of shadow.* But it is somewhat singular that the Newtonian principle, which your correspondent enunciates in conclusion, is the *very cause* of the incapability of shadow which he disputes. I am not, however, writing a treatise on optics, and therefore can at present do no more than simply explain what the Newtonian law actually signifies, since, by your correspondent's enunciation of it, "pellucid substances reflect light only from their surfaces," an inexperienced reader might be led to conclude that *opaque* bodies reflected light from something else than their surfaces.

The law is, that whatever number of rays escape reflection at the surface of water, pass through its body without further reflection, being therein weakened, but not reflected; but that, where they pass *out* of the water again, as, for instance, if there be air-bubbles at the bottom, giving an under-surface to the water, there a number of rays are reflected from that under-surface, and do *not* pass out of the water, but return to the eye; thus causing the bright luminosity of the under bubbles. Thus water reflects from both its surfaces—it reflects it when passing out as well as when entering; but it reflects none whatever from its own interior mass. If it did, it would be capable of shadow.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR OF "MODERN PAINTERS."

* The review of "Modern Painters" had mentioned the Grotto of Capri, near Naples, as "a very beautiful illustration of the great quantity of light admitted or contained in water," and on this Mr. J. H. Maw had commented.

[From "The London Review," May 16, 1861.]

*THE REFLECTION OF RAINBOWS IN WATER.**

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR: I do not think there is much difficulty in the rainbow business. We cannot see the reflection of the same rainbow which we behold in the sky, but we see the reflection of another invisible one within it. Suppose *A* and *B*, Fig. 1, are two falling raindrops, and the spectator is at *s*, and *x y* is the water surface. If *R A s* be a sun ray giving, we will say, the

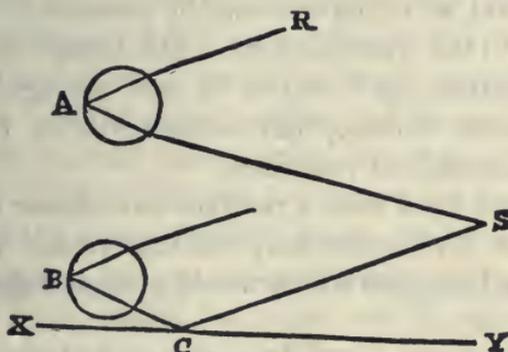


FIG. 1.

red ray in the visible rainbow, the ray, *B c s*, will give the same red ray, reflected from the water at *c*.

It is rather a long business to examine the lateral angles, and I have not time to do it; but I presume the result would be, that if *a m b*, Fig. 2, be the visible rainbow, and *x y* the water horizon, the reflection will be the dotted line *c e d*, reflecting, that is to say, the invisible bow, *c n d*; thus, the

* The *London Review* of May 4 contained a critique of the Exhibition of the Society of Water-colors, which included a notice of Mr. Duncan's "Shiplake, on the Thames" (No. 52). In this picture the artist had painted a rainbow reflected in the water, the truth of which to nature was questioned by some of his critics. Mr. Ruskin's was not the only letter in support of the picture's truth.

terminations of the arcs of the visible and reflected bows do not coincide.

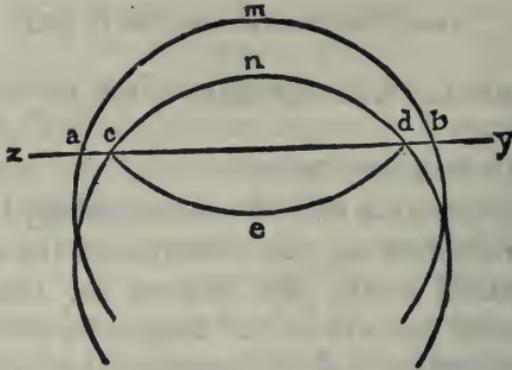


FIG. 2.

The interval, $m n$, depends on the position of the spectator with respect to the water surface. The thing can hardly ever be seen in nature, for if there be rain enough to carry the bow to the water surface, that surface will be ruffled by the drops, and incapable of reflection.

Whenever I have seen a rainbow over water (sea, mostly), it has stood on it reflectionless; but interrupted conditions of rain might be imagined which would present reflection on near surfaces.

Always very truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

7th May, 1861.

[From "The Proceedings of the Ashmolean Society," May 10, 1841.]

A LANDSLIP NEAR GIAGNANO.

"THE Secretary read a letter* from J. Ruskin, Esq., of Christ Church, dated Naples, February 7, 1841, and addressed to Dr. Buckland,† giving a description of recent landslip near

* The present letter is the earliest in date of any in these volumes.

† See note to p. 182.

that place, which had occasioned a great loss of life : it occurred at the village of Giagnano, near Castel-a-mare, on the 22d of January last. The village is situated on the slope of a conical hill of limestone, not less than 1400 feet in height, and composed of thin beds similar to those which form the greater part of the range of Sorrento. The hill in question is nearly isolated, though forming part of the range, the slope of its sides uniform, and inclined at not less than 40° . Assisted by projecting ledges of the beds of rock, a soil has accumulated on this slope three or four feet in depth, rendering it quite smooth and uniform. The higher parts are covered in many places with brushwood, the lower with vines trellised over old mulberry trees. There are slight evidences of recent aqueous action on the sides of the hill, a few gullies descending towards the east side of the village. After two days of heavy rain, on the evening of January 22, a torrent of water burst down on the village to the west of these gullies, and the soil accumulated on the side of the hill gave way in a wedge-shaped mass, the highest point being about 600 feet above the houses, and slid down, leaving the rocks perfectly bare. It buried the nearest group of cottages, and remained heaped up in longitudinal layers above them, whilst the water ran in torrents over the edge towards the plain, sweeping away many more houses in its course. To the westward of this point another slip took place of smaller dimensions than the first, but coming on a more crowded part of the village, overwhelmed it completely, occasioning the loss of 116 lives."

[From "The Athenæum," February 14, 1857.]

*THE GENTIAN.**

DENMARK HILL, Feb. 10.

IF your correspondent "Y. L. Y." will take a little trouble in inquiring into the history of the gentian, he will find that, as is the case with most other flowers, there are many species of it. He knows the dark blue gentian (*Gentiana acaulis*) because it grows, under proper cultivation, as healthily in England as on the Alps. And he has *not* seen the pale blue gentian (*Gentiana verna*) shaped like a star, and of the color of the sky, because that flower grows unwillingly, if at all, except on its native rocks. I consider it, therefore, as specially characteristic of Alpine scenery, while its beauty, to my mind, far exceeds that of the darker species.

I have, etc.,

J. RUSKIN.

[Date and place of original publication unknown.]

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

To Adam White, of Edinburgh.

It would be pleasing alike to my personal vanity and to the instinct of making myself serviceable, which I will fearlessly say is as strong in me as vanity, if I could think that any letter of mine would be helpful to you in the recommendation of the

* In the "Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House," 1856 (p. 23), Mr. Ruskin speaks of the "pale ineffable azure" of the gentian. The present letter was written in reply to one signed "Y. L. Y." in the *Athenæum* of February 7, 1857, in which this expression was criticised. In a subsequent issue of the same journal (February 21) Mr. Ruskin's querist denied the ignorance imputed to him, and still questioned the propriety of calling the gentian "pale," without at the same time distinguishing the two species.

study of natural history, as one of the best elements of early as of late education. I believe there is no child so dull or so indolent but it may be roused to wholesome exertion by putting some practical and personal work on natural history within its range of daily occupation; and, once aroused, few pleasures are so innocent, and none so constant. I have often been unable, through sickness or anxiety, to follow my own art work, but I have never found natural history fail me, either as a delight or a medicine. But for children it must be curtly and wisely taught. We must *show* them things, not tell them names. A deal chest of drawers is worth many books to them, and a well-guided country walk worth a hundred lectures.

I heartily wish you, not only for your sake, but for that of the young thistle buds of Edinburgh, success in promulgating your views and putting them in practice.

Always believe me faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

END OF VOLUME I.

ARROWS OF THE CHACE

BEING

A COLLECTION OF
SCATTERED LETTERS

PUBLISHED CHIEFLY IN THE DAILY NEWSPAPERS

1840-1880

VOLUME II.

LETTERS ON POLITICS, ECONOMY, AND
MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS

ARROWS OF THE CHACE

IN COLLECTION OF
PUBLISHED LETTERS

"I NEVER WROTE A LETTER IN MY LIFE WHICH ALL THE WORLD ARE NOT WELCOME TO READ IF THEY WILL."

Fors Clavigera, Letter 59, 1875.

VOLUME II.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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The letters relating to Mr. Ruskin's candidature for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University were published when this volume was almost out of the printer's hands. They have however been included, by Mr. Ruskin's wish, and will be found at the end of this volume, where a letter to the late Mr. W. H. Harrison, which has just been brought to my notice, and two very recent letters on Dramatic Reform, have, at the cost of some delay, been also added.—[ED.]

November 15, 1880.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE LETTERS

NOTE.—*In the second and third columns the bracketed words and figures are dating of*

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LETTER TO W. H. HARRISON	[Herne Hill]
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THE ITALIAN QUESTION	Berlin
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*more or less certainly conjectured; whilst those unbracketed give the actual
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LETTERS ON POLITICS AND WAR.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION. 1859.

(Three letters: June 6, June 15, and August 1.)

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THE POSITION OF DENMARK. 1864.

THE JAMAICA INSURRECTION. 1865.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR. 1870.

(Two letters: October 6 and 7.)

MODERN WARFARE. 1876.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

By SAMUEL JOHNSON
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
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ARROWS OF THE CHACE.

LETTERS ON POLITICS AND WAR.

[From "The Scotsman," July 20, 1859.]

*THE ITALIAN QUESTION.**

BERLIN, *June 6, 1859.*

I HAVE been thinking of sending a few lines about what I have seen of Austrians and Italians; but every time I took my pen and turned from my own work about clouds and leafage to think for a few minutes concerning political clouds and thickets, I sank into a state of amazement which reduced me to helpless silence. I will try and send you an incoherent line to-day; for the smallest endeavor at coherence will bring me into that atmosphere of astonishment again, in which I find no expression.

You northern Protestant people are always overrating the value of Protestantism as such. Your poetical clergymen make sentimental tours in the Vaudois country, as if there were no worthy people in the Alps but the Vaudois. Did the enlightened Edinburgh evangelicals never take any interest in the freedom of the Swiss, nor hear of such people as Winkelried or Tell? Not but that there is some chance of Tell disappearing one of these days under acutest historical investi-

* This and the two following letters deal, it will be seen, with "the Italian question" in 1859, when the peace of Europe was disturbed by the combined action of France and Sardinia against Austria in the cause of Italian independence. Of these three letters the first was written two days after the defeat of the Austrians at Magenta, followed by the entrance into Milan of the French, and the second a few days before the similar victory of the French and Sardinian armies at Solferino.

gation. Still, he, or somebody else, verily got Switzerland rid of much evil, and made it capable of much good; and if you examine the influence of the battles of Morgarten and Sempach on European history, you will find they were good and true pieces of God's work.* Do people suppose they were done by Protestants? Switzerland owes all that she is—all that she is ever likely to be—to her stout and stern Roman Catholics, faithful to their faith to this day—they, and the Tyrolese, about the truest Roman Catholics in Christendom and certainly among its worthiest people, though they laid your Zuingli and a good deal of ranting Protestantism which Zuingli in vain tried to make either rational or charitable, dead together on the green meadows of Cappel, and though the Tyrolese marksmen at this moment are following up their rifle practice to good purpose, and with good will, with your Vaudois hearts for targets.

The amazement atmosphere keeps floating with its edges about me, though I write on as fast as I can in hopes of keeping out of it. You Scotch, and we English!! to keep up the miserable hypocrisy of calling ourselves Protestants! And here have been two of the most powerful protests (sealed with quite as much blood as is usually needed for such documents) that ever were made against the Papacy—one in 1848,† and

* Few readers need be reminded of the position of Tell in the list of Swiss patriots (*pace* the "acutest historical investigation," which puts him in the list of mythical personages) in the early part of the fourteenth century; of Arnold von Winkelried who met the heroic death, by which he secured his country's freedom, at Sempach in 1386; or of Ulrich Zuingli, the Swiss Protestant leader of his time, who fell at Cappel, in the war of the Reformed against the Romish cantons, in 1531. At the battle of Morgarten, in 1315, twenty thousand Austrians were defeated by no more than thirteen hundred Swiss, with such valor that the name of the victors' canton was thereupon extended to the whole country, thenceforth called Switzerland.

It may be further noted that Arnold of Sempach is, with Leonidas, Curtius, and Sir Richard Grenville, named amongst the types of "the divinest of sacrifices, that of the patriot for his country," in Mr. Ruskin's Preface, "Bibliotheca Pastorum," Vol. i. p. xxxiii.

† The year of the Lombard insurrection, when Radetzky, the Austrian field-marshal, defeated the insurgents at Custoza near Verona. Radetzky died in 1858.

one now—twenty thousand men or thereabouts lying, at this time being, in the form of torn flesh and shattered bones, among the rice marshes of the Novarrese, and not one jot of our precious Protestant blood gone to the signature. Not so much as one noble flush of it, that I can see, on our clay cheeks, besmirched, as they are, with sweat and smoke; but all for gold, and out of chimneys. Of sweat for bread that perishes not, or of the old Sinai smoke for honor of God's law, and revelation thereof—no drop nor shadow. Not so much as a coroner's inquest on those dead bodies in the rice fields—dead men who must have been murdered by somebody. If a drunken man falls in a ditch, you will have your Dogberry and Verges talk over him by way of doing justice; but your twenty thousand—not drunken, but honest, respectable, well-meaning, and serviceable men—are made rice manure of, and you think it is all right. We Protestants indeed! The Italians are Protestants, and in a measure the French—nay, even the Austrians (at all events those conical-hatted mountaineers), according to their understanding of the matter. What we are, Moloch or Mammon, or the Protestant devil make up of both, perhaps knows.

Do not think I dislike the Austrians. I have great respect and affection for them, and I have seen more of them in familiar intercourse than most Englishmen. One of my best friends in Venice in the winter of 1849–50 was the Artillery officer who had directed the fire on the side of Mestre in 1848. I have never known a nobler person. Brave, kind, and gay—as gentle as a lamb, as playful as a kitten—knightly in courtesy and in all tones of thought—ready at any instant to lay down his life for his country or his Emperor. He was by no means a rare instance either of gentleness or of virtue among the men whom the Liberal portion of our English press represent as only tyrants and barbarians. Radetzky himself was one of the kindest of men—his habitual expression was one of overflowing *bonhomie*, or of fatherly regard for the welfare of all around him. All who knew him loved him. In little things his kindness was almost ludicrous. I saw him at Verona

run out of his own supper-room and return with a plate of soup in his hand, the waiters (his youngest aides-de camp) not serving his lady guests fast enough to please him; yet they were nimble enough, as I knew in a race with two of them among the fire-flies by the Mincio, only the evening before. For a long time I regarded the Austrians as the only protection of Italy from utter dissolution (such as that which, I see to-day, it is reported that the Tuscan army has fallen into, left for five weeks to itself), and I should have looked upon them as such still, if the Sardinian Government had not shown itself fit to take their place. And the moment that any Italian Government was able to take their place, the Austrians necessarily became an obstacle to Italian progress, for all their virtues are incomprehensible to the Italians, and useless to them. Unselfish individually, the Austrians are nationally entirely selfish, and in this consists, so far as it is truly alleged against them, their barbarism. These men of whom I have been speaking would have given, any of them, life and fortune unhesitatingly, at their Emperor's bidding, but their magnanimity was precisely that of the Highlander or the Indian, incognizant of any principle of action but that of devotion to his chief or nation. All abstract grounds of conscience, all universal and human hopes, were inconceivable by them. Such men are at present capable of no feeling towards Italy but scorn; their power was like a bituminous cerecloth wrapping her corpse—it saved her from the rottenness of revolution; but it must be unwound, if the time has come for her resurrection.

I do not know if that time has come, or can come. Italy's true oppression is all her own. Spain is oppressed by the Spaniard, not by the Austrian. Greece needs but to be saved from the Greeks. No French Emperor, however mighty his arm or sound his faith, can give Italy freedom.

“ A gift of that which is not to be given
By all the associate powers of earth and heaven.”

But the time is come at least to bid her be free, if she has the

power of freedom. It is not England, certainly, who should forbid her. I believe that is what it will come to, however—not so much because we are afraid of Napoleon, as because we are jealous of him. But of him and us I have something more to say than there is time for to-night. These good, stupid, affectionate, faithful Germans, too (grand fellows under arms; I never imagined so magnificent a soldiery as 15,000 of them which I made a shift to see, through sand clouds, march past the Prince Frederick William* on Saturday morning last). But to hear them fretting and foaming at the French getting into Milan!—they having absolutely no other idea on all this complicated business than that French are fighting Germans! Wrong or right, why or wherefore, matters not a jot to them. French are fighting Germans—somehow, somewhere, for some reason—and beer and Vaterland are in peril, and the English in fault, as we are assuredly, but not on that side, for I believe it to be quite true which a French friend, high in position, says in a letter this morning—“If the English had not sympathized with the Austrians there would have been no war.” By way of keeping up the character of incoherence to which I have vowed myself, I may tell you that before that French letter came, I received another from a very sagacious Scotch friend (belonging, as I suppose most Scotch people do, to the class of persons who call themselves “religious”), containing this marvellous enunciation of moral principle, to be acted upon in difficult circumstances, “Mind your own business.” It is a serviceable principle enough for men of the world, but a surprising one in the mouth of a person who professes to be a Bible obeyer. For, as far as I remember the tone of that obsolete book, “our own” is precisely the last business which it ever tells us to mind. It tells us often to mind God’s business, often to mind other people’s business; our own, in any eager or earnest way, not at all. “What thy hand findeth to

* The Prince Frederick William, now Emperor of Germany (having succeeded his brother Frederick William IV. in January, 1861), was at the date of this letter Regent of Prussia, and Commander-in-chief of the Prussian forces.

do." Yes; but in God's fields, not ours. One can imagine the wiser fishermen of the Galilean lake objecting to Peter and Andrew that they were not minding their business, much more the commercial friends of Levi speaking with gentle pity of him about the receipt of Custom. "A bad man of business always—see what has come of it—quite mad at last."

And my astonishing friend went on to say that this was to be our principle of action "where the path was not quite clear"—as if any path ever *was* clear till you got to the end of it, or saw it a long way off; as if all human possibility of path was not among clouds and brambles—often cold, always thorny—misty with roses occasionally, or dim with dew, often also with shadow of Death—misty, more particularly in England just now, with shadow of that commercially and otherwise valuable smoke before spoken of.

However, if the path is not to be seen, it may be felt, or at least tumbled off, without any particular difficulty. This latter course of proceeding is our probablest, of course.—But I can't write any more to-night.

I am, etc.,

J. RUSKIN.

Note to p. 6.—The lines quoted are from Wordsworth's "Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty," Part II., Sonnet i. The second line should read, "By all the blended powers of earth and heaven."

[From the "Scotsman," July 23, 1859.]

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

BERLIN, June 15.

You would have had this second letter sooner, had I not lost myself, after despatching the first, in farther consideration of the theory of Non-Intervention, or minding one's own business. What, in logical terms, *is* the theory? If one sees a costermonger wringing his donkey's tail, is it proper to "intervene"? and if one sees an Emperor or a System wringing a nation's neck, is it improper to intervene? Or is the Interven-

tion allowable only in the case of hides, not of souls? for even so, I think you might find among modern Italians many quite as deserving of intervention as the donkey. Or is interference allowable when one person does one wrong to another person, but not when two persons do two wrongs to two, or three to three, or a multitude to a multitude; and is there any algebraic work on these square and cube roots of morality wherein I may find how many coadjutors or commissions any given crooked requires to make it straight? Or is it a geographical question; and may one advisably interfere at Berwick but not at Haddington? Or is there any graduated scale of intervention, practicable according to the longitude? I see my way less clearly, because the illustrations of the theory of Non-intervention are as obscure as its statement. The French are at present happy and prosperous; content with their ruler and themselves; their trade increasing, and their science and art advancing; their feelings towards other nations becoming every day more just. Under which circumstances we English non-interventionists consider it our duty to use every means in our power of making the ruler suspected by the nation, and the nation unmanageable by the ruler. We call both all manner of names; exhaust every term of impertinence and every method of disturbance; and do our best, in indirect and underhand ways, to bring about revolution, assassination, or any other close of the existing system likely to be satisfactory to Royals* in general. This is your non-intervention when a nation is prosperous.

On the other hand, the Italian nation is unhappy and unprosperous; its trade annihilated, its arts and sciences retrograde, its nerve and moral sense prostrated together; it is capable only of calling to you for help, and you will not help it. The man you have been calling names, with his unruly colonels, undertakes to help it, and Christian England, with secret hope that, in order to satisfy her spite against the unruly colonels, the French army may be beaten, and the Papacy fully

* A misprint for "Rogues." See next letter, p. 13.

established over the whole of Italy—Christian England, I say, with this spiteful jealousy for one of her motives, and a dim, stupid, short-sighted, sluggish horror of interruption of business for the other, takes, declaratively and ostensibly, this highly Christian position. “Let who will prosper or perish, die or live—let what will be declared or believed—let whatsoever iniquity be done, whatsoever tyranny be triumphant, how many soever of faithful or fiery soldiery be laid in new embankments of dead bodies along those old embankments of Mincio and Brenta; yet will we English drive our looms, cast up our accounts, and bet on the Derby, in peace and gladness; our business is only therewith; for us there is no book of fate, only ledgers and betting-books; for us there is no call to meddle in far-away business. See ye to it. We wash our hands of it in that sea-foam of ours; surely the English Channel is better than Abana and Pharpar, or than the silver basin which Pilate made use of, and our soap is of the best almond-cake.”

I hear the Derby was great this year.* I wonder, sometimes, whether anybody has ever calculated, in England, how much taxation the nation pays annually for the maintenance of that great national institution. Observe—what I say of the spirit in which the English bear themselves at present, is founded on what I myself have seen and heard, not on what I read in journals. I read them little at home—here I hardly see them. I have no doubt that in the Liberal papers one might find much mouthing about liberty, as in the Conservative much about order, it being neither liberty nor order which is wanted, but Justice. You may have Freedom of all Abomination, and Order of all Iniquity—if you look for Forms instead of Facts. Look for the facts first—the doing of justice howsoever and by whatsoever forms or informalities. And the forms will come—shapely enough, and sightly enough, afterwards. Yet, perhaps, not till long afterwards. Earnest as I am for the freedom of Italy, no one can hope less from it, for many a year

* “Magnificent weather and excellent sport made the great people’s meeting pass off with great *éclat*.” (“Annual Register” for 1859, p. 73.) The race was won by Sir J. Hawley’s Musjid.

to come. Even those Vaudois, whom you Presbyterians admire so much, have made as yet no great show of fruit out of their religious freedom. I went up from Turin to Torre di Lucerna to look at them last year. I have seldom slept in a dirtier inn, seldom seen peasants' cottages so ill built, and never yet in my life saw anywhere paths so full of nettles. The faces of the people are interesting, and their voices sweet, except in howlings on Sunday evening, which they performed to a very disquieting extent in the street till about half-past ten, waking me afterwards between twelve and one with another "catch," and a dance through the village of the liveliest character. Protestantism is apt sometimes to take a gayer character abroad than with us. Geneva has an especially disreputable look on Sunday evenings, and at Hanover I see the shops are as wide open on Sunday as Saturday; here, however, in Berlin, they shut up as close as you do at Edinburgh. I think the thing that annoyed me most at La Tour, however, was the intense sectarianism of the Protestant dogs. I can make friends generally, fast enough, with any canine or feline creature; but I could make nothing of those evangelical brutes, and there was as much snarling and yelping that afternoon before I got past the farmhouses to the open hill-side, as in any of your Free Church discussions. It contrasted very painfully with the behavior of such Roman Catholic dogs as I happen to know—St. Bernard's and others—who make it their business to entertain strangers. But the hill-side was worth reaching—for though that Lucerna valley is one of the least interesting I ever saw in the Alps, there is a craggy ridge on the north of it which commands a notable view. In about an hour and a half's walking you may get up to the top of a green, saddle-shaped hill, which separates the Lucerna valley from that of Angrogna; if then, turning to the left (westward), you take the steepest way you can find up the hill, another couple of hours will bring you to a cone of stones which the shepherds have built on the ridge, and there you may see all the historical sites of the valley of Angrogna as in a map—and as much of Monte Viso and Piedmont as clouds will let you. I wish I could draw you a map of Pied-

mont as I saw it that afternoon. The air was half full of white cumulus clouds, lying nearly level about fifteen hundred feet under the ridge; and through every gap of them a piece of Piedmont with a city or two. Turin, twenty-eight miles away as the bird flies, shows through one cloud-opening like a handful of golden sand in a pool of blue sea.

I've no time to write any more to-day, for I've been to Charlottenburg, out of love for Queen Louise.* I can't see a good painting of her anywhere, and they show her tomb by blue light, like the nun scene in *Robert le Diable*. A German woman's face, if beautiful at all, is exquisitely beautiful; but it depends mainly on the thoughtfulness of the eyes, and the bright hair. It rarely depends much upon the nose, which has perhaps a tendency to be—if anything—a little too broadish and flatish—perhaps one might even say in some cases, knobish. (The Hartz mountains, I see, looking at them from Brunswick, have similar tendencies, less excusably and more decidedly.) So when the eyes are closed—and for the soft hair one has only furrowed marble—and the nose to its natural disadvantages adds that of being seen under blue light, the general effect is disappointing.

Frederick the Great's celebrated statue is at the least ten yards too high† from the ground to be of any use; one sees nothing but the edges of the cloak he never wore, the soles of his boots, and, in a redundant manner, his horse's tail. Under

* The mother of the present Emperor, whose treatment by Napoleon I., and whose own admirable qualities, have won for her the tender and affectionate memory of her people. She died in 1810. Her tomb at Charlottenburg is the work of the German sculptor, Christian Rauch.

† The full height of this statue (also the work of Rauch) is, inclusive of the pedestal, somewhat over forty-two feet from the ground. One of the bas-relief tablets which flank the pedestal represents the Apotheosis of the monarch. The visitor to Berlin may recall August Kiss's bronze group, representing the combat of an Amazon with a tiger, on the right side of the Old Museum steps; and Holbein's portrait of George Gyzen, a merchant of London, is No. 586 in the picture galleries of the Museum. It is described by Mr. Ruskin in his article on "Sir Joshua and Holbein" in the *Cornhill Magazine* of March, 1860, and also in Wornum's "Life and Works of Holbein," p. 260 (London, 1867)

which vertically is his Apotheosis. In which process he sits upon the back of an eagle, and waves a palm, with appearance of satisfaction to himself, and it is to be hoped no danger of any damage to three stars in the neighborhood.

Kiss's Amazon makes a good grotesque for the side of the Museum steps; it was seen to disadvantage in London. The interior of the gallery is very beautiful in many ways; and Holbein's portrait of George Gyzen is worth coming all the way from England to see only ten minutes. I never saw so noble a piece of work of its kind in my life.

Believe me, etc.,

J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Scotsman," August 6, 1859.]

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

SCHAFFHAUSEN, *August 1, 1859.*

Letter to the Editor (of "The Scotsman").

SIR: I have just received the number of the *Scotsman* containing my second letter from Berlin, in which there is rather an awkward misprint of "royals" for "rogues," which must have puzzled some of your readers, no less, than the general tone of the letter, written as it was for publication at another time, and as one of a series begun in another journal. I am obliged by the admission of the letter into your columns; and I should have been glad to continue in those columns the series I intended, had not the refusal of this letter by the *Witness** shown me the liability to misapprehension under

* After a careful and repeated search in the columns of the *Witness*, I am still unable to certainly explain these allusions. It seems, however, that the two preceding letters had been sent to the *Witness*, which printed the first and refused to print the second. The *Scotsman* printed both under the titles of "Mr. Ruskin on the Italian Question," and "Mr. Ruskin on Foreign Politics," whilst it distinguished this third letter by the additional heading of "Letter to the Editor." It may be conjectured, therefore, that

which I should be writing. I had thought that, seeing for these twenty years I have been more or less conversant with Italy and the Italians, a few familiar letters written to a personal friend, at such times as I could win from my own work, might not have been uninteresting to Scottish readers, even though my opinions might occasionally differ sharply from theirs, or be expressed in such rough way as strong opinions must be, when one has no time to polish them into more pleasing presentability. The refusal of the letter by the *Witness* showed me that this was not so; and as I have no leisure to take up the subject methodically, I must leave what I have written in its present imperfect form. It is indeed not mainly a question of time, which I would spend gladly, though to handle the subject of the present state of Italy with any completeness would involve a total abandonment of other work for some weeks. But I feel too deeply in this matter to allow myself to think of it continuously. To me, the state of the modern political mind, which hangs the slaughter of twenty thousand men, and the destinies of twenty myriads of human souls, on the trick that transforms a Ministry, or the chances of an enlarged or diminished interest in trade, is something so horrible that I find no utterance wherewith to characterize it—nor any courage wherewith to face the continued thought of it, unless I had clear expectation of doing good by the effort—expectation which the mere existence of the fact forbids. I leave therefore the words I have written to such work as they may; hoping, indeed, nothing from any words; thankful, if a few people here and there understand and sympathize in the feelings with which they were written; and thankful, if none so sympathize, that I am able at least to claim some share in

the first two letters were reprinted by the *Scotsman* from another paper, and that, in receiving the number of the *Scotsman* containing the second, Mr. Ruskin did not know that it had reprinted the first also. As to the "series begun in another journal," it is, I think, clear that it had not been long continued, as the letter dated "June 15," sent to and refused by it, is spoken of as "the second letter," so that that dated "June 6" must have been the first, as this was unquestionably the last of the series

the sadness, though not in the triumph, of the words of Farinata—

“Fu' io sol colà, dove sofferto
Fu per ciascun di torre via Fiorenza,
Colui che la difese a viso aperto.”*

I am, etc., J. RUSKIN.

[From “The Liverpool Albion,” November 2, 1863.]

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ENGLAND. †

ZURICH, Oct. 25th, 1863.

SIR: I beg to acknowledge your favor of the 20th of October. My health does not now admit of my taking part frequently in public business; yet I should have held it a duty to accept the invitation of the directors of the Liverpool Institute, but that, for the time being, my temper is at fault, as well as my health; and I am wholly unable to go on with any of my proper work, owing to the horror and shame with which I regard the political position taken, or rather sunk into, by

*“But singly there I stood, when, by consent
Of all, Florence had to the ground been razed,
The one who openly forbade the deed.”

CARY'S DANTE—“L'Inferno,” x. ll. 90-93.

Farinata degli Uberti was a noble Florentine, and the leader of the Ghibelline faction, when they obtained a signal victory over the Guelfi at Montaperto, near the river Arbia. Machiavelli calls him “a man of exalted soul, and great military talents” (Hist. of Florence, Bk. ii.). Subsequently, when it was proposed that, in order to maintain the ascendancy of the Ghibelline faction in Tuscany, Florence should be destroyed, Farinata alone of all the Council opposed the measure, declaring that he had endured every hardship with no other view than that of being able to pass his days in his own country. (See Cary's notes to Canto x.)

† This letter was written in answer to a request that Mr. Ruskin would come and preside at the distribution of prizes among the students in the Science and Art Department of the Liverpool Institute, on Saturday, Oct. 31, 1863. It was subsequently read on the occasion of distribution, in accordance with the wish expressed towards the end the letter.

England in her foreign relations—especially in the affairs of Italy and Poland.* What these matters have to do with Art may not at first be clear, but I can perhaps make it so by a short similitude. Suppose I had been engaged by an English gentleman to give lectures on Art to his son. Matters at first go smoothly, and I am diligent in my definitions of line and color, until, one Sunday morning at breakfast time, a ticket-of-leave man takes a fancy to murder a girl in the road leading round the lawn, before the house-windows. My patron, hearing the screams, puts down his paper, adjusts his spectacles, slowly apprehends what is going on, and rings the bells for his smallest footman. “John, take my card and compliments to that gentleman outside the hedge, and tell him that his proceedings are abnormal, and, I may add, to me personally—offensive. Had that road passed through my property, I should have felt it my duty to interfere.” John takes the card, and returns with it; the ticket-of-leave man finishes his work at his leisure; but, the screams ceasing as he fills the girl’s mouth with clay, the English gentleman returns to his muffins, and congratulates himself on having “kept out of that mess.” Presently afterwards he sends for me to know if I shall be ready to lecture on Monday. I am somewhat nervous, and answer—I fear rudely—“Sir, your son is a good lad; I hope he will grow to be a man—but, for the present, I cannot teach him anything. I should like, indeed, to teach *you* something, but have no words for the lesson.” Which indeed I have not. If I say any words on such matters, people ask me, “Would I have the country go to war? do I know how dreadful a thing war is?” Yes, truly, I know it. I like war as ill as most people—so ill, that I would not spend twenty millions a year in making machines for it, neither my holidays and pocket money in playing at it; yet I would have the country go to war, with haste, in a good quarrel; and, which is perhaps eccentric in me, rather in another’s quarrel than in her own. We say of ourselves complacently that we will not go to war for an idea; but the phrase inter-

* See the preceding and the following letter. This one was, it will be seen, written in the year of the last great struggle of Poland against Russia.

preted means only, that we will go to war for a bale of goods, but not for justice nor for mercy; and I would ask you to favor me so far as to read this letter to the students at your meeting, and say to them that I heartily wish them well; but for the present I am too sad to be of any service to them; that our wars in China and Japan* are not likely to furnish good subjects for historical pictures; that "ideas" happen, unfortunately, to be, in Art, the principal things; and that a country which will not fight for its ideas is not likely to have anything worth painting.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

The Secretary of the Liverpool Institute.

[From "The Morning Post," July 7, 1864.]

THE POSITION OF DENMARK.

To the Editor of "The Morning Post."

SIR: Will you allow me, in fewest words, to say how deeply I concur in all that is said in that noble letter of Lord Townshend's published in your columns this morning—except only in its last sentence, "It is time to protest." † Alas! if protests were of any use, men with hearts and lips would have protested

* The expedition of the English and French against China was begun in the August of 1860; the war in Japan in the summer of 1863.

† Lord Townsend's letter was upon "The Circassian Exodus," and pointed out that a committee appointed in 1862 with the object of aiding the tribes of the Caucasus against Russia had failed in obtaining subscriptions, whilst that of 1864, for relieving the sufferers when resistance had become impossible, was more successful. "The few bestowed their sympathy upon the struggle for life; the many reserved theirs for the agonies of death. . . . To which side, I would ask, do reason and justice incline?" After commenting on the "tardy consolation for an evil which we have neglected to avert," and after remarking that "in the national point of view the case of Poland is an exact counterpart to that of Circassia," the letter thus concluded: "Against such a state of things it is surely time for all who feel as I do to protest."

enough by this time. But they are of none, and can be of none. What true words are worth any man's utterance, while it is possible for such debates as last Monday's to be, and two English gentlemen can stand up before the English Commons to quote Virgil at each other, and round sentences, and show their fineness of wrist in their pretty little venomous carte and tierce of personality, while, even as they speak, the everlasting silence is wrapping the brave massacred Danes? * I do not know, never shall know, how this is possible. If a cannon shot carried off their usher's head, nay, carried off but his rod's head, at their room door, they would not round their sentences, I fancy, in asking where the shot came from; but because these infinite masses of advancing slaughter are a few hundred miles distant from them, they can speak their stage speeches out in content. Mr. Gladstone must go to places, it seems, before he can feel! Let him go to Alsen, as he went to Naples, † and quote Virgil to the Prussian army. The English mind, judging by your leaders, seems divided between the German-cannon nuisance and the Savoyard street-organ nuisance; but was there ever hurdy-gurdy like this dissonance of eternal talk? ‡ The Savoyard at least grinds his handle one

* The debate (July 4, 1864) was upon the Danish question and the policy of the Government, and took place just after the end of a temporary armistice and the resumption of hostilities by the bombardment of Alsen, in the Dano-Prussian war. Alsen was taken two days after the publication of this letter. The "two English gentlemen" were Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone (at this time Chancellor of the Exchequer), the latter of whom had quoted the lines from the sixth Æneid (ll. 489-491):

"At Danaum proceres Agamemnoniæque phalanges
Ut vidère virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras
Ingenti tripedare metu."

† In 1850, when, being at Naples, Mr. Gladstone interested himself deeply in the cause and miserable condition of the political prisoners, and subsequently addressed two letters on the subject to Lord Aberdeen (see "Letters to Lord Aberdeen on the prisoners of the Neapolitan Government:" Murray, 1851).

‡ The *Morning Post* of July 6 contained amongst its leaders one on Denmark and Germany, and another on London street-organs, the nuisance of which had been recently brought before the House of Commons by Mr. M. T. Bass (M.P. for Derby).

way, but these classical discords on the double pipe, like Mr. Kinglake's two tunes—past and present*—on Savoy and Denmark, need stricter police interference, it seems to me! The cession of Savoy was the peaceful present of a few crags, goats, and goatherds by one king to another; it was also fair pay for fair work, and, in the profoundest sense, no business of ours. Whereupon Mr. Kinglake mewed like a moonstruck cat going to be made a mummy of for Bubastis. But we saw the noble Circassian nation murdered, and never uttered word for them. We saw the noble Polish nation sent to pine in ice, and never struck blow for them. Now the nation of our future Queen calls to us for help in its last agony, and we round sentences and turn our backs. Sir, I have no words for these things, because I have no hope. It is not these squeaking puppets who play before us whom we have to accuse; it is not by cutting the strings of them that we can redeem our deadly error.

We English, as a nation, know not, and care not to know, a single broad or basic principle of human justice. We have only our instincts to guide us. We will hit anybody again who hits us. We will take care of our own families and our own pockets; and we are characterized in our present phase of enlightenment mainly by rage in speculation, lavish expenditure on suspicion or panic, generosity whereon generosity is useless, anxiety for the souls of savages, regardlessness of those of civilized nations, enthusiasm for liberation of blacks, apathy to enslavement of whites, proper horror of regicide, polite respect for populicide, sympathy with those whom we can no longer serve, and reverence for the dead, whom we have ourselves delivered to death.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *July 6.*

* Mr. Alexander William Kinglake, M.P. for Bridgewater. He spoke at the above-mentioned debate, and had also taken strong interest and part in the cession of Savoy to France by Sardinia in 1860.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," December 20, 1865.]

*THE JAMAICA INSURRECTION.**

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: Will you allow me, in this informal manner, to express what I should have wished to express by signature of the memorial you publish to-day from Huddersfield † respecting the Jamaica insurrection, and to thank you for your excellent article of the 15th December on the same subject. I am compelled to make this request, because I see my friend Mr. Thomas Hughes has been abetting the Radical movement against Governor Eyre; and as I employed what little influence I have with the London workmen to aid the return of Mr. Hughes for Lambeth, I may perhaps be thought to concur with him in every line of action he may see fit subsequently to adopt. Permit me, then, once for all, through your widely-read columns, to say that I did what I could towards the return both of Mr. J. S. Mill and of Mr. Hughes, ‡ not because I held with them in all their opinions, or even in the main principle of their opinions, but because I knew they had a principle of opinions; that they were honest, thoughtful, and benevolent men; and far worthier to be in Parliament (even though it might be in opposition to many causes I had at heart) than any other candidates I knew. They are my opponents in many things, though I thought better of them both than that they would countenance this fatuous outcry against Governor

* The outcry against Governor Eyre for the course he took in suppressing the negro insurrection at Morant Bay, Jamaica, in 1865, is still within the memory of the general public. Mr. Ruskin attended and spoke at the meetings of the Eyre Defence Fund, to which Mr. Carlyle (see note at the end of this letter) gave his warm support. Amongst those who most strongly deprecated the course taken by Governor Eyre were, as this letter implies, Mr. John Stuart Mill (Chairman of the Jamaica Committee) and Mr. Thomas Hughes.

† Signed by 273 persons resident in and near Huddersfield. (*Daily Telegraph*, December 19, 1865.)

‡ Mr. Mill had been recently returned for Westminster, and Mr. Hughes for Lambeth.

Eyre. But in most directions of thought and action they are for Liberty, and I am for Lordship; they are Mob's men and I am a King's man. Yes, sir, I am one of those almost forgotten creatures who shrivel under your daily scorn; I am a "Conservative," and hope forever to be a Conservative in the deepest sense—a Re-former, not a De-former. Not that I like slavery, or object to the emancipation of any kind or number of blacks in due place and time. But I understand something more by "slavery" than either Mr. J. S. Mill or Mr. Hughes; and believe that white emancipation not only ought to precede, but must by law of all fate precede, black emancipation. I much dislike the slavery, to man, of an African laborer, with a spade on his shoulder; but I more dislike the slavery, to the devil, of a Calabrian robber with a gun on his shoulder. I dislike the American serf-economy, which separates, occasionally, man and wife; but I more dislike the English serf-economy, which prevents men from being able to have wives at all. I dislike the slavery which obliges women (if it does) to carry their children over frozen rivers; but I more dislike the slavery which makes them throw their children into wells. I would willingly hinder the selling of girls on the Gold Coast; but primarily, if I might, would hinder the selling of them in Mayfair. And, finally, while I regret the need that may exist among savages in a distant island for their governor to do his work sharply and suddenly on them, I far more regret the need among men of race and capacity for the work of governors when they have no governor to give it them. Of all dishonorable and impious captivities of this age, the darkest was that of England to Russia, by which she was compelled to refuse to give Greece a King when Greece besought one from her, and to permit that there should be set on the Acropolis throne no Governor Eyre, nor anything like him, but such a shadow of King as the black fates cast upon a nation for a curse, saying, "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!" *

* The present king of Greece was only eighteen years of age when, after the protocol of England, Russia, and France on the preceding day, he accepted, June 6, 1863, the crown of Greece.

Let the men who would now deserve well of England reserve their impeachments, or turn them from those among us who have saved colonies to those who have destroyed nations.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

J. RUSKIN.*

DENMARK HILL, Dec. 19.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," October 7, 1870.]

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: My friends ask me why I speak no word about this war, supposing—like vain friends as they are—that I might have some poor influence of intercession for filigree-work, French clocks, and other tender articles of vertu, felt at this moment to be in grave danger.

But, in the first place, I know that the just Fates will reward no intercession, either for human life or chinaware, until their will has been accomplished upon all of us. In the second, I know also that the German armies will spare what they can, and think they ought, without taking advice of me. In the third, I have said long ago—no one listening—the best I had to say on these matters.

But, after your notice to-day of the escape of M. Edouard

* It is of interest to remark that Mr. Carlyle, in a letter to Mr. Hamilton Hume, Hon. Sec. of the "Eyre Defence Fund" (published in the *Daily Telegraph* of September 12, 1866), expressed himself as follows: "The clamor raised against Governor Eyre appears to me to be disgraceful to the good sense of England; . . . penalty and clamor are not the things this Governor merits from any of us, but honor and thanks, and wise imitation. . . . The whole weight of my conviction and good wishes is with you." Mr. Carlyle was, with Sir Roderick Murchison, one of the two vice-presidents of the Defence Committee. (See "The History of the Jamaica Case," by G. W. Finlason: London, 1869, p. 369.)

Frère,* whose gentle power I was, I believe, the first to recognize publicly in England, it is possible that some of your readers may care to look back at what I wrote of modern war four years ago, and to know the aspect it takes to me, now that it has come to pass.

If you will reprint these few following sentences for me from the "Crown of Wild Olive,"† I shall be able to-morrow to put what I would add to them briefly enough to claim little space in your columns :

If you have to take away masses of men from all industrial employment—to feed them by the labor of others—to move them, and provide them with destructive machines, varied daily in national rivalry of inventive cost ; if you have to ravage the country which you attack—to destroy, for a score of future years, its roads, its woods, its cities, and its harbors ; and if, finally, having brought masses of men, counted by hundreds of thousands, face to face, you tear those masses to pieces with jagged shot, and leave fragments of living creatures, countless beyond all help of surgery, to starve and parch, through days of torture, down into clots of clay—what book of accounts shall record the cost of your work—what book of judgment sentence the guilt of it ?

That, I say, is *modern* war—scientific war—chemical and mechanical war—worse even than the savage's poisoned arrow. And yet you will tell me, perhaps, that any other war than this

* M. Edouard Frère and Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur were allowed to leave Paris and pass the lines of the Prussian army after the blockade of the French capital had been begun. For Mr. Ruskin's early recognition of M. Frère's power, see the "Academy Notes," No. II. (1856), p. 47, where some "cottage studies" are spoken of as "quite unequalled in sincerity and truth of conception, though somewhat dimly painted ;"—No. III. (1857), p. 58, where his pictures are said to "unite the depth of Wordsworth, the grace of Reynolds, and the holiness of Angelico ;"—and No. IV. (1858), p. 33, where this last expression of praise is emphasized and at some length explained.

† See for the first two paragraphs of extracts following pp. 170, 171 of the original, and §§ 102-3 of the 1873 edition of the "Crown of Wild Olive ;" for the third paragraph, pp. 116-118, and § 74 ; and for the last two paragraphs, pp. 186, 187, and §§ 113, 114, respectively, of those two editions.

is impossible now. It may be so ; the progress of science cannot, perhaps, be otherwise registered than by new facilities of destruction ; and the brotherly love of our enlarging Christianity be only proved by multiplication of murder.

But the wonder has always been great to me that heroism has never been supposed consistent with the practice of supplying people with food, or clothes, but only with that of quartering one's self upon them for food, and stripping them of their clothes. Spoiling of armor is an heroic deed in all ages ; but the selling of clothes, old or new, has never taken any color of magnanimity. Yet one does not see why feeding the hungry and clothing the naked should ever become base businesses even when engaged in on a large scale. If one could contrive to attach the notion of conquest to *them* anyhow? so that, supposing there were anywhere an obstinate race, who refused to be comforted, one might take some pride in giving them compulsory comfort, and, as it were, "occupying a country" with one's gifts, instead of one's armies? If one could only consider it as much a victory to get a barren field sown as to get an eared field stripped ; and contend who should build villages, instead of who should "carry" them? Are not all forms of heroism conceivable in doing these serviceable deeds? You doubt who is strongest? It might be ascertained by push of spade as well as push of sword. Who is wisest? There are witty things to be thought of in planning other business than campaigns. Who is bravest? There are always the elements to fight with, stronger than men ; and nearly as merciless.

And, then, observe farther, this true power, the power of saving, depends neither on multitude of men, nor on extent of territory. We are continually assuming that nations become strong according to their numbers. They indeed become so, if those numbers can be made of one mind. But how are you sure you can stay them in one mind, and keep them from having north and south minds? Grant them unanimous, how know you they will be unanimous in right? If they are unanimous in wrong, the more they are, essentially the weaker they are. Or, suppose that they can neither be of one mind, nor of two minds, but can only be of *no* mind? Suppose they are a mere helpless mob, tottering into precipitant catastrophe, like a wagon-load of

stones when the wheel comes off? Dangerous enough for their neighbors certainly, but not "powerful."

Neither does strength depend on extent of territory, any more than upon number of population. Take up your masses, put the cluster of the British Isles beside the mass of South America, and then consider whether any race of men need consider how much ground they stand upon. The strength is in the men, and in their unity and virtue, not in their standing-room. A little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness full of fools; and only that nation gains true territory which gains itself.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, S.E., Oct. 6.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," October 8, 1870.]

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: As I am always blamed if I approach my subject on any but its picturesque side, it is well for me that in to-day's *Times* I find it announced that at Strasburg the Picture Gallery—with the pictures in it?—the Library—with the books in it?—and the Theatre, with certainly two hundred persons in it, have been burnt to the ground under an auxiliary cannonade, the flames at night being "a tempting target." It is true that in your columns I find the consolatory news that the Parisians are repairing those losses by casting a bronze Strasburg;* but if, as a poor art professor, I may venture an opinion, I would fain suggest to them that if their own picture gallery, with the pictures and bits of marble in it—Venus of

* The *Daily Telegraph* of Oct. 7 contained amongst its Paris news that of the decision of the Government of National Defence to cast a statue of the city of Strasburg in bronze, in memory of its "heroic resistance to the enemy during a murderous siege of fifty days."

Melos and the like—and their own Library—Royal, Impériale, Nationale, or whatever they now call it—should presently become tempting targets also by the light of their own flames, the casting of a bronze Paris, in even the most imposing of attitudes, will scarcely redeem their loss, were it but to the admiring eyes of Paris herself.

There is yet another letter in the *Times*,* of more importance than the one from Strasburg. It is headed, "The Difficulties of Neutrality," dated Bonn, and anticipates part of what I was going to say; for the rest, the lessons of the war, as I read them, are briefly these.

As to its cause, neither the French nation nor their Emperor brought on war by any present will of their own. Neither of them were capable of a will at all—far less of executing it. The nation has since declared, by submission, with acclaim, to a change of Government which for the time renders all political treaty with it practically impossible, that during the last twenty years it has been deceived or subdued into obedience to a man for whom it had no respect, and who had no hereditary claim to the throne. What "will" or responsibility of action can be expected from a nation which confesses this of itself? On the other hand, the Emperor, be his motives never so selfish, could only have hoped to save his dynasty by compliance with the passions of a populace which he knew would overthrow it in the first hour of their mortification. It is in these vain passions and the falsehoods on which they have fed that we must look for the deep roots of all this misery. Since the days of the First Empire, no cottage in France has been without its Napoleonic picture and legend, fostering one and the same faith in the heart of every peasant boy, that there is

* This letter was signed "W. C. P.," who, after stating himself to be an English resident in Germany, proceeded to lament the changed position of England in the opinion of foreign nations, and especially in that of the Germans, who no longer spoke of her, as formerly, "with affectionate admiration or even envious respect." "And I must confess," concluded the letter, "that I find it difficult to answer them; for it seems to me that we have already good reason to say, in reference to the present struggle, 'All is lost save money.'"—*Times*, October 7, 1870.

no glory but in battle; and since the founding of the Second Empire no street of any city has risen into its foolish magnificence without collateral proclamation that there was no pleasure but in vice.

Then, secondly, for the actual question of the war: it is a simple and testing struggle between pure Republicanism on the one side, expressed in the most exquisite, finished, and exemplary anarchy, yet achieved under—earth—and one of the truest Monarchies and schools of honor and obedience yet organized under heaven. And the secret of its strength, we have to note, is essentially pacific; for all the wars of the Great Friedrich would have passed away resultless—as great wars usually do—had it not been for this pregnant fact at the end of them: “All his artillery horses are parted into plough-teams, and given to those who otherwise can get none” (Carlyle, vol. vi., first edition, p. 350)—that 21st book on the repair of Prussia being of extant literature the most important piece for us to read and digest in these days of “raising the poor without gifts”—never asking who first let them fall—and of turning workmen out of dockyards, without any consciousness that, of all the stores in the yard, the men were exactly the most precious. You expressed, Sir, in your article on the loss of the Captain,* a feeling common, I suppose, for once, to all of us, that the principal loss was not the iron of the ship, but the five hundred men in her. Perhaps, had she been of gold instead of iron plate, public mourning might have inclined itself to the side of the metal. But how if the whole British public should be itself at this instant afloat in a captainless Captain, built of somewhat dirty yet substantial gold, and in extremest peril of turning bottom upwards? Which will be the end, indeed, unless the said public quickly perceive that their hope must be, not in docks nor ships, but in men. They, and they only, are our guarantee for territory. Prussia herself seems as simple as the rest of us in her talk of

The turret ship “Captain” foundered off Cape Finisterre on September 7, 1870. For the articles alluded to, see the *Daily Telegraph* of September 12 and following days.

“guarantees.” Alsace and Lorraine, if dishonestly come by, may be honestly retaken ; but if for “guarantee,” why these only ? Why not Burgundy and Anjou—Auvergne and the Limousin ? Let France lose what she may, if she can but find a Charles and Roland among her children, she will recover her empire, though she had been beaten back to the Brèche ; and if she find them not, Germany has all the guarantee she needs in her own name, and in her own right hand.

Let her look to it, now, that her fame be not sullied. She is pressing her victory too far—dangerously far, as uselessly. The Nemesis of battle may indeed be near her ; greater glory she cannot win by the taking of Paris, nor the overrunning of provinces—she only prolongs suffering, redoubles death, extends loss, incalculable and irremediable. But let her now give unconditional armistice, and offer terms that France can accept with honor, and she will bear such rank among the nations as never yet shone on Christian history.

For us, we ought to help France now, if we ever did anything, but of course there remains for us only neutrality—selling of coke, and silence (if we have grace enough left to keep it). I have only broken mine to say that I am ashamed to speak as being one of a nation regardless of its honor alike in trade and policy ; poor, yet not careful to keep even the treasure of probity—and rich, without being able to afford itself the luxury of courage.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

Oct. 7.

[From "Fraser's Magazine," July, 1876, pp. 121-123.]

MODERN WARFARE.

To the Editor of "Fraser's Magazine."

SIR: The article on modern warfare in your last June number* contains statements of so great importance to public interest, that I do not hesitate to ask you to spare me space for a question or two respecting it, which by answering, your contributor may make the facts he has brought forward more valuable for practical issues.

The statistics † given in the second column of page 695, on which P. S. C. rests his "incontestable" conclusion that "battles are less sanguinary than they were," are incomplete in this vital respect, that they furnish us only with the proportion, and not with the total number, of combatants slain. A barricade fight between a mob of rioters a thousand strong, and a battery of artillery, in which fifty reformers get shot, is not "less sanguinary" than a street quarrel between three toppers, of whom one gets knocked on the head with a pewter pot: though no more than the twentieth part of the forces on one side fall in the first case, and a third of the total forces engaged, in the second. Nor could it be proved by the exhibition of these proportions of loss, that the substitution of explosive shells, as offensive weapons, for pewter pots, rendered wounds less painful, or war more humane.

Now, the practical difference between ancient and modern war, as carried on by civilized nations, is, broadly, of this kind. Formerly, the persons who had quarrelled settled their differences by the strength of their own arms, at the head of their retainers, with comparatively inexpensive weapons such as they

* "Remarks on Modern Warfare." By a Military Officer. The article was signed "P. S. C."

† See the tables given in this letter (pp. 30 and 31).

could conveniently wield; weapons which they had paid for out of their own pockets, and with which they struck only the people they meant to strike: while, nowadays, persons who quarrel fight at a distance, with mechanical apparatus, for the manufacture of which they have taxed the public, and which will kill anybody who happens to be in the way; gathering at the same time, to put into the way of them, as large a quantity of senseless and innocent mob as can be beguiled, or compelled, to the slaughter. So that, in the words of your contributor, "Modern armies are not now small fractions of the population whence they are drawn; they represent—in fact are—whole nations in arms." I have only to correct this somewhat vague and rhetorical statement by pointing out that the persons in arms, led out for mutual destruction, are by no means "the whole nation" on either side, but only the individuals of it who are able-bodied, honest, and brave, selected to be shot, from among its invalids, rogues, and cowards.

The deficiencies in your contributor's evidence as to the totality of loss do not, however, invalidate his conclusion that, out of given numbers engaged, the mitrailleuse kills fewer than the musket.* It is, nevertheless, a very startling conclusion, and one not to be accepted without closer examination of the statistics on which it is based. I will, therefore, tabulate them in a simpler form, which the eye can catch easily, omitting only one or two instances which add nothing to the force of the evidence.

In the six under-named battles of bygone times, there fell, according to your contributor's estimate, out of the total combatants—

At Austerlitz.....	1/7
Jena.....	1/6
Waterloo.....	1/5
Marengo.....	1/4
Salamanca.....	1/3
Eylau.....	1/2½

* "The proportion of killed and wounded," wrote P. S. C., was far greater with the old-fashioned weapons than it is at the present day."

while in the under-named five recent battles the proportion of loss was—

At Königgratz.....	1/15
Gravelotte.....	1/12
Solferino.....	1/11
Worth.....	1/11
Sedan.....	1/10

Now, there is a very important difference in the character of the battles named in these two lists. Every one of the first six was decisive, and both sides knew that it must be so when the engagement began, and did their best to win. But Königgratz was only decisive by sudden and appalling demonstration of the power of a new weapon. Solferino was only half fought, and not followed up because the French Emperor had exhausted his *corps d'élite* at Magenta, and could not (or, at least, so it is reported) depend on his troops of the line. Worth was an experiment; Sedan a discouraged ruin; Gravelotte was, I believe, well contested, but I do not know on what extent of the line, and we have no real evidence as to the power of modern mechanics for death, until the proportions are calculated, not from the numbers engaged, but from those under fire for equal times. Now, in all the upper list of battles, probably every man of both armies was under fire, and some of the regiments under fire for half the day; while in the lower list of battles, only fragments of the line were hotly engaged, and the dispute on any point reaching its intensity would be ended in half an hour.

That the close of contest is so rapid may indeed be one of the conditions of improvement in our military system alleged by your correspondent; and the statistics he has brought forward do indeed clearly prove one of two things—either that modern weapons do not kill, or that modern soldiers do not fight as effectually as in old times. I do not know if this is thought a desirable change in military circles; but I, as a poor civilian, beg to express my strong objection to being taxed six times over what I used to be, either for the equipment of soldiers who rarely fight, or the manufacture of weapons which

rarely kill. It may be perfectly true that our last cruise on the Baltic was "less sanguinary" than that which concluded in Copenhagen. But we shook hands with the Dames after fighting them, and the differences between us were ended: while our expensive contemplation of the defences of Cronstadt leaves us still in daily dread of an inspection by the Russian of those of Calcutta.

It is true that the ingenuity of our inventors is far from being exhausted, and that in a few years more we may be able to destroy a regiment round a corner and bombard a fleet over the horizon; but I believe the effective result of these crowning scientific successes will only be to confirm the at present partial impression on the minds of military and naval officers, that their duty is rather to take care of their weapons than to use them. "England will expect" of her generals and admirals to maintain a dignified moral position as far as possible out of the enemy's sight: and in a perfectly scientific era of seamanship we shall see two adverse fleets affected by a constant law of mutual repulsion at distances of two or three hundred miles; while in either squadron, an occasional collision between the leading ships, or inexplicable foundering of the last improved ones, will make these prudential manœuvres on the whole as destructive of the force, and about ten times more costly to the pocket, of the nation, than the ancient, and, perhaps, more honorable tactics of poorly-armed pugnacity.

There is, however, one point touched upon in P. S. C.'s letter, to me the most interesting of all, with respect to which the data for accurate comparison of our former and present systems are especially desirable, though it never seems to have occurred to your correspondent to collect them—the estimates, namely, of the relative destruction of civil property.

Of wilful destruction, I most thankfully acknowledge the cessation in Christian warfare; and in the great change between the day of the sack of Magdeburg and that of the march into Paris, recognize a true sign of the approach of the reign of national peace. But of inevitable destruction—of loss inflicted on the peasant by the merely imperative requirements and

operations of contending armies—it will materially hasten the advent of such peace, if we ascertain the increasing pressure during our nominally mollified and merciful war. The agricultural losses sustained by France in one year are estimated by your correspondent at one hundred and seventy millions of pounds. Let him add to this sum the agricultural loss necessitated in the same year throughout Germany, through the withdrawal of capital from productive industry, for the maintenance of her armies; and of labor from it by their composition; and, for third item, add the total cost of weapons, horses, and ammunition on both sides; and let him then inform us whether the cost, thus summed, of a year's actual war between two European States, is supposed by military authorities to be fairly representative of that which the settlement of political dispute between any two such Powers, with modern instruments of battle, will on an average, in future, involve. If so, I will only venture further to suggest that the nations minded thus to try their quarrel should at least raise the stakes for their match before they make the ring, instead of drawing bills for them upon futurity. For that the money-lenders whose pockets are filled, while everybody else's are emptied, by recent military finance, should occultly exercise irresistible influence, not only on the development of our—according to your contributor—daily more harmless armaments, but also on the deliberation of Cabinets, and passions of the populace, is inevitable under present circumstances; and the exercise of such influence, however advantageous to contractors and projectors, can scarcely be held consistent either with the honor of a Senate or the safety of a State.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I wish I could get a broad approximate estimate of the expenditure in money, and loss of men by France and Prussia in the respective years of Jena and Sedan, and by France and Austria in the respective years of Arcola and Solferino.

The first of these is the fact that the British government had been
 successful in securing the support of the American colonies in the
 struggle against the French. This was a major achievement, as the
 colonies had previously been hostile to the British. The second
 factor was the fact that the British had been able to secure the
 support of the Spanish government. This was also a major
 achievement, as the Spanish had previously been hostile to the
 British. The third factor was the fact that the British had been
 able to secure the support of the Dutch government. This was also
 a major achievement, as the Dutch had previously been hostile to
 the British. The fourth factor was the fact that the British had
 been able to secure the support of the Prussian government. This
 was also a major achievement, as the Prussians had previously
 been hostile to the British. The fifth factor was the fact that the
 British had been able to secure the support of the Russian
 government. This was also a major achievement, as the Russians
 had previously been hostile to the British. The sixth factor was
 the fact that the British had been able to secure the support of
 the Austrian government. This was also a major achievement, as
 the Austrians had previously been hostile to the British. The
 seventh factor was the fact that the British had been able to
 secure the support of the Ottoman government. This was also a
 major achievement, as the Ottomans had previously been hostile
 to the British. The eighth factor was the fact that the British
 had been able to secure the support of the Persian government.
 This was also a major achievement, as the Persians had
 previously been hostile to the British. The ninth factor was the
 fact that the British had been able to secure the support of the
 Chinese government. This was also a major achievement, as the
 Chinese had previously been hostile to the British. The tenth
 factor was the fact that the British had been able to secure the
 support of the Japanese government. This was also a major
 achievement, as the Japanese had previously been hostile to the
 British.

LETTERS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE DEPRECIATION OF GOLD. 1863.

THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND. 1864.

(Three letters: October 26 and 29, and November 2.)

MR. RUSKIN AND PROFESSOR HODGSON. 1873.

(Two letters: November 8 and 15.)

STRIKES *v.* ARBITRATION. 1865.

WORK AND WAGES. 1865.

(Five letters: April 20, 22, and 29, and May 4 and 20.)

THE STANDARD OF WAGES. 1867.

HOW THE RICH SPEND THEIR MONEY. 1873.

(Three letters: January 23, 28, and 30.)

COMMERCIAL MORALITY. 1875.

THE DEFINITION OF WEALTH. 1875.

THE PRINCIPLES OF PROPERTY. 1877.

ON CO-OPERATION. (Two letters.) 1879-80.

LETTERS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

[From "The Times," October 8, 1863.]

THE DEPRECIATION OF GOLD.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: Being out of the way of my letters, I did not, till now, see your excellent article of the 23d September on the depreciation of gold.* Will you allow me, thus late, a very few words in confirmation of your statement of the insufficiency of the evidence hitherto offered on that subject?

The market value of "a pound" depends less on the supply of gold than on the extravagance or economy of the persons holding documentary currency (that is to say, claim to goods). Suppose, for instance, that I hold stock to the value of £500 a year;—if I live on a hundred a year, and lay by four hundred, I (for the time) keep down the prices of all goods to the distributed amount of £400 a year, or, in other words, neutralize the effect on the market of 400 pounds in gold imported annually from Australia. If, instead of laying by this sum in paper, I choose to throw it into bullion (whether gold-plate or coin does not matter), I not only keep down the price of goods, but raise the price of gold as a commodity, and neutralize 800 pounds' worth of imported gold. But if I annually spend my entire 500 (unproductively) I annually raise the price of goods by that amount, and neutralize a correspondent diminu-

* See one of the leading articles in *The Times* of Sept. 23, 1863, upon the then panic as to the depreciation of gold, excited by the considerable fresh discoveries of the precious metal in California and Australia.

tion in the supply of gold. If I spend my 500 productively, that is to say, so as to produce as much as, or more than I consume, I either leave the market as I find it, or by the excess of production increase the value of gold.

Similarly, whatever I lay by will, as it is ultimately spent by my successors, productively or unproductively, in that degree (*cæteris paribus*) increase or lower the value of gold. These agencies of daily economy have so much more power over the market than the supply from the mine that no statistics of which we are yet in possession are (at least in their existing form) sufficient to prove the dependence of any given phenomena of the market on the rate of metallic supply. The destruction of property in the American war and our European amusements in the manufacture of monster guns and steel "backings" lower the value of money far more surely and fatally than an increased supply of bullion, for the latter may very possibly excite parallel force of productive industry.

But the lowered value of money is often (and this is a very curious case of economical back current) indicated, not so much by a rise in the price of goods, as by a fall in that of labor. The household lives as comfortably as it did on a hundred a year, but the master has to work half as hard again to get it. This increase of toil is to an active nation often a kind of play; men go into it as into a violent game; fathers of families die quicker, and the gates of orphan asylums are choked with applicants; distress and crime spread and fester through a thousand silent channels; but there is no commercial or elementary convulsion; no chasm opens into the abyss through the London clay; no gilded victim is asked of the Guards: the Stock-Exchange falls into no hysterics; and the old lady of Threadneedle Street does not so much as ask for "My fan, Peter."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

CHAMOUNIX, Oct. 2.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," October 28, 1864.]

THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: In your valuable article of to-day on the strike of the colliers, while you lay down the true and just law* respecting all such combinations, you take your stand, in the outset, on a maxim of political economy, which, however trite, stands yet—if I am not deceived—in need of much examination and qualification. "Labor," you say, like every other vendible commodity, "depends for its value on the relation of supply to demand." But, Sir, might it not be asked by any simple and practical person, who had heard this assertion for the first time—as I hope all practical persons will some day hear it for the last time—"Yes; but what does demand depend upon, and what does supply depend upon?" If, for instance, all deathbeds came to resemble that so forcibly depicted in your next following article, and, in consequence, the demand for gin were unlimitedly increased towards the close of human life,† would this demand necessitate, or indicate, a relative increase in the "value" of gin as a necessary article of national wealth, and liquid foundation of national prosperity? Or might we not advisably make some steady and generally understood distinction between the terms "value" and "price," and determine at once whether there be, or be not, such a thing as intrinsic "value" or goodness in some things, and as intrinsic unvalue or badness in other things; and as value extrinsic, or according to use, in all things? and whether a demand for intrinsically good things, and a corresponding knowledge of their use, be not conditions likely, on the whole, to tend towards national

* The strike was amongst the South Staffordshire colliers: the law laid down in the article that of free trade.

† Upon the then recent and miserable death of an Irish gentleman, who had been an habitual hard-drinker.

wealth? and whether a demand for intrinsically bad things, and relative experience in their use, be not conditions likely to lead to quite the reverse of national wealth, in exact proportion to the facility of the supply of the said bad things? I should be entirely grateful to you, Sir, or to any of your correspondents, if you or they would answer these short questions clearly for me.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

J. RUSKIN.*

DENMARK HILL, Oct. 26.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," October 31, 1864.]

THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: I am grateful to your correspondent "Economist" for trying his hand on me, and will be a docile pupil; but I hope his hand is not quite untried hitherto, for it would waste your space, and my time, and your readers' patience, if he taught me what I had afterwards to unlearn. But I think none of these will be wasted if he answers my questions clearly; there are, I am sure, many innocent persons who, like myself, will be glad of the information.

1. He tells me, then, in the outset, "The intrinsic value of commodities is a question outside political economy."

Is that an axiom for all political economists? and may I put it down for future reference? I particularly wish to be assured of this.

2. Assuming, for the present, that I may so set it down, and that exchangeable value is the only subject of politico-economical inquiry, I proceed to my informant's following statement:

* To this letter an answer (*Daily Telegraph*, October 29) was attempted by "Economist," writing from "Lloyds, Oct. 28," stating that "Value in political economy means exchangeable value, not intrinsic value." The rest of his letter is given in Mr. Ruskin's reply to it.

“The” (question) “of intrinsic value belongs to the domain of philosophy, morals, or statecraft. The intrinsic value of anything depends on its qualities; the exchangeable value depends on how much there is of it, and how much people want it.”

(This “want” of it never, of course, in anywise depending on its qualities.)

Μαρθαρω. Accordingly, in that ancient and rashly-speculative adage, “Venture a sprat to catch a herring,” it is only assumed that people will always want herrings rather than sprats, and that there will always be fewer of them. No reference is involved, according to economists, to the relative sizes of a sprat and herring.

Farther: Were a fashionable doctor to write an essay on sprats, and increase their display at West-end tables to that extent that unseasonable sprats became worth a guinea a head, while herrings remained at the old nursery rate of one and a half for three-halfpence, would my “recognition” of the value of sprats in paying a guinea for one enable me to dine off it better than I should off that mysterious eleven-penny worth of herring? Or to take a more elevated instance. There is now on my room wall a water-color drawing, which was once bought for £30, and for which any dealer would to-morrow give me £300. The drawing is intrinsically worth about one-tenth of what it was when bought for £30, the sky having faded out of it, and many colors having changed elsewhere. But men’s minds have changed like the colors, and Lord A. or Sir John B. are now ready to give me £300 instead of £30 for it.

Now, I want to know what it matters to “Economist,” or to the Economical Society he (as I understand) represents, or to the British nation generally, whether Lord A. has the bit of colored paper and I the £300, or Lord A. the £300 and I the bit of paper. The pounds are there, and the paper is there: what does it nationally matter which of us have which?

Farther: What does it nationally matter whether Lord A. gives me £30 or £300 on the exchange? (Mind, I do not say

it does not matter—I only want “Economist” to tell me if it does, and how it does.) In one case my lord has £270 more to spend; in the other I have. What does it signify which of us has?

Farther: To us, the exchangers, of what use is “Economist’s” information that the rate of exchange depends on the “demand and supply” of colored paper and pounds? No ghost need come from the grave to tell us that. But if any economical ghost would tell my lord how to get more pounds, or me how to get more drawings, it might be to the purpose.

But yet farther, passing from specialties to generals:

Let the entire property of the nation be enumerated in the several articles of which it consists—*a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, etc.; we will say only three, for convenience sake. Then all the national property consists of $a + b + c$.

I ask, first, what *a* is worth.

“Economist” answers (suppose) $2b$.

I ask, next, what *b* is worth.

“Economist” answers (suppose) $3c$.

I ask, next, what *c* is worth.

“Economist” answers— $\frac{a}{b}$.

Many thanks. That is certainly Cocker’s view of it.

I ask, finally, What is it *all* worth?

“Economist” answers, $1\frac{2}{3}a$, or $3\frac{1}{3}b$, or $10c$.

Thanks again. But now, intrinsic value not being in “Economist’s” domain, but—if I chance to be a philosopher—in mine, I may any day discover any given intrinsic value to belong to any one of these articles.

Suppose I find, for instance, the value of *c* to be intrinsically zero, then the entire national property = $10c$ = intrinsically 0.

Shall I be justified in this conclusion?

3. In relation to the question of strikes, the difficulty, you told me yourself, Mr. Editor * (and doubtless “Economist” will tell me also), depends simply on supply and demand: that

* See *ante*, p. 39.

is to say, on an under-supply of wages and an over-supply of laborers. Profoundest thanks again; but I, poor blundering, thick-headed collier, feel disposed further to ask, "On what do this underness and overness of supply depend?" Have they any remote connection with marriage, or with improvidence, or with avarice, or with accumulativeness, or any other human weaknesses out of the ken of political economy? And, whatever they arise from, how are they to be dealt with? It appears to me, poor simple collier, that the shortest way of dealing with this "darned" supply of laborers will be by knocking some of them down, or otherwise disabling them for the present. Why is this mode of regulating the supply interdicted to me? and what have Economists to do with the morality of any proceeding whatever? and, in the name of economy generally, what else can I do?*

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,
J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, Oct. 29. [Monday.]

[From "The Daily Telegraph," November 3, 1864.]

THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: Having, unfortunately, occupation enough in my own business for all hours of the day, I cannot undertake to reply to the general correspondence which might, in large supply to my limited demand, propose itself in your columns. If my first respondent, "Economist," or any other person learned in his science, will give me direct answers to the direct questions asked in my Monday's letter, I may, with your permission,

* "Economist" does not seem to have continued his argument. A reply to this letter was however attempted by "John Plummer," writing from Kettering, and dealing with the over-supply of laborers and under-supply of wages, and Mr. Ruskin's possible views on the matter. The next letter ended the correspondence.

follow the points at issue farther; if not, I will trouble you no more. Your correspondent of to-day, Mr. Plummer, may ascertain whether I confuse the terms "value" and "price" by reference to the bottom of the second column in page 787 of "Fraser's Magazine" for June, 1862. Of my opinions respecting the treatment of the working classes he knows nothing, and can guess nothing.*

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, Nov. 2.

[From "The Scotsman," November 10, 1873.]

MR. RUSKIN AND PROFESSOR HODGSON.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Nov. 8th, 1873.

To the Editor of "The Scotsman."

SIR: In your impression of the 6th inst. I find a report of a lecture delivered by Professor Hodgson in the University of Edinburgh on the subject of "Supply and Demand," in which the Professor speaks of my "denunciations" of the principles he had expounded. Permit me, in a matter respecting which accuracy is of more importance to others than to myself, to correct the Professor's expression. I have never "denounced" the principles expounded by the Professor. I have simply stated that no such principles exist; that no "law of supply and demand," as expounded by Professor Hodgson and modern economists, ever did or can exist.

Professor Hodgson, as reported in your columns, states that

* In the "Essays on Political Economy," since reprinted as "Munera Pulveris." See p. 10, § 12 of that book, where the passage is printed in italics: "The reader must, by anticipation, be warned against confusing value with cost, or with price. Value is the life-giving power of anything; cost, the quantity of labor required to produce it; price, the quantity of labor which its possessor will take in exchange for it."

“demand regulates supply.” He does not appear to entertain the incomparably more important economical question, “What regulates demand?” But without pressing upon him that first question of all, I am content absolutely to contradict and to challenge him before the University of Edinburgh to maintain his statement that “demand regulates supply,” and together with it (if he has ventured to advance it) the correlative proposition, “supply regulates demand.”

A. Demand does not regulate supply.

For instance—there is at this moment a larger demand for champagne wine in England and Scotland than there was ten years ago; and a much more limited supply of champagne wine.

B. Supply does not regulate demand.

For instance—I can name many districts in Scotland where the supply of pure water is larger than in other namable localities, but where the inhabitants drink less water and more whiskey than in other namable localities.

I do not therefore denounce the so-called law of supply and demand, but I absolutely deny the existence of such law; and I do in the very strongest terms denounce the assertion of the existence of such a law before the University of Edinburgh as disgraceful both to its assertor and to the University, unless immediate steps be taken to define, in scientific terms, the limitations under which such statement is to be understood.

I am, etc.,

JOHN RUSKIN.*

* To this letter Professor Hodgson replied by one printed in the *Scotsman* of November 14.

[From "The Scotsman," November 18, 1873.]

MR. RUSKIN AND PROFESSOR HODGSON.

OXFORD, *November 15, 1873.*

To the Editor of "The Scotsman."

SIR: For Professor Hodgson's "undue encroachments on your space and his own time," I leave you to answer to your readers, and the Professor to console his class. To his criticisms on my language and temper I bow, their defence being irrelevant to the matter in hand. Of his harmless confusion of the word "correlative" with the word "consequent" I take no notice; and his promise of a sifting examination of my economic teaching I anticipate with grateful awe.*

But there is one sentence in his letter of real significance, and to that alone I reply. The Professor ventured (he says) to suggest that possibly I with others "believe that economists confused existing demand with wise and beneficial demand, and existing supply with wise and beneficial supply."

I do believe this. I have written all my books on political economy in such belief. And the entire gist of them is the assertion that a real law of relation holds between the non-existent wise demand and the non-existent beneficial supply, but that no real law of relation holds between the existent foolish demand and the existent mischievous supply.

That is to say (to follow Professor Hodgson with greater accuracy into his lunar illustrations), if you ask for the moon, it does not follow that you will get it; nor is your satisfaction more secure if you ask for sixpence from a Poor-Law guardian; but if you limit your demand to an honest penny, and endeavor to turn it by honest work, the divine law of supply will, in the plurality of cases, answer that rational and therefore divine demand.

* "I hereby promise Mr. Ruskin that ere very many months are over he shall have in print a sifting examination of his economic teaching." I do not find, however, that Professor Hodgson fulfilled his promise.

Now, Professor Hodgson's statement, as reported in your columns, was that "demand regulates supply." If his assertion, in his lecture, was the qualified one, or that "wise demand regulates beneficial supply," your reporter is much to be blamed, the Professor's class profoundly to be congratulated, and this correspondence is at an end; while I look forward with deepest interest to the necessary elucidations by the Professor of the nature of wisdom and benefit; neither of these ideas having been yet familiar ones in common economical treatises. But I wrote under the impression that the Professor dealt hitherto, as it has been the boast of economists to deal, with things existent, and not theoretical (and assuredly the practical men of this country expect their children to be instructed by him in the laws which govern existing things); and it is therefore only in the name of your practical readers that I challenged him, and to-day repeat my challenge, in terms from which I trust he will not again attempt to escape by circumambient criticism of my works,* to define, in scientific terms, the limits under which his general statement that "supply regulates demand" is to be understood. That is to say, whether he, as Professor of Political Economy, is about to explain the relations (A) of rational and satiable demand with beneficial and benevolently-directly supply; or (B) of irrational and insatiable demand with mischievous and malevolently-directed supply; or (C) of a demand of which he cannot explain the character with a supply of which he cannot predict the consequence?

I am, etc.,

J. RUSKIN.

* Professor Hodgson's letter had quoted, with criticism, several passages from "Fors Clavigera," "Munera Pulveris," and "Time and Tide."

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," April 18, 1865.]

STRIKES v. ARBITRATION.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: I read your *Gazette* so attentively that I am always falling into arrears, and have only to-day arrived at your last week's articles on strikes, arbitration, etc., which afford me the greatest satisfaction, but nevertheless embarrass me somewhat. Will you permit me to ask for a word or two of further elucidation?

I am an entirely selfish person, and having the means of indulging myself (in moderation), should, I believe, have led a comfortable life, had it not been for occasional fits and twinges of conscience, to which I inherit some family predisposition, and from which I suffer great uneasiness in cloudy weather. Articles like yours of Wednesday,* on the proper attention to one's own interests, are very comforting and helpful to me; but, as I said, there are yet some points in them I do not understand.

Of course it is right to arrange all one's business with reference to one's own interest; but what will the practical difference be ultimately between such arrangement and the old and simple conscientious one? In those bygone days, I remember, one endeavored, with such rough estimate as could be quickly made, to give one's Roland for one's Oliver; if a man did you a service, you tried in return to do as much for him; if he

* The articles alluded to were, one upon "Strikes and Arbitration Courts," in the *Gazette* of Wednesday, the 12th, and the one on "The Times on Trade Arbitration," in the *Gazette* of Thursday, the 13th. The former dealt with the proposal to decide questions raised by strikes by reference to courts of arbitration. Amongst the sentences contained in it, and alluded to by Mr. Ruskin, were the following: "Phrases about the 'principles of right and justice' are always suspicious and generally fallacious." "The rate of wages is determined exclusively by self-interest." "There is no such thing as a 'fair' rate of wages or a 'just' rate of wages."

broke your head, you broke his, shook hands, and were both the better for it. Contrariwise, on this modern principle of self-interest, I understand very well that if a man does me a service, I am always to do the least I can in return for it; but I don't see how I am always to get more out of him than he gets out of me. I dislike any references to abstract justice as much as you do, but I cannot see my way to keeping this injustice always in my own favor; and if I cannot, it seems to me the matter may as well be settled at first, as it must come to be settled at last, in that disagreeably just way.

Thus, for instance, in producing a piece of iron for the market, one man digs it, another smelts it, another puddles it, and I sell it. We get so much between us four; and I suppose your conscientious people would say that the division of the pay should have some reference to the hardness of the work, and the time spent in it. It is true that by encouraging the diggers and puddlers to spend all they get in drink, and by turning them off as soon as I hear they are laying by money, it may yet be possible to get them for some time to take less than I suppose they should have; but I cannot hide from myself that the men are beginning to understand the game a little themselves; and if they should, with the help of those confounded—(I beg pardon! I forgot that one does not print such expressions in Pall Mall)—education-mongers, learn to be men, and to look after their own business as I do mine, what am I to do? Even at present I don't feel easy in telling them that I ought to have more money than they because I know better how to spend it, for even this involves a distant reference to notions of propriety and principle which I would gladly avoid. Will you kindly tell me what is best to be done (or said)?

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

Easter Monday, 1865.

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," April 21, 1865.]

WORK AND WAGES.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: I am not usually unready for controversy, but I dislike it in spring, as I do the east wind (*pace* Mr. Kingsley), and I both regret having given occasion to the only dull leader which has yet* appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the necessity I am involved in of dissecting the same, instead of a violet, on which I was about this morning to begin operations.

But I see, Sir, that you mean fairly, and that you have careful thinkers and writers on your staff. And I will accept your battle, if you will fight with short swords, which is clearly your interest, for such another article would sink the *Gazette*; and mine, for I have no time to answer speculations on what you writers suppose my opinions may be, "if we understand" them.

You shall understand them utterly, as I already understand yours. I will not call yours "fallacies" *à priori*; you shall not call mine so. I will not tell you of your "unconscious" meanings; you shall not tell me of mine.† But I will ask you the plainest questions, and make to you the plainest answers my English will admit of, on one point at a time only, expecting you also to ask or answer as briefly, without divergence or deprecation. And twenty lines will always contain all I would say, at any intervals of time you choose.

* The *Gazette* was at this time of little more than eight weeks' standing. The dull leader was that in the *Gazette* of April 19, entitled "Masters and Men," and dealt entirely with Mr. Ruskin's letter on strikes. The "*pace* Mr. Kingsley" alludes, of course, to his "Ode to the North-East Wind."

† The leader had begun by speaking of Mr. Ruskin's previous letter as "embodying fallacies, pernicious in the highest degree," and concluded by remarking how "easily and unconsciously he glided into the true result of his principles."

For example : I said I must "dissect" your leader, meaning that I should have to take a piece of it, as I would of my flower, and deal with that first; then with its sequences.

I take this sentence then : "He (Mr. R.) seems to think that apart from the question of the powers of the parties, there is some such thing as a just rate of wages. He seems to be under the impression that the wages ought to be proportioned, not to the supply and demand of labor and capital, but 'to the hardship of the work and the time spent in it.'"

Yes, Sir, I am decisively under that impression—as decisively as ever Greek coin was under *its* impression. You will beat me out of all shape, if you can beat me out of this. Will you join issue on it, and are these following statements clear enough for you, either to accept or deny, in as positive terms?—

I. A man should in justice be paid for two hours' work twice as much as for one hour's work, and for n hour's work n times as much, if the effort be similar and continuous.

II. A man should in justice be paid for difficult or dangerous work proportionately more than for easy and safe work, supposing the other conditions of the work similar.

III. (And now look out, for this proposition involves the ultimate principle of all just wages.) If a man does a given quantity of work for me, I am bound in justice to do, or procure to be done, a precisely equal quantity of work for him; and just trade in labor is the exchange of equivalent quantities of labor of different kinds.

If you pause at this word "equivalent," you shall have definition of it in my next letter. I am sure you will in fairness insert this challenge, whether you accept it or decline.

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.*

DENMARK HILL, *Thursday, April 20.*

* In reply, the *Gazette* denied "each of the three propositions to be true," on grounds shown in the quotations given in the following letter.

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," April 25, 1865.]

WORK AND WAGES.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: I accept your terms, and reply in the fewest words I can.

I. You "see no injustice in hiring a fly for 2s. 6d. for the first hour and 1s. 6d. for each succeeding one." Nor I either; so far from it, that I never give a cabman less than a shilling; which I doubt not is your practice also, and a very proper one. The cabmen make no objection, and you could not have given a neater instance of the proportion of payment to labor which you deny. You pay in the first hour for the various trouble involved in taking the man off his stand, and for a proportion of the time during which he has waited for the chance of your custom. That paid, you hire him by the formula which I state, and you deny.

II. "Danger and difficulty have attractions for some men." They have, and if, under the influence of those attractions, they choose to make you a present of their labor, for love (in your own terms,* "as you give a penny to a beggar"), you may accept the gift as the beggar does, without question of justice. But if they do not choose to give it you, they have a right to higher payment. My guide may perhaps, for love, play at climbing Mont Blanc with me; if he will not, he has a right to be paid more than for climbing the Breven.

III. "Mr. Ruskin can define justice, or any other word, as he chooses."

It is a gracious permission; but suppose justice be something more than a word! When you derived it from *jussum*† (falsely, for it is not derived from *jussum*, but from the root of

* These "terms" were simply that the *Gazette* should have the right of determining how much of the proposed controversy was worth its space.

† In the article of April 12.

jungo), you forgot, or ignored, that the Saxons had also a word for it, by which the English workman still pleads for it; that the Greeks had a word for it, by which Plato and St. Paul reasoned of it; and that the Powers of Heaven have, presumably, an idea of it with which it may be well for "our interests" that your definition, as well as mine, should ultimately correspond, since their "definitions" are commonly not by a word but a blow.

But accepting for the nonce your own conception of it as "the fulfilment of a compulsory agreement" ("the wages" you say "which you *force* the men to take, and they can *force* you to pay"), allow me to ask your definition of force, or compulsion. As thus: (*Case 1.*) I agree with my friend that we will pay a visit to Mr. A. at two in the morning. My friend agrees with me that he will hold a pistol to Mr. A.'s head. Under those circumstances, I agree with Mr. A. that I shall remove his plate without expression of objection on his part. Is this agreement, in your sense, "*jussum*"? (*Case 2.*) Mr. B. goes half through the ice into the canal on a frosty morning. I, on the shore, agree with Mr. B. that I shall have a hundred pounds for throwing him a rope. Is this agreement validly "*jussum*"?

The first of these cases expresses in small compass the general nature of arrangements under compulsory circumstances over which one of the parties has entire control. The second, that of arrangements made under circumstances accidentally compulsory, when the capital is in one party's hands exclusively. For you will observe Mr. B. has no right whatever to the use of my rope: and that capital (though it would probably have been only the final result of my operations with respect to Mr. A.) makes me completely master of the situation with reference to Mr. B.

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.*

DENMARK HILL, *Saturday, April 22, 1865.*

* For the *Gazette's* reply to this, see the notes to the following letter.

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," May 2, 1865.]

WORK AND WAGES.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: I have not hastened my reply to your last letter, thinking that your space at present would be otherwise occupied; having also my own thoughts busied in various directions, such as you may fancy; yet busied chiefly in a sad wonder, which perhaps you would not fancy. I mourn for Mr. Lincoln,* as man should mourn the fate of man, when it is sudden and supreme. I hate regicide as I do populicide—deeply, if frenzied; more deeply, if deliberate. But my wonder is in remembering the tone of the English people and press respecting this man during his life; and in comparing it with their sayings of him in his death. They caricatured and reviled him when his cause was poised in deadly balance—when their praise would have been grateful to him, and their help priceless. They now declare his cause to have been just, when it needs no aid; and his purposes to have been noble, when all human thoughts of them have become vanity, and will never so much as mix their murmurs in his ears with the sentence of the Tribunal which has summoned him to receive a juster praise and tenderer blame than ours.

I have twice (I see) used the word "just" inadvertently, forgetting that it has no meaning, or may mean (you tell me) quite what we choose; and that so far as it has a meaning, "the important question is not whether the action is just." Indeed when I read this curious sentence in your reply on Tuesday last, "Justice, as we use it, implies merely the con-

* President Lincoln was shot while in his private box at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the night of April 14, 1865, and died early the next morning. His assassin, J. Wilkes Booth, was pursued to Caroline County, Virginia, where he was fired on by the soldiery and killed. A letter was found upon him ascribing his conduct to his devotion to the Southern States.

formity of an action to any rules whatever, good or bad," I had nearly closed the discussion by telling you that there remained no ground on which we could meet, for the English workmen, in whose name I wrote to you, asked, not for conformity with bad rules, but enactment of good ones. But I will not pounce upon these careless sentences, which you are forced to write in all haste, and at all disadvantage, while I have the definitions and results determined through years of quiet labor, lying ready at my hand. You never meant what you wrote (when I said I would not tell you of unconscious meanings, I did not promise not to tell you of unconscious wants of meanings); but it is for you to tell *me* what you mean by a bad rule, and what by a good one. Of the law of the Eternal Lawgiver, it is dictated that "the commandment is holy, and just, and good." Not merely that it is a law; but that it is such and such a law. Are these terms senseless to you? or do you understand by them only that the observance of that law is generally conducive to our interests? And if so, what *are* our interests? Have we ever an interest in *being* something, as well as in getting something; may not even all getting be at last summed in being? is it not the uttermost of interests to be just rather than unjust? Let us leave catching at phrases, and try to look in each other's faces and hearts; so define our thoughts; then reason from them. [See below.]*

Yet, lest you say I evade you in generalities, here is present answer point by point.

I. "The fare has nothing to do with the labor in preparing the fly for being hired."—Nor, of course, the price of any article with the labor expended in preparing it for being sold? This will be a useful note to the next edition of "Ricardo." [The price depends on the relative forces of the buyer and the seller. The price asked by the seller no doubt depends on the labor expended. The price given by the buyer depends on the degree in which he desires to possess the thing sold, which has nothing to do with the labor laid out on it.]

* The bracketed [*sic*] interpolations are the remarks of the *Gazette*.

The answer to your instances* is that all just price involves an allowance for average necessary, not for unnecessary, labor. The just price of coals at Newcastle does not involve an allowance for their carriage to Newcastle. But the just price of a cab at a stand involves an allowance to the cabman for having stood there. [Why? who is to determine what is necessary?]

II. "This admits the principle of Bargaining." No, Sir; it only admits the principle of Begging. If you like to ask your guide to give you his legs for nothing, or your workman his arms for nothing, or your shopkeeper his goods for nothing, and they consent, for love, or for play—you are doubtless both dignified and fortunate; but there is no question of trade in the matters; only of Alms. [We mean by Alms money or goods given merely from motives of benevolence, and without return. In the case supposed the guide goes one mile to please himself, and ten more for hire, which satisfies him. How does he give Alms? He goes for less money than he otherwise would require, because *he* likes the job, not because his employer likes it. The Alms are thus given by himself to himself.]

III. It is true that "every one can affix to words any sense he chooses." But if I pay for a yard of broadcloth, and the shopman cuts me three-quarters, I shall not put up with my loss more patiently on being informed that Bishop Butler meant by justice something quite different from what Bentham meant by it, or that to give for every yard three-quarters, is the rule of that establishment. [If the word "yard" were as ambiguous as the word "justice," Mr. Ruskin ought to be much obliged to the shopman for defining his sense of it, especially if he gave you full notice before he cut the cloth.]

Further, it is easy to ascertain the uses of words by the best scholars—[Nothing is more difficult. To ascertain what Locke meant by an "idea," or Sir W. Hamilton by the word "incon-

* One of the instances given by the *Gazette* on this point was that a sovereign made of Californian gold will not buy more wool at Sydney than a sovereign made of Australian gold, although far more labor will have been expended in bringing it to Sydney.

ceivable," is no easy task.]—and well to adopt them, because they are sure to be founded on the feelings of gentlemen.—[Different gentlemen feel and think in very different ways. Though we differ from Mr. Ruskin, we hope he will not deny this.] Thus, when Horace couples his *tenacem propositi* with *justum*, he means to assert that the tenacity is only noble which is justified by uprightness, and shows itself by insufferance of the *jussa* "*prava jumentium.*" And although Portia does indeed accept your definition of justice from the lips of Shylock, changing the divine, "who sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not" into the somewhat less divine "who swear-eth to his neighbor's hurt and changeth not;" and though she carries out his and your conception of such justice to the uttermost, the result is not, even in Shylock's view of it, "for the interest of both parties."

IV. To your two final questions "exhausting" (by no means, my dear Sir, I assure you) "the points at issue," * I

* The *Gazette's* criticism on the previous letter had concluded thus :

The following questions exhaust the points at issue between Mr. Ruskin and ourselves :

Is every man bound to purchase any service or any goods offered him at a "just" price, he having the money?

If yes, there is an end of private property.

If no, the purchaser must be at liberty to refuse to buy if it suits his interest to do so. Suppose he does refuse, and thereupon the seller offers to lower his price, it being his interest to do so, is the purchaser at liberty to accept that offer?

If yes, the whole principle of bargaining is admitted, and the "justice" of the price becomes immaterial.

If no, each party of the supposition is compelled by justice to sacrifice their interest. Why should they do so?

The following is an example : The "just" price of a guide up Mont Blanc is (suppose) 100 francs. I have only 50 francs to spare. May I without injustice offer the 50 francs to a guide, who would otherwise get nothing, and may he without injustice accept my offer? If not, I lose my excursion, and he loses his opportunity of earning 50 francs. Why should this be?

In addition to the above interpolations, the *Gazette* appended a note to this letter, in which it declared its definition of justice to be a quotation from memory of Austin's definition adopted by him from Hobbes, and after referring Mr. Ruskin to Austin for the *moral* bearings of the question, con-

reply in both cases, "No." And to your plaintive "why should they do so?" while, observe, I do not admit it to be a monstrous requirement of men that they should sometimes sacrifice their own interests, I would for the present merely answer that I have never found my own interests seriously compromised by my practice, which is, when I cannot get the fair price of a thing, not to sell it, and when I cannot give the fair price of a thing, not to buy it. The other day, a dealer in want of money offered me a series of Hartz minerals for two-thirds of their value. I knew their value, but did not care to spend the entire sum which would have covered it. I therefore chose forty specimens out of the seventy, and gave the dealer what he asked for the whole.

In the example you give, it is *not* the interest of the guide to take his fifty francs rather than nothing; because all future travellers, though they could afford the hundred, would then say, "You went for fifty; we will give you no more." [Does a man say to a broker, "You sold stock yesterday at 90; I will pay no more to-day" ?] And for me, if I am not able to pay my hundred francs, I either forego Mont Blanc, or climb alone; and keep my fifty francs to pay at another time, for a less service, some man who also would have got nothing otherwise, and who will be honestly paid by what I give him, for what I ask of him.

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

SATURDAY, 29th April, 1865.

cluded by summing up its views, which it doubted if Mr. Ruskin understood, and insisting on the definition of "justice" as "conformity with any rule whatever, good or bad," and on that of *good* rules as "those which promote the general happiness of those whom they affect." (See the next letter.)

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," May 9, 1865.]

WORK AND WAGES.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: I am under the impression that we are both getting prosy, or, at all events, that no one will read either my last letter, or your comments upon it, in the places in which you have so gracefully introduced them. For which I am sorry, and you, I imagine, are not.

It is true that differences of feeling may exist among gentlemen; yet I think that gentlemen of all countries agree that it is rude to interrupt your opponent while he is speaking; for a futile answer gains no real force by becoming an interjection; and a strong one can abide its time. I will therefore pray you, in future, if you publish my letters at all, to practice towards them so much of old English manners as may yet be found lingering round some old English dinner-tables; where, though we may be compelled by fashion to turn the room into a green-house, and serve everything cold, the *pièces de résistance* are still presented whole, and carved afterwards.

Of course it is open to you to reply that I dislike close argument. Which little flourish being executed, and if you are well breathed—*en garde*, if you please.

I. Your original position was that wages (or price) bear *no* relation to hardship of work. On that I asked you to join issue. You now admit, though with apparent reluctance, that "the price asked by the seller, no doubt, depends on the labor expended."

The price asked by the seller has, I believe, in respectable commercial houses, and respectable shops, very approximate relation to the price paid by the buyer. I do not know if you are in the habit of asking, from your wine-merchant or tailor, reduction of price on the ground that the sum remitted will be "alms to themselves;" but, having been myself in some-

what intimate connection with a house of business in the City,* not dishonorably accounted of during the last forty years, I know enough of their correspondents in every important town in the United Kingdom to be sure that they will bear me witness that the difference between the prices asked and the prices taken was always a very "imaginary" quantity.

But urging this no farther for the present, and marking, for gained ground, only your admission that "the price asked depends on the labor expended," will you farther tell me, whether that dependence is constant, or variable? If constant, under what law; if variable, within what limits?

II. "The alms are thus given by himself to himself." I never said they were not. I said it was a question of alms, not of trade. And if your original leader had only been an exhortation to English workmen to consider every diminution of their pay, in the picturesque though perhaps somewhat dim, religious light of alms paid by themselves to themselves, I never should have troubled you with a letter on the subject. For, singular enough, Sir, this is not one of the passages of your letters, however apparently indefensible, which I care to attack.

So far from it, in my own serious writings I have always maintained that the best work is done, and can only be done, for love.† But the point at issue between us is not whether there *should* be charity, but whether there *can* be trade; not whether men may give away their labor, but whether, if they do not choose to do so, there is such a thing as a price for it. And my statement, as opposed to yours, is briefly this—that for all labor, there is, under given circumstances, a just price approximately determinable; that every conscious deflection from this price towards zero is either gift on the part of the

* That of Messrs. Ruskin, Telford Domecq, in which Mr. Ruskin's father, "who began life as a wine-merchant" ("Fors Clavigera," Letter 10, p. 5, 1871), had been a partner.

† See § 41 of "The Crown of Wild Olive," p. 50 of the 1873 edition. "None of the best head-work in art, literature, or science, is ever paid for. . . . It is indeed very clear that God means all thoroughly good work and talk to be done for nothing."

laborer, or theft on the part of the employer; and that all payment in conscious excess of this price is either theft on the part of the laborer, or gift on that of the employer.

III. If you wish to substitute the word "moral" for "just" in the above statement, I am prepared to allow the substitution; only, as you, not I, introduced this new word, I must pray for your definition of it first, whether remembered from Mr. Hobbes, or original.

IV. I am sorry you doubt my understanding your views; but, in that case, it may be well to ask for a word or two of farther elucidation.

"Justice," you say, is "conformity with any rule whatever, good or bad." And "good rules are rules which promote the general happiness of those whom they affect." And bad rules are (therefore) rules which promote the general misery of those whom they affect? Justice, therefore, may as often as not promote the general misery of those who practice it? Do you intend this?*

Again: "Good rules are rules which promote the general happiness of those whom they affect." But "the greatest happiness of the greatest number is best secured by laying down no rule at all" (as to the price of "labor").

Do you propose this as a sequitur? for if not, it is merely a *petitio principii*, and a somewhat wide one. Before, therefore, we branch into poetical questions concerning happiness, we will, with your permission, and according to my original stipulation, that we should dispute only of one point at a time, determine the matters already at issue. To which end, also, I leave without reply some parts of your last letter; not without a little strain on the *ερκος ὀδοντων*, for which I think, Sir, you may give me openly, credit, if not tacitly, thanks.

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *May 4.*

* "Yes. But, generally speaking, rules are beneficial; hence, generally speaking, justice is a good thing in fact. A state of society might be imagined in which it would be a hideously bad thing."—(Foot-note answer of the *Gazette*.)

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," May 22, 1865.]

WORK AND WAGES.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: I have long delayed my reply to your notes on my last letter; partly being otherwise busy—partly in a pause of surprise and doubt how low in the elements of ethics we were to descend.

Let me, however, first assure you that I heartily concur in your opening remarks, and shall be glad to spare useless and avoid discourteous words. When you said, in your first reply to me, that my letter embodied fallacies which appeared to you pernicious in the highest degree, *I* also "could not consider this sort of language well judged." When you called one of your own questions an answer, and declared it to be "simple and perfectly conclusive," I thought the flourish might have been spared; and for having accused you of writing carelessly, I must hope your pardon; for the discourtesy, in my mind, would have been in imagining you to be writing with care.

For instance, I should hold it discourteous to suppose you unaware of the ordinary distinction between law and equity: yet no consciousness of such a distinction appears in your articles. I should hold it discourteous to doubt your acquaintance with the elementary principles laid down by the great jurists of all nations respecting Divine and Human law; yet such a doubt forces itself on me if I consider your replies as deliberate. And I should decline to continue the discussion with an opponent who could conceive of justice as (under any circumstances) "an hideously bad thing," if I did not suppose him to have mistaken the hideousness of justice, in certain phases, to certain persons, for its ultimate nature and power.

There may be question respecting these inaccuracies of thought; there can be none respecting the carelessness of

expression which causes the phrases "are" and "ought to be" to alternate in your articles as if they were alike in meaning.

I have permitted this, that I might see the course of your argument in your own terms, but it is now needful that the confusion should cease. That wages *are* determined by supply and demand is no proof that under any circumstances they must be—still less that under all circumstances they ought to be. Permit me, therefore, to know the sense in which you use the word "ought" in your paragraph lettered *b*, page 832 * (second column), and to ask whether the words "due," "duty," "devoir," and other such, connected in idea with the first and third of the "præcepta juris" of Justinian, quoted by Blackstone as a summary of the whole doctrine of law (*honeste vivere,—alterum non lædere,—suumque cuique tribuere*), are without meaning to you except as conditions of agreement? † Whether, in fact, there be, in your view, any *honos*, absolutely; or whether we are to launch out into an historical investigation of the several kinds of happiness enjoyed in lives of rapine, of selfish trade, and of unselfish citizenship, and to decide only upon evidence whether we will live as pirates, as pedlers, or as gentlemen? If so, while I shall be glad to see you undertake, independently, so interesting an inquiry, I must reserve my comments on it until its close.

But if you admit an absolute idea of a "devoir" of one man to another, and of every honorable man to himself, tell me why you dissent from my statement of the terms of that debt in the opening of this discussion. Observe, I asked for no evangelical virtue of returning good for evil: I asked only for the Sinaitic equity of return in good for good, as for Sinaitic equity of return in evil for evil. "Eye for eye," "tooth for

* Viz., "Wages ought to be proportioned to the supply and demand of labor and capital, and not to the hardship of the work and the time spent on it."

† "Justitia est constans et perpetua voluntas suum cuique tribuendi Jurisprudentia est divinarum atque humanarum rerum notitia, justique injusti scientia." The third precept is given above. Justinian, "Inst." i. 1-3; and see Blackstone, vol. i. section 2, "Of the Nature of Laws in General"

tooth"—be it so; but will you thus pray according to the *lex talionis* and not according to the *lex gratiæ*? Your debt is on both sides. Does a man take of your life, you take also of his. Shall he give you of his life, and will you not give him also of yours? If this be not your law of duty to him, tell me what other there is, or if you verily believe there is none.

But you ask of such repayment, "Who shall determine how much?"* I took no notice of the question, irrelevant when you asked it; but in its broad bearing it is the one imperative question of national economy. Of old, as at bridge-foot of Florence, men regulated their revenge by the law of demand and supply, and asked in measureless anger, "Who shall determine how much?" with economy of blood, such as we know. That "much" is now, with some approximate equity, determined at the judgment-seat, but for the other debt, the debt of love, we have no law but that of the wolf, and the locust, and the "fishes of the sea, which have no ruler over them." The workmen of England—of the world, ask for the return—as of wrath, so of reward by law; and for blood resolutely spent, as for that recklessly shed; for life devoted through its duration, as for that untimely cast away; they require from you to determine, in judgment, the equities of "Human Retribution."

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.†

May 20, 1865.

* See *ante*, second interpolation of the *Gazette*, on p. 54.

† The discussion was not continued beyond this letter, the *Gazette* judging any continuance useless, the difference between Mr. Ruskin and themselves being "one of first principles."

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," May 1, 1867. Reprinted also, with slight alterations, in "Time and Tide," App. vii.]

THE STANDARD OF WAGES.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: In the course of your yesterday's article on strikes* you have very neatly and tersely expressed the primal fallacy of modern political economy—to wit, that the value of any piece of labor cannot be defined; and that "all that can be ascertained is simply whether any man can be got to do it for a certain sum."

Now, Sir, the "value" of any piece of labor (*I* should have written "price," not "value," but it is no matter)—that is to say, the quantity of food and air which will enable a man to perform it without eventually losing any of his flesh or nervous energy, is as absolutely fixed a quantity as the weight of powder necessary to carry a given ball a given distance. And within limits varying by exceedingly minor and unimportant circumstances, it is an ascertainable quantity. I told the public this five years ago, and—under pardon of your politico-economical contributor, it is not a sentimental, but a chemical, fact. Let any half-dozen London physicians of recognized standing state in precise terms the quantity and kind of food, and space of lodging, they consider approximately necessary for the healthy life of a laborer in any given manufacture, and the number of

* As regards "strikes," it is of interest to note the following amendment proposed by Mr. Ruskin at a special meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science on the subject, held in 1868: "That, in the opinion of this meeting, the interests of workmen and their employers are at present opposed, and can only become identical when all are equally employed in defined labor and recognized duty, and all, from the highest to the lowest, are paid fixed salaries, proportioned to the value of their services and sufficient for their honorable maintenance in the situations of life properly occupied by them."—*Daily Telegraph*, July 16, 1868.

hours he may, without shortening his life, work at such business daily, if in such manner he be sustained. Let all masters be bound to give their men a choice between an order for that quantity of food and space of lodging, or the market wages for that specified number of hours of work. Proper laws for the maintenance of families would require further concession ; but in the outset, let but this law of wages be established, and if then we have more strikes, you may denounce them without one word of remonstrance either from sense or sensibility.

I am, Sir, with sentiments of great respect,

Your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *April 30, 1867.*

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," January 24, 1873.]

HOW THE RICH SPEND THEIR MONEY.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: Here among the hills, I read little, and withstand, sometimes for a fortnight together, even the attractions of my *Pall Mall Gazette*. A friend, however, sent me, two days ago, your article signed W. R. G. on spending of money (January 13),* which, as I happened to have over-eaten myself the day before, and taken perhaps a glass too much besides of quite priceless port (Quarles Harris, twenty years in bottle),

* The article, or rather letter, dealt with a paper on "The Labor Movement" by Mr. Goldwin Smith in the *Contemporary Review* of December, 1872, and especially with the following sentences in it: "When did wealth rear such enchanted palaces of luxury as it is rearing in England at the present day? Well do I remember one of those palaces, the most conspicuous object for miles round. Its lord was, I dare say, consuming the income of some hundreds of the poor laboring families around him. The thought that you are spending on yourself annually the income of six hundred laboring families seems to me as much as a man with a heart and a brain can bear." W. R. G.'s letter argued that this "heartless expenditure all goes into the pockets" of the poor families, who are thus benefited by the selfish luxuries of the lord in his palace.

would have been a great comfort to my mind, showing me that if I had done some harm to myself, I had at least conferred benefit upon the poor by these excesses, had I not been left in some painful doubt, even at the end of W. R. G.'s most intelligent illustrations, whether I ought not to have exerted myself further in the cause of humanity, and by the use of some cathartic process, such as appears to have been without inconvenience practised by the ancients, enabled myself to eat two dinners instead of one. But I write to you to-day, because if I were a poor man, instead of a (moderately) rich one, I am nearly certain that W. R. G.'s paper would suggest to me a question, which I am sure he will kindly answer in your columns, namely, "These means of living, which this generous and useful gentleman is so fortunately disposed to bestow on me—where does he get them himself?"

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, *Jan. 23.*

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," January 29, 1873.]

HOW THE RICH SPEND THEIR MONEY.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: I am disappointed of my *Gazette* to-day, and shall be grievously busy to-morrow. I think it better, therefore, to follow up my own letter, if you will permit me, with a simple and brief statement of the facts, than to wait till I see your correspondent W. R. G.'s reply, if he has vouchsafed me one.

These are the facts. The laborious poor produce "the means of life" by their labor. Rich persons possess themselves by various expedients of a right to dispense these "means of life," and keeping as much means as they want of it for themselves, and rather more, dispense the rest, usually only in return for more labor from the poor, expended in producing various

delights for the rich dispenser. The idea is now gradually entering poor men's minds, that they may as well keep in their own hands the right of distributing "the means of life" they produce; and employ themselves, so far as they need extra occupation, for their own entertainment or benefit, rather than that of other people. There is something to be said, nevertheless, in favor of the present arrangement, but it cannot be defended in disguise; and it is impossible to do more harm to the cause of order, or the rights of property, than by endeavors, such as that of your correspondent, to revive the absurd and, among all vigorous thinkers, long since exploded notion of the dependence of the poor upon the rich.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

January 28.

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," January 31, 1873.]

HOW THE RICH SPEND THEIR MONEY.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: I have my *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 28th to-day, and must at once, with your permission, solemnly deny the insidiousness of my question, "Where does the rich man get his means of living?" I don't myself see how a more straightforward question could be put! So straightforward indeed that I particularly dislike making a martyr of myself in answering it, as I must this blessed day—a martyr, at least, in the way of witness; for if we rich people don't begin to speak honestly with our tongues, we shall, some day soon, lose them and our heads together, having for some time back, most of us, made false use of the one and none of the other. Well, for the point in question then, as to means of living: the most exemplary manner of answer is simply to state how I got my own, or rather how my father got them for me. He and his partners entered into what your correspondent mellifluously

styles "a mutually beneficent partnership," * with certain laborers in Spain. These laborers produced from the earth annually a certain number of bottles of wine. These productions were sold by my father and his partners, who kept nine-tenths, or thereabouts, of the price themselves, and gave one-tenth, or thereabouts, to the laborers. In which state of mutual beneficence my father and his partners naturally became rich, and the laborers as naturally remained poor. Then my good father gave all his money to me (who never did a stroke of work in my life worth my salt, not to mention my dinner), and so far from finding his money "grow" in my hands, I never try to buy anything with it; but people tell me "money isn't what it was in your father's time, everything is so much dearer." I should be heartily glad to learn from your correspondent as much pecuniary botany as will enable me to set my money a-growing; and in the mean time, as I have thus given a quite indubitable instance of my notions of the way money is made, will he be so kind as to give us, not an heraldic example in the dark ages (though I suspect I know more of the pedigree of money, if he comes to that, than he does), † but a living example of a rich gentleman who *has* made his money by saving an *equal* portion of profit in some mutually beneficent partnership with his laborers?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
King Charles the Martyr, 1873.

P.S.—I see by Christie & Manson's advertisement that

* W. R. G. had declared that the rich man (or his ancestors) got the money "by co-operation with the poor . . . by, in fact, entering into a mutually beneficent partnership with them, and advancing them their share of the joint profits . . . paying them beforehand, in a word."

† W. R. G. had written: "In nine cases out of ten, in the case of acquired wealth, we should probably find, were the pedigree traced fairly and far back enough, that the original difference between the now rich man and the now poor man was, that the latter habitually spent all his earnings, and the former habitually saved a portion of his in order that it might accumulate and fructify."

some of the best bits of work of a good laborer I once knew, J. M. W. Turner (the original plates namely of the "Liber Studiorum"), are just going to be destroyed by some of his affectionate relations. May I beg your correspondent to explain, for your readers' benefit, this charming case of hereditary accumulation?

[Date and place of publication unknown.]

*COMMERCIAL MORALITY.**

MY DEAR SIR: Mr. Johnson's speech in the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, which you favor me by sending, appears to me the most important event that has occurred in relation to the true interests of the country during my lifetime. It begins an era of true civilization. I shall allude to it in the "Fors" of March, and make it the chief subject of the one following (the matter of this being already prepared).† It goes far beyond what I had even hoped to hear admitted—how much less enforced so gravely and weightily in the commercial world.

Believe me, faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* This letter was received from Mr. Ruskin by a gentleman in Manchester, who had forwarded to him a copy of the speech made by Mr. Richard Johnson (President) at the fifty-fourth annual meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, Feb. 1, 1875. Mr. Johnson's address dealt with the immorality of cheapness, the duties of merchants and manufacturers as public servants, and the nobility of trade as a profession which, when rightly and unselfishly conducted, would yield to no other "in the dignity of its nature and in the employment that it offers to the highest faculties of man."

† In "Fors Clavigera," March, 1875, Mr. Johnson's speech is named (p. 54) as "the first living words respecting commerce which I have ever known to be spoken in England, in my time," but the discussion of it is postponed.

[From "The Monetary and Mining Gazette," November 13, 1875.]

THE DEFINITION OF WEALTH.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
9th November, 1875.

To the Editor of "The Monetary Gazette."

SIR: I congratulate you with all my mind on the sense, and with all my heart on the courage, of your last Saturday's leading article, which I have just seen.* You have asserted in it the two vital principles of economy, that society cannot exist by reciprocal pilfering, but must produce wealth if it would have it; and that money must not be lent, but administered by its masters.

You have not yet, however, defined wealth itself, or told the ingenuity of the public what it is to produce.

I have never been able to obtain this definition from economists; † perhaps, under the pressure of facts, they may at last discover some meaning in mine at the tenth and eleventh pages of "Munera Pulveris."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Socialist," an Advocate of Love, Truth, Justice, etc. etc. Printed and Published by the Proprietor, W. Freeland, 52 Scotland Street, Sheffield, November, 1877.]

THE PRINCIPLES OF PROPERTY.

10th Oct., 1877.

To the Editor of "The Socialist."

SIR: Some Sheffield friend has sent me your fourth number, in the general teaching of which I am thankful to be able

* The article was entitled, "What shall we do with it?"

† At the meeting of the Social Science Association already alluded to (p. 4, note), Mr. Ruskin said that in 1858 he had in vain challenged Mr. Mill to define wealth. The passages referred to in "Munera Pulveris" consist of the statement and explanation of the definition of Value. See *ante*, p. 63, note.

to concur without qualification: but let me earnestly beg of you not to confuse the discussion of the principles of Property in Earth, Air, or Water, with the discussion of principles of Property in general.* The things which, being our neighbor's, the Mosaic Law commands us not to covet, are by the most solemn Natural Laws indeed our neighbor's "property," and any attempts to communize these have always ended, and will always end, in ruin and shame.

Do not attempt to learn from America. An Englishman has brains enough to discover for himself what is good for England; and should learn, when he is to be taught anything, from his Fathers, not from his children.

I observe in the first column of your 15th page the assertion by your correspondent of his definition of money as if different from mine. He only weakens my definition with a "certificate of credit" instead of a "promise to pay." What is the use of giving a man "credit"—if you don't engage to pay him?

But I observe that nearly all my readers stop at this more or less metaphysical definition, which I give in "Unto this Last," instead of going on to the practical statement of immediate need made in "Munera Pulveris."†

The promise to find Labor is one which meets general demand; but the promise to find Bread is the answer needed to immediate demand; and the only sound bases of National Currency are shown both in "Munera Pulveris," and "Fors Clavigera," to be bread, fuel, and clothing material, of certified quality.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

* The references in the letter are to an article on Property entitled "What should be done?"

† See "Unto this Last," p. 53, note. "The final and best definition of money is that it is a documentary promise ratified and guaranteed by the nation, to give or find a certain quantity of labor on demand." See also "Munera Pulveris," §§ 21-25.

[From "The Christian Life," December 20, 1879.]

ON CO-OPERATION.*

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

DEAR MR. HOLYOAKE: I am not able to write you a pretty letter to-day, being sadly tired, but am very heartily glad to be remembered by you. But it utterly silences me that you should waste your time and energy in writing "Histories of Co-operation" anywhere as yet. My dear Sir, you might as well write the history of the yellow spot in an egg—in two volumes. Co-operation is as yet—in any true sense—as impossible as the crystallization of Thames mud.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Daily News," June 19, 1880.]

ON CO-OPERATION.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
April 12, 1880.

DEAR MR. HOLYOAKE: I am very glad that you are safe back in England, and am not a little grateful for your kind reference to me while in America, and for your letter about Sheffield Museum.† But let me pray for another interpreta-

* This letter, which was reprinted in the *Coventry Co-operative Record* of January, 1880, was written, some time in August, 1879, to Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, who had sent Mr. Ruskin his "History of Co-operation: its Literature and its Advocates," 2 vols. London and Manchester, 1875-7.

† The "kind reference to Mr. Ruskin while in America" alludes to a public speech made by Mr. Holyoake during his stay in that country. The "letter about Sheffield Museum," was one in high praise of it, written by Mr. Holyoake to the editor of the *Sheffield Independent*, in which paper it was printed (March 8, 1880).

tion of my former letter than mere Utopianism. The one calamity which I perceive or dread for an Englishman is his becoming a rascal, and co-operation among 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.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

- I. THE MANAGEMENT OF RAILWAYS.
- II. SERVANTS AND HOUSES.
- III. ROMAN INUNDATIONS.
- IV. EDUCATION, FOR RICH AND POOR.
- V. WOMEN: THEIR WORK AND THEIR DRESS.
- VI. LITERARY CRITICISM.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

I.

THE MANAGEMENT OF RAILWAYS.

IS ENGLAND BIG ENOUGH ? 1868.

THE OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS. 1868.

RAILWAY ECONOMY. 1868.

OUR RAILWAY SYSTEM. 1865.

RAILWAY SAFETY. 1870.

I.

THE MANAGEMENT OF RAILWAYS.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," July 31, 1868.]

IS ENGLAND BIG ENOUGH?

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: You terminate to-day a discussion which seems to have been greatly interesting to your readers, by telling them the "broad fact, that England is no longer big enough for her inhabitants." *

Might you not, in the leisure of the recess, open with advantage a discussion likely to be no less interesting, and much more useful—namely, how big England may be made for economical inhabitants, and how little she may be made for wasteful ones? Might you not invite letters on this quite radical and essential question—how money is truly made, and how it is truly lost, not by one person or another, but by the whole nation?

For, practically, people's eyes are so intensely fixed on the immediate operation of money as it changes hands, that they hardly ever reflect on its first origin or final disappearance. They are always considering how to get it from somebody else, but never how to get it where that somebody else got it.

* The discussion had been carried on in a series of letters from a great number of correspondents under the heading of "Marriage or Celibacy," its subject being the pecuniary difficulties in the way of early marriage. The *Daily Telegraph* of July 30 concluded the discussion with a leading article, in which it characterized the general nature of the correspondence, and of which the final words were those quoted by Mr. Ruskin.

Also, they very naturally mourn over their loss of it to other people, without reflecting that, if not lost altogether, it may still be of some reflective advantage to them. Whereas, the real national question is not who is losing or gaining money, but who is making and who destroying it. I do not of course mean making money, in the sense of printing notes or finding gold. True money cannot be so made. When an island is too small for its inhabitants, it would not help them to one ounce of bread more to have the entire island turned into one nugget, or to find bank notes growing by its rivulets instead of fern leaves. Neither, by destroying money, do I mean burning notes, or throwing gold away. If I burn a five-pound note, or throw five sovereigns into the sea, I hurt no one but myself; nay, I benefit others, for everybody with a pound in his pocket is richer by the withdrawal of my competition in the market. But what I want you to make your readers discover is how the *true* money is made that will get them houses and dinners; and on the other hand how money is truly lost, or so diminished in value that all they can get in a year will not buy them comfortable houses, nor satisfactory dinners.

Surely this is a question which people would like to have clearly answered for them, and it might lead to some important results if the answer were acted upon. The riband-makers at Coventry, starving, invite the ladies of England to wear ribands. The compassionate ladies of England invest themselves in rainbows, and admiring economists declare the nation to be benefited. No one asks where the ladies got the money to spend in rainbows (which is the first question in the business), nor whether the money once so spent will ever return again, or has really faded with the faded ribands and disappeared forever. Again, honest people every day lose quantities of money to dishonest people. But that is merely a change of hands much to be regretted; but the money is not therefore itself lost; the dishonest people must spend it at last somehow. A youth at college loses his year's income to a Jew. But the Jew must spend it instead of him. Miser or

not, the day must come when his hands relax. A railroad shareholder loses his money to a director; but the director must some day spend it instead of him. That is not—at least in the first fact of it—*national* loss. But what the public need to know is, how a final and perfect *loss* of money takes place, so that the whole nation, instead of being rich, shall be getting gradually poor. And then, indeed, if one man in spending his money destroys it, and another in spending it makes more of it, it becomes a grave question in whose hands it is, and whether honest or dishonest people are likely to spend it to the best purpose. Will you permit me, Sir, to lay this not unprofitable subject of inquiry before your readers, while, to the very best purpose, they are investing a little money in sea air?

Very sincerely yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, July 30.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," August 6, 1868.]

*THE OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS.**

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: The ingenious British public seems to be discovering, to its cost, that the beautiful law of supply and demand does not apply in a pleasant manner to railroad transit. But if they are prepared to submit patiently to the "natural" laws of

* In the *Daily Telegraph* of August 3 appeared eight letters, all of which, under the heading of "Increased Railway Fares," complained of the price of tickets on various lines having been suddenly raised. In the issue of August 4 eighteen letters appeared on the subject, whilst in that of the 5th there were again eight letters. Mr. Ruskin's letter was one of four in the issue of the 6th. It has, it will be seen, no direct connection with that one entitled, "Is England Big Enough?" which precedes it in these volumes owing to the allusions to it in one of these railway letters (p. 86).

political economy, what right have they to complain? The railroad belongs to the shareholders; and has not everybody a right to ask the highest price he can get for his wares? The public have a perfect right to walk, or to make other opposition railroads for themselves, if they please, but not to abuse the shareholders for asking as much as they think they can get.

Will you allow me to put the *real* rights of the matter before them in a few words?

Neither the roads nor the railroads of any nation should belong to any private persons. All means of public transit should be provided at public expense, by public determination where such means are needed, and the public should be its own "shareholder."

Neither road, nor railroad, nor canal should ever pay dividends to anybody. They should pay their working expenses, and no more. All dividends are simply a tax on the traveller and the goods, levied by the person to whom the road or canal belongs, for the right of passing over his property. And this right should at once be purchased by the nation, and the original cost of the roadway—be it of gravel, iron, or adamant—at once defrayed by the nation, and then the whole work of the carriage of persons or goods done for ascertained prices, by salaried officers, as the carriage of letters is done now.

I believe, if the votes of the proprietors of all the railroads in the kingdom were taken *en masse*, it would be found that the majority would gladly receive back their original capital, and cede their right of "revising" prices of railway tickets. And if railway property *is* a good and wise investment of capital, the public need not shrink from taking the whole off their hands. Let the public take it. (I, for one, who never held a rag of railroad scrip in my life, nor ever willingly travelled behind an engine where a horse could pull me, will most gladly subscribe my proper share for such purchase according to my income.) Then let them examine what lines pay their working expenses and what lines do not, and boldly leave the unpaying embankments to be white over with sheep, like

Roman camps, take up the working lines on sound principles, pay their drivers and pointsmen well, keep their carriages clean and in good repair, and make it as wonderful a thing for a train, as for an old mail-coach, to be behind its time; and the sagacious British public will very soon find its pocket heavier, its heart lighter, and its "passages" pleasanter, than any of the three have been, for many a day.

I am, Sir, always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, Aug. 5.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," August 10, 1868.]

RAILWAY ECONOMY.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: I had not intended again to trespass on your space until I could obtain a general idea of the views of your correspondents on the questions you permitted me to lay before them in my letters of the 31st July and 5th inst.; but I must ask you to allow me to correct an impression likely to be created by your reference to that second letter in your interesting article on the Great Eastern Railway, and to reply briefly to the question of your correspondent "S." on the same subject.*

* The *Daily Telegraph* of Saturday, August 8, contained an article on the "Increased Railway Fares," in which, commenting on Mr. Ruskin's statement that, given the law of political economy, the railways might ask as much as they could get, it is said that Mr. Ruskin mistook "the charge against the companies. While they neglected the 'law of supply and demand,' they suffered: now that they obey that law, they prosper." The latter part of the article dealt with a long letter signed "Fair Play," which was printed in the *Daily Telegraph* of the same day. "To Mr. Ruskin, who laughs at Political Economy," concluded the article; "and to 'Fair Play,' who thinks that Parliament is at the bottom of all the mischief, we commend a significant fact. An agitation is now on foot in Brighton to have a second railway direct to London. What is the cause of this? Not

You say that I mistook the charge against the railway companies in taunting my unfortunate neighbors at Sydenham* with their complaints against the operation of the law of supply and demand, and that it was because the companies neglected that law that they suffered.

But, Sir, the law of supply and demand, as believed in by the British public under the guidance of their economists, is a natural law regulating prices, which it is not at all in their option to "neglect." And it is precisely because I have always declared that there is no such natural law, but that prices can be, and ought to be, regulated by laws of expediency and justice, that political economists have thought I did not understand their science, and you now say I laugh at it. No, Sir, I laughed only at what was clearly no science, but vain endeavor to allege as irresistible natural law, what is indeed a too easily resisted prudential law, rewarding and chastising us according to our obedience. So far from despising true political economy, based on such prudential law, I have for years been chiefly occupied in defending its conclusions, having given this definition of it in 1862. "Political Economy is neither an art nor a science; but a system of conduct and legislature founded on the sciences, including the arts, and impossible except under certain conditions of moral culture."†

And, Sir, nothing could better show the evil of competition as opposed to the equitable regulation of prices than the instance to which you refer your correspondent "Fair Play"—the agitation in Brighton for a second railway. True pru-

the Legislature, but the conduct of the Brighton company in raising its fares. That board, by acting in the spirit of a monopoly, has provoked retaliation, and the public now seeks to protect itself by the aid of a competing line."

The letter of the correspondent "S." (also in the *Daily Telegraph* of August 8) began by asking "what the capitalist is to do with his money, if the Government works the railways on the principle of the Post Office."

* Several of the letters had been written by residents in the neighborhood of Sydenham.

† "Essays on Political Economy" (*Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1862, p. 784), now reprinted in "Munera Pulveris," p. 1, § 1.

dential law would make one railway serve it thoroughly, and fix the fares necessary to pay for thorough service. Competition will make two railways (sinking twice the capital really required); then, if the two companies combine, they can oppress the public as effectively as one could; if they do not, they will keep the said public in dirty carriages and in danger of its life, by lowering the working expenses to a minimum in their antagonism.

Next, to the question of your correspondent "S.," "what I expect the capitalist to do with his money," so far as it is asked in good faith I gladly reply, that no one's "expectations" are in this matter of the slightest consequence; but that the moral laws which properly regulate the disposition of revenue, and the physical laws which determine returns proportioned to the wisdom of its employment, are of the greatest consequence; and these may be briefly stated as follows:

1. All capital is justly and rationally invested which supports productive labor (that is to say, labor directly producing or distributing good food, clothes, lodging, or fuel); so long as it renders to the possessor of the capital, and to those whom he employs, only such gain as shall justly remunerate the superintendence and labor given to the business, and maintain both master and operative happily in the positions of life involved by their several functions. And it is highly advantageous for the nation that wise superintendence and honest labor should both be highly rewarded. But all rates of interest or modes of profit on capital, which render possible the rapid accumulation of fortunes, are simply forms of taxation, by individuals, on labor, purchase, or transport; and are highly detrimental to the national interests, being, indeed, no means of national gain, but only the abstraction of small gains from many to form the large gain of one. For, though inequality of fortune is not in itself an evil, but in many respects desirable, it is always an evil when unjustly or stealthily obtained, since the men who desire to make fortunes by large interest are precisely those who will make the worst use of their wealth.

2. Capital sunk in the production of objects which do not

immediately support life (as statues, pictures, architecture, books, garden-flowers, and the like) is beneficially sunk if the things thus produced are good of their kind, and honestly desired by the nation for their own sake; but it is sunk ruinously if they are bad of their kind, or desired only for pride or gain. Neither can good art be produced as an "investment." You cannot build a good cathedral if you only build it that you may charge sixpence for entrance.

3. "Private enterprise" should never be interfered with, but, on the contrary, much encouraged, so long as it is indeed "enterprise" (the exercise of individual ingenuity and audacity in new fields of true labor), and so long as it is indeed "private," paying its way at its own cost, and in no wise harmfully affecting public comforts or interests. But "private enterprise" which poisons its neighborhood, or speculates for individual gain at common risk, is very sharply to be interfered with.

4. All enterprise, constantly and demonstrably profitable on ascertained conditions, should be made public enterprise, under Government administration and security; and the funds now innocently contributed, and too often far from innocently absorbed, in vain speculation, as noted in your correspondent "Fair Play's" excellent letter,* ought to be received by Government, employed by it, not in casting guns, but in growing corn and feeding cattle, and the largest possible legitimate interest returned without risk to these small and variously occupied capitalists who cannot look after their own money. We should need another kind of Government to do this for us, it is true; also it is true that we can get it, if we choose; but we must recognize the duties of governors before we can elect the men fit to perform them.

The benefit of these several modes of right investment of capital would be quickly felt by the nation, not in the increase of isolated or nominal wealth, but in steady lowering of the

* "Fair Play's" letter noted the result of investments made in bubble railways, generally by "honest country folks" or "poor clergymen and widows."

prices of all the necessaries and innocent luxuries of life, and in the disciplined, orderly, and in that degree educational employment of every able-bodied person. For, Sir (again with your pardon), my question "Is England big enough?" was not answered by the sad experience of the artisans of Poplar. Had they been employed in earthbuilding instead of in shipbuilding, and heaped the Isle of Dogs itself into half as much space of good land, capable of growing corn instead of mosquitoes, they would actually have made habitable England a little bigger by this time;* and if the first principle of economy in employment were understood among us—namely, always to use whatever vital power of breath and muscle you have got in the country before you use the artificial power of steam and iron for what living arms can do, and never plough by steam while you forward your ploughmen to Quebec—those old familiar faces need not yet have looked their last at each other from the deck of the St. Lawrence. But on this subject I will ask your permission to write you in a few days some further words.†

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, Aug. 9.

* Alluding to an article in the *Daily Telegraph* of August 8, headed "East-End Emigrants," which, after remarking that "Mr. Ruskin's question, Is England big enough?" had been just answered rather sadly by a number of Poplar artisans, described the emigration to Quebec on board the St. Lawrence of these inhabitants of the Isle of Dogs, and how, as the ship left the dock, "there were many tears shed, as old, familiar faces looked on each other for the last time."

† Never, it seems, written.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," December 8, 1865.]

OUR RAILWAY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: Will you allow me a few words with reference to your excellent article of to-day on railroads.* All you say is true. But of what use is it to tell the public this? Of all the economical stupidities of the public—and they are many—the out-and-out stupidest is underpaying their pointsmen; but if the said public choose always to leave their lines in the hands of companies—that is to say, practically, of engineers and lawyers—the money they pay for fares will always go, most of it, into the engineers' and lawyers' pockets. It will be spent in decorating railroad stations with black and blue bricks, and in fighting bills for branch lines. I hear there are more bills for new lines to be brought forward this year than at any previous session. But, Sir, it might do some little good if you were to put it into the engineers' and lawyers' heads that they might for some time to come get as much money for themselves (and a little more safety for the public) by bringing in bills for doubling laterally the present lines as for ramifying them; and if you were also to explain to the shareholders that it would be wiser to spend their capital in preventing accidents attended by costly damages, than in running trains at a loss on opposition branches. It is little business of mine—for I am not a railroad traveller usually more than twice in the year; but I don't like to hear of people's being smashed, even when it is all their fault; so I will ask you merely to reprint this passage from my article on Political Economy in *Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1863, and so leave the matter to your handling:

"Had the money spent in local mistakes and vain private

* An article which, dealing directly with some recent railway accidents, commented especially on the overcrowding of the lines.

litigation on the railroads of England been laid out, instead, under proper Government restraint, on really useful railroad work, and had no absurd expense been incurred in ornamenting stations, we might already have had—what ultimately it will be found we must have—quadruple rails, two for passengers and two for traffic, on every great line, and we might have been carried in swift safety, and watched and warded by well-paid pointsmen, for half the present fares.” *

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, Dec. 7.

[From “The Daily Telegraph,” November 30, 1870.]

RAILWAY SAFETY. †

To the Editor of “The Daily Telegraph.”

SIR: I am very busy, and have not time to write new phrases. Would you mind again reprinting (as you were good enough to do a few days ago †) a sentence from one of the books of mine which everybody said were frantic when I wrote them? You see the date—1863.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, Nov. 29, 1870.

I have underlined the words I want to be noticed, but, as you see, made no change in a syllable.

* “Essays on Political Economy” (*Fraser’s Magazine*, April, 1863, p. 449); “Munera Pulveris,” p. 137, § 128.

† This letter was elicited by a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 29, 1870, upon railway accidents, and the means of their prevention, *à propos* of two recent accidents which had occurred, both on the same day (November 26, 1870) on the London and North-Western Railway.

‡ In the first letter on the Franco-Prussian War, *ante*, p. 34. (*Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 7, 1870.)

Already the Government, not unapproved, carries letters and parcels for us. Larger packages may in time follow—even general merchandise; why not, at last, ourselves? Had the money spent in local mistakes and vain private litigations on the railroads of England been laid out, instead, under proper Government restraint, on really useful railroad work, *and had no absurd expense been incurred in ornamenting stations*, we might already have had—what ultimately it will be found we **MUST** have—*quadruple rails, two for passengers, and two for traffic, on every great line*; and we might have been carried in swift safety, and watched and warded by well-paid pointsmen, for half the present fares.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

II.

SERVANTS AND HOUSES.

MASTERSHIP. 1865.

EXPERIENCE. 1865.

SONSHIP AND SLAVERY. 1865.

MODERN HOUSES. 1865.

II.

SERVANTS AND HOUSES.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," September 5, 1865.]

DOMESTIC SERVANTS—MASTERSHIP.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: You so seldom write nonsense, that you will, I am sure, pardon your friends for telling you when you do. Your article on servants to-day is nonsense. It is just as easy and as difficult now to get good servants as it ever was.* You may have them, as you may have pines and peaches, for the growing, or you may even buy them good, if you can persuade the good growers to spare you them off their walls; but you cannot get them by political economy and the law of supply and demand.

There are broadly two ways of making good servants; the first, a sound, wholesome, thoroughgoing slavery—which was the heathen way, and no bad one neither, provided you understand that to make real "slaves" you must make yourself a real "master" (which is not easy). The second is the Christian's way: "whoso delicately bringeth up his servant from a child, shall have him become his son at the last."† And as few people want their servants to become their sons, this is not a way to their liking. So that, neither having courage or self-discipline enough on the one hand to make themselves nobly

* The article, after commenting on "the good old times," remarked that it is now "a social fact, that the hardest thing in the world to find is a good servant."

† "He that delicately bringeth up his servant from a child, shall have him become his son at the length."—Proverbs xxix. 21.

dominant after the heathen fashion, nor tenderness or justice enough to make themselves nobly protective after the Christian, the present public thinks to manufacture servants bodily out of powder and hay-stuffing—mentally by early instillation of Catechism and other mechanico-religious appliances—and economically, as you helplessly suggest, by the law of supply and demand,* with such results as we all see, and most of us more or less feel, and shall feel daily more and more to our cost and selfish sorrow.

Sir, there is only one way to have good servants; that is, to be worthy of being well served. All nature and all humanity will serve a good master, and rebel against an ignoble one. And there is no surer test of the quality of a nation than the quality of its servants, for they are their masters' shadows, and distort their faults in a flattened mimicry. A wise nation will have philosophers in its servants' hall; a knavish nation will have knaves there; and a kindly nation will have friends there. Only let it be remembered that "kindness" means, as with your child, so with your servant, not indulgence, but care.—I am, Sir, seeing that you usually write good sense, and "serve" good causes, your servant to command.

J. RUSKIN.†

DENMARK HILL, *Sept. 2.*

* "We have really," ran the article, "no remedy to suggest: the evil seems to be curable only by some general distress which will drive more people into seeking service, and so give employers a greater choice. At present the demand appears to exceed the supply, and servants are careless about losing their places through bad behavior."

† To this letter the *Daily Telegraph* of September 6 replied by a leader, in which, whilst expressing itself alive to "the sympathy for humanity and appreciation of the dignity which may be made to underlie all human relations," displayed by Mr. Ruskin, it complained that he had only shown "how to cook the cook when we catch her," and not how to catch her. After some detailed remarks on the servants of the day, which seemed "to be more *ad rem* than Mr. Ruskin's eloquent axioms," it concluded by expressing a hope "that he would come down from the clouds of theory, and give to a perplexed public a few plain, workable instructions how to get hold of good cooks and maids, coachmen and footmen."—Mr. Ruskin replies to it, and to a large amount of further correspondence on the subject, in the next two letters in the *Daily Telegraph*.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," September 7, 1865.]

DOMESTIC SERVANTS—EXPERIENCE.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: I thank you much for your kind insertion of my letter, and your courteous and graceful answer to it. Others will thank you also; for your suggestions are indeed much more *ad rem* than my mere assertions of principle; but both are necessary. Statements of practical difficulty, and the immediate means of conquering it, are precisely what the editor of a powerful daily journal is able to give; but he cannot give them justly if he ever allow himself to lose sight of the eternal laws which in their imperative bearings manifest themselves more clearly to the retired student of human life in the phases of its history. My own personal experience—if worth anything—has been simply that wherever I myself knew how a thing should be done, and was resolved to have it done, I could always get subordinates, if made of average good human material, to do it, and that, on the whole, cheerfully, thoroughly, and even affectionately; and my wonder is usually rather at the quantity of service they are willing to do for me, than at their occasional indolences, or fallings below the standard of seraphic wisdom and conscientiousness. That they *shall* be of average human material, it is, as you wisely point out, every householder's business to make sure. We cannot choose our relations, but we can our servants; and what sagacity we have and knowledge of human nature cannot be better employed. If your house is to be comfortable, your servants' hearts must be sound, as the timber and stones of its walls; and there must be discretion in the choice, and time allowed for the "settling" of both. The luxury of having pretty servants must be paid for, like all luxuries, in the penalty of their occasional loss; but I fancy the best sort of female servant is generally in aspect and general qualities like

Sydney Smith's "Bunch,"* and a very retainable creature. And for the rest, the dearth of good service, if such there be, may perhaps wholesomely teach us that, if we were all a little more in the habit of serving ourselves in many matters, we should be none the worse or the less happy.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *Sept. 6.*

[From "The Daily Telegraph," September 18, 1865.]

DOMESTIC SERVANTS: SONSHIP AND SLAVERY.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: I have been watching the domestic correspondence in your columns with much interest, and thought of offering you a short analysis of it when you saw good to bring it to a close,† and perhaps a note or two of my own experience, being somewhat conceited on the subject just now, because I have a gardener who lets me keep old-fashioned plants in the greenhouse, understands that my cherries are grown for the blackbirds, and sees me gather a bunch of my own grapes without making a wry face. But your admirable article of yesterday causes me to abandon my purpose; the more willingly, because among all the letters you have hitherto published there is not one from any head of a household which contains a com-

* "A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, put a napkin in her hand, christened her Bunch, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals; Bunch became the best butler in the county."—Sydney Smith's *Memoirs* (vol. i. p. 207), where several other anecdotes of Bunch are given.

† In the "admirable article" of September 15, in which the main features of the voluminous correspondence received by the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject were shortly summed up.

plaint worth notice. All the masters or mistresses whose letters are thoughtful or well written say they get on well enough with their servants ; no part has yet been taken in the discussion by the heads of old families. The servants' letters, hitherto, furnish the best data ; but the better class of servants are also silent, and must remain so. Launce, Grumio, or Fairservice * may have something to say for themselves ; but you will hear nothing from Old Adam nor from carefu' Mattie. One proverb from Sancho, if we could get it, would settle the whole business for us ; but his master and he are indeed "no more." I would have walked down to Dulwich to hear what Sam Weller had to say ; but the high-level railway went through Mr. Pickwick's parlor two months ago, and it is of no use writing to Sam, for, as you are well aware, he is no penman. And, indeed, Sir, little good will come of any writing on the matter. "The cat will mew, the dog will have his day." You yourself, excellent as is the greater part of what you have said, and to the point, speak but vainly when you talk of "probing the evil to the bottom." This is no sore that can be probed, no sword nor bullet wound. This is a plague spot. Small or great, it is in the significance of it, not in the depth, that you have to measure it. It is essentially bottomless, cancerous ; a putrescence through the constitution of the people is indicated by this galled place. Because I know this thoroughly, I say so little, and that little, as your correspondents think, who know nothing of me, and as you say, who might have known more of me, unpractically. Pardon me, I am no seller of plasters, nor of ounces of civet. The patient's sickness is his own fault, and only years of discipline will work it out of him. That is the only really "practical" saying that can be uttered to him. The relation of master and servant involves every other—touches every condition of moral health through the State. Put that right, and you put all right ; but you will find it can only come ultimately, not primarily, right ; you

* Fairservice is mentioned in Mr. Ruskin's discussion of parts of the "Antiquary" in "Fiction, Fair and Foul" (*Nineteenth Century*, June, 1880) as an "example of innate evil unaffected by external influences"

cannot begin with it. Some of the evidence you have got together is valuable, many pieces of partial advice very good. You need hardly, I think, unless you wanted a type of British logic, have printed a letter in which the writer accused (or would have accused, if he had possessed Latinity enough) all London servants of being thieves because he had known one robbery to have been committed by a nice-looking girl.* But on the whole there is much common-sense in the letters; the singular point in them all, to my mind, being the inapprehension of the breadth and connection of the question, and the general resistance to, and stubborn rejection of, the abstract ideas of sonship and slavery, which include whatever is possible in wise treatment of servants. It is very strange to see that, while everybody shrinks at abstract suggestions of there being possible error in a book of Scripture,† your sensible English housewife fearlessly rejects Solomon's opinion when it runs slightly counter to her own, and that not one of your many correspondents seems ever to have read the Epistle to Philemon. It is no less strange that while most English boys of ordinary position hammer through their Horace at one or other time of their school life, no word of his wit or his teaching seems to remain by them: for all the good they get out of them, the Satires need never have been written. The Roman gentleman's account of his childhood and of his domestic life possesses no charm for them: and even men of education would sometimes start to be reminded that his "*noctes cœnæque Deum!*" meant supping with his merry slaves on beans and bacon. Will you allow me, on this general question of liberty and slavery, to refer your correspondents to a paper of mine

* This refers to a letter in which the writer gave an account of a robbery by a housemaid, and, drawing from her conduct the moral "put not your trust in London servants," concluded by signing his letter, "*Ab hoc disce omnes.*"

† The last volume of Bishop Colenso's work on "The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically examined" was published in the April of the year in which these letters were written, and his deposition by the Bishop of Capetown had but recently been reversed by the Privy Council. It is to the discussion aroused by his book that Mr. Ruskin indirectly refers.

touching closely upon it, the leader in the *Art-Journal* for July last? and to ask them also to meditate a little over the two beautiful epitaphs on Epictetus and Zosima, quoted in the last paper of the *Idler*? *

“I, Epictetus, was a slave ; and sick in body, and wretched in poverty ; and beloved by the gods.”

“Zosima, who while she lived was a slave only in her body, has now found deliverance for that also.”

How might we, over many an “independent” Englishman, reverse this last legend, and write—

“This man, who while he lived was free only in his body, has now found captivity for that also.”

I will not pass without notice—for it bears also on wide interests—your correspondent’s question, how my principles differ from the ordinary economist’s view of supply and demand.† Simply in that the economy I have taught, in opposition to the popular view, is the science which not merely ascertains the relations of existing demand and supply, but determines what *ought* to be demanded and what *can* be supplied. A child demands the moon, and, the supply not being in this case equal to the demand, is wisely accommodated with a rattle ; a footpad demands your purse, and is supplied according to the less or more rational economy of the State, with that or a halter ; a foolish nation, not able to get into its head that free trade does indeed mean the removal of taxation from its imports, but not of supervision from them, demands unlimited foreign beef, and is supplied with the cattle murrain and the

* The leader in the *Art-Journal* is Chapter vi. of “The Cestus of Aglaia,” where “the infinite follies of modern thought, centred in the notion that liberty is good for a man, irrespectively of the use he is likely to make of it,” are discussed at some length. The epitaphs quoted are not in the *Idler* itself, but in the “Essay on Epitaphs” printed at the end of some editions of it.

† This refers to a letter signed “W. B.” in the *Daily Telegraph* of September 12.

like. There may be all manner of demands, all manner of supplies. The true political economist regulates these; the false political economist leaves them to be regulated by (not Divine) Providence. For, indeed, the largest final demand anywhere reported of, is that of hell; and the supply of it (by the broad-gauge line) would be very nearly equal to the demand at this day, unless there were here and there a swineherd or two who could keep his pigs out of sight of the lake.

Thus in this business of servants everything depends on what sort of servant you at heart wish for or "demand." If for nurses you want Charlotte Winsors, they are to be had for money; but by no means for money, such as that German girl who, the other day, on her own scarce-floating fragment of wreck, saved the abandoned child of another woman, keeping it alive by the moisture from her lips.* What kind of servant do you want? It is a momentous question for you yourself—for the nation itself. Are we to be a nation of shopkeepers, wanting only shop-boys; or of manufacturers, wanting only hands; or are there to be knights among us, who will need squires—captains among us, needing crews? Will you have clansmen for your candlesticks, or silver plate? Myrmidons at your tents, ant-born, or only a mob on the Gillies' Hill? Are you resolved that you will never have any but your inferiors to serve you, or shall Enid ever lay your trencher with tender little thumb, and Cinderella sweep your hearth, and be cherished there? It *might* come to that in time, and plate and hearth be the brighter; but if your servants are to be held your inferiors, at least be sure they *are* so, and that you are indeed wiser, and better-tempered, and more useful than they. Determine what their education ought to be, and organize proper servants' schools, and there give it them. So they will be fit for their position, and will do honor to it, and stay in it: let the masters be as sure they do honor to theirs, and are as willing to stay in that. Remember that every people which

* Charlotte Winsor was at this time under sentence of death for the murder of a child, which had been entrusted to her charge. I have been unable to verify the anecdote of her heroic anti-type.

gives itself to the pursuit of riches, invariably, and of necessity, gets the scum uppermost in time, and is set by the genii, like the ugly bridegroom in the Arabian Nights, at its own door with its heels in the air, showing its shoe-soles instead of a Face. And the reversal is a serious matter, if reversal be even possible, and it comes right end uppermost again, instead of to conclusive Wrong end.

I suppose I am getting unpractical again. Well, here is one practical morsel, and I have done. One or two of your correspondents have spoken of the facilities of servants for leaving their places. Drive that nail home, Sir. A large stray branch of the difficulty lies there. Many and many a time I have heard Mr. Carlyle speak of this, and too often I have felt it myself as one of the evils closely accompanying the fever of modern change in the habits and hopes of life. My own architectural work drives me to think of it continually. Round every railroad station, out of the once quiet fields, there bursts up first a blotch of brick-fields, and then of ghastly houses, washed over with slime into miserable fineries of cornice and portico. A gentleman would hew for himself a log hut, and thresh for himself a straw bed, before he would live in such ; but the builders count safely on tenants—people who know no quietness nor simplicity of pleasure, who care only for the stucco, and lodge only in the portico, of human life—understanding not so much as the name of House or House-*Hold*. They and their servants are always “bettering themselves” divergently.

You will do good service at least in teaching any of these who will listen to you, that if they can once make up their minds to a fixed state of life, and a fixed income, and a fixed expenditure—if they can by any means get their servants to stay long enough with them to fit into their places and know the run of the furrows—then something like service and mastership, and fulfilment of understood and reciprocal duty, may become possible ; no otherwise. I leave this matter to your better handling, and will trespass on your patience no more. Only, as I think you will get into some disgrace with your

lady correspondents for your ungalant conclusions respecting them *—which I confess surprised me a little, though I might have been prepared for it if I had remembered what order the husband even of so good a housewife as Penelope was obliged to take with some of her female servants after prolonged absence,—I have translated a short passage of Xenophon's Economics † for you, which may make your peace if you will print it. I wish the whole book were well translated; meantime, your lady readers must be told that this is part of a Greek country gentleman's account of the conversation he had with his young wife (a girl of fifteen only), a little while after their marriage, when "she had got used to him," and was not frightened at being spoken gravely to. First they pray together; and then they have a long happy talk, of which this is the close:

"But there is one of the duties belonging to you," I said, "which perhaps will be more painful to you than any other, namely, the care of your servants when they are ill." "Nay," answered my wife, "that will be the most pleasing of all my duties to me, if only my servants will be grateful when I minister rightly to them, and will love me better." And I, pleased with her answer, said, "Indeed, lady, it is in some such way as

* The "admirable article" which had closed the discussion advised mistresses to resemble those of the good old days, and to deserve good servants, if they wished to secure them. It, somewhat inconsistently with the previous articles, declared that the days of good service would not be found altogether past, if it was remembered that by derivation "domestic" meant "homelike," and "family" one's servants, not one's children.

† See "The Economist of Xenophon," since (1875) translated and published in the "Bibliotheca Pastorum," edited by Mr. Ruskin (vol. i. p. 50, chap. vii. §§ 37-43). Mr. Ruskin in his preface to the volume speaks of the book as containing "first, a faultless definition of wealth" . . . "secondly, the most perfect ideal of kingly character and kingly government given in literature" . . . and "thirdly, the ideal of domestic life." It may be interesting to note an earlier and quaint estimate of the work, given in "Xenophon's Treatise of Housholde—imprinted at London, in Fleet Street, by T. Berthelet, 1534," where the dialogue is described as "ryght counnyngly translated out of the Greke tongue into Englysshe by Gentian Hervet at the desyre of Mayster Geoffrey Pole, whiche boke for the welthe of this realme I deme very profitable to be red."

this that the queen of the hive is so regarded by her bees, that, if she leave the hive, none will quit her, but all will follow her." Then she answered, "I should wonder if this office of leader were not yours rather than mine, for truly my care and distribution of things would be but a jest were it not for your inbringing." "Yes," I said, "but what a jest would my inbringing be if there were no one to take care of what I brought. Do not you know how those are pitied of whom it is fabled that they have always to pour water into a pierced vessel?" "Yes; and they *are* unhappy, if in truth they do it," said she. "Then also," I said, "remember your other personal cares. Will all be sweet to you when, taking one of your maidens who knows not how to spin, you teach her, and make her twice the girl she was; or one who has no method nor habit of direction, and you teach her how to manage a house, and make her faithful and mistress-like and every way worthy, and when you have the power of benefiting those who are orderly and useful in the house, and of punishing any one who is manifestly disposed to evil? But what will be sweetest of all, if it may come to pass, will be that you should show yourself better even than *me*, and so make me your servant also: so that you need not fear in advancing age to be less honored in my house; but may have sure hope that in becoming old, by how much more you have become also a noble fellow-worker with me, and joint guardian of our children's possessions, by so much shall you be more honored in my household. For what is lovely and good increases for all men—not through fairness of the body, but through strength and virtue in things pertaining to life." And this is what I remember chiefly of what we said in our first talk together.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *Sept.* 16.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," October 17, 1865.]

MODERN HOUSES.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: I trust you will hold the very able and interesting letter from "W. H. W.,"* which you publish to-day, excuse enough for my briefly trespassing on your space once more. Indeed, it has been a discomfort to me that I have not yet asked the pardon of your correspondent, "A Tenant, not at will" (Sept. 21),† for the apparent discourtesy of thought of which he accused me. He need not have done so: for although I said "a gentleman would hew for himself a log hut" rather than live in modern houses, I never said he would rather abandon his family and his business than live in them; and your correspondent himself, in his previously written letter, had used precisely the same words. And he must not suspect that I intend to be ironical in saying that the prolonged coincidence of thought and word in the two letters well deserves the notice

* The letter of "W. H. W." commenced by stating that the writer had "waited till the discussion. . . . about domestic servants was brought to a close to make a few remarks on a subject touched on in Mr. Ruskin's last letter — domestic architecture." It then gave a "graphic description" of "W. H. W.'s" own modern villa and its miseries, and concluded by asking Mr. Ruskin if nothing could be done!

† "A Tenant, not at will" had written to point out the coincidence that he had, before the publication of Mr. Ruskin's third letter, himself begun a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* on the subject of houses, in parts of which, strangely enough, he had used expressions very similar to those of Mr. Ruskin (see *ante*, pp. 147-8). He had described his modern suburban villa as "one of an ugly mass of blossoms lately burst forth from the parent trunk — a brickfield;" and declared that if it were not that people would think him mad, he "would infinitely rather live in a log hut of his own building" than in a builder's villa. He concluded by saying that all the houses were the same, and that therefore, until Mr. Ruskin could point out honest-built dwellings neglected while the "villas" were all let, it was not quite fair of him to assume that "suburban villains" utterly wanted the true instinct of gentlemen which would lead to the preference of log huts to plaster palaces.

of your readers, in the proof it gives of the strength and truth of the impression on both minds. "W. H. W.'s" graphic description of his house is also sorrowfully faithful to the facts of daily experience; and I doubt not that you will soon have other communications of the same tenor, and all too true.

I made no attempt to answer "A Tenant, not at will," because the subject is much too wide for any detailed treatment in a letter; and you do not care for generalizations of mine. But I am sure your two correspondents, and the large class of sufferers which they represent, would be very sincerely grateful for some generalizations of yours on this matter. For, Sir, surely of all questions for the political economist, this of putting good houses over people's heads is the closest and simplest. The first question in all economy, practically as well as etymologically, must be this, of lodging. The "Eco" must come before the "Nomy." You must have a house before you can put anything into it; and preparatorily to laying up treasure, at the least dig a hole for it. Well, Sir, here, as it seems to my poor thinking, is a beautiful and simple problem for you to illustrate the law of demand and supply upon. Here you have a considerable body of very deserving persons "demanding" a good and cheap article in the way of a house. Will you or any of your politico-economic correspondents explain to them and to me the Divinely Providential law by which, in due course, the supply of such cannot but be brought about for them?

There is another column in your impression of to-day to which, also, I would ask leave to direct your readers' attention—the 4th of the 3d page; and especially, at the bottom of it, Dr. Whitmore's account of Crawford Place,* and his following statement that it is "a kind of property constituting a most

* The account consisted of a report presented by Dr. Whitmore, as Metropolitan Officer of Health to the district, to the Marylebone Representative Council. Describing the miseries of Crawford Place, which was left in an untenable condition, while the landlords still got high rents for it, he added that "property of this description, let out in separate rooms to weekly tenants, constitutes a most profitable investment," according to the degree of flinty determination exercised in collecting the rents.

profitable investment ;” and I do so in the hope that you will expand your interpretation of the laws of political economy so far as to teach us how, by their beneficent and inevitable operation, good houses must finally be provided for the classes who live in Crawford Place, and such other places ; and, without necessity of eviction, also for the colliers of Cramlington (*vide* 2d column of the same 3d page).* I have, indeed, my own notions on the subject, but I do not trouble you with them, for they are unfortunately based on that wild notion of there being a “just” price for all things, which you say in your article of Oct. 10, on the Sheffield strikes, “has no existence but in the minds of theorists.”† The *Pall Mall Gazette*, with which journal I have already held some discussion on the subject, eagerly quoted your authority on its side, in its impression of the same evening ; nor do I care to pursue the debate until I can inform you of the continuous result of some direct results which I am making on my Utopian principles. I have bought a little bit of property of the Crawford Place description, and mending it somewhat according to my notions, I make my tenants pay me what I hold to be a “just” price for the lodging provided. That lodging I partly look after, partly teach the tenants to look after for themselves ; and I look a little after them, as well as after the rents. I do not mean to make a highly profitable investment of their poor little rooms ; but I do mean to sell a good article, in the way of house room, at a fair price ; and hitherto my customers are satisfied, and so am I.‡

* This alludes to an account of the position of the Cramlington colliers after seventeen days of strike. The masters attempted to evict the pitmen from their houses, an attempt which the pitmen met partly by serious riot and resistance, and partly by destroying the houses they were forced to leave.

† “Such a thing as a ‘just price,’ either for labor or for any other commodity, has, with all submission to Mr. Ruskin, no existence save in the minds of theorists.” (*Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 10, quoted by the *Pall Mall* in its “Epitome of the Morning Papers” on the same day.) The discussion with the *Gazette* consisted of the “Work and Wages” letters (see *ante*, pp. 72 *seqq.*).

‡ See “Fors Clavigera,” 1877, Letter 78, Notes and Correspondence, p. 170.

In the mean time, being entirely busy in other directions, I must leave the discussion, if it is to proceed at all, wholly between you and your readers. I will write no word more till I see what they all have got to say, and until you yourself have explained to me, in its anticipated results, the working—as regards the keeping out of winter and rough weather—of the principles of Non-iquity (I presume that is the proper politico-economic form for the old and exploded word Iniquity); and so I remain, Sir, yours, etc.,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *Oct.* 16.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

III.

ROMAN INUNDATIONS.

A KING'S FIRST DUTY. 1871.

A NATION'S DEFENCES. 1871.

THE WATERS OF COMFORT. 1871.

THE STREAMS OF ITALY. 1871.

THE STREETS OF LONDON. 1871.

III.

ROMAN INUNDATIONS.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," January 12, 1871. Also reprinted in "Fors Clavigera," 1873, Letter 83, p. 23.]

A KING'S FIRST DUTY.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: May I ask you to add to your article on the inundation of the Tiber some momentary invitation to your readers to think with Horace rather than to smile with him?

In the briefest and proudest words he wrote of himself he thought of his native land chiefly as divided into the two districts of violent and scanty waters:

"Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus,
Et qua, pauper aquæ, Daunus agrestium
Regnavit populorum."*

Now the anger and power of that "tauriformis Aufidus" is precisely because "regna Dauni præfluit"—because it flows past the poor kingdoms which it should enrich. Stay it there, and it is treasure instead of ruin. And so also with Tiber and Eridanus. They are so much gold, at their sources—they are

* On December 27 there was a disastrous inundation of the Tiber, and a great part of Rome was flooded. The *Daily Telegraph* in its leading article of Jan. 10, 1871, on the subject, began by quoting from the "very neatest," "sparkling," "light-hearted" ode of Horace, "Jam satis terris nivis" (Horace, Odes, i. 2). The quotations in the letter are from Odes iv. 14, 25, and from the celebrated ode beginning "Exegi monumentum œre perennius" (Odes, iii. 30).

so much death, if they once break down unbridled into the plains.

At the end of your report of the events of the inundation, it is said that the King of Italy expressed "an earnest desire to do something, as far as science and industry could effect it, to prevent or mitigate inundations for the future."

Now science and industry can do, not "something," but everything, and not merely to mitigate inundations—and, deadliest of inundations, because perpetual, maremmas—but to change them into national banks instead of debts.

The first thing the King of any country has to do is to manage the streams of it.

If he can manage the streams, he can also the people; for the people also form alternately torrent and maremma, in pestilential fury or pestilential idleness. They also will change into living streams of men, if their Kings literally "lead them forth beside the waters of comfort." Half the money lost by this inundation of Tiber, spent rightly on the hill-sides last summer, would have changed every wave of it into so much fruit and foliage in spring where now there will be only burning rock. And the men who have been killed within the last two months, and whose work, and the money spent in doing it, have filled Europe with misery which fifty years will not efface,* they had been set at the same cost to do good instead of evil, and to save life instead of destroying it, might, by this 10th of January, 1871, have embanked every dangerous stream at the roots of the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Po, and left to Germany, to France, and to Italy an inheritance of blessing for centuries to come—they and their families living all the while in brightest happiness and peace. And now! Let the Red Prince look to it; red inundation bears also its fruit in time.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

Jan. 10.

* This letter, it will be noticed, was written during the bombardment of Paris in the Franco-Prussian war.

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," January 19, 1871.]

A NATION'S DEFENCES.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: The letter to which you do me the honor to refer, in your yesterday's article on the Tiber, entered into no detail,* because I had already laid the plans spoken of before the Royal Institution in my lecture there last February;† in which my principal object was to state the causes of the incalculably destructive inundations of the Rhone, Toccia, and Ticino, in 1868; and to point out that no mountain river ever was or can be successfully embanked in the valleys; but that the rainfall must be arrested on the high and softly rounded hill surfaces, before it reaches any ravine in which its force can be concentrated. Every mountain farm ought to have a dike about two feet high—with a small ditch within it—carried at intervals in regular, scarcely perceptible incline across its fields; with discharge into a reservoir large enough to contain a week's maximum rainfall on the area of that farm in the stormiest weather—

* The *Pall Mall Gazette* had quoted part of the preceding letter, and had spoken of "a remedy which Mr. Ruskin himself appears to contemplate, though he describes it in rather a nebulous manner."

† "A Talk respecting Verona and its Rivers," February 4, 1870. (See Proceedings of the Royal Institution, vol. vi. p. 55. The report of the lecture was also printed by the Institution in a separate form; pp. 7.) The lecture concluded thus: "Further, without in the least urging my plans impatiently on any one else, I know thoroughly that this [the protection against inundations] which I have said *should* be done, *can* be done, for the Italian rivers, and that no method of employment of our idle able-bodied laborers would be in the end more remunerative, or in the beginnings of it more healthful and every way beneficial than, with the concurrence of the Italian and Swiss governments, setting them to redeem the valleys of the Ticino and the Rhone. And I pray you to think of this; for I tell you truly—you who care for Italy—that both her passions and her mountain streams are noble; but that her happiness depends not on the liberty, but the right government of both."

the higher uncultivated land being guarded over larger spaces with bolder embankments. No drop of water that had once touched hill ground ought ever to reach the plains till it was wanted there: and the maintenance of the bank and reservoir, once built, on any farm, would not cost more than the keeping up of its cattle-sheds against chance of whirlwind and snow.

The first construction of the work would be costly enough; and, say the Economists, "would not pay." I never heard of any National Defences that did! Presumably, we shall have to pay more income-tax next year, without hope of any dividend on the disbursement. Nay—you must usually wait a year or two before you get paid for any great work, even when the gain is secure. The fortifications of Paris did not pay, till very lately; they are doubtless returning cent. per cent. now, since the kind of rain falls heavy within them which they were meant to catch. Our experimental embankments against (perhaps too economically cheap) shot at Shoeburyness are property which we can only safely "realize" under similarly favorable conditions. But my low embankments would not depend for their utility on the advent of a hypothetical foe, but would have to contend with an instant and inevitable one; yet with one who is only an adversary if unresisted; who, resisted, becomes a faithful friend—a lavish benefactor.

Give me the old bayonets in the Tower, if I can't have anything so good as spades; and a few regiments of "volunteers" with good Engineer officers over them, and, in three years' time, an Inundation of Tiber, at least, shall be Impossible.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *Jan.* 19, 1871.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," February 4, 1871.]

THE WATERS OF COMFORT.

To the Editor of "*The Daily Telegraph*."

SIR: I did not see your impression of yesterday until too late to reply to the question of your correspondent in Rome;* and I am hurried to-day; but will send you to-morrow a precise statement of what I believe can be done in the Italian uplands. The simplest and surest beginning would be the purchase, either by the Government or by a small company formed in Rome, of a few plots of highland in the Apennines, now barren for want of water, and valueless; and the showing what could be made of them by terraced irrigation such as English officers have already introduced in many parts of India. The Agricultural College at Cirencester ought, I think, to be able to send out two or three superintendents, who would direct rightly the first processes of cultivation, choosing for purchase good soil in good exposures, and which would need only irrigation to become fruitful; and by next summer, if not by the end of this, there would be growing food for men and cattle where now there is only hot dust; and I do not think there would be much further question "where the money was to come from." The real question is only, "Will you *pay* your money in advance for what is actually new land added to the kingdom of living Italy?" or "Will you pay it under call from the Tiber every ten or twenty years as the price of the work done by the river for your destruction?"

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

OXFORD, Feb. 3.

* The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* had written that Mr. Ruskin's letter of January 10 had been translated into Italian and had set people thinking, and he asked Mr. Ruskin to write and state the case once more.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," February 7, 1871.]

*THE STREAMS OF ITALY.**

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: In this month, just thirty years ago, I was at Naples, and the days were nearly as dark as these, but with clouds and rain, not fog. The streets leading down from St. Elmo became beds of torrents. A story went about—true or not I do not know, but credible enough—of a child's having been carried off by the gutter and drowned at the bottom of the hill. At last came indeed what, in those simple times, people thought a serious loss of life. A heavy storm burst one night above a village on the flank of the Monte St. Angelo, a mile or two south of Pompeii. The limestones slope steeply there under about three feet of block earth. The water peeled a piece of the rock of its earth, as one would peel an orange, and brought down three or four acres of the good soil in a heap on the village at midnight, driving in the upper walls, and briefly burying some fourteen or fifteen people in their sleep—and, as I say, in those times there was some talk even about fourteen or fifteen. But the same kind of thing takes place, of course, more or less, among the hills in almost every violent storm, generally with the double result of ruining more ground below than is removed from the rocks above; for the frantic streams mostly finish their work with a heap of gravel and blocks of stone like that which came down the ravine below the glacier of Greppond about ten years ago, and destroyed, for at least fifty years to come, some of quite the best land in Chamouni.

In slower, but ceaseless process of ruin, the Po, Arno, and Tiber steadily remove the soil from the hills, and carry it down to their deltas. The Venetians have contended now for a

* See the date of the letter on a landslip near Giagnano (vol. i. p. 302).

thousand years in vain even with the Brenta and the minor streams that enter their lagoons, and have only kept their canals clear by turning the river south to Malamocco with embankments which have unhealthily checked the drainage of all the flat country about Padua.

And this constant mischief takes place, be it observed, irrespective of inundation. All that Florence, Pisa, and Rome have suffered and suffer periodically from floods is so much mischief added to that of increasing maremmas, spoiled harbours, and lost mountain-ground.

There is yet one further evil. The snow on the bared rock slips lower and melts faster; snow, which in mossy or grass ground would have lain long, and furnished steadily flowing streams far on into summer, fall or melt from the bare rock in avalanche and flood, and spend in desolation in a few days what would have been nourishment for half the year. And against all this there are no remedies possible in any sudden or external action. It is the law of the Heaven which sends flood and food, that national prosperity can only be achieved by national forethought and unity of purpose.

In the year 1858 I was staying the greater part of the summer at Bellinzona, during a drought as harmful as the storms of ten years later. The Ticino sank into a green rivulet; and not having seen the right way to deal with the matter, I had many a talk with the parroco of a little church whose tower I was drawing, as to the possibility of setting his peasants to work to repair the embankment while the river was low. But the good old priest said, sorrowfully, the peasants were too jealous of each other, that no one would build anything or protect his own ground for fear his work might also benefit his neighbors.

But the people of Bellinzona are Swiss, not Italians. I believe the Roman and Sienese races, in different ways, possess qualities of strength and gentleness far more precious than the sunshine and rain upon their mountains, and, hitherto, as cruelly lost. It is in them that all the real power of Italy still lives; it is only by them, and by what care, and provi-

dence, and accordant good-will ever be found in them, that the work is to be done, not by money; though, if money were all that is needed, do we in England owe so little to Italy of delight that we cannot so much as lend her spades and pick-axes at her need? Would she trust us? Would her government let us send over some engineer officers and a few sappers and miners, and bear, for a time, with an English instead of a French "occupation" of her barrenest hills?

But she does not need us. Good engineers she has, and has had many since Leonardo designed the canals of Lombardy. Agriculturists she has had, I think, among her gentlemen a little before there were gentlemen farmers in England; something she has told us of agriculture, also, pleasantly by the reeds of Mincio and among the apple-blossoms wet with Arno. Her streams have learned obedience before now: Fonte Branda and the Fountain of Joy flow at Sienna still; the rivulets that make green the slopes of Casentino may yet satisfy true men's thirst. "Where is the money to come from?" Let Italy keep her souls pure, and she will not need to alloy her florins. The only question for her is whether still the mossy rock and the "rivus aquæ" are "in rotis" or rather the racecourse and the boulevard—the curses of England and of France.

At all events, if any one of the Princes of Rome will lead, help enough will follow to set the work on foot, and show the peasants, in some narrow district, what can be done. Take any arid piece of Apennine towards the sources of the Tiber; let the drainage be carried along the hill-sides away from the existing water-courses; let cisterns, as of old in Palestine, and larger reservoirs, such as we now can build, be established at every point convenient for arrest of the streams; let channels of regulated flow be established from these over the tracts that are driest in summer; let ramparts be carried, not along the river banks, but round the heads of the ravines, throwing the water aside into lateral canals; then terrace and support the looser soil on all the steeper slopes; and the entire mountain side may be made one garden of orange and vine and olive beneath; and a wide blossoming orchard above; and a green

highest pasture for cattle, and flowers for bees—up to the edge of the snows of spring.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

OXFORD, Feb. 3.

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," December 28, 1871.]

THE STREETS OF LONDON.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: I have been every day on the point of writing to you since your notice, on the 18th,* of the dirty state of the London streets, to ask whether any of your readers would care to know how such matters are managed in my neighborhood. I was obliged, a few years ago, for the benefit of my health, to take a small house in one of the country towns of Utopia; and though I was at first disappointed in the climate, which indeed is no better than our own (except that there is no foul marsh air), I found my cheerfulness and ability for work greatly increased by the mere power of getting exercise pleasantly close to my door, even in the worst of the winter, when, though I have a little garden at the back of my house, I dislike going into it, because the things look all so dead; and find my walk on the whole pleasanter in the streets, these being always perfectly clean, and the wood-carving of the houses prettier than much of our indoor furniture. But it was about the streets I wanted to tell you. The Utopians have the oddest way of carrying out things, when once they begin, as far as they can go; and it occurred to them one dirty December long since, when they, like us, had only crossing-sweepers, that they might just as well sweep the whole of the street as the crossings of it, so that they might cross anywhere. Of course that meant more

* Quite unimportant. It simply complained of the condition of the streets.

work for the sweepers ; but the Utopians have always hands enough for whatever work is to be done in the open air ;—they appointed a due number of brooms-men to every quarter of the town ; and since then, at any time of the year, it is in our little town as in great Rotterdam when Doctor Brown saw it on his journey from Norwich to Colen in 1668, “the women go about in white slippers,” which is pretty to see.* Now, Sir, it would, of course, be more difficult to manage anything like this in London, because, for one thing, in our town we have a rivulet running down every street that slopes to the river ; and besides, because you have coal-dust and smoke and what not to deal with ; and the habit of spitting, which is worst of all—in Utopia, a man would as soon vomit as spit in the street (or anywhere else, indeed, if he could help it). But still it is certain we can at least anywhere do as much for the whole street, as we have done for the crossing ; and to show that we can, I mean, on 1st January next, to take three street-sweepers into constant service ; they will be the first workpeople I employ with the interest of the St. George’s fund, of which I shall get my first dividend this January ; and, whenever I can get leave from the police and inhabitants, I will keep my three sweepers steadily at work for eight hours a day ; and I hope soon to show you a bit of our London streets kept as clean as the deck of a ship of the line.†

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

December 27, 1871.

* Dr. Edward Browne, the son of the author of the “*Religio Medici*,” Sir Thomas Browne. Writing to his father from Rotterdam, in 1668, he says : “The cleanness and neatness of this towne is so new unto mee, that it affordeth great satisfaction, most persons going about the streets in white slippers.”—“*Life and Works of Sir Thomas Browne*.” Pickering, 1836. Vol. i. p. 154.

† Mr. Ruskin was as good as his word, and his sweepers were at work in the following January.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

IV.

EDUCATION FOR RICH AND POOR.

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF CHIVALRY.

(Five letters: February 8, 10, 11, and 12, 1877, and July 3, 1878.)

IV.

EDUCATION FOR RICH AND POOR.

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," January 31, 1868.]

TRUE EDUCATION.*

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: The letter you published yesterday from a parish schoolboy of "Sixty Years Since" at Weary-faulds (confirmed as it would be doubtless in all practical respects by testimony of English boys educated at Waverley Honour) has my hearty sympathy; but I am wearier than any tenant of Weary-faulds of seeing this subject of education always treated as if "education" only meant teaching children to write or to cipher or to repeat catechism. You know, Sir, as you have shown by your comments on the Bishop of Oxford's last speech on this subject, and you could not at present use your influence more beneficially than by farther showing that the real education—

* The *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 27 contained a leader on "Compulsory Education," and that of January 29 one upon a speech of the Bishop of Oxford on the same subject, made at a meeting in connection with the National Society, held at Tunbridge Wells on the preceding day. In the *Gazette* of January 30 appeared a letter referring to these articles, headed "Sixty Years Ago," and signed "One who has walked four miles to the Parish School." It described the writer's early home, situate in some lowland parish north of the Tweed, and divided into five or six estates, such as "Whinny-hills" and "Weary-faulds," the lairds of which were shortly called "Whinny" or "Weary" after their properties. In this primitive village, where supervision, much less compulsion, in education was never heard of, "no child grew up without learning to read," and the morals of the parish were on the whole good; the children quarrelled, but did not steal.—The reader will remember that the second title of "Waverley" is "'Tis Sixty Years Since."

the education which alone should be compulsory — means nothing of the kind. It means teaching children to be clean, active, honest, and useful. All these characters can be taught, and cannot be acquired by sickly and ill-dispositioned children without being taught; but they can be untaught to any extent, by evil habit and example at home. Public schools, in which the aim was to form character faithfully, would return to them in due time to their parents, worth more than their “weight in gold.” That is the real answer to the objections founded on economical difficulties. Will you not make some effort, Sir, to get your readers to feel this? I am myself quite sick of saying it over and over again in vain.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, Jan. 31, 1868.

[From “The Glasgow Herald,” June 5, 1874. Also reprinted in “The Times” of June 6, 1874.]

THE VALUE OF LECTURES.*

ROME, 26th May, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR: I have your obliging letter, but am compelled by increase of work to cease lecturing except at Oxford—and practically there also—for, indeed, I find the desire of audiences to be *audiences only* becoming an entirely pestilent character of the age. Everybody wants to *hear*—nobody to read—nobody to think; to be excited for an hour—and, if possible, amused; to get the knowledge it has cost a man half

* This letter was written to Mr. Chapman, of the Glasgow Athenæum Lecture Committee, in reply to a request that Mr. Ruskin would lecture at their meetings during the winter. Writing from Oxford four years later, in answer to a similar request, Mr. Ruskin wrote as follows: “Nothing can advance art in any district of this accursed machine-and-devil driven England until she changes her mind in many things, and my time for talking is past.—Ever faithfully yours, J. Ruskin. I lecture here, but only on the art of the past.” (Extract given in the *Times*, Feb. 12, 1878.)

his life to gather, first sweetened up to make it palatable, and then kneaded into the smallest possible pills—and to swallow it homœopathically and be wise—this is the passionate desire and hope of the multitude of the day.

It is not to be done. A living comment quietly given to a class on a book they are earnestly reading—this kind of lecture is eternally necessary and wholesome; your modern fire-working, smooth-downy-curry-and-strawberry-ice-and-milk-punch-altogether lecture is an entirely pestilent and abominable vanity; and the miserable death of poor Dickens, when he might have been writing blessed books till he was eighty, but for the pestiferous demand of the mob, is a very solemn warning to us all, if we would take it.*

God willing, I will go on writing, and as well as I can. There are three volumes published of my Oxford lectures,† in which every sentence is set down as carefully as may be. If people want to learn from me, let them read them or my monthly letter *Fors Clavigera*. If they don't care for these, I don't care to talk to them.

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[Date and place of publication unknown.]

THE CRADLE OF ART! ‡

18th Feb. 1876.

MY DEAR SIR: I lose a frightful quantity of time because people won't read what I ask them to read, nor believe any-

* The evil result on Dickens' health of his last series of readings at St. James's Hall, in the early part of 1870, scarcely four months before his death, is thus noted by Mr. Forster: "Little remains to be told that has not in it almost unmixed sorrow and pain. Hardly a day passed, while the readings went on or after they closed, unvisited by some effect or other of the disastrous excitement consequent on them.—"Life of Charles Dickens," vol. iii. p. 493.

† "Aratra Pentelici." "The Eagle's Nest"; and either "Val d'Arno" (Orpington, 1874) or "Lectures on Art" (Clarendon Press, 1870).

‡ This letter was in answer to a request of the Sheffield Society of Artists similar to that replied to in the preceding letter.

thing of what I tell them, and yet ask me to talk whenever they think they can take a shilling or two at the door by me. I have written fifty times, if once, that you can't have art where you have smoke; you may have it in hell, perhaps, for the Devil is too clever not to consume his own smoke, if he wants to. But you will never have it in Sheffield. You may learn something about nature, shrivelled, and stones, and iron; and what little you can see of that sort, I'm going to try and show you. But pictures, never.

Ever faithfully yours,
JOHN RUSKIN.

If for no other reason, no artist worth sixpence in a day would live in Sheffield, nor would any one who cared for pictures—for a million a year.

[From "The Sheffield Daily Telegraph," September 7, 1875.]

ST. GEORGE'S MUSEUM.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

MY DEAR SIR: I am obliged by your note, but the work of the St. George's Company is necessarily distinct from all other. My "museum" may be perhaps nothing but a two-windowed garret. But it will have in it nothing but what deserves respect in art or admiration in nature. A great museum in the present state of the public mind is simply an exhibition of the possible modes of doing wrong in art, and an accumulation of uselessly multiplied ugliness in misunderstood nature. Our own museum

* This letter was written in answer to one addressed to Mr. Ruskin by Mr. W. Bragge, F.R.G.S., who, having read in "Fors Clavigera" of Mr. Ruskin's intention to found the St. George's Museum at Sheffield, wrote to inform him that another museum, in which his might be incorporated, was already in course of building. It was read by Mr. Bragge at a dinner which followed the opening of Western Park to the public on September 6, 1875.

at Oxford is full of distorted skulls, and your Sheffield iron-work department will necessarily contain the most barbarous abortions that human rudeness has ever produced with human fingers. The capitals of the iron shafts in any railway station, for instance, are things to make a man wish—for shame of his species—that he had been born a dog or a bee.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I have no doubt the geological department will be well done, and my poor little cabinets will enable your men to use it to better advantage, but would be entirely lost if united with it.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," January 15, 1870.]

THE MORALITY OF FIELD SPORTS.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: As, thirty years ago,* I publicly expressed a strong opinion on the subject of field sports, and as with more accurate knowledge I hold the same opinion still, and more strongly—will you permit me to place the controversy between your correspondents,† in which I have no time to take part, on somewhat clearer grounds.

* In various parts of "Modern Painters." See vol. v. p. 264. "I wish, however, the reader distinctly to understand that the expressions of reprobation of field-sports which he will find scattered through these volumes . . . refer only to the chase and the turf; that is to say, to hunting, shooting, and horse-racing, but not to athletic exercises. I have just as deep a respect for boxing, wrestling, cricketing, and rowing, as contempt of all the various modes of wasting wealth, time, land, and energy of soul, which have been invented by the pride and selfishness of men, in order to enable them to be healthy in uselessness, and get quit of the burdens of their own lives, without condescending to make themselves serviceable to others."

† The correspondence originated as follows: In the *Fortnightly Review* of October, 1869, appeared an article against fox-hunting by Mr. E. A. Freeman, entitled, "The Morality of Field Sports," to which Mr. Anthony

Reprobation of fox-hunting on the ground of cruelty to the fox is entirely futile. More pain is caused to the draught-horses of London in an hour by avariciously overloading them, than to all the foxes in England by the hunts of the year : and the rending of body and heart in human death, caused by neglect, in our country cottages, in any one winter, could not be equalled by the death-pangs of any quantity of foxes.

The real evils of fox-hunting are that it wastes the time, misapplies the energy, exhausts the wealth, narrows the capacity, debases the taste, and abates the honor of the upper classes of this country ; and instead of keeping, as your correspondent "Forester" supposes, "thousands from the workhouse," it sends thousands of the poor, both there, and into the grave.

The athletic training given by fox-hunting is excellent ; and such training is vitally necessary to the upper classes. But it ought always to be in real service to their country ; in personal agricultural labor at the head of their tenantry ; and in extending English life and dominion in waste regions, against the adverse powers of nature. Let them become Captains of Emigration ;—hunt down the foxes that spoil the Vineyard of the World ; and keep their eyes on the leading hound, in Packs of Men.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.*

DENMARK HILL, Jan. 14.

Trollope replied by one entitled "The Morality of Hunting," in the *Fortnightly* of the following December. Mr. Freeman then rejoined by two letters of considerable length, addressed to the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* (December 18 and 29), in whose columns some discussion of the matter had already been carried on, whilst one of its leaders had strongly supported Mr. Freeman's views. Other correspondence on the subject was still appearing in the *Daily Telegraph* from day to day at the time Mr. Ruskin wrote the present letter.

* At the annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Mr. Ruskin is reported (*Daily News*, July 11, 1877) to have said that "as he was somewhat concerned in the studies of the scientific world, it might be thought that he sympathized in the resistance offered, not without some ground of reason, to some of the more enthusiastic and, he feared in some respects, exaggerated and sentimental actions of the society.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," December 11, 1871.]

DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: I am greatly surprised by the slightness of your article to-day on the statistics of drunkenness and the relative statistics of crime.*

The tables you have given, if given only in that form by Professor Leone Levi, are anything but "instructive." Liquor is not, for such purpose, to be measured only by the gallon, but by the gallon with accompanying statement of strength.

Crime is not for such purpose to be measured by the number of criminals, but by the number, with accompanying statement of the crime committed. Drunkenness very slightly encourages theft, very largely encourages murder, and universally encourages idleness, which is not a crime apparent in a

He pleaded in the name of poor animals that none of them should act too much on the feeling of pity, or without making a thoroughly judicial inquiry. In looking at the report, he found part of the society's admirable evidence mixed up with sentimental tales of fiction and other means of exciting mere emotion, which had caused them to lose power with those who had the greatest influence in the prevention of the abuses which the society desired to check. The true justice of their cause lay in the relations which men had had with animals from the time when both were made. They had endeavored to prevent cruelty to animals; they had not enough endeavored to promote affection for animals. He thought they had had too much to do in the police courts, and not enough in the field and the cottage garden. As one who was especially interested in the education of the poor, he believed that he could not educate them on animals, but that he could educate them by animals. He trusted to the pets of children for their education just as much as to their tutors. He rejoiced in the separate organization of the Ladies' Committee, and looked to it to give full extent and power to action which would supersede all their expensive and painful disputable duties. Without perfect sympathy with the animals around them, no gentleman's education, no Christian education, could be of any possible use. In concluding, he pleaded for an expansion of the protection extended by the society to wild birds.

* A short leader to which special reference is unnecessary.

tabular form. But, whatever results might, even by such more accurate statement, be attainable, are not material to the question at issue. Drunkenness is not the *cause* of crime in any case. It *is* itself crime in every case. A gentleman will not knock out his wife's brains when he is drunk; but it is nevertheless his duty to remain sober.

Much more is it his duty to teach his peasantry to remain sober, and to furnish them with sojourn more pleasant than the pothouse, and means of amusement less circumscribed than the pot. And the encouragement of drunkenness, for the sake of the profit on sale of drink, is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money hitherto adopted by the bravos of an age or country.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, Dec. 9.

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," November 4, 1872. (Also reprinted in "Fors Clavigera," Letter 48, p. 286, vol. iv., 1874.)]

MADNESS AND CRIME.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: Towards the close of the excellent article on the Taylor trial in your issue for October 31 * you say that people never will be, nor ought to be, persuaded, "to treat criminals simply as vermin which they destroy, and not as men who are to be punished." Certainly not, Sir! Who ever talked, or thought, of regarding criminals "simply" as anything (or innocent people either, if there be any)? But regarding criminals complexly and accurately, they are partly men, partly vermin; what is human in them you must punish—what is vermicular, abolish. Anything between—if you can find it—I wish you joy of, and hope you may be able to preserve it to

* The trial of Taylor was for murder, and ended in his acquittal on the ground of insanity.

society. Insane persons, horses, dogs, or cats become vermin when they become dangerous. I am sorry for darling Fido, but there is no question about what is to be done with him.

Yet, I assure you, Sir, insanity is a tender point with me. One of my best friends has just gone mad; and all the rest say I am mad myself. But if ever I murder anybody—and, indeed, there are numbers of people I should like to murder—I won't say that I ought to be hanged; for I think nobody but a bishop or a bank-director can ever be rogue enough to deserve hanging; but I particularly, and with all that is left me of what I imagine to be sound mind, request that I may be immediately shot.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,

November 2.

[From "The Daily Telegraph," December 26, 1868.]

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE DESITUTE POOR AND CRIMINAL CLASSES

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: Your admirable leader of to-day* will do great good; but it will do more if you complete it by pointing out the chief reason for the frequent failure of almsgiving in accomplishing any real benefit to the poor. No almsgiving of money is so helpful as almsgiving of care and thought; the giving of money without thought is indeed continually mischievous; but the invective of the economist against *indiscriminate* charity is idle, if it be not coupled with pleading for discriminate charity, and, above all, for that charity which discerns the uses that people may be put to, and helps them by setting them to work in those services. That is the help beyond all others; find out how to make useless people useful, and let them earn

* A Christmas article on Charity.

their money instead of begging it. Few are so feeble as to be incapable of all occupation, none so faultful but that occupation, well chosen, and kindly compelled, will be medicine for them in soul and body. I have lately drawn up a few notes for private circulation on possible methods of employment for the poor.* The reasons which weighed with me in not publishing them have now ceased to exist; and in case you should think the paper worth its room in your columns, and any portion of it deserving your ratification, I send it you herewith, and remain your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, S.E., Dec. 24.

*NOTES ON THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF EMPLOYMENT
FOR THE DESTITUTE AND CRIMINAL CLASSES.*

[For Private Circulation only. 1868. (Pp. 15, including the title-page. Printed by Strangeways & Walden, Castle Street, Leicester Square.)†]

The first great fact on which all wise and enduring legislation respecting labor must be founded, is, that the character of men depends more on their occupations than on any teaching we can give them, or principles with which we can imbue them.

The employment forms the habits of body and mind, and these are the constitution of the man—the greater part of his moral or persistent nature, whatever effort, under special

* See the following pages.

† There were two editions of this pamphlet. The first was entitled "First Notes on the General Principles of Employment for the Destitute and Criminal Classes. By John Ruskin, A.M. For private circulation only. 1868" (pp. 11, including the title-page. London: Strangeways & Walden, printers, Castle Street, Leicester Square). Mr. Ruskin enclosed the second edition to the *Daily Telegraph*, where almost the whole of the pamphlet was reprinted. The differences between the two editions consisted only in one or two additions in the second (see below, pages 197 and 202, notes).

excitement, he may make to change or overcome them. Employment is the half, and the primal half, of education—it is the warp of it; and the fineness or the endurance of all subsequently woven pattern depends wholly on its straightness and strength. And whatever difficulty there may be in tracing through past history the remoter connections of event and cause, one chain of sequence is always clear: the formation, namely, of the character of nations by their employments, and the determination of their final fate by their character. The moment and the first direction of circumstances, of decisive revolutions, often depend on accident; but their persistent course, and their consequences, depend wholly on the nature of the people. The passing of the Reform Bill by the late English Parliament* may have been more or less accidental: the results of the measure now rest on the character of the English people, as it has been developed by their recent interests, occupations, and habits of life. Whether as a body, they employ their new powers for good or evil will depend not on their facilities for knowledge, nor even on the general intelligence they may possess, but on the number of persons among them whom wholesome employments have rendered familiar with the duties, and temperate in their estimate of the promises of life.

But especially in passing laws respecting the treatment or employment of improvident and more or less vicious persons it is to be remembered that as men are not to be made heroes by an act of heroism, but must be brave before they can perform it, so they are not made villains by the commission of a crime, but were villains before they committed it; and that the right of public interference with their conduct begins when they begin to corrupt themselves, not merely at the moment when they have proved themselves hopelessly corrupt.

All measures of reformation are effective in exact proportion to their timeliness: partial decay may be cut away and cleansed; incipient error corrected; but there is a point

* The reform bill of 1867. The late parliament had been dissolved on November 11, and the new one had just sat (December 10, 1868).

at which corruption can no more be stayed, nor wandering recalled; it has been the manner of modern philanthropy to remain passive until that precise period, and to leave the rich to perish and the foolish to stray, while it exhausted itself in frantic exertions to raise the dead and reform the dust.

The recent direction of a great weight of public opinion against capital punishment is, I think, the sign of an awakening perception that punishment is the last and worst instrument in the hands of the legislature for the prevention of crime.

The true instruments of reformation are employment and reward—not punishment. Aid the willing, honor the virtuous, and compel the idle into occupation, and there will be no need for the compelling of any into the great and last indolence of death. The beginning of all true reformation among the criminal classes depends on the establishment of institutions for their active employment, while their criminality is still unripe, and their feelings of self-respect, capacities of affection, and sense of justice not altogether quenched. That those who are desirous of employment should be always able to find it, will hardly, at the present day, be disputed; but that those who are undesirous of employment should of all persons be the most strictly compelled to it, the public are hardly yet convinced. If the damage of the principal thoroughfares in their capital city, and the multiplication of crimes more ghastly than ever yet disgraced a nominal civilization, do not convince them, they will not have to wait long before they receive sterner lessons. For our neglect of the lower orders has reached a point, at which it begins to bear its necessary fruit, and every day makes the harvest darker and more sure.*

The general principles by which employment should be regulated may be briefly stated as follows:

1. There being three great classes of mechanical powers at our disposal, namely, (*a*) vital muscular power; (*b*) natural mechanical power of wind, water, and electricity; and (*c*) arti-

* The *Daily Telegraph* reprinted the pamphlet from this point to the end.

ficially produced mechanical power; it is the first principle of economy to use all available vital power first, then the inexpensive natural forces, and only at last to have recourse to artificial power. And this, because it is always better for a man to work with his own hands to feed and clothe himself, than to stand idle while a machine works for him; and if he cannot by all the labor healthily possible to him, feed and clothe himself, then it is better to use an inexpensive machine—as a wind-mill or water-mill—than a costly one like a steam-engine, so long as we have natural force enough at our disposal. Whereas at present we continually hear economists regret that the water-powers of the cascades or streams of a country should be lost, but hardly ever that the muscular power of its idle inhabitants should be lost; and, again, we see vast districts, as the south of Provence, where a strong wind * blows steady all day long for six days out of seven throughout the year, without a wind-mill, while men are continually employed a hundred miles to the north, in digging fuel to obtain artificial power.

But the principal point of all to be kept in view is that in every idle arm and shoulder throughout the country there is a certain quantity of force, equivalent to the force of so much fuel; and that it is mere insane waste to dig for coal for our force, while the vital force is unused; and not only unused, but, in being so, corrupting and polluting itself. We waste our coal and spoil our humanity at one and the same instant. Therefore, whenever there is an idle arm, always save coal with it, and the stores of England will last all the longer. And precisely the same argument answers the common one about “taking employment out of the hands of the industrious laborer.” Why, what is “employment” but the putting out of vital force instead of mechanical force? We are continually

* In order fully to utilize this natural power, we only require machinery to turn the variable into a constant velocity—no insurmountable difficulty. †

† This note was not contained in the first edition of the pamphlet, and was not reprinted by the *Daily Telegraph*.

in search of means of strength—to pull, to hammer, to fetch, to carry; we waste our future resources to get power, while we leave all the living fuel to burn itself out in mere pestiferous breath and production of its variously noisome forms of ashes! Clearly, if we want fire for force, we want men for force first. The industrious hands *must* have so much to do that they can do no more, or else we need not use machines to help them: then use the idle hands first. Instead of dragging petroleum with a steam-engine, put it on a canal, and drag it with human arms and shoulders. Petroleum cannot possibly be in a hurry to arrive anywhere. We can always order that and many other things time enough before we want it. So the carriage of everything which does not spoil by keeping may most wholesomely and safely be done by water-traction and sailing vessels, and no healthier work nor better discipline can men be put to than such active portorage.

2. In employing all the muscular power at our disposal, we are to make the employments we choose as educational as possible. For a wholesome human employment is the first and best method of education, mental as well as bodily. A man taught to plough, row or steer well, and a woman taught to cook properly and make dress neatly, are already educated in many essential moral habits. Labor considered as a discipline has hitherto been thought of only for criminals; but the real and noblest function of labor is to prevent crime, and not to be *Reformatory* but *Formatory*.

3. The third great principle of employment is, that whenever there is pressure of poverty to be met, all enforced occupation should be directed to the production of useful articles only, that is to say, of food, of simple clothing, of lodging, or of the means of conveying, distributing, and preserving these. It is yet little understood by economists, and not at all by the public, that the employment of persons in a useless business cannot relieve ultimate distress. The money given to employ riband-makers at Coventry is merely so much money withdrawn from what would have employed lace-makers at Honiton, or makers of something else, as useless, elsewhere. We

must spend our money in some way, at some time, and it cannot at any time be spent without employing somebody. If we gamble it away, the person who wins it must spend it; if we lose it in a railroad speculation, it has gone into some one else's pockets, or merely gone to pay navvies for making a useless embankment, instead of to pay riband or button makers for making useless ribands or buttons; we cannot lose it (unless by actually destroying it) without giving employment of some kind, and therefore, whatever quantity of money exists, the relative quantity of employment must some day come out of it; but the distress of the nation signifies that the employments given have produced nothing that will support its existence. Men cannot live on ribands, or buttons, or velvet, or by going quickly from place to place; and every coin spent in useless ornament, or useless motion, is so much withdrawn from the national means of life. Whereas every coin spent in cultivating ground, in repairing lodgings, in making necessary and good roads, in preventing danger by sea or land; and in carriage of food or fuel where they are required, is so much absolute and direct gain to the whole nation. To cultivate land round Coventry makes living easier at Honiton, and every house well built in Edinburgh makes lodgings cheaper in Glasgow and London.

4th, and lastly. Since for every idle person some one else must be working somewhere to provide him with clothes and food, and doing therefore double the quantity of work that would be enough for his own needs, it is only a matter of pur-justice to compel the idle person to work for his maintenance himself. The conscription has been used in many countries to take away laborers who supported their families from their useful work, and maintain them for purposes chiefly of military display at public expense. Since this had been long endured by the most civilized nations, let it not be thought that they would not much more gladly endure a conscription which should seize only the vicious and idle already living by criminal procedures at the public expense, and which should discipline and educate them to labor, which would not only

maintain themselves, but be serviceable to the commonwealth. The question is simply this: we must feed the drunkard, vagabond, and thief. But shall we do so by letting them rob us of their food, and do no work for it; or shall we give them their food in appointed quantity, and enforce their doing work which shall be worth it, and which, in process of time, will redeem their own characters, and make them happy and serviceable members of society? *

The different classes of work for which bodies of men could be consistently organized might ultimately become numerous; these following divisions of occupation may at once be suggested.

1. Road-making.—Good roads to be made wherever needed, and kept in constant repair; and the annual loss on unfrequented roads in spoiled horses, strained wheels, and time, done away with.

2. Bringing in of Waste Land.—All waste lands not necessary for public health, to be made accessible and gradually reclaimed.

3. Harbor-Making.—The deficiencies of safe or convenient harborage in our smaller ports to be remedied; other harbors built at dangerous points of coast, and a disciplined body of men always kept in connection with the pilot and lifeboat services. There is room for every order of intelligence in this work, and for a large body of superior officers.

4. Porterage.—All heavy goods not requiring speed in transit, to be carried (under preventive duty on transit by railroad) by canal boats, employing men for draught, and the merchant shipping service extended by sea; so that no ships may be wrecked for want of hands, while there are idle ones in mischief on shore.

5. Repair of Buildings.—A body of men in various trades to be kept at the disposal of the authorities in every large town for consistent repair of buildings, especially the houses of the poorer orders, who, if no such provision were made,

* Here the first edition of the pamphlet ends; the remaining sentences being contained in the second edition only.

could not employ workmen on their own houses, but would simply live with rent walls and roofs.

6. Dress-making.—Substantial dress, of standard material and kind, strong shoes, and stout bedding, to be manufactured for the poor, so as to render it unnecessary for them, unless by extremity of improvidence, to wear cast clothes, or be without sufficiency of clothing.

7. Works of Art.—Schools to be established on thoroughly sound principles of manufacture and use of materials, and with simple and, for given periods, unalterable modes of work; first in pottery, and embracing gradually metal work, sculpture, and decorative painting; the two points insisted upon, in distinction from ordinary commercial establishments, being perfectness of material to the utmost attainable degree; and the production of everything by hand-work, for the special purpose of developing personal power and skill in the workman.

The two last departments, and some subordinate branches of the others, would include the service of women and children.

[From "The Y. M. A. Magazine," conducted by the Young Men's Association, Clapham Congregational Church. September, 1879. Vol. iii., No. 12, p. 242.]

BLINDNESS AND SIGHT.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
18th July, 1879.

MY DEAR SIR: The reason I never answered was—I now find—the difficulty of explaining my fixed principle never to join in any invalid charities. All the foolish world is ready to help in *them*; and will spend large incomes in trying to make idiots think, and the blind read, but will leave the noblest intellects to go to the Devil, and the brightest eyes to remain

* This letter was sent by Mr. Ruskin to the Secretary of the Protestant Blind Pension Society in answer to an application for subscriptions which Mr. Ruskin had mislaid, and thus left unanswered.

spiritually blind forever! All *my* work is to help those who *have* eyes and see not.

Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

THOS. POCOCK, Esq.

I must add that, to *my* mind, the prefix of "Protestant" to your society's name indicates far *stonier* blindness than any it will relieve.

[From "The Y. M. A. Magazine," October, 1879, Vol. iv., No. 1, p. 12.]

*THE EAGLE'S NEST.**

To the Editor of "The Y. M. A. Magazine."

MY DEAR SIR: There is a mass of letters on my table this morning, and I am not quite sure if the "Y. M. A. Magazine," among them, is the magazine which yours of the 15th speaks of as "enclosed;" but you are entirely welcome to print my letter about Blind Asylums anywhere, and if in the "Y. M. A." I should be glad to convey to its editor, at the same time, my thanks for the article on "Growing Old," which has not a little comforted me this morning—and my modest recommendation that, by way of antidote to the No. III. paper on the Sun, he should reproduce the 104th, 115th, and 116th paragraphs of my "Eagle's Nest," closing them with this following sentence from the 12th Book of the Laws of Plato, dictating the due time for the sittings of a Parliament seeking righteous policy (and composed, they may note farther, for such search, of Young Men and Old):

ἐκάστης μὲν ἡμέρας συλλεγόμενος ἐξ ἀνάγκης ἀπ' ὄρθρου
μέχρι περ ἂν ἥλιος ἀνίσχη.

Ever faithfully yours, J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, August 17th, 1879.

* The article on "Growing Old" (Y. M. A., August, 1879) was "a study from the poets" on happiness in old age; that upon the sun, contained in the same number of the magazine, dealt with the spots in the sun, and the various scientific opinions about them; the paragraphs reprinted from the "Eagle's Nest" are upon the sun as the Light, and Health, and Guide of Life.

[From "The Y. M. A. Magazine," November, 1879, Vol. iv., No. 2, p. 36.]

POLITICS 'IN YOUTH.

To the Editor of "*The Y. M. A. Magazine.*"

MY DEAR SIR: I am heartily obliged by your publication of those pieces of "Eagle's Nest," and generally interested in your Magazine, papers on politics excepted. Young men have no business with politics at all; and when the time is come for them to have opinions, they will find all political parties resolve themselves at last into two—that which holds with Solomon, that a rod is for the fool's back,* and that which holds with the fool himself, that a crown is for his head, a vote for his mouth, and all the universe for his belly.

Ever faithfully yours,

(Signed) J. RUSKIN.

The song on "Life's Mid-day" is very beautiful, except the third stanza. The river of God will one day sweep down the great city, not feed it.†

SHEFFIELD, *October 19th, 1879.*

[From the "New Year's Address and Messages to Blackfriars Bible Class."]
Aberdeen, 1873.]

"*ACT, ACT IN THE LIVING PRESENT.*"‡

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Christmas Eve, '72.

MY DEAR SIR: I am always much interested in any effort such as you are making on the part of the laity.

* Proverbs xxvi. 3, and x. 13.

† The following are the lines specially alluded to:

Shall the strong full-flowing river, bearing on its mighty breast
Half the wealth of some proud nation, precious spoils of East and West,
Shall it mourn its mountain cradle and its infant heathery bed,
All its youthful songs and dances, as adown the hills it sped,
When by it in yon great city half a million mouths are fed?

[*Y. M. A. Magazine, October, 1879.*]

‡ This and the two following letters were originally printed in different annual numbers of the above-named publication, to whose editor (Mr.

If you care to give your class a word directly from me, say to them that they will find it well, throughout life, never to trouble themselves about what they ought *not* to do, but about what they *ought* to do. The condemnation given from the judgment throne—most solemnly described—is all for the *undones* and not for the *dones*.* People are perpetually afraid of doing wrong; but unless they are doing its reverse energetically, they do it all day long, and the degree does not matter. The Commandments are necessarily negative, because a new set of positive ones would be needed for every person: while the negatives are constant.

But Christ sums them all into two rigorous positions, and the first position for young people is active and attentive kindness to animals, supposing themselves set by God to feed His real sheep and ravens before the time comes for doing either figuratively. There is scarcely any conception left of the character which animals and birds might have if kindly treated in a wild state.

Make your young hearers resolve to be honest in their work in this life.—Heaven will take care of them for the other.

Truly yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[From "New Year's Address and Messages to Blackfriars Bible Class."
Aberdeen, 1874.]

"*LABORARE EST ORARE.*"

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
December, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR: I should much like to send your class some message, but have no time for anything I like.

My own constant *cry* to all Bible readers is a very simple

John Leith, 75 Crown Street, Aberdeen) they were addressed. Amongst the "messages" contained in them are some from Mr. Gladstone and others.

* See the tenth of Mr. Ruskin's letters on the Lord's Prayer, *Contemporary Review*, December, 1879, p. 550.

one—Don't think that nature (human or other) is corrupt; don't think that you yourself are elect out of it; and don't think to serve God by praying instead of obeying.

Ever, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[From "New Year's Address," etc. (as above), 1878.]

A PAGAN MESSAGE.

HERNE HILL, LONDON, S.E.
19 Dec. 1877.

MY DEAR SIR: I am sure you know as well as I that the best message for any of your young men who really are trying to read their Bibles is whatever they first chance to read on whatever morning.

But here's a Pagan message for them, which will be a grandly harmonized bass for whatever words they get on the New Year.

*Inter spem curamque, timores et inter iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.**

("Amid hope and sorrow, amid fear and wrath, believe every day that has dawned on thee to be thy last.")

Ever faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[From "The Science of Life."]

THE FOUNDATIONS OF CHIVALRY.†

VENICE, February 8th, 1877.

MY DEAR —: This is a nobly done piece of work of yours—a fireman's duty in fire of hell; and I would fain help

*Horace, Epistles, i. 4. 12.

†The following letters were addressed by Mr. Ruskin to the author of a pamphlet on continence, entitled "The Science of Life." There were two editions of the pamphlet, and of these only the second contained the first and last of these letters, whilst only the first contained the last letter but one. Some passages also in the other letters are omitted in the first edition, and a few slight alterations are made in the second in the letter of February 10.

you in all I could, but my way of going at the thing would be from the top down—putting the fire out with the sun, not with vain sprinklings. People would say I wasn't practical, as usual of course; but it seems to me the last thing one should do in the business is to play Lord Angelo, and set bar and door to deluge. Not but I should sift the windows of our Oxford printsellers, if I had my full way in my Art Professorship; but I can't say the tenth part of what I would. I'm in the very gist and main effort of quite other work, and can't get my mind turned to this rightly, for this, in the heart of it, involves—well, to say the whole range of moral philosophy, is nothing; this, in the heart of it, one can't touch unless one knew the moral philosophy of angels also, and what that means, "but are as the angels in heaven." For indeed there is no true conqueror of Lust but Love; and in this beautifully scientific day of the British nation, in which you have no God to love any more, but only an omnipotent coagulation of copulation: in which you have no Law nor King to love any more, but only a competition and a constitution, and the oil of anointing for king and priest used to grease your iron wheels down hill: when you have no country to love any more, but "patriotism is nationally what selfishness is individually,"* such the eternally-damned modern view of the matter—the moral syphilis of the entire national blood: and, finally, when you have no true bride and groom to love each other any more, but a girl looking out for a carriage and a man for a position, what have you left on earth to take pleasure in, except theft and adultery?

The two great vices play into each other's hands. Ill-got money is always finally spent on the harlot. Look at Hogarth's two 'prentices; the sum of social wisdom is in that bit of rude art-work, if one reads it solemnly.

* For further notice by Mr. Ruskin of this maxim, which occurs in Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology," p. 205, see the article on "Home and its Economies" in the *Contemporary Review* of May, 1873, and "Bibliotheca Pastorum," p. xxxiv.

VENICE, *February 10th.*

HENCE, if from any place in earth, I ought to be able to send you some words of warning to English youths, for the ruin of this mighty city was all in one word—fornication. Fools who think they can write history will tell you it was “the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope,” and the like! Alas it was indeed the covering of every hope she had, in God and his Law.

For indeed, my dear friend, I doubt if you can fight this evil by mere heroism and common-sense. Not many men are heroes; not many are rich in common-sense. They will train for a boat-race; will they for the race of life? For the applause of the pretty girls in blue on the banks; yes. But to win the soul and body of a noble woman for their own forever, will they? Not as things are going, I think, though how or where they are to go or end is to me at present inconceivable.

You think, perhaps, I could help you therefore with a lecture on good taste and Titian? No, not at all; I might with one on politics, but that everybody would say was none of my business. Yet to understand the real meaning of the word “Sire,” with respect to the rider as well as the horse, is indeed the basis of all knowledge, in policy, chivalry, and social order.

All that you have advised and exposed is wisely said and bravely told; but no advice, no exposure, will be of use, until the right relation exists again between the father and the mother and their son. To deserve his confidence, to keep it as the chief treasure committed in trust to them by God: to be the father his strength, the mother his sanctification, and both his chosen refuge, through all weakness, evil, danger, and amazement of his young life. My friend, while you still teach in Oxford the “philosophy,” forsooth, of that poor cretinous wretch, Stuart Mill, and are endeavoring to open other “careers” to English women than that of the Wife and the

Mother, you won't make your men chaste by recommending them to leave off tea.*

VENICE, 11th February.

MY DEAR — : I would say much more, if I thought any one would believe me, of the especial calamity of this time, with respect to the discipline of youth—in having no food any more to offer to their imagination. Military distinction is no more possible by prowess, and the young soldier thinks of the hurdle-race as one of the lists and the field—but the noble temper will not train for that trial with equal joy. Clerical eminence—the bishopric or popular pastorship—may be tempting to men of genial pride or sensitive conceit: but the fierce blood that would have burned into a patriarch, or lashed itself into a saint—what “career” has your modern philosophy to offer to *it*?

The entire cessation of all employment for the faculty, which, in the best men of former ages, was continually exercised and satisfied in the realization of the presence of Christ with the hosts of Heaven, leaves the part of the brain which it employed absolutely vacant, and ready to suck in, with the avidity of vacuum, whatever pleasantness may be presented to the natural sight in the gas-lighted beauty of pantomimic and casino Paradise.

All these disadvantages, you will say, are inevitable, and need not be dwelt upon. In my own school of St. George I mean to avoid them by simply making the study of Christianity a true piece of intellectual work; my boys shall at least know what their fathers believed, before they make up their own wise minds to disbelieve it. They shall be infidels, if they choose, at thirty; but only students, and very modest ones, at

* I have to state that this expression regarding Stuart Mill was not intended for separate publication; and to explain that in a subsequent but unpublished letter Mr. Ruskin explained it to refer to Mill's utter deficiency in the powers of the imagination.—The last words of this letter will be made clearer by noting that the pamphlet dealt with physical, as well as mental, diet.

fifteen. But I shall at least ask of modern science so much help as shall enable me to begin to teach them at that age the physical laws relating to their own bodies, openly, thoroughly, and with awe; and of modern civilization, I shall ask so much help as may enable me to teach them what is indeed right, and what wrong, for the citizen of a state of noble humanity to do, and permit to be done, by others, unaccused.

And if you can found two such chairs in Oxford—one, of the Science of Physical Health; the other, of the Law of Human Honor—you need not trim your Horace, nor forbid us our chatty afternoon tea.

I could say ever so much more, of course, if there were only time, or if it would be of any use—about the misapplication of the imagination. But really, the essential thing is the founding of real schools of instruction for both boys and girls—first, in domestic medicine and all that it means; and secondly, in the plain moral law of all humanity: “Thou shalt not commit adultery,” with all that *it* means.

Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

VENICE, 12th February, '77.

MY DEAR —: Two words more, and an end. I have just re-read the paper throughout. There are two omissions which seem to me to need serious notice.

The first, that the entire code of counsel which you have drawn up, as that which a father should give his son, must be founded on the assumption that, at the proper time of life, the youth will be able, no less than eager, to marry. You ought certainly to point out, incidentally, what in my St. George's work I am teaching primarily, that unless this first economical condition of human society be secured, all props and plasters of its morality will be in vain.

And in the second place, you have spoken too exclusively of Lust, as if *it* were the normal condition of sexual feeling, and the only one properly to be called sexual. But the great relation of the sexes is Love, not Lust; that is the relation in

which "male and female created He them;" putting into them, indeed, to be distinctly restrained to the office of fruitfulness, the brutal passion of Lust: but giving them the spiritual power of Love, that each spirit might be greater and purer by its bond to another associate spirit, in this world, and that which is to come; help-mates, and sharers of each other's joy forever.

Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

MALHAM, *July 3d*, 1878.

DEAR —: I wish I were able to add a few more words, with energy and clearness, to my former letters, respecting a subject of which my best strength—though in great part lately given to it, has not yet enforced the moment—the function, namely, of the arts of music and dancing as leaders and governors of the bodily, and instinctive mental, passions. No nation will ever bring up its youth to be at once refined and pure, till its masters have learned the *use* of all the arts, and primarily of these; till they again recognize the gulf that separates the Doric and Lydian modes, and perceive the great ordinance of Nature, that the pleasures which, rightly ordered, exalt, discipline, and guide the hearts of men, if abandoned to a reckless and popular Dis-order, as surely degrade, scatter, and deceive alike the passions and intellect.

I observe in the journals of yesterday, announcement that the masters of many of our chief schools are at last desirous of making the elements of Greek art one of the branches of their code of instruction: but that they imagine such elements may be learned from plaster casts of elegant limbs and delicate noses.

They will find that Greek art can only be learned from Greek law, and from the religion which gives law of life to all the nations of the earth. Let our youth once more learn the meaning of the words "music," "chorus," and "hymn" practically; and with the understanding that all such practice, from lowest to highest, is, if rightly done, always in the presence

and to the praise of God ; and we shall have gone far to shield them in a noble peace and glorious safety from the darkest questions and the foulest sins that have perplexed and consumed the youth of past generations for the last four hundred years.

Have you ever heard the charity children sing in St. Paul's ? Suppose we sometimes allowed God the honor of seeing our *noble* children collected in like manner to sing to Him, what think you might be the effect of such a festival—even if only held once a year—on the national manners and hearts ?

Ever faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

V.

WOMEN: THEIR WORK AND THEIR DRESS.

WOMAN'S WORK. 1873.

FEMALE FRANCHISE. 1870.

PROVERBS ON RIGHT DRESS. 1862.

SAD-COLORED COSTUMES. 1870.

OAK SILKWORMS. 1862.

V.

WOMEN : THEIR WORK AND THEIR DRESS.

[From "L'Espérance, Journal Mensuel, organe de l'Association des Femmes." Genève, le 8 Mai, 1873.]

WOMAN'S WORK.

*Lettre à la Présidente.**

MA CHÈRE MADAME: Je vous remercie de votre lettre si intéressante, car je sympathise de tout mon cœur avec la plupart des sentiments et des souhaits que vous y exprimez. Mais arriver à rendre des femmes plus nobles et plus sages est une chose; les élever de façon à ce qu'elles entretiennent leurs maris est une autre!

Je ne puis trouver des termes assez forts pour exprimer la haine et le mépris que je ressens pour l'idée moderne qu'une femme doit cesser d'être mère, fille, ou femme pour qu'elle puisse devenir commis ou ingénieur.

Vous êtes toutes entièrement sottes dans cette matière. Le devoir d'un homme est d'entretenir sa femme et ses enfants, celui d'une femme est de le rendre heureux chez lui, et d'élever ses enfants sagement. Aucune femme n'est capable de faire plus que cela. Aucune femme ne doit faire moins, et un homme qui ne peut pas nourrir sa femme, et désire qu'elle travaille pour lui, mérite d'être pendu au-dessus de sa porte.

Je suis, Madame, fidèlement à vous,

J. RUSKIN.

* I have been unable to get access to the paper from which this letter is taken, and must therefore have without explanation the fortunately unimportant references in its first paragraph.

[Date and place of publication unknown.]

FEMALE FRANCHISE.

VENICE, 29th May, 1870.

SIR: I am obliged by your note. I have no time for private correspondence at present, but you are quite right in your supposition as to my views respecting female franchise. So far from wishing to give votes to women, I would fain take them away from most men.*

Very sincerely yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Monthly Packet," November, 1863, p. 556.]

PROVERBS ON RIGHT DRESS.†

GENEVA, October 20th, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: I am much obliged by your letter: pardon me if for brevity's sake I answer with appearance of dogmatism. You will see the subject treated as fully as I am able in the course of the papers on political economy, of which the two first have already appeared in Fraser's Magazine.‡

The man and woman are meant by God to be perfectly

* So also in writing an excuse for absence from a lecture upon "Woman's Work and Woman's Sphere," given on behalf of the French female refugees by Miss Emily Faithfull in February, 1871, Mr. Ruskin said: "I most heartily sympathize with you in your purpose of defining woman's work and sphere. It is as refreshing as the dew's, and as defined as the moon's, but it is not the rain's nor the sun's." (*Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 21, 1871.)

† The preceding numbers of the *Monthly Packet* had contained various letters upon dress, and the present one was then sent to the Editor by the person to whom it was originally addressed.

‡ In June and September, 1863. See the first two chapters of "Munera Pulveris."

noble and beautiful in each other's eyes. The dress is right which makes them so. The best dress is that which is beautiful in the eyes of noble and wise persons.

Right dress is therefore that which is fit for the station in life, and the work to be done in it; and which is otherwise graceful—becoming—lasting—healthful—and easy; on occasion, splendid; *always* as beautiful as possible.

Right dress is therefore strong—simple—radiantly clean—carefully put on—carefully kept.

Cheap dress, bought for cheapness sake, and costly dress bought for costliness sake, are *both* abominations. Right dress is bought *for* its worth, and *at* its worth; and bought only when wanted.

Beautiful dress is chiefly beautiful in color—in harmony of parts—and in mode of putting on and wearing. Rightness of mind is in nothing more shown than in the mode of wearing simple dress.

Ornamentation involving design, such as embroidery, etc., produced *solely* by industry of *hand*, is highly desirable in the state dresses of all classes, down to the lowest peasantry.

National costume, wisely adopted and consistently worn, is not only desirable but necessary in right national organization. Obeying fashion is a great folly, and a greater crime; but gradual changes in dress properly accompany a healthful national development.

The Scriptural authority for dress is centralized by Proverbs xxxi. 21, 22; and by 1 Samuel i. 24; the latter especially indicating the duty of the king or governor of the state; as the former the duty of the housewife. It is necessary for the complete understanding of those passages, that the reader should know that "scarlet" means intense central radiance of pure color; it is the type of purest color—between pale and dark—between sad and gay. It was therefore used with hyssop as a type of purification. There are many stronger passages, such as Psalm xlv. 13, 14; but as some people read them under the impression of their being figurative, I need not refer to them. The passages in the Prophecies and

Epistles against dress apply only to its abuses. Dress worn for the sake of vanity, or coveted in jealousy, is as evil as anything else similarly so abused. A woman should earnestly desire to be beautiful, as she should desire to be intelligent; her dress should be as studied as her words; but if the one is worn or the other spoken in vanity or insolence, both are equally criminal.

I have not time, and there is no need, to refer you to the scattered notices of dress in my books: the most important is rather near the beginning of my *Political Economy of Art*;* but I have not the book by me: if you make any use of this letter (you may make any you please), I should like you to add that passage to it, as it refers to the more immediate need of economy in dress, when the modes of its manufacture are irregular, and cause distress to the operative.

Believe me, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[From "*Macmillan's Magazine*," November, 1870, p. 83.]

SAD-COLORED COSTUMES.

DENMARK HILL, S.E., 14th Oct., 1870.

To the Editor of "Macmillan's Magazine."

SIR: At p. 423 of your current number, Mr. Stopford A. Brooke states that it is a proposal of mine for regenerating the country, that the poor should be "dressed all in one sad-colored costume."†

It is, indeed, too probable that one sad-colored costume

* See pp. 67-75 of the original, and 50-55 of the new edition ("A Joy for Ever").

† Mr. Stopford Brooke's article was a review of Mr. Ruskin's "Lectures on Art" delivered at Oxford, and then recently published. In a note to the present letter the Editor of the Magazine stated Mr. Brooke's regret "at having been led by a slip of memory into making an inaccurate statement."

may soon be "your only wear," instead of the present motley—for both poor and rich. But the attainment of this monotony was never a proposition of mine; and as I am well aware Mr. Brooke would not have been guilty of misrepresentation, if he had had time to read the books he was speaking of, I am sure he will concur in my request that you would print in full the passages to which he imagined himself to be referring.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

1. "You ladies like to lead the fashion: by all means lead it. Lead it thoroughly. Lead it far enough. Dress yourselves nicely, and dress everybody else nicely. Lead the fashions for the poor first; make *them* look well, and you yourselves will look—in ways of which you have at present no conception—all the better."—*Crown of Wild Olive* (1866), p. 18.*

2. "In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy, whether public or private, means the wise management of labor; and it means this mainly in three senses: namely, first, applying your labor rationally; secondly, preserving its produce carefully; lastly, distributing its produce seasonably.

"I say first, applying your labor rationally; that is, so as to obtain the most precious things you can, and the most lasting things by it: not growing oats in land where you can grow wheat, nor putting fine embroidery on a stuff that will not wear. Secondly, preserving its produce carefully; that is to say, laying up your wheat wisely in storehouses for the time of famine, and keeping your embroidery watchfully from the moth; and lastly, distributing its produce seasonably; that is to say, being able to carry your corn at once to the place where the people are hungry, and your embroideries to the place where they are gay; so fulfilling in all ways the wise man's description, whether of the queenly housewife or queenly nation: 'She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. Strength and honor are in her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.'

* See the 1873 edition of the "Crown of Wild Olive," p. 30, § 27.

“Now you will observe that in this description of the perfect economist, or mistress of a household, there is a studied expression of the balanced division of her care between the two great objects of utility and splendor: in her right hand, food and flax, for life and clothing; in her left hand, the purple and the needlework, for honor and for beauty. . . . And in private and household economy you may always judge of its perfectness by its fair balance between the use and the pleasure of its possessions: you will see the wise cottager’s garden trimly divided between its well-set vegetables and its fragrant flowers: you will see the good housewife taking pride in her pretty tablecloth and her glittering shelves, no less than in her well-dressed dish and full store-room: the care will alternate with gayety; and though you will reverence her in her seriousness, you will know her best by her smile.”—“Political Economy of Art” (1857), pp. 10–13.*

[From “The Times,” October 24, 1862.]

OAK SILKWORMS.

To the Editor of “The Times.”

SIR: In your excellent article of October 17, on possible substitutes for cotton, you say “it is very doubtful whether we could introduce the silkworm with profit.” The silkworm of the mulberry tree, indeed, requires a warmer climate than ours, but has attention yet been directed to the silkworm of the oak? A day or two ago a physician of European reputation, Dr. L. A. Gosse, was speaking to me of the experiments recently made in France in its acclimatization. He stated to me that the only real difficulty was temporary—namely, in the importation of the eggs, which are prematurely hatched as they are brought through warm latitudes. A few only have reached Europe, and their multiplication is slow, but once let them be obtained in quantity and the stripping of an oak

* See “A Joy for Ever” (1880), pp. 7–9.

coppice is both robe and revenue. The silk is stronger than that of the mulberry tree, and the stuff woven of it more healthy than cotton stuffs for the wearer ; it also wears twice as long. This is Dr. Gosse's report—likely to be a trustworthy one—at all events, it seems to me worth sending you.

I remain your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

GENEVA, Oct. 20th.

MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

VI.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

THE PUBLICATION OF BOOKS. 1875.

A MISTAKEN REVIEW. 1875.

THE POSITION OF CRITICS. 1875.

COVENTRY PATMORE'S "FAITHFUL FOR EVER." 1860.

"THE QUEEN OF THE AIR." 1871.

THE ANIMALS OF SCRIPTURE: A REVIEW. 1856.

"LIMNER" AND "ILLUMINATION." 1854.

NOTES ON A WORD IN SHAKESPEARE. 1878. (Two Letters.)

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. 1880.

RECITATIONS. 1880.

VI.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

[From "The World," June 9, 1875.]

*THE PUBLICATION OF BOOKS.**

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
June 6, 1875.

To the Editor of "The World."

SIR: I am very grateful for the attention and candor with which you have noticed my effort to introduce a new method of publishing.

Will you allow me to explain one or two points in which I am generally misunderstood? I meant to have asked your leave to do so at some length, but have been entirely busy,

* This letter refers to an article on Mr. Ruskin's peculiar method of publication which appeared in the *World* of May 26, 1875. It was entitled "Ruskin to the Rescue," and with the criticism to which Mr. Ruskin alludes, strongly approved the idea of some reform being attempted in the matter of the publication of books. Mr. Ruskin began the still-continued method of publishing his works in 1871; and the following advertisement, inserted in the earlier copies of the first book thus published—"Sesame and Lilies"—will give the reader further information on the matter.

"It has long been in my mind to make some small beginning of resistance to the existing system of irregular discount in the bookselling trade—not in hostility to booksellers, but, as I think they will find eventually, with a just regard to their interest, as well as to that of authors. Every volume of this series of my collected works will be sold to the trade without any discount or allowance on quantity, at such a fixed price as will allow both author and publisher a moderate profit on each volume. It will be sold to the trade only; who can then fix such further profit on it as they deem fitting, for retail.

"Every volume will be clearly printed, and thoroughly well bound: on

and can only say, respecting two of your questions, what in my own mind are the answers.

I. "How many authors are strong enough to do without advertisements?"

None: while advertisement is the practice. But let it become the fashion to announce books once for all in a monthly circular (publisher's, for instance), and the public will simply refer to that for all they want to know. Such advertisement I use now, and always would.

II. "Why has he determined to be his own publisher?"

I wish entirely to resist the practice of writing for money early in life. I think an author's business requires as much training as a musician's, and that, as soon as he can write really well, there would always, for a man of worth and sense, be found capital enough to enable him to be able to print, say, a hundred pages of his careful work; which, if the public were pleased with, they would soon enable him to print more. I do not think young men should rush into print, nor old ones modify their books to please publishers.

III. And it seems to me, considering that the existing excellent books in the world would—if they were heaped together in great towns—overtop their cathedrals, that at *any* age a man should think long before he invites his neighbors to listen to *his* sayings on any subject whatever.

What I do, therefore, is done only in the conviction, foolish, egotistic, whatever you like to call it, but firm, that I am writing what is needful and useful for my fellow-creatures; that if it is so, they will in due time discover it, and that before due time I do not want it discovered. And it seems to

such conditions the price to the public, allowing full profit to the retailer, may sometimes reach, but ought never to exceed, half a guinea, nor do I wish it to be less. I will fully state my reasons for this procedure in the June number of *Fors Clavigera*.

"The price of this first volume to the trade is seven shillings."

In subsequent similar notices, some parts of this plan, especially as regarded purchasers and price, were altered; the trade not accepting the offer of sale to them only, and the "trouble and difficulty of revising text and preparing plates" proving much greater than Mr. Ruskin had expected.

me that no sound scholar or true well-wisher to the people about him would write in any other temper. I mean to be paid for my work, if it is worth payment. Not otherwise. And it seems to me my mode of publication is the proper method of ascertaining that fact. I had much more to say, but have no more time, and am, sir, very respectfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," January 11, 1875.]

A MISTAKEN REVIEW.*

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: The excellent letters and notes which have recently appeared in your columns on the subject of reviewing lead me to think that you will give me space for the statement of one or two things which I believe it is right the public should know respecting the review which appeared in the *Examiner* of the 2d of this month (but which I did not see till yesterday), by Mr. W. B. Scott, of Mr. St. J. Tyrwhitt's "Letters on Landscape Art."

1. Mr. Scott is one of the rather numerous class of artists of whose works I have never taken any public notice, and who attribute my silence to my inherent stupidity of disposition.

2. Mr. Scott is also one of the more limited and peculiarly unfortunate class of artists who suppose themselves to have great native genius, dislike being told to learn perspective, and prefer the first volume of "Modern Painters," which praises

* Of this review nothing need be said beyond what is stated in this letter. The full title of the book which it so harshly treated is "Our Sketching Club. Letters and Studies on Landscape Art." By the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, M.A. With an authorized reproduction of the lessons and woodcuts in Professor Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing." Macmillan, 1874. The "letters and notes" refer especially to one signed "K" in the *Gazette* of January 1, and another signed "A Young Author" in that of January 4. The principal complaint of both these letters was that reviewers seldom master, and sometimes do not even read the books they criticise.

many third-rate painters, and teaches none, to the following volumes, which praise none but good painters, and sometimes admit the weakness of advising bad ones.

3. My first acquaintance with Mr. Scott was at the house of a gentleman whose interior walls he was decorating with historic frescos, and whose patronage I (rightly or wrongly) imagined at that time to be of importance to him. I was then more good-natured and less conscientious than I am now, and my host and hostess attached weight to my opinions. I said all the good I truly could of the frescos, and no harm; painted a corn-cockle on the walls myself, in reverent subordination to them; got out of the house as soon afterwards as I could, and never since sought Mr. Scott's acquaintance further (though, to my regret, he was once photographed in the same plate with Mr. Rosetti and me). Mr. Scott is an honest man, and naturally thinks me a hypocrite and turncoat as well as a fool.

4. The honestest man in writing a review is apt sometimes to give obscure statements of facts which ought to have been clearly stated to make the review entirely fair. Permit me to state in very few words those which I think the review in question does not clearly represent. My "Elements of Drawing" were out of print, and sometimes asked for; I wished to rewrite them, but had no time, and knew that my friend and pupil, Mr. Tyrwhitt, was better acquainted than I myself with some processes of water-color sketching, and was perfectly acquainted with and heartily acceptant of the principles which I have taught to be essential in all art. I knew he could write, and I therefore asked him to write, a book of his own to take the place of the "Elements," and authorized him to make arrangements with my former publisher for my wood-blocks, mostly drawn on the wood by myself.

The book is his own, not mine, else it would have been published as mine, not his. I have not read it all, and do not answer for it all. But when I wrote the "Elements" I believed conscientiously that book of mine to be the best then attainable by the public on the subject of elementary drawing.

I think Mr. Tyrrwhitt's a better book, know it to be a more interesting one, and believe it to be, in like manner, the best now attainable by the British public on elementary practice of art.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, *Jan.* 10.

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," January 19, 1875.]

THE POSITION OF CRITICS.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: I see you are writing of criticism;* some of your readers may, perhaps, be interested in hearing the notions of a man who has dabbled in it a good many years. I believe, in a word, that criticism is as impertinent in the world as it is in a drawing-room. In a kindly and well-bred company, if anybody tries to please them, they try to be pleased; if anybody tries to astonish them, they have the courtesy to be astonished; if people become tiresome, they ask somebody else to play, or sing, or what not, but they don't criticise. For the rest, a bad critic is probably the most mischievous person in the world (Swift's Goddess of Criticism in the "Tale of a Tub" seems what need be represented on that subject †), and a good one the most helpless and unhappy: the more he knows, the less he is trusted, and it is too likely he may become morose in his unacknowledged power. A good executant, in any art, gives pleasure to multitudes, and breathes an atmosphere of praise, but a strong critic is every man's adversary—men feel that he

* Since the correspondence already mentioned, the *Gazette* of January 14 and 18 had contained two long letters on the subject from "A Reviewer."

† The Goddess of Criticism, with Ignorance and Pride for her parents, Opinion for her sister, and for her children Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners, is described in the "Battle of the Books"—the paper which follows, and is a companion to the "Tale of a Tub."

knows their foibles, and cannot conceive that he knows more. His praise, to be acceptable, must be always unqualified; his equity is an offence instead of a virtue; and the art of correction, which he has learned so laboriously, only fills his hearers with disgust.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, Jan. 18.

[From "The Critic," October 27, 1860.]

COVENTRY PATMORE'S "FAITHFUL FOR EVER."

To the Editor of "The Critic."

SIR: I do not doubt, from what I have observed of the general tone of the criticisms in your columns, that, in candor and courtesy, you will allow me to enter protest, bearing such worth as private opinion may, against the estimate expressed in your last number of the merits of Mr. C. Patmore's new poem.* It seems to me that you have read it hastily; and that you have taken such view of it as on a first reading almost every reader of good but impatient judgment would be but too apt to concur with you in adopting—one, nevertheless, which, if you examine the poem with care, you will, I think, both for your readers' sake and Mr. Patmore's, regret having expressed so decidedly.

The poem is, to the best of my perception and belief, a singularly perfect piece of art; containing, as all good art does, many very curious shortcomings (to appearance), and places of rest, or of dead color, or of intended harshness, which, if they are seen or quoted without the parts of the piece to which they relate, are of course absurd enough, precisely as the discords in a fine piece of music would be if you played them without their resolutions. You have quoted separately Mr. Patmore's discords; you might by the same

* The tone of the criticism is sufficiently explained in this letter.

system of examination have made Mozart or Mendelssohn appear to be no musicians, as you have probably convinced your quick readers that Mr. Patmore is no poet.

I will not beg of you so much space as would be necessary to analyze the poem, but I hope you will let me—once for all—protest against the method of criticism which assumes that entire familiarity and simplicity in certain portions of a great work destroy its dignity. Simple things ought to be simply said, and truly poetical diction is nothing more nor less than right diction; the incident being itself poetical or not, according to its relations and the feelings which it is intended to manifest—not according to its own nature merely. To take a single instance out of Homer bearing on that same simple household work which you are so shocked at Mr. Patmore's taking notice of, Homer describes the business of a family washing, when it comes into his poem, in the most accurate terms he can find. "They took the clothes in their hands; and poured on the clean water; and trod them in trenches thoroughly, trying who could do it best; and when they had washed them and got off all the dirt, they spread them out on the sea-beach, where the sea had blanched the shingle cleanest." *

* See Homer, *Odyssey*, vi. 90.

*Εἴματα χερσὶν ἔλοντο καὶ ἐσφόρειον μέλαν ὕδωρ,
Στεῖβον δ' ἐν βόθροισι θεῶς ἔριδα προφέρουσαι.
Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ πλῦνάν τε κάθηράν τε ρύπα πάντα,
Ἐξείης πέτασαν παρὰ θιν' ἄλός, ἧχι μάλιστα
λαίγγας ποτὶ χέρσον ἀποπλύνεσκε θάλασσα.*

The verse translation of this passage given in the letter is from Pope's *Odyssey*.

The lines in "Faithful for Ever," particularly alluded to as having been condemned by the "Critic," were those here italicized in the following passage:

*"For your sake I am glad to hear,
You sail so soon. I send you, Dear,
A trifling present; and will supply
Your Salisbury costs. You have to buy
Almost an outfit for this cruise!
But many are good enough to use*

These are the terms in which the *great* poet explains the matter. The less poet—or, rather, man of modern wit and breeding, *without* superior poetical power—thus puts the affair into dignified language :

Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave,
(The vestures cleansed o'erspread the shelly sand,
Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand.)

Now, to my mind, Homer's language is by far the most poetical of the two—is, in fact, the only poetical language possible in the matter. Whether it was desirable to give any account of this, or anything else, depends wholly on the relation of the passage to the rest of the poem, and you could only show Mr. Patmore's glance into the servant's room to be ridiculous by proving the mother's mind, which it illustrates, to be ridiculous. Similarly, if you were to take one of Mr. George Richmond's perfectest modern portraits, and give a little separate engraving of a bit of the neck-tie or coat-lappet, you might easily demonstrate a very prosaic character either in the riband-end or the button-hole. But the only real question respecting them is their relation to the face, and the degree in which they help to express the character of the wearer. What the real relations of the parts are in the poem in question only a thoughtful and sensitive reader will discover. The poem is not meant for a song, or calculated for an hour's amusement; it is, as I said, to the best of my belief, a finished and tender work of very noble art. Whatever on this head may be the final judgment of the public, I am bound, for my own part, to express my obligation to Mr. Patmore, as one of my severest models and tutors in use of English, and my

*Again, among the things you send
To give away. My maid shall mend
And let you have them back. Adieu !
Tell me of all you see and do.
I know, thank God, whate'er it be,
'Twill need no veil 'twixt you and me."*

("Faithful for Ever," p. 17, II. "Mrs. Graham to Frederick," her sailor son.)

respect for him as one of the truest and tenderest thinkers who have ever illustrated the most important, because commonest, states of noble human life.*

I remain, Sir, yours, etc.,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL.

[From "The Asiatic," May 23, 1871.]

"THE QUEEN OF THE AIR."

To the Editor of "The Asiatic."

SIR: I am obliged and flattered by the tone of your article on my "Queen of the Air" in your last number, but not at all by the substance of it; and it so much misinterprets my attempt in that book that I will ask your leave to correct it in main points.† The "Queen of the Air" was written to show, not what could be fancied, but what was felt and meant, in the myth of Athena. Every British sailor know, that Neptune is the god of the sea. He does *not* know that Athena is the goddess of the air; I doubt if many of our school-boys know it—I doubt even if many of our school-masters know it; and I believe the evidence of it given in the "Queen of the Air" to be the first clear and connected approximate proof of it which has yet been rendered by scientific mythology, properly so called.

You say, "I have not attempted to explain all mythology."

* See "Sesame and Lilies" (Ruskin's Works, vol. i.), p. 89, note. "Coventry Patmore. You cannot read him too often or too carefully; as far as I know he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies; the others sometimes darken, and nearly always depress and discourage, the imagination they deeply seize."

† The article was entitled "Aryan Mythology: Second Notice," the first notice having been a review of Mr. Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi," and of some other mythological works. (See the *Asiatic*, April 25 and May 16, 1871.) The nature of the praise and criticism of the article may be gathered from this letter.

I wonder what you would have said of me if I *had*? I only know a little piece of it here and there, just as I know a crag of alp or a bend of river; and even what I know could not be put into a small octavo volume. Nevertheless, I should have had another such out by this time on the Apolline Myths, and, perhaps, one on the Earth-Gods, but for my Oxford work; and shall at all events have a little more to say on the matter than I have yet said—and much need there is—when all that has yet been done by “scientific” mythology ends in the assertion made by your reviewer, that “mythology is useful mainly as a storehouse for poets, and for literary men in want of some simile or metaphor to produce a striking effect.”

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

May 18, 1871.

[From “The Morning Chronicle,” January 20, 1855. (Reprinted in “The Evening Journal,” January 22.)]

*THE ANIMALS OF SCRIPTURE: A REVIEW.**

Among the various illustrated works which usually grace the beginning of the year, has appeared one which, though of graver and less attractive character than its companions, is likely to occupy a more permanent place on the library shelves. We allude to “Illustrations of Scripture, by an Animal Painter,” a work which, whatever its faults or weaknesses, shows at least a singular power of giving reality and interest to scenes which are apt to be but feebly, if at all, brought before the mental vision, in consequence of our familiarity with the words which describe them. The idea of the work is itself sufficiently original. The animals are

* The full title of the book here reviewed by Mr. Ruskin, and long since out of print, was “Twenty Photographs; being illustrations of Scripture. By an Animal Painter; with Notes by a Naturalist.” Imperial 4to. Edinburgh: Constable, 1854. The work was, however, reprinted, with engravings of the photographs, in *Good Words* for 1861.

throughout principal, and the pathos or moral of the passage to be illustrated is developed from its apparently subordinate part in it. Thus the luxury and idolatry of the reign of Solomon are hinted behind a group of "apes and peacocks;" the Deluge is subordinate to the dove; and the healing of the lunatic at Gennesareth to the destruction of the herd of swine.

In general, to approach an object from a new point of view is to place it in a clearer light, and perhaps the very strangeness of the treatment in some cases renders the subject more impressive than it could have been made by any more regular method of conception. But, at all events, supposing the studies of the artist to have been chiefly directed to animals, and her power to lie principally in seizing their character, she is to be thanked for filling her sketches of the inferior creatures with so much depth of meaning, and rendering the delineation even of an ape, or a swallow, suggestive of the most solemn trains of thought.

As so suggestive, without pretence or formalism, these drawings deserve a place of peculiar honor in the libraries of the young, while there are also some qualities in them which fit them for companionship with more elaborate works of art. The subject of "Lazarus" is treated with a courage and tenderness which say much for the painter's imagination, and more for her heart; and the waste of waters above which the raven hovers is expressed, though rudely, yet in a way which tells of many an hour spent in watching the play of the evening light upon the movement of the wearied sea. It is true that most of the compositions are weakened by a very visible contempt, if not ignorance, of the laws which regulate the harmonies of shade, as well as by a painful deficiency in the drawing. Still there is a life and sincerity in them which are among the rarest qualities in art; and one characteristic, very remarkable in the works of a person described in the text (we doubt not, much against her will) as an "accomplished lady"—we mean the peculiar tendency to conceptions of fearfulness, or horror, rather than of beauty. The camel, for instance, might, we should have thought, as

easily, and to many persons much more pleasingly, have illustrated the meeting of Rebekah with the servant of Abraham, as the desolation of Rabbah; and the dog might as gracefully have been brought forward to remind us of the words of the Syro-Phœnician woman, as to increase the horror of the death of Jezebel. There are curious evidences of a similiar disposition in some of the other plates; and while it appears to us indicative of the strength of a mind of no common order, we would caution the fair artist against permitting it to appear too frequently. It renders the series of drawings in some degree repulsive to many persons, and even by those who can sympathize with it might sometimes be suspected of having its root in a sublime kind of affectation.

We have spoken of these studies as drawings. They are, in fact, as good, being photographic fac-similes of the original sketches. The text is copious, and useful as an elucidation of the natural history of Scripture.

[From "The Builder," December 9, 1854.]

"LIMNER" AND ILLUMINATION.*

(To the Editor of "The Builder.")

I do not usually answer objections to my written statements, otherwise I should waste my life in idle controversy; but as what I say to the workmen at the Architectural Museum

* In his lecture on "the distinction between illumination and painting," being the first of a series on Decorative Color delivered at the Architectural Museum, Cannon Street, Westminster, Mr. Ruskin is reported (*Builder*, Nov. 25, 1854) to have said, "The line which is given by Cary, 'which they of Paris call the limner's skill,' is not properly translated. The word, which in the original is '*alluminare*,' does not mean the limner's art, but the art of the illuminator—the writer and illuminator of books." In criticism of this remark, "M. A.," writing to the *Builder* from Cambridge, defended Cary's translation by referring to Johnson's dictionary to show that "limner" was after all corrupted from "enlumineur," *i.e.*, "a decorator of books with initial pictures." His letter concluded by remarking upon

is necessarily brief, and in its words, though not in its substance, unconsidered, I will answer, if you will permit me, any questions or cavils which you may think worthy of admission into your columns on the subject of these lectures.

I do not know if the Cambridge correspondent, whose letter you inserted last week, is more zealous for the honor of Cary, or anxious to detect me in a mistake. If the former, he will find, if he take the trouble to look at the note in the 264th page of the second volume of the "Stones of Venice," that Cary's reputation is not likely to suffer at my hands.* But the translation in the instance quoted is inadmissible. It does not matter in the least whence the word "limner" is derived. I did not know when I found fault with it that it was a corruption of "illuminator," but I knew perfectly that it did not in the existing state of the English language mean "illuminator." No one talks of "limning a missal," or of a "limned missal." The word is now universally understood as signifying a painter or draughtsman in the ordinary sense, and cannot be accepted as a *translation* of the phrase of which it is a *corruption*.

Touching the last clause of the letter, I should have thought that a master of arts of Cambridge might have had wit enough to comprehend that characters may be illegible by being far

another of Mr. Ruskin's statements in the same lecture, namely, that "Black letter is not really illegible, it is only that we are not accustomed to it. . . . The fact is, *no* kind of character is really illegible. If you wish to see real illegibility, go to the Houses of Parliament and look at the inscriptions there!"

The present letter was written in reply to "M. A.," from whom the latter portion of it elicited a further letter, together with one from "Vindex," in defence of Sir Charles Barry and the Houses of Parliament (see the *Builder*, Dec. 16, 1854).

* "It is generally better to read ten lines of any poet in the original language, however painfully, than ten cantos of a translation. But an exception may be made in favor of Cary's 'Dante.' If no poet ever was liable to lose more in translation, none was ever so carefully translated; and I hardly know whether most to admire the rigid fidelity, or the sweet and solemn harmony, of Cary's verse," etc. See the note to the "Stones of Venice," at the above-named page.

off, as well as by being ill-shaped; and that it is not less difficult to read what is too small to be seen than what is too strange to be understood. The inscription on the Houses of Parliament are illegible, not because they are in black letters, but because, like all the rest of the work on that, I suppose, the most effeminate and effectless heap of stones ever raised by man, they are utterly unfit for their position.

J. RUSKIN.

[From the "Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society" for 1878-9, pp. 409-12.]

NOTES ON A WORD IN SHAKESPEARE.*

"And yon gray lines
That *fret* the clouds are messengers of day."

JULIUS CÆSAR, II. i. 103-4.

I.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

MY DEAR FURNIVALL: Of course, in any great writer's word, the question is far less what the word came from, than where it has come to. *Fret* means all manner of things in that place; primarily, the rippling of clouds—as sea by wind; secondarily, the breaking it asunder for light to come through. It implies a certain degree of vexation—some dissolution—much *order*, and extreme beauty. I have myself used this word substantively, to express the rippled edge of a wing-feather. In architecture and jewellery it means simply roughening in a decorative manner.†

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

† In modern English "chasing" has got confused with it, but it should be separated again.

* This and the next letter were written in answer to Mr. Furnivall, who, upon being questioned what appearance in the clouds was intended by the word "fret" in the above passage, referred the point to Mr. Ruskin, whose answers were subsequently read at the forty-fifth meeting of the Society, Oct. 11, 1878.

NOTES ON A WORD IN SHAKESPEARE.

II.

EDINBURGH, 29th Sept., 1878.

DEAR FURNIVALL: Your kind letter comes to me here, and I must answer on this paper, for, if that bit of note is really of any use to you, you must please add this word or two more in printing, as it wouldn't do to let it be such a mere fret on the vault of its subject. You say not one man in 150 knows what the line means: my dear Furnivall, not one man in 15,000, in the 19th century, knows, or ever can know, what *any* line—or *any word* means, used by a great writer. For most words stand for things that are seen, or things that are thought of; and in the 19th century there is certainly not one man in 15,000 who ever looks at anything, and not one in 15,000,000 capable of a thought. Take the intelligence of this word in this line for example—the root of the whole matter is, first, that the reader should have seen what he has often heard of, but probably not seen twice in his life—“Daybreak.” Next, it is needful he should think what “break” means in that word—what is broken, namely, and by what. That is to say, the cloud of night is Broken up, as a city is broken up (Jerusalem, when Zedekiah fled), as a school breaks up, as a constitution, or a ship, is broken up; in every case with a not inconsiderable change of idea and addition to the central word. This breaking up is done by the Day, which breaks—*out*, as a man breaks, or bursts *out*, from his restraint in a passion; breaks *down* in tears; or breaks *in*, as from heaven to earth—with a breach in the cloud-wall of it; or breaks *out*, with a sense of *outward*—as the sun—out and out, farther and farther, after rain. Well; next, the thing that the day breaks up is partly a garment, *rent*, more than broken; a *mantle*, the day itself “in russet mantle clad”—the blanket of the dark, *torn* to be peeped through—whereon instantly you get into a whole host of new ideas; *fretting* as

a moth *frets* a garment; unravelling at the edge, afterwards; —thence you get into *fringe*, which is an entirely double word, meaning partly a thing that guards, and partly a thing that is worn away on the ground; the French *Frangé* has, I believe, a reminiscence of *φράσσω* in it—our “fringe” runs partly toward *frico* and friction—both are essentially connected with *frango*, and the fringe of “breakers” at the shores of all seas, and the breaking of the ripples and foam all over them—but this is wholly different in a northern mind, which has only seen the sea

Break, break, break, on its *cold* gray stones,—

and a southern, which has seen a hot sea on hot sand break into lightning of phosphor flame—half a mile of fire in an instant—following in time, like the flash of minute-guns. Then come the great new ideas of order and time, and

I did but tell her she mistook her *frets*,
And bowed her hand, etc.,

and so the timely succession of either ball, flower, or dentil, in architecture: but this, again, going off to a totally different and still lovely idea, the main one in the word *aurifrigium*—which rooted once in *aurifex*, went on in Etruscan work, followed in Florence into a much closer connection with *frigidus*—their style being always in *frosted* gold (see the dew on a cabbage-leaf or, better, on a gray lichen, in early sunshine)—going back, nobody knows how far, but to the Temple of the Dew of Athens, and gold of Mycenæ, anyhow; and in Etruria to the Deluge, I suppose. Well, then, the notion of the music of morning comes in—with strings of lyre (or *frets* of Katharine’s instrument, whatever it was) and stops of various *quills*; which gets us into another group beginning with *plectrum*, going aside again into *plico* and *plight*, and Milton’s

“Play in the plighted clouds”

(the quills on the fretful porcupine are all thought of, first, in their piped complexity like rushes, *before* the standing up

in ill-temper), and so on into the *plight* of folded drapery, and round again to our blanket. I think that's enough to sketch out the compass of the word. Of course the real power of it in any place depends on the writer's grasp of it, and use of the facet he wants to cut with.

[From "The Theatre," March, 1880, p. 169.]

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."*

6th Feb., 1880.

I have no doubt that whatever Mr. Irving has stated that I said, I *did* say. But in personal address to an artist, to whom one is introduced for the first time, one does not usually say *all* that may be in one's mind. And if expressions, limited, if not even somewhat exaggerated, by courtesy, be afterwards quoted as a total and carefully-expressed criticism, the general reader will be—or may be easily—much misled. I did and *do* much admire Mr. Irving's own acting of Shylock. But I entirely dissent (and indignantly as well as entirely) from his general reading and treatment of the play. And I think that a modern audience will *invariably* be not only wrong, but diametrically and with polar accuracy opposite to the real view of any great author in the moulding of his work.

So far as I could in kindness venture, I expressed my feel-

* The circumstances connected with the present letter, or rather extract from one, are as follows: After witnessing the performance of "The Merchant of Venice" at the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. Ruskin had some conversation with Mr. Irving on the subject. In the *Theatre* of January 1880—p. 63—appeared a paragraph which stated that at the interview named Mr. Ruskin had declared Mr. Irving's "Shylock" to be "noble, tender, and true," and it is to that statement that the present letter, which appeared in the March number of the *Theatre*, relates. With reference to the letter privately addressed to Mr. Irving, the *Theatre* of April (p. 249) had a note to the effect that Mr. Irving had, for excellent and commendable reasons, preferred it not being made public. For a full statement of Mr. Ruskin's views of "The Merchant of Venice," see "Munera Pulveris," p. 102.

ings to that effect, in a letter which I wrote to Mr. Irving on the day after I saw the play ; and I should be sincerely obliged to him, under the existing circumstances, if he would publish THE WHOLE of that letter.

RECITATIONS.

SHEFFIELD, 16th February, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR :* I am most happy to assure you, in reply to your interesting letter of the 12th, that I heard your daughters' recitations in London last autumn, with quite unmixed pleasure and the sincerest admiration—nor merely that, but with grave change in my opinions of the general value of recitations as a means of popular instruction. Usually, I like better to hear beautiful poetry read quietly than recited with action. But I felt, in hearing Shelley's "Cloud" recited (I think it was by Miss Josephine) that I also was "one of the people," and understood the poem better than ever before, though I am by way of knowing something about clouds, too. I also know the "Jackdaw of Rheims" pretty nearly by heart ; but I would gladly come to London straightway, had I the time, to hear Miss Peggy speak it again. And—in fine—I have not seen any public entertainment—for many a long year—at once so sweet, so innocent, and so helpful, as that which your children can give to all the gentle and simple in mind and heart.—Believe me, my dear Sir, faithfully, and with all felicitation, yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* This letter was addressed to Mr. R. T. Webling, by whom it was afterwards printed as a testimonial of the interest and success of his daughters' recitations. It was reprinted in the *Daily News* (Feb. 18, 1880).

APPENDIX.

LETTER TO W. C. BENNETT, LL.D. 1852.

LETTER TO THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D. 1853.

MR. WINDUS' SALE OF PICTURES. 1859.

AT THE PLAY. 1867.

AN OBJECT OF CHARITY. 1868.

EXCUSES FROM CORRESPONDENCE. 1868.

LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF A REVIEW. 1872.

AN OXFORD PROTEST. 1875.

MR. RUSKIN AND MR. LOWE. 1877.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF RUSKIN. 1878.

(Two Letters: September 30, and October 23.)

THE SOCIETY OF THE ROSE. 1879.

APPENDIX.

[From the "Testimonials" of W. C. Bennett, LL.D. 1871; p. 22.]

LETTER TO W. C. BENNETT, LL.D.*

HERNE HILL, DULWICH, *December 28th*, 1852.

DEAR MR. BENNETT: I hope this line will arrive in time to wish you and yours a happy New Year, and to assure you of the great pleasure I had in receiving your poems from you, and of the continual pleasure I shall have in possessing them. I deferred writing to you in order that I might tell you how I liked those which were new to me, but Christmas, and certain little "pattering pairs of restless shoes" which have somehow or another got into the house in his train, have hitherto prevented me from settling myself for a quiet read. In fact, I am terribly afraid of being quite turned upside down when I do, so as to lose my own identity, for you have already *nearly* made me like babies, and I see an ode further on to another antipathy of mine—the only one I have in the kingdom of flowers—the chrysanthemum. However, I am sure you will be well pleased if you can cure me of all *dislikes*. I should write to you now more cheerfully, but that I am anxious for the person who, of all I know, has fewest dislikes and warmest likings—for Miss Mitford.

* The present letter is from the "Testimonials of W. C. Bennett, LL D., Candidate for the Clerkship of the London School Board." The pamphlet consists of "letters from distinguished men of the time," and includes some from Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Browning, Charles Dickens, and others. Mr. Ruskin's letter was originally addressed to Mr. Bennett in thanks for a copy of his "Poems" (Chapman and Hall. 1850). The poems specially alluded to are "Toddling May" (from which Mr. Ruskin quotes), "Baby May," and another, "To the Chrysanthemum." The book is dedicated to Miss Mitford.

I trust she is better, and that she may be spared for many years to come. I don't know if England has such another warm heart.

I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you here in case your occasions should at any time bring you to London, and

I remain, with much respect, most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[From the "Memoir of Thomas Guthrie, D.D." Vol. ii. pp. 321-2 (1875).]

*LETTER TO DR. GUTHRIE.**

Saturday, 26th, 1853.

I found a little difficulty in writing the words on the first page, wondering whether you would think the "affectionate" misused or insincere. But I made up my mind at last to write what I felt; believing that you must be accustomed to people's getting very seriously and truly attached to you, almost at first sight, and therefore would believe me.

You asked me, the other evening, some kind questions about my father. He was an Edinburgh boy, and in answer to some account by me of the pleasure I had had in hearing you, and the privilege of knowing you, as also of your exertions in the cause of the Edinburgh poor, he desires to send you the enclosed, to be applied by you in such manner as you may think fittest for the good of his native city. I have added slightly to my father's trust. I wish I could have done so more largely, but my profession of fault-finding with the world in general is not a lucrative one.

Always respectfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* This letter accompanied the gift of a copy of "The Stones of Venice," sent to Dr. Guthrie by Mr. Ruskin, who, while residing in Edinburgh during the winter of 1853, "was to be found each Sunday afternoon in St. John's Free Church."

[From "The Times," March 29, 1859.]

THE SALE OF MR. WINDUS' PICTURES.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR: Will you oblige me by correcting an error in your account given this morning of the sale of Mr. Windus' pictures on Saturday,* in which the purchase of Mr. Millais's picture "Pot Pourri" is attributed to me? I neither purchased Mr. Millais's picture, nor any other picture at that sale.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *March 28.*

[From "The Pall Mall Gazette," March 1, 1867.]

AT THE PLAY.

To the Editor of "The Pall Mall Gazette."

SIR: I am writing a series of private letters on matters of political economy to a working man in Newcastle, without objecting to his printing them, but writing just as I should if they were for his eye only. I necessarily take copies of them for reference, and the one I sent him last Monday seems to me not unlikely to interest some of your readers who care about modern drama. So I send you the copy of it to use if you like.†

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, *Feb. 28, 1867.*

* The collection of pictures belonging to Mr. B. G. Windus was sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson on March 26, 1859

† The enclosed letter is "Letter V." of "Time and Tide."

[From "The Daily Telegraph," January 22, 1868.]

*AN OBJECT OF CHARITY.**

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

SIR: Except in "Gil Blas," I never read of anything Astræan on the earth so perfect as the story in your fourth article to-day.

I send you a check for the Chancellor. If 40, in legal terms, means 400, you must explain the further requirements to your impulsive public.

I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

J. RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, S., *Jan. 21, 1868.*

EXCUSES FROM CORRESPONDENCE.

DENMARK HILL, S.,

2d February, 1868.

I am about to enter on some work which cannot be well done or even approximately well, unless without interruption, and it would be desirable for me, were it in my power, to leave home

* The *Daily Telegraph* of January 21, 1868, contained a leading article upon the following facts. It appeared that a girl, named Matilda Griggs, had been nearly murdered by her seducer, who, after stabbing her in no less than thirteen different places, had then left her for dead. She had, however, still strength enough to crawl into a field close by, and there swooned. The assistance that she met with in this plight was of a rare kind. Two calves came up to her, and disposing themselves on either side of her bleeding body, thus kept her warm and partly sheltered from cold and rain. Temporarily preserved, the girl eventually recovered, and entered into recognizances, under a sum of forty pounds, to prosecute her murderous lover. But "she loved much," and, failing to prosecute, forfeited her recognizances, and was imprisoned by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for her debt. "Pity this poor debtor," wrote the *Daily Telegraph*, and in the next day's issue appeared the above letter, probably not intended for the publication accorded to it.

for some time, and carry out my undertaking in seclusion. But as my materials are partly in London, I cannot do this; so that my only alternative is to ask you to think of me as if actually absent from England, and not to be displeased though I must decline all correspondence. And I pray you to trust my assurance that, whatever reasons I may have for so uncouth behavior, none of them are inconsistent with the respect and regard in which I remain,

Faithfully yours,*

[From "The Liverpool Weekly Albion," November 9, 1872.]

LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF A REVIEW.†

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
Wednesday, 30th Oct.

[MY DEAR] SIR: I was on the point of writing to the Editor of *The Albion* to ask the name of the author of that article. Of

* The above letter, printed as a circular, was at one time used by Mr. Ruskin in reply to part of his large correspondence. Some few copies had the date printed on them as above. The following is a similar but more recent excuse, printed at the end of the last "list of works" issued (March, 1880) by Mr. Ruskin's publisher:

Mr. Ruskin has always hitherto found his correspondents under the impression that, when he is able for average literary work, he can also answer any quantity of letters. He most respectfully and sorrowfully must pray them to observe, that it is precisely when he is in most active general occupation that he can answer fewest private letters; and this year he proposes to answer—none, except those on St. George's business. There will be enough news of him, for any who care to get them, in the occasional numbers of "Fors."

† The review was the first of three articles entitled "The Disciple of Art and the Volary of Science," published in the *Liverpool Weekly Albion* of November 9, 16, and 23, 1873. The first of them had also appeared previously in the *Liverpool Daily Albion*, and was reprinted with the present letter in the weekly issue of Nov. 9. The aim of the articles was partly to show how the question "what is art?" involved a second and deeper inquiry, "What is man?" The words bracketed here were omitted in the *Albion*, but occur in the original letter, for access to which I have to thank the writer of the articles.

course, one likes praise [and I'm so glad of it that I can take a great many kinds], but I never got any [that] I liked so much before, because, as far as I [can] remember nobody ever noticed or allowed for the *range* of work I've had to do, and which really has been dreadfully costly and painful to me, compelling me to leave things just at the point when one's work on them has become secure and delightful, to attack them on another rough side. It is a most painful manner of life, and I never got any credit for it before. But the more I see, the more I feel the necessity of seeing all round, however hastily.

I am entirely grateful for the review and the understanding of me; and I needed some help just now—for I'm at once single-handed and dead—or worse—hearted, and as nearly beaten as I've been in my life.

Always therefore I shall be, for the encouragement at a heavy time,

Very gratefully yours,

(Signed) J. RUSKIN.

[From "The Globe," October 29, 1874.]

AN OXFORD PROTEST.*

The Slade Professor has tried for five years to please everybody in Oxford by lecturing at any time that might be conveniently subordinate to other dates of study in the University. He finds he has pleased nobody, and must for the future at least make his hour known and consistent. He cannot alter it this term because people sometimes come from a distance and have settled their plans by the hours announced in the *Gazette*, but for many he reasons he thinks it right to change the place, and will hereafter lecture in the theatre of the museum.† On Friday

* Mr. Ruskin had recently changed the hour of his lectures from two till twelve, and the latter hour clashing with other lectures, some complaints had been made. This "protest" was then issued on the morning of October 29 and reprinted in the *Globe* of the same day.

† Instead of in the drawing schools at the Taylor Gallery.

the 30th he will not begin till half-past twelve to allow settling time. Afterwards, all his lectures will be at twelve in this and future terms. He feels that if he cannot be granted so much as twelve hours of serious audience in working time during the whole Oxford year, he need not in future prepare public lectures at which his pupils need not much regret their non-attendance.

[From "The Standard," August 28, 1877. Reprinted in the "Notes and Correspondence" to "Fors Clavigera," Letter 81, September, 1877, p. 268.]

MR. RUSKIN AND MR. LOWE.

To the Editor of "The Standard."

SIR: My attention has been directed to an article in your columns of the 22d 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, rather be 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.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,

August 24.

* The article in question stated that a number of "Fors Clavigera" had been sent to Mr. Lowe, and commented on by him in a letter to Mr. Ruskin. The last words of the article, alluded to above, were as follows: "The world will be made no wiser by any controversy between Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Lowe, for it would be impossible to reduce their figures or facts to a common denominator."

[From the List of "Mr. Shepherd's Publications" printed at the end of his "The Bibliography of Dickens," 1880.]

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF RUSKIN.

I.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
Sept. 30, 1878.

DEAR SIR: So far from being distasteful to me, your perfect reckoning up of me not only flatters my vanity extremely, but will be in the highest degree useful to myself. But you know so much more about me than I now remember about anything, that I can't find a single thing to correct or add—glancing through at least.

I will not say that you have wasted your time; but I may at least regret the quantity of trouble the book must have given you, and am, therefore, somewhat ashamedly, but very gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

R. H. SHEPHERD, Esq.

II.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
Oct. 23, 1878.

DEAR MR. SHEPHERD: I am very deeply grateful to you, as I am in all duty bound, for this very curious record of myself. It will be of extreme value to me in filling up what gaps I can in this patched coverlid of my life before it is draped over my coffin—if it may be.

I am especially glad to have note of the letters to newspapers, but *most* chiefly to have the good news of so earnest and patient a friend.

Ever gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[From the "First Annual Report" of the "Ruskin Society" (of the Rose), Manchester 1880.]

*THE SOCIETY OF THE ROSE.**

"No, indeed, I don't want to discourage the plan you have so kindly and earnestly formed, but I could not easily or decorously promote it myself, could I? But I fully proposed to write you a letter to be read at the first meeting, guarding you especially against an 'ism,' or a possibility of giving occasion for one; and I am exceedingly glad to receive your present letter. Mine was not written because it gave me trouble to think of it, and I can't take trouble now. But without thinking, I can at once assure you that the taking of the name of St. George *would* give me endless trouble, and cause all manner of mistakes, and perhaps even legal difficulties. We must not have that, please.

"But I think you might with grace and truth take the name of the Society of the Rose—meaning the English wild rose—and that the object of the society would be to promote such English learning and life as can abide where it grows. You see it is the heraldic sign on my books, so that you might still keep pretty close to me.

"Supposing this were thought too far-fetched or sentimental by the promoters of the society, I think the 'More' Society would be a good name, following out the teaching of the Utopia as it is taken up in 'Fors.' I can't write more to-day, but I dare say something else may come into my head, and I'll write again, or you can send me more names for choice."

* This letter was written early in 1879 to the Secretary *pro tem.* of the Ruskin Society of Manchester, in reply to a request for Mr. Ruskin's views upon the formation of such a Society.

[From "The Autographic Mirror," December 23 and 30, 1835.]

*LETTER TO MR. W. H. HARRISON.**

DEAR MR. HARRISON: The plate I send is unluckily merely outlined in its principal griffin (it is just being finished), but it may render your six nights' work a little more amusing. I don't want it back.

Never mind putting "see to quotations," as I always do. And, in the second revise, don't look to all my alterations to tick them off, but merely read straight through the new proof to see if any mistake strikes you. This will be more useful to me than the other.

Most truly yours, with a thousand thanks,

J. RUSKIN.

* A facsimile of this letter, from a collection of autographs in the possession of Mr. T. F. Dillon Croker, appeared in the above-named issue of the *Autographic Mirror*. The subject of the letter will be made clearer by the following passages from Mr. Ruskin's reminiscence of Mr. William Henry Harrison, published in the *University Magazine* of April, 1878, under the title of "My First Editor."—"1st February, 1878. In seven days more I shall be fifty-nine; which (practically) is all the same as sixty; but being asked by the wife of my dear old friend, W. H. Harrison, to say a few words of our old relations together, I find myself, in spite of all these years, a boy again—partly in the mere thought of, and renewed sympathy with, the cheerful heart of my old literary master, and partly in instinctive terror lest, wherever he is in celestial circles, he should catch me writing bad grammar, or putting wrong stops, and should set the table turning, or the like. . . . Not a book of mine, for good thirty years, but went, every word of it, under his careful eyes twice over—often also the last revises left to his tender mercy altogether on condition he wouldn't bother me any more."—The book to which the letter refers may be the "Stones of Venice," and the plate sent the third ("Noble and Ignoble Grotesque"), in the last volume of that work; and if this be so, the letter was probably written from Herne Hill about 1852-3.

[From the "Journal of Dramatic Reform," November, 1880.]

*DRAMATIC REFORM.**

I.

MY DEAR SIR: Yes, I began writing something—a year ago, is it?—on your subject, but have lost it, and am now utterly too busy to touch so difficult and so important a subject. I shall come on it, some day, necessarily.

Meantime, the one thing I have to say mainly is that the idea of making money by a theatre, and making it educational at the same time, is *utterly* to be got out of people's heads. You don't make money out of a Ship of the Line, nor should you out of a Church, nor should you out of a College, nor should you out of a Theatre.

Pay your Ship's officers, your Church officers, your College tutors, and your Stage tutors, what will honorably maintain them. Let there be no starring on the Stage boards, more than on the deck, but the *Broadside* well delivered.

And let the English Gentleman consider with himself what *he* has got to teach the people: perhaps then, he may tell the English Actor what *he* has to teach them.

Ever faithfully yours,

(Signed) J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, *July 30th*, 1880.

II.

MY DEAR SIR: I am heartily glad you think my letter may be of some use. I wish it had contained the tenth part of what I wanted to say.

May I ask you at least to add this note to it, to tell how

* This and the following letter were both addressed to Mr. John Stuart Bogg, the Secretary of the Dramatic Reform Association of Manchester. The first was a reply to a request that Mr. Ruskin would, in accordance with an old promise, write something on the subject of the Drama for the Society's journal; and the second was added by its author on hearing that it was the wish of the Society to publish the first.

indignant I was, a few days ago, to see the drop-scene (!) of the *Folies* at Paris composed of huge advertisements! The ghastly want of sense of beauty, and endurance of loathsomeness gaining hourly on the people!

They were playing the *Fille du Tambour Major* superbly, for the most part; they gave the introductory convent scene without the least caricature, the Abbess being played by a very beautiful and gracefully-mannered actress, and the whole thing would have been delightful had the mere decorations of the theatre been clean and pretty. To think that all the strength of the world combining in Paris to amuse itself can't have clean box-curtains! or a pretty landscape sketch for a drop scene!—but sits in squalor and dismalness, with bills stuck all over its *rideau!*

I saw *Le Chalet* here last night, in many respects well played and sung, and it is a quite charming little opera in its story, only it requires an actress of extreme refinement for the main part, and everybody last night sang too loud. There is no music of any high quality in it, but the piece is one which, played with such delicacy as almost any clever, *wellbred* girl could put into the heroine's part (if the audiences would look for acting more than voice), *ought* to be extremely delightful to simple persons.

On the other hand, I heard *William Tell* entirely massacred at the great opera-house at Paris. My belief is they scarcely sang a piece of pure Rossini all night, but had fitted in modern skimble-skamble tunes, and quite unspeakably clumsy and common *ballet*. I scarcely came away in better humor from the mouthed tediousness of *Gerin* at the *Français*, but they took pains with it, and I suppose it pleased a certain class of audience. The *William Tell* could please nobody at heart.

The libretto of *Jean de Nivelle* is very beautiful, and ought to have new music written for it. Anything so helplessly tuneless as its present music I never heard, except mosquitoes and cicadas.

Ever faithfully yours,

(Signed) J. RUSKIN.

AMIENS, October 12th, 1880.

[From the "Glasgow Herald," October 7, 1880.]

*THE LORD RECTORSHIP OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.**

I.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE, *10th June, 1880.*

MY DEAR SIR: I am greatly flattered by your letter, but there are two reasons why I can't stand—the first, that though I believe myself the staunchest Conservative in the British Islands, I hold some opinions, and must soon clearly utter them, concerning both lands and rents, which I fear the Conservative Club would be very far from sanctioning, and think Mr. Bright himself had been their safer choice. The second, that I am not in the least disposed myself to stand in any contest where it is possible that Mr. Bright might beat me.

Are there really no Scottish gentlemen of birth and learning from whom you could choose a Rector worthier than Mr. Bright? and better able than any Southron to rectify what might be oblique, or hold straight what wasn't yet so, in a Scottish University?

Might I ask the favor of the transmission of a copy of this letter to the Independent Club? It will save me the difficulty of repetition in other terms.—And believe me, my dear sir, always the club's and your faithful servant,

(Signed)

J. RUSKIN.

MATT. P. FRASER, Esq.

II.

13th June, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR: I am too tired at this moment (I mean this day or two back) to be able to think. My health may break

* Of these letters it should be noted that the first was written to the President of the Conservative Club upon his requesting Mr. Ruskin to stand for the Lord Rectorship; the second in answer to a hope that Mr. Ruskin would reconsider the decision he had expressed in his reply; and the third upon the receipt of a letter explaining what the duties of the office were. The fourth letter refers to one which dealt with some reflections made by the Liberal Club upon the former conduct of their opponents.

down any day, and I cannot bear a sense of having to do anything. If you would take me on condition of my residence for a little while with you, and giving a little address to the students after I had seen something of them, I think I could come, but I won't stand ceremonies nor make long speeches, and you really should try to get somebody else.

Ever respectfully yours,

(Signed)

J. RUSKIN.

MATT. P. FRASER. Esq.

III.

24th June, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR: I am grieved at my own vacillation, and fear it is more vanity than sense of duty in which I leave this matter of nomination to your own pleasure. But I had rather err in vanity than in heartlessness, and so will do my best for you if you want me.

Ever respectfully yours,

(Signed)

J. RUSKIN.

IV.

ROUEN, 28th September, 1880.

SIR: I am obliged by your letter, but can absolutely pay no regard to anything said or done by Mr. Bright's Committee beyond requesting my own committees to print for their inspection—or their use—in any way they like, every word of every letter I have written to my supporters, or non-supporters, or any other person in Glasgow, so far as such letters may be recoverable.

Faithfully yours,

(Signed)

J. RUSKIN.

MATT. P. FRASER, Esq.

V.*

[From "The Glasgow Herald," October 12, 1880.]

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCAASHIRE.

MY DEAR SIR: What in the devil's name have *you* to do with either Mr. D'Israeli or Mr. Gladstone? You are students at the University, and have no more business with politics than you have with rat-catching.

Had you ever read ten words of mine [with understanding] you would have known that I care no more [either] for Mr. D'Israeli or Mr. Gladstone than for two old bagpipes with the drones going by steam, but that I hate all Liberalism as I do Beelzebub, and that, with Carlyle, I stand, we two alone now in England, for God and the Queen.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

ALEX. MITCHELL, Esq., Avoch, by Inverness.

P.S.—You had better, however, ask the Conservatives for a copy of my *entire* letters to them.

* Upon the terms of this letter, which was written in answer to a question whether Mr. Ruskin sympathized with Lord Beaconsfield or with Mr. Gladstone, the reader is referred to the Epilogue. The bracketed words were omitted in the *Glasgow Herald*.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

I FIND my immitigable Editor insists on epilogue as well as prologue from his submissive Author; which would have fretted me a little, since the last letter of the series appears to me a very pretty and comprehensive sum of the matters in the book, had not the day on which, as Fors would have it, I am to write its last line, brought to my mind something of importance which I forgot to say in the preface; nor will it perhaps be right to leave wholly without explanation the short closing letter to which I have just referred.

It should be observed that it was written to the President of the *Liberal* party of the Glasgow students, in answer to the question which I felt to be wholly irrelevant to the business in hand, and which could not have been answered in anything like official terms with anything short of a forenoon's work. I gave the answer, therefore, in my own terms, not in the least petulant, but chosen to convey as much information as I could in the smallest compass; and carrying it accurately faceted and polished on the angles.

For instance, I never, under any conditions of provocation or haste, would have said that I hated Liberalism as I did *Mammon*, or Belial, or Moloch. I chose the milder fiend of Ekron, as the true exponent and patron of Liberty, the God of Flies; and if my Editor, in final kindness, can refer the reader to the comparison of the House-fly and House-dog, in (he, and not I, must say where)* the letter will have received all the illustration which I am minded to give it. I was only surprised that after its publication, of course never intended,

* See "The Queen of the Air," §§ 148-152 (1874 Ed.).

though never forbidden by me, it passed with so little challenge, and was, on the whole, understood as it was meant.

The more important matter I have to note in closing, is the security given to the conclusions arrived at in many subjects treated of in these letters, in consequence of the breadth of the basis on which the reasoning is founded. The multiplicity of subject, and opposite directions of investigation, which have so often been alleged against me, as if sources of weakness, are in reality, as the multiplied buttresses of the apse of Amiens, as secure in allied result as they are opposed in direction. Whatever (for instance) I have urged in economy has ten times the force when it is remembered to have been pleaded for by a man loving the splendor, and advising the luxury of ages which overlaid their towers with gold, and their walls with ivory. No man, oftener than I, has had cast in his teeth the favorite adage of the insolent and the feeble—"ne sutor." But it has always been forgotten by the speakers that, although the proverb might on some occasions be wisely spoken by an artist to a cobbler, it could never be wisely spoken by a cobbler to an artist.

J. RUSKIN.

AMIENS, *St. Crispin's Day*, 1880.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE LETTERS

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more or less certainly conjectured; whilst those unbracketed give the actual dating letter.

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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

JOHN RUSKIN

VOLUME XXIV



OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US
STORM-CLOUD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
HORTUS INCLUSUS

“Our Fathers Have Told Us”

SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF CHRISTENDOM

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHO HAVE BEEN HELD AT ITS FONTS

PART I.

THE BIBLE OF AMIENS

PREFACE.

THE long abandoned purpose, of which the following pages begin some attempt at fulfilment, has been resumed at the request of a young English governess, that I would write some pieces of history which her pupils could gather some good out of;—the fruit of historical documents placed by modern educational systems at her disposal, being to them labour only, and sorrow.

What else may be said for the book, if it ever become one, it must say for itself: preface, more than this, I do not care to write: and the less, because some passages of British history, at this hour under record, call for instant, though brief, comment.

I am told that the Queen's Guards have gone to Ireland; playing "God save the Queen." And being, (as I have declared myself in the course of some letters to which public attention has been lately more than enough directed,) to the best of my knowledge, the staunchest Conservative in England, I am disposed gravely to question the propriety of the mission of the Queen's Guards on the employment commanded them. My own Conservative notion of the function of the Guards is that they should guard the Queen's throne and life, when threatened either by domestic or foreign enemy: but not that they should become a substitute for her inefficient police force, in the execution of her domiciliary laws.

And still less so, if the domiciliary laws which they are sent to execute, playing "God save the Queen," be perchance precisely contrary to that God the Saviour's law; and therefore,

such as, in the long run, no quantity either of Queens, or Queen's men, *could* execute. Which is a question I have for these ten years been endeavouring to get the British public to consider—vainly enough hitherto; and will not at present add to my own many words on the matter. But a book has just been published by a British officer, who, if he had not been otherwise and more actively employed, could not only have written all my books about landscape and picture, but is very singularly also of one mind with me, (God knows of how few Englishmen I can now say so,) on matters regarding the Queen's safety, and the Nation's honour. Of whose book ("Far out: Rovings retold"), since various passages will be given in my subsequent terminal notes, I will content myself with quoting for the end of my Preface, the memorable words which Colonel Butler himself quotes, as spoken to the British Parliament by its last Conservative leader, a British officer who had also served with honour and success.

The Duke of Wellington said: "It is already well known to your Lordships that of the troops which our gracious Sovereign did me the honour to entrust to my command at various periods during the war—a war undertaken for the express purpose of securing the happy institutions and independence of the country—at least one half were Roman Catholics. My Lords, when I call your recollection to this fact, I am sure all further eulogy is unnecessary. Your Lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people;—how they kept alive the only spark of freedom which was left unextinguished in Europe. . . . My Lords, it is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. . . . We must confess, my Lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valour no victory could ever have been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain."

Let these noble words of tender Justice be the first example to my young readers of what all History ought to be. It has been told them, in the Laws of Fésole, that all great Art is Praise. So is all faithful History, and all high Philosophy. For these three, Art, History, and Philosophy, are each but one part of the Heavenly Wisdom, which sees not as man seeth, but with Eternal Charity; and because she rejoices not in Iniquity, *therefore* rejoices in the Truth.

For true knowledge is of Virtues only; of poisons and vices, it is Hecate who teaches, not Athena. And of all wisdom, chiefly the Politician's must consist in this divine Prudence; it is not, indeed, always necessary for men to know the virtues of their friends, or their masters; since the friend will still manifest, and the master use. But woe to the Nation which is too cruel to cherish the virtue of its subjects, and too cowardly to recognize that of its enemies!

THE BIBLE OF AMIENS.

CHAPTER I.

BY THE RIVERS OF WATERS.

THE intelligent English traveller, in this fortunate age for him, is aware that, half-way between Boulogne and Paris, there is a complex railway-station, into which his train, in its relaxing speed, rolls him with many more than the average number of bangs and bumps prepared, in the access of every important French *gare*, to startle the drowsy or distrait passenger into a sense of his situation.

He probably also remembers that at this halting-place in mid-journey there is a well-served buffet, at which he has the privilege of "Dix minutes d'arrêt."

He is not, however, always so distinctly conscious that these ten minutes of arrest are granted to him within not so many minutes' walk of the central square of a city which was once the Venice of France.

Putting the lagoon islands out of question, the French River-Queen was nearly as large in compass as Venice herself; and divided, not by slow currents of ebbing and returning tide, but by eleven beautiful trout streams, of which some four or five are as large, each separately, as our Surrey Wandle, or as Isaac Walton's Dove; and which, branching out of one strong current above the city, and uniting again after they have eddied through its streets, are bordered, as they flow down, (fordless except where the two Edwards rode them, the day before Crecy,) to the sands of St. Valery, by

groves of aspen, and glades of poplar, whose grace and gladness seem to spring in every stately avenue instinct with the image of the just man's life,—“Erit tanquam lignum quod plantatum est secus decursus aquarum.”

But the Venice of Picardy owed her name, not to the beauty of her streams merely, but to their burden. She was a worker, like the Adriatic princes, in gold and glass, in stone, wood, and ivory; she was skilled like an Egyptian in the weaving of fine linen; dainty as the maids of Judah in divers colours of needlework. And of these, the fruits of her hands, praising her in her own gates, she sent also portions to stranger nations, and her fame went out into all lands.

“Un règlement de l'échevinage, du 12^{me} avril 1566, fait voir qu'on fabriquait à cette époque, des velours de toutes couleurs pour meubles, des colombettes à grands et petits carreaux, des burailles croisées, qu'on expédiait en Allemagne—en Espagne, en Turquie, et en Barbarie!”¹

All-coloured velvets, pearl-iridescent colombettes! (I wonder what they may be?) and sent to vie with the variegated carpet of the Turk, and glow upon the arabesque towers of Barbary!² Was not this a phase of provincial Picard life which an intelligent English traveller might do well to inquire into? Why should this fountain of rainbows leap up suddenly here by Somme; and a little Frankish maid write herself the sister of Venice, and the servant of Carthage and of Tyre?

And if she, why not others also of our northern villages? Has the intelligent traveller discerned anything, in the country, or in its shores, on his way from the gate of Calais to the *gare* of Amiens, of special advantage for artistic design, or for commercial enterprise? He has seen league after league of sandy dunes. We also, we, have our sands by Severn, by Lune, by Solway. He has seen extensive plains of useful and

¹ M. H. Dusevel, Histoire de la Ville d'Amiens. Amiens, Caron et Lambert, 1848; p. 305.

² Carpaccio trusts for the chief splendour of any festa in cities to the patterns of the draperies hung out of windows.

not unfragrant peat,—an article sufficiently accessible also to our Scotch and Irish industries. He has seen many a broad down and jutting cliff of purest chalk; but, opposite, the perfide Albion gleams no whit less blanche beyond the blue. Pure waters he has seen, issuing out of the snowy rock; but are ours less bright at Croydon, at Guildford, or at Winchester? And yet one never heard of treasures sent from Solway sands to African; nor that the builders at Romsey could give lessons in colour to the builders at Granada? What can it be, in the air or the earth—in her stars or in her sunlight—that fires the heart and quickens the eyes of the little white-capped Amienoise soubrette, till she can match herself against Penelope?

The intelligent English traveller has of course no time to waste on any of these questions. But if he has bought his ham-sandwich, and is ready for the “*En voiture, messieurs,*” he may perhaps condescend for an instant to hear what a loungee about the place, neither wasteful of his time, nor sparing of it, can suggest as worth looking at, when his train glides out of the station.

He will see first, and doubtless with the respectful admiration which an Englishman is bound to bestow upon such objects, the coal-sheds and carriage-sheds of the station itself, extending in their ashy and oily splendours for about a quarter of a mile out of the town; and then, just as the train gets into speed, under a large chimney tower, which he cannot see to nearly the top of, but will feel overcast by the shadow of its smoke, he *may* see, if he will trust his intelligent head out of the window, and look back, fifty or fifty-one (I am not sure of my count to a unit) similar chimneys, all similarly smoking, all with similar works attached, oblongs of brown brick wall, with portholes numberless of black square window. But in the midst of these fifty tall things that smoke, he will see one, a little taller than any, and more delicate, that does not smoke; and in the midst of these fifty masses of blank wall enclosing ‘works’—and doubtless producing works profitable and honourable to France and the world—he will see *one* mass of wall

—not blank, but strangely wrought by the hands of foolish men of long ago, for the purpose of enclosing or producing no manner of profitable work whatsoever, but one—

“This is the work of God; that ye should believe on Him whom He hath sent”!

Leaving the intelligent traveller now to fulfil his vow of pilgrimage to Paris,—or wherever else God may be sending him,—I will suppose that an intelligent Eton boy or two, or thoughtful English girl, may care quietly to walk with me as far as this same spot of commanding view, and to consider what the workless—shall we say also worthless?—building, and its unshadowed minaret, may perhaps farther mean.

Minaret I have called it, for want of better English word. Flèche—arrow—is its proper name; vanishing into the air you know not where, by the mere fineness of it. Flameless—motionless—hurtless—the fine arrow; unplumed, unpoisoned, and unbarbed; aimless—shall we say also, readers young and old, travelling or abiding? It, and the walls it rises from—what have they once meant? What meaning have they left in them yet, for you, or for the people that live round them, and never look up as they pass by?

Suppose we set ourselves first to learn how they came there.

At the birth of Christ, all this hillside, and the brightly-watered plain below, with the corn-yellow champaign above, were inhabited by a Druid-taught race, wild enough in thoughts and ways, but under Roman government, and gradually becoming accustomed to hear the names, and partly to confess the power, of Roman gods. For three hundred years after the birth of Christ they heard the name of no other God.

Three hundred years! and neither apostles nor inheritors of apostleship had yet gone into all the world and preached the gospel to every creature. Here, on their peaty ground, the wild people, still trusting in Pomona for apples, in Silvanus for acorns, in Ceres for bread, and in Proserpina for rest, hoped but the season's blessing from the Gods of Harvest, and feared no eternal anger from the Queen of Death.

But at last, three hundred years being past and gone, in the

year of Christ 301, there came to this hillside of Amiens, on the sixth day of the Ides of October, the Messenger of a new Life.

His name, Firminius (I suppose) in Latin, Firmin in French,—so to be remembered here in Picardy. Firmin, not Firminius; as Denis, not Dionysius; coming out of space—no one tells what part of space. But received by the pagan Amienois with surprised welcome, and seen of them—forty days—many days, we may read—preaching acceptably, and binding with baptismal vows even persons in good society: and that in such numbers, that at last he is accused to the Roman governor, by the priests of Jupiter and Mercury, as one turning the world upside-down. And in the last day of the Forty—or of the indefinite many meant by Forty—he is beheaded, as martyrs ought to be, and his ministrations in a mortal body ended.

The old, old story, you say? Be it so; you will the more easily remember it. The Amienois remembered it so carefully, that, twelve hundred years afterwards, in the sixteenth century, they thought good to carve and paint the four stone pictures Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 of our first choice photographs. (N. B.—This series is not yet arranged, but is distinct from that referred to in Chapter IV. See Appendix II.). Scene 1st, St. Firmin arriving; scene 2nd, St. Firmin preaching; scene 3rd, St. Firmin baptizing; and scene 4th, St. Firmin beheaded, by an executioner with very red legs, and an attendant dog of the character of the dog in 'Faust,' of whom we may have more to say presently.

Following in the meantime the tale of St. Firmin, as of old time known, his body was received, and buried, by a Roman senator, his disciple, (a kind of Joseph of Arimathea to St. Firmin,) in the Roman senator's own garden. Who also built a little oratory over his grave. The Roman senator's son built a church to replace the oratory, dedicated it to Our Lady of Martyrs, and established it as an episcopal seat—the first of the French nation's. A very notable spot for the French nation, surely? One deserving, perhaps, some little memory or monument,—cross, tablet, or the like? Where, therefore,

do you suppose this first cathedral of French Christianity stood, and with what monument has it been honoured ?

It stood where we now stand, companion mine, whoever you may be; and the monument wherewith it has been honoured is this—chimney, whose gonfalon of smoke overshadows us—the latest effort of modern art in Amiens, the chimney of St. Acheul.

The first cathedral, you observe, of the *French* nation; more accurately, the first germ of cathedral *for* the French nation—who are not yet here; only this grave of a martyr is here, and this church of Our Lady of Martyrs, abiding on the hillside, till the Roman power pass away.

Falling together with it, and trampled down by savage tribes, alike the city and the shrine; the grave forgotten,—when at last the Franks themselves pour from the north, and the utmost wave of them, lapping along these downs of Somme, is *here* stayed, and the Frankish standard planted, and the French kingdom throned.

Here their first capital, here the first footsteps³ of the Frank in his France! Think of it. All over the south are Gauls, Burgundians, Bretons, heavier-hearted nations of sullen mind: at their outmost brim and border, here at last are the Franks, the source of all Franchise, for this our Europe. You have heard the word in England, before now, but English word for it is none! *Honesty* we have of our own; but *Frankness* we must learn of these: nay, all the western nations of us are in a few centuries more to be known by this name of Frank. Franks, of Paris that is to be, in time to come; but French of Paris is in year of grace 500 an unknown tongue in Paris, as much as in Stratford-att-ye-Bowe. French of Amiens is the kingly and courtly form of Christian speech, Paris lying yet in Lutetian clay, to develope into tile-field, perhaps, in due time. Here, by soft-glittering Somme, reign Clovis and his Clotilde.

³ The first fixed and set-down footsteps; wandering tribes called of Franks, had overswept the country, and recoiled, again and again. But *this* invasion of the so-called Salian Franks, never retreats again.

And by St. Firmin's grave speaks now another gentle evangelist, and the first Frank king's prayer to the King of kings is made to Him, known only as "the God of Clotilde."

I must ask the reader's patience now with a date or two, and stern facts—two—three—or more.

Clodion, the leader of the first Franks who reach irrevocably beyond the Rhine, fights his way through desultory Roman cohorts as far as Amiens, and takes it, in 445.⁴

Two years afterwards, at his death, the scarcely asserted throne is seized—perhaps inevitably—by the tutor of his children, Merové, whose dynasty is founded on the defeat of Attila at Chalons.

He died in 457. His son Childeric, giving himself up to the love of women, and scorned by the Frank soldiery, is driven into exile, the Franks choosing rather to live under the law of Rome than under a base chief of their own. He receives asylum at the court of the king of Thuringia, and abides there. His chief officer in Amiens, at his departure, breaks a ring in two, and, giving him the half of it, tells him, when the other half is sent, to return.

And, after many days, the half of the broken ring is sent, and he returns, and is accepted king by his Franks.

The Thuringian queen follows him, (I cannot find if her husband is first dead—still less, if dead, how dying,) and offers herself to him for his wife.

"I have known thy usefulness, and that thou art very strong; and I have come to live with thee. Had I known, in parts beyond sea, any one more useful than thou, I should have sought to live with *him*."

He took her for his wife, and their son is Clovis.

A wonderful story; how far in literalness true is of no manner of moment to us; the myth, and power of it, *do* manifest the nature of the French kingdom, and prophesy its future destiny. Personal valour, personal beauty, loyalty to

⁴ See note at end of chapter, as also for the allusions in p. 8, to the battle of Soissons.

kings, love of women, disdain of unloving marriage, note all these things for true, and that in the corruption of these will be the last death of the Frank, as in their force was his first glory.

Personal valour, worth. *Utilitas*, the keystone of all. Birth nothing, except as gifting with valour;—Law of primogeniture unknown;—Propriety of conduct, it appears, for the present, also nowhere! (but we are all pagans yet, remember).

Let us get our dates and our geography, at any rate, gathered out of the great 'nowhere' of confused memory, and set well together, thus far.

457. Merovée dies. The useful Childeric, counting his exile, and reign in Amiens, together, is King altogether twenty-four years, 457 to 481, and during his reign Odoacer ends the Roman empire in Italy, 476.

481. Clovis is only fifteen when he succeeds his father, as King of the Franks in Amiens. At this time a fragment of Roman power remains isolated in central France, while four strong and partly savage nations form a cross round this dying centre: the Frank on the north, the Breton on the west, the Burgundian on the east, the Visigoth strongest of all and gentlest, in the south, from Loire to the sea.

Sketch for yourself, first, a map of France, as large as you like, as in Plate I., fig. 1, marking only the courses of the five rivers, Somme, Seine, Loire, Saone, Rhone; then, rudely, you find it was divided at the time thus, fig. 2: Fleur-de-lysée part, Frank; , Breton; , Burgundian; , Visigoth. I am not sure how far these last reached across Rhone into Provence, but I think best to indicate Provence as semée with roses.

Now, under Clovis, the Franks fight three great battles. The first, with the Romans, near Soissons, which they win, and become masters of France as far as the Loire. Copy the rough map fig. 2, and put the fleur-de-lys all over the middle of it, extinguishing the Romans (fig. 3). This battle was won by Clovis, I believe, before he married Clotilde. He wins his princess by it: cannot get his pretty vase, however, to present

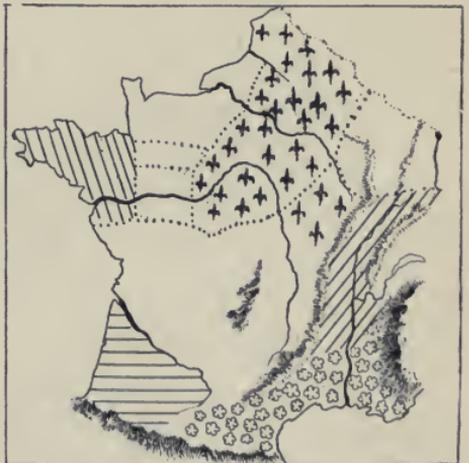
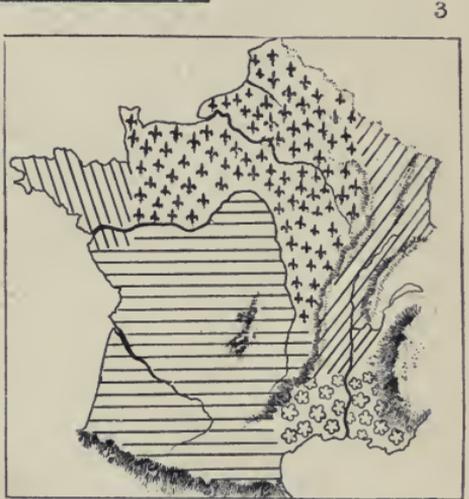


Plate I.

THE DYNASTIES OF FRANCE.

To the close of the Tenth Century.

to her. Keep that story well in your mind, and the battle of Soissons, as winning mid-France for the French, and ending the Romans there, for ever. Secondly, after he marries Clotilde, the wild Germans attack *him* from the north, and he has to fight for life and throne at Tolbiac. This is the battle in which he prays to the God of Clotilde, and quits himself of the Germans by His help. Whereupon he is crowned in Rheims by St. Remy.

And now, in the new strength of his Christianity, and his twin victory over Rome and Germany, and his love for his queen, and his ambition for his people, he looks south on that vast Visigothic power, between Loire and the snowy mountains. Shall Christ, and the Franks, not be stronger than villainous Visigoths 'who are Arians also'? All his Franks are with him, in that opinion. So he marches against the Visigoths, meets them and their Alaric at Poitiers, ends their Alaric and their Arianism, and carries his faithful Franks to the Pic du Midi.

And so now you must draw the map of France once more, and put the fleur-de-lys all over its central mass from Calais to the Pyrenees: only Brittany still on the west, Burgundy in the east, and the white Provence rose beyond Rhone. And now poor little Amiens has become a mere border town like our Durham, and Somme a border streamlet like our Tyne. Loire and Seine have become the great French rivers, and men will be minded to build cities by these; where the well-watered plains, not of peat, but richest pasture, may repose under the guard of saucy castles on the crags, and moated towers on the islands. But now let us think a little more closely what our changed symbols in the map may mean—five fleur-de-lys for level bar.

They don't mean, certainly, that all the Goths are gone, and nobody but Franks in France? The Franks have not massacred Visigothic man, woman, and child, from Loire to Garonne. Nay, where their own throne is still set by the Somme, the peat-bred people whom they found there, live there still, though subdued. Frank, or Goth, or Roman may fluctuate

hither and thither, in chasing or flying troops : but, unchanged through all the gusts of war, the rural people whose huts they pillage, whose farms they ravage, and over whose arts they reign, must still be diligently, silently, and with no time for lamentation, ploughing, sowing, cattle-breeding !

Else how could Frank or Hun, Visigoth or Roman, live for a month, or fight for a day ?

Whatever the name, or the manners, of their masters, the ground delvers must be the same ; and the goatherd of the Pyrenees, and the vine-dresser of Garonne, and the milkmaid of Picardy, give them what lords you may, abide in their land always, blossoming as the trees of the field, and enduring as the crags of the desert. And these, the warp and first substance of the nation, are divided, not by dynasties, but by climates ; and are strong here, and helpless there, by privileges which no invading tyrants can abolish, and through faults which no preaching hermit can repress. Now, therefore, please let us leave our history a minute or two, and read the lessons of constant earth and sky.

In old times, when one posted from Calais to Paris, there was about half an hour's trot on the level, from the gate of Calais to the long chalk hill, which had to be climbed before arriving at the first post-house in the village of Marquise.

That chalk rise, virtually, is the front of France ; that last bit of level north of it, virtually the last of Flanders ; south of it, stretches now a district of chalk and fine building limestone,—(if you keep your eyes open, you may see a great quarry of it on the west of the railway, half-way between Calais and Boulogne, where once was a blessed little craggy dingle opening into velvet lawns;)—this high, but never mountainous, calcareous tract, sweeping round the chalk basin of Paris away to Caen on one side, and Nancy on the other, and south as far as Bourges, and the Limousin. This limestone tract, with its keen fresh air, everywhere arable surface, and quarriable banks above well-watered meadow, is the real country of the French. Here only are their arts clearly developed. Farther south they are Gascons, or Limousins, or Auvergnats, or the

like. Westward, grim-granitic Bretons; eastward, Alpine-bearish Burgundians: here only, on the chalk and finely-knit marble, between, say, Amiens and Chartres one way, and between Caen and Rheims on the other, have you real *France*.

Of which, before we carry on the farther vital history, I must ask the reader to consider with me, a little, how history, so called, has been for the most part written, and of what particulars it usually consists.

Suppose that the tale of King Lear were a true one; and that a modern historian were giving the abstract of it in a school manual, purporting to contain all essential facts in British history valuable to British youth in competitive examination. The story would be related somewhat after this manner:—

“The reign of the last king of the seventy-ninth dynasty closed in a series of events with the record of which it is painful to pollute the pages of history. The weak old man wished to divide his kingdom into dowries for his three daughters; but on proposing this arrangement to them, finding it received by the youngest with coldness and reserve, he drove her from his court, and divided the kingdom between his two elder children.

“The youngest found refuge at the court of France, where ultimately the prince royal married her. But the two elder daughters, having obtained absolute power, treated their father at first with disrespect, and soon with contumely. Refused at last even the comforts necessary to his declining years, the old king, in a transport of rage, left the palace, with, it is said, only the court fool for an attendant, and wandered, frantic and half naked, during the storms of winter, in the woods of Britain.

“Hearing of these events, his youngest daughter hastily collected an army, and invaded the territory of her ungrateful sisters, with the object of restoring her father to his throne; but, being met by a well disciplined force, under the command of her eldest sister’s paramour, Edmund, bastard son of

the Earl of Gloucester, was herself defeated, thrown into prison, and soon afterwards strangled by the adulterer's order. The old king expired on receiving the news of her death; and the participators in these crimes soon after received their reward; for the two wicked queens being rivals for the affections of the bastard, the one of them who was regarded by him with less favour poisoned the other, and afterwards killed herself. Edmund afterwards met his death at the hand of his brother, the legitimate son of Gloucester, under whose rule, with that of the Earl of Kent, the kingdom remained for several succeeding years."

Imagine this succinctly graceful recital of what the historian conceived to be the facts, adorned with violently black and white woodcuts, representing the blinding of Gloucester, the phrenzy of Lear, the strangling of Cordelia, and the suicide of Goneril, and you have a type of popular history in the nineteenth century; which is, you may perceive after a little reflection, about as profitable reading for young persons (so far as regards the general colour and purity of their thoughts) as the Newgate Calendar would be; with this farther condition of incalculably greater evil, that, while the calendar of prison-crime would teach a thoughtful youth the dangers of low life and evil company, the calendar of kingly crime overthrows his respect for any manner of government, and his faith in the ordinances of Providence itself.

Books of loftier pretence, written by bankers, members of Parliament, or orthodox clergymen, are of course not wanting; and show that the progress of civilization consists in the victory of usury over ecclesiastical prejudice, or in the establishment of the Parliamentary privileges of the borough of Puddicombe, or in the extinction of the benighted superstitions of the Papacy by the glorious light of Reformation. Finally, you have the broadly philosophical history, which proves to you that there is no evidence whatever of any overruling Providence in human affairs; that all virtuous actions have selfish motives; and that a scientific selfishness, with proper telegraphic communications, and perfect knowledge of all the spe-

cies of Bacteria, will entirely secure the future well-being of the upper classes of society, and the dutiful resignation of those beneath them.

Meantime, the two ignored powers—the Providence of Heaven, and the virtue of men—have ruled, and rule, the world, not invisibly ; and they are the only powers of which history has ever to tell any profitable truth. Under all sorrow, there is the force of virtue ; over all ruin, the restoring charity of God. To these alone we have to look ; in these alone we may understand the past, and predict the future, destiny of the ages.

I return to the story of Clovis, king now of all central France. Fix the year 500 in your minds as the approximate date of his baptism at Rheims, and of St. Remy's sermon to him, telling him of the sufferings and passion of Christ, till Clovis sprang from his throne, grasping his spear, and crying, "Had I been there with my brave Franks, I would have avenged His wrongs."

"There is little doubt," proceeds the cockney historian, "that the conversion of Clovis was as much a matter of policy as of faith." But the cockney historian had better limit his remarks on the characters and faiths of men to those of the curates who have recently taken orders in his fashionable neighbourhood, or the bishops who have lately preached to the population of its manufacturing suburbs. Frankish kings were made of other clay.

The Christianity of Clovis does not indeed produce any fruits of the kind usually looked for in a modern convert. We do not hear of his repenting ever so little of any of his sins, nor resolving to lead a new life in any the smallest particular. He had not been impressed with convictions of sin at the battle of Tolbiac ; nor, in asking for the help of the God of Clotilde, had he felt or professed the remotest intention of changing his character, or abandoning his projects. What he was, before he believed in his queen's God, he only more intensely afterwards became, in the confidence of that before unknown God's supernatural help. His natural gratitude to

the Delivering Power, and pride in its protection, added only fierceness to his soldiership, and deepened his political enmities with the rancour of religious indignation. No more dangerous snare is set by the fiends for human frailty than the belief that our own enemies are also the enemies of God; and it is perfectly conceivable to me that the conduct of Clovis might have been the more unscrupulous, precisely in the measure that his faith was more sincere.

Had either Clovis or Clotilde fully understood the precepts of their Master, the following history of France, and of Europe, would have been other than it is. What they could understand, or in any wise were taught, you will find that they obeyed, and were blessed in obeying. But their history is complicated with that of several other persons, respecting whom we must note now a few too much forgotten particulars.

If from beneath the apse of Amiens Cathedral we take the street leading due south, leaving the railroad station on the left, it brings us to the foot of a gradually ascending hill, some half a mile long—a pleasant and quiet walk enough, terminating on the level of the highest land near Amiens; whence, looking back, the Cathedral is seen beneath us, all but the *fêche*, our gained hill-top being on a level with its roof-ridge: and, to the south, the plain of France.

Somewhere about this spot, or in the line between it and St. Acheul, stood the ancient Roman gate of the Twins, whereon were carved Romulus and Remus being suckled by the wolf; and out of which, one bitter winter's day, a hundred and seventy years ago when Clovis was baptized—had ridden a Roman soldier, wrapped in his horseman's cloak,⁵ on the causeway which was part of the great Roman road from Lyons to Boulogne.

And it is well worth your while also, some frosty autumn or winter day when the east wind is high, to feel the sweep of it at this spot, remembering what chanced here, memorable to

⁵ More properly, his knight's cloak; in all likelihood the *trabea*, with purple and white stripes, dedicate to the kings of Rome, and chiefly to Romulus.

all men, and serviceable, in that winter of the year 332, when men were dying for cold in Amiens streets:—namely, that the Roman horseman, scarce gone out of the city gate, was met by a naked beggar, shivering with cold; and that, seeing no other way of shelter for him, he drew his sword, divided his own cloak in two, and gave him half of it.

No ruinous gift, nor even enthusiastically generous: Sydney's cup of cold water needed more self-denial; and I am well assured that many a Christian child of our day, himself well warmed and clad, meeting one naked and cold, would be ready enough to give the *whole* cloak off his own shoulders to the necessitous one, if his better-advised nurse, or mamma, would let him. But this Roman soldier was no Christian, and did his serene charity in simplicity, yet with prudence.

Nevertheless, that same night, he beheld in a dream the Lord Jesus, who stood before him in the midst of angels, having on his shoulders the half of the cloak he had bestowed on the beggar.

And Jesus said to the angels that were around him, "Know ye who hath thus arrayed me? My servant Martin, though yet unbaptized, has done this." And Martin after this vision hastened to receive baptism, being then in his twenty-third year.*

Whether these things ever were so, or how far so, credulous or incredulous reader, is no business whatever of yours or mine. What is, and shall be, everlastingly, *so*,—namely, the infallible truth of the lesson herein taught, and the actual effect of the life of St. Martin on the mind of Christendom,—is, very absolutely, the business of every rational being in any Christian realm.

You are to understand, then, first of all, that the especial character of St. Martin is a serene and meek charity to all creatures. He is not a preaching saint—still less a persecuting one: not even an anxious one. Of his prayers we hear little—of his wishes, nothing. What he does always, is merely the

* Mrs. Jameson, *Legendary Art*, Vol. II., p. 721.

right thing at the right moment;—rightness and kindness being in his mind one: an extremely exemplary saint, to my notion.

Converted and baptized—and conscious of having seen Christ—he nevertheless gives his officers no trouble whatever—does not try to make proselytes in his cohort. “It is Christ’s business, surely!—if He wants them, He may appear to them as He has to me,” seems the feeling of his first baptized days. He remains seventeen years in the army, on those tranquil terms.

At the end of that time, thinking it might be well to take other service, he asks for his dismissal from the Emperor Julian,—on whose accusation of faintheartedness, Martin offers, unarmed, to lead his cohort into battle, bearing only the sign of the cross. Julian takes him at his word,—keeps him in ward till time of battle comes; but, the day before he counts on putting him to that war ordeal, the barbarian enemy sends embassy with irrefusable offers of submission and peace.

The story is not often dwelt upon: how far literally true, again observe, does not in the least matter;—here *is* the lesson for ever given of the way in which a Christian soldier should meet his enemies. Which, had John Bunyan’s Mr. Greatheart understood, the Celestial gates had opened by this time to many a pilgrim who has failed to hew his path up to them with the sword of sharpness.

But true in some practical and effectual way the story *is*; for after a while, without any oratorizing, anathematizing, or any manner of disturbance, we find the Roman Knight made Bishop of Tours, and becoming an influence of unmixed good to all mankind, then, and afterwards. And virtually the same story is repeated of his bishop’s robe as of his knight’s cloak—not to be rejected because so probable an invention; for it is just as probable an act.

Going, in his full robes, to say prayers in church, with one of his deacons, he came across some unhappily robeless person by the wayside; for whom he forthwith orders his deacon to provide some manner of coat, or gown.

The deacon objecting that no apparel of that profane nature is under his hand, St. Martin, with his customary serenity, takes off his own episcopal stole, or whatsoever flowing stateliness it might be, throws it on the destitute shoulders, and passes on to perform indecorous public service in his waistcoat, or such mediæval nether attire as remained to him.

But, as he stood at the altar, a globe of light appeared above his head ; and when he raised his bare arms with the Host—the angels were seen round him, hanging golden chains upon them, and jewels, not of the earth.

Incredible to you in the nature of things, wise reader, and too palpably a gloss of monkish folly on the older story ?

Be it so : yet in this fable of monkish folly, understood with the heart, would have been the chastisement and check of every form of the church's pride and sensuality, which in our day have literally sunk the service of God and His poor into the service of the clergyman and his rich ; and changed what was once the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, into the spangling of Pantaloons in an ecclesiastical Masquerade.

But one more legend,—and we have enough to show us the roots of this saint's strange and universal power over Christendom.

“What peculiarly distinguished St. Martin was his sweet, serious, unflinching serenity ; no one had ever seen him angry, or sad, or, gay ; there was nothing in his heart but piety to God and pity for men. The Devil, who was particularly envious of his virtues, detested above all his exceeding charity, because it was the most inimical to his own power, and one day reproached him mockingly that he so soon received into favour the fallen and the repentant. But St. Martin answered him sorrowfully, saying, ‘Oh most miserable that thou art ! if *thou* also couldst cease to persecute and seduce wretched men, if thou also couldst repent, thou also shouldst find mercy and forgiveness through Jesus Christ.’ ”

In this gentleness was his strength ; and the issue of it is

¹ Mrs. Jameson, Vol. II., p. 722.

best to be estimated by comparing its scope with that of the work of St. Firmin. The impatient missionary riots and rants about Amiens' streets—insults, exhorts, persuades, baptizes,—turns everything, as aforesaid, upside down for forty days: then gets his head cut off, and is never more named, *out* of Amiens. St. Martin teazes nobody, spends not a breath in unpleasant exhortation, understands, by Christ's first lesson to himself, that undipped people may be as good as dipped if their hearts are clean; helps, forgives, and cheers, (companionable even to the loving-cup,) as readily the clown as the king; he is the patron of honest drinking; the stuffing of your Martinmas goose is fragrant in his nostrils, and sacred to him the last kindly rays of departing summer. And somehow—the idols totter before him far and near—the Pagan gods fade, *his* Christ becomes all men's Christ—his name is named over new shrines innumerable in all lands; high on the Roman hills, lowly in English fields;—St. Augustine baptized his first English converts in St. Martin's church at Canterbury; and the Charing Cross station itself has not yet effaced wholly from London minds his memory or his name.

That story of the Episcopal Robe is the last of St. Martin respecting which I venture to tell you that it is wiser to suppose it literally true, than a *mere* myth; myth, however, of the deepest value and beauty it remains assuredly: and this really last story I have to tell, which I admit you will be wiser in thinking a fable than exactly true, nevertheless had assuredly at its root some grain of fact (sprouting a hundred-fold) cast on good ground by a visible and unforgettable piece of St. Martin's actual behaviour in high company; while, as a myth, it is every whit and for ever valuable and comprehensive.

St. Martin, then, as the tale will have it, was dining one day at the highest of tables in the terrestrial globe—namely, with the Emperor and Empress of Germany! You need not inquire what Emperor, or which of the Emperor's wives! The Emperor of Germany is, in all early myths, the expression for the highest sacred power of the State, as the Pope is the high-

est sacred power of the Church. St. Martin was dining then, as aforesaid, with the Emperor, of course sitting next him on his left—Empress opposite on his right: everything orthodox. St. Martin much enjoying his dinner, and making himself generally agreeable to the company: not in the least a John Baptist sort of a saint. You are aware also that in Royal feasts in those days persons of much inferior rank in society were allowed in the hall: got behind people's chairs, and saw and heard what was going on, while they unobtrusively picked up crumbs, and licked trenchers.

When the dinner was a little forward, and time for wine came, the Emperor fills his own cup—fills the Empress's—fills St. Martin's,—affectionately hobnobs with St. Martin. The equally loving, and yet more truly believing, Empress, looks across the table, humbly, but also royally, expecting St. Martin, of course, next to hobnob with *her*. St. Martin looks round, first, deliberately; becomes aware of a tatterdemalion and thirsty-looking soul of a beggar at his chair side, who has managed to get *his* cup filled somehow, also—by a charitable lacquey.

St. Martin turns his back on the Empress, and hobnobs with *him!*

For which charity—mythic if you like, but evermore exemplary—he remains, as aforesaid, the patron of good-Christian toppers to this hour.

As gathering years told upon him, he seems to have felt that he had carried weight of crozier long enough—that busy Tours must now find a busier Bishop—that, for himself, he might innocently henceforward take his pleasure and his rest where the vine grew and the lark sang. For his episcopal palace, he takes a little cave in the chalk cliffs of the up-country river: arranges all matters therein, for bed and board, at small cost. Night by night the stream murmurs to him, day by day the vine-leaves give their shade; and, daily by the horizon's breadth so much nearer Heaven, the fore-running sun goes down for him beyond the glowing water;—there, where now the peasant woman trots homewards between her

panniers, and the saw rests in the half-cleft wood, and the village spire rises grey against the farthest light, in Turner's 'Loireside.'⁸

All which things, though not themselves without profit, my special reason for telling you now, has been that you might understand the significance of what chanced first on Clovis' march south against the Visigoths.

"Having passed the Loire at Tours, he traversed the lands of the abbey of St. Martin, which he declared inviolate, and refused permission to his soldiers to touch anything, save water and grass for their horses. So rigid were his orders, and the obedience he exacted in this respect, that a Frankish soldier having taken, without the consent of the owner, some hay, which belonged to a poor man, saying in raillery "that it was but grass," he caused the aggressor to be put to death, exclaiming that "Victory could not be expected, if St. Martin should be offended."

Now, mark you well, this passage of the Loire at Tours is virtually the fulfilment of the proper bounds of the French kingdom, and the sign of its approved and securely set power is "Honour to the poor!" Even a little grass is not to be stolen from a poor man, on pain of Death. So wills the Christian knight of Roman armies; throned now high with God. So wills the first Christian king of far victorious Franks;—here baptized to God in Jordan of his goodly land, as he goes over to possess it.

How long?

Until that same Sign should be read backwards from a degenerate throne;—until, message being brought that the poor of the French people had no bread to eat, answer should be returned to them "They may eat grass." Whereupon—by St. Martin's faubourg, and St. Martin's gate—there go forth commands from the Poor Man's Knight against the King—which end *his* Feasting.

And be this much remembered by you, of the power over French souls, past and to come, of St. Martin of Tours.

⁸ Modern Painters, Plate 73.

NOTES TO CHAPTER I.

THE reader will please observe that notes immediately necessary to the understanding of the text will be given, with *numbered* references, under the text itself; while questions of disputing authorities, or quotations of supporting documents will have *lettered* references, and be thrown together at the end of each chapter.* One good of this method will be that, after the numbered notes are all right, if I see need of farther explanation, as I revise the press, I can insert a letter referring to a *final* note without confusion of the standing types. There will be some use also in the final notes, in summing the chapters, or saying what is to be more carefully remembered of them. Thus just now it is of no consequence to remember that the first taking of Amiens was in 445, because that is not the founding of the Merovingian dynasty; neither that Merovæus seized the throne in 447 and died ten years later. The real date to be remembered is 481, when Clovis himself comes to the throne, a boy of fifteen; and the three battles of Clovis' reign to be remembered are Soissons, Tolbiac, and Poitiers—remembering also that this was the first of the three great battles of Poitiers;—how the Poitiers district came to have such importance as a battle-position, we must afterwards discover if we can. Of Queen Clotilde and her flight from Burgundy to her Frank lover we must hear more in next chapter,—the story of the vase at Soissons is given in “The Pictorial History of France,” but must be deferred also, with such comment as it needs, to next chapter; for I wish the reader's mind, in the close of this first number, to be left fixed on two descriptions of the modern ‘Frank’ (taking that word in its Saracen sense), as distinguished from the modern Saracen. The first description is by Colonel Butler, entirely true and admirable, except in the implied extension of the contrast to olden time: for the Saxon soul under Alfred, the Teutonic under Charlemagne, and the Frank under St. Louis, were quite as religious as any Asiatic's, though more practical; it is only the modern mob of kingless miscreants in the West, who have sunk themselves by gambling, swindling, machine-making, and gluttony, into the scurviest louts that have ever fouled the Earth with the carcasses she lent them.

“Of the features of English character brought to light by the spread of British dominion in Asia, there is nothing more observable than the contrast between the religious bias of Eastern thought and the innate absence of religion in the Anglo-Saxon mind. Turk and Greek, Buddhist and Armenian, Copt and Parsee, all manifest in a hundred ways of daily life the great fact of their belief in a God. In their vices as well as in their virtues the recognition of Deity is dominant.

* The plan for numbered and lettered references is not followed after the first chapter.

“With the Western, on the contrary, the outward form of practising belief in a God is a thing to be half-ashamed of—something to hide. A procession of priests in the Strada Reale would probably cause an average Briton to regard it with less tolerant eye than he would cast upon a Juggernaut festival in Orissa: but to each alike would he display the same iconoclasm of creed, the same idea, not the less fixed because it is seldom expressed in words: “You pray; therefore I do not think much of you.” But there is a deeper difference between East and West lying beneath this incompatibility of temper on the part of modern Englishmen to accept the religious habit of thought in the East. All Eastern peoples possess this habit of thought. It is the one tie which links together their widely differing races. Let us give an illustration of our meaning. On an Austrian Lloyd’s steamboat in the Levant a traveller from Beyrout will frequently see strange groups of men crowded together on the quarter-deck. In the morning the missal books of the Greek Church will be laid along the bulwarks of the ship, and a couple of Russian priests, coming from Jerusalem, will be busy muttering mass. A yard to right or left a Turkish pilgrim, returning from Mecca, sits a respectful observer of the scene. It is prayer, and therefore it is holy in his sight. So, too, when the evening hour has come, and the Turk spreads out his bit of carpet for the sunset prayers and obeisance towards Mecca, the Greek looks on in silence, without trace of scorn in his face, for it is again the worship of the Creator by the created. They are both fulfilling the *first* law of the East—prayer to God; and whether the shrine be Jerusalem, Mecca, or Lhassa, the sanctity of worship surrounds the votary, and protects the pilgrim.

“Into this life comes the Englishman, frequently destitute of one touch of sympathy with the prayers of any people, or the faith of any creed; hence our rule in the East has ever rested, and will ever rest, upon the bayonet. We have never yet got beyond the stage of conquest; never assimilated a people to our ways, never even civilized a single tribe around the wide dominion of our empire. It is curious how frequently a well-meaning Briton will speak of a foreign church or temple as though it had presented itself to his mind in the same light in which the City of London appeared to Blucher—as something to loot. The other idea, that a priest was a person to hang, is one which is also often observable in the British brain. On one occasion, when we were endeavouring to enlighten our minds on the Greek question, as it had presented itself to a naval officer whose vessel had been stationed in Greek and Adriatic waters during our occupation of Corfu and the other Ionian Isles, we could only elicit from our informant the fact that one morning before breakfast he had hanged seventeen priests.”

The second passage which I store in these notes for future use, is the supremely magnificent one, out of a book full of magnificence,—if truth be counted as having in it the strength of deed: Alphonse Karr’s “Grains de Bon Sens.” I cannot praise either this or his more recent “Bourdonnements” to my own heart’s content, simply because they are by a man utterly

after my own heart, who has been saying in France, this many a year, what I also, this many a year, have been saying in England, neither of us knowing of the other, and both of us vainly. (See pages 11 and 12 of "Bourdonnements.") The passage here given is the sixty-third clause in "Grains de Bon Sens."

"Et tout cela, monsieur, vient de ce qu'il n'y a plus de croyances—de ce qu'on ne croit plus à rien.

"Ah ! saperlipopette, monsieur, vous me la baillez belle ! Vous dites qu'on ne croit plus à rien ! Mais jamais, à aucune époque, on n'a cru à tant de billevesées, de bourdes, de mensonges, de sottises, d'absurdités qu'aujourd'hui.

"D'abord, on *croit* à l'incrédulité—l'incrédulité est une croyance, une religion très exigeante, qui a ses dogmes, sa liturgie, ses pratiques, ses rites ! . . . son intolérance, ses superstitions. Nous avons des incrédules et des impies jésuites, et des incrédules et des impies jansénistes ; des impies molinistes, et des impies quiétistes ; des impies pratiquants, et non pratiquants ; des impies indifférents et des impies fanatiques ; des incrédules cagots et des impies hypocrites et tartuffes.—La religion de l'incrédulité ne se refuse même pas le luxe des hérésies.

"On ne croit plus à la bible, je le veux bien, mais on *croit* aux 'écritures' des journaux, on croit au 'sacerdoce' des gazettes et carrés de papier, et à leurs 'oracles' quotidiens.

"On *croit* au 'baptême' de la police correctionnelle et de la Cour d'assises—on appelle 'martyrs' et 'confesseurs' les 'absents' à Nouméa et les 'frères' de Suisse, d'Angleterre et de Belgique—et, quand on parle des 'martyrs de la Commune' ça ne s'entend pas des assassinés, mais des assassins.

"On se fait enterrer 'civilement,' on ne veut plus sur son cercueil des prières de l'Eglise, on ne veut ni cierges, ni chants religieux,—mais on veut un cortège portant derrière la bière des immortelles rouges ;—on veut une 'oraison,' une 'prédication' de Victor Hugo qui a ajouté cette spécialité à ses autres spécialités, si bien qu'un de ces jours derniers, comme il suivait un convoi en amateur, un croque-mort s'approcha de lui, le poussa du coude, et lui dit en souriant : 'Est-ce que nous n'aurons pas quelque chose de vous, aujourd'hui ?'—Et cette prédication il la lit ou la récite—ou, s'il ne juge pas à propos 'd'officier' lui-même, s'il s'agit d'un mort de plus, il envoie pour la psalmodier M. Meurice ou tout autre 'prêtre' ou 'enfant de cœur' du 'Dieu.'—A défaut de M. Hugo, s'il s'agit d'un citoyen obscur, on se contente d'une homélie improvisée pour la dixième fois par n'importe quel député intransigeant—et le *Miserere* est remplacé par les cris de 'Vive la République !' poussés dans le cimetière.

"On n'entre plus dans les églises, mais on fréquente les brasseries et les cabarets ; on y officie, on y célèbre les mystères, on y chante les louanges d'une prétendue république *sacro-sainte*, une, indivisible, démocratique, sociale, athénienne, intransigeante, despotique, invisible quoique étant partout. On y communique sous différentes espèces ; le matin (*matines*) on 'tue le ver'

avec le vin blanc,—il y a plus tard les vèpres de l'absinthe, auxquelles on se ferait un crime de manquer d'assiduité.

“ On ne croit plus en Dieu, mais on *croit* pieusement en M. Gambetta, en MM. Marcou, Naquet, Barodet, Tartempion, etc., et en toute une longue litanie de saints et de *dei minores* tels que Goutte-Noire, Polosse, Boriassé et Silibat, le héros lyonnais.

“ On *croit* à ‘l’immuabilité’ de M. Thiers, qui a dit avec aplomb ‘Je ne change jamais,’ et qui aujourd’hui est à la fois le protecteur et le protégé de ceux qu’il a passé une partie de sa vie à fusiller, et qu’il fusillait encore hier.

“ On *croit* au républicanisme ‘immaculé’ de l’avocat de Cahors qui a jeté par-dessus bord tous les principes républicains,—qui est à la fois de son côté le protecteur et le protégé de M. Thiers, qui hier l’appelait ‘fou furieux,’ déportait et fusillait ses amis.

“ Tous deux, il est vrai, en même temps protecteurs hypocrites, et protégés dupés.

“ On ne croit plus aux miracles anciens, mais on *croit* à des miracles nouveaux.

“ On *croit* à une république sans le respect religieux et presque fanatique des lois.

“ On *croit* qu’on peut s’enrichir en restant imprévoyants, insoucians et paresseux, et autrement que par le travail et l’économie.

“ On se *croit* libre en obéissant aveuglément et bêtement à deux ou trois coteries.

“ On se *croit* indépendant parce qu’on a tué ou chassé un lion et qu’on l’a remplacé par deux douzaines de caniches teints en jaune.

“ On *croit* avoir conquis le ‘suffrage universel’ en votant par des mots d’ordre qui en font le contraire du suffrage universel,—mené au vote comme on mène un troupeau au pâturage, avec cette différence que ça ne nourrit pas.—D’ailleurs, par ce suffrage universel qu’on croit avoir et qu’on n’a pas,—il faudrait *croire* que les soldats doivent commander au général, les chevaux mener le cocher;—*croire* que deux radis valent mieux qu’une truffe, deux cailloux mieux qu’un diamant, deux crottins mieux qu’une rose.

“ On se *croit* en République, parce que quelques demi-quarterons de farceurs occupent les mêmes places, émargent les mêmes appointements, pratiquent les mêmes abus, que ceux qu’on a renversés à leur bénéfice.

“ On se *croit* un peuple opprimé, héroïque, que brise ses fers, et n’est qu’un domestique capricieux qui aime à changer de maîtres.

“ On *croit* au génie d’avocats de sixième ordre, qui ne se sont jetés dans la politique et n’aspirent au gouvernement despotique de la France que faute d’avoir pu gagner honnêtement, sans grand travail, dans l’exercice d’une profession correcte, une vie obscure humectée de chopes.

“ On *croit* que des hommes dévoyés, déclassés, décavés, fruits secs, etc., qui n’ont étudié que le ‘domino à quatre’ et le ‘bezigue en quinze cents’ se réveillent un matin,—après un sommeil alourdi par le tabac et la bière—possédant la science de la politique, et l’art de la guerre; et aptes à être dic-tateurs, généraux, ministres, préfets, sous-préfets, etc.

“ Et les soi-disant conservateurs eux-mêmes *croient* que la France peut se relever et vivre tant qu'on n'aura pas fait justice de ce prétendu suffrage universel qui est le contraire du suffrage universel.

“ Les croyances ont subi le sort de ce serpent de la fable—coupé, haché par morceaux, dont chaque tronçon devenait un serpent.

“ Les croyances se sont changées en monnaie—en billon de crédulités.

“ Et pour finir la liste bien incomplète des croyances et des crédulités—vous *croyez*, vous, qu'on ne *croit* à rien !”

CHAPTER II.

UNDER THE DRACHENFELS.

1. WITHOUT ignobly trusting the devices of artificial memory—far less slighting the pleasure and power of resolute and thoughtful memory—my younger readers will find it extremely useful to note any coincidences or links of number which may serve to secure in their minds what may be called Dates of Anchorage, round which others, less important, may swing at various cables' lengths.

Thus, it will be found primarily a most simple and convenient arrangement of the years since the birth of Christ, to divide them by fives of centuries,—that is to say, by the marked periods of the fifth, tenth, fifteenth, and, now fast nearing us, twentieth centuries.

And this—at first seemingly formal and arithmetical—division, will be found, as we use it, very singularly emphasized by signs of most notable change in the knowledge, disciplines, and morals of the human race.

2. All dates, it must farther be remembered, falling within the fifth century, begin with the number 4 (401, 402, etc.); and all dates in the tenth century with the number 9 (901, 902, etc.); and all dates in the fifteenth century with the number 14 (1401, 1402, etc.)

In our immediate subject of study, we are concerned with the first of these marked centuries—the fifth—of which I will therefore ask you to observe two very interesting divisions.

All dates of years in that century, we said, must begin with the number 4.

If you halve it for the second figure, you get 42.

And if you double it for the second figure, you get 48.



PLATE II.—THE BIBLE OF AMIENS. NORTHERN PORCH
BEFORE RESTORATION.

Add 1, for the third figure, to each of these numbers, and you get 421 and 481, which two dates you will please fasten well down, and let there be no drifting about of them in your heads.

For the first is the date of the birth of Venice herself, and her dukedom, (see 'St. Mark's Rest,' Part I., p. 30); and the second is the date of birth of the French Venice, and her kingdom; Clovis being in that year crowned in Amiens.

3. These are the great Birthdays—Birthdates—in the fifth century, of Nations. Its Deathdays we will count, at another time.

Since, not for dark Rialto's dukedom, nor for fair France's kingdom, only, are these two years to be remembered above all others in the wild fifth century; but because they are also the birth-years of a great Lady, and greater Lord, of all future Christendom—St. Genevieve, and St. Benedict.

Genevieve, the 'white wave' (Laughing water)—the purest of all the maids that have been named from the sea-foam or the rivulet's ripple, unsullied,—not the troubled and troubling Aphrodite, but the Leuchothea of Ulysses, the guiding wave of deliverance.

White wave on the blue—whether of pure lake or sunny sea—(thenceforth the colours of France, blue field with white lilies), she is always the type of purity, in active brightness of the entire soul and life—(so distinguished from the quieter and restricted innocence of St. Agnes),—and all the traditions of sorrow in the trial or failure of noble womanhood are connected with her name; Ginevra, in Italian, passing into Shakespeare's Imogen; and Guinevere, the torrent wave of the British mountain streams, of whose pollution your modern sentimental minstrels chant and moan to you, lugubriously useless;—but none tell you, that I hear, of the victory and might of this white wave of France.

4. A shepherd maid she was—a tiny thing, barefooted, bare-headed—such as you may see running wild and innocent, less cared for now than their sheep, over many a hillside of France and Italy. Tiny enough;—seven years old, all told, when first

one hears of her: "Seven times one are seven, (I am old, you may trust me, linnet, linnet*)," and all around her—fierce as the Furies, and wild as the winds of heaven—the thunder of the Gothic armies, reverberate over the ruins of the world.

5. Two leagues from Paris, (*Roman* Paris, soon to pass away with Rome herself,) the little thing keeps her flock, not even her own, nor her father's flock, like David; she is the hired servant of a richer farmer of Nanterre. Who can tell me anything about Nanterre?—which of our pilgrims of this omni-speculant, omni-nescient age has thought of visiting what shrine may be there? I don't know even on what side of Paris it lies,† nor under which heap of railway cinders and iron one is to conceive the sheep-walks and blossomed fields of fairy St. Phyllis. There were such left, even in my time, between Paris and St. Denis, (see the prettiest chapter in all the "Mysteries of Paris," where Fleur de Marie runs wild in them for the first time), but now, I suppose, St. Phyllis's native earth is all thrown up into bastion and glacis, (profitable and blessed of all saints, and her, as *these* have since proved themselves!) or else are covered with manufactories and cabarets. Seven years old she was, then, when on his way to *England* from Auxerre, St. Germain passed a night in her village, and among the children who brought him on his way in the morning in more kindly manner than Elisha's convoy, noticed this one—wider-eyed in reverence than the rest; drew her to him, questioned her, and was sweetly answered That she would fain be Christ's handmaid. And he hung round her neck a small copper coin, marked with the cross. Thenceforward Genevieve held herself as "separated from the world."

6. It did not turn out so, however. Far the contrary. You must think of her, instead, as the first of Parisiennes. Queen of Vanity Fair, that was to be, sedately poor St.

* Miss Ingelow.

† On inquiry, I find in the flat between Paris and Sèvres.

Phyllis, with her copper-crossed farthing about her neck! More than Nitocris was to Egypt, more than Semiramis to Nineveh, more than Zenobia to the city of palm trees—this seven-years-old shepherd maiden became to Paris and her France. You have not heard of her in that kind?—No: how should you?—for she did not lead armies, but stayed them, and all her power was in peace.

7. There are, however, some seven or eight and twenty lives of her, I believe; into the literature of which I cannot enter, nor need, all having been ineffective in producing any clear picture of her to the modern French or English mind; and leaving one's own poor sagacities and fancy to gather and shape the sanctity of her into an intelligible, I do not say a *credible*, form; for there is no question here about belief,—the creature is as real as Joan of Arc, and far more powerful;—she is separated, just as St. Martin is, by his patience, from too provocative prelates—by her quietness of force, from the pitiable crowd of feminine martyr saints.

There are thousands of religious girls who have never got themselves into any calendars, but have wasted and wearied away their lives—heaven knows why, for *we* cannot; but here is one, at any rate, who neither scolds herself to martyrdom, nor frets herself into consumption, but becomes a tower of the Flock, and builder of folds for them all her days.

8. The first thing, then, you have to note of her, is that she is a pure native *Gaul*. She does not come as a missionary out of Hungary, or Illyria, or Egypt, or ineffable space; but grows at Nanterre, like a marguerite in the dew, the first “Reine Blanche” of Gaul.

I have not used this ugly word ‘Gaul’ before, and we must be quite sure what it means, at once, though it will cost us a long parenthesis.

9. During all the years of the rising power of Rome, her people called everybody a Gaul who lived north of the sources of Tiber. If you are not content with that general statement, you may read the article “Gallia” in Smith’s dictionary,

which consists of seventy-one columns of close print, containing each as much as three of my pages; and tells you at the end of it, that "though long, it is not complete." You may, however, gather from it, after an attentive perusal, as much as I have above told you.

But, as early as the second century after Christ, and much more distinctly in the time with which we are ourselves concerned—the fifth—the wild nations opposed to Rome, and partially subdued, or held at bay by her, had resolved themselves into two distinct masses, belonging to two distinct *latitudes*. One, *fixed* in habitation of the pleasant temperate zone of Europe—England with her western mountains, the healthy limestone plateaux and granite mounts of France, the German labyrinths of woody hill and winding thal, from the Tyrol to the Hartz, and all the vast enclosed basin and branching valleys of the Carpathians. Think of these four districts, briefly and clearly, as 'Britain,' 'Gaul,' 'Germany,' and 'Dacia.'

10. North of these rudely but patiently *resident* races, possessing fields and orchards, quiet herds, homes of a sort, moralities and memories not ignoble, dwelt, or rather drifted, and shook, a shattered chain of gloomier tribes, piratical mainly, and predatory, nomad essentially; homeless, of necessity, finding no stay nor comfort in earth, or bitter sky: desperately wandering along the waste sands and drenched morasses of the flat country stretching from the mouths of the Rhine to those of the Vistula, and beyond Vistula nobody knows where, nor needs to know. Waste sands and rootless bogs their portion, ice-fastened and cloud-shadowed, for many a day of the rigorous year: shallow pools and ooziings and windings of retarded streams, black decay of neglected woods, scarcely habitable, never loveable; to this day the inner mainlands little changed for good*—and their inhabitants now fallen even on sadder times.

* See generally any description that Carlyle has had occasion to give of Prussian or Polish ground, or edge of Baltic shore.

11. For in the fifth century they had herds of cattle* to drive and kill, unpreserved hunting-grounds full of game and wild deer, tameable reindeer also then, even so far in the south; spirited hogs, good for practice of fight as in Meleager's time, and afterwards for bacon; furry creatures innumerable, all good for meat or skin. Fish of the infinite sea breaking their bark-fibre nets; fowl innumerable, migrant in the skies, for their flint-headed arrows; bred horses for their own riding; ships of no mean size, and of all sorts, flat-bottomed for the oozy puddles, keeled and decked for strong Elbe stream and furious Baltic on the one side,—for mountain-cleaving Danube and the black lake of Colchos on the south.

12. And they were, to all outward aspect, and in all *felt* force, the living powers of the world, in that long hour of its transfiguration. All else known once for awful, had become formalism, folly, or shame:—the Roman armies, a mere sworded mechanism, fast falling confused, every sword against its fellow;—the Roman civil multitude, mixed of slaves, slave-masters, and harlots; the East, cut off from Europe by the intervening weakness of the Greek. These starving troops of the Black forests and White seas, themselves half wolf, half drift-wood, (as *we* once called ourselves Lion-hearts, and Oak-hearts, so they), merciless as the herded hound, enduring as the wild birch-tree and pine. You will hear of few beside them for five centuries yet to come: Visigoths, west of Vistula;—Ostrogoths, east of Vistula; radiant round little Holy Island (Heligoland), our own Saxons, and Hamlet the Dane, and his foe the sledded Polack on the ice,—all these south of Baltic; and pouring *across* Baltic, constantly, her mountain-ministered strength, Scandinavia, until at last *she* for a time rules all, and the Norman name is of disputeless dominion, from the North Cape to Jerusalem.

* Gigantic—and not yet fossilized! See Gibbon's note on the death of Theodebert: "The King pointed his spear—the Bull *overturned a tree on his head*,—he died the same day."—vii. 255. The Horn of Uri and her shield, with the chiefly towering crests of the German helm, attest the terror of these Aurochs herds.

13. *This* is the apparent, this the only recognised world history, as I have said, for five centuries to come. And yet the real history is underneath all this. The wandering armies are, in the heart of them, only living hail, and thunder, and fire along the ground. But the Suffering Life, the rooted heart of native humanity, growing up in eternal gentleness, howsoever wasted, forgotten, or spoiled,—itself neither wasting, nor wandering, nor slaying, but unconquerable by grief or death, became the seed ground of all love, that was to be born in due time; giving, then, to mortality, what hope, joy, or genius it could receive; and—if there be immortality—rendering out of the grave to the Church her fostering Saints, and to Heaven her helpful Angels.

14. Of this low-nestling, speechless, harmless, infinitely submissive, infinitely serviceable order of being, no Historian ever takes the smallest notice, except when it is robbed or slain. I can give you no picture of it, bring to your ears no murmur of it, nor cry. I can only show you the absolute ‘must have been’ of its unrewarded past, and the way in which all we have thought of, or been told, is founded on the deeper facts in its history, unthought of, and untold.

15. The main mass of this innocent and invincible peasant life is, as I have above told you, grouped in the fruitful and temperate districts of (relatively) mountainous Europe,—reaching, west to east, from the Cornish Land’s End to the mouth of the Danube. Already, in the times we are now dealing with, it was full of native passion—generosity—and intelligence capable of all things. Dacia gave to Rome the four last of her great Emperors,*—Britain to Christianity the

* Claudius, Aurelian, Probus, Constantius; and after the division of the empire, to the East, Justinian. “The emperor Justinian was born of an obscure race of Barbarians, the inhabitants of a wild and desolate country, to which the names of Dardania, of Dacia, and of Bulgaria have been successively applied. The names of these Dardanian peasants are Gothic, and almost English. Justinian is a translation of Uprauder (upright); his father, Sabatius,—in Græco-barbarous language, Stipes—was styled in his village ‘Istock’ (Stock).”—Gibbon, beginning of chap. xl. and note.

first deeds, and the final legends, of her chivalry, — Germany, to all manhood, the truth and the fire of the Frank, — Gaul, to all womanhood, the patience and strength of St. Genevieve.

16. The *truth*, and the fire, of the Frank, — I must repeat with insistence, — for my younger readers have probably been in the habit of thinking that the French were more polite than true. They will find, if they examine into the matter, that only Truth *can* be polished: and that all we recognize of beautiful, subtle, or constructive, in the manners, the language, or the architecture of the French, comes of a pure veracity in their nature, which you will soon feel in the living creatures themselves if you love them: if you understand even their worst rightly, their very Revolution was a revolt against lies; and against the betrayal of Love. No people had ever been so loyal in vain.

17. That they were originally Germans, they themselves I suppose would now gladly forget; but how they shook the dust of Germany off their feet — and gave themselves a new name — is the first of the phenomena which we have now attentively to observe respecting them.

“The most rational critics,” says Mr. Gibbon in his tenth chapter, “*suppose that about the year 240*” (*suppose then, we, for our greater comfort, say about the year 250, half-way to end of fifth century, where we are, — ten years less or more, in cases of ‘supposing about,’ do not much matter, but some floating buoy of a date will be handy here.*)

‘About’ A.D. 250, then, “a new confederacy was formed, under the name of Franks, by the old inhabitants of the lower Rhine and the Weser.”

18. My own impression, concerning the old inhabitants of the lower Rhine and the Weser, would have been that they consisted mostly of fish, with superficial frogs and ducks; but Mr. Gibbon’s note on the passage informs us that the new confederacy composed itself of human creatures, in these items following.

1. The Chauci, who lived we are not told where.
2. The Sicambri “ in the Principality of Waldeck.
3. The Attuarii “ in the Duchy of Berg.
4. The Bructeri “ on the banks of the Lippe.
5. The Chamavii * “ in the country of the Bructeri.
6. The Catti “ in Hessia.

All this I believe you will be rather easier in your minds if you forget than if you remember; but if it please you to read, or re-read, (or best of all, get read to you by some real Miss Isabella Wardour,) the story of Martin Waldeck in the ‘Antiquary,’ you will gain from it a sufficient notion of the central character of “the Principality of *Waldeck*” connected securely with that important German word; ‘woody’—or ‘woodish,’ I suppose?—descriptive of rock and half-grown forest; together with some wholesome reverence for Scott’s instinctively deep foundations of nomenclature.

19. But for our present purpose we must also take seriously to our maps again, and get things within linear limits of space.

All the maps of Germany which I have myself the privilege of possessing, diffuse themselves, just north of Frankfort, into the likeness of a painted window broken small by Puritan malice, and put together again by ingenious churchwardens with every bit of it wrong side upwards;—this curious vitrerie purporting to represent the sixty, seventy, eighty, or ninety dukedoms, marquisesates, counties, baronies, electorates, and the like, into which hereditary Alemannia cracked itself in that latitude. But under the mottling colours, and through the jotted and jumbled alphabets of distracted dignities—besides a chain-mail of black railroads over all, the chains of it not in links, but bristling with legs, like centipedes,—a hard forenoon’s work with good magnifying-glass enables one approximately to make out the course of the Weser, and the names of certain towns near its sources, deservedly memorable.

20. In case you have not a forenoon to spare, nor eyesight to waste, this much of merely necessary abstract must serve

you,—that from the Drachenfels and its six brother felsen, eastward, trending to the north, there runs and spreads a straggling company of gnarled and mysterious craglets, jutting and scowling above glens fringed by coppice, and fretful or musical with stream; the crags, in pious ages, mostly castled, for distantly or fancifully Christian purposes;—the glens, resonant of woodmen, or burrowed at the sides by miners, and invisibly tenanted farther, underground, by gnomes, and above by forest and other demons. The entire district, clasping crag to crag, and guiding dell to dell, some hundred and fifty miles (with intervals) between the Dragon mountain above Rhine, and the Rosin mountain, ‘Hartz’ shadowy still to the south of the riding grounds of Black Brunswickers of indisputable bodily presence;—shadowy anciently with ‘Hercynian’ (hedge, or fence) forest, corrupted or coinciding into Hartz, or Rosin forest, haunted by obscurely apparent foresters of at least resinous, not to say sulphurous, extraction.

21. A hundred and fifty miles east to west, say half as much north to south—about a thousand square miles in whole—of metalliferous, coniferous, and Ghostiferous mountain, fluent, and diffluent for us, both in mediæval and recent times, with the most Essential oil of Turpentine, and Myrrh or Frankincense of temper and imagination, which may be typified by it, producible in Germany; especially if we think how the more delicate uses of Rosin, as indispensable to the Fiddle-bow, have developed themselves, from the days of St. Elizabeth of Marburg to those of St. Mephistopheles of Weimar.

22. As far as I know, this cluster of wayward cliff and dingle has no common name as a group of hills; and it is quite impossible to make out the diverse branching of it in any maps I can lay hand on: but we may remember easily, and usefully, that it is *all* north of the Maine,—that it rests on the Drachenfels at one end, and tosses itself away to the morning light with a concave swoop, up to the Hartz, (Brocken summit, 3700 feet above sea, nothing higher): with one notable interval for Weser stream, of which presently.

23. We will call this, in future, the chain, or company, of

the Enchanted mountains; and then we shall all the more easily join on the Giant mountains, Riesen-Gebirge, when we want them; but these are altogether higher, sterner, and not yet to be invaded; the nearer ones, through which our road lies, we might perhaps more patly call the Goblin mountains; but that would be scarcely reverent to St. Elizabeth, nor to the numberless pretty chatelaines of towers, and princesses of park and glen, who have made German domestic manners sweet and exemplary, and have led their lightly rippling and translucent lives down the glens of ages, until enchantment becomes, perhaps, too canonical in the Almanach de Gotha.

We will call them therefore the Enchanted Mountains, not the Goblin; perceiving gratefully also that the Rock spirits of them have really much more of the temper of fairy physicians than of gnomes: each — as it were with sensitive hazel wand instead of smiting rod — beckoning, out of sparry caves, effervescent Brunnen, beneficently salt and warm.

24. At the very heart of this Enchanted chain, then — (and the beneficentest, if one use it and guide it rightly, of all the Brunnen there), sprang the fountain of the earliest Frank race; “in the principality of Waldeck,” — you can trace their current to no farther source; there it rises out of the earth.

“Frankenberg” (Burg), on right bank of the Eder, nineteen miles north of Marburg, you may find marked clearly in the map No. 18 of Black’s General Atlas, wherein the cluster of surrounding bewitched mountains, and the valley of Eder-stream otherwise (as the village higher up the dell still calls itself) “Engel-bach,” “Angel Brook,” joining that of the Fulda, just above Cassel, are also delineated in a way intelligible to attentive mortal eyes. I should be plagued with the names in trying a woodcut; but a few careful pen-strokes, or wriggles, of your own off-hand touching, would give you the concurrence of the actual sources of Weser in a comfortably extricated form, with the memorable towns on them, or just south of them, on the other slope of the watershed, towards Maine. Frankenberg and Waldeck on Eder, Fulda and Cassel on Fulda, Eisenach on Werra, who accentuates himself into Weser

after taking Fulda for bride, as Tees the Greta, beyond Eisenach, under the Wartzburg, (of which you have heard as a castle employed on Christian mission and Bible Society purposes), town-streets below hard paved with basalt—name of it, Iron-ach, significant of Thuringian armouries in the old time,—it is active with mills for many things yet.

25. The rocks all the way from Rhine, thus far, are jets and spurts of basalt through irony sandstone, with a strip of coal or two northward, by the grace of God not worth digging for; at Frankenberg even a gold mine; also, by Heaven's mercy, poor of its ore; but wood and iron always to be had for the due trouble; and, of softer wealth above ground,—game, corn, fruit, flax, wine, wool, and hemp! Monastic care over all, in Fulda's and Walter's houses—which I find marked by a cross as built by some pious Walter, Knight of Meiningen on the Boden-wasser, Bottom water; as of water having found its way well down at last: so "Boden-See," of Rhine well got down out of Via Mala.

26. And thus, having got your springs of Weser clear from the rock; and, as it were, gathered up the reins of your river, you can draw for yourself, easily enough, the course of its farther stream, flowing virtually straight north, to the North Sea. And mark it strongly on your sketched map of Europe, next to the border Vistula, leaving out Elbe yet for a time. For now, you may take the whole space between Weser and Vistula (north of the mountains), as wild barbarian (Saxon or Goth); but, piercing the source of the Franks at Waldeck, you will find them gradually, but swiftly, filling all the space between Weser and the mouths of Rhine, passing from mountain foam into calmer diffusion over the Netherland, where their straying forest and pastoral life has at last to embank itself into muddy agriculture, and in bleak-flying sea mist, forget the sunshine on its basalt crags.

27. Whereupon, *we* must also pause, to embank ourselves somewhat; and before other things, try what we can understand in this name of Frank, concerning which Gibbon tells us, in his sweetest tones of satisfied moral serenity—"The love

of liberty was the ruling passion of these Germans. They deserved, they assumed, they maintained, the honourable epithet of Franks, or Freemen." He does not, however, tell us in what language of the time—Chaucian, Sicambrian, Chamavian, or Cattian,—'Frank' ever meant Free: nor can I find out myself what tongue of any time it first belongs to; but I doubt not that Miss Yonge ('History of Christian Names,' Articles on Frey and Frank), gives the true root, in what she calls the High German "Frang," Free *Lord*. Not by any means a Free *Commoner*, or anything of the sort! but a person whose nature and name implied the existence around him, and beneath, of a considerable number of other persons who were by no means 'Frang,' nor Frangs. His title is one of the proudest then maintainable;—ratified at last by the dignity of age added to that of valour, into the Seigneur, or Monseigneur, not even yet in the last cockney form of it, 'Mossoo,' wholly understood as a republican term!

28. So that, accurately thought of, the quality of Frankness glances only with the flat side of it into any meaning of 'Libre,' but with all its cutting edge, determinedly, and to all time, it signifies Brave, strong, and honest, above other men.* The old woodland race were never in any wolfish

* Gibbon touches the facts more closely in a sentence of his 22nd chapter. "The independent warriors of Germany, *who considered truth as the noblest of their virtues*, and freedom as the most valuable of their possessions." He is speaking especially of the Frankish tribe of the Attuarii, against whom the Emperor Julian had to re-fortify the Rhine from Cleves to Basle: but the first letters of the Emperor Jovian, after Julian's death, "delegated the military command of *Gaul and Illyrium* (what a vast one it was, we shall see hereafter), to Malarich, a *brave and faithful* officer of the nation of the Franks;" and they remain the loyal allies of Rome in her last struggle with Alaric. Apparently for the sake only of an interesting variety of language,—and at all events without intimation of any causes of so great a change in the national character,—we find Mr. Gibbon in his next volume suddenly adopting the abusive epithets of Procopius, and calling the Franks "a light and perfidious nation" (vii. 251). The only traceable grounds for this unexpected description of them are that they refuse to be bribed either into friendship or activity, by Rome or Ravenna; and that in his invasion of Italy, the grandson of Clovis did not previously send exact warning

sense 'free,' but in a most human sense Frank, outspoken, meaning what they had said, and standing to it, when they had got it out. Quick and clear in word and act, fearless utterly and restless always;—but idly lawless, or weakly lavish, neither in deed nor word. Their frankness, if you read it as a scholar and a Christian, and not like a modern half-bred, half-brained infidel, knowing no tongue of all the world but in the slang of it, is really opposed, not to Servitude,—but to Shyness!* It is to this day the note of the sweetest and Frenchiest of French character, that it makes simply perfect *Servants*. Unwearied in protective friendship, in meekly dextrous omnificence, in latent tutorship; the lovingly availablest of valets,—the mentally and personally bonniest of *bonnes*. But in no capacity shy of you! Though you be the Duke or Duchess of Montaltissimo, you will not find them abashed at your altitude. They will speak 'up' to you, when they have a mind.

29. Best of servants: best of *subjects*, also, when they have

of his proposed route, nor even entirely signify his intentions till he had secured the bridge of the Po at Pavia; afterwards declaring his mind with sufficient distinctness by "assaulting, almost at the same instant, the hostile camps of the Goths and Romans, who, instead of uniting their arms, fled with equal precipitation."

* For detailed illustration of the word, see 'Val d'Arno,' Lecture VIII.; 'Fors Clavigera,' Letters XLVI. 231, LXXVII. 137; and Chaucer, 'Romaunt of Rose,' 1212—"Next *him*" (the knight sibbe to Arthur) "daunced dame Franchise;"—the English lines are quoted and commented on in the first lecture of 'Ariadne Florentina'; I give the French here:—

"Après tous ceulx estoit Franchise
 Que ne fut ne brune ne bise.
 Ains fut comme la neige blanche
Courtoyse estoit, joyeuse, et franche.
 Le nez avoit long et tretis,
 Yeulx vers, rians; sourcilz faitis;
 Les cheveulx eut très-blons et longs
 Simple fut comme les coulons
 Le cœur eut doulx et debonnaire.
Elle n'osait dire ne faire
Nulle riens que faire ne deust."

And I hope my girl readers will never more confuse Franchise with 'Liberty.'

an equally frank King, or Count, or Captal, to lead them; of which we shall see proof enough in due time;—but, instantly, note this farther, that, whatever side-gleam of the thing they afterwards called Liberty may be meant by the Frank name, you must at once now, and always in future, guard yourself from confusing their Liberties with their Activities. What the temper of the army may be towards its chief, is *one* question—whether either chief or army can be kept six months quiet,—another, and a totally different one. That they must either be fighting somebody or going somewhere, else, their life isn't worth living to them; the activity and mercurial flashing and flickering hither and thither, which in the soul of it is set neither on war nor rapine, but only on change of place, mood—tense, and tension;—which never needs to see its spurs in the dish, but has them always bright, and on, and would ever choose rather to ride fasting than sit feasting,—this childlike dread of being put in a corner, and continual want of something to do, is to be watched by us with wondering sympathy in all its sometimes splendid, but too often unlucky or disastrous consequences to the nation itself as well as to its neighbours.

30. And this activity, which we stolid beef-eaters, before we had been taught by modern science that we were no better than baboons ourselves, were wont discourteously to liken to that of the livelier tribes of Monkey, did in fact so much impress the Hollanders, when first the irriguous Franks gave motion and current to their marshes, that the earliest heraldry in which we find the Frank power blazoned seems to be founded on a Dutch endeavour to give some distantly satirical presentment of it. “For,” says a most ingenious historian, Mons. André Favine,—‘Parisian, and Advocate in the High Court of the French Parliament in the year 1620’—“those people who bordered on the river Sala, called ‘Salts,’ by the Allemaignes, were on their descent into Dutch lands called by the Romans ‘Franci Salici’”—(whence ‘Salique’ law to come, you observe) “and by abridgment ‘Salii,’ as if of the verb ‘salire,’ that is to say ‘saulter,’ to leap”—(and in

future therefore—duly also to dance—in an incomparable manner) “to be quicke and nimble of foot, to leap and mount well, a quality most notably requisite for such as dwell in watrie and marshy places; So that while such of the French as dwelt on the great course of the river” (Rhine) “were called ‘Nageurs,’ Swimmers, they of the marshes were called ‘Saulteurs,’ Leapers, so that it was a nickname given to the French in regard both of their natural disposition and of their dwelling; as, yet to this day, their enemies call them French Toades, (or Frogs, more properly) from whence grew the fable that their ancient Kings carried such creatures in their Armes.”

31. Without entering at present into debate whether fable or not, you will easily remember the epithet ‘Salian’ of these fosse-leaping and river-swimming folk (so that, as aforesaid, all the length of Rhine must be refortified against them)—epithet however, it appears, in its origin delicately Saline, so that we may with good discretion, as we call our seasoned Mariners, ‘old Salts,’ think of these more brightly sparkling Franks as ‘Young Salts,’—but this equivocated presently by the Romans, with natural respect to their martial fire and ‘elan,’ into ‘Salii’—*exsultantes*,*—such as their own armed priests of war: and by us now with some little farther, but slight equivocation, into useful meaning, to be thought of as

* Their first mischievous exultation into Alsace being invited by the Romans themselves, (or at least by Constantius in his jealousy of Julian,)—with “presents and promises,—the hopes of spoil, and a perpetual grant of all the territories they were able to subdue.” Gibbon, chap. xix. (3, 208.) By any other historian than Gibbon, who has really no fixed opinion on any character, or question, but, safe in the general truism that the worst men sometimes do right, and the best often do wrong, praises when he wants to round a sentence, and blames when he cannot otherwise edge one)—it might have startled us to be here told of the nation which “deserved, assumed, and maintained the *honourable* name of freemen,” that “*these undisciplined robbers* treated as their natural enemies all the subjects of the empire who possessed any property which they were desirous of acquiring.” The first campaign of Julian; which throws both Franks and Alemanni back across the Rhine, but grants the Salian Franks, under solemn oath, their established territory in the Netherlands, must be traced at another time.

here first Salient, as a beaked promontory, towards the France we know of ; and evermore, in brilliant elasticities of temper, a salient or out-sallying nation ; lending to us English presently—for this much of heraldry we may at once glance on to—their ‘ Leopard,’ not as a spotted or blotted creature, but as an inevitably springing and pouncing one, for our own kingly and princely shields.

Thus much, of their ‘ Salian ’ epithet may be enough ; but from the interpretation of the Frankish one we are still as far as ever, and must be content, in the meantime, to stay so, noting however two ideas afterwards entangled with the name, which are of much descriptive importance to us.

32. “ The French poet in the first book of his *Franciades*” (says Mons. Favine ; but what poet I know not, nor can enquire) “ encounters” (in the sense of en-quarters, or depicts as a herald) certain fables on the name of the French by the adoption and composure of two *Gaulish* words joyned together, *Phere-Encos* which signifieth ‘ Beare-*Launce*,’ (—Shake-Lance, we might perhaps venture to translate,) a lighter weapon than the Spear beginning here to quiver in the hand of its chivalry—and *Fere-encos* then passing swiftly on the tongue into *Francos* ;”—a derivation not to be adopted, but the idea of the weapon most carefully,—together with this following—that “ among the arms of the ancient French, over and beside the *Launce*, was the *Battaile-Axe*, which they called *Anchon*, and moreover, yet to this day, in many Provinces of France, it is termed an *Achon*, wherewith they served themselves in warre, by throwing it a farre off at joyning with the enemy, onely to discover the man and to cleave his shield. Because this *Achon* was darted with such violence, as it would cleave the Shield, and compell the Maister thereof to hold down his arm, and being so discovered, as naked or unarmed ; it made way for the sooner surprizing of him. It seemeth, that this weapon was proper and particuler to the French Souldior, as well him on foote, as on horsebacke. For this cause they called it *Franciscus*. *Francisca, securis oblonga, quam Franci librabant in Hostes*. For the Horseman, beside his shield and

Francisca (Armes common, as we have said, to the Footman), had also the Lance, which being broken, and serving to no further effect, he laid hand on his Francisca, as we learn the use of that weapon in the Archbishop of Tours, his second book, and twenty-seventh chapter."

33. It is satisfactory to find how respectfully these lessons of the Archbishop of Tours were received by the French knights; and curious to see the preferred use of the Francisca by all the best of them—down, not only to Cœur de Lion's time, but even to the day of Poitiers. In the last wrestle of the battle at Poitiers gate, "Là, fit le Roy Jehan de sa main, merveilles d'armes, et tenoit une hache de guerre dont bien se deffendoit et combattoit,—si la quartre partie de ses gens luy eussent ressemblé, la journée eust été pour eux." Still more notably, in the episode of fight which Froissart stops to tell just before, between the Sire de Verclif, (on Severn) and the Picard squire Jean de Helennes: the Englishman, losing his sword, dismounts to recover it, on which Helennes *casts* his own at him with such aim and force "qu'il acoonsuit l'Anglois es cuisses, tellement que l'espée entra dedans et le cousit tout parmi, jusqu'au hans."

On this the knight rendering himself, the squire binds his wound, and nurses him, staying fifteen days 'pour l'amour de lui' at Chasteleraut, while his life was in danger; and afterwards carrying him in a litter all the way to his own chastel in Picardy. His ransom however is 6000 nobles—I suppose about 25,000 pounds, of our present estimate; and you may set down for one of the fatallest signs that the days of chivalry are near their darkening, how "devint celuy Escuyer, Chevalier, pour le grand profit qu'il eut du Seigneur de Verclif."

I return gladly to the dawn of chivalry, when, every hour and year, men were becoming more gentle and more wise; while, even through their worst cruelty and error, native qualities of noblest cast may be seen asserting themselves for primal motive, and submitting themselves for future training.

34. We have hitherto got no farther in our notion of a Salian Frank than a glimpse of his two principal weapons,—

the shadow of him, however, begins to shape itself to us on the mist of the Brocken, bearing the lance light, passing into the javelin,—but the axe, his woodman's weapon, heavy;—for economical reasons, in scarcity of iron, preferablest of all weapons, giving the fullest swing and weight of blow with least quantity of actual metal, and roughest forging. Gibbon gives them also a 'weighty' sword, suspended from a 'broad' belt: but Gibbon's epithets are always gratis, and the belted sword, whatever its measure, was probably for the leaders only; the belt, itself of gold, the distinction of the Roman Counts, and doubtless adopted from them by the allied Frank leaders, afterwards taking the Pauline mythic meaning of the girdle of Truth—and so finally; the chief mark of Belted Knighthood.

35. The Shield, for all, was round, wielded like a Highlander's target:—armour, presumably, nothing but hard-tanned leather, or patiently close knitted hemp; "Their close apparel," says Mr. Gibbon, "accurately expressed the figure of their limbs," but 'apparel' is only Miltonic-Gibbonian for 'nobody knows what.' He is more intelligible of their persons.—"The lofty stature of the Franks, and their blue eyes, denoted a Germanic origin; the warlike barbarians were trained from their earliest youth to run, to leap, to swim, to dart the javelin and battle-axe with unerring aim, to advance without hesitation against a superior enemy, and to maintain either in life or death, the invincible reputation of their ancestors' (vi. 95). For the first time, in 358, appalled by the Emperor Julian's victory at Strasburg, and besieged by him upon the Meuse, a body of six hundred Franks "dispensed with the ancient law which commanded them to conquer or die." "Although they were strongly actuated by the allurements of rapine, they professed a disinterested love of war, which they considered as the supreme honour and felicity of human nature; and their minds and bodies were so hardened by perpetual action that, according to the lively expression of an orator, the snows of winter were as pleasant to them as the flowers of spring" (iii. 220).

36. These mental and bodily virtues, or indurations, were probably universal in the military rank of the nation : but we learn presently, with surprise, of so remarkably 'free' a people, that nobody but the King and royal family might wear their hair to their own liking. The kings wore theirs in flowing ringlets on the back and shoulders,—the Queens, in tresses rippling to their feet,—but all the rest of the nation "were obliged, either by law or custom, to shave the hinder part of their head, to comb their short hair over their forehead, and to content themselves with the ornament of two small whiskers."

37. Moustaches,—Mr. Gibbon means, I imagine: and I take leave also to suppose that the nobles, and noble ladies, might wear such tress and ringlet as became them. But again, we receive unexpectedly embarrassing light on the democratic institutions of the Franks, in being told that "the various trades, the labours of agriculture, and the arts of hunting and fishing, were *exercised by servile* hands for the *emolument* of the Sovereign."

'Servile' and 'Emolument,' however, though at first they sound very dreadful and very wrong, are only Miltonic-Gibbonian expressions of the general fact that the Frankish Kings had ploughmen in their fields, employed weavers and smiths to make their robes and swords, hunted with huntsmen, hawked with falconers, and were in other respects tyrannical to the ordinary extent that an English Master of Hounds may be. "The mansion of the long-haired Kings was surrounded with convenient yards and stables for poultry and cattle; the garden was planted with useful vegetables; the magazines filled with corn and wine either for sale or consumption; and the whole administration conducted by the strictest rules of private economy."

38. I have collected these imperfect, and not always extremely consistent, notices of the aspect and temper of the Franks out of Mr. Gibbon's casual references to them during a period of more than two centuries,—and the last passage quoted, which he accompanies with the statement that "one hun-

dred and sixty of these rural palaces were scattered through the provinces of their kingdom," without telling us what kingdom, or at what period, must I think be held descriptive of the general manner and system of their monarchy after the victories of Clovis. But, from the first hour you hear of him, the Frank, closely considered, is always an extremely ingenious, well meaning, and industrious personage;—if eagerly acquisitive, also intelligently conservative and constructive; an element of order and crystalline edification, which is to consummate itself one day, in the aisles of Amiens; and things generally insuperable and impregnable, if the inhabitants of them had been as sound-hearted as their builders, for many a day beyond.

39. But for the present, we must retrace our ground a little; for indeed I have lately observed with compunction, in re-reading some of my books for revised issue, that if ever I promise, in one number or chapter, careful consideration of any particular point in the next, the next never *does* touch upon the promised point at all, but is sure to fix itself passionately on some antithetic, antipathic, or antipodic, point in the opposite hemisphere. This manner of conducting a treatise I find indeed extremely conducive to impartiality and largeness of view; but can conceive it to be—to the general reader—not only disappointing, (if indeed I may flatter myself that I ever interest enough to disappoint), but even liable to confirm in his mind some of the fallacious and extremely absurd insinuations of adverse critics respecting my inconsistency, vacillation, and liability to be affected by changes of the weather in my principles or opinions. I purpose, therefore, in these historical sketches, at least to watch, and I hope partly to correct myself in this fault of promise breaking, and at whatever sacrifice of my variously fluent or re-fluent humour, to tell in each successive chapter in some measure what the reader justifiably expects to be told.

40. I left, merely glanced at, in my opening chapter, the story of the vase of Soissons. It may be found (and it is very nearly the only thing that *is* to be found respecting the per-

sonal life or character of the first Louis) in every cheap popular history of France; with cheap popular moralities engrafted thereon. Had I time to trace it to its first sources, perhaps it might take another aspect. But I give it as you may anywhere find it—asking you only to consider whether even as so read—it may not properly bear a somewhat different moral.

41. The story is, then, that after the battle of Soissons, in the division of Roman, or Gallic spoil, the king wished to have a beautifully wrought silver vase for—‘himself,’ I was going to write—and in my last chapter *did* mistakenly infer that he wanted it for his better self,—his Queen. But he wanted it for neither;—it was to restore to St. Remy, that it might remain among the consecrated treasures of Rheims. That is the first point on which the popular histories do not insist, and which one of his warriors claiming equal division of treasure, chose also to ignore. The vase was asked by the King in addition to his own portion, and the Frank knights, while they rendered true obedience to their king as a leader, had not the smallest notion of allowing him what more recent kings call ‘Royalties’—taxes on everything they touch. And one of these Frank knights or Counts—a little franker than the rest—and as incredulous of St. Remy’s saintship as a Protestant Bishop, or Positivist Philosopher—took upon him to dispute the King’s and the Church’s claim, in the manner, suppose, of a Liberal opposition in the House of Commons; and disputed it with such security of support by the public opinion of the fifth century, that—the king persisting in his request—the fearless soldier dashed the vase to pieces with his war-axe, exclaiming “Thou shalt have no more than thy portion by lot.”

42. It is the first clear assertion of French ‘Liberté, Fraternité and Egalité,’ supported, then, as now, by the destruction, which is the only possible active operation of “free” personages, on the art they cannot produce.

The king did not continue the quarrel. Cowards will think that he paused in cowardice, and malicious persons, that he paused in malignity. He *did* pause in anger assuredly; but

biding its time, which the anger of a strong man always can, and burn hotter for the waiting, which is one of the chief reasons for Christians being told not to let the sun go down upon it. Precept which Christians now-a-days are perfectly ready to obey, if it is somebody else who has been injured; and indeed, the difficulty in such cases is usually to get them to think of the injury even while the Sun rises on their wrath.*

43. The sequel is very shocking indeed—to modern sensibility. I give it in the, if not polished, at least delicately varnished, language of the Pictorial History.

“About a year afterwards, on reviewing his troops, he went to the man who had struck the vase, and *examining his arms, complained* that *they* were in bad condition!” (Italics mine) “and threw them” (What? shield and sword?) on the ground. The soldier stooped to recover them; and at that moment the King struck him on the head with his battle-axe, crying ‘Thus didst thou to the vase at Soissons.’” The Moral modern historian proceeds to reflect that “this—as an evidence of the condition of the Franks, and of the ties by which they were united, gives but the idea of a band of Robbers and their chief.” Which is, indeed, so far as I can myself look into and decipher the nature of things, the Primary idea to be entertained respecting most of the kingly and military organizations in this world, down to our own day; and, (unless perchance it be the Afghans and Zulus who are stealing our lands in England—instead of we theirs, in their several countries.) But concerning the *manner* of this piece of military execution, I must for the present leave the reader to consider with himself, whether indeed it be less Kingly, or more savage, to strike an uncivil soldier on the head with one’s own battle-axe, than, for instance, to strike a person like Sir Thomas More on the neck with an executioner’s,—using for the mechanism, and as it were guillotine bar and rope to the blow—the manageable forms of National Law, and the gracefully twined intervention of a polite group of noblemen and bishops.

* Read Mr. Plimsoll’s article on coal mines for instance.

44. Far darker things have to be told of him than this, as his proud life draws towards the close,—things which, if any of us could see clear *through* darkness, you should be told in all the truth of them. But we never can know the truth of Sin; for its nature is to deceive alike on the one side the Sinner, on the other the Judge. Diabolic—betraying whether we yield to it, or condemn: Here is Gibbon's sneer—if you care for it; but I gather first from the confused paragraphs which conduct to it, the sentences of praise, less niggard than the Sage of Lausanne usually grants to any hero who has confessed the influence of Christianity.

45. “Clovis, when he was no more than fifteen years of age, succeeded, by his father's death, to the command of the Salian tribe. The narrow limits of his kingdom were confined to the island of the Batavians, with the ancient dioceses of Tournay and Arras; and at the baptism of Clovis, the number of his warriors could not exceed five thousand. The kindred tribes of the Franks who had seated themselves along the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Moselle, and the Rhine, were governed by their independent kings, of the Merovingian race, the equals, the allies, and sometimes the enemies of the Salic Prince. When he first took the field he had neither gold nor silver in his coffers, nor wine and corn in his magazines; but he imitated the example of Cæsar, who in the same country had acquired wealth by the sword, and purchased soldiers with the fruits of conquest. The untamed spirit of the Barbarians was taught to acknowledge the advantages of regular discipline. At the annual review of the month of March, their arms were diligently inspected; and when they traversed a peaceful territory they were prohibited from touching a blade of grass. The justice of Clovis was inexorable; and his careless or disobedient soldiers were punished with instant death. It would be superfluous to praise the valour of a Frank; but the valour of Clovis was directed by cool and consummate prudence. In all his transactions with mankind he calculated the weight of interest, of passion, and of opinion; and his measures were sometimes adapted to the sanguinary manners of the Germans,

and sometimes moderated by the milder genius of Rome, and Christianity.

46. "But the savage conqueror of Gaul was incapable of examining the proofs of a religion, which depends on the laborious investigation of historic evidence, and speculative theology. He was still more incapable of feeling the mild influence of the Gospel, which persuades and purifies the heart of a genuine convert. His ambitious reign was a perpetual violation of moral and Christian duties: his hands were stained with blood, in peace as well as in war; and, as soon as Clovis had dismissed a synod of the Gallican Church, he calmly assassinated *all* the princes of the Merovingian race."

47. It is too true; but rhetorically put, in the first place—for we ought to be told how many 'all' the princes were;—in the second place, we must note that, supposing Clovis had in any degree "searched the Scriptures" as presented to the Western world by St. Jerome, he was likely, as a soldier-king, to have thought more of the mission of Joshua* and Jehu than of the patience of Christ, whose sufferings he thought rather of avenging than imitating: and the question whether the other Kings of the Franks should either succeed him, or, in envy of his enlarged kingdom, attack and dethrone, was easily in his mind convertible from a personal danger into the chance of the return of the whole nation to idolatry. And, in the last place, his faith in the Divine protection of his cause had been shaken by his defeat before Arles by the Ostrogoths; and the Frank leopard had not so wholly changed his spots as to surrender to an enemy the opportunity of a first spring.

48. Finally, and beyond all these personal questions, the forms of cruelty and subtlety—the former, observe, arising

* The likeness was afterwards taken up by legend, and the walls of Angoulême, after the battle of Poitiers, are said to have fallen at the sound of the trumpets of Clovis. "A miracle," says Gibboñ, "which may be reduced to the supposition that some clerical engineer had secretly undermined the foundations of the rampart." I cannot too often warn my honest readers against the modern habit of "reducing" all history whatever to 'the supposition that' . . . etc., etc. The legend is of course the natural and easy expression of a metaphor.

much out of a scorn of pain which was a condition of honour in their women as well as men, are in these savage races all founded on their love of glory in war, which can only be understood by comparing what remains of the same temper in the higher castes of the North American Indians; and, before tracing in final clearness the actual events of the reign of Clovis to their end, the reader will do well to learn this list of the personages of the great Drama, taking to heart the meaning of the *name* of each, both in its probable effect on the mind of its bearer, and in its fateful expression of the course of their acts, and the consequences of it to future generations.

1. Clovis. Frank form, Hluodoveh. 'Glorious Holiness,' or consecration. Latin Chlodovisus, when baptized by St. Remy, softening afterwards through the centuries into Lhodovisus, Ludovicus, Louis.
2. Albofleda. 'White household fairy'? His youngest sister; married Theodoric (Theutreich, 'People's ruler'), the great King of the Ostrogoths.
3. Clotilde. Hlod-hilda. 'Glorious Battle-maid.' His wife. 'Hilda' first meaning Battle, pure; and then passing into Queen or Maid of Battle. Christianized to Ste Clotilde in France, and Ste Hilda of Whitby cliff.
3. Clotilde. His only daughter. Died for the Catholic faith, under Arian persecution.
4. Childebert. His eldest son by Clotilde, the first Frank King in Paris. 'Battle Splendour,' softening into Hildebert, and then Hildebrandt, as in the Nibelung.
5. Chlodomir. 'Glorious Fame.' His second son by Clotilde.
6. Clotaire. His youngest son by Clotilde; virtually the destroyer of his father's house. 'Glorious Warrior.'
7. Chlodowald. Youngest son of Chlodomir. 'Glorious Power,' afterwards 'St. Cloud.'

49. I will now follow straight, through their light and shadow, the course of Clovis' reign and deeds.

A.D. 481. Crowned, when he was only fifteen. Five years afterwards, he challenges, "in the spirit, and almost in the language of chivalry," the Roman governor Syagrius, holding the district of Rheims and Soissons. "Campum sibi præparari jussit—he commanded his antagonist to prepare him a battle-field"—see Gibbon's note and reference, chap. xxxviii. (6, 297). The Benedictine abbey of Nogent was afterwards built on the field, marked by a circle of Pagan sepulchres. "Clovis bestowed the adjacent lands of Leuilly and Coucy on the church of Rheims."*

A.D. 485. The Battle of Soissons. Not dated by Gibbon: the subsequent death of Syagrius at the court of (the younger) Alaric, was in 486—take 485 for the battle.

50. A.D. 493. I cannot find any account of the relations between Clovis and the King of Burgundy, the uncle of Clotilde, which preceded his betrothal to the orphan princess. Her uncle, according to the common history, had killed both her father and mother, and compelled her sister to take the veil—motives none assigned, nor authorities. Clotilde herself was pursued on her way to France,† and the litter in which

* When?—for this tradition, as well as that of the vase, points to a friendship between Clovis and St. Remy, and a singular respect on the King's side for the Christians of Gaul, though he was not yet himself converted.

† It is a curious proof of the want in vulgar historians of the slightest sense of the vital interest of anything they tell, that neither in Gibbon, nor in Messrs. Bussey and Gaspey, nor in the elaborate 'Histoire des Villes de France,' can I find, with the best research my winter's morning allows, what city was at this time the capital of Burgundy, or at least in which of its four nominal capitals,—Dijon, Besancon, Geneva, and Vienne,—Clotilde was brought up. The evidence seems to me in favour of Vienne—(called always by Messrs. B. and G., 'Vienna,' with what effect on the minds of their dimly geographical readers I cannot say)—the rather that Clotilde's mother is said to have been "thrown into the *Rhone* with a stone round her neck." The author of the introduction to 'Bourgogne' in the 'Histoire des Villes' is so eager to get his little spiteful snarl at anything like religion anywhere, that he entirely forgets the existence of the first queen of France,—never names her, nor, as such, the place of her birth,—but contributes only to the knowledge of the young student this beneficial quota, that Gondeband, "plus politique que guerrier, trouva au milieu de

she travelled captured, with part of her marriage portion. But the princess herself mounted on horseback, and rode with part of her escort, forward into France, "ordering her attendants to set fire to everything that pertained to her uncle and his subjects which they might meet with on the way."

51. The fact is not chronicled, usually, among the sayings or doings of the Saints: but the punishment of Kings by destroying the property of their subjects, is too well recognized a method of modern Christian warfare to allow our indignation to burn hot against Clotilde; driven, as she was, hard by grief and wrath. The years of her youth are not counted to us; Clovis was already twenty-seven, and for three years maintained the faith of his ancestral religion against all the influence of his queen.

52. A.D. 496. I did not in the opening chapter attach nearly enough importance to the battle of Tolbiac, thinking of it as merely compelling the Alemanni to recross the Rhine, and establishing the Frank power on its western bank. But infinitely wider results are indicated in the short sentence with which Gibbon closes his account of the battle. "After the conquest of the western provinces, the Franks *alone* retained their ancient possessions beyond the Rhine. They gradually subdued and *civilized* the exhausted countries as far as the Elbe and the mountains of Bohemia; and the *peace of Europe* was secured by the obedience of Germany."

ses controverses théologiques avec Avitus, évêque de *Vienne*, le temps de faire mourir ses trois frères et de recueillir leur heritage."

The one broad fact which my own readers will find it well to remember is that Burgundy, at this time, by whatever king or victor tribe its inhabitants may be subdued, does practically include the whole of French Switzerland, and even of the German, as far east as Vindonissa:—the Reuss, from Vindonissa through Lucerne to the St. Gothard being its effective eastern boundary; that westward—it meant all Jura, and the plains of the Saône; and southward, included all Savoy and Dauphiné. According to the author of 'La Suisse Historique' Clotilde was first addressed by Clovis's herald disguised as a beggar, while she distributed alms at the gate of St. Pierre at Geneva; and her departure and pursued flight into France were from Dijon.

53. For, in the south, Theodoric had already “sheathed the sword in the pride of victory and the vigour of his age—and his farther reign of three and thirty years was consecrated to the duties of civil government.” Even when his son-in-law, Alaric, fell by Clovis’ hand in the battle of Poitiers, Theodoric was content to check the Frank power at Arles, without pursuing his success, and to protect his infant grandchild, correcting at the same time some abuses in the civil government of Spain. So that the healing sovereignty of the great Goth was established from Sicily to the Danube—and from Sirmium to the Atlantic ocean.

54. Thus, then, at the close of the fifth century, you have Europe divided simply by her watershed; and two Christian kings reigning, with entirely beneficent and healthy power—one in the north—one in the south—the mightiest and worthiest of them married to the other’s youngest sister: a saint queen in the north—and a devoted and earnest Catholic woman, queen mother in the south. It is a conjunction of things memorable enough in the Earth’s history,—much to be thought of, O fast whirling reader, if ever, out of the crowd of pent up cattle driven across Rhine, or Adige, you can extricate yourself for an hour, to walk peacefully out of the south gate of Cologne, or across Fra Giocondo’s bridge at Verona—and so pausing look through the clear air across the battlefield of Tolbiac to the blue Drachenfels, or across the plain of St. Ambrogio to the mountains of Garda. For there were fought—if you will think closely—the two victor-battles of the Christian world. Constantine’s only gave changed form and dying colour to the falling walls of Rome; but the Frank and Gothic races, thus conquering and thus ruled, founded the arts and established the laws which gave to all future Europe her joy, and her virtue. And it is lovely to see how, even thus early, the Feudal chivalry depended for its life on the nobleness of its womanhood. There was no *vision* seen, or alleged, at Tolbiac. The King prayed simply to the God of Clotilde. On the morning of the battle of Verona, Theodoric visited the tent of his mother and his sister,

“and requested that on the most illustrious festival of his life, they would adorn him with the rich garments which they had worked with their own hands.”

55. But over Clovis, there was extended yet another influence—greater than his queen’s. When his kingdom was first extended to the Loire, the shepherdess of Nanterre was already aged,—no torch-bearing maid of battle, like Clotilde, no knightly leader of deliverance like Jeanne, but grey in meekness of wisdom, and now “filling more and more with crystal light.” Clovis’s father had known her; he himself made her his friend, and when he left Paris on the campaign of Poitiers, vowed that if victorious, he would build a Christian church on the hills of Seine. He returned in victory, and with St. Genevieve at his side, stood on the site of the ruined Roman Thermæ, just above the “Isle” of Paris, to fulfil his vow: and to design the limits of the foundations of the first metropolitan church of Frankish Christendom.

The King “gave his battle-axe the swing,” and tossed it with his full force.

Measuring with its flight also, the place of his own grave, and of Clotilde’s, and St. Genevieve’s.

There they rested, and rest,—in soul,—together. “La Colline tout entière porte encore le nom de la patronne de Paris; une petite rue obscure a gardé celui du Roi Conquerant.”

“OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US.”

ADVICE.

THE three chapters* of “Our Fathers have told us,” now submitted to the public, are enough to show the proposed character and tendencies of the work, to which, contrary to my usual custom, I now invite subscription, because the degree in which I can increase its usefulness by engraved illustration must greatly depend on the known number of its supporters.

I do not recognize, in the present state of my health, any reason to fear more loss of general power, whether in conception or industry, than is the proper and appointed check of an old man’s enthusiasm: of which, however, enough remains in me, to warrant my readers against the abandonment of a purpose entertained already for twenty years.

The work, if I live to complete it, will consist of ten parts, each taking up some local division of Christian history, and gathering, towards their close, into united illustration of the power of the Church in the Thirteenth Century.

The next chapter, which I hope to issue soon after Christmas, completes the first part, descriptive of the early Frank power, and of its final skill, in the Cathedral of Amiens.

The second part, “Ponte della Pietra,” will, I hope, do more for Theodoric and Verona than I have been able to do for Clovis and the first capital of France.

The third, “Ara Celi,” will trace the foundations of the Papal power.

The fourth, “Ponte-a-Mare,” and fifth, “Ponte Vecchio,” will only with much difficulty gather into brief form what I have by me of scattered materials respecting Pisa and Florence.

The sixth, “Valle Crucis,” will be occupied with the monastic architecture of England and Wales.

The seventh, “The Springs of Eure,” will be wholly given to the cathedral of Chartres.

The eighth, “Domrémy,” to that of Rouen and the schools of architecture which it represents.

The ninth, “The Bay of Uri,” to the pastoral forms of Catholicism, reaching to our own times.

* Viz., Chapters I. and II., and the separate travellers’ edition of Chapter IV.

And the tenth, "The Bells of Cluse," to the pastoral Protestantism of Savoy, Geneva, and the Scottish Border.

Each part will consist of four sections only ; and one of them, the fourth, will usually be descriptive of some monumental city or cathedral, the resultant and remnant of the religious power examined in the preparatory chapters.

One illustration at least will be given with each chapter,* and drawings made for others, which will be placed at once in the Sheffield museum for public reference, and engraved as I find support, or opportunity for binding with the completed work.

As in the instance of Chapter IV. of this first part, a smaller edition of the descriptive chapters will commonly be printed in reduced form for travellers and non-subscribers ; but otherwise, I intend this work to be furnished to subscribers only.

* The first plate for the Bible of Amiens, curiously enough, failed in the engraving ; and I shall probably have to etch it myself. It will be issued with the fourth, in the full-size edition of the fourth chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE LION TAMER.

1. It has been often of late announced as a new discovery, that man is a creature of circumstances; and the fact has been pressed upon our notice, in the hope, which appears to some people so pleasing, of being able at last to resolve into a succession of splashes in mud, or whirlwinds in air, the circumstances answerable for his creation. But the more important fact, that his nature is not levelled, like a mosquito's, to the mists of a marsh, nor reduced, like a mole's, beneath the crumbings of a burrow, but has been endowed with sense to discern, and instinct to adopt, the conditions which will make of it the best that can be, is very necessarily ignored by philosophers who propose, as a beautiful fulfilment of human destinies, a life entertained by scientific gossip, in a cellar lighted by electric sparks, warmed by tubular inflation, drained by buried rivers, and fed, by the ministry of less learned and better provisioned races, with extract of beef, and potted crocodile.

2. From these chemically analytic conceptions of a Paradise in catacombs, undisturbed in its alkaline or acid virtues by the dread of Deity, or hope of futurity, I know not how far the modern reader may willingly withdraw himself for a little time, to hear of men who, in their darkest and most foolish day, sought by their labour to make the desert as the garden of the Lord, and by their love to become worthy of permission to live with Him for ever. It has nevertheless been only by such toil, and in such hope, that, hitherto, the happiness, skill, or virtue of man have been possible: and even on the verge of the new dispensation, and promised Canaan, rich in

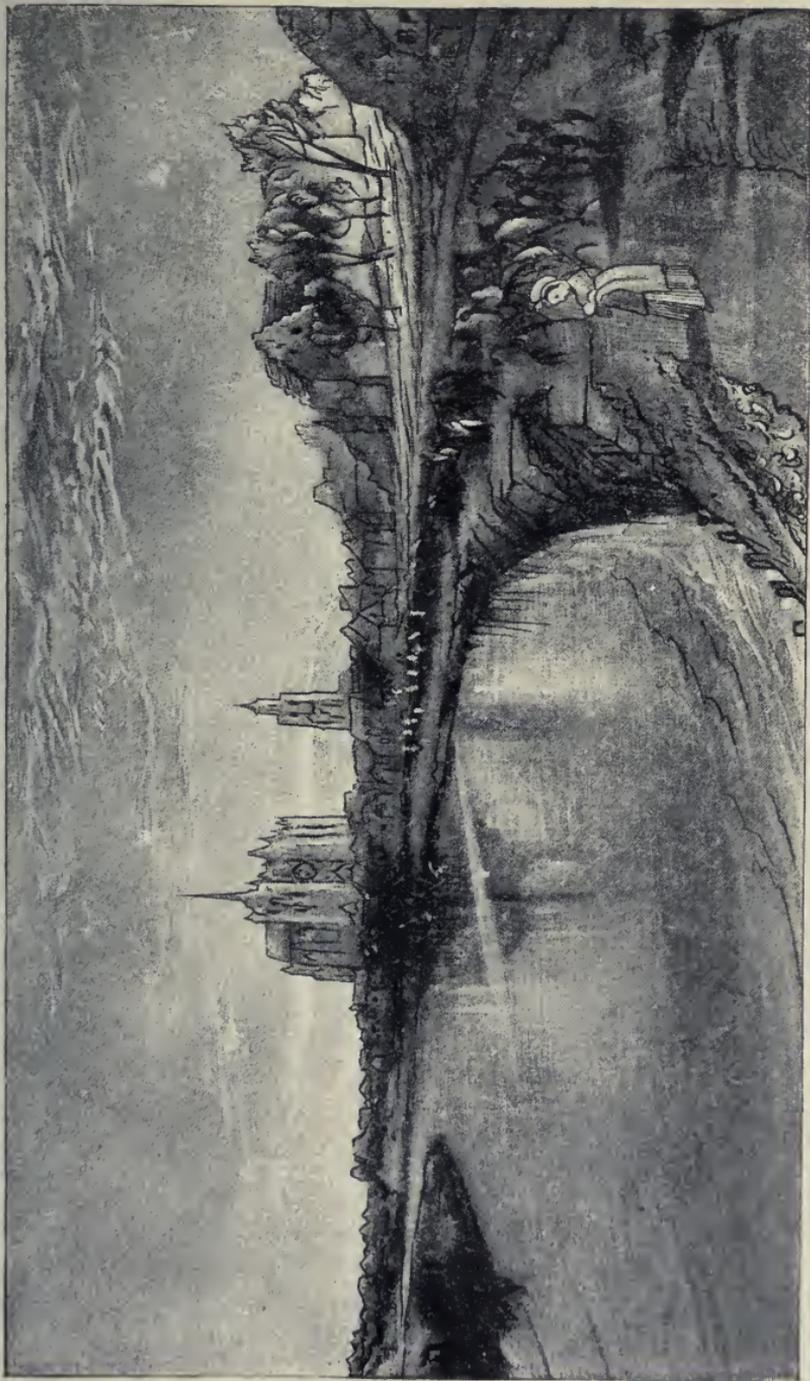


PLATE III.—AMIENS. JOUR DES TREPASSÉS, 1880.

beatitudes of iron, steam, and fire, there are some of us, here and there, who may pause in filial piety to look back towards that wilderness of Sinai in which their fathers worshipped and died.

3. Admitting then, for the moment, that the main streets of Manchester, the district immediately surrounding the Bank in London, and the Bourse and Boulevards of Paris, are already part of the future kingdom of Heaven, when Earth shall be all Bourse and Boulevard,—the world of which our fathers tell us was divided to them, as you already know, partly by climates, partly by races, partly by times; and the ‘circumstances’ under which a man’s soul was given to him, had to be considered under these three heads:—In what climate is he? Of what race? At what time?

He can only be what these conditions permit. With appeal to these, he is to be heard;—understood, if it may be;—judged, by our love, first—by our pity, if he need it—by our humility, finally and always.

4. To this end, it is needful evidently that we should have truthful maps of the world to begin with, and truthful maps of our own hearts to end with; neither of these maps being easily drawn at any time, and perhaps least of all now—when the use of a map is chiefly to exhibit hotels and railroads; and humility is held the disagreeablest and meanest of the Seven mortal Sins.

5. Thus, in the beginning of Sir Edward Creasy’s History of England, you find a map purporting to exhibit the possessions of the British Nation—illustrating the extremely wise and courteous behaviour of Mr. Fox to a Frenchman of Napoleon’s suite, in “advancing to a terrestrial globe of unusual magnitude and distinctness, spreading his arms round it, over both the oceans and both the Indies,” and observing, in this impressive attitude, that “while Englishmen live, they overspread the whole world, and clasp it in the circle of their power.”

6. Fired by Mr. Fox’s enthusiasm, the—otherwise seldom fiery—Sir Edward, proceeds to tell us that “our island home

is the favourite domicile of freedom, empire and glory," without troubling himself, or his readers, to consider how long the nations over whom our freedom is imperious, and in whose shame is our glory, may be satisfied in that arrangement of the globe and its affairs; or may be even at present convinced of their degraded position in it by his method of its delineation.

For, the map being drawn on Mercator's projection, represents therefore the British dominions in North America as twice the size of the States, and considerably larger than all South America put together: while the brilliant crimson with which all our landed property is coloured cannot but impress the innocent reader with the idea of a universal flush of freedom and glory throughout all those acres and latitudes. So that he is scarcely likely to cavil at results so marvellous by inquiring into the nature and completeness of our government at any particular place,—for instance in Ireland, in the Hebrides, or at the Cape.

7. In the closing chapter of the first volume of 'The Laws of Fésole' I have laid down the mathematical principles of rightly drawing maps;—principles which for many reasons it is well that my young readers should learn; the fundamental one being that you cannot flatten the skin of an orange without splitting it, and must not, if you draw countries on the unsplit skin, stretch them afterwards to fill the gaps.

The British pride of wealth which does not deny itself the magnificent convenience of penny Walter Scotts and penny Shakespeares, may assuredly, in its future greatness, possess itself also of penny universes, conveniently spinnable on their axes. I shall therefore assume that my readers can look at a round globe, while I am talking of the world; and at a properly reduced drawing of its surfaces, when I am talking of a country.

8. Which, if my reader can at present do—or at least refer to a fairly drawn double-circle map of the globe with converging meridians—I will pray him next to observe, that, although the old division of the world into four quarters is now nearly

effaced by emigration and Atlantic cable, yet the great historic question about the globe is not how it is divided, here and there, by ins and outs of land or sea; but how it is divided into zones all round, by irresistible laws of light and air. It is often a matter of very minor interest to know whether a man is an American or African, a European or an Asiatic. But it is a matter of extreme and final interest to know if he be a Brazilian or a Patagonian, a Japanese or a Samoyede.

9. In the course of the last chapter, I asked the reader to hold firmly the conception of the great division of climate, which separated the wandering races of Norway and Siberia from the calmly resident nations of Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Dacia.

Fasten now that division well home in your mind, by drawing, however rudely, the course of the two rivers, little thought of by common geographers, but of quite unspeakable importance in human history, the Vistula and the Dniester.

10. They rise within thirty miles of each other,* and each runs, not counting ins and outs, its clear three hundred miles,—the Vistula to the north-east, the Dniester to the south-west: the two of them together cut Europe straight across, at the broad neck of it,—and, more deeply looking at the thing, they divide Europe, properly so called—Europa's own, and Jove's,—the small educationable, civilizible, and more or less mentally rational fragment of the globe, from the great Siberian wilderness, Cis-Ural and Trans-Ural; the inconceivable chaotic space, occupied datelessly by Scythians, Tartars, Huns, Cossacks, Bears, Ermines, and Mammoths, in various thickness of hide, frost of brain, and woe of abode—or of unabiding. Nobody's history worth making out, has anything to do with them; for the force of Scandinavia never came round by Finland at all, but always sailed or paddled itself across the Baltic, or down the rocky west coast; and the Siberian and Russian ice-pressure merely drives the really memorable races into greater concentration, and kneads them up in fiercer and more

* Taking the 'San' branch of upper Vistula.

necessitous exploring masses. But by those exploring masses, of true European birth, our own history was fashioned for ever; and, therefore, these two truncating and guarding rivers are to be marked on your map of Europe with supreme clearness: the Vistula, with Warsaw astride of it half way down, and embouchure in Baltic,—the Dniester, in Euxine, flowing each of them, measured arrow-straight, as far as from Edinburgh to London, with windings,* the Vistula six hundred miles, and the Dniester five—count them together for a thousand miles of *moat*, between Europe and the Desert, reaching from Dantzie to Odessa.

11. Having got your Europe moated off into this manageable and comprehensible space, you are next to fix the limits which divide the four Gothic countries, Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Dacia, from the four Classic countries, Spain, Italy, Greece, and Lydia.

There is no other generally opponent term to 'Gothic' but 'Classic': and I am content to use it, for the sake of practical breadth and clearness, though its precise meaning for a little while remain unascertained. Only get the geography well into your mind, and the nomenclature will settle itself at its leisure.

12. Broadly, then, you have sea between Britain and Spain—Pyrenees between Gaul and Spain—Alps between Germany and Italy—Danube between Dacia and Greece. You must consider everything south of the Danube as Greek, variously influenced from Athens on one side, Byzantium on the other: then, across the Ægean, you have the great country absurdly called Asia Minor, (for we might just as well call Greece, Europe Minor, or Cornwall, England Minor,) but which is properly to be remembered as 'Lydia,' the country which infects with passion, and tempts with wealth; which taught the Lydian measure in music and softened the Greek language on its border into Ionic; which gave to ancient history the tale

* Note, however, generally that the strength of a river, *cæteris paribus*, is to be estimated by its straight course, windings being almost always caused by flats in which it can receive no tributaries.

of Troy, and to Christian history, the glow, and the decline, of the Seven Churches.

13. Opposite to these four countries in the south, but separated from them either by sea or desert, are other four, as easily remembered—Morocco, Libya, Egypt, and Arabia.

Morocco, virtually consisting of the chain of Atlas and the coasts depending on it, may be most conveniently thought of as including the modern Morocco and Algeria, with the Canaries as a dependent group of islands.

Libya, in like manner, will include the modern Tunis and Tripoli: it will begin on the west with St. Augustine's town of Hippo; and its coast is colonized from Tyre and Greece, dividing it into the two districts of Carthage and Cyrene. Egypt, the country of the River, and Arabia, the country of *no* River, are to be thought of as the two great southern powers of separate Religion.

14. You have thus, easily and clearly memorable, twelve countries, distinct evermore by natural laws, and forming three zones from north to south, all healthily habitable—but the races of the northernmost, disciplined in endurance of cold; those of the central zone, perfected by the enjoyable suns alike of summer and winter; those of the southern zone, trained to endurance of heat. Writing them now in tabular view,

Britain	Gaul	Germany	Dacia
Spain	Italy	Greece	Lydia
Morocco	Libya	Egypt	Arabia,

you have the ground of all useful profane history mapped out in the simplest terms; and then, as the fount of inspiration, for all these countries, with the strength which every soul that has possessed, has held sacred and supernatural, you have last to conceive perfectly the small hill district of the Holy Land, with Philistia and Syria on its flanks, both of them chastising forces; but Syria, in the beginning, herself the origin of the chosen race—"A Syrian ready to perish was my father"—and the Syrian Rachel being thought of always as the true mother of Israel.

15. And remember, in all future study of the relations of these countries, you must never allow your mind to be disturbed by the accidental changes of political limit. No matter who rules a country, no matter what it is officially called, or how it is formally divided, eternal bars and doors are set to it by the mountains and seas, eternal laws enforced over it by the clouds and stars. The people that are born on it are its people, be they a thousand times again and again conquered, exiled, or captive. The stranger cannot be its king, the invader cannot be its possessor; and, although just laws, maintained whether by the people or their conquerors, have always the appointed good and strength of justice, nothing is permanently helpful to any race or condition of men but the spirit that is in their own hearts, kindled by the love of their native land.

16. Of course, in saying that the invader cannot be the possessor of any country, I speak only of invasion such as that by the Vandals of Libya, or by ourselves of India; where the conquering race does not become permanently inhabitant. You are not to call Libya Vandalia, nor India England, because these countries are temporarily under the rule of Vandals and English; neither Italy Gothland under Ostrogoths, nor England Denmark under Canute. National character varies as it fades under invasion or in corruption; but if ever it glows again into a new life, that life must be tempered by the earth and sky of the country itself. Of the twelve names of countries now given in their order, only one will be changed as we advance in our history;—Gaul will properly become France when the Franks become her abiding inhabitants. The other eleven primary names will serve us to the end.

17. With a moment's more patience, therefore, glancing to the far East, we shall have laid the foundations of all our own needful geography. As the northern kingdoms are moated from the Scythian desert by the Vistula, so the southern are moated from the dynasties properly called 'Oriental' by the Euphrates; which, "partly sunk beneath the Persian Gulf, reaches from the shores of Beloochistan and Oman to the

mountains of Armenia, and forms a huge hot-air funnel, the base" (or mouth) "of which is on the tropics, while its extremity reaches thirty-seven degrees of northern latitude. Hence it comes that the Semoom itself (the specific and gaseous Semoom) pays occasional visits to Mosoul and Djezeerat Omer, while the thermometer at Bagdad attains in summer an elevation capable of staggering the belief of even an old Indian." *

18. This valley in ancient days formed the kingdom of Assyria, as the valley of the Nile formed that of Egypt. In the work now before us, we have nothing to do with its people, who were to the Jews merely a hostile power of captivity, inexorable as the clay of their walls, or the stones of their statues; and, after the birth of Christ, the marshy valley is no more than a field of battle between West and East. Beyond the great river,—Persia, India, and China, form the southern 'Oriens.' Persia is properly to be conceived as reaching from the Persian Gulf to the mountain chains which flank and feed the Indus; and is the true vital power of the East in the days of Marathon: but it has no influence on Christian history except through Arabia; while, of the northern Asiatic tribes, Mede, Bactrian, Parthian, and Scythian, changing into Turk and Tartar, we need take no heed until they invade us in our own historic territory.

19. Using therefore the terms 'Gothic' and 'Classic' for broad distinction of the northern and central zones of this our own territory, we may conveniently also use the word 'Arab' † for the whole southern zone. The influence of Egypt vanishes soon after the fourth century, while that of Arabia, powerful

* Sir F. Palgrave, 'Arabia,' vol. ii., p. 155. I gratefully adopt in the next paragraph his division of Asiatic nations, p. 160.

† Gibbon's fifty-sixth chapter begins with a sentence which may be taken as the epitome of the entire history we have to investigate: "The three great nations of the world, the Greeks, the Saracens, and the Franks, encountered each other on the theatre of Italy." I use the more general word, Goths, instead of Franks; and the more accurate word, Arab, for Saracen; but otherwise, the reader will observe that the division is the same as mine. Gibbon does not recognize the Roman people as a nation—but only the Roman power as an empire.

from the beginning, rises in the sixth into an empire whose end we have not seen. And you may most rightly conceive the religious principle which is the base of that empire, by remembering, that while the Jews forfeited their prophetic power by taking up the profession of usury over the whole earth, the Arabs returned to the simplicity of prophecy in its beginning by the well of Hagar, and are not opponents to Christianity; but only to the faults or follies of Christians. They keep still their faith in the one God who spoke to Abraham their father; and are His children in that simplicity, far more truly than the nominal Christians who lived, and live, only to dispute in vociferous council, or in frantic schism, the relations of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

20. Trusting my reader then in future to retain in his mind without confusion the idea of the three zones, Gothic, Classic, and Arab, each divided into four countries, clearly recognizable through all ages of remote or recent history;—I must farther, at once, simplify for him the idea of the Roman *Empire* (see note to last paragraph,) in the manner of its affecting them. Its nominal extent, temporary conquests, civil dissensions, or internal vices, are scarcely of any historical moment at all; the real Empire is effectual only as an exponent of just law, military order, and mechanical art, to untrained races, and as a translation of Greek thought into less diffused and more tenable scheme for them. The Classic zone, from the beginning to the end of its visible authority, is composed of these two elements—Greek imagination, with Roman order: and the divisions or dislocations of the third and fourth century are merely the natural apparitions of their differences, when the political system which concealed them was tested by Christianity. It seems almost wholly lost sight of by ordinary historians, that, in the wars of the last Romans with the Goths, the great Gothic captains were all Christians; and that the vigorous and naïve form which the dawning faith took in their minds is a more important subject of investigation, by far, than the inevitable wars which followed the retirement of Diocletian, or the confused schisms and crimes of the lascivious

court of Constantine. I am compelled, however, to notice the terms in which the last arbitrary dissolutions of the empire took place, that they may illustrate, instead of confusing, the arrangement of the nations which I would fasten in your memory.

21. In the middle of the fourth century you have, politically, what Gibbon calls "the final division of the *Eastern and Western Empires.*" This really means only that the Emperor Valentinian, yielding, though not without hesitation, to the feeling now confirmed in the legions that the Empire was too vast to be held by a single person, takes his brother for his colleague, and divides, not, truly speaking, their authority, but their attention, between the east and the west. To his brother Valens he assigns the extremely vague "Præfecture of the East, from the lower Danube to the confines of Persia," while for his own immediate government he reserves the "warlike præfectures of Illyricum, Italy, and Gaul, from the extremity of Greece to the Caledonian rampart, and from the rampart of Caledonia to the foot of Mount Atlas." That is to say, in less poetical cadence, (Gibbon had better have put his history into hexameters at once,) Valentinian kept under his own watch the whole of Roman Europe and Africa, and left Lydia and Caucasus to his brother. Lydia and Caucasus never did, and never could, form an Eastern Empire,—they were merely outside dependencies, useful for taxation in peace, dangerous by their multitudes in war. There never was, from the seventh century before Christ to the seventh after Christ, but *one* Roman Empire, which meant, the power over humanity of such men as Cincinnatus and Agricola; it expires as the race and temper of these expire; the nominal extent of it, or brilliancy at any moment, is no more than the reflection, farther or nearer upon the clouds, of the flames of an altar whose fuel was of noble souls. There is no true date for its division; there is none for its destruction. Whether Dacian Probus or Noric Odoacer be on the throne of it, the force of its living principle alone is to be watched—remaining, in arts, in laws, and in habits of

thought, dominant still in Europe down to the twelfth century ;—in language and example, dominant over all educated men to this hour.

22. But in the nominal division of it by Valentinian, let us note Gibbon's definition (I assume it to be his, not the Emperor's) of European Roman Empire into Illyricum, Italy, and Gaul. I have already said you must hold everything south of the Danube for Greek. The two chief districts immediately south of the stream are upper and lower Moesia, consisting of the slope of the Thracian mountains northward to the river, with the plains between it and them. This district you must notice for its importance in forming the Mæso-Gothic alphabet, in which "the Greek is by far the principal element,* giving sixteen letters out of the twenty-four. The Gothic invasion under the reign of Valens is the first that establishes a Teutonic nation within the frontier of the empire ; but they only thereby bring themselves more directly under its spiritual power. Their bishop, Ulphilas, adopts this Mæsonian alphabet, two-thirds Greek, for his translation of the Bible, and it is universally disseminated and perpetuated by that translation, until the extinction or absorption of the Gothic race.

23. South of the Thracian mountains you have Thrace herself, and the countries confusedly called Dalmatia and Illyria, forming the coast of the Adriatic, and reaching inwards and eastwards to the mountain watershed. I have never been able to form a clear notion myself of the real character of the people of these districts, in any given period ; but they are all to be massed together as northern Greek, having more or less of Greek blood and dialect according to their nearness to Greece proper ; though neither sharing in her philosophy, nor submitting to her discipline. But it is of course far more accurate, in broad terms, to speak of these Illyrian, Mæsonian, and Macedonian districts as all Greek, than with Gibbon or Valentinian to speak of Greece and Macedonia as all Illyrian.†

* Milman, 'Hist. of Christianity,' vol. iii. p. 36.

† I find the same generalization expressed to the modern student under

24. In the same imperial or poetical generalization, we find England massed with France under the term Gaul, and bounded by the "Caledonian rampart." Whereas in our own division, Caledonia, Hibernia, and Wales, are from the first considered as essential parts of Britain,* and the link with the continent is to be conceived as formed by the settlement of Britons in Brittany, and not at all by Roman authority beyond the Humber.

25. Thus, then, once more reviewing our order of countries, and noting only that the British Islands, though for the most part thrown by measured degree much north of the rest of the north zone, are brought by the influence of the Gulf stream into the same climate;—you have, at the time when our history of Christianity begins, the Gothic zone yet unconverted, and having not yet even heard of the new faith. You have the Classic zone variously and increasingly conscious of it, disputing with it, striving to extinguish it—and your Arab zone, the ground and sustenance of it, encompassing the Holy Land with the warmth of its own wings, and cherishing there—embers of phoenix fire over all the earth,—the hope of Resurrection.

the term 'Balkan Peninsula,' extinguishing every ray and trace of past history at once.

* Gibbon's more deliberate statement is clear enough. "From the coast or the extremity of Caithness and Ulster, the memory of Celtic origin was distinctly preserved in the perpetual resemblance of languages, religion, and manners, and the peculiar character of the British tribes might be naturally ascribed to the influence of accidental and local circumstances." The Lowland Scots, "wheat-eaters" or Wanderers, and the Irish, are very positively identified by Gibbon at the time our own history begins. "It is *certain*" (italics his, not mine) "that in the declining age of the Roman Empire, Caledonia, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, were inhabited by the Scots."—Chap. 25, vol. iv., p. 279.

The higher civilization and feebler courage of the Lowland *English* rendered them either the victims of Scotland, or the grateful subjects of Rome. The mountaineers, Pict among the Grampians, or of their own colour in Cornwall and Wales, have never been either instructed or subdued, and remain to this day the artless and fearless strength of the British race.

26. What would have been the course, or issue, of Christianity, had it been orally preached only, and unsupported by its poetical literature, might be the subject of deeply instructive speculation—if a historian's duty were to reflect instead of record. The power of the Christian faith was however, in the fact of it, always founded on the written prophecies and histories of the Bible; and on the interpretations of their meaning, given by the example, far more than by the precept, of the great monastic orders. The poetry and history of the Syrian Testaments were put within their reach by St. Jerome, while the virtue and efficiency of monastic life are all expressed, and for the most part summed, in the rule of St. Benedict. To understand the relation of the work of these two men to the general order of the Church, is quite the first requirement for its farther intelligible history.

Gibbon's thirty-seventh chapter professes to give an account of the 'Institution of the Monastic Life' in the third century. But the monastic life had been instituted somewhat earlier, and by many prophets and kings. By Jacob, when he laid the stone for his pillow; by Moses, when he drew aside to see the burning bush; by David, before he had left "those few sheep in the wilderness"; and by the prophet who "was in the deserts till the time of his showing unto Israel." Its primary "institution," for Europe, was Numa's, in that of the Vestal Virgins, and College of Augurs; founded on the originally Etrurian and derived Roman conception of pure life dedicate to the service of God, and practical wisdom dependent on His guidance.*

The form which the monastic spirit took in later times depended far more on the corruption of the common world, from which it was forced to recoil either in indignation or terror,

* I should myself mark as the fatallest instant in the decline of the Roman Empire, Julian's rejection of the counsel of the Augurs. "For the last time, the Etruscan Haruspices accompanied a Roman Emperor, but by a singular fatality their adverse interpretation by the signs of heaven was disdained, and Julian followed the advice of the philosophers, who coloured their predictions with the bright hues of the Emperor's ambition." (Milman, *Hist. of Christianity*, chap. vi.)

than on any change brought about by Christianity in the ideal of human virtue and happiness.

27. "Egypt" (Mr. Gibbon thus begins to account for the new Institution!), "the fruitful parent of superstition, afforded the first example of monastic life." Egypt had her superstitions, like other countries; but was so little the *parent* of superstition that perhaps no faith among the imaginative races of the world has been so feebly missionary as hers. She never prevailed on even the nearest of her neighbours to worship cats or cobras with her; and I am alone, to my belief, among recent scholars, in maintaining Herodotus' statement of her influence on the archaic theology of Greece. But that influence, if any, was formative and delineative; not ritual: so that in no case, and in no country, was Egypt the parent of Superstition: while she was beyond all dispute, for all people and to all time, the parent of Geometry, Astronomy, Architecture, and Chivalry. She was, in its material and technic elements, the mistress of Literature, showing authors who before could only scratch on wax and wood, how to weave paper and engrave porphyry. She was the first exponent of the law of Judgment after Death for Sin. She was the Tutress of Moses; and the Hostess of Christ.

28. It is both probable and natural that, in such a country, the disciples of any new spiritual doctrine should bring it to closer trial than was possible among the illiterate warriors, or in the storm-vexed solitudes of the North; yet it is a thoughtless error to deduce the subsequent power of cloistered fraternity from the lonely passions of Egyptian monachism. The anchorites of the first three centuries vanish like feverish spectres, when the rational, merciful, and laborious laws of Christian societies are established; and the clearly recognizable rewards of heavenly solitude are granted to those only who seek the Desert for its redemption.

29. 'The clearly *recognizable* rewards,' I repeat, and with cautious emphasis. No man has any data for estimating, far less right of judging, the results of a life of resolute self-denial, until he has had the courage to try it himself, at least for a

time: but I believe no reasonable person will wish, and no honest person dare, to deny the benefits he has occasionally felt both in mind and body, during periods of accidental privation from luxury, or exposure to danger. The extreme vanity of the modern Englishman in making a momentary Stylites of himself on the top of a Horn or an Aiguille, and his occasional confession of a charm in the solitude of the rocks, of which he modifies nevertheless the poignancy with his pocket newspaper, and from the prolongation of which he thankfully escapes to the nearest table-d'hôte, ought to make us less scornful of the pride, and more intelligent of the passion, in which the mountain anchorites of Arabia and Palestine condemned themselves to lives of seclusion and suffering, which were comforted only by supernatural vision, or celestial hope. That phases of mental disease are the necessary consequence of exaggerated and independent emotion of any kind must, of course, be remembered in reading the legends of the wilderness; but neither physicians nor moralists have yet attempted to distinguish the morbid states of intellect* which are extremities of noble passion, from those which are the punishments of ambition, avarice, or lasciviousness.

* Gibbon's hypothetical conclusion respecting the effects of self-mortification, and his following historical statement, must be noted as in themselves containing the entire views of the modern philosophies and policies which have since changed the monasteries of Italy into barracks, and the churches of France into magazines. "This voluntary martyrdom *must* have gradually destroyed the sensibility, both of mind and body; nor *can it be presumed* that the fanatics who torment themselves, are capable of any lively affection for the rest of mankind. *A cruel unfeeling temper has characterized the monks of every age and country.*"

How much of penetration, or judgment, this sentence exhibits, I hope will become manifest to the reader as I unfold before him the actual history of his faith; but being, I suppose, myself one of the last surviving witnesses of the character of recluse life as it still existed in the beginning of this century, I can point to the portraiture of it given by Scott in the introduction to 'The Monastery' as one perfect and trustworthy, to the letter and to the spirit; and for myself can say, that the most gentle, refined, and in the deepest sense amiable, phases of character I have ever known, have been either those of monks, or of servants trained in the Catholic Faith.

30. Setting all questions of this nature aside for the moment, my younger readers need only hold the broad fact that during the whole of the fourth century, multitudes of self-devoted men led lives of extreme misery and poverty in the effort to obtain some closer knowledge of the Being and Will of God. We know, in any available clearness, neither what they suffered, nor what they learned. We cannot estimate the solemnizing or reproving power of their examples on the less zealous Christian world; and only God knows how far their prayers for it were heard, or their persons accepted. This only we may observe with reverence, that among all their numbers, none seemed to have repented their chosen manner of existence; none perish by melancholy or suicide; their self-adjudged sufferings are never inflicted in the hope of shortening the lives they embitter or purify; and the hours of dream or meditation, on mountain or in cave, appear seldom to have dragged so heavily as those which, without either vision or reflection, we pass ourselves, on the embankment and in the tunnel.

31. But whatever may be alleged, after ultimate and honest scrutiny, of the follies or virtues of anchorite life, we are unjust to Jerome if we think of him as its introducer into the West of Europe. He passed through it himself as a phase of spiritual discipline; but he represents, in his total nature and final work, not the vexed inactivity of the Eremite, but the eager industry of a benevolent tutor and pastor. His heart is in continual fervour of admiration or of hope—remaining to the last as impetuous as a child's, but as affectionate; and the discrepancies of Protestant objection by which his character has been confused, or concealed, may be gathered into some dim picture of his real self when once we comprehend the simplicity of his faith, and sympathise a little with the eager charity which can so easily be wounded into indignation, and is never repressed by policy.

32. The slight trust which can be placed in modern readings of him, as they now stand, may be at once proved by comparing the two passages in which Milman has variously guessed

at the leading principles of his political conduct. "Jerome began (!) and ended his career as a monk of Palestine; he attained, *he aspired to*, no dignity in the Church. Though ordained a presbyter against his will, he escaped the episcopal dignity which was forced upon his distinguished contemporaries." ('History of Christianity,' Book III.)

"Jerome cherished the secret hope, if it was not the avowed object of his ambition, to succeed Damasus as Bishop of Rome. Is the rejection of an aspirant so singularly unfit for the station, from his violent passions, his insolent treatment of his adversaries, his utter want of self-command, his almost unrivalled faculty of awakening hatred, to be attributed to the sagacious and intuitive wisdom of Rome?" ('History of Latin Christianity,' Book I., chap. ii.)

33. You may observe, as an almost unexceptional character in the "sagacious wisdom" of the Protestant clerical mind, that it instinctively assumes the desire of power and place not only to be universal in Priesthood, but to be always *purely selfish* in the ground of it. The idea that power might possibly be desired for the sake of its benevolent use, so far as I remember, does not once occur in the pages of any ecclesiastical historian of recent date. In our own reading of past ages we will, with the reader's permission, very calmly put out of court all accounts of "hopes cherished in secret"; and pay very small attention to the reasons for mediæval conduct which appear logical to the rationalist, and probable to the politician.* We concern ourselves only with what these sin-

* The habit of assuming, for the conduct of men of sense and feeling, motives intelligible to the foolish, and probable to the base, gains upon every vulgar historian, partly in the ease of it, partly in the pride; and it is horrible to contemplate the quantity of false witness against their neighbours which commonplace writers commit, in the mere rounding and enforcing of their shallow sentences. "Jerome admits, indeed, with *specious but doubtful humility*, the inferiority of the unordained monk to the ordained priest," says Dean Milman in his eleventh chapter, following up his gratuitous doubt of Jerome's humility with no less gratuitous asseveration of the ambition of his opponents. "The clergy, *no doubt*, had the sagacity to foresee the *dangerous* rival as to influence and authority, which was rising up in Christian society."

gular and fantastic Christians of the past really said, and assuredly did.

34. Jerome's life by no means "began as a monk of Palestine." Dean Milman has not explained to us how any man's could; but Jerome's childhood, at any rate, was extremely other than recluse, or precociously religious. He was born of rich parents living on their own estate, the name of his native town in North Illyria, Stridon, perhaps now softened into Strigi, near Aquileia. In Venetian climate, at all events, and in sight of Alps and sea. He had a brother and sister, a kind grandfather, and a disagreeable private tutor, and was a youth still studying grammar at Julian's death in 363.

35. A youth of eighteen, and well begun in all institutes of the classic schools; but, so far from being a monk, not yet a Christian;—nor at all disposed towards the severer offices even of Roman life! or contemplating with aversion the splendours, either worldly or sacred, which shone on him in the college days spent in its Capital city.

For the "power and majesty of Paganism were still concentrated at Rome; the deities of the ancient faith found their last refuge in the capital of the empire. To the stranger, Rome still offered the appearance of a Pagan city. It contained one hundred and fifty-two temples, and one hundred and eighty smaller chapels or shrines, still sacred to their tutelary God, and used for public worship. Christianity had neither ventured to usurp those few buildings which might be converted to her use, still less had she the power to destroy them. The religious edifices were under the protection of the præfect of the city, and the præfect was usually a Pagan; at all events he would not permit any breach of the public peace, or violation of public property. Above all still towered the Capitol, in its unassailed and awful majesty, with its fifty temples or shrines, bearing the most sacred names in the religious and civil annals of Rome, those of Jove, of Mars, of Janus, of Romulus, of Cæsar, of Victory. Some years after the accession of Theodosius to the Eastern Empire, the sacrifices were still performed as national rites at the public cost,—*the pontiffs*

made their offerings in the name of the whole human race. The Pagan orator ventures to assert that the Emperor dared not to endanger the safety of the empire by their abolition. The Emperor still bore the title and insignia of the Supreme Pontiff; the Consuls, before they entered upon their functions, ascended the Capitol; the religious processions passed along the crowded streets, and the people thronged to the festivals and theatres which still formed part of the Pagan worship." *

36. Here, Jerome must have heard of what by all the Christian sects was held the judgment of God, between them and their chief enemy—the death of the Emperor Julian. But I have no means of tracing, and will not conjecture, the course of his own thoughts, until the tenor of all his life was changed at his baptism. The candour which lies at the basis of his character has given us one sentence of his own, respecting that change, which is worth some volumes of ordinary confessions. "I left, not only parents and kindred, but *the accustomed luxuries of delicate life.*" The words throw full light on what, to our less courageous temper, seems the exaggerated reading by the early converts of Christ's words to them—"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." We are content to leave, for much lower interests, either father or mother, and do not see the necessity of any farther sacrifice: we should know more of ourselves and of Christianity if we oftener sustained what St. Jerome found the more searching trial. I find scattered indications of contempt among his biographers, because he could not resign one indulgence—that of scholarship; and the usual sneers at monkish ignorance and indolence are in his case transferred to the weakness of a pilgrim who carried his library in his wallet. It is a singular question (putting, as it is the modern fashion to do, the idea of Providence wholly aside), whether, but for the literary enthusiasm, which was partly a weakness, of this old man's character, the Bible would ever have become the library of Europe.

* Milman, 'History of Christianity,' vol. iii. p. 162. Note the sentence in italics, for it relates the true origin of the Papacy.

37. For that, observe, is the real meaning, in its first power, of the word *Bible*. Not book, merely; but 'Bibliotheca,' Treasury of Books: and it is, I repeat, a singular question, how far, if Jerome, at the very moment when Rome, his tutress, ceased from her material power, had not made her language the oracle of Hebrew prophecy, a literature of their own, and a religion unshadowed by the terrors of the Mosaic law, might have developed itself in the hearts of the Goth, the Frank, and the Saxon, under Theodoric, Clovis, and Alfred.

38. Fate had otherwise determined, and Jerome was so passive an instrument in her hands that he began the study of Hebrew as a discipline only, and without any conception of the task he was to fulfil, still less of the scope of its fulfilment. I could joyfully believe that the words of Christ, "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead," had haunted the spirit of the recluse, until he resolved that the voices of immortal appeal should be made audible to the Churches of all the earth. But so far as we have evidence, there was no such will or hope to exalt the quiet instincts of his natural industry; and partly as a scholar's exercise, partly as an old man's recreation, the severity of the Latin language was softened, like Venetian crystal, by the variable fire of Hebrew thought, and the "Book of Books" took the abiding form of which all the future art of the Western nations was to be an hourly expanding interpretation.

39. And in this matter you have to note that the gist of it lies, not in the translation of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures into an easier and a common language, but in their presentation to the Church as of common authority. The earlier Gentile Christians had naturally a tendency to carry out in various oral exaggeration or corruption, the teaching of the Apostle of the Gentiles, until their freedom from the bondage of the Jewish law passed into doubt of its inspiration; and, after the fall of Jerusalem, even into horror-stricken interdiction of its observance. So that, only a few years after the remnant of exiled Jews in Pella had elected the Gentile Marcus for their

Bishop, and obtained leave to return to the *Ælia Capitolina* built by Hadrian on Mount Zion, "it became a matter of doubt and controversy whether a man who sincerely acknowledged Jesus as the Messiah, but who still continued to observe the law of Moses, could possibly hope for salvation!"* While, on the other hand, the most learned and the most wealthy of the Christian name, under the generally recognised title of "knowing" (Gnostic), had more insidiously effaced the authority of the Evangelists by dividing themselves, during the course of the third century, "into more than fifty numerably distinct sects, and producing a multitude of histories, in which the actions and discourses of Christ and His Apostles were adapted to their several tenets."†

40. It would be a task of great, and in nowise profitable difficulty to determine in what measure the consent of the general Church, and in what measure the act and authority of Jerome, contributed to fix in their ever since undisturbed harmony and majesty, the canons of Mosaic and Apostolic Scripture. All that the young reader need know is, that when Jerome died at Bethlehem, this great deed was virtually accomplished: and the series of historic and didactic books which form our present Bible, (including the Apocrypha) were established in and above the nascent thought of the noblest races of men living on the terrestrial globe, as a direct message to them from its Maker, containing whatever it was necessary for them to learn of His purposes towards them, and commanding, or advising, with divine authority and infallible wisdom, all that was best for them to do, and happiest to desire.

41. And it is only for those who have obeyed the law sin-

* Gibbon, chap. xv. (II. 277).

† Ibid., II. 283. His expression "the most learned and most wealthy" should be remembered in confirmation of the evermore recurring fact of Christianity, that minds modest in attainment, and lives careless of gain, are fittest for the reception of every constant,—*i.e.* not local or accidental,—Christian principle.

cerely, to say how far the hope held out to them by the law-giver has been fulfilled. The worst "children of disobedience" are those who accept, of the Word, what they like, and refuse what they hate: nor is this perversity in them always conscious, for the greater part of the sins of the Church have been brought on it by enthusiasm which, in passionate contemplation and advocacy of parts of the Scripture easily grasped, neglected the study, and at last betrayed the balance, of the rest. What forms and methods of self-will are concerned in the wresting of the Scriptures to a man's destruction, is for the keepers of consciences to examine, not for us. The history we have to learn must be wholly cleared of such debate, and the influence of the Bible watched exclusively on the persons who receive the Word with joy, and obey it in truth.

42. There has, however, been always a farther difficulty in examining the power of the Bible, than that of distinguishing honest from dishonest readers. The hold of Christianity on the souls of men must be examined, when we come to close dealing with it, under these three several heads: there is first, the power of the Cross itself, and of the theory of salvation, upon the heart,—then, the operation of the Jewish and Greek Scriptures on the intellect,—then, the influence on morals of the teaching and example of the living hierarchy. And in the comparison of men as they are and as they might have been, there are these three questions to be separately kept in mind,—first, what would have been the temper of Europe without the charity and labour meant by 'bearing the cross'; then, secondly, what would the intellect of Europe have become without Biblical literature; and lastly, what would the social order of Europe have become without its hierarchy.

43. You see I have connected the words 'charity' and 'labour' under the general term of 'bearing the cross.' "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, (for charity) and take up his cross (of pain) and follow me."

The idea has been *exactly* reversed by modern Protestantism, which sees, in the cross, not a furca to which it is to be nailed;

but a raft on which it, and all its valuable properties,* are to be floated into Paradise.

44. Only, therefore, in days when the Cross was received with courage, the Scripture searched with honesty, and the Pastor heard in faith, can the pure word of God, and the bright sword of the Spirit, be recognised in the heart and hand of Christianity. The effect of Biblical poetry and legend on its intellect, must be traced farther, through decadent ages, and in unfenced fields;—producing ‘Paradise Lost’ for us, no less than the ‘Divina Commedia’;—Goethe’s ‘Faust,’ and Byron’s ‘Cain,’ no less than the ‘Imitatio Christi.’

45. Much more, must the scholar, who would comprehend in any degree approaching to completeness, the influence of the Bible on mankind, be able to read the interpretations of it which rose into the great arts of Europe at their culmination. In every province of Christendom, according to the degree of art-power it possessed, a series of illustrations of the Bible were produced as time went on; beginning with vignettted illustrations of manuscript, advancing into life-size sculpture, and concluding in perfect power of realistic painting. These teachings and preachings of the Church, by means of art, are not only a most important part of the general Apostolic Acts of Christianity; but their study is a necessary part of Biblical scholarship, so that no man can in any large sense understand the Bible itself until he has learned also to read these national commentaries upon it, and been made aware of their collective weight. The Protestant reader, who most imagines himself independent in his thought, and private in his study, of Scripture, is nevertheless usually at the mercy of the nearest preacher who has a pleasant voice and ingenious fancy; receiving from him thankfully, and often reverently, whatever interpretation of texts the agreeable voice or ready wit may recommend: while, in the meantime, he remains entirely ig-

* Quite one of the most curious colours of modern Evangelical thought is its pleasing connection of Gospel truth with the extension of lucrative commerce! See farther the note at p. 83.

norant of, and if left to his own will, invariably destroys as injurious, the deeply meditated interpretations of Scripture which, in their matter, have been sanctioned by the consent of all the Christian Church for a thousand years; and in their treatment, have been exalted by the trained skill and inspired imagination of the noblest souls ever enclosed in mortal clay.

46. There are few of the fathers of the Christian Church whose commentaries on the Bible, or personal theories of its gospel, have not been, to the constant exultation of the enemies of the Church, fretted and disgraced by angers of controversy, or weakened and distracted by irreconcilable heresy. On the contrary, the scriptural teaching, through their art, of such men as Orcagna, Giotto, Angelico, Luca della Robbia, and Luini, is, literally, free from all earthly taint of momentary passion; its patience, meekness, and quietness are incapable of error through either fear or anger; they are able, without offence, to say all that they wish; they are bound by tradition into a brotherhood which represents unperverted doctrines by unchanging scenes; and they are compelled by the nature of their work to a deliberation and order of method which result in the purest state and frankest use of all intellectual power.

47. I may at once, and without need of returning to this question, illustrate the difference in dignity and safety between the mental actions of literature and art, by referring to a passage, otherwise beautifully illustrative of St. Jerome's sweetness and simplicity of character, though quoted, in the place where we find it, with no such favouring intention,—namely, in the pretty letter of Queen Sophie Charlotte, (father's mother of Frederick the Great,) to the Jesuit Vota, given in part by Carlyle in his first volume, ch. iv.

“‘How can St. Jerome, for example, be a key to Scripture?’ she insinuates; citing from Jerome this remarkable avowal of his method of composing books;—especially of his method in that book, *Commentary on the Galatians*, where he accuses both Peter and Paul of simulation, and even of hypocrisy. The great St. Augustine has been charging him with this sad fact, (says her Majesty, who gives chapter and verse,) and Jerome

answers, 'I followed the commentaries of Origen, of'—five or six different persons, who turned out mostly to be heretics before Jerome had quite done with them, in coming years, 'And to confess the honest truth to you,' continues Jerome, 'I read all that, and after having crammed my head with a great many things, I sent for my amanuensis, and dictated to him, now my own thoughts, now those of others, without much recollecting the order, nor sometimes the words, nor even the sense'! In another place, (in the book itself further on*) he says, 'I do not myself write; I have an amanuensis, and I dictate to him what comes into my mouth. If I wish to reflect a little, or to say the thing better, or a better thing, he knits his brows, and the whole look of him tells me sufficiently that he cannot endure to wait.' Here is a sacred old gentleman whom it is not safe to depend upon for interpreting the Scriptures,—thinks her Majesty, but does not say so,—leaving Father Vota to his reflections." Alas, no, Queen Sophie, neither old St. Jerome's, nor any other human lips nor mind, may be depended upon in that function; but only the Eternal Sophia, the Power of God and the Wisdom of God: yet this you may see of your old interpreter, that he is wholly open, innocent, and true, and that, through such a person, whether forgetful of his author, or hurried by his scribe, it is more than probable you may hear what Heaven knows to be best for you; and extremely improbable you should take the least harm,—while by a careful and cunning master in the literary art, reticent of his doubts, and dexterous in his sayings, any number of prejudices or errors might be proposed to you acceptably, or even fastened in you fatally, though all the while you were not the least required to confide in his inspiration.

48. For indeed, the only confidence, and the only safety which in such matters we can either hold or hope, are in our own desire to be rightly guided, and willingness to follow in simplicity the guidance granted. But all our conceptions and reasonings on the subject of inspiration have been disordered

* 'Commentary on the Galatians,' Chap. iii.

by our habit, first of distinguishing falsely—or at least needlessly—between inspiration of words and of acts; and secondly by our attribution of inspired strength or wisdom to some persons or some writers only, instead of to the whole body of believers, in so far as they are partakers of the Grace of Christ, the Love of God, and the Fellowship of the Holy Ghost. In the degree in which every Christian receives, or refuses, the several gifts expressed by that general benediction, he enters or is cast out from the inheritance of the saints,—in the exact degree in which he denies the Christ, angers the Father, and grieves the Holy Spirit, he becomes uninspired or unholy,—and in the measure in which he trusts Christ, obeys the Father, and consents with the Spirit, he becomes inspired in feeling, act, word, and reception of word, according to the capacities of his nature. He is not gifted with higher ability, nor called into new offices, but enabled to use his granted natural powers, in their appointed place, to the best purpose. A child is inspired as a child, and a maiden as a maiden; the weak, even in their weakness, and the wise, only in their hour. *

That is the simply determinable *theory* of the inspiration of all true members of the Church; its truth can only be known by proving it in trial: but I believe there is no record of any man's having tried and declared it vain.*

* Compare the closing paragraph in p. 45 of 'The Shrine of the Slaves.' Strangely, as I revise *this* page for press, a slip is sent me from 'The Christian' newspaper, in which the comment of the orthodox evangelical editor may be hereafter representative to us of the heresy of his sect; in its last audacity, actually *opposing* the power of the Spirit to the work of Christ. (I only wish I had been at Matlock, and heard the kind physician's sermon.)

"An interesting and somewhat unusual sight was seen in Derbyshire on Saturday last—two old fashioned Friends, dressed in the original garb of the Quakers, preaching on the roadside to a large and attentive audience in Matlock. One of them, who is a doctor in good practice in the county, by name Dr. Charles A. Fox, made a powerful and effective appeal to his audience to see to it that each one was living in obedience to the light of the Holy Spirit within. Christ *within* was the hope of glory, and it was as He was followed in the ministry of the Spirit that we were saved by Him, who became thus to each the author and finisher of faith. He cautioned his hearers against building their house on the sand by believing in the free and

49. Beyond this theory of general inspiration, there is that of special call and command, with actual dictation of the deeds to be done or words to be said. I will enter at present into no examination of the evidences of such separating influence; it is not claimed by the Fathers of the Church, either for themselves, or even for the entire body of the Sacred writers, but only ascribed to certain passages dictated at certain times for special needs: and there is no possibility of attaching the idea of infallible truth to any form of human language in which even these exceptional passages have been delivered to us. But this is demonstrably true of the entire volume of them as we have it, and read,—each of us as it may be rendered in his native tongue; that, however mingled with mystery which we are not required to unravel, or difficulties which we should be insolent in desiring to solve, it contains plain teaching for men of every rank of soul and state of life, which so far as they honestly and implicitly obey, they will be happy and innocent to the utmost powers of their nature, and capable of victory over all adversities, whether of temptation or pain.

50. Indeed, the Psalter alone, which practically was the service book of the Church for many ages, contains merely in the first half of it the sum of personal and social wisdom.

easy Gospel so commonly preached to the wayside hearers, as if we were saved by 'believing' this or that. Nothing short of the work of the Holy Ghost in the soul of each one could save us, and to preach anything short of this was simply to delude the simple and unwary in the most terrible form.

“[It would be unfair to criticise an address from so brief an abstract, but we must express our conviction that the obedience of Christ unto death, the death of the Cross, *rather* than the work of the Spirit in us, is the good tidings for sinful men.—ED.]”

In juxtaposition with this editorial piece of modern British press theology, I will simply place the 4th, 6th, and 13th verses of Romans viii., italicising the expressions which are of deepest import, and always neglected. “That the *righteousness of the LAW* might be fulfilled *in us*, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. . . . For to be carnally *minded*, is death, but to be spiritually *minded*, is life, and peace. . . . For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if *ye through the Spirit* do mortify the *deeds* of the body, ye shall live.”

It would be well for Christendom if the Baptismal service explained what it professes to abjure.

The 1st, 8th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 19th, 23rd, and 24th psalms, well learned and believed, are enough for all personal guidance; the 48th, 72nd, and 75th, have in them the law and the prophecy of all righteous government; and every real triumph of natural science is anticipated in the 104th.

51. For the contents of the entire volume, consider what other group of historic and didactic literature has a range comparable with it. There are—

I. The stories of the Fall and of the Flood, the grandest human traditions founded on a true horror of sin.

II. The story of the Patriarchs, of which the effective truth is visible to this day in the polity of the Jewish and Arab races.

III. The story of Moses, with the results of that tradition in the moral law of all the civilized world.

IV. The story of the Kings—virtually that of all Kingdom, in David, and of all Philosophy, in Solomon: culminating in the Psalms and Proverbs, with the still more close and practical wisdom of Ecclesiasticus and the Son of Sirach.

V. The story of the Prophets—virtually that of the deepest mystery, tragedy, and permanent fate, of national existence.

VI. The story of Christ.

VII. The moral law of St. John, and his closing Apocalypse of its fulfilment.

Think, if you can match that table of contents in any other—I do not say ‘book’ but ‘literature.’ Think, so far as it is possible for any of us—either adversary or defender of the faith—to extricate his intelligence from the habit and the association of moral sentiment based upon the Bible, what literature could have taken its place, or fulfilled its function, though every library in the world had remained unravaged, and every teacher’s truest words had been written down?

52. I am no despiser of profane literature. So far from it that I believe no interpretations of Greek religion have ever been so affectionate, none of Roman religion so reverent, as those which will be found at the base of my art teaching, and current through the entire body of my works. But it was

from the Bible that I learned the symbols of Homer, and the faith of Horace; the duty enforced upon me in early youth of reading every word of the gospels and prophecies as if written by the hand of God, gave me the habit of awed attention which afterwards made many passages of the profane writers, frivolous to an irreligious reader, deeply grave to me. How far my mind has been paralysed by the faults and sorrow of life,—how far short its knowledge may be of what I might have known, had I more faithfully walked in the light I had, is beyond my conjecture or confession: but as I never wrote for my own pleasure or self-proclaiming, I have been guarded, as men who so write always will be, from errors dangerous to others; and the fragmentary expressions of feeling or statements of doctrine, which from time to time I have been able to give, will be found now by an attentive reader to bind themselves together into a general system of interpretation of Sacred literature,—both classic and Christian, which will enable him without injustice to sympathize in the faiths of candid and generous souls, of every age and every clime.

53. That there *is* a Sacred classic literature, running parallel with that of the Hebrews, and coalescing in the symbolic legends of mediæval Christendom, is shown in the most tender and impressive way by the independent, yet similar, influence of Virgil upon Dante, and upon Bishop Gawaine Douglas. At earlier dates, the teaching of every master trained in the Eastern schools was necessarily grafted on the wisdom of the Greek mythology; and thus the story of the Nemean Lion, with the aid of Athena in its conquest, is the real root-stock of the legend of St. Jerome's companion, conquered by the healing gentleness of the Spirit of Life.

54. I call it a legend only. Whether Heracles ever slew, or St. Jerome ever cherished, the wild or wounded creature, is of no moment to us in learning what the Greeks meant by their vase-outlines of the great contest, or the Christian painters by their fond insistence on the constancy of the Lion-friend. Former tradition, in the story of Samson,—of the disobedient prophet,—of David's first inspired victory, and finally of the

miracle wrought in the defence of the most favoured and most faithful of the greater Prophets, runs always parallel in symbolism with the Dorian fable: but the legend of St. Jerome takes up the prophecy of the Millennium, and foretells, with the Cumæan Sibyl, and with Isaiah, a day when the Fear of Man shall be laid in benediction, not enmity, on inferior beings,—when they shall not hurt nor destroy in all the holy Mountain, and the Peace of the Earth shall be as far removed from its present sorrow, as the present gloriously animate universe from the nascent desert, whose deeps were the place of dragons, and its mountains, domes of fire.

Of that day knoweth no man; but the Kingdom of God is already come to those who have tamed in their own hearts what was rampant of the lower nature, and have learned to cherish what is lovely and human, in the wandering children of the clouds and fields.

AVALLON, 28th August, 1882.

CHAPTER IV.

INTERPRETATIONS.

1. IT is the admitted privilege of a custode who loves his cathedral to depreciate, in its comparison, all the other cathedrals of his country that resemble, and all the edifices on the globe that differ from it. But I love too many cathedrals—though I have never had the happiness of becoming the custode of even one—to permit myself the easy and faithful exercise of the privilege in question; and I must vindicate my candour, and my judgment, in the outset, by confessing that the cathedral of AMIENS has nothing to boast of in the way of towers,—that its central flèche is merely the pretty caprice of a village carpenter,—that the total structure is in dignity inferior to Chartres, in sublimity to Beauvais, in decorative splendour to Rheims, and in loveliness of figure-sculpture to Bourges. It has nothing like the artful pointing and moulding of the arcades of Salisbury—nothing of the might of Durham;—no Dædalian inlaying like Florence, no glow of mythic fantasy like Verona. And yet, in all, and more than these, ways, outshone or overpowered, the cathedral of Amiens deserves the name given it by M. Viollet le Duc—

“The Parthenon of Gothic Architecture.”*

2. Of Gothic, mind you; Gothic clear of Roman tradition, and of Arabian taint; Gothic pure, authoritative, unsurpassable, and unaccusable;—its proper principles of structure being once understood and admitted.

* Of French Architecture, accurately, in the place quoted, “Dictionary of Architecture,” vol. i. p. 71; but in the article “Cathédrale,” it is called (vol. ii. p. 330) “l’église ogivale par excellence.”

No well-educated traveller is now without some consciousness of the meaning of what is commonly and rightly called "purity of style," in the modes of art which have been practised by civilized nations; and few are unaware of the distinctive aims and character of Gothic. The purpose of a good Gothic builder was to raise, with the native stone of the place he had to build in, an edifice as high and as spacious as he could, with calculable and visible security, in no protracted and wearisome time, and with no monstrous or oppressive compulsion of human labour.

He did not wish to exhaust in the pride of a single city the energies of a generation, or the resources of a kingdom; he built for Amiens with the strength and the exchequer of Amiens; with chalk from the cliffs of the Somme,* and under the orders of two successive bishops, one of whom directed the foundations of the edifice, and the other gave thanks in it for its completion. His object, as a designer, in common with all the sacred builders of his time in the North, was to admit as much light into the building as was consistent with the comfort of it; to make its structure intelligibly admirable, but not curious or confusing; and to enrich and enforce the understood structure with ornament sufficient for its beauty, yet yielding to no wanton enthusiasm in expenditure, nor insolent in giddy or selfish ostentation of skill; and finally, to make the external sculpture of its walls and gates at once an alphabet and epitome of the religion, by the knowledge and inspiration of which an acceptable worship might be rendered,

* It was a universal principle with the French builders of the great ages to use the stones of their quarries as they lay in the bed; if the beds were thick, the stones were used of their full thickness—if thin, of their necessary thinness, adjusting them with beautiful care to directions of thrust and weight. The natural blocks were never sawn, only squared into fitting, the whole native strength and crystallization of the stone being thus kept unflawed—"ne dédoublant jamais une pierre. Cette méthode est excellente, elle conserve à la pierre toute sa force naturelle,—tous ses moyens de résistance." See M. Viollet le Duc, Article "Construction" (Matériaux), vol. iv. p. 129. He adds the very notable fact that, *to this day, in seventy departments of France, the use of the stone-saw is unknown.*

within those gates, to the Lord whose Fear was in His Holy Temple, and whose seat was in Heaven.

3. It is not easy for the citizen of the modern aggregate of bad building, and ill-living held in check by constables, which *we* call a town,—of which the widest streets are devoted by consent to the encouragement of vice, and the narrow ones to the concealment of misery,—not easy, I say, for the citizen of any such mean city to understand the feeling of a burgher of the Christian ages to his cathedral. For him, the quite simply and frankly-believed text, “Where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst of them,” was expanded into the wider promise to many honest and industrious persons gathered in His name—“They shall be my people and I will be their God”;—deepened in his reading of it, by some lovely local and simply affectionate faith that Christ, as he was a Jew among Jews, and a Galilean among Galileans, was also, in His nearness to any—even the poorest—group of disciples, as one of their nation; and that their own “Beau Christ d’Amiens” was as true a compatriot to them as if He had been born of a Picard maiden.

4. It is to be remembered, however—and this is a theological point on which depended much of the structural development of the northern basilicas—that the part of the building in which the Divine presence was believed to be constant, as in the Jewish Holy of Holies, was only the enclosed choir; in front of which the aisles and transepts might become the King’s Hall of Justice, as in the presence-chamber of Christ; and whose high altar was guarded always from the surrounding eastern aisles by a screen of the most finished workmanship; while from those surrounding aisles branched off a series of radiating chapels or cells, each dedicated to some separate saint. This conception of the company of Christ with His saints, (the eastern chapel of all being the Virgin’s,) was at the root of the entire disposition of the apse with its supporting and dividing buttresses and piers; and the architectural form can never be well delighted in, unless in some sympathy with the spiritual imagination out of which it rose. We talk fool-

ishly and feebly of symbols and types: in old Christian architecture, every part is *literal*: the cathedral *is* for its builders the House of God;—it is surrounded, like an earthly king's, with minor lodgings for the servants; and the glorious carvings of the exterior walls and interior wood of the choir, which an English rector would almost instinctively think of as done for the glorification of the canons, was indeed the Amienois carpenter's way of making his Master-carpenter comfortable,*—nor less of showing his own native and insuperable virtue of carpenter, before God and man.

5. Whatever you wish to see, or are forced to leave unseen, at Amiens, if the overwhelming responsibilities of your existence, and the inevitable necessities of precipitate locomotion in their fulfilment, have left you so much as one quarter of an hour, not out of breath—for the contemplation of the capital of Picardy, give it wholly to the cathedral choir. Aisles and porches, lancet windows and roses, you can see elsewhere as well as here—but such carpenter's work, you cannot. It is late,—fully developed flamboyant just past the fifteenth century—and has some Flemish stolidity mixed with the playing French fire of it; but wood-carving was the Picard's joy from his youth up, and, so far as I know, there is nothing else so beautiful cut out of the goodly trees of the world.

Sweet and young-grained wood it is: oak, *trained* and chosen for such work, sound now as four hundred years since. Under the carver's hand it seems to cut like clay, to fold like silk, to grow like living branches, to leap like living flame. Canopy crowning canopy, pinnacle piercing pinnacle—it shoots and wreathes itself into an enchanted glade, inextricable, im-

* The philosophic reader is quite welcome to 'detect' and 'expose' as many carnal motives as he pleases, besides the good ones,—competition with neighbour Beauvais—comfort to sleepy heads—solace to fat sides, and the like. He will find at last that no quantity of competition or comfort-seeking will do anything the like of this carving now;—still less his own philosophy, whatever its species: and that it was indeed the little mustard-seed of faith in the heart, with a very notable quantity of honesty besides in the habit and disposition, that made all the rest grow together for good.

perishable, fuller of leafage than any forest, and fuller of story than any book.*

6. I have never been able to make up my mind which was really the best way of approaching the cathedral for the first time. If you have plenty of leisure, and the day is fine, and

* Arnold Boulin, master-joiner (*menuisier*) at Amiens, solicited the enterprise, and obtained it in the first months of the year 1508. A contract was drawn and an agreement made with him for the construction of one hundred and twenty stalls with historical subjects, high backings, crownings, and pyramidal canopies. It was agreed that the principal executor should have seven sous of Tournay (a little less than the sou of France) a day, for himself and his apprentice, (threepence a day the two—say a shilling a week the master, and sixpence a week the man,) and for the superintendence of the whole work, twelve crowns a year, at the rate of twenty-four sous the crown; (*i.e.*, twelve shillings a year). The salary of the simple workman was only to be three sous a day. For the sculptures and histories of the seats, the bargain was made separately with Antoine Avernier, image-cutter, residing at Amiens, at the rate of thirty-two sous (sixteen pence) the piece. Most of the wood came from Clermont en Beauvoisis, near Amiens; the finest, for the bas-reliefs, from Holland, by St. Valery and Abbeville. The Chapter appointed four of its own members to 'superintend the work: Jean Dumas, Jean Fabres, Pierre Vuaille, and Jean Lenglaché, to whom my authors (canons both) attribute the choice of subjects, the placing of them, and the initiation of the workmen 'au sens véritable et plus élevé de la Bible ou des legendes, et portant quelque fois le simple savoir-faire de l'ouvrier jusqu'à la hauteur du génie du théologien.'

Without pretending to apportion the credit of *savoir-faire* and theology in the business, we have only to observe that the whole company, master, apprentices, workmen, image-cutter, and four canons, got well into traces, and set to work on the 3rd of July, 1508, in the great hall of the évêché, which was to be the workshop and studio during the whole time of the business. In the following year, another *menuisier*, Alexander Huet, was associated with the body, to carry on the stalls on the right hand of the choir, while Arnold Boulin went on with those on the left. Arnold, leaving his new associate in command for a time, went to Beauvais and St. Riquier, to see the woodwork there; and in July of 1511 both the masters went to Rouen together, 'pour étudier les chaires de la cathédrale.' The year before, also, two Franciscans, monks of Abbeville, 'expert and renowned in working in wood,' had been called by the Amiens chapter to give their opinion on things in progress, and had each twenty sous for his opinion, and travelling expenses.

In 1516, another and an important name appears on the accounts,—that of Jean Trupin, 'a simple workman at the wages of three sous a day,' but doubtless a good and spirited carver, whose true portrait it is without doubt,

you are not afraid of an hour's walk, the really right thing to do is to walk down the main street of the old town, and across the river, and quite out to the chalk hill * out of which the citadel is half quarried—half walled;—and walk to the top of that, and look down into the citadel's dry 'ditch,'—or, more truly, dry valley of death, which is about as deep as a glen in Derbyshire, (or, more precisely, the upper part of the 'Happy

and by his own hand, that forms the elbow-rest, of the 85th stall (right hand, nearest apse), beneath which is cut his name JHAN TRUPIN, and again under the 92nd stall, with the added wish, 'Jan Trupin, God take care of thee' (*Dieu te pourvoie*).

The entire work was ended on St. John's Day, 1522, without (so far as we hear) any manner of interruption by dissension, death, dishonesty, or incapacity, among its fellow-workmen, master or servant. And the accounts being audited by four members of the Chapter, it was found that the total expense was 9488 livres, 11 sous, and 3 obols (*décimes*), or 474 napoleons, 11 sous, 3 *décimes* of modern French money, or roughly four hundred sterling English pounds.

For which sum, you perceive, a company of probably six or eight good workmen, old and young, had been kept merry and busy for fourteen years; and this that you see—left for substantial result and gift to you.

I have not examined the carvings so as to assign, with any decision, the several masters' work; but in general the flower and leaf design in the traceries will be by the two head menuisiers, and their apprentices; the elaborate Scripture histories by Avernier, with variously completing incidental grotesque by Trupin; and the joining and fitting by the common workmen. No nails are used,—all is morticed, and so beautifully that the joints have not moved to this day, and are still almost imperceptible. The four terminal pyramids 'you might take for giant pines forgotten for six centuries on the soil where the church was built; they might be looked on at first as a wild luxury of sculpture and hollow traceries—but examined in analysis they are marvels of order and system in construction, uniting all the lightness, strength, and grace of the most renowned spires in the last epoch of the Middle ages.'

The above particulars are all extracted—or simply translated, out of the excellent description of the "Stalles et les Clôtures du Chœur" of the Cathedral of Amiens, by MM. les Chanoines Jourdain et Duval (Amiens, Vv. Alfred Caron, 1867). The accompanying lithographic outlines are exceedingly good, and the reader will find the entire series of subjects indicated with precision and brevity, both for the woodwork and the external veil of the choir, of which I have no room to speak in this traveller's summary.

* The strongest and finally to be defended part of the earliest city was on this height.

Valley' at Oxford, above Lower Hincksey,) and thence across to the cathedral and ascending slopes of the city; so, you will understand the real height and relation of tower and town:—then, returning, find your way to the Mount Zion of it by any narrow cross streets and chance bridges you can—the more winding and dirty the streets, the better; and whether you come first on west front or apse, you will think them worth all the trouble you have had to reach them.

7. But if the day be dismal, as it may sometimes be, even in France, of late years,—or if you cannot or will not walk, which may also chance, for all our athletics and lawn-tennis,—or if you must really go to Paris this afternoon, and only mean to see all you can in an hour or two,—then, supposing that, notwithstanding these weaknesses, you are still a nice sort of person, for whom it is of some consequence which way you come at a pretty thing, or begin to look at it—I *think* the best way is to walk from the Hotel de France or the Place de Perigord, up the Street of Three Pebbles, towards the railway station—stopping a little as you go, so as to get into a cheerful temper, and buying some bonbons or tarts for the children in one of the charming patissiers' shops on the left. Just past them, ask for the theatre; and just past that, you will find, also on the left, three open arches, through which you can turn, passing the Palais de Justice, and go straight up to the south transept, which has really something about it to please everybody. It is simple and severe at the bottom, and daintily traceried and pinnacled at the top, and yet seems all of a piece—though it isn't—and everybody *must* like the taper and transparent fretwork of the flèche above, which seems to bend to the west wind,—though it doesn't—at least, the bending is a long habit, gradually yielded into, with gaining grace and submissiveness, during the last three hundred years. And, coming quite up to the porch, everybody must like the pretty French Madonna in the middle of it, with her head a little aside, and her nimbus switched a little aside too, like a becoming bonnet. A Madonna in decadence she is, though, for all, or rather by reason of all, her prettiness, and

her gay soubrette's smile; and she has no business there, neither, for this is St. Honoré's porch, not hers; and grim and grey St. Honoré used to stand there to receive you,—he is banished now to the north porch, where nobody ever goes in. This was done long ago, in the fourteenth-century days, when the people first began to find Christianity too serious, and devised a merrier faith for France, and would have bright-glancing, soubrette Madonnas everywhere—letting their own dark-eyed Joan of Arc be burned for a witch. And thenceforward, things went their merry way, straight on, 'ça allait, ça ira,' to the merriest days of the guillotine.

But they could still carve, in the fourteenth century, and the Madonna and her hawthorn-blossom lintel are worth your looking at,—much more the field above, of sculpture as delicate and more calm, which tells St. Honoré's own story, little talked of now in his Parisian faubourg.

8. I will not keep you just now to tell St. Honoré's story—(only too glad to leave you a little curious about it, if it were possible)*—for certainly you will be impatient to go into the church; and cannot enter it to better advantage than by this door. For all cathedrals of any mark have nearly the same effect when you enter at the west door; but I know no other which shows so much of its nobleness from the south interior transept; the opposite rose being of exquisite fineness in tracery, and lovely in lustre; and the shafts of the transept aisles forming wonderful groups with those of the choir and nave; also, the apse shows its height better, as it opens to you when you advance from the transept into the mid-nave, than when it is seen at once from the west end of the nave; where it is just possible for an irreverent person rather to think the nave narrow, than the apse high. Therefore, if you let me guide you, go in at this south transept door, (and put a sou into every beggar's box who asks it there,—it is none of your business whether they should be there or not, nor whether

* See, however, pages 32 and 130 (§§ 36, 112–114) of the octavo edition of 'The Two Paths.'

they deserve to have the sou,—be sure only that you yourself deserve to have it to give; and give it prettily, and not as if it burnt your fingers). Then, being once inside, take what first sensation and general glimpse of it pleases you—promising the custode to come back to *see* it properly; (only then mind you keep the promise;) and in this first quarter of an hour, seeing only what fancy bid you—but at least, as I said, the apse from mid-ave, and all the traverses of the building, from its centre. Then you will know, when you go outside again, what the architect was working for, and what his buttresses and traceries mean. For the outside of a French cathedral, except for its sculpture, is always to be thought of as the wrong side of the stuff, in which you find how the threads go that produce the inside or right-side pattern. And if you have no wonder in you for that choir and its encompassing circlet of light, when you look up into it from the cross-centre, you need not travel farther in search of cathedrals, for the waiting-room of any station is a better place for you;—but, if it amaze you and delight you at first, then, the more you know of it, the more it will amaze. For it is not possible for imagination and mathematics together, to do anything nobler or stronger than that procession of window, with material of glass and stone—nor anything which shall look loftier, with so temperate and prudent measure of actual loftiness.

9. From the pavement to the keystone of its vault is but 132 French feet—about 150 English. Think only—you who have been in Switzerland,—the Staubbach falls *nine* hundred! Nay, Dover cliff under the castle, just at the end of the Marine Parade, is twice as high; and the little cockneys parading to military polka on the asphalt below, think themselves about as tall as it, I suppose,—nay, what with their little lodgings and stodgings and podgings about it, they have managed to make it look no bigger than a moderate-sized limekiln. Yet it is twice the height of Amiens' apse!—and it takes good building, with only such bits of chalk as one can quarry beside Somme, to make your work stand half that height, for six hundred years.

10. It takes good building, I say, and you may even aver the best—that ever was, or is again likely for many a day to be, on the unquaking and fruitful earth, where one could calculate on a pillar's standing fast, once well set up; and where aisles of aspen, and orchards of apple, and clusters of vine, gave type of what might be most beautifully made sacred in the constancy of sculptured stone. From the unhewn block set on end in the Druid's Bethel, to *this* Lord's House and blue-vitrailed gate of Heaven, you have the entire course and consummation of the Northern Religious Builder's passion and art.

11. But, note further—and earnestly,—this apse of Amiens is not only the best, but the very *first* thing done *perfectly* in its manner, by Northern Christendom. In pages 323 and 327 of the sixth volume of M. Viollet le Duc, you will find the exact history of the development of these traceries through which the eastern light shines on you as you stand, from the less perfect and tentative forms of Rheims: and so momentary was the culmination of the exact rightness, that here, from nave to transept—built only ten years later,—there is a little change, not towards decline, but to a not quite necessary precision. Where decline begins, one cannot, among the lovely fantasies that succeeded, exactly say—but exactly, and indisputably, we know that this apse of Amiens is the first virgin perfect work,—Parthenon also in that sense,—of Gothic Architecture.

12. Who built it, shall we ask? God, and Man,—is the first and most true answer. The stars in their courses built it, and the Nations. Greek Athena labours here—and Roman Father Jove, and Guardian Mars. The Gaul labours here, and the Frank: knightly Norman,—mighty Ostrogoth,—and wasted anchorite of Idumea.

The actual Man who built it scarcely cared to tell you he did so; nor do the historians brag of him. Any quantity of heraldries of knaves and fainéants you may find in what they call their 'history': but this is probably the first time you ever read the name of Robert of Luzarches. I say he

'scarcely cared'—we are not sure that he cared at all. He signed his name nowhere, that I can hear of. You may perhaps find some recent initials cut by English remarkable visitors desirous of immortality, here and there about the edifice, but Robert the builder—or at least the Master of building, cut *his* on no stone of it. Only when, after his death, the headstone had been brought forth with shouting, Grace unto it, this following legend was written, recording all who had part or lot in the labour, within the middle of the labyrinth then inlaid in the pavement of the nave. You must read it trippingly on the tongue: it was rhymed gaily for you by pure French gaiety, not the least like that of the Théâtre de Folies.

“ En l’an de Grace mil deux cent
 Et vingt, fu l’œuvre de cheens
 Premièrement encomenchie.
 A donc y ert de cheste evesquie
 Evrart, évêque bénis ;
 Et, Roy de France, Loys
 Qui fut fils Phelippe le Sage.
 Qui maistre y ert de l’œuvre
 Maistre Robert estoit només
 Et de Luzarches surnomés.
 Maistre Thomas fu après lui
 De Cormont. Et après, son filz
 Maistre Regnault, qui mestre
 Fist a chest point chi cheste lectre
 Que l’incarnation valoit
 Treize cent, moins douze, en falloit.”

13. I have written the numerals in letters, else the metre would not have come clear: they were really in figures thus, “*II C. ET XX,*” “*XIII C. MOINS XII*”. I quote the inscription from M. l’Abbé Rozé’s admirable little book, “*Visite à la Cathédrale d’Amiens,*”—Sup. Lib. de Mgr l’Evêque d’Amiens, 1877,—which every grateful traveller should buy, for I am only going to steal a little bit of it here and there. I only wish there had been a translation of the legend to steal, too; for there are one or two points, both of idea and chronology, in it, that I should have liked the Abbé’s opinion of.

The main purport of the rhyme, however, we perceive to be, line for line, as follows:—

“In the year of Grace, Twelve Hundred
 And twenty, the work, then falling to ruin,
 Was first begun again.
 Then was, of this Bishopric
 Everard the blessed Bishop.
 And, King of France, Louis,
 Who was son to Philip the Wise.
 He who was Master of the Work
 Was called Master Robert,
 And called, beyond that, of Luzarches.
 Master Thomas was after him,
 Of Cormont. And after him, his son,
 Master Reginald, who to be put
 Made—at this point—this reading.
 When the Incarnation was of account
 Thirteen hundred, less twelve, which it failed of.”

In which legend, while you stand where once it was written (it was removed—to make the old pavement more polite—in the year, I sorrowfully observe, of my own earliest tour on the Continent, 1825, when I had not yet turned my attention to Ecclesiastical Architecture), these points are noticeable—if you have still a little patience.

14. ‘The work’—*i.e.*, the Work of Amiens in especial, her cathedral, was ‘*déchéant*,’ falling to ruin, for the—I cannot at once say—fourth, fifth, or what time,—in the year 1220. For it was a wonderfully difficult matter for little Amiens to get this piece of business fairly done, so hard did the Devil pull against her. She built her first Bishop’s church (scarcely more than St. Firmin’s tomb-chapel) about the year 350, just outside the railway station on the road to Paris; * then, after being nearly herself destroyed, chapel and all, by the Frank invasion, having recovered, and converted her Franks, she built another and a properly called cathedral, where this one stands now,

* At St. Acheul. See the first chapter of this book, and the “Description Historique de la Cathédrale d’Amiens,” by A. P. M. Gilbert. 8vo, Amiens, 1833, pp. 5-7.

under Bishop St. Save (St. Sauve, or Salve). But even this proper cathedral was only of wood, and the Normans burnt it in 881. Rebuilt, it stood for 200 years; but was in great part destroyed by lightning in 1019. Rebuilt again, it and the town were more or less burnt together by lightning, in 1107,—my authority says calmly, “un incendie provoqué par la même cause détruisit *la ville*, et une partie de la cathédrale.” The ‘partie’ being rebuilt once more, the whole was again reduced to ashes, “réduite en cendre par le feu de ciel en 1218, ainsi que tous les titres, les martyrologies, les calendriers, et les Archives de l’Evêché et du Chapitre.”

15. It was the fifth cathedral, I count, then, that lay in ‘ashes,’ according to Mons. Gilbert—in ruin certainly—déchéant;—and ruin of a very discouraging completeness it would have been, to less lively townspeople—in 1218. But it was rather of a stimulating completeness to Bishop Everard and his people—the ground well cleared for them, as it were: and lightning (feu de l’enfer, not du ciel, recognized for a diabolic plague, as in Egypt), was to be defied to the pit. They only took two years, you see, to pull themselves together; and to work they went, in 1220, they, and their bishop, and their king, and their Robert of Luzarches. And this, that roofs you, was what their hands found to do with their might.

16. Their king was ‘à-donc,’ ‘at that time,’ Louis VIII., who is especially further called the son of Philip of August, or Philip the Wise, because his father was not dead in 1220; but must have resigned the practical kingdom to his son, as his own father had done to him; the old and wise king retiring to his chamber, and thence silently guiding his son’s hands, very gloriously, yet for three years.

But, farther—and this is the point on which chiefly I would have desired the Abbé’s judgment—Louis VIII. died of fever at Montpensier in 1226. And the entire conduct of the main labour of the cathedral, and the chief glory of its service, as we shall hear presently, was *Saint Louis’s*; for a time of forty-

four years. And the inscription was put "à ce point ci" by the last architect, six years after St. Louis's death. How is it that the great and holy king is not named?

17. I must not, in this traveller's brief, lose time in conjectural answers to the questions which every step here will raise from the ravaged shrine. But this is a very solemn one; and must be kept in our hearts, till we may perhaps get clue to it. One thing only we are sure of,—that at least the *due* honour—alike by the sons of Kings and sons of Craftsmen—is given always to their fathers; and that apparently the chief honour of all is given here to Philip the Wise. From whose house, not of parliament but of peace, came, in the years when this temple was first in building, an edict indeed of peace-making: "That it should be criminal for any man to take vengeance for an insult or injury till forty days after the commission of the offence—and then only with the approbation of the Bishop of the Diocese." Which was perhaps a wiser effort to end the Feudal system in its Saxon sense,* than any of our recent projects for ending it in the Norman one.

18. "A ce point ci." The point, namely, of the labyrinth inlaid in the cathedral floor; a recognized emblem of many things to the people, who knew that the ground they stood on was holy, as the roof over their head. Chiefly, to them, it was an emblem of noble human life—strait-gated, narrow-walled, with infinite darknesses and the "inextricabilis error" on either hand—and in the depth of it, the brutal nature to be conquered.

19. This meaning, from the proudest heroic, and purest legislative, days of Greece, the symbol had borne for all men skilled in her traditions: to the schools of craftsmen the sign meant further their craft's noblesse, and pure descent from the divinely-terrestrial skill of Dædalus, the labyrinth-builder, and

* Feud, Saxon *faedh*, low Latin *Faida* (Scottish 'fae,' English 'foe,' derivative), Johnson. Remember also that the root of Feud, in its Norman sense of land-allotment, is *foi*, not *fee*, which Johnson, old Tory as he was, did not observe—neither in general does the modern Antifeudalist.

the first sculptor of imagery *pathetic** with human life and death.

20. Quite the most beautiful sign of the power of true Christian-Catholic faith is this continual acknowledgment by it of the brotherhood—nay, more, the fatherhood, of the elder nations who had not seen Christ; but had been filled with the Spirit of God; and obeyed, according to their knowledge, His unwritten law. The pure charity and humility of this temper are seen in all Christian art, according to its strength and purity of race; but best, to the full, seen and interpreted by the three great Christian-Heathen poets, Dante, Douglas of Dunkeld, † and George Chapman. The prayer with which the last ends his life's work is, so far as I know, the perfectest and deepest expression of Natural Religion given us in literature; and if you can, pray it here—standing on the spot where the builder once wrote the history of the Parthenon of Christianity.

21. "I pray thee, Lord, the Father, and the Guide of our reason, that we may remember the nobleness with which Thou hast adorned us; and that Thou wouldst be always on our right hand and on our left, ‡ in the motion of our own Wills: that so we may be purged from the contagion of the Body and the Affections of the Brute, and overcome them and rule; and use, as it becomes men to use them, for instruments. And then, that Thou wouldst be in Fellowship with us for the careful correction of our reason, and for its conjunction by the light of truth with the things that truly are.

*

"Tu quoque, magnam

Partem opere in tanto, sineret dolor, Icare, haberes,

Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro,—

Bis patriæ cecidere manus."

There is, advisedly, no pathos allowed in primary sculpture. Its heroes conquer without exultation, and die without sorrow.

† See 'Fors Clavigera,' Letter LXI., p. 22.

‡ Thus, the command to the children of Israel "that they go forward" is to their own wills. They obeying, the sea retreats, *but not before* they dare to advance into it. *Then*, the waters are a wall unto them, on their right hand and their left.

“And in the third place, I pray to Thee the Saviour, that Thou wouldst utterly cleanse away the closing gloom from the eyes of our souls, that we may know well who is to be held for God, and who for mortal. Amen.” *

22. And having prayed this prayer, or at least, read it with honest wishing, (which if you cannot, there is no hope of your at present taking pleasure in any human work of large faculty, whether poetry, painting, or sculpture,) we may walk a little farther westwards down the nave, where, in the middle of it, but only a few yards from its end, two flat stones (the custode will show you them), one a little farther back than the other, are laid over the graves of the two great bishops, all whose strength of life was given, with the builder's, to raise this temple. Their actual graves have not been disturbed; but the tombs raised over them, once and again removed, are now set on your right and left hand as you look back to the apse, under the third arch between the nave and aisles.

23. Both are of bronze, cast at one flow—and with insuperable, in some respects inimitable, skill in the caster's art.

“Chefs-d'œuvre de fonte,—le tout fondu d'un seul jet, et admirablement.” † There are only two other such tombs left in France, those of the children of St. Louis. All others of their kind—and they were many in every great cathedral of France

* The original is written in Latin only. “Supplico tibi, Domine, Pater et Dux rationis nostræ, ut nostræ Nobilitatis recordemur, quâ tu nos ornasti: et ut tu nobis presto sis, ut iis qui per sese moventur; ut et a Corporis contagio, Brutorumque affectuum repurgemur, eosque superemus, atque regamus; et, sicut decet, pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinde, ut nobis adjuncto sis; ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem, et conjunctionem cum iis qui verè sunt, per lucem veritatis. Et tertium, Salvatori supplex oro, ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum caliginem prorsus abstergas; ut norimus bene, qui Deus, aut Mortalis habendus. Amen.”

† Viollet le Duc, vol. viii., p. 256. He adds: “L'une d'elles est comme art” (meaning general art of sculpture), “un monument du premier ordre;” but this is only partially true—also I find a note in M. Gilbert's account of them, p. 126: “Les deux doigts qui manquent, à la main droite de l'évêque Gaudefrroi paraissent être un défaut survenu à la fonte.” See further, on these monuments, and those of St. Louis' children, Viollet le Duc, vol. ix., pp. 61, 62.

—were first torn from the graves they covered, to destroy the memory of France's dead; and then melted down into sous and centimes, to buy gunpowder and absinthe with for her living,—by the Progressive Mind of Civilization in her first blaze of enthusiasm and new light, from 1789 to 1800.

The children's tombs, one on each side of the altar of St. Denis, are much smaller than these, though wrought more beautifully. These beside you are the *only two Bronze tombs of her Men of the great ages*, left in France!

24. And they are the tombs of the pastors of her people, who built for her the first perfect temple to her God. The Bishop Everard's is on your right, and has engraved round the border of it this inscription: *—

“ Who fed the people, who laid the foundations of this

Structure, to whose care the City was given,

Here, in ever-breathing balm of fame, rests Everard.

A man compassionate to the afflicted, the widow's protector, the orphan's Guardian. Whom he could, he recreated with gifts.

To words of men,

If gentle, a lamb; if violent, a lion; if proud, biting steel.”

* I steal again from the Abbé Rozé the two inscriptions.—with his introductory notice of the evilly-inspired interference with them.

“ La tombe d'Evrard de Fouilloy, (died 1222,) coulée en bronze en plein-relief, était supportée dès le principe, par des monstres engagés dans une maçonnerie remplissant le dessous du monument, pour indiquer que cet évêque avait posé les fondements de la Cathédrale. Un *architecte malheureusement inspiré* a osé arracher la maçonnerie, pour qu'on ne vit plus la main du prélat fondateur, à la base de l'édifice.

“ On lit, sur la bordure, l'inscription suivante en beaux caractères du XIII^e siècle :

“ Qui populum pavit, qui fundamēta locavit
 Huius structure, cuius fuit urbs data cure
 Hic redolens nardus, famā requiescit Ewardus,
 Vir pius afflictis, vidvis tutela, relictis
 Custos, quos poterat recreabat munere; vbis,
 Mitib agnus erat, tumidis leo, lima supbis.’

“ Geoffroy d'Eu (died 1237) est représenté comme son prédécesseur en habits épiscopaux, mais le dessous du bronze supporté par des chimères est évidé, ce prélat ayant élevé l'édifice jusqu'aux voûtes. Voici la légende gravée sur la bordure :

English, at its best, in Elizabethan days, is a nobler language than ever Latin was; but its virtue is in colour and tone, not in what may be called metallic or crystalline condensation. And it is impossible to translate the last line of this inscription in as few English words. Note in it first that the Bishop's friends and enemies are spoken of as in word, not act; because the swelling, or mocking, or flattering, words of men are indeed what the meek of the earth must know how to bear and to welcome;—their deeds, it is for kings and knights to deal with: not but that the Bishops often took deeds in hand also; and in actual battle they were permitted to strike with the mace, but not with sword or lance—*i.e.*, not to “shed blood”! For it was supposed that a man might always recover from a mace-blow; (which, however, would much depend on the bishop's mind who gave it). The battle of Bouvines, quite one of the most important in mediæval history, was won against the English, and against odds besides of Germans, under their Emperor Otho, by two French bishops (Senlis and Bayeux)—who both generalled the French King's line, and led its charges. Our Earl of Salisbury surrendered to the Bishop of Bayeux in person.

25. Note farther, that quite one of the deadliest and most diabolic powers of evil words, or, rightly so called, blasphemy, has been developed in modern days in the effect of sometimes quite innocently meant and enjoyed ‘slang.’ There are two

“ ‘Ecce premunt humile Gaufridi membra cubile.
 Seu minus aut simile nobis parat omnibus ille;
 Quem laurus gemina decoraverat, in medicinâ
 Lege quâ divina, decuerunt cornua bina;
 Clare vir Augensis, quo sedes Ambianensis
 Crevit in imensis; in cœlis auctus, Amen, sis.’

Tout est à étudier dans ces deux monuments; tout y est d'un haut intérêt, quant au dessin, à la sculpture, à l'agencement des ornements et des draperies.”

In saying above that Geoffroy of Eu returned thanks in the Cathedral for its completion, I meant only that he had brought at least the choir into condition for service: “Jusqu'aux voûtes” may or may not mean that the vaulting was closed.

kinds of slang, in the essence of it: one 'Thieves' Latin'—the special language of rascals, used for concealment; the other, one might perhaps best call Louts' Latin!—the lowering or insulting words invented by vile persons to bring good things, in their own estimates, to their own level, or beneath it. The really worst power of this kind of blasphemy is in its often making it impossible to use plain words without a degrading or ludicrous attached sense:—thus I could not end my translation of this epitaph, as the old Latinist could, with the exactly accurate image "to the proud, a file"—because of the abuse of the word in lower English, retaining, however, quite shrewdly, the thirteenth-century idea. But the *exact* force of the symbol here is in its allusion to jewellers' work, filing down facets. A proud man is often also a precious one: and may be made brighter in surface, and the purity of his inner self shown, by good *filing*.

26. Take it all in all, the perfect duty of a Bishop is expressed in these six Latin lines,—au mieux mieux—beginning with his pastoral office—*Feed* my sheep—qui *pavit* populum. And be assured, good reader, these ages never could have told you what a Bishop's, or any other man's, duty was, unless they had each man in his place both done it well—and seen it well done. The Bishop Geoffroy's tomb is on your left, and its inscription is:

"Behold, the limbs of Godfrey press their lowly bed,
Whether He is preparing for us all one less than, or like it.
Whom the twin laurels adorned, in medicine
And in divine law, the dual crests became him.
Bright-shining man of Eu, by whom the throne of Amiens
Rose into immensity, be *thou* increased in Heaven."

Amen.

And now at last—this reverence done and thanks paid—we will turn from these tombs, and go out at one of the western doors—and so see gradually rising above us the immensity of the three porches, and of the thoughts engraved in them.

27. What disgrace or change has come upon them, I will not tell you to-day—except only the 'immeasurable' loss of

the great old foundation-steps, open, sweeping broad from side to side for all who came; unwalled, undivided, sunned all along by the westering day, lighted only by the moon and the stars at night; falling steep and many down the hillside—ceasing one by one, at last wide and few towards the level—and worn by pilgrim feet, for six hundred years. So I once saw them, and twice,—such things can now be never seen more.

Nor even of the west front itself, above, is much of the old masonry left: but in the porches nearly all,—except the actual outside facing, with its rose moulding, of which only a few flowers have been spared here and there.* But the sculpture has been carefully and honourably kept and restored to its place—pedestals or niches restored here and there with clay; or some which you see white and crude, re-carved entirely; nevertheless the impression you may receive from the whole is still what the builder meant; and I will tell you the order of its theology without further notices of its decay.

28. You will find it always well, in looking at any cathedral, to make your quarters of the compass sure, in the beginning; and to remember that, as you enter it, you are looking and advancing eastward; and that if it has three entrance porches, that on your left in entering is the northern, that on your right the southern. I shall endeavour in all my future writing of architecture, to observe the simple law of always calling the door of the north transept the north door; and that on the same side of the west front, the northern door, and so of their opposites. This will save, in the end, much printing and much confusion, for a Gothic cathedral has, almost always, these five great entrances; which may be easily, if at first attentively, recognized under the titles of the Central door (or porch), the Northern door, the Southern door, the North door, and the South door.

But when we use the terms right and left, we ought always

* The horizontal lowest part of the moulding between the northern and central porch is old. Compare its roses with the new ones running round the arches above—and you will know what 'Restoration' means.

to use them as in going *out* of the cathedral, or walking down the nave,—the entire north side and aisles of the building being its right side, and the south, its left,—these terms being only used well and authoritatively, when they have reference either to the image of Christ in the apse or on the rood, or else to the central statue, whether of Christ, the Virgin, or a saint, in the west front. At Amiens, this central statue, on the ‘trumeau’ or supporting and dividing pillar of the central porch, is of Christ Immanuel,—God *with* us. On His right hand and His left, occupying the entire walls of the central porch, are the apostles and the four greater prophets. The twelve minor prophets stand side by side on the front, three on each of its great piers.*

The northern porch is dedicated to St. Firmin, the first Christian missionary to Amiens.

The southern porch, to the Virgin.

But these are both treated as withdrawn behind the great foundation of Christ and the Prophets; and their narrow recesses partly conceal their sculpture, until you enter them. What you have first to think of, and read, is the scripture of the great central porch, and the façade itself.

29. You have then in the centre of the front, the image of Christ Himself, receiving you: “I am the Way, the truth and the life.” And the order of the attendant powers may be best understood by thinking of them as placed on Christ’s right and left hand: this being also the order which the builder adopts in his Scripture history on the façade—so that it is to be read from left to right—*i.e.* from Christ’s left to Christ’s right, as *He* sees it. Thus, therefore, following the order of the great statues: first in the central porch, there are six apostles on Christ’s right hand, and six on His left. On His left hand, next Him, Peter; then in receding order, Andrew, James, John, Matthew, Simon; on His right hand, next Him, Paul; and in receding order, James the Bishop, Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas, and Jude. These opposite ranks of

* See now the plan at the end of this chapter.

the Apostles occupy what may be called the apse or curved bay of the porch, and form a nearly semicircular group, clearly visible as we approach. But on the sides of the porch, outside the lines of apostles, and not seen clearly till we enter the porch, are the four greater prophets. On Christ's left, Isaiah and Jeremiah, on His right, Ezekiel and Daniel.

30. Then in front, along the whole façade—read in order from Christ's left to His right—come the series of the twelve minor prophets, three to each of the four piers of the temple, beginning at the south angle with Hosea, and ending with Malachi.

As you look full at the façade in front, the statues which fill the minor porches are either obscured in their narrower recesses or withdrawn behind each other so as to be unseen. And the entire mass of the front is seen, literally, as built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone. Literally *that*; for the receding Porch is a deep 'angulus,' and its mid-pillar is the 'Head of the Corner.'

Built on the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, that is to say of the Prophets who foretold *Christ*, and the Apostles who declared Him. Though Moses was an Apostle, of *God*, he is not here—though Elijah was a Prophet, of *God*, he is not here. The voice of the entire building is that of the Heaven at the Transfiguration, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him."

31. There is yet another and a greater prophet still, who, as it seems at first, is not here. Shall the people enter the gates of the temple, singing "Hosanna to the Son of *David*"; and see no image of His father, then?—Christ Himself declare, "I am the root and the offspring of *David*"; and yet the Root have no sign near it of its Earth?

Not so. David and his Son are together. David is the pedestal of the Christ.

32. We will begin our examination of the Temple front, therefore, with this its goodly pedestal stone. The statue of David is only two-thirds life-size, occupying the niche in front

of the pedestal. He holds his sceptre in his right hand, the scroll in his left. King and Prophet, type of all Divinely right doing, and right claiming, and right proclaiming, kingdom, for ever.

The pedestal of which this statue forms the fronting or western sculpture, is square, and on the two sides of it are two flowers in vases, on its north side the lily, and on its south the rose. And the entire monolith is one of the noblest pieces of Christian sculpture in the world.

Above this pedestal comes a minor one, bearing in front of it a tendril of vine which completes the floral symbolism of the whole. The plant which I have called a lily is not the Fleur de Lys, nor the Madonna's, but an ideal one with bells like the crown Imperial (Shakespeare's type of 'lilies of all kinds'), representing the *mode of growth* of the lily of the valley, which could not be sculptured so large in its literal form without appearing monstrous, and is exactly expressed in this tablet—as it fulfils, together with the rose and vine, its companions, the triple saying of Christ, "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley." "I am the true Vine."

33. On the side of the upper stone are supporters of a different character. Supporters,—not captives nor victims; the Cockatrice and Adder. Representing the most active evil principles of the earth, as in their utmost malignity; still, Pedestals of Christ, and even in their deadly life, accomplishing His final will.

Both creatures are represented accurately in the mediæval traditional form, the cockatrice half dragon, half cock; the deaf adder laying one ear against the ground and stopping the other with her tail.

The first represents the infidelity of Pride. The cockatrice—king serpent or highest serpent—saying that he *is* God, and *will be* God.

The second, the infidelity of Death. The adder (nieder or nether snake) saying that he *is* mud, and *will be* mud.

34. Lastly, and above all, set under the feet of the statue

of Christ Himself, are the lion and dragon; the images of Carnal sin, or *Human* sin, as distinguished from the Spiritual and Intellectual sin of Pride, by which the angels also fell.

To desire kingship rather than servanthip—the Cockatrice's sin, or deaf Death rather than hearkening Life—the Adder's sin,—these are both possible to all the intelligences of the universe. But the distinctively Human sins, anger and lust, seeds in our race of their perpetual sorrow—Christ in His own humanity, conquered; and conquers in His disciples. Therefore His foot is on the heads of these; and the prophecy, “*Inculcabis super Leonem et Aspidem,*” is recognized always as fulfilled in Him, and in all His true servants, according to the height of their authority, and the truth of their power.

35. In this mystic sense, Alexander III. used the words, in restoring peace to Italy, and giving forgiveness to her deadliest enemy, under the porch of St. Mark's.* But the meaning of every act, as of every art, of the Christian ages, lost now for three hundred years, cannot but be in our own times read reversed, if at all, through the counter-spirit which we now have reached; glorifying Pride and Avarice as the virtues by which all things move and have their being—walking after our own lusts as our sole guides to salvation, and foaming out our own shame for the sole earthly product of our hands and lips.

36. Of the statue of Christ, itself, I will not speak here at any length, as no sculpture would satisfy, or ought to satisfy, the hope of any loving soul that has learned to trust in Him; but at the time, it was beyond what till then had been reached in sculptured tenderness; and was known far and near as the “*Beau Dieu d'Amiens.*” † Yet understood, observe, just as clearly to be no more than a symbol of the Heavenly Presence, as the poor coiling worms below were no more than symbols of the demoniac ones. No *idol*, in our sense of the word—

* See my abstract of the history of Barbarossa and Alexander, in ‘*Fiction, Fair and Foul,*’ ‘*Nineteenth Century,*’ November, 1880, pp. 752 *seq.*

† See account, and careful drawing of it, in Viollet le Duc—article “*Christ,*” *Dict. of Architecture*, iii. 245.

only a letter, or sign of the Living Spirit,—which, however, was indeed conceived by every worshipper as here meeting him at the temple gate: the Word of Life, the King of Glory, and the Lord of Hosts.

“Dominus Virtutum,” “Lord of Virtues,”* is the best single rendering of the idea conveyed to a well-taught disciple in the thirteenth century by the words of the twenty-fourth Psalm.

37. Under the feet of His apostles, therefore, in the quatrefoil medallions of the foundation, are represented the virtues which each Apostle taught, or in his life manifested;—it may have been, sore tried, and failing in the very strength of the character which he afterwards perfected. Thus St. Peter, denying in fear, is afterwards the Apostle of courage; and St. John, who, with his brother, would have burnt the inhospitable village, is afterwards the Apostle of love. Understanding this, you see that in the sides of the porch, the apostles with their special virtues stand thus in opposite ranks.

Now you see how these virtues answer to each other in their opposite ranks. Remember the left-hand side is always the first, and see how the left-hand virtues lead to the right hand:—

Courage	to	Faith.
Patience	to	Hope.
Gentillesse	to	Charity.
Love	to	Chastity.
Obedience	to	Wisdom.
Perseverance	to	Humility.

38. Note farther that the Apostles are all tranquil, nearly all with books, some with crosses, but all with the same mes-

* See the circle of the Powers of the Heavens in the Byzantine rendering. I. Wisdom; II. Thrones; III. Dominations; IV. Angels; V. Archangels; VI. Virtues; VII. Potentates; VIII. Princes; IX. Seraphim. In the Gregorian order, (Dante, *Par.* xxviii., Cary's note,) the Angels and Archangels are separated, giving altogether nine orders, but not ranks. Note that in the Byzantine circle the cherubim are first, and that it is the strength of the Virtues which calls on the dead to rise ('*St. Mark's Rest,*' p. 97, and pp. 158-159).

ST. PAUL,	Faith.	Courage,	ST. PETER.
ST. JAMES THE BISHOP,	Hope.	Patience,	ST. ANDREW.
ST. PHILIP,	Charity.	Gentillesse,	ST. JAMES.
ST. BARTHOLOMEW,	Chastity.	Love,	ST. JOHN.
ST. THOMAS,	Wisdom.	Obedience,	ST. MATTHEW.
ST. JUDE,	Humility.	Perseverance,	ST. SIMON.

sage,—“Peace be to this house. And if the Son of Peace be there,” etc.*

But the Prophets—all seeking, or wistful, or tormented, or wondering, or praying, except only Daniel. The *most* tormented is Isaiah; spiritually sawn asunder. No scene of his martyrdom below, but his seeing the Lord in His temple, and yet feeling he had unclean lips. Jeremiah also carries his cross—but more serenely.

39. And now, I give in clear succession, the order of the statues of the whole front, with the subjects of the quatrefoils beneath each of them, marking the upper quatrefoil A, the lower B. The six prophets who stand at the angles of the porches, Amos, Obadiah, Micah, Nahum, Zephaniah, and Haggai, have each of them four quatrefoils, marked, A and C the upper ones, B and D the lower.

Beginning, then, on the left-hand side of the central porch, and reading outwards, you have—

1. ST. PETER.

- A. Courage.
- B. Cowardice.

2. ST. ANDREW.

- A. Patience.
- B. Anger.

3. ST. JAMES.

- A. Gentillesse.
- B. Churlishness.

4. ST. JOHN.

- A. Love.
- B. Discord.

5. ST. MATTHEW.

- A. Obedience.
- B. Rebellion.

6. ST. SIMON.

- A. Perseverance.
- B. Atheism.

* The modern slang name for a priest, among the mob of France, is a ‘Pax Vobiscum,’ or shortly, a Vobiscum.

Now, right-hand side of porch, reading outwards:

7. ST. PAUL.

- A. Faith.
- B. Idolatry.

ST. JAMES, BISHOP.

- A. Hope.
- B. Despair.

9. ST. PHILIP.

- A. Charity.
- B. Avarice.

10. ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

- A. Chastity.
- B. Lust.

11. ST. THOMAS.

- A. Wisdom.
- B. Folly.

12. ST. JUDE.

- A. Humility.
- B. Pride.

Now, left-hand side again—the two outermost statues:

13. ISAIAH.

- A. "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne." vi. 1.
- B. "Lo, this hath touched thy lips." vi. 7.

14. JEREMIAH.

- A. The Burial of the Girdle. xiii. 4, 5.
- B. The Breaking of the Yoke. xxviii. 10.

Right-hand side:

15. EZEKIEL.

- A. Wheel within wheel. i. 16.
- B. "Son of man, set thy face toward Jerusalem." xxi. 2.

16. DANIEL.

- A. "He hath shut the lions' mouths." vi. 22.
- B. "In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand." v. 5.

40. Now, beginning on the left-hand side (southern side)

of the entire façade, and reading it straight across, not turning into the porches at all except for the paired quatrefoils:

17. HOSEA.

- A. "So I bought her to me with fifteen pieces of silver." iii. 2.
 B. "So will I also be for thee." iii. 3.

18. JOEL.

- A. The Sun and Moon lightless. ii. 10.
 B. The Fig-tree and Vine leafless. i. 7.

19. AMOS.

- To the front { A. "The Lord will cry from Zion." i. 2.
 B. "The habitations of the shepherds shall mourn." i. 2.
 Inside porch { C. The Lord with the mason's line. vii. 8.
 D. The place where it rained not. iv. 7.

20. OBADIAH.

- Inside porch { A. "I hid them in a cave." 2 Kings xviii. 13.
 B. He fell on his face. xviii. 7.
 To the front { C. The captain of fifty.
 D. The messenger.

21. JONAH.

- A. Escaped from the sea.
 B. Under the gourd.

22. MICAH.

- To the front { A. The Tower of the Flock. iv. 8.
 B. Each shall rest, and "none shall make them afraid." iv. 4.
 Inside porch { C. Swords into ploughshares. iv. 3.
 D. Spears into pruning-hooks. iv. 3.

23. NAHUM.

- Inside porch { A. None shall look back. ii. 8.
 B. The burden of Nineveh. i. 1.
 To the front { C. Thy princes and thy great ones. iii. 17.
 D. Untimely figs. iii. 12.

24. HABAKKUK.

- A. "I will watch to see what he will say." ii. 1.
 B. The ministry to Daniel.

25. ZEPHANIAH.

To the front	{	A. The Lord strikes Ethiopia.	ii. 12.
		B. The Beasts in Nineveh.	ii. 15.
Inside porch	{	C. The Lord visits Jerusalem.	i. 12.
		D. The Hedgehog and Bittern.*	ii. 14.

26. HAGGAI.

Inside porch	{	A. The houses of the princes, <i>ornées de lambbris.</i>	i. 4.
		B. The heaven is stayed from dew.	i. 10.
To the front	{	C. The Lord's temple desolate.	i. 4.
		D. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts."	i. 7.

27. ZECHARIAH.

A. The lifting up of iniquity.	v. 6—9.
B. The angel that spake to me.	iv. 1.

28. MALACHI.

A. "Ye have wounded the Lord."	ii. 17.
B. This commandment is to <i>you</i> .	ii. 1.

41. Having thus put the sequence of the statues and their quatrefoils briefly before the spectator—(in case the railway time presses, it may be a kindness to him to note that if he walks from the east end of the cathedral down the street to the south, Rue St. Denis, it takes him by the shortest line to the station)—I will begin again with St. Peter, and interpret the sculptures in the quatrefoils a little more fully. Keeping the fixed numerals for indication of the statues, St. Peter's quatrefoils will be I A and I B, and Malachi's 28 A and 28 B.

1, A. COURAGE, with a leopard on his shield; the French and English agreeing in the reading of that symbol, down to the time of the Black Prince's leopard coinage in Aquitaine.†

2, B. COWARDICE, a man frightened at an animal darting out of a thicket, while a bird sings on. The coward has not the heart of a thrush.

* See the Septuagint version.

† For a list of the photographs of the quatrefoils described in this chapter, see the appendices at the end of this volume.

- 2, A. PATIENCE, holding a shield with a bull on it (never giving back).*
- 2, B. ANGER, a woman stabbing a man with a sword. Anger is essentially a feminine vice—a man, worth calling so, may be driven to fury or insanity by *indignation*, (compare the Black Prince at Limoges,) but not by anger. Fiendish enough, often so—"Incensed with indignation, Satan stood, *unterrified*—" but in that last word is the difference, there is as much fear in Anger, as there is in Hatred.
- 3, A. GENTILLESSE, bearing shield with a lamb.
- 3, B. CHURLISHNESS, again a woman, kicking over her cup-bearer. The final forms of ultimate French churlishness being in the feminine gestures of the Cancan. See the favourite prints in shops of Paris.
- 4, A. LOVE; the Divine, not human love: "I in them, and Thou in me." Her shield bears a tree with many branches grafted into its cut-off stem: "In those days shall Messiah be cut off, but not for Himself."
- 4, B. DISCORD, a wife and husband quarrelling. She has dropped her distaff (Amiens wool manufacture, see farther on—9, A.)
- 5, A. OBEDIENCE, bears shield with camel. Actually the most disobedient and ill-tempered of all serviceable beasts,—yet passing his life in the most painful service. I do not know how far his character was understood by the northern sculptor; but I believe he is taken as a type of burden-bearing, without joy or sympathy, such as the horse has, and without power of offence, such as the

* In the cathedral of Laon there is a pretty compliment paid to the oxen who carried the stones of its tower to the hill-top it stands on. The tradition is that they harnessed themselves,—but tradition does not say how an ox *can* harness himself even if he had a mind. Probably the first form of the story was only that they went joyfully, "lowing as they went." But at all events their statues are carved on the height of the tower, eight, colossal, looking from its galleries across the plains of France. See drawing in Viollet le Duc, under article "Clocher."

ox has. His bite is bad enough, (see Mr. Palgrave's account of him,) but presumably little known of at Amiens, even by Crusaders, who would always ride their own war-horses, or nothing.

- 5, B. REBELLION, a man snapping his fingers at his Bishop. (As Henry the Eighth at the Pope,—and the modern French and English cockney at all priests whatever.)
- 6, A. PERSEVERANCE, the grandest spiritual form of the virtue commonly called 'Fortitude.' Usually, overcoming or tearing a lion; here, *caressing* one, and *holding* her crown. "Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."
- 6, B. ATHEISM, leaving his shoes at the church door. The infidel fool is always represented in twelfth and thirteenth century MS. as barefoot—the Christian having "his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace." Compare "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O Prince's Daughter!"
- 7, A. FAITH, holding cup with cross above it, her accepted symbol throughout ancient Europe. It is also an enduring one, for, all differences of Church put aside, the words, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and Drink His blood, ye have no life in you," remain in their mystery, to be understood only by those who have learned the sacredness of food, in all times and places, and the laws of life and spirit, dependent on its acceptance, refusal, and distribution.
- 7, B. IDOLATRY, kneeling to a monster. The *contrary* of Faith—not *want* of Faith. Idolatry is faith in the wrong thing, and quite distinct from Faith in *No* thing (6, B), the "Dixit Insipiens." Very wise men may be idolaters, but they cannot be atheists.
- 3, A. HOPE, with Gonfalon Standard and *distant* crown; as opposed to the constant crown of Fortitude (6, A).
The Gonfalon (Gund, war, fahr, standard, according to Poitevin's dictionary), is the pointed ensign of forward battle; essentially sacred; hence the constant

name "Gonfaloniere" of the battle standard-bearers of the Italian republics.

Hope has it, because she fights forward always to her aim, or at least has the joy of seeing it draw nearer. Faith and Fortitude wait, as St. John in prison, but unoffended. Hope is, however, put under St. James, because of the 7th and 8th verses of his last chapter, ending "Stablish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." It is he who examines Dante on the nature of Hope. 'Par.,' c. xxv., and compare Cary's notes.

- 8, B. **DESPAIR**, stabbing himself. Suicide not thought heroic or sentimental in the 13th century; and no Gothic Morgue built beside Somme.
- 9, A. **CHARITY**, bearing shield with woolly ram, and giving a mantle to a naked beggar. The old wool manufacture of Amiens having this notion of its purpose—namely, to clothe the poor first, the rich afterwards. No nonsense talked in those days about the evil consequences of indiscriminate charity.
- 9, B. **AVARICE**, with coffer and money. The modern, alike English and Amienois, notion of the Divine consummation of the wool manufacture.
- 10, A. **CHASTITY**, shield with the Phoenix.*
- 10, B. **LUST**, a too violent kiss.
- 11, A. **WISDOM**: shield with, I think, an eatable root; meaning temperance, as the beginning of wisdom.

* For the sake of comparing the pollution, and reversal of its once glorious religion, in the modern French mind, it is worth the reader's while to ask at M. Goyer's (Place St. Denis) for the 'Journal de St. Nicholas' for 1880, and look at the 'Phénix,' as drawn on p. 610. The story is meant to be moral, and the Phoenix there represents Avarice, but the entire destruction of all sacred and poetical tradition in a child's mind by such a picture is an immorality which would neutralize a year's preaching. To make it worth M. Goyer's while to show you the number, buy the one with 'les conclusions de Jeanie' in it, p. 337: the church scene (with dialogue) in the text is lovely.

11, B. FOLLY, the ordinary type used in all early Psalters, of a glutton, armed with a club. Both this vice and virtue are the earthly wisdom and folly, completing the spiritual wisdom and folly opposite under St. Matthew. Temperance, the complement of Obedience, and Covetousness, with violence, that of Atheism.

12, A. HUMILITY, shield with dove.

12, B. PRIDE, falling from his horse.

42. All these quatrefoils are rather symbolic than representative; and, since their purpose was answered enough if their sign was understood, they have been entrusted to a more inferior workman than the one who carved the now sequent series under the Prophets. Most of these subjects represent an historical fact, or a scene spoken of by the prophet as a real vision; and they have in general been executed by the ablest hands at the architect's command.

With the interpretation of these, I have given again the name of the prophet whose life or prophecy they illustrate.

13. ISAIAH.

13, A. "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne" (vi. 1).

The vision of the throne "high and lifted up" between seraphim.

13, B. "Lo, this hath touched thy lips" (vi. 7).

The Angel stands before the prophet, and holds, or rather held, the coal with tongs, which have been finely undercut, but are now broken away, only a fragment remaining in his hand.

14. JEREMIAH.

14, A. The burial of the girdle (xiii. 4, 5).

The prophet is digging by the shore of Euphrates, represented by vertically winding furrows down the middle of the tablet. Note, the translation should be "hole in the ground," not "rock."

14, B. The breaking of the yoke (xxviii. 10).

From the prophet Jeremiah's neck; it is here represented as a doubled and redoubled chain.

15. EZEKIEL.**15, A.** Wheel within wheel (i. 16).

The prophet sitting; before him two wheels of equal size, one involved in the ring of the other.

15, B. "Son of man, set thy face toward Jerusalem" (xxi. 2).

The prophet before the gate of Jerusalem.

16. DANIEL.**16, A.** "He hath shut the lions' mouths" (vi. 22).

Daniel holding a book, the lions treated as heraldic supporters. The subject is given with more animation farther on in the series (24, B).

16, B. "In the same hour came forth fingers of a Man's hand" (v. 5).

Belshazzar's feast represented by the king alone, seated at a small oblong table. Beside him the youth Daniel, looking only fifteen or sixteen, graceful and gentle, interprets. At the side of the quatrefoil, out of a small wreath of cloud, comes a small bent hand, writing, as if with a pen upside down on a piece of Gothic wall.*

For modern bombast as opposed to old simplicity, compare the Belshazzar's feast of John Martin!

43. The next subject begins the series of the minor prophets.**17. HOSEA****17, A.** "So I bought her to me for fifteen pieces of silver and an homer of barley" (iii. 2).

The prophet pouring the grain and the silver into the lap of the woman, "beloved of her friend." The

* I fear this hand has been broken since I described it; at all events, it is indistinguishably shapeless in the photograph (No. 9 of the series).

carved coins are each wrought with the cross, and, I believe, legend of the French contemporary coin.

17, B. "So will I also be for thee" (iii. 3).

He puts a ring on her finger.

18. JOEL.

18, A. The sun and moon lightless (ii. 10).

The sun and moon as two small flat pellets, up in the external moulding.

18, B. The barked fig-tree and waste vine (i. 7).

Note the continual insistence on the blight of vegetation as a Divine punishment, 19 D.

19. AMOS.

To the front.

19, A. "The Lord will cry from Zion" (i. 2).

Christ appears with crossletted nimbus.

19, B. "The habitations of the shepherds shall mourn" (i. 2).

Amos with the shepherd's hooked or knotted staff, and wicker-worked bottle, before his tent. (Architecture in right-hand foil restored.)

Inside Porch.

19, c. The Lord with the mason's line (vii. 8).

Christ, again here, and henceforward always, with crosslet nimbus, has a large trowel in His hand, which He lays on the top of a half-built wall. There seems a line twisted round the handle.

19, D. The place where it rained not (iv. 7).

Amos is gathering the leaves of the fruitless vine, to feed the sheep, who find no grass. One of the finest of the reliefs.

20. OBADIAH.

Inside Porch.

20, A. "I hid them in a cave" (1 Kings xviii. 13).

Three prophets at the mouth of a well, to whom Obadiah brings loaves.

20, B. "He fell on his face" (xviii. 7).

He kneels before Elijah, who wears his rough mantle.

To the front.

20, C. The captain of fifty.

Elijah (?) speaking to an armed man under a tree.

20, D. The Messenger.

A messenger on his knees before a king. I cannot interpret these two scenes (20, C and 20, D). The uppermost *may* mean the dialogue of Elijah with the captains (2 Kings i. 2), and the lower one, the return of the messengers (2 Kings i. 5).

21. JONAH.

21, A. Escaped from the sea.

21, B. Under the gourd. A small grasshopper-like beast gnawing the gourd stem. I should like to know what insects *do* attack the Amiens gourds. This may be an entomological study, for aught we know.

22. MICAH.

To the front.

22, A. The Tower of the Flock (iv. 8).

The tower is wrapped in clouds, God appearing above it.

22, B. Each shall rest and "none shall make them afraid" (iv. 4).

A man and his wife "under his vine and fig-tree."

Inside Porch.

22, C. "Swords into ploughshares" (iv. 3).

Nevertheless, two hundred years after these medallions were cut, the sword manufacture had become a staple in Amiens! Not to her advantage.

22, D. "Spears into pruning-hooks" (iv. 3).

23. NAHUM.

Inside Porch.

23, A. "None shall look back" (ii. 8).

23, B. The Burden of Nineveh (i. 1).*

To the front.

23, C. "Thy Princes and thy great ones" (iii. 17).

23, A, B, and C, are all incapable of sure interpretation. The prophet in A is pointing down to a little hill, said by the Père Rozé to be covered with grasshoppers. I can only copy what he says of them.

23, D. "Untimely figs" (iii. 12).

Three people beneath a fig-tree catch its falling fruit in their mouths.

24. HABAKKUK.

24, A. "I will watch to see what he will say unto me" (ii. 1).

The prophet is writing on his tablet to Christ's dictation.

24, B. The ministry to Daniel.

The traditional visit to Daniel. An angel carries Habakkuk by the hair of his head; the prophet has a loaf of bread in each hand. They break through the roof of the cave. Daniel is stroking one young lion on the back; the head of another is thrust carelessly under his arm. Another is gnawing bones in the bottom of the cave.

* The statue of the prophet, above, is the grandest of the entire series; and note especially the "diadema" of his own luxuriant hair plaited like a maiden's, indicating the Achillean force of this most terrible of the prophets. (Compare 'Fors Clavigera,' Letter LXV., page 157.) For the rest, this long flowing hair was always one of the insignia of the Frankish kings, and their way of dressing both hair and beard may be seen more nearly and definitely in the angle-sculptures of the long font in the north transept, the most interesting piece of work in the whole cathedral, in an antiquarian sense, and of much artistic value also. (See ante chap. ii. p. 45.)

25. ZEPHANIAH.

To the front.

25, A. The Lord strikes Ethiopia (ii. 12).

Christ striking a city with a sword. Note that all violent actions are in these bas-reliefs feebly or ludicrously expressed; quiet ones always right.

25, B. The beasts in Nineveh (ii. 15).

Very fine. All kinds of crawling things among the tottering walls, and peeping out of their rents and crannies. A monkey sitting squat, developing into a demon, reverses the Darwinian theory.

Inside porch.

25, C. The Lord visits Jerusalem (i. 12).

Christ passing through the streets of Jerusalem, with a lantern in each hand.

25, D. The Hedgehog and Bittern* (ii. 14).

With a singing bird in a cage in the window.

26. HAGGAI.

*Inside Porch.*26, A. The houses of the princes, *ornées de lambris* (i. 4).

A perfectly built house of square stones gloomily strong, the grating (of a prison?) in front of foundation.

26, B. The Heaven is stayed from dew (i. 10).

The heavens as a projecting mass, with stars, sun, and moon on surface. Underneath, two withered trees.

To the front.

26, C. The Lord's temple desolate (i. 4).

The falling of the temple, "not one stone left on another," grandly loose. Square stones again. Examine the text (i. 6).

* See ante p. 117, note.

- 26, D. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts" (i. 7).
Christ pointing up to His ruined temple.

27. ZECHARIAH.

- 27, A. The lifting up of Iniquity (v. 6 to 9).
Wickedness in the Ephah.
- 27, B. "The angel that spake to me" (iv. 1).
The prophet almost reclining, a glorious winged
angel hovering out of cloud.

28. MALACHI.

- 28, A. "Ye have wounded the Lord" (ii. 17).
The priests are thrusting Christ through with a
barbed lance, whose point comes out at His back.
- 28, B. "This commandment is to *you*" (ii. 1).
In these panels, the undermost is often introductory
to the one above, an illustration of it. It is perhaps
chapter i. verse 6, that is meant to be spoken here by
the sitting figure of Christ, to the indignant priests.

44. With this bas-relief terminates the series of sculpture in illustration of Apostolic and Prophetic teaching, which constitutes what I mean by the "Bible" of Amiens. But the two lateral porches contain supplementary subjects necessary for completion of the pastoral and traditional teaching addressed to her people in that day.

The Northern Porch, dedicated to her first missionary St. Firmin, has on its central pier his statue; above, on the flat field of the back of the arch, the story of the finding of his body; on the sides of the porch, companion saints and angels in the following order:—

CENTRAL STATUE.

ST. FIRMIN.

Southern (left) side.

41. St. Firmin the Confessor.
42. St. Domice.
43. St. Honoré.
44. St. Salve.
45. St. Quentin.
46. St. Gentian.

Northern (right) side.

47. St. Geoffroy.
48. An angel.
49. St. Fuscien, martyr.
50. St. Victoric, martyr.
51. An angel.
52. St. Ulpha.

45. Of these saints, excepting St. Firmin and St. Honoré, of whom I have already spoken,* St. Geoffroy is more real for us than the rest; he was born in the year of the battle of Hastings, at Molincourt in the Soissonais, and was Bishop of Amiens from 1104 to 1150. A man of entirely simple, pure, and right life: one of the severest of ascetics, but without gloom—always gentle and merciful. Many miracles are recorded of him, but all indicating a tenour of life which was chiefly miraculous by its justice and peace. Consecrated at Rheims, and attended by a train of other bishops and nobles to his diocese, he dismounts from his horse at St. Acheul, the place of St. Firmin's first tomb, and walks barefoot to his cathedral, along the causeway now so defaced: at another time he walks barefoot from Amiens to Picquigny to ask from the Vidame of Amiens the freedom of the Chatelain Adam. He maintained

* See ante Chap. I., pp. 5-6, for the history of St. Firmin, and for St. Honoré p. 95, § 8 of this chapter, with the reference there given.

the privileges of the citizens, with the help of Louis le Gros, against the Count of Amiens, defeated him, and razed his castle; nevertheless, the people not enough obeying him in the order of their life, he blames his own weakness, rather than theirs, and retires to the Grande Chartreuse, holding himself unfit to be their bishop. The Carthusian superior questioning him on his reasons for retirement, and asking if he had ever sold the offices of the Church, the Bishop answered, "My father, my hands are pure of simony, but I have a thousand times allowed myself to be seduced by praise."

46. St. Firmin the Confessor was the son of the Roman senator who received St. Firmin himself. He preserved the tomb of the martyr in his father's garden, and at last built a church over it, dedicated to our Lady of martyrs, which was the first episcopal seat of Amiens, at St. Acheul, spoken of above. St. Ulpha was an Amienoise girl, who lived in a chalk cave above the marshes of the Somme;—if ever Mr. Murray provides you with a comic guide to Amiens, no doubt the enlightened composer of it will count much on your enjoyment of the story of her being greatly disturbed at her devotions by the frogs, and praying them silent. You are now, of course, wholly superior to such follies, and are sure that God cannot, or will not, so much as shut a frog's mouth for you. Remember, therefore, that as He also now leaves open the mouth of the liar, blasphemer, and betrayer, you must shut your own ears against *their* voices as you can.

Of her name, St. Wolf—or Guelph—see again Miss Yonge's Christian names. Our tower of Wolf's stone, Ulverstone, and Kirk of Ulpha, are, I believe, unconscious of Picard relatives.

47. The other saints in this porch are all in like manner provincial, and, as it were, personal friends of the Amienois; and under them, the quatrefoils represent the pleasant order of the guarded and hallowed year—the zodiacal signs above, and labours of the months below; little differing from the constant representations of them—except in the May: see

below. The Libra also is a little unusual in the female figure holding the scales; the lion especially good-tempered—and the ‘reaping’ one of the most beautiful figures in the whole series of sculptures; several of the others peculiarly refined and far-wrought. In Mr. Kaltenbacher’s photographs, as I have arranged them, the bas-reliefs may be studied nearly as well as in the porch itself. Their order is as follows, beginning with December, in the left-hand inner corner of the porch:—

41. DECEMBER.—Killing and scalding swine. Above, Capricorn with quickly diminishing tail; I cannot make out the accessories.
42. JANUARY.—Twin-headed, obsequiously served. Aquarius feebler than most of the series.
43. FEBRUARY.—Very fine; warming his feet and putting coals on fire. Fish above, elaborate but uninteresting.
44. MARCH.—At work in vine-furrows. Aries careful, but rather stupid.
45. APRIL.—Feeding his hawk—very pretty. Taurus above with charming leaves to eat.
46. MAY.—Very singularly, a middle-aged man sitting under the trees to hear the birds sing; and Gemini above, a bridegroom and bride. This quatrefoil joins the interior angle ones of Zephaniah.
52. JUNE.—Opposite, joining the interior angle ones of Haggai. Mowing. Note the lovely flowers sculptured all through the grass. Cancer above, with his shell superbly modelled.
51. JULY.—Reaping. Extremely beautiful. The smiling lion completes the evidence that all the seasons and signs are regarded as alike blessing and providentially kind.
50. AUGUST.—Threshing. Virgo above, holding a flower, her drapery very modern and confused for thirteenth-century work.
49. SEPTEMBER.—I am not sure of his action, whether pruning, or in some way gathering fruit from the full-leaved tree. Libra above; charming.



ST. MARY.

48. OCTOBER.—Treading grapes. Scorpio, a very traditional and gentle form—forked in the tail indeed, but stingless.

47. NOVEMBER.—Sowing, with Sagittarius, half concealed when this photograph was taken by the beautiful arrangements always now going on for some job or other in French cathedrals:—they never can let them alone for ten minutes.

48. And now, last of all, if you care to see it, we will go into the Madonna's porch—only, if you come at all, good Protestant feminine reader—come civilly: and be pleased to recollect, if you have, in known history, material for recollection, this (or if you cannot recollect—be you very solemnly assured of this): that neither Madonna-worship, nor Lady-worship of any sort, whether of dead ladies or living ones, ever did any human creature any harm,—but that Money worship, Wig worship, Cocked-Hat-and-Feather worship, Plate worship, Pot worship and Pipe worship, have done, and are doing, a great deal,—and that any of these, and all, are quite million-fold more offensive to the God of Heaven and Earth and the Stars, than all the absurdest and lovingest mistakes made by any generations of His simple children, about what the Virgin-mother could, or would, or might do, or feel for them.

49. And next, please observe this broad historical fact about the three sorts of Madonnas.

There is first the Madonna Dolorosa; the Byzantine type, and Cimabue's. It is the noblest of all; and the earliest, in distinct popular influence.*

Secondly. The Madone Reine, who is essentially the Frank and Norman one; crowned, calm, and full of power and gentleness. She is the one represented in this porch.

Thirdly. The Madone Nourrice, who is the Raphaelesque and generally late and decadence one. She is seen here in a good French type in the south transept-porch, as before noticed.

* See the description of the Madonna of Murano, in second volume of 'Stones of Venice.'

An admirable comparison will be found instituted by M. Viollet le Duc (the article 'Vierge,' in his dictionary, is altogether deserving of the most attentive study) between this statue of the Queen-Madonna of the southern porch and the Nurse-Madonna of the transept. I may perhaps be able to get a photograph made of his two drawings, side by side: but, if I can, the reader will please observe that he has a little flattered the Queen, and a little vulgarized the Nurse, which is not fair. The statue in this porch is in thirteenth-century style, extremely good: but there is no reason for making any fuss about it—the earlier Byzantine types being far grander.

50. The Madonna's story, in its main incidents, is told in the series of statues round the porch, and in the quatrefoils below—several of which refer, however, to a legend about the Magi to which I have not had access, and I am not sure of their interpretation.

The large statues are on the left hand, reading outwards as usual.

- 29. The Angel Gabriel.
- 30. Virgin Annunciate.
- 31. Virgin Visitant.
- 32. St. Elizabeth.
- 33. Virgin in Presentation.
- 34. St. Simeon.

On the right hand, reading outward,

- 35, 36, 37, The three Kings.
- 38. Herod.
- 39. Solomon.
- 40. The Queen of Sheba.

51. I am not sure of rightly interpreting the introduction of these two last statues: but I believe the idea of the designer was that virtually the Queen Mary visited Herod when she sent, or had sent for her, the Magi to tell him of her presence at Bethlehem: and the contrast between Solomon's reception of the Queen of Sheba, and Herod's driving out the Madonna into Egypt, is dwelt on throughout this side of the porch,

with their several consequences to the two Kings and to the world.

The quatrefoils underneath the great statues run as follows :

29. Under Gabriel—

- A. Daniel seeing the stone cut out without hands.
- B. Moses and the burning bush.

30. Under Virgin Annunciate—

- A. Gideon and the dew on the fleece.
- B. Moses with written law, retiring ; Aaron, dominant, points to his budding rod.

31. Under Virgin Visitant—

- A. The message to Zacharias: "Fear not, for thy prayer is heard."
- B. The dream of Joseph: "Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife." (?)

32. Under St. Elizabeth—

- A. The silence of Zacharias: "They perceived that he had seen a vision in the temple."
- B. "There is none of thy kindred that is called by this name." "He wrote saying, His name is John."

33. Under Virgin in Presentation—

- A. Flight into Egypt.
- B. Christ with the Doctors.

34. Under St. Simeon—

- A. Fall of the idols in Egypt.
- B. The return to Nazareth.

These two last quatrefoils join the beautiful c and d of Amos.

Then on the opposite side, under the Queen of Sheba, and joining the A and B of Obadiah—

40. A. Solomon entertains the Queen of Sheba. The Grace cup.

- B. Solomon teaches the Queen of Sheba, "God is above."

39. Under Solomon—

- A. Solomon on his throne of judgment.
- B. Solomon praying before his temple-gate.

38. Under Herod—
 A. Massacre of Innocents.
 B. Herod orders the ship of the Kings to be burned.
37. Under the third King—
 A. Herod inquires of the Kings.
 B. Burning of the ship.
36. Under the second King—
 A. Adoration in Bethlehem?—not certain.
 B. The voyage of the Kings.
35. Under the first King—
 A. The Star in the East.
 B. “Being warned in a dream that they should not return to Herod.”

I have no doubt of finding out in time the real sequence of these subjects: but it is of little import,—this group of quatrefoils being of less interest than the rest, and that of the Massacre of the Innocents curiously illustrative of the incapability of the sculptor to give strong action or passion.

But into questions respecting the art of these bas-reliefs I do not here attempt to enter. They were never intended to serve as more than signs, or guides to thought. And if the reader follows this guidance quietly, he may create for himself better pictures in his heart; and at all events may recognize these following general truths, as their united message.

52. First, that throughout the Sermon on this Amiens Mount, Christ never appears, or is for a moment thought of, as the Crucified, nor as the Dead: but as the Incarnate Word—as the present Friend—as the Prince of Peace on Earth,—and as the Everlasting King in Heaven. What His life *is*, what His commands *are*, and what His judgment *will be*, are the things here taught: not what He once did, nor what He once suffered, but what He is now doing—and what He requires us to do. That is the pure, joyful, beautiful lesson of Christianity; and the fall from that faith, and all the corruptions of its abortive practice, may be summed briefly as the habitual contemplation of Christ's death instead of His Life, and the substitution of His past suffering for our present duty.

53. Then, secondly, though Christ bears not *His* cross, the mourning prophets,—the persecuted apostles—and the martyred disciples *do* bear theirs. For just as it is well for you to remember what your undying Creator is *doing* for you—it is well for you to remember what your dying fellow-creatures *have done*: the Creator you may at your pleasure deny or defy—the Martyr you can only forget; deny, you cannot. Every stone of this building is cemented with his blood, and there is no furrow of its pillars that was not ploughed by his pain.

54. Keeping, then, these things in your heart, look back now to the central statue of Christ, and hear His message with understanding. He holds the Book of the Eternal Law in His left hand; with His right He blesses,—but blesses on condition. “This do, and thou shalt live”; nay, in stricter and more piercing sense, This *be*, and thou shalt live: to show Mercy is nothing—thy soul must be full of mercy; to be pure in act is nothing—thou shalt be pure in heart also.

And with this further word of the unabolished law—“This if thou do *not*, this if thou art not, thou shalt die.”

55. Die (whatever Death means)—totally and irrevocably. There is no word in thirteenth-century Theology of the pardon (in our modern sense) of sins; and there is none of the Purgatory of them. Above that image of Christ with us, our Friend, is set the image of Christ over us, our Judge. For this present life—here is His helpful Presence. After this life—there is His coming to take account of our deeds, and of our desires in them; and the parting asunder of the Obedient from the Disobedient, of the Loving from the Unkind, with no hope given to the last of recall or reconciliation. I do not know what commenting or softening doctrines were written in frightened minuscule by the Fathers, or hinted in hesitating whispers by the prelates of the early Church. But I know that the language of every graven stone and every glowing window,—of things daily seen and universally understood by the people, was absolutely and alone, this teaching of Moses from Sinai in the beginning, and of St. John from Patmos in the end, of the Revelation of God to Israel.

This it was, simply—sternly—and continually, for the great three hundred years of Christianity in her strength (eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries), and over the whole breadth and depth of her dominion, from Iona to Cyrene,—and from Calpe to Jerusalem. At what time the doctrine of Purgatory was openly accepted by Catholic Doctors, I neither know nor care to know. It was first formalized by Dante, but never accepted for an instant by the sacred artist teachers of his time—or by those of any great school or time whatsoever.*

* The most authentic foundations of the Purgatorial scheme in art-teaching are in the renderings, subsequent to the thirteenth century, of the verse “by which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison,” forming gradually into the idea of the deliverance of the waiting saints from the power of the grave.

In literature and tradition, the idea is originally, I believe, Platonic; certainly not Homeric. Egyptian possibly—but I have read nothing yet of the recent discoveries in Egypt. Not, however, quite liking to leave the matter in the complete emptiness of my own resources, I have appealed to my general investigator, Mr. Anderson (James R.), who writes as follows:—

“There is no possible question about the doctrine and universal inculcation of it, ages before Dante. Curiously enough, though, the statement of it in the *Summa Theologiæ* as we have it is a later insertion; but I find by references that St. Thomas teaches it elsewhere. Albertus Magnus develops it at length. If you refer to the ‘Golden Legend’ under All Souls’ Day, you will see how the idea is assumed as a commonplace in a work meant for popular use in the thirteenth century. St. Gregory (the Pope) argues for it (*Dial. iv. 38*) on two scriptural quotations: (1), the sin that is forgiven neither in *hœc sæculo* nor in that which is to come, and (2), the fire which shall try every man’s work. I think Platonic philosophy and the Greek mysteries must have had a good deal to do with introducing the idea originally; but with them—as to Virgil—it was part of the Eastern vision of a circling stream of life from which only a few drops were at intervals tossed to a definitely permanent Elysium or a definitely permanent Hell. It suits that scheme better than it does the Christian one, which attaches ultimately in all cases infinite importance to the results of life in *hœc sæculo*.

“Do you know any representation of Heaven or Hell unconnected with the Last Judgment? I don’t remember any, and as Purgatory is by that time past, this would account for the absence of pictures of it.

“Besides, Purgatory precedes the Resurrection—there is continual question among divines what manner of purgatorial fire it may be that affects spirits separate from the body—perhaps Heaven and Hell, as opposed to Purgatory, were felt to be picturable because not only spirits, but the risen bodies too are conceived in them.

56. Neither do I know nor care to know—at what time the notion of Justification by Faith, in the modern sense, first got itself distinctively fixed in the minds of the heretical sects and schools of the North. Practically its strength was founded by its first authors on an asceticism which differed from monastic rule in being only able to destroy, never to build; and in endeavouring to force what severity it thought proper for itself on everybody else also; and so striving to make one artless, letterless, and merciless monastery of all the world. Its virulent effort broke down amidst furies of reactionary dissoluteness and disbelief, and remains now the basest of popular solders and plasters for every condition of broken law and bruised conscience which interest can provoke, or hypocrisy disguise.

57. With the subsequent quarrels between the two great sects of the corrupted church, about prayers for the Dead, Indulgences to the Living, Papal supremacies, or Popular liberties, no man, woman, or child need trouble themselves in studying the history of Christianity: they are nothing but the squabbles of men, and laughter of fiends among its ruins. The Life, and Gospel, and Power of it, are all written in the mighty works of its true believers: in Normandy and Sicily, on river islets of France and in the river glens of England, on the rocks of Orvieto, and by the sands of Arno. But of all, the simplest, completest, and most authoritative in its lessons to the active mind of North Europe, is this on the foundation stones of Amiens.

58. Believe it or not, reader, as you will: understand only how thoroughly it *was* once believed; and that all beautiful things were made, and all brave deeds done in the strength of

“Bede’s account of the Ayrshire seer’s vision gives Purgatory in words very like Dante’s description of the second stormy circle in Hell; and the angel which ultimately saves the Scotchman from the fiends comes through hell, ‘quasi fulgor stellæ micantis inter tenebras’—‘qual sul presso del mattino Per gli grossi vapor Marte rosseggia.’ Bede’s name was great in the middle ages. Dante meets him in Heaven, and, I like to hope, may have been helped by the vision of my fellow-countryman more than six hundred years before.”

it—until what we may call ‘this present time,’ in which it is gravely asked whether Religion has any effect on morals, by persons who have essentially no idea whatever of the meaning of either Religion or Morality.

Concerning which dispute, this much perhaps you may have the patience finally to read, as the Flèche of Amiens fades in the distance, and your carriage rushes towards the Isle of France, which now exhibits the most admired patterns of European Art, intelligence, and behaviour.

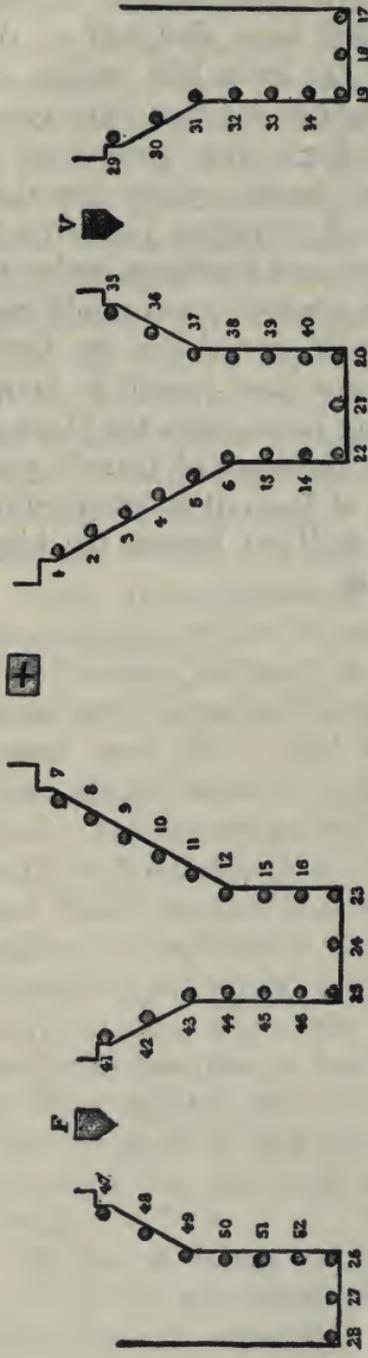
59. All human creatures, in all ages and places of the world, who have had warm affections, common sense, and self-command, have been, and are, Naturally Moral. Human nature in its fulness is necessarily Moral,—without Love, it is inhuman, without sense,* inhuman,—without discipline, inhuman.

In the exact proportion in which men are bred capable of these things, and are educated to love, to think, and to endure, they become noble,—live happily—die calmly: are remembered with perpetual honour by their race, and for the perpetual good of it. All wise men know and have known these things, since the form of man was separated from the dust. The knowledge and enforcement of them have nothing to do with religion: a good and wise man differs from a bad and idiotic one, simply as a good dog from a cur, and as any manner of dog from a wolf or a weasel. And if you are to believe in, or preach without half believing in, a spiritual world or law—only in the hope that whatever you do, or anybody else does, that is foolish or beastly, may be in them and by them mended and patched and pardoned and worked up again as good as new—the less you believe in—and most solemnly, the less you talk about—a spiritual world, the better.

60. But if, loving well the creatures that are like yourself, you feel that you would love still more dearly, creatures better than yourself—were they revealed to you;—if striving with

* I don't mean æsthesis,—but *νόϋς*, if you *must* talk in Greek slang.

all your might to mend what is evil, near you and around, you would fain look for a day when some Judge of all the Earth shall wholly do right, and the little hills rejoice on every side; if, parting with the companions that have given you all the best joy you had on Earth, you desire ever to meet their eyes again and clasp their hands,—where eyes shall no more be dim, nor hands fail;—if, preparing yourselves to lie down beneath the grass in silence and loneliness, seeing no more beauty, and feeling no more gladness—you would care for the promise to you of a time when you should see God's light again, and know the things you have longed to know, and walk in the peace of everlasting Love—*then*, the Hope of these things to you is religion, the Substance of them in your life is Faith. And in the power of them, it is promised us, that the kingdoms of this world shall yet become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.



CHRIST IMMANUEL.

Lion, Dragon,
Vine,

Cockatrice, Adder.
DAVID.

Lily, Rose.

Faith, 1 Courage, PETER, 35 Star King.
Hope, 2 Patience, ANDREW, 36 Star King.
Charity, 3 Gentillesse, JAMES, 37 Star King.
Chastity, 4 Love, JOHN, 38 Herod.
Wisdom, 5 Obedience, MATTH, 39 Solomon.
Humility, 6 Perseverance, SIMON, 40 Queen of Sheba, 34 Simeon.

ISAIAH, 13
JEREMIAH, 14

23 Nahum.
24 Habakkuk.
25 Zephaniah.

20 Obadiah.
21 Jonah.
22 Micah.

17 Hosea.
18 Joel.
19 Amos.

ST. FIRMIN.

41 St. Firmin, Confessor. 7 PAUL, 8
42 St. Domicé. 8 JAMES Bp., 9
43 St. Honoré. 9 PHILIP, 10
44 St. Salve. 10 BARTH., 11
45 St. Quentin. 11 THOMAS, 12
46 St. Ulpha. 12 JUDE, 13
EZEKIEL, 14
DANIEL, 15

26 Haggai.
27 Zechariah.
28 Malachi.

MADONNA.

29 Gabriel.
30 Virgin Annunziata.
31 Virgin Visitant.
32 Elizabeth.
33 Virgin in Presentation.
34 Simeon.

AMIENS.
Plan of West Porches.

APPENDICES.

- I. CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS REFERRED TO IN THE 'BIBLE OF AMIENS.'
- II. REFERENCES EXPLANATORY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING CHAPTER IV.
- III. GENERAL PLAN OF 'OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US.'

APPENDIX I.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS REFERRED TO IN THE 'BIBLE OF AMIENS.'

A. D.	PAGE
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301. St. Firmin comes to Amiens	5
332. St. Martin	15
345. St. Jerome born	75
350. First church at Amiens, over St. Firmin's grave	99
358. Franks defeated by Julian near Strasburg	44
405. St. Jerome's Bible	50
420. St. Jerome dies	78 <i>seq.</i>
421. St. Genevieve born. Venice founded	27
445. Franks cross the Rhine and take Amiens	7
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451. Battle of Chalons. Attila defeated by Aëtius	7
457. Merovée dies. Childeric king at Amiens	8
466. Clovis born	7
476. Roman Empire in Italy ended by Odoacer	8
481. Roman Empire ended in France	9
Clovis crowned at Amiens	8, 27
St. Benedict born.	27
485. Battle of Soissons. Clovis defeats Syagrius.	8, 52
486. Syagrius dies at the court of Alaric	52
489. Battle of Verona. Theodoric defeats Odoacer	54
493. Clovis marries Clotilda.	8
496. Battle of Tolbiac. Clovis defeats the Alemanni	53
Clovis crowned at Rheims by St. Rémy	9
Clovis baptized by St. Rémy	13
508. Battle of Poitiers. Clovis defeats the Visigoths under Alaric. Death of Alaric.	9

APPENDIX II.

REFERENCES EXPLANATORY OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING CHAPTER IV.

THE quatrefoils on the foundation of the west front of Amiens Cathedral, described in the course of the fourth chapter, had never been engraved or photographed in any form accessible to the public until last year, when I commissioned M. Kaltenbacher (6, Passage du Commerce), who had photographed them for M. Viollet le Duc, to obtain negatives of the entire series, with the central pedestal of the Christ.

The proofs are entirely satisfactory to me, and extremely honourable to M. Kaltenbacher's skill: and it is impossible to obtain any more instructive and interesting, in exposition of the manner of central thirteenth-century sculpture.

I directed their setting so that the entire succession of the quatrefoils might be included in eighteen plates; the front and two sides of the pedestal raise their number to twenty-one: the whole, unmounted, sold by my agent Mr. Ward (the negatives being my own property) for four guineas; or separately, each five shillings.

Besides these of my own, I have chosen four general views of the cathedral from M. Kaltenbacher's formerly-taken negatives, which, together with the first-named series, (twenty-five altogether,) will form a complete body of illustrations for the fourth chapter of the 'BIBLE OF AMIENS'; costing in all five guineas, forwarded free by post from Mr. Ward's (2, Church Terrace, Richmond, Surrey). In addition to these, Mr. Ward will supply the photograph of the four scenes from the life of

St. Firmin, mentioned on page 5 of Chapter I.; price five shillings.

For those who do not care to purchase the whole series, I have marked with an asterisk the plates which are especially desirable.

The two following lists will enable readers who possess the plates to refer without difficulty both from the photographs to the text, and from the text to the photographs, which will be found to fall into the following groups:—

Photographs.

- 1-3. THE CENTRAL PEDESTAL.
DAVID.
- 4-7. THE CENTRAL PORCH.
VIRTUES AND VICES.
- 8-9. THE CENTRAL PORCH.
THE MAJOR PROPHETS, WITH
MICAHA AND NAHUM.
- 10-13. THE FAÇADE.
THE MINOR PROPHETS.
- 14-17. THE NORTHERN PORCH.
THE MONTHS AND ZODIACAL SIGNS,
WITH ZEPHANIAH AND HAGGAI.
- 18-21. THE SOUTHERN PORCH.
SCRIPTURAL HISTORY, WITH
OBADIAH AND AMOS.
- 22-25. MISCELLANEOUS.

PART I.

LIST OF PHOTOGRAPHS WITH REFERENCE TO THE QUATRE-FOILS, ETC.

Photographs.

1-3. CENTRAL PEDESTAL. See pp. 109-110, §§ 32-33.

- *1. FRONT David. Lion and Dragon. Vine.
 *2. NORTH SIDE Lily and Cockatrice.
 *3. SOUTH SIDE Rose and Adder.

4-7. CENTRAL PORCH.

Virtues and Vices (pp. 114, 117, §§ 39 & 41).

- | | | | |
|----|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|
| 4. | 1 A. Courage. | 2 A. Patience. | 3 A. Gentillesse. |
| | 1 B. Cowardice. | 2 B. Anger. | 3 B. Churlishness. |
| 5. | 4 A. Love. | 5 A. Obedience. | 6 A. Perseverance. |
| | 4 B. Discord. | 5 B. Rebellion. | 6 B. Atheism. |
| 6. | 9 A. Charity. | 8 A. Hope. | 7 A. Faith. |
| | 9 B. Avarice | 8 B. Despair. | 7 B. Idolatry. |
| 7. | 12 A. Humility. | 11 A. Wisdom. | 10 A. Chastity. |
| | 12 B. Pride. | 11 B. Folly. | 10 B. Lust. |

8-9. CENTRAL PORCH.

The Major Prophets (pp. 114, 121, §§ 39, 42), with
Micah and Nahum (pp. 115, 127, §§ 40, 43).

- | | | | |
|-----|---------|-----------|----------|
| *8. | ISAIAH. | JEREMIAH. | MICAH. |
| | 13 A. | 14 A. | 22 C. |
| | 13 B. | 14 B. | 22 D. |
| 9. | NAHUM. | DANIEL. | EZEKIEL. |
| | 23 A. | 16 A. | 15 A. |
| | 23 B. | 16 B. | 15 B. |

10-13. THE FAÇADE.

The Minor Prophets (pp. 114, 127, §§ 40, 43).

- | | | | |
|------|--------|--------|----------|
| *10. | AMOS. | JOEL. | HOSEA. |
| | 19 A. | 18 A. | 17 A. |
| | 19 B. | 18 B. | 17 B. |
| *11. | MICAH. | JONAH. | OBADIAH. |
| | 22 A. | 21 A. | 20 C. |
| | 22 B. | 21 B. | 20 D. |

Photographs.

*12.	ZEPHANIAH. 25 A. 25 B.	HABAKKUK. 24 A. 24 B.	NAHUM. 23 C. 23 D.
13.	MALACHI. 28 A. 28 B.	ZECHARIAH. 27 A. 27 B.	HAGGAI. 26 C. 26 D.

14-17. THE NORTHERN PORCH.

The Months and Zodiacal Signs (pp. 129-131, § 47),
with *Zephaniah and Haggai* (pp. 115, 127, §§ 40,
43).

	41.	42.	43.	44.
14.	CAPRICORN. December.	AQUARIUS. January.	PISCES. February.	ARIES. March.
	45.	46.		25 C.
15.	TAURUS. April.	GEMINI. May.		ZEPHANIAH. 25 D.
	26 A.	52.		51.
16.	HAGGAI. 26 B.	CANCER. June.		LEO. July.
	50.	49.	48.	47.
17.	VIRGO. August.	LIBRA. September.	SCORPIO. October.	SAGITTARIUS. November.

18-21. THE SOUTHERN PORCH.

Scriptural History (pp. 132-134, § 51), with *Obadiah
and Amos* (pp. 115, 127, §§ 40, 42, 43).

*18.	29 A. Daniel and the stone.	30 A. Gideon and the fleece.	
	29 B. Moses and the burning Bush.	30 B. Moses and Aaron.	
	31 A. The message to Zacharias.	32 A. The silence of Zacharias.	
	31 B. Dream of Joseph.	32 B. "His name is John."	
19.	33 A. The Flight into Egypt.	34 A. The Fall of the Idols.	19 C. Amos.
	33 B. Christ and the Doctors.	34 B. Return to Nazareth.	19 D. Amos.
20.	20 A. Obadiah.	40 A. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The Grace Cup.	39 A. Solomon enthroned.

Photographs.

- | | | |
|--|--|---------------------------------------|
| 20 B. Obadiah. | 40 B. Solomon teaching
the Queen of Sheba.
"God is above." | 39 B. Solomon
in prayer. |
| 21. 38 A. Holy Innocents. | | 37 A. Herod and the Kings. |
| 38 B. Herod orders the Kings'
ship to be burnt. | | 37 B. The burning of the
ship. |
| 36 A. Adoration in Bethle-
hem (?) | | 35 A. The Star in the East. |
| 36 B. The voyage of the
Kings. | | 35 B. The Kings warned in
a dream. |

22-25. MISCELLANEOUS.

*22. THE WESTERN PORCHES.

*23. THE PORCH OF ST. HONORÉ.

24. THE SOUTH TRANSEPT AND FLÈCHE.

25. GENERAL VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE OTHER BANK
OF THE SOMME.PART II.—LIST OF QUATREFOILS WITH REFERENCE TO THE
PHOTOGRAPHS.

Black letter No. in text.	Name of Statue.	Subject of Quatrefoil.	Page and Section where described.	No. of Photo- graph.
	<i>The Apostles.</i>	<i>Virtues and Vices.</i>		
1. ST. PETER	}	A. Courage	p. 114, § 39	} 4
		B. Cowardice	p. 117, § 41	
2. ST. ANDREW	}	A. Patience	p. 114, § 39	} 4
		B. Anger	p. 118, § 41	
3. ST. JAMES	}	A. Gentillesse	" "	} 4
		B. Churlishness	" "	
4. ST. JOHN	}	A. Love	" "	} 4
		B. Discord	p. 114, § 39 p. 118, § 41	
5. ST. MATTHEW	}	A. Obedience.	p. 114, § 39	} 5
		B. Rebellion	p. 118, § 41 p. 119, "	
6. ST. SIMON	}	A. Perseverance.	" "	} 5
		B. Atheism	p. 114, § 39 p. 119, § 41	

Black letter No. in text.	Name of Statue.	Subject of Quatrefoil.	Page and Section where described.	No. of Photo- graph.
7.	ST. PAUL	A. Faith	p. 115, § 39	} 6
		B. Idolatry	p. 119, § 41	
8.	ST. JAMES THE BISHOP	A. Hope	p. 115, § 39	
		B. Despair	p. 119, § 41	
9.	ST. PHILIP	A. Charity	" "	
		B. Avarice	p. 115, § 39 p. 120, § 41	
10.	ST. BARTHOLOMEW	A. Chastity	" "	
		B. Lust	" "	
11.	ST. THOMAS	A. Wisdom	" "	} 7
		B. Folly	" "	
12.	ST. JUDE	A. Humility	p. 115, § 39 p. 121, § 41	
		B. Pride	" "	

The Major Prophets.

13.	ISAIAH	A. The Lord enthroned.	p. 115, § 39	} 8
		B. Lo! this hath touched thy lips	p. 121, § 42	
14.	JEREMIAH	A. The burial of the girdle	p. 115, § 39	
		B. The breaking of the yoke	p. 122, § 42	
15.	EZEKIEL	A. Wheel within wheel.	p. 115, § 39 p. 122, § 42	
		B. Set thy face towards Jerusalem	" "	
16.	DANIEL	A. He hath shut the lions' mouths	" "	} 9
		B. Fingers of a man's hand	p. 115, § 39 p. 122, § 42	

The Minor Prophets.

17.	HOSEA	A. So I bought her to me	p. 116, § 40 p. 122, § 43	} 10
		B. So will I also be for thee	p. 116, § 40 p. 123, § 43	

Black letter No. in text.	Name of Statue.	Subject of Quatrefoil.	Page and Section where described.	No. of Photograph.
18.	JOEL	A. The sun and moon lightless	p. 116, § 40	10
		B. The fig-tree and vine leafless.	p. 123, § 43	
19.	AMOS	Façade	A. The Lord will cry from Zion	19
			B. The habitations of the shepherds.	
		Porch	C. The Lord with the mason's line	p. 116, § 40
			D. The place where it rained not.	p. 123, § 43
20.	OBADIAH	Porch	A. I hid them in a cave	20
			B. He fell on his face.	
		Façade	C. The captain of fifty	11
			D. The messenger.	
21.	JONAH	A. Escaped from the sea	p. 124, § 43	11
		B. Under the gourd	p. 116, § 40	
22.	MICAH	Façade	A. The tower of the Flock.	8
			B. Each shall rest.	
		Porch	C. Swords into ploughshares	p. 116, § 40
			D. Spears into pruning-hooks	p. 124, § 43
23.	NAHUM	Porch	A. None shall look back.	9
			B. The Burden of Nineveh	
		Façade	C. Thy Princes and great ones.	p. 116, § 40
			D. Untimely figs	p. 125, § 43
24.	HABAKKUK	A. I will watch.	" "	12
		B. The ministry to Daniel	" "	
25.	ZEPHANIAH	Façade	A. The Lord strikes Ethiopia	15
			B. The beasts in Nineveh	
		Porch	C. The Lord visits Jerusalem	p. 126, § 43
			D. The Hedgehog and Bittern.	" "
26.	HAGGAI	Porch	A. The houses of the princes.	16
			B. The Heaven stayed from dew.	
		Façade	C. The temple desolate	p. 126, § 43
			D. Thus saith the Lord	" "
			p. 127, "	13

Black letter No. in text.	Name of Statue.	Subject of Quatrefoil.	Page and Section where described.	No. of Photograph.
27.	ZECHARIAH	A. The lifting up of Iniquity B. The angel that spake to me	p. 127, § 43 " "	} 13
28.	MALACHI	A. Ye have wounded the Lord B. This commandment is to you	p. 117, § 40 p. 127, § 43 " "	

SOUTHERN PORCH—to the Virgin.

29.	GABRIEL	A. Daniel and the stone cut without hands B. Moses and the burning bush	p. 133, § 51 " "	} 13
30.	VIRGIN ANNUNCIATE	A. Gideon and the fleece B. Moses and the law . Aaron and his rod	" " " "	
31.	VIRGIN VISITANT	A. The message to Zacharias! B. The dream of Joseph	" " " "	
32.	ST. ELIZABETH	A. The silence of Zacharias B. " His name is John"	" " " "	} 19
33.	VIRGIN IN PRESENTATION	A. Flight into Egypt B. Christ with the Doctors	" " " "	
34.	ST. SIMEON	A. Fall of idols in Egypt B. The Return to Nazareth	" " " "	
35.	THE FIRST KING	A. The Star in the East B. " Warned in a dream"	p. 134, § 51 " "	} 21
36.	THE SECOND KING	A. Adoration in Bethlehem (?) B. The voyage of the Kings	" " " "	
37.	THE THIRD KING	A. Herod inquires of the Kings B. The burning of the ship	" " " "	
38.	HEROD	A. Massacre of the Innocents B. Herod orders the ship to be burnt	" " " "	

Black letter No. in text.	Name of Statue.	Subject of Quatrefoil.	Page and Section where described.	No. of Photograph.
39.	SOLOMON	A. Solomon enthroned	p. 133, § 51	} 20
		B. Solomon in prayer	" "	
40.	QUEEN OF SHEBA	A. The Grace cup	" "	
		B. "God is above"	" "	

NORTHERN PORCH—to *St. Firmin* (p. 127, § 44).

41.	ST. FIRMIN CONFESSOR	A. Capricorn	p. 130, § 47	} 14	
		B. December	" "		
42.	ST. DOMICE	A. Aquarius	" "		
		B. January	" "		
43.	ST. HONORÉ	A. Pisces	" "		
		B. February	" "		
44.	ST. SALVE	A. Aries	" "		
		B. March	" "		
45.	ST. QUENTIN	A. Taurus	" "		} 15
		B. April	" "		
46.	ST. GENTIAN	A. Gemini	" "		
		B. May	" "		
47.	ST. GEOFFROY	A. Sagittarius	p. 131, § 47		
		B. November	" "		
48.	AN ANGEL	A. Scorpio	" "	} 17	
		B. October	" "		
49.	ST. FUSCIEN, MARTYR	A. Libra	" "		
		B. September	" "		
50.	ST. VICTORIC, MARTYR	A. Virgo	" "		
		B. August	" "		
51.	AN ANGEL	A. Leo	p. 130, § 47	} 16	
		B. July	" "		
52.	ST. ULPHA	A. Cancer	" "		
		B. June	" "		

APPENDIX III.

*GENERAL PLAN OF 'OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US:'**

THE first part of 'Our Fathers have told us,' now submitted to the public, is enough to show the proposed character and tendencies of the work, to which, contrary to my usual custom, I now invite subscription, because the degree in which I can increase its usefulness by engraved illustration must greatly depend on the known number of its supporters.

I do not recognize, in the present state of my health, any reason to fear more loss of general power, whether in conception or industry, than is the proper and appointed check of an old man's enthusiasm: of which, however, enough remains in me to warrant my readers against the abandonment of a purpose entertained already for twenty years.

The work, if I live to complete it, will consist of ten parts, each taking up some local division of Christian history, and gathering, towards their close, into united illustration of the power of the Church in the Thirteenth Century.

The present volume completes the first part, descriptive of the early Frank power, and of its final skill, in the Cathedral of Amiens.

The second part, "Ponte della Pietra," will, I hope, do more for Theodoric and Verona than I have been able to do for Clovis and the first capital of France.

The third, "Ara Celi," will trace the foundations of the Papal power.

* Reprinted from the "Advice," issued with Chap. III. (March, 1882).

The fourth, "Ponte-a-Mare," and fifth, "Ponte Vecchio," will only with much difficulty gather into brief form what I have by me of scattered materials respecting Pisa and Florence.

The sixth, "Valle Crucis," will be occupied with the monastic architecture of England and Wales.

The seventh, "The Springs of Eure," will be wholly given to the cathedral of Chartres.

The eighth, "Domrémy," to that of Rouen and the schools of architecture which it represents.

The ninth, "The Bay of Uri," to the Pastoral forms of Catholicism, reaching to our own times.

And the tenth, "The Bells of Cluse," to the pastoral Protestantism of Savoy, Geneva, and the Scottish border.

Each part will consist of four sections only; and one of them, the fourth, will usually be descriptive of some monumental city or cathedral, the resultant and remnant of the religious power examined in the preparatory chapters.

One illustration at least will be given with each chapter, and drawings made for others, which will be placed at once in the Sheffield museum for public reference, and engraved as I find support, or opportunity for binding with the completed work.

As in the instance of Chapter IV. of this first part, a smaller edition of the descriptive chapters will commonly be printed in reduced form for travellers and non-subscribers; but otherwise, I intend this work to be furnished to subscribers only.

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THE END.

THE STORM-CLOUD OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

TWO LECTURES

DELIVERED AT THE LONDON INSTITUTION

FEBRUARY 4TH AND 11TH, 1884.

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PREFACE.

THE following lectures, drawn up under the pressure of more imperative and quite otherwise directed work, contain many passages which stand in need of support, and some, I do not doubt, more or less of correction, which I always prefer to receive openly from the better knowledge of friends, after setting down my own impressions of the matter in clearness as far as they reach, than to guard myself against by submitting my manuscript, before publication, to annotators whose stricture or suggestion I might often feel pain in refusing, yet hesitation in admitting.

But though thus hastily, and to some extent incautiously, thrown into form, the statements in the text are founded on patient and, in all essential particulars, accurately recorded observations of the sky, during fifty years of a life of solitude and leisure; and in all they contain of what may seem to the reader questionable, or astonishing, are guardedly and absolutely true.

In many of the reports given by the daily press, my assertion of radical change, during recent years, in weather aspect was scouted as imaginary, or insane. I am indeed, every day of my yet spared life, more and more grateful that my mind is capable of imaginative vision, and liable to the noble dangers of delusion which separate the speculative intellect of humanity from the dreamless instinct of brutes: but I have been able, during all active work, to use or refuse my power of contemplative imagination, with as easy command of it as a physicist's of his telescope: the times of morbid are just as easily distinguished by me from those of healthy vision, as by men of ordinary faculty, dream from waking; nor is there a single fact stated in the following pages which

I have not verified with a chemist's analysis, and a geometer's precision.

The first lecture is printed, with only addition here and there of an elucidatory word or phrase, precisely as it was given on the 4th February. In repeating it on the 11th, I amplified several passages, and substituted for the concluding one, which had been printed with accuracy in most of the leading journals, some observations which I thought calculated to be of more general interest. To these, with the additions in the first text, I have now prefixed a few explanatory notes, to which numeral references are given in the pages they explain, and have arranged the fragments in connection clear enough to allow of their being read with ease as a second Lecture.

HERNE HILL, 12th March, 1884.

**THE STORM-CLOUD OF THE NINETEENTH
CENTURY.**

THE STORM-CLOUD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

LET me first assure my audience that I have no *arrière pensée* in the title chosen for this lecture. I might, indeed, have meant, and it would have been only too like me to mean, any number of things by such a title;—but, to-night, I mean simply what I have said, and propose to bring to your notice a series of cloud phenomena, which, so far as I can weigh existing evidence, are peculiar to our own times; yet which have not hitherto received any special notice or description from meteorologists.

So far as the existing evidence, I say, of former literature can be interpreted, the storm-cloud—or more accurately plague-cloud, for it is not always stormy—which I am about to describe to you, never was seen but by now living, or *lately* living eyes. It is not yet twenty years that this—I may well call it, wonderful, cloud has been, in its essence, recognizable. There is no description of it, so far as I have read, by any ancient observer. Neither Homer nor Virgil, neither Aristophanes nor Horace, acknowledge any such clouds among those compelled by Jove. Chaucer has no word of them, nor Dante;¹ Milton none, nor Thomson. In modern times, Scott, Wordsworth and Byron are alike unconscious of them; and the most observant and descriptive of scientific men, De Saussure, is utterly silent concerning them. Taking up the traditions of air from the year before Scott's death, I am able, by my own constant and close observation, to certify you that in the forty following years (1831 to 1871 approximately—for the phenomena in ques-

tion came on gradually)—no such clouds as these are, and are now often for months without intermission, were ever seen in the skies of England, France, or Italy.

In those old days, when weather was fine, it was luxuriously fine; when it was bad—it was often abominably bad, but it had its fit of temper and was done with it—it didn't sulk for three months without letting you see the sun,—nor send you one cyclone inside out, every Saturday afternoon, and another outside in, every Monday morning.

In fine weather the sky was either blue or clear in its light; the clouds, either white or golden, adding to, not abating, the luster of the sky. In wet weather, there were two different species of clouds,—those of beneficent rain, which for distinction's sake I will call the non-electric rain-cloud, and those of storm, usually charged highly with electricity. The beneficent rain-cloud was indeed often extremely dull and gray for days together, but gracious nevertheless, felt to be doing good, and often to be delightful after drought; capable also of the most exquisite coloring, under certain conditions;² and continually traversed in clearing by the rainbow:—and, secondly, the storm-cloud, always majestic, often dazzlingly beautiful, and felt also to be beneficent in its own way, affecting the mass of the air with vital agitation, and purging it from the impurity of all morbid elements.

In the entire system of the Firmament, thus seen and understood, there appeared to be, to all the thinkers of those ages, the incontrovertible and unmistakable evidence of a Divine Power in creation, which had fitted, as the air for human breath, so the clouds for human sight and nourishment;—the Father who was in heaven feeding day by day the souls of His children with marvels, and satisfying them with bread, and so filling their hearts with food and gladness.

Their *hearts*, you will observe, it is said, not merely their bellies,—or indeed not at all, in this sense, their bellies—but the heart itself, with its blood for this life, and its faith for the next. The opposition between this idea and the notions of our own time may be more accurately expressed by

modification of the Greek than of the English sentence. The old Greek is—

ἐμπιπλῶν τροφῆς καὶ ἐνφροσύνης
τὰς καρδίας ἡμῶν.

filling with meat, and cheerfulness, our hearts. The modern Greek should be—

ἐμπιπλῶν ἀνέμου καὶ ἀφροσύνης
τὰς γαστέρας ἡμῶν.

filling with wind, and foolishness, our stomachs.

You will not think I waste your time in giving you two cardinal examples of the sort of evidence which the higher forms of literature furnish respecting the cloud-phenomena of former times.

When, in the close of my lecture on landscape last year at Oxford, I spoke of stationary clouds as distinguished from passing ones, some blockheads wrote to the papers to say that clouds never were stationary. Those foolish letters were so far useful in causing a friend to write me the pretty one I am about to read to you, quoting a passage about clouds in Homer which I had myself never noticed, though perhaps the most beautiful of its kind in the Iliad. In the fifth book, after the truce is broken, and the aggressor Trojans are rushing to the onset in a tumult of clamor and charge, Homer says that the Greeks, abiding them “stood like clouds.” My correspondent, giving the passage, writes as follows:—

“SIR,—Last winter when I was at Ajaccio, I was one day reading Homer by the open window, and came upon the lines—

Ἄλλ' ἔμενον, νεφέλησιν εἰκότες ἄσ. τε Κρονίων
Νηνεμῆς ἔστησεν ἐπ' ἀκροπόλοισιν ὄρεσσιν,
Ἄτρεμας, δ' φρ' εὐδῆσι μένος Βορέας καὶ ἄλλων
Ζαχρειῶν ἀνέμων, οἷτε νέφεα σκίοεντα
Πνοιῆσιν λυγυρῆσι διασκιδνάσιν ἀέντες·
' Ὡς Δαναοὶ Τρῶας μένον ἔμπεδον, οὐδ' ἐφέβοντο.

'But they stood, like the clouds which the Son of Kronos stablishes in calm upon the mountains, motionless, when the rage of the North and of all the fiery winds is asleep.' As I finished these lines, I raised my eyes, and looking across the gulf, saw a long line of clouds resting on the top of its hills. The day was windless, and there they stayed, hour after hour, without any stir or motion. I remember how I was delighted at the time, and have often since that day thought on the beauty and the truthfulness of Homer's simile.

"Perhaps this little fact may interest you, at a time when you are attacked for your description of clouds.

"I am, sir, yours faithfully,

"G. B. HILL."

With this bit of noonday from Homer, I will read you a sunset and a sunrise from Byron. That will enough express to you the scope and sweep of all glorious literature, from the orient of Greece herself to the death of the last Englishman who loved her.³ I will read you from 'Sardanapalus' the address of the Chaldean priest Beleses to the sunset, and of the Greek slave, Myrrha, to the morning.

"The sun goes down: methinks he sets more slowly,
 Taking his last look of Assyria's empire.
 How red he glares amongst those deepening clouds,⁴
 Like the blood he predicts.⁵ If not in vain,
 Thou sun that sinkest, and ye stars which rise,
 I have outwatch'd ye, reading ray by ray
 The edicts of your orbs, which make Time tremble
 For what he brings the nations, 't is the furthest
 Hour of Assyria's years. And yet how calm!
 An earthquake should announce so great a fall—
 A summer's sun discloses it. Yon disk
 To the star-read Chaldean, bears upon
 Its everlasting page the end of what
 Seem'd everlasting; but oh! thou TRUE sun!
The burning oracle of all that live,

*As fountain of all life, and symbol of
 Him who bestows it, wherefore dost thou limit
 Thy lore unto calamity? ⁶ Why not
 Unfold the rise of days more worthy thine
 All-glorious burst from ocean? why not dart
 A beam of hope athwart the future years,
 As of wrath to its days? Hear me! oh, hear me!
 I am thy worshiper, thy priest, thy servant—
 I have gazed on thee at thy rise and fall,
 And bow'd my head beneath thy mid-day beams,
 When my eye dared not meet thee. I have watch'd
 For thee, and after thee, and pray'd to thee,
 And sacrificed to thee, and read, and fear'd thee,
 And ask'd of thee, and thou hast answer'd—but
 Only to thus much. While I speak, he sinks—
 Is gone—and leaves his beauty, not his knowledge,
 To the delighted west, which revels in
 Its hues of dying glory. Yet what is
 Death, so it be but glorious? 'T is a sunset;
 And mortals may be happy to resemble
 The gods but in decay."*

Thus the Chaldean priest, to the brightness of the setting sun. Hear now the Greek girl, Myrrha, of his rising.

"The day at last has broken. What a night
 Hath usher'd it! How beautiful in heaven!
 Though varied with a transitory storm,
 More beautiful in that variety:¹
 How hideous upon earth! where peace, and hope,
 And love, and revel, in an hour were trampled
 By human passions to a human chaos,
 Not yet resolved to separate elements:—
 'T is warring still! And can the sun so rise,
 So bright, so rolling back the clouds into
Vapors more lovely than the unclouded sky,
 With golden pinnacles, and snowy mountains,

And billows purpler than the ocean's, making
 In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth,
 So like,—we almost deem it permanent;
 So fleeting,—we can scarcely call it aught
 Beyond a vision, 't is so transiently
 Scatter'd along the eternal vault: and yet
 It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the soul,
 And blends itself into the soul, until
 Sunrise and sunset form the haunted epoch
 Of sorrow and of love."

How often *now*—young maids of London,—do you make *sunrise* the 'haunted epoch' of either?

Thus much, then, of the skies that used to be, and clouds "more lovely than the unclouded sky," and of the temper of their observers. I pass to the account of clouds that *are*, and—I say it with sorrow—of the *distemper* of *their* observers.

But the general division which I have instituted between bad-weather and fair-weather clouds must be more carefully carried out in the sub-species, before we can reason of it farther: and before we begin talk either of the sub-genera and sub-species, or super-genera and super-species of cloud, perhaps we had better define what *every* cloud is, and must be, to begin with.

Every cloud that can be, is thus primarily definable: "Visible vapor of water floating at a certain height in the air." The second clause of this definition, you see, at once implies that there is such a thing as visible vapor of water which does *not* float at a certain height in the air. You are all familiar with one extremely cognizable variety of that sort of vapor—London Particular; but that especial blessing of metropolitan society is only a strongly-developed and highly-seasoned condition of a form of watery vapor which exists just as generally and widely at the bottom of the air, as the clouds do—on what, for convenience' sake, we may call the top of it;—only as yet, thanks to the sagacity of

scientific men, we have got no general name for the bottom cloud, though the whole question of cloud nature begins in this broad fact, that you have one kind of vapor that lies to a certain depth on the ground, and another that floats at a certain height in the sky. Perfectly definite, in both cases, the surface level of the earthly vapor, and the roof level of the heavenly vapor, are each of them drawn within the depth of a fathom. Under *their* line, drawn for the day and for the hour, the clouds will not stoop, and above *theirs*, the mists will not rise. Each in their own region, high or deep, may expatiate at their pleasure; within that, they climb, or decline,—within that they congeal or melt away; but below their assigned horizon the surges of the cloud sea may not sink, and the floods of the mist lagoon may not be swollen.

That is the first idea you have to get well into your minds concerning the abodes of this visible vapor; next, you have to consider the manner of its visibility. Is it, you have to ask, with cloud vapor, as with most other things, that they are seen when they are there, and not seen when they are not there? or has cloud vapor so much of the ghost in it, that it can be visible or invisible as it likes, and may perhaps be all unpleasantly and malignantly there, just as much when we don't see it, as when we do? To which I answer, comfortably and generally, that, on the whole, a cloud is where you see it, and isn't where you don't; that, when there's an evident and honest thunder-cloud in the northeast, you needn't suppose there's a surreptitious and slinking one in the northwest;—when there's a visible fog at Bermondsey, it doesn't follow there's a spiritual one, more than usual, at the West End: and when you get up to the clouds, and can walk into them or out of them, as you like, you find when you're in them they wet your whiskers, or take out your curls, and when you're out of them, they don't; and therefore you may with probability assume—not with certainty, observe, but with probability—that there's more water in the air where it damps your curls than where it doesn't. If it gets much denser than that, it will begin to rain; and

then you may assert, certainly with safety, that there is a shower in one place, and not in another; and not allow the scientific people to tell you that the rain is everywhere, but palpable in Tooley Street, and impalpable in Grosvenor Square.

That, I say, is broadly and comfortably so on the whole,—and yet with this kind of qualification and farther condition in the matter. If you watch the steam coming strongly out of an engine-funnel,⁸—at the top of the funnel it is transparent,—you can't see it, though it is more densely and intensely there than anywhere else. Six inches out of the funnel it becomes snow-white,—you see it, and you see it, observe, exactly where it is,—it is then a real and proper cloud. Twenty yards off the funnel it scatters and melts away; a little of it sprinkles you with rain if you are underneath it, but the rest disappears; yet it is still there;—the surrounding air does not absorb it all into space in a moment; there is a gradually diffusing current of invisible moisture at the end of the visible stream—an invisible, yet quite substantial, vapor; but not, according to our definition, a cloud, for a cloud is vapor *visible*.

Then the next bit of the question, of course, is, What makes the vapor visible, when it is so? Why is the compressed steam transparent, the loose steam white, the dissolved steam transparent again?

The scientific people tell you that the vapor becomes visible, and chilled, as it expands. Many thanks to them; but can they show us any reason why particles of water should be more opaque when they are separated than when they are close together, or give us any idea of the difference of the state of a particle of water, which won't *sink* in the air, from that of one that won't *rise* in it?⁹

And here I must parenthetically give you a little word of, I will venture to say, extremely useful, advice about scientific people in general. Their first business is, of course, to tell you things that are so, and do happen,—as that, if you warm water, it will boil; if you cool it, it will freeze; and if you

put a candle to a cask of gunpowder, it will blow you up. Their second, and far more important business, is to tell you what you had best do under the circumstances,—put the kettle on in time for tea; powder your ice and salt, if you have a mind for ices; and obviate the chance of explosion by not making the gunpowder. But if, beyond this safe and beneficial business, they ever try to *explain* anything to you, you may be confident of one of two things,—either that they know nothing (to speak of) about it, or that they have only seen one side of it—and not only haven't seen, but usually have no mind to see, the other. When, for instance, Professor Tyndall explains the twisted beds of the Jungfrau to you by intimating that the Matterhorn is growing flat;¹⁰ or the clouds on the lee side of the Matterhorn by the wind's rubbing against the windward side of it,¹¹—you may be pretty sure the scientific people don't know much (to speak of) yet, either about rock-beds, or cloud-beds. And even if the explanation, so to call it, be sound on one side, windward or lee, you may, as I said, be nearly certain it won't do on the other. Take the very top and center of scientific interpretation by the greatest of its masters: Newton explained to you—or at least was once supposed to have explained—why an apple fell; but he never thought of explaining the exactly correlative, but infinitely more difficult question, how the apple got up there!

You will not, therefore, so please you, expect me to explain anything to you,—I have come solely and simply to put before you a few facts, which you can't see by candlelight, or in railroad tunnels, but which are making themselves now so very distinctly felt as well as seen, that you may perhaps have to roof, if not wall, half London afresh before we are many years older.

I go back to my point—the way in which clouds, as a matter of fact, become visible. I have defined the floating or sky cloud, and defined the falling, or earth cloud. But there's a sort of thing between the two, which needs a third definition: namely, Mist. In the 22d page of his 'Glaciers of

the Alps,' Professor Tyndall says that "the marvelous blueness of the sky in the earlier part of the day indicated that the air was charged, almost to saturation, with transparent aqueous vapor." Well, in certain weather that is true. You all know the peculiar clearness which precedes rain,—when the distant hills are looking nigh. I take it on trust from the scientific people that there is then a quantity—almost to saturation—of aqueous vapor in the air, but it is aqueous vapor in a state which makes the air more transparent than it would be without it. What state of aqueous molecule is that, absolutely unreflective¹² of light—perfectly transmissive of light, and showing at once the color of blue water and blue air on the distant hills?

I put the question—and pass round to the other side. Such a clearness, though a certain forerunner of rain, is not always its forerunner. Far the contrary. Thick air is a much more frequent forerunner of rain than clear air. In cool weather, you will often get the transparent prophecy: but in hot weather, or in certain not hitherto defined states of atmosphere, the forerunner of rain is mist. In a general way, after you have had two or three days of rain, the air and sky are healthily clear, and the sun bright. If it is hot also, the next day is a little mistier—the next misty and sultry,—and the next and the next, getting thicker and thicker—end in another storm, or period of rain.

I suppose the thick air, as well as the transparent, is in both cases saturated with aqueous vapor;—but also in both, observe, vapor that floats everywhere, as if you mixed mud with the sea; and it takes no shape anywhere: you may have it with calm, or with wind, it makes no difference to it. You have a nasty haze with a bitter east wind, or a nasty haze with not a leaf stirring, and you may have the clear blue vapor with a fresh rainy breeze, or the clear blue vapor as still as the sky above. What difference is there between *these* aqueous molecules that are clear, and those that are muddy, *these* that must sink or rise, and those that must stay where they are, *these* that have form and stature, that are bellied

like whales and backed like weasels, and those that have neither backs nor fronts, nor feet nor faces, but are a mist—and no more—over two or three thousand square miles?

I again leave the questions with you, and pass on.

Hitherto I have spoken of all aqueous vapour as if it were either transparent or white—visible by becoming opaque like snow, but not by any accession of color. But even those of us who are least observant of skies, know that, irrespective of all supervening colors from the sun, there are white clouds, brown clouds, gray clouds, and black clouds. Are these indeed—what they appear to be—entirely distinct monastic disciplines of cloud: Black Friars, and White Friars, and Friars of Orders Gray? Or is it only their various nearness to us, their denseness, and the failing of the light upon them, that makes some clouds look black¹³ and others snowy?

I can only give you qualified and cautious answer. There are, by differences in their own character, Dominican clouds, and there are Franciscan;—there are the Black Hussars of the Bandiera della Morte, and there are the Scots Grays whose horses *can* run upon the rock. But if you ask me, as I would have you ask me, why argent and why sable, how baptized in white like a bride or a novice, and how hooded with blackness like a Judge of the Vehmgericht Tribunal,—I leave these questions with you, and pass on.

Admitting degrees of darkness, we have next to ask what color, from sunshine can the white cloud receive, and what the black?

You won't expect me to tell you all that, or even the little that is accurately known about that, in a quarter of an hour; yet note these main facts on the matter.

On any pure white, and practically opaque, cloud, or thing like a cloud, as an Alp, or Milan Cathedral, you can have cast by rising or setting sunlight, any tints of amber, orange, or moderately deep rose—you can't have lemon yellows, or any kind of green except in negative hue by opposition; and though by stormlight you may sometimes get the reds cast very deep, beyond a certain limit you cannot go,—the Alps

are never vermilion color, nor flamingo color, nor canary color; nor did you ever see a full scarlet cumulus of thunder-cloud.

On opaque white vapor, then, remember, you can get a glow or a blush of color, never a flame of it.

But when the cloud is transparent as well as pure, and can be filled with light through all the body of it, you then can have by the light reflected¹⁴ from its atoms any force conceivable by human mind of the entire group of the golden and ruby colors, from intensely burnished gold color, through a scarlet for whose brightness there are no words, into any depth and any hue of Tyrian crimson and Byzantine purple. These with full blue breathed between them at the zenith, and green blue nearer the horizon, form the scales and chords of color possible to the morning and evening sky in pure and fine weather; the keynote of the opposition being vermilion against green blue, both of equal tone, and at such a height and acme of brilliancy that you cannot see the line where their edges pass into each other.

No colors that can be fixed in earth can ever represent to you the luster of these cloudy ones. But the actual tints may be shown you in a lower key, and to a certain extent their power and relation to each other.

I have painted the diagram here shown you with colors prepared for me lately by Messrs. Newman, which I find brilliant to the height that pigments can be; and the ready kindness of Mr. Wilson Barrett enables me to show you their effect by a white light as pure as that of the day. The diagram is enlarged from my careful sketch of the sunset of 1st October, 1868, at Abbeville, which was a beautiful example of what, in fine weather about to pass into storm, a sunset could then be, in the districts of Kent and Picardy unaffected by smoke. In reality, the ruby and vermilion clouds were, by myriads, more numerous than I have had time to paint: but the general character of their grouping is well enough expressed. All the illumined clouds are high in the air, and nearly motionless; beneath them, electric storm-cloud rises in

a threatening cumulus on the right, and drifts in dark flakes across the horizon, casting from its broken masses radiating shadows on the upper clouds. These shadows are traced, in the first place by making the misty blue of the open sky more transparent, and therefore darker; and secondly, by entirely intercepting the sunbeams on the bars of cloud, which, within the shadowed spaces, show dark on the blue instead of light.

But, mind, all that is done by reflected light—and in that light you never get a *green* ray from the reflecting cloud; there is no such thing in nature as a green lighted cloud relieved from a red sky,—the cloud is always red, and the sky green, and green, observe, by transmitted, not reflected light.

But now note, there is another kind of cloud, pure white, and exquisitely delicate; which acts not by reflecting, nor by refracting, but, as it is now called, *diffracting*, the sun's rays. The particles of this cloud are said—with what truth I know not¹⁵—to send the sunbeams round them instead of through them; somehow or other, at any rate, they resolve them into their prismatic elements; and then you have literally a kaleidoscope in the sky, with every color of the prism in absolute purity; but above all in force, now, the ruby red and the *green*,—with purple, and violet-blue, in a virtual equality, more definite than that of the rainbow. The red in the rainbow is mostly brick red, the violet, though beautiful, often lost at the edge; but in the prismatic cloud the violet, the green, and the ruby are all more lovely than in any precious stones, and they are varied as in a bird's breast, changing their places, depths, and extent at every instant.

The main cause of this change being, that the prismatic cloud itself is always in rapid, and generally in fluctuating motion. "A light veil of clouds had drawn itself," says Professor Tyndall, in describing his solitary ascent of Monte Rosa, "between me and the sun, and this was flooded with the most brilliant dyes. Orange, red, green, blue—all the hues produced by diffraction—were exhibited in the utmost splendor.

"Three times during my ascent (the short ascent of

the last peak) similar veils drew themselves across the sun, and at each passage the splendid phenomena were renewed. There seemed a tendency to form circular zones of color round the sun; but the clouds were not sufficiently uniform to permit of this, and they were consequently broken into spaces, each steeped with the color due to the condition of the cloud at the place."

Three times, you observe, the veil passed, and three times another came, or the first faded and another formed; and so it is always, as far as I have registered prismatic cloud: and the most beautiful colors I ever saw were on those that flew fastest.

This second diagram is enlarged admirably by Mr. Arthur Severn from my sketch of the sky in the afternoon of the 6th of August, 1880, at Brantwood, two hours before sunset. You are looking west by north, straight towards the sun, and nearly straight towards the wind. From the west the wind blows fiercely towards you out of the blue sky. Under the blue space is a flattened dome of earth-cloud clinging to, and altogether masking the form of, the mountain, known as the Old Man of Coniston.

The top of that dome of cloud is two thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, the mountain two thousand six hundred, the cloud lying two hundred feet deep on it. Behind it, westward and seaward, all's clear; but when the wind out of that blue clearness comes over the ridge of the earth-cloud, at that moment and that line, its own moisture congeals into these white—I believe, *ice*-clouds; threads, and meshes, and tresses, and tapestries, flying, failing, melting, reappearing; spinning and unspinning themselves, coiling and uncoiling, winding and unwinding, faster than eye or thought can follow: and through all their dazzling maze of frosty filaments shines a painted window in palpitation; its pulses of color interwoven in motion, intermittent in fire,—emerald and ruby and pale purple and violet melting into a blue that is not of the sky, but of the sunbeam;—purer than the crystal, softer than the rainbow, and brighter than the snow.

But you must please here observe that while my first diagram did with some adequateness represent to you the color facts there spoken of, the present diagram can only *explain*, not reproduce them. The bright reflected colors of clouds *can* be represented in painting, because they are relieved against darker colors, or, in many cases, *are* dark colors, the vermilion and ruby clouds being often much darker than the green or blue sky beyond them. But in the case of the phenomena now under your attention, the colors are all *brighter than pure white*,—the entire body of the cloud in which they show themselves being white by transmitted light, so that I can only show you what the colors are, and where they are,—but leaving them dark on the white ground. Only artificial, and very high illumination would give the real effect of them,—painting cannot.

Enough, however, is here done to fix in your minds the distinction between those two species of cloud,—one, either stationary,¹⁶ or slow in motion, *reflecting unresolved* light; the other, fast-flying, and *transmitting resolved* light. What difference is there in the nature of the atoms, between those two kinds of clouds? I leave the question with you for to-day, merely hinting to you my suspicion that the prismatic cloud is of finely-comminuted water, or ice,¹⁷ instead of aqueous vapor; but the only clue I have to this idea is in the purity of the rainbow formed in frost mist, lying close to water surfaces. Such mist, however, only becomes prismatic as common rain does, when the sun is behind the spectator, while prismatic clouds are, on the contrary, always between the spectator and the sun.

The main reason, however, why I can tell you nothing yet about these colors of diffraction or interference, is that, whenever I try to find anything firm for you to depend on, I am stopped by the quite frightful inaccuracy of the scientific people's terms, which is the consequence of their always trying to write mixed Latin and English, so losing the grace of the one and the sense of the other. And, in this point of the diffraction of light I am stopped dead by their confusion of

idea also, in using the words undulation and vibration as synonyms. "When," says Professor Tyndall, "you are told that the atoms of the sun *vibrate* at different rates, and produce *waves* of different sizes,—your experience of water-waves will enable you to form a tolerably clear notion of what is meant."

'Tolerably clear' !—your toleration must be considerable, then. Do you suppose a water-wave is like a harp-string? Vibration is the movement of a body in a state of tension,—undulation, that of a body absolutely lax. In vibration, not an atom of the body changes its place in relation to another,—in undulation, not an atom of the body remains in the same place with regard to another. In vibration, every particle of the body ignores gravitation, or defies it,—in undulation, every particle of the body is slavishly submitted to it. In undulation, not one wave is like another; in vibration, every pulse is alike. And of undulation itself, there are all manner of visible conditions, which are not true conditions. A flag ripples in the wind, but it does not undulate as the sea does,—for in the sea, the water is taken from the trough to put on to the ridge, but in the flag, though the motion is progressive, the bits of bunting keep their place. You see a field of corn undulating as if it was water,—it is different from the flag, for the ears of corn bow out of their places and return to them,—and yet, it is no more like the undulation of the sea, than the shaking of an aspen leaf in a storm, or the lowering of the lances in a battle.

And the best of the jest is, that after mixing up these two notions in their heads inextricably, the scientific people apply both when neither will fit; and when all undulation known to us presumes weight, and all vibration, impact,—the undulating theory of light is proposed to you concerning a medium which you can neither weigh nor touch!

All *communicable* vibration—of course I mean—and in dead matter: *You* may fall a shivering on your own account, if you like, but you can't get a billiard-ball to fall a shivering on *its* own account.¹⁸

Yet observe that in thus signaling the inaccuracy of the terms in which they are taught, I neither accept, nor assail, the conclusions respecting the oscillatory states of light, heat, and sound, which have resulted from the postulate of an elastic, though impalpable and imponderable ether, possessing the elasticity of air. This only I desire you to mark with attention,—that both light and sound are *sensations* of the animal frame, which remain, and must remain, wholly inexplicable, whatever manner of force, pulse, or palpitation may be instrumental in producing them: nor does any such force *become* light or sound, except in its rencontre with an animal. The leaf hears no murmur in the wind to which it wavers on the branches, nor can the clay discern the vibration by which it is thrilled into a ruby. The Eye and the Ear are the creators alike of the ray and the tone; and the conclusion follows logically from the right conception of their living power,—“He that planted the Ear, shall He not hear? He that formed the Eye, shall not He see?”

For security, therefore, and simplicity of definition of light, you will find no possibility of advancing beyond Plato’s “the power that through the eye manifests color,” but on that definition, you will find, alike by Plato and all great subsequent thinkers, a *moral* Science of Light founded, far and away more important to you than all the physical laws ever learned by vitreous revelation. Concerning which I will refer you to the sixth lecture which I gave at Oxford in 1872, on the relation of Art to the Science of Light (‘The Eagle’s Nest’), reading now only the sentence introducing its subject:—“The ‘Fiat lux’ of creation is therefore, in the deep sense, ‘fiat anima,’ and is as much, when you understand it, the ordering of Intelligence as the ordering of Vision. It is the appointment of change of what had been else only a mechanical effluence from things unseen to things unseeing,—from Stars, that did not shine, to Earth, that did not perceive,—the change, I say, of that blind vibration into the glory of the Sun and Moon for human eyes: so making possible the communication out of the unfathomable truth of

that portion of truth which is good for us, and animating to us, and is set to rule over the day and over the night of our joy and our sorrow.”

Returning now to our subject at the point from which I permitted myself, I trust not without your pardon, to diverge; you may incidentally, but carefully, observe, that the effect of such a sky as that represented in the second diagram, so far as it can be abstracted or conveyed by painting at all, implies the total absence of any pervading warmth of tint, such as artists usually call ‘tone.’ Every tint must be the purest possible, and above all the white. Partly, lest you should think, from my treatment of these two phases of effect, that I am insensible to the quality of tone,—and partly to complete the representation of states of weather undefiled by plague-cloud, yet capable of the most solemn dignity in saddening color, I show you, Diagram 3, the record of an autumn twilight of the year 1845,—sketched while I was changing horses between Verona and Brescia. The distant sky in this drawing is in the glowing calm which is always taken by the great Italian painters for the background of their sacred pictures; a broad field of cloud is advancing upon it overhead, and meeting others enlarging in the distance; these are rain-clouds, which will certainly close over the clear sky, and bring on rain before midnight: but there is no power in them to pollute the sky beyond and above them: they do not darken the air, nor defile it, nor in any way mingle with it; their edges are burnished by the sun like the edges of golden shields, and their advancing march is as deliberate and majestic as the fading of the twilight itself into a darkness full of stars.

These three instances are all I have time to give of the former conditions of serene weather, and of non-electric rain-cloud. But I must yet, to complete the sequence of my subject, show you one example of a good, old-fashioned, healthy, and mighty, storm.

In Diagram 4, Mr. Severn has beautifully enlarged my sketch of a July thunder-cloud of the year 1858, on the Alps

of the Val d'Aosta, seen from Turin, that is to say, some twenty-five or thirty miles distant. You see that no mistake is possible here about what is good weather and what bad, or which is cloud and which is sky; but I show you this sketch especially to give you the scale of heights for such clouds in the atmosphere. These thunder cumuli entirely *hide* the higher Alps. It does not, however, follow that they have buried them, for most of their own aspect of height is owing to the approach of their nearer masses; but at all events, you have cumulus there rising from its base, at about three thousand feet above the plain, to a good ten thousand in the air.

White cirri, in reality parallel, but by perspective radiating, catch the sunshine above, at a height of from fifteen to twenty thousand feet; but the storm on the mountains gathers itself into a full mile's depth of massy cloud,—every fold of it involved with thunder, but every form of it, every action, every color, magnificent:—doing its mighty work in its own hour and its own dominion, nor snatching from you for an instant, nor defiling with a stain, the abiding blue of the transcendent sky, or the fretted silver of its passionless clouds.

We so rarely now see cumulus cloud of this grand kind, that I will yet delay you by reading the description of its nearer aspect, in the 'Eagle's Nest.'

“The rain which flooded our fields the Sunday before last, was followed, as you will remember, by bright days, of which Tuesday the 20th (February, 1872) was, in London, notable for the splendor, towards the afternoon, of its white cumulus clouds. There has been so much black east wind lately, and so much fog and artificial gloom, besides, that I find it is actually some two years since I last saw a noble cumulus cloud under full light. I chanced to be standing under the Victoria Tower at Westminster, when the largest mass of them floated past, that day, from the northwest; and I was more impressed than ever yet by the awfulness of the cloud-form, and its unaccountableness, in the present state of our

knowledge. The Victoria Tower, seen against it, had no magnitude: it was like looking at Mont Blanc over a lamp-post. The domes of cloud-snow were heaped as definitely: their broken flanks were as gray and firm as rocks, and the whole mountain, of a compass and height in heaven which only became more and more inconceivable as the eye strove to ascend it, was passing behind the tower with a steady march, whose swiftness must in reality have been that of a tempest: yet, along all the ravines of vapor, precipice kept pace with precipice, and not one thrust another.

“What is it that hews them out? Why is the blue sky pure there,—the cloud solid here; and edged like marble: and why does the state of the blue sky pass into the state of cloud, in that calm advance?”

“It is true that you can more or less imitate the forms of cloud with explosive vapor or steam; but the steam melts instantly, and the explosive vapor dissipates itself. The cloud, of perfect form, proceeds unchanged. It is not an explosion, but an enduring and advancing presence. The more you think of it, the less explicable it will become to you.”

Thus far then of clouds that were once familiar; now at last, entering on my immediate subject, I shall best introduce it to you by reading an entry in my diary which gives progressive description of the most gentle aspect of the modern plague-cloud.

“*Bolton Abbey, 4th July, 1875.*”

Half-past eight, morning; the first bright morning for the last fortnight.

At half-past five it was entirely clear, and entirely calm; the moorlands glowing, and the Wharfe glittering in sacred light, and even the thin-stemmed field-flowers quiet as stars, in the peace in which—

“All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more do move, nor steir.’”

But, an hour ago, the leaves at my window first shook slightly. They are now trembling *continuously*, as those of all the trees, under a gradually rising wind, of which the tremulous action scarcely permits the direction to be defined, —but which falls and returns in fits of varying force, like those which precede a thunderstorm—never wholly ceasing: the direction of its upper current is shown by a few ragged white clouds, moving fast from the north, which rose, at the time of the first leaf-shaking, behind the edge of the moors in the east.

This wind is the plague-wind of the eighth decade of years in the nineteenth century; a period which will assuredly be recognized in future meteorological history as one of phenomena hitherto unrecorded in the courses of nature, and characterized pre-eminently by the almost ceaseless action of this calamitous wind. While I have been writing these sentences, the white clouds above specified have increased to twice the size they had when I began to write; and in about two hours from this time—say by eleven o'clock, if the wind continue,—the whole sky will be dark with them, as it was yesterday, and has been through prolonged periods during the last five years. I first noticed the definite character of this wind, and of the clouds it brings with it, in the year 1871, describing it then in the July number of 'Fors Clavigera'; but little, at that time, apprehending either its universality, or any probability of its annual continuance. I am able now to state positively that its range of power extends from the North of England to Sicily; and that it blows more or less during the whole of the year, except the early autumn. This autumnal abdication is, I hope, beginning: it blew but feebly yesterday, though without intermission, from the north, making every shady place cold, while the sun was burning; its effect on the sky being only to dim the blue of it between masses of ragged cumulus. To-day it has entirely fallen; and there seems hope of bright weather, the first for me since the end of May, when I had two fine days at Aylesbury; the third, May 28th, being black again from morning to evening.

There seems to be some reference to the blackness caused by the prevalence of this wind in the old French name of Bise, 'gray wind'; and, indeed, one of the darkest and bitterest days of it I ever saw was at Vevay in 1872."

The first time I recognized the clouds brought by the plague-wind as distinct in character was in walking back from Oxford, after a hard day's work, to Abingdon, in the early spring of 1871: it would take too long to give you any account this evening of the particulars which drew my attention to them; but during the following months I had too frequent opportunities of verifying my first thoughts of them, and on the first of July in that year wrote the description of them which begins the 'Fors Clavigera' of August, thus:—

"It is the first of July, and I sit down to write by the dimmest light that ever yet I wrote by; namely, the light of this midsummer morning, in mid-England, (Matlock, Derbyshire), in the year 1871.

"For the sky is covered with gray cloud;—not rain-cloud, but a dry black veil, which no ray of sunshine can pierce; partly diffused in mist, feeble mist, enough to make distant objects unintelligible, yet without any substance, or wreathing, or color of its own. And everywhere the leaves of the trees are shaking fitfully, as they do before a thunder-storm; only not violently, but enough to show the passing to and fro of a strange, bitter, blighting wind. Dismal enough, had it been the first morning of its kind that summer had sent. But during all this spring, in London, and at Oxford, through meager March, through changelessly sullen April, through despondent May, and darkened June, morning after morning has come gray-shrouded thus.

"And it is a new thing to me, and a very dreadful one. I am fifty years old, and more; and since I was five, have gleaned the best hours of my life in the sun of spring and summer mornings; and I never saw such as these, till now.

"And the scientific men are busy as ants, examining the sun, and the moon, and the seven stars, and can tell me all

about *them*, I believe, by this time; and how they move, and what they are made of.

“And I do not care, for my part, two copper spangles how they move, nor what they are made of. I can’t move them any other way than they go, nor make them of anything else, better than they are made. But I would care much and give much, if I could be told where this bitter wind comes from, and what *it* is made of.

“For, perhaps, with forethought, and fine laboratory science, one might make it of something else.

“It looks partly as if it were made of poisonous smoke; very possibly it may be: there are at least two hundred furnace chimneys in a square of two miles on every side of me. But mere smoke would not blow to and fro in that wild way. It looks more to me as if it were made of dead men’s souls—such of them as are not gone yet where they have to go, and may be flitting hither and thither, doubting, themselves, of the fittest place for them.

“You know, if there *are* such things as souls, and if ever any of them haunt places where they have been hurt, there must be many about us, just now, displeased enough!”

The last sentence refers of course to the battles of the Franco-German campaign, which was especially horrible to me, in its digging, as the Germans should have known, a moat flooded with waters of death between the two nations for a century to come.

Since that Midsummer day, my attention, however otherwise occupied, has never relaxed in its record of the phenomena characteristic of the plague-wind; and I now define for you, as briefly as possible, the essential signs of it.

1. It is a wind of darkness,—all the former conditions of tormenting winds, whether from the north or east were more or less capable of co-existing with sunlight, and often with steady and bright sunlight; but whenever, and wherever the plague-wind blows, be it but for ten minutes, the sky is darkened instantly.

2. It is a malignant *quality* of wind, unconnected with

any one quarter of the compass; it blows indifferently from all, attaching its own bitterness and malice to the worst characters of the proper winds of each quarter. It will blow either with drenching rain, or dry rage, from the south,—with ruinous blasts from the west,—with bitterest chills from the north,—and with venomous blight from the east.

Its own favorite quarter, however, is the southwest, so that it is distinguished in its malignity equally from the Bise of Provence, which is a north wind always, and from our own old friend, the east.

3. It always blows *tremulously*, making the leaves of the trees shudder as if they were all aspens, but with a peculiar fitfulness which gives them—and I watch them this moment as I write—an expression of anger as well as of fear and distress. You may see the kind of quivering, and hear the ominous whimpering, in the gusts that precede a great thunder-storm; but plague-wind is more panic-struck, and feverish; and its sound is a hiss instead of a wail.

When I was last at Avallon, in South France, I went to see 'Faust' played at the little country theater: it was done with scarcely any means of pictorial effect, except a few old curtains, and a blue light or two. But the night on the Brocken was nevertheless extremely appalling to me,—a strange ghastliness being obtained in some of the witch scenes merely by fine management of gesture and drapery; and in the phantom scenes, by the half-palsied, half-furious, faltering or fluttering past of phantoms stumbling as into graves; as if of not only soulless, but senseless, Dead, moving with the very action, the rage, the decrepitude, and the trembling of the plague-wind.

4. Not only tremulous at every moment, it is also *intermittent* with a rapidity quite unexampled in former weather. There are, indeed, days—and weeks, on which it blows without cessation, and is as inevitable as the Gulf Stream; but also there are days when it is contending with healthy weather, and on such days it will remit for half an hour, and the sun will begin to show itself, and then the wind

will come back and cover the whole sky with clouds in ten minutes; and so on, every half-hour, through the whole day; so that it is often impossible to go on with any kind of drawing in color, the light being never for two seconds the same from morning till evening.

5. It degrades, while it intensifies, ordinary storm; but before I read you any description of its efforts in this kind, I must correct an impression which has got abroad through the papers, that I speak as if the plague-wind blew now always, and there were no more any natural weather. On the contrary, the winter of 1878-9 was one of the most healthy and lovely I ever saw ice in;—Coniston lake shone under the calm clear frost in one marble field, as strong as the floor of Milan Cathedral, half a mile across and four miles down; and the first entries in my diary which I read you shall be from the 22d to 26th June, 1876, of perfectly lovely and natural weather.

“*Sunday, 25th June, 1876.*”

Yesterday, an entirely glorious sunset, unmatched in beauty since that at Abbeville,—deep scarlet, and purest rose, on purple gray, in bars; and stationary, plummy, sweeping filaments above in upper sky, like ‘*using up the brush,*’ said Joanie; remaining in glory, every moment best, changing from one good into another, (but only in color or light—*form steady,*) for half an hour full, and the clouds afterwards fading into the gray against amber twilight, *stationary in the same form for about two hours*, at least. The darkening rose tint remained till half-past ten, the grand time being at nine.

The day had been fine,—exquisite green light on afternoon hills.

“*Monday, 26th June, 1876.*”

Yesterday an entirely perfect summer light on the Old Man; Lancaster Bay all clear; Ingleborough and the great Pennine fault as on a map. Divine beauty of western color on thyme and rose,—then twilight of clearest *warm* amber

far into night, of *pale* amber all night long; hills dark-clear against it.

And so it continued, only growing more intense in blue and sunlight, all day. After breakfast, I came in from the well under strawberry bed, to say I had never seen anything like it, so pure or intense, in Italy; and so it went glowing on, cloudless, with soft north wind, all day.

16th July.

The sunset almost too bright *through the blinds* for me to read Humboldt at tea by,—finally, new moon like a lime-light, reflected on breeze-struck water; traces, across dark calm, of reflected hills.”

These extracts are, I hope, enough to guard you against the absurdity of supposing that it all only means that I am myself soured, or doting, in my old age, and always in an ill humor. Depend upon it, when old men are worth anything, they are better humored than young ones; and have learned to see what good there is, and pleasantness, in the world they are likely so soon to have orders to quit.

Now then—take the following sequences of accurate description of thunderstorm, *with* plague-wind.

“22d June, 1876.

Thunderstorm; pitch dark, with no *blackness*,—but deep, high, *filthiness* of lurid, yet not sublimely lurid, smoke-cloud; dense manufacturing mist; fearful squalls of shivery wind, making Mr. Severn’s sail quiver like a man in a fever fit—all about four, afternoon—but only two or three claps of thunder, and feeble, though near, flashes. I never saw such a dirty, weak, foul storm. It cleared suddenly, after raining all afternoon, at half-past eight to nine, into pure, natural weather,—low rain-clouds on quite clear, green, wet hills.

Brantwood, 13th August, 1879.

The most terrific and horrible thunderstorm, this morning, I ever remember. It waked me at six, or a little before—then rolling incessantly, like railway luggage trains, quite

ghastly in its mockery of them—the air one loathsome mass of sultry and foul fog, like smoke; scarcely raining at all, but increasing to heavier rollings, with flashes quivering vaguely through all the air, and at last terrific double streams of reddish-violet fire, not forked or zigzag, but rippled rivulets—two at the same instant some twenty to thirty degrees apart, and lasting on the eye at least half a second, with grand artillery-peals following; not rattling crashes, or irregular cracklings, but delivered volleys. It lasted an hour, then passed off, clearing a little, without rain to speak of,—not a glimpse of blue,—and now, half-past seven, seems settling down again into Manchester devil's darkness.

Quarter to eight, morning.—Thunder returned, all the air collapsed into one black fog, the hills invisible, and scarcely visible the opposite shore; heavy rain in short fits, and frequent, though less formidable, flashes, and shorter thunder. While I have written this sentence the cloud has again dissolved itself, like a nasty solution in a bottle, with miraculous and unnatural rapidity, and the hills are in sight again; a double-forked flash—rippled, I mean, like the others—starts into its frightful ladder of light between me and Wetherlam, as I raise my eyes. All black above, a rugged spray cloud on the Eaglet. (The 'Eaglet' is my own name for the bold and elevated crag to the west of the little lake above Coniston mines. It had no name among the country people, and is one of the most conspicuous features of the mountain chain, as seen from Brantwood.)

Half-past eight.—Three times light and three times dark since last I wrote, and the darkness seeming each time as it settles more loathsome, at last stopping my reading in mere blindness. One lurid gleam of white cumulus in upper lead-blue sky, seen for half a minute through the sulphurous chimney-pot vomit of blackguardly cloud beneath, where its rags were thinnest.

Thursday, 22d Feb. 1883.

Yesterday a fearfully dark mist all afternoon, with steady, south plague-wind of the bitterest, nastiest, poisonous blight,

and fretful flutter. I could scarcely stay in the wood for the horror of it. To-day, really rather bright blue, and bright semi-cumuli, with the frantic Old Man blowing sheaves of lancets and chisels across the lake—not in strength enough, or whirl enough, to raise it in spray, but tracing every squall's outline in black on the silver gray waves, and whistling meanly, and as if on a flute made of a file.

Sunday, 17th August, 1879.

Raining in foul drizzle, slow and steady; sky pitch-dark, and I just get a little light by sitting in the bow-window; diabolic clouds over everything: and looking over my kitchen garden yesterday, I found it one miserable mass of weeds gone to seed, the roses in the higher garden putrefied into brown sponges, feeling like dead snails; and the half-ripe strawberries all rotten at the stalks."

6. And now I come to the most important sign of the plague-wind and the plague-cloud: that in bringing on their peculiar darkness, they *blanch* the sun instead of reddening it. And here I must note briefly to you the uselessness of observation by instruments, or machines, instead of eyes. In the first year when I had begun to notice the specialty of the plague-wind, I went of course to the Oxford observatory to consult its registrars. They have their anemometer always on the twirl, and can tell you the force, or at least the pace, of a gale,¹⁹ by day or night. But the anemometer can only record for you how often it has been driven round, not at all whether it went round *steadily*, or went round *trembling*. And on that point depends the entire question whether it is a plague breeze or a healthy one: and what's the use of telling you whether the wind's strong or not, when it can't tell you whether it's a strong medicine, or a strong poison?

But again—you have your *sun-measure*, and can tell exactly at any moment how strong, or how weak, or how wanting, the sun is. But the sun-measurer can't tell you whether the rays are stopped by a dense *shallow* cloud, or a thin *deep* one. In healthy weather, the sun is hidden behind a cloud, as

it is behind a tree; and, when the cloud is past, it comes out again, as bright as before. But in plague-wind, the sun is choked out of the whole heaven, all day long, by a cloud which may be a thousand miles square and five miles deep.

And yet observe: that thin, scraggy, filthy, mangy, miserable cloud, for all the depth of it, can't turn the sun red, as a good, business-like fog does with a hundred feet or so of itself. By the plague-wind every breath of air you draw is polluted, half round the world; in a London fog the air itself is pure, though you choose to mix up dirt with it, and choke yourself with your own nastiness.

Now I'm going to show you a diagram of a sunset in entirely pure weather, above London smoke. I saw it and sketched it from my old post of observation—the top garret of my father's house at Herne Hill. There, when the wind is south, we are outside of the smoke and above it; and this diagram, admirably enlarged from my own drawing by my, now in all things best aide-de-camp, Mr. Collingwood, shows you an old-fashioned sunset—the sort of thing Turner and I used to have to look at,—(nobody else ever would) constantly. Every sunset and every dawn, in fine weather, had something of the sort to show us. This is one of the last pure sunsets I ever saw, about the year 1876,—and the point I want you to note in it is, that the air being pure, the smoke on the horizon, though at last it hides the sun, yet hides it through gold and vermilion. Now, don't go away fancying there's any exaggeration in that study. The *prismatic* colors, I told you, were simply impossible to paint; these, which are transmitted colors, can indeed be suggested, but no more. The brightest pigment we have would look dim beside the truth.

I should have liked to have blotted down for you a bit of plague-cloud to put beside this; but Heaven knows, you can see enough of it nowadays without any trouble of mine; and if you want, in a hurry, to see what the sun looks like through it, you've only to throw a bad half-crown into a basin of soap and water.

Blanched Sun,—blighted grass,—blinded man.—If, in conclusion, you ask me for any conceivable cause or meaning of these things—I can tell you none, according to your modern beliefs; but I can tell you what meaning it would have borne to the men of old time. Remember, for the last twenty years, England, and all foreign nations, either tempting her, or following her, have blasphemed²⁰ the name of God deliberately and openly; and have done iniquity by proclamation, every man doing as much injustice to his brother as it is in his power to do. Of states in such moral gloom every seer of old predicted the physical gloom, saying, “The light shall be darkened in the heavens thereof, and the stars shall withdraw their shining.” All Greek, all Christian, all Jewish prophecy insists on the same truth through a thousand myths; but of all the chief, to former thought, was the fable of the Jewish warrior and prophet, for whom the sun hastened not to go down, with which I leave you to compare at leisure the physical result of your own wars and prophecies, as declared by your own elect journal not fourteen days ago,—that the Empire of England, on which formerly the sun never set, has become one on which he never rises.

What is best to be done, do you ask me? The answer is plain. Whether you can affect the signs of the sky or not, you *can* the signs of the times. Whether you can bring the *sun* back or not, you can assuredly bring back your own cheerfulness, and your own honesty. You may not be able to say to the winds, “Peace; be still,” but you can cease from the insolence of your own lips, and the troubling of your own passions. And all *that* it would be extremely well to do, even though the day *were* coming when the sun should be as darkness, and the moon as blood. But, the paths of rectitude and piety once regained, who shall say that the promise of old time would not be found to hold for us also?—“Bring ye all the tithes into my storehouse, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord God, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”

LECTURE II.

March 11th, 1884.

IT was impossible for me, this spring, to prepare, as I wished to have done, two lectures for the London Institution: but finding its members more interested in the subject chosen than I had anticipated, I enlarged my lecture at its second reading by some explanations and parentheses, partly represented, and partly farther developed, in the following notes; which led me on, however, as I arranged them, into branches of the subject untouched in the former lecture, and it seems to me of no inferior interest.

1. The vapor over the pool of Anger in the 'Inferno,' the clogging stench which rises from Caina, and the fog of the circle of Anger in the 'Purgatorio' resemble, indeed, the cloud of the Plague-wind very closely,—but are conceived only as supernatural. The reader will no doubt observe, throughout the following lecture, my own habit of speaking of beautiful things as 'natural,' and of ugly ones as 'unnatural.' In the conception of recent philosophy, the world is one Kosmos in which diphtheria is held to be as natural as song, and cholera as digestion. To my own mind, and the more distinctly the more I see, know, and feel, the Earth, as prepared for the abode of man, appears distinctly ruled by agencies of health and disease, of which the first may be aided by his industry, prudence, and piety; while the destroying laws are allowed to prevail against him, in the degree in which he allows himself in idleness, folly, and vice. Had the point been distinctly indicated where the degrees of adversity necessary for his discipline pass into those intended for his punishment, the world would have been put under a manifest theocracy; but the declaration of the principle is at least distinct enough to have convinced all sensitive and earnest persons, from the beginning of speculation in the eyes

and mind of Man: and it has been put in my power by one of the singular chances which have always helped me in my work when it was in the right direction, to present to the University of Oxford the most distinct expression of this first principle of mediæval Theology which, so far as I know, exists in fifteenth-century art. It is one of the drawings of the Florentine book which I bought for a thousand pounds, against the British Museum, some ten or twelve years since; being a compendium of classic and mediæval religious symbolism. In the two pages of it, forming one picture, given to Oxford, the delivery of the Law on Sinai is represented on the left hand, (*contrary to the Scriptural narrative*, but in deeper expression of the benediction of the Sacred Law to all nations,) as in the midst of bright and calm light, the figure of the Deity being supported by luminous and level clouds, and attended by happy angels: while opposite, on the right hand, the worship of the Golden Calf is symbolized by a single decorated pillar, with the calf on its summit, surrounded by the clouds and darkness of a furious storm, issuing from the mouths of fiends;—uprooting the trees, and throwing down the rocks, above the broken tables of the Law, of which the fragments lie in the foreground.

2. These conditions are mainly in the arrangement of the lower rain-clouds in flakes thin and detached enough to be illuminated by early or late sunbeams: their textures are then more softly blended than those of the upper cirri, and have the qualities of painted, instead of burnished or inflamed, color.

They were thus described in the 4th chapter of the 7th part of 'Modern Painters':—

“Often in our English mornings, the rain-clouds in the dawn form soft level fields, which melt imperceptibly into the blue; or when of less extent, gather into apparent bars, crossing the sheets of broader cloud above; and all these bathed throughout in an unspeakable light of pure rose-color, and purple, and amber, and blue, not shining, but misty-soft, the barred masses, when seen nearer, found to be woven

in tresses of cloud, like floss silk, looking as if each knot were a little swathe or sheaf of lighted rain.

“No clouds form such skies, none are so tender, various, inimitable; Turner himself never caught them. Correggio, putting out his whole strength, could have painted them,—no other man.”

3. I did not, in writing this sentence, forget Mr. Gladstone's finely scholastic enthusiasm for Homer; nor Mr. Newton's for Athenian—(I wish it had not been also for Halicarnassian) sculpture. But Byron loved Greece herself—through her death—and *to* his own; while the subsequent refusal of England to give Greece one of our own princes for a king, has always been held by me the most ignoble, cowardly, and lamentable, of all our base commercial *im*-policies.

4. ‘Deepening’ clouds.—Byron never uses an epithet vainly,—he is the most accurate, and therefore the most powerful, of all modern describers. The deepening of the cloud is essentially necessary to the redness of the orb. Ordinary observers are continually unaware of this fact, and imagine that a red sun can be darker than the sky round it! Thus Mr. Gould, though a professed naturalist, and passing most of his life in the open air, over and over again, in his ‘British Birds,’ draws the setting sun dark on the sky!

5. ‘Like the blood he predicts.’—The astrological power of the planet Mars was of course ascribed to it in the same connection with its red color. The reader may be interested to see the notice, in ‘Modern Painters,’ of Turner's constant use of the same symbol; partly an expression of his own personal feeling, partly, the employment of a symbolic language known to all careful readers of solar and stellar tradition.

“He was very definitely in the habit of indicating the association of any subject with circumstances of death, especially the death of multitudes, by placing it under one of his most deeply *crimsoned* sunset skies.

“The color of blood is thus plainly taken for the leading tone in the storm-clouds above the ‘Slave-ship.’ It occurs with similar distinctness in the much earlier picture of ‘Ulysses and Polypheme,’ in that of ‘Napoleon at St. Helena,’ and, subdued by softer hues, in the ‘Old Téméraire.’

“The sky of this Goldau is, in its scarlet and crimson, the deepest in tone of all that I know in Turner’s drawings.

“Another feeling, traceable in several of his former works, is an acute sense of the contrast between the careless interests and idle pleasures of daily life, and the state of those whose time for labor, or knowledge, or delight, is passed forever. There is evidence of this feeling in the introduction of the boys at play in the churchyard of Kirkby Lonsdale, and the boy climbing for his kite among the thickets above the little mountain churchyard of Brignal-bank; it is in the same tone of thought that he has placed here the two figures fishing, leaning against these shattered flanks of rock,—the sepulchral stones of the great mountain Field of Death.”

6. ‘Thy lore unto calamity.’—It is, I believe, recognized by all who have in any degree become interested in the traditions of Chaldean astrology, that its warnings were distinct,—its promises deceitful. Horace thus warns Leuconoe against reading the Babylonian numbers to learn the time of her death,—he does not imply their promise of previous happiness; and the continually deceptive character of the Delphic oracle itself, tempted always rather to fatal than to fortunate conduct, unless the inquirer were more than wise in his reading. Byron gathers into the bitter question all the sorrow of former superstition, while in the lines italicized, just above, he sums in the briefest and plainest English, all that we yet know, or may wisely think, about the Sun. It is the ‘*Burning oracle*’ (other oracles there are by sound, or feeling, but this by fire) of all that lives; the only means of our accurate knowledge of the things round us, and that affect our lives: it is the *fountain* of all life,—Byron does not say the *origin*;—the origin of life would be the origin of

the sun itself; but it is the visible *source* of vital energy, as the spring is of a stream, though the origin is the sea. "And symbol of Him who bestows it."—This the sun has always been, to every one who believes there is a bestower; and a symbol so perfect and beautiful that it may also be thought of as partly an apocalypse.

7. 'More beautiful in that variety.'—This line, with the one italicized beneath, expresses in Myrrha's mind, the feeling which I said, in the outset, every thoughtful watcher of heaven necessarily had in those old days; whereas now, the variety is for the most part, only in modes of disagreeableness; and the vapor, instead of adding light to the unclouded sky, takes away the aspect and destroys the functions of sky altogether.

8. 'Steam out of an engine funnel.'—Compare the sixth paragraph of Professor Tyndall's 'Forms of Water,' and the following seventh one, in which the phenomenon of transparent steam becoming opaque is thus explained. "Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of water dust of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called a cloud."

But the author does not tell us, in the first place, what is the shape or nature of a 'bit of steam,' nor, in the second place, how the contraction of the individual bits of steam is effected without any diminution of the whole mass of them, but on the contrary, during its steady *expansion*; in the third place he assumes that the particles of water dust are solid, not vesicular, which is not yet ascertained; in the fourth place, he does not tell us how their number and size are related to the quantity of invisible moisture in the air; in the fifth place, he does not tell us how cool invisible moisture differs from hot invisible moisture; and in the sixth, he does not tell us why the cool visible moisture stays while the hot visible moisture melts away. So much for the present state of 'scientific' information, or at least communicativeness, on the first and simplest conditions of the problem before us!

In its wider range that problem embraces the total mystery of volatile power in substance; and of the visible states consequent on sudden—and presumably, therefore, imperfect—vaporization; as the smoke of frankincense, or the sacred fume of modern devotion which now fills the inhabited world, as that of the rose and violet its deserts. What,—it would be useful to know, is the actual bulk of an atom of orange perfume?—what of one of vaporized tobacco, or gunpowder?—and where do *these* artificial vapors fall back in beneficent rain? or through what areas of atmosphere exist, as invisible, though perhaps not innocuous, cloud?

All these questions were put, closely and precisely, four-and-twenty years ago, in the 1st chapter of the 7th part of 'Modern Painters,' paragraphs 4 to 9, of which I can here allow space only for the last, which expresses the final difficulties of the matter better than anything said in this lecture:—

“ But farther: these questions of volatility, and visibility, and hue, are all complicated with those of shape. How is a cloud outlined? Granted whatever you choose to ask, concerning its material, or its aspect, its loftiness and luminousness,—how of its limitation? What hews it into a heap, or spins it into a web? Cold is usually shapeless, I suppose, extending over large spaces equally, or with gradual diminution. You cannot have in the open air, angles, and wedges, and coils, and cliffs, of cold. Yet the vapor stops suddenly, sharp and steep as a rock, or thrusts itself across the gates of heaven in likeness of a brazen bar; or braids itself in and out, and across and across, like a tissue of tapestry; or falls into ripples, like sand; or into waving shreds and tongues, as fire. On what anvils and wheels is the vapor pointed, twisted, hammered, whirled, as the potter's clay? By what hands is the incense of the sea built up into domes of marble? ”

9. The opposed conditions of the higher and lower orders of cloud, with the balanced intermediate one, are beautifully seen on mountain summits of rock or earth. On snowy ones

they are far more complex: but on rock summits there are three distinct forms of attached cloud in serene weather; the first that of cloud veil laid over them, and *falling* in folds through their ravines, (the obliquely descending clouds of the entering chorus in Aristophanes); secondly, the ascending cloud, which develops itself loosely and independently as it rises, and does not attach itself to the hillside, while the falling veil cloud clings to it close all the way down;—and lastly the throned cloud, which rests indeed on the mountain summit, with its base, but rises high above into the sky, continually changing its outlines, but holding its seat perhaps all day long.

These three forms of cloud belong exclusively to calm weather; attached drift cloud, (see Note 11) can only be formed in the wind.

10. 'Glaciers of the Alps,' page 10.—“Let a pound weight be placed upon a cube of granite” (size of supposed cube not mentioned), “the cube is flattened, though in an infinitesimal degree. Let the weight be removed, the cube remains a little flattened. Let us call the cube thus flattened No. 1. Starting with No. 1 as a new mass, let the pound weight be laid upon it. We have a more flattened mass, No. 2. . . . Apply this to squeezed rocks, to those, for example, which form the base of an obelisk like the Matterhorn,—the conclusion seems inevitable *that the mountain is sinking by its own weight,*” etc., etc. Similarly the Nelson statue must be gradually flattening the Nelson column,—and in time Cleopatra's needle will be as flat as her pincushion?

11. 'Glaciers of the Alps,' page 146.—“The sun was near the western horizon, and I remained alone upon the Grat to see his last beams illuminate the mountains, which, with one exception, were without a trace of cloud.

“This exception was the Matterhorn, the appearance of which was extremely instructive. The obelisk appeared to be divided in two halves by a vertical line, drawn from its summit half-way down, to the windward of which we had the

bare cliffs of the mountain; and to the left of it a cloud which appeared to cling tenaciously to the rocks.

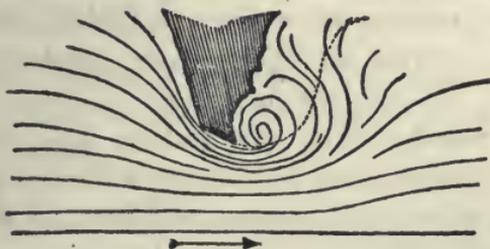
“In reality, however, there was no clinging; the condensed vapor incessantly got away, but it was ever renewed, and thus a river of cloud had been sent from the mountain over the valley of Aosta. The wind, in fact, blew lightly up the valley of St. Nicholas, charged with moisture, and when the air that held it *rubbed against the cold cone* of the Matterhorn, the vapor was chilled and precipitated in his lee.”

It is not explained, why the wind was not chilled by rubbing against any of the neighboring mountains, nor why the cone of the Matterhorn, mostly of rock, should be colder than cones of snow. The phenomenon was first described by De Saussure, who gives the same explanation as Tyndall; and from whom, in the first volume of ‘Modern Painters,’ I adopted it without sufficient examination. Afterwards I re-examined it, and showed its fallacy, with respect to the cap or helmet cloud, in the fifth volume of ‘Modern Painters,’ page 124, in the terms given in the subjoined note,* but I

* “But both Saussure and I ought to have known,—we did know, but did not think of it,—that the covering or cap-cloud forms on hot summits as well as cold ones;—that the red and bare rocks of Mont Pilate, hotter, certainly, after a day’s sunshine than the cold storm-wind which sweeps to them from the Alps, nevertheless have been renowned for their helmet of cloud, ever since the Romans watched the cloven summit, gray against the south, from the ramparts of Vindonissa, giving it the name from which the good Catholics of Lucerne have warped out their favorite piece of terrific sacred biography. And both my master and I should also have reflected that if our theory about its formation had been generally true, the helmet cloud ought to form on every cold summit, at the approach of rain, in approximating proportions to the bulk of the glaciers; which is so far from being the case that not only (A) the cap-cloud may often be seen on lower summits of grass or rock, while the higher ones are splendidly clear (which may be accounted for by supposing the wind containing the moisture not to have risen so high); but (B) the cap-cloud always shows a preference for hills of a conical form, such as the Mole or Niesen, which can have very little power in chilling the air, even supposing they were cold themselves; while it will entirely refuse to form huge masses of mountain, which, supposing them of chilly temperament, must have discomforted the atmosphere in their neighborhood for leagues.”

still retained the explanation of Saussure for the lee-side cloud, engraving in plate 69 the modes of its occurrence on the Aiguille Dru, of which the most ordinary one was afterwards represented by Tyndall in his 'Glaciers of the Alps,' under the title of 'Banner-cloud.' Its less imaginative title, in 'Modern Painters,' of 'Lee-side cloud,' is more comprehensive, for this cloud forms often under the brows of far-terraced precipices, where it has no resemblance to a banner. No true explanation of it has ever yet been given; for the first condition of the problem has hitherto been unobserved,—namely, that such cloud is constant in certain states of weather, under precipitous rocks;—but never developed with distinctness by domes of snow.

But my former expansion of Saussure's theory is at least



closer to the facts than Professor Tyndall's "rubbing against the rocks," and I therefore allow room for it here, with its illustrative wood-cut.

"When a moist wind blows in clear weather over a cold summit, it has not time to get chilled as it approaches the rock, and therefore the air remains clear, and the sky bright on the windward side; but under the lee of the peak, there is partly a back eddy, and partly still air; and in that lull and eddy the wind gets time to be chilled by the rock, and the cloud appears, as a boiling mass of white vapor, rising continually with the return current to the upper edge of the mountain, where it is caught by the straight wind and partly torn, partly melted away in broken fragments.

“ In the accompanying figure, the dark mass represents the mountain peak, the arrow the main direction of the wind, the curved lines show the directions of such current and its concentration, and the dotted line encloses the space in which cloud forms densely, floating away beyond and above in irregular tongues and flakes.”

12. See below, on the different uses of the word ‘reflection,’ note 14, and note that throughout this lecture I use the words ‘aqueous molecules,’ alike of water liquid or vaporized, not knowing under what conditions or at what temperatures water-dust becomes water-gas; and still less, supposing pure water-gas blue, and pure air blue, what are the changes in either which make them what sailors call “dirty”; but it is one of the worst omissions of the previous lecture, that I have not stated among the characters of the plague-cloud that it is *always* dirty,* and *never blue under any conditions*, neither when deep in the distance, nor when in the electric states which produce sulphurous blues in natural cloud. But see the next note.

13. Black clouds.—For the sudden and extreme local blackness of thundercloud, see Turner’s drawing of Winchelsea, (England series), and compare Homer, of the Ajaces, in the 4th book of the Iliad,—(I came on the passage in verifying Mr. Hill’s quotation from the 5th.)

“ ἄμα δὲ νέφος εἶπετο πεζῶν.

‘Ως δ’ ὄτ’ ἀπὸ σκοπιῆς εἶδεν νέφος ἀπόλος ἀνὴρ
 Ἐρχόμενον κατὰ πόντον ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο ἰωῆς,
 Τῷ δέ τ’, ἄνευθεν ἕοντι, μελάντερον, ἤυτε πίσσα
 Φαίνεται’, ἰὸν κατὰ πόντον, ἄγχι δέ τε λάιλαπα πολλήν·
 Ἐριγρσέν τε ἰδὼν, ὑπὸ τε σπέος ἤλασε μῆλα·
 Τοῖαι ἄμ Αἰάντεσσιν ἀρηϊθῶων αἰζηῶν
 Δῆϊον ἐσ πόλεμον πυκινὰ κίννυτο φάλαγγες
 Κυνάεαι,”

* In my final collation of the lectures given at Oxford last year on the Art of England, I shall have occasion to take notice of the effect of this character of plague-cloud on our younger painters, who have perhaps never in their lives seen a *clean* sky!

I give Chapman's version—noting only that his *breath* of Zephyrus, ought to have been 'cry' or 'roar' of Zephyrus, the blackness of the cloud being as much connected with the wildness of the wind as, in the formerly quoted passage, its brightness with calm of air.

“ Behind them hid the ground
A cloud of foot, that seemed to smoke. And as a Goatherd
spies
On some hill top, out of the sea a rainy vapor rise,
Driven by the breath of Zephyrus, which though far off he
rests,
Comes on as black as pitch, and brings a tempest in his
breast
Whereat he, frightened, drives his herds apace into a den;
So, darkening earth, with swords and shields, showed these
with all their men.”

I add here Chapman's version of the other passage, which is extremely beautiful and close to the text, while Pope's is hopelessly erroneous.

“ Their ground they still made good,
And in their silence and set powers, like fair still clouds they
stood,
With which Jove crowns the tops of hills in any quiet day
When Boreas, and the ruder winds that use to drive away
Air's *dusky vapors*, being *loose*, in many a whistling gale,
Are pleasingly bound up and calm, and not a breath exhale.”

14. 'Reflected.'—The reader must be warned in this place of the difference implied by my use of the word 'cast' in page 11, and 'reflected' here: that is to say, between light or color which an object possesses, whatever the angle it is seen at, and the light which it reverberates at one angle only. The Alps, under the rose* of sunset, are exactly of the same

* In speaking, at p. 11 of the first lecture, of the limits of depth in the rose-color cast on snow, I ought to have noted the greater strength of the

color whether you see them from Berne or Schaffhausen. But the gilding to our eyes of a burnished cloud depends, I believe, at least for a measure of its luster, upon the angle at which the rays incident upon it are reflected to the eye, just as much as the glittering of the sea beneath it—or the sparkling of the windows of the houses on the shore.

Previously, at page 10, in calling the molecules of transparent atmospheric ‘absolutely’ unreflective of light, I mean, in like manner, unreflective from their *surfaces*. Their blue color seen against a dark ground is indeed a kind of reflection, but one of which I do not understand the nature. It is seen most simply in wood smoke, blue against trees, brown against clear light; but in both cases the color is communicated to (or left in) the *transmitted* rays.

So also the green of the sky (p. 13) is said to be given by transmitted light, yellow rays passing through blue air: much yet remains to be known respecting translucent colors of this kind; only let them always be clearly distinguished in our minds from the firmly possessed color of opaque substances, like grass or malachite.

15. Diffraction.—Since these passages were written, I have been led, in conversation with a scientific friend, to doubt my statement that the colored portions of the lighted

tint possible under the light of the tropics. The following passage, in Mr. Cunningham’s ‘Natural History of the Strait of Magellan,’ is to me of the greatest interest, because of the beautiful effect described as seen on the occasion of his visit to “the small town of Santa Rosa,” (near Valparaiso.) “The day, though clear, had not been sunny, so that, although the snowy heights of the Andes had been distinctly visible throughout the greater part of our journey, they had not been illuminated by the rays of the sun. But now, as we turned the corner of a street, the chain of the Cordillera suddenly burst on our gaze in such a blaze of splendor that it almost seemed as if the windows of heaven had been opened for a moment, permitting a flood of *crimson* light to stream forth upon the snow. The sight was so unexpected, and so transcendently magnificent, that a breathless silence fell upon us for a few moments, while even the driver stopped his horses. This deep red glow lasted for three or four minutes, and then rapidly faded into that lovely rosy hue so characteristic of snow at sunset among the Alps.”

clouds were brighter than the white ones. He was convinced that the resolution of the rays would diminish their power, and in *thinking* over the matter, I am disposed to agree with him, although my impression at the time has been always that the diffracted colors rose out of the white, as a rainbow does out of the gray. But whatever the facts may be, in this respect the statement in the text of the impossibility of representing diffracted color in painting is equally true. It may be that the resolved hues are darker than the white, as colored panes in a window are darker than the colorless glass, but all are alike in a key which no artifice of painting can approach.

For the rest, the phenomena of diffraction are not yet arranged systematically enough to be usefully discussed; some of them involving the resolution of the light, and others merely its intensification. My attention was first drawn to them near St. Laurent, on the Jura mountains, by the vivid reflection, (so it seemed), of the image of the sun from a particular point of a cloud in the west, after the sun itself was beneath the horizon: but in this image there were no prismatic colors, neither is the constantly seen metamorphosis of pine forests into silver filigree on ridges behind which the sun is rising or setting, accompanied with any prismatic hue; the trees become luminous, but not iridescent: on the other hand, in his great account of his ascent of Mont Blanc with Mr. Huxley, Professor Tyndall thus describes the sun's remarkable behavior on that occasion:—"As we attained the brow which forms the entrance to the Grand Plateau, he *hung his disk upon a spike of rock* to our left, and, surrounded by a glory of interference spectra of the most gorgeous colors, blazed down upon us." ('Glaciers of the Alps,' p. 76.)

Nothing irritates me more, myself, than having the color of my own descriptions of phenomena in anywise attributed by the reader to accidental states either of my mind or body;—but I cannot, for once, forbear at least the innocent question to Professor Tyndall, whether the extreme beauty of these 'interference spectra' may not have been partly

owing to the extreme *sobriety* of the observer? no refreshment, it appears, having been attainable the night before at the Grands Mulets, except the beverage diluted with dirty snow, of which I have elsewhere quoted the Professor's pensive report,—“my memory of that tea is not pleasant.”

16. ‘Either stationary or slow in motion, reflecting unresolved light.’

The rate of motion is of course not essentially connected with the method of illumination; their connection, in this instance, needs explanation of some points which could not be dealt with in the time of a single lecture.

It is before said, with reserve only, that “a cloud is where it is seen, and is not where it is not seen.” But thirty years ago, in ‘Modern Painters,’ I pointed out (see the paragraph quoted in note 8th), the extreme difficulty of arriving at the cause of cloud outline, or explaining how, if we admitted at any given moment the atmospheric moisture to be generally diffused, it could be chilled by formal *chills* into formal clouds. How, for instance, in the upper cirri, a thousand little chills, alternating with a thousand little warmths, could stand still as a thousand little feathers.

But the first step to any elucidation of the matter is in the firmly fixing in our minds the difference between windless clouds, unaffected by any conceivable local accident, and windy clouds, affected by some change in their circumstances as they move.

In the sunset at Abbeville, represented in my first diagram, the air is absolutely calm at the ground surface, and the motion of its upper currents extremely slow. There is no local reason assignable for the presence of the cirri above, or of the thundercloud below. There is no conceivable cause either in the geology, or the moral character, of the two sides of the town of Abbeville, to explain why there should be decorative fresco on the sky over the southern suburb, and a muttering heap of gloom and danger over the northern. The electric cloud is as calm in motion as the harmless one; it changes its forms, indeed; but imperceptibly; and, so far as

can be discerned, only at its own will is exalted, and with its own consent abased.

But in my second diagram are shown forms of vapor sustaining at every instant all kinds of varying local influences; beneath, fastened down by mountain attraction, above, flung afar by distracting winds; here, spread abroad into blanched sheets beneath the sunshine, and presently gathered into strands of coiled cordage in the shade. Their total existence is in metamorphosis, and their every aspect a surprise, or a deceit.

17. 'Finely comminuted water or *ice*.'

My impression that these clouds were glacial was at once confirmed by a member of my audience, Dr. John Rae, in conversation after the lecture, in which he communicated to me the perfectly definite observations which he has had the kindness to set down with their dates for me, in the following letter:—

“4, ADDISON GARDENS, KENSINGTON, 4th Feb., 1884.

DEAR SIR,—I have looked up my old journal of thirty years ago, written in pencil because it was impossible to keep ink unfrozen in the snow-hut in which I passed the winter of 1853-4, at Repulse Bay, on the Arctic Circle.*

* I trust that Dr. Rae will forgive my making the reader better aware of the real value of this communication by allowing him to see also the following passage from the kind private letter by which it was supplemented:—

“Many years in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, I and my men became educated for Arctic work, in which I was five different times employed, in two of which expeditions we lived wholly by our own hunting and fishing for twelve months, once in a stone house (very disagreeable), and another winter in a snow hut (better), *without fire of any kind to warm us*. On the first of these expeditions, 1846-7, my little party, there being no officer but myself, surveyed seven hundred miles of coast of Arctic America by a sledge journey, which Parry, Ross, Bach, and Lyon had failed to accomplish, costing the country about £70,000 or £80,000 at the lowest computation. The total expense of my little party, including my own pay, was under fourteen hundred pounds sterling.

“My Arctic work has been recognized by the award of the founder's gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society (before the completion of the whole of it).”

On the 1st of February, 1854, I find the following:—

‘A beautiful appearance of some cirrus clouds near the sun, the central part of the cloud being of a fine pink or red, then green, and pink fringe. This continued for about a quarter of an hour. The same was observed on the 27th of the month, but not so bright. Distance of clouds from sun, from 3° to 6° .’

On the 1st February the temperature was 38° below zero, and on the 27th February 26° below.

‘On the 23d and 30th (of March) the same splendid appearance of clouds as mentioned in last month’s journal was observed. On the first of these days, about 10.30 a.m., it was extremely beautiful. The clouds were about 8° or 10° from the sun, below him and slightly to the eastward,—having a green fringe all round, then pink; the center part at first green, and then pink or red.’

The temperature was 21° below zero, Fahrenheit.

There may have been other colors—blue, perhaps—but I merely noted the most prominent; and what I call green may have been bluish, although I do not mention this last color in my notes.

From the lowness of the temperature at the time, the clouds *must* have been frozen moisture.

The phenomenon is by no means common, even in the Arctic zone.

The second beautiful cloud-picture shown this afternoon brought so visibly to my memory the appearance seen by me as above described, that I could not avoid remarking upon it.

Believe me very truly yours,
JOHN RAE.” (M.D., F.R.S.)

Now this letter enables me to leave the elements of your problem for you in very clear terms.

Your sky—altogether—may be composed of one or more of four things:—

Molecules of water in warm weather.

Molecules of ice in cold weather.

Molecules of water-vapor in warm weather.

Molecules of ice-vapor in cold weather.

But of the size, distances, or modes of attraction between these different kinds of particles, I find no definite information anywhere, except the somewhat vague statement by Sir William Thomson, that "if a drop of water could be magnified so as to be as large as the earth, and have a diameter of eight thousand miles, then a molecule of this water in it would appear *somewhat larger than a shot.*" (What kind of shot?) "*and somewhat smaller than a cricket-ball*!"

And as I finally review the common accounts given of cloud formation, I find it quite hopeless for the general reader to deal with the quantity of points which have to be kept in mind and severally valued, before he can account for any given phenomena. I have myself, in many of the passages of 'Modern Painters' before referred to, conceived of cloud too narrowly as always produced by *cold*, whereas the temperature of a cloud must continually, like that of our visible breath in frosty weather, or of the visible current of steam, or the smoking of a warm lake surface under sudden frost, be above that of the surrounding atmosphere; and yet I never remember entering a cloud without being chilled by it, and the darkness of the plague-wind, unless in electric states of the air, is always accompanied by deadly chill.

Nor, so far as I can read, has any proper account yet been given of the balance, in serene air, of the warm air under the cold, in which the warm air is at once compressed by weight, and expanded by heat, and the cold air is thinned by its elevation, yet contracted by its cold. There is indeed no possibility of embracing the conditions in a single sentence, any more than in a single thought. But the practical balance is effected in calm air, so that its lower strata have no tendency to rise, like the air in a fire balloon, nor its higher strata to fall, unless they congeal into rain or snow.

I believe it will be an extreme benefit to my younger readers if I write for them a little 'Grammar of Ice and

Air,' collecting the known facts on all these matters, and I am much minded to put by my ecclesiastical history for a while, in order to relate what is legible of the history of the visible Heaven.

18. 'You can't get a billiard ball to fall a shivering on its own account.'—I am under correction in this statement by the Lucasian professor of Cambridge, with respect to the molecules of bodies capable of 'epipolizing' light. "Nothing seems more natural than to suppose that the incident vibrations of the luminiferous ether produce vibratory movements among the ultimate molecules of sensitive substances, and that the molecules in return, *swinging on their own account*, produce vibrations in the luminous ether, and thus cause the sensation of light. The periodic times of these vibrations depend upon the periods in which the molecules are *disposed to swing*." ('On the Changes of Refrangibility of Light,' p. 549.)

It seems to me a pleasant conclusion, this, of recent science, and suggestive of a perfectly regenerate theology. The 'Let there be light' of the former Creation is first expanded into 'Let there be a disposition of the molecules to swing,' and the destinies of mankind, no less than the vitality of the universe, depend thereafter upon this amiable, but perhaps capricious, and at all events not easily influenced or anticipated, disposition!

Is it not also strange that in a treatise entering into so high mathematical analysis as that from which I quote, the false word 'swing,' expressing the action of a body liable to continuous arrest by gravitation, should be employed to signify the oscillation, wholly unaffected by gravity, of substance in which the motion once originated, may cease only with the essence of the body?

It is true that in men of high scientific caliber, such as the writer in this instance, carelessness in expression does not affect the security of their conclusions. But in men of lower rank, mental defects in language indicate fatal flaws in thought. And although the constant habit to which I owe

my (often foolishly praised) "command of language"—of never allowing a sentence to pass proof in which I have not considered whether, for the vital word in it, a better could be found in the dictionary, makes me somewhat morbidly intolerant of careless diction, it may be taken for an extremely useful and practical rule, that if a man can think clearly he will write well, and that no good science was ever written in bad English. So that, before you consider whether a scientific author says a true or a false thing, you had better first look if he is able properly to say *anything*,—and secondly, whether his conceit permits him to say anything properly.

Thus, when Professor Tyndall, endeavoring to write poetically of the sun, tells you that "The Lilies of the field are his workmanship," you may observe, first, that since the sun is not a man, nothing that he does is workmanship; while even the figurative statement that he rejoices *as* a strong man to run his course, is one which Professor Tyndall has no intention whatever of admitting. And you may then observe, in the second place, that, if even in that figurative sense, the lilies of the field are the sun's workmanship, in the same sense the lilies of the hothouse are the stove's workmanship,—and in perfectly logical parallel, you, who are alive here to listen to me, because you have been warmed and fed through the winter, are the workmanship of your own coal-scuttles.

Again, when Mr. Balfour Stewart begins a treatise on the 'Conservation of Energy,' which is to conclude, as we shall see presently, with the prophecy of its total extinction as far as the present world is concerned,—by clothing in a "properly scientific garb," our innocent impression that there is some difference between the blow of a rifle stock and a rifle ball; he prepares for the scientific toilet by telling us in italics that "the something which the rifle ball possesses in contradistinction to the rifle stock is clearly the power of overcoming resistance," since "it can penetrate through oak-wood or through water—or (alas! that it should be so often

tried) through the human body; and *this power of penetration*" (italics now mine) "*is the distinguishing characteristic of a substance moving with very great velocity.* Let us define by the term 'Energy,' this power which the rifle ball possesses of overcoming obstacles, or of doing work."

Now, had Mr. Stewart been a better scholar, he would have felt, even if he had not known, that the Greek word 'energy' could only be applied to the living—and of living, with perfect propriety only to the *mental*, action of animals, and that it could no more be applied as a 'scientific garb,' to the flight of a rifle ball, than to the fall of a dead body. And, if he had attained thus much, even of the science of language, it is just possible that the small forte and faculty of thought he himself possesses might have been energized so far as to perceive that the force of all inertly moving bodies, whether rifle stock, rifle ball, or rolling world, is under precisely one and the same relation to their weights and velocities; that the effect of their impact depends—not merely on their pace, but their constitution; and on the relative forms and stability of the substances they encounter, and that there is no more quality of Energy, though much less quality of Art, in the swiftly penetrating shot, or crushing ball, than in the deliberately contemplative and administrative puncture by a gnat's proboscis, or a seamstress' needle.

Mistakes of this kind, beginning with affectations of diction, do not always invalidate general statements or conclusions,—for a bad writer often equivocates out of a blunder as he equivocates into one,—but I have been strict in pointing out the confusions of idea admitted in scientific books between the movement of a swing, that of a sounding violin chord, and that of an agitated liquid, because these confusions have actually enabled Professor Tyndall to keep the scientific world in darkness as to the real nature of glacier motion for the last twenty years; and to induce a resultant quantity of aberration in the scientific mind concerning glacial erosion, of which another twenty years will scarcely undo the damage.

19. 'Force and pace.'—Among the nearer questions which

the careless terminology on which I have dwelt in the above note has left unsettled, I believe the reader will be surprised, as much as I am myself, to find that of the mode of impulse in a common gust of wind! Whence is its strength communicated to it, and how gathered in it? and what is the difference of manner in the impulse between compressible gas and incompressible fluid? For instance: The water at the head of a weir is passing every instant from slower into quicker motion; but (until broken in the air) the fast flowing water is just as dense as the slowly flowing water. But a fan alternately compresses and rarefies the air between it and the cheek, and the violence of a destructive gust in a gale of wind means a momentary increase in velocity and density of which I cannot myself in the least explain,—and find in no book on dynamics explained,—the mechanical causation.

The following letter, from a friend whose observations on natural history for the last seven or eight years have been consistently valuable and instructive to me, will be found, with that subjoined in the note, in various ways interesting; but especially in its notice of the inefficiency of ordinary instrumental registry in such matters:—

“6, MOIRA PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON, *Feb. 8th*, 1884.

DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—Some time since I troubled you with a note or two about sea-birds, etc. . . . but perhaps I should never have ventured to trouble you again, had not your lecture on the ‘Storm Clouds’ touched a subject which has deeply interested me for years past. I had, of course, no idea that you had noticed this thing, though I might have known that, living the life you do, you must have done so. As for me, it has been a source of perplexity for years: so much so, that I began to wonder at times whether I was not under some mental delusion about it, until the strange theatrical displays, of the last few months, for which I was more or less prepared, led so many to use their eyes, unmuzzled by brass or glass, for a time. I know you do not bother, or care much to read newspapers, but I have taken the liberty of cutting out

and sending a letter of mine, sent on the 1st January to an evening paper,* upon this subject, thinking you might like to know that one person, at any rate, has seen that strange, bleared look about the sun, shining so seldom except through

* 'THE LOOK OF THE SKY.

' *To the* EDITOR *of the* ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

'SIR,—I have been a very constant though not a scientific observer of the sky for a period of forty years; and I confess to a certain feeling of astonishment at the way in which the "recent celestial phenomena" seem to have taken the whole body of scientific observers by surprise. It would even appear that something like these extraordinary sunsets was necessary to call the attention of such observers to what has long been a source of perplexity to a variety of common folk, like sailors, farmers, and fishermen. But to such people the look of the weather, and what comes of that look, is of far more consequence than the exact amount of ozone or the depth or width of a band of the spectrum.

'Now, to all such observers, including myself, it has been plain that of late neither the look of the sky nor the character of the weather has been, as we should say, what it used to be; and those whose eyes were strong enough to look now and then toward the sun have noticed a very marked increase of what some would call a watery look about him, which might perhaps be better expressed as a white sheen or glare, at times developing into solar halo or mock suns, as noted in your paper of the 2d of October last year. A fisherman would describe it as "white and davery-like." So far as my observation goes, this appearance was only absent here for a limited period during the present summer, when we had a week or two of nearly normal weather; the summer before it was seldom absent.

'Again, those whose business or pleasure has depended on the use of wind-power have all remarked the strange persistence of hard westerly and easterly winds, the westerly ones at times partaking of an almost trade-wind-like force and character. The summer of 1882 was especially remarkable for these winds, while each stormy November has been followed by a period about mid-winter of mild calm weather with dense fog. During these strong winds in summer and early autumn the weather would remain bright and sunny, and to a landsman would be not remarkable in any way, while the barometer has been little affected by them; but it has been often observed by those employed on the water that when it ceased blowing half a gale the sky at once became overcast, with damp weather or rain. This may all seem common enough to most people; but to those accustomed to gauge the wind by the number of reefs wanted in a main-sail or foresail it was not so; and the number of consecutive days when two or more reefs have been kept tied down during the last few summers has been remarkable—alternating at times with equally persistent spells of

a ghastly glare of pale, persistent haze. May it be that the singular coloring of the sunsets marks an end of this long period of plague-cloud, and that in them we have promise of steadier weather? (No: those sunsets were entirely distinct phenomena, and promised, if anything, only evil.—R.)

I was glad to see that in your lecture you gave the dependants upon the instrument-makers a warning. On the 26th I had a heavy sailing-boat lifted and blown, from where she lay hauled up, a distance of four feet, which, as the boat has four hundred-weight of iron upon her keel, gives a wind-gust, or force, not easily measured by instruments.

Believe me, dear Mr. Ruskin,

Yours sincerely,

ROBT. C. LESLIE."

calm and fog such as we are now passing through. Again, we have had an unusually early appearance of ice in the Atlantic, and most abnormal weather over Central Europe; while in a letter I have just received from an old hand on board a large Australian clipper, he speaks of heavy gales and big seas off that coast in almost the height of their summer.

'Now, upon all this, in our season of long twilights, we have bursting upon us some clear weather; with a display of cloud-forms or vapor at such an elevation that, looking at them one day through an opening in the nearer clouds, they seemed so distant as to resemble nothing but the delicate grain of ivory upon a billiard-ball. And yet with the fact that two-thirds of this earth is covered with water, and bearing in mind the effect which a very small increase of sun-power would have in producing cloud and lifting it above its normal level for a time, we are asked to believe that this sheen is all dust of some kind or other, in order to explain what are now known as the "recent sunsets": though I venture to think that we shall see more of them yet when the sun comes our way again.

'At first sight, increased sun-power would seem to mean more sunshine; but a little reflection would show us that this would not be for long, while any considerable addition to the sun's power would be followed by such a vast increase of vapor that we should only see him, in our latitudes, at very short intervals. I am aware that all this is most unscientific; but I have read column after column of explanation written by those who are supposed to know all about such things, and find myself not a jot the wiser for it. Do you know anybody who is?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

'AN UNSCIENTIFIC OBSERVER. (R. LESLIE.)

January 1.'

I am especially delighted, in this letter, by my friend's vigorously accurate expression, eyes "unmuzzled by brass or glass." I have had occasion continually, in my art-lectures, to dwell on the great law of human perception and power, that the beauty which is good for us is prepared for the natural focus of the sight, and the sounds which are delightful to us for the natural power of the nerves of the ear; and the art which is admirable in us, is the exercise of our own bodily powers, and not carving by sand-blast, nor oratorizing through a speaking trumpet, nor dancing with spring heels. But more recently, I have become convinced that even in matters of science, although every added mechanical power has its proper use and sphere, yet the things which are vital to our happiness and prosperity can only be known by the rational use and subtle skill of our natural powers. We may trust the instrument with the prophecy of storm, or registry of rainfall; but the conditions of atmospheric change, on which depend the health of animals and fruitfulness of seeds, can only be discerned by the eye and the bodily sense.

Take, for simplest and nearest example, this question of the stress of wind. It is not the actual *power* that is immeasurable, if only it would stand to be measured! Instruments could easily now be invented which would register not only a blast that could lift a sailing boat, but one that would sink a ship of the line. But, lucklessly—the blast won't pose to the instrument! nor can the instrument be adjusted to the blast. In the gale of which my friend speaks in his next letter, 26th January, a gust came down the hill above Coniston village upon two old oaks, which were well rooted in the slate rock, and some fifty or sixty feet high—the one, some twenty yards below the other. The blast tore the highest out of the ground, peeling its roots from the rock as one peels an orange—swept the head of the lower tree away with it in one ruin, and snapped the two leader branches of the upper one over the other's stump, as one would break one's cane over some people's heads, if one got the chance. In wind action of this kind the amount of actual force used is the least part of the

business;—it is the suddenness of its concentration, and the lifting and twisting strength, as of a wrestler, which make the blast fatal; none of which elements of storm-power can be recognized by mechanical tests. In my friend's next letter, however, he gives us some evidence of the *consistent* strength of this same gale, and of the electric conditions which attended it:—the prefatory notice of his pet bird I had meant for 'Love's Meinie,' but it will help us through the grimness of our studies here.

“ March 3d, 1884.

My small blackheaded gull Jack is still flourishing, and the time is coming when I look for that singularly sudden change in the plumage of his head which took place last March. I have asked all my ocean-going friends to note whether these little birds are not the gulls *par excellence* of the sea; and so far all I have heard from them confirms this. It seems almost incredible; but my son, a sailor, who met that hurricane of the 26th of January, writes to me to say that out in the Bay of Biscay on the morning after the gale, 'though it was blowing like blazes, I observed some little gulls of Jacky's species, and they followed us half way across the Bay, seeming to find shelter under the lee of our ship. Some alighted now and then, and rested upon the water as if tired.' When one considers that these birds must have been at sea all that night somewhere, it gives one a great idea of their strength and endurance. My son's ship, though a powerful ocean steamer, was for two whole hours battling head to sea off the Eddystone that night, and for that time the lead gave no increase of soundings, so that she could have made no headway during those two hours; while all the time her yards had the St. Elmo's fire at their ends, looking as though a blue light was burning at each yard-arm, and this was about all they could see.

Yours sincerely,
ROBT. C. LESLIE.”

The next letter, from a correspondent with whom I have the most complete sympathy in some expressions of his post-script which are yet, I consider, more for my own private ear than for the public eye, describes one of the more malignant phases of the plague-wind, which I forgot to notice in my lecture.

“BURNHAM, SOMERSET, *February 7th*, 1884.

DEAR SIR,—I read with great interest your first lecture at Oxford on cloud and wind (very indifferently reported in ‘The Times’). You have given a name to a wind I’ve known for years. You call it the plague—I call it the devil-wind: *e. g.*, on April 29th, 1882, morning warmer, then rain storms from east; afternoon, rain squalls; wind, west by south, rough; barometer falling awfully; 4.30 p. m., tremendous wind.—April 30th, all the leaves of the trees, all plants black and dead, as if a fiery blast had swept over them. *All the hedges on windward side black as black tea.*

Another devil-wind came towards the end of last summer. The next day, all the leaves were falling sere and yellow, as if it were late autumn.

I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

A. H. BIRKETT.”

I remember both these blights well; they were entirely terrific; but only sudden maxima of the constant morbid power of this wind;—which, if Mr. Birkett saw my *personal* notices of, intercalated among the scientific ones, he would find alluded to in terms quite as vigorously damning as he could desire: and the actual effect of it upon my thoughts and work has been precisely that which would have resulted from the visible phantom of an evil spirit, the absolute opponent of the Queen of the Air,—Typhon against Athena,—in a sense of which I had neither the experience nor the conception when I wrote the illustrations of the myth of Perseus in ‘Modern Painters.’ Not a word of all those explanations of

Homer and Pindar could have been written in weather like that of the last twelve years; and I am most thankful to have got them written before the shadow came, and I could still see what Homer and Pindar saw. I quote one passage only—Vol. v., p. 141—for the sake of a similitude which reminds me of one more thing I have to say here—and a bit of its note—which I think is a precious little piece, not of word-painting, but of simply told feeling—(*that*, if people knew it, is my real power).

“On the Yorkshire and Derbyshire hills, when the rain-cloud is low and much broken, and the steady west wind fills all space with its strength,* the sun-gleams fly like golden vultures; they are flashes rather than shinings; the dark spaces and the dazzling race and skim along the acclivities, and dart and *dip from crag to dell, swallow-like.*”

The dipping of the shadows here described of course is caused only by that of the dingles they cross; but I have not in any of my books yet dwelt enough on the difference of character between the dipping and the mounting winds. Our wildest phase of the west wind here at Coniston is ‘swallow-like’ with a vengeance, coming down on the lake in swirls which spurn the spray under them as a fiery horse does the dust. On the other hand, the softly ascending winds express themselves in the grace of their cloud motion, as if set to the continuous music of a distant song.†

* “I have been often at great heights on the Alps in rough weather, and have seen strong gusts of storm in the plains of the south. But, to get full expression of the very heart and meaning of wind, there is no place like a Yorkshire moor. I think Scottish breezes are thinner, very bleak and piercing, but not substantial. If you lean on them they will let you fall, but one may rest against a Yorkshire breeze as one would on a quickset hedge. I shall not soon forget,—having had the good fortune to meet a vigorous one on an April morning, between Hawes and Settle, just on the flat under Wharncote,—the vague sense of wonder *with which I watched Ingleborough stand without rocking.*”

† Compare Wordsworth’s

“Oh beauteous birds, methinks ye measure
Your movements to some heavenly tune.”

The reader will please note also that whenever, either in 'Modern Painters' or elsewhere, I speak of rate of flight in clouds, I am thinking of it as measured by the horizontal distance overpast in given time, and not as apparent only, owing to the nearness of the spectator. All low clouds appear to move faster than high ones, the pace being supposed equal in both: but when I speak of quick or slow cloud, it is always with respect to a given altitude. In a fine summer morning, a cloud will wait for you among the pines, folded to and fro among their stems, with a branch or two coming out here, and a spire or two there: you walk through it, and look back to it. At another time on the same spot, the fury of cloud-flood drifts past you like the Rhine at Schaffhausen.

The space even of the doubled lecture does not admit of my entering into any general statement of the action of the plague-cloud in Switzerland and Italy; but I must not omit the following notes of its aspect in the high Alps.

"SALLENCHES, 11th September, 1882.

This morning, at half-past five, the Mont Blanc summit was clear, and the greater part of the Aiguilles du Plan and Midi clear dark—all, against pure cirri, lighted beneath by sunrise; the sun of course not visible yet from the valley.

By seven o'clock, the plague-clouds had formed in *brown* flakes, down to the base of the Aiguille de Bionassay; entirely covering the snowy ranges; the sun, as it rose to us here, shone only for about ten minutes—gilding in its old glory the range of the Dorons,—before one had time to look from peak to peak of it, the plague-cloud formed from the west, hid Mont

And again—

"While the mists,
Flying and rainy vapors, call out shapes,
And phantoms from the crags and solid earth,
As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument."

And again—

"The Knight had ridden down from Wensley moor,
With the slow motion of a summer cloud."

Joli, and steadily choked the valley with advancing streaks of dun-colored mist. Now—twenty minutes to nine—there is not *one ray* of sunshine on the whole valley, or on its mountains, from the Forclaz down to Cluse.

These phenomena are only the sequel of a series of still more strange and sad conditions of the air, which have continued among the Savoy Alps for the last eight days, (themselves the sequel of others yet more general, prolonged, and harmful). But the weather was perfectly fine at Dijon, and I doubt not at Chamouni, on the 1st of this month. On the 2d, in the evening, I saw, from the Jura, heavy thunder-clouds in the west; on the 3d, the weather broke at Morez, in hot thunder-showers, with intervals of scorching sun; on the 4th, 5th, and 6th there was nearly continuous rain at St. Cergues, the Alps being totally invisible all the time. The sky cleared on the night of the 6th, and on the 7th I saw from the top of the Dole all the western plateaux of Jura quite clearly; but *the entire range of the Alps*, from the Moleson to the Salève, and all beyond,—snow, crag and hill-side,—were wrapped and buried in one unbroken gray-brown winding-sheet, of such cloud as *I had never seen till that day touch an Alpine summit.*

The wind, from the east, (so that it blew *up* over the edge of the Dole cliff, and admitted of perfect shelter on the slope to the west,) was bitter cold, and extremely violent: the sun overhead, bright enough, and remained so during the afternoon; the plague-cloud reaching from the Alps only about as far as the southern shore of the lake of Geneva; but we could not see the Salève; nor even the north shore, farther than to Morges! I reached the Col de la Faucille at sunset, when, for a few minutes, the Mont Blanc and Aiguille Verte showed themselves in dull red light, but were buried again, before the sun was quite down, in the rising deluge of cloud-poison. I saw no farther than the Voirons and Brezon—and scarcely those, during the electric heat of the 9th at Geneva; and last Saturday and Sunday have been mere whirls and drifts of indecisive, but always sullen, storm. This morning

I saw the snows clear for the first time, having been, during the whole past week, on steady watch for them.

I have written that the clouds of the 7th were such as I never before saw on the Alps. Often, during the past ten years, I have seen them on my own hills, and in Italy in 1874; but it has always chanced to be fine weather, or common rain and cold, when I have been among the snowy chains; and now from the Dole for the first time I saw the plague-cloud on *them*."

20. 'Blasphemy.'—If the reader can refer to my papers on Fiction in the 'Nineteenth Century,' he will find this word carefully defined in its Scriptural, and evermore necessary, meaning,—'Harmful speaking'—not against God only, but against man, and against all the good works and purposes of Nature. The word is accurately opposed to 'Euphemy,' the right or well-speaking of God and His world; and the two modes of speech are those which going out of the mouth sanctify or defile the man.

Going out of the mouth, that is to say, deliberately and of purpose. A French postilion's 'Sac-r-ré'—loud, with the low 'Nom de Dieu' following between his teeth, is not blasphemy, unless against his horse;—but Mr. Thackeray's close of his Waterloo chapter in 'Vanity Fair,' "And all the night long Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face dead with a bullet through his heart," is blasphemy of the most fatal and subtle kind.

And the universal instinct of blasphemy in the modern vulgar scientific mind is above all manifested in its love of what is ugly, and natural inthrallment by the abominable;—so that it is ten to one if, in the description of a new bird, you learn much more of it than the enumerated species of vermin that stick to its feathers; and in the natural history museum of Oxford, humanity has been hitherto taught, not by portraits of great men, but by the skulls of cretins.

But the *deliberate* blasphemy of science, the assertion of its own virtue and dignity against the always implied, and often

asserted, vileness of all men and—Gods,—heretofore, is the most wonderful phenomenon, so far as I can read or perceive, that hitherto has arisen in the always marvelous course of the world's mental history.

Take, for brief general type, the following 92d paragraph of the 'Forms of Water':—

“But while we thus acknowledge our limits, there is also reason for wonder at the extent to which Science has mastered the system of nature. From age to age and from generation to generation, fact has been added to fact and law to law, the true method and order of the Universe being thereby more and more revealed. In doing this, Science has encountered and overthrown various forms of superstition and deceit, of credulity and imposture. But the world continually produces weak persons and wicked persons, and as long as they continue to exist side by side, as they do in this our day, very debasing beliefs will also continue to infest the world.”

The debasing beliefs meant being simply those of Homer, David, and St. John *—as against a modern French gamin's. And what the results of the intended education of English gamins of every degree in that new higher theology will be, England is I suppose by this time beginning to discern.

In the last 'Fors' † which I have written, on education of a safer kind, still possible, one practical point is insisted on chiefly,—that learning by heart, and repetition with perfect accent and cultivated voice, should be made quite principal branches of school discipline up to the time of going to the university.

And of writings to be learned by heart, among other passages of indisputable philosophy and perfect poetry, I include certain chapters of the—now for the most part forgotten—wisdom of Solomon; and of these, there is one selected por-

* With all who died in Faith, not having received the Promises, nor—according to your modern teachers—ever to receive.

† Hence to the end the text is that read in termination of the lecture on its second delivery, only with an added word or two of comment on Proverbs xvii.

tion which I should recommend not only school-boys and girls, but persons of every age, if they don't know it, to learn forthwith, as the shortest summary of Solomon's wisdom;—namely, the seventeenth chapter of Proverbs, which being only twenty-eight verses long, may be fastened in the dullest memory at the rate of a verse a day in the shortest month of the year. Out of the twenty-eight verses, I will read you seven, for example of their tenor,—the last of the seven I will with your good leave dwell somewhat upon. You have heard the verses often before, but probably without remembering that they are all in this concentrated chapter.

1. Verse 1.—Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of good eating, with strife.

(Remember, in reading this verse, that though England has chosen the strife, and set every man's hand against his neighbor, her house is not yet so full of good eating as she expected, even though she gets half of her victuals from America.)

2. Verse 3.—The fining pot is for silver, the furnace for gold, but the Lord tries the heart.

(Notice the increasing strength of trial for the more precious thing: only the melting-pot for the silver—the fierce furnace for the gold—but the Fire of the Lord for the heart.)

3. Verse 4.—A wicked doer giveth heed to false lips.

(That means, for *you*, that, intending to live by usury and swindling, you read Mr. Adam Smith and Mr. Stuart Mill, and other such political economists.)

4. Verse 5.—Whoso mocketh the poor, reproacheth his Maker.

(Mocketh,—by saying that his poverty is his fault, no less than his misfortune,—England's favorite theory now-a-days.)

5. Verse 12.—Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly.

(Carlyle is often now accused of false scorn in his calling the passengers over London Bridge, "mostly

fools,"—on the ground that men are only to be justly held foolish if their intellect is under, as only wise when it is above, the average. But the reader will please observe that the essential function of modern education is to develop what capacity of mistake a man has. Leave him at his forge and plow,—and those tutors teach him his true value, indulge him in no error, and provoke him to no vice. But take him up to London,—give him her papers to read, and her talk to hear,—and it is fifty to one you send him presently on a fool's errand over London Bridge.)

6. Now listen, for this verse is the question you have mainly to ask yourselves about your beautiful all-over-England system of competitive examination:—

Verse 16. Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?

(You know perfectly well it isn't the wisdom you want, but the "station in life,"—and the money!)

7. Lastly, Verse 7.—Wisdom is before him that hath understanding, but the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth.

"And in the beginnings of it"! Solomon would have written, had he lived in our day; but we will be content with the ends at present. No scientific people, as I told you at first, have taken any notice of the more or less temporary phenomena of which I have to-night given you register. But, from the constant arrangements of the universe, the same respecting which the thinkers of former time came to the conclusion that they were essentially good, and to end in good, the modern speculator arrives at the quite opposite and extremely uncomfortable conclusion that they are essentially evil, and to end—in nothing.

And I have here a volume,* before quoted, by a very foolish and very lugubrious author, who in his concluding chapter gives us,—founded, you will observe, on a series of 'ifs,'—the

* 'The Conservation of Energy.' King and Co., 1873.

latest scientific views concerning the order of creation. "We have spoken already about a medium pervading space"—this is the Scientific God, you observe, differing from the unscientific one, in that the purest in heart cannot see—nor the softest in heart feel—this spacious Deity—a *Medium*, pervading space—"the office of which" (italics all mine) "appears to be to *degrade* and ultimately *extinguish*, all differential motion. It has been well pointed out by Thomson, that, looked at *in this light*, the universe is a system that had a beginning and must have an end, for a process of degradation cannot be eternal. If we could view the Universe as a candle not lit, then it is perhaps conceivable to regard it as having been always in existence; but if we regard it rather as a candle that has been lit, we become absolutely certain that it cannot have been burning from eternity, and that a time will come when it will cease to burn. We are led to look to a beginning in which the particles of matter were in a diffuse chaotic state, but endowed with the power of gravitation; and we are led to look to an end in which the whole Universe will be one equally heated inert mass, *and from which everything like life, or motion, or beauty, will have utterly gone away.*"

Do you wish me to congratulate you on this extremely cheerful result of telescopic and microscopic observation, and so at once close my lecture? or may I venture yet to trespass on your time by stating to you any of the more comfortable views held by persons who did not regard the universe in what my author humorously calls "this *light*"?

In the peculiarly characteristic notice with which the 'Daily News' honored my last week's lecture, that courteous journal charged me, in the metaphorical term now classical on Exchange, with "hedging," to conceal my own opinions. The charge was not prudently chosen, since, of all men now obtaining any portion of popular regard, I am pretty well known to be precisely the one who cares least either for hedge or ditch, when he chooses to go across country. It is certainly true that I have not the least mind to pin my heart on my sleeve, for the daily daw, or nightly owl, to peck at; but

the essential reason for my not telling you my own opinions on this matter is—that I do not consider them of material consequence to you.

It *might* possibly be of some advantage for you to know what—were he now living, Orpheus would have thought, or Æschylus, or a Daniel come to judgment, or John the Baptist, or John the Son of Thunder; but what either you, or I, or any other Jack or Tom of us all, think,—even if we knew what to think,—is of extremely small moment either to the Gods, the clouds, or ourselves.

Of myself, however, if you care to hear it, I will tell you thus much: that had the weather when I was young been such as it is now, no book such as 'Modern Painters' ever would or *could* have been written; for every argument, and every sentiment in that book, was founded on the personal experience of the beauty and blessing of nature, all spring and summer long; and on the then demonstrable fact that over a great portion of the world's surface the air and the earth were fitted to the education of the spirit of man as closely as a school-boy's primer is to his labor, and as gloriously as a lover's mistress is to his eyes.

That harmony is now broken, and broken the world round: fragments, indeed, of what existed still exist, and hours of what is past still return; but month by month the darkness gains upon the day, and the ashes of the Antipodes glare through the night.*

* Written under the impression that the lurid and prolonged sunsets of last autumn had been proved to be connected with the flight of volcanic ashes. This has been since, I hear, disproved again. Whatever their cause, those sunsets were, in the sense in which I myself use the word, altogether 'unnatural' and terrific: but they have no connection with the far more fearful, because protracted and increasing, power of the Plague-wind. The letter from White's 'History of Selborne,' quoted by the Rev. W. R. Andrews in his letter to the 'Times,' (dated January 8th) seems to describe aspects of the sky like these of 1883, just a hundred years before, in 1783: and also some of the circumstances noted, especially the variation of the wind to all quarters without alteration in the air, correspond with the character of the plague-wind; but the fog of 1783 made

What consolation, or what courage, through plague, danger, or darkness, you can find in the conviction that you are nothing more than brute beasts driven by brute forces, your other

the sun dark, with iron-colored rays—not pale, with blanching rays. I subjoin Mr. Andrews' letter, extremely valuable in its collation of the records of simultaneous volcanic phenomena; praying the reader also to observe the instantaneous acknowledgment, by the true 'Naturalist,' of horror in the violation of beneficent natural law.

“THE RECENT SUNSETS AND VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS.

“SIR,—It may, perhaps, be interesting at the present time, when so much attention has been given to the late brilliant sunsets and sunrises, to be reminded that almost identically the same appearances were observed just a hundred years ago.

Gilbert White writes in the year 1783, in his 109th letter, published in his 'Natural History of Selborne':—

'The summer of the year 1783 was an amazing and portentous one, and full of horrible phenomena; for besides the alarming meteors and tremendous thunderstorms that affrighted and distressed the different counties of this kingdom, the peculiar haze or smoky fog that prevailed for many weeks in this island and in every part of Europe, and even beyond its limits, was a most extraordinary appearance, unlike anything known within the memory of man. By my journal I find that I had noticed this strange occurrence from June 23d to July 20th inclusive, during which period the wind varied to every quarter without making any alteration in the air. The sun at noon looked as black as a clouded moon, and shed a ferruginous light on the ground and floors of rooms, but was particularly lurid and blood-colored at rising and setting. The country people began to look with a superstitious awe at the red lowering aspect of the sun; and, indeed, there was reason for the most enlightened person to be apprehensive, for all the while Calabria and part of the Isle of Sicily were torn and convulsed with earthquakes, and about that juncture a volcano sprang out of the sea on the coast of Norway.'

Other writers also mention volcanic disturbances in this same year, 1783. We are told by Lyell and Geikie, that there were great volcanic eruptions in and near Iceland. A submarine volcano burst forth in the sea, thirty miles southwest of Iceland, which ejected so much pumice that the ocean was covered with this substance, to the distance of 150 miles, and ships were considerably impeded in their course; and a new island was formed, from which fire and smoke and pumice were emitted.

Besides this submarine eruption, the volcano Skaptar-Jökull, on the

tutors can tell you—not I: but *this* I can tell you—and with the authority of all the masters of thought since time was time,—that, while by no manner of vivisection you can learn what a *Beast* is, by only looking into your own hearts you may know what a *Man* is,—and know that his only true happiness is to live in Hope of something to be won by him, in Reverence of something to be worshiped by him, and in Love of something to be cherished by him, and cherished—forever.

Having these instincts, his only rational conclusion is that the objects which can fulfill them may be by his effort gained, and by his faith discerned; and his only earthly wisdom is to accept the united testimony of the men who have sought these things in the way they were commanded. Of whom no single one has ever said that his obedience or his faith had been vain, or found himself cast out from the choir of the living souls, whether here, or departed, for whom the song was written:—

God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face
to shine upon us;

That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving
health among all nations.

mainland, on June 11th, 1783, threw out a torrent of lava, so immense as to surpass in magnitude the bulk of Mont Blanc, and ejected so vast an amount of fine dust, that the atmosphere over Iceland continued loaded with it for months afterwards. It fell in such quantities over parts of Caithness—a distance of 600 miles—as to destroy the crops, and that year is still spoken of by the inhabitants as the year of ‘the ashie.’

These particulars are gathered from the text-books of Lyell and Geikie.

I am not aware whether the coincidence in time of the Icelandic eruptions, and of the peculiar appearance of the sun, described by Gilbert White, has yet been noticed; but this coincidence may very well be taken as some little evidence towards explaining the connection between the recent beautiful sunsets and the tremendous volcanic explosion of the Isle of Krakatoa in August last.

W. R. ANDREWS, F. G. S.

Teffont Ewyas Rectory, Salisbury, January 8th.”

Oh let the nations rejoice and sing for joy, for Thou shalt
judge the people righteously and govern the nations
upon earth.

Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our
own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall
fear Him.

HORTUS INCLUSUS

MESSAGES FROM THE WOOD TO
THE GARDEN,

SENT IN HAPPY DAYS TO THE
SISTER LADIES OF THE THWAITE, CONISTON.

DEDICATED

WITH GRATEFUL THANKS TO MY DEAR FRIENDS

PROFESSOR RUSKIN

AND

ALBERT FLEMING.

S. B.

PREFACE.

THE ladies to whom these letters were written have been, throughout their brightly tranquil lives, at once sources and loadstones of all good to the village in which they had their home, and to all loving people who cared for the village and its vale and secluded lake, and whatever remained in them or around of the former peace, beauty, and pride of English Shepherd Land.

Sources they have been of good, like one of its mountain springs, ever to be found at need. They did not travel; they did not go up to London in its season; they did not receive idle visitors to jar or waste their leisure in the waning year. The poor and the sick could find them always; or rather, they watched for and prevented all poverty and pain that care or tenderness could relieve or heal. Loadstones they were, as steadily bringing the light of gentle and wise souls about them as the crest of their guardian mountain gives pause to the morning clouds: in themselves, they were types of perfect womanhood in its constant happiness, queens alike of their own hearts and of a Paradise in which they knew the names and sympathized with the spirits of every living creature that God had made to play therein, or to blossom in its sunshine or shade.

They had lost their dearly-loved younger sister, Margaret, before I knew them. Mary and Susie, alike in benevolence, serenity, and practical judgment, were yet widely different, nay, almost contrary, in tone and impulse of intellect. Both of them capable of understanding whatever women should know, the elder was yet chiefly interested in the course of immediate English business, policy, and progressive science, while Susie lived an aerial and enchanted life, possessing

all the highest joys of imagination, while she yielded to none of its deceits, sicknesses; or errors. She saw, and felt, and believed all good, as it had ever been, and was to be, in the reality and eternity of its goodness, with the acceptance and the hope of a child; the least things were treasures to her, and her moments fuller of joy than some people's days.

What she had been to me, in the days and years when other friendship has been failing, and others' "loving, mere folly," the reader will enough see from these letters, written certainly for her only, but from which she has permitted my Master of the Rural Industries at Loughrigg, Albert Fleming, to choose what he thinks, among the tendrils of clinging thought, and mossy cups for dew in the Garden of Herbs where Love is, may be trusted to the memorial sympathy of the readers of "Frondes Agrestes."

J. R.

BRANTWOOD,

June, 1887.

INTRODUCTION.

OFTEN during those visits to the Thwaite which have grown to be the best-spent hours of my later years, I have urged my dear friend Miss Beever to open to the larger world the pleasant paths of this her Garden Inclosed. The inner circle of her friends knew that she had a goodly store of Mr. Ruskin's letters, extending over many years. She for her part had long desired to share with others the pleasure these letters had given her, but she shrank from the fatigue of selecting and arranging them. It was, therefore, with no small feeling of satisfaction that I drove home from the Thwaite one day in February last with a parcel containing nearly two thousand of these treasured letters. I was gladdened also by generous permission, both from Brantwood and the Thwaite, to choose what I liked best for publication. The letters themselves are the fruit of the most beautiful friendship I have ever been permitted to witness, a friendship so unique in some aspects of it, so sacred in all, that I may only give it the praise of silence. I count myself happy to have been allowed to throw open to all wise and quiet souls the portals of this Armida's Garden, where there are no spells save those woven by love, and no magic save that of grace and kindness. Here my pleasant share in this little book would have ended, but Mr. Ruskin has desired me to add a few words, giving my own description of Susie, and speaking of my relationship to them both. To him I owe the guidance of my life,—all its best impulses, all its worthiest efforts; to her some of its happiest hours, and the blessings alike of incentive and reproof. In reading over Mr. Ruskin's Preface, I note that, either by grace of purpose or happy chance, he has left me one point untouched in our

dear friend's character. Her letters inserted here give some evidence of it, but I should like to place on record how her intense delight in sweet and simple things has blossomed into a kind of mental frolic and dainty wit, so that even now in the calm autumn of her days, her friends are not only lessoned by her ripened wisdom, but cheered and recreated by her quaint and sprightly humor.

In the Royal Order of Gardens, as Bacon puts it, there was always a quiet resting-place called the Pleasaunce; there the daisies grew unchecked, and the grass was ever the greenest. Such a Pleasaunce do these Letters seem to me. Here and there, indeed, there are shadows on the grass, but no shadow ever falls between the two dear friends who walk together hand in hand along its pleasant paths. So may they walk in peace till they stand at the gate of another Garden, where

“Co' fiori eterni, eterno il frutto dura.”

A. F.

NEAUM CRAG,
LOUGHRIGG,
AMBLESIDE.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

SINCE these letters were published fourteen years ago, both Mr. Ruskin and Miss Beever have passed to the country he longed to find, "where the flowers do not fade." In this new Edition some of the earlier letters have been withdrawn, and others, of possibly wider interest, are inserted in their place. I have also added a reproduction of Mr. Ruskin's last letter to Miss Beever. It was written about the 20th October, 1893, and was read to her on her death-bed. He was then himself in broken health, and it took him three weary hours to write this little note of eight lines. I believe this to be the last complete letter that ever came from his pen. Miss Beever sent it to me with the wish "that some day I might use it," and I now fulfill that wish by inserting it here as the pathetic close to a correspondence, in which there was so much of a gay and playful nature; commending it to the "memorial sympathy" claimed by him for his earlier letters. The word "Phoca" is a signature often used by him in writing to his old friend.

I have been asked to add illustrations to this Edition; and some fresh explanatory notes and dates will also be found.

A. F.

NEAUM CRAG,
AMBLESIDE,
1902.

HORTUS INCLUSUS.

BRANTWOOD, 16th March, 1874.

MY DEAREST SUSIE,—

In a state of great defeat and torment, this morning—having much to do with the weather and—not living on milk, I have been greatly helped by—one of my own books! * It is the best I ever wrote—the last which I took thorough loving pains with—and the first which I did with full knowledge of sorrow.

Will you please read in it—first—from 65 at the bottom of page 79 † as far as and not farther than, 67 in page 81. That is what helped me this morning.

Then, if you want to know precisely the state I am in, read the account of the Myth of Tantalus, beginning at 20—p. 24 and going on to 25—page 31.

It is a hard task to set you, my dear little Susie; but when you get old, you will be glad to have done it, and another day, you must look at page 94, and then you must return me my book, for it's my noted copy and I'm using it.

The life of Tantalus doesn't often admit of crying: but I had a real cry—with quite wet tears yesterday morning, over what—to me is the prettiest bit in all Shakespeare

“Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place—

Chide me no more.” ‡

And almost next to it, comes (to me, always I mean in my

* “The Queen of the Air.” See page 70.

† Cf. contemporary edition.

‡ “Coriolanus,” Act iii. scene 2.

own fancy) Virgilia, "Yes, certain; there's a letter for you; I saw it." *

Ever your loving

J. R.

THE SACRISTAN'S CELL.

ASSISI, 14th April, 1874.

I got to-day your lovely letter of the 6th, but I never knew my Susie *could* be such a naughty little girl before; to burn her pretty story † instead of sending it to me. It would have come to me so exactly in the right place here, where St. Francis made the grasshopper (cicada, at least) sing to him upon his hand, and preached to the birds, and made the wolf go its rounds every day as regularly as any Franciscan friar, to ask for a little contribution to its modest dinner. The Bee and Narcissus would have delighted to talk in this enchanted air.

Yes, that is really very pretty of Dr. John Brown to inscribe your books so, and it's so like him. How these kind people understand things! And that bit of his about the child is wholly lovely; I am so glad you copied it.

I often think of you, and of Coniston and Brantwood. You will see, in the May Fors, reflections upon the temptations to the life of a Franciscan.

There are two monks here, one the sacristan who has charge of the entire church, and is responsible for its treasures; the other exercising what authority is left to the convent among the people of the town. They are both so good and innocent and sweet, one can't pity them enough. For this time in Italy is just like the Reformation in Scotland, with only the difference that the Reform movement is carried on here simply for the sake of what money can be got by Church confiscation. And these two brothers are

* "Coriolanus," Act ii. scene 1.

† "The Bee and Narcissus."

living by indulgence, as the Abbot in the Monastery of St. Mary's in the Regent Moray's time.

The people of the village, however, are all true to their faith; it is only the governing body which is modern-infidel and radical. The population is quite charming,—a word of kindness makes them as bright as if you brought them news of a friend. All the same, it does not do to offend them; Monsieur Cavalcasella, who is expecting the Government order to take the Tabernacle from the Sanctuary of St. Francis, cannot, it is said, go out at night with safety. He decamped the day before I came, having some notion, I fancy, that I would make his life a burden to him, if he didn't, by day, as much as it was in peril by night. I promise myself a month of very happy time here (happy for *me*, I mean) when I return in May.

The sacristan gives me my coffee for lunch, in his own little cell, looking out on the olive woods; then he tells me stories of conversions and miracles, and then perhaps we go into the Sacristy and have a reverent little poke out of relics. Fancy a great carved cupboard in a vaulted chamber full of most precious things (the box which the Holy Virgin's veil used to be kept in, to begin with), and leave to rummage in it at will! Things that are only shown twice in the year or so, with fumigation! all the congregation on their knees; and the sacristan and I having a great heap of them on the table at once, like a dinner service! I really looked with great respect at St. Francis's old camel-hair dress.

I am obliged to go to Rome to-morrow, however, and to Naples on Saturday. My witch of Sicily* expects me this day week, and she's going to take me such lovely drives, and talks of "excursions" which I see by the map are thirty miles away. I wonder if she thinks me so horribly old that it's quite proper. It will be very nice if she does, but not flattering. I know her mother can't go with her, I suppose her maid will. If she wants any other chaperon I won't go.

* Miss Amy Yule. See "Præterita," Vol. III., Chap. vii.

She's really very beautiful, I believe, to some people's tastes, (I shall be horribly disappointed if she isn't, in her own dark style,) and she writes, next to Susie, the loveliest letters I ever get.

Now, Susie, mind, you're to be a very good child while I'm away, and never to burn any more stories; and above all, you're to write me just what comes into your head, and ever to believe me your loving

J. R.

NAPLES, 2d May, 1874.

I heard of your great sorrow* from Joan six days ago, and have not been able to write since. Nothing silences me so much as sorrow, and for this of yours I have no comfort. I write only that you may know that I am thinking of you, and would help you if I could. And I write to-day because your lovely letters and your lovely old age have been forced into my thoughts often by dreadful contrast during these days in Italy. You who are so purely and brightly happy in all natural and simple things, seem now to belong to another and a younger world. And your letters have been to me like the pure air of Yewdale Crags breathed among the Pontine Marshes; but you must not think I am ungrateful for them when I can't answer. You can have no idea how impossible it is for me to do all the work necessary even for memory of the things I came here to see; how much escapes me, how much is done in a broken and weary way. I am the only author on art who does the work of illustration with his own hand; the only one therefore—and I am not insolent in saying this—who has learned his business thoroughly; but after a day's drawing I assure you one cannot sit down to write unless it be the merest nonsense to please Joanie. Believe it or not, there is no one of my friends whom I write so scrupulously to as to you. You may be vexed at this, but indeed I can't but try to write carefully in answer

* The death of Miss Margaret Beaver.

to all your kind words, and so sometimes I can't at all. I *must* tell you, however, to-day, what I saw in the Pompeian frescoes—the great characteristic of falling Rome, in her furious desire of pleasure, and brutal incapability of it. The walls of Pompeii are covered with paintings meant only to give pleasure, but nothing they represent is beautiful or delightful, and yesterday, among other calumniated and caricatured birds, I saw one of my Susie's pets, a peacock; and he had only eleven eyes in his tail. Fancy the feverish wretchedness of the humanity which in mere pursuit of pleasure or power had reduced itself to see no more than eleven eyes in a peacock's tail! What were the Cyclops to this?

I hope to get to Rome this evening, and to be there settled for some time, and to have quieter hours for my letters.

ROME, HÔTEL DE RUSSIE, 8th May, '74.

I have your sweet letter about Ulysses, the leaves, and the Robins. I have been feeling so wearily on this journey, the want of what—when I had it, I used—how often! to feel a burden—the claim of my mother for at least a *word*, every day. Happy, poor mother, with two lines—and I—sometimes—nay—often—thinking it hard to have to stay five minutes from what I wanted to do—to write them.

I am despising, now, in like senseless way, the privilege of being able to write to you and of knowing that it will please you to hear—even that I can't tell you anything! which I cannot, this morning—but only, it is a little peace and rest to me to write to my Susie.

ROME, 23d May, 1874.

A number of business letters and the increasing instinct for work here as time shortens, have kept me too long from

even writing a mere mamma-note to you; though not without thought of you daily.

I have your last most lovely line about your sister—and giving me that most touching fact about poor Dr. John Brown, which I am grieved and yet thankful to know, that I may better still reverence his unfailing kindness and quick sympathy. I have a quite wonderful letter from him about you; but I will not tell you what he says, only it is so *very*, very true, and so very, very pretty, you can't think.

I have written to my bookseller to find for you, and send a complete edition of "Modern Painters," if findable. If not, I will make my assistant send you down my own fourth and fifth volumes, which you can keep till I come for them in the autumn.

There is nothing now in the year but autumn and winter. I really begin to think there is some terrible change of climate coming upon the world for its sin, like another deluge. It will have its rainbow, I suppose, after its manner—promising not to darken the world again, and then not to drown.

ROME, 24th May, 1874 (*Whit-Sunday*).

I have to-day, to make the day whiter for me, your lovely letter of the 15th,* telling me your age. I am so glad it is no more; you are only thirteen years older than I, and much more able to be my sister than mamma, and I hope you will have many years of youth yet. I think I *must* tell you in return for this letter what Dr. John Brown said, or part of it at least. He said you had the playfulness of a lamb without its selfishness. I think that perfect as far as it goes. Of course my Susie's wise and grave gifts must be told of afterwards. There is no one I know, or have known, so well able as you are to be in a degree what my mother was to me. In this chief way (as well as many other ways) (the puzzlement I have had to force that sentence into grammar!), that I

* See page 99.

have had the same certainty of giving you pleasure by a few words and by any little account of what I am doing. But then you know I have just got out of the way of doing as I am bid, and unless you can scold me back into that, you can't give me the sense of support.

Tell me more about yourself first, and how those years came to be "lost." I am not sure that they were; though I am very far from holding the empty theory of compensation; but much of the slighter pleasure you lost then is evidently still open to you, fresh all the more from having been for a time withdrawn.

The Roman peasants are very gay to-day, with roses in their hair; legitimately and honorably decorated, and looking lovely. Oh me, if they had a few Susies to take human care of them what a glorious people they would be!

THE LOST CHURCH IN THE CAMPAGNA.

ROME, 2d June, 1874.

Ah if you were but among the marbles here, though there are none finer than that you so strangely discerned in my study; but they are as a white company innumerable, ghost after ghost. And how you would rejoice in them and in a thousand things besides, to which I am dead, from having seen too much or worked too painfully—or, worst of all, lost the hope which gives all life.

Last Sunday I was in a lost church found again,—a church of the second or third century, dug in a green hill of the Campagna, built underground;—its secret entrance like a sand-martin's nest. Such the temple of the Lord, as the King Solomon of that time had to build it; not "the mountains of the Lord's house shall be established above the hills," but the cave of the Lord's house as the fox's hole, beneath them.

And here, now lighted by the sun for the first time (for they are still digging the earth from the steps), are the

marbles of those early Christian days; the first efforts of their new hope to show itself in enduring record, the new hope of a Good Shepherd:—there they carved Him, with a spring flowing at His feet, and round Him the cattle of the Campagna in which they had dug their church, the very self-same goats which this morning have been trotting past my window through the most populous streets of Rome, innocently following their shepherd, tinkling their bells, and shaking their long spiral horns and white beards; the very same dew-lapped cattle which were that Sunday morning feeding on the hillside above, carved on the tomb-marbles sixteen hundred years ago.

How you would have liked to see it, Susie!

And now to-day I am going to work in an eleventh century church of quite proud and victorious Christianity, with its grand bishops and saints lording it over Italy. The bishop's throne all marble and mosaic of precious colors and of gold, high under the vaulted roof at the end behind the altar; and line upon line of pillars of massive porphyry and marble, gathered out of the ruins of the temples of the great race who had persecuted them, till they had said to the hills, Cover us, like the wicked. And then *their* proud time came, and their enthronement on the seven hills; and now, what is to be their fate once more?—of pope and cardinal and dome, Peter's or Paul's by name only,—“My house, no more a house of prayer, but a den of thieves.”

I can't write any more this morning. Oh me, if one could only write and draw all one wanted, and have our Susies and be young again, oneself and they! (As if there were two Susies, or *could* be!)

Ever my one Susie's very loving

J. RUSKIN.

REGRETS.

ASSISI, *June 9th* (1874).

Yes, I am a little oppressed just now with overwork, nor is this avoidable. I am obliged to leave all my drawings unfinished as the last days come, and the point possible of approximate completion fatally contracts, every hour to a more ludicrous and warped mockery of the hope in which one began. It is impossible not to work against time, and *that* is killing. It is not labor itself, but competitive, anxious, disappointed labor that dries one's soul out.

But don't be frightened about me, you sweet Susie. I know when I *must* stop; forgive and pity me only, because sometimes, nay often my letter (or word) to Susie must be sacrificed to the last effort on one's drawing.

The letter to one's Susie should be a rest, do you think? It is always more or less comforting, but not rest; it means further employment of the already extremely strained sensational power. What one really wants! I believe the only true restorative is the natural one, the actual presence of one's "helpmeet." The far worse than absence of mine *reverses* rest, and what is more, destroys one's power of receiving from others or giving.

How much love of mine have *others* lost, because that poor sick child would not have the part of love that belonged to her!

I am very anxious about your eyes too. For any favor don't write more extracts just now. The books are yours forever and a day—no loan; enjoy any bits that you find enjoyable, but don't copy just now.

I left Rome yesterday, and am on my way home; but, alas! might as well be on my way home from Cochin China, for any chance I have of speedily arriving. Meantime your letters will reach me here with speed, and will be a great comfort to me, if they don't fatigue *you*.

“FRONDES AGRESTES.”

PERUGIA, 12th June (1874).

I am more and more pleased at the thought of this gathering of yours, and soon expect to tell you what the bookseller says.

Meantime I want you to think of the form the collection should take with reference to my proposed re-publication. I mean to take the botany, the geology, the Turner defense, and the general art criticism of “Modern Painters,” as four separate books, cutting out nearly all the preaching, and a good deal of the sentiment. Now what you find pleasant and helpful to you of general maxim or reflection, *must* be of some value; and I think therefore that your selection will just do for me what no other reader could have done, least of all I myself; keep together, that is to say, what may be right and true of those youthful thoughts. I should like you to add anything that specially pleases you, of whatever kind; but to keep the notion of your book being the didactic one as opposed to the other picturesque and scientific volumes, will I think help you in choosing between passages when one or other is to be rejected.

 HOW HE FELL AMONG THIEVES.

ASSISI, 17th June (1874).

I have been having a bad time lately, and have no heart to write to you. Very difficult and melancholy work, deciphering what remains of a great painter * among stains of ruin and blotches of repair, of five hundred years' gathering. It makes me sadder than idleness, which is saying much.

I was greatly flattered and petted by a saying in one of your last letters, about the difficulty I had in unpacking my

* Cimabue.

mind. That is true; one of my chief troubles at present is with the quantity of things I want to say at once. But you don't know how I find things I laid by carefully in it, all moldy and moth-eaten when I take them out; and what a lot of mending and airing they need, and what a wearisome and bothering business it is compared to the early packing,—one used to be so proud to get things into the corners neatly!

I have been failing in my drawings, too, and I'm in a horrible inn kept by a Garibaldian bandit; and the various sorts of disgusting dishes sent up to look like a dinner, and to be charged for, are a daily increasing horror and amazement to me. They succeed in getting *everything* bad; no exertion, no invention, could produce such badness, I believe, anywhere else. The hills are covered for leagues with olive trees, and the oil's bad; there are no such lovely cattle elsewhere in the world, and the butter's bad; half the country people are shepherds, but there's no mutton; half the old women walk about with a pig tied to their waists, but there's no pork; the vine grows wild anywhere, and the wine would make my teeth drop out of my head if I took a glass of it; there are no strawberries, no oranges, no melons, the cherries are as hard as their stones, the beans only good for horses, or Jack and the beanstalk, and this is the size of the biggest asparagus—



I live here in a narrow street ten feet wide only, winding up a hill, and it was full this morning of sheep as close as they could pack, at least a thousand, as far as the eye could reach,—tinkle tinkle, bleat bleat, for a quarter of an hour.

IN PARADISE.

ASSISI, SACRISTAN'S CELL,
25th June (1874).

This letter is all upside down, and this first page written last; for I didn't like something I had written about myself last night when I was tired, and have torn it off.

That star you saw beat like a heart must have been a dog star. A planet would not have twinkled. Far mightier, he, than any planet; burning with his own planetary host doubtless round him; and, on some speckiest of the specks of them, evangelical persons thinking our sun was made for *them*.

Ah, Susie, I do not pass, unthought of, the many sorrows of which you kindly tell me, to show me—for that is in your heart—how others have suffered also.

But, Susie, *you* expect to see your Margaret again, and you will be happy with her in heaven. I wanted my Rosie *here*. In heaven I mean to go and talk to Pythagoras and Socrates and Valerius Publicola. I shan't care a bit for Rosie there, she needn't think it. What will gray eyes and red cheeks be good for *there*?

These pious sentiments are all written in my sacristan's cell.

This extract book * of yours will be most precious in its help to me, provided it is kept within somewhat narrow limits. As soon as it is done I mean to have it published in a strong and pretty but *cheap* form, and it must not be too bulky. Consider, therefore, not only what you like, but how far and with whom each bit is likely to find consent and service. You will have to choose perhaps, after a little while, among what you have already chosen. I mean to leave it *wholly* in your hands; it is to be Susie's choice of my writings.

Don't get into a flurry of responsibility, but don't at once write down all you have a mind to; I know you'll find a good deal! for you are exactly in sympathy with me in all things.

* "Frondes Agrestes."

ASSISI, 9th July, 1874.

Your lovely letters are always a comfort to me; and not least when you tell me you are sad. You would be far less in sympathy with me if you were not, and in the "everything right" humor of some, even of some really good and kind persons, whose own matters are to their mind, and who understand by "Providence" the power which particularly takes care of *them*. This favoritism which goes so sweetly and pleasantly down with so many pious people is the chief of all stumbling-blocks to *me*. I must pray for everybody or nobody, and can't get into any conceptions of relation between Heaven and *me*, if not also between Heaven and earth, (and why Heaven should allow hairs in pens I can't think).

I take great care of myself, be quite sure of that, Susie; the worst of it is, here in Assisi everybody else wants me to take care of them.

Catharine brought me up as a great treat yesterday at dinner, ham dressed with as much garlic as could be stewed into it, and a plate of raw figs, telling me I was to eat them together!

The sun is changing the entire mountains of Assisi into a hot bottle with no flannel round it; but I can't get a ripe plum, peach, or cherry. All the milk turns sour, and one has to eat one's meat at its toughest or the thunder gets into it next day.

FOAM OF TIBER.

PERUGIA, 17th July (1874).

I am made anxious by your sweet letter of the 6th saying you have been ill and are "not much better."

The letter is all like yours, but I suppose however ill you were you would always write prettily, so that's little comfort.

About the Narcissus, please. I want them for my fish-

pond stream rather than for the bee-house one. The fishpond stream is very doleful, and wants to dance with daffodils if they would come and teach it. How happy we are in our native streams. A thunder-storm swelled the Tiber yesterday, and it rolled over its mill weirs in heaps, literally, of tossed water, the size of haycocks, but black brown like coffee with the grounds in it, mixed with a very little yellow milk. In some lights the foam flew like cast handfuls of heavy gravel. The chief flowers here are only broom and bindweed, and I begin to weary for my heather and for my Susie; but oh dear, the ways are long and the days few.

LUCCA, 29th July (1874).

I'm not going to be devoured when I come, by anybody, unless *you* like to. I shall come to your window with the birds, to be fed myself.

And please at present always complain to me whenever you like. It is the over boisterous cheerfulness of common people that hurts me; your sadness is a help to me.

You shall have whatever name you like for your book provided you continue to like it after thinking over it long enough. You will not like "Gleanings," because you know one only gleans refuse—dropped ears—that other people don't care for. *You* go into the garden and gather with choice the flowers you like best. That is not gleanings!

LUCCA, 10th August (1874).

I have been grieved not to write to you; but the number of things that vex me are so great just now, that unless by false effort I could write you nothing nice. It is very dreadful to live in Italy, and more dreadful to see one's England and one's English friends, all but a field or two, and a stream or two, and a one Susie and one Dr. Brown, fast becoming like Italy and the Italians.

I have too *much sympathy* with your sorrow to write to you of it. What I have not sympathy with, is your hope; and how cruel it is to say this! But I am driven more and more to think there is to be no more good for a time, but a reign of terror of men and the elements alike; and yet it is so like what is foretold before the coming of the Son of man that perhaps in the extremest evil of it I may some day read the sign that our redemption draws nigh.

Now, Susie, invent a nice cluster of titles for the book and send them to me to choose from, to Hôtel de l'Arno, Florence. I must get that out before the day of judgment, if I can. I'm so glad of your sweet flatteries in this note received to-day.

FLORENCE, 25th August (1874).

I have not been able to write to you, or any one lately, whom I don't want to tease, except Dr. Brown, whom I write to for counsel. My time is passed in a fierce steady struggle to save all I can every day, as a fireman from a smoldering ruin, of history or aspect. To-day, for instance, I've been just in time to ascertain the form of the cross of the Emperor, representing the power of the State in the greatest *political* fresco of old times—fourteenth century. By next year, it may be next month, it will have dropped from the wall with the vibration of the railway outside, and be touched up with new gilding for the mob.

I am keeping well, but am in a terrible spell (literally, "spell," enchanted maze, that I can't get out of) of work.

I *was* a little scandalized at the idea of your calling the book "word-painting." My dearest Susie, it is the chief provocation of my life to be called a "word-painter" instead of a thinker. I hope you haven't filled your book with descriptions. I thought it was the thoughts you were looking for?

"Posie" would be pretty. If you ask Joanie she will tell you perhaps *too* pretty for *me*, and I can't think a bit

to-night, for instead of robins singing I hear only blaspheming gamesters on the other side of the narrow street.

FLORENCE, 1st September (1874).

Don't be in despair about your book. I am sure it will be lovely. I'll see to it the moment I get home, but I've got into an entirely unexpected piece of business here, the interpretation of a large chapel * full of misunderstood, or not at all understood, frescoes; and I'm terribly afraid of breaking down, so much drawing has to be done at the same time. It has stranded botany and everything.

I was kept awake half of last night by drunken blackguards howling on the bridge of the Holy Trinity in the pure half-moonlight. This is the kind of discord I have to bear, corresponding to your uncongenial company. But, alas! Susie, you ought at ten years old to have more firmness, and to resolve that you won't be bored. I think I shall try to enforce it on you as a very solemn duty not to *lie* to people as the vulgar public do. If they bore you, say so, and they'll go away. That is the right state of things.

How am I to know that *I* don't bore you, when *I* come, when you're so civil to people you hate?

PASS OF BOCCHETTA, 1st October (1874).

* * * * *

All that is lovely and wonderful in the Alps may be seen without the slightest danger, in general, and it is especially good for little girls of eleven who can't climb, to know this—all the best views of hills are at the bottom of them. I know one or two places indeed where there is a grand peeping over precipices, one or two where the mountain seclusion and strength are worth climbing to see. But all the entirely

* Spanish chapel in S. Maria Novella.

beautiful things I could show you, Susie; only for the very highest sublime of them sometimes asking you to endure half an hour of *chaise à porteurs*, but mostly from a post-chaise or smoothest of turnpike roads.

But, Susie, do you know, I'm greatly horrified at the pen-wipers of peacocks' feathers! I always use my left-hand coat-tail, indeed, and if only I were a peacock and a pet of yours, how you'd scold me!

Sun just coming out over sea (at Sestri), which is sighing in towards the window, within your drive, round before the door's breadth of it,* seen between two masses of acacia copse and two orange trees at the side of the inn courtyard.

GENEVA, 19th October (1874).

How I have been neglecting you! Perhaps Joanie may have told you that just at my last gasp of hand-work, I had to write quite an unexpected number of letters. But poor Joanie will think herself neglected now, for I have been stopped among the Alps by a state of their glaciers entirely unexampled, and shall be a week after my "latest possible" day, in getting home. It is eleven years since I was here, and very sad to me to return, yet delightful with a moonlight paleness of the past, precious of its kind.

I shall be at home with Joan in ten days now, God willing. I have much to tell you, which will give you pleasure and pain; but I don't know how much it will be—to tell you—for a little while yet, so I don't begin.

OXFORD, 26th October (1874).

Home at last with your lovely, most lovely, letter in my breast pocket.

I am so very grateful to you for not writing on black paper. Oh, dear Susie, why should we ever wear black for the guests of God?

* That is, within that distance of the window.—J. R.

WHARFE IN FLOOD.

BOLTON ABBEY,

24th January, 1875.

The black rain, much as I growled at it, has let me see Wharfe in flood; and I would have borne many days in prison to see that.

No one need go to the Alps to see wild water. Seldom unless in the Rhine or Rhone themselves at their rapids, have I seen anything much grander. An Alpine stream, besides, nearly always has its bed full of loose stones, and becomes a series of humps and dumps of water wherever it is shallow; while the Wharfe swept round its curves of shore like a black Damascus saber, coiled into eddies of steel. At the Strid, it had risen eight feet vertical since yesterday, sheeting the flat rocks with foam from side to side, while the treacherous mid-channel was filled with a succession of boiling domes of water, charged through and through with churning white, and rolling out into the broader stream, each like a vast sea wave bursting on a beach.

There is something in the soft and comparatively unbroken slopes of these Yorkshire shales which must give the water a peculiar sweeping power, for I have seen Tay and Tummel and Ness, and many a big stream besides, savage enough, but I don't remember anything so grim as this.

I came home to quiet tea and a black kitten called Sweep, who lapped half my cream jugful (and yet I had plenty) sitting on my shoulder,—and *Life of Sir Walter Scott*. I was reading his great Scottish history tour, when he was twenty-three, and got his materials for everything nearly, but especially for *Waverley*, though not used till long afterwards.

Do you recollect Gibbie Gellatly? I was thinking over that question of yours, "What did I think?"* But, my dear Susie, you might as well ask Gibbie Gellatly what *he*

* Of the things that shall be, hereafter.—J. R.

thought. What does it matter what any of us think? We are but simpletons, the best of us, and I am a very inconsistent and wayward simpleton. I know how to roast eggs, in the ashes, perhaps—but for the next world! Why don't you ask your squirrel what *he* thinks too? The great point—the one for all of us—is, not to take false words in our mouths, and to crack our nuts innocently through winter and rough weather.

I shall post this to-morrow as I pass through Skipton or any post-worthy place on my way to Wakefield. Write to Warwick. Oh me, what places England had, when she was herself! Now, rail stations mostly. But I never can make out how Warwick Castle got built by that dull bit of river.

“FRONDES.”

WAKEFIELD, 25th January, 1875.

Here's our book in form at last, and it seems to me just a nice size, and on the whole very taking. I've put a touch or two more to the preface, and I'm sadly afraid there's a naughty note somewhere. I hope you won't find it, and that you will like the order the things are put in.

Such ill roads as we came over to-day, I never thought to see in England.

CASTLETON, 26th January, 1875.

Here I have your long dear letter. I am very thankful I can be so much to you. Of all the people I have yet known, you are the only one I can find complete sympathy in; you are so nice and young without the hardness of youth, and may be the best of sisters to me. I am not so sure about letting you be an elder one; I am not going to be lectured when I'm naughty.

I've been so busy at *wasps* all day coming along, having

got a nice book about them. It tells me, too, of a delightful German doctor who kept tame hornets,—a whole nest in his study! They knew him perfectly, and would let him do anything with them, even pull bits off their nest to look in at it.

Wasps, too, my author says, are really much more amiable than bees, and never get angry without cause. All the same, they have a tiresome way of inspecting one, too closely, sometimes, I think.

I'm immensely struck with the Peak Cavern, but it was in twilight.

I'm going to stay here all to-morrow, the place is so entirely unspoiled. I've not seen such a primitive village, rock, or stream, this twenty years; Langdale is as sophisticated as Pall Mall in comparison.

WASP STINGS.

BOLTON BRIDGE, *Saturday*.

I never was more thankful than for your sweet note, being stopped here by bad weather again; the worst of posting is that one has to think of one's servant outside, and so lose a day.

It was bitter wind and snow this morning, too bad to send any human creature to sit idle in. Black enough still, and I more than usual, because it is just that point of distinction from brutes which I truly say is our only one,* of which I have now so little hold.

The bee Fors † will be got quickly into proof, but I must add a good deal to it. I can't get into good humor for natural history in this weather.

I've got a good book on wasps which says they are our

* I've forgotten what it was, and don't feel now as if I had 'got hold' of any one.—J. R.

† See "Fors Clavigera," Letter LI.

chief protectors against flies. In Cumberland the wet cold spring is so bad for the wasps that I partly think this may be so, and the terrible plague of flies in August might perhaps be checked by our teaching our little Agneses to keep wasps' nests instead of bees.

Yes, that is a pretty bit of mine about Hamlet, and I think I must surely be a little pathetic sometimes, in a doggish way.

"You're so dreadfully faithful!" said Arthur Severn to me, fretting over the way I was being ill-treated the other day by R.

Oh dear, I wish I were at Brantwood again, now, and could send you my wasp book! *It* is pathetic, and yet so dreadful,—the wasp bringing in the caterpillar for its young wasp, stinging each enough to paralyze but not to kill, and so laying them up in the cupboard.

I wonder how the clergymen's wives will feel after the next Fors or two! I've done a bit to-day which I think will go in with a shiver. Do you recollect the curious *thrill* there is—the cold *tingle* of the pang of a nice deep wasp sting?

Well, I'm not in a fit temper to write to Susie to-day, clearly.

BOLTON STRID.

I stopped here to see the Strid again—not seen these many years. It is curious that life is embittered to me, now, by its former pleasantness; while *you* have of these same places painful recollections, but you could enjoy them now with your whole heart.

Instead of the drive with the poor over-labored one horse through the long wet day, here, when I was a youth, my father and mother brought me,* and let me sketch in the Abbey and ramble in the woods as I chose, only demanding promise that I should not go near the Strid. Pleasant

* In 1837.

drives, with, on the whole, well paid and pleased drivers, never with over-burdened cattle; cheerful dinner or tea waiting for me always, on my return from solitary rambles. Everything right and good for me, except only that they never put me through any trials to harden me, or give me decision of character, or make me feel how much they did for me.

But that error was a fearful one, and cost them and me, Heaven only knows how much. And now, I walk to Strid, and Abbey, and everywhere, with the ghosts of the past days haunting me, and other darker spirits of sorrow and remorse and wonder. Black spirits among the gray, all like a mist between me and the green woods. And I feel like a caterpillar,—stung *just enough*. Foul weather and mist enough, of quite a real kind besides. An hour's sunshine to-day, broken up speedily, and now veiled utterly.

HERNE HILL, LONDON,
11th February, 1875.

I have your sweet letter with news of Dr. John and his brother. I have been working on the book to-day very hard, after much interruption; it is two-thirds done now. So glad people are on tiptoe.

Paddocks are frogs, not toads in that grace.* And why should not people smile? Do you think that God does not like smiling graces? He only dislikes frowns. But you know when once habitual, the child would be told on a cold day to say "Cold as paddocks;" and everybody would know what was coming. Finally the deep under-meaning, that as the cold hand is lifted, so also the cold heart, and yet accepted, makes it one of the prettiest little hymns I know.

I cannot tell you how very apposite to my work these two feathers are. I am just going to dwell on the exquisite result of the division into successive leaves, by which nature obtains

* Herrick's. See "Fors Clavigera," Letter XLIII.

the glittering look to set off her color; and you just send me two feathers which have it more in perfection than any I ever saw, and I think are more vivid in color.

How those boys must tease you! but you will be rewarded in the world that good Susies go to.

HERNE HILL, 4th October (1875).

All your letter is delicious, but chiefest the last sentence where you say you like your Chaucer so much.—And you need never fear touching that wound of mine—It is never more—never less—without its pain. I like you to lay your pure—gentle hand on it.

But I am not despondent or beaten at all, and I'm at work on your peacock's feathers—and oh me, they should be put into some great arch of crystal where one could see them like a large rainbow—I use your dear little lens deep in and in—and can't exhaust their wonderfulness.

HÔTEL MEURICE, PARIS,
26th August, '76.

I'm so very miserable just now that I can't write to you: but I don't want you to think that I am going so far away without wishing to be near you again. A fit of intense despondency coming on the top, or under the bottom, of already far-fallen fatigue leaves me helpless to-day, my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. Oh dear, the one pleasant thing I've to say is that it will make me know the blessings of Brantwood and dearness of the Thwaite, twenty fold more, when I get back.

VENICE, 10th September, '76.

I am a sad long way from the pretty garden steps of the Thwaite, now, yet in a way, at home, here also—having perhaps more feeling of old days at Venice than at any other

place in the world, having done so much work there, and I hope to get my new "Stones of Venice" into almost as nice a form as "Frondes." I'm going to keep all that I think Susie would like, and then to put in some little bits to my own liking, and some other little bits for the pleasure of teasing, and I think the book will come out quite fresh.

I am settled here for a month at least—and shall be very thankful for Susie notes, when they cross the Alps to me in these lovely days.

Love to Mary—I wish I could have sent both some of the dark blue small Veronica I found on the Simplon!

VENICE, 12th September, 1876.

I must just say how thankful it makes me to hear of this true gentleness of English gentlewomen in the midst of the vice and cruelty in which I am forced to live here, where oppression on one side and license on the other rage as two war-wolves in continual havoc.

It is very characteristic of fallen Venice, as of modern Europe, that here in the principal rooms of one of the chief palaces in the very headmost sweep of the Grand Canal there is not a room for a servant fit to keep a cat or a dog in (as Susie would keep cat or dog, at least).

VENICE, 18th September (1876).

I never knew such a fight as the good and wicked fairies are having over my poor body and spirit just now. The good fairies have got down the St. Ursula for me and given her to me all to myself, and sent me fine weather and nice gondoliers, and a good cook, and a pleasant waiter; and the bad fairies keep putting everything upside down, and putting black in my box when I want white, and making me forget all I want, and find all I don't, and making the hinges come

off my boards, and the leaves out of my books, and driving me as wild as wild can be; but I'm getting something done in spite of them, only I never *can* get my letters written.

VENICE, *September 29th.*

I have woeful letters telling me you also were woeful in saying good-bye. My darling Susie, what is the use of your being so good and dear if you can't enjoy thinking of heaven, and what fine goings on we shall all have there?

All the same, even when I'm at my very piouslest, it puts me out if my drawings go wrong. I'm going to draw St. Ursula's blue slippers to-day, and if I can't do them nicely shall be in great despair. I've just found a little cunning inscription on her bedpost, 'IN FANNITIA.' The double N puzzled me at first, but Carpaccio spells anyhow. My head is not good enough for a bedpost. . . . Oh me, the sweet Grange!—Thwaite, I mean (bedpost again); to think of it in this mass of weeds and ruin!

ST. URSULA.

VENICE, *13th November (1876).*

I have to-day your dear little note, and have desired Joan to send you one just written to her in which I have given some account of myself, that may partly interest, partly win your pardon for apparent neglect. Coming here, after practically an interval of twenty-four years,—for I have not seriously looked at anything during the two hurried visits with Joan,*—my old unfinished work, and the possibilities of its better completion, rise grievously and beguilingly before me, and I have been stretching my hands to the shadow of old designs and striving to fulfill shortcomings, always painful to me, but now, for the moment, intolerable.

* May 1870 and June 1872.

I am also approaching the close of the sixth year of Fors, and have plans for the Sabbatical year of it, which make my thoughts active and troubled. I am drawing much, and have got a study of St. Ursula which will give you pleasure; but the pain of being separate from my friends and of knowing they miss me! I wonder if you will think you are making me too vain, Susie. Such vanity is a very painful one, for I know that you look out of the window on Sundays now, wistfully, for Joan's handkerchief. This pain seems always at my heart, with the other which is its own.

I am thankful, always, you like St. Ursula. *One* quite fixed plan for the last year of Fors, is that there shall be absolutely no abuse or controversy in it, but things which will either give pleasure or help; and some clear statements of principle, in language as temperate as hitherto violent; to show, for one thing, that the violence was not for want of self-command.

I'm going to have a good fling at the Bishops in next Fors to finish with, and then for January!—only I mustn't be too good, Susie, or something would happen to me. So I shall say naughty things still, but in the mildest way.

I am very grateful to you for that comparison about my mind being as crisp as a lettuce. I am *so* thankful you can feel that still. I was beginning to doubt, myself.

ST. MARK'S DOVES.

VENICE, 2d December (1876).

I have been very dismal lately. I hope the next captain of St. George's Company will be a merrier one and happier, in being of use. I am inherently selfish, and don't enjoy being of use. And here I've no Susies nor Kathleens nor Diddies, and I'm only doing lots of good, and I'm very miserable. I've been going late to bed too. I picked myself up last night and went to bed at nine, and feel cheerful

enough to ask Susie how she does, and send her love from St. Mark's doves. They're really tiresome now, among one's feet in St. Mark's Place, and I don't know what it will come to. In old times, when there were not so many idlers about, the doves were used to brisk walkers, and moved away a foot or two in front of one; but now everybody lounges, or stands talking about the Government, and the doves won't stir till one just touches them; and I who walk fast* am always expecting to tread on them, and it's a nuisance.

If I only had time I would fain make friends with the sea-gulls, who would be quite like angels if they would only stop on one's balcony. If there were the least bit of truth in Darwinism, Venice would have had her own born sea-gulls by this time building their nests at her thresholds.

VENICE, 11th December (1876).

My mouth's watering so for that Thwaite currant jelly, you can't think. I haven't had the least taste of anything of the sort this three months. These wretches of Venetians live on cigars and garlic, and have no taste in their mouths for anything that God makes nice.

The little drawing (returned) is nice in color and feeling, but, which surprises me, not at all intelligent in line. It is not weakness of hand but fault of perspective instinct, which spoils so many otherwise good botanical drawings.

Bright morning. Sickle moon just hiding in a red cloud, and the morning stars just vanished in light. But we've had nearly three weeks of dark weather, so we mustn't think it poor Coniston's fault—though Coniston *has* faults.

* See "Fors Clavigera," Letter LXXXII.,

ST. MARK'S REST.

23d January, 1877.

A great many lovely things happened to me this Christmas, but if I were to tell Susie of them I am sure she would be frightened out of her bright little wits, and think I was going to be a Roman Catholic. I'm writing *such* a Catholic history of Venice, and chiseling all the Protestantism off the old "Stones" as they do here the grass off steps.

All the pigeons of St. Mark's Place send you their love. St. Ursula adds hers to the eleven thousand birds' love. And the darlingest old Pope who went a pilgrimage with her, hopes you won't be too much shocked if he sends *his* too! (If you're not shocked, *I* am!)

My new Catholic history of Venice is to be called "St. Mark's Rest."

 27th January (1877).

Joanie tells me you are writing her such sad little letters. How *can* it be that any one so good and true as my Susie should be sad? I am sad, bitterly enough and often, but only with sense of fault and folly and lost opportunity such as you have never fallen into or lost. It is very cruel of Fate, I think, to make us sad, who would fain see everybody cheerful, and (cruel of Fate too) to make so many cheerful who make others wretched. The little history of Venice is well on, and will be clear and interesting, I think,—more than most histories of anything. And the stories of saints and nice people will be plenty.

Such moonlight as there is to-night, but nothing to what it is at Coniston! It makes the lagoon water look brown instead of green, which I never noticed before.

VENICE, 4th February, 1877.

Your praise and sympathy do me double good, because you could not praise me so nicely and brightly without pleasure of your own. I'm always sure a Fors will be good if I feel it will please Susie;—but I can only write them now as they're given me; it all depends on what I'm about. But I'm doing a great deal just now which you will enjoy—I'm thankful to say, I know you will. St. Theodore's horse is delightful *—and our Venetian doggie—and some birds are coming too! This is not a letter—but just a purr.

SAINTS AND FLOWERS.

VENICE, 17th February (1877).

It is very grievous to me to hear of your being in that woeful weather while I have two days' sunshine out of three, and starlight or moonlight always; to-day the whole chain of the Alps from Vicenza to Trieste shining cloudless all day long, and the sea-gulls floating high in the blue, like little dazzling boys' kites.

Yes, St. Francis would have been greatly pleased with you watching pussy drink your milk; so would St. Theodore, as you will see by next Fors, which I have ordered to be sent you in first proof, for I am eager that you should have it. What wonderful flowers these pinks of St. Ursula's are, for life! They seem to bloom like everlastings.

I get my first rosebud and violets of this year from St. Helena's Island to-day. How I begin to pity people who have no saints to be good to them! Who is yours at Conis-

* St. Theodore had a contest with a Dragon, and his horse gave considerable help, trampling it down with its four feet. The Saint spoke first to the horse as to a man—"Oh thou horse of Christ comfort thee, be strong like a man, and come that we may conquer the contrary enemy." See "Fors," vol. vii. also "St. Mark's Rest,"

ton? There must have been some in the country once upon a time.

With their help I am really getting well on with my history and drawing, and hope for a sweet time at home in the heathery days, and many a nice afternoon tea at the Thwaite.

VENICE, 8th March, 1877.

That is entirely new and wonderful to me about the singing mouse.* Douglas (was it the Douglas?) saying "he had rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak" needs revision. It is a marvelous fact in natural history.

The wind is singing a wild tune to-night—cannot be colder on our own heaths—and the waves dash like our Waterhead. Oh me, when I'm walking round it again how like a sad dream all this Venice will be!

VENICE, 15th May, 1877.

I've not tumbled into the lagoons, nor choked myself in a passion, nor gone and made a monk of myself—nor got poisoned by the Italian cooks.

I'm packing up, and coming to the Thwaite as soon as ever I can—after a little Alpine breathing of high air.

I'm pretty well—if you'll forgive me for being so naughty—else I can't be even plain well—but I'm always your loving—

OXFORD, 2d December (1877).

I write first to you this morning to tell you that I gave yesterday the twelfth and last † of my course of lectures this

* A pleasant story that a friend sent me from France. The mouse often came into their sitting-room and actually sang to them, the notes being a little like a canary's.—S. B.

† An Oxford Lecture. *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1878.

term, to a room crowded by six hundred people, two-thirds members of the University, and with its door wedged open by those who could not get in; this interest of theirs being granted to me, I doubt not, because for the first time in Oxford, I have been able to speak to them boldly of immortal life. I intended when I began the course only to have read "Modern Painters" to them; but when I began, some of your favorite bits interested the men so much, and brought so much larger a proportion of undergraduates than usual, that I took pains to reinforce and press them home; and people say I have never given so useful a course yet. But it has taken all my time and strength, and I have not been able even to tell Susie a word about it until now. In one of my lectures I made my text your pretty peacock and the design * of him. But did not venture to say what really must be true, that his voice is an example of "the Devil sowed tares," and of the angels letting both grow together. My grateful compliments to the peacock. And little (but warm) loves to all your little birds. And best of little loves to the squirrels, only you must send *them* in dream-words, I suppose, up to their nests.

HERNE HILL,

Sunday, 16th December (1877).

It is a long while since I've felt so good for nothing as I do this morning. My very wristbands curl up in a dog's-eared and disconsolate manner; my little room is all a heap of disorder. I've got a hoarseness and wheezing and sneezing and coughing and choking. I can't speak and I can't think, I'm miserable in bed and useless out of it; and it seems to me as if I could never venture to open a window or go out of a door any more. I have the dimmest sort of diabolical pleasure in thinking how miserable I shall make Susie by telling her all this; but in other respects I seem entirely devoid of all moral sentiments. I have arrived at

* Decorative art of his plumage.—J. R.

this state of things, first by catching cold, and since by trying to "amuse myself" for three days. I tried to read "Pickwick," but found that vulgar,* and, besides, I know it all by heart. I sent from town for some chivalric romances, but found them immeasurably stupid. I made Baxter read me the *Daily Telegraph*, and found that the Home Secretary had been making an absurd speech about art, without any consciousness that such a person as I had ever existed. I read a lot of games of chess out of Mr. Staunton's handbook, and couldn't understand any of them. I analyzed the Dock Company's bill of charges on a box from Venice, and sent them an examination paper on it. I think *that* did amuse me a little, but the account doesn't. £1 8s. 6d. for bringing a box two feet square from the Tower Wharf to here! But the worst of all is, that the doctor keeps me shut up here, and I can't get my business done; and now there isn't the least chance of my getting down to Brantwood for Christmas, nor, as far as I can see, for a fortnight after it. There's perhaps a little of the diabolical enjoyment again in that estimate; but really the days *do* go, more like dew shaken off branches than real sunrisings and settings. But I'll send you word every day now for a little while how things are going on.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
26th December, 1877.

I don't know really whether I *ought* to be at Brantwood or here on Christmas. Yesterday I had two lovely services in my own cathedral. You know the *cathedral* of Oxford

* "May I ask you to correct a false impression which any of your readers who still care to know my opinions would receive from the reference to Dickens in your kind notice of my letters to Miss Beever. . . . I have not the letters here, and forget what I said about my Pickwick's not amusing me when I was ill, but it always does, to this hour, when I am well; though I have known it by heart, pretty nearly all, since it came out; and I love Dickens with every bit of my heart, and sympathize in everything he thought or tried to do, except in his effort to make more money by readings which killed him." *Letter to "Daily Telegraph," Sandgate, January 4, 1888.*

is the chapel of Christ Church College, and I have my own high seat in the chancel, as an honorary student, besides being bred there, and so one is ever so proud and ever so pious all at once, which is ever so nice, you know; and my own dean, that's the Dean of Christ's Church, who is as big as any bishop, read the services, and the psalms and anthems were lovely; and then I dined with Henry Acland and his family, where I am an adopted son,—all the more wanted yesterday because the favorite son Herbert died this year in Ceylon,—the first death out of seven sons. So they were glad to have me. Then I've all my Turners here, and shall really enjoy myself a little to-day, I think; but I do wish I could be at Brantwood too.

Oh dear, I've scribbled this dreadfully. Can you really read my scribble, Susie? Love, you may always read, however scribbled.

OXFORD, 27th December, 1877.

By the way, what a shame it is that we keep that word "jealous" in the second commandment, as if it meant that God was jealous of images. It means burning, zealous or full of life, visiting, etc., *i. e.*, necessarily when leaving the father leaving the child; necessarily, when giving the father life, giving life to the child, and to thousands of the race of them that love me.

It is very comic the way people have of being so particular about the second and fourth commandments, and breaking all the rest with the greatest comfort. For me, I try to keep all the rest rather carefully, and let the second and fourth take care of themselves.

Cold quite gone; now it's your turn, Susie. I've got a love letter in Chinese, and can't read it!

WINDSOR CASTLE,

2d January, 1878.

I'm horribly sulky this morning, for I expected to have a room with a view, if the room was ever so little, and I've got a great big one looking into the Castle yard, and I feel exactly as if I was in a big modern county jail with beautiful turrets of modern Gothic.

I came to see Prince Leopold, who has been a prisoner to his sofa lately, but I trust he is better; he is very bright and gentle, under severe and almost continual pain. My dear little Susie, about that rheumatism of yours? If it wasn't for that, how happy we both ought to be, living in Thwaites and woods, instead of nasty castles! Well, about that Shakespeare guide? I cannot, cannot, at all fancy what it is. In and out among the stars; it sounds like a plan for stringing the stars. I am so very glad you told me of it.

"Unwritten books in my brain?" Yes, but also in how many other brains of quiet people, books unthought of, "In the Book and Volume" which will be read some day in Heaven, aloud, "When saw we thee?" Yes, and "When read we ourselves?"

My dear Susie, if I were to think really *lost*, what you for instance have new found in your own powers of receiving and giving pleasure, the beautiful faculties you have, scarcely venturing even to show the consciousness of them, when it awakes in you, what a woeful conception I should have of God's not caring for us. He will gather all the wheat into His garner.

INGLETON, 17th January (1878).

It's a charming post here, and brings me my letters the first thing in the morning; and I took care to tell nobody where I was going, except people I wanted to hear from. What a little busy bee of a Susie you've been to get all those extracts ready by this time. I've got nothing done all the

while I've been away, but a few mathematical figures, and the less I do the less I find I can do it; and yesterday, for the first time these twenty years at least, I hadn't so much as a "plan" in my head all day. But I had a lot to look at in the moorland flowers and quiet little ancient Yorkshire farmhouses, not to speak of Ingleborough, who was, I think, a little depressed because he knew you were only going to send your remembrances and not your love to him. The clouds gathered on his brow occasionally in a fretful manner, but towards evening he resumed his peace of mind and sends you his "remembrances" and his "blessing." I believe he saves both you and me from a great deal of east wind.

Well, I've got a plan in my head *this* morning for the new extracts. Shall we call them "Lapides (or "Marmora") Portici"; and put a little preface to them about the pavement of St. Mark's porch and its symbolism of what the education of a good man's early days must be to him? I think I can write something a little true and trustworthy about it.

26th November.

I have entirely resigned all hope of ever thanking you rightly for bread, sweet odors, roses and pearls, and must just allow myself to be fed, scented, rose-garlanded and bepearled as if I were a poor little pet dog or pet pig. But my cold is better, and I *am* getting on with this botany; but it is really too important a work to be pushed for a week or a fortnight. And Mary and you will be pleased at last, I am sure.

I have only to-day got my four families, Clarissa, Lychnis, Scintilla, and Mica, perfectly and simply defined.* See how nicely they come.

* "Proserpina,"

- A. Clarissa changed from Dianthus, which is bad Greek (and all my pretty flowers have names of girls). Petal *jagged* at the outside.
- B. Lychnis. Petal *divided in two* at the outside, and the fringe retired to the top of the limb.
- C. Scintilla. (Changed from Stellaria, because I want Stella for the house leeks.) Petal formed by the *two* lobes of lychnis without the retired fringe.
- D. Mica. *Single* lobed petal.

When once these four families are well understood in typical examples, how easy it will be to attach either subordinate groups or specialities of habitat, as in America, to some kinds of them! The entire order, for their purity and wildness, are to be named, from Artemis, "Artemides," instead of Caryophyllaceæ; and next them come the Vestals (mints, lavenders, etc.); and then the Cytheride Viola, Veronica, Giulietta, the last changed from Polygala.

That third Herb Robert one is just the drawing that nobody but me (never mind grammar) could have made. Nobody! because it means ever so much careful watching of the ways of the leaf, and a lot of work in cramp perspective besides. It is not quite right yet, but it *is* nice.

It is so nice to be able to find anything that is in the least new to *you*, and interesting; my rocks are quite proud of rooting that little saxifrage.

I'm scarcely able to look at one flower because of the two on each side, in my garden just now. I want to have bees' eyes, there are so many lovely things.

I must tell you, interrupting my botanical work this morning, something that has just chanced to me.

I am arranging the caryophylls, which I mass broadly into "Clarissa," the true jagged-leaved and clove-scented ones; "Lychnis," those whose leaves are essentially in two lobes; "Arenaria," which I leave untouched; and "Mica," a new name of my own for the pearlworts of which the

French name is to be *Miette*, and the representative type (now *Sagina procumbens*) is to be in—

Latin—*Mica amica*.

French—*Miette l'amie*.

English—Pet pearlwort.

Then the next to this is to be—

Latin—*Mica millegrana*.

French—*Miette aux mille perles*.

English—Thousand pearls.

Now this on the whole I consider the prettiest of the group, and so look for a plate of it which I can copy. Hunting all through my botanical books, I find the best of all is Baxter's Oxford one, and determine at once to engrave that. When turning the page of his text I find: "The specimen of this curious and interesting little plant from which the accompanying drawing was made was communicated to me by Miss Susan Beever. To the kindness of this young lady, and that of her sister, Miss Mary Beever, I am indebted for the four plants figured in this number."

I have copied lest you should have trouble in looking for the book, but now, you darling Susie, please tell me whether I may not separate these lovely pearlworts wholly from the spergulas,—by the pearlworts having only two leaves like real pinks at the joints, and the spergulas, a *cluster*; and tell me how the spergulas scatter their seeds, I can't find any account of it.

I would fain have come to see that St. Bruno lily; but if I don't come to see Susie and you, be sure I am able to come to see nothing. At present I am very deeply involved in the classification of the minerals in the Sheffield Museum, important as the first practical arrangement ever yet attempted for popular teaching, and this with my other work makes me fit for nothing in the afternoon but wood-chopping. But I will call to-day on Dr. Brown's friends.

I hope you will not be too much shocked with the audaci-

ties of the new number * of "Proserpina," or with its ignorances. I am going during my wood-chopping really to ascertain in my own way what simple persons ought to know about tree growth, and give it clearly in the next number. I meant to do the whole book very differently, but can only now give the fragmentary pieces as they chance to come, or it would never be done at all.

You must know before anybody else how the exogens are to be completely divided. I keep the four great useful groups, mallow, geranium, mint, and wallflower, under the head of domestic orders, that their sweet service and companionship with us may be understood; then the water-lily and the heath, both four foils, are to be studied in their solitudes (I shall throw all that are not four foils out of the Ericaceæ); then finally there are to be seven orders of the dark proserpine, headed by the draconids (snapdragons), and including the anemones, hellebores, ivies, and forget-me-nots.

What plants I cannot get ranged under these $12+4+2+7=25$ in all, orders, I shall give broken notices of, as I have time, leaving my pupils to arrange them as they like. I can't do it all.

The whole household was out after breakfast to-day to the top of the moor to plant cranberries; and we squeezed and splashed and spluttered in the boggiest places the lovely sunshine had left, till we found places squashy and squeezey enough to please the most particular and coolest of cranberry minds; and then each of us choosing a little special bed of bog, the tufts were deeply put in with every manner of tacit benediction, such as might befit a bog and a berry, and many an expressed thanksgiving to Susie and to the kind sender of the luxuriant plants. I have never had gift from you, dear Susie, more truly interesting and gladdening to me, and many a day I shall climb the moor to see the fate of the plants and look across to the Thwaite. I've been out most of the forenoon and am too sleepy to shape letters,

but will try and get a word of thanks to the far finder of the dainty things to-morrow.

What loveliness everywhere in a duckling sort of state just now.

BRANTWOOD.

I hope you did not get a chill in the garden. The weather is a little wrong again, but I am thankful for last night's sunset.

You know our English Bible is only of James 1st time—Stalk is a Saxon word, and gets into English I fancy as early as the Plantagenets—but I have not hunted it down.—I'm just in the same mess with "pith," but I'm finding out a great deal about the thing though not the word, for next "Deucalion," in chopping my wood.

You know, "Funckia" won't last long. I am certain I shall have strength enough to carry my system of nomenclature at least as far, as to exclude people's individual names.

I won't even have a "Susia"—stay—that's Christian—yes, I will have a Susia. But not a "Beeveria," though—

TO MISS BEEVER.

20th January, 1879.

You will not doubt the extreme sorrow with which I have heard of all that was ordered to be, of terrible, in your peaceful and happy household. Without for an instant supposing, but, on the contrary, utterly refusing to admit, that such calamities* may be used to point a moral (all useful morality having every point that God meant it to have, perfectly sharp and bright without any burnishing of *ours*), still less to

* One of our younger servants had gone on to the frozen lake; the ice gave way, and she was drowned.—S. B.

adorn a tale (the tales of modern days depending far too much upon Scythian decoration with Death's heads), I, yet, if I had been Mr. Chapman, would have pointed out that all concealments, even of trivial matters, on the part of young servants from kind mistresses, are dangerous no less than unkind and ungenerous, and that a great deal of preaching respecting the evil nature of man and the anger of God might be spared, if children and servants were only taught, as a religious principle, to tell their mothers and mistresses, when they go out, exactly where they are going and what they are going to do. I think both you and Miss Susan ought to use every possible means of changing, or at least checking, the current of such thoughts in your minds; and I am in hopes that you may have a little pleasure in examining the plates in the volume of Sibthorpe's "F. Græca" which I send to-day, in comparison with those of "F. Danica." The vulgarity and lifelessness of Sibthorpe's plates are the more striking because in mere execution they are the more elaborate of the two; the chief point in the "F. Danica" being the lovely artistic skill. The drawings for Sibthorpe, by a young German, were as exquisite as the Dane's, but the English engraver and colorist spoiled all.

I will send you, if you like them, the other volumes in succession. I find immense interest in comparing the Greek and Danish forms or conditions of the same English flower.

I send the second volume, in which the Rufias are lovely, and scarcely come under my above condemnation. The *first* is nearly all of grass.

BRANTWOOD, 4th February (1879).

You know I'm getting my Oxford minerals gradually to Brantwood, and whenever a box comes, I think whether there are any that I don't want myself, which might yet have leave to live on Susie's table. And to-day I've found a very soft purple agate, that looks as if it were nearly melted

away with pity for birds and flies, which is like Susie; and another piece of hard wooden agate with only a little ragged sky of blue here and there, which is like me; and a group of crystals with grass of Epidote inside, which is like what my own little cascade has been all the winter by the garden side; and so I've had them all packed up, and I hope you will let them live at the Thwaite.

Then here are some more bits, if you will be a child. Here's a green piece, long, of the stone they cut those green weedy brooches out of, and a nice mouse-colored natural agate, and a great black and white one, stained with sulphuric acid, black but very fine always, and interesting in its lines.

Oh dear, the cold; but it's worth *any* cold to have that delicious Robin dialogue. Please write some more of it; you hear all they say, I'm sure.

I cannot tell you how delighted I am with your lovely gift to Joanie. The perfection of the stone, its exquisite color, and superb weight, and flawless clearness, and the delicate cutting, which makes the light flash from it like a wave of the Lake, make it altogether the most perfect mineralogical and heraldic jewel that Joanie could be bedecked with, and it is as if Susie had given her a piece of Coniston Water itself.

And—the setting is delicious, and positively must not be altered. I shall come on Sunday to thank you myself for it. Meantime I'm working hard at the Psalter, which I am almost sure Susie will like.

BRANTWOOD.

I am so very glad you like Sir Philip so much.

I've sent for, and hope to get him for you. He was shot before he had done half his Psalter—His sister finished it, but very meanly in comparison, you can tell the two hands on the harp at a mile off.

The photograph—please say—like all photos whatsoever,

is only nature dirtied and undistanced.—If that is all one wants in trees,—they might be dead all the year round.

25th May (1879).

This is a most wonderful stone that Dr. Kendall has found—at least to *me*. I have never seen anything quite like it, the arborescent forms of the central thread of iron being hardly ever assumed by an ore of so much metallic luster. I think it would be very desirable to cut it, so as to get a perfectly smooth surface to show the arborescent forms; if Dr. Kendall would like to have it done, I can easily send it up to London with my own next parcel.

I want very much to know exactly where it was found; might I come and ask about it on Dr. Kendall's next visit to you? I could be there waiting for him any day.

What lovely pictures you would have made in the old butterfly times, of opal and felspar! What lost creatures we all are, we nice ones! The Alps and clouds that *I* could have done, if I had been shown how.

27th June (1879).

Everybody's gone! and I have all the new potatoes, and all the asparagus, and all the oranges and everything, and my Susie too, all to myself.

I wrote in my diary this morning that really on the whole I never felt better in my life. Mouth, eyes, head, feet, and fingers all fairly in trim; older than they were, yes, but if the head and heart grow wiser, they won't want feet or fingers some day.

And I'll come to be cheered and scolded myself the moment I've got things a little to rights here. I think imps get into the shelves and drawers, if they're kept long locked, and must be caught like mice. The boys have been very

good, and left everything untouched; but the imps; and to hear people say there aren't any! How happy you and I should always be if it weren't for them!

How gay you were and how you cheered me up after the dark lake.

Please say "John Inglesant" is harder than real history and of no mortal use. I couldn't read four pages of it. Clever, of course.

HERNE HILL, 14th August, 1880.

I've *just* finished my Scott paper:* but it has retouchings and notings yet to do. I couldn't write a word before; haven't so much as a syllable to Diddie, and only a move at chess to Macdonald, for, you know, to keep a chess player waiting for a move is like keeping St. Lawrence unturned.

21st August, 1880.

I'm leaving to-day for Dover, and a line from you to-morrow or Monday would find me certainly at Poste Restante, Abbeville.

I have not been working at all, but enjoying myself (only that takes up time all the same) at Crystal Palace concerts, and jugglings, and at Zoological Gardens, where I had a snake seven feet long to play with, only I hadn't much time to make friends, and it rather wanted to get away all the time. And I gave the hippopotamus *whole* buns, and he was delighted, and saw the cormorant catch fish thrown to him six yards off; never missed one; you would have thought the fish ran along a wire up to him and down his throat. And I saw the penguin swim under water, and the sea lions sit up, four of them on four wooden chairs, and catch fish also; but they missed sometimes and had to flop off their chairs into the water and then flop out again and flop up again.

* "Fiction Fair and Foul," No. 3.

And I lunched with Cardinal Manning, and he gave me *such* a plum pie. I never tasted a Protestant pie to touch it.

Now you're just wrong about my darling Cardinal. See what it is to be jealous! He gave me lovely soup, roast beef, hare and currant jelly, puff pastry like Papal pretensions—you had but to breathe on it and it was nowhere—raisins and almonds, and those lovely preserved cherries like kisses kept in amber. And told me delicious stories all through lunch. *There!*

And we really do see the sun here! And last night the sky was all a spangle and delicate glitter of stars, the glare of them and spikiness softened off by a young darling of a moon.

AMIENS, 29th August, 1880.

You have been made happy doubtless with us by the news from Herne Hill. I've only a telegram yet though, but write at once to congratulate you on your little goddaughter.

Also to say that I am very well, and sadly longing for Brantwood; but that I am glad to see some vestige of beloved things here, once more.

We have glorious weather, and I am getting perfect rest most of the day—mere saunter in the sunny air, taking all the good I can of it. To-morrow we get (D.V.) to Beauvais, where perhaps I may find a letter from Susie; in any case you may write to Hotel Meurice, Paris.

The oleanders are coming out and geraniums in all cottage windows, and golden corn like Etruscan jewelry over all the fields.

BEAUVAIS, 3d September, 1880.

We are having the most perfect weather I ever saw in France, much less anywhere else, and I'm taking a thorough

rest, writing scarcely anything and sauntering about old town streets all day.

I made a little sketch of the lake from above the Waterhead which goes everywhere with me, and it is so curious when the wind blows the leaf open when I am sketching here at Beauvais, where all is so differently delightful, as if we were on the other side of the world.

I think I shall be able to write some passages about architecture yet, which Susie will like. I hear of countless qualities being discovered in the new little Susie! And all things will be happy for me if you send me a line to Hotel Meurice saying *you* are happy too.

PARIS, 4th September (1880).

I have all your letters, and rejoice in them; though it is a little sadder for you looking at empty Brantwood, than for me to fancy the bright full Thwaite, and then it's a great shame that I've everything to amuse me, and lovely Louvres and shops and cathedrals and coquettes and pictures and plays and prettinesses of every color and quality, and you've only your old, old hills and quiet lake. Very thankful I shall be to get back to them, though.

We have finished our Paris this afternoon, and hope to leave for Chartres on Monday.

HÔTEL DE MEURICE, PARIS,
4th September (1880).

Is it such pain to you when people say what they ought not to say about *me*? But when do they say what they ought to say about anything? Nearly everything I have ever done or said is as much above the present level of public understanding as the Old Man is above the Waterhead.

We have had the most marvelous weather thus far, and

have seen Paris better than ever I've seen it yet,—and to-day at the Louvre we saw the Casette of St. Louis, the Coffre of Anne of Austria, the porphyry vase, made into an eagle, of an old Abbé Segur, or some such name. All these you can see also, you know, in those lovely photographs of Miss Rigbye's, if you can only make out in this vile writing of mine what I mean.

But it is so hot. I can scarcely sit up or hold the pen, but tumble back into the chair every half minute and unbutton another button of waistcoat, and gasp a little, and nod a little, and wink a little, and sprinkle some eau de Cologne a little, and try a little to write a little, and forget what I had to say, and where I was, and whether it's Susie or Joan I'm writing to; and then I see some letters I've never opened that came by this morning's post, and think I'd better open them perhaps; and here I find in one of them a delightful account of the quarrel that goes on in this weather between the nicest elephant in the Zoo' and his keeper, because he won't come out of his bath. I saw them at it myself, when I was in London, and saw the elephant take up a stone and throw it hard against a door which the keeper was behind,—but my friend writes, "I *must* believe from what I saw that the elephant knew he would injure the man with the stones, for he threw them hard to the *side* of him, and then stood his ground; when, however, he threw water and wetted the man, he plunged into the bath to avoid the whip; not fearing punishment when he merely showed what he could do and did not."

The throwing the stone hard at the door when the keeper was on the other side of it, must have been great fun for him!

I am so sorry to have crushed this inclosed scrawl. It has been carried about in my pocket to be finished, and I see there's no room for the least bit of love at the bottom. So here's a leaf full from the Bois de Boulogne, which is very lovely; and we drive about by night or day, as if all the sky were only the roof of a sapphire palace set with warm stars.

CHARTRES, 8th September (1880).

(*Hôtel du Grande Monarque.*)

I suppose I'm the grand Monarque! I don't know of any other going just now, but I don't feel quite the right thing without a wig. Anyhow, I'm having everything my own way just now,—weather, dinner, news from Joanie and news from Susie, only I don't like her to be so very, very sad, though it is nice to be missed so tenderly. But I do hope you will like to think of my getting some joy in old ways again, and once more exploring old streets and finding forgotten churches.

The sunshine is life and health to me, and I am gaining knowledge faster than ever I could when I was young.

This is just to say where I am, and that you might know where to write.

The cathedral here is the grandest in France, and I stay a week at least.

CHARTRES, 13th September (1880)

I must be back in England by the 1st October, and by the 10th shall be myself ready to start for Brantwood, but may perhaps stay, if Joanie is not ready, till she can come too. Anyway, I trust very earnestly to be safe in the shelter of my own woodside by the end of October. I wonder what you will say of my account of the Five Lovers of Nature * and seclusion in the last *Nineteenth Century*?

I am a little ashamed to find that in spite of my sublimely savage temperament, I take a good deal more pleasure in Paris than of old, and am even going back there on Friday for three more days.

We find the people here very amiable, and the French old character unchanged. The perfect cleanliness and unruffledness of white cap, is always a marvel, and the market groups exquisite, but our enjoyment of the fair is

* Rousseau, Shelley, Byron, Turner, and John Ruskin.

subdued by pity for a dutiful dog, who turns a large wheel (by walking up it inside) the whole afternoon, producing awful sounds out of a huge grinding organ, of which his wheel and he are the unfortunate instruments. Him we love, his wheel we hate! and in general all French musical instruments. I have become quite sure of one thing on this journey, that the French of to-day have no sense of harmony, but only of more or less lively tune, and even, for a time, will be content with any kind of clash or din produced in time.

The Cathedral service is, however, still impressive.

PARIS, 18th September, 1880.

What a *very* sad little letter, and how very naughty of my little Susie to be sad because there are still six weeks to the end of October! How thankful should we both be to have six weeks still before us of the blessed bright autumn days, with their quiet mildnesses in the midst of northern winds; and that these six weeks are of the year 1880—instead of '81 or '82—and that we both can read, and think, and see flowers and skies, and be happy in making each other happy. *What* a naughty little Susie, to want to throw any of her six weeks away!

I've just sealed in its envelope for post the most important Fors I have yet written, addressed to the Trades Unions,* and their committees are to have as many copies as they like free, for distribution, free (dainty packets of Dynamite). I suspect I shall get into hot water with *some* people for it. Also I've been afraid myself, to set it all down, for once! But down it is, and out it shall come! and there's a nice new bit of article for the *Nineteenth Century*, besides anyhow I keep you in reading, Susie—do you know it's a very bad compliment to me that you find time pass so slowly!

I wonder why you gave me that little lecture about being

* "Fors," vol. viii., Letter 5.

“a city on a hill.” I don't want to be anything of the sort, and I'm going to-night to see the Fille du Tambour-Major at the Folies Dramatiques.

BRANTWOOD, 16th February, 1881.

I've much to tell you “to-day” * of answer to those prayers you prayed for me. But you must be told it by our good angels, for your eyes must not be worn. God willing, you shall see men as trees walking in the garden of God, on this pretty Coniston earth of ours. Don't be afraid, and please be happy, for I can't be, if you are not. Love to Mary, to Miss Rigbye, and my own St. Ursula,† and mind you give the messages *to all three, heartily.*

BRANTWOOD, 22d April, 1881.

I'm not able to scratch or fight to-day, or I wouldn't let you cover me up with this heap of gold; but I've got a rheumatic creak in my neck, which makes me physically stiff and morally supple and unprincipled, so I've put two pounds sixteen in my own “till,” where it just fills up some lowering of the tide lately by German bands and the like, and I've put ten pounds aside for Sheffield Museum, now in instant mendicity, and I've put ten pounds aside till you and I can have a talk and you be made reasonable, after being scolded and scratched, after which, on your promise to keep to our old bargain and enjoy spending your little “Frondes” income, I'll be your lovingest again. And for the two pounds ten, and the ten, I am really most heartily grateful, meaning as they do so much that is delightful for both of us in the good done by this work of yours.

* The motto on Mr. Ruskin's seal. See “Præterita, vol. ii.,

† Photograph of Carpaccio's.

I send you Spenser; perhaps you had better begin with the Hymn to Beauty, page 39, and then go on to the Tears; but you'll see how you like it. It's better than Longfellow; see line 52—

“The house of blessed gods which men call skye.”

Now I'm going to look out Dr. Kendall's crystal. It *must* be crystal,* for having brought back the light to your eyes.

BRANTWOOD, 12th July, 1881.

How delightful that you have that nice Mrs. Howard to hear you say “The Ode to Beauty,” and how nice that you can learn it and enjoy saying it! † I do not know it myself. I only know that it should be known and said and heard and loved.

I *am* often near you in thought, but can't get over the lake somehow. There's always somebody to be looked after here, now. I've to rout the gardeners out of the greenhouse, or I should never have a strawberry or a pink, but only nasty gloxinias and glaring fuchsias, and I've been giving lessons to dozens of people and writing charming sermons in the “Bible of Amiens”; but I get so sleepy in the afternoon I can't pull myself over it.

I was looking at your notes on birds yesterday. How sweet they are! But I can't forgive that young blackbird for getting wild again.‡

* For a present to Dr. Kendall.

† I learnt the whole of it by heart, and could then say it without a break. I have always loved it, and in return it has helped me through many a long and sleepless night.—S. B.

‡ Pages 101 *et seqq.*

*Last Day of 1881. And the last letter
I write on it, with new pen.*

I've lunched on *your* oysters, and am feasting eyes and mind on *your* birds.

What birds?

Woodcock? Yes, I suppose, and never before noticed the *sheath* of his bill going over the front of the lower mandible that he may dig comfortably! But the others! the glory of velvet and silk and cloud and light, and black and tan and gold, and golden sand, and dark tresses, and purple shadows and moors and mists and night and starlight, and woods and wilds and dells and deeps, and every mystery of heaven and its finger work, is in those little birds' backs and wings. I am so grateful. All love and joy to you, and wings to fly with and birds' hearts to comfort, and mine, be to you in the coming year.

Easter Day, 1882.

I have had a happy Easter morning, entirely bright in its sun and clear in sky; and with renewed strength enough to begin again the piece of St. Benedict's life where I broke off, to lose these four weeks in London,—weeks not wholly lost neither, for I have learned more and more of what I should have known without lessoning; but I *have* learnt it, from these repeated dreams and fantasies, that we walk in a vain shadow and disquiet ourselves in vain. So I am for the present, everybody says, quite good, and give as little trouble as possible; but people *will* take it, you know, sometimes, even when I don't give it, and there's a great fuss about me yet. But *you* must not be anxious any more, Susie, for really there is no more occasion at one time than another. All the doctors say I needn't be ill unless I like, and I don't mean to like any more; and as far as chances of ordinary danger, I think one runs more risks in a single railway journey, than in the sicknesses of a whole year.

HERNE HILL, 8th June (1882).

You write as well as ever, and the eyes must surely be better, and it was a joyful amazement to me to hear that Mary was able to read and could enjoy my child's botany. You always have things before other people; will you please send me some rosemary and lavender as soon as any are out? I am busy on the *Labiatae*, and a good deal bothered. Also St. Benedict, whom I shall get done with long before I've made out the nettles he rolled in.

I'm sure I ought to roll myself in nettles, burdocks, and blackthorn, for here in London I can't really think now of anything but flirting, and I'm only much the worse for it afterwards.

And I'm generally wicked and weary, like the people who ought to be put to rest. But you'd miss me, and so would Joanie; so I suppose I shall be let stay a little while longer.

SALLENCHES, SAVOY, 13th September (1882).

I saw Mont Blanc again to-day, unseen since 1877; and was very thankful. It is a sight that always redeems me to what I am capable of at my poor little best, and to what loves and memories are most precious to me. So I write to *you*, one of the few true loves left. The snow has fallen fresh on the hills, and it makes me feel that I must soon be seeking shelter at Brantwood and the Thwaite.

GENOA, Sunday, 24th September (1882).

I got your delightful note yesterday at Turin, and it made me wish to run back through the tunnel directly instead of coming on here. But I had a wonderful day, the Alps clear all the morning all round Italy—two hundred miles of them; and then in the afternoon blue waves of the

Gulf of Genoa breaking like blue clouds, thunderclouds, under groves of olive and palm. But I wished they were my sparkling waves of Coniston instead, when I read your letter again.

What a gay Susie, receiving all the world, like a Queen Susan (how odd one has never heard of a Queen Susan!), only you *are* so naughty, and you never do tell me of any of those nice girls when they're *coming*, but only when they're gone, and I never shall get glimpse of them as long as I live.

But you know you really represent the entire Ruskin school of the Lake Country, and I think these *levées* of yours must be very amusing and enchanting; but it's very dear and good of you to let the people come and enjoy themselves, and how really well and strong you must be to be able for it.

I am very glad to hear of those sweet, shy girls, poor things.* I suppose the sister they are now anxious about is the one that would live by herself on the other side of the Lake, and study Emerson and aspire to Buddhism.

I'm trying to put my own poor little fragmentary Ism into a rather more connected form of imagery. I've never quite set myself up enough to impress *some* people; and I've written so much that I can't quite make out what I am myself, nor what it all comes to.

TO MISS BEEVER.

10th January, 1883.

I cannot tell you how grateful and glad I am, to have your lovely note and to know that the Bewick gave you

* Florence, Alice, and May Bennett. Florence is gone. Alice and May still sometimes at Coniston, D.G. (March 1887).—J. R.

“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 fulfillment of her last wishes, you shall hear at another time.”—*Fors Clavigera*, vol. viii.

pleasure, and that you are so entirely well now, as to enjoy anything requiring so much energy and attention to this degree. For indeed I can scarcely now take pleasure myself in things that give me the least trouble to look at, but I know that the pretty book and its chosen wood-cuts ought to be sent to you, first of all my friends (I have not yet thought of sending it to any one else), and I am quite put in heart after a very despondent yesterday, passed inanely, in thinking of what *I couldn't* do, by feeling what you *can*, and hoping to share the happy Christmas time with you and Susie in future years. Will you please tell my dear Susie I'm going to bring over a drawing to show! (so thankful that I am still able to draw after these strange and terrible illnesses) this afternoon. I am in hopes it may clear, but dark or bright I'm coming, about half past three, and am ever your and her most affectionate and faithful servant.

24th September, 1884.

I wandered literally "up and down" your mountain garden—(how beautifully the native rocks slope to its paths in the sweet evening light, Susiesque light!)—with great happiness and admiration, as I went home, and I came indeed upon what I conceived to be—discovered in the course of recent excavations—two deeply interesting thrones of the ancient Abbots of Furness, typifying their humility in that the seats thereof were only level with the ground between two clusters of the earth; contemplating cyclamen, and their severity of penance, in the points of stone prepared for the mortification of their backs; but truly, Susie's seat of repose and meditation I was unable as yet to discern, but propose to myself further investigation of that apple-perfumed paradise, and am ever your devoted and enchanted

OXFORD, 1st December (1884).

I gave my fourteenth, and last for this year, lecture this afternoon with vigor and effect, and am safe and well (D.G.), after such a spell of work as I never did before. I have been thrown a week out in all my plans, by having to write two new Lectures, instead of those the University was frightened at. The scientists slink out of my way now, as if I was a mad dog, for I let them have it hot and heavy whenever I've a chance at them.

But as I said, I'm a week late, and though I start for the North this day week, I can't get home till this day fortnight at soonest, but I hope not later than to-morrow fortnight. Very thankful I shall be to find myself again at the little room door.

Fancy Mary Gladstone forgiving me even that second *naughtiness!** She's going to let me come to see her this week, and to play to me, which is a great comfort.

ST. SUSIE, 27th November, 1885.

Behold Athena and Apollo both come to bless you on your birthday, and all the buds of the year to come, rejoice with you, and your poor cat † is able to purr again, and is extremely comfortable and even cheerful "to-day." And we will make more and more of all the days, won't we, and we will burn our candle at both beginnings instead of both ends, every day beginning two worlds—the old one to be lived over again, the new to learn our golden letters in. Not that I mean to write books in that world. I hope to be set to do something, there; and what lovely "receptions" you will have in your little heavenly Thwaite, and celestial

* The first attack on Mr. Gladstone is in "Fors," September, 1875, the apology and withdrawal in "Fors," February, 1878. The second "naughtiness" will be found in "Arrows of the Chace," Vol. II., and a final attack is made in an interview in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 21st April, 1884. The subject is summarized in an article in the *Daily News* of 4th July, 1898.

† J. R.

teas! And you won't spoil the cream with hot water, will you, any more?

The whole village is enjoying itself, I hear, and the widows and orphans to be much the better for it, and altogether, you and I have a jolly time of it, haven't we?

20th February, 1886.

I haven't had anything nice to send you this ever so long, but here's a little bird's nest of native silver which you could almost live in as comfortably as a tit. It will stand nicely on your table without upsetting, and is so comfortable to hold, and altogether I'm pleased to have got it for you.

BRANTWOOD, 1st March, 1886.

Yes, I knew you would like that silver shrine! and it *is* an extremely rare and perfect specimen. But you need not be afraid in handling it; if the little bit of spar does come off it, or out of it, no matter.

But of course nobody else should touch it, till you give them leave, and show them how.

I am sorry for poor Miss Brown, and for your not having known the Doctor. He should have come here when I told him. I believe he would have been alive yet, and I never should have been ill.

I believe you know more Latin than I do, and can certainly make more delightful use of it.

Your mornings' ministry to the birds must be remembered for you by the angels who paint their feathers. They will all, one day, be birds of Paradise, and say, when the adverse angel accuses you of being naughty to *some* people, "But we were hungry and she gave us corn, and took care that nobody else ate it."

I am indeed thankful you are better. But you must please tell me what the thing was I said which gave you so much pain. Do you recollect also what the little bit in "Proserpina" was that said so much to you? Were you not thinking of "Fors"?

I am very thankful for all your dear letters always—greatly delighted above all with the squirrel one, and Chaucer. Didn't he love squirrels! * and don't I wish I was a squirrel in Susie's pear trees, instead of a hobbling disconsolate old man, with no teeth to bite, much less crack, anything, and particularly forbidden to eat nuts!

Your precious letter, showing me you are a little better, came this morning, with the exquisite feathers, one, darker and lovelier than any I have seen, but please, I still want one not in the least flattened; all these have lost just the least bit of their shell-like bending. You can so easily devise a little padding to keep two strong cards or bits of wood separate for one or two to lie happily in. I don't mind giving you this tease, for the throat will be better the less you remember it. But for all of us, a dark sky is assuredly a poisonous and depressing power, which neither surgery nor medicine can resist. The difference to me between nature as she is now, and as she was ten years ago, is as great as between Lapland and Italy, and the total loss of comfort in morning and evening sky, the most difficult to resist of all spiritual hostility.

* "And many squireles, that sett
Ful high upon the trees and ete
And in his maner made festys."

"The Dethe of Blaunche," 430.

22d May, 1886.

Of course the little pyramid in crystal is a present. With that enjoyment of Pinkerton,* you will have quite a new indoors interest, whatever the rain may say.

How very lucky you asked me what basalt was! How much has come out of it (written in falling asleep)! I've been out all the morning and am *so* sleepy.

But I've written a nice little bit of "Præterita" before I went out, trying to describe the Rhone at Geneva. I think Susie will like it, if nobody else.

That "not enjoying the beauty of things" goes ever so much deeper than mere blindness. It is a form of antag-
onism, and is essentially Satanic. A most strange form of demonology in otherwise good people, or shall we say in "good people"? You know *we* are not good at all, are we now?

I don't think you've got any green in your mica. I've sent you a bit inclosed with some jealous spots in.

26th November, 1886.

Do you know how to make sugar candy? In my present abject state the only way of amusing myself I can hit on is setting the girls of the school to garden and cook! By way of beginning in cooking I offered to pay for any quantity of wasted sugar if they could produce me a crystal or two of sugar candy. (On the way to Twelfth cakes, you know, and sugar animals. One of Francesca's friends made her a life-size Easter lamb in sugar.) The first try this morning was brought me in a state of sticky jelly.

And after sending me a recipe for candy, would you please ask Harry to look at the school garden? I'm going to get the *boys* to keep that in order; but if Harry would look at it and order some mine gravel down for the walks, and,

* Pinkerton on "Petralogy."

with Mr. Brocklebank's authority (to whom I have spoken already), direct any of the boys who are willing to form a corps of little gardeners, and under Harry's orders make the best that can be made of that neglected bit of earth, I think you and I should enjoy hearing of it.

I told a Cambridge man yesterday that he had been clever enough to put into a shilling pamphlet all the mistakes of his generation.

27th November, 1886.

For once, I have a birthday stone for you, a little worth your having, and a little gladsome to me in the giving. It is blue like the air that you were born into, and always live in. It is as deep as gentians, and has their gleams of green in it, and it is precious all through within and without, as Susie herself is. Many and many returns of all the birthdays that have gone away, and crowds yet of those that never were here before.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,
24th December, 1877.

This is just for Christmas love, and I'm quite well and up to work this morning, and the first thing I opened here was St. Ursula from Mr. Gould—and I hope the darling will be with me and you and him, and all good lovers and laborers everywhere. Love to Mary. Also to the servants. Also to the birds. If any mice are about—also to them,—and in a hush-a-bye to the Squirrels—wherever they are.

BRANTWOOD.

This reminiscence of birds—entirely delightful—puts me on a thought of better work that you can do for me than even the Shakespeare notes. Each day, when you are in spirits,—never as an effort, sit down and tell me—as in this morning's note—whatever you remember about birds—going back to very childhood—and just chatting on, about all you have seen of them and done for them.

You will make a little book as delightful—nay, much more delightful than White of Selborne—and you will feel a satisfaction in the experience of your real knowledge—power of observation—and loving sentiment, in a way to make them even more exemplary and helpful.

Now don't say you can't—but begin directly to-morrow morning.

BRANTWOOD, 1880.

What am I about all this while?

Well—I wake every morning at four—can't help it—to see the morning light—Perhaps I go to sleep again—but never for long—then I do really very good work in the mornings—but by the afternoon I'm quite beaten and can do nothing but lie about in the wood.

However—the Prosody and Serpent lectures are just finishing off and then I shall come to see you in the morning! while I am awake.

I went out before breakfast this morning, half asleep—and saw what I thought was a red breasted woodpecker as big as a pigeon! Presently it came down on the lawn and I made up my mind it was only a robin about the size of a small partridge!

Can it have been a cross-bill?

 BRANTWOOD.

I've had this cold five days now and it's worse than ever, and yet I feel quite well in other respects, and the glorious sunshine is a great joy to me. Also Prince Leopold's words,* seen to-day. Very beautiful in themselves—and—I say it solemnly—just, more than ever I read before of friend's sayings. It is strange—I had no conception he saw so far into things or into *me*.

It is the greatest help that has ever been given me (in the view the public will take of it).

* In a speech delivered at the Mansion House, February 19, 1870, in support of the extension of university teaching. See Cook's "Studies in Ruskin," p. 45.

BRANTWOOD.

A heap half a foot high of unanswered letters pouring and tottering across the table must pour and fall as they will, while I just say how thankful I am for yours always, and how, to-day, I must leave letters, books and all to work on that lovely *Trientalis* which Mary sent me. It has a peculiar set of trine leaves which Linnæus noticed and named it for—modern botanists have no notion of it.

I think both Mary and you will be deeply interested in seeing it worked out. I've been at it since seven o'clock.

Yes, if I had known you were in the garden! Alas—one never can know what one wants to—I was all that afternoon seeing the blacksmith make a chopper!

BROADLANDS, ROMSEY,
15th October (1875).

I was very thankful for your letter this morning—having heard you were unwell and being a little despondent myself—more than of late—an Italian nobleman is here who cares for nothing but shooting, and everybody thinks it perfectly right!

It is a great joy to me that you find so much in the "Stones of Venice"—I hope that book is worth the time it took me to write it, every year of youth seems to me in looking back, now so precious.

How very strange I should give you *quietness*, myself being always disquieted in heart—a Ghost of poor Samuel—helpless—in sight of ruining Israel.

To think of the difference between these two scenes,—Samuel at his feast sending the prepared portion to the expected Saul.

And Samuel the Ghost—with his message.

Well—this is a cheering letter to send my poor Susie. It's all that Italian Duke.

BRANTWOOD.

If ever a *Gentiana Verna* demeans itself to you at Brantwood—I'll disown it and be dreadfully ashamed for it! The other little things if they'll condescend to come shall be thanked and honored with my best. Only please now *don't* send me more asparagus!

I feel so piggish and rabbitish in eating you out of all your vegetables, that I'm afraid to speak lest it should turn out grunting, and to shake my head for fear of feeling flappy at the ears.

But—please—Is the bread as brown as it used to be? I think you're cosseting me up altogether and I don't like the white bread so well!

BRANTWOOD.

What *can* you mean about your ignorance—or my astonishment at it? Indeed you are a naughty little Susie to think such things. I never come to the Thwaite but you and your sister tell me all kinds of things I didn't know, and am so glad to know.

I send a book of architect's drawings of Pisa, which I think will interest you—only you must understand that the miserable Frenchman who did it, could not see the expression of face in any of the old sculptures, nor draw anything but hard mechanical outlines—and the charm of all these buildings is this almost *natural* grace of free line and color.

The little tiny sketch of mine, smallest in the sheet of 4 (the other sheet only sent to keep its face from rubbing) will show you what the things really are like—the whole front of the dome, plate XI. (the wretch can't even have his numbers made legibly) is of arches of this sweet variable color.

Please can your sister or you plant a grain or grains of corn for me, and watch them into various stages of

germination.* I want to study the mode of root and blade development. And I am sure you two will know best how to show it me.

BRANTWOOD, 30th December, 1883.

I heard with extreme sorrow yesterday of your mischance, and with the greater, that I felt the discomfort and alarm of it would be increased to you—in their depressing power by a sense of unkindness to you on my part in not having been to see you—nor even read the letter which would have warned me of your accident. But you must remember that Christmas is to me a most oppressive and harmful time—the friends of the last thirty years of life all trying to give what they cannot give—of pleasure, or receive what—from me, they can no more receive—the younger ones especially thinking they can amuse me by telling me of their happy times—which I am so mean as to envy and am doubly distressed by the sense of my meanness in doing so.

And my only resource is the quiet of my own work, to which—these last days—I have nearly given myself altogether. Yet I *had* read your letter as far as the place where you said you wanted one and then, began to think what I should say—and “read no further” † that day—and now here is this harm that had befallen you—which I trust, nevertheless, is of no real consequence, and this one thing I must say once for all, that whatever may be my feelings to you—you must *never* more let yourself imagine for an instant they can come of any manner of offense? *That* thought is real injustice to me. I have never, and never can have, any other feeling towards you than that of the deepest gratitude, respect, and affection—too sorrowfully inexpressible and ineffectual—but never changing. I will drive, walk, or row, over to see you on New Year's day—if I am fairly well—be the weather what it will. I hope the bearer.

* “Proserpina,”

† Dante, “Inferno,” v. 144.

will bring me back a comforting report as to the effects of your accident and that you will never let yourself again be discomfited by mistrust of me, for I am and shall ever be

Your faithful and loving servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

I never heard the like—my writing good! and just now!! If you only saw the wretched notes on the back of lecture leaves!

But I am so very glad you think it endurable, and it is so nice to be able to give you a moment's pleasure by such a thing. I'm better to-day, but still extremely languid. I believe that there is often something in the spring which weakens one by its very tenderness; the violets in the wood send one home sorrowful that one isn't worthy to see them, or else, that one isn't one of them.

It is mere Midsummer dream in the wood to-day.

You could not possibly have sent me a more delightful present than this *Lychnis*; it is the kind of flower that gives me pleasure and health and memory and hope and everything that Alpine meadows and air can. I'm getting better generally, too. The sun *did* take one by surprise at first.

How blessedly happy Joanie and the children were yesterday at the Thwaite! I'm coming to be happy myself there to-morrow (D.V.).

Here are the two bits of study I did in Malham Cove; the small couples of leaves are different portraits of the first shoots of the two geraniums. I don't find in any botany an account of their little round side leaves, or of the definite central one above the branching of them.

Here's your lovely note just come. I am very thankful that the "Venice" gives you so much pleasure.

I *have*, at least, one certainty, which few authors could hold so surely, that no one was ever harmed by a book of mine; they may have been offended, but have never been discouraged or discomfited, still less corrupted.

There's a saucy speech for Susie's friend. You won't like me any more if I begin to talk like that.

A sapphire is the same stone as a ruby; both are the pure earth of clay crystallized. No one knows why one is red and the other blue.

A diamond is pure *coal* crystallized.

An opal, pure flint—in a state of fixed *jelly*.

I'm in a great passion with the horrid people who write letters to tease my good little Susie. *I won't have it*. She shall have some more stones to-morrow.

I must have a walk to-day, and can't give account of them, but I've looked them out. It's so very nice that you like stones. If my father, when I was a little boy, would only have given me stones for bread, how I should have thanked him.

What infinite power and treasure you have in being able thus to enjoy the least things, yet having at the same time all the fastidiousness of taste and imagination which lays hold of what is greatest in the least, and best in all things!

Never hurt your eyes by writing; keep them wholly for admiration and wonder. I hope to write little more myself of books, and to join with you in joy over crystals and flowers in the way we used to do when we were both more children than we are.

TO MISS BEEVER.

I am ashamed not to have sent you a word of expression of my real and very deep feelings of regard and respect for you, and of my, not *fervent* (in the usual phrase, which means only hasty and ebullient), but serenely *warm*, hope that you may keep your present power of benevolent happiness to length of many days to come. But I hope you will

sometimes take the simpler view of the little agate box than that of birthday token, and that you will wonder sometimes at its labyrinth of mineral vegetable! I assure you there is nothing in all my collection of agates in its way quite so perfect as the little fiery forests of dotty trees in the corner of the piece which forms the bottom. I ought to have set it in silver, but was always afraid to trust it to a lapidary.

What you say of the Greek want of violets is also very interesting to me, for it is one of my little pet discoveries that Homer means the blue iris by the word translated "violet."

Thursday morning.

I'm ever so much better, and the jackdaw has come. But why wasn't I there to meet his pathetic desire for art knowledge? To think of that poor bird's genius and love of scarlet ribbons, shut up in a cage! What it might have come to!

If ever my St. George's schools come to any perfection, they shall have every one a jackdaw to give the children their first lessons in arithmetic. I'm sure he could do it perfectly. "Now, Jack, take two from four, and show them how many are left." "Now, Jack, if you take the teaspoon out of this saucer, and put it into *that*, and then if you take two teaspoons out of two saucers, and put them into this, and then if you take one teaspoon out of this, and put it into that, how many spoons are there in this, and how many in that?"—and so on.

Oh, Susie, when we *do* get old, you and I, won't we have nice schools for the birds first, and then for the children?

That photograph is indeed like a visit; how thankful I am that it is still my hope to get the real visit some day!

I was yesterday and am always, certainly at present, very unwell, and a mere trouble to my Joanies and Susies and all who care for me. But I'm painting another bit of moss which I think Susie will enjoy, and hope for better times.

Did you see the white cloud that stayed quiet for three hours this morning over the Old Man's summit? It was one of the few remains of the heaven one used to see. The heaven one had a Father in, not a raging enemy.

I send you Rogers' "Italy," that is no more. I do think you'll have pleasure in it.

I've been made so miserable by a paper of Sir J. Lubbock's on flowers and insects, that I must come and whine to you. He says, and really as if he knew it, that insects, chiefly bees, entirely originate flowers; that all scent, color, pretty form, is owing to bees; that flowers which insects don't take care of, have no scent, color, nor honey.

It seems to me, that it is likelier that the flowers which have no scent, color, nor honey, don't get any attention from the bees.

But the man really knows so much about it, and has tried so many pretty experiments, that he makes me miserable.

So I'm afraid you're miserable too. Write to tell me about it all.

It is very lovely of you to send me so sweet a note when I have not been near you since the tenth century. But it is all I can do to get my men and my moor looked after; they have both the instinct of doing what I don't want, the moment my back's turned; and then there has not been light enough to know a hawk from a hand-saw, or a crow from a ptarmigan, or a moor from a meadow. But how much better your eyes must be when you can write such lovely notes!

I don't understand how the strange cat came to love you so quickly, after one dinner and a rest by the fire! I should have thought an ill-treated and outcast animal would have regarded everything as a trap, for a month at least,—dined in tremors, warmed itself with its back to the fire, watching the door, and jumped up the chimney if you stepped on the rug.

If you only knew the good your peacock's feathers have done me, and if you could only see the clever drawing I'm making of one from the blue breast! You know what lovely little fern or equisetum stalks of sapphire the filaments are; they beat me so, but they're coming nice.

That is so intensely true what you say about Turner's work being like nature's in its slowness and tenderness. I always think of him as a great natural force in a human frame.

So nice all you say of the "Ethics"! And I'm a monster of ingratitude, as bad as the Dragon of Wantley. Don't like Dr. Brown's friend's book at all. It's neither Scotch nor English, nor fish nor flesh, and it's tiresome.

I'm in the worst humor I've been in this month, which is saying much; and have been writing the wickedest "Fors" I ever wrote, which is saying more; you will be so angry.

I'm so very glad you will mark the bits you like, but are there not a good many here and there that you *don't* like?—I mean that sound hard or ironical. Please don't mind them. They're partly because I never count on readers who will really care for the prettiest things, and it gets me into a bad habit of expressing contempt which is not indeed any natural part of my mind.

It pleases me especially that you have read "The Queen of the Air." As far as I know, myself, of my books, it is the most useful and careful piece I have done. But that again—did it not shock you to have a heathen goddess so much believed in? (I've believed in English ones long ago). If you can really forgive me for "The Queen of the Air," there are all sorts of things I shall come begging you to read some day.

21st July.

I'm always looking at the Thwaite, and thinking how nice it is that you are there. I think it's a little nice, too, that I'm within sight of you, for if I hadn't broken, I don't know how many not exactly promises, but nearly, to be back at Oxford by this time, I might have been dragged from Oxford to London, from London to France, from France who knows where? But I'm here, and settled to produce, as soon as possible, the following works—

1. New number of "Love's Meinie," on the Stormy Petrel.
2. New ditto of "Proserpina," on sap, pith, and bark.
3. New ditto of "Deucalion," on clouds.
4. New "Fors," on new varieties of young ladies.
5. Two new numbers of "Our Fathers," on Brunehaut, and Bertha her niece, and St. Augustine and St. Benedict.
6. Index and epilogue to four Oxford lectures.
7. Report and account of St. George's Guild.

And I've had to turn everything out of every shelf in the house, for mildew and moths.

And I want to paint a little bank of strawberry leaves.

And I've to get a year's dead sticks out of the wood, and see to the new oat field on the moor, and prepare lectures for October!

I'm so idle. I look at the hills out of bed, and at the pictures off the sofa. Let us *both* be useless beings; let us be butterflies, grasshoppers, lambs, larks, anything for an easy life. I'm quite horrified to see, now that these two have come back, what a lot of books I've written, and how cruel I've been to myself and everybody else who ever has to read them. I'm too sleepy to finish this note.

13th June.

I do not know when I have received, or how I *could* receive so great an encouragement in all my work, as I do in hearing that you, after all your long love and watchfulness of flowers, have yet gained pleasure and insight from "Proserpina" as

to leaf structure. The examples you send me are indeed admirable. Can you tell me the exact name of the plant, that I may quote it?

Yes, and the weather also is a great blessing to me—so lovely this morning.

I'm getting steadily better, and breathing the sunshine a little again in soul and lips. But I always feel so naughty after having had morning prayers, and that the whole house is a sort of little Bethel that I've no business in.

I'm reading history of early saints too, for my Amiens book, and feel that I ought to be scratched, or starved, or boiled, or something unpleasant, and I don't know if I'm a saint or a sinner in the least, in mediæval language. How did saints feel themselves, I wonder, about their saintship?

It is *such* a joy to hear that you enjoy anything of mine, and a double joy to have your sympathy in my love of those Italians. How I wish there were more like you! What a happy world it would be if a quarter of the people in it cared a quarter as much as you and I do, for what is good and true:

That Nativity *is* the deepest of all. It is by the master of Botticelli, you know; and whatever is most sweet and tender in Botticelli he owes to Lippi.

But, do you know, I quite forget about Cordelia, and where I said it! please keep it till I come. I hope to be across to see you to-morrow.

They've been doing photographs of me again, and I'm an orang-outang as usual, and am in despair. I thought with my beard I was beginning to be just the least bit nice to look at. I would give up half my books for a new profile.

What a lovely day since twelve o'clock! I never saw the lake shore more heavenly.

I am very thankful that you like this "St. Mark's" so much, and do not feel as if I had lost power of mind. I think the illness has told on me more in laziness than foolishness. I feel as if there was as much *in* me as ever, but it is too much trouble to say it. And I find myself reconciled to staying in bed of a morning to a quite woeful extent. I have not been affected so much by melancholy, being very thankful to be still alive, and to be able to give pleasure to some people.

You have greatly helped me by this dear little note. And the bread's all right, brown again, and I'm ready for asparagus of any stoutness, there! Are you content! But my new asparagus is quite *visible* this year, though how much would be wanted for a dish I don't venture to count, but must be congratulated on its definitely stalky appearance.

I was over the water this morning on school committee. How bad I have been to let those poor children be tormented as they are all this time! I'm going to try and stop all the spelling and counting and catechising, and teach them only—to watch and pray.

The oranges make me think I'm in a castle in Spain!

Your letters always warm me a little, not with laughing, but with the soft glow of life, for I live mostly with "la mort dans l'ame." (It is curious that the French, whom one thinks of as slight and frivolous, have this true and deep expression for the forms of sorrow that kill, as opposed to those that discipline and strengthen.) And your words and thoughts just soften and warm like west wind.

It is nice being able to please you with what I'm writing, and that you can tell people I'm not so horrid.

Here's the "Fors" you saw the proof of, but *this* isn't quite right yet.

The Willy * quotations are very delightful. Do you know

* Shakespeare.

that naughty "Cowley" at all? There's all kind of honey and strawberries in him.

It is bitter cold here these last days. I don't stir out, but must this afternoon. I've to go out to dinner and work at the Arundel Society. And if you only knew what was in my thoughts you would be so sorry for me, that I can't tell you.

CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD.

What a sad little letter! written in that returned darkness. How can *you* ever be sad, looking forward to eternal life with all whom you love, and God over all?

It is only so far as I lose hold of that hope, that anything is ever a trial to me. But I can't think how I'm to get on in a world with no Venice in it.

You were quite right in thinking I would have nothing to do with lawyers. Not one of them shall ever have so much as a crooked sixpence of mine, to save him from being hanged, or to save the Lakes from being filled up. But I really hope there may be feeling enough in Parliament to do a right thing without being deafened with lawyers' slang.

I have never thanked you for the snowdrops. They bloomed here beautifully for four days. Then I had to leave them to go and lecture in London. It was nice to see them, but my whole mind is set on finding whether there is a country where the flowers do not fade. Else there is no spring for me. People liked the lecture, and so many more wanted to come than could get in, that I had to promise to give another.

Here's your little note first of all. And if you only knew how my wristbands are plaguing me you'd be very sorry. They're too much starched, and *would* come down like mit-tens; and now I've turned them up, they're just like two horrid china cups upside down, inside my coat, and I'm

afraid to write for fear of breaking them. And I've a week's work on the table, to be done before one o'clock, on pain of uproar from my friends, execution from my enemies, reproach from my lovers, triumph from my haters, despair of Joanie, and—what from Susie? I've had such a bad night, too; woke at half-past three and have done a day's work since then—composing my lecture for March, and thinking what's to become of a godson of mine whose——

Well, never mind. I needn't give *you* the trouble, poor little Susie, of thinking too.

I'm going to Oxford to-day (D.V.), really quite well, and rather merry. I went to the circus with my new pet, and saw lovely riding and ball play; and my pet said the only drawback to it all, was that she couldn't sit on both sides of me. And then I went home to tea with her, and gave mamma, who is Evangelical, a beautiful lecture on the piety of dramatic entertainments, which made her laugh whether she would or no; and then I had my Christmas dinner in advance with Joanie and Arfie and Stacy Marks, and his wife and two pretty daughters, and I had six kisses—two for Christmas, two for New Year's Day, and two for Twelfth Night—and everybody was in the best humor with everybody else. And now my room is ankle deep in unanswered letters, mostly on business, and I'm going to shovel them up and tie them in a parcel labeled "Needing particular attention;" and then that will be put into a cupboard in Oxford, and I shall feel that everything's been done in a business-like way.

That badger's beautiful. I don't think there's any need for such beasts as *that* to turn Christians.

I am indeed most thankful you are well again, though I never looked on that deafness very seriously; but if you *like* hearing watches tick, and boots creak, and plates clatter, so

be it to you, for many and many a year to come. I think I should so like to be deaf, mostly, not expected to answer anybody in society, never startled by a bang, never tortured by a railroad whistle, never hearing the nasty cicadas in Italy, nor a child cry, nor an owl. Nothing but a nice whisper into my ear, by a pretty girl. Ah well, I'm very glad I can chatter to you with my weak voice, to my heart's content; and you must come and see me soon now. All that you say of "Proserpina" is joyful to me. What a Susie you are, drawing like that! and I'm sure you know Latin better than I do.

I am better, but not right yet. There is no fear of sore throat, I think, but some of prolonged tooth worry. It is more stomachic than coldic, I believe, and those tea cakes are too crisply seductive! What *can* it be, that subtle treachery that lurks in tea cakes, and is wholly absent in the rude honesty of toast?

The metaphysical effect of tea cake last night was, that I had a perilous and weary journey in a desert, in which I had to dodge hostile tribes round the corners of pyramids.

A very sad letter from Joanie tells me she was going to Scotland last night, at which I am not only very sorry but very cross.

A chirping cricket on the hearth advises me to keep my heart up.

Your happy letters (with the sympathetic misery of complaint of dark days) have cheered me as much as anything could do.

The sight of one of my poor "Companions of St. George," who has sent me, not a widow's but a parlor-maid's (an old school-mistress) "all her living," and whom I found last night, dying, slowly and quietly, in a damp room, just the size of your study (which her landlord won't mend the roof of), by the light of a single tallow candle—dying, I say,

slowly, of consumption, not yet near the end, but contemplating it with sorrow, mixed partly with fear, lest she should not have done all she could for her children!

The sight of all this and my own shameful comforts, three wax candles and blazing fire and dry roof, and Susie and Joanie for friends!

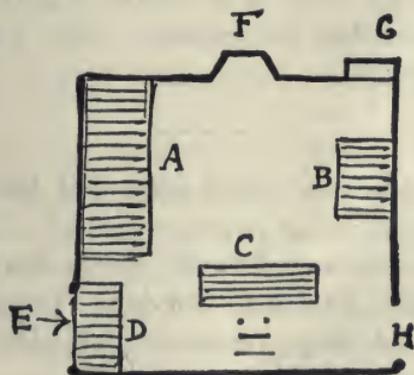
Oh me, Susie, what *is* to become of me in the next world, who have in this life all my good things!

What a sweet, careful, tender letter this is! I re-inclose it at once for fear of mischief, though I've scarcely read, for indeed my eyes are weary, but I see what gentle mind it means.

Yes, you will love and rejoice in your Chaucer more and more. Fancy, I've never time, now, to look at him,—obliged to read even my Homer and Shakespeare at a scramble, half missing the sense,—the business of life disturbs one so.

HERNE HILL.

Here's your letter first thing in the morning, while I'm sipping my coffee in the midst of such confusion as I've not



often achieved at my best. The little room, which I think is as nearly as possible the size of your study, but with a

lower roof, has to begin with—A, my bed; B, my basin stand; C, my table; D, my chest of drawers; thus arranged in relation to E, the window (which has still its dark bars to prevent the little boy getting out); F, the fireplace; G, the golden or mineralogical cupboard; and H, the grand entrance. The two dots with a back represent my chair, which is properly solid and not *un-easy*. Three others of lighter disposition find place somewhere about. These with the chimney-piece and drawer's head are covered, or rather heaped, with all they can carry, and the morning is just looking in, astonished to see what is expected of it, and smiling—(yes, I may fairly say it is smiling, for it is cloudless for its part above the smoke of the horizon line)—at Sarah's hope and mine, of ever getting that room into order by twelve o'clock. The chimney-piece with its bottles, spoons, lozenge boxes, matches, candlesticks, and letters jammed behind them, does appear to me entirely hopeless, and this the more because Sarah,* when I tell her to take a bottle away that has a mixture in it which I don't like, looks me full in the face, and says "she *won't*, because I may want it." I submit, because it is so nice to get Sarah to look one full in the face. She really is the prettiest, round faced, and round eyed girl I ever saw, and it's a great shame she should be a housemaid; only I wish she would take those bottles away. She says I'm looking better to-day, and I think I'm feeling a little bit more,—no, I mean, a little bit less demoniacal. But I still can do that jackdaw beautifully.

I am quite sure you would have felt like Albert Dürer, had you gone on painting wrens.

The way Nature and Heaven waste the gifts and souls they give and make, passes all wonder. You might have done anything you chose, only you were too modest.

* Our Herne Hill parlor-maid for four years. One of quite the brightest and handsomest types of English beauty I ever saw, either in life, or fancied in painting.—J. R.

No, I never *will* call you my dear lady; certainly, if it comes to that, something too dreadful will follow.

I am most interested in your criticism of "Queen Mary." I have not read it, but the choice of subject is entirely morbid and wrong, and I am sure all you say must be true. The form of decline which always comes on mental power of Tennyson's passionately sensual character, is always of seeing ugly things, a kind of delirium tremens. Turner had it fatally in his last years.

I am so glad you enjoy writing to me more than any one else. The book you sent me of Dr. John Brown's on books, has been of extreme utility to me, and contains matter of the deepest interest. Did you read it yourself? If not I must lend it to you.

I am so glad also to know of your happiness in Chaucer. Don't hurry in reading. I will get you an edition for your own, that you may mark it in peace.

I send you two books, neither I fear very amusing, but on my word, I think books are always dull when one really most wants them. No, other people don't feel it as you and I do, nor do the dogs and ponies, but oughtn't we to be thankful that we *do* feel it. The thing I fancy we are both wanting in, is a right power of enjoying the past. What sunshine there *has* been even in this sad year! I have seen beauty enough in one afternoon, not a fortnight ago, to last me for a year if I could rejoice in memory.

I have a painter friend, Mr. Goodwin, coming to keep me company, and I'm a little content in this worst of rainy days, in hopes there *may* be now some clearing for him.

Our little kittens pass the days of their youth up against the wall at the back of the house, where the heat of the oven

comes through. What an existence! and yet with all my indoor advantages

I am your sorrowful and repining

J. R.

I am entirely grateful for your letter, and for all the sweet feelings expressed in it, and am entirely reverent of the sorrow which you feel at my speaking thus. If only all were like you! But the chief sins and evils of the day are caused by the Pharisees, exactly as in the time of Christ, and "they make broad their phylacteries" in the same way, the Bible superstitiously read, becoming the authority for every error and heresy and cruelty. To make its readers understand that the God of their own day is as living, and as able to speak to them directly as ever in the days of Isaiah and St. John, and that He would now send messages to His Seven Churches, if the Churches would hear, needs stronger words than any I have yet dared to use, against the idolatry of the historical record of His messages long ago, perverted by men's forgetfulness, and confused by mischance and misapprehension; and if instead of the Latin form "Scripture" we put always "writing" instead of "written" or "write" in one place, and "Scripture" as if it meant our English Bible, in another, it would make such a difference to our natural and easy understanding the range of texts.

The peacock's feathers are marvelous. I am very glad to see them. I never had any of their downy ones before. My compliments to the bird, upon them, please.

I found a strawberry growing just to please itself, as red as a ruby, high up on Yewdale crag yesterday, in a little corner of rock all its own; so I left it to enjoy itself. It seemed as happy as a lamb, and no more meant to be eaten.

Yes, those are all sweetest bits from Chaucer (the pine new to me); your own copy is being bound. And all the Richard,—but you must not copy out the Richard bits, for I like all my Richard alike from beginning to end. Yes, my

“seed pearl” bit is pretty, I admit; it was like the thing. The cascades here, I'm afraid, come down more like seed oatmeal.

I believe in my hasty answer to your first kind letter I never noticed what you said about Aristophanes. If you will indeed send me some notes of the passages that interest you in the “Birds,” it will not only be very pleasant to me, but quite seriously useful, for the “Birds” have always been to me so mysterious in that comedy, that I have never got the good of it which I know is to be had. The careful study of it put off from day to day, was likely enough to fall into the great region of my despair, unless you had chanced thus to remind me of it.

Please, if another chance of good to me come in your way, in another brown spotty-purple peacock's feather, will you yet send it to me, and I will be always your most grateful and faithful

J. R.

HERNE HILL.

What translation of Aristophanes is that? I must get it. I've lost I can't tell you how much knowledge and power through false pride in refusing to read translations, though I couldn't read the original without more trouble and time than I could spare; nevertheless, you must not think this English gives you a true idea of the original. The English is much more “English” in its temper than its words. Aristophanes is far more dry, severe, and concentrated; his words are fewer, and have fuller flavor; this English is to him what currant jelly is to currants. But it's immensely useful to me.

Yes, that is very sweet about the kissing. I have done it to rocks often, seldom to flowers, not being sure that they would like it.

I recollect giving a very reverent little kiss to a young

sapling that was behaving beautifully in an awkward chink, between two great big ones that were ill-treating it. Poor me, (I'm old enough, I hope, to write grammar my own way,) my own little self, meantime, never by any chance got a kiss when I wanted it,—and the better I behaved, the less chance I had, it seemed.

I never thought the large packet was from you; it was thrown aside with the rest, till evening, and only opened *then* by chance. I was greatly grieved to find what I had thus left unacknowledged. The drawings are entirely beautiful and wonderful, but, like all the good work done in those by-gone days, (Donovan's own book being of inestimable excellence in this kind,) they affect me with profound melancholy in the thought of the loss to the entire body of the nation of all this perfect artistic capacity, and sweet will, for want of acknowledgment, system, and direction. I must write a careful passage on this matter in my new *Elements of Drawing*. Your drawings have been sent me not by you, but by my mistress Fors, for a text. It is no wonder, when you can draw like this, that you care so much for all lovely nature. But I shall be ashamed to show you my peacock's feather; I've sent it, however.

It is *very* sweet of you to give me your book, but I accept it at once most thankfully. It is the best type I can show of the perfect work of an English lady in her own simple peace of enjoyment and natural gift of truth, in her sight and in her mind. And many pretty things are in my mind and heart about it, if my hands were not too cold to shape words for them. The book shall be kept with my Bewicks; it is in nowise inferior to them in fineness of work. The finished proof of next "*Proserpina*" will, I think, be sent

me by Saturday's post. Much more is done, but this number was hindered by the revival of the Dean of Christ Church, which puts me at rest about mistakes in my Greek.

It is a great joy to me that *you* like the Wordsworth bits; there are worse coming; but I've been put into a dreadful passion by two of my cleverest girl pupils "going off pious!" It's exactly like a nice pear getting "sleepy;" and I'm pretty nearly in the worst temper I *can* be in, for W. W. But what *are* these blessed feathers? Everything that's best of grass and clouds and chrysoprase. What incomparable little creature wears such things, or lets fall! The "fringe of flame" is Carlyle's, not mine, but we feel so much alike, that you may often mistake one for the other now.

You cannot in the least tell what a help you are to me, in caring so much for my things and seeing what I try to do in them. You are quite one of a thousand for sympathy with everybody, and one of the ten times ten thousand, for special sympathy with my own feelings and tries. Yes, that second column is rather nicely touched, though I say it, for hands and eyes of sixty-two; but when once the wind stops I hope to do a bit of primrose ground that will be richer.

Here, not I, but a thing with a dozen of colds in its head, am!

I caught one cold on Wednesday last, another on Thursday, two on Friday, four on Saturday, and one at every station between this and Ingleborough on Monday. I never was in such ignoble misery of cold. I've no cough to speak of, nor anything worse than usual in the way of sneezing, but my

hands are cold, my pulse nowhere, my nose tickles and wrings me, my ears sing—like kettles, my mouth has no taste, my heart no hope of ever being good for anything, any more. I never passed such a wretched morning by my own fireside in all my days, and I've quite a fiendish pleasure in telling you all this, and thinking how miserable you'll be too. Oh me, if I ever get to feel like myself again, won't I take care of myself.

The feathers nearly made me fly away from all my Psalters and Exoduses, to you, and my dear Peacocks. I wonder when Solomon got his ivory and apes and peacocks, whether he ever had time to look at them. He couldn't always be ordering children to be chopped in two. Alas, I suppose his wisdom, in England of to-day, would have been taxed to find out which mother lied in saying which child *wasn't* hers!

I've been writing to Miss R. again, and Miss L.'s quite right to stay at home. "She thinks I have an eagle's eye." Well, what else should I have, in day time? together with my cat's eye in the dark? But you may tell her I should be very sorry if my eyes were *no* better than eagles'! "Doth the eagle know what is in the pit?" * I do.

I hope you will be comforted in any feeling of languor or depression in yourself by hearing that I also am wholly lack lustrous, *depressed*, *oppressed*, *compressed*, and *downpressed* by a quite countless pressgang of despondencies, humilities, remorsees, shamefacednesses, all overnesses, all undernesses, sicknesses, dullnesses, darknesses, sulkinesses, and everything that rhymes to lessness and distress, and that I'm sure you and I are at present the mere targets of the darts of the —, etc., etc., and Mattie's waiting and mustn't

* Blake.

be loaded with more sorrow; but I can't tell you how sorry I am to break my promise to-day, but it would not be safe for me to come.

I'm a little better, but can't laugh much yet, and won't cry if I can help it. Yet it always makes me *nearly* cry, to hear of those poor working men trying to express themselves and nobody ever teaching them, nor anybody in all England, knowing that painting is an *art*, and sculpture also, and that an untaught man can no more carve or paint, than play the fiddle. All efforts of the kind, mean simply that we have neither master nor scholars in any rank or any place. And I, also, what have *I* done for Coniston schools yet! I don't deserve an oyster shell, far less an oyster.

KIRBY LONSDALE,
Thursday evening.

You won't get this note to-morrow, I'm afraid, but after that I think they will be regular till I reach Oxford. It is very nice to know that there is some one who does care for a letter, as if she were one's sister. You would be glad to see the clouds break for me; and I had indeed a very lovely morning drive and still lovelier evening, and full moonrise here over the Lune.

I suppose it is Kirk-by-Lune's Dale? for the church, I find, is a very important Norman relic. By the way, I should tell you, that the *colored* plates in the "Stones of Venice" do great injustice to my drawings; the patches are worn on the stones. My *drawings* were not *good*, but the plates are total failures. The only one even of the engravings, which is rightly done is the (*last*, I think, in Appendix) inlaid dove and raven. I'll show you the drawing for that when I come back, and perhaps for the San Michele, if I recollect to fetch it from Oxford, and I'll fetch you the second volume, which

has really good plates. That blue beginning, I forgot to say, is of the Straits of Messina, and it is really *very* like the color of the sea.

That is intensely curious about the parasitical plant of Borneo. But—very dreadful!

You are like Timon of Athens, and I'm like one of his parasites. The oranges are delicious, the brown bread dainty; what the melon is going to be I have no imagination to tell. But, oh me, I had such a lovely letter from Dr. John, sent me from Joan this morning, and I've lost it. It said, "Is Susie as good as her letters? If so, she must be better. What freshness of enjoyment in everything she says!"

Alas! not in everything she feels in *this* weather, I fear. Was ever anything so awful?

Do you know, Susie, everything that has happened to me (and the leaf I sent you this morning may show you it has had some hurting in it) is *little* in comparison to the crushing and depressing effect on me, of what I learn day by day as I work on, of the cruelty and ghastliness of the *nature* I used to think so Divine? But, I get out of it by remembering, This is but a crumb of dust we call the "world," and a moment of eternity which we call "time." Can't answer the great question to-night.

I can only thank you for telling me; and say, Praised be God for giving him back to us.

Worldly people say "Thank God" when they get what they want; as if it amused God to plague them, and was a

vast piece of self-denial on His part to give them what they liked. But I, who am a simple person, thank God when He hurts me, because I don't think he likes it any more than I do; but I can't *praise* Him, because—I don't understand why—I can only praise what's pretty and pleasant, like getting back our doctor.

26th November.

And to-morrow I'm not to be there; and I've no present for you, and I am so sorry for both of us; but oh, my dear little Susie, the good people all say this wretched makeshift of a world is coming to an end next year, and you and I and everybody who likes birds and roses are to have new birthdays and presents of such sugar plums. Crystals of candied cloud and manna in sticks with no ends, all the way to the sun, and white stones; and new names in them, and heaven knows what besides.

It sounds all too good to be true; but the good people are positive of it, and so's the great Pyramid, and the Book of Daniel, and the "Bible of Amiens." You can't possibly believe in any more promises of mine, I know, but if I *do* come to see you this day week, don't think it's a ghost; and believe at least that we all love you and rejoice in your birthday wherever we are.

I'm so thankful you're better.

Reading my old diary, I came on a sentence of yours last year about the clouds being all "trimmed with swansdown," so pretty. (I copied it out of a letter.) The thoughts of you always trim *me* with swansdown.

I never got your note written yesterday; meant at least to do it even after post time, but was too stupid, and am infinitely so to-day also. • Only I *must* pray you to tell Sarah we all had elder wine to finish our evening with, and I mulled it myself, and poured it out in the saucepan into the

expectants' glasses, and everybody asked for more; and I slept like a dormouse. But, as I said, I am so stupid this morning that —. Well, there's no "that" able to say how stupid I am, unless the fly that wouldn't keep out of the candle last night; and *he* had some notion of bliss to be found in candles, and I've no notion of anything.

The blue sky is so wonderful to-day and the woods after the rain so delicious for walking in that I must still delay any school talk one day more. Meantime I've sent you a book which is in a nice large print and may in some parts interest you. I got it that I might be able to see Scott's material for "Peveril;" and it seems to me that he might have made more of the real attack on Latham House, than of the fictitious one on Front de Boeuf's castle, had he been so minded, but perhaps he felt himself hampered by too much known fact.

But you gave my present before * a month ago, and I've been presenting myself with all sorts of things ever since; and now it's not half gone. I'm very thankful for this, however, just now, for St. George, who is cramped in his career, and I'll accept it if you like for him. Meantime I've sent it to the bank, and hold him your debtor. I've had the most delicious gift besides, I ever had in my life,—the Patriarch of Venice's blessing written with his own hand, with his portrait.

I'll bring you this to see to-morrow and a fresh Turner.

The weather has grievously depressed me this last week, and I have not been fit to speak to anybody. I had much

* "Frondes" money.

interruption in the early part of it though, from a pleasant visitor; and I have not been able to look rightly at your pretty little book. Nevertheless, I'm quite sure your strength is in private letter writing, and that a curious kind of shyness prevents your doing yourself justice in print. You might also surely have found a more pregnant motto about bird's nests!

Am not I cross? But these gray skies are mere poison to my thoughts, and I have been writing such letters, that I don't think many of my friends are likely to speak to me again.

SUSIE'S LETTERS.

SUSIE'S LETTERS.

THE following Letters and the little Notes on Birds are inserted here by the express wish of Mr. Ruskin. I had it in my mind to pay Susie some extremely fine compliments about these Letters and Notes, and to compare her method of observation with Thoreau's, and above all, to tell some very pretty stories showing her St. Francis-like sympathy with, and gentle power over, all living creatures; but Susie says that she is already far too prominent, and we hope that the readers of "Hortus" will see for themselves how she reverences and cherishes all noble life, with a special tenderness, I think, for furred and feathered creatures. To all outcast and hungry things the Thwaite is a veritable Bethlehem, or House of Bread, and to her, their sweet "Madonna Nourrice," no less than to her Teacher, the sparrows and linnets that crowd its thresholds are in a very particular sense "Sons of God."

A. F.

April 14th, 1874.

I sent off such a long letter to you yesterday, my dear friend. Did you think of your own quotation from Homer, when you told me that field of yours was full of violets? But where are the four fountains of *white* water?—through a meadow full of violets and parsley? How delicious Calypso's fire of finely chopped cedar! How shall I thank you for allowing *me*, Susie the little, to *distill* your writings? Such a joy and comfort to me—for I shall need much very soon

now. I do so thank and love you for it; I am sure I may say so to *you*. I rejoice again and again that I have such a friend. May I never love him less, never prove unworthy of his friendship! How I wanted my letter, and now it has come, and I have told our Dr. John of your safe progress so far. I trust you will be kept safe from *everything* that might injure you in any way.

The snow has melted away, and this is a really sweet April day and *ought* to be enjoyed—if only Susie *could*. But both she and her dear friend must strive with their grief. When I was a girl—(I was once)—I used to delight in Pope's Homer. I do believe I rather enjoyed the killing and slaying, specially the splitting down the *chine*! But when I tried to read it again not *very* long ago, I got tired of this kind of thing. If *you* had only translated Homer! then I should have had a feast. When a school-girl, going each day with my bag of books into Manchester, I used to like Don Quixote and Sir Charles Grandison with my milk porridge. I must send you only this short letter to-day. I can see your violet field from this window. How sweetly the little limpid stream would *tinkle* to-day; and how the primroses are sitting listening to it and the little birds sipping it! I have come to the conclusion that bees go more by *sight* than by scent. As I stand by my peacock with his gloriously gorgeous tail all spread out, a bee comes *right at it* (very vulgar, but expressive); and I have an Alpine Primula on this window stone brightly in flower, and a bee came and alighted, but went away again at once, not finding the expected honey. I wonder what you do the livelong day, for I know you and idleness are not acquaintances. I am so sorry your favorite places are spoiled. But dear Brantwood will grow prettier and prettier under your care.

April 9th.

I have just been pleased by seeing a blackbird enjoying with school-boy appetite, portions of a moistened crust of

bread which I threw out for him and his fellow-creatures. How he dug with his orange bill!—even more orange than usual perhaps at this season of the year. At length the robins have built a nest in the ivy in our yard—a very secure and sheltered place, and a very convenient distance from the crumb market. Like the old woman *he* sings with a merry devotion, and *she* thinks there never was such music, as she sits upon her eggs; he comes again and again, with every little dainty that his limited income allows, and *she* thinks it all the sweeter because *he* brings it to her. Now and then she leaves her nest to stretch her wings, and to shake off the dust of care, and to prevent her pretty *ankles* being cramped. But she knows her duty too well to remain absent long from her precious eggs.

Now another little note from Dr. John, and he actually begins, “My dear ‘Susie,’”—and ends, “Let me hear from you soon. Ever yours affectionately.” Also he says, “It is very kind in you to let me get at once close to you.” The rest of his short letter (like you, he was busy) is nearly all about *you*, so of course it is interesting to *me*, and he hopes you are already getting good from the change, and I indulge the same hope.

10th April.

Brantwood looked so very nice this morning decorated by the coming into leaf of the larches. I wish you could have seen them in the distance as I did: the early sunshine had glanced upon them lighting up one side, and leaving the other in softest shade, and the tender green contrasted with the deep browns and grays stood out in a wonderful way, and the trees looked like spirits of the wood, which you might think would melt away like the White Lady of Avenel.

Dear sweet April still looks coldly upon us—the month you love so dearly. Little white lambs are in the fields now, and so much that is sweet is coming; but there is a shadow over this house *now*; and also, my dear kind friend is far away. The horse-chestnuts have thrown away the winter

coverings of their buds, and given them to that dear economical mother earth, who makes such good use of everything, and works up old materials again in a wonderful way, and is delightfully unlike most economists,—the very soul of generous liberality. Now some of your own words, so powerful as they are,—you are speaking of the Alp and of the “Great Builder”—of your own transientness, as of the grass upon its sides; and in this very sadness, a sense of strange companionship with past generations, in seeing what they saw. They have ceased to look upon it, you will soon cease to look also; and the granite wall will be for others, etc., etc.

My dear friend, was there ever any one so pathetic as you? And you have the power of bringing things before one, both to the eye and to the mind: you do indeed paint with your pen. Now I have a photograph of you—not a very satisfactory one, but still I am glad to have it, rather than none. It was done at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Were you in search of something of Bewick’s?

I have just given the squirrel his little *loaf*; (so you see I am a lady,)* he has bounded away with it, full of joy and gladness. I wish that this were my case and *yours*, for whatever we may wish for, that we have not. We have a variety and abundance of loaves. I have asked Dr. J. Brown whether he would like photographs of your house and the picturesque breakwater. I do so wish that you and he and I did not suffer so much, but *could* be at least moderately happy. I am sure you would be glad if you knew even in this time of sorrow, when all seems stale, flat, unprofitable, the pleasure and interest I have had in reading your Vol. 3 [“Modern Painters”]. I study your character in your writings, and I find so much to elevate, to love, to admire—a sort of education for my poor old self—and oh! such beauty of thought and word.

* See “Fors Clavigera,” Letter XLV., and “Sesame and Lilies.”

Even yet my birds want so much bread; I do believe the worms are sealed up in the dry earth, and they have many little mouths to fill just now—and there is one old blackbird whose devotion to his wife and children is lovely. I should like him never to die, he is *one* of my heroes. And now a dog which calls upon me sometimes at the window, and I point kitchenwards and the creature knows what I mean, and goes and gets a good meal. So if I can only make a dog happy (as you do, only you take yours to live with you, and I cannot do that) it is a pleasant thing. I do so like to make things happier, and I should like to put bunches of hay in the fields for the poor horses, for there is very scant supply of grass, and too many for the supply.

1st May.

I cannot longer refrain from writing to you, my dear kind friend, so often are you in my thoughts. Dearest Joanie has told you, I doubt not, and I know how sorry you are, and how truly you are feeling for your poor Susie. So *knowing that* I will say no more about my sorrow. There is no need for words. I am wishing, oh, so much, to know how you are: quite safe and well, I hope, and able to have much real enjoyment in the many beautiful things by which you are surrounded. May you lay up a great stock of good health and receive much good in many ways, and then return to those who so much miss you, and by whom you are so greatly beloved.

Coniston would go into your heart if you could see it now—so very lovely, the oak trees so early, nearly in leaf already. Your beloved blue hyacinths will soon be out, and the cuckoo has come, but it is long since Susie has been out. She only stands at an open window, but she must try next week to go into the garden; and she is finding a real pleasure in making extracts from your writings, *for you*, often wondering “will he let that remain?” and hoping that he will.

Do you ever send home orders about your Brantwood? I

have been wishing so much that your gardener might be told to mix quantities of old mortar and soil together, and to fill many crevices in your new walls with it; then the breezes will bring fern seeds and plant them, or rather sow them in such fashion as no human being can do. When time and the showers brought by the west wind have mellowed it a little, the tiny beginnings of mosses will be there. The sooner this can be done the better. Do not think Susie presumptuous.

We have hot sun and a *very* cool air, which I do not at all like.

I hope your visit to Palermo and your lady have been all that you could wish. Please *do* write to me; it would do me so much good and so greatly refresh me.

This poor little letter is scarcely worth sending, only it says that I am your loving Susie.

14th May.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—Your letter yesterday did me so much good, and though I answered it at once, yet here I am again. A kind woman from the other side has sent me the loveliest group of drooping and very tender ferns, soft as of some velvet belonging to the fairies, and of the most exquisite green, and primroses, and a slender stalked white flower, and so arranged, that they continually remind me of that enchanting group of yours in Vol. 3, which you said I might cut out. What would you have thought of me if I had? Oh, that you would and could sketch this group—or even that your eye could rest upon it! Now you will laugh if I ask you whether harpies * ever increase in number? or whether they are only the “old original.” They quite torment me when I open the window, and blow chaff at me. I suppose at this moment, dearest Joanie is steaming away to Liverpool; one always wants to know now whether people accomplish a journey safely. When the blackbirds come for soaked bread, they generally eat a nice little lot themselves,

* See “Queen of the Air,”

before carrying any away from the window for their little ones; but Bobbie, "our little English Robin," has just been twice, took none for himself, but carries beak-load after beak-load for his speckled infants. How curious the universal love of bread is; so many things like and eat it—even flies and snails!

You know you inserted a letter from Jersey about fish.* A lady there tells me that formerly you might have a bucket of oysters for sixpence and that now you can scarcely get anything but such coarse kinds of fish as are not liked; and she has a sister, a sad invalid, to whom fish would be a very pleasant and wholesome change. This is really a sad state of things, and *here* the railways seem very likely to carry away our butter, and it is now such a price, quite ex[h]orbitant. Why did I put an *h* in? Is it to prove the truth of what you say, that ladies do not spell well? A letter which I once wrote when a girl was a wonderful specimen of bad spelling.

15th May.

I have found such lovely passages in Vol. 1 this morning that I am delighted, and have begun to copy one of them. You do float in such beautiful things sometimes that you make me feel I don't know how!

How I thank you for ever having written them, for though late in the day, they were written for *me*, and have at length reached me!

You are so candid about your age that I shall tell you mine! I am astonished to find myself sixty-eight—very near the Psalmist's threescore and ten. Much illness and much sorrow, and then I woke up to find myself *old*, and as if I had lost a great part of my life. Let us hope it was not all lost.

I think *you* can understand me when I say that I have a great fund of love, and no one to spend it upon, because there

* See "Fors Clavigera," Letter XXX.

are not any to whom I could give it *fully*, and I love my pets so dearly, but I *dare not* and cannot enjoy *it* fully because—they *die*, or get injured, and then my misery is intense. I feel as if I could tell *you* much, because your sympathy is so refined and so tender and true. Cannot I be a sort of second mother to you? I am sure the first one was often praying for blessings for you, and in this, at least, I resemble her.

Am I tiresome writing all this? It just came, and you said I was to write what did. We have had some nice rain, but followed not by warmth, but a cruel *east* wind.

ABOUT WRENS.

This year I have seen wrens' nests in three different kinds of places—one built in the angle of a doorway, one under a bank, and a third near the top of a raspberry bush; this last was so large that when our gardener first saw it, he thought it was a swarm of bees. It seems a pleasure to this active bird to build; he will begin to build several nests sometimes before he completes one for Jenny Wren to lay her eggs and make her nursery. Think how busy both he and Jenny are when the sixteen young ones come out of their shells—little helpless gaping things wanting feeding in their turns the livelong summer day! What hundreds and thousands of small insects they devour! they catch flies with good-sized wings. I have seen a parent wren with its beak so full that the wings stood out at each side like the whiskers of a cat.

Once in America in the month of June, a mower hung up his coat under a shed near a barn: two or three days passed before he had occasion to put it on again. Thrusting his arm up the sleeve he found it completely filled with something, and on pulling out the mass he found it to be the nest of a wren completely finished and lined with feathers. What a pity that all the labor of the little pair had been in vain!

Great was the distress of the birds, who vehemently and angrily scolded him for destroying their house; happily it was an empty one, without either eggs or young birds.

HISTORY OF A BLACKBIRD.

We had had one of those summer storms which so injure the beautiful flowers and the young leaves of the trees. A blackbird's nest with young ones in it was blown out of the ivy on the wall, and the little ones with the exception of one, were killed! The poor little bird did not escape without a wound upon his head, and when he was brought to me it did not seem very likely that I should ever be able to rear him; but I could not refuse to take in the little helpless stranger, so I put him into a covered basket for a while.

I soon found that I had undertaken what was no easy task, for he required feeding so early in a morning that I was obliged to take him and his bread crumbs into my bedroom, and jump up to feed him as soon as he began to chirp, which he did in very good time.

Then in the daytime I did not dare to have him in the sitting-room with me, because my sleek favorites, the cats, would soon have devoured him, so I carried him up into an attic, and as he required feeding very often in the day, you may imagine that I had quite enough of exercise in running up and down stairs.

But I was not going to neglect the helpless thing after once undertaking to nurse him, and I had the pleasure of seeing him thrive well upon his diet of dry-bread crumbs and a little scrap of raw meat occasionally; this last delicacy, you know, was a sort of imitation of worms!

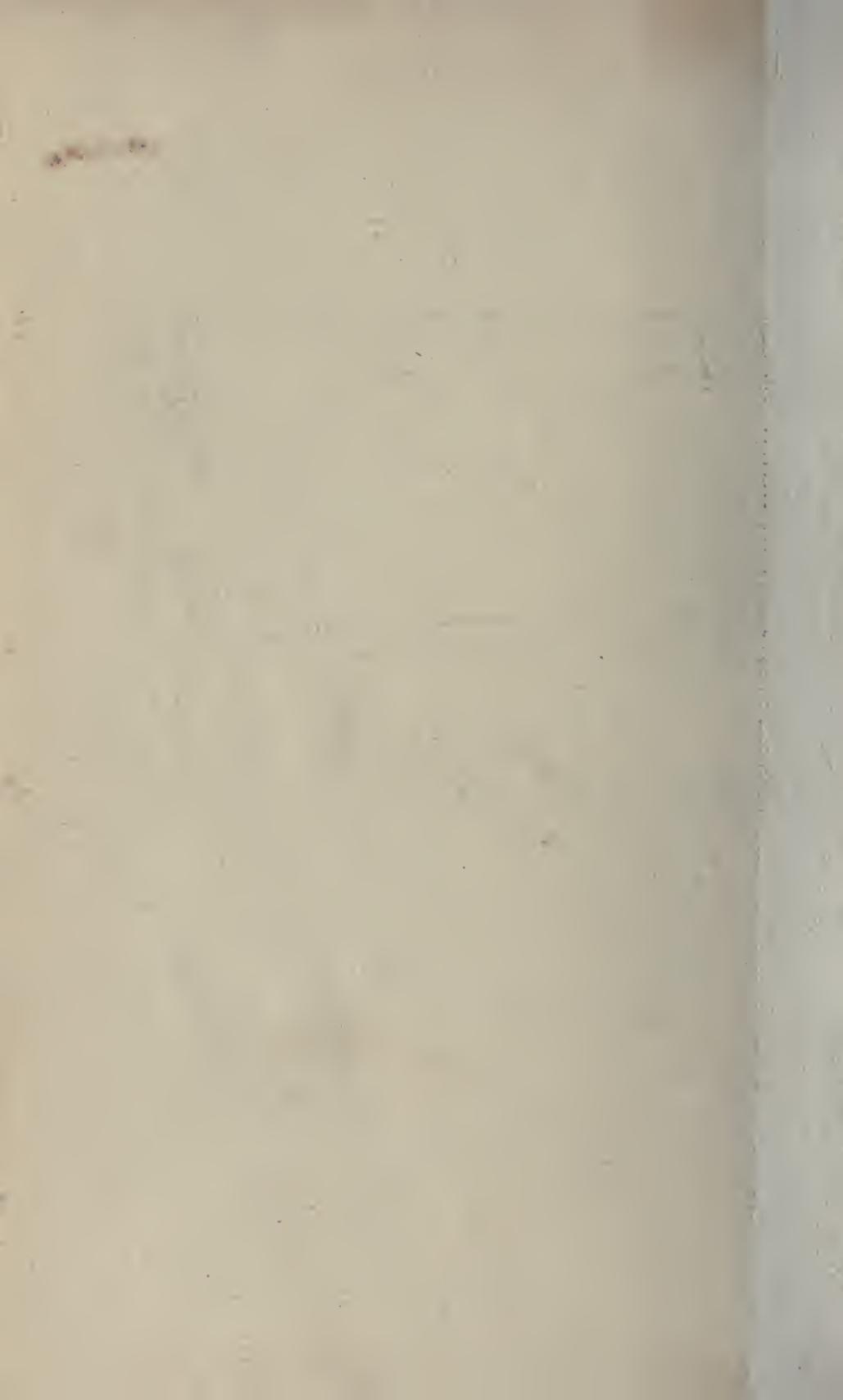
Very soon my birdie knew my step, and though he never exactly said so, I am sure he thought it had "musick in't," for as soon as I touched the handle of the door he set up a shriek of joy!

The bird that we nurse is the bird that we love, and I soon loved Dick. And the love was not all on one side, for my bonnie bird would sit upon my finger uttering complacent little chirps, and when I sang to him in a low voice he would gently peck my hair.

As he grew on and wanted to use his limbs, I put him into a large wicker bonnet-basket, having taken out the lining; it made him a large cheerful airy cage. Of course I had a perch put across it, and he had plenty of white sand and a pan of water; sometimes I set his bath on the floor of the room, and he delighted in bathing until he looked half-drowned; then what shaking of his feathers, what *preening* and arranging there was! And how happy and clean and comfortable he looked when his toilet was completed!

You may be sure that I took him some of the first ripe currants and strawberries, for blackbirds like fruit, and so do boys! When he was fledged I let him out in the room, and so he could exercise his wings. It is a curious fact that if I went up to him with my bonnet on he did not know me at all, but was in a state of great alarm.

Blackbirds are wild birds, and do not bear being kept in a cage, not even so well as some other birds do; and as this bird grew up he was not so tame, and was rather restless. I knew that, though I loved him so much, I ought not to keep him shut up against his will. He was carried down into the garden while the raspberries were ripe, and allowed to fly away; and I have never seen him since. Do you wonder that my eyes filled with tears when he left?



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