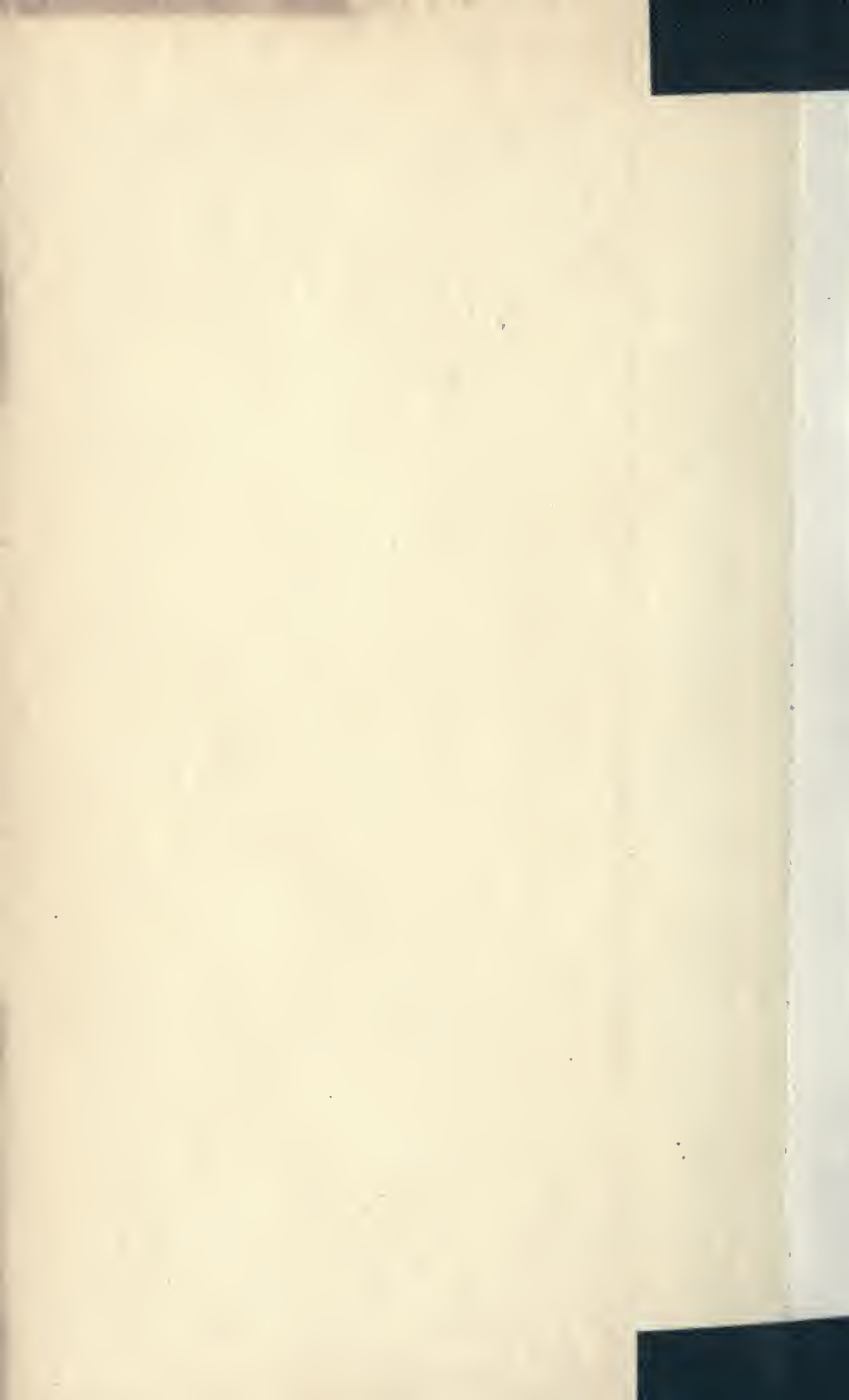


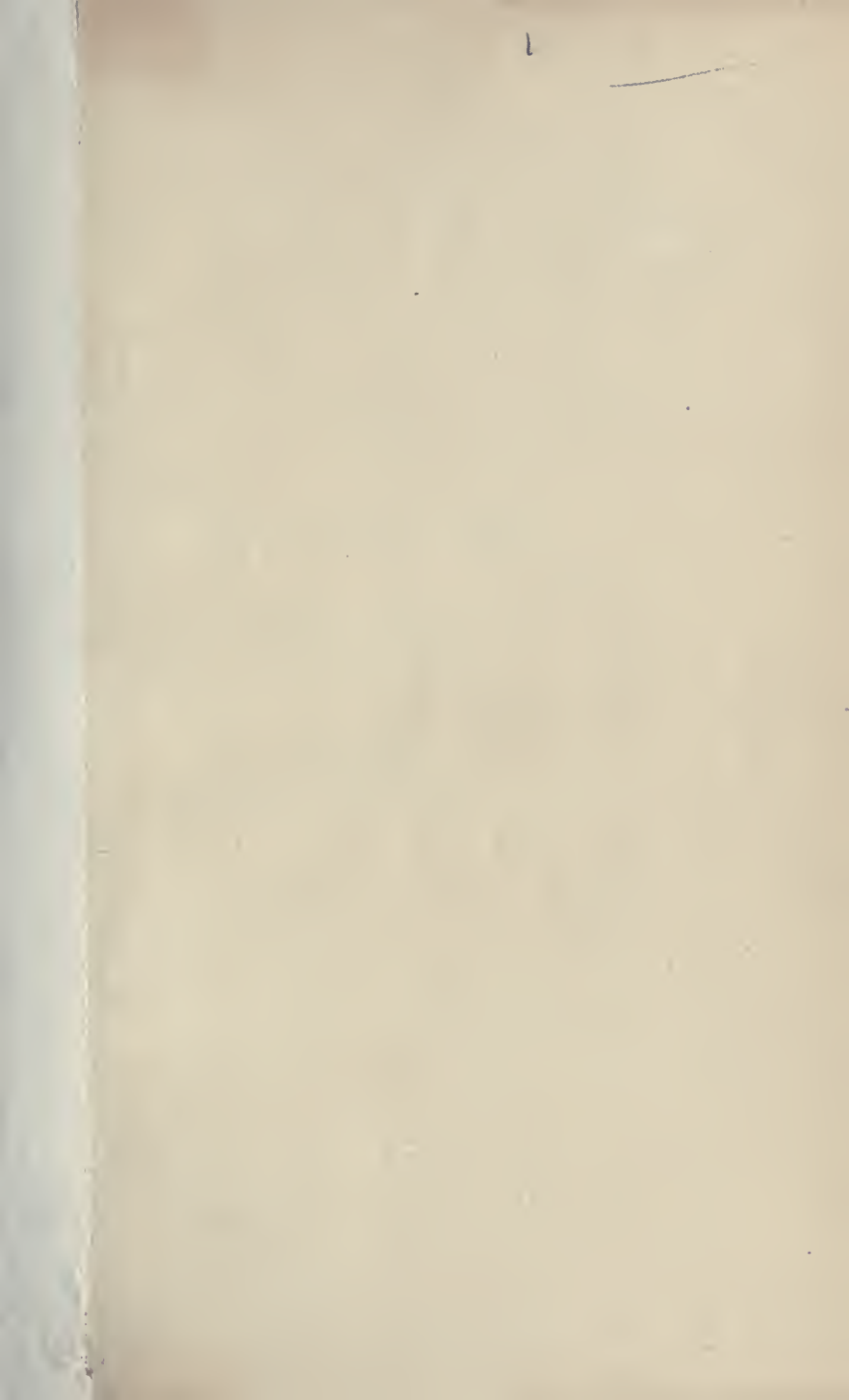


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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

JOHN RUSKIN

VOLUME XXV



PRÆTERITA

VOLUMES I-III



RUSKIN IN THE SEVENTIES

BY JOHN A. BOYD

B. CRISWICK

RUSKIN IN THE SEVENTIES

FROM A BUST BY

B. CRESWICK

The Complete Works of
John Ruskin

Præterita
Poems and Letters



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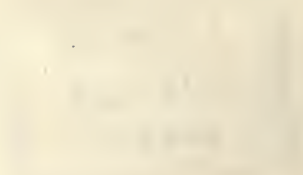
OUTLINES OF SCENES AND THOUGHTS
PERHAPS WORTHY OF MEMORY
IN MY PAST LIFE.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE written these sketches of effort and incident in former years for my friends; and for those of the public who have been pleased by my books.

I have written them therefore, frankly, garrulously, and at ease; speaking of what it gives me joy to remember at any length I like—sometimes very carefully of what I think it may be useful for others to know; and passing in total silence things which I have no pleasure in reviewing, and which the reader would find no help in the account of. My described life has thus become more amusing than I expected to myself, as I summoned its long past scenes for present scrutiny:—its main methods of study, and principles of work, I feel justified in commending to other students; and very certainly any habitual readers of my books will understand them better, for having knowledge as complete as I can give them of the personal character which, without endeavor to conceal, I yet have never taken pains to display, and even, now and then, felt some freakish pleasure in exposing to the chance of misinterpretation.

I write these few prefatory words on my father's birthday, in what was once my nursery in his old house,—to which he brought my mother and me, sixty-two years since, I being then four years old. What would otherwise in the following pages have been little more than an old man's recreation in gathering visionary flowers in fields of youth, has taken, as I wrote, the nobler aspect of a dutiful offering at the grave of parents who trained my childhood to all the good it could attain, and whose memory makes declining life cheerful in the hope of being soon again with them.

HERNE HILL,
10th May, 1885.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
PREFACE	v

CHAPTER I.

THE SPRINGS OF WANDEL.

1819-24.

Author's first masters—Scott and Homer—Defoe and Bunyan—The Bible—His Toryism—Idle kingship—His father's business—Author born at 54 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square—Early travels through England—Maternal grandparents—His mother—Her sister at Croydon—Author's childhood—Toys and amusements—Portrait by Northcote—Dress—Learns to read and write—Destined for the Church—His own sermon "People, be good!"—His father's partners—Mr. Domécq—Mr. Henry Telford—Gives author Rogers' Italy—His traveling chariot—Nurse Anne—Traveling in olden days—Cottages and castles 1-18

CHAPTER II.

HERNE-HILL ALMOND BLOSSOMS.

1824-26.

Removal to Herne Hill—The house and neighborhood described—Pleasures of author's childhood—His father's manner of life—Reading aloud—Bible and Latin lessons with his mother—Home blessings—Peace, obedience, faith—Analytical power—Home deficiencies—No one to love: nothing to endure—Untrained manners—Want of independent action—General effect on author's character—"Præterita" to be amiable—Herne Hill then and now further described—Its garden 19-33

CHAPTER III.

THE BANKS OF TAY.

1826-28.

Author's powers as a child—Early reading and writing—First efforts in authorship—"Harry and Lucy"—Poems on

steam-engine and rainbow—Daily routine—Love of toy bricks—Modern toys—Interest in flowers—"Eudasia, a Poem on the Universe"—Mineralogy—Evenings at home—His father reading aloud—Paternal grandparents—His father's sister Jessie—Her home at Perth—Her servant Mause—Her children—By the banks of Tay—Accidents of childhood—A dog's bite—A good ducking 34-50

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER NEW TUTORSHIPS.

1828-34.

Illness at Dunkeld (1828)—Death of cousin Jessie and her mother—Foresight dreams—Author's cousin Mary, adopted by his parents (1829)—Sundays in childhood—Dr. Andrews of Beresford Chapel—Author's first tutor—Greek lessons—Copying Cruikshank's Grimm—Cousin Mary—Matlock (1829) and mineralogy—Author's poem "Iteriad" (1830-32)—First drawing master, Mr. Runciman (1831)—Author's first sketch-book—Love of watching the sea—1832—At Herne Hill—Gift of Rogers' Italy—1833—Prout's sketches in Flanders and Germany—Tour abroad—Author's drawings there—Poetical journal (1834)—Author's schoolmaster, Rev. T. Dale—Schoolfellows, Matson, Key, Jones—Author's Scotch grammar—Mr. Rowbotham and mathematics—Author (1834) gets leave to copy in the Louvre 51-64

CHAPTER V.

PARNASSUS AND PLYNLIMMON.

1829-35.

Death of author's Croydon aunt—Her family—Careers of her sons—Charles at Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.—Annuals—Forget-me-not—Friendship's Offering—Mr. Pringle—Prints author's verses—Takes him to see S. Rogers—The Ettrick Shepherd—Visits to Clifton, Bristol, Chepstow, Malvern—The English Lakes—Tour in Wales—Plynlimmon—Riding lessons—Mineralogy—Dr. Grant—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gray—Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn and their sons—Marryat's novels—The field of Waterloo 65-79

CHAPTER VI.

SCHAFFHAUSEN AND MILAN.

1833.

	PAGE
Paris 1823—Author's recollection of his visit there and to Brussels—Nanny Clowsley—Traveling chariots in old days—“Vix ea nostra voco”—French post-horses—Couriers—Salvador—Author's father, his expenditure and habits in traveling—Schaffhausen 1833—The Black Forest—The gates of the hills—William Tell—First sight of the Alps—Into Italy by the Splugen—The Lake of Como—Milan—Modern electro-plate tourists—What went ye out for to see?	80-93

CHAPTER VII.

PAPA AND MAMMA.

1834.

Author's occupations—Poetry without ideas—Engraving—Architecture without design—Geology—Character of his parents—His father's reading aloud—His mother's birth and education—His father's youth—Letter (1807) of Dr. Thomas Brown to him—His parents' nine years' engagement—Their marriage—Author's ignorance of his family affairs—His mother's self-culture—His father's health—Business powers and position—Commercial guests at Herne Hill—Secluded and simple life there—Dr. Andrews of Walworth—Offices of Ruskin, Telford, and Domecq—Maisie—Love of home—Death of Cousin Charles at sea (Jan. 22, 1834)	94-111
--	--------

CHAPTER VIII.

VESTER, CAMENAE.

1835.

Herne Hill friends—Mr. and Mrs. Fall and their son Richard—Author's reading—The Annuals—Byron read aloud to him by his father—His mother's puritanism, inoffensive prudery, and humor—Byron's true qualities—Remarks on his letters to Moore about Sheridan, and to Murray about

poetry—Author's early but limited appreciation of him and of Pope's Homer—Byron's simple truth—His rhythm—Johnson's influence on author—Author's illness, 1835—Dr. Walshman—Preparations for tour abroad—Cyanometer—Poetical diary 112-124

CHAPTER IX.

THE COL DE LA FAUCILLE.

1835.

Abbeville—Its history—St. Riquier—St. Wulfran—Author's thought centers; Rouen, Geneva, Pisa—His love of Abbeville—Paris to Geneva in old days—La Cloche, Dijon, Auxonne, Dole—Poligny—Jura—Champagnole—Saussure's description—The source of the Orbe—Carlyle quoted on gardens—Les Rousses—Col de la Faucille—Effect on author, 1835 125-138

CHAPTER X.

QUEM TU, MELPOMENE.

1836.

Author's taste for music—Anecdote of him at Tunbridge Wells (1827)—His father's choice of his clerks—Henry Watson and his sisters—Their musical gifts—Mr. Domecq's daughters and home in Paris—The opera there—"I Puritani"—Grisi and Malibran—Taglioni—Patti—Author's music and singing lessons at Oxford (1837)—Mr. Dale's lectures at King's College (1836)—Visit of the Domecq girls to Herne Hill—Adèle Domecq—Author's story of "Leoni"—His Venetian tragedy—Reading Byron and Shelley—Matriculation at Christ Church (1836)—Entered as a gentleman commoner—Dean Gaisford—Going into residence . . . 139-155

CHAPTER XI.

CHRIST CHURCH CHOIR.

1837.

First days at Oxford—Author's inclinations and character—His reading and view of the Bible—Christ Church Cathe-

	PAGE
dral—The occupants of the choir—The Hall, degraded by “collections”—Dean Gaisford—Flooring a tutor—Too good an essay—Mr. Strangways’ approval—Henry Acland —Osborne Gordon—Charles Newton—Author’s mother living in Oxford—The day’s routine—The tutors—Walter Brown—Messrs. Hill, Kynaston, Hussey—Dr. Pusey—The Dean again—A bright exception—Dean Liddell—Dr. Buck- land and his family—H. Acland’s friendship—Story of his calmness in a shipwreck—Author’s debt to him and Dr. Buckland—Lord Wemyss (F. Charteris)—Lord Desart —Oxford wines—Bob Grimston—Scott Murray—Lord Kil- dare—Thucydides—Dr. Arnold’s preface quoted . . .	156-175

CHAPTER XII.

ROSLYN CHAPEL.

1837-39.

Copley Fielding—Author’s drawing-lessons from him—A letter from Northcote (1830)—Author’s knowledge of Turner (1836)—Turner’s pictures of that year—Author’s reply to Blackwood—Turner’s letter to him on it—Mr. Munro of Novar—Tours in Yorkshire and the Lakes (1837), Scotland (1838), Cornwall (1839)—Author’s peculiar love of wild scenery—Wordsworth, Shelley, and Turner—Author’s feel- ings combine theirs, and are still unchanged—Mr. and Mrs. Withers and their daughter—Loch Katrine—Roslyn and Melrose—“The Poetry of Architecture” (1837-38)— Influence of Johnson—Mr. Ritchie—Adèle again—Disobedi- ence of wishing to disobey—Miss Wardell—Miss S. Dowie	176-193
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PRÆTERITA.

CHAPTER I.

THE SPRINGS OF WANDEL.

[*The reader must be advised that the first two chapters are reprinted, with slight revision, from Fors Clavigera, having been written there chiefly for the political lessons, which appear now introduced somewhat violently.*]

1. I AM, and my father was before me, a violent Tory of the old school;—Walter Scott's school, that is to say, and Homer's. I name these two out of the numberless great Tory writers, because they were my own two masters. I had Walter Scott's novels and the Iliad, (Pope's translation,) for constant reading when I was a child, on week-days: on Sunday their effect was tempered by Robinson Crusoe and the Pilgrim's Progress; my mother having it deeply in her heart to make an evangelical clergyman of me. Fortunately, I had an aunt more evangelical than my mother; and my aunt gave me cold mutton for Sunday's dinner, which—as I much preferred it hot—greatly diminished the influence of the Pilgrim's Progress, and the end of the matter was, that I got all the noble imaginative teaching of Defoe and Bunyan, and yet—am not an evangelical clergyman.

2. I had, however, still better teaching than theirs, and that compulsorily, and every day of the week.

Walter Scott and Pope's Homer were reading of my own election, and my mother forced me, by steady daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart; as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from

Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year: and to that discipline—patient, accurate, and resolute—I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, which I find occasionally serviceable, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature. From Walter Scott's novels I might easily, as I grew older, have fallen to other people's novels; and Pope might, perhaps, have led me to take Johnson's English, or Gibbon's, as types of language; but, once knowing the 32^d of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of 1st Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me, even in the foolishness of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English; and the affectation of trying to write like Hooker and George Herbert was the most innocent I could have fallen into.

3. From my own chosen masters, then, Scott and Homer, I learned the Toryism which my best after-thought has only served to confirm.

That is to say, a most sincere love of kings, and dislike of everybody who attempted to disobey them. Only, both by Homer and Scott, I was taught strange ideas about kings, which I find for the present much obsolete; for, I perceived that both the author of the Iliad and the author of Waverley made their kings, or king-loving persons, do harder work than anybody else. Tydides or Idomeneus always killed twenty Trojans to other people's one, and Redgauntlet speared more salmon than any of the Solway fishermen, and—which was particularly a subject of admiration to me—I observed that they not only did more, but in proportion to their doings, *got* less than other people—nay, that the best of them were even ready to govern for nothing! and let their followers divide any quantity of spoil or profit. Of late it has seemed to me that the idea of a king has become exactly the contrary of this, and that it has been supposed the duty of superior persons generally to govern less, and get more, than anybody else. So that it was, perhaps, quite as well that in those

early days my contemplation of existent kingship was a very distant one.

4. The aunt who gave me cold mutton on Sundays was my father's sister: she lived at Bridge-end, in the town of Perth, and had a garden full of gooseberry-bushes, sloping down to the Tay, with a door opening to the water, which ran past it, clear-brown over the pebbles three or four feet deep; swift-eddying,—an infinite thing for a child to look down into.

5. My father began business as a wine-merchant, with no capital, and a considerable amount of debts bequeathed him by my grandfather. He accepted the bequest, and paid them all before he began to lay by anything for himself,—for which his best friends called him a fool, and I, without expressing any opinion as to his wisdom, which I knew in such matters to be at least equal to mine, have written on the granite slab over his grave that he was “an entirely honest merchant.” As days went on he was able to take a house in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, No. 54, (the windows of it, fortunately for me, commanded a view of a marvelous iron post, out of which the water-carts were filled through beautiful little trap-doors, by pipes like boa-constrictors; and I was never weary of contemplating that mystery, and the delicious dripping consequent); and as years went on, and I came to be four or five years old, he could command a postchaise and pair for two months in the summer, by help of which, with my mother and me, he went the round of his country customers (who liked to see the principal of the house his own traveler); so that, at a jog-trot pace, and through the panoramic opening of the four windows of a postchaise, made more panoramic still to me because my seat was a little bracket in front, (for we used to hire the chaise regularly for the two months out of Long Acre, and so could have it bracketed and pocketed as we liked,) I saw all the high-roads, and most of the cross ones, of England and Wales, and great part of lowland Scotland, as far as Perth, where every other year we spent the whole summer; and I used to read the

Abbot at Kinross, and the Monastery in Glen Farg, which I confused with "Glendearg," and thought that the White Lady had as certainly lived by the streamlet in that glen of the Ochils, as the Queen of Scots in the island of Loch Leven.

6. To my farther great benefit, as I grew older, I thus saw nearly all the noblemen's houses in England; in reverent and healthy delight of uncovetous admiration,—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; but 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.

7. Nevertheless, having formed my notion of kingdom chiefly from the FitzJames of the Lady of the Lake, and of noblesse from the Douglas there, and the Douglas in Marmion, a painful wonder soon arose in my child-mind, why the castles should now be always empty. Tantallon was there; but no Archibald of Angus:—Stirling, but no Knight of Snowdown. The galleries and gardens of England were beautiful to see—but his Lordship and her Ladyship were always in town, said the housekeepers and gardeners. Deep yearning took hold of me for a kind of "Restoration," which I began slowly to feel that Charles the Second had not altogether effected, though I always wore a gilded oak-apple very piously in my buttonhole on the 29th of May. It seemed to me that Charles the Second's Restoration had been, as compared with the Restoration I wanted, much as that gilded oak-apple to a real apple. And as I grew wiser, the desire for sweet pippins instead of bitter ones, and Living Kings instead of dead ones, appeared to me rational as well as romantic; and gradually it has become the main purpose of my life to grow pippins, and its chief hope, to see Kings.*

* The St. George's Company was founded for the promotion of

8. I have never been able to trace these prejudices to any royalty of descent: of my father's ancestors I know nothing, nor of my mother's more than that my maternal grandmother was the landlady of the Old King's Head in Market Street, Croydon; and I wish she were alive again, and I could paint her Simone Memmi's King's Head, for a sign.

My maternal grandfather was, as I have said, a sailor, who used to embark, like Robinson Crusoe, at Yarmouth, and come back at rare intervals, making himself very delightful at home. I have an idea he had something to do with the herring business, but am not clear on that point; my mother never being much communicative concerning it. He spoiled her, and her (younger) sister, with all his heart, when he was at home; unless there appeared any tendency to equivocation, or imaginative statements, on the part of the children, which were always unforgivable. My mother being once perceived by him to have distinctly told him a lie, he sent the servant out forthwith to buy an entire bundle of new broom twigs to whip her with. "They did not hurt me so much as one" (twig) "would have done," said my mother, "but I *thought* a good deal of it."

9. My grandfather was killed at two-and-thirty, by trying to ride, instead of walk, into Croydon; he got his leg crushed by his horse against a wall; and died of the hurt's mortifying. My mother was then seven or eight years old, and, with her sister, was sent to quite a fashionable (for Croydon) day-school, Mrs. Rice's, where my mother was taught evangelical principles, and became the pattern girl and best needlewoman in the school; and where my aunt absolutely refused evangelical principles, and became the plague and pet of it.

10. My mother, being a girl of great power, with not a little pride, grew more and more exemplary in her entirely conscientious career, much laughed at, though much beloved, by her sister; who had more wit, less pride, and no

agricultural instead of town life: and my only hope of prosperity for England, or any other country, in whatever life they lead, is in their discovering and obeying men capable of Kinghood.

conscience. At last my mother, formed into a consummate housewife, was sent for to Scotland to take care of my paternal grandfather's house; who was gradually ruining himself; and who at last effectually ruined, and killed, himself. My father came up to London; was a clerk in a merchant's house for nine years, without a holiday; then began business on his own account; paid his father's debts; and married his exemplary Croydon cousin.

11. Meantime my aunt had remained in Croydon, and married a baker. By the time I was four years old, and beginning to recollect things,—my father rapidly taking higher commercial position in London,—there was traceable—though to me, as a child, wholly incomprehensible,—just the least possible shade of shyness on the part of Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, towards Market Street, Croydon. But whenever my father was ill,—and hard work and sorrow had already set their mark on him,—we all went down to Croydon to be petted by my homely aunt; and walk on Duppas Hill, and on the heather of Addington.

12. My aunt lived in the little house still standing—or which was so four months ago—the fashionablest in Market Street, having actually two windows over the shop, in the second story; but I never troubled myself about that superior part of the mansion, unless my father happened to be making drawings in Indian ink, when I would sit reverently by and watch; my chosen domains being, at all other times, the shop, the bakehouse, and the stones round the spring of crystal water at the back door (long since let down into the modern sewer); and my chief companion, my aunt's dog, Towzer, whom she had taken pity on when he was a snappish, starved vagrant; and made a brave and affectionate dog of: which was the kind of thing she did for every living creature that came in her way, all her life long.

13. Contented, by help of these occasional glimpses of the rivers of Paradise, I lived until I was more than four years old in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, the greater part of the year; for a few weeks in the summer breathing country

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

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

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

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

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

the idea of distant hills was connected in my mind with approach to the extreme felicities of life, in my Scottish aunt's garden of gooseberry bushes, sloping to the Tay. But that, when old Mr. Northcote asked me (little thinking, I fancy, to get any answer so explicit) what I would like to have in the distance of my picture, I should have said “blue hills” instead of “gooseberry bushes,” appears to me—and

I think without any morbid tendency to think overmuch of myself—a fact sufficiently curious, and not without promise, in a child of that age.

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

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

18. This effort to learn the words in their collective aspect, was assisted by my real admiration of the look of printed

type, which I began to copy for my pleasure, as other children draw dogs and horses. The following inscription, facsimile'd from the fly-leaf of my Seven Champions of Christendom, (judging from the independent views taken in it of the character of the letter L, and the relative elevation of G,) I believe to be an extremely early art study of this class; and as by the will of Fors, the first lines of the note, written after an interval of fifty years, underneath my copy of it, in direction to Mr. Burgess, presented some notable points of cor-

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

Bolton Abbey
Dear Father 24th Jan. 75

Will you kindly facsimile
with moderate care, the above
piece of ancient manuscript in Fol.

respondence with it, I thought it well he should engrave them together, as they stood.

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

Very good women are remarkably apt to make away with their children prematurely, in this manner: the real meaning of the pious act being, that, as the sons of Zebedee are not (or at least they hope not), to sit on the right and left of Christ, in His kingdom, their own sons may perhaps, they think, in time be advanced to that respectable position in

eternal life; especially if they ask Christ very humbly for it every day; and they always forget in the most naïve way that the position is not His to give! —

20. "Devoting me to God," meant, as far as my mother knew herself what she meant, that she would try to send me to college, and make a clergyman of me; and I was accordingly bred for "the Church." My father, who—rest be to his soul—had the exceedingly bad habit of yielding to my mother in large things and taking his own way in little ones, allowed me, without saying a word, to be thus withdrawn from the sherry trade as an unclean thing; not without some pardonable participation in my mother's ultimate views for me. For, many and many a year afterwards, I remember, while he was speaking to one of our artist friends, who admired Raphael, and greatly regretted my endeavors to interfere with that popular taste,—while my father and he were condoling with each other on my having been impudent enough to think I could tell the public about Turner and Raphael,—instead of contenting myself, as I ought, with explaining the way of their souls' salvation to them—and what an amiable clergyman was lost in me,—"Yes," said my father, with tears in his eyes—(true and tender tears, as ever father shed,) "he would have been a Bishop."

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

22. Notwithstanding, I arrived at some abstract in my

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

23. We seldom had company, even on week-days; and I was never allowed to come down to dessert, until much later in life—when I was able to crack nuts neatly. I was then permitted to come down to crack other people's nuts for them—(I hope they liked the ministrations)—but never to have any myself; nor anything else of dainty kind, either then or at other times. Once at Hunter Street, I recollect my mother giving me three raisins, in the forenoon, out of the store cabinet; and I remember perfectly the first time I tasted custard, in our lodgings in Norfolk Street—where we had gone while the house was being painted, or cleaned, or something. My father was dining in the front room, and did not finish his custard; and my mother brought me the bottom of it into the back room.

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

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

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

25. Mr. Domecq's name should have been the first, by rights, for my father and Mr. Telford were only his agents.

He was the sole proprietor of the estate which was the main capital of the firm,—the vineyard of Macharnudo, the most precious hillside, for growth of white wine, in the Spanish peninsula. The quality of the Macharnudo vintage essentially fixed the standard of Xeres “sack,” or “dry”—secco—sherris, or sherry, from the days of Henry the Fifth to our own;—the unalterable and unrivaled chalk-marl of it putting a strength into the grape which age can only enrich and darken,—never impair.

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

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

He was a perfect type of an English country gentleman of moderate fortune; unmarried, living with three unmarried sisters,—who, in the refinement of their highly educated, unpretending, benevolent, and felicitous lives, remain in my

memory more like the figures in a beautiful story than realities. Neither in story, nor in reality, have I ever again heard of, or seen, anything like Mr. Henry Telford;—so gentle, so humble, so affectionate, so clear in common sense, so fond of horses,—and so entirely incapable of doing, thinking, or saying, anything that had the slightest taint in it of the racecourse or the stable.

28. Yet I believe he never missed any great race; passed the greater part of his life on horseback; and hunted during the whole Leicestershire season; but never made a bet, never had a serious fall, and never hurt a horse. Between him and my father there was absolute confidence, and the utmost friendship that could exist without community of pursuit. My father was greatly proud of Mr. Telford's standing among the country gentlemen; and Mr. Telford was affectionately respectful to my father's steady industry and infallible commercial instinct. Mr. Telford's actual part in the conduct of the business was limited to attendance in the counting-house during two months at Midsummer, when my father took his holiday, and sometimes for a month at the beginning of the year, when he traveled for orders. At these times Mr. Telford rode into London daily from Widmore, signed what letters and bills needed signature, read the papers, and rode home again; any matters needing deliberation were referred to my father, or awaited his return. All the family at Widmore would have been limitlessly kind to my mother and me, if they had been permitted any opportunity; but my mother always felt, in cultivated society,—and was too proud to feel with patience,—the defects of her own early education; and therefore (which was the true and fatal sign of such defect) never familiarly visited anyone whom she did not feel to be, in some sort, her inferior.

Nevertheless, Mr. Telford had a singularly important influence in my education. By, I believe, his sisters' advice, he gave me, as soon as it was published, the illustrated edition of Rogers' Italy. This book was the first means I had of looking carefully at Turner's work: and I might, not

without some appearance of reason, attribute to the gift the entire direction of my life's energies. But it is the great error of thoughtless biographers to attribute to the accident which introduces some new phase of character, all the circumstances of character which gave the accident importance. The essential point to be noted, and accounted for, was that I could understand Turner's work, when I saw it;—not by what chance, or in what year, it was first seen. Poor Mr. Telford, nevertheless, was always held by papa and mamma primarily responsible for my Turner insanities.

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

Now the old English chariot is the most luxurious of traveling carriages, for two persons, or even for two persons and so much of third personage as I possessed at three years old. The one in question was hung high, so that we could see well over stone dikes and average hedges out of it; such elevation being attained by the old-fashioned folding steps, with a lovely padded cushion fitting into the recess of the door,—steps which it was one of my chief traveling delights to see the hostlers fold up and down; though my delight was painfully alloyed by envious ambition to be allowed to do it myself:—but I never was,—lest I should pinch my fingers.

30. The "dickey,"—(to think that I should never till this moment have asked myself the derivation of that word, and now be unable to get at it!)—being, typically, that commanding seat in her Majesty's mail, occupied by the Guard; and classical, even in modern literature, as the scene of Mr. Bob Sawyer's arrangements with Sam,—was thrown far back in Mr. Telford's chariot, so as to give perfectly comfortable room for the legs (if one chose to travel outside on fine days), and to afford beneath it spacious area to the boot, a storehouse of rearward miscellaneous luggage. Over which— with all the rest of forward and superficial luggage—my nurse Anne presided, both as guard and packer; unrivaled,

she, in the flatness and precision of her in-laying of dresses, as in turning of pancakes; the fine precision, observe, meaning also the easy wit and invention of her art; for, no more in packing a trunk than commanding a campaign, is precision possible without foresight.

31. Among the people whom one must miss out of one's life, dead, or worse than dead, by the time one is past fifty, I can only say for my own part, that the one I practically and truly miss most next to father and mother, (and putting losses of imaginary good out of the question,) is this Anne, my father's nurse, and mine. She was one of our "many," * (our many being always but few,) and from her girlhood to her old age, the entire ability of her life was given to serving us. She had a natural gift and speciality for doing disagreeable things; above all, the service of a sick room; so that she was never quite in her glory unless some of us were ill. She had also some parallel speciality for *saying* disagreeable things; and might be relied upon to give the extremely darkest view of any subject, before proceeding to ameliorative action upon it. And she had a very creditable and republican aversion to doing immediately, or in set terms, as she was bid; so that when my mother and she got old together, and my mother became very imperative and particular about having her teacup set on one side of her little round table, Anne would observantly and punctiliously put it always on the other; which caused my mother to state to me, every morning after breakfast, gravely, that if ever a woman in this world was possessed by the Devil, Anne was that woman. But in spite of these momentary and petulant aspirations to liberality and independence of character, poor Anne remained very servile in soul all her days; and was altogether occupied, from the age of fifteen to seventy-two, in doing other people's wills instead of her own, and seeking other people's good instead of her own: nor did I ever hear on any occasion of her doing harm to a human being, except by saving two hundred and some odd pounds for her rela-

* Formerly "Meinie," "attendant company."

tions; in consequence of which some of them, after her funeral, did not speak to the rest for several months.

32. The dickey then aforesaid, being indispensable for our guard Anne, was made wide enough for two, that my father might go outside also when the scenery and day were fine. The entire equipage was not a light one of its kind; but, the luggage being carefully limited, went gayly behind good horses on the then perfectly smooth mail roads; and posting, in those days, being universal, so that at the leading inns in every country town, the cry "Horses out!" down the yard, as one drove up, was answered, often instantly, always within five minutes, by the merry trot through the archway of the booted and bright-jacketed rider, with his caparisoned pair,—there was no driver's seat in front: and the four large, admirably fitting and sliding windows, admitting no drop of rain when they were up, and never sticking as they were let down, formed one large moving oriel, out of which one saw the country round, to the full half of the horizon. My own prospect was more extended still, for my seat was the little box containing my clothes, strongly made, with a cushion on one end of it; set upright in front (and well forward), between my father and mother. I was thus not the least in their way, and my horizon of sight the widest possible. When no object of particular interest presented itself, I trotted, keeping time with the postboy on my trunk cushion for a saddle, and whipped my father's legs for horses; at first theoretically only, with dexterous motion of wrist; but ultimately in a quite practical and efficient manner, my father having presented me with a silver-mounted postilion's whip.

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

through half the English counties; and a visit (if the counties lay northward) to my aunt in Scotland.

34. The mode of journeying was as fixed as that of our home life. We went from forty to fifty miles a day, starting always early enough in the morning to arrive comfortably to four o'clock dinner. Generally, therefore, getting off at six o'clock, a stage or two were done before breakfast, with the dew on the grass, and first scent from the hawthorns; if in the course of the midday drive there were any gentleman's house to be seen,—or, better still, a lord's—or, best of all, a duke's,—my father baited the horses, and took my mother and me reverently through the state rooms; always speaking a little under our breath to the housekeeper, major domo, or other authority in charge; and gleaning worshipfully what fragmentary illustrations of the history and domestic ways of the family might fall from their lips.

35. In analyzing above, page 4, the effect on my mind of all this, I have perhaps a little antedated the supposed resultant impression that it was probably happier to live in a small house than a large one. But assuredly, while I never to this day pass a lattice-windowed cottage without wishing to be its cottager, I never yet saw the castle which I envied to its lord; and although in the course of these many worshipful pilgrimages I gathered curiously extensive knowledge, both of art and natural scenery, afterwards infinitely useful, it is evident to me in retrospect that my own character and affections were little altered by them; and that the personal feeling and native instinct of me had been fastened, irrevocably, long before, to things modest, humble, and pure in peace, under the low red roofs of Croydon, and by the cresset rivulets in which the sand danced and minnows darted above the Springs of Wandel.

CHAPTER II.

HERNE-HILL ALMOND BLOSSOMS.

36. WHEN I was about four years old my father found himself able to buy the lease of a house on Herne Hill, a rustic eminence four miles south of the "Standard in Cornhill"; of which the leafy seclusion remains, in all essential points of character, unchanged to this day: certain Gothic splendors, lately indulged in by our wealthier neighbors, being the only serious innovations; and these are so graciously concealed by the fine trees of their grounds, that the passing viator remains unappalled by them; and I can still walk up and down the piece of road between the Fox tavern and the Herne Hill station, imagining myself four years old.

37. Our house was the northernmost of a group which stand accurately on the top or dome of the hill, where the ground is for a small space level, as the snows are, (I understand,) on the dome of Mont Blanc; presently falling, however, in what may be, in the London clay formation, considered a precipitous slope, to our valley of Chamouni (or of Dulwich) on the east; and with a softer descent into Cold Harbor lane * on the west: on the south, no less beautifully declining to the dale of the Effra, (doubtless shortened from Effrena, signifying the "Unbridled" river; recently, I regret to say, bricked over for the convenience of Mr. Biffin, chemist, and others); while on the north, prolonged indeed with slight depression some half mile or so, and receiving, in the parish of Lambeth; the chivalric title of "Champion Hill," it plunges down at last to efface itself in the plains of Peckham, and the rural barbarism of Goose Green.

* Said in the History of Croydon to be a name which has long puzzled antiquaries, and nearly always found near Roman military stations.

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

39. The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden, and that of Eden, as I had imagined it, were, that, in this one, *all* the fruit was forbidden; and there were no companionable beasts: in other respects the little domain answered every purpose of Paradise to me; and the climate, in that cycle of our years, allowed me to pass most of my life in it. My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learnt, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed anything to disturb me when my task was set; if it was not said rightly by twelve o'clock, I was kept in

till I knew it, and in general, even when Latin Grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master for at least an hour before half-past one dinner, and for the rest of the afternoon.

40. My mother, herself finding her chief personal pleasure in her flowers, was often planting or pruning beside me, at least if I chose to stay beside *her*. I never thought of doing anything behind her back which I would not have done before her face; and her presence was therefore no restraint to me; but, also, no particular pleasure, for, from having always been left so much alone, I had generally my own little affairs to see after; and, on the whole, by the time I was seven years old, was already getting too independent, mentally, even of my father and mother; and, having nobody else to be dependent upon, began to lead a very small, perky, contented, conceited, Cock-Robinson-Crusoe sort of life, in the central point which it appeared to me, (as it must naturally appear to geometrical animals,) that I occupied in the universe.

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

Under these circumstances, what powers of imagination I

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

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

43. When my father had finished shaving, he always told me a story about this picture. The custom began without any initial purpose of his, in consequence of my troublesome curiosity whether the fisherman lived in the cottage, and where he was going to in the boat. It being settled, for peace' sake, that he *did* live in the cottage, and was going in the boat to fish near the castle, the plot of the drama afterwards gradually thickened; and became, I believe, involved with that of the tragedy of Douglas, and of the Castle Specter, in both of which pieces my father had performed in private theatricals, before my mother, and a select Edinburgh audience, when he was a boy of sixteen, and she, at grave twenty, a model housekeeper, and very scornful

* This drawing is still over the chimney-piece of my bedroom at Brantwood.

and religiously suspicious of theatricals. But she was never weary of telling me, in later years, how beautiful my father looked in his Highland dress, with the high black feathers.

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

45. The series of the Waverley novels, then drawing towards its close, was still the chief source of delight in all households caring for literature; and I can no more recollect the time when I did not know them than when I did not know the Bible; but I have still a vivid remembrance of my father's intense expression of sorrow mixed with scorn, as he threw down Count Robert of Paris, after reading three or four pages; and knew that the life of Scott was ended: the scorn being a very complex and bitter feeling in him,—partly, indeed, of the book itself, but chiefly of the wretches who were tormenting and selling the wrecked intellect, and not a little, deep down, of the subtle dishonesty which had essentially caused the ruin. My father never could forgive Scott his concealment of the Ballantyne partnership.

46. Such being the salutary pleasures of Herne Hill, I

have next with deeper gratitude to chronicle what I owe to my mother for the resolutely consistent lessons which so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make every word of them familiar to my ear in habitual music,—yet in that familiarity revered, as transcending all thought, and ordaining all conduct.*

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

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

* Compare the 52nd paragraph of chapter iii. of *The Bible of Amiens*.

It is strange that of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the 119th Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me, in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the Law of God, in opposition to the abuse of it by modern preachers of what they imagine to be His gospel.

47. But it is only by deliberate effort that I recall the long morning hours of toil, as regular as sunrise,—toil on both sides equal—by which, year after year, my mother forced me to learn these paraphrases, and chapters, (the eighth of 1st Kings being one—try it, good reader, in a leisure hour!) allowing not so much as a syllable to be missed or misplaced; while every sentence was required to be said over and over again till she was satisfied with the accent of it. I recollect a struggle between us of about three weeks, concerning the accent of the “of” in the lines

“Shall any following spring revive

The ashes of the urn?”—

I insisting, partly in childish obstinacy, and partly in true instinct for rhythm, (being wholly careless on the subject both of urns and their contents,) on reciting it with an accented *of*. It was not, I say, till after three weeks' labor, that my mother got the accent lightened on the “of” and laid on the ashes, to her mind. But had it taken three years she would have done it, having once undertaken to do it. And, assuredly, had she not done it,—well, there's no knowing what would have happened; but I'm very thankful she *did*.

48. I have just opened my oldest (in use) Bible,—a small, closely, and very neatly printed volume it is, printed in Edinburgh by Sir D. Hunter Blair and J. Bruce, Printers to the King's Most Excellent Majesty, in 1816. Yellow, now, with age, and flexible, but not unclean, with much use, except that the lower corners of the pages at 8th of 1st Kings, and 32nd Deuteronomy, are worn somewhat thin and

dark, the learning of these two chapters having cost me much pains. My mother's list of the chapters with which, thus learned, she established my soul in life,* has just fallen out of it. I will take what indulgence the incurious reader can give me, for printing the list thus accidentally occurrent:—

Exodus,	chapters	15th and 20th.
2 Samuel	“	1st, from 17th verse to the end.
1 Kings	“	8th.
Psalms	“	23rd, 32nd, 90th, 91st, 103rd, 112th, 119th, 139th.
Proverbs	“	2nd, 3rd, 8th, 12th.
Isaiah	“	58th.
Matthew	“	5th, 6th, 7th.
Acts	“	26th.
1 Corinthians	“	13th, 15th.
James	“	4th.
Revelation	“	5th, 6th.

And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge—in mathematics, meteorology, and the like, in after life,—and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters, I count very confidently the most precious, and, on the whole, the one *essential* part of all my education.

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

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

* This expression in Fors has naturally been supposed by some readers to mean that my mother at this time made me vitally and evangelically religious. The fact was far otherwise. I meant only that she gave me secure *ground* for all future life, practical or spiritual. See the paragraph next following.

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

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

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

Peace, obedience, faith; these three for chief good; next to these, the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind—on which I will not further enlarge at this moment, this being

the main practical faculty of my life, causing Mazzini to say of me, in conversation authentically reported, a year or two before his death, that I had "the most analytic mind in Europe." An opinion in which, so far as I am acquainted with Europe, I am myself entirely disposed to concur.

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

50. First, that I had nothing to love.

My parents were—in a sort—visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon: only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out; (how much, now, when both are darkened!)—still less did I love God; not that I had any quarrel with Him, or fear of Him; but simply found what people told me was His service, disagreeable; and what people told me was His book, not entertaining. I had no companions to quarrel with, neither; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank. Not a servant was ever allowed to do anything for me, but what it was their duty to do; and why should I have been grateful to the cook for cooking, or the gardener for gardening,—when the one dared not give me a baked potato without asking leave, and the other would not let my ants' nests alone, because they made the walks untidy? The evil consequence of all this was not, however, what might perhaps have been expected, that I grew up selfish or unaffectionate; but that, when affection did come, it came with violence utterly rampant and unmanageable; at least by me, who never before had anything to manage.

51. For (second of chief calamities) I had nothing to endure. Danger or pain of any kind I knew not: my strength was never exercised, my patience never tried, and my courage never fortified. Not that I was ever afraid of anything,—either ghosts, thunder, or beasts; and one of the

nearest approaches to insubordination which I was ever tempted into as a child, was in passionate effort to get leave to play with the lion's cubs in Wombwell's menagerie.

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

53. Lastly, and chief of evils. My judgment of right and wrong, and powers of independent action,* were left entirely undeveloped; because the bridle and blinkers were never taken off me. Children should have their times of being off duty, like soldiers; and when once the obedience, if required, is certain, the little creature should be very early put for periods of practice in complete command of itself; set on the barebacked horse of its own will, and left to break it by its own strength. But the ceaseless authority exercised over my youth left me, when cast out at last into the world, unable for some time to do more than drift with its vortices.

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

55. Thus far, with some omissions, I have merely reprinted the account of these times given in Fors: and I fear the sequel may be more trivial, because much is concentrated

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

in the foregoing broad statement, which I have now to continue by slower steps;—and yet less amusing, because I tried always in Fors to say things, if I could, a little piquantly; and the rest of the things related in this book will be told as plainly as I can. But whether I succeeded in writing piquantly in Fors or not, I certainly wrote often obscurely; and the description above given of Herne Hill seems to me to need at once some reduction to plainer terms.

56. The actual height of the long ridge of Herne Hill, above Thames,—at least above the nearly Thames-level of its base at Camberwell Green, is, I conceive, not more than one hundred and fifty feet: but it gives the whole of this fall on both sides of it in about a quarter of a mile; forming, east and west, a succession of quite beautiful pleasure-ground and gardens, instantly dry after rain, and in which, for children, running down is pleasant play, and rolling a roller up, vigorous work. The view from the ridge on both sides was, before railroads came, entirely lovely: westward at evening, almost sublime, over softly wreathing distances of domestic wood;—Thames herself not visible, nor any fields except immediately beneath; but the tops of twenty square miles of politely inhabited groves. On the other side, east and south, the Norwood hills, partly rough with furze, partly wooded with birch and oak, partly in pure green bramble copse, and rather steep pasture, rose with the promise of all the rustic loveliness of Surrey and Kent in them, and with so much of space and height in their sweep, as gave them some fellowship with hills of true hill-districts. Fellowship now inconceivable, for the Crystal Palace, without ever itself attaining any true aspect of size, and possessing no more sublimity than a cucumber frame between two chimneys, yet by its stupidity of hollow bulk, dwarfs the hills at once; so that now one thinks of them no more but as three long lumps of clay, on lease for building. But then, the Nor-wood, or North wood, so called as it was seen from Croydon, in opposition to the South wood of the Surrey downs, drew itself in sweeping crescent good five miles round Dulwich to the

south, broken by lanes of ascent, Gipsy Hill, and others; and, from the top, commanding views towards Dartford, and over the plain of Croydon,—in contemplation of which I one day frightened my mother out of her wits by saying “the eyes were coming out of my head!” She thought it was an attack of *coup-de-soleil*.

57. Central in such amphitheater, the crowning glory of Herne Hill was accordingly, that, after walking along its ridge southward from London through a mile of chestnut, lilac, and apple trees, hanging over the wooden palings on each side—suddenly the trees stopped on the left, and out one came on the top of a field sloping down to the south into Dulwich valley—open field animate with cow and buttercup, and below, the beautiful meadows and high avenues of Dulwich; and beyond, all that crescent of the Norwood hills; a footpath, entered by a turnstile, going down to the left, always so warm that invalids could be sheltered there in March, when to walk elsewhere would have been death to them; and so quiet, that whenever I had anything difficult to compose or think of, I used to do it rather there than in our own garden. The great field was separated from the path and road only by light wooden open palings, four feet high, needful to keep the cows in. Since I last composed, or meditated there, various improvements have taken place; first the neighborhood wanted a new church, and built a meager Gothic one with a useless spire, for the fashion of the thing, at the side of the field; then they built a parsonage behind it, the two stopping out half the view in that direction. Then the Crystal Palace came, forever spoiling the view through all its compass, and bringing every show-day, from London, a flood of pedestrians down the footpath, who left it filthy with cigar ashes for the rest of the week: then the railroads came, and expatiating roughs by every excursion train, who knocked the palings about, roared at the cows, and tore down what branches of blossom they could reach over the palings on the inclosed side. Then the residents on the inclosed side built a brick wall to defend themselves.

Then the path got to be insufferably hot as well as dirty, and was gradually abandoned to the roughs, with a policeman on watch at the bottom. Finally, this year, a six foot high close paling has been put down the other side of it, and the professional excursionist has the liberty of obtaining what notion of the country air and prospect he may, between the wall and that, with one bad cigar before him, another behind him, and another in his mouth.

58. I do not mean this book to be in any avoidable way disagreeable or querulous; but expressive generally of my native disposition—which, though I say it, is extremely amiable, when I'm not bothered: I will grumble elsewhere when I must, and only notice this injury alike to the resident and excursionist at Herne Hill, because questions of right-of-way are now of constant occurrence; and in most cases, the mere *path* is the smallest part of the old Right, truly understood. The Right is of the cheerful view and sweet air which the path commanded.

Also, I may note in passing, that for all their talk about Magna Charta, very few Englishmen are aware that one of the main provisions of it is that Law should not be sold; * and it seems to me that the law of England might preserve Banstead and other downs free to the poor of England, without charging me, as it has just done, a hundred pounds for its temporary performance of that otherwise unremunerative duty.

59. I shall have to return over the ground of these early years, to fill gaps, after getting on a little first; but will yet venture here the tediousness of explaining that my saying "in Herne Hill garden all fruit was forbidden," only meant, of course, forbidden unless under defined restriction; which made the various gatherings of each kind in its season a sort of harvest festival; and which had this further good in its apparent severity, that, although in the at last indulgent areas, the peach which my mother gathered for me when she

* "To no one will We sell, to no one will We deny or defer, Right, or Justice."

was sure it was ripe, and the cherry pie for which I had chosen the cherries red all round, were, I suppose, of more ethereal flavor to me than they could have been to children allowed to pluck and eat at their will; still the unalloyed and long continuing pleasure given me by our fruit-tree avenue was in its blossom, not in its bearing. For the general epicurean enjoyment of existence, potatoes well browned, green pease well boiled,—broad beans of the true bitter,—and the pots of damson and currant for whose annual filling we were dependent more on the greengrocer than the garden, were a hundredfold more important to me than the dozen or two of nectarines of which perhaps I might get the halves of three,—(the other sides moldy)—or the bushel or two of pears which went directly to the store shelf. So that, very early indeed in my thoughts of trees, I had got at the principle given fifty years afterwards in “Proserpina,” that the seeds and fruits of them were for the sake of the flowers, not the flowers for the fruit. The first joy of the year being in its snowdrops, the second, and cardinal one, was in the almond blossom,—every other garden and woodland gladness following from that in an unbroken order of kindling flower and shadowy leaf; and for many and many a year to come,—until indeed, the whole of life became autumn to me,—my chief prayer for the kindness of heaven, in its flowerful seasons, was that the frost might not touch the almond blossom.

CHAPTER III.

THE BANKS OF TAY.

60. THE reader has, I hope, observed that in all I have hitherto said, emphasis has been laid only on the favorable conditions which surrounded the child whose history I am writing, and on the docile and impressionable quietness of its temper.

No claim has been made for it to any special power or capacity; for, indeed, none such existed, except that patience in looking, and precision in feeling, which afterwards, with due industry, formed my analytic power.

In all essential qualities of genius, except these, I was deficient; my memory only of average power. I have literally never known a child so incapable of acting a part, or telling a tale. On the other hand, I have never known one whose thirst for visible fact was at once so eager and so methodic.

61. I find also that in the foregoing accounts, modest as I meant them to be, higher literature is too boastfully spoken of as my first and exclusive study. My little Pope's Iliad, and, in any understanding of them, my Genesis and Exodus, were certainly of little account with me till after I was ten. My calf milk of books was, on the lighter side, composed of Dame Wiggins of Lee, the Peacock at Home, and the like nursery rhymes; and on the graver side, of Miss Edgeworth's Frank, and Harry and Lucy, combined with Joyce's Scientific Dialogues. The earliest dated efforts I can find, indicating incipient motion of brain-molecules, are six "poems" on subjects selected from those works; between the fourth and fifth of which my mother has written: "January, 1826. This book begun about September or October, 1826, finished

about January, 1827." The whole of it, therefore, was written and printed in imitation of book-print, in my seventh year. The book is a little red one, ruled with blue, six inches high by four wide, containing forty-five leaves penciled in imitation of print on both sides,—the title-page, written in the form here approximately imitated, on the inside of the cover.

HARRY AND LUCY

CONCLUDED

BEING THE LAST

PART OF

EARLY LESSONS

in four volumes

vol I

with copper

plates

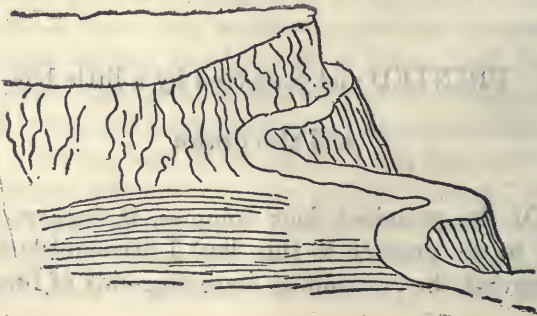
PRINTED and composed by a little boy

and also drawn

62. Of the promised four volumes, it appears that (according to my practice to this day) I accomplished but one and a quarter, the first volume consisting only of forty leaves,

the rest of the book being occupied by the aforesaid six "poems," and the forty leaves losing ten of their pages in the "copper plates," of which the one, purporting to represent "Harry's new road," is, I believe, my first effort at mountain drawing. The passage closing the first volume of this work is, I think, for several reasons, worth preservation. I print it therefore, with its own divisions of line, and three variations of size in imitated type. Punctuation must be left to the reader's kind conjecture. The hyphens, it is to be noticed, were put long or short, to make the print even, not that it ever succeeds in being so, but the variously spaced lines here imitate it pretty well.

Harry knew very well-
 what it was and went
 on with his drawing but
 Lucy soon called him aw-
 ay and bid him observe
 a great black cloud from-
 the north which seemed ra-
 ther electrical. Harry ran



for an electrical apparatus which his father had given him and the cloud electrified his apparatus positively after that another cloud came which electrified his apparatus negatively and then a long train of smaller ones but before this cloud came a great cloud of dust rose from the ground and followed the positive cloud and at length seemed to come in contact with it and when the other cloud came a flash of lightning was seen to dart through the cloud of dust upon which the negative cloud spread very much and dissolved in rain which presently cleared the sky After this phenomenon was over and also the surprise Harry began to wonder how electricity could get where there was so much water but he soon observed a rainbow and arising mist under it which

his fancy soon transformed into a female form. He then remembered the witch of the waters at the Alps who was raised from them by taking some water in the hand and throwing it into the air pronouncing some unintelligible words. And though it was a tale it affected Harry now when he saw in the clouds some-
 end of Harry thing
 and Lucy like it.

63. The several reasons aforesaid, which induce me to reprint this piece of, too literally, "composition," are—the first, that it is a tolerable specimen of my seven years old spelling;—tolerable only, not *fair*, since it was extremely unusual with me to make a mistake at all, whereas here there are two (taking and unintelligible), which I can only account for by supposing I was in too great a hurry to finish my volume;—the second, that the adaptation of materials for my story out of Joyce's Scientific Dialogues * and Manfred, is

* The original passage is as follows, vol. vi., edition of 1821, p. 138:—

"Dr. Franklin mentions a remarkable appearance which occurred to Mr. Wilke, a considerable electrician. On the 20th of July, 1758, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he observed a great quantity of dust rising from the ground, and covering a field, and part of the town in which he then was. There was no wind, and the

an extremely perfect type of the interwoven temper of my mind, at the beginning of days just as much as at their end—which has always made foolish scientific readers doubt my books because there was love of beauty in them, and foolish æsthetic readers doubt my books because there was love of science in them;—the third, that the extremely reasonable method of final judgment, upon which I found my claim to the sensible reader's respect for these dipartite writings, cannot be better illustrated than by this proof, that, even at seven years old, no tale, however seductive, could "affect" Harry, until he had seen—in the clouds, or elsewhere—"something like it."

Of the six poems which follow, the first is on the Steam-engine, beginning,

"When furious up from mines the water pours,
And clears from rusty moisture all the ores;"

and the last on the Rainbow, "in blank verse," as being of a didactic character, with observations on the ignorant and unreflective dispositions of certain people.

"But those that do not know about that light,
Reflect not on it; and in all that light,
Not one of all the colors do they know."

64. It was only, I think, after my seventh year had been fulfilled in these meditations, that my mother added the Latin lesson to the Bible-reading, and accurately established

dust moved gently towards the east, where there appeared a great black cloud, which electrified his apparatus positively to a very high degree. This cloud went towards the west, the dust followed it, and continued to rise higher and higher, till it composed a thick pillar, in the form of a sugar-loaf, and at length it seemed to be in contact with the cloud. At some distance from this, there came another great cloud, with a long stream of smaller ones, which electrified his apparatus negatively; and when they came near the positive cloud, a flash of lightning was seen to dart through the cloud of dust, upon which the negative clouds spread very much, and dissolved in rain, which presently cleared the atmosphere."

the daily routine which was sketched in the foregoing chapter. But it extremely surprises me, in trying, at least for my own amusement, if not the reader's, to finish the sketch into its corners, that I can't recollect now what used to happen first in the morning, except breakfasting in the nursery, and if my Croydon cousin Bridget happened to be staying with us, quarreling with her which should have the brownest bits of toast. That must have been later on, though, for I could not have been promoted to toast at the time I am thinking of. Nothing is well clear to me of the day's course, till, after my father had gone to the City by the coach, and my mother's household orders been quickly given, lessons began at half-past nine, with the Bible readings above described, and the two or three verses to be learned by heart, with a verse of paraphrase;—then a Latin declension or a bit of verb, and eight words of vocabulary from Adam's Latin Grammar, (the best that ever was,) and the rest of the day was my own. Arithmetic was wholesomely remitted till much later; geography I taught myself fast enough in my own way; history was never thought of, beyond what I chose to read of Scott's Tales of a Grandfather. Thus, as aforesaid, by noon I was in the garden on fine days, or left to my own amusements on wet ones; of which I have farther at once to note that nearly as soon as I could crawl, my toy-bricks of *lignum vitæ* had been constant companions: and I am graceless in forgetting by what extravagant friend, (I greatly suspect my Croydon aunt,) I was afterwards gifted with a two-arched bridge, admirable in fittings of voussoir and keystone, and adjustment of the level courses of masonry with beveled edges, into which they dovetailed, in the style of Waterloo Bridge. Well-made centerings, and a course of inlaid steps down to the water, made this model largely, as accurately, instructive: and I was never weary of building, *unbuilding*,—(it was too strong to be thrown down, but had always to be *taken* down,)—and rebuilding it. This inconceivable passive—or rather impassive—contentment in doing, or reading, the same thing over and over again, I

perceive to have been a great condition in my future power of getting thoroughly to the bottom of matters.

65. Some people would say that in getting these toys lay the chance that guided me to an early love of architecture; but I never saw or heard of another child so fond of its toy bricks, except Miss Edgeworth's Frank. To be sure, in this present age,—age of universal brickfield though it be,—people don't give their children toy bricks, but toy puff-puffs; and the little things are always taking tickets and arriving at stations, without ever fathoming—none of them will take pains enough to do *that*,—the principle of a puff-puff! And what good could they get of it if they did,—unless they could learn also, that no principle of Puff-puff would ever supersede the principle of Breath?

But I not only mastered, with Harry and Lucy, the entire motive principle of puff-puff; but also, by help of my well-cut bricks, very utterly the laws of practical stability in towers and arches, by the time I was seven or eight years old: and these studies of structure were farther animated by my invariable habit of watching, with the closest attention, the proceedings of any bricklayers, stone-sawyers, or paviors,—whose work my nurse would allow me to stop to contemplate in our walks; or, delight of delights, might be seen at ease from some fortunate window of inn or lodging on our journeys. In those cases the day was not long enough for my rapturous and riveted observation.

66. Constantly, as aforesaid, in the garden when the weather was fine, my time there was passed chiefly in the same kind of close watching of the ways of plants. I had not the smallest taste for growing them, or taking care of them, any more than for taking care of the birds, or the trees, or the sky, or the sea. My whole time passed in staring at them, or into them. In no morbid curiosity, but in admiring wonder, I pulled every flower to pieces till I knew all that could be seen of it with a child's eyes; and used to lay up little treasures of seeds, by way of pearls and beads,—never with any thought of sowing them. The old gardener

only came once a week, for what sweeping and weeding needed doing; I was fain to learn to sweep the walks with him, but was discouraged and shamed by his always doing the bits I had done over again. I was extremely fond of digging holes, but that form of gardening was not allowed. Necessarily, I fell always back into my merely contemplative mind, and at nine years old began a poem, called Eudosia,—I forget wholly where I got hold of this name, or what I understood by it,—“On the Universe,” though I could understand not a little by it, now. A couplet or two, as the real beginning at once of Deucalion and Proserpina, may be perhaps allowed, together with the preceding, a place in this grave memoir; the rather that I am again enabled to give accurate date—September 28th, 1828—for the beginning of its “First book” as follows:—

“When first the wrath of heaven o'erwhelmed the world,
 And o'er the rocks, and hills, and mountains, hurl'd
 The waters' gathering mass; and sea o'er shore,—
 Then mountains fell, and vales, unknown before,
 Lay where they were. Far different was the Earth
 When first the flood came down, than at its second birth.
 Now for its produce!—Queen of flowers, O rose,
 From whose fair colored leaves such odor flows,
 Thou must now be before thy subjects named,
 Both for thy beauty and thy sweetness famed.
 Thou art the flower of England, and the flow'r
 Of Beauty too—of Venus' odrous bower.
 And thou wilt often shed sweet odors round,
 And often stooping, hide thy head on ground.*
 And then the lily, towering up so proud,
 And raising its gay head among the various crowd,
 There the black spots upon a scarlet ground,
 And there the taper-pointed leaves are found.”

67. In 220 lines, of such quality, the first book ascends from the rose to the oak. The second begins—to my surprise, and in extremely exceptional violation of my above-

* An awkward way—chiefly for the rhyme's sake—of saying that roses are often too heavy for their stalks.

boasted custom—with an ecstatic apostrophe to what I had never seen!

“I sing the Pine, which clothes high Switzer’s* head,
And high enthroned, grows on a rocky bed,
On gulphs so deep, on cliffs that are so high,
He that would dare to climb them dares to die.”

This enthusiasm, however, only lasts—mostly exhausting itself in a description, verified out of Harry and Lucy, of the slide of Alpnach,—through 76 lines, when the verses cease, and the book being turned upside down, begins at the other end with the information that “Rock-crystal is accompanied by Actynolite, Axinite, and Epidote, at Bourg d’Oisans in Dauphiny.” But the garden-meditations never ceased, and it is impossible to say how much strength was gained, or how much time uselessly given, except in pleasure, to these quiet hours and foolish rhymes. Their happiness made all the duties of outer life irksome, and their unprogressive reveries might, the reader may think, if my mother had wished, have been changed into a beginning of sound botanical knowledge. But, while there were books on geology and mineralogy which I could understand, all on botany were then,—and they are little mended now,—harder than the Latin grammar. The mineralogy was enough for me seriously to work at, and I am inclined finally to aver that the garden-time could not have been more rightly passed, unless in weeding.

68. At six punctually I joined my father and mother at tea, being, in the drawing-room, restricted to the inhabitation of the sacred niche above referred to, a recess beside the fireplace, well lighted from the lateral window in the summer evenings, and by the chimney-piece lamp in winter, and out of all inconvenient heat, or hurtful draught. A good writing-table before it shut me well in, and carried my plate and cup, or books in service. After tea, my father read to my mother what pleased themselves, I picking up what I could, or reading what I liked better instead. Thus I heard all the

* Switzer, clearly short for Switzerland.

Shakespeare comedies and historical plays again and again,—all Scott, and all Don Quixote, a favorite book of my father's, and at which I could then laugh to ecstasy; now, it is one of the saddest, and, in some things, the most offensive of books to me.

My father was an absolutely beautiful reader of the *best* poetry and prose;—of Shakespeare, Pope, Spenser, Byron, and Scott; as of Goldsmith, Addison, and Johnson. Lighter ballad poetry he had not fineness of ear to do justice to: his sense of the strength and wisdom of true meaning, and of the force of rightly ordered syllables, made his delivery of Hamlet, Lear, Cæsar, or Marmion, melodiously grand and just; but he had no idea of modulating the refrain of a ballad, and had little patience with the tenor of its sentiment. He looked always, in the matter of what he read, for heroic will and consummate reason; never tolerated the morbid love of misery for its own sake, and never read, either for his own pleasure or my instruction, such ballads as Burd Helen, the Twa Corbies, or any other rhyme or story which sought its interest in vain love or fruitless death.

But true, pure, and ennobling sadness began very early to mingle its undertone with the constant happiness of those days;—a ballad music, beautiful in sincerity, and hallowing them like cathedral chant. Concerning which,—I must go back now to the days I have only heard of with the hearing of the ear, and yet of which some are to me as if mine eyes had seen them.

69. It must have been a little after 1780 that my paternal grandmother, Catherine Tweeddale, ran away with my paternal grandfather when she was not quite sixteen; and my aunt Jessie, my father's only sister, was born a year afterwards; a few weeks after which event, my grandmother, not yet seventeen, was surprised, by a friend who came into her room unannounced, dancing a threesome reel, with two chairs for her partners; she having found at the moment no other way of adequately expressing the pleasure she took in this mortal life, and its gifts and promises.

The latter failed somewhat afterwards; and my aunt Jessie, a very precious and perfect creature, beautiful in her dark-eyed, Highland way,—utterly religious, in her quiet Puritan way,—and very submissive to Fates mostly unkind, was married to a somewhat rough tanner, with a fairly good business in the good town of Perth: and, when I was old enough to be taken first to visit them, my aunt and my uncle the tanner lived in a square-built gray stone house in the suburb of Perth known as “Bridge-End,” the house some fifty yards north of the bridge; its garden sloping steeply to the Tay, which eddied, three or four feet deep of somber crystal, round the steps where the servants dipped their pails.

70. A mistaken correspondent in Fors once complained of my coarse habit of sneering at people of no ancestry. I have no such habit; though not always entirely at ease in writing of my uncles the baker and the tanner. And my readers may trust me when I tell them that, in now remembering my dreams in the house of the entirely honest chief baker of Market Street, Croydon, and of Peter—not Simon—the tanner, whose house was by the riverside of Perth, I would not change the dreams, far less the tender realities, of those early days, for anything I hear now remembered by lords or dames, of their days of childhood in castle halls, and by sweet lawns and lakes in park-walled forest.

Lawn and lake enough indeed I had, in the North Inch of Perth, and pools of pausing Tay, before Rose Terrace, (where I used to live after my uncle died, briefly apoplectic, at Bridge-End,) in the peace of the fair Scotch summer days, with my widowed aunt, and my little cousin Jessie, then traversing a bright space between her sixth and ninth year; dark-eyed deeply,* like her mother, and similarly pious; so that she and I used to compete in the Sunday evening Scriptural examinations; and be as proud as two little peacocks because Jessie’s elder brothers, and sister Mary, used to get “put down,” and either Jessie or I was always “Dux.”

* As opposed to the darkness of mere iris, making the eyes like black cherries.

We agreed upon this that we would be married when we were a little older; not considering it to be preparatorily necessary to be in any degree wiser.

71. Strangely, the kitchen servant-of-all-work in the house at Rose Terrace was a very old "Mause,"—before, my grandfather's servant in Edinburgh,—who might well have been the prototype of the Mause of "Old Mortality,"* but had even a more solemn, fearless, and patient faith, fastened in her by extreme suffering; for she had been nearly starved to death when she was a girl, and had literally picked the bones out of cast-out dustheaps to gnaw; and ever afterwards, to see the waste of an atom of food was as shocking to her as blasphemy. "Oh, Miss Margaret!" she said once to my mother, who had shaken some crumbs off a dirty plate out of the window, "I had rather you had knocked me down." She would make her dinner upon anything in the house that the other servants wouldn't eat;—often upon potato skins, giving her own dinner away to any poor person she saw; and would always stand during the whole church service, (though at least seventy years old when I knew her, and very feeble,) if she could persuade any wild Amorite out of the streets to take her seat. Her wrinkled and worn face, moveless in resolution and patience, incapable of smile, and knit sometimes perhaps too severely against Jessie and me, if we

* Vulgar modern Puritanism has shown its degeneracy in nothing more than in its incapability of understanding Scott's exquisitely finished portraits of the Covenanter. In "Old Mortality" alone, there are four which cannot be surpassed; the typical one, Elspeth, faultlessly sublime and pure; the second, Ephraim Macbriar, giving the too common phase of the character, which is touched with ascetic insanity; the third, Mause, colored and made sometimes ludicrous by Scottish conceit, but utterly strong and pure at heart; the last, Balfour, a study of supreme interest, showing the effect of the Puritan faith, sincerely held, on a naturally and incurably cruel and base spirit. Add to these four studies, from this single novel, those in the "Heart of Midlothian," and Nicol Jarvie and Andrew Fairservice from "Rob Roy," and you have a series of theological analyses far beyond those of any other philosophical work that I know, of any period.

wanted more creamy milk to our porridge, or jumped off our favorite box on Sunday,—("Never mind, John," said Jessie to me, once seeing me in an unchristian state of provocation on this subject, "when we're married, we'll jump off boxes all day long, if we like!")—may have been partly instrumental in giving me that slight bias against Evangelical religion, which I confess to be sometimes traceable in my later works; but I never can be thankful enough for having seen, in our own "Old Mause," the Scottish Puritan spirit in its perfect faith and force; and been enabled therefore afterwards to trace its agency in the reforming policy of Scotland, with the reverence and honor it deserves.

72. My aunt, a pure dove-priestess, if ever there was one, of Highland Dodona, was of a far gentler temper; but still, to me, remained at a wistful distance. She had been much saddened by the loss of three of her children before her husband's death. Little Peter, especially, had been the corner-stone of her love's building; and it was thrown down swiftly:—white swelling came in the knee; he suffered much, and grew weaker gradually, dutiful always, and loving, and wholly patient. She wanted him one day to take half a glass of port wine, and took him on her knee, and put it to his lips. "Not now, mamma; in a minute," said he; and put his head on her shoulder, and gave one long, low sigh, and died. Then there was Catherine; and—I forget the other little daughter's name, I did not see them; my mother told me of them;—eagerly always about Catherine, who had been her own favorite. My aunt had been talking earnestly one day with her husband about these two children; planning this and that for their schooling and what not: at night, for a little while she could not sleep; and as she lay thinking, she saw the door of the room open, and two spades come into it, and stand at the foot of her bed. Both the children were dead within brief time afterwards. I was about to write "within a fortnight"—but I cannot be sure of remembering my mother's words accurately.

73. But when I was in Perth, there were still—Mary, her

eldest daughter, who looked after us children when Mause was too busy; James and John, William and Andrew; (I can't think whom the unapostolic William was named after). But the boys were then all at school or college,—the scholars, William and Andrew, only came home to tease Jessie and me, and eat the biggest jargonel pears; the collegians were wholly abstract; and the two girls and I played in our quiet ways on the North Inch, and by the "Lead," a stream "led" from the Tay past Rose Terrace into the town for molinary purposes; and long ago, I suppose, bricked over or choked with rubbish; but then lovely, and a perpetual treasure of flowing diamond to us children. Mary, by the way, was ascending towards twelve—fair, blue-eyed, and moderately pretty; and as pious as Jessie, without being quite so zealous.

74. My father rarely stayed with us in Perth, but went on business travel through Scotland; and even my mother became a curiously unimportant figure at Rose Terrace. I can't understand how she so rarely walked with us children; she and my aunt seemed always to have their own secluded ways. Mary, Jessie, and I were allowed to do what we liked on the Inch: and I don't remember doing any lessons in these Perth times, except the above-described competitive divinity on Sunday.

Had there been anybody then to teach me anything about plants or pebbles, it had been good for me; as it was, I passed my days much as the thistles and tansy did, only with perpetual watching of all the ways of running water,—a singular awe developing itself in me, both of the pools of Tay, where the water changed from brown to blue-black, and of the precipices of Kinnoull; partly out of my own mind, and partly because the servants always became serious when we went up Kinnoull way, especially if I wanted to stay and look at the little crystal spring of Bower's Well.

75. "But you say you were not afraid of anything?" writes a friend, anxious for the unassailable veracity of these memoirs. Well, I said, not of ghosts, thunder, or beasts,—meaning to specify the commonest terrors of mere childhood.

Every day, as I grew wiser, taught me a reasonable fear; else I had not above described myself as the most reasonable person of my acquaintance. And by the swirls of smooth blackness, broken by no fleck of foam, where Tay gathered herself like Medusa,* I never passed without awe, even in those thoughtless days; neither do I in the least mean that I could walk among tombstones in the night (neither, for that matter, in the day), as if they were only paving stones set upright. Far the contrary; but it is important to the reader's confidence in writings which have seemed inordinately impressional and emotional, that he should know I was never subject to—I should perhaps rather say, sorrowfully, never capable of—any manner of illusion or false imagination, nor in the least liable to have my nerves shaken by surprise. When I was about five years old, having been on amicable terms for a while with a black Newfoundland, then on probation for watch dog at Herne Hill; after one of our long summer journeys my first thought on getting home was to go to see Lion. My mother trusted me to go to the stable with our one serving-man, Thomas, giving him strict orders that I was not to be allowed within stretch of the dog's chain. Thomas, for better security, carried me in his arms. Lion was at his dinner, and took no notice of either of us; on which I besought leave to pat him. Foolish Thomas stooped towards him that I might, when the dog instantly flew at me, and bit a piece clean out of the corner of my lip on the left side. I was brought up the back stairs, bleeding fast, but not a whit frightened, except lest Lion should be sent away. Lion indeed had to go, but not Thomas: my mother was sure he was sorry, and I think blamed herself the most. The bitten side of the (then really pretty) mouth, was spoiled for evermore, but the wound, drawn close, healed quickly; the last use I made of my movable lips before Dr. Aveline drew them into ordered silence for a while, was to observe, "Mamma, though I can't speak,

*I always think of Tay as a goddess river, as Greta a nymph one.

I can play upon the fiddle." But the house was of another opinion, and I never attained any proficiency upon that instrument worthy of my genius. Not the slightest diminution of my love of dogs, nor the slightest nervousness in managing them, was induced by the accident.

I scarcely know whether I was in any real danger or not when, another day, in the same stable, quite by myself, I went head foremost into the large water-tub kept for the garden. I think I might have got awkwardly wedged if I had tried to draw my feet in after me: instead, I used the small watering-pot I had in my hand to give myself a good thrust up from the bottom, and caught the opposite edge of the tub with my left hand, getting not a little credit afterwards for my decision of method. Looking back to the few chances that have in any such manner tried my head, I believe it has never failed me when I wanted it, and that I am much more likely to be confused by sudden admiration than by sudden danger.

76. The dark pools of Tay, which have led me into this boasting, were under the high bank at the head of the North Inch,—the path above them being seldom traversed by us children unless at harvest time, when we used to go gleaning in the fields beyond; Jessie and I afterwards grinding our corn in the kitchen pepper-mill, and kneading and toasting for ourselves cakes of pepper bread, of quite unpurchasable quality.

In the general course of this my careful narration, I rebut with as much indignation as may be permitted without ill manners, the charge of partiality to anything merely because it was seen when I was young. I hesitate, however, in recording as a constant truth for the world, the impression left on me when I went gleaning with Jessie, that Scottish sheaves are more golden than are bound in other lands, and that no harvests elsewhere visible to human eyes are so like the "corn of heaven" * as those of Strath-Tay and Strath-Earn.

* Psalm lxxviii. 24.

CHAPTER IV.

UNDER NEW TUTORSHIPS.

77. WHEN I was about eight or nine I had a bad feverish illness at Dunkeld, during which I believe I was in some danger, and am sure I was very uncomfortable. It came on after a long walk in which I had been gathering quantities of foxgloves and pulling them to pieces to examine their seeds, and there were hints about their having poisoned me; very absurd, but which extended the gathering awe from river eddies to foxglove dells. Not long after that, when we were back at home, my cousin Jessie fell ill, and died very slowly, of water on the brain. I was very sorry, not so much in any strength of early affection, as in the feeling that the happy, happy days at Perth were forever ended, since there was no more Jessie.

Before her illness took its fatal form,—before, indeed, I believe it had at all declared itself—my aunt dreamed one of her foresight dreams, simple and plain enough for anyone's interpretation;—that she was approaching the ford of a dark river, alone, when little Jessie came running up behind her, and passed her, and went through first. Then she passed through herself, and looking back from the other side, saw her old Mause approaching from the distance to the bank of the stream. And so it was, that Jessie, immediately afterwards, sickened rapidly and died; and a few months, or it might be nearly a year afterwards, my aunt died of decline; and Mause, some two or three years later, having had no care after her mistress and Jessie were gone, but when she might go to them.

78. I was at Plymouth with my father and mother when my Scottish aunt died, and had been very happy with my

nurse on the hill east of the town, looking out on the bay and breakwater; and came in to find my father, for the first time I had ever seen him, in deep distress of sobbing tears.

I was very sorry that my aunt was dead, but, at that time, (and a good deal since, also,) I lived mostly in the present, like an animal, and my principal sensation was,—What a pity it was to pass such an uncomfortable evening—and we at Plymouth!

The deaths of Jessie and her mother of course ended our Scottish days. The only surviving daughter, Mary, was thenceforward adopted by my father and mother, and brought up with me. She was fourteen when she came to us, and I four years younger;—so with the Perth days, closed the first decade of my life. Mary was a rather pretty, blue-eyed, clumsily-made girl, very amiable and affectionate in a quiet way, with no parts, but good sense and good principle, honestly and inoffensively pious, and equal tempered, but with no pretty girlish ways or fancies. She became a serene additional neutral tint in the household harmony; read alternate verses of the Bible with my mother and me in the mornings, and went to a day school in the forenoon. When we traveled she took somewhat of a governess position towards me, we being allowed to explore places together without my nurse;—but we generally took old Anne too for better company.

79. It began now to be of some importance what church I went to on Sunday morning. My father, who was still much broken in health, could not go to the long Church of England service, and, my mother being evangelical, he went contentedly, or at least submissively, with her and me to Beresford Chapel, Walworth, where the Rev. D. Andrews preached, regularly, a somewhat eloquent, forcible, and ingenious sermon, not tiresome to him:—the prayers were abridged from the Church Service, and we, being the grandest people in the congregation, were allowed—though, as I now remember, not without offended and reproachful glances from the more conscientious worshipers—to come in

when even those short prayers were half over. Mary and I used each to write an abstract of the sermon in the afternoon, to please ourselves,—Mary dutifully, and I to show how well I could do it. We never went to church in afternoon or evening. I remember yet the amazed and appalling sensation, as of a vision preliminary to the Day of Judgment, of going, a year or two later, first into a church by candlelight.

80. We had no family worship, but our servants were better cared for than is often the case in ostentatiously religious houses. My mother used to take them, when girls, from families known to her, sister after sister, and we never had a bad one.

On the Sunday evening my father would sometimes read us a sermon of Blair's, or it might be, a clerk or a customer would dine with us, when the conversation, in mere necessary courtesy, would take generally the direction of sherry. Mary and I got through the evening how we could, over the Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan's Holy War, Quarles's Emblems, Foxe's Book of Martyrs, Mrs. Sherwood's Lady of the Manor,—a very awful book to me, because of the stories in it of wicked girls who had gone to balls, dying immediately after of fever,—and Mrs. Sherwood's Henry Milner,—of which more presently,—the Youth's Magazine, Alfred Campbell the young pilgrim, and, though rather as a profane indulgence, permitted because of the hardness of our hearts, Bingley's Natural History. We none of us cared for singing hymns or psalms as such, and were too honest to amuse ourselves with them as sacred music, besides that we did not find their music amusing.

81. My father and mother, though due checks for charities were of course sent to Dr. Andrews, and various civilities at Christmas, in the way of turkeys or boxes of raisins, intimated their satisfaction with the style of his sermons and purity of his doctrine,—had yet, with their usual shyness, never asked for his acquaintance, or even permitted the state of their souls to be inquired after in pastoral visits. Mary and I, however, were charmed merely by the

distant effect of him, and used to walk with Anne up and down in Walworth, merely in the hope of seeing him pass on the other side of the way. At last, one day, when, by extreme favor of Fortune, he met us in a great hurry on our own side of it, and nearly tumbled over me, Anne, as he recovered himself, dropped him a low courtesy; whereupon he stopped, inquired who we were, and was extremely gracious to us; and we, coming home in a fever of delight, announced, not much to my mother's satisfaction, that the Doctor had said he would call some day! And so, little by little, the blissful acquaintance was made. I might be eleven or going on twelve by that time. Miss Andrews, the eldest sister of the "Angel in the House," was an extremely beautiful girl of seventeen; she sang "Tambourgi, Tambourgi" * with great spirit and a rich voice, went at blackberry time on rambles with us at the Norwood Spa, and made me feel generally that there was something in girls that I did not understand, and that was curiously agreeable. And at last, because I was so fond of the Doctor, and he had the reputation (in Walworth) of being a good scholar, my father thought he might pleasantly initiate me in Greek, such initiation having been already too long deferred. The Doctor, it afterwards turned out, knew little more of Greek than the letters, and declensions of nouns; but he wrote the letters prettily, and had an accurate and sensitive ear for rhythm. He began me with the odes of Anacreon, and made me scan both them and my Virgil thoroughly, sometimes, by way of interlude, reciting bits of Shakespeare to me with force and propriety. The Anacreontic meter entirely pleased me, nor less the Anacreontic sentiment. I learned half the odes by heart merely to please myself, and learned with certainty, what in later study of Greek art it has proved extremely advantageous to me to know, that the Greeks liked doves, swallows, and roses just as well as I did.

82. In the intervals of these unlaborious Greek lessons, I went on amusing myself—partly in writing English doggerel,

* Hebrew melodies.

partly in map drawing, or copying Cruikshank's illustrations to Grimm, which I did with great, and to most people now incredible, exactness, a sheet of them being, by good hap, well preserved, done when I was between ten and eleven. But I never saw any boy's work in my life showing so little original faculty, or grasp by memory. I could literally draw nothing, not a cat, not a mouse, not a boat, not a bush, "out of my head," and there was, luckily, at present no idea on the part either of parents or preceptor, of teaching me to draw out of other people's heads.

Nevertheless, Mary, at her day school, was getting drawing lessons with the other girls. Her report of the pleasantness and zeal of the master, and the frank and somewhat unusual execution of the drawings he gave her to copy, interested my father, and he was still more pleased by Mary's copying, for a proof of industry while he was away on his winter's journey—copying, in pencil so as to produce the effect of a vigorous engraving, the little water-color by Prout of a wayside cottage, which was the foundation of our future water-color collection, being then our only possession in that kind—of other kind, two miniatures on ivory completed our gallery.

83. I perceive, in thinking over the good work of that patient black and white study, that Mary could have drawn, if she had been well taught and kindly encouraged. But her power of patient copying did not serve her in drawing from nature, and when, that same summer, I between ten and eleven (1829), we went to stay at Matlock in Derbyshire, all that she proved able to accomplish was an outline of Caxton's New Bath Hotel, in which our efforts in the direction of art, for that year, ended.

But, in the glittering white broken spar, specked with galena, by which the walks of the hotel garden were made bright, and in the shops of the pretty village, and in many a happy walk among its cliffs, I pursued my mineralogical studies on fluor, calcite, and the ores of lead, with indescribable rapture when I was allowed to go into a cave. My father

and mother showed far more kindness than I knew, in yielding to my subterranean passion; for my mother could not bear dirty places, and my father had a nervous feeling that the ladders would break, or the roof fall, before we got out again. They went with me, nevertheless, wherever I wanted to go,—my father even into the terrible Speedwell mine at Castleton, where, for once, I was a little frightened myself.

From Matlock we must have gone on to Cumberland, for I find in my father's writing the legend, "Begun 28th November, 1830, finished 11th January, 1832," on the fly-leaf of the "Iteriad," a poem in four books, which I indited, between those dates, on the subject of our journey among the Lakes, and of which some little notice may be taken farther on.

84. It must have been in the spring of 1831 that the important step was taken of giving me a drawing master. Mary showed no gift of representing any of the scenes of our travels, and I began to express some wish that I could draw myself. Whereupon, Mary's pleasant drawing master, to whom my father and mother were equitable enough not to impute Mary's want of genius, was invited to give *me* also an hour in the week.

I suppose a drawing master's business can only become established by his assertion of himself to the public as the possessor of a style; and teaching in that only. Nevertheless, Mr. Runciman's memory sustains disgrace in my mind in that he gave no impulse nor even indulgence to the extraordinary gift I had for drawing delicately with the pen point. Any work of that kind was done thenceforward only to please myself. Mr. Runciman gave me nothing but his own mannered and inefficient drawings to copy, and greatly broke the force both of my mind and hand.

Yet he taught me much, and suggested more. He taught me perspective, at once accurately and simply—an invaluable bit of teaching. He compelled me into a swiftness and facility of hand which I found afterwards extremely useful,

though what I have just called the "force," the strong accuracy of my line, was lost. He cultivated in me,—indeed founded,—the habit of looking for the essential points in the things drawn, so as to abstract them decisively, and he explained to me the meaning and importance of composition, though he himself could not compose.

85. A very happy time followed, for about two years.

I was, of course, far behind Mary in touch-skill of pencil drawing, and it was good for her that this superiority was acknowledged, and due honor done her for the steady pains of her unimpulsive practice and unwearied attention. For, as she did not write poems like me, nor collect spars like me, nor exhibit any prevailing vivacity of mind in any direction, she was gradually sinking into far too subordinate a position to my high-mightiness. But I could make no pretense for some time to rival her in free-hand copying, and my first attempts from nature were not felt by my father to be the least flattering to his vanity.

These were made under the stimulus of a journey to Dover with the forethought of which my mother comforted me through an illness of 1829. I find my quite first sketch-book, — an extremely inconvenient upright small octavo in mottled and flexible cover, the paper pure white, and ribbedly gritty, filled with outlines, irregularly defaced by impulsive efforts at finish, in arbitrary places and corners, of Dover and Tunbridge Castles and the main tower of Canterbury Cathedral. These, with a really good study, supplemented by detached detail, of Battle Abbey, I have set aside for preservation; the really first sketch I ever made from nature being No. 1, of a street in Sevenoaks. I got little satisfaction and less praise by these works; but the native architectural instinct is instantly developed in these, — highly notable for anyone who cares to note such nativities. Two little pencilings from Canterbury south porch and central tower, I have given to Miss Gale, of Burgate House, Canterbury; the remnants of the book itself to Mrs. Talbot, of Tyn-y-Ffynon, Barmouth, both very dear friends.

86. But before everything, at this time, came my pleasure in merely watching the sea. I was not allowed to row, far less to sail, nor to walk near the harbor alone; so that I learned nothing of shipping or anything else worth learning; but spent four or five hours every day in simply staring and wondering at the sea,—an occupation which never failed me till I was forty. Whenever I could get to a beach it was enough for me to have the waves to look at, and hear, and pursue and fly from. I never took to natural history of shells, or shrimps, or weeds, or jelly-fish. Pebbles?—yes if there were any; otherwise, merely stared all day long at the tumbling and creaming strength of the sea. Idiotically, it now appears to me, wasting all that priceless youth in mere dream and trance of admiration; it had a certain strain of Byronic passion in it, which meant something: but it was a fearful loss of time.

87. The summer of 1832 must, I think, have been passed at home, for my next sketch-book contains only some efforts at tree-drawing in Dulwich, and a view of the bridge over the now bricked-up “Effra,” by which the Norwood road then crossed it at the bottom of Herne Hill: the road itself, just at the place where, from the top of the bridge, one looked up and down the streamlet, bridged now into putridly damp shade by the railway, close to Herne Hill Station. This sketch was the first in which I was ever supposed to show any talent for drawing. But on my thirteenth (?) birthday, 8th February, 1832, my father’s partner, Mr. Henry Telford, gave me Rogers’ Italy, and determined the main tenor of my life.

At that time I had never heard of Turner, except in the well remembered saying of Mr. Runciman’s, that “the world had lately been much dazzled and led away by some splendid ideas thrown out by Turner.” But I had no sooner cast eyes on the Rogers vignettes than I took them for my only masters, and set myself to imitate them as far as I possibly could by fine pen shading.

88. I have told this story so often that I begin to doubt its

time. It is curiously tiresome that Mr. Telford did not himself write my name in the book, and my father, who writes in it, "The gift of Henry Telford, Esq.," still more curiously, for him, puts no date: if it was a year later, no matter; there is no doubt however that early in the spring of 1833 Prout published his *Sketches in Flanders and Germany*. I well remember going with my father into the shop where subscribers entered their names, and being referred to the specimen print, the turreted window over the Moselle, at Coblenz. We got the book home to Herne Hill before the time of our usual annual tour; and as my mother watched my father's pleasure and mine in looking at the wonderful places, she said, why should not we go and see some of them in reality? My father hesitated a little, then with glittering eyes said—why not? And there were two or three weeks of entirely rapturous and amazed preparation. I recollect that very evening bringing down my big geography book, still most precious to me; (I take it down now, and for the first time put my own initials under my father's name in it)—and looking with Mary at the outline of Mont Blanc, copied from Saussure, at p. 201, and reading some of the very singular information about the Alps which it illustrates. So that Switzerland must have been at once included in the plans,—soon prosperously, and with result of all manner of good, by God's help fulfilled.

89. We went by Calais and Brussels to Cologne; up the Rhine to Strasburg, across the Black Forest to Schaffhausen, then made a sweep through North Switzerland by Basle, Berne, Interlachen, Lucerne, Zurich, to Constance,—following up the Rhine still to Coire, then over Splugen to Como, Milan, and Genoa; meaning, as I now remember, for Rome. But, it being June already, the heat of Genoa warned us of imprudence: we turned, and came back over the Simplon to Geneva, saw Chamouni, and so home by Lyons and Dijon.

To do all this in the then only possible way, with post-horses, and, on the lakes, with oared boats, needed careful calculation of time each day. My father liked to get to our

sleeping place as early as he could, and never would stop the horses for me to draw anything (the extra pence to postilion for waiting being also an item of weight in his mind);—thus I got into the bad habit, yet not without its discipline, of making scrawls as the carriage went along, and working them up “out of my head” in the evening. I produced in this manner, throughout the journey, some thirty sheets or so of small pen and Indian ink drawings, four or five in a sheet; some not inelegant, all laborious, but for the most part one just like another, and without exception stupid and characterless to the last degree.

90. With these flying scrawls on the road, I made, when staying in towns, some elaborate pencil and pen outlines, of which perhaps half-a-dozen are worth register and preservation. My father’s pride in a study of the doubly-towered Renaissance church of Dijon was great. A still more laborious Hôtel de Ville of Brussels remains with it at Brantwood. The drawing of that Hôtel de Ville by me now at Oxford is a copy of Prout’s, which I made in illustration of the volume in which I wrote the beginning of a rhymed history of the tour.

For it had excited all the poor little faculties that were in me to their utmost strain, and I had certainly more passionate happiness, of a quality utterly indescribable to people who never felt the like, and more, in solid quantity, in those three months, than most people have in all their lives. The impression of the Alps first seen from Schaffhausen, of Milan and of Geneva, I will try to give some account of afterwards,—my first business now is to get on.

91. The winter of ’33, and what time I could steal to amuse myself in, out of ’34, were spent in composing, writing fair, and drawing vignettes for the decoration of the aforesaid poetical account of our tour, in imitation of Rogers’ Italy. The drawings were made on separate pieces of paper and pasted into the books; many have since been taken out, others are there for which the verses were never written, for I had spent my fervor before I got up the Rhine. I leave

the unfinished folly in Joanie's care, that none but friends may see it.

Meantime, it having been perceived by my father and mother that Dr. Andrews could neither prepare me for the University, nor for the duties of a bishopric, I was sent as a day scholar to the private school kept by the Rev. Thomas Dale, in Grove Lane, within walking distance of Herne Hill. Walking down with my father after breakfast, carrying my blue bag of books, I came home to half-past one dinner, and prepared my lessons in the evening for next day. Under these conditions I saw little of my fellow-scholars, the two sons of Mr. Dale, Tom and James; and three boarders, the sons of Colonel Matson, of Woolwich; of Alderman Key, of Denmark Hill; and a fine lively boy, Willoughby Jones, afterwards Sir W., and only lately, to my sorrow, dead.

92. Finding me in all respects what boys could only look upon as an innocent, they treated me as I suppose they would have treated a girl; they neither thrashed nor chaffed me,—finding, indeed, from the first that chaff had no effect on me. Generally I did not understand it, nor in the least mind it if I did, the fountain of pure conceit in my own heart sustaining me serenely against all deprecation, whether by master or companion. I was fairly intelligent of books, had a good quick and holding memory, learned whatever I was bid as fast as I could, and as well; and since all the other boys learned always as little as they could, though I was far in retard of them in real knowledge, I almost always knew the day's lesson best. I have already described, in the first chapter of Fiction Fair and Foul, Mr. Dale's rejection of my clearly known old grammar as a "Scotch thing." In that one action he rejected himself from being my master; and I thenceforward learned all he told me only because I had to do it.

93. While these steps were taken for my classical advancement, a master was found for me, still in that unlucky Walworth, to teach me mathematics. Mr. Rowbotham was an extremely industrious, deserving, and fairly well-in-

formed person in his own branches, who, with his wife, and various impediments and inconveniences in the way of children, kept a "young gentleman's Academy" near the Elephant and Castle, in one of the first houses which have black plots of grass in front, fenced by iron railings from the Walworth Road.

He knew Latin, German, and French grammar; was able to teach the "use of the globes" as far as needed in a preparatory school, and was, up to far beyond the point needed for me, a really sound mathematician. For the rest, utterly unacquainted with men or their history, with nature and its meanings; stupid and disconsolate, incapable of any manner of mirth or fancy, thinking mathematics the only proper occupation of human intellect, asthmatic to a degree causing often helpless suffering, and hopelessly poor, spending his evenings, after his school-drudgery was over, in writing manuals of arithmetic and algebra, and compiling French and German grammars, which he allowed the booksellers to cheat him out of,—adding perhaps, with all his year's lamp-labor, fifteen or twenty pounds to his income;—a more wretched, innocent, patient, insensible, unadmirable, uncomfortable, intolerable being never was produced in this era of England by the culture characteristic of her metropolis.

94. Under the tuition, twice a week in the evening, of Mr. Rowbotham, (invited always to substantial tea with us before the lesson as a really efficient help to his hungry science, after the walk up Herne Hill, painful to asthma,) I prospered fairly in 1834, picking up some bits of French grammar, of which I had really felt the want,—I had before got hold, somehow, of words enough to make my way about with,—and I don't know how, but I recollect, at Paris, going to the Louvre under charge of Salvador, (I wanted to make a sketch from Rembrandt's Supper at Emmaus,) and on Salvador's application to the custode for permission, it appeared I was not old enough to have a ticket,—fifteen was then the earliest admission-age; but seeing me look woebegone, the good-natured custode said he thought if I went in to the "Board,"

or whatever it was, of authorities, and asked for permission myself, they would give it me. Whereupon I instantly begged to be introduced to the Board, and the custode taking me in under his coat lappets, I did verily, in what broken French was feasible to me, represent my case to several gentlemen of an official and impressive aspect, and got my permission, and outlined the Supper at Emmaus with some real success in expression, and was extremely proud of myself. But my narrow knowledge of the language, though thus available for business, left me sorrowful and ashamed after the fatal dinner at Mr. Domecq's, when the little Elise; then just nine, seeing that her elder sisters did not choose to trouble themselves with me, and being herself of an entirely benevolent and pitiful temper, came across the drawing-room to me in my desolation, and leaning an elbow on my knee, set herself deliberately to chatter to me mellifluously for an hour and a half by the timepiece,—requiring no answer, of which she saw I was incapable, but satisfied with my grateful and respectful attention, and admiring interest, if not exactly always in what she said, at least in the way she said it. She gave me the entire history of her school, and of the objectionable characters of her teachers, and of the delightful characters of her companions, and of the mischief she got into, and the surreptitious enjoyments they devised, and the joys of coming back to the Champs Elysées, and the general likeness of Paris to the Garden of Eden. And the hour and a half seemed but too short, and left me resolved, anyhow, to do my best to learn French.

95. So, as I said, I progressed in this study to the contentment of Mr. Rowbotham, went easily through the three first books of Euclid, and got as far as quadratics in Algebra. But there I stopped, virtually, forever. The moment I got into sums of series, or symbols expressing the relations instead of the real magnitudes of things,—partly in want of faculty, partly in an already well-developed and healthy hatred of things vainly bothering and intangible,—I jibbed—or stood stunned. Afterwards at Oxford they dragged me

through some conic sections, of which the facts representable by drawing became afterwards of extreme value to me; and taught me as much trigonometry as made my mountain work, in plan and elevation, unaccusable. In elementary geometry I was always happy, and, for a boy, strong; and my conceit, developing now every hour more venomously as I began to perceive the weaknesses of my masters, led me to spend nearly every moment I could command for study in my own way, through the year 1835, in trying to trisect an angle. For some time afterwards I had the sense to reproach myself for the waste of thoughtful hours in that year, little knowing or dreaming how many a year to come, from that time forth, was to be worse wasted.

While the course of my education was thus daily gathering the growth of me into a stubborn little standard bush, various froststroke was stripping away from me the poor little flowers—or herbs—of the forest, that had once grown, happily for me, at my side.



C. H. Jeens.

Old Miniatures

MY TWO AUNTS.

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CHAPTER V.

PARNASSUS AND PLYNLIMMON.

96. I HAVE allowed, in the last chapter, my record of boyish achievements and experiments in art to run on to a date much in advance of the early years which were most seriously eventful for me in good and evil. I resume the general story of them with the less hesitation, because, such as it is, nobody else can tell it; while, in later years, my friends in some respects know me better than I know myself.

The second decade of my life was cut away still more sharply from the perfectly happy time of childhood, by the death of my Croydon aunt; death of "cold" literally, caught in some homely washing operations in an east wind. Her brown and white spaniel, Dash, lay beside her body, and on her coffin, till they were taken away from him; then he was brought to Herne Hill, and I think had been my companion some time before Mary came to us.

With the death of my Croydon aunt ended for me all the days by Wandel streams, as at Perth by Tay; and thus when I was ten years old, an exclusively Herne Hill-top life set in (when we were not traveling), of no very beneficial character.

97. My Croydon aunt left four sons—John, William, George, and Charles; and two daughters—Margaret and Bridget. All handsome lads and pretty lasses; but Margaret, in early youth, met with some mischance that twisted her spine, and hopelessly deformed her. She was clever, and witty, like her mother; but never of any interest to me, though I gave a kind of brotherly, rather than cousinly, affection to all my Croydon cousins. But I never liked invalids, and don't to this day; and Margaret used to wear her hair in ringlets, which I couldn't bear the sight of.

Bridget was a very different creature; a black-eyed, or, with precision, dark hazel-eyed, slim-made, lively girl; a little too sharp in the features to be quite pretty, a little too wiry-jointed to be quite graceful; capricious, and more or less selfish in temper, yet nice enough to be once or twice asked to Perth with us, or to stay for a month or two at Herne Hill; but never attaching herself much to us, neither us to her. I felt her an inconvenience in my nursery arrangements, the nursery having become my child's study as I grew studious; and she had no mind, or, it might be, no leave, to work with me in the garden.

98. The four boys were all of them good, and steadily active. The eldest, John, with wider business habits than the rest, went soon to push his fortune in Australia, and did so; the second, William, prospered also in London.

The third brother, George, was the best of boys and men, but of small wit. He extremely resembled a rural George the Fourth, with an expansive, healthy, benevolent eagerness of simplicity in his face, greatly bettering him as a type of British character. He went into the business in Market Street, with his father, and both were a great joy to all of us in their affectionateness and truth: neither of them in all their lives ever did a dishonest, unkind, or otherwise faultful thing—but still less a clever one! For the present, I leave them happily filling and driving their cart of quartern loaves in morning round from Market Street.

99. The fourth, and youngest, Charles, was like the last-born in a fairy tale, ruddy as the boy David, bright of heart, not wanting in common sense, or even in *good* sense; and affectionate, like all the rest. He took to his schooling kindly, and became grammatical, polite, and presentable in our high Herne Hill circle. His elder brother, John, had taken care of his education in more important matters: very early in the child's life he put him on a barebacked pony, with the simple elementary instruction that he should be thrashed if he came off. And he stayed on. Similarly, for first lesson in swimming, he pitched the boy like a pebble

into the middle of the Croydon Canal, jumping in, of course, after him; but I believe the lad squattered to the bank without help, and became when he was only "that high" a fearless master of horse and wave.

100. My mother used to tell these two stories with the greater satisfaction, because, in her own son's education, she had sacrificed her pride in his heroism to her anxiety for his safety; and never allowed me to go to the edge of a pond, or be in the same field with a pony. As ill-luck also would have it, there was no manner of farm or marsh near us, which might of necessity modify these restrictions; but I have already noted with thankfulness the good I got out of the tadpole-haunted ditch in Croxted Lane; while also, even between us and tutorial Walworth, there was one Elysian field for me in the neglected grass of Camberwell Green. There *was* a pond in the corner of it, of considerable size, and unknown depth,—probably, even in summer, full three feet in the middle; the sable opacity of its waters adding to the mystery of danger. Large, as I said, for a pond, perhaps sixty or seventy yards the long way of the Green, fifty the short; while on its western edge grew a stately elm, from whose boughs, it was currently reported, and conscientiously believed, a wicked boy had fallen into the pond on Sunday, and forthwith the soul of him into a deeper and darker pool.

It was one of the most valued privileges of my early life to be permitted by my nurse to contemplate this judicial pond with awe, from the other side of the way. The loss of it, by the sanitary conversion of Camberwell Green into a bouquet for Camberwell's buttonhole, is to this day matter of perennial lament to me.

101. In the carrying out of the precautionary laws above described I was, of course, never allowed, on my visits to Croydon, to go out with my cousins, lest they should lead me into mischief; and no more adventurous joys were ever possible to me there, than my walks with Anne or my mother where the stream from Scarborough pond ran across the road; or on the crisp turf of Duppas Hill; my watchings of

the process of my father's drawings in Indian ink, and my own untired contemplations of the pump and gutter on the other side of the so-called street, but really lane,—not more than twelve feet from wall to wall. So that, when at last it was thought that Charles, with all his good natural gifts and graces, should be brought from Croydon town to London city, and initiated into the lofty life and work of its burghess orders; and when, accordingly, he was, after various taking of counsel and making of inquiry, apprenticed to Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., of 65, Cornhill, with the high privilege of coming out to dine at Herne Hill every Sunday, the new and beaming presence of cousin Charles became a vivid excitement, and admirable revelation of the activities of youth to me, and I began to get really attached to him.

I was not myself the sort of creature that a boy could care much for,—or indeed any human being, except papa and mamma, and Mrs. Richard Gray (of whom more presently); being indeed nothing more than a conceited and unentertainingly troublesome little monkey. But Charles was always kind to me, and naturally answered with some cousinly or even brotherly tenderness my admiration of him, and delight in him.

102. At Messrs. Smith & Elder's he was an admittedly exemplary apprentice, rapidly becoming a serviceable shopman, taking orders intelligently, and knowing well both his books and his customers. As all right-minded apprentices and good shopmen do, he took personal pride in everything produced by the firm; and on Sundays always brought a volume or two in his pocket to show us the character of its most ambitious publications; especially choosing, on my behalf, any which chanced to contain good engravings. In this way I became familiar with Stanfield and Harding long before I possessed a single engraving myself from either of them; but the really most precious, and continuous in deep effect upon me, of all gifts to my childhood, was from my Croydon aunt, of the Forget-me-not of 1827, with a beautiful engraving in it of Prout's "Sepulchral monument at Verona."

Strange, that the true first impulse to the most refined instincts of my mind should have been given by my totally uneducated, but entirely good and right-minded, mother's sister.

103. But more magnificent results came of Charles's literary connection, through the interest we all took in the embossed and gilded small octavo which Smith & Elder published annually, by title "Friendship's Offering." This was edited by a pious Scotch missionary, and minor—very much minor—key, poet, Thomas Pringle; mentioned once or twice with a sprinkling of honor in Lockhart's Life of Scott. A strictly conscientious and earnest, accurately trained, though narrowly learned, man, with all the Scottish conceit, restlessness for travel, and petulant courage of the Parks and Livingstones; with also some pretty tinges of romance and inklings of philosophy to mellow him, he was an admitted, though little regarded, member of the best literary circles, and acquainted, in the course of catering for his little embossed octavo, with everybody in the outer circles, and lower, down to little me. He had been patronized by Scott; was on terms of polite correspondence with Wordsworth and Rogers; of familiar intercourse with the Ettrick Shepherd; and had himself written a book of poems on the subject of Africa, in which antelopes were called springboks, and other African manners and customs carefully observed.

104. Partly to oblige the good-natured and lively shopboy, who told wonderful things of his little student cousin;—partly in the lookout for thin compositions of tractable stucco, wherewith to fill interstices in the masonry of "Friendship's Offering," Mr. Pringle visited us at Herne Hill, heard the traditions of my literary life, expressed some interest in its farther progress,—and sometimes took a copy of verses away in his pocket. He was the first person who intimated to my father and mother, with some decision, that there were as yet no wholly trustworthy indications of my one day occupying a higher place in English literature than either Milton or Byron; and accordingly I think none of us

attached much importance to his opinions. But he had the sense to recognize, through the parental vanity, my father's high natural powers, and exquisitely romantic sensibility; nor less my mother's tried sincerity in the evangelical faith, which he had set himself apart to preach: and he thus became an honored, though never quite cordially welcomed, guest on occasions of state Sunday dinner; and more or less an adviser thenceforward of the mode of my education. He himself found interest enough in my real love of nature and ready faculty of rhyme, to induce him to read and criticise for me some of my verses with attention; and at last, as a sacred Eleusinian initiation and Delphic pilgrimage, to take me in his hand one day when he had a visit to pay to the poet Rogers.

105. The old man, previously warned of my admissible claims, in Mr. Pringle's sight, to the beatitude of such introduction, was sufficiently gracious to me, though the cultivation of germinating genius was never held by Mr. Rogers to be an industry altogether delectable to genius in its zenith. Moreover, I was unfortunate in the line of observations by which, in return for his notice, I endeavored to show myself worthy of it. I congratulated him with enthusiasm on the beauty of the engravings by which his poems were illustrated,—but betrayed, I fear me, at the same time some lack of an equally vivid interest in the composition of the poems themselves. At all events, Mr. Pringle—I thought at the time, somewhat abruptly—diverted the conversation to subjects connected with Africa. These were doubtless more calculated to interest the polished minstrel of St. James's Place; but again I fell into misdemeanors by allowing my own attention, as my wandering eyes too frankly confessed, to determine itself on the pictures glowing from the crimson-silken walls; and accordingly, after we had taken leave, Mr. Pringle took occasion to advise me that, in future, when I was in the company of distinguished men, I should listen more attentively to their conversation.

106. These, and such other—(I have elsewhere related

the Ettrick Shepherd's favoring visit to us, also obtained by Mr. Pringle)—glorifications and advancements being the reward of my literary efforts, I was nevertheless not beguiled by them into any abandonment of the scientific studies which were indeed natural and delightful to me. I have above registered their beginnings in the sparry walks at Matlock: but my father's business also took him often to Bristol, where he placed my mother, with Mary and me, at Clifton. Miss Edgeworth's story of Lazy Lawrence, and the visit to Matlock by Harry and Lucy, gave an almost romantic and visionary charm to mineralogy in those dells; and the piece of iron oxide with bright Bristol diamonds,—No. 51 of the Brantwood collection,—was I think the first stone on which I began my studies of silica. The diamonds of it were bright with many an association besides, since from Clifton we nearly always crossed to Chepstow,—the rapture of being afloat, for half-an-hour even, on that muddy sea, concentrating into these impressive minutes the pleasures of a year of other boys' boating—and so round by Tintern and Malvern, where the hills, extremely delightful in themselves to me because I was allowed to run free on them, there being no precipices to fall over nor streams to fall into, were also classical to me through Mrs. Sherwood's "Henry Milner," a book which I loved long, and respect still. So that there was this of curious and precious in the means of my education in these years, that my romance was always ratified to me by the seal of locality—and every charm of locality spiritualized by the glow and the passion of romance.

107. There was one district, however, that of the Cumberland lakes, which needed no charm of association to deepen the appeal of its realities. I have said somewhere that my first memory in life was of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater;—meaning, I suppose, my first memory of things afterwards chiefly precious to me; at all events, I knew Keswick before I knew Perth, and after the Perth days were ended, my mother and I stayed either there, at the Royal Oak, or at Lowwood Inn, or at Coniston Waterhead, while my father

went on his business journeys to Whitehaven, Lancaster, Newcastle, and other northern towns. The inn at Coniston was then actually at the upper end of the lake, the road from Ambleside to the village passing just between it and the water; and the view of the long reach of lake, with its softly wooded lateral hills, had for my father a tender charm which excited the same feeling as that with which he afterwards regarded the lakes of Italy. Lowwood Inn also was then little more than a country cottage,—and Ambleside a rural village; and the absolute peace and bliss which anyone who cared for grassy hills and for sweet waters might find at every footstep, and at every turn of crag or bend of bay, was totally unlike anything I ever saw, or read of, elsewhere.

108. My first sight of bolder scenery was in Wales; and I have written,—more than it would be wise to print,—about the drive from Hereford to Rhaiadyr, and under Plynlimon to Pont-y-Monach: the joy of a walk with my father in the Sunday afternoon towards Hafod, dashed only with some alarmed sense of the sin of being so happy among the hills, instead of writing out a sermon at home;—my father's presence and countenance not wholly comforting me, for we both of us had alike a subdued consciousness of being profane and rebellious characters, compared to my mother.

From Pont-y-Monach we went north, gathering pebbles on the beach at Aberystwith, and getting up Cader Idris with help of ponies:—it remained, and rightly, for many a year after, a king of mountains to me. Followed Harlech and its sands, Festiniog, the pass of Aberglaslyn, and marvel of Menai Straits and Bridge, which I looked at, then, as Miss Edgeworth had taught me, with reverence for the mechanical skill of man,—little thinking, poor innocent, what use I should see the creature putting his skill to, in the half century to come.

The Menai *Bridge* it was, remember, good reader, not *tube*;—but the trim plank roadway swinging smooth between its iron cobwebs from tower to tower.

109. And so on to Llanberis and up Snowdon, of which

ascent I remember, as the most exciting event, the finding for the first time in my life a real "mineral" for myself, a piece of copper pyrites! But the general impression of Welsh mountain form was so true and clear that subsequent journeys little changed or deepened it.

And if only then my father and mother had seen the real strengths and weaknesses of their little John;—if they had given me but a shaggy scrap of a Welsh pony, and left me in charge of a good Welsh guide, and of his wife, if I needed any coddling, they would have made a man of me there and then, and afterwards the comfort of their own hearts, and probably the first geologist of my time in Europe.

If only! But they could no more have done it than thrown me like my cousin Charles into Croydon Canal, trusting me to find my way out by the laws of nature.

110. Instead, they took me back to London, and my father spared time from his business hours, once or twice a week, to take me to a four-square, sky-lighted, sawdust-floored prison of a riding-school in Moorfields, the smell of which, as we turned in at the gate of it, was a terror and horror and abomination to me: and there I was put on big horses that jumped, and reared, and circled, and sidled; and fell off them regularly whenever they did any of those things; and was a disgrace to my family, and a burning shame and misery to myself, till at last the riding-school was given up on my spraining my right-hand forefinger (it has never come straight again since),—and a well-broken Shetland pony bought for me, and the two of us led about the Norwood roads by a riding master with a leading string. I used to do pretty well as long as we went straight, and then get thinking of something, and fall off when we turned a corner. I might have got some inkling of a seat in Heaven's good time, if no fuss had been made about me, nor inquiries instituted whether I had been off or on; but as my mother, the moment I got home, made searching scrutiny into the day's disgraces, I merely got more and more nervous and helpless after every tumble; and this branch of my education was at last aban-

done, my parents consoling themselves, as best they might, in the conclusion that my not being able to learn to ride was the sign of my being a singular genius.

111. The rest of the year was passed in such home employment as I have above described;—but, either in that or the preceding year, my mineralogical taste received a new and very important impulse from a friend who entered afterwards intimately into our family life, but of whom I have not yet spoken.

My illness at Dunkeld, above noticed, was attended by two physicians,—my mother,—and Dr. Grant. The Doctor must then have been a youth who had just obtained his diploma. I do not know the origin of his acquaintance with my parents; but I know that my father had almost paternal influence over him; and was of service to him, to what extent I know not, but certainly continued and effective, in beginning the world. And as I grew older I used to hear expressions of much affection and respect for Dr. Grant from my father and mother, coupled with others of regret or blame that he did not enough bring out his powers, or use his advantages.

Ever after the Dunkeld illness, Dr. Grant's name was associated in my mind with a brown powder—rhubarb, or the like—of a gritty and acrid nature, which, by his orders, I had then to take. The name thenceforward always sounded to me gr-r-ish and granular; and a certain dread, not amounting to dislike—but, on the contrary, affectionate, (for *me*)—made the Doctor's presence somewhat solemnizing to me; the rather as he never jested, and had a brownish, partly austere, and sere, wrinkled, and—rhubarby, in fact, sort of a face. For the rest, a man entirely kind and conscientious, much affectionate to my father, and acknowledging a sort of ward-to-guardian's duty to him, together with the responsibility of a medical adviser, acquainted both with his imagination and his constitution.

112. I conjecture that it must have been owing to Dr. Grant's being of fairly good family, and in every sense and

every reality of the word a gentleman, that, soon after coming up to London, he got a surgeon's appointment in one of His Majesty's frigates commissioned for a cruise on the west coast of South America. Fortunately the health of her company gave the Doctor little to do professionally; and he was able to give most of his time to the study of the natural history of the coast of Chili and Peru. One of the results of these shore expeditions was the finding such a stag-beetle as had never before been seen. It had peculiar or colossal nippers, and—I forget what "chiasos" means in Greek, but its jaws were chiasoi. It was brought home beautifully packed in a box of cotton; and, when the box was opened, excited the admiration of all beholders, and was called the "Chiasognathos Grantii." A second result was his collection of a very perfect series of Valparaiso humming birds, out of which he spared, for a present to my mother, as many as filled with purple and golden flutter two glass cases as large as Mr. Gould's at the British Museum, which became resplendent decorations of the drawing-room at Herne Hill,—were to me, as I grew older, conclusive standards of plume texture and color,—and are now placed in the best lighted recess of the parish school at Coniston.

113. The third result was more important still. Dr. Grant had been presented by the Spanish masters of mines with characteristic and rich specimens of the most beautiful vein-stones of Copiapo. It was a mighty fact for me, at the height of my child's interest in minerals, to see our own parlor table loaded with foliated silver and arborescent gold. Not only the man of science, but the latent miser in me, was developed largely in an hour or two! In the pieces which Dr. Grant gave me, I counted my treasure grain by grain; and recall to-day, in acute sympathy with it, the indignation I felt at seeing no instantly reverential change in cousin Charles's countenance, when I informed him that the film on the surface of an unpretending specimen, amounting in quantity to about the sixteenth part of a sixpence, was "native silver"!

Soon after his return from this prosperous voyage, Dr. Grant settled himself in a respectable house half-way down Richmond Hill, where gradually he obtained practice and accepted position among the gentry of that town and its parkly neighborhood. And every now and then, in the summer mornings, or the gayly frost-white winter ones, we used, papa and mamma, and Mary and I, to drive over Clapham and Wandsworth Commons to a breakfast picnic with Dr. Grant at the "Star and Garter." Breakfasts much impressed on my mind, partly by the pretty view from the windows; but more, because while my orthodox breakfast, even in traveling, was of stale baker's bread, at these starry picnics I was allowed new French roll.

114. Leaving Dr. Grant, for the nonce, under these pleasant and dignifiedly crescent circumstances, I must turn to the friends who of all others, not relatives, were most powerfully influential on my child life,—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gray.

Some considerable time during my father's clerkdom had been passed by him in Spain, in learning to know sherry, and seeing the ways of making and storing it at Xerez, Cadiz, and Lisbon. At Lisbon he became intimate with another young Scotsman of about his own age, also employed, I conceive, as a clerk, in some Spanish house, but himself of no narrow clerky mind. On the contrary, Richard Gray went far beyond my father in the romantic sentiment, and scholarly love of good literature, which so strangely mingled with my father's steady business habits. Equally energetic, industrious, and high-principled, Mr. Gray's enthusiasm was nevertheless irregularly, and too often uselessly, coruscant; being to my father's as Carlyle says of French against English fire at Dettingen, "fagot against anthracite." Yet, I will not venture absolutely to maintain that, under Richard's erratic and effervescent influence, an expedition to Cintra, or an assistance at a village festa, or even at a bull-fight, might not sometimes, to that extent, invalidate my former general assertion that, during nine years, my father never had a holi-

day. At all events, the young men became close and affectionate friends; and the connection had a softening, cheering, and altogether beneficent effect on my father's character. Nor was their brotherly friendship any whit flawed or dimmed, when, a little while before leaving Spain, Mr. Gray married an extremely good and beautiful Scotch girl, Mary Monro.

115. Extremely good, and, in the gentlest way;—entirely simple, meek, loving, and serious; not clever enough to be any way naughty, but saved from being stupid by a vivid nature, full of enthusiasm like her husband's. Both of them evangelically pious, in a vivid, not virulent, way; and each of them sacredly, no less than passionately, in love with the other, they were the entirely best-matched pair I have yet seen in this match-making world and dispensation. Yet, as fate would have it, they had the one grief of having no children, which caused it, in years to come, to be Mrs. Gray's principal occupation in life to spoil *me*. By the time I was old enough to be spoiled, Mr. Gray, having fairly prospered in business, and come to London, was established, with his wife, her mother, and her mother's white French poodle, Petite, in a dignified house in Camberwell Grove. An entirely happy family; old Mrs. Monro as sweet as her daughter, perhaps slightly wiser; Richard rejoicing in them both with all his heart; and Petite, having, perhaps, as much sense as any two of them, delighted in, and beloved by all three.

116. Their house was near the top of the Grove,—which was a real grove in those days, and a grand one, some three-quarters of a mile long, steepishly down hill,—beautiful in perspective as an unprecedentedly “long-drawn aisle;” trees, elm, wych elm, sycamore and aspen, the branches meeting at top; the houses on each side with trim stone pathways up to them, through small plots of well-mown grass; three or four-storied, mostly in grouped terraces,—well-built, of sober-colored brick, with high and steep slated roof—not gabled, but polygonal; all well to do, well kept, well broomed; digni-

fiedly and pleasantly vulgar, and their own Grove-world all in all to them. It was a pleasant mile and a furlong or two's walk from Herne Hill to the Grove; and whenever Mrs. Gray and my mother had anything to say to each other, they walked—up the hill or down—to say it; and Mr. Gray's house was always the same to us as our own at any time of day or night. But our house not at all so to the Grays, having its formalities inviolable; so that during the whole of childhood I had the sense that we were, in some way or other, always above our friends and relations,—more or less patronizing everybody, favoring them by our advice, instructing them by our example, and called upon, by what was due both to ourselves, and the constitution of society, to keep them at a certain distance.

117. With one exception; which I have deep pleasure in remembering. In the first chapter of the Antiquary, the landlord at Queen's Ferry sets down to his esteemed guest a bottle of Robert Cockburn's best port; with which Robert Cockburn duly supplied Sir Walter himself, being at that time, if not the largest, the leading importer of the finest Portugal wine, as my father of Spanish. But Mr. Cockburn was primarily an old Edinburgh gentleman, and only by condescension a wine-merchant; a man of great power and pleasant sarcastic wit, moving in the first circles of Edinburgh; attached to my father by many links of association with the "auld toun," and sincerely respecting him. He was much the stateliest and truest piece of character who ever sate at our merchant feasts.

Mrs. Cockburn was even a little higher,—as representative of the Scottish lady of the old school,—indulgent yet to the new. She had been Lord Byron's first of first loves; she was the Mary Duff of Lachin-y-Gair. When I first remember her; still extremely beautiful in middle age, full of sense; and, though with some mixture of proud severity, extremely kind.

118. They had two sons, Alexander and Archibald, both in business with their father, both clever and energetic, but

both distinctly resolute—as indeed their parents desired—that they would be gentlemen first, salesmen second: a character much to be honored and retained among us; nor in their case the least ambitious or affected: gentlemen they were,—born so, and more at home on the hills than in the counting-house, and withal attentive enough to their business. The house, nevertheless, did not become all that it might have been in less well-bred hands.

The two sons, one or other, often dined with us, and were more distinctly friends than most of our guests. Alexander had much of his father's humor; Archibald, a fine, young, dark Highlander, was extremely delightful to me, and took some pains with me, for the sake of my love of Scott, telling me anything about fishing or deer-stalking that I cared to listen to. For, even from earliest days, I cared to listen to the adventures of other people, though I never coveted any for myself. I read all Captain Marryat's novels, without ever wishing to go to sea; traversed the field of Waterloo without the slightest inclination to be a soldier; went on ideal fishing with Isaac Walton without ever casting a fly; and knew Cooper's "Deerslayer" and "Pathfinder" almost by heart, without handling anything but a pop-gun, or having any paths to find beyond the solitudes of Gipsy-Hill. I used sometimes to tell myself stories of campaigns in which I was an ingenious general, or caverns in which I discovered veins of gold; but these were merely to fill vacancies of fancy, and had no reference whatever to things actual or feasible. I already disliked growing older,—never expected to be wiser, and formed no more plans for the future than a little black silkworm does in the middle of its first mulberry leaf.

CHAPTER VI.

SCHAFFHAUSEN AND MILAN.

119. THE visit to the field of Waterloo, spoken of by chance in last chapter, must have been when I was five years old,—on the occasion of papa and mamma's taking a fancy to see Paris in its festivities following the coronation of Charles X. We stayed several weeks in Paris, in a quiet family inn, and then some days at Brussels,—but I have no memory whatever of intermediate stages. It seems to me, on revision of those matin times, that I was very slow in receiving impressions, and needed to stop two or three days at least in a place, before I began to get a notion of it; but the notion, once got, was, as far as it went, always right; and since I had no occasion afterwards to modify it, other impressions fell away from that principal one, and disappeared altogether. Hence what people call my prejudiced views of things,—which are, in fact, the exact contrary, namely, post-judiced. (I do not mean to introduce this word for general service, but it saves time and print just now.)

120. Another character of my perceptions I find curiously steady—that I was only interested by things near me, or at least clearly visible and present. I suppose this is so with children generally; but it remained—and remains—a part of my grown-up temper. In this visit to Paris, I was extremely taken up with the soft red cushions of the armchairs, which it took one half an hour to subside into after sitting down,—with the exquisitely polished floor of the salon, and the good-natured French “Boots” (more properly “Brushes”), who skated over it in the morning till it became as reflective as a mahogany table,—with the pretty court full of flowers and shrubs in beds and tubs, between our rez-de-chaussée win-

dows and the outer gate,—with a nice black servant belonging to another family, who used to catch the house-cat for me; and with an equally good-natured *fille de chambre*, who used to catch it back again, for fear I should tease it, (her experience of English boy-children having made her dubious of my intentions);—all these things and people I remember,—and the Tuileries garden, and the “Tivoli” gardens, where my father took me up and down a “Russian mountain,” and I saw fireworks of the finest. But I remember nothing of the Seine, nor of Notre Dame, nor of anything in or even out of the town, except the windmills on Mont Martre.

121. Similarly at Brussels. I recollect no Hôtel de Ville, no stately streets, no surprises, or interests, except only the drive to Waterloo and slow walk over the field. The defacing mound was not then built—it was only nine years since the fight; and each bank and hollow of the ground was still a true exponent of the courses of charge or recoil. Fastened in my mind by later reading, that sight of the slope of battle remains to me entirely distinct, while the results of a later examination of it after the building of the mound, have faded mostly away.

I must also note that the rapture of getting on board a steamer, spoken of in last letter, was of later date; as a child I cared more for a beach on which the waves broke, or sands in which I could dig, than for wide sea. There was no “first sight” of the sea for me. I had gone to Scotland in Captain Spinks’ cutter, then a regular passage boat, when I was only three years old; but the weather was fine, and except for the pleasure of tattooing myself with tar among the ropes, I might as well have been ashore; but I grew into the sense of ocean, as the Earth shaker, by the rattling beach, and lispingsand.

122. I had meant, also in this place, to give a word or two to another poor relative, Nanny Clowsley, an entirely cheerful old woman, who lived, with a Dutch clock and some old teacups, in a single room (with small bed in alcove) on the third story of a gabled house, part of the group of old ones

lately pulled down on Chelsea side of Battersea bridge. But I had better keep what I have to say of Chelsea well together, early and late; only, in speaking of shingle, I must note the use to me of the view out of Nanny Clowsley's window right down upon the Thames tide, with its tossing wherries at the flow, and stranded barges at ebb.

And now, I must get on, and come to the real first sights of several things.

123. I said that, for our English tours, Mr. Telford usually lent us his chariot. But for Switzerland, now taking Mary, we needed stronger wheels and more room; and for this, and all following tours abroad, the first preparation and the beginning of delight was the choosing a carriage to our fancy, from the hireable reserves at Mr. Hopkinson's, of Long Acre.

The poor modern slaves and simpletons who let themselves be dragged like cattle, or felled timber, through the countries they imagine themselves visiting, can have no conception whatever of the complex joys, and ingenious hopes, connected with the choice and arrangement of the traveling carriage in old times. The mechanical questions first, of strength—easy rolling—steady and safe poise of persons and luggage; the general stateliness of effect to be obtained for the abashing of plebeian beholders; the cunning design and distribution of store-cellars under the seats, secret drawers under front windows, invisible pockets under padded lining, safe from dust, and accessible only by insidious slits, or necromantic valves like Aladdin's trap-door; the fitting of cushions where they would not slip, the rounding of corners for more delicate repose; the prudent attachments and springs of blinds; the perfect fitting of windows, on which one-half the comfort of a traveling carriage really depends; and the adaptation of all these concentrated luxuries to the probabilities of who would sit where, in the little apartment which was to be virtually one's home for five or six months;—all this was an imaginary journey in itself, with every pleasure, and none of the discomfort, of practical traveling.

124. On the grand occasion of our first continental journey—which was meant to be half a year long—the carriage was chosen with, or in addition fitted with, a front seat outside for my father and Mary, a dickey, unusually large, for Anne and the courier, and four inside seats, though those in front very small, that papa and Mary might be received inside in stress of weather. I recollect, when we had finally settled which carriage we would have, the polite Mr. Hopkinson, advised of my dawning literary reputation, asking me (to the joy of my father) if I could translate the motto of the former possessor, under his painted arms,—“*Vix ea nostra voco*,”—which I accomplishing successfully, farther wittily observed that however by right belonging to the former possessor, the motto was with greater propriety applicable to us.

125. For a family carriage of this solid construction, with its luggage, and load of six or more persons, four horses were of course necessary to get any sufficient way on it; and half-a-dozen such teams were kept at every post-house. The modern reader may perhaps have as much difficulty in realizing these savagely and clumsily locomotive periods, though so recent, as any aspects of migratory Saxon or Goth; and may not think me vainly garrulous in their description.

The French horses, and more or less those on all the great lines of European traveling, were properly stout trotting cart-horses, well up to their work and over it; untrimmed, long-tailed, good-humoredly licentious, whinnying and frolicking with each other when they had a chance; sagaciously steady to their work; obedient to the voice mostly, to the rein only for more explicitness; never touched by the whip, which was used merely to express the driver's exultation in himself and them,—signal obstructive vehicles in front out of the way, and advise all the inhabitants of the villages and towns traversed on the day's journey, that persons of distinction were honoring them by their transitory presence. If everything was right, the four horses were

driven by one postilion riding the shaft horse; but if the horses were young, or the riders unpracticed, there was a postilion for the leaders also. As a rule, there were four steady horses and a good driver, rarely drunk, often very young, the men of stronger build being more useful for other work, and any clever young rider able to manage the well-trained and merry-minded beasts, besides being lighter on their backs. Half the weight of the cavalier, in such cases, was in his boots, which were often brought out slung from the saddle like two buckets, the postilion, after the horses were harnessed, walking along the pole and getting into them.

126. Scarcely less official, for a traveling carriage of good class than its postilions, was the courier, or properly, avant-courier, whose primary office it was to ride in advance at a steady gallop, and order the horses at each post-house to be harnessed and ready waiting, so that no time might be lost between stages. His higher function was to make all bargains and pay all bills, so as to save the family unbecoming cares and mean anxieties, besides the trouble and disgrace of trying to speak French or any other foreign language. He, farther, knew the good inns in each town, and all the good rooms in each inn, so that he could write beforehand to secure those suited to his family. He was also, if an intelligent man and high-class courier, well acquainted with the proper sights to be seen in each town, and with all the occult means to be used for getting sight of those that weren't to be seen by the vulgar. Murray, the reader will remember, did not exist in those days; the courier was a private Murray, who knew, if he had any wit, not the things to be seen only, but those you would yourself best like to see, and gave instructions to your valet-de-place accordingly, interfering only as a higher power in cases of difficulty needing to be overcome by money or tact. He invariably attended the ladies in their shopping expeditions, took them to the fashionable shops, and arranged as he thought proper the prices of articles. Lastly, he knew, of course, all the other high-class couriers

on the road, and told you, if you wished to know, all the people of consideration who chanced to be with you in the inn.

127. My father would have considered it an insolent and revolutionary trespass on the privileges of the nobility to have mounted his courier to ride in advance of us; besides that, wisely liberal of his money for comfort and pleasure, he never would have paid the cost of an extra horse for show. The horses were, therefore, ordered in advance, when possible, by the postilions of any preceding carriage (or, otherwise, we did not mind waiting till they were harnessed), and we carried our courier behind us in the dickey with Anne, being in all his other functions and accomplishments an indispensable luxury to us. Indispensable, first, because none of us could speak anything but French, and that only enough to ask our way in; for all specialties of bargaining, or details of information, we were helpless, even in France,—and might as well have been migratory sheep, or geese, in Switzerland or Italy. Indispensable, secondly, to my father's peace of mind, because, with perfect liberality of temper, he had a great dislike to being over-reached. He perfectly well knew that his courier would have his commission, and allowed it without question; but he knew also that his courier would not be cheated by other people, and was content in his representative. Not for ostentation, but for real enjoyment and change of sensation from his suburban life, my father liked large rooms; and my mother, in mere continuance of her ordinary and essential habits, liked clean ones; clean, and large, means a good inn and a first floor. Also my father liked a view from his windows, and reasonably said, "Why should we travel to see less than we may?"—so that meant first floor *front*. Also my father liked delicate cookery, just because he was one of the smallest and rarest eaters; and my mother liked good meat. That meant, dinner without limiting price, in reason. Also, though my father never went into society, he all the more enjoyed getting a glimpse, reverentially, of fashionable people—I mean,

people of rank,—he scorned fashion, and it was a great thing to him to feel that Lord and Lady —— were on the opposite landing, and that, at any moment, he might conceivably meet and pass them on the stairs. Salvador, duly advised, or penetratively perceptive of these dispositions of my father, entirely pleasing and admirable to the courier mind, had *carte-blanche* in all administrative functions and bargains. We found our pleasant rooms always ready, our good horses always waiting, everybody took their hats off when we arrived and departed. Salvador presented his accounts weekly, and they were settled without a word of demur.

128. To all these conditions of luxury and felicity, can the modern steam-puffed tourist conceive the added ruling and culminating one—that we were never in a hurry? coupled with the correlative power of always starting at the hour we chose, and that if we weren't ready, the horses would wait? As a rule, we breakfasted at our own home time—eight; the horses were pawing and neighing at the door (under the archway, I should have said) by nine. Between nine and three,—reckoning seven miles an hour, including stoppages, for minimum pace,—we had done our forty to fifty miles of journey, sate down to dinner at four,—and I had two hours of delicious exploring by myself in the evening; ordered in punctually at seven to tea, and finishing my sketches till half-past nine,—bedtime.

On longer days of journey we started at six, and did twenty miles before breakfast, coming in for four o'clock dinner as usual. In a quite long day we made a second stop, dining at any nice village hostelry, and coming in for late tea, after doing our eighty or ninety miles. But these pushes were seldom made unless to get to some pleasant cathedral town for Sunday, or pleasant Alpine village. We never traveled on Sunday; my father and I nearly always went—as philosophers—to mass, in the morning, and my mother, in pure good-nature to us, (I scarcely ever saw in her a trace of feminine curiosity,) would join with us in some such profanity as a drive on the Corso, or the like, in the afternoon.

But we all, even my father, liked a walk in the fields better, round an Alpine chalet village.

129. At page 60 I threatened more accurate note of my first impressions of Switzerland and Italy in 1833. Of customary Calais I have something to say later on,—here I note only our going up Rhine to Strasburg, where, with all its miracles of building, I was already wise enough to feel the cathedral stiff and iron-worky; but was greatly excited and impressed by the high roofs and rich fronts of the wooden houses, in their sudden indication of nearness to Switzerland; and especially by finding the scene so admirably expressed by Prout in the 36th plate of his *Flanders and Germany*, still uninjured. And then, with Salvador was held council in the inn-parlor of Strasburg, whether—it was then the Friday afternoon—we should push on to-morrow for our Sunday's rest to Basle, or to Schaffhausen.

130. How much depended—if ever anything “depends” on anything else,—on the issue of that debate! Salvador inclined to the straight and level Rhine-side road, with the luxury of the Three Kings attainable by sunset. But at Basle, it had to be admitted, there were no Alps in sight, no cataract within hearing, and Salvador honorably laid before us the splendid alternative possibility of reaching, by traverse of the hilly road of the Black Forest, the gates of Schaffhausen itself, before they closed for the night.

The Black Forest! The fall of Schaffhausen! The chain of the Alps! within one's grasp for Sunday! What a Sunday, instead of customary Walworth and the Dulwich fields! My impassioned petition at last carried it, and the earliest morning saw us trotting over the bridge of boats to Kehl, and in the eastern light I well remember watching the line of the Black Forest hills enlarge and rise, as we crossed the plain of the Rhine. “Gates of the hills”; opening for me to a new life—to cease no more, except at the Gates of the Hills whence one returns not.

131. And so, we reached the base of the Schwartzwald, and entered an ascending dingle; and scarcely, I think, a

quarter of an hour after entering, saw our first "Swiss cottage." * How much it meant to all of us,—how much prophesied to me, no modern traveler could the least conceive, if I spent days in trying to tell him. A sort of triumphant shriek—like all the railway whistles going off at once at Clapham Junction—has gone up from the Fooldom of Europe at the destruction of the myth of William Tell. To us, every word of it was true—but mythically luminous with more than mortal truth; and here, under the black woods, glowed the visible, beautiful, tangible testimony to it in the purple larch timber, carved to exquisiteness by the joy of peasant life, continuous, motionless there in the pine shadow on its ancestral turf,—unassailed and unassailing, in the blessedness of righteous poverty, of religious peace.

The myth of William Tell is destroyed forsooth? and you have tunneled Gothard, and filled, it may be, the Bay of Uri;—and it was all for you and your sake that the grapes dropped blood from the press of St. Jacob, and the pine club struck down horse and helm in Morgarten Glen?

132. Difficult enough for you to imagine, that old travelers' time when Switzerland was yet the land of the Swiss, and the Alps had never been trod by foot of man. Steam, never heard of yet, but for short fair weather crossing at sea (were there paddle-packets across Atlantic? I forget). Any way, the roads by land were safe; and entered once into this mountain Paradise, we wound on through its balmy glens, past cottage after cottage on their lawns; still glistening in the dew.

The road got into more barren heights by the mid-day, the hills arduous; once or twice we had to wait for horses, and we were still twenty miles from Schaffhausen at sunset; it was past midnight when we reached her closed gates. The disturbed porter had the grace to open them—not quite wide enough; we carried away one of our lamps in collision with the slanting bar as we drove through the arch. How

* Swiss, in character and real habit—the political boundaries are of no moment.

much happier the privilege of dreamily entering a mediæval city, though with the loss of a lamp, than the free ingress of being jammed between a dray and a tramcar at a railroad station!

133. It is strange that I but dimly recollect the following morning; I fancy we must have gone to some sort of church or other; and certainly, part of the day went in admiring the bow-windows projecting into the clean streets. None of us seem to have thought the Alps would be visible without profane exertion in climbing hills. We dined at four, as usual, and the evening being entirely fine, went out to walk, all of us,—my father and mother and Mary and I.

We must have still spent some time in town-seeing, for it was drawing towards sunset when we got up to some sort of garden, promenade—west of the town, I believe; and high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, far into blue,—gazing as at one of our own distances from Malvern of Worcestershire, or Dorking of Kent,—suddenly—behold—beyond!

134. There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed,—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death.

It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life, for a child of such a temperament as mine. True, the temperament belonged to the age: a very few years,—within the hundred,—before that, no child could have been born to care for mountains, or for the men that lived among them, in that way. Till Rousseau's time, there had been no "sentimental" love of nature; and till Scott's, no such apprehensive love of "all sorts and conditions of men," not in the soul merely, but in the flesh. St. Bernard of La Fontaine, looking out to Mont Blanc with his

child's eyes, sees above Mont Blanc the Madonna; St. Bernard of Talloires, not the Lake of Annecy, but the dead between Martigny and Aosta. But for me, the Alps and their people were alike beautiful in their snow, and their humanity; and I wanted, neither for them nor myself, sight of any thrones in heaven but the rocks, or of any spirits in heaven but the clouds.

135. Thus, in perfect health of life and fire of heart, not wanting to be anything but the boy I was, not wanting to have anything more than I had; knowing of sorrow only just so much as to make life serious to me, not enough to slacken in the least its sinews; and with so much of science mixed with feeling as to make the sight of the Alps not only the revelation of the beauty of the earth, but the opening of the first page of its volume,—I went down that evening from the garden-terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace.

136. The morning after that Sunday's eve at Schaffhausen was also cloudless, and we drove early to the falls, seeing again the chain of the Alps by morning light, and learning, at Lauffen, what an Alpine river was. Coming out of the gorge of Balstall, I got another ever memorable sight of the chain of the Alps, and these distant views, never seen by the modern traveler, taught me, and made me feel, more than the close marvels of Thun and Interlachen. It was again fortunate that we took the grandest pass into Italy,—that the first ravine of the main Alps I saw was the Via Mala, and the first lake of Italy, Como.

We took boat on the little recessed lake of Chiavenna, and rowed down the whole way of waters, passing another Sunday at Cadenabbia, and then, from villa to villa, across the lake, and across, to Como, and so to Milan by Monza.

It was then full, though early, summer time; and the first impression of Italy always ought to be in her summer. It

was also well that, though my heart was with the Swiss cottager, the artificial taste in me had been mainly formed by Turner's rendering of those very scenes, in Rogers' Italy. The "Lake of Como," the two moonlight villas, and the "Farewell," had prepared me for all that was beautiful and right in the terraced gardens, proportioned arcades, and white spaces of sunny wall, which have in general no honest charm for the English mind. But to me, they were almost native through Turner,—familiar at once, and revered. I had no idea then of the Renaissance evil in them; they were associated only with what I had been told of the "divine art" of Raphael and Lionardo, and, by my ignorance of dates, associated with the stories of Shakespeare. Portia's villa,—Juliet's palace,—I thought to have been like these.

Also, as noticed in the epilogue to reprint of vol. ii. of *Modern Painters*, I had always a quite true perception of size, whether in mountains or buildings, and with the perception, joy in it; so that the vastness of scale in the Milanese palaces, and the "mount of marble, a hundred spires," of the *Duomo*, impressed me to the full at once: and not having yet the taste to discern good Gothic from bad, the mere richness and fineness of lace-like tracery against the sky was a consummate rapture to me—how much more getting up to it and climbing among it, with the *Monte Rosa* seen between its pinnacles across the plain!

137. I had been partly prepared for this view by the admirable presentment of it in London, a year or two before, in an exhibition, of which the vanishing has been in later life a greatly felt loss to me,—Burford's panorama in *Leicester Square*, which was an educational institution of the highest and purest value, and ought to have been supported by the Government as one of the most beneficial school instruments in London. There I had seen, exquisitely painted, the view from the roof of *Milan Cathedral*, when I had no hope of ever seeing the reality, but with a joy and wonder of the deepest;—and now to be there indeed, made deep wonder become fathomless.

Again, most fortunately, the weather was clear and cloudless all day long, and as the sun drew westward, we were able to drive to the Corso, where, at that time, the higher Milanese were happy and proud as ours in their park, and whence, no railway station intervening, the whole chain of the Alps was visible on one side, and the beautiful city with its dominant frost-crystalline Duomo on the other. Then the drive home in the open carriage through the quiet twilight, up the long streets, and round the base of the Duomo, the smooth pavement under the wheels adding with its silentness to the sense of dream wonder in it all,—the perfect air in absolute calm, the just seen majesty of encompassing Alps, the perfectness—so it seemed to me—and purity, of the sweet, stately, stainless marble against the sky. What more, what else, could be asked of seemingly immutable good, in this mutable world?

138. I wish in general to avoid interference with the reader's judgment on the matters which I endeavor serenely to narrate; but may, I think, here be pardoned for observing to him the advantage, in a certain way, of the contemplative abstraction from the world which, during this early continental traveling, was partly enforced by our ignorance, and partly secured by our love of comfort. There is something peculiarly delightful—nay, delightful inconceivably by the modern German-plated and French-polished tourist, in passing through the streets of a foreign city without understanding a word that anybody says! One's ear for all sound of voices then becomes entirely impartial; one is not diverted by the meaning of syllables from recognizing the absolute guttural, liquid, or honeyed quality of them; while the gesture of the body and the expression of the face have the same value for you that they have in a pantomime; every scene becomes a melodious opera to you; or a picturesquely inarticulate Punch. Consider, also, the gain in so consistent tranquillity. Most young people nowadays, or even lively old ones, travel more in search of adventures than of information. One of my most valued records of recent wan-

dering is a series of sketches by an amiable and extremely clever girl, of the things that happened to her people and herself every day that they were abroad. Here it is brother Harry, and there it is mamma, and now paterfamilias, and now her little graceful self, and anon her merry or remonstrant sisterhood, who meet with enchanting hardships, and enviable misadventures; bind themselves with fetters of friendship, and glance into sparklings of amourette, with any sort of people in conical hats and fringy caps: and it is all very delightful and condescending; and, of course, things are learnt about the country that way which can be learned in no other way, but only about that part of it which interests itself in you, or which you have pleasure in being acquainted with. Virtually, you are thinking of yourself all the time; you necessarily talk to the cheerful people, not to the sad ones; and your head is for the most part vividly taken up with very little things. I don't say that our isolation was meritorious, or that people in general should know no language but their own. Yet the meek ignorance has these advantages. We did not travel for adventures, nor for company, but to see with our eyes, and to measure with our hearts. If you have sympathy, the aspect of humanity is more true to the depths of it than its words; and even in my own land, the things in which I have been least deceived are those which I have learned as their Spectator.

CHAPTER VII.

PAPA AND MAMMA.

139. THE work to which, as partly above described, I set myself during the year 1834 under the excitement remaining from my foreign travels, was in four distinct directions, in any one of which my strength might at that time have been fixed by definite encouragement. There was first the effort to express sentiment in rhyme; the sentiment being really genuine, under all the superficial vanities of its display; and the rhymes rhythmic, only without any ideas in them. It was impossible to explain, either to myself or other people, why I liked staring at the sea, or scampering on a moor; but, one had pleasure in making some sort of melodious noise about it, like the waves themselves, or the peewits. Then, secondly, there was the real love of engraving, and of such characters of surface and shade as it could give. I have never seen drawing, by a youth, so entirely industrious in delicate line; and there was really the making of a fine landscape, or figure outline, engraver in me. But fate having ordered otherwise, I mourn the loss to engraving less than that before calculated, or rather incalculable, one, to geology! Then there was, thirdly, the violent instinct for architecture; but I never could have built or carved anything, because I was without power of design; and have perhaps done as much in that direction as it was worth doing with so limited faculty. And then, fourthly, there was the unabated, never to be abated, geological instinct, now fastened on the Alps. My fifteenth birthday gift being left to my choice, I asked for Saussure's "Voyages dans les Alpes," and thenceforward began progressive work, carrying on my mineralogical dictionary by the help of Jameson's three-

volume *Mineralogy*, (an entirely clear and serviceable book;) comparing his descriptions with the minerals in the British Museum, and writing my own more eloquent and exhaustive accounts in a shorthand of many ingeniously symbolic characters, which it took me much longer to write my descriptions in, than in common text, and which neither I nor anybody else could read a word of, afterwards.

140. Such being the quadrilateral plan of my fortifiable dispositions, it is time now to explain, with such clew as I have found to them, the somewhat peculiar character and genius of both my parents; the influence of which was more important upon me, then, and far on into life, than any external conditions, either of friendship or tutorship, whether at the University, or in the world.

It was, in the first place, a matter of essential weight in the determination of subsequent lines, not only of labor but of thought, that while my father, as before told, gave me the best example of emotional reading,—*reading*, observe, proper, not recitation, which he disdained, and I disliked,—my mother was both able to teach me, and resolved that I should learn, absolute accuracy of diction and precision of accent in prose; and made me know, as soon as I could speak plain, what I have in all later years tried to enforce on my readers, that accuracy of diction means accuracy of sensation, and precision of accent, precision of feeling. Trained, herself in girlhood, only at Mrs. Rice's country school, my mother had there learned severely right principles of truth, charity, and housewifery, with punctilious respect for the purity of that English which in her home surroundings she perceived to be by no means as undefiled as the ripples of Wandel. She was the daughter, as aforesaid, of the early widowed landlady of the King's Head Inn and Tavern, which still exists, or existed a year or two since, presenting its side to Croydon market-place, its front and entrance door to the narrow alley which descends, steep for pedestrians, impassable to carriages, from the High Street to the lower town.

141. Thus native to the customs and dialect of Croydon

Agora, my mother, as I now read her, must have been an extremely intelligent, admirably practical, and naïvely ambitious girl; keeping, without contention, the headship of her class, and availing herself with steady discretion of every advantage the country school and its modest mistress could offer her. I never in her after-life heard her speak with regret, and seldom without respectful praise, of any part of the discipline of Mrs. Rice.

I do not know for what reason, or under what conditions, my mother went to live with my Scottish grandfather and grandmother, first at Edinburgh, and then at the house of Bower's Well, on the slope of the Hill of Kinnoul, above Perth. I was stupidly and heartlessly careless of the past history of my family as long as I could have learnt it; not till after my mother's death did I begin to desire to know what I could never more be told.

But certainly the change, for her, was into a higher sphere of society,—that of real, though sometimes eccentric, and frequently poor, gentlemen and gentlewomen. She must then have been rapidly growing into a tall, handsome, and very finely made girl, with a beautiful mild firmness of expression; a faultless and accomplished housekeeper, and a natural, essential, unassailable, yet inoffensive, prude. I never heard a single word of any sentiment, accident, admiration, or affection disturbing the serene tenor of her Scottish stewardship; yet I noticed that she never spoke without some slight shyness before my father, nor without some pleasure, to other people, of Dr. Thomas Brown.

142. That the Professor of Moral Philosophy was a frequent guest at my grandmother's tea-table, and fond of benignantly arguing with Miss Margaret, is evidence enough of the position she held in Edinburgh circles; her household skills and duties never therefore neglected—rather, if anything, still too scrupulously practiced. Once, when she had put her white frock on for dinner, and hurried to the kitchen to give final glance at the state and order of things there, old Mause, having run against the white frock with a black

saucepan, and been, it seems, rebuked by her young mistress with too little resignation to the will of Providence in that matter, shook her head sorrowfully, saying, "Ah, Miss Margaret, ye are just like Martha, carefu' and troubled about mony things."

143. When my mother was thus, at twenty, in a Desdemona-like prime of womanhood, intent on highest moral philosophy,—“though still the house affairs would draw her thence”—my father was a dark-eyed, brilliantly active, and sensitive youth of sixteen. Margaret became to him an absolutely respected and admired—mildly liked—governess and confidante. Her sympathy was necessary to him in all his flashingly transient amours; her advice in all domestic business or sorrow, and her encouragement in all his plans of life.

These were already determined for commerce;—yet not to the abandonment of liberal study. He had learned Latin thoroughly, though with no large range of reading, under the noble traditions of Adams at the High School of Edinburgh: while, by the then living and universal influence of Sir Walter, every scene of his native city was exalted in his imagination by the purest poetry, and the proudest history, that ever hallowed or haunted the streets and rocks of a brightly inhabited capital. I have neither space, nor wish, to extend my proposed account of things that have been, by records of correspondence;—it is too much the habit of modern biographers to confuse epistolary talk with vital fact. But the following letter from Dr. Thomas Brown to my father, at this critical juncture of his life, must be read, in part as a testimony to the position he already held among the youths of Edinburgh, and yet more as explaining some points of his blended character, of the deepest significance afterwards, both to himself and to me.

144.

“8, N. ST. DAVID'S STREET,

“EDINBURGH, *February 18th*, 1807.

“MY DEAR SIR,—When I look at the date of the letter which you did me the honor to send me as your adviser in

literary matters—an office which a *proficient* like you scarcely requires—I am quite ashamed of the interval which I have suffered to elapse. I can truly assure you, however, that it has been unavoidable, and has not arisen from any want of interest in your intellectual progress. Even when you were a mere boy I was much delighted with your early zeal and attainments; and for your own sake, as well as for your excellent mother's, I have always looked to you with great regard, and with the belief that you would distinguish yourself in whatever profession you might adopt.

“ You seem, I think, to repent too much the time you have devoted to the Belles Lettres. I confess I do not regret this for you. You must, I am sure, have felt the effect which such studies have in giving a general refinement to the manners and to the heart, which, to anyone who is not to be strictly a *man of science*, is the most valuable effect of literature. You must remember that there is a great difference between studying *professionally*, and studying for relaxation and ornament. In the society in which you are to mix, the writers in Belles Lettres will be mentioned fifty times, when more abstract science will not be mentioned once; and there is this great advantage in that sort of knowledge, that the display of it, unless very immoderate indeed, is not counted pedantry, when the display of other intellectual attainments might run some risk of the imputation. There is indeed one evil in the reading of poetry and other light productions, that it is apt to be indulged in to downright *gluttony*, and to occupy time which should be given to business; but I am sure I can rely on *you* that you will not so misapply your time. There is, however, *one science*, the first and greatest of sciences to all men, and to merchants particularly—the science of Political Economy. To this I think your chief attention should be directed. It is in truth the science of your own profession, which counteracts the—(word lost with seal)—and narrow habits which that profession is sometimes apt to produce; and which is of perpetual appeal in every discussion on mercantile and financial affairs. A merchant well

instructed in Political Economy must always be fit to lead the views of his brother merchants—without it, he is a mere trader. Do not lose a day, therefore, without providing yourself with a copy of Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' and read and re-read it with attention—as I am sure you must read it with delight. In giving you this advice, I consider you as a *merchant*, for as that is to be your profession in life, your test of the importance of any acquirement should be how far it will tend to render you an *honorable and distinguished merchant*;—a character of no small estimation in this commercial country. I therefore consider the physical sciences as greatly subordinate in relation to your prospects in life, and the society in which you will be called to mingle. All but chemistry require a greater preparation in mathematics than you probably have, and chemistry it is quite impossible to understand without some opportunity of seeing experiments systematically carried on. If, however, you have the opportunity to attend any of the lecturers on that science in London, it will be well worth your while, and in that case I think you should purchase either Dr. Thompson's or Mr. Murray's new system of chemistry, so as to keep up constantly with your lecturer. Even of physics in general it is pleasant to have some view, however superficial, and therefore though you cannot expect without mathematics to have anything but a superficial view, you had better try to attain it. With this view you may read Gregory's 'Economy of Nature,' which though not a good book, and not always accurate, is, I believe, the best popular book we have, and sufficiently accurate for your purposes. Remember, however, that though you may be permitted to be a superficial natural philosopher, no such indulgence is to be given you in Political Economy.

“The only other circumstance remaining for me to request of you is that you will not suffer yourself to lose any of the languages you have acquired. Of the modern languages there is less fear, as your mercantile communications will in some measure keep them alive; but merchants do not cor-

respond in Latin, and you may perhaps lose it unconsciously. Independently, however, of the admirable writers of whom you would thus deprive yourself, and considering the language merely as the accomplishment of a gentleman, it is of too great value to be carelessly resigned.

“Farewell, my dear sir. Accept the regard of all this family, and believe me, with every wish to be of service to you,

“Your sincere friend,

“T. BROWN.”

145. It may easily be conceived that a youth to whom such a letter as this was addressed by one of the chiefs of the purely intellectual circles of Edinburgh, would be regarded with more respect by his Croydon cousin than is usually rendered by grown young women to their schoolboy friends.

Their frank, cousinly relation went on, however, without a thought on either side of any closer ties, until my father, at two or three and twenty, after various apprenticeship in London, was going finally to London to begin his career in his own business. By that time he had made up his mind that Margaret, though not the least an ideal heroine to him, was quite the best sort of person he could have for a wife, the rather as they were already so well used to each other; and in a quiet, but enough resolute way, asked her if she were of the same mind, and would wait until he had an independence to offer her. His early tutress consented with frankly confessed joy, not indeed in the Agnes Wickfield way, “I have loved you all my life,” but feeling and admitting that it was great delight to be allowed to love him now. The relations between Grace Nugent and Lord Colambre in Miss Edgeworth’s “Absentee” extremely resemble those between my father and mother, except that Lord Colambre is a more eager lover. My father chose his wife much with the same kind of serenity and decision with which afterwards he chose his clerks.

146. A time of active and hopeful contentment for both

the young people followed, my mother being perhaps the more deeply in love, while John depended more absolutely on her sympathy and wise friendship than is at all usual with young men of the present day in their relations with admired young ladies. But neither of them ever permitted their feelings to degenerate into fretful or impatient passion. My mother showed her affection chiefly in steady endeavor to cultivate her powers of mind, and form her manners, so as to fit herself to be the undespised companion of a man whom she considered much her superior: my father in unremitting attention to the business on the success of which his marriage depended: and in a methodical regularity of conduct and correspondence which never left his mistress a moment of avoidable anxiety, or gave her motive for any serious displeasure.

On these terms the engagement lasted nine years; at the end of which time, my grandfather's debts having been all paid, and my father established in a business gradually increasing, and liable to no grave contingency, the now not very young people were married in Perth one evening after supper, the servants of the house having no suspicion of the event until John and Margaret drove away together next morning to Edinburgh.

147. In looking back to my past thoughts and ways, nothing astonishes me more than my want of curiosity about all these matters; and that, often and often as my mother used to tell with complacency the story of this carefully secret marriage, I never asked, "But, mother, why so secret, when it was just what all the friends of both of you so long expected, and what all your best friends so heartily wished?"

But, until lately, I never thought of writing any more about myself than was set down in diaries, nor of my family at all: and thus too carelessly, and, as I now think, profanely, neglected the traditions of my people. "What does it all matter, now?" I said; "we are what we are, and shall be what we make ourselves."

Also, until very lately, I had accustomed myself to con-

sider all that my parents had done, so far as their own happiness was concerned, entirely wise and exemplary. Yet the reader must not suppose that what I have said in my deliberate writings on the propriety of long engagements had any reference to this singular one in my own family. Of the heroism and patience with which the sacrifice was made, on both sides, I cannot judge:—but that it was greater than I should myself have been capable of, I know, and I believe that it was unwise. For during these years of waiting, my father fell gradually into a state of ill-health, from which he never entirely recovered; and in close of life, they both had to leave their child, just when he was beginning to satisfy the hopes they had formed for him.

148. I have allowed this tale of the little I knew of their early trials and virtues to be thus chance told, because I think my history will, in the end, be completest if I write as its connected subjects occur to me, and not with formal chronology of plan. My reason for telling it in this place was chiefly to explain how my mother obtained her perfect skill in English reading, through the hard effort which, through the years of waiting, she made to efface the faults, and supply the defects, of her early education; effort which was aided and directed unerringly by her natural—for its intensity I might justly call it supernatural—purity of heart and conduct, leading her always to take most delight in the right and clear language which only can relate lovely things. Her unquestioning evangelical faith in the literal truth of the Bible placed me, as soon as I could conceive or think, in the presence of an unseen world; and set my active analytic power early to work on the questions of conscience, free will, and responsibility, which are easily determined in days of innocence; but are approached too often with prejudice, and always with disadvantage, after men become stupefied by the opinions, or tainted by the sins, of the outer world: while the gloom, and even terror, with which the restrictions of the Sunday, and the doctrines of the Pilgrim's Progress, the Holy War, and Quarles' Emblems, oppressed the seventh

part of my time, was useful to me as the only form of vexation which I was called on to endure; and redeemed by the otherwise uninterrupted cheerfulness and tranquillity of a household wherein the common ways were all of pleasantness, and its single and strait path, of perfect peace.

149. My father's failure of health, following necessarily on the long years of responsibility and exertion, needed only this repose to effect its cure. Shy to an extreme degree in general company, all the more because he had natural powers which he was unable to his own satisfaction to express,—his business faculty was entirely superb and easy: he gave his full energy to counting-house work in the morning, and his afternoons to domestic rest. With instant perception and decision in all business questions; with principles of dealing which admitted of no infraction, and involved neither anxiety nor concealment, the counting-house work was more of an interest, or even an amusement, to him, than a care. His capital was either in the Bank, or in St. Catherine's Docks, in the form of insured butts of the finest sherry in the world; his partner, Mr. Domecq, a Spaniard as proud as himself, as honorable, and having perfect trust in him,—not only in his probity, but his judgment,—accurately complying with all his directions in the preparation of wine for the English market, and no less anxious than he to make every variety of it, in its several rank, incomparably good. The letters to Spain therefore needed only brief statement that the public of that year wanted their wine young or old, pale or brown, and the like; and the letters to customers were as brief in their assurances that if they found fault with their wine, they did not understand it, and if they wanted an extension of credit, they could not have it. These Spartan brevities of epistle were, however, always supported by the utmost care in executing his correspondents' orders; and by the unusual attention shown them in traveling for those orders himself, instead of sending an agent or a clerk. His domiciliary visits of this kind were always conducted by him with great *savoir faire* and pleasant courtesy, no less

than the most attentive patience: and they were productive of the more confidence between him and the country merchant, that he was perfectly just and candid in appraisalment of the wine of rival houses, while his fine palate enabled him always to sustain triumphantly any and every ordeal of blindfold question which the suspicious customer might put him to. Also, when correspondents of importance came up to town, my father would put himself so far out of his way as to ask them to dine at Herne Hill, and try the contents of his own cellar. These London visits fell into groups, on any occasions in the metropolis of interest more than usual to the provincial mind. Our business dinners were then arranged so as to collect two or three country visitors together, and the table made symmetrical by selections from the house's customers in London, whose conversation might be most instructive to its rural friends.

Very early in my boy's life I began much to dislike these commercial feasts, and to form, by carefully attending to their dialogue, when it chanced to turn on any other subject than wine, an extremely low estimate of the commercial mind as such;—estimate which I have never had the slightest reason to alter.

Of our neighbors on Herne Hill we saw nothing, with one exception only, afterwards to be noticed. They were for the most part well-to-do London tradesmen of the better class, who had little sympathy with my mother's old-fashioned ways, and none with my father's romantic sentiment.

150. There was probably the farther reason for our declining the intimacy of our immediate neighbors, that most of them were far more wealthy than we, and inclined to demonstrate their wealth by the magnificence of their establishments. My parents lived with strict economy, kept only female servants,* used only tallow candles in plated candlesticks, were content with the leasehold territory of their front and back gardens,—scarce an acre altogether,—and kept

* Thomas left us, I think partly in shame for my permanently injured lip; and we never had another indoor manservant.

neither horse nor carriage. Our shop-keeping neighbors, on the contrary, had usually great cortège of footmen and glitter of plate, extensive pleasure grounds, costly hothouses, and carriages driven by coachmen in wigs. It may be perhaps doubted by some of my readers whether the coldness of acquaintanceship was altogether on our side; but assuredly my father was too proud to join entertainments for which he could give no like return, and my mother did not care to leave her card on foot at the doors of ladies who dashed up to hers in their barouche.

151. Protected by these monastic severities and aristocratic dignities, from the snares and disturbances of the outer world, the routine of my childish days became fixed, as of the sunrise and sunset to a nestling. It may seem singular to many of my readers that I remember with most pleasure the time when it was most regular and most solitary. The entrance of my cousin Mary into our household was coincident with the introduction of masters above described, and with other changes in the aims and employments of the day, which, while they often increased its interest, disturbed its tranquillity. The ideas of success at school or college, put before me by my masters, were ignoble and comfortless, in comparison with my mother's regretful blame, or simple praise: and Mary, though of a mildly cheerful and entirely amiable disposition, necessarily touched the household heart with the sadness of her orphanage, and something interrupted its harmony by the difference, which my mother could not help showing, between the feelings with which she regarded her niece and her child.

152. And although I have dwelt with thankfulness on the many joys and advantages of these secluded years, the vigilant reader will not, I hope, have interpreted the accounts rendered of them into general praise of a like home education in the environs of London. But one farther good there was in it, hitherto unspoken; that great part of my acute perception and deep feeling of the beauty of architecture and scenery abroad, was owing to the well-formed habit of nar-

rowing myself to happiness within the four brick walls of our fifty by one hundred yards of garden; and accepting with resignation the æsthetic external surroundings of a London suburb, and, yet more, of a London chapel. For Dr. Andrews' was the Londonian chapel in its perfect type, definable as accurately as a Roman basilica,—an oblong, flat-ceiled barn, lighted by windows with semi-circular heads, brick-arched, filled by small-paned glass held by iron bars, like fine threaded halves of cobwebs; galleries propped on iron pipes, up both sides; pews, well shut in, each of them, by partitions of plain deal, and neatly brass-latched deal doors, filling the barn floor, all but its two lateral straw-matted passages; pulpit, sublimely isolated, central from sides and clear of altar rails at end; a stout, four-legged box of well-grained wainscot, high as the level of front galleries, and decorated with a cushion of crimson velvet, padded six inches thick, with gold tassels at the corners; which was a great resource to me when I was tired of the sermon, because I liked watching the rich color of the folds and creases that came in it when the clergyman thumped it.

153. Imagine the change between one Sunday and the next,—from the morning service in this building, attended by the families of the small shopkeepers of the Walworth Road, in their Sunday trimmings; (our plumber's wife, fat, good, sensible Mrs. Goad, sat in the next pew in front of us, sternly sensitive to the interruption of her devotion by our late arrivals); fancy the change from this, to high mass in Rouen Cathedral, its nave filled by the white-capped peasantry of half Normandy!

Nor was the contrast less enchanting or marvelous between the street architecture familiar to my eyes, and that of Flanders and Italy, as an exposition of mercantile taste and power. My father's counting-house was in the center of Billiter Street, some years since effaced from sight and memory of men, but a type, then, of English city state in perfection. We now build house fronts as advertisements, spending a hundred thousand pounds in the lying mask of

our bankruptcies. But in my father's time both trade and building were still honest. His counting-house was a room about fifteen feet by twenty, including desks for two clerks, and a small cupboard for sherry samples, on the first floor, with a larger room opposite for private polite receptions of elegant visitors, or the serving of a chop for himself if he had to stay late in town. The ground floor was occupied by friendly Messrs. Wardell and Co., a bottling retail firm, I believe. The only advertisement of the place of business was the brass plate under the bell-handle, inscribed "Ruskin, Telford, and Domecq," brightly scrubbed by the single female servant in charge of the establishment, old Maisie,—abbreviated or tenderly diminished into the "sie," from I know not what Christian name—Marion, I believe, as Mary into Mause. The whole house, three-storied, with garrets, was under her authority, with, doubtless, assistant morning charwoman,—cooking, waiting, and answering the door to distinguished visitors, all done by Maisie, the visitors being expected of course to announce themselves by the knocker with a flourish in proportion to their eminence in society. The business men rang the counting-house bell aforesaid, (round which the many coats of annual paint were cut into a beautiful slant section by daily scrubbing, like the coats of an agate;) and were admitted by lifting of latch, manipulated by the head clerk's hand in the counting-house, without stirring from his seat.

154. This unpretending establishment, as I said, formed part of the western side of Billiter Street, a narrow trench—it may have been thirty feet wide—admitting, with careful and precise driving, the passing each other of two brewers' drays. I am not sure that this was possible at the ends of the street, but only at a slight enlargement opposite the brewery in the middle. Effectively a mere trench between three-storied houses of prodigious brickwork, thoroughly well laid, and presenting no farther entertainment whatever to the æsthetic beholder than the alternation of the ends and sides of their beautifully level close courses of bricks, and

the practiced and skillful radiation of those which formed the window lintels.

Typical, I repeat, of the group of London edifices, east of the Mansion House, and extending to the Tower; the under-hill picturesquenesses of which, however, were in early days an entirely forbidden district to me, lest I should tumble into the docks; but Fenchurch and Leadenhall Streets, familiar to me as the perfection of British mercantile state and grandeur,—the reader may by effort, though still dimly, conceive the effect on my imagination of the fantastic gables of Ghent, and orange-scented cortiles of Genoa.

155. I can scarcely account to myself, on any of the ordinary principles of resignation, for the undimmed tranquillity of pleasure with which, after these infinite excitements in foreign lands, my father would return to his desk opposite the brick wall of the brewery, and I to my niche behind the drawing-room chimney-piece. But to both of us, the steady occupations, the beloved samenesses, and the sacred customs of home were more precious than all the fervors of wonder in things new to us, or delight in scenes of incomparable beauty. Very early, indeed, I had found that novelty was soon exhausted, and beauty, though inexhaustible, beyond a certain point or time of enthusiasm, no more to be enjoyed; but it is not so often observed by philosophers that home, healthily organized, is always enjoyable; nay, the sick thrill of pleasure through all the brain and heart with which, after even so much as a month or two of absence, I used to catch the first sight of the ridge of Herne Hill, and watch for every turn of the well-known road and every branch of the familiar trees, was—though not so deep or overwhelming—more intimately and vitally powerful than the brightest passions of joy in strange lands, or even in the unaccustomed scenery of my own. To my mother, her ordinary household cares, her reading with Mary and me, her chance of a chat with Mrs. Gray, and the unperturbed preparation for my father's return, and for the quiet evening, were more than all the splendors or wonders of the globe between poles and equator.

156. Thus we returned—full of new thoughts, and faithful to the old, to this exulting rest of home in the close of 1833. An unforeseen shadow was in the heaven of its charmed horizon.

Every day at Cornhill, Charles became more delightful and satisfactory to everybody who knew him. How a boy living all day in London could keep so bright a complexion, and so crisply Achillean curls of hair—and all the gay spirit of his Croydon mother—was not easily conceivable; but he became a perfect combination of the sparkle of Jin Vin with the steadiness of Tunstall, and was untroubled by the charms of any unattainable Margaret, for his master had no daughter; but, as worse chance would have it, a son: so that looking forward to possibilities as a rising apprentice ought, Charles saw that there were none in the house for him beyond the place of cashier, or perhaps only head-clerk. His elder brother, who had taught him to swim by throwing him into Croydon canal, was getting on fast as a general trader in Australia, and naturally longed to have his best-loved brother there for a partner. Bref, it was resolved that Charles should go to Australia. The Christmas time of 1833 passed heavily, for I was very sorry; Mary, a good deal more so: and my father and mother, though in their hearts caring for nobody in the world but me, were grave at the thought of Charles's going so far away; but, honestly and justifiably, thought it for the lad's good. I think the whole affair was decided, and Charles's outfit furnished, and ship's berth settled, and ship's captain interested in his favor, in something less than a fortnight, and down he went to Portsmouth to join his ship joyfully, with the world to win. By due post came the news that he was at anchor off Cowes, but that the ship could not sail because of the west wind. And post succeeded post, and still the west wind blew. We liked the west wind for its own sake, but it was a prolonging of farewell which teased us, though Charles wrote that he was enjoying himself immensely, and the captain, that he had made friends with every sailor on board, besides the passengers.

157. And still the west wind blew. I do not remember how long—some ten days or fortnight, I believe. At last, one day my mother and Mary went with my father into town on some shopping or sight-seeing business of a cheerful character; and I was left at home, busy also about something that cheered me greatly, I know not what; but when I heard the others come in, and upstairs into the drawing-room, I ran eagerly down and into the room, beginning to tell them about this felicity that had befallen me, whatever it was. They all stood like statues, my father and mother very grave. Mary was looking out of the window—the farthest of the front three from the door. As I went on, boasting of myself, she turned round suddenly, her face all streaming with tears, and caught hold of me, and put her face close to mine, that I might hear the sobbing whisper, “Charles is gone.”

158. The west wind had still blown, clearly and strong, and the day before there had been a fresh breeze of it round the isle, at Spithead, exactly the kind of breeze that drifts the clouds, and ridges the waves, in Turner’s Gosport.

The ship was sending her boat on shore for some water, or the like—her little cutter, or somehow sailing, boat. There was a heavy sea running, and the sailors, and, I believe, also a passenger or two, had some difficulty in getting on board. “May I go, too?” said Charles to the captain, as he stood seeing them down the side. “Are you not afraid?” said the captain. “I never was afraid of anything in my life,” said Charles, and went down the side and leaped in.

The boat had not got fifty yards from the ship before she went over, but there were other boats sailing all about them, like gnats in midsummer. Two or three scudded to the spot in a minute, and every soul was saved, except Charles, who went down like a stone.

22nd January, 1834.

All this we knew by little and little. For the first day or two we would not believe it, but thought he must have been

taken up by some other boat and carried to sea. At last came word that his body had been thrown ashore at Cowes: and his father went down to see him buried. That done, and all the story heard, for still the ship stayed, he came to Herne Hill, to tell Charles's "auntie" all about it. (The old man never called my mother anything else than auntie.) It was in the morning, in the front parlor—my mother knitting in her usual place at the fireside, I at my drawing, or the like, in my own place also. My uncle told all the story, in the quiet, steady sort of way that the common English do, till just at the end he broke down into sobbing, saying (I can hear the words now), "They caught the cap off of his head, and yet they couldn't save him."

CHAPTER VIII.

VESTER, CAMENÆ.

159. THE death of Charles closed the doors of my heart again for that time; and the self-engrossed quiet of the Herne Hill life continued for another year, leaving little to be remembered, and less to be told. My parents made one effort, however, to obtain some healthy companionship for me, to which I probably owe more than I knew at the moment.

Some six or seven gates down the hill towards the field, (which I have to return most true thanks to its present owner, Mr. Sopper, for having again opened to the public sight in consequence of the passage above describing the greatness of its loss both to the neighbor and the stranger), some six or seven gates down that way, a pretty lawn, shaded by a low spreading cedar, opened before an extremely neat and carefully kept house, where lived two people, modest in their ways as my father and mother themselves,—Mr. and Mrs. Fall; happier, however, in having son and daughter instead of an only child. Their son, Richard, was a year younger than I, but already at school at Shrewsbury, and somewhat in advance of me therefore in regular discipline; extremely gentle and good-natured,—his sister, still younger, a clever little girl, her mother's constant companion: and both of them unpretending, but rigid, examples of all Herne Hill proprieties, true religions, and useful learnings. I shudder still at the recollection of Mrs. Fall's raised eyebrows one day at my pronunciation of "naiveté" as "naivette."

160. I think it must have been as early as 1832 that my father, noticing with great respect the conduct of all matters in this family, wrote to Mr. Fall in courteous request that

“the two boys” might be permitted, when Richard was at home, to pursue their holiday tasks, or recreations, so far as it pleased them, together. The proposal was kindly taken: the two boys took stock of each other,—agreed to the arrangement,—and, as I had been promoted by that time to the possession of a study, all to myself, while Richard had only his own room, (and *that* liable to sisterly advice or intrusion,) the course which things fell into was that usually, when Richard was at home, he came up past the seven gates about ten in the morning; did what lessons he had to do at the same table with me, occasionally helping me a little with mine; and then we went together for afternoon walk with Dash, Gipsy, or whatever dog chanced to be dominant.

161. I do not venture to affirm that the snow of those Christmas holidays was whiter than it is now, though I might give some reasons for supposing that it remained longer white. But I affirm decisively that it used to fall deeper in the neighborhood of London than has been seen for the last twenty or twenty-five years. It was quite usual to find in the hollows of the Norwood Hills the field fences buried under crested waves of snow, while, from the higher ridges, half the counties of Kent and Surrey shone to the horizon like a cloudless and terrorless Arctic sea.

Richard Fall was entirely good-humored, sensible, and practical; but had no particular tastes; a distaste, if anything, for *my* styles both of art and poetry. He stiffly declined arbitration on the merits of my compositions; and though with pleasant cordiality in daily companionship, took rather the position of putting up with me, than of pride in his privilege of acquaintance with a rising author. He was never unkind or sarcastic; but laughed me inexorably out of writing bad English for rhyme's sake, or demonstrable nonsense either in prose or rhyme. We got gradually accustomed to be together, and far on into life were glad when any chance brought us together again.

162. The year 1834 passed innocuously enough, but with little profit, in the quadripartite industries before described,

followed for my own pleasure;—with minglings of sapless effort in the classics, in which I neither felt, nor foresaw, the least good.

Innocuously *enough*, I say,—meaning, with as little mischief as a well-intentioned boy, virtually masterless, could suffer from having all his own way, and daily confirming himself in the serious impression that his own way was always the best.

I cannot analyze, at least without taking more trouble than I suppose any reader would care to take with me, the mixed good and evil in the third-rate literature which I preferred to the Latin classics. My volume of the *Forget-me-not*, which gave me that precious engraving of Verona, (curiously also another by Prout of St. Mark's at Venice), was somewhat above the general caste of annuals in its quality of letterpress; and contained three stories, "The Red-nosed Lieutenant," by the Rev. George Croly; "Hans in Kelder," by the author of "Chronicles of London Bridge;" and "The Comet," by Henry Neele, Esq., which were in their several ways extremely impressive to me. The partly childish, partly dull, or even, as aforesaid, idiotic, way I had of staring at the same things all day long, carried itself out in reading, so that I could read the same things all the year round. As there was neither advantage nor credit to be got by remembering fictitious circumstances, I was, if anything, rather proud of my skill in forgetting, so as the sooner to recover the zest of the tales; and I suppose these favorites, and a good many less important ones of the sort, were read some twenty times a year, during the earlier epoch of teens.

163. I wonder a little at my having been allowed so long to sit in that drawing-room corner with only my Rogers' Italy, my *Forget-me-not*, the *Continental Annual*, and *Friendship's Offering*, for my working library; and I wonder a little more that my father, in his passionate hope that I might one day write like Byron, never noticed that Byron's early power was founded on a course of general reading of the

masters in every walk of literature, such as is, I think, utterly unparalleled in any other young life, whether of student or author. But I was entirely incapable of such brain-work, and the real gift I had in drawing involved the use in its practice of the best energy of the day. Hans in Kelder, and The Comet, were my manner of rest.

I do not know when my father first began to read Byron to me, with any expectation of my liking him; all primary training, after the Iliad, having been in Scott; but it must have been about the beginning of the teen period, else I should recollect the first effect of it. Manfred evidently, I had got at, like Macbeth, for the sake of the witches. Various questionable changes were made, however, at that 1831 turning of twelve, in the Hermitage discipline of Herne Hill. I was allowed to taste wine; taken to the theater; and, on festive days, even dined with my father and mother at four; and it was then generally at dessert that my father would read any otherwise suspected delight: the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* regularly when they came out—without the least missing of the naughty words; and at last, the shipwreck in Don Juan,—of which, finding me rightly appreciative, my father went on with nearly all the rest. I recollect that he and my mother looked across the table at each other with something of alarm, when, on asking me a few festas afterwards what we should have for after dinner reading, I instantly answered “Juan and Haidée.” My selection was not adopted, and, feeling there was something wrong somewhere, I did not press it, attempting even some stutter of apology which made matters worse. Perhaps I was given a bit of Childe Harold instead, which I liked at that time nearly as well; and, indeed, the story of Haidée soon became too sad for me. But very certainly, by the end of this year 1834, I knew my Byron pretty well all through, all but Cain, Werner, the Deformed Transformed, and Vision of Judgment, none of which I could understand, nor did papa and mamma think it would be well I should try to.

164. The ingenuous reader may perhaps be so much sur-

prised that mamma fell in with all this, that it becomes here needful to mark for him some peculiarities in my mother's prudery which he could not discover for himself, from anything hitherto told of her. He might indeed guess that, after taking me at least six times straight through the Bible, she was not afraid of plain words to, or for, me; but might not feel that in the energy and affectionateness of her character, she had as much sympathy with all that is noble and beautiful in Byron as my father himself; nor that her Puritanism was clear enough in common sense to see that, while Shakespeare and Burns lay open on the table all day, there was no reason for much mystery with Byron (though until later I was not allowed to read him for myself): She had trust in my disposition and education, and was no more afraid of my turning out a Corsair or a Giaour than a Richard III., or a——Solomon. And she was perfectly right, so far. I never got the slightest harm from Byron: what harm came to me was from the facts of life, and from books of a baser kind, including a wide range of the works of authors popularly considered extremely instructive—from Victor Hugo down to Doctor Watts.

165. Farther, I will take leave to explain in this place what I meant by saying that my mother was an "inoffensive" prude. She was herself as strict as Alice Bridgenorth; but she understood the doctrine of the religion she had learnt, and, without ostentatiously calling herself a miserable sinner, knew that according to that doctrine, and probably in fact, Madge Wildfire was no worse a sinner than she. She was like her sister in universal charity—had sympathy with every passion, as well as every virtue, of true womanhood; and, in her heart of hearts, perhaps liked the real Margherita Cogni quite as well as the ideal wife of Faliero.

166. And there was one more feature in my mother's character which must be here asserted at once, to put an end to the notion of which I see traces in some newspaper comments on my past descriptions of her, that she was in any wise like Esther's religious aunt in Bleak House. Far on

the contrary; there was a hearty, frank, and sometimes even irrepressible, laugh in my mother! Never sardonic, yet with a very definitely Smollettesque turn in it! so that, between themselves, she and my father enjoyed their Humphrey Clinker extremely, long before *I* was able to understand either the jest or gist of it. Much more, she could exult in a harmless bit of Smollettesque reality. Years and years after this time, in one of our crossings of the Simplon, just at the top, where we had stopped to look about us, Nurse Anne sat down to rest herself on the railings at the roadside, just in front of the monastery;—the off roadside, from which the bank slopes steeply down outside the fence. Turning to observe the panoramic picturesque, Anne lost her balance, and went backwards over the railings down the bank. My father could not help suggesting that she had done it expressly for the entertainment of the Holy Fathers; and neither he nor my mother could ever speak of the “performance” (as they called it) afterwards, without laughing for a quarter of an hour.

167. If, however, there was the least bitterness or irony in a jest, my mother did not like it; but my father and I liked it all the more, if it were just; and, so far as I could understand it, I rejoiced in all the sarcasm of Don Juan. But my firm decision, as soon as I got well into the later cantos of it, that Byron was to be my master in verse, as Turner in color, was made of course in that gosling (or say cygnet) epoch of existence, without consciousness of the deeper instincts that prompted it: only two things I consciously recognized, that his truth of observation was the most exact, and his chosen expression the most concentrated, that I had yet found in literature. By that time my father had himself put me through the two first books of Livy, and I knew, therefore, what close-set language was; but I saw then that Livy, as afterwards that Horace and Tacitus, were studiously, often laboriously, and sometimes obscurely, concentrated: while Byron wrote, as easily as a hawk flies, and as clearly as a lake reflects, the exact truth in the precisely

narrowest terms; nor only the exact truth, but the most central and useful one.

168. Of course I could no more measure Byron's greater powers at that time than I could Turner's; but I saw that both were right in all things that I knew right from wrong in; and that they must thenceforth be my masters, each in his own domain. The modern reader, not to say also, modern scholar, is usually so ignorant of the essential qualities of Byron, that I cannot go farther in the story of my own novitiate under him without illustrating, by rapid example, the things which I saw to be unrivaled in his work.

For this purpose I take his common prose, rather than his verse, since his modes of rhythm involve other questions than those with which I am now concerned. Read, for chance-first, the sentence on Sheridan, in his letter to Thomas Moore, from Venice, June 1st (or dawn of June 2nd!), 1818. "The Whigs abuse him; however, he never left them, and such blunderers deserve neither credit nor compassion. As for his creditors—remember Sheridan never had a shilling, and was thrown, with great powers and passions, into the thick of the world, and placed upon the pinnacle of success, with no other external means to support him in his elevation. Did Fox pay *his* debts? or did Sheridan take a subscription? Was ——'s drunkenness more excusable than his? Were his intrigues more notorious than those of all his contemporaries? and is his memory to be blasted and theirs respected? Don't let yourself be led away by clamor, but compare him with the coalitioner Fox, and the pensioner Burke, as a man of principle; and with ten hundred thousand in personal views; and with none in talent, for he beat them all out and out. Without means, without connection, without character (which might be false at first, and drive him mad afterwards from desperation), he beat them all, in all he ever attempted. But, alas poor human nature! Good-night, or rather morning. It is four, and the dawn gleams over the Grand Canal, and unshadows the Rialto."

169. Now, observe, that passage is noble, primarily be-

cause it contains the utmost number that will come together into the space, of absolutely just, wise, and kind thoughts. But it is more than noble, it is *perfect*, because the quantity it holds is not artificially or intricately concentrated, but with the serene swiftness of a smith's hammer-strokes on hot iron; and with choice of terms which, each in its place, will convey far more than they mean in the dictionary. Thus, "however" is used instead of "yet," because it stands for "howsoever," or, in full, for "yet whatever they did." "Thick" of society, because it means, not merely the crowd, but the *fog* of it; "ten hundred thousand" instead of "a million," or "a thousand thousand," to take the sublimity out of the number, and make us feel that it is a number of nobodies. Then the sentence in parenthesis, "which might be false," etc., is indeed obscure, because it was impossible to clarify it without a regular pause, and much loss of time; and the reader's sense is therefore left to expand it for himself into "it was, perhaps, falsely said of him at first, that he had no character," etc. Finally, the dawn "unshadows"—lessens the shadow on—the Rialto, but does not *gleam* on that, as on the broad water.

170. Next, take the two sentences on poetry, in his letters to Murray of September 15th, 1817, and April 12th, 1818; (for the collected force of these compare the deliberate published statement in the answer to Blackwood in 1820.)

1817. "With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that he (Moore), and *all* of us—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I—are all in the wrong, one as much as another; that we are upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system, or systems, not worth a damn in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free: and that the present and next generations will finally be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in this by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly Pope, whom I tried in this way: I took Moore's poems, and my own, and some others, and went over them side by side with Pope's, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been

so) and mortified, at the ineffable distance in point of sense, learning, effect, and even *imagination*, passion, and *invention*, between the little Queen Anne's man, and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us; and if I had to begin again, I would mold myself accordingly. Crabbe's the man; but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject, and . . . is retired upon half-pay, and has done enough, unless he were to do as he did formerly."

1818. "I thought of a preface, defending Lord Hervey against Pope's attack, but Pope—quoad Pope, the poet,—against all the world, in the unjustifiable attempts begun by Warton, and carried on at this day by the new school of critics and scribblers, who think themselves poets because they do *not* write like Pope. I have no patience with such cursed humbug and bad taste; your whole generation are not worth a canto of the Rape of the Lock, or the Essay on Man, or the Dunciad, or 'anything that is his.'"

171. There is nothing which needs explanation in the brevities and amenities of these two fragments, except, in the first of them, the distinctive and exhaustive enumeration of the qualities of great poetry,—and note especially the order in which he puts these.

A. Sense. That is to say, the first thing you have to think of is whether the would-be poet is a wise man—so also in the answer to Blackwood, "They call him (Pope) the poet of reason!—is that any reason why he should not be a poet?"

B. Learning. The Ayrshire plowman may have good gifts, but he is out of court with relation to Homer, or Dante, or Milton.

C. Effect. Has he *efficiency* in his verse?—does it tell on the ear and the spirit in an instant? See the "effect" on her audience of Beatrice's "ottave," in the story at p. 286 of Miss Alexander's Songs of Tuscany.

D. Imagination. Put thus low because many novelists and artists have this faculty, yet are not poets, or even good

novelists or painters; because they have not sense to manage it, nor the art to give it effect.

E. Passion. Lower yet, because all good men and women have as much as either they or the poet ought to have.

F. Invention. And this lowest, because one may be a good poet without having this at all. Byron had scarcely any himself, while Scott had any quantity—yet never could write a play.

172. But neither the force and precision, nor the rhythm, of Byron's language, were at all the central reasons for my taking him for master. Knowing the Song of Moses and the Sermon on the Mount by heart, and half the Apocalypse besides, I was in no need of tutorship either in the majesty or simplicity of English words; and for their logical arrangement, I had had Byron's own master, Pope, since I could lisp. But the thing wholly new and precious to me in Byron was his measured and living *truth*—measured, as compared with Homer; and living, as compared with everybody else. My own inexorable measuring wand,—not enchanter's, but cloth-worker's and builder's—reduced to mere incredibility all the statements of the poets usually called sublime. It was of no use for Homer to tell me that Pelion was put on the top of Ossa. I knew perfectly well it wouldn't go on the top of Ossa. Of no use for Pope to tell me that trees where his mistress looked would crowd into a shade, because I was satisfied that they would do nothing of the sort. Nay, the whole world, as it was described to me either by poetry or theology, was every hour becoming more and more shadowy and impossible. I rejoiced in all stories of Pallas and Venus, of Achilles and Eneas, of Elijah and St. John: but, without doubting in my heart that there were real spirits of wisdom and beauty, nor that there had been invincible heroes and inspired prophets, I felt already, with fatal and increasing sadness, that there was no clear utterance about any of them—that there were for *me* neither Goddess guides nor prophetic teachers; and that the poetical histories, whether of this world or the next, were to me as the words of Peter to

the shut up disciples—"as idle tales; and they believed them not."

173. But here at last I had found a man who spoke only of what he had seen, and known; and spoke without exaggeration, without mystery, without enmity, and without mercy. "That is so;—make what you will of it!" Shakespeare said the Alps voided their rheum on the valleys, which indeed is precisely true, with the final truth, in that matter, of James Forbes,—but it was told in a mythic manner, and with an unpleasant British bias to the nasty. But Byron, saying that "the glacier's cold and restless mass moved onward day by day," said plainly what he saw and knew,—no more. So also, the Arabian Nights had told me of thieves who lived in enchanted caves, and beauties who fought with genii in the air; but Byron told me of thieves with whom he had ridden on their own hills, and of the fair Persians or Greeks who lived and died under the very sun that rose over my visible Norwood hills.

And in this narrow, but sure, truth, to Byron, as already to me, it appeared that Love was a transient thing, and Death a dreadful one. He did not attempt to console me for Jessie's death, by saying she was happier in Heaven; or for Charles's, by saying it was a Providential dispensation to me on Earth. He did not tell me that war was a just price for the glory of captains, or that the National command of murder diminished its guilt. Of all things within range of human thought he felt the facts, and discerned the natures with accurate justice.

But even all this he might have done, and yet been no master of mine, had not he sympathized with me in reverent love of beauty, and indignant recoil from ugliness. The witch of the Staubbach in her rainbow was a greatly more pleasant vision than Shakespeare's, like a rat without a tail, or Burns's, in her cutty sark. The sea-king Conrad had an immediate advantage with me over Coleridge's long, lank, brown, and ancient, mariner; and whatever Pope might have gracefully said, or honestly felt of Windsor woods and

streams, was mere tinkling cymbal to me, compared with Byron's love of Lachin-y-Gair.

174. I must pause here, in tracing the sources of his influence over me, lest the reader should mistake the analysis which I am now able to give them, for a description of the feelings possible to me at fifteen. Most of these, however, were assuredly within the knot of my unfolding mind—as the saffron of the crocus yet beneath the earth; and Byron—though he could not teach me to love mountains or sea more than I did in childhood, first animated them for me with the sense of real human nobleness and grief. He taught me the meaning of Chillon and of Meillerie, and bade me seek first in Venice—the ruined homes of Foscarei and Falier.

And observe, the force with which he struck depended again on there being unquestionable reality of person in his stories, as of principle in his thoughts. Romance, enough and to spare, I had learnt from Scott—but his *Lady of the Lake* was as openly fictitious as his *White Maid of Avenel*: while Rogers was a mere dilettante, who felt no difference between landing where Tell leaped ashore, or standing where “St. Preux has stood.” Even Shakespeare's Venice was visionary; and Portia as impossible as Miranda. But Byron told me of, and reanimated for me, the real people whose feet had worn the marble I trod on.

175. One word only, though it trenches on a future subject, I must permit myself about his rhythm. Its natural flow in almost prosaic simplicity and tranquillity interested me extremely, in opposition alike to the symmetrical clauses of Pope's logical meter, and to the balanced strophes of classic and Hebrew verse. But though I followed his manner instantly in what verses I wrote for my own amusement, my respect for the structural, as opposed to fluent, force of the classic measures, supported as it was partly by Byron's contempt for his own work, and partly by my own architect's instinct for “the principle of the pyramid,” made me long endeavor, in forming my prose style, to keep the cadences of Pope and Johnson for all serious statement. Of John-

son's influence on me I have to give account in the last chapter of this volume; meantime, I must get back to the days of mere rivulet-singing, in my poor little watercress life."

176. I had a sharp attack of pleurisy in the spring of '35, which gave me much gasping pain, and put me in some danger for three or four days, during which our old family physician, Dr. Walshman, and my mother, defended me against the wish of all other scientific people to have me bled. "He wants all the blood he has in him to fight the illness," said the old doctor, and brought me well through, weak enough, however, to claim a fortnight's nursing and petting afterwards, during which I read the "Fair Maid of Perth," learned the song of "Poor Louise," and feasted on Stanfield's drawing of St. Michael's Mount, engraved in the "Coast Scenery," and Turner's Santa Saba, Pool of Bethesda, and Corinth, engraved in the Bible series, lent me by Richard Fall's little sister. I got an immense quantity of useful learning out of those four plates, and am very thankful to possess now the originals of the Bethesda and Corinth.

Moreover, I planned all my proceedings on the journey to Switzerland, which was to begin the moment I was strong enough. I shaded in cobalt a "cyanometer" to measure the blue of the sky with; bought a ruled notebook for geological observations, and a large quarto for architectural sketches, with square rule and foot-rule ingeniously fastened outside. And I determined that the events and sentiments of this journey should be described in a poetic diary in the style of Don Juan, artfully combined with that of Childe Harold. Two cantos of this work were indeed finished—carrying me across France to Chamouni—where I broke down, finding that I had exhausted on the Jura all the descriptive terms at my disposal, and that none were left for the Alps. I must try to give, in the next chapter, some useful account of the same part of the journey in less exalted language.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COL DE LA FAUCILLE.

177. ABOUT the moment in the forenoon when the modern fashionable traveler, intent on Paris, Nice, and Monaco, and started by the morning mail from Charing Cross, has a little recovered himself from the qualms of his crossing, and the irritation of fighting for seats at Boulogne, and begins to look at his watch to see how near he is to the buffet of Amiens, he is apt to be balked and worried by the train's useless stop at one inconsiderable station, lettered *ABBEVILLE*. As the carriage gets in motion again, he may see, if he cares to lift his eyes for an instant from his newspaper, two square towers, with a curiously attached bit of traceried arch, dominant over the poplars and osiers of the marshy level he is traversing. Such glimpse is probably all he will ever wish to get of them; and I scarcely know how far I can make even the most sympathetic reader understand their power over my own life.

The country town in which they are central,—once, like Croyland, a mere monk's and peasant's refuge (so for some time called "Refuge"), among the swamps of Somme, received about the year 650 the name of "*Abbatis Villa*,"—"Abbot's-ford," I had like to have written: house and village, I suppose we may rightly say,—as the chief dependence of the great monastery founded by St. Riquier at his native place, on the hillside five miles east of the present town. Concerning which saint I translate from the *Dict^{re} des Sciences Eccles^{ques}*, what it may perhaps be well for the reader, in present political junctures, to remember for more weighty reasons than any arising out of such interest as he may take in my poor little nascent personality.

178. "St. Riquier, in Latin 'Sanctus Richarius,' born in the village of Centula, at two leagues from Abbeville, was so touched by the piety of two holy priests of Ireland, whom he had hospitably received, that he also embraced 'la pénitence.' Being ordained priest, he devoted himself to preaching, and so passed into England. Then, returning into Ponthieu, he became, by God's help, powerful in work and word in leading the people to repentance. He preached at the court of Dagobert, and, a little while after that prince's death, founded the monastery which bore his name, and another, called Forest-Moutier, in the wood of Crécy, where he ended his life and penitence."

I find further in the Ecclesiastical History of Abbeville, published in 1646 at Paris by François Pelican, "Rue St. Jacques, a l'enseigne du Pelican," that St. Riquier was himself of royal blood, that St. Angilbert, the seventh abbot, had married Charlemagne's second daughter Bertha—"qui se rendit aussi Religieuse de l'ordre de Saint Benoist." Louis, the eleventh abbot, was cousin-german to Charles the Bald; the twelfth was St. Angilbert's son, Charlemagne's grandson. Raoul, the thirteenth abbot, was the brother of the Empress Judith; and Carloman, the sixteenth, was the son of Charles the Bald.

179. Lifting again your eyes, good reader, as the train gets to its speed, you may see gleaming opposite on the hillside the white village and its abbey,—not, indeed, the walls of the home of these princes and princesses, (afterwards again and again ruined,) but the still beautiful abbey built on their foundations by the monks of St. Maur.

In the year when the above quoted history of Abbeville was written (say 1600 for surety), the town, then familiarly called "Faithful Abbeville," contained 40,000 souls, "living in great unity among themselves, of a marvelous frankness, fearing to do wrong to their neighbor, the women modest, honest, full of faith and charity, and adorned with a goodness and beauty toute innocente: the noblesse numerous, hardy, and adroit in arms, the masterships (maistrises) of arts and

trades, with excellent workers in every profession, under sixty-four Mayor-Bannerets, who are the chiefs of the trades, and elect the mayor of the city, who is an independent Home Ruler, de grande probité, d'autorité, et sans reproche, aided by four eschevins of the present, and four of the past year; having authority of justice, police, and war, and right to keep the weights and measures true and unchanged, and to punish those who abuse them, or sell by false weight or measure, or sell anything without the town's mark on it." Moreover, the town contained, besides the great church of St. Wulfran, thirteen parish churches, six monasteries, eight nunneries, and five hospitals, among which churches I am especially bound to name that of St. George, begun by our own Edward in 1368, on the 10th of January; transferred and reconsecrated in 1469 by the Bishop of Bethlehem, and enlarged by the Marguilliers in 1536, "because the congregation had so increased that numbers had to remain outside on days of solemnity."

—These reconstructions took place with so great ease and rapidity at Abbeville, owing partly to the number of its unanimous workmen, partly to the easily workable quality of the stone they used, and partly to the uncertainty of a foundation always on piles, that there is now scarce vestige left of any building prior to the fifteenth century. St. Wulfran itself; with St. Riquier, and all that remain of the parish churches (four only, now, I believe, besides St. Wulfran), are of the same flamboyant Gothic,—walls and towers alike coeval with the gabled timber houses of which the busier streets chiefly consisted when first I saw them.

180. I must here, in advance, tell the general reader that there have been, in sum, three centers of my life's thought: Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa. All that I did at Venice was by-work, because her history had been falsely written before, and not even by any of her own people understood; and because, in the world of painting, Tintoret was virtually unseen, Veronese unfelt, Carpaccio not so much as named, when I began to study them; something also was due to my love of

gliding about in gondolas. But Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa have been tutresses of all I know, and were mistresses of all I did, from the first moments I entered their gates.

In this journey of 1835 I first saw Rouen and Venice—Pisa not till 1840; nor could I understand the full power of any of those great scenes till much later. But for Abbeville, which is the preface and interpretation of Rouen, I was ready on that 5th. of June, and felt that here was entrance for me into immediately healthy labor and joy.

181. For here I saw that art (of its local kind), religion, and present human life, were yet in perfect harmony. There were no dead six days and dismal seventh in those sculptured churches; there was no beadle to lock me out of them, or pew-shutter to shut me in. I might haunt them, fancying myself a ghost; peep round their pillars, like Rob Roy; kneel in them, and scandalize nobody; draw in them, and disturb none. Outside, the faithful old town gathered itself, and nestled under their buttresses like a brood beneath the mother's wings; the quiet, uninjurious aristocracy of the newer town opened into silent streets, between self-possessed and hidden dignities of dwelling, each with its courtyard and richly trellised garden. The commercial square, with the main street of traverse, consisted of uncompetitive shops, such as were needful, of the native wares: cloth and hosiery spun, woven, and knitted within the walls; cheese of neighboring Neuchatel; fruit of their own gardens, bread from the fields above the green coteaux; meat of their herds, untainted by American tin; smith's work of sufficient scythe and plowshare, hammered on the open anvil; groceries dainty, the coffee generally roasting odoriferously in the street, before the door; for the modistes—well, perhaps a bonnet or two from Paris, the rest, wholesome dress for peasant and dame of Ponthieu. Above the prosperous, serenely busy and beneficent shop, the old dwelling-house of its ancestral masters; pleasantly carved, proudly roofed, keeping its place, and order, and recognized function, unailing, unenlarging, for centuries. Round all, the breezy ramparts, with their long

waving avenues; through all, in variously circuiting cleanness and sweetness of navigable river and active millstream, the green chalk-water of the Somme.

My most intense happinesses have of course been among mountains. But for cheerful, unalloyed, unwearied pleasure, the getting in sight of Abbeville on a fine summer afternoon, jumping out in the courtyard of the Hôtel de l'Europe, and rushing down the street to see St. Wulfran again before the sun was off the towers, are things to cherish the past for,—to the end.

182. Of Rouen, and its Cathedral, my saying remains yet to be said, if days be given me, in "Our Fathers have told us." The sight of them, and following journey up the Seine to Paris, then to Soissons and Rheims, determined, as aforesaid, the first center and circle of future life-work. Beyond Rheims, at Bar-le-Duc, I was brought again within the greater radius of the Alps, and my father was kind enough to go down by Plombières to Dijon, that I might approach them by the straightest pass of Jura.

The reader must pardon my relating so much as I think he may care to hear of this journey of 1835, rather as what *used* to happen, than as limitable to that date; for it is extremely difficult for me now to separate the circumstances of any one journey from those of subsequent days, in which we stayed at the same inns, with variation only from the blue room to the green, saw the same sights, and rejoiced the more in every pleasure—that it was not new.

And this latter part of the road from Paris to Geneva, beautiful without being the least terrific or pathetic, but in the most lovable and cheerful way, became afterwards so dear and so domestic to me, that I will not attempt here to check my gossip of it.

183. We used always to drive out of the yard of La Cloche at Dijon in early morning—seven, after joyful breakfast at half-past six. The small saloon on the first floor to the front had a bedroom across the passage at the west end of it, whose windows commanded the cathedral towers over a low roof on

the opposite side of the street. This was always mine, and its bed was in an alcove at the back, separated only by a lath partition from an extremely narrow passage leading from the outer gallery to Anne's room. It was a delight for Anne to which I think she looked forward all across France, to open a little hidden door from this passage, at the back of the alcove exactly above my pillow, and surprise, or wake, me in the morning.

I think I only remember once starting in rain. Usually the morning sun shone through the misty spray and far thrown diamonds of the fountain in the southeastern suburb, and threw long poplar shadows across the road to Genlis.

Genlis, Auxonne, Dole, Mont-sous-Vaudrey—three stages of 12 or 14 kilometers each, two of 18; in all about 70 kilometers = 42 miles, from Dijon gate to Jura foot—we went straight for the hills always, lunching on French plums and bread.

Level plain of little interest to Auxonne. I used to wonder how any mortal creature could be content to live within actual sight of Jura, and never go to see them, all their lives! At Auxonne, cross the Saone, wide and beautiful in clear shallows of green stream—little more, yet, than a noble mountain torrent; one saw in an instant it came from Jura. Another hour of patience, and from the broken yellow limestone slopes of Dole—there, at last, they were—the long blue surges of them fading as far as eye could see to the south, more abruptly near to the northeast, where the bold outlier, almost island, of them, rises like a precipitous Wrekin, above Salins. Beyond Dole, a new wildness comes into the more undulating country, notable chiefly for its clay-built cottages with enormously high thatched gables of roof. Strange, that I never inquired into the special reason of that form, nor looked into a single cottage to see the mode of its inhabitation!

184. The village, or rural town, of Poligny, clustered out of well-built old stone houses, with gardens and orchards; and gathering at the midst of it into some pretense or manner of

a street, straggles along the roots of Jura at the opening of a little valley, which in Yorkshire or Derbyshire limestone would have been a gorge between nodding cliffs, with a pretty pattering stream at the bottom: but, in Jura is a far retiring theater of rising terraces, with bits of field and garden getting foot on them at various heights; a spiry convent in its hollow, and well-built little nests of husbandry-building set in corners of meadow, and on juts of rock;—no stream, to speak of, nor springs in it, nor the smallest conceivable reason for its being there, but that God made it.

“Far” retiring, I said,—perhaps a mile into the hills from the outer plain, by half a mile across, permitting the main road from Paris to Geneva to serpentine and zigzag capriciously up the cliff terraces with innocent engineering, finding itself every now and then where it had no notion of getting to, and looking, in a circumflex of puzzled level, where it was to go next;—retrospect of the plain of Burgundy enlarging under its backward sweeps, till at last, under a broken bit of steep final crag, it got quite up the side, and out over the edge of the ravine, where said ravine closes as unreasonably as it had opened, and the surprised traveler finds himself, magically as if he were Jack of the Beanstalk, in a new plain of an upper world. A world of level rock, breaking at the surface into yellow soil, capable of scanty, but healthy, turf, and sprinkled copse and thicket; with here and there, beyond, a blue surge of pines, and over those, if the evening or morning were clear, always one small bright silvery likeness of a cloud.

185. These first tracts of Jura differ in many pleasant ways from the limestone levels round Ingleborough, which are their English types. The Yorkshire moors are mostly by a hundred or two feet higher, and exposed to drift of rain under violent, nearly constant, wind. They break into wide fields of loose blocks, and rugged slopes of shale; and are mixed with sands and clay from the millstone grit, which nourish rank grass, and lodge in occasional morass: the wild winds also forbidding any vestige or comfort of tree, except

here and there in a sheltered nook of new plantation. But the Jura sky is as calm and clear as that of the rest of France; if the day is bright on the plain, the bounding hills are bright also; the Jura rock, balanced in the make of it between chalk and marble, weathers indeed into curious rifts and furrows, but rarely breaks loose, and has long ago clothed itself either with forest flowers, or with sweet short grass, and all blossoms that love sunshine. The pure air, even on this lower ledge of a thousand feet above sea, cherishes their sweetest scents and liveliest colors, and the winter gives them rest under thawless serenity of snow.

186. A still greater and stranger difference exists in the system of streams. For all their losing themselves and hiding, and intermitting, their presence is distinctly felt on a Yorkshire moor; one sees the places they have been in yesterday, the wells where they will flow after the next shower, and a tricklet here at the bottom of a crag, or a tinkle there from the top of it, is always making one think whether this is one of the sources of Aire, or rootlets of Ribble, or beginnings of Bolton Strid, or threads of silver which are to be spun into Tees.

But no whisper, nor murmur, nor patter, nor song, of streamlet disturbs the enchanted silence of open Jura. The rain-cloud clasps her cliffs, and floats along her fields; it passes, and in an hour the rocks are dry, and only beads of dew left in the *Alchemilla* leaves,—but of rivulet, or brook,—no vestige yesterday, or to-day, or to-morrow. Through unseen fissures and filmy crannies the waters of cliff and plain have alike vanished, only far down in the depths of the main valley glides the strong river, unconscious of change.

187. One is taught thus much for one's earliest lesson, in the two stages from Poligny to Champagnole, level over the absolutely crisp turf and sun-bright rock, without so much water anywhere as a cress could grow in, or a tadpole wag his tail in,—and then, by a zigzag of shady road, forming the Park and Boulevard of the wistful little village, down to the single arched bridge that leaps the Ain, which pauses

underneath in magnificent pools of clear pale green: the green of spring leaves; then clashes into foam, half weir, half natural cascade, and into a confused race of currents beneath hollow overhanging of crag festooned with leafage. The only marvel is, to anyone knowing Jura structure, that rivers should be visible anywhere at all, and that the rocks should be consistent enough to carry them in open air through the great valleys, without perpetual "pertes" like that of the Rhone. Below the Lac de Joux the Orbe thus loses itself indeed, reappearing seven hundred feet * beneath in a scene of which I permit myself to quote my Papa Saussure's description.

188. "A semicircular rock at least two hundred feet high, composed of great horizontal rocks hewn vertical, and divided † by ranks of pine which grow on their projecting ledges, closes to the west the valley of Valorbe. Mountains yet more elevated and covered with forests, form a circuit round this rock, which opens only to give passage to the Orbe, whose source is at its foot. Its waters, of a perfect limpidity, flow at first with a majestic tranquillity upon a bed tapestried with beautiful green moss (*Fontinalis antipyretica*), but soon, drawn into a steep slope, the thread of the current breaks itself in foam against the rocks which occupy the middle of its bed, while the borders, less agitated, flowing always on their green ground, set off the whiteness of the midst of the river; and thus it withdraws itself from sight, in following the course of a deep valley covered with pines, whose blackness is rendered more striking by the vivid green of the beeches which are scattered among them.

"Ah, if Petrarch had seen this spring and had found there his Laura, how much would not he have preferred it to that of Vacluse, more abundant, perhaps, and more rapid, but of which the sterile rocks have neither the greatness of ours, nor the rich parure, which embellishes them."

I have never seen the source of the Orbe, but would com-

* Six hundred and eighty French feet. Saussure, §§ 385.

† "Taillées à pic, et entrecoupées."

mend to the reader's notice the frequent beauty of these great springs in literally *rising* at the base of cliffs, instead of falling, as one would have imagined likely, out of clefts in the front of them. In our own English antitype of the source of Orbe, Malham Cove, the flow of water is, in like manner, wholly at the base of the rock, and seems to rise to the ledge of its outlet from a deeper interior pool.

189. The old Hôtel de la Poste at Champagnole stood just above the bridge of Ain, opposite the town, where the road got level again as it darted away towards Geneva. I think the year 1842 was the first in which we lengthened the day from Dijon by the two stages beyond Poligny; but afterwards, the Hôtel de la Poste at Champagnole became a kind of home to us: going out, we had so much delight there, and coming home, so many thoughts, that a great space of life seemed to be passed in its peace. No one was ever in the house but ourselves; if a family stopped every third day or so, it was enough to maintain the inn, which, besides, had its own farm; and those who did stop, rushed away for Geneva early in the morning. We, who were to sleep again at Morez, were in no hurry; and in returning always left Geneva on Friday, to get the Sunday at Champagnole.

190. But my own great joy was in the early June evening, when we had arrived from Dijon, and I got out after the quickly dressed trout and cutlet for the first walk on rock and under pine.

With all my Tory prejudice (I mean, principle), I have to confess that one great joy of Swiss—above all, Jurassic Swiss—ground to me, is in its effectual, not merely theoretic, *liberty*. Among the greater hills, one can't always go just where one chooses,—all around is the too far, or too steep,—one wants to get to this, and climb that, and can't do either;—but in Jura one can go every way, and be happy everywhere. Generally, if there was time, I used to climb the islet of crag to the north of the village, on which there are a few gray walls of ruined castle, and the yet traceable paths of its “pleasance,” whence to look if the likeness of white

cloud were still on the horizon. Still there, in the clear evening, and again and again, each year more marvelous to me; the derniers rochers, and calotte of Mont Blanc. Only those; that is to say just as much as may be seen over the Dome du Gouté from St. Martin's. But it looks as large from Champagnole as it does there—glowing in the last light like a harvest moon.

If there were not time to reach the castle rock, at least I could get into the woods above the Ain, and gather my first Alpine flowers. Again and again, I feel the duty of gratitude to the formalities and even vulgarities of Herne Hill, for making me to feel by contrast the divine wildness of Jura forest.

Then came the morning drive into the higher glen of the Ain, where the road began first to wind beside the falling stream. One never understands how those winding roads steal with their tranquil slope from height to height; it was but an hour's walking beside the carriage,—an hour passed like a minute, and one emerged on the high plain of St. Laurent, and the gentians began to gleam among the roadside grass, and the pines swept round the horizon with the dark infinitude of ocean.

191. All Switzerland was there in hope and sensation, and what was less than Switzerland was in some sort better, in its meek simplicity and healthy purity. The Jura cottage is not carved with the stately richness of the Bernese, nor set together with the antique strength of Uri. It is covered with thin slit fine shingles, sideroofed as it were to the ground for mere dryness' sake, a little crossing of laths here and there underneath the window its only ornament. It has no daintiness of garden nor wealth of farm about it,—is indeed little more than a delicately-built chalet, yet trim and domestic, mildly intelligent of things other than pastoral, watch-making and the like, though set in the midst of the meadows, the gentian at its door, the lily of the valley wild in the copses hard by.

My delight in these cottages, and in the sense of human

industry and enjoyment through the whole scene, was at the root of all pleasure in its beauty; see the passage afterwards written in the "Seven Lamps" insisting on this as if it were general to human nature thus to admire through sympathy. I have noticed since, with sorrowful accuracy, how many people there are who, wherever they find themselves, think only "of their position." But the feeling which gave me so much happiness, both then and through life, differed also curiously, in its impersonal character, from that of many even of the best and kindest persons.

192. In the beginning of the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, edited with too little comment by my dear friend Charles Norton, I find at page 18 this—to me entirely disputable, and to my thought, so far as undisputed, much blamable and pitiable, exclamation of my master's: "Not till we can think that here and there one is thinking of us, one is loving us, does this waste earth become a peopled garden." My training, as the reader has perhaps enough perceived, produced in me the precisely opposite sentiment. My times of happiness had always been when *nobody* was thinking of me; and the main discomfort and drawback to all proceedings and designs, the attention and interference of the public—represented by my mother and the gardener. The garden was no waste place to me, because I did not suppose myself an object of interest either to the ants or the butterflies; and the only qualification of the entire delight of my evening walk at Champagnole or St. Laurent was the sense that my father and mother *were* thinking of me, and would be frightened if I was five minutes late for tea.

I don't mean in the least that I could have done without them. They were, to me, much more than Carlyle's wife to him; and if Carlyle had written, instead of, that he wanted Emerson to think of him in America, that he wanted his father and mother to be thinking of him at Ecclefechan, it had been well. But that the rest of the world was waste to him unless he had admirers in it, is a sorry state of sentiment enough; and I am somewhat tempted, for once, to admire the

exactly opposite temper of my own solitude. My entire delight was in observing without being myself noticed,—if I could have been invisible, all the better. I was absolutely interested in men and their ways, as I was interested in marmots and chamois, in tomtits and trout. If only they would stay still and let me look at them, and not get into their holes and up their heights! The living inhabitation of the world—the grazing and nesting in it,—the spiritual power of the air, the rocks, the waters, to be in the midst of it, and rejoice and wonder at it, and help it if I could,—happier if it needed no help of mine,—this was the essential love of *Nature* in me, this the root of all that I have usefully become, and the light of all that I have rightly learned.

193. Whether we slept at St. Laurent or Morez, the morning of the next day was an eventful one. In ordinarily fine weather, the ascent from Morez to Les Rousses, walked most of the way, was mere enchantment; so also breakfast, and fringed-gentian gathering, at Les Rousses. Then came usually an hour of tortured watching the increase of the noon clouds; for, however early we had risen, it was impossible to reach the Col de la Faucille before two o'clock, or later if we had bad horses, and at two o'clock, if there are clouds above Jura, there will be assuredly clouds on the Alps.

It is worth notice, Saussure himself not having noticed it, that this main pass of Jura, unlike the great passes of the Alps, reaches its traverse-point very nearly under the highest summit of that part of the chain. The col, separating the source of the Bienne, which runs down to Morez and St. Claude, from that of the Valserine, which winds through the midst of Jura to the Rhone at Bellegarde, is a spur of the Dole itself, under whose prolonged masses the road is then carried six miles farther, ascending very slightly to the Col de la Faucille, where the chain opens suddenly, and a sweep of the road, traversed in five minutes at a trot, opens the whole Lake of Geneva, and the chain of the Alps along a hundred miles of horizon.

194. I have never seen that view perfectly but once—in

this year 1835; when I drew it carefully in my then fashion, and have been content to look back to it as the confirming sequel of the first view of the Alps from Schaffhausen. Very few travelers, even in old times, saw it at all; tired of the long posting journey from Paris, by the time they got to the col they were mostly thinking only of their dinners and rest at Geneva; the guidebooks said nothing about it; and though, for everybody, it was an inevitable task to ascend the Righi, nobody ever thought there was anything to be seen from the Dole.

Both mountains have had enormous influence on my whole life;—the Dole continually and calmly; the Righi at sorrowful intervals, as will be seen. But the Col de la Faucille, on that day of 1835, opened to me in distinct vision the Holy Land of my future work and true home in this world. My eyes had been opened, and my heart with them, to see and to possess royally such a kingdom! Far as the eye could reach—that land and its moving or pausing waters; Arve, and his gates of Cluse, and his glacier fountains; Rhone, and the infinitude of his sapphire lake,—his peace beneath the narcissus meads of Vevay—his cruelty beneath the promontories of Sierre. And all that rose against and melted into the sky, of mountain and mountain snow; and all that living plain, burning with human gladness—studded with white homes,—a milky way of star-dwellings cast across its sunlit blue.

CHAPTER X.

QUEM TU, MELPOMENE.

195. WHETHER in the biography of a nation, or of a single person, it is alike impossible to trace it steadily through successive years. Some forces are failing while others strengthen, and most act irregularly, or else at uncorresponding periods of renewed enthusiasm after intervals of lassitude. For all clearness of exposition, it is necessary to follow first one, then another, without confusing notices of what is happening in other directions.

I must accordingly cease talk of pictorial and rhythmic efforts of the year 1835, at this point; and go back to give account of another segment of my learning, which might have had better consequence than ever came of it, had the stars so pleased.

196. I cannot, and perhaps the reader will be thankful, remember anything of the Apolline instincts under which I averred to incredulous papa and mamma that, "though I could not speak, I could play upon the fiddle." But even to this day, I look back with starts of sorrow to a lost opportunity of showing what was in me, of that manner of genius, on the occasion of a grand military dinner in the state room of the Sussex, at Tunbridge Wells; where, when I was something about eight or nine years old, we were staying in an unadventurous manner, enjoying the pantiles, the common, the sight, if not the taste, of the lovely fountain, and drives to the High Rocks. After the military dinner there was military music, and by connivance of waiters, Anne and I got in, somehow, mixed up with the dessert. I believe I was rather a pretty boy then, and dressed in a not wholly civilian manner, in a sort of laced and buttoned surtout. My mind

was extremely set on watching the instrumental maneuvers of the band,—with admiration of all, but burning envy of the drummer.

The colonel took notice of my rapt attention, and sent an ensign to bring me round to him; and after getting, I know not how, at my mind in the matter, told me I might go and ask the drummer to give me his lovely round-headed sticks, and he would. I was in two minds to do it, having good confidence in my powers of keeping time. But the dismal shyness conquered:—I shook my head woefully, and my musical career was blighted. No one will ever know what I could then have brought out of that drum, or (if my father had perchance taken me to Spain) out of a tambourine.

197. My mother, busy in graver matters, had never cultivated the little she had been taught of music, though her natural sensibility to it was great. Mrs. Richard Gray used sometimes to play gracefully to me, but if ever she struck a false note, her husband used to put his fingers in his ears, and dance about the room, exclaiming, “O Mary, Mary dear!” and so extinguish her. Our own Perth Mary played dutifully her scales, and little more; but I got useful help, almost unconsciously, from a family of young people who ought, if my chronology had been systematic, to have been affectionately spoken of long ago.

In above describing my father’s counting-house, I said the door was opened by a latch pulled by the head clerk. This head clerk, or, putting it more modestly, topmost of two clerks, Henry Watson, was a person of much import in my father’s life and mine; import which, I perceive, looking back, to have been as in many respects tender and fortunate, yet in others extremely doleful, both to us and himself.

The chief fault in my father’s mind, (I say so reverently, for its faults were few, but necessarily, for they were very fatal,) was his dislike of being excelled. He knew his own power—felt that he had not nerve to use or display it, in full measure; but all the more, could not bear, in his own sphere, any approach to equality. He chose his clerks first for trust-

worthiness, secondly for—*incapacity*. I am not sure that he would have sent away a clever one, if he had chanced on such a person; but he assuredly did not look for mercantile genius in them, but rather for subordinates who would be subordinate forever. Frederick the Great chose his clerks in the same way; but then, his clerks never supposed themselves likely to be king, while a merchant's clerks are apt to hope they may at least become partners, if not successors. Also, Friedrich's clerks were absolutely fit for *their* business; but my father's clerks were, in many ways, utterly unfit for theirs. Of which unfitness my father greatly complaining, nevertheless by no means bestirred himself to find fitter ones. He used to send Henry Watson on business tours, and assure him afterwards that he had done more harm than good: he would now and then leave Henry Ritchie to write a business letter; and, I think, find with some satisfaction that it was needful afterwards to write two, himself, in correction of it. There was scarcely a day when he did not come home in some irritation at something that one or other of them had done, or not done. But they stayed with him till his death.

198. Of the second in command, Mr. Ritchie, I will say what is needful in another place; but the clerk of confidence, Henry Watson, has already been left unnoticed too long. He was, I believe, the principal support of a widowed mother and three grown-up sisters, amiable, well educated, and fairly sensible women, all of them; refined beyond the average tone of their position,—and desirous, not vulgarly, of keeping themselves in the upper-edge circle of the middle class. Not vulgarly, I say, as caring merely to have carriages stopping at their door, but with real sense of the good that *is* in good London society, in London society's way. They liked, as they did not drop their own h's, to talk with people who did not drop theirs; to hear what was going on in polite circles; and to have *entrée* to a pleasant dance, or rightly given concert. Being themselves both good and pleasing musicians, (the qualities are not united in all musicians,) this was not difficult for them;—nevertheless it meant necessarily having

a house in a street of tone, near the Park, and being nicely dressed, and giving now and then a little reception themselves. On the whole, it meant the total absorption of Henry's salary, and of the earnings, in some official, or otherwise plumaged occupations, of two brothers besides, David and William. The latter, now I think of it, was a West-End wine merchant, supplying the nobility with Clos-Vougeot, Hochheimer, dignifiedly still Champagne, and other nectareous drinks, of which the bottom fills up half the bottle, and which are only to be had out of the cellars of Grand Dukes and Counts of the Empire. The family lived, to the edge of their means,—not too narrowly: the young ladies enjoyed themselves, studied German—and at that time it was thought very fine and poetical to study German;—sang extremely well, gracefully and easily; had good taste in dress, the better for being a little matronly and old-fashioned: and the whole family thought themselves extremely *élite*, in a substantial and virtuous manner.

199. When Henry Watson was first taken, (then, I believe, a boy of sixteen,) I know not by what chance, or on what commendation, into my father's counting-house, the opening was thought by his family a magnificent one; they were very thankful and happy, and, of course, in their brother's interest, eager to do all they could to please my father and mother. They found, however, my mother not very easily pleased; and presently began themselves to be not a little surprised and *displeased* by the way things went on, both in the counting-house and at Herne Hill. At the one, there was steady work; at the other, little show: the clerks could by no means venture to leave their desks for a garden-party, and after dark were allowed only tallow candles. That the head of the Firm should live in the half of a party-walled house, beyond the suburb of Camberwell, was a degradation and disgrace to everybody connected with the business! and that Henry should be obliged every morning to take omnibus into the eastern City, and work within scent of Billingsgate, instead of walking elegantly across Pic-

cadilly to an office in St. James's Street, was alike injurious to him, and disparaging to my father's taste and knowledge of the world. Also, to the feminine circle, my mother was a singular, and sorrowfully intractable, phenomenon. Taking herself no interest in German studies, and being little curious as to the events, and little respectful to the opinions, of Mayfair, she was apt to look with some severity, perhaps a tinge of jealousy, on what she thought pretentious in the accomplishments, or affected in the manners, of the young people: while they, on the other hand, though quite sensible of my mother's worth, grateful for her good will, and in time really attached to her, were not disposed to pay much attention to the opinions of a woman who knew only her own language;—and were more restive than responsive under kindnesses which frequently took the form of advice.

200. These differences in feeling, irreconcilable though they were, did not hinder the growth of consistently pleasant and sincerely affectionate relations between my mother and the young housewives. With what best of girl nature was in them, Fanny, Helen, and foolishest, cleverest little Juliet, enjoyed, in springtime, exchanging for a day or two the dusty dignity of their street of tone in Mayfair for the lilacs and laburnums of Herne-hill: and held themselves, with their brother Henry, always ready at call to come out on any occasion of the hill's hospitality to some respected correspondent of the House, and sing to us the prettiest airs from the new opera, with a due foundation and tonic intermixture of classical German.

Henry had a singularly beautiful tenor voice; and the three sisters, though not, any one of them, of special power, sang their parts with sufficient precision, with intelligent taste, and with the pretty unison of sisterly voices. In this way, from early childhood, I was accustomed to hear a great range of good music completely and rightly rendered, without breakings down, missings out, affectations of manner, or vulgar prominence of execution. Had the quartette sung me English glees, or Scotch ballads, or British salt water

ones, or had any one of the girls had gift enough to render higher music with its proper splendor, I might easily have been led to spare some time from my maps and mineralogy for attentive listening. As it was, the scientific German compositions were simply tiresome to me, and the pretty modulations of Italian, which I understood no syllable of, pleasant only as the trills of the blackbirds, who often listened, and expressed their satisfaction by joining in the part-songs through the window that opened to the back garden in the spring evenings. Yet the education of my ear and taste went on without trouble of mine. I do not think I ever heard any masterly professional music, until, as good hap was, I heard the best, only to be heard during a narrow space of those young days.

201. I too carelessly left without explanation the casual sentence about "fatal dinner at Mr. Domecq's" when I was fourteen, above, Chap. IV., p. 63. My father's Spanish partner was at that time living in the Champs Elysées, with his English wife and his five daughters; the eldest, Diana, on the eve of her marriage with one of Napoleon's officers, Count Maison; the four others, much younger, chanced to be at home on vacation from their convent school: and we had happy family dinner with them, and mamma and the girls and a delightful old French gentleman, Mr. Badell, played afterwards at "la toilette de Madamé" with me; only I couldn't remember whether I was the necklace or the garters; and then Clotilde and Cécile played "les Echos" and other fascinations of dance-melody,—only I couldn't dance; and at last Elise had to take pity on me as above described. But the best, if not the largest, part of the conversation among the elders was of the recent death of Bellini, the sorrow of all Paris for him, and the power with which his "I Puritani" was being rendered by the reigning four great singers for whom it was written.

202. It puzzles me that I have no recollection of any first sight and hearing of an opera. Not even, for that matter, of my first going to a theater, though I was full twelve, be-

fore being taken; and afterwards, it was a matter of intense rapture, of a common sort, to be taken to a pantomime. And I greatly enjoy theater to this day—it is one of the pleasures that have least worn out; yet, while I remember Friar's Crag at Derwentwater when I was four years old, and the courtyard of our Paris inn at five, I have no memory whatever, and am a little proud to have none, of my first theater. To be taken now at Paris to the feebly dramatic "Puritani" was no great joy to me; but I then heard, and it will always be a rare, and only once or twice in a century possible, thing to hear, four great musicians, all rightly to be called of genius, singing together, with sincere desire to assist each other, not eclipse; and to exhibit, not only their own power of singing, but the beauty of the music they sang.

203. Still more fortunately it happened that a woman of *faultless* genius led the following dances,—Taglioni; a person of the highest natural faculties, and stainlessly simple character, gathered with sincerest ardor and reverence into her art. My mother, though she allowed me without serious remonstrance to be taken to the theater by my father, had the strictest Puritan prejudice against the stage; yet enjoyed it so much that I think she felt the sacrifice she made in not going with us to be a sort of price accepted by the laws of virtue for what was sinful in her concession to my father and me. She went, however, to hear and see this group of players, renowned, without any rivals, through all the cities of Europe;—and, strange and pretty to say, her instinct of the innocence, beauty, and wonder, in every motion of the Grace of her century, was so strong, that from that time forth my mother would always, at a word, go with us to see Taglioni.

Afterwards, a season did not pass without my hearing twice or thrice, at least, those four singers; and I learned the better because my ear was never jaded the intention of the music written for them, or studied by them; and am extremely glad now that I heard *their* renderings of Mozart and Rossini, neither of whom can be now said ever to be heard

at all, owing to the detestable quickening of the time. Grisi and Malibran sang at least one-third slower than any modern cantatrice; * and Patti, the last time I heard her, massacred Zerlina's part in "La ci darem," as if the audience and she had but the one object of getting Mozart's air done with, as soon as possible.

204. Afterwards, (the confession may as well be got over at once,) when I had got settled in my furrow at Christ Church, it chanced that the better men of the college had founded a musical society, under instruction of the cathedral organist, Mr. Marshall, an extremely simple, good-natured, and good-humored person, by whose encouragement I was brought to the point of trying to learn to sing, "Come mai posso vivere se Rosina non m'ascolta," and to play the two lines of prelude to the "A te o cara," and what notes I could manage to read of accompaniments to other songs of similarly tender purport. In which, though never even getting so far as to read with ease, I nevertheless, between my fine rhythmic ear and true lover's sentiment, got to understand some principles of musical art, which I shall perhaps be able to enforce with benefit on the musical public mind, even to-day, if only I can get first done with this autobiography.

What the furrow at Christ Church was to be like, or where to lead, none of my people seem at this time to have been thinking. My mother, watching the naturalistic and methodic bent of me, was, I suppose, tranquil in the thought of my becoming another White of Selborne, or Vicar of Wakefield, victorious in Whistonian and every other controversy. My father perhaps conceived more cometic or meteoric career for me, but neither of them put the matter seriously in hand, however deeply laid up in heart: and I was allowed without remonstrance to go on measuring the blue of the sky, and watching the flight of the clouds, till I had forgotten most of the Latin I ever knew, and all the Greek, except Anacreon's ode to the rose.

* It is a pretty conceit of musical people to call themselves scientific, when they have not yet fixed their unit of time!

205. Some little effort was made to pull me together in 1836 by sending me to hear Mr. Dale's lectures at King's College, where I explained to Mr. Dale, on meeting him one day in the court of entrance, that porticoes should not be carried on the top of arches; and considered myself exalted because I went in at the same door with boys who had square caps on. The lectures were on early English literature, of which, though I had never read a word of any before Pope, I thought myself already a much better judge than Mr. Dale. His quotation of "Knut the king came sailing by" stayed with me; and I think that was about all I learnt during the summer. For, as my adverse stars would have it, that year, my father's partner, Mr. Domecq, thought it might for once be expedient that he should himself pay a complimentary round of visits to his British customers, and asked if meanwhile he might leave his daughters at Herne Hill to see the lions at the Tower, and so on. How we got them all into Herne Hill corners and cupboards would be inexplicable but with a plan of the three storics! The arrangements were half Noah's ark, half Doll's house, but we got them all in: Clotilde, a graceful oval-faced blonde of fifteen; Cécile, a dark finely-browed, beautifully-featured girl of thirteen; Elise, again fair, round-faced like an English girl, a treasure of good nature and good sense; Caroline, a delicately quaint little thing of eleven. They had all been born abroad, Clotilde at Cadiz, and of course convent-bred; but lately accustomed to be much in society during vacation at Paris. Deeper than anyone dreamed, the sight of them in the Champs Elysées had sealed itself in me, for they were the first well-bred and well-dressed girls I had ever seen—or at least spoken to. I mean of course, by well-dressed, perfectly simply dressed, with Parisian cutting and fitting. They were all "bigoted"—as Protestants would say; quietly firm, as they ought to say—Roman Catholics; spoke Spanish and French with perfect grace, and English with broken precision: were all fairly sensible, Clotilde sternly and accurately so, Elise gayly and kindly, Cécile serenely, Caroline

keenly. A most curious galaxy, or southern cross, of unconceived stars, floating on a sudden into my obscure firmament of London suburb.

206. How my parents could allow their young novice to be cast into the fiery furnace of the outer world in this helpless manner the reader may wonder, and only the Fates know; but there was this excuse for them, that they had never seen me the least interested or anxious about girls—never caring to stay in the promenades at Cheltenham or Bath, or on the parade at Dover; on the contrary, growling and mewing if I was ever kept there, and off to the sea or the fields the moment I got leave; and they had educated me in such extremely orthodox English Toryism and Evangelicalism that they could not conceive their scientific, religious, and George the Third revering youth, wavering in his constitutional balance towards French Catholics. And I had never *said* anything about the Champs Elysées! Virtually convent-bred more closely than the maids themselves, without a single sisterly or cousinly affection for refuge or lightning rod, and having no athletic skill or pleasure to check my dreaming, I was thrown, bound hand and foot, in my unaccomplished simplicity, into the fiery furnace, or fiery cross, of these four girls,—who of course reduced me to a mere heap of white ashes in four days. Four days, at the most, it took to reduce me to ashes, but the *Mercredi des cendres* lasted four years.

Anything more comic in the externals of it, anything more tragic in the essence, could not have been invented by the skillfulest designer in either kind. In my social behavior and mind I was a curious combination of Mr. Traddles, Mr. Toots, and Mr. Winkle. I had the real fidelity and single-mindedness of Mr. Traddles, with the conversational abilities of Mr. Toots, and the heroic ambition of Mr. Winkle;—all these illuminated by imagination like Mr. Copperfield's, at his first Norwood dinner.

207. Clotilde (*Adèle Clotilde* in full, but her sisters called her Clotilde, after the queen-saint, and I *Adèle*, because it rhymed to shell, spell, and knell) was only made more

resplendent by the circlet of her sisters' beauty; while my own shyness and unpresentableness were farther stiffened, or rather sanded, by a patriotic and Protestant conceit, which was tempered neither by politeness nor sympathy; so that, while in company I sate jealously miserable like a stock fish (in truth, I imagine, looking like nothing so much as a skate in an aquarium trying to get up the glass), on any blessed occasion of tête-à-tête I endeavored to entertain my Spanish-born, Paris-bred, and Catholic-hearted mistress with my own views upon the subjects of the Spanish Armada, the Battle of Waterloo, and the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

To these modes of recommending myself, however, I did not fail to add what display I could make of the talents I supposed myself to possess. I wrote with great pains, and straining of my invention, a story about Naples (which I had never seen), and "the Bandit Leoni," whom I represented as typical of what my own sanguinary and adventurous disposition would have been had I been brought up a bandit; and "the Maiden Giuletta," in whom I portrayed all the perfections of my mistress. Our connection with Messrs. Smith & Elder enabled me to get this story printed in "Friendship's Offering;" and Adèle laughed over it in rippling ecstasies of derision, of which I bore the pain bravely, for the sake of seeing her thoroughly amused.

I dared not address any sonnets straight to herself; but when she went back to Paris, wrote her a French letter seven quarto pages long, descriptive of the desolations and solitudes of Herne Hill since her departure. This letter, either Elise or Caroline wrote to tell me she had really read, and "laughed immensely at the French of." Both Caroline and Elise pitied me a little, and did not like to say she had also laughed at the contents.

208. The old people, meanwhile, saw little harm in all this. Mr. Domecq, who was extremely good-natured, and a good judge of character, rather liked me, because he saw that I was good-natured also, and had some seedling brains; which would come up in time: in the interests of the business he was

perfectly ready to give me any of his daughters I liked, who could also be got to like me, but considered that the time was not come to talk of such things. My father was entirely of the same mind, besides being pleased at my getting a story printed in "Friendship's Offering," glad that I saw something of girls with good manners, and in hopes that if I wrote poetry about them, it might be as good as the Hours of Idleness. My mother, who looked upon the idea of my marrying a Roman Catholic as too monstrous to be possible in the decrees of Heaven, and too preposterous to be even guarded against on earth, was rather annoyed at the whole business, as she would have been if one of her chimneys had begun smoking,—but had not the slightest notion her house was on fire. She saw more, however, than my father, into the depth of the feeling, but did not, in her motherly tenderness, like to grieve me by any serious check to it. She hoped, when the Domecqs went back to Paris, we might see no more of them, and that Adèle's influence and memory would pass away—with next winter's snow.

209. Under these indulgent circumstances,—bitterly ashamed of the figure I had made, but yet not a whit dashed back out of my daily swelling foam of furious conceit, supported as it was by real depth of feeling, and (note it well, good reader) by a true and glorious sense of the newly revealed miracle of human love, in its exaltation of the physical beauty of the world I had till then sought by its own light alone,—I set myself in that my seventeenth year, in a state of majestic imbecility, to write a tragedy on a Venetian subject, in which the sorrows of my soul were to be enshrined in immortal verse,—the fair heroine, Bianca, was to be endowed with the perfections of Desdemona and the brightness of Juliet,—and Venice and Love were to be described, as never had been thought of before. I may note in passing, that on my first sight of the Ducal Palace, the year before, I had deliberately announced to my father and mother, and—it seemed to me stupidly incredulous—Mary, that I meant to make such a drawing of the Ducal Palace as never had been

made before. This I proceeded to perform by collecting some hasty memoranda on the spot, and finishing my design elaborately out of my head at Treviso. The drawing still exists,—for a wonder, out of perspective, which I had now got too conceited to follow the rules of,—and with the diaper pattern of the red and white marbles represented as a bold paneling in relief. No figure disturbs the solemn tranquillity of the Riva, and the gondolas—each in the shape of a Turkish crescent standing on its back on the water—float about without the aid of gondoliers.

I remember nothing more of that year, 1836, than sitting under the mulberry tree in the back garden, writing my tragedy. I forget whether we went traveling or not, or what I did in the rest of the day. It is all now blank to me, except Venice, Bianca, and looking out over Shooter's Hill, where I could see the last turn of the road to Paris.

Some Greek, though I don't know what, must have been read, and some mathematics, for I certainly knew the difference between a square and cube root when I went to Oxford, and was put by my tutor into Herodotus, out of whom I immediately gathered materials enough to write my Scythian drinking song, in imitation of the Giaour.

210. The reflective reader can scarcely but have begun to doubt, by this time, the accuracy of my statement that I took no harm from Byron. But he need not. The particular form of expression which my folly took was indeed directed by him; but this form was the best it could have taken. I got better practice in English by imitating the Giaour and Bride of Abydos than I could have had under any other master, (the tragedy was of course Shakespearian!) and the state of my mind was—my mind's own fault, and that of surrounding mischance or mismanagement—not Byron's. In that same year, 1836, I took to reading Shelley also, and wasted much time over the Sensitive Plant and Epipsychidion; and I took a good deal of harm from *him*, in trying to write lines like “prickly and pulpous and blistered and blue;” or “it was a little lawny islet by anemone and vi'let,—like mosaic

paven," etc.; but in the state of frothy fever I was in, there was little good for me to be got out of anything. The perseverance with which I tried to wade through the Revolt of Islam, and find out (I never did, and don't know to this day) who revolted against whom, or what, was creditable to me; and the Prometheus really made me understand something of Æschylus. I am not sure that, for what I was to turn out, my days of ferment could have been got over much easier: at any rate, it was better than if I had been learning to shoot, or hunt, or smoke, or gamble. The entirely inscrutable thing to me, looking back on myself, is my total want of all reason, will, or design in the business: I had neither the resolution to win Adèle, the courage to do without her, the sense to consider what was at last to come of it all, or the grace to think how disagreeable I was making myself at the time to everybody about me. There was really no more capacity nor intelligence in me than in a just fledged owlet, or just open-eyed puppy, disconsolate at the existence of the moon.

211. Out of my feebly melodious complaints to that luminary, however, I was startled by a letter to my father from Christ Church, advising him that there was room for my residence in the January term of 1837, and that I must come up to matriculate in October of the instant year, 1836.

Strangely enough, my father had never inquired into the nature and manner of matriculation, till he took me up to display in Oxford;—he, very nearly as much a boy as I, for anything we knew of what we were about. He never had any doubt about putting me at the most fashionable college, and of course my name had been down at Christ Church years before I was called up; but it had never dawned on my father's mind that there were two, fashionable and unfashionable, orders, or castes, of undergraduate at Christ Church, one of these being called Gentlemen-Commoners, the other Commoners; and that these last seemed to occupy an almost bisecting point between the Gentlemen-Commoners and the Servitors. All these "invidious" distinctions are now done

away with in our Reformed University. Nobody sets up for the special rank of a gentleman, but nobody will be set down as a commoner; and though, of the old people, anybody will beg or canvass for a place for their children in a charity school, everybody would be furious at the thought of his son's wearing, at college, the gown of a Servitor.

212. How far I agree with the modern British citizen in these lofty sentiments, my general writings have enough shown; but I leave the reader to form his own opinions without any contrary comment of mine, on the results of the exploded system of things in my own college life.

My father did not like the word "commoner,"—all the less, because our relationships in general were not uncommon. Also, though himself satisfying his pride enough in being the head of the sherry trade, he felt and saw in his son powers which had not their full scope in the sherry trade. His ideal of my future,—now entirely formed in conviction of my genius,—was that I should enter at college into the best society, take all the prizes every year, and a double first to finish with; marry Lady Clara Vere de Vere; write poetry as good as Byron's, only pious; preach sermons as good as Bossuet's, only Protestant; be made, at forty, Bishop of Winchester, and at fifty, Primate of England.

213. With all these hopes, and under all these temptations, my father was yet restrained and embarrassed in no small degree by his old and steady sense of what was becoming to his station in life: and he consulted anxiously, but honestly, the Dean of Christ Church, (Gaisford,) and my college tutor that was to be, Mr. Walter Brown, whether a person in his position might without impropriety enter his son as a gentleman-commoner. I did not hear the dialogues, but the old Dean must have answered with a grunt, that my father had every right to make me a gentleman-commoner if he liked, and could pay the fees; the tutor, more attentively laying before him the conditions of the question, may perhaps have said, with courtesy, that it would be good for the college to have a reading man among the gentlemen-com-

moners, who, as a rule, were not studiously inclined; but he was compelled also to give my father a hint, that as far as my reading had already gone, it was not altogether certain I could pass the entrance examination which had to be sustained by commoners. This last suggestion was conclusive. It was not to be endured that the boy who had been expected to carry all before him, should get himself jammed in the first turnstile. I was entered as a Gentleman-Commoner without farther debate, and remember still, as if it were yesterday, the pride of first walking out of the Angel Hotel, and past University College, holding my father's arm, in my velvet cap and silk gown.

214. Yes, good reader, the velvet and silk made a difference, not to my mother only, but to me! Quite one of the telling and weighty points in the home debates concerning this choice of Hercules, had been that the commoner's gown was not only of ugly stuff, but had no flowing lines in it, and was virtually only a black rag tied to one's shoulders. One was thrice a gownsman in a flowing gown.

So little, indeed, am I disposed now in maturer years to deride these unphilosophical feelings, that instead of effacing distinction of dress at the University (except for the boating clubs), I would fain have seen them extended into the entire social order of the country. I think that nobody but duchesses should be allowed to wear diamonds; that lords should be known from common people by their stars, a quarter of a mile off; that every peasant girl should boast her county by some dainty ratification of cap or bodice; and that in the towns a vintner should be known from a fishmonger by the cut of his jerkin.

That walk to the Schools, and the waiting, outside the Divinity School, in comforting admiration of its door, my turn for matriculation, continue still for me, at pleasure. But I remember nothing more that year; nor anything of the first days of the next, until early in January we drove down to Oxford, only my mother and I, by the beautiful Henley road, weary a little as we changed horses for the last stage,

from Dorchester; solemnized, in spite of velvet and silk, as we entered among the towers in the twilight; and after one more rest under the domestic roof of the Angel, I found myself the next day at evening, alone, by the fireside, entered into command of my own life, in my own college room in Peckwater.

CHAPTER XL

CHRIST CHURCH CHOIR.

215. ALONE, by the fireside of the little back room, which looked into the narrow lane, chiefly then of stabling, I sate collecting my resolution for college life.

I had not much to collect; nor, so far as I knew, much to collect it against. I had about as clear understanding of my whereabouts, or foresight of my fortune, as Davie Gellatly might have had in my place; with these farther inferiorities to Davie, that I could neither dance, sing, nor roast eggs. There was not the slightest fear of my gambling, for I had never touched a card, and looked upon dice as people now do on dynamite. No fear of my being tempted by the strange woman, for was not I in love? and besides, never allowed to be out after half-past nine. No fear of my running in debt, for there were no Turners to be had in Oxford, and I cared for nothing else in the world of material possession. No fear of my breaking my neck out hunting, for I couldn't have ridden a hack down the High Street; and no fear of my ruining myself at a race, for I never had been but at one race in my life, and had not the least wish to win anybody else's money.

I expected some ridicule, indeed, for these my simple ways, but was safe against ridicule in my conceit: the only thing I doubted myself in, and very rightly, was the power of applying for three years to work in which I took not the slightest interest. I resolved, however, to do my parents and myself as much credit as I could, said my prayers very seriously, and went to bed in good hope.

216. And here I must stay, for a minute or two, to give some account of the state of mind I had got into during the

above-described progress of my education, touching religious matters.

As far as I recollect, the steady Bible reading with my mother ended with our first continental journey, when I was fourteen; one could not read three chapters after breakfast while the horses were at the door. For this lesson was substituted my own private reading of a chapter, morning and evening, and, of course, saying the Lord's Prayer after it, and asking for everything that was nice for myself and my family; after which I waked or slept, without much thought of anything but my earthly affairs, whether by night or day.

It had never entered into my head to doubt a word of the Bible, though I saw well enough already that its words were to be understood otherwise than I had been taught; but the more I believed it, the less it did me any good. It was all very well for Abraham to do what angels bid him,—so would I, if any angels bid me; but none had ever appeared to me that I knew of, not even Adèle, who couldn't be an angel because she was a Roman Catholic.

217. Also, if I had lived in Christ's time, of course I would have gone with Him up to the mountain, or sailed with Him on the Lake of Galilee; but that was quite another thing from going to Beresford chapel, Walworth, or St. Bride's, Fleet Street. Also, though I felt myself somehow called to imitate Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, I couldn't see that either Billiter Street and the Tower Wharf, where my father had his cellars, or the cherry-blossomed garden at Herne Hill, where my mother potted her flowers, could be places I was bound to fly from as in the City of Destruction. Without much reasoning on the matter, I had virtually concluded from my general Bible reading that, never having meant or done any harm that I knew of, I could not be in danger of hell: while I saw also that even the *crème de la crème* of religious people seemed to be in no hurry to go to heaven. On the whole, it seemed to me, all that was required of *me* was to say my prayers, go to church, learn my lessons, obey my parents, and enjoy my dinner.

218. Thus minded, in the slowly granted light of the winter morning I looked out upon the view from my college windows, of Christ Church library and the smooth-graveled square of Peckwater, vexed a little because I was not in an oriel window looking out on a Gothic chapel: but quite unconscious of the real condemnation I had fallen under, or of the loss that was involved to me in having nothing but Christ Church library, and a graveled square, to see out of window during the springtimes of two years of youth.

At the moment I felt that, though dull, it was all very grand; and that the architecture, though Renaissance, was bold, learned, well-proportioned, and variously didactic. In reality, I might just as well have been sent to the dungeon of Chillon, except for the damp; better, indeed, if I could have seen the three small trees from the window slit, and good groining and pavement, instead of the modern vulgar upholstery of my room furniture.

Even the first sight of college chapel disappointed me, after the large churches abroad; but its narrow vaults had very different offices.

On the whole, of important places and services for the Christian souls of England, the choir of Christ Church was at that epoch of English history virtually the navel, and seat of life. There remained in it the traditions of Saxon, Norman, Elizabethan, religion unbroken,—the memory of loyalty, the reality of learning, and, in nominal obedience at least, and in the heart of them with true docility, stood every morning, to be animated for the highest duties owed to their country, the noblest of English youth. The greater number of the peers of England, and, as a rule, the best of her squirealty, passed necessarily through Christ Church.

The cathedral itself was an epitome of English history. Every stone, every pane of glass, every panel of woodwork, was true, and of its time,—not an accursed sham of architect's job. The first shrine of St. Frideswide had indeed been destroyed, and her body rent and scattered on the dust by the Puritan; but her second shrine was still beautiful in

its kind,—most lovely English work both of heart and hand. The Norman vaults above were true English Norman; bad and rude enough; but the best we could do with our own wits, and no French help. The roof was true Tudor,—grotesque, inventively constructive, delicately carved; it, with the roof of the hall staircase, summing the builder's skill of the fifteenth century. The west window, with its clumsy painting of the Adoration of the Shepherds, a monument of the transition from window to picture which ended in Dutch pictures of the cattle without either shepherds or Christ,—but still, the best men could do of the day; and the plain final woodwork of the stalls represented still the last art of living England in the form of honest and comfortable carpentry.

219. In this choir, written so closely and consecutively with indisputable British history, met every morning a congregation representing the best of what Britain had become,—orderly, as the crew of a man-of-war, in the goodly ship of their temple. Every man in his place, according to his rank, age, and learning; every man of sense or heart there recognizing that he was either fulfilling, or being prepared to fulfill, the gravest duties required of Englishmen. A well-educated foreigner, admitted to that morning service, might have learned and judged more quickly and justly what the country had been, and still had power to be, than by months of stay in court or city. There, in his stall, sat the greatest divine of England,—under his commandant niche, her greatest scholar,—among the tutors the present Dean Liddell, and a man of curious intellectual power and simple virtue, Osborne Gordon. The group of noblemen gave, in the Marquis of Kildare, Earl of Desart, Earl of Emlyn, and Francis Charteris, now Lord Wemyss,—the brightest types of high race and active power. Henry Acland and Charles Newton among the senior undergraduates, and I among the freshmen, showed, if one had known it, elements of curious possibilities in coming days. None of us then conscious of any need or chance of change, least of all the stern captain,

who, with rounded brow and glittering dark eye, led in his old thunderous Latin the responses of the morning prayer.

For all that I saw, and was made to think, in that cathedral choir, I am most thankful to this day.

220. The influence on me of the next goodliest part of the college buildings,—the hall,—was of a different and curiously mixed character. Had it only been used, as it only ought to have been, for festivity and magnificence,—for the refectory daily, the reception of guests, the delivery of speeches on state occasions, and the like,—the hall, like the cathedral, would have had an entirely salutary and beneficently solemnizing effect on me, hallowing to me my daily bread, or, if our Dean Abbot had condescended sometimes to dine with us, our incidental venison. But with the extremely bad taste (which, to my mind, is our cardinal modern sin, the staple to the hinge of our taste for money, and distaste for money's worth, and every other worthiness)—in that bad taste, I say, the Abbot allowed our Hall to be used for “collections.” The word is wholly abominable to my mind, whether as expressing extorted charities in church, or extracted knowledge in examination. “Collections,” in scholastic sense, meant the college examination at the end of every term, at which the Abbot had always the worse than bad taste to be present as our inquisitor, though he had never once presided at our table as our host. Of course the collective quantity of Greek possessed by all the undergraduate heads in hall, was to *him* infinitesimal. Scornful at once, and vindictive, thunderous always, more sullen and threatening as the day went on, he stalked with baleful emanation of Gorgonian cold from dais to door, and door to dais, of the majestic torture chamber,—vast as the great council hall of Venice, but degraded now by the mean terrors, swallow-like under its eaves, of doleful creatures who had no counsel in them, except how to hide their crib in time, at each fateful Abbot's transit. Of course *I* never used a crib, but I believe the Dean would rather I had used fifty, than borne the puzzled and hopeless aspect which I presented towards the afternoon,

over whatever I had to do. And as my Latin writing was, I suppose, the worst in the university,—as I never by any chance knew a first from a second future, or, even to the end of my Oxford career, could get into my head where the Pelasgi lived, or where the Heraclidæ returned from,—it may be imagined with what sort of countenance the Dean gave me his first and second fingers to shake at our parting, or with what comfort I met the inquiries of my father and mother as to the extent to which I was, in college opinion, carrying all before me.

221. As time went on, the aspect of my college hall to me meant little more than the fear and shame of those examination days; but even in the first surprise and sublimity of finding myself dining there, were many reasons for the qualification of my pleasure. The change from our front parlor at Herne Hill, some fifteen feet by eighteen, and meat and pudding with my mother and Mary, to a hall about as big as the nave of Canterbury Cathedral, with its extremity lost in mist, its roof in darkness, and its company, an innumerable, immeasurable vision in vanishing perspective, was in itself more appalling to me than appetizing; but also, from first to last, I had the clownish feeling of having no business there.

In the cathedral, however born or bred, I felt myself present by as good a right as its bishop,—nay, that in some of its lessons and uses, the building was less his than mine. But at table, with this learned and lordly perspective of guests, and state of worldly service, I had nothing to do; my own proper style of dining was forever, I felt, divided from this—impassably. With baked potatoes under the mutton, just out of the oven, into the little parlor off the shop in Market Street, or beside a gypsy's kettle on Addington Hill (not that I had ever been beside a gypsy's kettle, but often wanted to be); or with an oat-cake and butter—for I was always a gourmand—in a Scotch shepherd's cottage, to be divided with his collie, I was myself, and in my place: but at the gentlemen-commoners' table, in Cardinal Wolsey's din-

ing-room, I was, in all sorts of ways at once, less than myself, and in all sorts of wrong places at once, out of my place.

222. I may as well here record a somewhat comic incident, extremely trivial, which took place a little while afterwards; and which, in spite of its triviality, farther contributed to diminish in my own mind the charm of Christ Church hall. I had been received as a good-humored and inoffensive little cur, contemptuously, yet kindly, among the dogs of race at the gentlemen-commoners' table; and my tutor, and the men who read in class with me, were beginning to recognize that I had some little gift in reading with good accent, thinking of what I read, and even asking troublesome questions about it, to the extent of being one day eagerly and admiringly congratulated by the whole class the moment we got out into quad, on the consummate manner in which I had floored our tutor. I having had no more intention to floor, or consciousness of flooring, the tutor, than a babe unborn! but had only happened, to the exquisite joy of my companions, to ask him something which he didn't happen to know. But, a good while before attaining this degree of public approval, I had made a direct attempt to bring myself into favorable notice, which had been far less successful.

It was an institution of the college that every week the undergraduates should write an essay on a philosophical subject, explicatory of some brief Latin text of Horace, Juvenal, or other accredited and pithy writer; and, I suppose, as a sort of guarantee to the men that what they wrote was really looked at, the essay pronounced the best was read aloud in hall on Saturday afternoon, with enforced attendance of the other undergraduates. Here, at least, was something in which I felt that my little faculties had some scope, and both conscientiously, and with real interest in the task, I wrote my weekly essay with all the sagacity and eloquence I possessed. And therefore, though much flattered, I was not surprised, when, a few weeks after coming up, my tutor announced to me, with a look of approval, that I was to read my essay in hall next Saturday.

223. Serenely, and on good grounds, confident in my powers of reading rightly, and with a decent gravity which I felt to be becoming on this my first occasion of public distinction, I read my essay, I have reason to believe, not ungracefully; and descended from the rostrum to receive—as I doubted not—the thanks of the gentlemen-commoners for this creditable presentment of the wisdom of that body. But poor Clara, after her first ball, receiving her cousin's compliments in the cloakroom, was less surprised than I by my welcome from my cousins of the long-table. Not in envy, truly, but in fiery disdain, varied in expression through every form and manner of English language, from the Olympian sarcasm of Charteris to the level-delivered volley of Grimston, they explained to me that I had committed grossest *désè-majesté* against the order of gentlemen-commoners; that no gentleman-commoner's essay ought ever to contain more than twelve lines, with four words in each; and that even indulging to my folly, and conceit, and want of *savoir faire*, the impropriety of writing an essay with any meaning in it, like vulgar students,—the thoughtlessness and audacity of writing one that would take at least a quarter of an hour to read, and then reading it all, might for this once be forgiven to such a greenhorn, but that Coventry wasn't the word for the place I should be sent to if ever I did such a thing again. I am happy at least in remembering that I bore my fall from the clouds without much hurt, or even too ridiculous astonishment. I at once admitted the justice of these representations, yet do not remember that I modified the style of my future essays materially in consequence, neither do I remember what line of conduct I had proposed to myself in the event of again obtaining the privilege of edifying the Saturday's congregation. Perhaps my essays really diminished in value, or perhaps even the tutors had enough of them. All I know is, I was never asked to.

224. I ought to have noticed that the first introductions to the *mén* at my table were made easier by the chance of my having been shut up for two days of storm at the Hospice of

the Grimsel, in 1835, with some thirty travelers from various countries, among whom a Christ Church gentleman-commoner, Mr. Strangways, had played chess with me, and been a little interested in the way I drew granite among the snow. He at once acknowledged me in Hall for a fellow-creature; and the rest of his set, finding they could get a good deal out of me in amusement without my knowing it, and that I did not take upon myself to reform their manners from any Evangelical, or otherwise impertinent, point of view, took me up kindly; so that, in a fortnight or so, I had fair choice of what companions I liked, out of the whole college.

Fortunately for me—beyond all words, fortunately—Henry Acland, by about a year and a half my senior, chose *me*; saw what helpless possibilities were in me, and took me affectionately in hand. His rooms, next the gate on the north side of Canterbury, were within fifty yards of mine, and became to me the only place where I was happy. He quietly showed me the manner of life of English youth of good sense, good family, and enlarged education; we both of us already lived in elements far external to the college quadrangle. He told me of the plains of Troy; a year or two afterwards I showed him, on his marriage journey, the path up the Montanvert; and the friendship between us has never changed, but by deepening, to this day.

225. Of other friends, I had some sensible and many kind ones; an excellent college tutor; and later on, for a private one, the entirely right-minded and accomplished scholar already named, Osborne Gordon. At the corner of the great quadrangle lived Dr. Buckland, always ready to help me,—or, a greater favor still, to be helped by me, in diagram drawing for his lectures. My picture of the granite veins in Trewavas Head, with a cutter weathering the point in a squall, in the style of Copley Fielding, still, I believe, forms part of the resources of the geological department. Mr. Parker, then first founding the Architectural Society, and Charles Newton, already notable in his intense and curious

way of looking into things, were there to sympathize with me, and to teach me more accurately the study of architecture. Within eight miles were the pictures of Blenheim. In all ways, opportunities, and privileges, it was not conceivable that a youth of my age could have been placed more favorably—if only he had had the wit to know them, and the will to use them. Alas! there I stood—or tottered—partly irresolute, partly idiotic, in the midst of them: nothing that I can think of among men, or birds, or beasts, quite the image of me, except poor little Shepherdess Agnes's picture of the "Duckling Astray."

226. I count it is just a little to my credit that I was not ashamed, but pleased, that my mother came to Oxford with me to take such care of me as she could. Through all three years of residence, during term time, she had lodging in the High Street (first in Mr. Adams's pretty house of sixteenth century woodwork), and my father lived alone all through the week at Herne Hill, parting with wife and son at once for the son's sake. On the Saturday, he came down to us, and I went with him and my mother, in the old domestic way, to St. Peter's, for the Sunday morning service: otherwise, they never appeared with me in public, lest my companions should laugh at me, or anyone else ask malicious questions concerning vintner papa and his old-fashioned wife.

None of the men, through my whole college career, ever said one word in depreciation of either of them, or in sarcasm at my habitually spending my evenings with my mother. But once, when Adèle's elder sister came with her husband to see Oxford, and I mentioned, somewhat unnecessarily, at dinner, that she was the Countess Diane de Maison, they had no mercy on me for a month afterwards.

The reader will please also note that my mother did not come to Oxford because she could not part with me,—still less, because she distrusted me. She came simply that she might be at hand in case of accident or sudden illness. She had always been my physician as well as my nurse; on several occasions her timely watchfulness had saved me from

the most serious danger; nor was her caution now, as will be seen, unjustified by the event. But for the first two years of my college life I caused her no anxiety; and my day was always happier because I could tell her at tea whatever had pleased or profited me in it.

227. The routine of day is perhaps worth telling. I never missed chapel; and in winter got an hour's reading before it. Breakfast at nine,—half-an-hour allowed for it to a second, for Captain Marryat with my roll and butter. College lectures till one. Lunch, with a little talk to anybody who cared to come in, or share their own commons with me. At two, Buckland or other professor's lecture. Walk till five, hall dinner, wine either given or accepted, and quiet chat over it with the reading men, or a frolic with those of my own table; but I always got round to the High Street to my mother's tea at seven, and amused myself till Tom * rang in, and I got with a run to Canterbury gate, and settled to a steady bit of final reading till ten. I can't make out more than six hours' real work in the day, but that was constantly and unflinchingly given.

228. My Herodotean history, at any rate, got well settled down into me, and remains a greatly precious possession to this day. Also my college tutor, Mr. Walter Brown, became somewhat loved by me, and with gentleness encouraged me into some small acquaintance with Greek verbs. My mathematics progressed well under another tutor whom I liked, Mr. Hill; the natural instinct in me for pure geometry being keen, and my grasp of it, as far as I had gone, thorough. At my "little go" in the spring of '38, the diagrams of Euclid being given me, as was customary with the Euclid examination paper, I handed the book back to the examiner, saying scornfully, "I don't want any figures, Sir." "You had better take them," replied he, mildly; which I did, as he bid me; but I could then, and can still, dictate blindfold the

* I try to do without notes, but for the sake of any not English reader must explain that "Tom" is the name of the great bell of Oxford, in Christ Church western tower.

demonstration of any problem, with any letters, at any of its points. I just scraped through, and no more, with my Latin writing, came creditably off with what else had to be done, and my tutor was satisfied with me,—not enough recognizing that the “little go” had asked, and got out of me, pretty nearly all I had in me, or was ever likely to have in that kind.

229. It was extremely unfortunate for me that the two higher lecturers of the college, Kynaston (afterwards Master of St. Paul’s) in Greek, and Hussey, the censor, in I don’t recollect what of disagreeable, were both to my own feeling repellent. They both despised me, as a home-boy, to begin with; Kynaston with justice, for I had not Greek enough to understand anything he said; and when good-naturedly one day, in order to bring out as best he might my supposed peculiar genius and acquirements, he put me on at the *Ορα δέ γείσω τριγλύφον, ὅποι κενὸν δέμας καθέιναι*, of the Iphigenia in Tauris, and found, to his own and all the class’s astonishment and disgust, that I did not know what a triglyph was,—never spoke to me with any patience again, until long afterwards at St. Paul’s, where he received me, on an occasion of school ceremony, with affection and respect.

Hussey was, by all except the best men of the college, felt to be a censorious censor; and the manners of the college were unhappily such as to make any wise censor censorious. He had, by the judgment of heaven, a grim countenance; and was to me accordingly, from first to last, as a Christ-church Gorgon or Erinnys, whose passing cast a shadow on the air as well as on the gravel.

I am amused, as I look back, in now perceiving what an æsthetic view I had of all my tutors and companions,—how consistently they took to me the aspect of pictures, and how I from the first declined giving any attention to those which were not well painted enough. My ideal of a tutor was founded on what Holbein or Durer had represented in Erasmus or Melancthon, or, even more solemnly, on Titian’s Magnificoes or Bonifazio’s Bishops. No presences of that

kind appeared either in Tom or Peckwater; and even Doctor Pusey (who also never spoke to me) was not in the least a picturesque or tremendous figure, but only a sickly and rather ill put together English clerical gentleman, who never looked one in the face, or appeared aware of the state of the weather.

230. My own tutor was a dark-eyed, animated, pleasant, but not in the least impressive person, who walked with an unconscious air of assumption, noticeable by us juniors not to his advantage. Kynaston was ludicrously like a fat school-boy. Hussey, grim and brown as I said, somewhat lank, incapable of jest, equally incapable of enthusiasm; for the rest, doing his duty thoroughly, and a most estimable member of the college and university,—but to me, a resident calamity far greater than I knew, whose malefic influence I recognize in memory only.

Finally, the Dean himself, though venerable to me, from the first, in his evident honesty, self-respect, and real power of a rough kind, was yet in his general aspect too much like the sign of the Red Pig which I afterwards saw set up in pudding raisins, with black currants for eyes, by an imaginative grocer in Chartres fair; and in the total bodily and ghostly presence of him was to me only a rotundly progressive terror, or sternly enthroned and niched Anathema.

There was one tutor, however, out of my sphere, who reached my ideal, but disappointed my hope, then,—as perhaps his own, since;—a man sorrowfully under the dominion of the Greek *ἀνάγκη*—the present Dean. He was, and is, one of the rarest types of nobly-presented Englishmen, but I fancy it was his adverse star that made him an Englishman at all—the prosaic and practical element in him having prevailed over the sensitive one. He was the only man in Oxford among the masters of my day who knew anything of art; and his keen saying of Turner, that he “had got hold of a false ideal,” would have been infinitely helpful to me at that time, had he explained and enforced it. But I suppose he did not see enough in me to make him take trouble with me,—

and, what was much more serious, he saw not enough in himself to take trouble, in that field, with himself.

231. There was a more humane and more living spirit, however, inhabitant of the northwest angle of the Cardinal's Square: and a great many of the mischances which were only harmful to me through my own folly may be justly held, and to the full, counterbalanced by that one piece of good fortune, of which I had the wit to take advantage. Dr. Buckland was a Canon of the Cathedral, and he, with his wife and family, were all sensible and good-natured, with originality enough in the sense of them to give sap and savor to the whole college.

Originality—passing slightly into grotesqueness, and a little diminishing their effective power. The Doctor had too much humor ever to follow far enough the dull side of a subject. Frank was too fond of his bear cub to give attention enough to the training of the cubbish element in himself; and a day scarcely passed without Mit's com-mit-ting herself in some manner disapproved by the statelier college demoiselles. But all were frank, kind, and clever, vital in the highest degree; to me, medicinal and saving.

Dr. Buckland was extremely like Sydney Smith in his staple of character; no rival with him in wit, but like him in humor, common sense, and benevolently cheerful doctrine of Divinity. At his breakfast-table I met the leading scientific men of the day, from Herschel downwards, and often intelligent and courteous foreigners,—with whom my stutter of French, refined by Adèle into some precision of accent, was sometimes useful. Everyone was at ease and amused at that breakfast-table,—the menû and service of it usually in themselves interesting. I have always regretted a day of unlucky engagement on which I missed a delicate toast of mice; and remembered, with delight, being waited upon one hot summer morning by two graceful and polite little Carolina lizards, who kept off the flies.

232. I have above noticed the farther and incalculable good it was to me that Acland took me up in my first and

foolishest days, and with pretty irony and loving insight,—or, rather, sympathy with what was best, and blindness to what was worst in me,—gave me the good of seeing a noble young English life in its purity, sagacity, honor, reckless daring, and happy piety; its English pride shining prettily through all, like a girl's in her beauty. It is extremely interesting to me to contrast the Englishman's silently conscious pride in what he *is*, with the vexed restlessness and wretchedness of the Frenchman, in his thirst for “gloire,” to be gained by agonized effort to become something he is *not*.

One day when the Cherwell was running deep over one of its most slippery weirs, question arising between Acland and me whether it were traversable, and I declaring it too positively to be impassable, Acland instantly took off boot and sock, and walked over and back. He ran no risk but of a sound ducking, being, of course, a strong swimmer: and I suppose him wise enough not to have done it had there been real danger. But he would certainly have run the margin fine, and possessed in its quite highest, and in a certain sense, most laughable degree, the constitutional English serenity in danger, which, with the foolish of us, degenerates into delight in it, but with the wise, whether soldier or physician, is the basis of the most fortunate action and swiftest decision of deliberate skill. When, thirty years afterwards, Dr. Acland was wrecked in the steamer *Tyne*, off the coast of Dorset, the steamer having lain wedged on the rocks all night,—no one knew what rocks,—and the dawn breaking on half-a-mile of dangerous surf between the ship and shore,—the officers, in anxious debate, the crew, in confusion, the passengers, in hysterics or at prayers, were all astonished, and many scandalized, at the appearance of Dr. Acland from the saloon in punctilious morning dress, with the announcement that “breakfast was ready.” To the impatient clamor of indignation with which his unsympathetic conduct was greeted, he replied by pointing out that not a boat could go on shore, far less come out from it, in that state of the tide,

and that in the meantime, as most of them were wet, all cold, and at the best must be dragged ashore through the surf, if not swim for their lives in it, they would be extremely prudent to begin the day, as usual, with breakfast. The hysterics ceased, the confusion calmed, what wits anybody had become available to them again, and not a life was ultimately lost.

233. In all this playful and proud heroism of his youth, Henry Acland delighted me as a leopard or a falcon would, without in the least affecting my own character by his example. I had been too often adjured and commanded to take care of myself, ever to think of following him over slippery weirs, or accompanying him in pilot boats through white-topped shoal water; but both in art and science he could pull me on, being years ahead of me, yet glad of my sympathy, for, till I came, he was literally alone in the university in caring for either. To Dr. Buckland, geology was only the pleasant occupation of his own merry life. To Henry Acland physiology was an intrusted gospel of which he was the solitary and first preacher to the heathen; and already in his undergraduate's room in Canterbury he was designing—a few years later in his professional room in Tom quad, he was realizing,—the introduction of physiological study which has made the university what she has now become.

Indeed, the curious point in Acland's character was its early completeness. Already in these yet boyish days, his judgment was unerring, his aims determined, his powers developed; and had he not, as time went on, been bound to the routine of professional work, and satisfied in the serenity, not to say arrested by the interests, of a beautiful home life,——it is no use thinking or saying what he might have been; those who know him best are the most thankful that he is what he is.

234. Next to Acland, but with a many-feet-thick wall between, in my æsthetic choice of idols, which required primarily of man or woman that they should be comely, be-

fore I regarded any of their farther qualities, came Francis Charteris. I have always held Charteris the most ideal Scotsman, and on the whole the grandest type of European Circassian race hitherto visible to me; and his subtle, effortless, inevitable, unmalicious sarcasm, and generally sufficient and available sense, gave a constantly natural, and therefore inoffensive, hauteur to his delicate beauty. He could do what he liked with anyone,—at least with anyone of good humor and sympathy; and when one day, the old sub-dean coming out of Canterbury gate at the instant Charteris was dismounting at it in forbidden pink, and Charteris turned serenely to him, as he took his foot out of the stirrup, to inform him that “he had been out with the Dean’s hounds,” the old man and the boy were both alike pleased.

Charteris never failed in anything, but never troubled himself about anything. Naturally of high ability and activity, he did all he chose with ease,—neither had falls in hunting, nor toil in reading, nor ambition nor anxiety in examination,—nor disgrace in recklessness of life. He was partly checked, it may be in some measure weakened, by hectic danger in his constitution, possibly the real cause of his never having made his mark in after life.

235. The Earl of Desart, next to Charteris, interested me most of the men at my table. A youth of the same bright promise, and of kind disposition, he had less natural activity, and less—being Irish,—common sense, than the Scot; and the University made no attempt to give him more. It has been the pride of recent days to equalize the position, and disguise the distinction of noble and servitor. Perhaps it might have been wiser, instead of effacing the distinction, to reverse the manner of it. In those days the happy servitor’s tenure of his college-room and revenue depended on his industry, while it was the privilege of the noble to support with lavish gifts the college, from which he expected no return, and to buy with sums equivalent to his dignity the privileges of rejecting alike its instruction and its control. It seems to me singular, and little suggestive of sagacity in

the common English character, that it had never occurred to either an old dean, or a young duke, that possibly the Church of England and the House of Peers might hold a different position in the country in years to come if the entrance examination had been made severer for the rich than the poor; and the nobility and good breeding of a student expected to be blazoned consistently by the shield on his seal, the tassel on his cap, the grace of his conduct, and the accuracy of his learning.

In the last respect, indeed, Eton and Harrow boys are forever distinguished,—whether idle or industrious in after life,—from youth of general England; but how much of the best capacity of her noblesse is lost by her carelessness of their university training, she may soon have more serious cause to calculate than I am willing to foretell.

I have little to record of my admired Irish fellow-student than that he gave the supper at which my freshman's initiation into the body of gentlemen-commoners was to be duly and formally ratified. Curious glances were directed to me under the ordeal of the necessary toasts,—but it had not occurred to the hospitality of my entertainers that I probably knew as much about wine as they did. When we broke up at the small hours, I helped to carry the son of the head of my college downstairs, and walked across Peckwater to my own rooms, deliberating, as I went, whether there was any immediately practicable trigonometric method of determining whether I was walking straight towards the lamp over the door.

236. From this time—that is to say, from about the third week after I came into residence—it began to be recognized that, muff or milksop though I might be, I could hold my own on occasion; and in next term, when I had to return civilities, that I gave good wine, and that of curious quality, without any bush; and saw with good-humor the fruit I had sent for from London thrown out of the window to the porter's children: farther, that I could take any quantity of jests, though I could not make one, and could be extremely

interested in hearing conversation on topics I knew nothing about,—to that degree that Bob Grimston condescended to take me with him one day to a tavern across Magdalen Bridge, to hear him elucidate from the landlord some points of the horses entered for the Derby, an object only to be properly accomplished by sitting with indifference on a corner of the kitchen table, and carrying on the dialogue with careful pauses, and more by winks than words.

The quieter men of the set were also some of them interested in my drawing; and one or two—Scott Murray, for instance, and Lord Kildare—were as punctual as I in chapel, and had some thoughts concerning college life and its issues, which they were glad to share with me. In this second year of residence, my position in college was thus alike pleasant, and satisfactorily to my parents, eminent: and I was received without demur into the Christ-Church society, which had its quiet clubroom at the corner of Oriel Lane, looking across to the “beautiful gate” of St. Mary’s; and on whose books were entered the names of most of the good men belonging to the upper table and its set, who had passed through Christ Church for the last ten or twelve years.

237. Under these luxurious, and—in the world’s sight—honorable, conditions, my mind gradually recovering its tranquillity and spring, and making some daily, though infinitesimal, progress towards the attainment of common sense, I believe that I did harder and better work in my college reading than I can at all remember. It seems to me now as if I had known Thucydides, as I knew Homer (Pope’s!), since I could spell; but the fact was, that for a youth who had so little Greek to bless himself with at seventeen, to know every syllable of his Thucydides at half past eighteen meant some steady sitting at it. The perfect honesty of the Greek soldier, his high breeding, his political insight, and the scorn of construction with which he knotted his meaning into a rhythmic strength that writhed and wrought every way at once, all interested me intensely in him as a writer; while his subject, the central tragedy of all

the world, the suicide of Greece, was felt by me with a sympathy in which the best powers of my heart and brain were brought up to their fullest, for my years.

I open, and lay beside me as I write, the perfectly clean and well-preserved third volume of Arnold, over which I spent so much toil, and burnt with such sorrow; my close-written abstracts still dovetailed into its pages; and read with surprised gratitude the editor's final sentence in the preface dated "Fox How, Ambleside, January, 1835."

"Not the wildest extravagance of atheistic wickedness in modern times can go further than the sophists of Greece went before them. Whatever audacity can dare, and subtlety contrive, to make the words 'good' and 'evil' change their meaning, has been already tried in the days of Plato, and by his eloquence, and wisdom, and faith unshaken, put to shame."

CHAPTER XII.

ROSLYN CHAPEL.

238. I MUST yet return, before closing the broken record of these first twenty years, to one or two scattered days in 1836, when things happened which led forward into phases of work to be given account of in next volume.

I cannot find the date of my father's buying his first Copley Fielding,—“Between King's House and Inveroran, Argyllshire.” It cost a tremendous sum, for *us*—forty-seven guineas; and the day it came home was a festa, and many a day after, in looking at it, and fancying the hills and the rain were real.

My father and I were in absolute sympathy about Copley Fielding, and I could find it in my heart now to wish I had lived at the Land's End, and never seen any art but Prout's and his. We were very much set up at making his acquaintance, and then very happy in it: the modestest of presidents he was; the simplest of painters, without a vestige of romance, but the purest love of daily sunshine and the constant hills. Fancy him, while Stanfield and Harding and Roberts were grand-touring in Italy, and Sicily, and Stiria, and Bohemia, and Illyria, and the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and the Sierra Morena,—Fielding never crossing to Calais, but year after year returning to Saddleback and Ben Venue, or, less ambitious yet, to Sandgate and the Sussex Downs.

239. The drawings I made in 1835 were really interesting even to artists, and appeared promising enough to my father to justify him in promoting me from Mr. Runciman's tutelage to the higher-privileges of art-instruction. Lessons from

any of the members of the Water-Color Society cost a guinea, and six were supposed to have efficiency for the production of an adequately skilled water-color amateur. There was, of course, no question by what master they should be given; and I know not whether papa or I most enjoyed the six hours in Newman Street: my father's intense delight in Fielding's work making it a real pleasure to the painter that he should stay chatting while I had my lesson. Nor was my father's talk (if he could be got to talk) unworthy any painter's attention, though he never put out his strength but in writing. I chanced in good time on a letter from Northcote in 1830, showing how much value the old painter put on my father's judgment of a piece of literary work which remains classical to this day, and is indeed the best piece of existing criticism founded on the principles of Sir Joshua's school:

240. "DEAR SIR,—I received your most kind and consoling letter, yet I was very sorry to find you had been so ill, but hope you have now recovered your health. The praise you are so good as to bestow on me and the Volume of Conversations gives me more pleasure than perhaps you apprehend, as the book was published against my consent, and, in its first appearance in the magazines, totally without my knowledge. I have done all in my power to prevent its coming before the public, because there are several hard and cruel opinions of persons that I would not have them see in a printed book; besides that, Hazlitt, although a man of real abilities, yet had a desire to give pain to others, and has also frequently exaggerated that which I had said in confidence to him. However, I thank God that this book, which made me tremble at its coming before the world, is received with unexpected favor ^{on} to my part, and the approbation of a mind like yours give (*sic*—short for 'cannot but give') me the greatest consolation I can receive, and sets my mind more at ease.

"Please to present my respectful compliments to Mrs,

Ruskin, who I hope is well, and kind remembrances to your son.

“ I remain always, dear Sir,

“ Your most obliged friend *

“ And very humble servant,

“ JAMES NORTHCOTE.

“ ARGYLL HOUSE,

“ *October 13th, 1830.*

“ To John J. Ruskin, Esq.”

241. And thus the proposed six lessons in Newman Street ran on into perhaps eight or nine, during which Copley Fielding taught me to wash color smoothly in successive tints, to shade cobalt through pink madder into yellow ochre for skies, to use a broken scraggy touch for the tops of mountains, to represent calm lakes by broad strips of shade with lines of light between them (usually at about the distance of the lines of this print), to produce dark clouds and rain with twelve or twenty successive washes, and to crumble burnt umber with a dry brush for foliage and foreground. With these instructions, I succeeded in copying a drawing which Fielding made before me, some twelve inches by nine, of Ben Venue and the Trosachs, with brown cows standing in Loch Achray, so much to my own satisfaction that I put my work up over my bedroom chimney-piece the last thing at night, and woke to its contemplation in the morning with a rapture, mixed of self-complacency and the sense of new faculty, in which I floated all that day, as in a newly-discovered and strongly buoyant species of air.

In a very little while, however, I found that this great first step did not mean consistent progress at the same pace. I saw that my washes, however careful or multitudinous, did not in the end look as smooth as Fielding's, and that my

* In memory of the quiet old man who thus honored us with his friendship, and in most true sense of their value, I hope to reprint the parts of the Conversations which I think he would have wished to be preserved.

crumblings of burnt umber became uninteresting after a certain number of repetitions.

With still greater discouragement, I perceived the Fielding processes to be inapplicable to the Alps. My scraggy touches did not to my satisfaction represent aiguilles, nor my ruled lines of shade, the Lake of Geneva. The water-color drawing was abandoned, with a dim under-current of feeling that I had no gift for it,—and in truth I had none for color arrangement,—and the pencil outline returned to with resolute energy.

242. I had never, up to this time, seen a Turner drawing, and scarcely know whether to lay to the score of dullness, or prudence, the tranquillity in which I copied the engravings of the Rogers vignettes, without so much as once asking where the originals were. The facts being that they lay at the bottom of an old drawer in Queen Anne Street, inaccessible to me as the bottom of the sea,—and that, if I had seen them, they would only have destroyed my pleasure in the engravings,—my rest in these was at least fortunate: and the more I consider of this and other such forms of failure in what most people would call laudable curiosity, the more I am disposed to regard with thankfulness, and even respect, the habits which have remained with me during life, of always working resignedly at the thing under my hand till I could do it, and looking exclusively at the thing before my eyes till I could see it.

On the other hand, the Academy Turners were too far beyond all hope of imitation to disturb me, and the impressions they produced before 1836 were confused; many of them, like the Quilleboeuf, or the "Keelmen heaving in coals," being of little charm in color; and the Fountain of Indolence, or Golden Bough, perhaps seeming to me already fantastic, beside the naturalism of Landseer, and the human interest and intelligible finish of Wilkie.

243. But in 1836 Turner exhibited three pictures, in which the characteristics of his later manner were developed with his best skill and enthusiasm: Juliet and her Nurse, Rome

from Mount Aventine, and Mercury and Argus. His freak in placing Juliet at Venice instead of Verona, and the mysteries of lamplight and rockets with which he had disguised Venice herself, gave occasion to an article in Blackwood's Magazine of sufficiently telling ribaldry, expressing, with some force, and extreme discourtesy, the feelings of the pupils of Sir George Beaumont at the appearance of these unaccredited views of Nature.

The review raised me to the height of "black anger" in which I have remained pretty nearly ever since; and having by that time some confidence in my power of words, and—not merely judgment, but sincere *experience*—of the charm of Turner's work, I wrote an answer to Blackwood, of which I wish I could now find any fragment. But my father thought it right to ask Turner's leave for its publication; it was copied in my best hand, and sent to Queen Anne Street, and the old man returned kindly answer, as follows:—

"47, QUEEN ANN (*sic*) STREET WEST,
"October 6th, 1836.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you for your zeal, kindness, and the trouble you have taken in my behalf, in regard of the criticism of Blackwood's Magazine for October, respecting my works; but I never move in these matters, they are of no import save mischief and the meal tub, which Maga fears for by my having invaded the flour tub.

"P. S.—If you wish to have the manuscript back, have the goodness to let me know. If not, with your sanction, I will send it on to the possessor of the picture of Juliet."

I cannot give the signature of this letter, which has been cut off for some friend! In later years it used to be, to my father, "Yours most truly," and to me, "Yours truly."

The "possessor of the picture" was Mr. Munro of Novar, who never spoke to me of the first chapter of "Modern Painters" thus coming into his hands. Nor did I ever care to ask him about it; and still, for a year or two longer, I

persevered in the study of Turner engravings only, and the use of Copley Fielding's method for such efforts at color as I made on the vacation journeys during Oxford days.

244. We made three tours in those summers, without crossing Channel. In 1837, to Yorkshire and the Lakes; in 1838, to Scotland; in 1839, to Cornwall.

On the journey of 1837, when I was eighteen, I felt, for the last time, the pure childish love of nature which Wordsworth so idly takes for an intimation of immortality. We went down by the North Road, as usual; and on the fourth day arrived at Catterick Bridge, where there is a clear pebble-bedded stream, and both west and east some rising of hills, foretelling the moorlands and dells of upland Yorkshire; and there the feeling came back to me—as it could never return more.

It is a feeling only possible to youth, for all care, regret, or knowledge of evil destroys it; and it requires also the full sensibility of nerve and blood, the conscious strength of heart, and hope; not but that I suppose the purity of youth may feel what is best of it even through sickness and the waiting for death; but only in thinking death itself God's sending.

245. In myself, it has always been quite exclusively confined to *wild*, that is to say, wholly natural places, and especially to scenery animated by streams, or by the sea. The sense of the freedom, spontaneous, unpolluted power of nature was essential in it. I enjoyed a lawn, a garden, a daisied field, a quiet pond, as other children do; but by the side of Wandel, or on the downs of Sandgate, or by a Yorkshire stream under a cliff, I was different from other children, that ever I have noticed: but the feeling cannot be described by any of us that have it. Wordsworth's "haunted me like a passion" is no description of it, for it is not *like*, but *is*, a passion; the point is to define how it *differs* from other passions,—what sort of human, pre-eminently human, feeling it is that loves a stone for a stone's sake, and a cloud for a cloud's. A monkey loves a monkey for a monkey's sake,

and a nut for the kernel's, but not a stone for a stone's. I took stones for bread, but not certainly at the Devil's bidding.

I was different, be it once more said, from other children even of my own type, not so much in the actual nature of the feeling, but in the mixture of it. I had, in my little clay pitcher, vialfuls, as it were, of Wordsworth's reverence, Shelley's sensitiveness, Turner's accuracy, all in one. A snowdrop was to me, as to Wordsworth, part of the Sermon on the mount; but I never should have written sonnets to the celandine, because it is of a coarse yellow, and imperfect form. With Shelley, I loved blue sky and blue eyes, but never in the least confused the heavens with my own poor little Psychidion. And the reverence and passion were alike kept in their places by the constructive Turnerian element; and I did not weary myself in wishing that a daisy could see the beauty of its shadow, but in trying to draw the shadow rightly, myself.

246. But so stubborn and chemically inalterable the laws of the prescription were, that now, looking back from 1886 to that brook shore of 1837, whence I could see the whole of my youth, I find myself in nothing whatsoever *changed*. Some of me is dead, more of me stronger. I have learned a few things, forgotten many; in the total of me, I am but the same youth, disappointed and rheumatic.

And in illustration of this stubbornness, not by stiffening of the wood with age, but in the structure of the pith, let me insist a minute or two more on the curious joy I felt in 1837 in returning to the haunts of boyhood. No boy could possibly have been more excited than I was by seeing Italy and the Alps; neither boy nor man ever knew better the difference between a Cumberland cottage and Venetian palace, or a Cumberland stream and the Rhone:—my very knowledge of this difference will be found next year expressing itself in the first bit of promising literary work I ever did; but, after all the furious excitement and wild joy of the Continent, the coming back to a Yorkshire streamside felt like returning to

heaven. We went on into well known Cumberland; my father took me up Scawfell and Helvellyn, with a clever Keswick guide, who knew mineralogy; Mr. Wright; and the summer passed beneficently and peacefully.

247. A little incident which happened, I fancy in the beginning of '38, shows that I had thus recovered some tranquillity and sense, and might at that time have been settled down to simple and healthy life, easily enough, had my parents seen the chance.

I forgot to say, when speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Gray, that, when I was a child, my mother had another religious friend, who lived just at the top of Camberwell Grove, or between it and the White Gate,—Mrs. Withers; an extremely amiable and charitable person, with whom my mother organized, I imagine, such schemes of almsgiving as her own housekeeping prevented her seeing to herself. Mr. Withers was a coal-merchant, ultimately not a successful one. Of him I remember only a reddish and rather vacant face; of Mrs. Withers, no material aspect, only the above vague but certain facts; and that she was a familiar element in my mother's life, dying out of it however without much notice or miss, before I was old enough to get any clear notion of her.

In this spring of '38, however, the widowed Mr. Withers, having by that time retired to the rural districts in reduced circumstances, came up to town on some small vestige of carboniferous business, bringing his only daughter with him to show my mother;—who, for a wonder, asked her to stay with us, while her father visited his umquwhile clientage at the coal-wharves. Charlotte Withers was a fragile, fair, freckled, sensitive slip of a girl about sixteen; graceful in an unfinished and small wild-flower sort of a way, extremely intelligent, affectionate, wholly right-minded, and mild in piety. An altogether sweet and delicate creature of ordinary sort, not pretty, but quite pleasant to see, especially if her eyes were looking your way, and her mind with them.

248. We got to like each other in a mildly confidential way

in the course of a week. We disputed on the relative dignities of music and painting; and I wrote an essay nine foolscap pages long, proposing the entire establishment of my own opinions, and the total discomfiture and overthrow of hers, according to my usual manner of paying court to my mistresses. Charlotte Withers, however, thought I did her great honor, and carried away the essay as if it had been a school prize.

And, as I said, if my father and mother had chosen to keep her a month longer, we should have fallen quite melodiously and quietly in love; and they might have given me an excellently pleasant little wife, and set me up, geology and all, in the coal business, without any resistance or farther trouble on my part. I don't suppose the idea ever occurred to them; Charlotte was not the kind of person they proposed for me. So Charlotte went away at the week's end, when her father was ready for her. I walked with her to Camberwell Green, and we said good-by, rather sorrowfully, at the corner of the New Road; and that possibility of meek happiness vanished forever. A little while afterwards, her father "negotiated" a marriage for her with a well-to-do Newcastle trader, whom she took because she was bid. He treated her pretty much as one of his coal sacks, and in a year or two she died.

249. Very dimly, and rather against my own will, the incident showed me what my mother had once or twice observed to me, to my immense indignation, that Adèle was not the only girl in the world; and my enjoyment of our tour in the Trosachs was not described in any more Byronian heroics; the tragedy also having been given up, because, when I had described a gondola, a bravo, the heroine Bianca, and moonlight on the Grand Canal, I found I had not much more to say.

Scott's country took me at last well out of it all. It is of little use to the reader now to tell him that still at that date the shore of Loch Katrine, at the east extremity of the lake, was exactly as Scott had seen it, and described,

“Onward, amid the copse ’gan peep,
A narrow inlet, still and deep.”

In literal and lovely truth, that was so:—by the side of the footpath (it was no more) which wound through the Trosachs, deep and calm under the blaeberry bushes, a dark winding clear-brown pool, not five feet wide at first, reflected the entangled moss of its margin, and arch of branches above, with scarcely a gleam of sky.

That inlet of Loch Katrine was in itself an extremely rare thing; I have never myself seen the like of it in lake shores. A winding recess of deep water, without any entering stream to account for it—possible only, I imagine, among rocks of the quite abnormal confusion of the Trosachs; and besides the natural sweetness and wonder of it, made sacred by the most beautiful poem that Scotland ever sang by her streamsides. And all that the nineteenth century conceived of wise and right to do with this piece of mountain inheritance, was to thrust the nose of a steamer into it, plank its blaeberries over with a platform, and drive the populace headlong past it as fast as they can scuffle.

It had been well for me if I had climbed Ben Venue and Ben Ledi, hammer in hand, as Scawfell and Helvellyn. But I had given myself some literary work instead, to which I was farther urged by the sight of Roslyn and Melrose.

250. The idea had come into my head in the summer of '37, and, I imagine, rose immediately out of my sense of the contrast between the cottages of Westmoreland and those of Italy. Anyhow, the November number of Loudon's *Architectural Magazine* for 1837 opens with "Introduction to the Poetry of Architecture; or, The Architecture of the Nations of Europe considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character," by Kataphusin. I could not have put in fewer, or more inclusive words, the definition of what half my future life was to be spent in discoursing of; while the nom-de-plume I chose, "According to Nature," was equally expressive of the temper in which I was to dis-

course alike on that and every other subject. The adoption of a nom-de-plume at all, implied (as also the concealment of name on the first publication of "Modern Painters") a sense of a power of judgment in myself, which it would not have been becoming in a youth of eighteen to claim. Had either my father or tutor then said to me, "Write as it is becoming in a youth to write,—let the reader discover what you know, and be persuaded to what you judge," I perhaps might not now have been ashamed of my youth's essays. Had they said to me more sternly, "Hold your tongue till you need not ask the reader's condescension in listening to you," I might perhaps have been satisfied with my work when it was mature.

As it is, these youthful essays, though deformed by assumption, and shallow in contents, are curiously right up to the points they reach; and already distinguished above most of the literature of the time, for the skill of language which the public at once felt for a pleasant gift in me.

251. I have above said that had it not been for constant reading of the Bible, I might probably have taken Johnson for my model of English. To a useful extent I have always done so; in these first essays, partly because I could not help it, partly of set, and well set, purpose.

On our foreign journeys, it being of course desirable to keep the luggage as light as possible, my father had judged that four little volumes of Johnson—the Idler and the Rambler—did, under names wholly appropriate to the circumstances, contain more substantial literary nourishment than could be, from any other author, packed into so portable compass. And accordingly, in spare hours, and on wet days, the turns and returns of reiterated Rambler and iterated Idler fastened themselves in my ears and mind; nor was it possible for me, till long afterwards, to quit myself of Johnsonian symmetry and balance in sentences intended, either with swordsman's or pavier's blow, to cleave an enemy's crest, or drive down the oaken pile of a principle. I never for an instant compared Johnson to Scott, Pope, Byron, or any of the really great writers whom I loved. But I at once

and forever recognized in him a man entirely sincere, and infallibly wise in the view and estimate he gave of the common questions, business, and ways of the world. I valued his sentences not primarily because they were symmetrical, but because they were just, and clear; it is a method of judgment rarely used by the average public, who ask from an author always, in the first place, arguments in favor of their own opinions, in elegant terms; and are just as ready with their applause for a sentence of Macaulay's, which may have no more sense in it than a blot pinched between doubled paper, as to reject one of Johnson's, telling against their own prejudice,—though its symmetry be as of thunder answering from two horizons.

252. I hold it more than happy that, during those continental journeys, in which the vivid excitement of the greater part of the day left me glad to give spare half-hours to the study of a thoughtful book, Johnson was the one author accessible to me. No other writer could have secured me, as he did, against all chance of being misled by my own sanguine and metaphysical temperament. He taught me carefully to measure life, and distrust fortune; and he secured me, by his adamant common-sense, forever, from being caught in the cobwebs of German metaphysics, or sloughed in the English drainage of them.

I open, at this moment, the larger of the volumes of the *Idler* to which I owe so much. After turning over a few leaves, I chance on the closing sentence of No. 65, which transcribing, I may show the reader in sum what it taught me,—in words which, writing this account of myself, I conclusively obey.

“Of these learned men, let those who aspire to the same praise imitate the diligence, and avoid the scrupulosity. Let it be always remembered that life is short, that knowledge is endless, and that many doubts deserve not to be cleared. Let those whom nature and study have qualified to teach mankind, tell us what they have learned while they are yet able to tell it, and trust their reputation only to themselves.”

It is impossible for me now to know how far my own honest desire for truth, and compassionate sense of what is instantly helpful to creatures who are every instant perishing, might have brought me, in their own time, to think and judge as Johnson thought and measured,—even had I never learned of him. He at least set me in the straight path from the beginning, and, whatever time I might waste in vain pleasure, or weak effort, he saved me forever from false thoughts and futile speculations.

253. Why, I know not, for Mr. Loudon was certainly not tired of me, the *Kataphusin* papers close abruptly, as if their business was at its natural end, without a word of allusion in any part of them, or apology for the want of allusion, to the higher forms of civil and religious architecture. I find, indeed, a casual indication of some ulterior purpose in a ponderous sentence of the paper on the Westmoreland cottage, announcing that “it will be seen hereafter, when we leave the lowly valley for the torn ravine, and the grassy knoll for the ribbed precipice, that if the continental architects cannot adorn the pasture with the humble roof, they can crest the crag with eternal battlements.” But this magnificent promise ends in nothing more tremendous than a “chapter on chimneys,” illustrated, as I find this morning to my extreme surprise, by a fairly good drawing of the building which is now the principal feature in the view from my study window,—Coniston Hall.

On the whole, however, these papers, written at intervals during 1838, indicate a fairly progressive and rightly consolidated range of thought on these subjects, within the chrysalid torpor of me.

254. From the Trosachs we drove to Edinburgh: and, somewhere on the road near Linlithgow, my father, reading some letters got by that day's post, coolly announced to my mother and me that Mr. Domecq was going to bring his four daughters to England again, to finish their schooling at New Hall, near Chelmsford.

And I am unconscious of anything more in that journey,

or of anything after it, until I found myself driving down to Chelmsford. My mother had no business of course to take *me* with her to pay a visit in a convent; but I suppose felt it would be too cruel to leave me behind. The young ladies were allowed a chat with us in the parlor, and invited (with acceptance) to spend their vacations always at Herne Hill. And so began a second era of that part of my life which is *not* "worthy of memory," but only of the "Guarda e Passa."

There was some solace during my autumnal studies in thinking that she was really in England, really over *there*,—I could see the sky over Chelmsford from my study window,—and that she was shut up in a convent and couldn't be seen by anybody, or spoken to, but by nuns; and that perhaps she wouldn't quite like it, and would like to come to Herne Hill again, and bear with me a little.

255. I wonder mightily now what sort of a creature I should have turned out, if at this time Love had been with me instead of against me; and instead of the distracting and useless pain, I had had the joy of approved love, and the untellable, incalculable motive of its sympathy and praise.

It seems to me such things are not allowed in this world. The men capable of the highest imaginative passion are always tossed on fiery waves by it: the men who find it smooth water, and not scalding, are of another sort. My father's second clerk, Mr. Ritchie, wrote unfeelingly to his colleague, bachelor Henry, who would not marry for his mother's and sister's sakes, "If you want to know what happiness is, get a wife, and half a dozen children, and come to Margate." But Mr. Ritchie remained all his life nothing more than a portly gentleman with gooseberry eyes, of the Irvingite persuasion.

There must be great happiness in the love-matches of the typical English squire. Yet English squires make their happy lives only a portion for foxes.

256. Of course, when Adèle and her sisters came back at Christmas, and stayed with us four or five weeks, every feeling and folly that had been subdued or forgotten, returned

in redoubled force. I don't know what would have happened if Adèle had been a perfectly beautiful and amiable girl, and had herself in the least liked me. I suppose then my mother would have been overcome. But though extremely lovely at fifteen, Adèle was not prettier than French girls in general at eighteen; she was firm, and fiery, and high principled; but, as the light traits already noticed of her enough show, not in the least amiable; and although she would have married me, had her father wished it, was always glad to have me out of her way. My love was much too high and fantastic to be diminished by her loss of beauty; but I perfectly well saw and admitted it, having never at any time been in the slightest degree blinded by love, as I perceive other men are, out of my critic nature. And day followed on day, and month to month, of complex absurdity, pain, error, wasted affection, and rewardless semi-virtue, which I am content to sweep out of the way of what better things I can recollect at this time, into the smallest possible size of dust heap, and wish the Dustman Oblivion good clearance of them.

With this one general note, concerning children's conduct to their parents, that a great quantity of external and irksome obedience may be shown them, which virtually is no obedience, because it is not cheerful and total. The *wish* to disobey is already disobedience; and although at this time I was really doing a great many things I did not like, to please my parents, I have not now *one* self-approving thought or consolation in having done so, so much did its sullenness and maimedness pollute the meager sacrifice.

257. But, before I quit, for this time, the field of romance, let me write the epitaph of one of its sweet shadows, which some who knew the shadow may be glad I should write. The ground floor, under my father's counting-house at Billiter Street, I have already said was occupied by Messrs. Wardell & Co. The head of this firm was an extremely intelligent and refined elderly gentleman, darkish, with spiritedly curling and projecting dark hair, and bright eyes; good-natured and amiable in a high degree, well educated,

not over wise, always well pleased with himself, happy in a sensible wife, and a very beautiful, and entirely gentle and good, only daughter. Not over wise, I repeat, but an excellent man of business; older, and, I suppose, already considerably richer, than my father. He had a handsome house at Hampstead, and spared no pains on his daughter's education.

It must have been some time about this year 1839, or the previous one, that my father having been deploring to Mr. Wardell the discomfortable state of mind I had got into about Adèle, Mr. Wardell proposed to him to try whether some slight diversion of my thoughts might not be effected by a visit to Hampstead. My father's fancy was still set on Lady Clara Vere de Vere; but Miss Wardell was everything that a girl should be, and an heiress,—of perhaps something more than my own fortune was likely to come to. And the two fathers agreed that nothing could be more fit, rational, and desirable, than such an arrangement. So I was sent to pass a summer afternoon, and dine at Hampstead.

258. It would have been an extremely delightful afternoon for any youth not a simpleton. Miss Wardell had often enough heard me spoken of by her father as a well-conducted youth, already of some literary reputation—author of the "Poetry of Architecture"—winner of the Newdigate,—First class man in expectation. She herself had been brought up in a way closely resembling my own, in severe seclusion by devoted parents, at a suburban villa with a pretty garden, to skip, and gather flowers, in. The chief difference was that, from the first, Miss Wardell had had excellent masters, and was now an extremely accomplished, intelligent, and faultless maid of seventeen; fragile and delicate to a degree enhancing her beauty with some solemnity of fear, yet in perfect health, as far as a fast-growing girl could be; a softly molded slender brunette, with her father's dark curling hair transfigured into playful grace round the pretty, modest, not unthoughtful, gray-eyed face. Of the afternoon at Hampstead, I remember only that it was a fine day, and that

we walked in the garden; mamma, as her mere duty to me in politeness at a first visit, superintending,—it would have been wiser to have left us to get on how we could. I very heartily and reverently admired the pretty creature, and would fain have done, or said, anything I could to please her. Literally to *please* her, for that is, indeed, my hope with all girls, in spite of what I have above related of my mistaken ways of recommending myself. My primary thought is how to serve *them*, and make them happy, and if they could use me for a plank bridge over a stream, or set me up for a post to tie a swing to, or anything of the sort not requiring me to talk, I should be always quite happy in such promotion. This sincere devotion to them, with intense delight in whatever beauty or grace they chance to have, and in most cases, perceptive sympathy, heightened by faith in their right feelings, for the most part gives me considerable power with girls: but all this prevents me from ever being in the least at ease with them,—and I have no doubt that during the whole afternoon at Hampstead, I gave little pleasure to my companion. For the rest, though I extremely admired Miss Wardell, she was not my sort of beauty. I like oval faces, crystalline blonde, with straightish, at the utmost wavy, (or, in length, wreathed) hair, and the form elastic, and foot firm. Miss Wardell's dark and tender grace had no power over me, except to make me extremely afraid of being tiresome to her. On the whole, I suppose I came off pretty well, for she afterwards allowed herself to be brought out to Herne Hill to see the pictures, and so on; and I recollect her looking a little frightenedly pleased at my kneeling down to hold a book for her, or some such matter.

259. After this second interview, however, my father and mother asking me seriously what I thought of her, and I explaining to them that though I saw all her beauty, and merit, and niceness, she yet was not my sort of girl,—the negotiations went no farther at that time, and a little while after, were ended for all time; for at Hampstead they went on teaching the tender creature High German, and

French of Paris, and Kant's *Metaphysics*, and Newton's *Principia*; and then they took her to Paris, and tired her out with seeing everything every day, all day long, besides the dazzle and excitement of such a first outing from Hampstead; and she at last getting too pale and weak, they brought her back to some English seaside place, I forget where: and there she fell into nervous fever and faded away, with the light of death flickering clearer and clearer in her soft eyes, and never skipped in Hampstead garden more.

How the parents, especially the father, lived on, I never could understand; but I suppose they were honestly religious without talking of it, and they had nothing to blame themselves in, except not having known better. The father, though with grave lines altering his face forever, went steadily on with his business, and lived to be old.

260. I cannot be sure of the date of either Miss Withers' or Miss Wardell's death; that of Sybilla Dowie (told in Fors), more sad than either, was much later; but the loss of her sweet spirit, following her lover's, had been felt by us before the time of which I am now writing. I had never myself seen Death, nor had any part in the grief or anxiety of a sick chamber; nor had I ever seen, far less conceived, the misery of unaided poverty. But I had been made to think of it; and in the deaths of the creatures whom I had seen joyful, the sense of deep pity, not sorrow for myself, but for them, began to mingle with all the thoughts, which, founded on the Homeric, *Æschylean*, and *Shakespearian* tragedy, had now begun to modify the untried faith of childhood. The blue of the mountains became deep to me with the purple of mourning,—the clouds that gather round the setting sun, not subdued, but raised in awe as the harmonies of a *Miserere*,—and all the strength and framework of my mind, lurid, like the vaults of Roslyn, when weird fire gleamed on its pillars, foliage-bound, and far in the depth of twilight, “blazed every rose-carved buttress fair.”

The first of these is the fact that the British government had been
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 French government had been engaged in a long and costly war with
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 French government had been engaged in a long and costly war with
 Britain.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

PRÆTERITA.

OUTLINES OF SCENES AND THOUGHTS
PERHAPS WORTHY OF MEMORY
IN MY PAST LIFE.

VOL. II.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

OF AGE.

1839-40.

PAGE

Character of Vol. II.—Mr. Rowbotham, author's mathematical master—Mr. W. H. Harrison—Dr. Grant of Richmond—Mr. and Mrs. Gray—Mr. H. Telford and his sisters—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cockburn—Mr. Lockhart—Osborne Gordon at Herne Hill—Author's religious views—Mr. Windus of Tottenham—Turner's "Richmond, Surrey"—"Gosport"—Return to Oxford (Jan. 1840)—Of age—Turner's "Winchelsea"—Objects of expenditure—Buys Turner's "Harlech"—Author's illness—Degree postponed—Leaves Oxford—Plans tour abroad—Oxford influences 1-15

CHAPTER II.

ROME.

1840.

David Roberts—Prout—Summer abroad—Blois, Amboise, Tours, Aubusson, Pont Gibaud, Le Puy, Rhone Valley, Avignon, Frejus, Riviera, Sestri, Genoa, Albenga, Savona—Stormy weather—Crossing the fords—Carrara, Lucca, Pisa, Florence, Siena, Viterbo, Rome—St. Peter's—The Forum and Coliseum—The Vatican—Perugino—Angelico, Raphael and the Stanze—Joseph Severn—George and Thomas Richmond—Miss Tollemache 16-30

CHAPTER III.

CUMÆ.

1840-41.

Life in Rome—Cameo-portrait of author—Character of author—His diary quoted—Sestri (Nov. 4, 1840)—Rome (Nov. 28-30, Dec. 30)—La Riccia, Mola to Naples (Jan. 9, 1841)—His religious feelings and views of legends—Illness at Albano—Return to Rome—Easter there—W. Brown's

	PAGE
"History of Enthusiasm"—Mr. Farquharson's death— Venice in May—Padua, Milan, Turin, Susa, Mont Cenis, Lans-le-bourg (June 2), Geneva—Delight at being again in Switzerland	31-47

CHAPTER IV.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

1841-44.

Rochester—Stay at Leamington—Life and occupations there— Dr. Jephson—"King of the Golden River" written (Sept.) —Dickens—Author's introduction to Turner (June 3, 1840) —Stay at Wendlebury with W. Brown—"Sir Charles Grandison" —Turner's "Splügen"—Study of ivy at Norwood— Passes for degree (May, 1842)—Character and tastes— Tour abroad—Rouen—Chartres—Fontainebleau—Study of aspens—Chamouni—Geneva—Home by the Rhine—Turner's Ehrenbreitstein and Lucerne—Removal from Herne to Denmark Hill—Author's model-canal ambition—First volume of "Modern Painters" written and published— Turner's "Slaver" bought (Jan. 1, 1844)	48-64
---	-------

CHAPTER V.

THE SIMPLON.

1844.

Abroad again—Geneva: its place in Europe—The town de- scribed—The Salève—M. Bautre's—The Rhone—Arrival at Geneva (June 1)—Chamouni (June 6)—Joseph Couttet—St. Gingoulph—Over the Simplon to Baveno and back (July 4) —Zermatt (July 19)—Osborne Gordon—Black bread in the Valais—The Riffelberg—Back to Chamouni—Paris—George Richmond at Samuel Rogers'—Rubens and the Venetians —Author's diary on the Louvre—Home again, August 1844	65-82
---	-------

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAMPO SANTO.

1845.

Study of Liber Studiorum—Lord Lindsay, &c.—Author de- cides to go to North Italy before continuing "Modern Painters"—Turner's opposition—Swiss outbreaks—Tour with Couttet and George Hobbs—Servants at Herne and Denmark Hills—Annecy and Confians—Author's poems— George Herbert—Gap, Sisteron, Frejus, Sestri, Lucca,	
---	--

	PAGE
Tomb of Ilaria di Caretto—Pisa—The Campo Santo—Its story of Christianity—Dies iræ, or amoris?—St. Ranier—The cloister of St. Francesco—Author's life at Pisa	83-99

CHAPTER VII.

MACUGNAGA.

1845.

Florence—S. M. Novella—Ghirlandajo—Angelico's Annunciation—San Miniato—Author's friends—Ralph Durheim—M. Dieudonné—British Embassy—Mr. Millingen—Botanical collections—The Val Anzasca and Macugnaga—Lessons learnt in its solitude—Study of Shakspeare—Serious reading begun and thenceforward done abroad—Drudgery of authorship done at home—Shakspeare's good and evil mingled—Faido and Dazio Grande—Work for "Modern Painters, IV."—With J. D. Harding in Verona and Venice—Daguerreotypes—Mr. Boxall and Mrs. Jameson—Nervous fever at Padua—Nyon—Death of John Richardson of Croydon—Homeward by Dijon and Calais—Religious feelings—Nearness to God—"If only—"	100-117
---	---------

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STATE OF DENMARK.

1845.

J. J. Ruskin, ambitious for his son—Denmark Hill—The garden—The house—The Turners—Author's study—Friends—Edward Matson—Henry Dart—Edmund Oldfield—Camberwell church window—Charles Newton, abroad with author (1851)—Preachers, Henry Melvill—Dean Stanley—F. D. Maurice—Crest and motto—The Ruskin boar's head—Denmark Hill sucking pig—A letter from Turner—Piglet rhymes, 1857-58	118-131
--	---------

CHAPTER IX.

THE FEASTS OF THE VANDALS.

1845.

Publication of "Modern Painters" (1843)—First noticed by Sydney Smith—His lectures on Moral Philosophy—Quotations from them—Opinions on "Modern Painters"—Of George Richmond—Samuel Prout—His letter to J. J. Ruskin—Of the landscapists generally—Their respect for author's parents—Festal days at Denmark Hill—David	
---	--

Roberts and John Lewis—Artists of to-day—Author's refusal to enter his father's business—Ruskin, Telford, and Domecq—Their Spanish vineyards and English house—The Domecqs in Paris—Author's political work—Author's cousins of Croydon and Perth—James, John, Andrew, and William Richardson	132-149
---	---------

CHAPTER X.

CROSSMOUNT.

1846-47.

"Modern Painters," Vol. II.—Its aim and style—Tour abroad—Dover packet—Calais to Venice—Author's tastes and his father's—Chamouni and Lucerne—Rhymes to Louise Ellis—St. Urbain, Troyes—Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art," reviewed for Lockhart—At Ambleside—Back to Leamington—MacDonald of Crossmount—Author's friendships—D. Drewitt, G. Collingwood—A. Wedderburn—A Schiehallion-shooting-party—Gardening and rowing—Oxford road-making—Crossmount owls—Mr. Gladstone at Lady Davy's—Tree-drawing—"Proserpina" begun—In a Leamington cottage	150-166
--	---------

CHAPTER XI.

L'HOTEL DU MONT BLANC.

1849.

Samoens Inn—Mr. and Mrs. Simon—St. Martin—Marriage of author's cousin Mary—Wind in Swiss valleys—Thoughts (1854-70) of living in Switzerland—Tour abroad, 1849—Sens, Geneva, Chambéry, Chartreuse, Chamouni—Richard Fall there—His career and death—Miss Eliza Fall—L'Hôtel du Mont Blanc, St. Martin—Diary quoted—Illness at Cormayeur—The Val de Ferret—Diary again—The mystery of God—Cousin Mary's death	167-187
--	---------

CHAPTER XII.

OTTERBURN.

Author's friendships—Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan—Constance Hilliard—Dr. John Brown—His letter on his parents—Carlyle on Dr. Adam and on J. S. Mill—Scottish character, ballads, music, and scenery—"Guy Mannering"—Mrs. Arthur Severn—Turner on the Isle of Thanet—Its skies pure and lovely still—What might have been	188-197
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PRÆTERITA.

CHAPTER I.

OF AGE.

1. THIS second volume must, I fear, be less pleasing to the general reader, with whom the first has found more favor than I had hoped,—not because I tire of talking, but that the talk must be less of other persons, and more of myself. For as I look deeper into the mirror, I find myself a more curious person than I had thought. I used to fancy that everybody would like clouds and rocks as well as I did, if once told to look at them; whereas, after fifty years of trial, I find that is not so, even in modern days; having long ago known that, in ancient ones, the clouds and mountains which have been life to me, were mere inconvenience and horror to most of mankind.

2. I related, in the first volume, page 71, some small part of my pleasures under St. Vincent's rock at Clifton, and the beginning of quartz-study there with the now No. 51 of the Brantwood series. Compare with these childish sentiments, those of the maturely judging John Evelyn, at the same place, 30th June, 1654:—

“The city” (Bristol) “wholly mercantile, as standing neere the famous Severne, commodiously for Ireland and the Western world. Here I first saw the manner of refining suggar, and casting it into loaves, where we had a collation of eggs fried in the suggar furnace,* together with excellent

* Note (by Evelyn's editor in 1827): “A kind of entertainment like that we now have of eating beefsteaks drest on the stoker's shovel, and drinking porter at the famous brewhouses in London.”

Spanish wine: but what appeared most stupendious to me, was the rock of St. Vincent, a little distance from y^e towne, the precipice whereoff is equal to anything of that nature I have seen in y^e most confragose cataracts of the Alpes, the river gliding between them at an extraordinary depth. Here we went searching for diamonds, and to the Hot Wells at its foote. There is also on the side of this horrid Alp a very romantic seatè: and so we returned to Bathe in the evening."

3. Of course Evelyn uses the word "horrid" only in its Latin sense; but his mind is evidently relieved by returning to Bath; and although, farther on, he describes without alarm the towne and county of Nottingham as "seeming to be but one entire rock, as it were," he explains his toleration of that structure in the close of his sentence—"an exceeding pleasant shire, full of gentry." Of his impressions of the "stupendious" rocks of Fontainebleau, and ungentle people of the Simplon, I have to speak in another place.

In these and many other such particulars I find the typical English mind, both then and now, so adverse to my own; as also to those of my few companions through the sorrows of this world, that it becomes for me a matter of acute Darwinian interest to trace my species from origin to extinction: and I have, therefore, to warn the reader, and ask his pardon, that while a modest person writes his autobiography chiefly by giving accounts of the people he has met, I find it only possible, within my planned limits, to take note of those who have had distinct power in the training or the pruning of little me to any good.

4. I return first to my true master in mathematics, poor Mr. Rowbotham. Of course he missed his Herne Hill evenings sadly when I went to Oxford. But always, when we came home, it was understood that once in the fortnight, or so, as he felt himself able, he should still toil up the hill to tea. We were always sorry to see him at the gate; but felt that it was our clear small duty to put up with his sighing for

an hour or two in such rest as his woeful life could find. Nor were we without some real affection for him. His face had a certain grandeur, from its constancy of patience, bewildered innocence, and firm lines of faculty in geometric sort. Also he brought us news from the mathematical and grammatical world, and told us some interesting details of manufacture, if he had been on a visit to his friend Mr. Crawshay. His own home became yearly more wretched, till one day its little ten-years-old Peepy choked himself with his tectotum. The father told us, with real sorrow, the stages of the child's protracted suffering before he died; but observed, finally, that it was better he should have been taken away,—both for him and his parents. Evidently the poor mathematical mind was relieved from one of its least soluble burdens, and the sad face, that evening, had an expression of more than usual repose.

I never forgot the lesson it taught me of what human life meant in the suburbs of London.

5. The rigidly moral muse of Mr. Pringle had by this time gone to Africa, or, let us hope, Arabia Felix, in the other world; and the reins of my poetical genius had been given into the hand of kindly Mr. W. H. Harrison in the Vauxhall Road, of whom account has already been given in the first chapter of "On the Old Road" enough to carry us on for the present.

I must next bring up to time the history of my father's affectionate physician, Dr. Grant. Increasing steadily in reputation, he married a widowed lady, Mrs. Sidney, of good position in Richmond; and became the guardian of her two extremely nice and clever daughters, Augusta and Emma, who both felt great respect, and soon great regard, for their stepfather, and were every day more dutiful and pleasing children to him. Estimating my mother's character also as they ought, later on, they were familiar visitors to us; the younger, Emma, having good taste for drawing, and other quiet accomplishments and pursuits. At the time I am now looking back to, however, the Star and Garter breakfasts had

become rarer, and were connected mostly with visits to Hampton Court, where the great vine, and the maze, were of thrilling attraction to me; and the Cartoons began to take the aspect of mild nightmare and nuisance which they have even since retained.

My runs with cousin Mary in the maze, (once, as in Dantesque alleys of lucent verdure in the Moon, with Adèle and Elise,) always had something of an enchanted and Faery-Queen glamour in them: and I went on designing more and more complicated mazes in the blank leaves of my lesson books—wasting, I suppose, nearly as much time that way as in the trisection of the angle. Howbeit, afterwards, the coins of Cnossus, and characters of Dædalus, Theseus, and the Minotaur, became intelligible to me as to few: and I have much unprinted MSS. about them, intended for expansion in “Ariadne Florentina,” and other labyrinthine volumes, but which the world must get on now without the benefit of, as it can.

6. Meantime, from the Grove, whitehaired mamma Monro, and silvery-fringed Petite, had gone to their rest. Mrs. Gray cared no longer for the pride of her house, or shade of her avenue; while more and more, Mr. Gray’s devotion to Don Quixote, and to my poetry in “Friendship’s Offering,” interfered with his business habits. At last it was thought that, being true Scots both of them, they might better prosper over the Border. They went to Glasgow, where Mr. Gray took up some sort of a wine business, and read Rob Roy instead of Don Quixote. We went to Glasgow to see them, on our Scottish tour, and sorrowfully perceived them to be going downwards, even in their Scottish world. For a little change, they were asked to Oxford that autumn, to see their spoiled Johnnie carrying all before him: and the good couple being seated in Christ Church Cathedral under the organ, and seeing me walk in with my companions in our silken sleeves, and with accompanying flourishes by Mr. Marshall on the trumpet stop, and Rembrandtesque effects of candlelight upon the Norman columns, were both of them

melted into tears; and remained speechless with reverent delight all the evening afterwards.

7. I have left too long without word the continual benevolence towards us of the family at Widmore, Mr. Telford and his three sisters; the latter absolutely well-educated women—wise, without either severity or ostentation, using all they knew for the good of their neighbors, and exhibiting in their own lives every joy of sisterly love and active homeliness. Mr. Henry Telford's perfectly quiet, slightly melancholy, exquisitely sensitive face, browned by continual riding from Bromley to Billiter Street, remains with me, among the most precious of the pictures which, unseen of any guest, hang on the walls of my refectory.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cockburn, as the years drew on, became more and more kindly, but less and less approvingly, interested in our monastic ways at Herne Hill; and in my partly thwarted and uncomfortable, partly singular, development of literary character. Mrs. Cockburn took earnest pains with my mother to get her to send me more into society, that I might be licked a little into shape. But my mother was satisfied with me as I was: and besides, Mrs. Cockburn and she never got quite well on together. My mother, according to her established manner, would no more dine with her than with anyone else, and was even careless in returning calls; and Mrs. Cockburn—which was wonderful in a woman of so much sense—instead of being merely sorry for my mother's shyness, and trying to efface her sense of inferiority in education and position, took this somewhat in pique. But among the fateful chances of my own life in her endeavors to do something for me, and somehow break the shell of me, she one day asked me to dine with Lockhart, and see his little harebell-like daintiness of a daughter. I suppose Mrs. Cockburn must have told him of my love of Scott, yet I do not remember manifesting that sentiment in any wise during dinner: I recollect only, over the wine, making some small effort to display my Oxonian orthodoxy and sound learning, with respect to the principles of Church Establishment; and

being surprised, and somewhat discomfited, by finding that Mr. Lockhart knew the Greek for "bishop" and "elder" as well as I did. On going into the drawing-room, however, I made every effort to ingratiate myself with the little dark-eyed, high-foreheaded Charlotte, and was very sorry,—but I don't think the child was,—when she was sent to bed.

8. But the most happy turn of Fortune's wheel for me, in this year '39, was the coming of Osborne Gordon to Herne Hill to be my private tutor, and read with me in our little nursery. Taking up the raveled ends of yet workable and spinnable flax in me, he began to twist them, at first through much wholesome pain, into such tenor as they were really capable of.

The first thing he did was to stop all pressure in reading. His inaugural sentence was, "When you have got too much to do, don't do it,"—a golden saying which I have often repeated since, but not enough obeyed.

To Gordon himself, his own proverb was less serviceable. He was a man of quite exceptional power, and there is no saying what he might have done, with any strong motive. Very early, a keen, though entirely benevolent, sense of the absurdity of the world took away his heart in working for it:—perhaps I should rather have said, the density and unmal-leability of the world, than absurdity. He thought there was nothing to be done with it; and that after all it would get on by itself. Chiefly, that autumn, in our walks over the Norwood hills, he, being then an ordained, or on the point of being ordained, priest, surprised me greatly by avoiding, evidently with the sense of its being useless bother, my favorite topic of conversation, namely, the torpor of the Protestant churches, and their duty, as it to me appeared, before any thought of missionary work, out of Europe, or comfortable settling to pastoral work at home, to trample finally out the smoldering "diabolic fire" of the Papacy, in all Papal-Catholic lands. For I was then by training, thinking, and the teaching of such small experience as I had, as zealous, pugnacious, and self-sure a Protestant as you please. The first

condition of my being so was, of course, total ignorance of Christian history; the second,—one for which the Roman Church is indeed guiltily responsible,—that all the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland, counting Savoy also as a main point of Alpine territory, are idle and dirty, and all Protestant ones busy and clean—a most impressive fact to my evangelical mother, whose first duty and first luxury of life consisted in purity of person and surroundings; while she and my father alike looked on idleness as indisputably Satanic. They failed not, therefore, to look carefully on the map for the bridge, or gate, or vale, or ridge, which marked the separation of Protestant from the benighted Catholic cantons; and it was rare if the first or second field and cottage, beyond the border, did not too clearly justify their exulting,—though also indignant and partly sorrowful,—enforcement upon me of the natural consequences of Popery.

9. The third reason for my strength of feeling at this time was a curious one. In proportion to the delight I felt in the ceremonial of foreign churches, was my conviction of the falseness of religious sentiment founded on these enjoyments. I had no foolish scorn of them, as the proper expressions of the Catholic Faith; but infinite scorn of the lascivious sensibility which could change its beliefs because it delighted in these, and be “piped into a new creed by the whine of an organ pipe.” So that alike my reason, and romantic pleasure, on the Continent, combined to make a better Protestant of me;—yet not a malicious nor ungenerous one. I never suspected Catholic priests of dishonesty, nor doubted the purity of the former Catholic Church. I was a Protestant Cavalier, not Protestant Roundhead,—entirely desirous of keeping all that was noble and traditional in religious ritual, and reverent to the existing piety of the Catholic peasantry. So that the “diabolic fire” which I wanted trampled out, was only the corrupt Catholicism which rendered the vice of Paris and the dirt of Savoy possible; and which I was quite right in thinking it the duty of every Christian priest to attack, and end the schism and scandal of it.

10. Osborne, on the contrary, was a practical Englishman, of the shrewdest, yet gentlest type; keenly perceptive of folly, but disposed to pardon most human failings as little more. His ambition was restricted to the walls of Christ Church; he was already the chiefly trusted aid of the old Dean; probably, next to him, the best Greek scholar in Oxford, and perfectly practiced in all the college routine of business. He thought that the Church of England had—even in Oxford—enough to do in looking after her own faults; and addressed himself in our conversations on Forest Hill, mainly to mollify my Protestant animosities, enlarge my small acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, and recall my attention to the immediate business in hand, of enjoying our walk, and recollecting what we had read in the morning.

In his proper work with me, no tutor could have been more diligent or patient. His own scholarly power was of the highest order; his memory (the necessary instrument of great scholarship) errorless and effortless; his judgment and feeling in literature sound; his interpretation of political events always rational, and founded on wide detail of well-balanced knowledge; and all this without in the least priding himself on his classic power, or wishing to check any of my impulses in other directions. He had taken his double first with the half of his strength, and would have taken a triple one without priding himself on it: he was amused by my facility in rhyming, recognized my true instinct in painting, and sympathized with me in love of country life and picturesque towns, but always in a quieting and reposeful manner. Once in after life, provoked at finding myself still unable to read Greek easily, I intimated to him a half-formed purpose to throw everything else aside, for a time, and make myself a sound Greek scholar. "I think it would give you more trouble than it is worth," said he. Another time, as I was making the drawing of "Chamouni in afternoon sunshine" for him, (now at his sister's,) I spoke of the constant vexation I suffered because I could not draw better. "And I," he said, simply, "should be very content if I could draw at all."

11. During Gordon's stay with us, this 1839 autumn, we got our second Turner drawing. Certainly the most curious failure of memory—among the many I find—is that I don't know when I *saw* my first! I feel as if Mr. Windus's parlor at Tottenham had been familiar to me since the dawn of existence in Brunswick Square.

Mr. Godfrey Windus was a retired coachmaker, living in a cheerful little villa, with low rooms on the ground floor opening pleasantly into each other, like a sort of grouped conservatory, between his front and back gardens: their walls beset, but not crowded, with Turner drawings of the England series; while in his portfolio-stands, coming there straight from the publishers of the books they illustrated, were the entire series of the illustrations to Scott, to Byron, to the South Coast, and to Finden's Bible.

Nobody, in all England, at that time,—and Turner was already sixty,—*cared*, in the true sense of the word, for Turner, but the retired coachmaker of Tottenham, and I.

Nor, indeed, could the public ever see the drawings so as to begin to care for them. Mr. Fawkes's were shut up at Farnley, Sir Peregrine Acland's perishing of damp in his passages, and Mr. Windus bought all that were made for engravers as soon as the engraver had done with them. The advantage, however, of seeing them all collected at his house,—he gave an open day each week, and to me the run of his rooms at any time,—was, to the general student, inestimable, and, for me, the means of writing "Modern Painters."

12. It is, I think, noteworthy, that, although first attracted to Turner by the mountain truth in Rogers' Italy,—when I saw the drawings, it was almost wholly the pure artistic quality that fascinated me, whatever the subject; so that I was not in the least hindered by the beauty of Mr. Windus's Llanberis or Melrose from being quite happy when my father at last gave me, not for a beginning of Turner collection, but for a specimen of Turner's work, which was all—as it was

supposed—I should ever need or aspire to possess, the “Richmond Bridge, Surrey.”

The triumphant talk between us over it, when we brought it home, consisted, as I remember, greatly in commendation of the quantity of Turnerian subject and character which this single specimen united:—“it had trees, architecture, water, a lovely sky, and a clustered bouquet of brilliant figures.”

And verily the Surrey Richmond remained for at least two years our only Turner possession, and the second we bought, the Gosport, which came home when Gordon was staying with us, had still none of the delicate beauty of Turner except in its sky; nor were either my father or I the least offended by the ill-made bonnets of the lady-passengers in the cutter, nor by the helmsman’s head being put on the wrong way.

The reader is not to think, because I speak thus frankly of Turner’s faults, that I judge them greater, or know them better, now, than I did then. I knew them at this time of getting Richmond and Gosport just as well as other people; but knew also the power shown through these faults, to a degree quite wonderful for a boy;—it being my chief recreation, after Greek or trigonometry in the nursery-study, to go down and feast on my Gosport.

13. And so, after Christmas, I went back to Oxford for the last push, in January 1840, and did very steady work with Gordon, in St. Aldate’s; * the sense that I was coming of age somewhat increasing the feeling of responsibility for one’s time. On my twenty-first birthday my father brought me for a present the drawing of Winchelsea,—a curious choice, and an unlucky one. The thundrous sky and broken white light of storm round the distant gate and scarcely visible

* The street, named from its parish church, going down past Christ Church to the river. It was the regular course of a gentleman-commoner’s residence to be promoted from Peckwater to Tom Quad, and turned out into the street for his last term. I have no notion at this minute who St. Aldate was;—American visitors may be advised that in Oxford it will be expected of them to call him St. Old.

church, were but too true symbols of the time that was coming upon us; but neither he nor I were given to reading omens, or dreading them. I suppose he had been struck by the power of the drawing, and he always liked soldiers. I was disappointed, and saw for the first time clearly that my father's joy in Rubens and Sir Joshua could never become sentient of Turner's microscopic touch. But I was entirely grateful for his purpose, and very thankful to have any new Turner drawing whatsoever; and as at home the Gosport, so in St. Aldate's the Winchelsea, was the chief recreation of my fatigued hours.

14. This Turner gift, however, was only complimentary. The same day my father transferred into my name in the stocks as much as would bring in at least £200 a year, and watched with some anxiety the use I should make of this first command of money. Not that I had ever been under definite restriction about it: at Oxford I ran what accounts with the tradesmen I liked, and the bills were sent in to my mother weekly; there was never any difficulty or demur on either side, and there was nothing out of the common way in Oxford I wanted to buy, except the engraving of Turner's Grand Canal, for my room wall,—and Monsieur Jabot, the first I ever saw of Topffer's rivalless caricatures, one day when I had a headache. For anything on which my state or comfort in the least depended, my father was more disposed to be extravagant than I; but he had always the most curious suspicion of my taste for minerals, and only the year before, in the summer term, was entirely vexed and discomfited at my giving eleven shillings for a piece of Cornish chalcedony. That I never thought of buying a mineral without telling him what I had paid for it, besides advising him duly of the fact, curiously marks the intimate confidence between us: but alas, my respect for his judgment was at this time by these littlenesses gradually diminished; and my confidence in my own painfully manifested to him a very little while after he had permitted me the above stated measure of independence. The Turner drawings hitherto bought,—

Richmond, Gosport, Winchelsea,—were all supplied by Mr. Griffith, an agent in whom Turner had perfect confidence, and my father none. Both were fatally wrong. Had Turner dealt straight with my father, there is no saying how much happiness might have come of it for all three of us; had my father not been always afraid of being taken in by Mr. Griffith, he might at that time have bought some of the loveliest drawings that Turner ever made, at entirely fair prices. But Mr. Griffith's art-salesmanship entirely offended my father from the first, and the best drawings were always let pass, because Mr. Griffith recommended them, while Winchelsea and Gosport were both bought—among other reasons—because Mr. Griffith said they were not drawings which we ought to have!

15. Among those of purest quality in his folios at this time was one I especially coveted, the Harlech. There had been a good deal of dealers' yea and nay about it, whether it was for sale or not; it was a smaller drawing than most of the England and Wales series, and there were many hints in the market about its being iniquitous in price. The private view day of the Old Water Color came; and, arm in arm with my father, I met Mr. Griffith in the crowd. After the proper five minutes of how we liked the exhibition, he turned specially to me. "I have some good news for you, the Harlech is really for sale." "I'll take it then," I replied, without so much as a glance at my father, and without asking the price. Smiling a little ironically, Mr. Griffith went on, "And—seventy,"—implying that seventy was a low price, at once told me in answer to my confidence. But it was thirty above the Winchelsea, twenty-four above Gosport, and my father was of course sure that Mr. Griffith had put twenty pounds on at the instant.

The mingled grief and scorn on his face told me what I had done; but I was too happy on pouncing on my Harlech to feel for him. All sorts of blindness and error on both sides, but, on his side, inevitable,—on mine, more foolish than culpable; fatal every way, beyond words.

16. I can scarcely understand my eagerness and delight in getting the Harlech at this time, because, during the winter, negotiations had been carried on in Paris for Adèle's marriage; and, it does not seem as if I had been really so much crushed by that event as I expected to be. There are expressions, however, in the foolish diaries I began to write, soon after, of general disdain of life, and all that it could in future bestow on me, which seem inconsistent with extreme satisfaction in getting a water-color drawing, sixteen inches by nine. But whatever germs of better things remained in me, were then all centered in this love of Turner. It was not a piece of painted paper, but a Welsh castle and village, and Snowdon in blue cloud, that I bought for my seventy pounds. This must have been in the Easter holidays;—Harlech was brought home and safely installed in the drawing-room on the other side of the fireplace from my idol-niche: and I went triumphantly back to St. Aldate's and Winchelsea.

In spite of Gordon's wholesome moderatorship, the work had come by that time to high pressure, until twelve at night from six in the morning, with little exercise, no cheerfulness, and no sense of any use in what I read, to myself or anybody else: things progressing also smoothly in Paris, to the abyss. One evening, after Gordon had left me, about ten o'clock, a short tickling cough surprised me, because preceded by a curious sensation in the throat, and followed by a curious taste in the mouth, which I presently perceived to be that of blood. It must have been on a Saturday or Sunday evening, for my father, as well as my mother, was in the High Street lodgings. I walked round to them and told them what had happened.

17. My mother, an entirely skilled physician in all forms of consumptive disease, was not frightened, but sent round to the Deanery to ask leave for me to sleep out of my lodgings. Morning consultations ended in our going up to town, and town consultations in my being forbid any farther reading under pressure, and in the Dean's giving me, with many growls, permission to put off taking my degree for a year.

During the month or two following, passed at Herne Hill, my father's disappointment at the end of his hopes of my obtaining distinction in Oxford was sorrowfully silenced by his anxiety for my life. Once or twice the short cough, and mouth-taste—it was no more—of blood, returned; but my mother steadily maintained there was nothing serious the matter, and that I only wanted rest and fresh air. The doctors, almost unanimously,—Sir James Clarke excepted,—gave gloomier views. Sir James cheerfully, but decidedly, ordered me abroad before autumn, to be as much in open carriages as possible, and to winter in Italy.

And Mr. Telford consented to sit in the counting-house, and the clerks promised to be diligent; and my father, to whom the business was nothing, but for me, left his desk, and all other cares of life, but that of nursing me.

18. Of his own feelings, he said little; mine, in the sickly fermentation of temper I was in, were little deserving of utterance, describable indeed less as feelings than as the want of them, in all wholesome directions but one;—magnetic pointing to all presence of natural beauty, and to the poles of such art and science as interpreted it. My preparations for the journey were made with some renewal of spirit; my mother was steadily, bravely, habitually cheerful; while my father, capable to the utmost of every wise enjoyment in traveling, and most of all, of that in lovely landscape, had some personal joy in the thought of seeing South Italy. The attacks of the throat cough seemed to have ceased, and the line of our journey began to be planned with some of the old exultation.

That we might not go through Paris, the route was arranged by Rouen and the Loire to Tours, then across France by Auvergne, and down the Rhone to Avignon; thence, by the Riviera and Florence, to the South.

19. “And is there to be no more Oxford?” asks Froude, a little reproachfully, in a recent letter concerning these memoranda; for he was at Oriel while I was at Christ Church, and does not think I have given an exhaustive view

either of the studies or manners of the University in our day.

No, dear friend. I have no space in this story to describe the advantages I never used; nor does my own failure give me right to blame, even were there any use in blaming, a system now passed away. Oxford taught me as much Greek and Latin as she could; and though I think she might also have told me that fritillaries grew in Iffley meadow, it was better that she left me to find them for myself, than that she should have told me, as nowadays she would, that the painting on them was only to amuse the midges. For the rest, the whole time I was there, my mind was simply in the state of a squash before 'tis a peascod,—and remained so yet a year or two afterwards, I grieve to say;—so that for any account of my real life, the gossip hitherto given to its coddling or cocoon condition has brought us but a little way. I must get on to the days of opening sight, and effective labor; and to the scenes of nobler education which all men, who keep their hearts open, receive in the End of Days.

CHAPTER II.

ROME.

20. HOWEVER dearly bought, the permission to cease reading, and put what strength was left into my sketching again, gave healthy stimulus to all faculties which had been latently progressive in me; and the sketchbooks and rulers were prepared for this journey on hitherto unexampled stateliness of system.

It had chanced, in the spring of the year, that David Roberts had brought home and exhibited his sketches in Egypt and the Holy Land. They were the first studies ever made conscientiously by an English painter, not to exhibit his own skill, or make capital out of his subjects, but to give true portraiture of scenes of historical and religious interest. They were faithful and laborious beyond any outlines from nature I had ever seen, and I felt also that their severely restricted method was within reach of my own skill, and applicable to all my own purposes.

With Roberts' deficiencies or mannerism I have here no concern. He taught me, of absolute good, the use of the fine point instead of the blunt one; attention and indefatigable correctness in detail; and the simplest means of expressing ordinary light and shade on gray ground, flat wash for the full shadows, and heightening of the gradated lights by warm white.

21. I tried these adopted principles first in the courtyard of the Château de Blois: and came in to papa and mamma declaring that "Prout would give his ears to make such a drawing as that."

With some truth and modesty, I might have said he "would have changed eyes with me;" for Prout's manner

was gravely restricted by his nearness of sight. But also this Blois sketch showed some dawning notions of grace in proportion, and largeness of effect, which enabled me for the first time that year, to render continental subjects with just expression of their character and scale, and well-rounded solidification of pillars and sculpture.

22. The last days of the summer were well spent at Amboise, Tours, Aubusson, Pont Gibaud, and Le Puy; but as we emerged into the Rhone valley, autumn broke angrily on us; and the journey by Valence to Avignon was all made gloomy by the ravage of a just past inundation, of which the main mass at Montelimar had risen from six to eight feet in the streets, and the slime remained, instead of fields, over—I forget in fact, and can scarcely venture to conceive,—what extent of plain. The Rhone, through these vast gravelly levels a mere driving weight of discolored water;—the Alps, on the other side, now in late autumn snowless up to their lower peaks, and showing few eminent ones;—the bise, now first letting one feel what malignant wind could be,—might, perhaps, all be more depressing to me in my then state of temper; but I have never cared to see the lower Rhone any more; and to my love of cottage rather than castle, added at this time another strong moral principle, that if ever one was metamorphosed into a river, and could choose one's own size, it would be out of all doubt more prudent and delightful to be Tees or Wharfe than Rhone.

And then, for the first time, at Fréjus, and on the Esterelle and the Western Riviera, I saw some initial letters of Italy, as distinct from Lombardy,—Italy of the stone pine and orange and palm, white villa and blue sea; and saw it with right judgment, as a wreck, and a viciously neglected one.

23. I don't think the reader has yet been informed that I inherited to the full my mother's love of tidiness and cleanliness; so that quite one of the most poetical charms of Switzerland to me, next to her white snows, was her white sleeves. Also I had my father's love of solidity and soundness,—of unveneered, unrouged, and well finished things; and here

on the Riviera there were lemons and palms, yes,—but the lemons pale, and mostly skin; the palms not much larger than parasols; the sea—blue, yes, but its beach nasty; the buildings, pompous, luxurious, painted like Grimaldi,—usually broken down at the ends, and in the middle, having sham architraves daubed over windows with no glass in them; the rocks shaly and ragged, the people filthy: and over everything, a coat of plaster dust.

I was in a bad humor? Yes, but everything I have described is as I say, for all that; and though the last time I was at Sestri I wanted to stay there, the ladies with me wouldn't and couldn't, because of the filth of the inn; and the last time I was at Genoa, 1882, my walk round the ramparts was only to study what uglinesses of plants liked to grow in dust, and crawl, like the lizards, into clefts of ruin.

24. At Genoa I saw then for the first time the circular Pietà by Michael Angelo, which was my initiation in all Italian art. For at this time I understood no jot of Italian painting, but only Rubens, Vandyke, and Velasquez. At Genoa, I did not even hunt down the Vandykes, but went into the confused frontage of the city at its port, (no traversing blank quay blocking out the sea, then,) and drew the crescent of houses round the harbor, borne on their ancient arches;—a noble subject, and one of the best sketches I ever made.

From Genoa, more happy journey by the Eastern Riviera began to restore my spring of heart. I am just in time, in writing these memories, to catch the vision of the crossing Magra, in old time, and some of the other mountain streams of the two Rivieras.

It seems unbelievable to myself, as I set it down, but there were then only narrow mule bridges over the greater streams on either side of which were grouped the villages, where the river slackened behind its sea bar. Of course, in the large towns, Albenga, Savona, Ventimiglia, and so on, there were proper bridges; but at the intermediate hamlets (and the torrents round whose embouchures they grew were

often formidable), the country people trusted to the slack of the water at the bar, and its frequent failure altogether in summer, for traverse of their own carriages: and had neither mind nor means to build Waterloo bridges for the convenience of English carriages and four. The English carriage got across the shingle how it could; the boys of the village, if the horses could not pull it through, harnessed themselves in front; and in windy weather, with deep water on the inside of the bar, and blue breakers on the other, one really began sometimes to think of the slackening wheels of Pharaoh.

25. It chanced that there were two days of rain as we passed the Western Riviera; there was a hot night at Albenga before they came on, and my father wrote—which was extremely wrong of him—a parody of “Woe is me, Alhama,” the refrain being instead, “Woe is me, Albenga”; the Moorish minarets of the old town and its Saracen legends, I suppose, having brought “the Moorish King rode up and down” into his head. Then the rain, with wild sirocco, came on; and somewhere near Savona there was a pause at the brink of one of the streams, in rather angry flood, and some question if the carriage could get through. Loaded, it could not, and everybody was ordered to get out and be carried across, the carriage to follow, in such shifts as it might. Everybody obeyed these orders, and submitted to the national customs with great hilarity, except my mother, who absolutely refused to be carried in the arms of an Italian ragged opera hero, more or less resembling the figures whom she had seen carrying off into the mountains the terrified Taglioni, or Cerito. Out of the carriage she would not move, on any solicitation;—if they could pull the carriage through, they could pull her too, she said. My father was alike alarmed and angry, but as the surrounding opera corps de ballet seemed to look on the whole thing rather as a jest and an occasion for bajocco gathering, than any crisis of fate, my mother had her way; a good team of barelegged youngsters was put to, and she and the carriage entered the stream with

shouting. Two-thirds through, the sand was soft, and horses and boys stopped to breathe. There was another, and really now serious, remonstrance with my mother, we being all nervous about quicksands, as if it had been the middle of Lancaster Bay. But stir she would not; the horses got their wind again, and the boys their way, and with much whip cracking and splashing, carriage and dama Inglese were victoriously dragged to dry land, with general promotion of good will between the two nations.

26. Of the passage of Magra, a day or two afterwards, my memory is vague as its own waves. There were all sorts of paths across the tract of troubled shingle, and I was thinking of the Carrara mountains beyond, all the while. Most of the streams fordable easily enough; a plank or two, loosely propped with a heap of stones, for pier and buttress, replaced after every storm, served the foot passenger. The main stream could neither be bridged nor forded, but was clumsily ferried, and at one place my mother had no choice really but between wading or being carried. She suffered the indignity, I think with some feeling of its being a consequence of the French Revolution, and remained cross all the way to Carrara.

We were going on to Massa to sleep, but had time to stop and walk up the dazzling white road to the lower quarry, and even to look into one or two "studios,"—beginnings of my fixed contempt for rooms so called, ever since. Nevertheless, partly in my father's sense of what was kind and proper to be done,—partly by way of buying "a trifle from Matlock,"—and partly because he and I both liked the fancy of the group, we bought a two-foot high "Bacchus and Ariadne," copied from I know not what (we supposed classic) original, and with as much art in it as usually goes to a French timepiece. It remained long on a pedestal in the library at Denmark Hill, till it got smoked, and was put out of the way.

With the passage of the Magra, and the purchase of the Bacchus and Ariadne, to remain for a sort of monument of the two-foot high knowledge of classic art then possessed by

me, ended the state of mind in which my notions of sculpture lay between Chantrey and Roubilliac. Across Magra I felt that I was in Italy proper; the next day we drove over the bridge of Serchio into Lucca.

27. I am wrong in saying I "felt," *then*, I was in Italy proper. It is only in looking back that I can mark the exact point where the tide began to turn for me; and total ignorance of what early Christian art meant, and of what living sculpture meant, were first pierced by vague wonder and embarrassed awe, at the new mystery round me. The effect of Lucca on me at this time is now quite confused with the far greater one in 1845. Not so that of the first sight of Pisa, where the solemnity and purity of its architecture impressed me deeply;—yet chiefly in connection with Byron and Shelley. A masked brother of the Misericordia first met us in the cathedral of Lucca; but the possible occurrence of the dark figures in the open sunlight of the streets added greatly to the imaginative effect of Pisa on my then nervous and depressed fancy. I drew the Spina Chapel with the Ponte-à-Mare beyond, very usefully and well; but the languor of the muddy Arno as against Reuss, or Genevoise Rhone, made me suspect all past or future description of Italian rivers. Singularly, I never saw Arno in full flood till 1882, nor understood till then that all the rivers of Italy are mountain torrents. I am ashamed, myself, to read, but feel it an inevitable duty to print, the piece of diary which records my first impression of Florence.

28. "November 13th, 1840. I have just been walking, or sauntering, in the square of the statues, the air perfectly balmy; and I shall not soon forget, I hope, the impression left by this square as it opened from the river, with the enormous mass of tower above,—or of the Duomo itself. I had not expected any mass of a church, rather something graceful, like La Salute at Venice; and, luckily, coming on it at the southeast angle, where the gallery round the dome is complete, got nearly run over before I recovered from the stun of the effect. Not that it is good as architec-

ture even in its own barbarous style. I cannot tell what to think of it; but the wealth of exterior marble is quite overwhelming, and the motion of magnificent figure in marble and bronze about the great square, thrilling.

“Nov. 15th. I still cannot make up my mind about this place, though my present feelings are of grievous disappointment. The galleries, which I walked through yesterday, are impressive enough; but I had as soon be in the British Museum, as far as enjoyment goes, except for the Raphaels. I can understand nothing else, and not much of *them*.”

29. At Florence then, this time, the Newgate-like palaces were rightly hateful to me; the old shop and market-streets rightly pleasant; the inside of the Duomo a horror, the outside a Chinese puzzle. All sacred art,—frescoes, tempera, what not, mere zero, as they were to the Italians themselves; the country round, dead wall and dusty olive;—the whole, a provocation and weariness, except for one master, M. Angelo.

I saw at once in him that there was emotion and human life, more than in the Greeks; and a severity and meaning which were not in Rubens. Everybody about me swearing that Michael Angelo was the finest thing in the world, I was extremely proud of being pleased with him; confirmed greatly in my notion of my own infallibility, and with help of Rogers in the Lorenzo Chapel, and long sittings and standings about the Bacchus in the Uffizii, progressed greatly and vitally in Michael-Angelesque directions. But I at once pronounced the knife grinder in the Tribune a vulgar nuisance, as I do still; the Venus de Medicis, an uninteresting little person; Raphael's St. John, a piece of black bombast; and the Uffizii collection in general, an unbecoming medley, got together by people who knew nothing, and cared less than nothing,* about the arts. On the whole, when I last walked through the Uffizii in 1882 I was precisely of the same opinion, and proud of having arrived at it so quickly. It was not to be expected of me at that time to like either Angelico

* That is, cared the wrong way,—liked them for their meanest skills, and worst uses.

or Botticelli; and if I had, the upper corridor of the Uffizii was an entirely vile and contemptible place wherein to see the great Madonna of the one, or the Venus Marina of the other. Both were then in the outer passage from the entrance to the Tribune.

These conclusions being comfortably arrived at, I sate myself down in the middle of the Ponte Vecchio, and made a very true and valuable sketch of the general perspective of its shops and the buildings beyond, looking towards the Duomo. I seem to have had time or will for no more in Florence; the Mercato Vecchio was too crowded to work in, and the carving of the Duomo could not be disengaged from its color. Hopeful, but now somewhat doubtful, of finding things more to our mind in the south, we drove through the Porta Romana.

30. Siena, Radicofani, Viterbo, and the fourth day, Rome;—a gloomy journey, with gloomier rests. I had a bad weary headache at Siena; and the cathedral seemed to me every way absurd—over-cut, over-striped, over-crocketed, over-gabled, a piece of costly confectionery, and faithless vanity. In the main it is so; the power of Siena was in her old cathedral, *her* Edward the Confessor's Westminster. Is the ruin of it yet spared?

The volcanic desert of Radicofani, with gathering storm, and an ominously Æolian keyhole in a vile inn, remained long to all of us a terrific memory. At Viterbo I was better, and made a sketch of the convent on one side of the square, rightly felt and done. On the fourth day papa and mamma observed with triumph, though much worried by the jolting, that every mile nearer Rome the road got worse!

31. My stock of Latin learning, with which to begin my studies of the city, consisted of the two first books of Livy, never well known, and the names of places remembered without ever looking where they were on a map; Juvenal, a page or two of Tacitus, and in Virgil the burning of Troy, the story of Dido, the episode of Euryalus, and the last battle. Of course, I had nominally read the whole Æneid, but

thought most of it nonsense. Of later Roman history, I had read English abstracts of the imperial vices, and supposed the malaria in the Campagna to be the consequence of the Papacy. I had never heard of a good Roman emperor, or a good pope; was not quite sure whether Trajan lived before Christ or after, and would have thanked, with a sense of relieved satisfaction, anybody who might have told me that Marcus Antoninus was a Roman philosopher contemporary with Socrates.

32. The first sight of St. Peter's dome, twenty miles away, was little more to any of us than the apparition of a gray milestone, announcing twenty miles yet of stony road before rest. The first sluggish reach of Tiber, with its mud shore and ochereous water, was a quite vile and saddening sight to me,—as compared with breezy tide of Thames, seen from Nanny Clowsley's. The Piazza del Popolo was as familiar to me, from paintings, as Cheapside, and much less interesting. We went, of course, to some hotel in the Piazza di Spagna, and I went to bed tired and sulky at finding myself in a big street of a big modern town, with nothing to draw, and no end of things to be bothered with. Next day, waking refreshed, of course I said, "I am in Rome," after Mr. Rogers; and accompanied papa and mamma, with a tinge of curiosity, to St. Peter's.

Most people and books had told me I should be disappointed in its appearance of size. But I have not vainly boasted my habit and faculty of measuring magnitudes, and there was no question to me how big it was. The characters I was not prepared for were the clumsy dullness of the façade, and the entirely vile taste and vapid design of the interior. We walked round it; saw the mosaic copies of pictures we did not care for, the pompous tombs of people whose names we did not know, got out to the fresh air and fountains again with infinite sense of relief, and never again went near the place, any of us, except to hear music, or see processions and paraphernalia.

33. So we went home to lunch, and of course drove about

the town in the afternoon, and saw the Forum, Coliseum, and so on. I had no distinct idea what the Forum was or ever had been, or how the three pillars, or the seven, were connected with it, or the Arch of Severus, standing without any road underneath, or the ragged block of buildings above, with their tower of the commonest possible eighteenth century type. There was, however, one extreme good in all this; that I saw things, with whatever faculty was in me, exactly for what they were; and though my religious instruction, as aforesaid, led me to suppose the malaria in the Campagna was the consequence of the Papacy, that did not in the least affect my clear and invincible perception that the outline of Soracte was good, and the outlines of tufo and pozzolana foregrounds bad, whether it was Papal or Protestant pozzolana. What the Forum or Capitol had been, I did not in the least care; the pillars of the Forum I saw were on a small scale, and their capitals rudely carved, and the houses above them nothing like so interesting as the side of any close in the "Auld toun" of Edinburgh.

34. Having ascertained these general facts about the city and its ruins, I had to begin my gallery work. Of course all the great religious paintings, Perugino's antechamber, Angelico's chapel, and the whole lower story of the Sistine, were entirely useless to me. No soul ever bade me look at them, and I had no sense yet to find them out for myself. Everybody told me to look at the roof of the Sistine chapel, and I liked it; but everybody also told me to look at Raphael's Transfiguration, and Domenichino's St. Jerome; which also I did attentively, as I was bid, and pronounced—without the smallest hesitation—Domenichino's a bad picture, and Raphael's an ugly one; and thenceforward paid no more attention to what anybody said, (unless I happened to agree with it) on the subject of painting.

Sir Joshua's verdict on the Stanze was a different matter, and I studied them long and carefully, admitting at once that there was more in them than I was the least able to see or understand, but decisively ascertaining that they could not

give me the least pleasure, and contained a mixture of Paganism and Papacy wholly inconsistent with the religious instruction I had received in Walworth.

Having laid these foundations of future study, I never afterwards had occasion seriously to interfere with them. Domenichino is always spoken of—as long as, in deference to Sir Joshua, I name him at all—as an entirely bad painter; the Stanze, as never giving, or likely to give, anybody in a healthy state of mind,—that is to say, desirous of knowing what sibyls were really like, or how a Greek conceived the Muses,—the slightest pleasure; and the opposition of the Parnassus to the Disputa, shown, in the “Stones of Venice,” * to foretell the fall of Catholic Theology.

35. The main wonders of Rome thus taken stock of, and the course of minor sight-seeing begun, we thought it time to present a letter of introduction which Henry Acland had given me to Mr. Joseph Severn.

Although in the large octavo volume containing the works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, which so often lay on my niche-table at Herne Hill, the Keats part had never attracted me, and always puzzled, I had got quite enough perception of his natural power, and felt enough regret for his death, to make me wait with reverence on his guardian friend. I forget exactly where Mr. Severn lived at that time, but his door was at the right of the landing at the top of a long flight of squarely reverting stair,—broad, to about the span of an English lane that would allow two carts to pass; and broad-stepped also, its gentle incline attained by some three inches of fall to a foot of flat. Up this I was advancing slowly,—it being forbidden me ever to strain breath;—and was within eighteen or twenty steps of Mr. Severn’s door, when it opened, and two gentlemen came out, closed it behind them

* I have authorized the republication of this book in its original text and form, chiefly for the sake of its clear, and the reader will find, wholly incontrovertible, statement of the deadly influence of Renaissance Theology on the Arts in Italy, and on the religion of the World.

with an expression of excluding the world for evermore from that side of the house, and began to descend the stairs to meet me, holding to my left. One was a rather short, rubicund, serenely beaming person; the other, not much taller, but paler, with a beautifully modeled forehead, and extremely vivid, though kind, dark eyes.

36. They looked hard at me as they passed, but in my usual shyness, and also because I have held it a first principle of manners not to waylay people;—above all, not to stop them when they are going out, I made no sign, and leaving them to descend the reverting stair in peace, climbed, at still slackening pace, the remaining steps to Mr. Severn's door, and left my card and letter of introduction with the servant, who told me he had just gone out. His dark-eyed companion was George Richmond, to whom, also, Aeland had given me a letter. Both Mr. Severn and he came immediately to see us. My father and mother's quiet out-of-the-wayness at first interested, soon pleased, and at last won them, so completely, that before Christmas came, out of all people in Rome they chose us to eat their Christmas dinner with. Much more for my father's sake and mother's, than mine; not that they were uninterested in me also, but as *my* ways of out-of-the-wayness were by no means quiet, but perpetually firing up under their feet in little splutters and spitfires of the most appalling heresy; and those not only troublesome in immediate crackle, but carried out into steady, and not always refutable, objection to nearly everything sacred in their sight, of the autocratic masters and authentic splendors of Rome, their dialogues with me were apt to resolve themselves into delicate disguises of necessary reproof; and even with my father and mother, into consultation as to what was best to be done to bring me to anything like a right mind. The old people's confidence in *them* had been unbounded from the first, in consequence of Mr. Severn's having said to Mr. Richmond when they met me on the stairs, "What a poetical countenance!"—and my recently fanatical misbehavior in the affair of the Harlech, coupled with my now irrepressible

impertinences to Raphael and Domenichino, began to give me in my parents' eyes something of the distant aspect of the Prodigal Son.

37. The weight of adverse authority which I had thus to support was soon increased by the zeal of Mr. Richmond's younger brother, Tom, whom I found, on the first occasion of my visiting them in their common studio, eagerly painting a torso with shadows of smalt blue, which, it was explained to me, were afterwards to be glazed so as to change into the flesh color of Titian. As I did not at that time see anything particular in the flesh color of Titian, and did not see the slightest probability—if there were—of its being imitable by that process, here was at once another chasm of separation opened between my friends and me, virtually never closed to the end of time; and in its immediately volcanic effect, decisive of the manner in which I spent the rest of my time in Rome and Italy. For, making up my mind thenceforward that the sentiment of Raphael and tints of Titian were alike beyond me, if not wholly out of my way; and that the sculpture galleries of the Vatican were mere bewilderment and worry, I took the bit in my teeth, and proceeded to sketch what I could find in Rome to represent in my own way, bringing in primarily,—by way of defiance to Raphael, Titian, and the Apollo Belvedere all in one,—a careful study of old clothes hanging out of old windows in the Jews' quarter.

38. The gauntlet being thus thrown, the two Mr. Richmonds and my father had nothing for it but to amuse themselves as best they could with my unclassical efforts, not, taken on my own terms, without interest. I did the best I could for the Forum, in a careful general view; a study of the aqueducts of the Campagna from St. John Lateran, and of the Aventine from the Ponte Rotto, were extremely pleasant to most beholders; and at last even Mr. Richmond was so far mollified as to ask me to draw the street of the Trinita di Monte for him, with which he had many happy associations. There was another practical chance for me in life at this crisis,—I might have made the most precious

records of all the cities in Italy. But all my chances of being anything but what I am were thrown away, or broken short, one after another. An entirely mocking and mirage-colored one, as it seemed then, yet became, many a year later, a great and beautiful influence on my life.

39. Between my Protestantism and, as Tom Richmond rightly called it, Proutism, I had now abjured Roman shows altogether, and was equally rude and restive, whether I was asked to go to a church, a palace, or a gallery,—when papa and mamma began to perceive some dawn of docility in me about going to hear musical church services. This they naturally attributed to my native taste for Gregorian chants, and my increasing aptitude for musical composition. But the fact was, that at services of this kind there was always a chance of seeing, at intervals, above the bowed heads of the Italian crowd, for an instant or two before she also stooped—or sometimes, eminent in her grace above a stunted group of them,—a fair English girl, who was not only the admitted Queen of beauty in the English circle of that winter in Rome, but was so, in the kind of beauty which I had only hitherto dreamed of as possible, but never yet seen living: statuesque severity with womanly sweetness joined. I don't think I ever succeeded in getting nearer than within fifty yards of her; but she was the light and solace of all the Roman winter to me, in the mere chance glimpses of her far away, and the hope of them.

40. Meantime, my father, to whom our Roman physician had given an encouraging report of me, recovered some of his natural cheerfulness, and enjoyed, with his niece, who if not an enthusiastic, was an indefatigable and attentive sight-seeker and seer, everything that Rome had to show; the musical festas especially, whenever his cross-grained boy consented, for Miss Tol'mache's secret sake, to go with him; while Mr. Severn and George Richmond became every day more kindly—nor, we felt, without real pleasure to themselves—helpful to us all. No *habitué* of the brightest circles of present London Society will doubt the privilege we had in

better and better knowing George Richmond. But there is nothing in any circle that ever I saw or heard of, like what Mr. Joseph Severn then was in Rome. He understood everybody, native and foreign, civil and ecclesiastic, in what was nicest in them, and never saw anything else than the nicest; or saw what other people got angry about as only a humorous part of the nature of things. It was the nature of things that the Pope should be at St. Peter's, and the beggars on the Pincian steps. He forgave the Pope his papacy, revered the beggar's beard, and felt that alike the steps of the Pincian, and the Araceli, and the Lateran, and the Capitol, led to heaven, and everybody was going up, somehow; but might be happy where they were in the meantime. Lightly sagacious, lovingly humorous, daintily sentimental, he was in council with the cardinals to-day, and at picnic in Campagna with the brightest English belles to-morrow; and caught the hearts of all in the golden net of his good will and good understanding, as if life were but for him the rippling chant of his favorite song,—

"Gente, e qui l'uccellatore."

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible, appearing to be bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

CHAPTER III.

CUMÆ.

41. IN my needful and fixed resolve to set the facts down continuously, leaving the reader to his reflections on them, I am slipping a little too fast over the surfaces of things; and it becomes at this point desirable that I should know, or at least try to guess, something of what the reader's reflections *are!* and whether in the main he is getting at the sense of the facts I tell him.

Does he think me a lucky or unlucky youth, I wonder? Commendable, on the whole, and exemplary—or the reverse? Of promising gifts—or merely glitter of morning, to pass at noon? I ask him at this point, because several letters from pleased acquaintances have announced to me, of late, that they have obtained quite new lights upon my character from these jottings, and like me much better than they ever did before. Which was not the least the effect I intended to produce on them; and which moreover is the exact opposite of the effect on my own mind of meeting myself, by turning back, face to face.

42. On the contrary, I suffer great pain, and shame, in perceiving with better knowledge the little that I was, and the much that I lost—of time, chance, and—duty, (a duty missed is the worst of loss); and I cannot in the least understand what my acquaintances have found, in anything hitherto told them of my childhood, more amiable than they might have guessed of the author of "Time and Tide," or "Unto This Last." The real fact being, whatever they make of it, that hitherto, and for a year or two on, yet, I was simply a little floppy and sippy tadpole,—little more than a stomach with a tail to it, flattening and wriggling itself up

the crystal ripples and in the pure sands of the spring-head of youth.

But there were always good eyes in me, and a good habit of keeping head up stream; and now the time was coming when I began to think about helping princesses by fetching up their balls from the bottom; when I got a sudden glimpse of myself, in the true shape of me, extremely startling and discouraging:—here, in Rome it was, towards the Christmas time.

43. Among the living Roman arts of which polite travelers were expected to carry specimens home with them, one of the prettiest used to be the cutting cameos out of pink shells. We bought, according to custom, some coquillage of Gods and Graces; but the cameo cutters were also skillful in mortal portraiture, and papa and mamma, still expectant of my future greatness, resolved to have me carved in cameo.

I had always been content enough with my front face in the glass, and had never thought of contriving vision of the profile. The cameo finished, I saw at a glance to be well cut; but the image it gave of me was not to my mind. I did not analyze its elements at the time, but should now describe it as a George the Third's penny, with a halfpenny worth of George the Fourth, the pride of Amurath the Fifth, and the temper of eight little Lucifers in a sweet lodging.

Now I knew myself proud; yes, and of late, sullen; but did not in the least recognize pride or sulkiness for leading faults of my nature. On the contrary, I knew myself wholly reverent to all real greatness, and wholly good-humored—when I got my own way. What more can you expect of average boy, or beast?

And it seemed hard to me that only the excrescent faults, and by no means the constant capacities, should be set forth, carved by the petty justice of the practical cameo. Concerning which, as also other later portraits of me, I will be thus far proud as to tell the disappointed spectator, once for all, that the main good of my face, as of my life, is in the eyes,—and only in those, seen near; that a very dear and

wise French friend also told me, a long while after this, that the lips, though not Apolline, were kind; the George the Third and Fourth character I recognize very definitely among my people, as already noticed in my cousin George of Croydon; and of the shape of head, fore and aft, I have my own opinions, but do not think it time, yet, to tell them.

44. I think it, however, quite time to say a little more fully, not only what happened to me, now of age, but what was *in me*: to which end I permit a passage or two out of my diary, written for the first time this year wholly for my own use, and note of things I saw and thought; and neither to please papa, nor to be printed,—with corrections,—by Mr. Harrison.

I see, indeed, in turning the old leaves, that I have been a little too morose in my record of impressions on the Riviera. Here is a page more pleasant, giving first sight of a place afterwards much important in my life—the promontory of Sestri di Levante.

“Sestri, Nov. 4th (1840). Very wet all morning; merely able to get the four miles to this most lovely village, the clouds drifting like smoke from the hills, and hanging in wreaths about the white churches on their woody slopes. Kept in here till three, then the clouds broke, and we got up the woody promontory that overhangs the village. The clouds were rising gradually from the Apennines, fragments entangled here and there in the ravines catching the level sunlight like so many tongues of fire; the dark blue outline of the hills clear as crystal against a pale distant purity of green sky, the sun touching here and there upon their turfy precipices, and the white, square villages along the gulf gleaming like silver to the northwest;—a mass of higher mountain, plunging down into broad valleys dark with olive, their summits at first gray with rain, then deep blue with flying showers—the sun suddenly catching the near woods at their base, already colored exquisitely by the autumn, with such a burst of robing,—penetrating, glow as Turner only could even imagine, set off by the gray storm behind. To

the south, an expanse of sea, varied by reflection of white Alpine cloud, and delicate lines of most pure blue, the low sun sending its line of light—forty miles long—from the horizon; the surges dashing far below against rocks of black marble, and lines of foam drifting back with the current into the open sea. Overhead, a group of dark Italian pine and evergreen oak, with such lovely ground about their roots as we have in the best bits of the islands of Derwentwater. This continued till near sunset, when a tall double rainbow rose to the east over the fiery woods, and as the sun sank, the storm of falling rain on the mountains became suddenly purple—nearly crimson; the rainbow, its hues scarcely traceable, one broad belt of crimson, the clouds above all fire. The whole scene such as can only come once or twice in a lifetime.”

45. I see that we got to Rome on a Saturday, November 28th. The actual first entry next morning is, perhaps, worth keeping:—

“Nov. 29th, Sunday. A great fuss about Pope officiating in the Sistine Chapel—Advent Sunday. Got into a crowd, and made myself very uncomfortable for nothing: no music worth hearing, a little mummery with Pope and dirty cardinals. Outside and west façade of St. Peter’s certainly very fine: the inside would make a nice ballroom, but is good for nothing else.”

“Nov. 30th. Drove up to the Capitol—a filthy, melancholy-looking, rubbishy place; and down to the Forum, which is certainly a very good subject; and then a little further on, amongst quantities of bricks and rubbish, till I was quite sick.”

With disgust, I meant; but from December 20th to 25th I had a qualm of real fever, which it was a wonder came to no worse. On the 30th I am afoot again; thus:—

“I have been walking backwards and forwards on the Pincian, being unable to do anything else since this confounded illness, and trying to find out why every imaginable delight palls so very rapidly on even the keenest feelings. I

had all Rome before me; towers, cupolas, cypresses, and palaces mingled in every possible grouping; a light Decemberish mist, mixed with the slightest vestige of wood smoke, hovering between the distances, and giving beautiful gray outlines of every form between the eye and the sun; and over the rich evergreen oaks of the Borghese gardens, a range of Apennine, with one principal pyramid of pure snow, like a piece of sudden comet-light fallen on the earth. It was not like moonlight, nor like sunlight, but as soft as the one, and as powerful as the other. And yet, with all this around me, I could not feel it. I was as tired of my walk, and as glad when I thought I had done duty, as ever on the Norwood road."

46. There was a girl walking up and down with some children, her light cap prettily set on very well dressed hair: of whose country I had no doubt; long before I heard her complain to one of her charges, who was jabbering English as fast as the fountain tinkled on the other side of the road, "Qu'elle n'en comprenait pas un mot." This girl after two or three turns sat down beside another *bonne*. There they sate laughing and chattering, with the expression of perfect happiness on their faces, thinking no more of the Alpine heights behind them, or the city beneath them, than of Constantinople; while I, with every feeling raised, I should think to a great degree above theirs, was in a state of actually severe mental pain, because I could perceive materials of the highest pleasure around me, and felt the time hang heavy on my hands. Here is the pride, you perceive, good reader, and the sullens—*dum pituita molestat*—both plain enough. But it is no lofty pride in which I say my "*feelings*" were raised above the French *bonne*'s. Very solemnly, I did not think myself a better creature than she, nor so good; but only I knew there was a link between far Soracte and me,—nay, even between unseen Voltur and me,—which was not between her and them; and meant a wider, earthly, if not heavenly, horizon, under the birth-star.

47. Meantime, beneath the hill, my mother knitted, as

quietly as if she had been at home, in the corner of the great Roman room in which she cared for nothing but the cleanliness, as distinguishing it from the accommodation of provincial inns; and the days turned, and it was time to think of the journey to Naples, before any of us were tired of Rome. And simple cousin Mary, whom I never condescended to ask for either sympathy or opinion, was really making better use of her Roman days than any of us. She was a sound, plain, musician; (having been finished by Moscheles); attended to the church orchestras carefully, read her guidebooks accurately, knew always where she was, and in her sincere religion, conquered her early Puritanism to the point of reverently visiting St. Paul's grave and St. Cecilia's house, and at last going up the Scala Santa on her knees, like any good girl of Rome.

48. So passed the days, till there was spring sunshine in the air as we climbed the Alban mount, and went down into the ravine under La Riccia, afterwards described in perhaps the oftenest quoted passage of "Modern Painters." The diary says: "A hollow with another village on the hill opposite, a most elegant and finished group of church tower and roof, descending by delicate upright sprigs * of tree into a dark rich-toned depth of ravine, out of which rose nearer, and clear against its shade, a gray wall of rock, an absolute miracle for blending of bright lichenous color."

With a few sentences more, to similar effect, and then a bit of Pontine marsh description, dwelling much on the moving points of the "black cattle, white gulls, black, bristly high-bred swine, and birds of all sorts, waders and dippers innumerable." It is very interesting, at least to myself, to find how, so early as this, while I never drew anything but in pencil outline, I *saw* everything first in color, as it ought to be seen.

49. I must give room to the detail of the day from Mola to Naples, because it shows, to proof enough, the constant

* I have substituted this word for a sketch like the end of a broom, which would convey no idea to anybody but myself.

watchfulness upon which the statements in "Modern Painters" were afterwards founded, though neither that nor any other book had yet been dreamed of, and I wrote only to keep memory of things seen, for what good might come of the memory anyhow.

"Naples, January 9th, (1841). Dressed yesterday at Mola by a window commanding a misty sunrise over the sea—a grove of oranges sloping down to the beach, flushed with its light; Gaeta opposite, glittering along its promontory. Ran out to terrace at side of the house, a leaden bit of roof, with pots of orange and Indian fig. There was a range of Skiddaw-like mountains rising from the shore, the ravines just like those of Saddleback, or the west side of Skiddaw; the higher parts bright with fresh-fallen snow; the highest, misty with a touch of soft white, swift * cloud. Nearer, they softened into green, bare masses of hill, like Malvern, but with their tops covered with olives and lines of vine,—the village of Mola showing its white walls and level roofs above the olives, with a breath of blue smoke floating above them, and a long range of distant hills running out into the sea beyond. The air was fresh, and yet so pure and soft, and so full of perfume from the orange trees below the terrace, that it seemed more like an early summer morning than January. It got soon threatening, however, though the sun kept with us as we drove through the village;—confined streets, but bright and varied, down to the shore, and then under the slopes of the snowy precipice, now thoroughly dazzling with the risen sun, and between hedges of tall myrtle, into the plain of Garigliano. A heavy rain-cloud raced † us the ten miles, and stooped over us, stealing the blue sky inch by inch, till it had left only a strip of amber-

* Note the instant marking the *pace* of the cloud,—the work of "Cœli Enarrant" having been begun practically years before this. See below also of the rain-cloud.

† This distinct approach, or chase, by rain-cloud is opposed, in my last lectures on sky, to the *gathering* of rain-cloud all through the air, under the influence of plague wind.

blue * behind the Apennines, the near hills thrown into deep dark purple shade, the snow behind them, first blazing—the only strong light in the picture—then in shade, dark against the pure sky; the gray above, warm and lurid—a little washed with rain in parts; below, a copse of willow coming against the dark purples, nearly pure Indian yellow, a little touched with red. Then came a lovely bit of aqueduct, with coats of shattered mosaic, the hills seen through its arches, and pieces of bright green meadow mixing with the yellow of the willows. At Capua, detained by a rascally Dogana,—we had one at Garigliano as well, howling beggars all about (Caffé del Giglio d'Oro), one ape of a creature clinging with its legs about another's neck, and chopping its jaws with its fists. Hence a dead flat of vines hanging from elms, and road perfectly straight, and cut utterly up by a deluge of rain. I was quite tired as it grew dark, fragments of blue and amber sky showing through colossal thunder clouds, and two or three pure stars laboring among the dark masses. It lightened fast as we got into Naples, and we were stopped again, first by Dogana, and then at passport office, till I lost temper and patience, and could have cried like a girl, for I was quite wearied with the bad roads, and disappointed with the approach to Naples; and cold. I could not help wondering at this. How little could I have imagined, sitting in my home corner, yearning for a glance of the hill snow, or the orange leaf, that I should, at entering Naples, be as thoroughly out of humor as ever after a monotonous day in London. More so!"

50. For full ten years, since earliest geologic reading, I had thoroughly known the structure and present look of Vesuvius and Monte Somma; nor had "Friendship's Offering" and "Forget-me-not," in the days of the Bandit Leoni, left me without useful notions of the Bay of Naples. But the beautiful forms of Monte St. Angelo and Capri were new to me, and the first feeling of being in the presence of the power and mystery of the under earth, unspeakably solemn; though

* Palest transparent blue passing into gold.

Vesuvius was virtually in repose, and the slow changes in the heaped white cloud above the crater were only like those of a thunder cloud.

The first sight of the Alps had been to me as a direct revelation of the benevolent will in creation. Long since, in the volcanic powers of destruction, I had been taught by Homer, and further forced by my own reason, to see, if not the personality of an Evil Spirit, at all events the permitted symbol of evil, unredeemed; wholly distinct from the conditions of storm, or heat, or frost, on which the healthy courses of organic life depended. In the same literal way in which the snows and Alpine roses of Lauterbrunnen were visible Paradise, here, in the valley of ashes and throat of lava, were visible Hell. If thus in the natural, how else should it be in the spiritual world?

I had never yet read a line of Dante. From the moment when I knew the words,—

“It now is evening there, where buried lies
The body in which I cast a shade, removed
To Naples from Brundisium’s wall,”

not Naples only, but Italy, became forever flushed with the sacred twilight of them. But even now, what pieces I knew of Virgil, in that kind, became all at once true, when I saw the birdless lake; for me also, the voice of it had teaching which was to be practically a warning law of future life:—

“Nec te
Nequidquam lucis Hecate præfecit Avernis.”

The legends became true,—*began* to come true, I should have said,—trains of thought now first rising which did not take clear current till forty years afterwards; and in this first trickling, sorrowful in disappointment. “There *were* such places then, and Sibyls *did* live in them!—but is this all?”

Frightful enough, yes, the spasmodic ground—the boiling sulphur lake—the Dog’s grotto with its floor a foot deep in poisoned air that could be stirred with the hand. Awful,

but also for the Delphi of Italy, ignoble. And all that was fairest in the whole sweep of isle and sea, I saw, as was already my wont, with precise note of its faults.

51. The common English traveler, if he can gather a black bunch of grapes with his own fingers, and have his bottle of Falernian brought him by a girl with black eyes, asks no more of this world, nor the next; and declares Naples a Paradise. But I knew, from the first moment when my foot furrowed volcanic ashes, that no mountain form or color could exist in perfection when everything was made of scoria, and that blue sea was to be little boasted if it broke on black sand. And I saw also, with really wise anger, the horror of neglect in the governing power, which Mr. Gladstone found, forsooth, in the Neapolitan prisons! but which neither he nor any other Englishman, so far as I know, except Byron and I, saw to have made the Apennines one prison wall, and all the modern life of Italy one captivity of shame and crime; alike against the honor of her ancestors, and the kindness of her God.

With these strong insights into the faults of others, there came also at Naples, I am thankful to say, some stroke of volcanic lightning on my own. The sense of the uselessness of all Naples and its gulf to me, in my then state of illness and gloom, was borne in upon me with reproach: the chrysalid envelope began to tear itself open here and there to some purpose, and I bade farewell to the last outlines of Monte St. Angelo as they faded in the south, with dim notions of bettering my ways in future.

52. At Mola di Gaeta we stopped a whole day that I might go back to draw the castle of Itri. It was hinted darkly to us that Itri was of no good repute; we disdained all imputations on such a lovely place, and drove back there for a day's rambling. While I drew, my mother and Mary went at their own sweet wills up and down; Mary had by this time, at school and on the road, made herself mistress of syllables enough to express some sympathy with any contadina who wore a pretty cap, or carried a pretty

baby; and, the appearance of English women being rare at Itri, the contadine were pleased, and everything that was amiable to mamma and Mary. I made an excellent sketch, and we returned in exultation to the orange-groves of Mola. We afterwards heard that the entire population of Itri consisted of banditti, and never troubled ourselves about banditti any more.

We stopped at Albano for the Sunday, and I went out in the morning for a walk through its ilex groves with my father and mother and Mary. For some time back, the little cough bringing blood had not troubled me, and I had been taking longer walks and otherwise counting on comparative safety, when here suddenly, in the gentle morning saunter through the shade, the cough came back—with a little darker stain on the handkerchief than usual. I sat down on a bank by the roadside, and my father's face was very grave.

We got quietly back to the inn, where he found some sort of light carriole disposable, and set out, himself, to fetch the doctor from Rome.

It has always been one of the great shadows of thought to me; to fancy my father's feelings as he was driven that day those eighteen miles across the Campagna.

Good Dr. Gloag comforted him, and returned with him. But there was nothing new to be done, nor said. Such chance attack was natural in the spring, he said, only I must be cautious for a while. My mother never lost her courage for an instant. Next day we went on to Rome, and it was the last time the cough ever troubled me.

53. The weather was fine at Easter, and I saw the Benediction, and sate in the open air of twilight opposite the castle of St. Angelo, and saw the dome-lines kindle on St. Peter's, and the castle veil the sky with flying fire. Bearing with me from that last sight in Rome many thoughts that ripened slowly afterwards, chiefly convincing me how guiltily and meanly dead the Protestant mind was to the whole meaning and end of mediæval Church splendor; and how meanly and guiltily dead the existing Catholic mind was, to the

course by which to reach the Italian soul, instead of its eyes.

Re-opening, but a few days since, the book which my Christ Church official tutor, Walter Brown, recommended to me as the most useful code of English religious wisdom, the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," I chanced on this following passage, which I think must have been one of the first to startle the complacency of my Puritan creed. My since experience in theological writing furnishes me with no more terrific example of the absence alike of charity and understanding in the leading masters of that sect, beyond all others into which the Church has ever been divided:—

"If it be for a moment forgotten that in every bell, and bowl, and vest of the Romish service there is hid a device against the liberty and welfare of mankind, and that its gold, and pearls, and fine linen are the deckings of eternal ruin; and if this apparatus of worship be compared with the impurities and the cruelties of the old Polytheistic rites, great praise may seem due to its contrivers. All the materials of poetic and scenic effect have been elaborated by the genius and taste of the Italian artists until a spectacle has been got up which leaves the most splendid shows of the ancient idol worship of Greece and Rome at a vast distance of inferiority."

Yet I cannot distinctly remember being shocked, even at this passage, and I know there was much in the rest of the book that pleased me; but I had already the advantage over its author, and over all such authors, of knowing, when I saw them, sincere art from lying art, and happy faith from insolent dogmatism. I knew that the voices in the Trinita di Monte did not sing to deceive me; and that the kneeling multitude before the Pontiff were indeed bettered and strengthened by his benediction.

Although I had been able, weather favoring, to see the Easter ceremonies without danger, there was no sign, take all in all, of gain to my health from Roman winter. My own discouragement was great; and the first cautious jour-

neyings back by Terni and Fuligno were sad enough; the night at Terni very deeply so. For in the evening, when we came back from seeing the falls, the servant of a young Englishman asked to speak with us, saying that he was alone in charge of his master, who had been stopped there by sudden, he feared mortal, illness. Would my father come and see him? My father went, and found a beautifully featured Scottish youth of three or four and twenty, indeed in the last day of decline. He died during the night, and we were of some use to the despairing servant afterwards. I forget now whether we ever knew who the youth was. I find his name in my diary, "Farquharson," but no more.

As we drew northward, however, out of the volcanic country, I recovered heart; the enchanted world of Venice enlarging in front of me. I had only yet once seen her, and that six years ago, when still a child. That the fairy tale should come true now seemed wholly incredible, and the start from the gate of Padua in the morning,—Venice, asserted by people whom we could not but believe, to be really over there, on the horizon, in the sea! How to tell the feeling of it!

54 I have not yet fancied the reader's answer to the first question proposed in outset of this chapter,—does he think me a fortunate or unfortunate youth?

As to preparation for the future world, terrestrial or celestial, or future self in either, there may be two opinions—two or three perhaps—on the matter. But, there is no question that, of absolute happiness, I had the share of about a quarter of a million of average people, all to myself. I say "people," not "boys." I don't know what delight boys take in cricket, or boating, or throwing stones at birds, or learning to shoot them. But of average people in continuity of occupation, shopmen, clerks, Stock Exchange people, club and Pall Mall people, certainly there was no reckoning the quantity of happiness I had in comparison, followed indeed by times of reaction, or of puzzled satiety; and partly

avenged by extremes of vexation at what vexed nobody else; but indisputably and infinitely precious in itself, every day complete at the end, as with Sydney Smith's salad: "Fate cannot harm me; I have dined, to-day."

55. The two chapters closing the first, and beginning the second volume of the "Stones of Venice" were written, I see on re-reading, in the melancholy experience of 1852, with honest effort to tell every traveler what was really to be seen. They do not attempt to recall my own joys of 1835 and 1841, when there was not even beginning of railway bridge; when everything, muddy Brenta, vulgar villa, dusty causeway, sandy beach, was equally rich in rapture, on the morning that brought us in sight of Venice: and the black knot of gondolas in the canal of Mestre, more beautiful to me than a sunrise full of clouds all scarlet and gold.

But again, how to tell of it? or even explain it to myself,—the English mind, high or common, being utterly without trace of the feeling. Sir Philip Sidney goes to Venice, and seems unconscious that it is in the sea at all. Elizabeth Lady Craven, in 1789, "expected to see a gay clean-looking town, with quays on each side of the canals, but was extremely disappointed; the houses are in the water, and look dirty and uncomfortable on the outside; the innumerable quantity of gondolas too, that look like swimming coffins, added to the dismal scene, and, I confess, Venice on my arrival struck me with horror rather than pleasure."

After this, she goes to the Casini, and is happy. It does not appear she had ever read the Merchant, or Othello; still less has Evelyn read them, though for him, as for Sidney, Othello's and Antonio's Venice was still all but living. My Venice, like Turner's, had been chiefly created for us by Byron; but for me, there was also still the pure childish passion of pleasure in seeing boats float in clear water. The beginning of everything was in seeing the gondola-beak come actually inside the door at Danieli's, when the tide was up, and the water two feet deep at the foot of the stairs; and then, all along the canal sides, actual marble walls rising out

of the salt sea, with hosts of little brown crabs on them, and Titians inside.

56. Between May 6th and 16th I made notes on effects of light, afterwards greatly useful in "Modern Painters;" and two pencil drawings, Ca' Contarini Fasan, and the Giant's Staircase, of which, with two more made at Bologna in passing, and some half-dozen at Naples and Amalfi, I can say, now forty years later, with certitude, that they could not have been much better done. I knew absolutely nothing of architecture proper, had never drawn a section nor a leaf molding; but liked, as Turner did to the end of his days, anything that was graceful and rich, whether Gothic or Renaissance; was entirely certain and delicate in pencil-touch; and drew with an acuteness of delight in the thing as it actually stood, which makes the sketch living and like, from corner to corner. Thus much I could do, and *did* do, for the last time. Next year I began trying to do what I could not, and have gone on ever since, spending half of my days in that manner.

57. I find a sentence in diary on 6th May, which seems inconsistent with what I have said of the centers of my life work.

"Thank God I am here; it is the Paradise of cities."

"This, and Chamouni, are my two bournes of Earth."

But then, I *knew* neither Rouen nor Pisa, though I had seen both. (Geneva, when I spoke of it with them, is meant to include Chamouni.) Venice I regard more and more as a vain temptation—the diary says—where the stars are. "There is moon enough to make half the sanities of the earth lunatic, striking its pure flashes of light on the gray water."

From Venice, by Padua, where St. Antonio,—by Milan, where the Duomo,—were still faultless to me, and each a perfect bliss; to Turin—to Susa; my health still bettering in the sight of Alps, and what breeze came down from them—and over Cenis for the first time. I woke from a sound tired sleep in a little one-windowed room at Lans-le-bourg, at

six of the summer morning, June 2nd, 1841; the red aiguilles on the north relieved against pure blue—the great pyramid of snow down the valley in one sheet of eastern light. I dressed in three minutes, ran down the village street, across the stream, and climbed the grassy slope on the south side of the valley, up to the first pines.

I had found my life again;—all the best of it. What good of religion, love, admiration or hope, had ever been taught me, or felt by my best nature, rekindled at once; and my line of work, both by my own will and the aid granted to it by fate in the future, determined for me. I went down thankfully to my father and mother, and told them I was sure I should get well.

As to my mere physical state, the doctors had been entirely mistaken about me. I wanted bracing air, exercise, and rest from all artificial excitement. The air of the Campagna was the worst they could have sent me into—the life of Rome the worst they could have chosen.

58. The three following diary entries, which meant much afterwards, may summarily end what I fear has been a tiresome chapter.

I. “Geneva, June 5th. Yesterday from Chambéry,—a fresh north wind blowing away the dust. Much pleased with the respectable young wife of a confectioner, at one of the mid-towns where I went to get some Savoy biscuits—and asked for ‘a pound.’ ‘Mais, Monsieur, une livre sera un peu—volumineuse! je vous en donnerai la moitié; vous verrez si cela vous suffira;’—‘Ah, Louise’ (to a little bright-eyed lady in the inner room, who was expressing her disapprobation of some of the affairs of life too loudly), ‘si tu n’es pas sage, tu vas savoir’—but so playfully and kindly! Got here on a lovely afternoon near sunset; and the green bastions and bright Salève and rushing Rhone and far Jura, all so lovely that I was nearly vowing never to go into Italy again.”

II. “June 6th. Pouring rain all day, and slow extempore sermon from a weak-voiced young man in a white arched small chapel, with a braying organ and doggerel hymns.

Several times, about the same hour on Sunday mornings, a fit of self-reproach has come upon me for my idling at present, and I have formed resolutions to be always trying to get knowledge of some kind or other, or bodily strength, or some real available, continuing good, rather than the mere amusement of the time. It came on me to-day very strongly, and I would give anything and everything to keep myself in the temper, for I always slip out of it next day."

III. "Dec. 11th, 1842. Very odd! Exactly the same fit came on me in the same church, next year, and was the origin of Turner's work."

CHAPTER IV.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

59. WE reached Rochester on the 29th of June, and a month was spent at home, considering what was to be done next. My own feeling, ever since the morning at Lans-le-bourg, was that, if only left free in mountain air, I should get well, fast enough. After debate with London doctors, it was thought best to give me my way; and, stipulating only that Richard Fall should go with me, papa and mamma sent me, early in August, on my first independent journey, into Wales.

But they desired me, on my way there, to stop at Leamington, and show myself to its dominant physician, Dr. Jephson—called a quack by all the Faculty, yet of whom they had heard favorably from wise friends.

Jephson was no quack; but a man of the highest general power, and keenest medical instincts. He had risen, by stubborn industry and acute observation, from an apothecary's boy to be the first physician in Leamington; and was the first true physician I ever knew—nor since, till I knew Sir William Gull, have I met the match of him.

He examined me for ten minutes; then said, "Stay here, and I'll put you to rights in six weeks." I said I was not the least disposed to stay there, and was going into Wales, but would obey any directions and follow any prescriptions he chose to give me. No, he said, I must stay, or he could do nothing for me. I thought this did look a little like quackery, and accordingly made my bow, and proceeded on my journey into Wales, after writing a full account of the interview to my father.

60. At Pont-y-Monach lay for me a letter from him, bid-

ding me go back to Leamington at once, and place myself under Jephson's care. Richard therefore went on to Snowdon by himself; and I, returning with what speed the mail could make, presented myself to the doctor penitently. He sent me into tiny lodgings near the Wells, where I spent six weeks of life extremely new to me; much grumbled at in my diary,—not unpleasant, now remembered.

Salt water from the Wells in the morning, and iron, visibly glittering in deposit at bottom of glass, twice a day. Breakfast at eight, with herb tea—dandelion, I think; dinner at one, supper at six, both of meat, bread, and water, only;—fish, meat, or fowl, as I chose, but only one dish of the meat chosen, and no vegetables nor fruit. Walk, forenoon and afternoon, and early to bed. Such the regimen suddenly enforced on my luxurious life.

To which discipline I submitted accurately: and found life still worth having on these terms, and the renewed hope of its continuance, extremely interesting.

61. Nor wanting in interest, the grotesquely prosaic position itself. Here I was, in a small square brick lodging-house, number what you like of its row, looking out on a bit of suburban paddock, and a broken paling; mean litter everywhere about; the muddy lingering of Leam, about three yards broad, at the other side of the paddock; a ragged brambly bank at the other side of *it*. Down the row, beginnings of poor people's shops, then an aristocratic grocer and mercer or two, the circulating library, and the Pump Room.

After the Bay of Naples, Mount Aventine, and St. Mark's Place, it felt like the first practical scene of a pantomime, after the transformation, and before the business begins. But I had been extremely dull under Mount Aventine; and did not, to my surprise, feel at all disposed to be dull here,—but somewhat amused, and with a pleasant feeling of things being really at last all right, for *me* at least; though it wasn't as grand as Peckwater, nor as pretty as St. Mark's Place. Anyhow, I was down to Croydon level again in the world;

and might do what I liked in my own lodgings, and hadn't any Collections to get ready for.

62. The first thing I did was to go to the library and choose a book to work at. After due examination, I bought Agassiz' "Poissons Fossiles"! and set myself to counting of scales and learning of hard names,—thinking, as some people do still, that in that manner I might best advance in geology. Also I supplied myself with some Captain Marryat; and some beautiful new cakes of color wherewith to finish a drawing, in Turner's grandest manner, of the Château of Amboise at sunset, with the moon rising in the distance, and shining through a bridge.

The "Poissons Fossiles" turned out a most useful purchase, enabling me finally to perceive, after steady work on them, that Agassiz was a mere blockhead to have paid for all that good drawing of the nasty ugly things, and that it didn't matter a stale herring to any mortal whether they had any names or not.

For any positive or useful purpose, I could not more utterly have wasted my time; but it was no small gain to know that time spent in that sort of work *was* wasted; and that to have caught a chub in the Avon, and learned how to cook it spicily and herbaceously, so as to have pleased Izaak Walton, if the odor of it could reach him in the Anglers' Paradise, would have been a better result of six weeks' study than to be able to count and call by their right names every scale stuck in the mud of the universe.

Also I got a wholesome perception, from that book, of the true relation between artists and scientific gentlemen. For I saw that the real genius concerned in the "Poissons Fossiles" was the lithographer's, and not at all the scientific gentleman's; and that the book ought to have been called after the lithographer, *his* fishes, only with their scales counted and called bad names by subservient Mons. Agassiz.

63. The second thing of specific meaning that went on in Leamington lodgings was the aforesaid highly labored drawing of the Château of Amboise, "out of my head;" rep-

resenting the castle as about seven hundred feet above the river, (it is perhaps eighty or ninety,) with sunset light on it, in imitation of Turner; and the moon rising behind it, in imitation of Turner; and some steps and balustrades (which are not there) going down to the river, in imitation of Turner; with the fretwork of St. Hubert's Chapel done very carefully in my own way,—I thought perhaps a little better than Turner.

This drawing, and the poem of the "Broken Chain," which it was to illustrate, after being beautifully engraved by Goodall, turned out afterwards equally salutary exercises; proving to me that in those directions of imagination I was even a worse blockhead than Agassiz himself. Meantime, the autumn weather was fine, the corn was ripe, and once out of sight of the paddock, the pump room, and the Parade, the space of surrounding Warwickshire within afternoon walk was extremely impressive to me, in its English way. Warwick towers in sight over the near tree tops; Kenilworth, within an afternoon's walk; Stratford, to be reached by an hour's drive with a trotting pony; and, round them, as far as eye could reach, a space of perfect England, not hill and *dale*,—that might be anywhere,—but hill and *flat*, through which the streams linger, and where the canals wind without lock.

64. Under these peaceful conditions I began to look carefully at cornflowers, thistles, and hollyhocks; and find, by entry on Sept. 15th, that I was writing a bit of the "King of the Golden River," and reading Alison's "Europe" and Turner's "Chemistry."

Anent the "King of the River," I remorsefully bethink me no word has been said of the dawn and sunrise of Dickens on us; from the first syllable of him in the "Sketches," altogether precious and admirable to my father and me; and the new number of *Pickwick* and following *Nickleby* looked to, through whatever laborious or tragic realities might be upon us, as unmixed bliss, for the next day. But Dickens taught us nothing with which we were not familiar,—only painted it

perfectly for us. We knew quite as much about coachmen and hostlers as he did; and rather more about Yorkshire. As a caricaturist, both in the studied development of his own manner, and that of the illustrative etchings, he put himself out of the pale of great authors; so that he never became an educational element of my life, but only one of its chief comforts and restoratives.

The "King of the Golden River" was written to amuse a little girl; and being a fairly good imitation of Grimm and Dickens, mixed with a little true Alpine feeling of my own, has been rightly pleasing to nice children, and good for them. But it is totally valueless, for all that. I can no more write a story than compose a picture.

65. Jephson kept his word, and let me go in six weeks, with my health, he told me,—I doubt not, truly,—in my own hands. And indeed, if I had continued to live on mutton and iron, learned to swim in the sea which I loved, and set myself wholly upon my geology and poissons—vivants instead of fossiles,—Well, I suppose I should have been drowned like Charles, or Iain, within a year or two,

"on a glacier, half way up to heaven,
Taking my final rest."

What might have been, the mute Fates know. I myself know only, with certainty, what ought *not* to have been,—that, getting released from Leamington, I took again to brown potatoes and cherry-pie; instead of learning to swim and climb, continued writing pathetic verses, and at this particularly foolish crisis of life, as aforesaid, trying to paint *twilight* like Turner. I was not simpleton enough to think I could follow him in daylight, but I thought I could do something like his Kenilworth Castle at sunset, with the milkmaid and the moon.

66. I have passed without notice what the reader might suppose a principal event of my life,—the being introduced to him by Mr. Griffith, at Norwood dinner, June 22nd, 1840. The diary says, "Introduced to-day to the man who be-

yond all doubt is the greatest of the age; greatest in every faculty of the imagination, in every branch of scenic * knowledge; at once the painter and poet of the day, J. M. W. Turner. Everybody had described him to me as coarse, boorish, unintellectual, vulgar. This I knew to be impossible. I found in him a somewhat eccentric, keen-mannered, matter-of-fact, English-minded—gentleman: good-natured evidently, bad-tempered evidently, hating humbug of all sorts, shrewd, perhaps a little selfish, highly intellectual, the powers of the mind not brought out with any delight in their manifestation, or intention of display, but flashing out occasionally in a word or a look.”

Pretty close, that, and full, to be seen at a first glimpse, and set down the same evening.

67. Curiously, the drawing of Kenilworth was one of those that came out of Mr. Griffith's folio after dinner; and I believe I must have talked some folly about it, as being “a leading one of the England series”; which would displease Turner greatly. There were few things he hated more than hearing people gush about particular drawings. He knew it merely meant they could not see the others.

Anyhow, he stood silent; the general talk went on as if he had not been there. He wished me good-night kindly, and I did not see him again till I came back from Rome.

If he had but asked me to come and see him the next day! shown me a pencil sketch, and let me see him lay a wash! He would have saved me ten years of life, and would not have been less happy in the close of his own. One can only say, Such things are never to be; every soul of us has to do its fight with the Untoward, and for itself discover the Unseen.

68. So here I was at Leamington, trying to paint twilight at Amboise, and meditating over the Poissons Fossiles, and Michael Angelo. Set free of the Parade, I went to stay a few days with my college tutor, Walter Brown, Rector now

* Meaning, I suppose, knowledge of what could rightly be represented or composed as a scene.

of "Wendlebury," a village in the flats, eleven miles north of Oxford. Flats, not marshes: wholesome pastoral fields, separated by hedges; here and there a haystack, a gate, or a stile. The village consisted of twelve or fifteen thatched cottages, and the Rectory. The Rectory was a square house, with a garden fifty yards square. The church, close by, about four yards high by twenty yards long, had a square tower at the end, and a weather-cock.

Good Mr. Walter Brown had married an entirely worthy, very plain, somewhat middle-aged wife, and settled himself down, with all his scholarship and good gifts, to promote the spiritual welfare of Wendlebury. He interested himself entirely in that object; dug his garden himself; took a scholar or two to prepare for Oxford examinations, with whom in the mornings he read in the old way; studied the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and was perfectly happy and contented, to the end of his time.

69. Finding him proud of his little church and its weather-cock, I made a drawing of it for him, in my best manner, at sunset, with a moonrise behind. He objected a little to having the sky upside down, with the darkest blue at the bottom, to bring out the church; but somehow, everybody at this time had begun to believe in me, and think I knew more about drawing than other people: and the meekness with which Mr. Brown would listen to me lecturing on Michael Angelo, from a series of outlines of the Last Judgment which I had brought from Rome, with the muscles engraved all over the bodies like branch railroads, remains wholly phenomenal and mystic in my memory. Nobody is ever the least meek to me now, when I *do* know something about it.

But Mr. Brown and his wife were in all ways extremely kind to me, and seemed to like having me with them. It was perhaps only their politeness: I can neither fancy nor find anything in myself at this time which could have been pleasant to anybody, unless the mere wish to be pleasant, which I had always; seeking to say, so far as I could honestly, what would be agreeable to whomsoever I spoke to.

70. From Wendlebury I went home, and made final preparation, with Gordon's help, for taking my degree in the spring. I find entry on Nov. 16th, 1841, at Herne Hill, "I have got my rooms in order at last; I shall set to work on my reading to-morrow, methodically, but not hard." Setting my rooms in order has, throughout life, been an occasionally complacent recreation to me; but I have never succeeded in keeping them in order three days after they were in it.

On the day following comes this: "Mem., why is hoarfrost formed in larger crystals on the ribs and edges of leaves than in other places?" (on other parts of the leaf, I meant) —question which I had thought asked for the first time in my ice-study of '79, and which is not answered yet.

The entry next day is also worth copying: "Read the Clementina part of 'Sir Charles Grandison.' I never met with anything which affected me so powerfully; at present I feel disposed to place this work above all other works of fiction I know. It is very, very grand; and has, I think, a greater practical effect on me for good than anything I ever read in my life."

I find my first lessons from Harding were also at this time; very delightful for what they were worth, though I saw well enough his shortcomings. But it was lovely to see him draw, in his own way, and up to a certain point. His knowledge of tree form was true, and entirely won for himself, with an honest original perception. Also, he was a violent hater of the old Dutch school, and I imagine the first who told me that they were "sots, gamblers, and debauchees, delighting in the reality of the alehouse more than in its pictures." All which was awakening and beneficial to no small extent.

71. And so the year 1842 dawned for me, with many things in its morning cloud. In the early spring of it, a change came over Turner's mind. He wanted to make some drawings to please himself; but also to be paid for making them. He gave Mr. Griffith fifteen sketches for choice of subject by anyone who would give him a commission. He

got commissions for nine, of which my father let me choose at first one, then was coaxed and tricked into letting me have two. Turner got orders, out of all the round world besides, for seven more. With the sketches, four finished drawings were shown for samples of the sort of thing Turner meant to make of them, and for immediate purchase by anybody.

Among them was the Splugen, which I had some hope of obtaining by supplication, when my father, who was traveling, came home. I waited dutifully till he should come. In the meantime it was bought, with the loveliest Lake Lucerne, by Mr. Munro of Novar.

72. The thing became to me grave matter for meditation. In a story by Miss Edgeworth, the father would have come home in the nick of time, effaced Mr. Munro as he hesitated with the Splugen in his hand, and given the dutiful son that, and another. I found, after meditation, that Miss Edgeworth's way was not the world's, nor Providence's. I perceived then, and conclusively, that if you do a foolish thing, you suffer for it exactly the same, whether you do it piously or not. I knew perfectly well that this drawing was the best Swiss landscape yet painted by man; and that it was entirely proper for *me* to have it, and inexpedient that anybody else should. I ought to have secured it instantly, and begged my father's pardon, tenderly. He would have been angry, and surprised, and grieved; but loved me none the less, found in the end I was right, and been entirely pleased. I should have been very uncomfortable and penitent for a while, but loved my father all the more for having hurt him, and, in the good of the thing itself, finally satisfied and triumphant. As it was, the Splugen was a thorn in both our sides, all our lives. My father was always trying to get it; Mr. Munro, aided by dealers, always raising the price on him, till it got up from 80 to 400 guineas. Then we gave it up,—with unspeakable wear and tear of best feelings on both sides.

73. And how about "Thou shalt not covet," etc.? Good reader, if you ask this, please consult my philosophical works.

Here, I can only tell you facts, whether of circumstance or law. It is a law that if you do a foolish thing you suffer for it, whatever your motive. I do not say the motive itself may not be rewarded or punished on its own merits. In this case, nothing but mischief, as far as I know, came of the whole matter.

In the meantime, bearing the disappointment as best I could, I rejoiced in the sight of the sketches, and the hope of the drawings that were to be. And they gave me much more to think of than my mischance. I saw that these sketches were straight impressions from nature,—not artificial designs, like the Carthages and Romes. And it began to occur to me that perhaps even in the artifice of Turner there might be more truth than I had understood. I was by this time very learned in *his* principles of composition; but it seemed to me that in these later subjects Nature herself was composing with him.

Considering of these matters, one day on the road to Norwood, I noticed a bit of ivy round a thorn stem, which seemed, even to my critical judgment, not ill “composed”; and proceeded to make a light and shade pencil study of it in my gray paper pocketbook, carefully, as if it had been a bit of sculpture, liking it more and more as I drew. When it was done, I saw that I had virtually lost all my time since I was twelve years old, because no one had ever told me to draw what was really there! All my time, I mean, given to drawing as an art; of course I had the records of places, but had never seen the beauty of anything, not even of a stone—how much less of a leaf!

I was neither so crushed nor so elated by the discovery as I ought to have been, but it ended the chrysalid days. Thenceforward my advance was steady, however slow.

74. This must have been in May, and a week or two afterwards I went up for my degree, but find no entry of it. I only went up for a pass, and still wrote Latin so badly that there was a chance of my *not* passing! but the examiners forgave it because the divinity, philosophy, and mathematics

were all above the average; and they gave me a complimentary double-fourth.

When I was sure I had got through, I went out for a walk in the fields north of New College, (since turned into the Parks,) happy in the sense of recovered freedom, but extremely doubtful to what use I should put it. There I was, at two and twenty, with such and such powers, all second-rate except the analytic ones, which were as much in embryo as the rest, and which I had no means of measuring; such and such likings, hitherto indulged rather against conscience; and a dim sense of duty to myself, my parents, and a daily more vague shadow of Eternal Law.

What should I be, or do? my utterly indulgent father ready to let me do anything; with my room always luxuriously furnished in his house,—my expenses paid if I chose to travel. I was not heartless enough, yet, to choose to do that, alone. Perhaps it may deserve some dim praise that I never seriously thought of leaving my father and mother to explore foreign countries; and certainly the fear of grieving them was intermingled more or less with all my thoughts; but then, I did not much *want* to explore foreign countries. I had not the least love of adventure, but liked to have comfortable rooms always ordered, and a three-course dinner ready by four o'clock. Although no coward under circumstances of accidental danger, I extremely objected to any vestige of danger as a continuous element in one's life. I would not go to India for fear of tigers, nor to Russia for fear of bears, nor to Peru for fear of earthquakes; and finally, though I had no rightly glowing or grateful affection for either father or mother, yet as they could not well do without me, so also I found I was not altogether comfortable without *them*.

75. So for the present, we planned a summer-time in Switzerland, not of traveling, but chiefly stay in Chamouni, to give me mountain air, and the long coveted power of examining the Mont Blanc rocks accurately. My mother loved Chamouni nearly as much as I; but this plan was of severe

self-denial to my father, who did not like snow, nor wooden-walled rooms.

But he gave up all his own likings for me, and let me plan the stages through France as I chose, by Rouen, Chartres, Fontainebleau, and Auxerre. A pencil-sketch or two at first show only want of faith in my old manner, and more endeavor for light and shade, futile enough. The flat cross-country between Chartres and Fontainebleau, with an oppressive sense of Paris to the north, fretted me wickedly; when we got to the Fountain of Fair Water I lay feverishly wakeful through the night, and was so heavy and ill in the morning that I could not safely travel, and fancied some bad sickness was coming on. However, towards twelve o'clock the inn people brought me a little basket of wild strawberries; and they refreshed me, and I put my sketchbook in pocket and tottered out, though still in an extremely languid and woe-begone condition; and getting into a cart-road among some young trees, where there was nothing to see but the blue sky through thin branches, lay down on the bank by the roadside to see if I could sleep. But I couldn't, and the branches against the blue sky began to interest me, motionless as the branches of a tree of Jesse on a painted window.

Feeling gradually somewhat livelier, and that I wasn't going to die this time, and be buried in the sand, though I couldn't for the present walk any farther, I took out my book, and began to draw a little aspen tree, on the other side of the cart-road, carefully.

76. How I had managed to get into that utterly dull cart-road, when there were sandstone rocks to be sought for, the Fates, as I have so often to observe, only know; but I was never fortunate enough to find at Fontainebleau any of the sublimities which I hear vaunted by French artists, and which disturbed poor Evelyn's mind nearly as much as the "horrid Alp" of Clifton:—

"7th March (1644). I set forwards with some company towards Fontaine Bleau, a sumptuous palace of the King's like ours at Hampton Court. By the way we passe through

a forest so prodigiously encompass'd with hideous rocks of whitish hard stone, heaped one on another in mountainous heights, that I think the like is nowhere to be found more horrid and solitary. On the summit of one of these gloomy precipices, intermingled with trees and shrubs, the stones hanging over and menacing ruin, is built an hermitage."

I believe this passage to be accurately characteristic of the pure English mind about rocks. If they are only big enough to look as if they would break your head if they fell on it, it is all an Englishman asks, or can understand, of them. The modern thirst for self-glorification in getting to the top of them is indeed often accompanied with good interest in geographical and other science; and nice boys and girls *do* enjoy their climbing, and lunching in fields of primula. But I never trace a word in one of their journals of sorrow for the destruction of any Swiss scene or Swiss character, so only that they have their own champagne at lunch.

77. The "hideous rocks" of Fontainebleau were, I grieve to say, never hideous enough to please me. They always seemed to me no bigger than I could pack and send home for specimens, had they been worth carriage; and in my savage dislike of palaces and straight gravel walks, I never found out the spring which was the soul of the place. And to-day, I missed rocks, palace, and fountain all alike, and found myself lying on the bank of a cart-road in the sand, with no prospect whatever but that small aspen tree against the blue sky.

Languidly, but not idly, I began to draw it; and as I drew, the languor passed away: the beautiful lines insisted on being traced,—without weariness. More and more beautiful they became, as each rose out of the rest, and took its place in the air. With wonder increasing every instant, I saw that they "composed" themselves, by finer laws than any known of men. At last, the tree was there, and everything that I had thought before about trees, nowhere.

The Norwood ivy had not abased me in that final manner, because one had always felt that ivy was an ornamental

creature, and expected it to behave prettily, on occasion. But that all the trees of the wood (for I saw surely that my little aspen was only one of their millions) should be beautiful—more than Gothic tracery, more than Greek vase-imagery, more than the daintiest embroiderers of the East could embroider, or the artfulest painters of the West could limn,—this was indeed an end to all former thoughts with me, an insight into a new sylvan world.

Not sylvan only. The woods, which I had only looked on as wilderness, fulfilled I then saw, in their beauty, the same laws which guided the clouds, divided the light, and balanced the wave. “He hath made everything beautiful, in his time,” became for me thenceforward the interpretation of the bond between the human mind and all visible things; and I returned along the wood-road feeling that it had led me far;—Farther than ever fancy had reached, or theodolite measured.

78. To my sorrow, and extreme surprise, I find no diary whatever of the feelings or discoveries of this year. They were too many, and bewildering, to be written. I did not even draw much,—the things I now saw were beyond drawing,—but took to careful botany, while the month’s time set apart for the rocks of Chamouni was spent in merely finding out what was to be done, and where. By the chance of guide dispensation, I had only one of the average standard, Michel Devouassoud, who knew his way to the show places, and little more; but I got the fresh air and the climbing; and thought over my Fontainebleau thoughts, by sweeter springs. The entry above quoted (p. 47), of Dec. 11th, the only one I can find of all the year’s journeying, is very notable to me, in showing that the impulse which threw the new thoughts into the form of “Modern Painters,” came to me in the fulfillment of the one disagreeable duty I persisted in,—going to church! But it came to me, two years following, in my true mother-town of Geneva.

We went home in 1842 by the Rhine and Flanders: and at Cologne and St. Quentin I made the last drawings ever

executed in my old manner. That of the great square at Cologne was given to Osborne Gordon, and remains I believe with his sister, Mrs. Pritchard. The St. Quentin has vanished into space.

79. We returned once more to the house at Herne Hill, and the lovely drawings Turner had made for me, Ehrenbreitstein and Lucerne, were first hung in its little front dining-room. But the Herne Hill days, and many joys with them, were now ended.

Perhaps my mother had sometimes—at Hampton Court, or Chatsworth, or Isola-Bella—admitted into her quiet soul the idea that it might be nice to have a larger garden. Sometimes a gold-tasseled Oxford friend would come out from Cavendish or Grosvenor Square to see me; and there was only the little back room opposite the nursery for him to wash his hands in. As his bank-balance enlarged, even my father thought it possible that his country customers might be more impressed by enjoying their after-dinner sherry with more room for their legs. And, now that I was of age and B. A. and so on—did not *I* also want a larger house?

No, good reader; but ever since first I could drive a spade, I had wanted to dig a canal, and make locks on it, like Harry in "Harry and Lucy." And in the field at the back of the Denmark Hill house, now, in this hour of all our weaknesses, offered in temptation, I saw my way to a canal with any number of locks down towards Dulwich.

It is very wonderful to me, looking back, to remember this, and how entirely boyish—and very young-boyish, too—I was still, in all instincts of personal delight: while yet, looking out of myself, I saw farther than Kings of Naples or Cardinals of Rome.

80. Yet there was much, and very closely balanced, debate, before the house was taken. My mother wisely, though sadly, said it was too late for her; she could not now manage a large garden: and my father, feeling his vanity had more than a word in the matter, besides all that might

rightly be alleged of what was now convenient and becoming, hesitated painfully, as he had done about his first Copley Fielding.

But at last the lease of the larger house was bought: and everybody said how wise and proper; and my mother *did* like arranging the rows of pots in the big greenhouse; and the view from the breakfast-room into the field was really very lovely. And we bought three cows, and skimmed our own cream, and churned our own butter. And there was a stable, and a farmyard, and a haystack, and a pigsty, and a porter's lodge, where undesirable visitors could be stopped before startling us with a knock. But, for all these things, we never were so happy again. Never any more "at home."

81. At Champagnole, yes; and in Chamouni,—in La Cloche, at Dijon,—in La Cygne, at Lucerne. All these places were of the old time. But though we had many happy days in the Denmark Hill house, none of our new ways ever were the same to us as the old: the basketfuls of peaches had not the flavor of the numbered dozen or score; nor were all the apples of the great orchard worth a single dishful of the Siberian crabs of Herne Hill.

And I never got my canal dug, after all! Harry's making the lock-gates himself had indeed always seemed to me too magnificent! inimitable if not incredible: but also, I had never, till now that the need came, entered into the statistics of water supply. The gardeners wanted all that was in the butts for the greenhouse. Nothing but a dry ditch, incommo-
dious to the cows, I saw to be possible, and resigned myself to destiny: yet the bewitching idea never went out of my head, and some water-works, on the model of Fontainebleau, were verily set aflowing—twenty years afterwards, as will be told.*

82. The next year, there was traveling enough for us up and down the new garden walks. Also, the first volume of "Modern Painters" took the best of the winter's leisure: the

* See "Joanna's Care."

summer was broken by some formal term-keeping at Oxford. There is nothing in diary worth noting, except a word about Camberwell church window, to which I must return in connection with things yet far ahead.

The said first volume must have been out by my father's birthday; its success was assured by the end of the year, and on January 1st, 1844, "my father brought me in the 'Slaver' for a New Year's gift,"—knowing well, this time, how to please me. I had it at the foot of my bed next morning, like my own "Loch Achray" of old. But the pleasure of one's own first painting everybody can understand. The pleasure of a new Turner to me, nobody ever will, and it's no use talking of it.

For the second volume, (not meant to be the least like what it is,) I wanted more Chamouni. The journey of 1844 was planned entirely for central Alps, and on June 1st, 1844, we were happy by Lake Lemman shore, again.

CHAPTER V.

THE SIMPLON.

83. MORE and more deeply every hour, in retracing Alpine paths,—by my fireside,—the wonder grows on me, what Heaven made the Alps for, and gave the chamois its foot, and the gentian its blue,—yet gave no one the heart to love them. And in the Alps, why especially that mighty central pass was so divinely planned, yet no one to pass it but against their wills, till Napoleon came, and made a road over it.

Nor often, since, with any joy; though in truth there is no other such piece of beauty and power, full of human interest of the most strangely varied kind, in all the mountain scenery of the globe, as that traverse, with its two terminal cities, Geneva and Milan; its two lovely lakes of approach, Lemane and Maggiore; its two tremendous valleys of vestibule, the Valais and Val d'Ossola; and its own, not desolate nor terrible, but wholly beautiful, upper region of rose and snow.

Of my early joy in Milan, I have already told; of Geneva, there is no telling, though I must now give what poor picture I may of the days we spent there, happy to young and old alike, again and again, in '33, '35, '42, and now, with full deliberation, in '44, knowing, and, in their repetitions twice, and thrice, and four times, magnifying, the well-remembered joys. And still I am more thankful, through every year of added life, that I was born in London, near enough to Geneva for me to reach it easily;—and yet a city so contrary to everything Genevoise as best to teach me what the wonders of the little canton were.

84. A little canton, four miles square, and which did not wish to be six miles square! A little town, composed of a cluster of watermills, a street of penthouses, two wooden

bridges, two dozen of stone houses on a little hill, and three or four perpendicular lanes up and down the hill. The four miles of acreage round, in grass, with modest gardens, and farm-dwelling houses; the people, pious, learned, and busy, to a man, to a woman—to a boy, to a girl, of them; progressing to and fro mostly on their feet, and only where they had business. And this bird's-nest of a place, to be the center of religious and social thought, and of physical beauty, to all living Europe! That is to say, thinking and designing Europe,—France, Germany, and Italy. They, and their pieties, and their prides, their arts and their insanities, their wraths and slaughters, springing and flowering, building and fortifying, foaming and thundering round this inconceivable point of patience: the most lovely spot, and the most notable, without any possible dispute, of the European universe; yet the nations do not covet it, do not gravitate to it,—what is more wonderful, do not make a wilderness of it. They fight their battles at Châlons and Leipsic; they build their cotton mills on the Aire, and leave the Rhone running with a million of Aire power,—all pure. They build their pleasure houses on Thames shingle, and Seine mud, to look across to Lambeth, and—whatever is on the other side of the Seine. They found their military powers in the sand of Berlin, and leave this precipice-guarded plain in peace. And yet it rules them,—is the focus of thought to them, and of passion, of science, and of *contrat sociale*; of rational conduct, and of decent—and other—manners. Saussure's school and Calvin's,—Rousseau's and Byron's,—Turner's,—

And of course, I was going to say, mine; but I didn't write all that last page to end so. Yet Geneva had better have ended with educating me and the likes of me, instead of the people who have hold of it now, with their polypous knots of houses, communal with "London, Paris, and New York."

Beneath which, and on the esplanades of the modern casino, New York and London now live—no more the Genevese. What their home once was, I must try to tell, as I saw it.

85. First, it was a notable town for keeping all its poor,—inside of it. In the very center, where an English town has its biggest square, and its Exchange on the model of the Parthenon, built for the sake of the builder's commission on the cost; there, on their little pile-propped island, and by the steep lane-sides, lived the Genevoise poor; in their garrets,—their laborious upper spinning or watch-wheel cutting rooms,—their dark niches and angles of lane: mostly busy; the infirm and old all seen to and cared for, their porringers filled and their pallet-beds made, by household care.

But, outside the ramparts, no more poor. A sputter, perhaps, southward, along the Savoy road; but in all the campaign round, no mean rows of cubic lodgings with Doric porches; no squalid fields of mud and thistles; no deserts of abandoned brickfield and insolvent kitchen garden. On the instant, outside Geneva gates, perfectly smooth, clean, trimmed or prim-walled country roads; the main broad one intent on far-away things, its signal-posts inscribed "Route de Paris;" branching from it, right and left, a labyrinth of equally well-kept ways for fine carriage wheels, between the gentlemen's houses with their farms; each having its own fifteen to twenty to fifty acres of mostly meadow, rich-waving always (in my time for being there) with grass and flowers, like a kaleidoscope. Stately plane trees, aspen and walnut,—sometimes in avenue,—casting breezy, never gloomy, shade round the dwelling-house. A dwelling-house indeed, all the year round; no traveling from it to fairer lands possible; no shutting up for seasons in town; hay-time and fruit-time, school-time and play, for generation after generation, within the cheerful white domicile with its green shutters and shingle roof,—pinnacled perhaps, humorously, at the corners, glittering on the edges with silvery tin. "Kept up" the whole place, and all the neighbors' places, not ostentatiously, but perfectly: enough gardeners to mow, enough vintagers to press, enough nurses to nurse; no foxes to hunt, no birds to shoot; but every household felicity possible to prudence and honor, felt and fulfilled from infancy to age.

86. Where the grounds came down to the waterside, they were mostly built out into it, till the water was four or five feet deep, lapping up, or lashing, under breeze, against the terrace wall. Not much boating; fancy wherries, unmanageable, or too adventurous, upon the wild blue; and Swiss boating a serious market and trade business, unfashionable in the high rural empyrean of Geneva. But between the Hôtel des Étrangers, (one of these country-houses open to the polite stranger, some half-mile out of the gates, where Salvador took us in '33 and '35) and the town, there were one or two landing-places for the raft-like flat feluccas; and glimpses of the open lake and things beyond,—glimpses only, shut off quickly by garden walls, until one came to the inlet of lake-water moat which bent itself under the ramparts back to the city gate. This was crossed, for people afoot who did not like going round to that main gate, by the delicatest of filiform suspension bridges; strong enough it looked to carry a couple of lovers over in safety, or a nursemaid and children, but nothing heavier. One was allowed to cross it for a centime, which seemed to me always a most profitable transaction, the portress receiving placidly a sort of dirty flattened sixpence, (I forget its name) and returning me a waistcoat-pocketful of the loveliest little clean-struck centimes; and then one might stand on the bridge any time, in perfect quiet. (The Genevese didn't like paying the centime, and went round by the gate.) Two swans, drifting about underneath, over a couple of fathoms of purest green water, and the lake really opening from the moat, exactly where the Chamouni range of aiguilles rose beyond it far away. In our town walks we used always to time getting back to the little bridge at sunset, there to wait and watch.

87. That was the way of things on the north side; on the south, the town is still, in the main buildings of it, as then; the group of officially aristocratic houses round the cathedral and college presenting the same inaccessible sort of family dignity that they do to-day; only, since then, the Geneva Liberals——Well, I will not say what they have done; the

main town stands still on its height of pebble-gravel, knit almost into rock; and still the upper terraces look across the variously mischievous Liberal works to the open southern country, rising in steady slope of garden, orchard, and vineyard—sprinkled with pretty farmhouses and bits of château, like a seashore with shells; rising always steeper and steeper, till the air gets rosy in the distance, then blue, and the great walnut-trees have become dots, and the farmsteads, minikin as if they were the fairy-finest of models made to be packed in a box; and then, instant—above vineyard, above farmstead, above field and wood, leaps up the Salève cliff, two thousand feet into the air.

88. I don't think anybody who goes to Geneva ever sees the Salève. For the most part, no English creature ever *does* see farther than over the way; and the Salève, unless you carefully peer into it, and make out what it is, pretends to be nothing,—a long, low swell like the South Downs, I fancy most people take it for, and look no more. Yet there are few rocks in the high Alps more awful than the "Angle" of the Salève, at its foot—seven Shakespeare's Cliffs set one on the top of another, and all of marble.*

On the other side of the high town the houses stand closer, leaving yet space for a little sycamore-shaded walk, whence one looks down on the whole southern reach of lake, opening wide to the horizon, and edged there like the sea, but in the summer sunshine looking as if it was the one well of blue which the sunbeams drank to make the sky of. Beyond it, ghostly ranges of incredible mountains—the Dent d'Oche, and first cliffs towards Fribourg; to the west, the long wave of Jura, fading into the air above Neuchatel.

That was the view for full noon, when the lake was brightest and bluest. Then you fell down a perpendicular lane into the lower town again, and you went to Mr. Bautte's.

89. Virtually there was no other jeweler in Geneva, in the

* Not Parian, indeed, nor Carrara, but an extremely compact limestone, in which the compressed faulted veins are of marble indeed, and polish beautifully.

great times. There were some respectable, uncompetitive shops, not dazzling, in the main street; and smaller ones, with an average supply of miniature watches, that would go well for ten years; and uncostly, but honest, trinketry. But one went to Mr. Bautte's with awe, and of necessity, as one did to one's bankers. There was scarcely any external sign of Bautte whatever—a small brass plate at the side of a narrow arched door, into an alley—into a secluded alley—leading into a monastic courtyard, out of which—or rather out of the alley, where it opened to the court, you ascended a winding stair, wide enough for two only, and came to a green door, swinging, at the top of it; and there you paused to summon courage to enter.

A not large room, with a single counter at the further side. Nothing shown on the counter. Two confidential attendants behind it, and—it might possibly be Mr. Bautte!—or his son—or his partner—or anyhow the Ruling power—at his desk beside the back window. You told what you wanted: it was necessary to know your mind, and to be sure you *did* want it; there was no showing of things for temptation at Bautte's. You wanted a bracelet, a brooch, a watch—plain or enameled. Choice of what was wanted was quietly given. There were no big stones, nor blinding galaxies of wealth. Entirely sound workmanship in the purest gold that could be worked; fine enamel for the most part, for color, rather than jewels; and a certain Bauttesque subtlety of linked and wreathed design, which the experienced eye recognized when worn in Paris or London. Absolutely just and moderate price; wear,—to the end of your days. You came away with a sense of duty fulfilled, of treasure possessed, and of a new foundation to the respectability of your family.

You returned into the light of the open street with a blissful sense of a parcel being made up to be sent after you, and in the consequently calm expatiation of mind, went usually to watch the Rhone.

Bautte's was in the main street, out of which one caught glimpses, down the short cross ones, of the passing water,

as at Sandgate, or the like fishing towns, one got peeps of the sea. With twenty steps you were beside it.

90. For all other rivers there is a surface, and an underneath, and a vaguely displeasing idea of the bottom. But the Rhone flows like one lambent jewel; its surface is nowhere, its ethereal self is everywhere, the iridescent rush and translucent strength of it blue to the shore, and radiant to the depth.

Fifteen feet thick, of not flowing, but flying water; not water, neither,—melted glacier, rather, one should call it; the force of the ice is with it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the continuance of Time.

Waves of clear sea are, indeed, lovely to watch, but they are always coming or gone, never in any taken shape to be seen for a second. But here was one mighty wave that was always itself, and every fluted swirl of it, constant as the wreathing of a shell. No wasting away of the fallen foam, no pause for gathering of power, no helpless ebb of discouraged recoil; but alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper, and, while the sun was up, the ever-answering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet-blue, gentian-blue, peacock-blue, river-of-paradise blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it forever from her snow.

91. The innocent way, too, in which the river used to stop to look into every little corner. Great torrents always seem angry, and great rivers too often sullen; but there is no anger, no disdain, in the Rhone. It seemed as if the mountain stream was in mere bliss at recovering itself again out of the lake-sleep, and raced because it rejoiced in racing, fain yet to return and stay. There were pieces of wave that danced all day as if Perdita were looking on to learn; there were little streams that skipped like lambs and leaped like chamois; there were pools that shook the sunshine all through them, and were rippled in layers of overlaid ripples, like

crystal sand; there were currents that twisted the light into golden braids, and inlaid the threads with turquoise enamel; there were strips of stream that had certainly above the lake been millstreams, and were looking busily for mills to turn again; there were shoots of stream that had once shot fearfully into the air, and now sprang up again laughing that they had only fallen a foot or two;—and in the midst of all the gay glittering and eddied lingering, the noble bearing by of the midmost depth, so mighty, yet so terrorless and harmless, with its swallows skimming instead of petrels, and the dear old decrepit town as safe in the embracing sweep of it as if it were set in a brooch of sapphire.

92. And the day went on, as the river; but I never felt that I wasted time in watching the Rhone. One used to get giddy sometimes, or discontentedly envious of the fish. Then one went back for a walk in the penthouse street, long ago gone. There was no such other street anywhere. Penthouses five stories high, not so much for the protection of the people in the street as to keep the splash of heavy rain from the house windows, so that these might be the more safely open. Beam-pillars of squared pine, with one cross-tie beam, the undecorative structural arrangement, Swiss to the very heart and pitch of it, picturesque in comfort, stately and ancient without decay, and rough, here in mid Geneva, more than in the hill solitudes.

93. We arrived at Geneva on 1st June, 1844, with plan of another month at Chamouni; and fine things afterwards, which also came prosperously to pass. I had learned to draw now with great botanical precision; and could color delicately, to a point of high finish. I was interested in everything, from clouds to lichens. Geneva was more wonderful to me, the Alps more living and mighty, than ever; Chamouni more peaceful.

We reached the Prieure on the 6th June, and found poor Michel Devouassoud's climbing days ended. He had got a chill, and a cough; medicined himself with absinthe, and was now fast dying. The body of guides had just sustained a

graver loss, by the superannuation, according to law, in his sixtieth year, of Joseph Couttet, the Captain of Mont Blanc, and bravest at once and most sagacious of the old school of guides. Partly in regard for the old man, partly in respect for us, now favorably known in Chamouni, the law was relaxed by the Chef des Guides in our favor, and Couttet came to us on the morning of the 7th of June. My father explained to him that he wanted me taken charge of on the hills, and not permitted in any ambitious attempts, or taken into any dangerous places; and that, from what he had heard of Couttet's trustworthiness, and knowledge of his mountains, he had no doubt that I should be safe with him, and might learn more under his tutelage, in safety, than by the most daring expeditions under inferior masters. Couttet said little, but accepted the charge with a kindly glitter in his eyes, and a cheerful word or two, signifying that my father need not fear for me; and we set out together for the base of the Buet,—I on muleback, he walking.

For thirty years he remained my tutor and companion. Had he been my drawing-master also, it would have been better for me: if my work pleased Couttet, I found afterwards it was always good; and he knew perfectly when I was trying vainly to do what I could not, or foolishly what no one else would care for.

The month at Chamouni, however, passed with his approval, and to my perfect benefit. I made two foreground studies in color, of considerable beauty; and, under his teaching, began to use my alpenstock easily, and to walk with firmness.

94. Of our habitual Chamouni life—papa's, mamma's, and mine—I shall give account further on: I take from this year's diary only the note on first reaching the bases of the aiguilles.

“ At last, on steep inclined planes of snow, reached the base of the little Charmoz; but was amazed to find that the size of the aiguilles seemed to diminish with every step of approach, after a certain point, and that, thus seen (the

aiguille) Blaitière, though still 3,000 feet above us, looked a mere rock, ascendable in a quarter of an hour." Of course, after being used to the higher rocks, one begins to measure them in their own way; but where there is nothing to test scale—where the air is perfectly mistless, and the mountain masses are divided into sheets whose *edges* are the height of Dover cliffs, it is impossible effectually to estimate their magnitude but by trying them.

This bit of moonlight is perhaps worth keeping: "28th June, half-past ten.—I never was dazzled by moonlight until now; but as it rose from behind the Mont Blanc du Tacul, the full moon almost blinded me: it burst forth into the sky like a vast star. For an hour before, the aiguilles had appeared as dark masses against a sky looking as transparent as clear sea, edged at their summits with fleeces of cloud breaking into glorious spray and foam of white fire. A meteor fell over the Dôme as the moon rose: now it is so intensely bright that I cannot see the Mont Blanc underneath it; the form is lost in its light."

Many and many an hour of precious time and perfect sight was spent, during these years, in thus watching skies; much was written which would be useful—if I took a year to put it together,—to myself; but, in the present smoky world, to no other creature: and much was learned, which is of no use now to anybody; for to me it is only sorrowful memory, and to others, an old man's fantasy.

95. We left Chamouni on 4th July; on the 8th I find this entry at St. Gingoulph: "We dined late, which kept me later from my walk than I like, and it was wet with recent rain; but the glades of greensward under groves of Spanish chestnut all the greener for it. Such richness I never saw in Italy; the hay just cut, leaving the grass crisp and short; the gray trunks and rich leaves mixed with mossy rock, and the cliffs above, nobler than Amalfi: the sunset sent down rays of opaque gold between me and the Jura, bringing out the successive rises of the Pays de Vaud; the Jura a golden shadow, sharp-edged and baseless in the sky."

Hence, we crossed the Simplon to Baveno and back,—for the Simplon's and Lago Maggiore's sake only.

“Baveno, July 12th.—I have more feeling for Italy than ever, but it makes me deeply sad. The vines and pasture about this place make it a Paradise; the people are fine-featured, and singularly graceful in motion; but there is every appearance of hopeless vice. Four men have been playing cards and drinking, without stirring, in the inn-yard since twelve o'clock (noon. I had come in from an evening walk), and the gardens and inclosed spots of ground are foul as dunghills. The Isola Bella is fast going to decay—all the stucco of it green, damp, shattered, covered with weeds and dead leaves; yet the flowers and foliage of surpassing beauty.”

And to this day, the uselessness of San Carlo's memory is to me one of the entirely wonderfulest things in Catholic history;—that Rome should go on sending missionaries to China, and, within a thousand yards across the water from St. Carlo's isle, leave the people of her own Italy's Garden of Eden in guilt and misery. I call the Lago Maggiore district the Eden of Italy; for there are no solfataras there, no earthquakes, no pestiferous marsh, no fever-striking sunshine. Purest air, richest earth, loveliest wave; and the same noble race that founded the architecture of Italy at Como.

Left to die, like the green lizards, in the blind clefts of their rocks, whence they see no God.

96. “Village of Simplon, 15th June.—At eight this evening I was sitting on the highest col of the Simplon, watching the light die on the Breithorn; nothing round me but rock and lichen, except one purple flower,” (colored and very accurate drawing, at the side, of *Linaria Alpina*,) “and the forget-me-not, which grows everywhere. My walk home was very lovely, star after star coming out above my head, the white hills gleaming among them; the gulf of pines, with the torrent, black and awful below; lights breaking softly through cottage windows.

“Cassiopeia is rising above a piny mountain, exactly opposite my window.”

The linaria must have been brought “home” (the Simplon village inn was already more that to me than ever Denmark Hill), and painted next morning—it could not have been so rightly colored at night; also the day had been a heavy one. At six, morning, I had visited Signor Zanetti, and reviewed his collection of pictures on Isola Pescatore; walked up most of the defile of Gondo; and the moment we got to the Simplon village, dashed off to catch the sunset from the col; five miles up hill against time, (and walk against time up a regular slope of eight feet in the hundred is the most trying foot-work I know), five miles back under the stars, with the hills not *under* but *among* them, and careful entry, of which I have only given a sentence, make up a day which shows there was now no farther need to be alarmed about my health. My good father, who was never well in the high air, and hated the chills from patches of melting snow, stayed nevertheless all next day at the village, to let me climb the long-coveted peak west of the Simplon col, which forms the great precipice on the Brieg side. “It commanded the Valais far down, the Bernese Alps in their whole extent, and two great mountains beyond the valley of Saas.” These were the Weisshorn, and lower peak nearer Zermatt.

97. That evening James Forbes and his wife were with us in the otherwise untenanted *salle-à-manger* (see “Deucalion,” Chap. X.), and next morning, the 17th, “I set off at six to visit the Père Barras, (formerly Clavendier of the great St. Bernard, now at the monastery of the Simplon,) “On the Sempione,” (I meant the Fletsch-horn,) “a field of cirri, bounded by a contour like that of common cirrostrati, convex and fishy, but composed of the most exquisite sandy and silky forms, all in most rapid motion, but forming and vanishing, as usual, exactly at the same point, so that the mass was stationary. Reached the col in two hours of very slow walking, and breakfasted with the Father. He showed me the spot where the green actynolite is found, directly behind the

convent. One of his dogs saw him with his hat on, and waited in the passage, barking furiously with delight. He parted from me half a mile down on this side (Brieg side), and I waited at the second gallery for the carriage."

"19th July, Zermatt.—Clouds on the Matterhorn all day till sunset, when there were playing lights over the sky, and the Matterhorn appeared in full ruby, with a wreath of crimson cloud drifting from its top."

That day Gordon was to come up from Chamouni to meet us; he had slept at Visp, and was first at Zermatt. Just as we came in sight of the Matterhorn he met us, with his most settledly practical and constitutional face—

"Yes, the Matterhorn is all very fine; but do you know there's nothing to eat?"

"Nonsense; we can eat anything here."

"Well, the black bread's two months old, and there's nothing else but potatoes."

"There must be milk, anyhow."

Yes, there was milk, he supposed.

"You can sop your bread in it then; what could be nicer?"

But Gordon's downcast mien did not change; and I had to admit myself, when supper-time came, that one might almost as hopelessly have sopped the Matterhorn as the loaf.

98. Thus the Christian peasant had lived in the Alps, unthought of, for two thousand years—since Christ broke bread for His multitude; and lived thus under the direct care of the Catholic Church—for Sion, the capital of the Valais, is one of the grandest of old bishoprics; and just below this valley of black bread, the little mountain towns of Visp and Brieg are more groups of tinkling towers and convent cloisters than civic dwelling-places. As for the Catholic State, for a thousand years, while at every sunset Monte Rosa glowed across the whole Lombard plain, not a Lombard noble knew where the mountain was.

Yet, it may be, I err in my pity. I have many things yet to say of the Valais; meantime this passage from Saussure records a social state in 1796, which, as compared with that

of the poor in our great capitals, is one neither of discomfort nor disgrace:—

“La sobriété, compagne ordinaire de l’amour du travail, est encore une qualité remarquable des habitants de ces vallées. Ce pain de seigle, dont j’ai parlé, qu’on ne mange que six mois après qu’il est cuit, on le ramollit dans du petit lait ou dans du lait de beurre, et cette espèce de soupe fait leur principale nourriture; le fromage et un peu de vieille vache ou de chèvre salées, se réservent pour les jours de fête ou pour le temps de grands travaux; car pour la viande fraîche, ils n’en mangent jamais, c’est un mets trop dispendieux. Les gens riches du pays vivent avec la même économie; je voyois notre hôte de Macugnaga, qui n’étoit rien moins que pauvre, aller tous les soirs prendre, dans un endroit fermé à clef, une pincée d’aulx dont il distribuoit gravement une gousse à sa femme, et autant à chacun de ses enfants, et cette gousse d’ail étoit l’assaisonnement unique d’un morceau de pain sec qu’ils brisoient entre deux pierres, & qu’ils mangeoient pour leur souper. Ceux d’entr’eux qui négocient au dehors, viennent au moins une fois tous les deux ans passer quelques mois dans leur village; et quoique hors de chez eux ils prennent l’habitude d’une meilleure nourriture, ils se remettent sans peine à celle de leur pays, et ne le quittent qu’avec un extrême regret; j’ai été témoin d’un ou deux de ces départs, qui m’ont attendri jusqu’aux larmes.”

99. By the morning, however, our hosts had found some meat for the over-greedy foreigners, and the wine was good enough; but it was no place for papa and mamma to stay in; and, bravado apart, I liked black bread no better than they. So we went up to the Riffelberg, where I saw that on the north Monte Rosa was only a vast source of glacier, and, as a mountain, existed only for the Italian side: the Matterhorn was too much of an Egyptian obelisk to please me (I trace continually the tacit reference in my Cumberland-built soul to moorish Skiddaw and far-sweeping Saddleback as the proper types of majestic form); and I went down to Visp

again next day without lamentation: my mother, sixty-three on next 2nd September, walking with me the ten miles from St. Nicholas to Visp as lightly as a girl. And the old people went back to Brieg with me, that I might climb the Bell Alp (then unknown), whence I drew the panorama of the Simplon and Bernese range, now in Walkley Museum. But the more I got, the more I asked. After drawing the Weisshorn and Aletsch-horn, I wanted to see the Aiguille Verte again, and was given another fortnight for Chamouni; the old people staying at the Trois Couronnes of Vevay. I spent the days usefully, going first up to the base of the Aiguille d'Argentièrè, which commands the glorious white ocean of the Tours glacier below, and, opposite, the four precipices of the Aiguille Verte on its northeast flank; and that day, 27th July, we saw a herd of more than thirty chamois on the Argentièrè. "Pour les voir, faut aller où ils sont," said Couttet; and he might have added, where other living things are not; for, whether by shepherd or traveler, the snows round the Aiguilles of Chardonnet and Argentièrè are the least trodden of all the Mont Blanc fields. The herd was in three groups, twelve in one of them only; and did not put itself to speed, but retired slowly when we got within a quarter of a mile of them, each stopping to look back from the ridge behind which they disappeared.

100. "Iceland Moss" (says the diary), "in enormous quantities amongst the Alpine roses, above the Argentièrè glacier—not growing at all, so far as I recollect, but on the hills on the northeast of the valley. . . . Where we took the snow, the top of the glacier" (Tours) "was wreathed in vast surges which took us from twenty minutes to half an hour (each) to climb,—green lovely lakes in their hollows, no crevices." On the 29th July I went up the Buet, and down to Sixt, where I found myself very stiff and tired, and determined that the Alps were, on the whole, best seen from below. And after a walk to the Fer-à-cheval, considering the wild strawberries there to taste of slate, I went rather penitently down to Geneva again.

Feeling also a little ashamed of myself before papa—in the consciousness that all his pining in cold air, and dining on black bread, and waiting, day after day, not without anxiety, while I rambled he knew not whither, had not in the least advanced the object nearest his heart,—the second volume of “Modern Painters.” I had, on the contrary, been acutely and minutely at work in quite other directions—felt tempted now to write on Alpine botany, or devote myself to painting myrtilles and mica-slate for the rest of my days. The Turner charm was indeed as potent as ever; but I felt that other powers were now telling on me besides his,—even beyond his; not in delight, but in vital strength; and that no word more could be written of him, till I had tried the range of these.

101. It surprises me to find, by entries at Paris (which I was reasonable enough now to bear the sight of again), in August of this year, how far I had advanced in picture knowledge since the Roman days; progress which I see no ground for, and remember no steps of,—except only a lesson given me by George Richmond at one of Mr. Rogers’ breakfasts (the old man used to ask me, finding me always reverent to him, joyful in his pictures, and sometimes amusing, as an object of curiosity to his guests),—date uncertain, but probably in 1842. Until that year, Rubens had remained the type of color power to me, and (p. 28 above) Titian’s flesh tints of little worth! But that morning, as I was getting talkative over the wild Rubens sketch, (War or Discord, or Victory or the Furies, I forget what,) Richmond said, pointing to the Veronese beneath it, “Why are you not looking at this,—so much greater in manner?” “Greater,—how?” I asked, in surprise; “it seems to me quite tame beside the Rubens.” “That may be,” said Richmond, “but the Veronese is true, the other violently conventional.” “In what way true?” I asked, still not understanding. “Well,” said Richmond, “compare the pure shadows on the flesh, in Veronese, and its clear edge, with Rubens’s ocher and vermilion, and outline of asphalt.”

102. No more was needed. From that moment, I saw what was meant by Venetian color; yet during 1843, and early 1844, was so occupied with "Modern Painters," degree-getting, and studies of foliage and foreground, that I cannot understand how I had reached, in picture knowledge, the point shown by these following entries, of which indeed the first shows that the gain surprised me at the time, but foolishly regards it only as a change coming to pass in the Louvre on the instant, and does not recognize it as the result of growth: the fact being, I suppose, that the habit of looking for true color in nature had made me sensitive to the modesty and dignity of hues in painting also, before possessing no charm for me.

"Aug. 17th. I have had a change wrought in me, and a strong one, by this visit to the Louvre, and know not how far it may go, chiefly in my full understanding of Titian, John Bellini, and Perugino, and being able to abandon everything for them; or rather, being *unable* to look at anything else."

103. I allow the following technical note only for proof of the length I had got to. There shall be no more of the kind let into PRÆTERITA.

"1252 ('The Entombment') is the finest Titian in the gallery,—glowing, simple, broad, and grand. It is to be opposed to 1251 ('The Flagellation'), in which the shades are brown instead of gray, the outlines strong brown lines, the draperies broken up by folds, the lights very round and vivid, and foiled by deep shades, the flesh forms, the brightest lights, and the draperies subdued.

"In 1252 every one of these conditions is reversed. Even the palest flesh is solemn and dark, in juxtaposition with golden-white drapery; all the masses broad and flat, the shades gray, the outlines chaste and severe. It may be taken as an example of the highest dignity of expression wrought out by mere grandeur of color and composition.

"I found myself finally in the Louvre, fixed by this Titian, and turning to it, and to the one (picture), exactly opposite, John and Gentile Bellini, by John Bellini. I was a long

time hesitating between this and Raphael's dark portrait; but decided for the John Bellini.

“Aug. 18th. To-morrow we leave. I have been watching the twilight on the Tuileries, which was very grand and clear; and planning works. I shall try to paint a Madonna some day, I believe.”

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CHAPTER VI.

THE CAMPO SANTO.

104. THE summer's work of 1844, so far from advancing the design of "Modern Painters," had thrown me off it—first into fine botany, then into difficult geology, and lastly, as that entry about the Madonna shows, into a fit of figure study which meant much. It meant, especially, at last some looking into ecclesiastical history,—some notion of the merit of fourteenth century painting, and the total abandonment of Rubens and Rembrandt for the Venetian school. Which, the reader will please observe, signified not merely the advance in sense of color, but in perception of truth and modesty in light and shade. And on getting home, I felt that in the cyclone of confused new knowledge, this was the thing first to be got firm.

Scarcely any book writing was done that winter,—and there are no diaries; but, for the first time, I took up Turner's "Liber Studiorum" instead of engravings; mastered its principles, practiced its method, and by springtime in 1845 was able to study from nature accurately in full chiaroscuro, with a good frank power over the sepia tinting.

I must have read also, that winter, Rio's "Poésie Chrétienne," and Lord Lindsay's introduction to his "Christian Art." And perceiving thus, in some degree, what a blind bat and puppy I had been, all through Italy, determined that at least I must see Pisa and Florence again before writing another word of "Modern Painters."

105. How papa and mamma took this new vagary, I have no recollection; resignedly, at least: perhaps they also had some notion that I might think differently, and it was to be hoped in a more orthodox and becoming manner, after

another sight of the Tribune. At all events, they concluded to give me my own way entirely this time; and what time I chose. My health caused them no farther anxiety; they could trust my word to take care of myself every day, just the same as if I were coming home to tea: my mother was satisfied of Couttet's skill as a physician, and care, if needed, as a nurse;—he was engaged for the summer in those capacities,—and, about the first week in April, I found myself dining on a trout of the Ain, at Champagnole; with Switzerland and Italy at my feet—for to-morrow.

106. Curiously, the principal opposition to this unprincipled escapade had been made by Turner. He knew that one of my chief objects was to see the motives of his last sketches on the St. Gothard; and he feared my getting into some scrape in the then disturbed state of the cantons. He had probably himself seen some of their doings in 1843, when “la vieille Suisse prit les armes, prévint les Bas Valaisans, qui furent vaincus et massacrés au Pont du Trient, près de Martigny;” * and again an expedition of the Corps Francs of the liberal cantons, “pour expulser les Jesuits, et renverser le gouvernement,” at Lucerne, had been summarily “renversée” itself by the Lucernois, 8th December, 1844, only three months before my intended start for the Alps. Every time Turner saw me during the winter, he said something to dissuade me from going abroad; when at last I went to say good-by, he came down with me into the hall in Queen Anne Street, and opening the door just enough for me to pass, laid hold of my arm, gripping it strongly. “Why will you go to Switzerland—there'll be such a fidge about you, when you're gone.”

I am never able to collect myself in a moment, and am simply helpless on any sudden need for decision like this; the result being, usually, that I go on doing what I meant to do. If I say anything, it is sure to be wrong. I made no answer, but grasped his hand closely, and went. I believe he made

* “La Suisse Historique,” par E. H. Gaullieur. Genève, 1855, p. 428.

up his mind that I was heartless and selfish; anyhow he took no more pains with me.

107. As it chanced, even while I sat over my trout at Champagnole, there was another expedition of the Francs Corps—M. Gaullieur does not say against whom, but only that it had “une issue encore plus tragique que la première.” But there had been no instance of annoyance to English or any other travelers, in all the course of these Swiss squabbles since 1833, in which year—by the way, the first of our journeys—we drove under some posted field-batteries into Basle, just after the fight at Liesthal between the liberal townspeople and Catholic peasants. The landlord of the “Three Kings” had been out; and run—or at least made the best speed he could—three leagues to the town gates.

It was no part of my plan, however, as my parents knew, to enter Switzerland in this springtime: but to do what I could in Italy first. Geneva itself was quiet enough: Couttet met me there, and next day we drove over the ledges of the Salève, all aglow with primrose and soldanelle, down upon Annecy.

108. I had with me, besides Couttet, a young servant who became of great use to me in succeeding years; with respect to whom I must glance back at some of the past revolutions in our domestic dynasties. The cook and housemaid at Herne Hill, in its mainly characteristic time—1827-1834—were sisters, Mary and Elizabeth Stone. I have never seen a fillet of veal rightly roasted, nor a Yorkshire pudding rightly basted, since Mary Stone left us to be married in 1836. Elizabeth, also not to be excelled in her line, was yet replaceable, when her career ended in the same catastrophe, by a third younger sister, Hannah; but I can't in the least remember who waited on us, till our perennial parlor-maid, Lucy Tovey, came to us in 1829—remaining with us till 1875. Her sister Harriet replaced Hannah Stone, who must needs be married, like Mary and Elizabeth, in 1834; nor did she leave us till the Denmark Hill household was broken up. But in 1842 another young housemaid came, Anne Hobbs,

whose brother John Hobbs, called always at Denmark Hill, George, to distinguish him, in vocal summons, from my father and me, became my body servant in the same year, and only left me to push his higher fortune in 1854. I could not say before, without interrupting graver matters, that the idea of my not being able to dress myself began at Oxford, where it was thought becoming in a gentleman-commoner to have a squire to manage his scout. My good, honest, uninteresting Thomas Hughes, being vigilant that I put my waistcoat on right side outwards, went abroad with us, instead of Salvador; my father, after the first two journeys, being quite able to do his courier's work himself. When we came home in '42, Hughes wanted to promote himself to some honor or other in the public-house line, and George Hobbs, a sensible and merry-minded youth of eighteen, came in his stead. Couttet and he sat in the back seat of the light-hooded barouche which I took for this Italian journey; the hood seldom raised, as I never traveled in bad weather unless surprised by it; and the three of us walked that April morning up the Salève slope, and trotted down to Annecy, in great peace of mind.

109. At Annecy I made the first careful trial of my new way of work. I herewith reproduce the study; it is very pleasant to me still; and certainly any artist who once accustoms himself to the method cannot afterwards fall into any mean trickery or dull conventionalism. The outline must be made clearly and quietly, conveying as much accurate information as possible respecting the form and structure of the object; then, in washing, the chiaroscuro is lowered from the high lights with extreme care down to the middle tones, and the main masses left in full shade.

A rhyme written to Mont Blanc at Geneva, and another in vituperation of the idle people at Conflans, were, I think, the last serious exertions of my poetical powers. I perceived finally that I could express nothing I had to say, rightly, in that manner; and the "peace of mind" above referred to,



THE CASTLE OF ANNECY. (Sunset.)
From the painting by Ruskin.

which returns to me as the principal character of this opening journey, was perhaps, in part, the result of this extremely wholesome conclusion.

110. But also, the two full years, since the flash of volcanic lightning at Naples, had brought me into a deeper and more rational state of religious temper. I can scarcely yet call it religious thought; but the steadily read chapters, morning and evening, with the continual comparison between the Protestant and Papal services every Sunday abroad, made me feel that all dogmatic teaching was a matter of chance and habit; and that the life of religion depended on the force of faith, not the terms of it. In the sincerity and brightness of his imagination, I saw that George Herbert represented the theology of the Protestant Church in a perfectly central and deeply spiritual manner: his "Church Porch" I recognized to be blamelessly wise as a lesson to youth; and the exquisitely faithful fancy of the other poems (in the "Temple") drew me into learning most of them by heart,—the "Church Porch," the "Dialogue," "Employment," "Submission," "Gratefulness," and, chief favorite, "The Bag,"—deliberately and carefully. The code of feeling and law written in these verses may be always assigned as a standard of the purest unsectarian Christianity; and whatever has been wisest in thought or happiest in the course of my following life was founded at this time on the teaching of Herbert. The reader will perhaps be glad to see the poem that has been most useful to me, "Submission," in simpler spelling than in the grand editions:

But that Thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are Thine,
My mind would be extremely stirred
For missing my design.

Were it not better to bestow
Some place and power on me?
Then should Thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve
 I do resume my sight,
 And pilfering what I once did give,
 Disseize Thee of Thy right.

How know I, if Thou shouldst me raise,
 That I should then raise Thee?
 Perhaps great places and Thy praise
 Do not so well agree!

Wherefore, unto my gift I stand,
 I will no more advise;
 Only do Thou lend me Thine hand,
 Since Thou hast both mine eyes.

111. In these, and other such favorite verses, George Herbert, as aforesaid, was to me at this time, and has been since, useful beyond every other teacher; not that I ever attained to any likeness of feeling, but at least knew where I was myself wrong, or cold, in comparison. A little more force was also put on Bible study at this time, because I held myself responsible for George's tenets as well as my own, and wished to set him a discreet example; he being well-disposed, and given to my guidance, with no harm as yet in any of his ways. So I read my chapter with him morning and evening; and if there were no English church on Sundays, the Morning Service, Litany and all, very reverently; after which we enjoyed ourselves, each in our own way, in the afternoons, George being always free, and Couttet, if he chose; but he had little taste for the Sunday promenades in a town, and was glad if I would take him with me to gather flowers, or carry stones. I never, until this time, had thought of traveling, climbing, or sketching on the Sunday: the first infringement of this rule by climbing the isolated peak above Gap, with both Couttet and George, after our morning service, remains a weight on my conscience to this day. But it was thirteen years later before I made a sketch on Sunday.

112. By Gap and Sisteron to Fréjus, along the Riviera to Sestri, where I gave a day to draw the stone-pines now at

Oxford; and so straight to my first fixed aim, Lucca, where I settled myself for ten days,—as I supposed. It turned out forty years.

The town is some thousand paces square; the unbroken rampart walk round may be a short three miles. There are upwards of twenty churches in that space, dating between the sixth and twelfth centuries; a ruined feudal palace and tower, unmatched except at Verona: the streets clean—cheerfully inhabited, yet quiet; nor desolate, even now. Two of the churches representing the perfectest phase of round-arched building in Europe, and one of them containing the loveliest Christian tomb in Italy.

The rampart walk, unbroken except by descents and ascents at the gates, commands every way the loveliest ranges of all the Tuscan Apennine: when I was there in 1845, besides the ruined feudal palace, there was a maintained Ducal Palace, with a living Duke in it, whose military band played every evening on the most floral and peaceful space of rampart. After a well-spent day, and a three-course dinner,—military band,—chains, double braided, of amethyst Apennine linked by golden clouds,—then the mountain air of April, still soft as the marble towers grew unsubstantial in the starlight,—such the monastic discipline of Lucca to my novitiate mind.

113. I must stop to think a little how it was that so early as this I could fasten on the tomb of Ilaria di Caretto with certainty of its being a supreme guide to me ever after. If I get tiresome, the reader must skip; I write, for the moment, to amuse myself, and not him. The said reader, duly sagacious, must have felt, long since, that, though very respectable people in our way, we were all of us definitely vulgar people; just as my aunt's dog Towzer was a vulgar dog, though a very good and dear dog. Said reader should have seen also that we had not set ourselves up to have à *tasté* in anything. There was never any question about matching colors in furniture, or having the correct pattern in china. Everything for service in the house was bought

plain, and of the best; our toys were what we happened to take a fancy to in pleasant places—a cow in stalactite from Matlock, a fisher-wife doll from Calais, a Swiss farm from Berne, Bacchus and Ariadne from Carrara. But, among these toys, principal on the drawing-room chimney-piece, always put away by my mother at night, and “put out” in the afternoon, were some pieces of Spanish clay, to which, without knowing it, I owed a quantity of strenuous teaching. Native baked clay figures, painted and gilded by untaught persons who had the gift; manufacture mainly practiced along the Xeres coast, I believe, and of late much decayed, but then flourishing, and its work as good as the worker could make it. There was a Don Whiskerandos contrabandista, splendidly handsome and good-natured, on a magnificent horse at the trot, brightly caparisoned: everything finely finished, his gun loose in his hand. There was a lemonade seller, a pomegranate seller, a matador with his bull—animate all, and graceful, the coloring chiefly ruddy brown. Things of constant interest to me, and altogether wholesome; vestiges of living sculpture come down into the Herne Hill times, from the days of Tanagra.

For loftier admiration, as before told, Chantrey in Lichfield, Roubilliac in Westminster, were set forth to me, and honestly felt; a scratched white outline or two from Greek vases on the black Derbyshire marble did not interfere with my first general feeling about sculpture, that it should be living, and emotional; that the flesh should be like flesh, and the drapery like clothes; and that, whether trotting contrabandista, dancing girl, or dying gladiator, the subject should have an interest of its own, and not consist merely of figures with torches or garlands standing alternately on their right and left legs. Of “ideal” form and the like, I fortunately heard and thought nothing.

114. The point of connoisseurship I had reached, at sixteen, with these advantages and instincts, is curiously measured by the criticism of the Cathedral of Rheims in my Don Juan journal of 1835:

The carving is not rich,—the Gothic heavy,
 The statues miserable; not a fold
 Of drapery well-disposed in all the bevy
 Of Saints and Bishops and Archbishops old
 That line the porches gray. But in the nave I
 Stared at the windows purple, blue, and gold:
 And the perspective's wonderfully fine
 When you look down the long columnar line.

By the "carving" I meant the niche work, which is indeed curiously rude at Rheims; by the "Gothic" the structure and moldings of arch, which I rightly call "heavy" as compared with later French types; while the condemnation of the draperies meant that they were not the least like those either of Rubens or Roubilliac. And ten years had to pass over me before I knew better; but every day between the standing in Rheims porch and by Ilaria's tomb had done on me some chiseling to the good; and the discipline from the Fontainebleau time till now had been severe. The accurate study of tree branches, growing leaves, and foreground herbage, had more and more taught me the difference between violent and graceful lines; the beauty of Clotilde and Cécile, essentially French-Gothic, and the living Egeria of Araceli, had fixed in my mind and heart, not as an art-ideal, but as a sacred reality, the purest standards of breathing womanhood; and here suddenly, in the sleeping Ilaria, was the perfectness of these, expressed with harmonies of line which I saw in an instant were under the same laws as the river wave, and the aspen branch, and the stars' rising and setting; but treated with a modesty and severity which read the laws of nature by the light of virtue.

115. Another influence, no less forcible, and more instantly effective, was brought to bear on me by my first quiet walk through Lucca.

Hitherto, all architecture, except fairy-finished Milan, had depended with me for its delight on being partly in decay. I revered the sentiment of its age, and I was accustomed to look for the signs of age in the moldering of its traceries, and in the interstices deepening between the stones of its

masonry. This looking for cranny and joint was mixed with the love of rough stones themselves, and of country churches built like Westmoreland cottages.

Here in Lucca I found myself suddenly in the presence of twelfth century buildings, originally set in such balance of masonry that they could all stand without mortar; and in material so incorruptible, that after six hundred years of sunshine and rain, a lancet could not now be put between their joints.

Absolutely for the first time I now saw what mediæval builders were, and what they meant. I took the simplest of all façades for analysis, that of Santa Maria Foris-Portam, and thereon literally *began* the study of architecture.

In the third—and, for the reader's relief, last—place in these technical records, Fra Bartolomeo's picture of the Magdalene, with St. Catherine of Siena, gave me a faultless example of the treatment of pure Catholic tradition by the perfect schools of painting.

116. And I never needed lessoning more in the principles of the three great arts. After those summer days of 1845, I advanced only in knowledge of individual character, provincial feeling, and details of construction or execution. Of what was primarily right and ultimately best, there was never more doubt to me, and my art-teaching, necessarily, in its many local or personal interests partial, has been from that time throughout consistent, and progressing every year to more evident completion.

The full happiness of that time to me cannot be explained except to consistently hard workers; and of those, to the few who can keep their peace and health. For the world appeared to me now exactly right. Hills as high as they should be, rivers as wide, pictures as pretty, and masters and men as wise—as pretty and wise could be. And I expected to bring everybody to be of my opinion, as soon as I could get out my second volume; and drove down to Pisa in much hope and pride, though grave in both.

For now I had read enough of Cary's Dante, and Sis-

mondi's "Italian Republics," and Lord Lindsay, to feel what I had to look for in the Campo Santo. Yet at this moment I pause to think what it was that I found.

Briefly, the entire doctrine of Christianity, painted so that a child could understand it. And what a child cannot understand of Christianity, no one need try to.

117. In these days of the religion of this and that,—briefly let us say, the religion of Stocks and Posts—in order to say a clear word of the Campo Santo, one must first say a firm word concerning Christianity itself. I find numbers, even of the most intelligent and amiable people, not knowing what the word means; because they are always asking how much is true, and how much they like, and never ask, first, what *was* the total meaning of it, whether they like it or not.

The total meaning was, and is, that the God who made earth and its creatures, took at a certain time upon the earth, the flesh and form of man; in that flesh sustained the pain and died the death of the creature He had made; rose again after death into glorious human life, and when the date of the human race is ended, will return in visible human form, and render to every man according to his work. Christianity is the belief in, and love of, God thus manifested. Anything less than this, the mere acceptance of the sayings of Christ, or assertion of any less than divine power in His Being, may be, for aught I know, enough for virtue, peace, and safety; but they do not make people Christians, or enable them to understand the heart of the simplest believer in the old doctrine. One verse more of George Herbert will put the height of that doctrine into less debatable, though figurative, picture than any longer talk of mine:—

Hast thou not heard that my Lord Jesus died?

Then let me tell thee a strange story.

The God of power, as he did ride

In his majestic robes of glory,

Resolved to light; and so, one day

He did descend, undressing all the way.

The stars his tire of light, and rings, obtained,
 The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,
 The heavens his azure mantle gained,
 And when they asked what he would wear,
 Hé smiled, and said as he did go,
 "He had new clothes a-making, here, below."

I write from memory; the lines have been my lesson, ever since 1845, of the noblesse of thought which makes the simplest word best.

118. And the Campo Santo of Pisa is absolutely the same in painting as these lines in word. Straight to its purpose, in the clearest and most eager way; the purpose, highest that can be; the expression, the best possible to the workman according to his knowledge. The several parts of the gospel of the Campo Santo are written by different persons; but all the original frescoes are by men of honest genius. No matter for their names; the contents of this wall-scripture are these.

First, the Triumph of Death, as Homer, Virgil, and Horace thought of death. Having been within sight of it myself, since Oxford days; and looking back already over a little Campo Santo of my own people, I was ready for that part of the lesson.

Secondly, the story of the Patriarchs, and of their guidance by the ministries of visible angels; that is to say, the ideal of the life of man in its blessedness, *before* the coming of Christ.

Thirdly, the story of Job, in direct converse with God himself, the God of nature, and without any reference to the work of Christ except in its final surety, "Yet in my flesh I shall see God."

Fourthly, the life of St. Ranier of Pisa, and of the desert saints, showing the ideal of human life in its blessedness *after* the coming of Christ.

Lastly, the return of Christ in glory, and the Last Judgment.

119. Now this code of teaching is absolutely general for

the whole Christian world. There is no papal doctrine, nor antipapal; nor any question of sect or schism whatsoever. Kings, bishops, knights, hermits, are there, because the painters saw them, and painted them, naturally, as we paint the nineteenth century product of common councilmen and engineers. But they did not conceive that a man must be entirely happy in this world and the next because he wore a miter or helmet, as we do because he has made a fortune or a tunnel.

Not only was I prepared at this time for the teaching of the Campo Santo, but it was precisely what at that time I needed.

It realized for me the patriarchal life, showed me what the earlier Bible meant to say; and put into direct and inevitable light the questions I had to deal with, alike in my thoughts and ways, under existing Christian tradition.

Questions clearly not to be all settled in that fortnight. Some, respecting the Last Judgment, such as would have occurred to Professor Huxley,—as for instance, that if Christ came to judgment in St. James's Street, the people couldn't see him from Piccadilly,—had been dealt with by me before now; but there is one fact, and no question at all, concerning the Judgment, which was only at this time beginning to dawn on me, that men had been curiously judging *themselves* by always calling the day they expected, "Dies Iræ," instead of "Dies Amoris."

120. Meantime, my own first business was evidently to read what these Pisans had said of it, and take some record of the sayings; for at that time the old-fashioned ravages were going on, honestly and innocently. Nobody cared for the old plaster, and nobody pretended to. When any dignitary of Pisa was to be buried, they peeled off some Benozzo Gozzoli, or whatever else was in the way, and put up a nice new tablet to the new defunct; but what was left was still all Benozzo, (or repainting of old time, not last year's restoration). I cajoled the Abbé Rosini into letting me put up a scaffold level with the frescoes; set steadily to

work with what faculty in outline I had; and being by this time practiced in delicate curves, by having drawn trees and grass rightly, got far better results than I had hoped, and had an extremely happy fortnight of it! For as the triumph of Death was no new thought to me, the life of hermits was no temptation; but the stories of Abraham, Job, and St. Ranier, well told, were like three new—Scott's novels, I was going to say, and will say, for I don't see my way to anything nearer the fact, and the work on them was pure delight. I got an outline of Abraham's parting with the last of the three angels; of the sacrifice of Job; of the three beggars, and a fiend or two, out of the Triumph of Death; and of the conversion of St. Ranier, for which I greatly pitied him.

For he is playing, evidently with happiest skill, on a kind of zithern-harp, held upright as he stands, to the dance of four sweet Pisan maids, in a round, holding each other only by the bent little fingers of each hand. And one with graver face, and wearing a purple robe, approaches him, saying—I knew once what she said, but forget now; only it meant that his joyful life in that kind was to be ended. And he obeys her, and follows, into a nobler life.

I do not know if ever there was a real St. Ranier; but the story of him remained for truth in the heart of Pisa as long as Pisa herself lived.

121. I got more than outline of this scene: a colored sketch of the whole group, which I destroyed afterwards, in shame of its faults, all but the purple-robed warning figure; and that is lost, and the fresco itself now lost also, all molding and ruined by what must indeed be a cyclical change in the Italian climate: the frescoes exposed to it of which I made note before 1850, seem to me to have suffered more in the twenty years since, than they had since they were painted: those at Verona alone excepted, where the art of fresco seems to have been practiced in the fifteenth century in absolute perfection, and the color to have been injured only by violence, not by time.

There was another lovely cloister in Pisa, without fresco,

but exquisite in its arched perspective and central garden, and noble in its unbuttressed height of belfry tower;—the cloister of San Francesco: in these, and in the meadow round the baptistery, the routine of my Italian university life was now fixed for a good many years in main material points.

122. In summer I have been always at work, or out walking, by six o'clock, usually awake by half-past four; but I keep to Pisa for the present, where my monkish discipline arranged itself thus. Out, anyhow, by six, quick walk to the field, and as much done as I could, and back to breakfast at half-past eight. Steady bit of Sismondi over bread and butter, then back to Campo Santo, draw till twelve; quick walk to look about me and stretch my legs, in shade if it might be, before lunch, on anything I chanced to see nice in a fruit shop, and a bit of bread. Back to lighter work, or merely looking and thinking, for another hour and a half, and to hotel for dinner at four. Three courses and a flask of Aleatico (a sweet, yet rather astringent, red, rich for Italian, wine—provincial, and with lovely basket-work round the bottle). Then out for saunter with Couttet; he having leave to say anything he had a mind to, but not generally communicative of his feelings; he carried my sketchbook, but in the evening there was too much always to be hunted out, of city; or watched, of hills, or sunset; and I rarely drew, —to my sorrow, now. I wish I knew less, and had drawn more.

Homewards, from wherever we had got to, the moment the sun was down, and the last clouds had lost their color. I avoided marshy places, if I could, at all times of the day, because I didn't like them; but I feared neither sun nor moon, dawn nor twilight, malaria nor anything else malefic, in the course of work, except only draughts and ugly people. I never would sit in a draught for half a minute, and fled from some sorts of beggars; but a crowd of the common people round me only made me proud, and try to draw as well as I could; mere rags or dirt I did not care an atom for.

123. As early as 1835, and as late as 1841, I had been

accustomed, both in France and Italy, to feel that the crowd behind me was interested in my choice of subjects, and pleasantly applaudive of the swift progress under my hand of street perspectives, and richness of surface decoration, such as might be symbolized by dextrous zigzags, emphatic dots, or graceful flourishes. I had the better pleasure, now, of feeling that my really watchful delineation, while still rapid enough to interest any stray student of drawing who might stop by me on his way to the Academy, had a quite unusual power of directing the attention of the general crowd to points of beauty, or subjects of sculpture, in the buildings I was at work on, to which they had never before lifted eyes, and which I had the double pride of first discovering for them, and then imitating—not to their dissatisfaction.

And well might I be proud; but how much more ought I to have been pitiful, in feeling the swift and perfect sympathy which the “common people”—companion-people I should have said, for in Italy there is no commonness—gave me, in Lucca, or Florence, or Venice, for every touch of true work that I laid in their sight.* How much more, I say, should it have been pitiful to me, to recognize their eager intellect, and delicate senses, open to every lesson and every joy of their ancestral art, far more deeply and vividly than in the days when every spring kindled them into battle, and every autumn was red with their blood: yet left now, alike by the laws and lords set over them, less happy in aimless life than of old in sudden death; never one effort made to teach them, to comfort them, to economize their industries,

* A letter, received from Miss Alexander as I correct this proof, gives a singular instance of this power in the Italian peasant. She says:—“I have just been drawing a magnificent Lombard shepherd, who sits to me in a waistcoat made from the skin of a yellow cow with the hairy side out, a shirt of homespun linen as coarse as sailcloth, a scarlet sash, and trousers woven (I should think) from the wool of the black sheep. He astonishes me all the time by the great amount of good advice which he gives me about my work; and always right! Whenever he looks at my unfinished picture, he can always tell me exactly what it wants.”

animate their pleasures, or guard their simplest rights from the continually more fatal oppression of unprincipled avarice, and unmerciful wealth.

124. But all this I have felt and learned, like so much else, too late. The extreme seclusion of my early training left me long careless of sympathy for myself; and that which I gave to others never led me into any hope of being useful to them, till my strength of active life was past. Also, my mind was not yet catholic enough to feel that the Campo Santo belonged to its own people more than to me; and indeed, I had to read its lessons before I could interpret them. The world has for the most part been of opinion that I entered on the task of philanthropy too soon rather than too late: at all events, my conscience remained at rest during all those first times at Pisa, in mere delight in the glory of the past, and in hope for the future of Italy, without need of my becoming one of her demagogues. And the days that began in the cloister of the Campo Santo usually ended by my getting upon the roof of Santa Maria della Spina, and sitting in the sunlight that transfused the warm marble of its pinnacles, till the unabated brightness went down beyond the arches of the Ponte-à-Mare,—the few footsteps and voices of the twilight fell silent in the streets, and the city and her mountains stood mute as a dream, beyond the soft eddying of Arno.

CHAPTER VII.

MACUGNAGA.

125. WHEN first I saw Florence, in 1840, the great street leading into the Baptistery square from the south had not been rebuilt, but consisted of irregular ancient houses, with far projecting bracketed roofs. I mourned over their loss bitterly in 1845; but for the rest, Florence was still, then, what no one who sees her now could conceive.

For one great feature, an avenue of magnificent cypress and laurel ascended, unbroken, from the Porta Romana to Bellosguardo, from whose height one could then wander round through lanes of olive, or through small rural vineyards, to San Miniato, which stood deserted, but not ruinous, with a narrow lawn of scented herbage before it, and sweet wild weeds about its steps, all shut in by a hedge of roses. The long ascending causeway between smaller cypresses than those of the Porta Romana, gave every conceivably loveliest view of the Duomo, and Cascine forest, and passing away of Arno towards the sunset.

126. In the city herself, the monasteries were still inhabited, religiously and usefully; and in most of them, as well as among the Franciscans at Fésolo, I was soon permitted to go wherever I liked, and draw whatever I chose. But my time was passed chiefly in the sacristy and choir of Santa Maria Novella, the sacristy of Santa Croce, and the upper passage of San Marco. In the Academia I studied the Angelicos only, Lippi and Botticelli being still far beyond me; but the Ghirlandajos in the choir of Santa Maria Novella, in their broad masses of color, complied with the laws I had learned in Venice, while yet they swiftly and strictly taught me the fine personalities of the Florentine race and art. At

Venice, one only knows a fisherman by his net, and a saint by his nimbus. But at Florence, angel or prophet, knight or hermit, girl or goddess, prince or peasant, cannot but be what they are, mask them how you will.

Nobody ever disturbed me in the Ghirlandajo apse. There were no services behind the high altar; tourists, even the most learned, had never in those days heard Ghirlandajo's name; the sacristan was paid his daily fee regularly whether he looked after me or not. The lovely chapel, with its painted windows and companies of old Florentines, was left for me to do what I liked in, all the forenoon; and I wrote a complete critical and historical account of the frescoes from top to bottom of it, seated mostly astride on the desks, till I tumbled off backwards one day at the gap where the steps went down, but came to no harm, though the fall was really a more dangerous one than any I ever had in the Alps. The inkbottle was upset over the historical account however, and the closing passages a little shortened,—which saved some useful time.

127. When the chief bustle in the small sacristy, (a mere cupboard or ecclesiastical pantry, two steps up out of the transept) was over, with the chapel masses of the morning, I used to be let in there to draw the Angelico Annunciation,—about eleven inches by fourteen as far as I recollect, then one of the chief gems of Florence, seen in the little shrine it was painted for, now carried away by republican pillage, and lost in the general lumber of the great pillage-reservoir galleries. The monks let me sit close to it and work, as long as I liked, and went on with their cup-rinsings and cope-foldings without minding me. If any priest of the higher dignities came in, I was careful always to rise reverently, and get his kind look, or bow, or perhaps a stray crumb of benediction. When I was tired of drawing, I went into the Spezieria, and learned what ineffable sweetnesses and incenses were in the herbs and leaves that had gathered the sunbeams of Florence into their life; and bought little bundles of bottles, an inch long, and as thick as a moderately

sized quill, with Araby the blest and a spice island or two inside each. Then in the afternoon a bit of street or gallery work, and after dinner, always up either to Fésolo or San Miniato. In those days, I think it never rained but when one wanted it to, (and not always then); wherever you chanced to be, if you got tired, and had no friends to be bothered with, you lay down on the next bank and went to sleep, to the song of the cicadas, which, with a great deal of making believe, might at last, somehow, be thought nice.

128. I did make one friend in Florence, however, for love of Switzerland, Rudolph Durheim, a Bernese student, of solid bearish gifts and kindly strength. I took to him at first because of a clearly true drawing he had made of his little blue-eyed twelve-years-old simplicity of a goat-herd sister; but found him afterwards a most helpful and didactic friend. He objected especially to my losing time in sentiment or over-hot vaporization, and would have had me draw something every afternoon, whether it suited my fancy or not. "Ça vaut déjà la peine," said he, stopping on the way to the Certosa, under a group of hillside cottages; it was my first serious lesson in Italian backgrounds; and if we had worked on together, so and so might have happened, as so often afore-said. But we separated, to our sorrow then, and harm, afterwards. I went off into higher and vainer vaporization at Venice; he went back to Berne, and under the patronage of its aristocracy, made his black bread by dull portrait-painting to the end of a lost life. I saw the arid remnant of him in his Bernese painting, or daubing, room, many a year afterwards, and reproached the heartless Alps, for his sake.

129. Of other companionship in Florence, except Couttet's, I had none. I had good letters to Mr. Millingen, and of course a formal one to the British Embassy. I called on Mr. Millingen dutifully, but found he knew nothing after the fourth century B.C., and had as little taste for the *Liber Studiorum* as the Abbé Rosini. I waited on the Ambassador, and got him to use British influence enough to let me into

the convent of the Magdalen, wherein I have always since greatly praised Perugino's fresco, with a pleasant feeling that nobody else could see it. I never went near the Embassy afterwards, nor the Embassy near me, till I sent my P. P. C. card by George, when I was going away, before ten in the morning, which caused Lord ——'s porter to swear fearfully at George and his master both. And it was the last time I ever had anything to do with Embassies, except through the mediation of pitying friends.

There was yet another young draughtsman in Florence, who lessoned me to purpose—a French youth;—his family name Dieudonné; I knew him by no other. He had trained himself to copy Angelico, in pencil tint, wrought with the point, as pure as the down on a butterfly's wing, and with perfect expression: typical engraving in gray, of inconceivable delicacy. I have never seen anything the least approaching it since, but did not then enough know its value. Dieudonné's prices were necessarily beyond those of the water-color copyists, and he would not always work, even when the price was ready for him. He went back to France, and was effaced in the politeness of Paris, as Rudolph in the rudeness of Berne. Hard homes alike, their native cities, to them both.

130. My own work in Florence, this time, was chiefly thinking and writing—progressive, but much puzzled, and its Epicurean pieties a little too dependent on enamel and gilding. A study in the rose-garden of San Miniato, and in the cypress avenue of the Porta Romana, remain to me, for memorials of perhaps the best days of early life.

Couttet, however, was ill at ease and out of temper in Florence, little tolerant of Italian manners and customs; and not satisfied that my studies in sacristies and cloisters were wise, or vials of myrrh and myrtle essence as good for me as the breeze over Alpine rose. He solaced himself by making a careful collection of all the Florentine wild-flowers for me, exquisitely pressed and dried,—now, to my sorrow, lost or burned with all other herbaria; they fretted me by bulging

always in the middle, and crumbling, like parcels of tea, over my sketches.

At last the Arno dried up; or, at least, was reduced to the size of the Effra at Dulwich, with muddy shingle to the shore; and the gray "pietra serena" of Fésòle was like hot iron in the sun, sprinkled with sand. Also, I had pretty well tired myself out, and, for the present, spent all my pictorial language;—so that we all of us were pleased to trot over the Apennines, and see the gleam of Monte Rosa again from Piacenza and Pavia. Once it was in sight, I went straight for it, and remember nothing more till we were well afoot in the Val Anzasca.

131. The afternoon rambles to Fésòle and Bellosguardo, besides having often to stand for hours together writing notes in church or gallery, had kept me in fair training; and I did the twenty miles up hill from Vogogna to Macugnaga without much trouble, but in ever hotter indignation all the way at the extreme dullness of the Val Anzasca, "the most beautiful valley in the Alps"—according to modern guidebooks. But tourists who pass their time mostly in looking at black rocks through blue spectacles, cannot be expected to know much about a valley:—on the other hand, ever since the days of Glenfarg and Matlock, I have been a stream-tracker and cliff-hunter, and rank mountains more by the beauty of their glens than the height of their summits: also, it chanced that our three first journeys abroad had shown me the unquestionably grandest defiles of the Alps in succession—first the Via Mala, then the St. Gothard, then the tremendous granites of the Grimsel; then Rosenlauri and Lauterbrunnen, Val d' Aosta and Cormayeur; then the valley of the Inn and precipices of Innsbruck—and at last the Ortlerspitze and descent from the Stelvio to Como; with the Simplon and defile of Cluse now as well known as Gipsy Hill at Norwood: and the Val Anzasca has no feature whatever in any kind to be matched with any one of these. It is merely a deep furrow through continuous masses of shaly rock, blistered by the sun and rough with juniper, with scattered chestnut-trees

and pastures below. There are no precipices, no defiles, no distinct summits on either flank; while the Monte Rosa, occasionally seen at the extremity of the valley, is a mere white heap, with no more form in it than a haycock after a thunder-shower.

132. Nor was my mind relieved by arrival at Macugnaga itself; I did not then, nor do I yet, understand why the village should have a name at all, more than any other group of half-a-dozen *châlets* in a sheltered dip of moorlands. There was a little inn, of which the upper floor was just enough for the landlord, Couttet, George and me;—once, during a month's stay, I remember seeing two British persons with knapsacks at the bottom of the stairs, who must also have slept in the house, I suppose. My own room was about seven feet wide by ten long; one window, two-feet-six square, at the side, looked straight into the green bank at the bottom of the Monte Moro, and another at the end, looked into vacant sky down the valley. A clear dashing stream, not ice fed, but mere fountain and rainfall from the Moro, ran past the house just under the side window, and was the chief cause of my stay, and consolation of it. The group of *châlets* round had no inhabitants, that ever I saw:—the little chapel had a belfry, but I never remember hearing its bell, or seeing anybody go in or come out of it. I don't think even the goats had bells, so quiet the place was. The Monte Rosa glacier, a mile higher up, merely choked the valley; it seemed to come from nowhere and to be going nowhere; it had no pinnacles, no waves, no crevasses with action or method of fracture in them; no icefalls at the top, nor arched source of stream at the bottom; the sweep of rock above showed neither bedding nor buttressing of the least interest, and gave no impression of having any particular top, while yet the whole circuit of it was, to such poor climbing powers as mine, totally inaccessible, and even unapproachable, but with more trouble than it was worth.

133. Thus much I made out the first day after arriving, but thought there must be something to see somewhere, if I

looked properly about; also, I had made solemn vows and complex postal arrangements for a month under Monte Rosa, and I stayed my month accordingly, with variously humiliating and disagreeably surprising results.

The first, namely, that mountain air at this height, 4,000 ft. for sleeping level, varying to 6,000 or 7,000 ft. in the day's walks, was really not good for me, but quickened pulse and sickened stomach, and saddened one's notions alike of clouds, stones, and pastoral life.

The second, that my Florentine studies had not taught me how to draw clouds or stones any better; that the stream under my window was no more imitable than the Rhone itself, and that any single boulder in it would take all the month, or it might be, six weeks, to paint the least to my mind.

The third, that Alpine geology was in these high centers of it as yet wholly inscrutable to me.

The fourth, that I was not, as I used to suppose, born for solitude, like Dr. Zimmermann, and that the whole south side of Monte Rosa did not contain as much real and comfortable entertainment for me as the Market Street of Croydon. Nor do I believe I could have stayed out my month at Macugnaga with any consistency, but that I had brought with me a pocket volume of Shakespeare, and set myself for the first time to read, seriously, Coriolanus, and Julius Cæsar.

134. I see that in the earlier passages of this too dimly explicit narrative, no notice is taken of the uses of Shakespeare at Herne Hill, other than that he used to lie upon the table; nor can I the least trace his influence on my own mind or work, except as a part of the great reality and infinity of the world itself, and its gradually unfolding history and law. To my father, and to Richard Gray, the characters of Shakespearian comedy were all familiar personal friends; my mother's refusal to expose herself to theatric temptation began in her having fallen in love, for some weeks, when she was a girl, with Henry the Fifth at the Battle of Agincourt; nor can I remember in my own childhood any time when the

plots of the great plays were unknown to me, or—I write the word now with more than surprise—misunderstood! I thought and felt about all of them then, just as I think and feel now; no character, small or great, has taken a new aspect to me; and the attentive reading which began first at Macugnaga meant only the discovery of a more perfect truth, or a deeper passion, in the words that had before rung in my ears with too little questioned melody. As for the full contents of any passage, or any scene, I never expected, nor expect, to know them, any more than every rock of Skiddaw, or flower of Jura.

135. But by the light of the little window at Macugnaga, and by the murmur of the stream beneath it, began the course of study which led me into fruitful thought, out of the till then passive sensation of merely artistic or naturalist life; and which have made of me—or at least I fain would believe the friends who tell me so—a useful teacher, instead of a vain laborer.

From that time forward, nearly all serious reading was done while I was abroad; the heaviest box in the boot being always full of dictionaries; and my Denmark Hill life resolved itself into the drudgery of authorship and press correction, with infinite waste of time in saying the same things over and over to the people who came to see our Turners.

In calling my authorship, drudgery, I do not mean that writing ever gave me the kind of pain of which Carlyle so wildly complains,—to my total amazement and boundless puzzlement, be it in passing said; for he talked just as vigorously as he wrote, and the book he makes bitterest moan over, Friedrich, bears the outer aspect of richly enjoyed gossip, and lovingly involuntary eloquence of description or praise. My own literary work, on the contrary, was always done as quietly and methodically as a piece of tapestry. I knew exactly what I had got to say, put the words firmly in their places like so many stitches, hemmed the edges of chapters round with what seemed to me graceful flourishes, touched them finally with my cunningest points of color, and

read the work to papa and mamma at breakfast next morning, as a girl shows her sampler.

136. "Drudgery" may be a hard word for this often complacent, and entirely painless occupation; still, the best that could be said for it, was that it gave me no serious trouble; and I should think the pleasure of driving, to a good coachman, of plowing, to a good farmer, much more of dressmaking, to an inventive and benevolent modiste, must be greatly more piquant than the most proudly ardent hours of book-writing have ever been to me, or as far as my memory ranges, to any conscientious author of merely average power. How great work is done, under what burden of sorrow, or with what expense of life, has not been told hitherto, nor is likely to be; the best of late time has been done recklessly or contemptuously. Byron would burn a canto if a friend disliked it, and Scott spoil a story to please a bookseller.

As I have come on the extremely minor question of my own work,* I may once for all complete all necessary account of it by confession of my evermore childish delight in beginning a drawing; and usually acute misery in trying to finish one. People sometimes praise me as industrious, when they count the number of printed volumes which Mr. Allen can now advertise. But the biography of the waste penciling and passionately forsaken coloring, heaped in the dusty corners of Brantwood, if I could write it, would be far more pathetically exemplary or admonitory.

137. And as I transpose myself back through the forty years of desultory, yet careful, reading, which began in my mossy cell of Macugnaga, it becomes a yet more pertinent question to me how much life has been also wasted in that manner, and what was not wasted, extremely weakened and saddened. Very certainly, Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar did not in the least cheer or strengthen my heart in its Monte-Rosean solitude; and as I try to follow the clew of Shakespearian power over me since, I cannot feel that it has been

* *Manner* of work, I mean. How I learned the things I taught is the major, and properly, only question regarded in this history.

anywise wholesome for me to have the world represented as a place where, for that best sort of people, everything always goes wrong; or to have my conceptions of that best sort of people so much confused by images of the worst. To have kinghood represented, in the Shakespearian cycle, by Richards II. and III. instead of I., by Henrys IV. and VIII. instead of II.; by King John, finished into all truths of baseness and grief, while Henry V. is only a king of fairy tale; or in the realm of imagination, by the folly of Lear, the cruelty of Leontes, the furious and foul guilt of Macbeth and the Dane. Why must the persons of Iago and Iachimo, of Tybalt and Edmund, of Isabel's brother and Helena's lord, pollute, or wither with their shadows, every happy scene in the loveliest plays; and they, the loveliest, be all mixed and encumbered with languid and common work,—to one's best hope spurious, certainly, so far as original, idle and disgraceful?—and all so inextricably and mysteriously that the writer himself is not only unknowable, but inconceivable; and his wisdom so useless, that at this time of being and speaking, among active and purposeful Englishmen, I know not one who shows a trace of ever having felt a passion of Shakespeare's, or learnt a lesson from him.

Any way, for good or sorrow, my student's life, instead of mere instinct of rhythmic mimicry, began thus, not till I was six-and-twenty. It is so inconvenient to be always a year behind the Christian date, (and I am really so young of my age!) that I am going to suppose the reader's permission to be only a quarter of a century old at Macugnaga, and to count my years henceforward by the stars instead of the clock.

138. The month of Rome and Monte Rosa was at least, compared with the days at Florence, a time of rest; and when I got down to Domo d'Ossola again, I was fresh for the expedition in search of Turner's subject at Dazio Grande.

With Couttet and George, and a baggage mule, I walked up the Val Formazza, and across to Airolo; Couttet on this walk first formulating the general principle, "Pour que

George aille bien, il faut lui donner à manger souvent; et beaucoup à la fois." I had no objection whatever to this arrangement, and was only sorry my Chamouni tutor could not give the same good report of *me*. But on anything like a hard day's walk, the miles after lunch always seemed to me to become German instead of geographical. And although I much enjoyed the Val Formazza all the way up, Airolo next day was found to be farther off than it appeared on the map, and on the third morning I ordered a post-chaise, and gave up my long-cherished idea of making the pedestrian tour of Europe.

139. The work done at Faido and Dazio Grande is told and illustrated in the fourth volume of "Modern Painters;" it was a little shortened by a letter from J. D. Harding, asking if I would like him to join me at any place I might have chosen for autumn sketching. Very gratefully, I sent word that I would wait for him at Baveno; where, accordingly, towards the close of August, we made fraternal arrangements for an Elysian fortnight's floating round Isola Bella. There was a spacious half of seat vacant in my little hooded carriage, and good room for Harding's folios with mine: so we trotted from Baveno to Arona, and from Arona to Como, and from Como to Bergamo, and Bergamo to Brescia, and Brescia to Verona, and took up our abode in the "Two Towers" for as long as we chose.

I do not remember finding in any artistic biography the history of a happier epoch than it was to us both. I am bold to speak for Harding as for myself. Generally, the restlessness of ambition, or the strain of effort, or anxiety about money matters, taint or disturb the peace of a painter's travels: but Harding did not wish, or perhaps think it possible, to do better than, to his own mind, he always did; while I had no hope of becoming a second Turner, and no thoughts of becoming a thirtieth Academician. Harding was sure of regular sale for his summer's work, and under no difficulty in dividing the hotel bills with me: we both enjoyed the same scenes, though in different ways, which gave us subjects of

surprising but not antagonistic talk: the weather was perfect, the roads smooth, and the inns luxurious.

140. I must not yet say more of Verona, than that, though truly Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa have been the centers of thought and teaching to me, Verona has given the coloring to all they taught. She has virtually represented the fate and the beauty of Italy to me; and whatever concerning Italy I have felt, or been able with any charm or force to say, has been dealt with more deeply, and said more earnestly, for her sake.

It was only for Harding's sake that I went on to Venice, that year; and, for the first week there, neither of us thought of anything but the market and fishing boats, and effects of light on the city and the sea; till, in the spare hour of one sunny but luckless day, the fancy took us to look into the Scuola di San Rocco. Hitherto, in hesitating conjectures of what might have been, I have scarcely ventured to wish, gravely, that it *had* been. But, very earnestly, I should have bid myself that day keep *out* of the School of St. Roch, had I known what was to come of my knocking at its door. But for that porter's opening, I should (so far as one can ever know what they should) have written, *The Stones of Chamouni*, instead of *The Stones of Venice*; and the *Laws of Fésolé*, in the full code of them, before beginning to teach in Oxford: and I should have brought out in full distinctness and use what faculty I had of drawing the human face and form with true expression of their higher beauty.

But Tintoret swept me away at once into the "mare maggiore" of the schools of painting which crowned the power and perished in the fall of Venice; so forcing me into the study of the history of Venice herself; and through that into what else I have traced or told of the laws of national strength and virtue. I am happy in having done this so that the truth of it must stand; but it was not my own proper work; and even the sea-born strength of Venetian painting was beyond my granted fields of fruitful exertion. Its continuity and felicity became thenceforward impossible,

and the measure of my immediate success irrevocably shortened.

141. Strangely, at the same moment, another adversity first made itself felt to me,—of which the fatality has been great to many and many besides myself.

It must have been during my last days at Oxford that Mr. Liddell, the present Dean of Christ Church, told me of the original experiments of Daguerre. My Parisian friends obtained for me the best examples of his results; and the plates sent to me in Oxford were certainly the first examples of the sun's drawing that were ever seen in Oxford, and, I believe, the first sent to England.

Wholly careless at that time of finished detail, I saw nothing in the Daguerreotype to help, or alarm me; and inquired no more concerning it, until now at Venice I found a French artist producing exquisitely bright small plates, (about four inches square,) which contained, under a lens, the Grand Canal or St. Mark's Place as if a magician had reduced the reality to be carried away into an enchanted land. The little gems of picture cost a napoleon each; but with two hundred francs I bought the Grand Canal from the Salute to the Rialto; and packed it away in thoughtless triumph.

142. I had no time then to think of the new power, or its meanings; my days were overweighted already. Every morning, at six by the Piazza clock, we were moored, Harding and I, among the boats in the fruit-market; then, after eight o'clock breakfast, he went on his own quest of full subjects, and I to the Scuola di San Rocco, or wherever else in Venice there were Tintorets. In the afternoon, we lashed our gondola to the stern of a fishing-boat, sailing, as the wind served, within or outside the Lido, and sketching the boat and her sails in their varied action,—or Venice, as she shone far away beyond her islands. Back to Danieli's for six o'clock table d'hôte; where, after we had got a bit of fish and fillet of anything, the September days were yet long enough for a sunset walk.

143. A much regarded friend, Mr. Boxall, R.A., came on to Venice at this time, after finishing at Milan the beautiful drawing from Leonardo's Christ, which was afterwards tenderly, though inadequately, engraved. Mrs. Jameson was staying also at Danieli's, to complete her notes on Venetian legends: and in the evening walk we were usually together, the four of us; Boxall, Harding, and I extremely embarrassing Mrs. Jameson by looking at everything from our pertinaciously separate corners of an equilateral triangle. Mrs. Jameson was absolutely without knowledge or instinct of painting; and had no sharpness of insight for anything else; but she was candid and industrious, with a pleasant disposition to make the best of all she saw, and to say, compliantly, that a picture was good, if anybody had ever said so before. Her peace of mind was restored in a little while, by observing that the three of us, however separate in our reasons for liking a picture, always fastened on the same pictures to like; and that she was safe, therefore, in saying that, for whatever other reason might be assigned, other people should like them also.

I got some most refined and right teaching from Mr. Boxall; of which I remember as chiefly vital, his swift correction of my misgiven Wordsworth's line—

“So be it when I shall grow old,”

as—

“So shall it be when I grow old.”

I read Wordsworth with better care and profit ever afterwards; but there was this much of reason for that particular mistake, that I was perfectly confident in my own heart's love of rainbows to the end, and felt no occasion to wish for what I was so sure would be.

144. But Mr. Boxall's time, and Harding's, were at end before I had counted and described all the Tintorets in Venice, and they left me at that task, besides trying to copy the Adoration of the Magi on four sheets of brown paper. Things had gone fairly well as long as Harding took me out

to sea every afternoon; but now, left to myself, trying to paint the Madonna and Magi in the morning, and peering all the rest of the day into the shadowy corners of chapel and sacristy and palace-corridor, beside every narrow street that was paved with waves, my strength began to fail fast. Couttet got anxious, and looked more gravely every morning into my eyes. "Ç'a ne va pas bien," said he. "Vous ne le sentirez pas à présent, mais vous le sentirez après." I finished my list, however, pasted my brown paper into some rude likeness of the picture,—and packed up colors and note-books finally for a rapid run home; when, as so often happens in the first cessation of an overstrain, the day after leaving Venice I was stopped at Padua by a sharp fit of nervous fever.

145. I call it "nervous," not knowing what else to call it,—for there was no malarian taint or other malignity in it, but only quick pulse, and depressed spirit, and the nameless ailing of overwearied flesh. Couttet put me to bed instantly, and went out to buy some herb medicines,—which Paduan physicians are wise enough yet to keep,—and made me some tisane, and bade me be patient, and all would be well. And, indeed, next day I was up, in armchair; but not allowed to stir out of the extremely small back room of the old inn, which commanded view only of a few deep furrowed tiles and a little sky. I sent out George to see if he could find some scrap of picture to hang on the blank wall; and he brought me a seven-inch-square bit of fifteenth century tempera, a nameless saint with a scarlet cloak and an embossed nimbus, who much comforted me.

I was able to travel in a day or two; but the mental depression, with some weakness of limb, remained, all across Lombardy, as far as Vogogna, where a frosty morning glittered on the distant Simplon; and though I could not walk up the pass of Gondo, there was no more sadness in me, afterwards, than I suffered always in leaving either Italy or the Alps.

146. Which, however, in its own kind, became acute again

a day or two afterwards, when I stopped on a cloudless afternoon at Nyon, where the road branches away for Paris. I had to say good-by to Mont Blanc—there visible in his full cone, through the last gap given by the Chablais mountains as they rise eastward along the lake-shore.

Six months before, I had rhymed to his snows in such hope and delight, and assurance of doing everything I wanted, this year at last; and now, I had only discovered wants that any number of years could not satisfy; and weaknesses, which no ardor of effort or patience of practice could overcome.

Thus, for the first time, measuring some of the outer bastions of the unconquerable world, I opened my English letters; which told me that my eldest Croydon cousin, John, in whose prosperity and upward rounding of fortune's wheel all of us had been confident, was dead in Australia.

So much stronger than I, and so much more dutiful, working for his people in the little valley of Wandel, out in the great opposite desolate country; and now the dust of it laid on him, as on his brother the beach-sand on this side the sea. There was no grief, for me, in his loss, so little had I known, and less remembered, him; but much awe, and wonder, when all the best and kindest of us were thus struck down, what my own selfish life was to come to, or end in.

147. With these thoughts and fears fastening on me, as I lost sight first of Mont Blanc, and then of the lines of Jura, and saw the level road with its aisle of poplars in perspective vista of the five days between Dijon and Calais, the fever returned slightly, with a curious tingling, and yet partly, it seemed to me, deadness of sensation, in the throat, which would not move, for better nor worse, through the long days, and mostly wakeful nights. I do not know if diphtheria had been, in those epochs, known or talked of; but I extremely disliked this feeling in the throat, and passed from dislike into sorrowful alarm, (having no Couttet now to give me tisane,) and wonder if I should ever get home to Denmark Hill again.

Although the poetical states of religious feeling taught me

by George Herbert's rhymes, and the reading of formal petition, whether in psalter or litany, at morning and evening and on Sunday forenoon, were sincere enough in their fanciful or formal ways, no occasion of life had yet put me to any serious trial of direct prayer. I never knew of Jessie's or my aunt's sicknesses, or now of my cousin John's, until too late for prayer; in our own household there had been no instantly dangerous illness since my own in 1835; and during the long threatening of 1841 I was throughout more sullen and rebellious than frightened. But now, between the Campo Santo and Santa Maria Novella, I had been brought into some knowledge of the relations that might truly exist between God and His creatures; and thinking what my father and mother would feel if I did not get home to them through those poplar avenues, I fell gradually into the temper, and more or less tacit offering, of very real prayer.

Which lasted patiently through two long days, and what I knew of the nights, on the road home. On the third day, as I was about coming in sight of Paris, what people who are in the habit of praying know as the consciousness of answer, came to me; and a certainty that the illness, which had all this while increased, if anything, would be taken away.

Certainty in mind, which remained unshaken, through unabated discomfort of body, for another night and day, and then the evil symptoms vanished in an hour or two, on the road beyond Paris; and I found myself in the inn at Beauvais entirely well, with a thrill of conscious happiness altogether new to me.

148. Which, if I had been able to keep!—Another "had been" this, the gravest of all I lost; the last with which I shall trouble the reader.

That happy sense of direct relation with Heaven is known evidently to multitudes of human souls of all faiths, and in all lands; evidently often a dream,—demonstrably, as I conceive, often a reality; in all cases, dependent on resolution, patience, self-denial, prudence, obedience; of which some pure hearts are capable without effort, and some by

constancy. Whether I was capable of holding it or not, I cannot tell; but little by little, and for little, yet it seemed invincible, causes, it passed away from me. I had scarcely reached home in safety before I had sunk back into the faintness and darkness of the Under-World.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STATE OF DENMARK.

149. THE house on Denmark Hill, where my father and mother, in the shortening days of 1845, thankfully received back their truant, has been associated, by dated notepaper, with a quarter of a century of my English life; and was indeed to my parents a peaceful, yet cheerful, and pleasantly, in its suburban manner, dignified, abode of their declining years. For my father had no possibilities of real retirement in him; his business was the necessary pride and fixed habit of his soul: his ambition, and what instinct of accumulative gain the mercantile life inevitably begets, were for me only; but involved the fixed desire to see me moving in the western light of London, among its acknowledged literary orders of merit; and were totally inconsistent with the thought, faintly and intermittingly haunting my mother and me, that a rose-covered cottage in the dells of Matlock or the vale of Keswick, might be nearer the heavenly world, for *us*, than all the majesty of Denmark Hill, connected though it was, by the Vauxhall Road and convenient omnibuses, with St. James's Street and Cavendish Square.

But the house itself had every good in it, except nearness to a stream, that could with any reason be coveted by modest mortals. It stood in command of seven acres of healthy ground (a patch of local gravel there overlying the London clay); half of it in meadow sloping to the sunrise, the rest prudently and pleasantly divided into an upper and lower kitchen garden; a fruitful bit of orchard, and chance inlets and outlets of woodwalk, opening to the sunny path by the field, which was gladdened on its other side in springtime by flushes of almond and double peach blossom. Scarce all the

hyacinths and heath of Brantwood redeem the loss of these to me, and when the summer winds have wrecked the wreaths of our wild roses, I am apt to think sorrowfully of the trailings and climbings of deep purple convolvulus which bloomed full every autumn morning round the trunks of the apple trees in the kitchen garden.

150. The house itself had no specialty, either of comfort or inconvenience, to endear it; the breakfast-room, opening on the lawn and farther field, was extremely pretty when its walls were mostly covered with lakes by Turner * and doves by Hunt; the dining and drawing-rooms were spacious enough for our grandest receptions,—never more than twelve at dinner, with perhaps Henry Watson and his sisters in the evening,—and had decoration enough in our Northcote portraits, Turner's *Slave-ship*, and, in later years, his *Rialto*, with our John Lewis, two Copley Fieldings, and every now and then a new Turner drawing. My own workroom, above the breakfast-room, was only distinct, as being such, in its large oblong table, occupying so much of the—say fifteen by five and twenty—feet of available space within bookcases, that the rest of the floor virtually was only a passage round it. I always wrote on the flat of the table,—a bad habit, enforced partly by the frequent need of laying drawings or books for reference beside me. Two windows, forming the sides of a bow blank in the middle, gave me, though rather awkwardly crossed, all the light I needed: partly through laziness and make-shiftiness, partly in respect for external symmetry,—for the house had really something of an architectural air at the back,—I never opened the midmost blank wall, though it considerably fretted me: the single window of my bedroom above, looking straight southeast,

* Namely, *Derwentwater*; *Lake Lucerne*, with the *Righi*, at sunset; the *Bay of Uri*, with the *Rothstock*, from above *Brunnen*; *Lucerne* itself, seen from the lake; the upper reach of the lake, seen from *Lucerne*; and the opening of the *Lake of Constance*, from *Constance*. *Goldau*, *St. Gothard*, *Schaffhausen*, *Coblentz*, and *Llanthony*, raised the total of matchless Turner drawings in this room to eleven.

gave, through the first ten or twelve winters at Denmark Hill, command of the morning clouds, inestimable for its aid in all healthy thought. Papa and mamma took possession of the quiet western rooms, which looked merely into the branches of the cedar on the front lawn.

151. In such stateliness of civic domicile, the industry of midlife now began for me, little disturbed by the murmur of London beyond the bridges, and in no wise by any enlargement of neighborly circle on the Hill itself; one family alone excepted, whose affection has not failed me from then till now,—having begun in earlier times, out of which I must yet gather a gleam or two of the tremulous memory.

In speaking of Mr. Dale's school, I named only my younger companions there; of whom Willoughby had gone to Cambridge, and was by this time beyond my ken; but Edward Matson sometimes came yet to dine with us at Denmark Hill, and sometimes carried me down to Woolwich, to spend a day amidst its military displays and arts, with his father, and mother, and two sweet younger sisters. Where I saw, in Major Matson, such calm type of truth, gentleness, and simplicity, as I have myself found in soldiers or sailors only; and so admirable to me that I have never been able, since those Woolwich times, to gather myself up against the national guilt of war, seeing that such men were made by the discipline of it.

But at Mr. Dale's were also two senior pupils, little known to me except, Henry Dart by his large hazel eyes, and Edmund Oldfield by his already almost middle-aged aspect of serene sagacity. When I went to Oxford, I found Dart at Exeter College, where we established poetical friendship, and contended in all honor for the Newdigate, reading our best passages to each other, for improving censure. Dart, very deservedly, won it that year, and gave promise of generous distinction afterwards; but the hazel eyes were too bright, and closed, in a year or two, to this world's ambition.

152. I do not know how it chanced that the art impulse which animated Edmund Oldfield's grave sagacity did not

manifest itself to me till much later. He was the elder brother of a large group of clever lads and lassies, amiable in the extreme, yet in a slightly severe and evangelical manner; whose father was in some tangible relation to mine as one of the leading men of business on the Hill; their mother known to us by sight only, as a refined and still beautiful woman,—evangelical *without* severity; both of them occupying, with such of their children as were that way minded, the pew before us in Mr. Burnet's chapel, wherewith sometimes in my younger days we went to hear a gloomier divinity than that of my beloved and Anacreontic Doctor Andrews.

153. We might never have known more of them, unless, among the sacred enthusiasms of Camberwell parish, the fancy had arisen to put a painted window into the east end of the pretty church, just built for it by Mr. Gilbert Scott. Edmund Oldfield, already advanced far beyond me in Gothic art scholarship, was prime mover in the matter, but such rumor as existed in the village of my interest in architecture justified him in expecting some help from me. I had already quite fixed notions of what the color of glass should be, and in these Edmund concurred. The tracery of the east window seemed to us convertible into no dishonoring likeness of something at Rheims or Chartres. Hitherto unconscious of my inability to compose in color, I offered to design the entire window head; and did, after some headstrong toil, actually fill the required spaces with a mosaic presenting an orthodox cycle of subjects in purple and scarlet, round a more luminous center of figures adapted from Michael Angelo. Partly in politeness, partly in curiosity, the committee on the window did verily authorize Edmund Oldfield and me to execute this design; and I having fortunately the sense to admit Edmund's representations that the style of Michael Angelo was not exactly adapted to thirteenth century practice, in construction of a vitrail, the central light was arranged by him on more modest lines; and the result proved on the whole satisfactory to the congregation, who thereupon desired that the five vertical lights might be filled in the same

manner. I had felt, however, through the changes made on my Michael Angelesque cinquefoil, that Mr. Oldfield's knowledge of Gothic style, and gift in placing color, were altogether beyond mine; and prayed him to carry out the rest of the window by himself. Which he did with perfect success, attaining a delicate brilliancy purer than anything I had before seen in modern glass.

154. I should have been more crushed by this result, had I not been already in the habit of feeling worsted in everything I tried of original work; while since 1842, I was more and more sure of my faculty of seeing the beauty and meaning of the work of other minds. At this time, I might assuredly have been led by Edmund Oldfield into a study of all the painted glass in England, if only Edmund had been a little more happy in his own power: but I suppose his immediate success was too easy to divert him from the courses of study which afterwards gave him his high position in the British Museum, not enough recognized by the public, and, I believe, farther obscured by the ill humor or temper of Mr. Panizzi. If only—I may still sometimes indulge in a “might have been,” for my friends—he had kept to Gothic foils and their glass, my belief is that Edmund Oldfield could have done for England great part of what Viollet le Duc did for France, with the same earnestness, and with thrice the sensibility. But the sensibility taking in him the form of reserve, and the restless French energy being absent, he diffused himself in serene scholarship till too late, and retired from the collisions and intrigues of the Museum too early.

Our temporary alliance among the traceries of Camberwell had for immediate consequence to me, an introduction to his family, which broke the monastic laws of Denmark Hill to the extent of tempting me to a Christmas revel or two with his pretty sisters; whereat I failed in my part in every game, and whence I retired in a sackcloth of humiliation, of which the tissue had at once the weight of a wet blanket, and the sting of horsehair.

155. I have only once named, among my Christ Church companions, Charles Newton. He was considerably my senior, besides being a rightly bred scholar, who knew his grammar and his quantities; and, while yet an undergraduate, was doing accurately useful work in the Architectural Society. Without rudely depreciating my Proutesque manner of drawing, he represented to me that it did not meet all the antiquarian purposes of that body; and, always under protest, I drew a Norman door for Newton, (as the granite veins of Trewavas Head for Dr. Buckland,) with distinct endeavor to give the substantial facts in each, apparent to the vulgar mind. And if only—once more pardon, good reader, but this is really an “if” that I cannot resist—if only Newton had learnt Irish instead of Greek, Scotch instead of Egyptian, and preferred, for light reading, the study of the Venerable Bede to that of Victor Hugo,—well, the British Museum might have been still habitable; the effigy, as the bones, of Mausolus would have rested in peace; and the British public known more than any Idylls of kings have yet told them, of personages such as Arthur, Alfred, and Charlemagne.

156. There remained yet some possibilities, even after Charles Newton became Attic and diplomatic, of some heroic attachment between us, in the manner of Theseus and Pirithous. In fact, for some years after my Camberwell window and Campo Santo entanglements, Theseus retained, I believe, some hope of delivering me from those Lethean chains; nor until so late as the year 1850,* when, as we crossed the Great St. Bernard together, Charles spoke heresies against the Valley of Chamouni, remarking, with respect to its glacial moraines, that “he thought more housemaids were wanted in that establishment,” and on the other hand, I expressed myself respecting the virtues of diplomatists, and the value of the opinions of the British Peerage on Art and Science, in a manner which caused Newton to observe (not without foundation) that “there was the mak-

[* It was 1851. See Letters.]

ing of Robespierre in me,"—not till then, I repeat, did it become clear to either of us that the decisions of Minos were irrevocable.

We yet examined the castle of Verrex together, as once the aisles of Dorchester; and compared in peace, at Milan, the Corinthian graces of St. Lorenzo with the Lombardic monsters of St. Ambrogio. Early the next morning Newton left me, in the Albergo Reale, not without inner tears on both sides, and went eastward, I know not where. Ever since, we have been to each other, he as the Heathen, and I as the Publican, both of us finding it alike impossible to hear the Church.

157. The transition to Denmark Hill had, however, in the first pride of it, an advantage also in giving our family Puritanism, promotion to a distinguished pew in Camden Chapel, quite near the pulpit. Henry Melvill, afterwards Principal of Haileybury, was the only preacher I ever knew whose sermons were at once sincere, orthodox, and oratorical on Ciceronian principles. He wrote them from end to end with polished art, and read them admirably, in his own manner; by which, though the congregation affectionately expected it, they were always deeply impressed. He arranged his sermon under four or five heads, and brought each in its turn to a vigorously pointed climax, delivering the last words of each paragraph with two or three energetic nods of his head, as if he were hammering that much of the subject into the pulpit cushion with a round-headed mallet.* Then all the congregation wiped their eyes, blew their noses, coughed the coughs they had choked over for the last quarter of an hour,

*The hackneyed couplet of Hudibras respecting clerical use of the fist on the pulpit cushion is scarcely understood by modern readers, because of the burlesqued rhythm leaning falsely on the vowel:—

“The pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Is beat with fist instead of a stick.”

The couplet, like most of the poem, has been kept in memory more

and settled themselves to the more devoted acceptance of the next section.

158. It is the habit of many good men—as it was confessedly, for instance, that of the infant, Samuel, Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford—not to allow themselves to doubt or question any part of Bible teaching. Henry Melvill, being of the same Episcopal school, and dutifully forbidding himself any dangerous fields of inquiry, explained with accuracy all that was explicable in his text, and argued the inexplicable into the plausible with great zeal and feeling;—always thoroughly convincing himself before he attempted to convince his congregation.

(It may be noted in passing that Dean Stanley, on the other hand, used his plausibility to convince his congregation without convincing himself, or committing himself to anything in particular; while Frederic Maurice secured his audiences' religious comfort, by turning their too thorny convictions the other side up, like railroad cushions.)

For the rest, Mr. Melvill was entirely amiable in the by the humor of its manner than the truth of its wit. I should like myself to expand it into—

The pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Keeps time to truth politely plastic,
And wakes the Dead, and lulls the Quick,
As with a death's-head on a stick.

Or, in the longer rhythm of my old diary—

Who, despots of the ecclesiastic drum,
Roll the rogues' muffled march, to the rogues' "kingdom
come."—

For indeed, since I wrote the paragraph about the pulpit of Torcello, in "The Stones of Venice," Vol. II., Chap. II., it has become hourly more manifest to me how far the false eloquence of the pulpit—whether Kettledrummle's at Drumclog, with whom it is, in Gibbon's scornful terms, "the safe and sacred organ of sedition," or the apology of hired preachers for the abuses of their day—has excited the most dangerous passions of the sects, while it quenched the refiner's fire and betrayed the reproof power of the gospel.

Church visitant, though not formidable in the Church militant. There were not many poor in the district to be visited; but he became at once a kindly and esteemed friend to us, as, for the present, serenely feeding lambs of his flock; and I shall always remember gratefully the unoffended smile with which one day, when he had called late, and I became restless during his conversation because my dinner was ready, he broke off his talk, and said, "Go to your dinner."

I was greatly ashamed of myself for having been so rude; but went to my dinner,—attended better to Mr. Melvill's preaching ever afterwards,—and owe to him all sorts of good help in close analysis, but especially, my habit of always looking, in every quotation from the Bible, what goes before it and after.*

159. But to these particulars I must return by and by; for my business in this chapter is only to give account of the materials and mental resources with which, in my new study at Denmark Hill, looking out on the meadow and the two cows, I settled myself, in the winter of 1845, to write, as my father now justly expected me to do without farther excuse, the second volume of "Modern Painters."

It is extremely difficult to define, much more to explain, the religious temper in which I designed that second volume. Whatever I know or feel, now, of the justice of God, the nobleness of man, and the beauty of nature, I knew and felt then, nor less strongly; but these firm faiths were confused by the continual discovery, day by day, of error or limitation in the doctrines I had been taught, and follies or inconsistencies in their teachers: while for myself, it seemed to me quite sure, since my downfall of heart on last leaving France, that I had no part nor lot in the service or privileges of the saints; but, on the contrary, had such share only in the things of God, as well-conducted beasts and serenely-minded birds

* I have never forgotten his noble sermon, one day, on the folly of reading "Eye hath not seen the things God has prepared for them that love Him," without going on to the end of the verse, "but He hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."

had: while, even among the beasts, I had no claim to represent myself figuratively as a lion couchant, or eagle volant, but was, at my best and proudest, only of a doggish and piggish temper, content in my dog's chain, and with my pig's-wash, in spite of Carlyle; and having no mind whatever to win Heaven at the price of conversion like St. Ranier's, or mortification like St. Bruno's.

160. And that my father's much concurred with me in these, partly stubborn, partly modest, sentiments, appeared curiously on the occasion of registering his arms at the Heralds' College for painting, as those of the Bardi, and no more under the Long Acre limitation, "*vix ea nostra*," on the panel of his own brougham. It appeared, on inquiry at the Heralds' Office, that there was indeed a shield appertaining to a family, of whom nothing particular was known, by the name of Rusken: Sable, a chevron, argent, between six lance-heads, argent. This, without any evidence of our relation to the family, we could not, of course, be permitted to use without modification: but the King-at-Arms registered it as ours, with the addition of three crosses crosslets on the chevron, gules, (in case of my still becoming a clergyman!); and we carried home, on loan from the college, a book of crests and mottoes; crests being open to choice in modern heraldry, (if one does not by chance win them,) as laconic expressions of personal character, or achievement.

Over which book, I remember, though too vaguely, my father's reasoning within himself, that a merchant could not with any propriety typify himself by Lord Marmion's falcon, or Lord Dudley's bear; that, though we were all extremely fond of dogs, any doggish crest would be taken for an extremely minor dog, or even puppy, by the public; while vulpine types, whether of heads or brushes, were wholly out of our way; and at last, *faute de mieux*, and with some idea, I fancy, of the beast's resolution in taking and making its own way through difficulties, my father, with the assent, if not support, of my mother and Mary, fixed, forsooth, upon a boar's head, as reasonably proud, without claim to be patri-

cian; under-written by the motto "Age quod agis." Some ten or twelve years, I suppose, after this, beginning to study heraldry with attention, I apprehended, that, whether a knight's war-cry, or a peaceful yeoman's saying, the words on the scroll of a crest could not be a piece of advice to other people, but must be always a declaration of the bearer's own mind. Whereupon I changed, on my own seal, the "Age quod agis" into "To-day," tacitly underlined to myself with the warning, "The night cometh, when no man can work."

161. But as years went on, and the belief in fortune, and fortune-telling, which is finally confessed in *Fors Clavigera*, asserted itself more distinctly in my private philosophy, I began to be much exercised in mind as to the fortunate, or otherwise, meaning of my father's choosing a pig for my crest; and that the more, because I could not decide whether it was lawful for me to adopt the Greek mode of interpretation, according to which I might consider myself an assistant of Hercules in the conquest of the Erymanthian boar, or was restricted to the Gothic reading which would compel me to consider myself a pig in personâ,—(as the aforesaid *Marmion* a falcon, or *Albert of Geierstein* a vulture,—) and only take pride in the strength of bristle, and curl of tusk, which occasioned, in my days of serious critical influence, the lament of the Academician in *Punch*:

"I paints and paints,
Hears no complaints,
And sells before I'm dry,
Till savage *Ruskin*
Sticks his tusk in,
And nobody will buy."

Inclining, as time went on, more and more to this view of the matter, I rested at last in the conviction that my prototype and patron saint was indeed, not Hercules, but *St. Anthony of Padua*, and that it might in a measure be recorded also of little me, that "*il se retira d'abord dans une solitude peu éloignée du bourg de Côme, puis dans un sépulcre fort éloigné de ce bourg, enfin dans les mesures*

d'un vieux château au-dessus d'Héraclée, où il vécut pendant vingt ans. Il n'est pas possible de raconter tout ce qu'il eut à souffrir dans ces trois retraites, tant par les rigueurs qu'il exerça sur lui-même que par la malice du démon, qui mit tout en œuvre pour le tromper par ses artifices, ou pour l'abattre par ses menaces et ses mauvais traitements, qui allèrent quelquefois jusqu'à le laisser pour mort des coups qu'il lui donna. Antoine triompha de tout; et ce fut pour le récompenser de tant de combats et de tant de victoires que Dieu le rendit puissant en œuvres et en paroles pour guérir toutes sortes de maladies spirituelles et corporelles, chasser les démons aussi bien des corps que des âmes, se faire obéir par les bêtes les plus cruelles, par les éléments et les autres créatures les moins soumises à la volonté de l'homme." *

162. I must not, however, anticipate the course of this eventful history so far as to discuss at present any manner of the resemblance in my fate, or work, or home companionships, to those of St. Anthony of Padua; but may record, as immediately significant, the delight which both my mother and I took in the possession of a really practical pigsty in our Danish farmyard, (the coachhouse and stables being to us of no importance in comparison); the success with which my mother directed the nurture, and fattening, of the piglings; the civil and jovial character of the piglings so nurtured, indicated especially by their habit of standing in a row on their hind-legs to look over the fence, whenever my mother came into the yard: and conclusively by the satisfaction with which even our most refined friends would accept a present of pork—or it might be, alas! sometimes of sucking pig—from Denmark Hill.

163. The following (p. 130) example of such acknowledgments, addressed to my father, is farther interesting in its post (or side) script, referring to the civil war in Switzerland, and fixing, therefore, the letter, otherwise without date of

* "Dictionnaire des Sciences Ecclésiastiques." I assumed, of course, in adopting this patron saint, that he would have the same domestic pets as St. Anthony of the Desert.

year, to 1845, when I was beginning to prepare for my first adventurous journey.

47, QUEEN ANN (no street!) WEST,
Thursday, 27 Feb^r.

"My dear Sir,

"Have the goodness to offer my respectful thanks to Mrs. Ruskin for the kind present of a part of the little fat friends, & its———* Portugal onions for stuffing them included, &c., &c. Hoping you are all well,

"Believe me,

"Most truly obliged,

"J. M. W. TURNER."

J. RUSKIN, Esq.

Neither do I think it irrelevant, in this place, to foretell that, after twenty years' various study of the piglet character, (see, for instance, the account of the comfort given me by the monastic piglet at Assisi,†) I became so resigned to the adoption of my paternally chosen crest as to write my

* Turner always indicates by these long lines the places in his letters where his feelings become inexpressible.

† "In one of my saddest moods, I got some wholesome peace and refreshment by mere sympathy with a Bewickian little pig, in the roundest and conceitedest burst of pig-blossom."—"Fors," Letter XLVIII.

In the Times, sad news from Switzerland.

rhymed traveling letters to Joan* most frequently in my heraldic character of "Little Pig"; or, royally plural, "Little Pigs," especially when these letters took the tone of confessions, as for instance, from Keswick, in 1857:—

When little pigs have muffins hot,
And take three quarters for their lot,
Then, little pigs—had better not.

And again, on the occasion of over-lunching myself before ascending Red Pike, in the same year:—

As readers, for their minds' relief,
Will sometimes double down a leaf,
Or rather, as good sailors reef
Their sails, or jugglers, past belief
Will con-involve a handkerchief—
If little pigs, when time is brief
Will, that way, double up their beef,
Then—little pigs will come to grief.

And here is what may, it seems to me, gracefully conclude this present chapter, as a pretty and pathetic Pigwiggian chant, from Abbeville, in 1858.

If little pigs,—when evening dapples,
With fading clouds, her autumn sky,—
Set out in search of Norman Chapels,
And find, instead, where cliffs are high,
Half way from Amiens to Etaples,
A castle, full of pears and apples,
On donjon floors laid out to dry;
—Green jargonelles, and apples tenny,—
And find their price is five a penny,
If little pigs, then, buy too many,
Spare to those little pigs a sigh.

*Now Mrs. Arthur Severn.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FEASTS OF THE VANDALS.

164. THE reader of "to-day" who has been accustomed to hear me spoken of by the artists of to-day as a superannuated enthusiast, and by the philosophers of to-day as a delirious visionary, will scarcely believe with what serious interest the appearance of the second volume of "Modern Painters" was looked for, by more people than my father and mother,—by people even belonging to the shrewdest literary circles, and highest artistic schools, of the time.

165. In the literary world, attention was first directed to the book by Sydney Smith, in the hearing of my severest and chiefly antagonist master, the Rev. Thomas Dale, who with candid kindness sent the following note of the matter to my father:—

"You will not be uninterested to hear that Mr. Sydney Smith (no mean authority in such cases) spoke in the highest terms of your son's work, on a public occasion, and in presence of several distinguished literary characters. He said it was a work of transcendent talent, presented the most original views, and the most elegant and powerful language, and would work a complete revolution in the world of taste. He did not know, when he said this, how much I was interested in the author."

166. My father was greatly set up by this note, though the form of British prudence which never specifies occasion or person, for fear of getting itself into a scrape, is provokingly illustrated by its imperfect testimony. But it mattered little who the other "literary characters" might have been, for Sydney's verdict was at this time, justly, final, both in general society and among the reviewers; and it was espe-

cially fortunate for me that he had been trained in his own youth, first by Dugald Stewart, and then by the same Dr. Thomas Brown who had formed my father's mind and directed his subsequent reading. And, indeed, all the main principles of metaphysics asserted in the opening of "Modern Painters" had been, with conclusive decision and simplicity, laid down by Sydney himself in the lectures he gave on Moral Philosophy at the Royal Institution in the years 1804-5-6, of which he had never enough himself recognized the importance. He amplified and embodied some portions of them afterwards in the Edinburgh Review; but "considering that what remained could be of no farther use, he destroyed several, and was proceeding to destroy the whole, when, entreaty being made by friends that the portions not yet torn up might be spared, their request was granted;" * and these despised fragments, published in 1850 under the title of Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, contain, in the simplest and securest terms, every final truth which any rational mortal needs to learn on that subject.

Had those lectures been printed five years sooner, and then fallen in my way, the second volume of "Modern Painters" would either never have been written at all, or written with thankful deference to the exulting wit and gracious eloquence with which Sydney had discerned and adorned all that I wished to establish, twenty years before.

167. To the modern student, who has heard of Sydney Smith only as a jester, I commend the two following passages, as examples of the most wise, because most noble, thought, and most impressive, because steel-true, language, to be found in English literature of the living, as distinguished from the classic, schools:—

"But while I am descanting so minutely upon the conduct of the understanding, and the best modes of acquiring knowledge, some men may be disposed to ask, 'Why conduct my understanding with such endless care? and what is the use of

* See note to Introduction, in the edition of 1850.

so much knowledge?' What is the use of so much knowledge?—what is the use of so much life! What are we to do with the seventy years of existence allotted to us? and how are we to live them out to the last? I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man here present: for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains,—it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it *must* act and feed,—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, what do I say, but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you,—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world,—that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud! Therefore, if any young man here have embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event; let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world comprehensive in

acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.”

168. “The history of the world shows us that men are not to be counted by their numbers, but by the fire and vigor of their passions; by their deep sense of injury; by their memory of past glory; by their eagerness for fresh fame; by their clear and steady resolution of ceasing to live, or of achieving a particular object, which, when it is *once* formed, strikes off a load of manacles and chains, and gives free space to all heavenly and heroic feelings. All great and extraordinary actions come from the heart. There are seasons in human affairs when qualities, fit enough to conduct the common business of life, are feeble and useless; and when men must trust to emotion for that safety which reason at such times can never give. These are the feelings which led the Ten Thousand over the Carduchian mountains; these are the feelings by which a handful of Greeks broke in pieces the power of Persia: they have, by turns, humbled Austria, reduced Spain; and in the fens of the Dutch, and in the mountains of the Swiss, defended the happiness, and revenged the oppressions of man! God calls all the passions out in their keenness and vigor, for the present safety of mankind. Anger, and revenge, and the heroic mind, and a readiness to suffer;—all the secret strength, all the invisible array of the feelings;—all that nature has reserved for the great scenes of the world. For the usual hopes, and the common aids of man, are all gone! Kings have perished, armies are subdued, nations moldered away! Nothing remains, under God, but those passions which have often proved the best ministers of His vengeance, and the surest protectors of the world.”

169. These two passages of Sydney’s express, more than any others I could have chosen out of what I know of modern literature, the roots of everything I had to learn and teach during my own life; the earnestness with which I followed what was possible to me in science, and the passion with

which I was beginning to recognize the nobleness of the arts and range of the powers of men.

It was a natural consequence of this passion that the sympathy of the art-circles, in praise of whose leading members the first volume of "Modern Painters" had been expressly written, was withheld from me much longer than that of the general reader; while, on the other hand, the old Roman feuds with George Richmond were revived by it to the uttermost; and although, with amused interest in my youthful enthusiasm, and real affection for my father, he painted a charming water-color of me sitting at a picturesque desk in the open air, in a crimson waistcoat and white trousers, with a magnificent port-crayon in my hand, and Mont Blanc, conventionalized to Raphaelesque grace, in the distance, the utmost of serious opinion on my essay which my father could get from him was "that I should know better in time."

170. But the following letter from Samuel Prout, written just at the moment when my father's pride in the success of the book was fast beguiling him into admission of its authorship, at least in our own friendly circle, expresses with old-fashioned courtesy, but with admirable simplicity and firmness, the first impression made by my impetuous outburst on the most sensible and sincere members of the true fellowship of English artists, who at that time were doing each the best he could in his own quiet way, without thought either of contention with living rivals, or of comparing their modest work to the masterpieces of former time.

"HASTINGS, *July 2nd*, 1843.

"DEAR SIR,

"I beg to apologize for not sooner acknowledging, with my best thanks, your kindness in adding another to many obligations.

"Please to believe that I am ambitious of meriting your many acts of kind consideration, but I am ashamed and vexed to feel a consciousness of apparent rudeness, and a

trial of patience which nothing can extenuate. I must fear that my besetting sin of idleness in letter-writing has been displeasing to you, although your note is politely silent on the subject.

“I am sorry to say that for months together my spirits have sunk so low, that every duty and every kindness have been sadly neglected.

“In consequence of this nervous inactivity, the Water Color Exhibition contains almost all I have been able to accomplish since last year. The drawing of Petrarch’s House, which you wished me to make, was finished some time since, but is so unlike what I am sure you expected, that I deferred saying anything about it till another was made. Alas! the things I ought to have done have not been done. I intended bringing it to town with me, and asking the favor that it might remain in your possession till I had made something more worthy. My trip to town has been put off month after month, and I expect the resolution will not awake till the last day of seeing sights. Should you not be in town, both drawings shall be left at Foord’s.*

“Permit me to say that I have been indulged with a hasty perusal of a work on art and artists by ‘A Graduate of Oxford.’ I read the volume with intense interest, the sentiments and language riveting my attention to every page. But I mourn lest such splendid means of doing eminent service to art should be lost. Had the work been written with the *courteousness* of Sir Joshua Reynolds’ lectures, it would have been ‘a standard work,’ the author held in high estimation for his learning, and the volume recommended for instruction and usefulness. Perhaps nothing helps more certainly to an accession of influence, and an accumulating

*The letters quoted in the text of “Præterita” will always be given without omissions even of trivial passages. Of those arranged in “Dilecta,” I give only the portions which seem to me likely to interest the reader; and even take leave to drop superfluous sentences without stars or other note of the omission, but so that the absolute meaning of the writer shall be always kept.

power of doing good, than the *language* in which we dictate. We approach an unassuming courteous manner with respect, confidence, and satisfaction, but most persons shrink back from sarcasm. Certainly every author who writes to do good will write with firmness and candor, *cleaving to what is right, but cautious of giving pain or offense.*

“I hope some day to give the book a more careful perusal; *it made me think*, and when I lay hold of it again, I will endeavor to test it by my experience and the judgment of others; and as I have a little *cooled* from the *rage* I felt at first to find my ‘darlings’ set at naught, I trust in spite of its biting bitterness I shall feel more ashamed of myself; and more respect for the opinions of the author.

“Pardon, dear sir, this presuming to tire your patience with my humble opinions; and should it be true what I have just heard, that you know the author, I will rely on your goodness to forgive my objection to opinions in which you are so much interested.

“If it is so, you are indeed honored, and I trust the powerful ‘angel-bright talent’ will be directed to do much good for art and artists. Pray give me credit for sincerity in acknowledging that it is art generally I feel for, and as far as I am individually mentioned, I am pleased to find that I have come off beautifully.

“I did not intend to write so much. Kindly pardon quantity and quality,

“And believe me to remain, dear Sir,

“With the greatest respect,

“Yours truly and obliged,

“S. PROUT.

“J. J. Ruskin, Esq.
&c. &c. &c.”

171. I must guard myself, however, very distinctly in giving this letter as an example of the general feeling about the book among the living painters whom it praised, against attributing to them any such admiration of my “angel-

bright talent" as that here expressed by my father's affectionate, and now intimate, friend. The group of landscapists, headed by Copley Fielding, David Cox, and P. de Wint in the old Water Color Society, and by David Roberts and Clarkson Stanfield in the Academy (Turner being wholly exceptional, and a wild meteoric phenomenon in the midst of them, lawless alike and scholarless)—this group of very characteristically English landscape painters had been well grounded, every one of them, more or less, in the orthodox old English faith in Dutch painting; had studied it so as to know the difficulty of doing anything as good in its way; and, whether in painting or literature, had studied very little else. Of any qualities or talents "angel bright," past or present, except in the rather alarming than dignified explosions round the stable lantern which sometimes take place in a Rembrandt Nativity, Vision to the Shepherds, or the like, none of them had ever felt the influence, or attempted the conception: the religious Italian schools were as little known at that time, to either artist or connoisseur, as the Japanese, and the highest scholarly criticism with which I had first come to handgrips in Blackwood, reached no higher than a sketching amateur's acquaintance with the manner of Salvator and Gaspar Poussin. Taken as a body, the total group of Modern Painters were, therefore, more startled than flattered by my schismatic praise; the modest ones, such as Fielding, Prout, and Stanfield, felt that it was more than they deserved,—and, moreover, a little beside the mark and out of their way; the conceited ones, such as Harding and De Wint, were angry at the position given to Turner; and I am not sure that any of them were ready even to indorse George Richmond's consoling assurance to my father, that I should know better in time.

172. But, with all the kindness of heart, and appreciation of domestic character, partly humorous, partly pathetic, which gave its prevailing tone to the British school of the day, led by Wilkie, Leslie, and Mulready, the entire fellowship of artists with whom we were acquainted sympathized

with the partly quaint, altogether pure, strong, and always genial, home-life of my father and mother; nor less with their anxious devotion to their son, and the hopes they entertained for him. Nor, I suppose, was my own status at Denmark Hill without something honorably notable to men of the world, in that, refusing to enter my father's business, I yet stayed serenely under his authority, and, in what seemed to me my own proper line of work, did my utmost to please him. And when (I anticipate now the progress of the next four or five years)—when on any, to us, peculiarly festive occasion,—the return from a journey, publication of a new volume, anniversary of a birthday, or the like,—we ventured to ask our artist friends to rejoice with us, most of them came, I believe with real pleasure. The early six o'clock dinner allowed them usually a pleasant glance over the meadow and the Norwood Hills in the evening light; the table was just short enough to let the talk flow round without wandering into eddies, or lingering into confidences; there was no guest whom the others did not honor; there was neither effort, affectation, nor restraint in the talk. If the painters cared to say anything of pictures, they knew they would be understood; if they chose rather to talk of sherry, my father could, and would with delight, tell them more about it than any other person knew in either England or Spain; and when the candles came, and the good jests, over the nuts and olives, there was "frolic wine" in the flask at every right hand, such as that never Prince Hal nor Jack Falstaff tasted cup of brighter or mightier.

173. I somewhat admire in myself, at this time, though I perceive it to have been greatly owing to want of imagination, the simplicity of affection with which I kept hold on my Cumberland moors, Calais sands, and French costumes and streets,—as contrasted with the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, the surges of Trafalgar, and the towers of Seville and Granada; of all which I continually heard as the most beautiful and wonderful scenery and architecture of the European world; and in the very midst of which—in the

heart of Andalusia, and on the very battlefield of Xeres de la Frontera which gave the Arab his dominion in Spain—I might have been adopted by my father's partner to reign over his golden vineyards, and write the histories of the first Caliphs of Arabia and the Catholic Kings of Spain.

It chanced, however,—or mischanced,—for better or worse, that in the meantime I knew no more the histories of either Arabia or Spain than Robinson Crusoe or his boy Xury; that the absolutely careful and faithful work of David Roberts showed me the inconstructive and merely luxurious character of Spanish and Arab buildings; and that the painter of greatest power, next to Turner, in the English school, J. F. Lewis, rendered the facts of existing Andalusian life so vividly, as to leave me no hope of delighting or distinguishing myself in any constant relations either with its gayety or its pride.

174. Looking back to my notices of these and other contemporary artists in the paragraphs added to the first volume of "Modern Painters," when I corrected its sheets at Sestri di Levante, in 1846, I find the display of my new Italian information, and assertion of critical acumen, prevail sorrowfully over the expressions of gratitude with which I ought to have described the help and delight they had given me. Now, too late, I can only record with more than sorrow the passing away from the entire body of men occupied in the arts, of the temper in which these men worked. It is—I cannot count how many years, since, on all our walls of recklessly ambitious display, I have seen one drawing of any place loved for its own sake, or understood with unselfish intelligence. Whether men themselves, or their buildings, or the scenery in which they live, the only object of the draughtsman, be he great or small, is to overpower the public mind with his greatness, or catch it with his smallness. *My* notions of Rome, says Mr. Alma Tadema; *Mine* of Venice, says Miss Clara Montalba; *Ours* of Belgravia and Brighton, say the public and its Graphics, with unanimous egotism;—and what sensational effects can be wrung out of China or

New Zealand, or the miseries and follies of mankind anywhere. Exact knowledge enough—yes, let us have it to fill our pockets or swell our pride; but the beauty of wild nature or modest life, except for the sake of our own picnics or perquisites, none care to know, or to save.

And it is wholly vain, in this state of the popular mind, to try to explain the phase of art in which I was brought up, and of which—little thinking how soon it was to pass away—I wrote so ungratefully.

175. Absolutely careful and faithful, I said, David Roberts was, though in his own restricted terms; fastening on the constant aspect of any place, and drawing that in gray shade, and so much of what might pass for light as enough showed magnitude, distance, and grace of detail. He was like a kind of gray mirror; he gave the greatness and richness of things, and such height and space, and standing of wall and rock, as one saw to be true; and with unwearied industry, both in Egypt and Spain, brought home records of which the value is now forgotten in the perfect detail of photography, and sensational realism of the effects of light which Holman Hunt first showed to be possible. The minute knowledge and acute sensation throw us back into ourselves; haunting us to the examination of points and enjoyment of moments; but one imagined serenely and joyfully, from the old drawings, the splendor of the aisles of Seville or the strength of the towers of Granada, and forgot oneself, for a time.

176. The work of John Lewis was a mirror of men only—of building and scenery as backgrounds for them; all alike rendered with an intensity of truth to the external life, which nothing has resembled before or since. But it was the external and animal life only. Lewis saw in men and women only the most beautiful of living creatures, and painted them as he did dogs and deer, but with a perception of their nature and race which laughs to scorn all the generic study of the scientific schools. Neither Andalusian nor Arab, Turk nor Circassian, had been painted before his time, any more than

described before Byron's; and the endeavors at representation of Oriental character or costume which accompany the travels of even the best-educated English travelers either during or immediately after the Peninsular war, are without exception the clumsiest, most vulgar, and most ludicrous pieces of work that ever disgraced draughtsmen, savage or civil.

No artist that ever I read of was treated with such injustice by the people of his time as John Lewis. There was something un-English about him, which separated him from the good-humored groups of established fame whose members abetted or jested with each other; feeling that every one of them had something to be forgiven, and that each knew the other's trick of trade. His resolute industry was inimitable; his color—founded either on the frankness of southern sunlight, or on its subtle reflections and diffusions through latticed tracery and silken tent—resembled nothing that could be composed in a London studio; while the absence of bravado, sentiment, or philosophy in his subjects—the total subjection alike of the moral and immoral, the heroic and the sensual, to the mere facts of animal beauty, and grace of decoration, left him without any power of appeal either to the domestic simplicity or personal pride of the ordinary English mind. In artistic power and feeling he had much in common with Paul Veronese: but Paolo had the existing pomp and the fading religion of Venice to give his work hold on the national heart, and epic unity in its design; while poor Lewis did but render more vividly, with all his industry, the toy contrabandista or matador of my mother's chimney-piece.

He never dined with us as our other painter friends did; but his pictures, as long as he worked in Spain, were an extremely important element in both my father's life and mine.

177. I have not yet enough explained the real importance of my father's house, in its command of that Andalusian wine district. Modern maps of Spain, covered with tracks of rail-

road, show no more the courses either of Guadalquivir or Guadiana; the names of railway stations overwhelm those of the old cities; and every atlas differs from every other in its placing of the masses of the Sierras,—if even the existence of the mountain ranges be acknowledged at all.

But if the reader will take ten minutes of pains, and another ten of time, to extricate, with even the rudest sketch, the facts of value from the chaos of things inscrutably useless, in any fairly trustworthy map of Spain, he will perceive that between the Sierra Morena on the north, and Sierra Nevada on the south, the Guadalquivir flows for two hundred miles through a valley fifty miles wide, in the exact midst of which sits Cordova, and half way between Cordova and the sea, Seville; and on the Royal Harbor, Puerto Real, at the seashore,—Cadiz; ten miles above which, towards Seville, he will find the “Xeres de la Frontera,” to which, as a golden center of Bacchic commerce, all the vineyards of that great valley of Andalusia, Vandalusia, or, as Mr. Ford puts it, I believe more probably, land of the west, send down their sun-browned juice; the ground of Macharnudo on Mr. Domecq’s estate at Xeres itself furnishing the white wine of strongest body in Europe.

178. The power which Mr. Domecq had acknowledged in my father, by making him head partner in his firm, instead of merely his English agent, ruled absolutely at Xeres over the preparation of the wines; and, by insisting always on the maintenance of their purity and quality at the highest attainable standard, gave the house a position which was only in part expressed by its standing, until Mr. Domecq’s death, always at the head in the list of importers. That list gave only the number of butts of wine imported by each firm, but did not specify their price; still less could it specify the relation of price to value. Mr. Domecq’s two or three thousand butts were, for the most part, old wine, of which the supply had been secured for half a century by the consistent prudence of putting the new vintages in at one end of cellars some quarter of a mile long, and taking the old vintages out

at the other. I do not, of course, mean that such transaction was literally observed; but that the vulgar impatience to "turn over" capital was absolutely forsworn, in the steady purpose of producing the best wine that could be given for the highest price to which the British public would go. As a rule, sherry-drinkers are soundly-minded persons, who do not choose to spend a guinea a glass on anything; and the highest normal price for Mr. Domecq's "double-cross" sherry was eighty pounds a butt; rising to two hundred for the older wines, which were only occasionally imported. The highest price ever given was six hundred; but this was at a loss to the house, which only allowed wine to attain the age which such a price represented in order to be able to supply, by the mixture of it with younger vintage, whatever quality the English consumer, in any fit of fashion, might desire.

On the whole, the sales varied little from year to year, virtually representing the quantity of wine annually produced by the estate, and a certain quantity of the dryer Amontillado, from the hill districts of Montilla, and some lighter and cheaper sherries,—though always pure,—which were purchased by the house for the supply of the wider London market. No effort was ever made to extend that market by lowering quality; no competition was possible with the wines grown by Mr. Domecq, and little with those purchased on his judgment. My father used to fret, as I have told, if the orders he expected were not forthcoming, or if there seemed the slightest risk of any other house contesting his position at the head of the list. But he never attempted, or even permitted, the enlargement of the firm's operations beyond the scale at which he was sure that his partner's personal and equal care, or, at least, that of his head cellarman, could be given to the execution of every order.

Mr. Domecq's own habits of life were luxurious, but never extravagant. He had a house in Paris, chiefly for the sake of his daughters' education and establishment; the profits of the estate, though not to be named in any comparison with

those of modern mercantile dynasty, were enough to secure annual income to each of his five girls large enough to secure their marriages in the best French circles: they became, each in her turn, baronne or comtesse; their father choosing their baron or count for them with as much discretion as he had shown in the choice of his own partner; and all the marriages turned out well. Elise, Comtesse des Roys, and Caroline, Princess Bethune, once or twice came with their husbands to stay with us; partly to see London, partly to discuss with my father his management of the English market: and the way in which these lords, virtually, of lands both in France and Spain, though men of sense and honor; and their wives, though women of gentle and amiable disposition, (Elise, indeed, one of the kindest I ever have known,) spoke of their Spanish laborers and French tenantry, with no idea whatever respecting them but that, except as producers by their labor of money to be spent in Paris, they were cumberers of the ground, gave me the first clew to the real sources of wrong in the social laws of modern Europe; and led me necessarily into the political work which has been the most earnest of my life. But these visits and warnings were not till seven or eight years after the time at present rendered account of, in which, nevertheless, it was already beginning to be, if not a question, at least a marvel with me, that these graceful and gay Andalusians, who played guitars, danced boleros, and fought bulls, should virtually get no good of their own beautiful country but the bunch of grapes or stalk of garlic they frugally dined on; that its precious wine was not for them, still less the money it was sold for; but the one came to crown our Vandalic feasts, and the other furnished our Danish walls with pictures, our Danish gardens with milk and honey, and five noble houses in Paris with the means of beautiful dominance in its Elysian fields.

179. Still more seriously, I was now beginning to contrast the luxury and continual opportunity of my own exulting days, with the poverty, and captivity, or, as it seemed to chance always, fatal issue of any efforts to escape from these,

in which my cousins, the only creatures whom I had to care for, beyond my home, were each and all spending, or ending, their laborious youth.

I must briefly resume their histories, though much apart from mine; but if my heart was cold to them, my mind was often sad for them.

By grotesque freak of Fors, both my aunts married a Mr. Richardson—and each left six children, four boys and two girls.

The Perth children were Mary and Jessie, James, John, William, and Andrew; the Croydon children, Margaret and Bridget, John, William, George, and Charles. None left now but William of Croydon.

180. The Perth boys were all partly weak in constitution, and curiously inconsistent in element of character, having much of their mother's subtlety and sweetness mixed with a rather larger measure of their father's tannin. The eldest, James, was unlike the other three,—more delicate in feature, and more tractable in temper. My father brought him up to London when he was one- or two-and-twenty, and put him into the counting-house to see what could be made of him: but, though perfectly well-behaved, he was undiligent and effectless—chiefly solicitous about his trousers and gloves. I remember him in his little room, the smaller of the two looking west at top of Herne Hill house, a pleasant, gentle, tall figure of a youth. He fell into rapid decline and died.

Nor long after him, the youngest brother Andrew, who with fewer palpable follies, had less real faculty than the rest. He learnt farming under a good master in Scotland, and went out to Australia to prove his science; but after a short struggle with the earth of the other side of the world, rested beneath it.

181. The second brother, John, thus left the head of the family, was a stumpily made, snub- or rather knob-nosed, red-faced, bright-eyed, good-natured simpleton; with the most curiously subtle shrewdnesses, and obstinate faculties, excrescent through his simplicity. I believe he first tried to

carry on his father's business; not prospering in that, after some pause and little-pleased scrutiny of him, he was established by my father as a wine-agent in Glasgow, in which business and town he remained, in a shambling, hand-to-mouth manner, some thirty years, a torment to my father, of an extremely vexatious kind—all the more that he was something of a possession and vestige of his mother all the same. He was a quite first-rate chess-player and whist-player: in business, he had a sort of chess and whist instinct for getting the better of people, as if every dozen of sherry were a hand of cards; and would often, for the mere pleasure of playing a trick, lose a customer without really making a penny by him. Good-natured, as I said, with a rude foundation of honesty at the bottom which made my father put up with him, (indeed, so far as I can find out, no one of all my relations was ever dishonest at heart, and most of them have been only too simple,) he never lied about his sherry or adulterated it, but tried to get little advantages in bargains, and make the customer himself to choose the worst wine at the money, and so on—trying always to get the most he could out of my father in the same way, yet affectionate in a dumb-doggish sort, and not ungrateful, he went scramble-shambling on, a plague to the end, yet through all, a nephew.

182. William, the third of the Perth boys, had all John's faults of disposition, but greater powers; and, above all, resolution and perseverance, with a rightly foresighted pride, not satisfied in trivial or momentary successes, but knitting itself into steady ambition, with some deep-set notions of duty and principles of conscience farther strengthening it. His character, however, developed slowly, nor ever freed itself from the flaws which ran like a geological cleavage through the whole brotherhood: while his simplicities in youth were even more manifest than theirs, and as a schoolboy, he was certainly the awkwardest, and was thought the foolishhest, of the four.

He became, however, a laborious and sagacious medical student, came up to London to walk the hospitals; and on

passing his examination for medical practitioner, was established by my father in a small shop in the Bayswater Road, when he began—without purchase of any former favor, but camped there like a gypsy by the roadside,—general practice, chiefly among the poor, and not enough to live upon for a year or two (without supplemental pork and apple sauce from Denmark Hill), but conscientious and earnest, paying largely in gathered knowledge and insight. I shall often have occasion to speak of him hereafter; it is enough to say in advance that after a few years of this discipline he took his diploma of M. D. with credit, and became an excellent physician—and the best chess-player I have ever known.

CHAPTER X.

CROSSMOUNT.

183. My best readers cannot but be alike astonished and disappointed that I have nothing set down of the conversation, cordial always, and if George Richmond were there, better than brilliant, which flowed at these above described Vandalic feasts. But it seemed to me that all the sap and bloom of it were lost in deliberate narrative, and its power shorn away if one could not record also the expression of the speaker; while of absolutely useful and tenable resulting sense, there was, to my unsympathetic mind, little to be got hold of. Turner resolutely refused to speak on the subject of art at all, and every one of us felt that we must ask him no questions in that direction; while of what any other painter said, I was careless, regarding them all as limited to their own fields, and unable to help me in mine.

I had two distinct instincts to be satisfied, rather than ends in view, as I wrote day by day with higher-kindled feeling the second volume of "Modern Painters." The first, to explain to myself, and then demonstrate to others, the nature of that quality of beauty which I now saw to exist through all the happy conditions of living organism; and down to the minutest detail and finished material structure naturally produced. The second, to explain and illustrate the power of two schools of art unknown to the British public, that of Angelico in Florence, and Tintoret in Venice.

184. I have no knowledge, and can form no conjecture, of the extent to which the book in either direction accomplished its purpose. It is usually read only for its pretty passages; its theory of beauty is scarcely ever noticed,—its praise of Tintoret has never obtained the purchase of any good ex-

ample of him for the National Gallery. But I permit myself—perhaps with vain complacency—the thought that I have had considerable share in the movement which led to the useful work of the Arundel Society in Italy, and to the enlargement of the National collection by its now valuable series of fourteenth-century religious paintings.

The style of the book was formed on a new model, given me by Osborne Gordon. I was old enough now to feel that neither Johnsonian balance nor Byronic alliteration were ultimate virtues in English prose; and I had been reading with care, on Gordon's counsel, both for its arguments and its English, Richard Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity." I had always a trick of imitating, more or less, the last book I had read with admiration; and it farther seemed to me that for the purposes of argument, (and my own theme was, according to my notion, to be argued out invincibly,) Hooker's English was the perfectest existing model. At all events, I did the best I then knew how, leaving no passage till I had put as much thought into it as it could be made to carry, and chosen the words with the utmost precision and tune I could give them.

For the first time in my life, when I had finished the last sentence, I was really tired. In too long readings at Oxford I got stupid and sleepy, but not fatigued: now, however, I felt distinctly that my head could do no more; and with much satisfied thankfulness, after the revise of the last sheet was sent to printer, found myself on the bows of the little steamer, watching their magical division of the green waves between Dover and Calais.

185. Little steamers they all were, then; nor in the least well appointed, nor aspiring to any pride of shape or press of speed; their bits of sails worn and patched like those of an old fishing-boat. Here, for modest specimen of my then proper art style, I give my careful drawing of the loose lashed jib of one of them, as late as 1854.* The immeasurable de-

*In which year we must have started impatiently, without our rubrical gooseberry pie, for I find the drawing is dated "10th

light to me of being able to loiter and swing about just over the bowsprit and watch the plunge of the bows, if there was the least swell or broken sea to lift them, with the hope of Calais at breakfast, and the horses' heads set straight for Mont Blanc to-morrow, is one of the few pleasures I look back to as quite unmixed. In getting a Turner drawing I always wanted another; but I didn't want to be in more boats than one at once.

As I had done my second volume greatly to my father's and mother's delight, (they used both to cry a little, at least my father generally did, over the pretty passages, when I read them after breakfast,) it had been agreed that they should both go with me that summer to see all the things and pictures spoken of,—Ilaria, and the Campo Santo, and St. Mary's of the Thorn, and the School of St. Roch.

Though tired, I was in excellent health, and proud hope; they also at their best and gladdest. And we had a happy walk up and down the quiet streets of Calais that day, before four o'clock dinner.

186. I have dwelt with insistence in last chapter on my preference of the Hotel de Ville at Calais to the Alcazar of Seville. Not that I was without love of grandeur in buildings, but in that kind, Rouen front and Beauvais apse were literally the only pieces that came up to my mark; ordinary minsters and palaces, however they might set themselves up for sublime, usually hurt me by some manner of disproportion or pretense; and my best joys were in small pieces of provincial building, full of character, and naturally graceful and right in their given manner. In this kind the little wooden belfry of Evreux, of which Prout's drawing is pho-

May, my father's birthday," and thus elucidated, "Opposite," (*i. e.* on leaf of diary,) "the jib of steamer seen from inside it on the deck. The double curve at the base of it is curious; in reality the curves were a good deal broken, the sail being warped like a piece of wetted paper. The rings by which it holds, being *alternately* round and edge to the eye, are curious. The *lines* are of course seams, which go to the bottom of the sail; the brown marks, running short the same way, are stains."

tographed at page 42 of my "Memoir," * is consummate; but the Calais one, though of far later and commoner style, is also matchless, far or near, in that rude way, and has been a perpetual delight and lesson to me. Prout has a little idealized it in the distance of the drawing of Calais Harbor, page 40 in the same book; I never tried to draw it myself, the good of it being not in any sculpturesque detail, but in the complex placing of its plain, square-cut props and ties, taking some pretense of pinnacle on them, and being really as structurally useful, though by their linked circleting instead of their weight. There was never time in the happy afternoon to do this carefully enough, though I got a color-note once of the church-spire, loved in a deeper way, ("Modern Painters," Vol. IV., Chap. I.) but the belfry beat me. After all, the chief charm of it was in being seen from my bedroom at Desseins, and putting me to sleep and waking me with its chimes.

187. Calais is properly a Flemish, not French town (of course the present town is all, except belfry and church, built in the seventeenth century, no vestige remaining of Plantagenet Calais); it has no wooden houses, which mark the essential French civic style, but only brick or chalk ones, with, originally, most of them, good indented Flemish stone gables and tiled roofs. True French roofs are never tiled, but slated, and have no indented gables, but bold dormer windows rising over the front, never, in any pretty street groups of them, without very definite expression of pride. Poor little Calais had indeed nothing to be proud of, but it had a quaint look of contentment with itself on those easy terms; some dignity in its strong ramparts and drawbridge gates; and, better than dignity, real power and service in the half-mile of pier, reaching to the low-tide breakers across its field of sand.

Sunset, then, seen from the pier-head across those whispering fringes; belfry chime at evening and morning; and the new life of that year, 1846, was begun.

188. After our usual rest at Champagnole, we went on over the Cenis to Turin, Verona, and Venice; whereat I began showing my father all my new discoveries in architecture and painting. But there began now to assert itself a difference between us I had not calculated on. For the first time I verily perceived that my father was older than I, and not immediately nor easily to be put out of his way of thinking in anything. We had been entirely of one mind about the carved porches of Abbeville, and living pictures of Vandyck; but when my father now found himself required to admire also flat walls, striped like the striped calico of an American flag, and oval-eyed saints like the figures on a Chinese teacup, he grew restive. Farther, all the fine writing and polite *éclat* of "Modern Painters" had never reconciled him to my total resignation of the art of poetry; and beyond this, he entirely, and with acute sense of loss to himself, doubted and deplored my now constant habit of making little patches and scratches of the sections and fractions of things in a notebook which used to live in my waistcoat pocket, instead of the former Proutesque or Robertsian outline of grand buildings and sublime scenes. And I was the more viciously stubborn in taking my own way, just because everybody was with him in these opinions; and I was more and more persuaded every day, that everybody was always wrong.

Often in my other books,—and now, once for all, and finally here,—I have to pray my readers to note that this continually increasing arrogance was not founded on vanity in me, but on sorrow. There is a vast difference—there is all the difference—between the vanity of displaying one's own faculties, and the grief that other people do not use their own. Vanity would have led me to continue writing and drawing what everyone praised; and disciplining my own already practiced hand into finer dexterities. But I had no thought but of learning more, and teaching what truth I knew,—assuredly then, and ever since, for the student's sake, not my own fame's; however sensitive I may be to the fame, also, afterwards.

189. Meantime, my father and I did not get on well in Italy at all, and one of the worst, wasp-barbed, most tingling pangs of my memory is yet of a sunny afternoon at Pisa, when, just as we were driving past my pet La Spina chapel, my father, waking out of a reverie, asked me suddenly, "John, what shall I give the coachman?" Whereupon, I, instead of telling him what he asked me, as I ought to have done with much complacency at being referred to on the matter, took upon me with impatience to reprove, and lament over, my father's hardness of heart, in thinking at that moment of sublunary affairs. And the spectral Spina of the chapel has stayed in my own heart ever since.

Nor did things come right that year till we got to Chamouni, where, having seen enough by this time of the upper snow, I was content to enjoy my morning walks in the valley with papa and mamma; after which, I had more than enough to do among the lower rocks and woods till dinner time, and in watching phases of sunset afterwards from beneath the slopes of the Breven.

190. The last Chamouni entry, with its sequel, is perhaps worth keeping.

"Aug. 23rd.—Rained nearly all day; but I walked to the source of the Arveron—now a mighty fall down the rocks of the Montanvert; * note the intense scarletty purple of the shattered larch stems, wet, opposed with yellow from decomposing turpentine; the alder stems looking much like birch, covered with the white branchy moss that looks like a coral. Went out again in the afternoon towards the Cascade des Peleims; surprised to see the real rain-clouds assume on the Breven, about one-third of its height, the form of cirri,—long, continuous, and delicate; the same tendency showing in the clouds all along the valley, some inclining to the fish-shape, and others to the cobweb-like wavy film."

"Lucerne, Aug. 31st.—The result of the above phenomena was a little lift of the clouds next morning, which gave

* The rocks over which the Glacier des Bois descends, I meant.

me some of the finest passages about Mont Blanc I ever beheld; and then, weather continually worse till now. We have had two days' ceaseless rain, this, the third, hardly interrupted, and the lake right into the town."

191. There was great joy in helping my mother from the door of the *Cygne* along a quarter of a mile of extempore plank bridge in the streets, and in writing a rhymed letter in description of the lifted lake and swirling Reuss, to little Louise Ellis (Mr. Telford's niece, at this time one of the happy presences in Widmore), of which a line or two yet remain in my ears, about a market boat moored above the submerged quay—

"Full of mealy potatoes and marrowfat pease,
And honey, and butter, and Simmenthal cheese,
And a poor little calf, not at all at its ease,
Tied by the neck to a box at its knees.
Don't you agree with me, dear Louise,
It was unjustifiably cruel in
Them to have brought it in all that squeeze
Over the lake from Fluelen?"

And so home, that year by Troyes, with my own calf's mind also little at its ease, under confused squeeze of Alps, clouds, and architecture; yet finding room still in the waistcoat pocket for notes on the external tracery of St. Urbain, which fixed that church for me as the highest type of Gothic construction, and took me off all Italian models for the next four years. The abstraction, however, though St. Urbain began it, was not altogether that Saint's fault.

192. The press notices of my second volume had been either cautious or complimentary,—none, to the best of my memory, contemptuous. My friends took much pleasure in it, and the estimate formed of it in the old Scott and John Murray circle was shown by Lockhart's asking me that winter to review Lord Lindsay in the "*Quarterly*." I was shy of doing this, being well aware that Lord Lindsay knew much more about Italian painting than I did; but I thought no one

else likely to do it better, and had another motive to the business,—of an irresistible nature.

The little high-foreheaded Charlotte had by this time become a Scottish fairy, White Lady, and witch of the fatalest sort, looking as if she had just risen out of the stream in Rhymer's Glen, and could only be seen by favoring glance of moonlight over the Eildons. I used to see her, however, sometimes, by the dim lamplight of this world, at Lady Davy's,—Sir Humphry's widow,—whose receptions in Park Street gathered usually, with others, the literary and scientific men who had once known Abbotsford. But I never could contrive to come to any serious speech with her; and at last, with my usual wisdom in such matters, went away into Cumberland to recommend myself to her by writing a Quarterly Review.

193. I went in the early spring * to the Salutation at Ambleside, then yet a country village, and its inn a country inn. But there, whether it was the grilled salmon for breakfast, or too prolonged reflections on the Celestial Hierarchies, I fell into a state of despondency till then unknown to me, and of which I knew not the like again till fourteen years afterwards. The whole morning was painfully spent in balancing phrases; and from my boat, in the afternoons on Windermere, it appeared to me that the water was leaden, and the hills were low. Lockhart, on the first reception of the labored MS., asked me to cut out all my best bits, (just as Keble had done before with my prize poem). In both cases I submitted patiently to the loss of my feathers; but was seriously angry and disgusted when Lockhart also intimated to me that a sentence in which I had with perfect justice condemned Mr. Gally Knight's representation "out of his own head" of San Michele at Lucca, could not—Mr. Gally Knight being a *protégé* of Albemarle Street—appear in the "Quarterly." This first clear insight into the arts of bookselling and reviewing made me permanently distrustful of both trades; and hearing no word, neither, of Charlotte's taking the smallest interest in the celestial hierarchies, I

returned to town in a temper and state of health in which my father and mother thought that once more the best place for me would be Leamington.

I thought so myself, too; and went penitently again to Jephson, who at once stopped the grilled salmon, and ordered salts and promenade, as before.

194. It chanced that at this time there was staying at Leamington, also under Jephson's care, the son of an old friend, perhaps flame, of my father's, Mrs. Farquharson,—a youth now of some two or three-and-twenty, but who seemed to me older than myself, being already a man of some position and influence in Perthshire. A few years before he had come into possession, under trustees, of a large Highland estate, on the condition that he should change his name for that of Macdonald, (properly reduplicate,—Macdonald Macdonald,) considerable sums being reserved in the trustees' hands by the terms of the will, for the purchase of more land. At that time his properties were St. Martin's near Perth, where his mother lived; Rossie Castle, above Montrose; another castle, with much rock and moor round it, name forgotten, just south of Schiehallion; and a shooting-lodge, Crossmount, at the foot of Schiehallion, between Lochs Rannoch and Tummel. The young Macdonald had come to see us once or twice with his mother, at Denmark Hill, and, partly I suppose at his mother's instigation, partly, the stars know how, took a true liking to me; which I could not but answer with surprised thankfulness. He was a thin, dark Highlander, with some expression of gloom on his features when at rest, but with quite the sweetest smile for his friends that I have ever seen, except in one friend of later years, of whom in his place.

He was zealous in the Scottish Evangelical Faith, and wholly true and upright in it, so far as any man can be true in any faith, who is bound by the laws, modes, and landed estates of this civilized world.

195. The thoughtful reader must have noted with some displeasure that I have scarcely, whether at college or at home,

used the word "friendship" with respect to any of my companions. The fact is, I am a little puzzled by the specialty and singularity of poetical and classic friendship. I get, distinctively, attached to places, to pictures, to dogs, cats, and girls: but I have had, Heaven be thanked, many and true friends, young and old, who have been of boundless help and good to me,—nor I quite helpless to them; yet for none of whom have I ever obeyed George Herbert's mandate, "Thy friend put in thy bosom; wear his eyes, still in thy heart, that he may see what's there; if cause require, thou art his sacrifice," etc. Without thinking myself particularly wicked, I found nothing in my heart that seemed to me worth anybody's seeing; nor had I any curiosity for insight into those of others; nor had I any notion of being a sacrifice for them, or the least wish that they should exercise for my good any but their most pleasurable accomplishments,—Dawtrej Drewitt, for instance, being farther endeared because he could stand on his head, and catch vipers by the tail; Gershom Collingwood because he could sing French songs about the Earthly Paradise; and Alic Wedderburn, because he could swim into tarns and fetch out water-lilies for me, like a water-spaniel. And I never expected that they should care much for *me*, but only that they should read my books; and looking back, I believe they liked and like me, nearly as well as if I hadn't written any.

196. First then, of this Love's Meinie of my own age, or under it; William Macdonald took to me; and got me to promise, that autumn, to come to him at Crossmount, where it was his evangelical duty to do some shooting in due season.

I went into Scotland by Dunbar; saw again Loch Leven, Glen Farg, Rose Terrace, and the Inch of Perth; and went on, pensive enough, by Killiecrankie, to the clump of pines which sheltered my friend's lodge from the four winds of the wilderness.

After once walking up Schiehallion with him and his keepers, with such entertainment as I could find in the mewling and shrieking of some seventy or eighty gray hares,

who were brought down in bags and given to the poorer tenantry; and forming final opinion that the poorer tenantry might better have been permitted to find the stock of their hare-soup for themselves, I forswore further fashionable amusement, and set myself, when the days were fine, to the laborious eradication of a crop of thistles; which had been too successfully grown by northern agriculture in one of the best bits of unboggy ground by the Tummel.

197. I have carelessly omitted noticing till now, that the ambitions in practical gardening, of which the germs, as aforesaid, had been blighted at Herne Hill, nevertheless still prevailed over the contemplative philosophy in me so far as to rekindle the original instinct of liking to dig a hole, whenever I got leave. Sometimes, in the kitchen garden of Denmark Hill, the hole became a useful furrow; but when once the potatoes and beans were set, I got no outlet nor inlet for my excavatory fancy or skill during the rest of the year. The thistle-field at Crossmount was an inheritance of amethystine treasure to me; and the working hours in it are among the few in my life which I remember with entire serenity—as being certain I could have spent them no better. For I had wise—though I say it—thoughts in them, too many to set down here (they are scattered afterwards up and down in “Fors” and “Munera Pulveris”), and wholesome sleep after them, in spite of the owls, who were many, in the clumps of pine by Tummel shore.

Mostly a quiet stream there, through the bogs, with only a bit of step or tumble a foot or two high on occasion; above which I was able practically to ascertain for myself the exact power of level water in a current at the top of a fall. I need not say that on the Cumberland and Swiss lakes, and within and without the Lido, I had learned by this time how to manage a boat—an extremely different thing, be it observed, from steering one in a race; and the little two-foot steps of Tummel were, for scientific purposes, as good as falls twenty or two hundred feet high. I found that I could put the stern of my boat full six inches into the air over the

top of one of these little falls, and hold it there, with very short sculls, against the *level* * stream, with perfect ease for any time I liked; and any child of ten years old may do the same. The nonsense written about the terror of feeling streams quicken as they approach a mill weir is in a high degree dangerous, in making giddy water parties lose their presence of mind if any such chance take them unawares. And (to get this needful bit of brag, and others connected with it, out of the way at once), I have to say that half my power of ascertaining facts of any kind connected with the arts, is in my stern habit of doing the thing with my own hands till I know its difficulty; and though I have no time nor wish to acquire showy skill in anything, I make myself clear as to what the skill means, and is. Thus, when I had to direct road-making at Oxford, I sate, myself, with an iron-masked stone-breaker, on his heap, to break stones beside the London road, just under Iffley Hill, till I knew how to advise my too impetuous pupils to effect their purposes in that matter, instead of breaking the heads of their hammers off, (a serious item in our daily expenses). I learned from an Irish street crossing-sweeper what he could teach me of sweeping; but found myself in that matter nearly his match, from my boy-gardening; and again and again I swept bits of St. Giles' foot-pavements, showing my corps of subordinates how to finish into depths of gutter. I worked with a carpenter until I could take an even shaving six feet long off a board; and painted enough with properly and delightfully sappy green paint to feel the master's superiority in the use of a blunt brush. But among all these and other such studentships, the reader will be surprised, I think, to hear, seriously, that the instrument I finally decided to be the most difficult of management was the trowel. For accumulated months of my boy's life I watched bricklaying and paving; † but when I took the trowel into my own hand,

* Distinguish carefully between this and a sloping rapid.

† Of our pavier friends, Mr. and Mrs. Duprez (*we* always spelt and pronounced Depree), of Langley, near Slough, and Gray's Inn

abandoned at once all hope of attaining the least real skill with it, unless I gave up all thoughts of any future literary or political career. But the quite happiest bit of manual work I ever did was for my mother in the old inn at Sixt, where she alleged the stone staircase to have become unpleasantly dirty, since last year. Nobody in the inn appearing to think it possible to wash it, I brought the necessary buckets of water from the yard myself, poured them into beautiful image of Versailles waterworks down the fifteen or twenty steps of the great staircase, and with the strongest broom I could find, cleaned every step into its corners. It was quite lovely work to dash the water and drive the mud, from each, with accumulating splash down to the next one.

198. I must return for a moment to the clumps of pine at Crossmount, and their company of owls, because—whatever wise people may say of them—I at least myself have found the owl's cry always prophetic of mischief to me; and though I got wiser, as aforesaid, in my field of thistles, yet the Scottish Athena put on against me at that time her closed visor (not that Greek helmets ever have a visor, but when Athena hides her face, she throws her casque forward and down, and only looks through the oval apertures of it). Her adversity to me at this time was shown by my loss of Miss Lockhart, whom I saw for the last time at one of Lady Davy's dinners, where Mr. Hope-Scott took the foot of the table. Lady Davy had given me Miss Lockhart to take down, but I found she didn't care for a word I said; and Mr. Gladstone was on the other side of her—and the precious moments were all thrown away in quarreling across her, with him, about Neapolitan prisons.* He couldn't see, as I did, that the real prisoners were the people outside.

199. Meantime, restraining the ideals and assuaging the (pronounced Grazen) Lane, in London (see the seventh number of "Dilecta"). The laying of the proper quantity of sand under the pavement stones being a piece of trowel-handling as subtle as spreading the mortar under a brick.

* *Ante*, p. 40, § 51.

disappointments of my outer-world life, the home-work went on with entirely useful steadiness. The admiration of tree-branches taught me at Fontainebleau, led me now into careful discernment of their species; and while my father, as was his custom, read to my mother and me for half-an-hour after breakfast, I always had a fresh-gathered outer spray of a tree before me, of which the mode of growth, with a single leaf full size, had to be done at that sitting in fine pen outline, filled with the simple color of the leaf at one wash. On fine days, when the grass was dry, I used to lie down on it and draw the blades as they grew, with the ground herbage of buttercup or hawkweed mixed among them, until every square foot of meadow, or mossy bank, became an infinite picture and possession to me, and the grace and adjustment to each other of growing leaves, a subject of more curious interest to me than the composition of any painter's masterpiece. The love of complexity and quantity before noticed as influencing my preference of flamboyant to purer architecture, was here satisfied, without qualifying sense of wasted labor, by what I felt to be the constant working of Omnipotent kindness in the fabric of the food-giving tissues of the earth; nor less, morning after morning, did I rejoice in the traceries and the painted glass of the sky at sunrise.

This physical study had, I find, since 1842, when it began, advanced in skill until now in 1847, at Leamington, it had proceeded into botanical detail; and the collection of material for "Proserpina" began then, singularly, with the analysis of a thistle-top, as the foundation of all my political economy was dug down to, through the thistle-field of Crossmount.

200. "Analysis" of thistle-top, I say; not "dissection," nor microscopic poring into.

Flowers, like everything else that is lovely in the visible world, are only to be seen rightly with the eyes which the God who made them gave us; and neither with microscopes nor spectacles. These have their uses for the curious and the aged; as stilts and crutches have for people who want to walk in mud, or cannot safely walk but on three legs any-

where. But in health of mind and body, men should see with their own eyes, hear and speak without trumpets, walk on their feet, not on wheels, and work and war with their arms, not with engine-beams, nor rifles warranted to kill twenty men at a shot before you can see them. The use of the great mechanical powers may indeed sometimes be compatible with the due exercise of our own; but the use of instruments for exaggerating the powers of sight necessarily deprives us of the best pleasures of sight. A flower is to be watched as it grows, in its association with the earth, the air, and the dew; its leaves are to be seen as they expand in sunshine; its colors, as they embroider the field, or illumine the forest. Dissect or magnify them, and all you discover or learn at last will be that oaks, roses, and daisies, are all made of fibers and bubbles; and these again, of charcoal and water; but, for all their peeping and probing, nobody knows how.

201. And far more difficult work than this was on foot in other directions. Too sorrowfully it had now become plain to me that neither George Herbert, nor Richard Hooker, nor Henry Melvill, nor Thomas Dale, nor the Dean of Christ Church, nor the Bishop of Oxford, could in anywise explain to me what Turner meant by the contest of Apollo with the Python, or by the repose of the great dragon above the Garden of the Hesperides.

For such nearer Python as might wreath itself against my own now gathering strength,—for such serpent of Eternity as might reveal its awe to me amidst the sands even of Forest Hill or Addington Heath, I was yet wholly unprepared.

All that I had been taught had to be questioned; all that I had trusted, proved. I cannot enter yet into any account of this trial; but the following fragment of 1847 diary will inform the reader enough of the courses of thought which I was being led into beside the lilies of Avon, and under the mounds, that were once the walls, of Kenilworth.

202. "It was cold and dark and gusty and raining by fits,

at two o'clock to-day, and until four; but I went out, determined to have my walk, get wet or no.

“I took the road to the village where I had been the first day with Macdonald, and about a mile and a half out, I was driven by the rain into a little cottage, remarkable outside for two of the most noble groups of hollyhocks I ever saw—one rose-color passing into purple, and the other rich purple and opposed by a beautiful sulphur yellow one. It was about a quarter to five, and they (the woman and her mother) were taking their tea (pretty strong, and without milk) and white bread. Round the room were hung several prints of the Crucifixion, and some Old Testament subjects, and two bits of tolerable miniature; one in what I thought at first was an uniform, but it was the footman's dress of the woman's second son, who is with a master in Leamington; the other a portrait of a more distingué-looking personage, who, I found on inquiry, was the eldest son, cook in the Bush inn at Carlisle. Inquiring about the clergyman of the village, the woman—whose name, I found, was Sabina—said they had lost their best earthly friend, the late clergyman, a Mr. Waller, I think, who had been with them upwards of eleven years, and had got them into that cottage; her husband having been in his service, and he fretted himself, she said, too much, about getting them into it, and never lived to see them in it after all, dying of decline in London. She spoke of him with tears in her eyes. I looked at the books lying on the table, well used all of them, and found three Bibles, three Prayer Books, a treatise on practical Christianity, another on seriousness in religion, and Baxter's ‘Saint's Rest.’ I asked her if they read no books but religious ones. ‘No, sir; I should be very sorry if there were any others in my house,’ said she. As I took up the largest Bible, she said ‘it was a nice print, but sadly tattered; she wished she could get it bound.’ This I promised to get done for her, and left her much pleased.

“It had rained hard while I stayed in the cottage, but had ceased when I went on, and presently appeared such a bright

bar of streaky sky in the west, seen over the glittering hedges, as made my heart leap again, it put so much of old feelings into me of far-away hills and fountains of morning light; and the sun came out presently, and every shake of the trees shook down more light upon the grass. And so I came to the village and stood leaning on the churchyard gate, looking at the sheep nibbling and resting among the graves (newly watered they lay, and fresh, like a field of precious seed). One narrow stream of light ran in ups and downs across them, but the shadow of the church fell over most—the pretty little gray church, now one dark mass against the intense golden glittering sky; and to make it sweeter still, the churchyard itself rose steeply, so that its own grand line came against this same light at last.”

CHAPTER XI.

L'HÔTEL DU MONT BLANC.

203. THE little inn at Samoens, where I washed the stairs down for my mother,* was just behind the group of houses of which I gave a carefully colored sketch to Mrs. John Simon, who, in my mother's old age, was her most deeply trusted friend. She, with her husband, love Savoy even more than I; were kinder to Joseph Couttet to the last, and are so still to his daughter Judith.

The Samoens inn was, however, a too unfavorable type of the things which—in *my* good old times—one had sometimes to put up with, and rather liked having to put up with, in Savoy. The central example of the sort of house one went there to live in, was the Hôtel du Mont Blanc at St. Martin's; to me, certainly, of all my inn homes, the most eventful, pathetic, and sacred. How to begin speaking of it, I do not know; still less how to end; but here are three entries, consecutive, in my diary of 1849, which may lead me a little on my way.

204. "St. Martin's, evening, July 11th. What a strange contrast there is between these lower valleys, with their overwrought richness mixed with signs of waste and disease, their wild noon-winds shaking their leaves into palsy, and the dark storms folding themselves about their steep mural precipices,—between these and the pastoral green, pure aiguilles, and fleecy rain-clouds of Chamouni; yet nothing could be more divine than (to-day) the great valley of level

* "I have myself washed a flight of stone stairs all down, with bucket and broom, in a Savoy Inn, where they hadn't washed their stairs since they first went up them; and I never made a better sketch than that afternoon." (Ses. and Lil., § 138.)

cornfield; half, smooth close to the ground, yet yellow and warm with stubble; half, laden with sheaves; the vines in massy green above, with Indian corn, and the rich brown and white cottages (in midst of them).

July 13th. I walked with my father last night up to the vine-covered cottages under the Aiguille de Varens.

July 15th, Samoens. We had a stony road to traverse in chars from St. Martin's yesterday, and a hot walk this morning over the ground between this (Samoens) and Sixt. As I passed through the cornfields, I found they gave me a pleasant feeling by reminding me of Leamington."

"We" in this entry means only my father and mother and I; poor Mary was with us no more. She had got married, as girls always will,—the foolish creatures!—however happy they might be at home, or abroad, with their own people.

Mary heartily loved her aunt and uncle, by this time, and was sorry to leave them: yet she must needs marry her brother-in-law, a good, quiet London solicitor, and was now deep in household cares in a dull street, Pimlico way, when she might have been gayly helping me to sweep the stairs at Samoens, and gather bluets * in those Leamington-like cornfields.

205. The sentence about "noon-wind" refers to a character of the great valleys on the north of the main Alpine chain, which curiously separates them from those of the Italian side. These great northern valleys are, in the main, four,—those of the Rhine (the Grisons), of the Reuss (Canton Uri), of the Rhone (Canton Valais), and the Arve (Faucigny),—all of them in ordinarily fine summer weather oppressed by quiet heat in the early part of the day, then burst in upon by wild wind blowing up the valley about noon, or later; a diurnal storm which raises the dust in whirlwinds, and wholly prevents the growth of trees in any beautiful

* The blue centaury-like five gentians in a level cluster. Among the corn, it teaches, like the poppy, that everything isn't meant to be eaten.

forms, their branches being daily tormented into every irregular and fretful curve they can be strained to, and their leaves wrung round on the stalks, so that half their vitality is torn out of them.

Strangely, and, so far as I know, without notice by scientific men of the difference, the Italian valleys are, in the greater number of them, redeemed from this calamitous law. I have not lately been in either Val d'Aosta, or the Valtelline, nor ever stayed in the upper valley of the Adige; but neither in the Val Anzasca, the Val Formazza, the Val d'Isella, or the southern St. Gothard, is there any trace of the action of malignant wind like this northern one, which I suppose to be, in the essence of it, the summer form of the bise. It arises, too fatally, punctual to the noon, in the brightest days of spring all over western Savoy.

Be that as it may, in the fields neighboring the two villages which mark the eastern and western extremities of the chain of Mont Blanc,—Sallenches, namely, and Martigny, where I have passed many of the most serviceable days of my life,—this noon wind, associated with inundation, is one of the chief agents in producing the character of the whole scene, and in forming the tempers of the inhabitants. Very early my mind became fixed on this their physical distress, issuing finally not in the distortion of growing trees only, but in abortion of human form and mind, while yet the roots of beauty and virtue remained always of the same strength in the race; so that, however decimated by cretinism, the Savoyard and Valaisan retain to this day their vigorous personal character, wherever the conditions of ordinary health are observed for them.

206. So earnestly was my heart set on discovering and contending with the neglect and error which were the causes of so great evil to so noble a people, that—I must here anticipate the progress of many years—I was in treaty again and again for pieces of land near the chain of Mont Blanc on which I thought to establish my life, and round which to direct its best energies. I first actually bought the piece of

meadow in Chamouni above the chalets of Blaitière; but sold it on perceiving what ruin was inevitable in the valley after it became a tourist rendezvous. Next, I entered into treaty with the Commune of Bonneville for the purchase of the whole top of the Brezon; but this negotiation came to nothing, because the Commune, unable to see why anybody should want to buy a waste of barren rock, with pasturage only for a few goats in the summer, concluded that I had found a gold mine or a coal-bed in it, and raised their price on me till I left the Brezon on their hands: (Osborne Gordon having also walked up with me to my proposed hermitage, and, with his usual sagacity, calculated the daily expense of getting anything to eat, up those 4,000 feet from the plain).

207. Next, I was tempted by a grand, fourteenth century, square-set castle, with walls six feet thick, and four round towers, cone-roofed, at the angles, on the west bank of the Arve, below La Roche: but this baronial residence having been for many years used by the farmer to whom it belonged for his fruit store, and the three floors of it only accessible by ladders through trap doors in them, and soaked through with the juice of rotten apples and plums;—so that the most feasible way of making the place habitable would have been to set fire to the whole, and refit the old masonry with an inner lodging of new wood,—(which might as well have been built inside a mountain cave at once as within those six-feet thick of cemented rock,)—I abandoned also the idea of this gloomy magnificence, and remained fancy-free till 1870, when I again was about to enter into treaty for a farm two thousand feet above Martigny, on the ridge separating the Forelaz from the glen of the Trient, and commanding view of the whole valley of the Rhone, westward to Sierre, and northward to Bex. Design ended by my illness at Matlock, and following sorrow; of which in their due time.

Up to the year with which I am now concerned, however, 1849, when I was just thirty, no plans of this sort had

dawned on me: but the journeying of the year, mostly alone, by the Allée Blanche and Col de Ferret round Mont Blanc and then to Zermatt, for the work chiefly necessary to the fourth volume of "Modern Painters," gave me the melancholy knowledge of the agricultural condition of the great Alpine chain which was the origin of the design of St. George's Guild; and that walk with my father at St. Martin's virtually closed the days of youthful happiness, and began my true work in the world—for what it is worth.

208. An entry or two from the beginning of the year may be permitted, connecting old times with new.

"April 15th, Wednesday. Left home, stayed at Folkestone, happy, but with bad cough, and slight feverish feeling, till Monday. Crossed to Boulogne, with desperate cold coming on. Wrote half letter to Miss Wedderburn," (afterwards Mrs. Blackburn,) "in carriage, going over: " the carriages, of course, in old times being lashed on the deck, one sat inside, either for dignity or shelter.

April 24th, Tuesday. To Paris on rail. Next morning, very thankfully changing horses, by as lovely sunshine as ever I saw, at Charenton. Slept at Sens. Thursday, Montbard; Friday, Dijon. All these evenings I was working hard at my last plate of Giotto." (G.'s tower, I meant; frontispiece to "Seven Lamps," first edition.) "Stopped behind in the lovely morning at Sens, and went after my father and mother an hour later.* It was very cold, and I was driven out by the fires going out, it being in the large room at the back of the yard, with oil pictures only to be got at through my father's bedroom.†

April 29th, Sunday, was a threatening day at Champagne. We just walked to the entrance of the wood and back,—I colded and coughing, and generally headachy. In the

* They had given me a little brougham to myself, like the hunting doctor's in "Punch," so that I could stop behind, and catch them up when I chose.

† The inn is fully and exquisitely described by Dickens in "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings."

evening the landlady, who noticed my illness, made me some syrup of violets. Whether by fancy, or chance, or by virtue of violet-tea, I got better thenceforward, and have, thank God, had no cold since!" (Diary very slovenly hereabouts; I am obliged to mend a phrase or two.)

209. "Monday, 30th April. To Geneva, through a good deal of snow, by St. Cergues; which frightened my mother, they having a restive horse in their carriage. She got out on a bank near where I saw the first gentians, and got into mine, as far as St. Cergues." (It is deserving of record that at this time, just on the point of coming in sight of the Alps—and that for the first time for three years, a moment which I had looked forward to thinking I should be almost fainting with joy, and want to lie down on the earth and take it in my arms;—at this time, I say, I was irrecoverably sulky because George had not got me butter to my bread at Les Rousses.)

Tuesday, 1st May. Walked about Geneva, went to Baudettes', and drew wood anemones.

Thursday, 3rd May, Chambéry. Up the hill that looks towards Aix, with my father and mother; had a chat with an old man, a proprietor of some land on the hillside, who complained bitterly that the priests and the revenue officers seized everything, and that nothing but black bread was left for the peasant.*

Friday, 4th May. Half breakfasted at Chambéry; started about seven for St. Laurent du Pont, thence up to the Chartreuse, and walked down (all of us); which, however, being done in a hurry, I little enjoyed. But a walk after dinner up to a small chapel, placed on a waving group of mounds, covered with the most smooth and soft sward, over whose sunny gold came the dark piny precipices of the Chartreuse hills, gave me infinite pleasure. I had seen also for the third time, by the Chartreuse torrent, the most wonderful of all Alpine birds—a gray, fluttering stealthy

* Complaints of this kind always mean that you are near a luxurious capital or town. In this case, Aix les Bains.

creature, about the size of a sparrow, but of colder gray, and more graceful, which haunts the sides of the fiercest torrents. There is something more strange in it than in the seagull—*that* seems a powerful creature; and the power of the sea, not of a kind so adverse, so hopelessly destructive; but this small creature, silent, tender and light, almost like a moth in its low and irregular flight,—almost touching with its wings the crests of waves that would overthrow a granite wall, and haunting the hollows of the black, cold, herbless rocks that are continually shaken by their spray, has perhaps the nearest approach to the look of a spiritual existence I know in animal life.

210. Saturday, May 5th. Back to Chambéry, and up by Rousseau's house to the point where the thunder-shower came down on us three years ago."

I think it was extremely pretty and free-hearted of my mother to make these reverent pilgrimages to Rousseau's house.*

With whom I must here thankfully name, among my own masters, also St. Pierre: I having shamefully forgotten hitherto the immense influence of "Paul and Virginia" amidst my early readings. Rousseau's effective political power I did not know till much later.

211. Richard Fall arrived that Saturday at Chambéry; and by way of amends for our lost Welsh tour, (above, p. 49, vol. ii.,) I took him to Vevay and Chamouni, where, on May 14th, the snow was still down to the valley; crisp frost everywhere; the Montanvert path entirely hidden, and clear slopes down all the couloirs perfectly even and smooth—ten to

* "Les Charmettes." So also "un détachement de la troupe" (of his schoolboys) "sous la conduite de Mr. Topffer, qui ne sait pas le chemin, entreprend de gravir le coteau des Charmettes, pour atteindre à l'habitation de Jean-Jacques Rousseau"—in the year 1833; and an admirably faithful and vivid drawing of the place, as it then stood (unchanged till 1849, when papa and mamma and their little St. Preux saw it), is given by Mr. Topffer's own hand on p. 17 of his work here quoted, "Voyage à la Grande Charreuse" (1833).

twenty feet deep of good, compact snow; no treacherous surface beds that could slip one over the other.

Couttet and I took Richard up to the cabane of the Montanvert, memory of the long snow walks at Herne Hill now mingling tenderly with the cloudless brightness of the Mer de Glace, in its robe of winter ermine. No venturing on that, however, of course, with every crevasse hidden; and nobody at the cabane yet, so we took Richard back to the first couloir, showed him how to use foot and pole, to check himself if he went too fast, or got head-foremost; and we slid down the two thousand feet to the source of the Arveron, in some seven or eight minutes; * Richard vouchsafing his entire approval of that manner of progression by the single significant epithet, "Pernicious!"

It was the last of our winter walks together. Richard did not die, like Charles, but he went on the Stock Exchange; married a wife, very nice and pretty; then grew rich; held a rich man's faiths in political economy; and bought bad prints of clipper packets in green sea; and so we gradually gave each other up—with all good wishes on both sides. But Richard, having no more winter walks, became too fat and well liking when he was past fifty—and *did* die, then; to his sister's great surprise and mine. The loss of him broke her heart, and she soon followed him.

212. During her forty-five or fifty years of life, Eliza Fall (had she but been named Elizabeth instead, I should have liked her ever so much better,) remained an entirely worthy and unworldly girl and woman, of true service and counsel always to her brother and me; caring for us both much more than she was cared for;—to my mother an affectionate and always acceptable, calling and chatting, friend: capable and intelligent from her earliest youth, nor without graceful fancy and rational poetic power. She wrote far better verses than ever I did, and might have drawn well, but had

*Including ecstatic or contemplative rests: of course one goes much faster than 200 feet a minute, on good snow, at an angle of 30°.

always what my mother called "perjinketty" ways, which made her typically an old maid in later years. I imagine that, without the least unkind severity, she was yet much of a Puritan at heart, and one rarely heard, if ever, of her going to a theater, or a rout, or a cricket-match; yet she was brilliant at a Christmas party, acted any part—that depended on whalebone—admirably, and was extremely witty in a charade. She felt herself sorrowfully turned out of her own house and place when her brother married, and spent most of her summers in travel, with another wise old maid for companion. Then Richard and his wife went to live in Clapham Park; and Eliza stayed, wistfully alone, in her child's home, for a while. The lease expired, I suppose, and she did not care to renew it. The last time I saw her, she was enjoying some sort of town life in New Bond Street.

Little I thought, in clasping Richard's hand on the ridge of the Jaman that spring,—he going down into the Simmenthal, I back to Vevay,—that our companying together was ended: but I never have known anything of what was most seriously happening to me till afterwards; this—unastrophical readers will please to note—being one of the leaden influences on me of the planet Saturn.

213. My father and mother were waiting for me at Geneva, and we set out, with short delay, for St. Martin's.

The road from Geneva to Chamouni, passing the extremity of the Salève about five miles south of the city, reaches at that point the sandy plateau of Annemasse, where forms of passport had (anciently) to be transacted, which gave a quarter of an hour for contemplation of what the day had to do.

From the street of the straggling village one saw over the undulations of the nearer, and blue level of the distant, plain, a mass of rocky mountains, presenting for the most part their cliffs to the approaching traveler, and tossing their crests back in careless pride, above the district of well inhabited, but seldom traversed, ravines which wind between the lake of Annecy and vale of Sallenches.

Of these the nearest—yet about twelve miles distant—is the before-named Brezon, a majestic, but unterrific, fortalice of cliff, forest, and meadow, with unseen nests of village, and unexpected balm and honey of garden and orchard nursed in its recesses. The horses have to rest at Bonneville before we reach the foot of it; and the line, of its foundation first, and then of the loftier Mont Vergy, must be followed for seven or eight miles, without hope apparently of gaining access to the inner mountain world, except by footpath.

214. A way is opened at last by the Arve, which, rushing furiously through a cleft affording room only for road and river, grants entrance, when the strait is passed, to a valley without the like of it among the Alps. In all other avenues of approach to their central crests the torrents fall steeply, and in places appear to be still cutting their channels deeper, while their lateral cliffs have evidently been in earlier time, at intervals, connected, and rent or worn asunder by traceable violence or decay. But the valley of Cluse is in reality a narrow plain between two chains of mountains which have never been united, but each independently * raised, shattered, and softened into their present forms; while the river, instead of deepening the ravine it descends, has filled it to an unknown depth with beds of glacial sand, increased annually, though insensibly, by its wandering floods; but now practically level, and for the most part tenable, with a little log-work to fence off the stream at its angles, in large spaces of cultivable land.

In several turns of the valley the lateral cliffs go plumb down into these fields as if into a green lake; but usually, slopes of shale, now forest-hidden, ascend to heights of six or seven hundred feet before the cliffs begin; then the mountain above becomes partly a fortress wall, partly banks of turf ascending around its bastions or between, but always guarded from avalanche by higher woods or rocks; the snows melting in early spring, and falling in countless cascades,

* In the same epoch of time, however. See Mr. Collingwood's "Limestone Alps of Savoy."

mostly over the cliffs, and then in broken threads down the banks. Beautiful always, and innocent, the higher summits by midsummer are snowless, and no glacial moraine or torrent defaces or disturbs the solitude of their pastoral kingdom.

Leaving the carriage at Cluse, I always used to walk, through this valley, the ten miles to St. Martin's, resting awhile at the springs of Maglan, where, close under the cliff, the water thrills imperceptibly through the crannies of its fallen stones, deeper and deeper every instant; till, within three fathoms of its first trickling thread, it is a deep stream of dazzling brightness, dividing into swift branches eager for their work at the mill, or their ministry to the meadows.

Contrary again to the customs of less enchanted vales, this one opens gradually as it nears the greater mountain, its own lateral cliffs rising also in proportion to its width—those on the left, as one approaches St. Martin's, into the vast towers and promontories of the Aiguille de Varens; those on the right into a mountain scarcely marked in any Alpine chart, yet from which, if one could climb its dangerous turf and mural diadem, there must be commanded precisely the most noble view of Mont Blanc granted by any summit of his sentinel chains.

215. In the only map of Switzerland which has ever been executed with common sense and intelligence ("Original von Keller's Zweiter Reisekarte der Schweiz," 1844), this peak is, nevertheless, left without distinction from that called the "Croix de Fer," of which it is only a satellite. But there are any quantity of iron crosses on the Western Alps, and the proper name of this dominant peak is that given in M. Dajoz's lithographed "Carte des rives du Lac de Genève," *—"Mont Fleury"; though the more usual one with the old

* Chez Briquet et Fils, éditeurs, au bas de la Cité à Genève, 1860; extremely careful in its delineation of the lower mountain masses, and on the whole the best existing map for the ordinary traveler. The Alpine Club maps give nothing clearly but the taverns and footpaths.

Chamouni guides was "Montagne des Fours"; but I never heard any name given to its castellated outwork. In Studer's geological map it is well drawn, but nameless; in the Alpine Club's map of South-Western Alps, it is only a long ridge descending from the Mont Fleury, which, there called "Pointe Percée," bears a star, indicating a view of Mont Blanc, as probably of Geneva also, from that summit. But the vision from the lower promontory, which commands the Chamouni aiguilles with less foreshortening, and looks steep down into the valley of Cluse from end to end, must be infinitely more beautiful.

216. Its highest ridge is just opposite the Nant d'Arpenaz, and might in future descriptions of the Sallenche mountains be conveniently called the "Tower of Arpenaz." After passing the curved rock from which the waterfall leaps into its calm festoons, the cliffs become changed in material, first into thin-bedded blue limestone, and then into dark slates and shales, which partly sadden, partly enrich, with their cultivable ruin, all the lower hillsides henceforward to the very gate of Chamouni. A mile or two beyond the Nant d'Arpenaz, the road ascends over a bank of their crumbling flakes, which the little stream, pendent like a white thread over the mid-cliff of the Aiguille de Varens, drifts down before it in summer rain, lightly as dead leaves. The old people's carriage dips into the trough of the dry bed, descends the gentle embankment on the other side, and turns into the courtyard of the inn under one of the thin arches, raised a foot or two above the gap in the wall, which give honorable distinction either to the greater vineyards or open courts, like this one, of hospitable houses. Stableyard, I should have said, not courtyard; no palatial pride of seclusion, like M. Dessein's, but a mere square of irregular stable,—not even coach-house, though with room for a carriage or two: but built only for shelter of the now unknown char-à-banc, a seat for three between two pairs of wheels, with a plank for footing, at a convenient step from the ground. The fourth side of the yard was formed by the front of the

inn, which stood with its side to the road, its back to the neglected garden and incorrigible streamlet: a two-storied building of solid gray stone, with gabled roof and garrets; a central passage on the second floor giving access to the three or four bedrooms looking to back and front, and at the end to an open gallery over the road. The last room on the left, larger than the rest, and with a window opening on the gallery, used to be my father's and mother's; that next it, with one square window in the solid wall, looking into the yard, mine. Floors and partitions all of rough-sawn larch; the planks of the passage floor uncomfortably thin and bending, as if one might easily fall through; some pretense of papering, I think, in the old people's state room. A public room, about the size of my present study, say twelve paces by six within its cupboards, and usually full of flies, gave us the end of its table for meals, and was undisturbed through the day, except during the hour when the diligence dined.

217. I should have said that my square window looked *over*, rather than *into* the yard, for one could scarcely see anything going on there, but by putting one's head out: the real and prevalent prospect was first into the leaves of the walnut tree in the corner; then of the mossy stable roofs behind them; then of the delicately tin-mailed and glittering spire of the village church; and beyond these, the creamy, curdling, overflowing seas of snow on the Mont Blanc de St. Gervais. The Aiguille de Bionnassay, the most graceful buttress ridge in all the Alps, and Mont Blanc himself, above the full fronts of the Aiguille and Dome du Gouté, followed further to the left. So much came into the field of that little four-feet-square casement.

If one had a mind for a stroll, in half a minute's turn to the left from the yard gate, one came to the aforesaid village church, the size of a couple of cottages, and one could lean, stooping, to look at it, on the deeply lichened stones of its low churchyard wall, which inclosed the cluster of iron crosses,—floreted with everlastings, or garlands of fresh flowers if it was just after Sunday,—on two sides; the cart-

path to the upper village branching off round it from the road to Chamouni. Fifty yards further, one came to the single-arched bridge by which the road to Sallenche, again dividing from that of Chamouni, crosses the Arve, clearing some sixty feet of strongly-rushing water with a leap of lovely elliptic curve; lovely, because here traced with the lightest possible substance of masonry, rising to its ridge without a pebble's weight to spare,* and then signed for sacred pontifical work by a cross high above the parapet, seen from as far as one can see the bridge itself.

218. Neither line, nor word, nor color, has ever yet given rendering of the rich confusions of garden and cottage through which the winding paths ascend above the church; walled, not with any notion of guarding the ground, except from passing herds of cattle and goats, but chiefly to get the stones off the surface into narrowest compass, and, with the easy principle of horticulture,—plant everything, and let what can, grow;—the undercrops of unkempt pease, potatoes, cabbage, hemp, and maize, content with what sun can get down to them through luxuriantly-branched apple and plum trees, and towering shade of walnuts, with trunks eight or ten feet in girth; a little space left to light the fronts of the cottages themselves, whose roof and balconies, the vines seem to think, have been constructed for their pleasure only, and climb, wreath, and swing themselves about accordingly wherever they choose, tossing their young tendrils far up into the blue sky of spring, and festooning the balconies in autumn with Correggian fresco of purple, relieved against the pendent gold of the harvested maize.

The absolute seclusion and independence of this manner of rural life, totally without thought or forethought of any foreign help or parsimonious store, drinking its wine out of the cluster, and saving of the last year's harvest only seed

* Of course, in modern leveled bridges, with any quantity of over-charged masonry, the opening for the stream is not essentially an arch, but a tunnel, and might for that matter be blown through the solid wall, instead of built to bear it.

for the next,—the serene *laissez faire* given to God and nature, with thanks for the good, and submission to the temporary evil of blight or flood, as due to sinful mortality; and the persistence, through better or worse, in their fathers' ways, and use of their fathers' tools, and holding to their fathers' names and fields, faithfully as the trees to their roots, or the rocks to their wild flowers,—all this beside us for our Sunday walk, with the gray, inaccessible walls of the Tower of Arpenaz above, dim in their distant height, and all the morning air twice brighter for the glow of the cloudless glaciers, gave me deeper and more wonderful joy than all the careful beauty and disciplined rightness of the Bernese Oberland, or even the stately streets of my dearest cities of Italy.

219. Here is a little bit of diary, five years later, giving a detail or two of the opposite hillsides above Sallenche.

“St. Martin's, 26th July, 1854. I was up by the mill-stream this evening, and climbed to the right of it, up among the sloping waves of grass. I never was so struck by their intense beauty,—the masses of walnut shading them with their broad, cool, clearly-formed leafage; the glossy gray stems of the cherry trees, as if bound round tight with satin, twining and writhing against the shadows; the tall pollards of oak set here and there in the soft banks, as if to show their smoothness by contrast, yet themselves beautiful, rugged, and covered with deep brown and bright silver moss. Here and there a chestnut—sharp, and soft, and starry *; and always the steep banks, one above another, melting † into terraces of pure velvet, gilded with corn; here and there a black—jet-black—crag of slate breaking into a frown above them, and moldering away down into the gloomy torrent bed, fringed on its opposite edge, a grisly cliff, with delicate birch and pine, rising against the snow light of Mont Blanc. And

* I meant—the leaves themselves, sharp, the clustered nuts, soft, the arrangement of leaves, starry.

† “Melting”—seeming to flow into the levels like lava; not cut sharp down to them.

opposite always the mighty Varens lost in the cloud its ineffable walls of crag."

220. The next following entry is worth keeping, as a sketch of the undisturbed Catholicism among these hills since the days of St. Bernard of Ancey, and Mont Velan.

"Sallenches, Sunday, 10th June (1849). The waitress here, a daughter of the landlord, asked me to-day whether Protestants all said grace before meat, observing me to do so. On this we got into conversation, out of which I have elicited some points worth remembering; to wit, that some of the men only go to confession once a year, and that some of them, to spare their memories, write their sins,—which, however, they cannot deliver on paper to the confessor, but must read them aloud. Louise appeared much horror-struck at the idea which such a procedure admits, of 'losing one's sins;' and of their being found by someone who was not a confessor. She spoke with great pleasure of the Capucins who come sometimes; said they were such delightful confessors, and made 'des morales superbes,' and that they preached so well that everybody listened with all their might, so that you might tap them on the back and they would never turn round. Of the Jesuits she spoke with less affection, saying that in their great general confessions, which took several days, two or three commandments at a time, they would not allow a *single* sin to be committed by the persons coming to them in the meantime, or else they refused them absolution—refusal which takes place sometimes for less cause. They had a poor old servant, who could only speak patois; the priest couldn't understand her, nor she him, so that he could not find out whether she knew her catechism. He refused absolution, and the poor old creature wept and raved about it, and was in a passion with all the world. She was afterwards burnt in the great fire here! I went to mass, to hear how they preached: the people orderly, and church perfectly full. The sermon by a fat stuttering curé, was from the 'Receive not the grace of God in vain,' on the Sacraments. 'Two of these called Sacremiens des Morts,

because they are received by persons in a state of spiritual death; the five others called *Sacramens des Vivants*, because they presume, in those who receive them, a state of spiritual life. The three sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and Orders, can only be received once; because they impress an indelible seal, and make men what they were not; and what, after they are once, they cannot unmake themselves. Baptism makes people children or subjects of God; Confirmation makes them soldiers of God, or soldiers of His Kingdom; and Orders make them magistrates of the Kingdom. If you have received baptism, you are therefore an "enfant de Dieu." What being an 'enfant de Dieu' meant was not very clear; for the ineffaceability of baptism was illustrated by the instance of Julian the Apostate, who did all he could to efface it—'Mais la mort,' said the preacher, growing eloquent, 'le poursuivit jusqu'à'—(he stopped, for he did not know exactly where *to*)—'la tombe; et il est descendu aux enfers, portant cette marque, qui fera éternellement sa honte et sa confusion.' "

221. I wonder at the lightness of these entries, now; but I was too actively, happily, and selfishly busy, to be thoughtful, except only in scholarly way; but I got one of the sharpest warnings of my life only a day after leaving papa and mamma at St. Martin's,—(cruel animal that I was!—to do geology in the Allée Blanche, and at Zermatt). I got a chill by stopping, when I was hot, in the breeze of one of the ice streams, in ascending to the Col de Bon Homme; woke next morning in the *châlet* of Chapiù with acute sore throat; crossed the Col de la Seigne scarcely able to sit my mule, and was put to bed by Couttet in a little room under the tiles at Courmayeur, where he nursed me as he did at Padua; gave me hot herb-tea, and got me on muleback again, and over the Col de Ferret, in a day or two; but there were some hours of those feverish nights which ought to have made my diaries more earnest afterwards. They go off, however, into mere geology and school divinity for a while, of which this bit, written the evening after crossing the Col de Ferret, is

important as evidence of my beginning to recognize what James Forbes had proved of glacier flow:—

“The most magnificent piece of ruin I have yet seen in the Alps is that opposite the embouchure of the lower glacier of the Val de Ferret, near Courmayeur; the pines are small indeed, but they are hurled hither and thither, twisted and mingled in all conditions of form, and all phases of expiring life, with the chaos of massy rocks, which the glacier has gnashed down, or the opposite mountain hurled. And yet, farther on, at the head of the valley, there is another, in its way as wonderful; less picturesque, but wilder still,—the remains of the eboulement of the Glacier de Triolet, caused by the fall of an aiguille near the Petits Jorasses—the most frenzied accumulation of moraines I have ever seen; not dropped one by one into a heap, and pushed forward by the ice plowshare, but evidently borne down by some mingled torrent of ice and rock and flood, with the swiftness of water and the weight of stone, and thrown along the mountain-side like pebbles from a stormy sea;—but the ruins of an Alp instead of the powder of a flint bed. The glacier torrent of Triolet is almost lost among them, but that below, coming just from the base of the Jorasses, is exquisite beyond description in the play of its currents, narrow eddies of white nevé round islands of rock—falling in upon each other in deep and eddying pools; flowing forth again in massy sheets of ice, feeding, not one glacier stream, but cascade above cascade, far into the mountain gulf.”

And so on, of divers matters, through four hundred and fifty pages; not all as good as that, but the core of what I had to learn and teach about gneiss and ice and clouds;—George indefatigably carrying his little daguerreotype box up everywhere, and taking the first image of the Matterhorn, as also of the aiguilles of Chamouni, ever drawn by the sun. A thing to be proud of still, though he is now a justice of peace, somewhere in Australia.

222. The following entries, in June, of which the two last come in the midst of busy and otherwise happy days, are all

with which I permit myself to trouble the reader for this time.

“Chamouni, Sunday, June 17th. Quiet south rain till twelve o'clock. I have been abstracting the book of Revelation, (they say the French are beaten again at Rome, and another revolution in Paris); many signs seem to multiply around us, and yet my unbelief yields no more than when all the horizon was clear. I was especially struck with the general appellation of the system of the world as the 'Mystery of God,' Chap. x. 7, compared with Hebrews xi. 6, which I read this morning in our usual course.* Theme enough for the day's thought.

Halfpast five. Pouring still, but I got out before dinner during a fine blink, which lasted just long enough to let me, by almost running, and leaping all the streams, reach the end of the pine wood next the source of the Arveron. There I had to turn to the left to the wooden bridge, when behold a sight new to me; an avalanche had evidently taken place from the (upper) glacier into the very bed of the great cataract, and the stream was as nearly choked as could be with balls and ellipsoids of ice, from the size of its common stones to that of a portmanteau, which were rolling down with it wildly, generally swinging out and in of the water as it waved; but when they came to the shallow parts, tumbled and tossed over one another, and then plunging back into the deep water like so many stranded porpoises, spinning as they went down, and showing their dark backs with wilder swings after their plunge,—white, as they emerged, black, owing to their clearness as seen in the water;

* Read the 5th, 6th, and 7th verses in succession:—“AND THE ANGEL WHICH I SAW STAND UPON THE SEA AND UPON THE EARTH LIFTED UP HIS HAND TO HEAVEN, AND SWARE BY HIM THAT LIVETH FOR EVER AND EVER, WHO CREATED HEAVEN, AND THE THINGS THAT THEREIN ARE, AND THE EARTH, AND THE THINGS THAT THEREIN ARE, AND THE SEA, AND THE THINGS WHICH ARE THEREIN, THAT THERE SHOULD BE TIME NO LONGER: BUT IN THE DAYS OF THE VOICE OF THE SEVENTH ANGEL, WHEN HE SHALL BEGIN TO SOUND, THE MYSTERY OF GOD SHOULD BE FINISHED, AS HE HATH DECLARED TO HIS SERVANTS THE PROPHETS.”

the stream itself of a pale clay-color, opaque, larger by one half than ever I saw it, and running, as I suppose, not less than ten miles an hour; the whole mass, water and ice, looking like some thick paste full of plums, or ill-made pineapple ice, with quantities of fruit in it, and the whole looking like a solid body; for the nodules of ice hardly changed their relative position during the quarter of a minute they were severally in sight, going down in a mass, thundering and rumbling against the piles of the bridge. It made me giddy to look at it; and the more, because, on raising the eye, there was always the great cataract itself startling one, as if it had just begun and seeming to increase every instant, bounding and hurling itself hither and thither, as if it was striving to dash itself to pieces, not falling because it could not help it; and behind there was a fearful storm coming up by the Breven, its grisly clouds warping up, as it seemed, against the river and cataract, with pillars of hail behind. I stayed till it began, and then crept back through the wood, running from one tree to another—there is really now a bit of blue sky over the Pavillon.*

223. June 18th. Evening, nine o'clock. I must not write much, it is past bedtime; went to source of Arveron with my father and mother and Miss Dowie; † never saw it so lovely; drew afterwards near the source, piny sketch, well begun. After tea walked up nearly to my beloved old place on the Breven, and saw a solemn sunset, yet not very bright; the granulated rosy crags of La Côte especially. Thank God for permitting me to sit on that slope once more thus strong in health and limb.

Chamouni, day 13th, Monday, June 25th. Up rather late this morning, and lost time before breakfast over camera-lucida; drove to Argentière with my mother, who enjoyed her drive exceedingly; back at one o'clock to my usual place (Les Tines, till four); out after dinner, rambling about Breven with sketchbook in search of a view of Aiguille du

* The green mountain at the base of the Aiguille du Gouté.

† Sybilla. See "Fors," Letter 90th, "Lost Jewels."

Plan; didn't find one, but found some wild strawberries, which were a consolation. The day has been fine, with scattered clouds; in the evening a most curious case of floating cap cloud, *hooding* the Mont Blanc summit without touching it, like gossamer blown upwards from a field; an awning of slender threads waving like weeds in the blue sky, (as weeds in a brook current, I meant), "and drawn out like floss silk as fine as snow. This cloud, that does not *touch* the snow, but hovers over it at a certain height following the convexity of the mountain, has always seemed most unaccountable to me.

224. Chamouni, day 14th, Tuesday, June 26th. Heavy, rounded, somewhat dirty clouds on the Pavillon (halfpast six); but summit bright and clear, and all very promising.

Get following books if possible—'Mémoires de la Société de Physique et d'Histoire Naturelle de Genève' (t. iv., p. 209), on the valley of Val Orsine, by M. Necker; 'Actes de la Société Helvétique des Sc. Nat.,' 1837, p. 28, 1839, p. 47, on Nagelflue pebbles.

Evening. After one of the most heavenly walks I ever took in Chamouni among the woods of the Pèlerins, I come in to hear of my poor cousin Mary's death. How well I recollect sitting with her on the slopes of the Breven, and reasoning about the height of La Côte: she knows it now, better than I, and thinks it less.

Chamouni, day 15th, Wednesday, June 27th. One of the heavenly Alpine mornings, all alight: I have been trying to get some of the effect of sunrise on the Montanvert, and aerial quality of aiguilles,—in vain. Slanting rays now touch the turf by the châlet of Blaitière, as perhaps they touch poor Mary's grave."

CHAPTER XII.

OTTERBURN.

225. IN blaming myself, as often I have done, and may have occasion to do again, for my want of affection to other people, I must also express continually, as I think back about it, more and more wonder that ever anybody had any affection for *me*. I thought they might as well have got fond of a camera-lucida, or an ivory foot-rule: all my faculty was merely in showing that such and such things were so; I was no orator, no actor, no painter but in a minute and generally invisible manner; and I couldn't bear being interrupted in anything I was about.

Nevertheless, some sensible grown up people *did* get to like me!—the best of them with a protective feeling that I wanted guidance no less than sympathy; and the higher religious souls, hoping to lead me to the golden gates.

226. I have no memory, and no notion, when I first *saw* Pauline, Lady Trevelyan; but she became at once a mistress-friend in whom I wholly trusted,—(not that I ever took her advice!)—and the happiness of her own life was certainly increased by my books and me. Sir Walter, being a thorough botanist, and interested in pure science generally, did not hunt, but was benevolently useful, as a landlord should be, in his county. I had no interests in county business at that time; but used to have happy agricultural or floral chats with Sir Walter, and entirely admired his unambitious, yet dignified stability of rural, and celestial, life, there amidst the Northumbrian winds.

Wallington is in the old Percy country, the broad descent of main valley leading down by Otterburn from the Cheviots. An ugly house enough it was; square set, and somewhat bare

walled, looking down a slope of rough wide field to a burn, the Wansbeck, neither bright nor rapid, but with a ledge or two of sandstone to drip over, or lean against in pools; bits of crag in the distance, worth driving to, for sight of the sweeps of moor round them, and breaths of breeze from Carter Fell.

There were no children of its own in Wallington, but Lady Trevelyan's little niece, Constance Hilliard, nine years old when I first saw her there, glittered about the place in an extremely quaint and witty way; and took to me a little, like her aunt. Afterwards her mother and she, in their little rectory home at Cowley (near Hillingdon), became important among my feminine friendships, and gave me, of such petting and teasing as women are good for, sometimes more than enough.

- 227. But the dearness of Wallington was founded, as years went on, more deeply in its having made known to me the best and truest friend of all my life; *best* for me, because he was of my father's race, and native town; *truest*, because he knew always how to help us both, and never made any mistakes in doing so—Dr. John Brown. He was staying at Wallington when I stopped there on my way to give my Edinburgh lectures; and we walked together, with little Connie, on the moors: it dawned on me, so, gradually, what manner of man he was.

This, the reader capable of learning at all—(there are few now who can understand a good Scotchman of the old classic breed)—had better learn, straightway, from the record he gave of his own father's life,* of which I must give here this one passage of his childhood. His father was a young pastor, crowned in perfectness of faithful service, together with his "modest, calm, thrifty, reasonable, happy-hearted" wife, his student-love; this their son, five years old,—just at the age when I look back to the creation of the world, for *me*, in Friar's Crag, of Derwentwater; *my* mother, thrifty and reasonable also, meantime taking care that not more than

* Letter to Rev. John Cairns. Edmonston & Douglas, 1861.

two plums should be in my pie for dinner; my father, also thrifty and reasonable, triumphing in his travel at Whitehaven, a "wanderer," like the peddler in the "Excursion," selling sherry instead of bobbins;—all of us as happy as cicadas (and a little more). Now hear Dr. John Brown:—

228. "On the morning of the 28th May, 1816, my eldest sister Janet, and I were sleeping in the kitchen-bed with Tibbie Meek, our only servant. We were all three awakened by a cry of pain—sharp, insufferable, as if one were stung. Years after we two confided to each other, sitting by the burnside, that we thought that 'great cry' which arose at midnight in Egypt must have been like it. We all knew whose voice it was, and, in our night-clothes, we ran into the passage, and into the little parlor to the left hand, in which was a closet-bed. We found my father standing before us, erect, his hands clenched in his black hair, his eyes full of misery and amazement, his face white as that of the dead. He frightened us. He saw this, or else his intense will had mastered his agony, for, taking his hands from his head, he said, slowly and gently, 'Let us give thanks,' and turned to a little sofa * in the room; there lay our mother, dead. She had long been ailing. I remember her sitting in a shawl,—an Indian one with little dark-green spots on a light ground,—and watching her growing pale with what I afterwards knew must have been strong pain. She had, being feverish, slipped out of bed, and 'grandmother,' her mother, seeing her 'change come,' had called my father, and they two saw her open her blue, kind, and true eyes, 'comfortable' to us all 'as the day'—I remember them better than those of anyone I saw yesterday—and, with one faint look of recognition to him, close them till the time of the restitution of all things."

He had a precious sister left to him; but his life, as the noblest Scottish lives are always, was thenceforward generously sad,—and endlessly pitiful.

* "This sofa, which was henceforward sacred in the house, he had always beside him. He used to tell us he set her down upon it when he brought her home to the manse."

229. No one has yet separated, in analyzing the mind of Scott, the pity from the pride; no one, in the mind of Carlyle, the pity from the anger.

Lest I should not be spared to write another "Præterita," I will give, in this place, a few words of Carlyle's, which throw more lovely light on his character than any he has written,—as, indeed, his instantly vivid words always did; and it is a bitter blame and shame to me that I have not recorded those spoken to myself, often with trust and affection, always with kindness. But I find this piece, nearly word for word, in my diary of 25th October, 1874. He had been quoting the last words of Goethe, "Open the window, let us have more light" (this about an hour before painless death, his eyes failing him).

I referred to the "It grows dark, boys, you may go," of the great master of the High School of Edinburgh.* On which Carlyle instantly opened into beautiful account of Adam's early life, his intense zeal and industry as a poor boy in a Highland cottage, lying flat on the hearth to learn his Latin grammar by the light of a peat fire. Carlyle's own memory is only of Adam's funeral, when he, Carlyle, was a boy of fourteen, making one of a crowd waiting near the gate of the High School, of which part of the old black building of the time of James I. was still standing—its motto, "Nisi Dominus, frustra," everywhere. A half-holiday had been given, that the boys might see the coffin carried by,—only about five-and-twenty people in all, Carlyle thought—"big-bellied persons, sympathetic bailies, relieving each other in carrying the pall." The boys collected in a group, as it passed within the railings, uttered a low "Ah me! Ah dear!" or the like, half sigh or wail—"and he is gone from us then!"

"The sound of the boys' wail is in my ears yet," said Carlyle.

230. His own first teacher in Latin, an old clergyman.

* It was *his* Latin grammar, the best ever composed, which my Camberwell tutor threw aside, as above told, for a "Scotch thing."

He had indeed been sent first to a schoolmaster in his own village, "the joyfulest little mortal, he believed, on earth," learning his declensions out of an eighteen-penny book! giving his whole might and heart to understand. And the master could teach him nothing, merely involved him day by day in misery of non-understanding, the boy getting crushed and sick, till (his mother?) saw it, and then he was sent to this clergyman, "a perfect sage, on the humblest scale." Seventy pounds a year, his income at first entering into life; never more than a hundred. Six daughters and two sons; the eldest sister, Margaret, "a little bit lassie,"—then in a lower voice, "the flower of all the flock to me." Returning from her little visitations to the poor, dressed in her sober prettiest, "the most amiable of possible objects." Not beautiful in any notable way afterwards, but "comely in the highest degree." With dutiful sweetness, "the right hand of her father." Lived to be seven-and-twenty. "The last time that I wept aloud in the world, I think was at her death."

Riding down from Craigenputtock to Dumfries,—“a monstrous precipice of rocks on one hand of you, a merry brook on the other side. . . . In the night just before sunrise.”

He was riding down, he and his brother, to fetch away her body,—they having just heard of her death.

A surveyor (?), or some scientific and evidently superior kind of person, had been doing work which involved staying near, or in, her father's house, and they got engaged, and then he broke it off. "They said that was the beginning of it." The death had been so sudden, and so unexpected, that Mary's mother, then a girl of twelve or thirteen, rushed out of the house and up to the cart,* shrieking, rather than crying, "Where's Peggy?"

I could not make out, quite, how the two parts of the family were separated, so that his sister expected them to

* "Rushed at the cart," his words. Ending with his deep "Heigh dear," sigh. "Sunt lachrymæ rerum."

bring her back living, (or even well?). Carlyle was so much affected, and spoke so low, that I could not venture to press him on detail.

This master of his then, the father of Margaret, was entirely kind and wise in teaching him—a Scotch gentleman of old race and feeling, an Andrea Ferrara and some silver-mounted canes hanging in his study, last remnants of the old times.

231. We fell away upon Mill's essay on the substitution of patriotism for religion.

“Actually the most paltry rag of”—a chain of vituperative contempt too fast to note—“it has fallen to my lot to come in with. Among my acquaintance I have not seen a person talking of a thing he so little understood.” The point of his indignation was Mill's supposing that, if God did not make everybody “happy,” it was because He had no sufficient power, “was not enough supplied with the article.” Nothing makes Carlyle more contemptuous than this coveting of “happiness.”

Perhaps we had better hear what Polissena and the nun of Florence (“Christ's Folk,” IV.) have to say about happiness, of *their* sort; and consider what every strong heart feels in the doing of any noble thing, and every good craftsman in making any beautiful one, before we despise any innocent person who looks for happiness in this world, as well as hereafter. But assuredly the strength of Scottish character has always been perfected by suffering; and the types of it given by Scott in Flora MacIvor, Edith Bellenden, Mary of Avenel, and Jeanie Deans,—to name only those which the reader will remember without effort,—are chiefly notable in the way they bear sorrow; as the whole tone of Scottish temper, ballad poetry, and music, which no other school has ever been able to imitate, has arisen out of the sad associations which, one by one, have gathered round every loveliest scene in the border land. Nor is there anything among other beautiful nations to approach the dignity of a true Scotswoman's face, in the tried perfectness of her old age.

232. I have seen them beautiful in the same way earlier, when they had passed through trial; my own Joanie's face owes the calm of its radiance to days of no ordinary sorrow—even before she came, when my father had been laid to his rest under Croydon hills, to keep her faithful watch by my mother's side, while I was seeking selfish happiness far away in work which to-day has come to naught. What I have myself since owed to her,—life certainly, and more than life, for many and many a year,—was meant to have been told long since, had I been able to finish this book in the time I designed it. What Dr. John Brown became to me, is partly shown in the continual references to his sympathy in the letters of "Hortus Inclusus"; but nothing could tell the loss to me in his death, nor the grief to how many greater souls than mine, that had been possessed in patience through his love.

I must give one piece more of his own letter, with the following fragment, written in the earlier part of this year, and meant to have been carried on into some detail of the impressions received in my father's native Edinburgh, and on the northern coast, from Queen's Ferry round by Prestons to Dunbar and Berwick.

Dr. Brown goes on:—"A year ago, I found an elderly countrywoman, a widow, waiting for me. Rising up, she said, 'D' ye mind me?' I looked at her, but could get nothing from her face; but the voice remained in my ear, as if coming from the 'fields of sleep,' and I said by a sort of instinct, 'Tibbie Meek!' I had not seen her or heard her voice for more than forty years."

233. The reader will please note the pure Scotch phrase "D' ye mind me?" and compare Meg Merrilies' use of it. "At length she guided them through the mazes of the wood to a little open glade of about a quarter of an acre, surrounded by trees and bushes, which made a wild and irregular * boundary. Even in winter, it was a sheltered and

* It might have been "irregular," in ground just cut up for building leases, in South Lambeth; wild, yet as regular as a dis-

snugly sequestered spot; but when arrayed in the verdure of spring, the earth sending forth all its wild flowers; the shrubs spreading their waste of blossom around it, and the weeping birches, which towered over the underwood, drooping their long and leafy fibers to intercept the sun, it must have seemed a place for a youthful poet to study his earliest sonnet, or a pair of lovers to exchange their first mutual avowal of affection. Apparently it now awakened very different recollections. Bertram's brow, when he had looked round the spot, became gloomy and embarrassed. Meg, after muttering to herself, 'This is the very spot,' looked at him with a ghastly side glance,—'D'ye mind it?'

"'Yes,' answered Bertram, 'imperfectly I do.'

"'Ay,' pursued his guide, 'on this very spot the man fell from his horse—I was behind that bourtree*-bush at the very moment. Now will I show you the further track—the last time ye traveled it, was in these arms.'"

That was twenty years before, for Bertram's nurse; (compare Waverley's and Morton's;) Dr. Brown's Tibbie; my own father's Mause; my Anne; all women of the same stamp; my Saxon mother not altogether comprehending them; but when Dr. John Brown first saw my account of my mother and Anne in "Fors," he understood both of them, and wrote back to me of "those two blessed women," as he would have spoken of their angels, had he then been beside them, looking on another Face.

234. But my reason for quoting this piece of "Guy Mannering" here is to explain to the reader who cares to know it, the difference between the Scotch "mind" for "remember," and any other phrase of any other tongue, applied to the act of memory.

In order that you may, in the Scottish sense, "mind" anything, first there must be something to "mind"—and a disciplined army, had it been the pines of Uri. It was a "waste of blossom," a shade of weeping birches.

*Elder, in modern Scotch; but in the Douglas glossary, *Bowerbush*.

then, the "mind" to mind it. In a thousand miles of iron railway, or railway train, there is nothing in one rod or bar to distinguish it from another. You can't "mind" which sleeper is which. Nor, on the other hand, if you drive from Chillon to Vevey, asleep, can you "mind" the characteristics of the lake of Geneva. Meg could not have expected Bertram to "mind" at what corner of a street in Manchester—or in what ditch of the Isle of Dogs—anything had past directly bearing on his own fate. She expected him to "mind" only a beautiful scene, of perfect individual character, and she would not have expected him to "mind" even that, had she not known he had persevering sense and memorial powers of very high order.

Now it is the peculiar character of Scottish as distinct from all other scenery on a small scale in north Europe, to have these distinctively "mindable" features. One range of coteau by a French river is exactly like another; one turn of glen in the Black Forest is only the last turn re-turned; one sweep of Jura pasture and crag, the mere echo of the fields and crags of ten miles away. But in the whole course of Tweed, Teviot, Gala, Tay, Forth, and Clyde, there is perhaps scarcely a bend of ravine, or nook of valley, which would not be recognizable by its inhabitants from every other. And there is no other country in which the roots of memory are so entwined with the beauty of nature, instead of the pride of men; no other in which the song of "Auld lang syne" could have been written,—or Lady Nairn's ballad of "The Auld House."

235. I did not in last "Præterita" enough explain the reason for my seeking homes on the crests of Alps, in my own special study of cloud and sky; but I have only known too late, within this last month, the absolutely literal truth of Turner's saying that the most beautiful skies in the world known to him were those of the Isle of Thanet.

In a former number of "Præterita" I have told how my mother kept me quiet in a boy's illness by telling me to think

of Dash, and Dover; and among the early drawings left for gift to Joanie are all those made—the first ever made from nature—at Seven-oaks, Tunbridge, Canterbury, and Dover. One of the poorest-nothings of these, a mere scrawl in pen and ink, of cumulus cloud crossed by delicate horizontal bars on the horizon, is the first attempt I ever made to draw a sky,—fifty-five years ago. That same sky I saw again over the same sea horizon at sunset only five weeks ago. And three or four days of sunshine following, I saw, to my amazement, that the skies of Turner were still bright above the foulness of smoke-cloud or the flight of plague-cloud; and that the forms which, in the pure air of Kent and Picardy, the upper cirri were capable of assuming, undisturbed by tornado, unmingled with volcanic exhalation, and lifted out of the white crests of ever-renewed tidal waves, were infinite, lovely and marvelous beyond any that I had ever seen from moor or alp; while yet on the horizon, if left for as much as an hour undefiled by fuel of fire, there was the azure air I had known of old, alike in the lowland distance and on the Highland hills. What might the coasts of France and England have been now, if from the days of Bertha in Canterbury, and of Godefroy in Boulogne, the Christian faith had been held by both nations in peace, in this pure air of heaven? What might the hills of Cheviot and the vale of Tweed have been now, if from the days of Cuthbert in Holy Isle, and of Edwin in Edinburgh, the Crosses of St. George and St. Andrew had been borne by brethren; and the fiery Percy and true Douglas laid down their lives only for their people?

FOLKESTONE, 11th October, 1887.

PRÆTERITA.

OUTLINES OF SCENES AND THOUGHTS
PERHAPS WORTHY OF MEMORY
IN MY PAST LIFE.

VOL. III.

PRATIENNA.

OPINIONS OF EXPERTS ON THE
REMARKS MADE BY THE
IN THE YEAR 1802.

VOL. III.

NOTE.

This Volume of "Præterita" consists of the Four Chapters published by Mr. Ruskin in 1888-9, together with the two of "Dilecta" published by him in 1886-7. A further part of "Dilecta," hitherto unpublished, but set up in type, and revised by Mr. Ruskin, is now added.

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

1850-60.

PAGE

- Author's poem "Mont Blanc Revisited" (1845)—His then religious temper—Influence of hills on him and generally—The Grande Chartreuse, its foundation—"We do not come here to look at the mountains"—Miss Edgeworth's Sister Frances—Convent of St. Michael at Le Puy—Catholicism of Chamouni—Wordsworth quoted—Florentine monks—Results on author's Puritanism—Monastic beliefs—Hugo of Lincoln—Turner and the Grande Chartreuse—Author's life, 1850-60—The Working Men's College—D. G. Rossetti and F. D. Maurice—Bible lesson by the latter—Religious infidelity—Pupils at the College—Mr. George Allen—Belgravian Puritanism—Mr. Molyneux—The Prodigal Son—Scotch Puritanism—Author's first missal—His character—Catholic liturgy—Sabbatarianism—1858. Sunday at Rheinfelden—Author's first Sunday drawings—Bellinzona—Autumn at Turin—Final rejection of Puritanism . 1-21

CHAPTER II.

MONT VELAN.

1854-56.

- Author leaves Turin—Prout's death—Author's dog "Wisie"—Macaulay—Bishop Wilberforce—Mr. Cowper Temple—Lord Palmerston—D'Israeli at the Deanery, Christ Church—The Swiss Alps—Mont Velan—Charlemagne and Swiss History—Lac de Chède—Lake of Zurich; its purity—Bertha of Burgundy—Count Berthold—Foundation of Fribourg, Berne, and Thun—Canton and commune—Author at Mornex—Dr. Gosse—Vevey—First meeting with C. E. Norton 22-42

CHAPTER III.

L'ESTERELLE.

1856-58.

PAGE

- C. E. Norton—His influence on author—What he might have been—Letter from him, 1887—1858. Author's first acquaintance with Rosie, Wisie, and their mother—His work with them—Their nicknames for him—"St. C."—"Archegosaurus"—A letter from Rosie 43-55

CHAPTER IV.

JOANNA'S CARE.

1864.

- Death of author's father—Joan Ruskin Agnew (Mrs. Arthur Severn)—Her family—Comes to Denmark Hill—Her account of author's mother—Of Carlyle at Denmark Hill—Anecdotes of him—Her character and powers—Useful to author in her knowledge of Scott and the Scotch—Scotch character—Influence of Scotch scenery on Scott and Carlyle—Scott's novels and poems—His historical knowledge—Author at Kenmure, 1876—Wandering Willie—Scott on music—War songs—The voice, *the* instrument—"Farewell Manchester"—Scott on Richmond Hill—Joanna's dancing—Right dancing—Byron quoted—Denmark Hill with Joanie and Rosie—The toy waterfall—Recollections 56-81

DILECTA.

- PREFACE—ITS AIM 85

CHAPTER I.

- R. Leslie's recollections of Turner at Petworth Park—Turner as a fisherman—On varnishing days at the R. A.—His knowledge of ships—The Queen Anne Street—Turner in Lord Cottenham's wig—The Old Téméraire—The plague-wind—Is the sun going out? 87-100

CHAPTER II.

- The Old or Fighting Téméraire—Pigs and goats on board ship—Derivation of "deck" and "dickey"—Life on board

	PAGE
the <i>Victory</i> with Lord Nelson— <i>Steam v. animal power</i> — Turner's letters to W. E. Cooke—Diary of author's father on Switzerland in 1833—Basle and Berne	101-115

CHAPTER III.

Author's treatment of Puritanism not careless—His hereditary connection with the Scottish covenanters—His great- grandfather, the Rev. W. Tweddale of Glenluce—Pedigree of the family—Documents respecting Turner—Agreement (1819) for drawings of the Rhine—Delineation of his char- acter from a cast of his head taken after death—Descrip- tion of him from life (1843) by Mrs. John Simon—A rail- way journey with Turner—His "seeing" eyes—The origin of his "Rain, Steam, and Speed"	116-129
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THE

OF

IN

CHAPTER II

SECTION I

SECTION II

PRÆTERITA.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

MONT BLANC REVISITED.

(Written at Nyon in 1845.)

O Mount beloved, mine eyes again
Behold the twilight's sanguine stain
Along thy peaks expire.

O Mount beloved, thy frontier waste
I seek with a religious haste
And reverent desire.

They meet me, 'midst thy shadows cold,—
Such thoughts as holy men of old
Amid the desert found;—
Such gladness, as in Him they felt
Who with them through the darkness dwelt,
And compassed all around.

Ah, happy, if His will were so,
To give me manna here for snow,
And by the torrent side
To lead me as He leads His flocks
Of wild deer through the lonely rocks
In peace, unterrified;

Since, from the things that trustful rest,
The partridge on her purple nest,
The marmot in his den,
God wins a worship more resigned,
A purer praise than He can find
Upon the lips of men.

Alas for man! who hath no sense
 Of gratefulness nor confidence,
 But still regrets and raves,
 Till all God's love can scarcely win
 One soul from taking pride in sin,
 And pleasure over graves.

Yet teach me, God, a milder thought,
 Lest I, of all Thy blood has bought,
 Least honorable be;
 And this, that leads me to condemn,
 Be rather want of love for them
 Than jealousy for Thee.

1. THESE verses, above noticed (vol. ii. § 109), with one following sonnet, as the last rhymes I attempted in any seriousness, were nevertheless themselves extremely earnest, and express, with more boldness and simplicity than I feel able to use now with my readers, the real temper in which I began the best work of my life. My mother at once found fault with the words "sanguine stain," as painful, and untrue of the rose-color on snow at sunset; but they had their meaning to myself,—the too common Evangelical phrase, "washed in the blood of Christ," being, it seemed to me, if true at all, true of the earth and her purest snow, as well as of her purest creatures; and the claim of being able to find among the rock-shadows thoughts such as hermits of old found in the desert, whether it seem immodest or not, was wholly true. Whatever might be my common faults or weaknesses, they were rebuked among the hills; and the only days I can look back to as, according to the powers given me, rightly or wisely in entirety spent, have been in sight of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, or the Jungfrau.

When I was most strongly under this influence, I tried to trace,—and I think have traced rightly, so far as I was then able,—in the last chapter of "Modern Painters," the power of mountains in solemnizing the thoughts and purifying the hearts of the greatest nations of antiquity, and the greatest teachers of Christian faith. But I did not then dwell on

what I had only felt, but not ascertained,—the destruction of all sensibility of this high order in the populations of modern Europe, first by the fine luxury of the fifteenth century, and then by the coarse lusts of the eighteenth and early nineteenth: destruction so total that religious men themselves became incapable of education by any natural beauty or nobleness; and though still useful to others by their ministrations and charities, in the corruption of cities, were themselves lost,—or even degraded, if they ever went up into the mountain to preach, or into the wilderness to pray.

2. There is no word, in the fragment of diary recording, in last "Præterita," * our brief visit to the Grande Chartreuse, of anything we saw or heard there that made impression upon any of us. Yet a word was said, of significance enough to alter the courses of religious thought in me, afterwards for ever.

I had been totally disappointed with the Monastery itself, with the pass of approach to it, with the mountains round it, and with the monk who showed us through it. The building was meanly designed and confusedly grouped; the road up to it nothing like so terrific as most roads in the Alps up to anywhere; the mountains round were simplest commonplace of Savoy cliff, with no peaks, no glaciers, no cascades, nor even any slopes of pine in extent of majesty. And the monk who showed us through the corridors had no cowl worth the wearing, no beard worth the wagging, no expression but of superciliousness without sagacity, and an ungraciously dull manner; showing that he was much tired of the place, more of himself, and altogether of my father and me.

Having followed him for a time about the passages of the scattered building, in which there was nothing to show,—not a picture, not a statue, not a bit of old glass, or well-wrought vestment or jewelry; nor any architectural feature in the least ingenious or lovely, we came to a pause at last in what I suppose was a type of a modern Carthusian's cell; wherein, leaning on the window sill, I said something in the

* This should be "last but one." See vol. ii. § 209.—Ed.

style of "Modern Painters," about the effect of the scene outside upon religious minds. Whereupon, with a curl of his lip, "We do not come here," said the monk, "to look at the mountains." Under which rebuke I bent my head silently, thinking however all the same, "What then, by all that's stupid, do you come here for at all?"

3. Which, from that hour to this, I have not conceived; nor, after giving my best attention to the last elaborate account of Carthusian faith, "La Grande Chartreuse, par un Chartreux, Grenoble, 5, Rue Brocherie, 1884," am I the least wiser. I am informed by that author that his fraternity are *Eremitæ* beyond all other manner of men,—that they delight in solitude, and in that amiable disposition pass lives of an angelic tenor, meditating on the charms of the next world, and the vanities of this one.

I sympathize with them in their love of quiet—to the uttermost; but do not hold that liking to be the least pious or amiable in myself, nor understand why it seems so to them; or why their founder, St. Bruno,—a man of the brightest faculties in teaching, and exhorting, and directing; also, by favor of fortune, made a teacher and governor in the exact center of European thought and order, the royal city of Rheims,—should think it right to leave all that charge, throw down his rod of rule, his crozier of protection, and come away to enjoy meditation on the next world by himself.

And why meditation among the Alps? He and his disciples might as easily have avoided the rest of mankind by shutting themselves into a penitentiary on a plain, or in whatever kind country they chanced to be born in, without danger to themselves of being buried by avalanches, or trouble to their venerating visitors in coming so far uphill.

Least of all I understand how they could pass their days of meditation without getting interested in plants and stones, whether they would or no; nor how they could go on writing books in scarlet and gold,—(for they were great scribes, and had a beautiful library,)—persisting for centuries in the same patterns, and never trying to draw a bird or a leaf



THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.
From the painting by Ruskin.

rightly—until the days when books were illuminated no more for religion, but for luxury, and the amusement of sickly fancy.

4. Without endeavoring to explain any of these matters, I will try to set down in this chapter, merely what I have found monks or nuns like, when by chance I was thrown into their company, and of what use they have been to me.

And first let me thank my dear Miss Edgeworth for the ideal character of Sister Frances, in her story of *Madame de Fleury*, which, read over and over again through all my childhood, fixed in me the knowledge of what a good sister of charity can be, and for the most part is, in France; and, of late, I suppose in Germany and England.

But the first impression from life of the secluded Sisterhoods * was given me at the Convent of St. Michael, on the summit of the isolated peak of lava at Le Puy, in Auvergne, in 1840. The hostess-sister who showed my father and me what it was permitted to see of chapel or interior buildings, was a cheerful, simple creature, pleased with us at once for our courtesy to her, and admiration of her mountain home, and belief in her sacred life. Protestant visitors being then rare in Auvergne, and still more, reverent and gentle ones, she gave her pretty curiosity free sway; and inquired earnestly of us, what sort of creatures we were,—how far we believed in God, or tried to be good, or hoped to go to heaven? And our responses under this catechism being in their sum more pleasing to her than she had expected, and manifesting, to her extreme joy and wonder, a Christian spirit, so far as she could judge, in harmony with all she had been herself taught, she proceeded to cross-examine us on closer points of Divinity, to find out, if she could, why we were, or unnecessarily called ourselves, anything else than

* Of the Brotherhoods, of course the first I knew were those of St. Bernard; but these were not secluded for their own spiritual welfare, any more than our coastguardsmen by the Goodwin sands; and are to be spoken of elsewhere, and in quite other relations to the modern world.

Catholic? The one flaw in our faith which at last her charity fastened on, was that we were not *sure* of our salvation in Christ, but only hoped to get into heaven,—and were not at all, by that dim hope, relieved from terror of death, when at any time it should come. Whereupon she launched involuntarily into an eager and beautiful little sermon, to every word of which her own perfectly happy and innocent face gave vivid power, and assurance of sincerity,—how “we needed to be *sure* of our safety in Christ, and that every one might be so who came to Him and prayed to Him; and that all good Catholics were as sure of heaven as if they were already there;” and so dismissed us at the gate with true pity, and beseeching that we would prove the goodness of God, and be in peace. Which exhortation of hers I have never forgotten; only it has always seemed to me that there was no entering into that rest of hers but by living on the top of some St. Michael’s rock too, which it did not seem to me I was meant to do, by any means.

But in here recording the impression made on my father and me, I must refer to what I said above of our common feeling of being, both of us, as compared with my mother, reprobate and worldly characters, despising our birthright like Esau, or cast out, for our mocking ways, like Ishmael. For my father never ventured to give me a religious lesson; and though he went to church with a resigned countenance, I knew very well that he liked *going* just as little as I did.

5. The second and fourth summers after that, 1842 and 1844, were spent happily and quietly in the Prieuré* of Chamouni, and there of course we all of us became acquainted with the curé, and saw the entire manner of life in a purely Catholic village and valley,—recognizing it, I hope, all of us, in our hearts, to be quite as Christian as anything we knew of, and much pleasanter and prettier than the Sunday services, in England, which exhaust the little faith we have left.

* Not in the Priory itself, but the Hôtel de l’Union. The whole village is called “The Priory.”

Wordsworth, in his continental notices of peasant Catholicism, recognizes, also at Chamouni, very gracefully this external prettiness—

“They too, who send so far a holy gleam,
 As they the Church engird with motion slow,
 A product of that awful mountain seem
 Poured from its vaults of everlasting snow.
 Not virgin lilies marshaled in bright row,
 Not swans descending with the stealthy tide,
 A livelier sisterly resemblance show
 Than the fair forms that in long order glide
 Bear to the glacier band, those shapes aloft descried.”

But on me, the deeper impression was of a continuous and serene hold of their happy faith on the life alike of Sunday and Monday, and through every hour and circumstance of youth and age; which yet abides in all the mountain Catholic districts of Savoy, the Waldstetten, and the Tyrol, to their perpetual honor and peace; and this without controversy, or malice towards the holders of other beliefs.

6. Next, in 1845, I saw in Florence, as above told, the interior economy of the monasteries at Santa Maria Novella, —in the Franciscan cloisters of Fésolo, and in Fra Angelico's, both at San Domenico and San Marco. Which, in whatever they retained of their old thoughts and ways, were wholly beautiful; and the monks with whom I had any casual intercourse, always kind, innocently eager in sympathy with my own work, and totally above men of the “world” in general understanding, courtesy, and moral sense.

Men of the *outer* world, I mean, of course,—official and commercial. Afterwards at Venice I had a very dear and not at all monastic, friend, Rawdon Brown; but *his* society were the Venetians of the fifteenth century. The Counts Minischälchi at Verona, and Borromeo at Milan, would have been endlessly kind and helpful to me; but I never could learn Italian enough to speak to them. Whereas, with my monkish friends, at the Armenian isle of Venice, and in any

churches or cloisters through North Italy, where I wanted a niche to be quiet in, and chiefly at last in Assisi, I got on with any broken French or Italian I could stutter, without minding; and was always happy.

7. But the more I loved or envied the monks, and the more I despised the modern commercial and fashionable barbaric tribes, the more acutely also I felt that the Catholic political hierarchies, and isolated remnants of celestial enthusiasm, were hopelessly at fault in their dealing with these adversaries; having also elements of corruption in themselves, which justly brought on them the fierce hostility of men like Garibaldi in Italy, and of the honest and open-hearted liberal leaders in other countries. Thus, irrespectively of all immediate contest or progress, I saw in the steady course of the historical reading by which I prepared myself to write "The Stones of Venice," that, alike in the world and the Church, the hearts of men were led astray by the same dreams and desires; and whether in seeking for Divine perfection, or earthly pleasure, were alike disobeying the laws of God when they withdrew from their direct and familiar duties, and ceased, whether in ascetic or self-indulgent lives, to honor and love their neighbor as themselves.

While these convictions prevented me from being ever led into acceptance of Catholic teaching by my reverence for the Catholic art of the great ages,—and the less, because the Catholic art of these small ages can say but little for itself,—I grew also daily more sure that the peace of God rested on all the dutiful and kindly hearts of the laborious poor; and that the only constant form of pure religion was in useful work, faithful love, and stintless charity.

8. In which pure religion neither St. Bruno himself nor any of his true disciples failed: and I perceive it finally notable of them; that, poor by resolute choice of a life of hardship, without any sentimental or fallacious glorifying of "Holy poverty" as if God had never promised full garners for a blessing; and always choosing men of high intellectual power for the heads of their community, they have had more

directly wholesome influence on the outer world than any other order of monks so narrow in number, and restricted in habitation. For while the Franciscan and Cistercian monks became everywhere a constant element in European society, the Carthusians, in their active sincerity, remained, in groups of not more than from twelve to twenty monks in any single monastery, the tenants of a few wild valleys of the north-western Alps; the subsequent overflowing of their brotherhood into the Certosas of the Lombard plains being mere waste and wreck of them; and the great Certosa of Pavia one of the worst shames of Italy, associated with the accursed reign of Galeazzo Visconti. But in their strength, from the foundation of the order, at the close of the eleventh century, to the beginning of the fourteenth, they reared in their mountain fastnesses, and sent out to minister to the world, a succession of men of immense mental grasp, and serenely authoritative innocence; among whom our own Hugo of Lincoln, in his relations with Henry I. and Cœur de Lion, is to my mind the most beautiful sacerdotal figure known to me in history. The great Pontiffs have a power which in its strength can scarcely be used without cruelty, nor in its scope without error; the great Saints are always in some degree incredible or unintelligible; but Hugo's power is in his own personal courage and justice only; and his sanctity as clear, frank, and playful as the waves of his own Chartreuse well.*

9. I must not let myself be led aside from my own memories into any attempt to trace the effect on Turner's mind of his visit to the Chartreuse, rendered as it is in the three subjects of the *Liber Studiorum*,—from the Chartreuse itself, from Holy Island, and Dumblane Abbey. The strength of it was checked by his love and awe of the sea, and sailor heroism, and confused by his classical thought and passion; but in my own life, the fading away of the nobler feelings in which I had worked in the Campo Santo of Pisa,

* The original building was grouped round a spring in the rock, from which a runlet was directed through every cell.

however much my own fault, was yet complicated with the inevitable discovery of the falseness of the religious doctrines in which I had been educated.

10. The events of the ten years 1850—1860, for the most part wasted in useless work, must be arranged first in their main order, before I can give clear account of anything that happened in them. But this breaking down of my Puritan faith, being the matter probably most important to many readers of my later books, shall be traced in this chapter to the sorrowful end. Note first the main facts of the successive years of the decade.

1851. Turner dies, while I am at first main work in Venice, for "The Stones of Venice."

1852. Final work in Venice for "Stones of Venice." Book finished that winter. Six hundred quarto pages of notes for it, fairly and closely written, now useless. Drawings as many—of a sort; useless too.

1853. Henry Acland in Glenfinlas with me. Drawing of gneiss rock made; now in the school at Oxford. Two months' work in what fair weather could be gleaned out of that time.

1854. With my father and mother at Vevay and Thun. I take up the history of Switzerland, and propose to engrave a series of drawings of the following Swiss towns: Geneva, Fribourg, Basle, Thun, Baden, and Schaffhausen. I proceed to make drawings for this work, of which the first attempted (of Thun) takes up the whole of the summer, and is only half done then. Definition of Poetry, for "Modern Painters," written at Vevay, looking across lake to Chillon. It leaves out rhythm, which I now consider a defect in said definition; otherwise good,—“The arrangement, by imagination, of noble motive for noble emotion.” I forget the exact words, but these others will do as well, perhaps better.

11. 1855. Notes on Royal Academy begun. The spring is so cold that the hawthorns are only in bud on the 5th of June. I get cough, which lasts for two months, till I go down to Tunbridge Wells to my doctor cousin, William Richardson, who puts me to bed, gives me some syrup, cures

me in three days, and calls me a fool for not coming to him before, with some rather angry warnings that I had better not keep a cough for two months again. Third volume of "Modern Painters" got done with, somehow, but didn't know what to call it, so called it "Of Many Things." But none of *these* were "done with," as I found afterwards, to my cost.

1856. With my father and mother to Geneva and Fribourg. Two drawings at Fribourg took up the working summer. My father begins to tire of the proposed work on Swiss towns, and to inquire whether the rest of "Modern Painters" will ever be done.

1857. My mother wants me to see the Bay of Cromarty and the Falls of Kilmorock. I consent sulkily to be taken to Scotland with that object. Papa and mamma, wistfully watching the effect on my mind, show their Scotland to me. I see, on my own quest, Craig-Ellachie, and the Lachin-y-Gair forests, and finally reach the Bay of Cromarty and Falls of Kilmorock, doubtless now the extreme point of my northern discoveries on the round earth. I admit, generously, the Bay of Cromarty and the Falls to be worth coming all that way to see; but beg papa and mamma to observe that it is twenty miles' walk, in bogs, to the top of Ben Wevis, that the town of Dingwall is not like Milan or Venice,—and that I think we have seen enough of Scotland.

12. 1858. Accordingly, after arranging, mounting, framing, and cabineting, with good help from Richard Williams of Messrs. Foord's, the Turner drawings now in the catacombs of the National Gallery, I determine to add two more Swiss towns to my list, namely, Rheinfelden and Bellinzona, in illustration of Turner's sketches at those places; and get reluctant leave from my father to take Couttet again, and have all my own way. I spend the spring at Rheinfelden, and the summer at Bellinzona. But Couttet being of opinion that these town views will come to no good, and that the time I spend on the roof of "cette baraque" at Bellinzona is wholly wasted, I give the town views all up, and take to

Vandyke and Paul Veronese again in the gallery of Turin. But, on returning home, my father is not satisfied with my studies from those masters, and piteously asks for the end of "Modern Painters," saying "he will be dead before it is done." Much ashamed of myself, I promise him to do my best on it without farther subterfuge.

1859. Hard writing and drawing to that end. Fourth volume got done. My father thinks, himself, I ought to see Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and Nuremberg, before the book is finished. He and my mother take their last continental journey with me to those places. I have my last happy walk with my father at Konigstein.

1860. I work hard all the winter and early spring—finish the book, in a sort; my father well pleased with the last chapter, and the engraved drawings from Nuremberg and Rheinfelden. On the strength of this piece of filial duty, I am cruel enough to go away to St. Martin's again, by myself, to meditate on what is to be done next. Thence I go up to Chamouni,—where a new epoch of life and death begins.

13. And here I must trace, as simply and rapidly as may be, the story of my relations with the Working Men's College.

I knew of its masters only the Principal, F. D. Maurice, and my own friend Rossetti. It is to be remembered of Rossetti with loving honor, that he was the only one of our modern painters who taught disciples for love of them. He was really not an Englishman, but a great Italian tormented in the Inferno of London; doing the best he could, and teaching the best he could; but the "could" shortened by the strength of his animal passions, without any trained control, or guiding faith. Of him, more hereafter.

I loved Frederick Maurice, as everyone did who came near him; and have no doubt he did all that was in him to do of good in his day. Which could by no means be said either of Rossetti or of me: but Maurice was by nature puzzle-headed, and, though in a beautiful manner, *wrong-headed*; while his clear conscience and keen affections made him

egotistic, and in his Bible-reading, as insolent as any infidel of them all. I only went once to a Bible-lesson of his; and the meeting was significant, and conclusive.

14. The subject of lesson, Jael's slaying of Sisera. Concerning which, Maurice, taking an enlightened modern view of what was fit and not, discoursed in passionate indignation; and warned his class, in the most positive and solemn manner, that such dreadful deeds could only have been done in cold blood in the Dark Biblical ages; and that no religious and patriotic Englishwoman ought ever to think of imitating Jael by nailing a Russian's or Prussian's skull to the ground,—especially after giving him butter in a lordly dish. At the close of the instruction, through which I sate silent, I ventured to inquire, why then had Deborah the prophetess declared of Jael, "Blessed above women shall the wife of Heber the Kenite be"? On which Maurice, with startled and flashing eyes, burst into partly scornful, partly alarmed, denunciation of Deborah the prophetess, as a mere blazing Amazon; and of her Song as a merely rhythmic storm of battle-rage, no more to be listened to with edification or faith than the Norman's sword-song at the battle of Hastings.

Whereupon there remained nothing for *me*,—to whom the Song of Deborah was as sacred as the Magnificat,—but total collapse in sorrow and astonishment; the eyes of all the class being also bent on me in amazed reprobation of my benighted views, and unchristian sentiments. And I got away how I could, and never went back.

That being the first time in my life that I had fairly met the lifted head of Earnest and Religious Infidelity—in a man neither vain nor ambitious, but instinctively and innocently trusting his own amiable feelings as the final interpreters of all the possible feelings of men and angels, all the songs of the prophets, and all the ways of God.

15. It followed, of course, logically and necessarily, that every one of Maurice's disciples also took what views *he* chose of the songs of the prophets,—or wrote songs of his own, more adapted to the principles of the College, and the

ethics of London. Maurice, in all his addresses to us, dwelt mainly on the simple function of a college as a collection or collation of friendly persons,—not in the least as a place in which such and such things were to be taught, and others denied; such and such conduct vowed, and other such and such abjured. So the College went on,—collecting, carpentering, sketching, Bible criticising, etc., virtually with no head; but only a clasp to the strap of its waist, and as many heads as it had students. The leaven of its affectionate temper has gone far; but how far also the leaven of its pride, and defiance of everything above it, nobody quite knows. I took two special pupils out of its ranks, to carry them forward all I could. One I chose; the other chose me—or rather, chose my mother's maid Hannah; for love of whom he came to the College, learned drawing there under Rossetti and me,—and became eventually, Mr. George Allen of Sunnyside; who, I hope, still looks back to his having been an entirely honest and perfect working joiner as the foundation of his prosperity in life. The other student I chose myself, a carpenter of equal skill and great fineness of faculty; but his pride, willfulness, and certain angular narrownesses of nature, kept him down,—together with the deadly influence of London itself, and of working men's clubs, as well as colleges. And finally, in this case, and many more, I have very clearly ascertained that the only proper school for workmen is of the work their fathers bred them to, under masters able to do better than any of their men, and with common principles of honesty and the fear of God, to guide the firm.

16. Somewhat before the date of my farewell to Maurician free-thinking, I had come into still more definite collision with the Puritan dogmata which forbid thinking at all, in a séance to which I was invited, shyly, by my friend Macdonald,—fashionable séance of Evangelical doctrine, at the Earl of Ducie's; presided over by Mr. Molyneux, then a divine of celebrity in that sect; who sate with one leg over his other knee in the attitude always given to Herod at the

massacre of the Innocents in mediæval sculpture; and discoursed in tones of consummate assurance and satisfaction, and to the entire comfort and consent of his Belgravian audience, on the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son. Which, or how many, of his hearers he meant to describe as having personally lived on husks, and devoured their fathers' property, did not of course appear; but that something of the sort was necessary to the completeness of the joy in heaven over them, now in Belgrave Square, at the feet—or one foot—of Mr. Molyneux, could not be questioned.

Waiting my time, till the raptures of the converted company had begun to flag a little, I ventured, from a back seat, to inquire of Mr. Molyneux what we were to learn from the example of the *other* son, not prodigal, who was, his father said of him, "ever with me, and all that I have, thine"? A sudden horror, and unanimous feeling of the serpent having, somehow, got over the wall into their Garden of Eden, fell on the whole company; and some of them, I thought, looked at the candles, as if they expected them to burn blue. After a pause of a minute, gathering himself into an expression of pity and indulgence, withholding latent thunder, Mr. Molyneux explained to me that the home-staying son was merely a picturesque figure introduced to fill the background of the parable agreeably, and contained no instruction or example for the well-disposed scriptural student, but, on the contrary, rather a snare for the unwary, and a temptation to self-righteousness,—which was, of all sins, the most offensive to God.

Under the fulmination of which answer I retired, as from Maurice's, from the séance in silence; nor ever attended another of the kind from that day to this.

17. But neither the Puritanism of Belgravia, nor Liberalism of Red Lion Square, interested, or offended, me, otherwise than as the grotesque conditions of variously typhoid or smoke-dried London life. To my old Scotch shepherd Puritanism, and the correspondent forms of noble French Protestantism, I never for an instant failed in dutiful affec-

tion and honor. From John Bunyan and Isaac Ambrose, I had received the religion by which I still myself lived, as far as I had spiritual life at all; and I had again and again proof enough of its truth, within limits, to have served me for all my own need, either in this world or the next. But my ordained business, and mental gifts, were outside of those limits. I saw, as clearly as I saw the sky and its stars, that music in Scotland was not to be studied under a Free Church precentor, nor indeed under any disciples of John Knox, but of Signior David; that, similarly, painting in England was not to be admired in the illuminations of Watts' hymns; nor architecture in the design of Mr. Irons' chapel in the Grove. And here I must take up a thread of my mental history, as yet unfastened.

18. I have spoken several times of the effect given cheaply to my drawings of architecture by dexterous dots and flourishes, doing duty for ornament. Already, in 1845, I had begun to distinguish Corinthian from Norman capitals, and in 1848, drew the niches and sculpture of French Gothic with precision and patience. But I had never cared for ornamental design until in 1850 or '51 I chanced, at a bookseller's in a back alley, on a little fourteenth century Hours of the Virgin, not of refined work, but extremely rich, grotesque, and full of pure color.

The new worlds which every leaf of this book opened to me, and the joy I had, counting their letters and unraveling their arabesques as if they had all been of beaten gold,—as many of them indeed were,—cannot be told, any more than everything else, of good, that I wanted to tell. Not that the worlds thus opening were themselves new, but only the possession of any part in them; for long and long ago I had gazed at the illuminated missals in noblemen's houses (see above, p. 4, vol. i.), with a wonder and sympathy deeper than I can give now; my love of toil, and of treasure, alike getting their thirst gratified in them. For again and again I must repeat it, my nature is a worker's and a miser's; and I rejoiced, and rejoice still, in the mere quantity of chiseling in

marble, and stitches in embroidery; and was never tired of numbering sacks of gold and caskets of jewels in the Arabian Nights: and though I am generous too, and love giving, yet my notion of charity is not at all dividing my last crust with a beggar, but riding through a town like a Commander of the Faithful, having any quantity of sequins and ducats in saddle-bags (where cavalry officers have holsters for their pistols), and throwing them round in radiant showers and hailing handfuls; with more bags to brace on when those were empty.

19. But now that I had a missal of my own, and could touch its leaves and turn, and even here and there understand the Latin of it, no girl of seven years old with a new doll is prouder or happier: but the feeling was something between the girl's with her doll, and Aladdin's in a new Spirit-slave to build palaces for him with jewel windows. For truly a well-illuminated missal is a fairy cathedral full of painted windows, bound together to carry in one's pocket, with the music and the blessing of all its prayers besides.

And then followed, of course, the discovery that all beautiful prayers were Catholic,—all wise interpretations of the Bible Catholic;—and every manner of Protestant written services whatsoever either insolently altered corruptions, or washed-out and ground-down rags and débris of the great Catholic collects, litanies, and songs of praise.

“But why did not you become a Catholic at once, then?”

It might as well be asked, Why did not I become a fire-worshiper? I *could* become nothing but what I was, or was growing into. I no more believed in the living Pope than I did in the living Khan of Tartary. I saw indeed that twelfth century psalters were lovely and right, and that presbyterian prayers against time, by people who never expected to be any the better for them, were unlovely and wrong. But I had never read the Koran, nor Confucius, nor Plato, nor Hesiod, and was only just beginning to understand my Virgil and Horace. How I ever came to understand

them is a new story, which must be for next chapter: meantime let me finish the confessions of this one in the tale of my final apostasy from Puritan doctrine.

20. The most stern practical precept of that doctrine still holding me,—it is curiously inbound with all the rest,—was the Sabbath keeping; the idea that one was not to seek one's own pleasure on Sunday, nor to do anything useful. Gradually, in honest Bible reading, I saw that Christ's first article of teaching was to unbind the yoke of the Sabbath, while, as a Jew, He yet obeyed the Mosaic law concerning it; but that St. Paul had carefully abolished it altogether, and that the rejoicing, in memory of the Resurrection, on the Day of the Sun, the first of the week, was only by misunderstanding, and much willful obstinacy, confused with the Sabbath of the Jew.

Nevertheless, the great passages in the Old Testament regarding its observance held their power over me, nor have ceased to do so; but the inveterate habit of being unhappy all Sunday did not in any way fulfill the order to call the Sabbath a delight.

I have registered the year 1858 as the next, after 1845, in which I had complete guidance of myself. Couttet met me at Basle, and I went on to Rheinfelden with great joy; and stayed to draw town and bridges completely (two of the studies are engraved in "Modern Painters").

21. I think it was the second Sunday there, and no English church. I had read the service with George, and gone out afterwards alone for a walk up a lovely dingle on the Black Forest side of the Rhine, where every pretty cottage was inscribed, in fair old German characters, with the date of its building, the names of the married pair who had built it, and a prayer that, with God's blessing, their habitation of it, and its possession by their children, might be in righteousness and peace. Not in these set terms, of course, on every house, but in variously quaint verses or mottoes, meaning always as much as this.

Very happy in my Sunday walk, I gathered what wild

flowers were in their first springing, and came home with a many-colored cluster, in which the dark-purple orchis was chief. I had never examined its structure before, and by this afternoon sunlight did so with care; also it seemed to me wholly right to describe it as I examined; and to draw the outlines as I described, though with a dimly alarmed consciousness of its being a new fact in existence for me, that I should draw on Sunday.

22. Which thenceforward I continued to do, if it seemed to me there was due occasion. Nevertheless, come to pass how it might, the real new fact in existence for me was that my drawings did not prosper that year, and, in deepest sense, never prospered again. They might not have prospered in the course of things,—and indeed, could not without better guidance than my own; nevertheless, the crisis of change is marked at Rheinfelden by my having made there two really pretty color-vignettes, which, had I only gone on doing the like of, the journey would have been visibly successful in everybody's sight. Whereas, what actually followed those vignettes at Rheinfelden was a too ambitious attempt at the cliffs of the Bay of Uri, which crushed the strength down in me; and next, a persistently furious one to draw the entire town, three fortresses, and surrounding mountains of Bellinzona, gradually taming and contracting itself into a meekly obstinate resolve that at least I would draw every stone of the roof right in *one* tower of the vineyards,—“*cette baraque*,” as Couttet called it.

I *did* draw every stone, nearly right, at last in that single roof; and meantime read the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, three or four times over in two months, with long walks every afternoon, besides. Total result on 1st of August—general desolation, and disgust with Bellinzona—*cette baraque*,—and most of all with myself, for not yet knowing Greek enough to translate the *Plutus*. In this state of mind, a fit took me of hunger for city life again, military bands, nicely-dressed people, and shops with something inside. And I emphasized Couttet's disapproval of the whole tour, by announcing to

him suddenly that I was going, of all places in the world, to Turin!

23. I had still some purpose, even in this libertinage, namely, to outline the Alpine chain from Monte Viso to Monte Rosa. Its base was within a drive; and there were Veronese in the Royal gallery, for wet days. The luxury of the Hôtel de l'Europe was extremely pleasant after brick floors and bad dinners at Bellinzona;—there was a quiet little opera house, where it was always a kindness to the singers to attend to the stage business; finally, any quantity of marching and maneuvering by the best troops in Italy, with perfect military bands, beautifully tossing plumes, and pretty ladies looking on. So I settled at Turin for the autumn.

There, one Sunday morning, I made my way in the south suburb to a little chapel which, by a dusty roadside, gathered to its unobserved door the few sheep of the old Waldensian faith who had wandered from their own pastures under Monte Viso into the worldly capital of Piedmont.

The assembled congregation numbered in all some three or four and twenty, of whom fifteen or sixteen were gray-haired women. Their solitary and clerkless preacher, a somewhat stunted figure in a plain black coat, with a cracked voice, after leading them through the languid forms of prayer which are all that in truth are possible to people whose present life is dull and its terrestrial future unchangeable, put his utmost zeal into a consolatory discourse on the wickedness of the wide world, more especially of the plain of Piedmont and city of Turin, and on the exclusive favor with God, enjoyed by the between nineteen and twenty-four elect members of his congregation, in the streets of Admah and Zeboim.

Myself neither cheered nor greatly alarmed by this doctrine, I walked back into the condemned city, and up into the gallery where Paul Veronese's Solomon and the Queen of Sheba glowed in full afternoon light. The gallery windows being open, there came in with the warm air, floating swells and falls of military music, from the courtyard before the

palace, which seemed to me more devotional, in their perfect art, tune, and discipline, than anything I remembered of evangelical hymns. And as the perfect color and sound gradually asserted their power on me, they seemed finally to fasten me in the old article of Jewish faith, that things done delightfully and rightly, were always done by the help and in the Spirit of God.

Of course that hour's meditation in the gallery of Turin only concluded the courses of thought which had been leading me to such end through many years. There was no sudden conversion possible to me, either by preacher, picture, or dulcimer. But that day, my evangelical beliefs were put away, to be debated of no more.

CHAPTER II.

MONT VELAN.

24. I WAS crowded for room at the end of last chapter, and could not give account of one or two bits of investigation of the Vaudois character, which preceded the Queen of Sheba crash. It wasn't the Queen herself,—by the way,—but only one of her maids of honor, on whose gold brocaded dress, (relieved by a black's head, who carried two red and green parrots on a salver,) I worked till I could do no more;—to my father's extreme amazement and disgust, when I brought the petticoat, parrots, and blackamoor, home, as the best fruit of my summer at the Court of Sardinia; together with one lurid thunderstorm on the Rosa Alps, another on the Cenis, and a dream or two of mist on the Viso. But I never could make out the set of the rocks on the peak of Viso; and after I had spent about a hundred pounds at Turin in grapes, partridges, and the opera, my mother sent me five, to make my peace with Heaven in a gift to the Vaudois churches. So I went and passed a Sunday beneath Viso; found he had neither rocks nor glaciers worth mentioning, and that I couldn't get into any pleasant confidences with the shepherds, because their dogs barked and snarled irreconcilably, and seemed to have nothing taught them by their masters but to regard all the rest of mankind as thieves.

I had some pious talk of a mild kind with the person I gave my mother's five pounds to: but an infinitely pleasanter feeling from the gratitude of the overworn ballerina at Turin, for the gift of as many of my own. She was not the least pretty; and depended precariously on keeping able for her work on small pittance; but did that work well always; and looked nice,—near the footlights.

I noticed also curiously at this time, that while the drawings I did to please myself seemed to please nobody else, the little pen-and-ink sketches made for my father, merely to explain where I was, came always well;—one, of the sunset shining down a long street through a grove of bayonets, which he was to imagine moving to military music, is pleasant to me yet. But, on the whole, Turin began at last to bore me as much as Bellinzona; so I thought it might be as well to get home. I drove to Susa on the last day of August, walked quietly with Couttet over the Cenis to Lans-le-bourg next day; and on 2nd September sent my mother my love, by telegram, for breakfast-time, on her birthday, getting answer of thanks back before twelve o'clock; and began to think there might be something in telegraphs, after all.

25. A number of unpleasant convictions were thus driven into my head, in that 1858 journey, like Jael's nail through Sisera's temples; or Tintoret's arrow between St. Sebastian's eyes:—I must return a moment to Mr. Maurice and Deborah before going on to pleasanter matters. Maurice was not, I suppose, in the habit of keeping a skull on his chimney-piece, and looking at it before he went to sleep, as I had been, for a long while before that talk; or he would have felt that whether it was by nail, bullet, or little pin, mattered little when it was ordained that the crowned forehead should sink in slumber. And he would have known that Jael was only one of the forms of "Dira Necessitas"—she, Delilah, and Judith, all the three of them; only we haven't any record of Delilah's hymn when she first fastened Samson's hair to the beam: and of Judith, nobody says any harm;—I suppose because she gave Holofernes wine, instead of milk and butter. It was Byron, however, not Deborah, who made *me* understand the thing; the passage he paraphrased from her, in the *Giaour*, having rung in my ears ever since I wrote the Scythian banquet-song—

"The browsing camels' bells are tinkling,*

His mother looked from her lattice high," etc.

* Misprinted in the first (8vo) edition "The drowsy camel-bells."

And I felt now that I had myself driven nails enough into my mother's heart, if not into my father's coffin; and would thankfully have taken her home a shawl of divers colors on both sides, and a pretty damsel or two, in imitation of Sisera: but she always liked to choose her damsels for herself.

It was lucky, in her last choosing, she chanced on Joan Agnew; but we are a far way yet from Joanie's time, I don't quite know how far. Turner died, as I said, in 1851: Prout had left us still earlier; there could be no more sharing of festivities on my birthday with *him*. He went home to De-Crespigny Terrace from Denmark Hill one evening, seeming perfectly well and happy;—and we saw him no more.

26. And my dog Wisie, was he dead too? It seems wholly wonderful to me at this moment that he should ever have died. He was a white Spitz, exactly like Carpaccio's dog in the picture of St. Jerome; and he came to me from a young Austrian officer, who had got tired of him,—the Count Thun, who fell afterwards at Solferino. Before the dog was used enough to us, George and I took him to Lido to give him a little sea bath. George was holding him by his forepaws upright among the little crisp breakers. Wisie snatched them out of his hands, and ran at full speed—into Fairyland, like Frederick the Great at Mollwitz. He was lost on Lido for three days and nights, living by petty larceny, the fishermen and cottagers doing all they could to catch him; but they told me he “ran like a hare and leaped like a horse.”

At last, either overcome by hunger, or having made up his mind that even *my* service was preferable to liberty on Lido, he took the deep water in broad daylight, and swam straight for Venice. A fisherman saw him from a distance, rowed after him, took him, tired among the weeds, and brought him to me—the Madonna della Salute having been propitious to his repentant striving with the sea.

From that time he became an obedient and affectionate dog, though of extremely self-willed and self-possessed char-

acter. I was then living on the north side of St. Mark's Place, and he used to sit outside the window on the ledge at the base of its pillars greater part of the day, observant of the manners and customs of Venice. Returning to England, I took him over the St. Gothard, but found him entirely unappalled by any of the work of Devils on it—big or little. He saw nothing to trouble himself about in precipices, if they were wide enough to put his paws on; and the dog who had fled madly from a crisp sea wave, trotted beside the fall of the Reuss just as if it had been another White Dog, a little bigger, created out of foam.

27. Reaching Paris, he considered it incumbent upon him to appear unconscious of the existence of that city, or of the Tuileries gardens and Rue Rivoli, since they were not St. Mark's Place;—but, half asleep one evening, on a sofa in the entresol at Meurice's, and hearing a bark in the street which sounded Venetian,—sprang through the window in expectation of finding himself on the usual ledge—and fell fifteen feet * to the pavement. As I ran down, I met him rushing up the hotel stairs, (he had gathered himself from the stones in an instant), bleeding and giddy; he staggered round and round two or three times, and fell helpless on the floor. I don't know if young ladies' dogs faint, really, when they are hurt. He, Wisie, did not faint, nor even moan, but he could not stir, except in cramped starts and shivers. I sent for what veterinary help was within reach, and heard that the dog might recover, if he could be kept quiet for a day or two in a dog-hospital. But my omnibus was at the door—for the London train. In the very turn and niche of time I heard that Macdonald of St. Martin's was in the hotel, and would take charge of Wisie for the time necessary. The poor little speechless, luckless, wistfully gazing doggie was tenderly put in a pretty basket, (going to be taken where?

* Thirteen feet nine, I find, on exact measurement—coming back to Meurice's to make sure. It is the height of the capitals of the piers in the Rue Rivoli.

thinks the beating heart,) looks at his master to read what he can in the sad face—can make out nothing; is hurried out of the inexorable door, downstairs; finds himself more nearly dead next day, and among strangers. (*Two miles away from Meurice's, along the Boulevard, it was.*)

He takes and keeps counsel with himself on that matter. Drinks and eats what he is given, gratefully; swallows his medicine obediently; stretches his limbs from time to time. There was only a wicket gate, he saw, between the Boulevard and him. Silently, in the early dawn of the fourth or fifth day—I think—he leaped it, and along two miles of Parisian Boulevard came back to Meurice's.

I do not believe there was ever a more wonderful piece of instinct certified. For Macdonald received him, in astonishment,—and Wisie trusted Macdonald to bring him to his lost master again. The Schiehallion chief brought him to Denmark Hill; where of course Wisie did not know whether something still worse might not befall him, or whether he would be allowed to stay. But he was allowed, and became a bright part of my mother's day, as well as of mine, from 1852 to 1858, or perhaps longer. But I must go back now to 1854-6.

28. 1854. The success of the first volume of "Modern Painters" of course gave me entrance to the polite circles of London; but at that time, even more than now, it was a mere torment and horror to me to have to talk to big people whom I didn't care about. Sometimes, indeed, an incident happened that was amusing or useful to me;—I heard Macaulay spout the first chapter of Isaiah, without understanding a syllable of it;—saw the Bishop of Oxford taught by Sir Robert Inglis to drink sherry-cobbler through a straw;—and formed one of the worshipful concourse invited by the Bunsen family, to hear them "talk Bunsenese" (Lady Trevelyan), and see them making presents to—each other—from their family Christmas tree, and private manger of German Magi. But, as a rule, the hours given to the polite circles were an angering penance to me,—until, after I don't

know how many, a good chance came, worth all the penitentiary time endured before.

I had been introduced one evening, with a little more circumstance than usual, to a seated lady, beside whom it was evidently supposed I should hold it a privilege to stand for a minute or two, with leave to speak to her. I entirely concurred in that view of the matter; but, having ascertained in a moment that she was too pretty to be looked at, and yet keep one's wits about one, I followed, in what talk she led me to, with my eyes on the ground. Presently, in some reference to Raphael or Michael Angelo, or the musical glasses, the word "Rome" occurred; and a minute afterwards, something about "Christmas in 1840." I looked up with a start; and saw that the face was oval,—fair,—the hair, light-brown. After a pause, I was rude enough to repeat her words, "Christmas in 1840!—were you in Rome *then?*" "Yes," she said, a little surprised, and now meeting my eyes with hers, inquiringly.

Another tenth of a minute passed before I spoke again.

"Why, I lost all that winter in Rome in hunting *you!*"

It was Egeria herself! then Mrs. Cowper-Temple. She was not angry; and became from that time forward a tutelary power,—of the brightest and happiest; differing from Lady Trevelyan's, in that Lady Trevelyan hadn't all her own way at home; and taught me, therefore, to look upon life as a "Spiritual combat;" but Egeria always had her own way everywhere,—thought that I also should have mine,—and generally got it for me.

29. She was able to get a good deal of it for me, almost immediately, at Broadlands, because Mr. Cowper-Temple was at that time Lord Palmerston's private secretary: and it had chanced that in 1845 I had some correspondence with the government about Tintoret's Crucifixion;—not the great Crucifixion in the Scuola di San Rocco, but the bright one with the grove of lances in the Church of St. Cassan, which I wanted to get for the National Gallery. I wrote to Lord Palmerston about it, and believe we should have got it, but

for Mr. Edward Cheney's putting a spoke in the wheel for pure spite. However, Lord Palmerston was, I believe, satisfied with what I had done; and, now perhaps thinking there might be some trustworthy official qualities in me, allowed Mr. Cowper-Temple to bring me, one Saturday evening, to go down with him to Broadlands. It was dark when we reached the South-Western station. Lord Palmerston received me much as Lord Oldborough receives Mr. Temple in "Patronage;"—gave me the seat opposite his own, he with his back to the engine, Mr. Cowper-Temple beside me;—Lord Palmerston's box of business papers on the seat beside *him*. He unlocked it, and looked over a few,—said some hospitable words, enough to put me at ease, and went to sleep, or at least remained quiet, till we got to Romsey. I forget the dinner, that Saturday; but I certainly had to take in Lady Palmerston; and must have pleased her more or less, for on the Sunday morning, Lord Palmerston took me himself to the service in Romsey Abbey: drawing me out a little in the drive through the village; and *that* day at dinner he put me on his right hand, and led the conversation distinctly to the wildest political theories I was credited with,* cross-examining me playfully, but attending quite seriously to my points; and kindly and clearly showing me where I should fail, in practice. He disputed no principle with me, (being, I fancied, partly of the same mind with me about principles,) but only feasibilities; whereas in every talk permitted me more recently by Mr. Gladstone, *he* disputes *all* the principles before their application; and the application of all that get past the dispute. D'Israeli differed from both in making a jest alike of principle and practice; but I

* The reader will please remember that the "Life of the Workman" in the "Stones of Venice," the long note on Education at the end of first volume of "Modern Painters," and the fierce vituperation of the Renaissance schools in all my historical teaching, were at this time attracting far more attention, because part of my architectural and pictorial work, than ever afterwards the commercial and social analyses of "Unto This Last."

never came into full collision with him but once. It is a long story, about little matters; but they had more influence in the end than many greater ones,—so I will write them.

30. I never went to official dinners in Oxford if I could help it; not that I was ever really wanted at them, but sometimes it became my duty to go, as an Art Professor; and when the Princess of Wales came, one winter, to look over the Art Galleries, I had of course to attend, and be of what use I could: and then came commands to the dinner at the Deanery,—where I knew no more how to behave than a marmot pup! However, my place was next but one to D'Israeli's, whose head, seen close, interested me; the Princess, in the center of the opposite side of the table, might be glanced at now and then,—to the forgetfulness of the evils of life. Nobody wanted *me* to talk about anything; and I recovered peace of mind enough, in a little while, to hear D'Israeli talk, which was nice; I think we even said something to each other, once, about the salmon. Well—then, presently I was aware of a little ripple of brighter converse going round the table, and saw it had got at the Princess, and a glance of D'Israeli's made me think it must have something to do with *me*. And so it had, thus:—It had chanced either the day before, or the day before that, that the Planet Saturn had treated me with his usual adversity in the carrying out of a plot with Alice in Wonderland. For, that evening, the Dean and Mrs. Liddell dined by command at Blenheim: but the girls were not commanded; and as I had been complaining of never getting a sight of them lately, after knowing them from the nursery, Alice said that she thought, perhaps, if I would come round after papa and mamma were safe off to Blenheim, Edith and she might give me a cup of tea and a little singing, and Rhoda show me how she was getting on with her drawing and geometry, or the like. And so it was arranged. The night was wild with snow, and no one likely to come round to the Deanery after dark. I think Alice must have sent me a little note, when the eastern coast of Tom Quad was clear. I slipped round from

Corpus through Peckwater, shook the snow off my gown, and found an armchair ready for me, and a bright fireside, and a laugh or two, and some pretty music looked out, and tea coming up.

31. Well, I think Edith had got the tea made, and Alice was just bringing the muffins to perfection—I don't recollect that Rhoda was there; (I never did, that anybody else was there, if Edith was; but it is all so like a dream now, I'm not sure)—when there was a sudden sense of some stars having been blown out by the wind, round the corner; and then a crushing of the snow outside the house, and a drifting of it inside; and the children all scampered out to see what was wrong, and I followed slowly;—and there were the Dean and Mrs. Liddell standing just in the middle of the hall, and the footmen in consternation, and a silence,—and—

“How sorry you must be to see us, Mr. Ruskin!” began at last Mrs. Liddell.

“I never was more so,” I replied. “But what's the matter?”

“Well,” said the Dean, “we couldn't even get past the parks; the snow's a fathom deep in the Woodstock Road. But never mind; we'll be very good and quiet, and keep out of the way. Go back to your tea, and we'll have our dinner downstairs.”

And so we did; but we couldn't keep papa and mamma out of the drawing-room when they had done dinner, and I went back to Corpus disconsolate.

Now, whether the Dean told the Princess himself, or whether Mrs. Liddell told, or the girls themselves, *somehow* this story got all round the dinner-table, and D'Israeli was perfect in every detail, in ten minutes, nobody knew how. When the Princess rose, there was clearly a feeling on her part of some kindness to me; and she came very soon, in the drawing-room, to receive the report of the Slade Professor.

32. Now, in the Deanery drawing-room, everybody in Oxford who hadn't been at the dinner was waiting to have their slice of Princess—due officially—and to be certified

in the papers next day. The Princess,—knowing whom she had to speak to,—*might* speak to, or mightn't, without setting the whole of Oxford by the ears next day, simply walked to the people she chose to honor with audience, and stopped, to hear if they had anything to say. I saw my turn had come, and the revolving zodiac brought its fairest sign to me: she paused, and the attendant stars and terrestrial beings round, listened, to hear what the marmot-pup had to say for itself.

In the space of, say, a minute and a half, I told the Princess that Landscape-painting had been little cultivated by the Heads of Colleges,—that it had been still less cultivated by the Undergraduates, and that my young-lady pupils always expected me to teach them how to paint like Turner, in six lessons. Finding myself getting into difficulties, I stopped: the Princess, I suppose, felt I was getting *her* into difficulties too; so she bowed courteously, and went on—to the next Professor, in silence.

33. The crowd, which had expected a compliment to Her Royal Highness of best Modern Painter quality, was extremely disappointed: and a blank space seemed at once to form itself round me, when the door from the nurseries opened; and—enter Rhoda—in full dress!

Very beautiful! But just a snip too short in the petticoats,—a trip too dainty in the ankles, a dip too deep of sweetbriar-red in the ribbons. Not the damsel who came to hearken, named Rhoda,—by any means;—but as exquisite a little spray of rhododendron ferrugineum as ever sparkled in Alpine dew.

D'Israeli saw his opening in an instant. Drawing himself to his full height, he advanced to meet Rhoda. The whole room became all eyes and ears. Bowing with kindly reverence, he waved his hand, and introduced her to—the world. “*This* is, I understand, the young lady in whose art-education Professor Ruskin is so deeply interested!”

And there was nothing for *me* but simple extinction; for I had never given Rhoda a lesson in my life, (no such luck!);

yet I could not disclaim the interest,—nor disown Mr. Macdonald's geometry! I *could* only bow as well as a marmot might, in imitation of the Minister; and get at once away to Corpus, out of human ken.

34. This gossip has beguiled me till I have no time left to tell what in proper sequence should have been chiefly dwelt on in this number,—the effect on my mind of the Hospice of St. Bernard, as opposed to the Hermitage of St. Bruno. I must pass at once to the outline of some scenes in early Swiss history, of which the reader must be reminded before he can understand why I had set my heart so earnestly upon drawing the ruined towers of Fribourg, Thun, and Rheinfelden.

In the mountain kingdom of which I claimed possession, by the law of love, in first seeing it from the Col de la Faucille, the ranges of entirely celestial mountain, the "everlasting clouds" whose glory does not fade, are arranged in clusters of summits definitely distinct in form, and always recognizable, each in its own beauty, by any careful observer who has once seen them on the south and north. Of these, the most beautiful in Switzerland, and as far as I can read, or learn, the most beautiful mountain in the world, is the Jungfrau of Lauterbrunnen. Next to her, the double peaks of the Wetterhorn and Wellhorn, with their glacier of Rosenlauri; next to these, the Aiguille de Bionnassay, the buttress of Mont Blanc on the southwest; and after these loveliest, the various summits of the Bernese, Chamouni, and Zermatt Alps, according to their relative power, and the advantage of their place for the general observer. Thus the Blumlis Alp, though only ten thousand feet high, has far greater general influence than the Mont Combin, which is nearly as high as Mont Blanc, but can only be seen with difficulty, and in no association with the lowlands.

35. Among subordinate peaks, five,—the Tournette of Annecy, the Dent du Midi of Bex, the Stockhorn, south of Thun; Mont Pilate at Lucerne, and the High Sentis of Appenzell,—are notable as outlying masses, of extreme im-

portance in their effect on the approaches to the greater chain. But in that chain itself, no mountain of subordinate magnitude can assert any rivalry with Mont Velan, the ruling alp of the Great St. Bernard.

For Mont Velan signals down the valley of the Rhone, past St. Maurice, to Vevay, the line of the true natural pass of the Great St. Bernard from France into Italy by the valley of Martigny and Val d'Aosta; a perfectly easy and accessible pass for horse and foot, through all the summer; not dangerous even in winter, except in storm; and from the earliest ages, down to Napoleon's, the pass chosen by the greatest kings, and wisest missionaries. The defiles of the Simplon were still impassable in the twelfth century, and the Episcopate of the Valais was therefore an isolated territory branching up from Martigny; unassailable from above, but in connection with the Monastery of St. Bernard and Abbey of St. Maurice, holding alike Burgundian, Swiss, and Saracen powers at bay, beyond the Castle of Chillon.

And I must remind the reader that at the time when Swiss history opens, there was no such country as France, in her existing strength. There was a sacred "Isle of France," and a group of cities,—Amiens, Paris, Soissons, Rheims, Chartres, Sens, and Troyes,—essentially French, in arts, and faith. But round this Frank central province lay Picardy, Normandy, Brittany, Anjou, Aquitaine, Languedoc, and Provence, all of them independent national powers: and on the east of the Côte d'Or,* the strong and true kingdom of Burgundy, which for centuries contended with Germany for the dominion of Switzerland, and, from her Alpine throne, of Europe.

36. This was, I have said, at the time "when Swiss history opens"—*as such*. It opens a century earlier, in 773, as a part of all Christian history, when Charlemagne convoked his Franks at Geneva to invade Italy, and dividing them there into two bodies, placed Swiss mountaineers at the head

* The eastern boundary of France proper is formed by the masses of the Vosges, Côte d'Or, and Monts de la Madeleine.

of each, and sending one division by the Great St. Bernard, under his own uncle, Bernard,* the son of Charles Martel, led the other himself over the Cenis. It was for this march over the Great St. Bernard that Charlemagne is said to have given the foresters of the central Alps their three trumpets—the Bull of Uri, the Cow of Unterwald, and the Horn of Lucerne; and, without question, after his Italian victories, Switzerland became the organic center of civilization to his whole empire. “It is thus,” says M. Gaullieur, “that the heroic history of old Zurich, and the annals of Thurgovie and Rhétie, are full of the memorable acts of the Emperor of the West, and among other traditions the foundation of the Water-church, (Wasserkirche,) at Zurich, attaches itself to the sight of a marvelous serpent who came to ask justice of the Emperor, in a place where he gave it to all his subjects, by the Limmat shore.”

37. I pause here a moment to note that there used to be indeed harmless water serpents in the Swiss waters, when perfectly pure. I myself saw those of the Lac de Chêde, in the year 1833, and had one of them drawn out of the water by the char-à-banc driver with his whip, that I might see the yellow ring round its neck. The color of the body was dark green. If the reader will compare the account given in “Eagle’s Nest” † of one of the serpents of the Giesbach, he will understand at once how easily the myths of antiquity would attach themselves among the Alps, as much to the living serpent as to the living eagle.

Also, let the reader note that the *beryl*-colored water of the Lake of Zurich and the Limmat gave, in old days, the perfectest type of purity, of all the Alpine streams. The deeper blue of the Reuss and Rhone grew dark at less depth, and always gave some idea of the presence of a mineral element, causing the color; while the Aar had soiled itself with

* Don’t confuse *him* with St. Bernard of Anncy, from whom the pass is named; nor St. Bernard of Anncy with St. Bernard of Dijon, the Madonna’s chosen servant.

† § 101.

clay even before reaching Berne. But the pale aquamarine crystal of the Lake of Zurich, with the fish set in it, some score of them—small and great—to a cube fathom, and the rapid fall and stainless ripple of the Limmat, through the whole of its course under the rocks of Baden to the Reuss, remained, summer and winter, of a constant, sacred, inviolable, supernatural loveliness.

By the shore of the Limmat then, sate Charlemagne to do justice, as Canute by the sea:—the first “Water church” of the beginning river is his building; and never was St. Jerome’s rendering of the twenty-third Psalm sung in any church more truly: “In loco pascue, ibi collocavit me, *super aquam refectiois educavit.*” But the Cathedral Minster of Zurich dates from days no longer questionable or fabulous.

38. During the first years of the tenth century, Switzerland was disputed between Rodolph II., King of Burgundy, and Bourcard, Duke of Swabia. The German duke at last defeated Rodolph, near Winterthur; but with so much difficulty, that he chose rather thenceforward to have him for ally rather than enemy; and gave him, for pledge of peace, his daughter BERTHA, to be Burgundian queen.

Bertha, the daughter of the Duke Bourcard and Regilinda, was at this time only thirteen or fourteen. The marriage was not celebrated till 921,—and let the reader remember that marriage,—though there was no Wedding March played at it, but many a wedding prayer said,—for the beginning of all happiness to *Burgundy, Switzerland, and Germany.* Her husband, in the first ten years after their marriage, in alliance with Henry the Fowler of Germany, drove the Saracen and Hungarian nomad armies out of the Alps: and then Bertha set herself to efface the traces of their ravages; building, everywhere through her territories, castles, monasteries, walled towns, and towers of refuge; restoring the town and church of Soleure in 930, of Moutiers in the Jura, in 932; in the same year endowing the canons of Amsoldingen at Thun, and then the church of Neuchâtel; finally, towards 935, the church and convent of

Zurich, of which her mother Regilinda became abbess in 949, and remained abbess till her death;—the Queen Bertha herself residing chiefly near her, in a tower on Mont Albis.

39. In 950 Bertha had to mourn the death of her son-in-law Lothaire, and the imprisonment of her daughter Adelaide on the Lake of Garda. But Otho the Great, of Germany, avenged Lothaire, drove Berenger out of Italy, and himself married Adelaide, reinstating Conrad of Burgundy on the throne of Burgundy and Switzerland: and then Bertha, strong at once under the protection of the king her son, and the emperor her son-in-law, and with her mother beside her, Abbess of the Convent des Dames Nobles of Zurich, began her work of perfect beneficence to the whole of Switzerland.

In the summer times, spinning from her distaff as she rode, she traversed—the legends say, with only a country guide to lead her horse, (when such a queen's horse would need leading!)—all the now peaceful fields of her wide dominion, from Jura to the Alps. My own notion is that an Anne-of-Geierstein-like maid of honor or two must have gleamed here and there up and down the hills beside her; and a couple of old knights, perhaps, followed at their own pace. Howsoever, the queen verily *did* know her peasants, and their cottages and fields, from Zurich to Geneva, and ministered to them for full twelve years.

40. In 962, her son Conrad gave authority almost monarchic, to her Abbey of Payerne, which could strike a coinage of its own. Not much after that time, her cousin Ulrich, Bishop of Strasbourg, came to visit her; and with him and the king her son, she revisited all the religious institutions she had founded, and finally, with them both, consecrated the Church of Neuchâtel to the Virgin. The Monastery of the Great St. Bernard was founded at the same time.

I cannot find the year of her death, but her son Conrad died in 993, and was buried beside his mother at Payerne.

And during the whole of the 11th century, and more than half of the 12th, the power of Bertha's institutions, and of

the Church generally, increased in Switzerland; but gradually corrupted by its wealth of territory into a feudal hierarchy, against which, together with that of the nobles who were always at war with each other, Duke Berthold IV., of Zæhringen, undertook, in 1178, the founding of FRIBOURG in Uechtland.

The culminating point of the new city above the scarped rocks which border the Sarine (on the eastern bank?) was occupied by the Château de Tyr (Tyrensis), ancient home of the Counts of that country, and cradle, it is believed, of the house of Thierstein. Berthold called his new town Freyburg, as well as that which existed already in his states of Breisgau, because he granted it in effect the same liberties, the same franchises, and the same communal charter (Handfeste) which had been given to the other Fribourg. A territory of nine leagues in circumference was given to Fribourg in Uechtland, a piece which they still call "the old lands." Part of the new colonists came from Breisgau, Black Forest people; part from the Roman Pays de Vaud. The Germans lived in the valley, the others on the heights. Built on the confines of France and Germany, Fribourg served for the point of contact to two nations until then hostile; and the Handfeste of Fribourg served for a model to all the municipal constitutions of Switzerland. Still, at this day, the town is divided into two parts, and into two languages.

41. This was in 1178. Twelve years later, Berthold V., the greatest and the best of the Dukes of Zæhringen, made, of the village of Burgdorf in the Emmenthal, the town of Berthoud, the name given probably from his own; and then, in the year 1191, laid the foundations of the town of BERNE.

He chose for its site a spot in the royal domain, for he intended the new city to be called the Imperial city; and the place he chose was near a manor which had served in the preceding century for occasional residence to the Rodolphian kings. It was a long high promontory, nearly an island, whose cliff sides were washed by the Aar. The Duke of

Zæhringen's Marshal, Cuno of Babenberg, received orders to surround with walls the little island on which stood the simple hamlet of Berne, now become the powerful city of Berne, praiseworthy at first in the democratic spirit of its bourgeois, and afterwards in its aristocracy, whose policy, at once elevated, firm, consistent, and ambitious, mingled itself in all the great affairs of the neighboring countries, and became a true power, upon which the sovereigns of the first order had sometimes to count.

Lastly, Berthold built the Castle of Thun, where the Aar issues out of its lake; castle which, as may be seen at the present day, commanded the whole level plain, opening to Berne, and the pass into the Oberland.

42. Thus the three towns Fribourg, Berne, and Thun, form, at the close of the twelfth century, the triple fortress of the Dukes of Zæhringen, strengthened by a body of burghers to whom the Dukes have granted privileges till then unknown; this Ducal and Civic allied power asserting itself in entire command of Switzerland proper, against the Counts of Savoy in the south, the Burgundian princes in the east, and the ecclesiastical power of Italy, vested in the Bishops of Sion, in the Valais,—thence extending from the mouth of the Rhone into the Pays de Vaud, and enthroned there at Payerne by the bequests of Queen Bertha. The monks of her royal abbey at Payerne, seeing that all the rights they possessed over the Pays de Vaud were endangered by the existence of Fribourg, opposed the building of the Church of St. Nicholas there, asserting that the ground assigned to it and its monastery belonged to the Abbey of Payerne. Berthold IV. was on the point of attacking the monks on their own rock when the nobles of the Vaud interfered, as mediators.

Four of them—Amé, Count of Geneva, Vauthier of Blonay, Conrad of Estaveyer, and Rodolph of Montagny—compelled Berthold to ratify the privileges, and resign the lands, of the monks of Payerne, by a deed signed in 1178; the church and monastery of St. Nicholas being founded at

Fribourg under their rule. And this constitution of Fribourg, whether the Dukes of Zæhringen foresaw it or not, became the fecund germ of a new social order. The "Commune" was the origin of the "Canton," "and the beneficent era of communal liberty served for *acheminement* to the constitutional liberties and legislative codes of modern society."

43. Thus far M. Gaullieur, from whose widow I leased my own châlet at Mornex, and whose son I instructed, to the best of my power, in clearing land of useless stones on the slope of the Salève,—under the ruins of the old Château de Savoie, the central castle, once, of all Savoy; on the site of which, and summit of its conical hill-throne, seated himself, in his pleasure villa, all the summer long, my very dear friend and physician, old Dr. Gosse of Geneva; whose mountain garden, about three hundred feet above mine, was indeed inclosed by the remaining walls and angle towers of the Castle of Savoy, of which the Doctor had repaired the lowest tower so as to serve for a reservoir to the rain rushing down the steep garden slopes in storm,—and to let none of it be wasted afterwards in the golden Salève sunshine.

"C'était une tour de guerre," said the Doctor to me triumphantly, as he first led me round the confines of his estate. "Voyez. C'était une tour de guerre. J'en ai fait une bouteille!"

44. But that walk by the castle wall was long after the Mont Velan times of which I am now telling;—in returning to which, will the reader please note the homes of the four Vaudois knights who stood for Queen Bertha's monastery: Amé of Geneva, Vauthier of Blonay, Conrad of Estaveyer, and Rodolph of Montagny?

Amé's castle of Geneva stood on the island, where the clock tower is now; and has long been destroyed: of Estaveyer and Montagny I know nothing; but the Castle of Blonay still stands above Vevay, as Chillon still at the head of her lake; but the château of Blonay has been modified gradually into comfort of sweet habitation, the war-towers of it sustaining timber-latticed walls, and crowned by pretty

turrets and pinnacles in cheerful nobleness—trellised all with fruitage or climbing flowers; its moats now all garden; its surrounding fields all lily and meadowsweet, with blue gleamings, it may be of violet, it may be of gentian; its heritage of human life guarded still in the peacefully scattered village, or farmhouse, here and there half hidden in apple-blossom, or white with fallen cherry-blossom, as if with snow.

45. I have already told how fond my father was of staying at the Trois Rois of Vevay, when I was up among the aiguilles of Chamouni. In later years, I acknowledged his better taste, and would contentedly stay with him at Vevay, as long as he liked,—myself always perfectly happy in the fields and on the hillsides round the Château Blonay. Also, my father and mother were quite able at any time to get up as far as Blonay themselves; and usually walked so far with me when I was intent on the higher hills,—waiting, they, and our old servant, Lucy Tovey, (whom we took abroad with us sometimes that she might see the places we were always talking of,) until I had done my bit of drawing or hammering, and we all went down together, through the vineyards, to four o'clock dinner; then the evening was left free for me to study the Dent d'Oche and chains of crag declining southwards to Geneva, by sunset.

Thus Vevay, year after year, became the most domestic of all our foreign homes. At Venice, my mother always thought the gondola would upset; at Chamouni, my father, that I should fall into the Mer de Glace; at Pisa, he would ask me, "What shall I give the coachman?" and at Florence, dispute the delightfulness of Cimabue. But at Vevay, we were all of a mind. My father was professionally at home in the vineyards,—sentimentally in the Bosquet de Julie; my mother liked apple orchards and narcissus meads as much as I did; and for me, there was the Dent du Midi, for eternal snow, in the distance; the Rochers de Naye, for climbing, accessibly near; Chillon for history and poetry; and the lake, in the whole breadth of it from Lausanne to Meillerie,

for Turnerian mist effects of morning, and Turnerian sunsets at evening; and moonlights,—as if the moon were one radiant glacier of frozen gold. Then if one wanted to go to Geneva for anything, there were little steamers,—no mortal would believe, now, how little; one used to be afraid an extra basket of apples would be too much for them, when the pier was full of market people. They called at all the places, along the north shore, mostly for country folks; and often their little cabins were quite empty. English people thought the lake of Geneva too dull, if they had ever more than an hour of it.

46. It chanced so, one day, when we were going from Vevay to Geneva. It was hot on the deck, and we all went down into the little cabin, which the waves from the paddle wheels rushed past the windows of, in lovely wild masses of green and silver. There was no one in the cabin but ourselves (that is to say, papa, mamma, old Anne, and me), and a family whom we supposed, rightly, to be American, of the best sort. A mother with three daughters, and her son,—he in charge of them all, perhaps of five or six and twenty; his sisters younger; the mother just old enough to *be* their mother; all of them quietly and gracefully cheerful. There was the cabin table between us, covered with the usual Swiss news about nothing, and an old caricature book or two. The waves went on rushing by; neither of the groups talked, but I noticed that from time to time the young American cast somewhat keen, though entirely courteous, looks of scrutiny at my father and mother.

In a few minutes after I had begun to notice these looks, he rose, with the sweetest quiet smile I ever saw on any face (unless, perhaps, a nun's, when she has some grave kindness to do), crossed to our side of the cabin, and addressing himself to my father, said, with a true expression of great gladness, and of frank trust that his joy would be understood, that he knew who we were, was most thankful to have met us, and that he prayed permission to introduce his mother and sisters to us.

The bright eyes, the melodious voice, the perfect manner, the simple, but acutely flattering, words, won my father in an instant. The New Englander sat down beside us, his mother and sisters seeming at once also to change the steamer's cabin into a reception room in their own home. The rest of the time till we reached Geneva passed too quickly; we arranged to meet in a day or two again, at St. Martin's.

And thus I became possessed of my second friend; after Dr. John Brown; and of my first real tutor, Charles Eliot Norton.

CHAPTER III.

L'ESTERELLE.

SALLENCHES, SAVOY, 9th September, 1888.

47. THE meeting at St. Martin's with Norton and his family was a very happy one. Entirely sensible and amiable, all of them; with the farther elasticity and acuteness of the American intellect, and no taint of American ways. Charles himself, a man of the highest natural gifts, in their kind; observant and critical rather than imaginative, but with an all-pervading sympathy and sensibility, absolutely free from envy, ambition, or covetousness:* a scholar from his cradle, nor only now a *man* of the world, but a *gentleman* of the world, whom the highest born and best bred of every nation, from the Red Indian to the White Austrian, would recognize in a moment, as of their caste.

In every branch of classical literature he was my superior; knew old English writers better than I,—much more, old French; and had active fellowship and close friendship with the then really progressive leaders of thought in his own country, Longfellow, Lowell, and Emerson.

All the sympathy, and all the critical subtlety, of his mind had been given, not only to the reading, but to the trial and following out of the whole theory of "Modern Painters;" so that, as I said, it was a real joy for him to meet me, and a very bright and singular one for both of us, when I knocked at his door in the Hôtel du Mont Blanc at

*I mean, covetousness of beautiful things, the only sort that is possible to people like Charles Norton or me. He gave me his best Greek "Fortune," a precious little piece of flying marble, with her feet on the world, engraved with hexagonal tracery like a honey-comb. We both love its honey—but best, given by each other.

five in the morning; and led him, as the roselight flushed the highest snow, up the winding path among the mountain meadows of Sallenches.

I can see them at this moment, those mountain meadows, if I rise from my writing-table, and open the old barred valves of the corner window of the Hotel Bellevue;—yes, and there is the very path we climbed that day together, apparently unchanged. But on what seemed then the everlasting hills, beyond which the dawn rose cloudless, and on the heaven in which it rose, and on all that we that day knew, of human mind and virtue,—how great the change, and sorrowful, I cannot measure, and, in this place, I will not speak.

48. That morning gave to me, I said, my first tutor; * for Dr. John Brown, however far above me in general power, and in the knowledge proper to his own profession, yet in the simplicity of his affection liked everything I wrote, for what was true in it, however imperfectly or faultfully expressed: but Norton saw all my weaknesses, measured all my narrownesses, and, from the first, took serenely, and as it seemed of necessity, a kind of paternal authority over me, and a right of guidance;—though the younger of the two,—and always admitting my full power in its own kind; nor only admitting, but in the prettiest way praising and stimulating. It was almost impossible for him to speak to anyone he cared for, without some side-flash of witty compliment; and to me, his infinitely varied and loving praise became a constant motive to exertion, and aid in effort: yet he never allowed me in the slightest violation of the laws, either of good writing, or social prudence, without instant blame, or warning.

I was entirely conscious of his rectorial power, and affectionately submissive to it; so that he might have done anything with me, but for the unhappy difference in our innate, and unchangeable, political faiths.

49. Since that day at Sallenches it has become a matter of
* Gordon was only my master in Greek, and in common sense; he never criticised my books, and, I suppose, rarely read them.

the most curious speculation to me, what sort of soul Charles Norton would have become, if he had had the blessing to be born an English Tory, or a Scotch Jacobite, or a French Gentilhomme, or a Savoyard Count. I think I should have liked him best to have been a Savoyard Count; say, Lord of the very Tower of Sallenches, a quarter of a mile above me at the opening of the glen,—habitable yet and inhabited; it is half hidden by its climbing grapes. Then, to have read the “Fioretti di San Francesco,” (which *he* found out, New Englander though he was, before I did,) in earliest boyhood; then to have been brought into instructively grievous collision with Commerce, Liberty, and Evangelicalism at Geneva; then to have learned Political Economy from Carlyle and me; and finally devoted himself to write the History of the Bishops of Sion! What a grand, happy, consistent creature he would have been,—while now he is as hopelessly out of gear and place, over in the States there, as a runaway star dropped into Purgatory; and twenty times more a slave than the blackest nigger he ever set his white scholars to fight the South for; because all the faculties a black has may be fully developed by a good master (see Miss Edgeworth’s story of the grateful Negro),*—while only about the thirtieth or fortieth part of Charles Norton’s effective contents and capacity are beneficially spent in the dilution of the hot lava, and fructification of the hot ashes, of American character;—which are overwhelming, borne now on volcanic air,—the life of Scotland, England, France, and Italy. I name Scotland first, for reasons which will be told in next “Præterita,”—“Joanna’s Care.” Meantime, here is the last letter I have from Norton, showing how we have held hands since that first day on Geneva lake.

* I showed the valley of Chamouni, and the “Pierre-à-Bot” above Neuchâtel, to Mrs. Beecher Stowe and her pretty little daughter Georgie,—when Georgie was about sixteen, and wouldn’t let me say a word against Uncle Tom: howbeit, that story of the Grateful Negro, Robinson Crusoe, and Othello, contain, any of the three, more, alike worldly and heavenly, wisdom than would furnish three “Uncle Tom’s Cabins.”

SHADY HILL, *April 9th*, 1887.

50. "It is very good of you, my dearest Ruskin, to send me such a long, pleasant letter, not punishing me for my silence, but trusting to—

'My thought, whose love for you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.'

You are doing too much, and your letter gives me a fear lest, out of care for me, you added a half-hour of effort to the work of a too-busy day. How long it is since I first began to preach prudence to you! and my preaching has availed about as much as the sermons in stones avail to convert the hard-hearted. Well, we are glad to take each other as we are, you ever imprudent, I ever——(I leave the word to your mercy).

"The last number of 'Præterita' pleased me greatly. There was a sweet tone in it, such as becomes the retrospect of a wise man as he summons the scenes of past life before his eyes; the clearness, the sharp-cut outline of your memories is a wonder, and their fullness of light and color. My own are very different. I find the outlines of many of them blurred, and their colors faint. The loss that came to me fifteen years ago included the loss of vividness of memory of much of my youth.

"The winter has been long and hard with us. Even yet there are snowbanks in shady places, and not yet is there a sign of a leaf. Even the snowdrops are hardly venturing out of the earth. But the birds have come back, and to-day I hear the woodpeckers knocking at the doors of the old trees to find a shelter and home for the summer. We have had the usual winter pleasures, and all my children have been well, though Lily is always too delicate, and ten days hence I part with her that she may go to England and try there to escape her summer cold. She goes out under Lowell's charge, and will be with her mother's sister and cousins in England. My three girls have just come to beg me to go out with them for a walk. So, good-by. I will

write soon again. Don't you write to me when you are tired. I let my eyes rest for an instant on Turner's sunset, and your sunrise from Herne Hill, which hang before me; and with a heart full of loving thanks to you,—I am ever your affectionate

“C. E. N.

“My best love to Joan,—to whom I mean to write.”

Somewhat more of Joan (and Charles also) I have to tell, as I said, in next “Præterita.”

51. I cannot go on, here, to tell the further tale of our peace and war; for the Fates wove for me, but a little while after they brought me that friend to Sallenches glen, another net of Love; in which alike the warp and woof were of deeper colors.

Soon after I returned home, in the eventful year 1858, a lady wrote to me from—somewhere near Green Street, W.,—saying, as people sometimes did, in those days, that she saw I was the only sound teacher in Art; but this farther, very seriously, that she wanted her children—two girls and a boy—taught the beginnings of Art rightly; especially the younger girl, in whom she thought I might find some power worth developing:—would I come and see her? I thought I should rather like to; so I went, to near Green Street; and found the mother—the sort of person I expected, but a good deal more than I expected, and in all sorts of ways. Extremely pretty still, herself, nor at all too old to learn many things; but mainly anxious for her children. Emily, the elder daughter, wasn't in; but Rosie was,—should she be sent for to the nursery? Yes, I said, if it wouldn't tease the child, she might be sent for. So presently the drawing-room door opened, and Rosie came in, quietly taking stock of me with her blue eyes as she walked across the room; gave me her hand, as a good dog gives its paw, and then stood a little back. Nine years old, on 3rd January, 1858, thus now rising

towards ten; neither tall nor short for her age; a little stiff in her way of standing. The eyes rather deep blue at that time, and fuller and softer than afterwards. Lips perfectly lovely in profile;—a little too wide, and hard in edge, seen in front; the rest of the features what a fair, well-bred Irish girl's usually are; the hair, perhaps, more graceful in short curl round the forehead, and softer than one sees often, in the close-bound tresses above the neck.

52. I thought it likely she *might* be taught to draw a little, if she would take time; I did not expect her to take *pains*, and told her mother so, at once. Rosie says never a word, but we continue to take stock of each other. "I thought you so ugly," she told me, afterwards. She didn't quite mean that; but only, her mother having talked much of my "greatness" to her, she had expected me to be something like Garibaldi, or the Elgin Theseus; and was extremely disappointed.

I expressed myself as ready to try what I could make of Rosie; only I couldn't come every other day all the way in to Green Street. Mamma asked what sort of a road there was to Denmark Hill? I explained the simplicity and beauty of its ramifications round the Elephant and Castle, and how one was quite in the country as soon as one got past the triangular field at Champion Hill. And the wildernesses of the Obelisk having been mapped out, and determined to be passable, the day was really appointed for first lesson at Denmark Hill—and Emily came with her sister.

53. Emily was a perfectly sweet, serene, delicately-chiseled marble nymph of fourteen, softly dark-eyed, rightly tender and graceful in all she did and said. I never saw such a faculty for the arrangement of things beautifully, in any other human being. If she took up a handful of flowers, they fell out of her hand in wreathed jewelry of color and form, as if they had been sown, and had blossomed, to live together so, and no otherwise. Her mother had the same gift, but in its more witty, thoughtful, and scientific range; in Emily it was pure wild instinct. For an

Irish girl, she was not witty, for she could not make a mistake; one never laughed at what she said, but the room was brighter for it. To Rose and me she soon became no more Emily, but "Wisie," named after my dead Wisie. All the children, and their father, loved animals;—my first sight of papa was as he caressed a green popinjay which was almost hiding itself in his waistcoat. Emily's pony, Swallow, and Rosie's dog, Bruno, will have their day in these memoirs; but Emily's "Bully" was the perfectest pet of all; he used to pass half his day in the air, above her head, or behind her shoulders, holding a little tress of her long hair as far out as he could, on the wing.

54. That first day, when they came to Denmark Hill, there was much for them to see;—my mother, to begin with, and she also had to see them; on both sides the sight was thought good. Then there were thirty Turners, including the great Rialto; half-a-dozen Hunts; a beautiful Tintoret; my minerals in the study; the loaded apple trees in the orchard; the glowing peaches on the old red garden wall. The lesson lost itself that day in pomiferous talk, with rustic interludes in the stables and pigsty. The pigs especially, it was observed, were highly educated, and spoke excellent Irish.

When next they came, lessons began duly, with perspective, and the analysis of the essential qualities of triangles! I must state here, generally, that ever since the year I lost in efforts to trisect an angle myself, education, both in drawing and ethics, has been founded by me on the *pleasant* and pretty mysteries of trigonometry! the more resolutely, because I always found ignorance of magnitudes at the root of modern bad taste and frivolity; and farther, because all the grace, and much of the sentiment, both of plant and mountain form, depends on the angle of the cone they fill with their branches, or rise into with their cliffs.

These geometrical lessons are always accompanied, when I have girls to teach, by the most careful pencil study of the forms of leaves as they grow, whether on ground or branch.

55. In botanical knowledge, and perception of plant-

character, my eldest Irish pupil, mamma, was miles and miles my superior; and in powers of design, both the children were so: but the fine methods of measurement and delineation were new to all of them; nor less the charm of faithfully represented color, in full daylight, and in the open air. Having Turner's mountain drawings of his best time beside us, and any quantity of convolvuluses, hollyhocks, plums, peaches, and apples, to bring in from the garden, the afternoon hours went fast; but so much more in talk than work, that I soon found, if either triangles or bindweeds were to come to anything, it must be under the governess's superintendence, not mamma's: and that I should have to make my way to Green Street, and up to the schoolroom, after all, on at least two out of three of the lesson days. Both the children, to my extreme satisfaction, approved of this arrangement, and the final order was that whenever I happened to go through Green Street, I should pay them a visit in the nursery. Somehow, from that time, most of my London avocations led me through Green Street.

It chanced above all things well for me that their governess was a woman of great sense and power, whom the children entirely loved, and under whom mamma put herself, in the schoolroom, no less meekly than they; partly in play, but really also a little subdued by the clear insight of the fearlessly frank preceptress into her own faults. I cannot call them "foibles," for her native wit and strength of character admitted none.

56. Rosie had shortly expressed her sense of her governess's niceness by calling her "Bun;" and I had not been long free of the schoolroom before she wanted a name for me also, significant of like approval. After some deliberation, she christened me "Crumpet"; then, impressed by seeing my gentleness to beggars; canonized me as "Saint Crumpet," or, shortly and practically, "St. C.,"—which I remained ever afterwards; only Emily said one day to her sister that the C. did in truth stand for "Chrysostom."

The drawing, and very soon painting, lessons went on

meantime quite effectively, both the girls working with quick intelligence and perfect feeling; so that I was soon able, with their mother's strong help, to make them understand the essential qualities both of good painting and sculpture. Rose went on into geology; but only far enough to find another play-name for me—"Archegosaurus." This was meant partly to indicate my scientific knowledge of Depths and Ages; partly to admit me more into family relations, her mother having been named, by her cleverest and fondest friend, "Lacerta,"—to signify that she had the grace and wisdom of the serpent, without its poison.

And things went on,—as good girls will know how, through all that winter;—in the spring, the Fates brought the first whirlpool into the current of them, in that (I forget exactly why) it was resolved that they should live by the Cascade of Florence in the spring, and on the Lung' Arno, instead of in the Park by the Serpentine. But there was the comfort for me that Rosie was really a little sorry to go away; and that she understood in the most curious way how sorry *I* was.

Some wise, and prettily mannered, people have told me I shouldn't say anything about Rosie at all. But I am too old now to take advice, and I won't have this following letter—the first she ever wrote me—molder away, when I can read it no more, lost to all loving hearts.

NICE, Monday, March 18th.

57. DEAREST ST. CRUMPET—I am so sorry—I couldn't write before, there wasn't one bit of time—I am so sorry you were di_ssap_pointed—I only got yr letter yesterday (Sunday), & we only got to Nice late on Saturday afternoon—So I have got up so early this morning to try & get a clear hour before breakfast to write to you, which you see I'm doing—So you thought of us, dear St. Crumpet, & we too thought so much of you—Thank you very much for the Diary letter; it was so nice of you to write so long a one—I have so much to tell you too Archigosaurus so I will begin from Dover, & tell what befel us up to Nice—Emily asks me to say that she

did a picture at Dover of Dover Castle in a fog—I think it was to please you—Well we had a roughish passage, but we *

sat on deck & didn't mind—We thought & talked about you—Every great wave that came we called a ninth wave and we thought how pleasant it w^d be to sit in a storm and draw them, but I think if you had wanted it done I'd have tried to do it St. Crumpet—There was what do you think at the prow of our steamer—yr brother Archigosaurus, an alligator, and we said it was you—Well so we got to Calais, breakfasted at the Table d'Hôte there, and then began that weary railroad journey from Calais to Paris—the scenery was just the same all the way—I suppose you know it—Those long straight rows of poplars cut even at the tops & flat uninteresting country. I drew the poplars in perspective for you St. Crumpet—We got to Paris on

Friday evening & stayed till Wednesday—No, I couldn't I tell you, there wasn't one bit of time or do you think I would not have seized it directly for I know yr thinking why didn't she write—Its too long to say all we did & didn't do in Paris, so I'll only tell about the Louvre and Notre Dame. We went to the Louvre. Oh St. Crumpet how we thought of you there—How we looked and talked about the Titians you told us to look at particularly the glass ball one & the white Rabbit—Yes we looked so much at them and we did, all of us, think them so very beautiful—I liked two portraits of Titian's of two dark gentlemen with earnest eyes better than any I think. We thought his skins (I mean the skins he made his picture-people have) so very beautifully done & we looked at the pinks at the corners of the eyes & thought of the Portrait of Lord Bute's & you again St. Crumpet.

58. We liked the picture of Paul Veronese of the children playing with the dog very much I think one of them the most prominent with dark eyes & not looking at the dog is very beautiful Why does Paul Veronese put his own family in

* I leave pauses where the old pages end.—J. R.

the pictures of sacred subjects, I wonder? I liked the little puppy in the boys arms trying to get away—The statues in the Louvre I think most beautiful. Is it wrong St. Crumpet to like that noble Venus Victrix as well as Titian If it is, am I a hardened little tinner? Oh but they are so beautiful those statues there's one of a Venus leaning against a tree with a Lacerta running up it—Notre Dame they are spoiling as quick as they can by coloring those grand old pillars with ugly daubs of green and yellow etc. Is not that "light" in the French? * It's a bore saying all we thought of Paris, I must get on to the mountains not to say Alps—Don't be Kingfishery † dear St. Crumpet; how good it was of you to give yr Turners that you love so much to the Oxford Museum From Paris we started early on Wednesday morning & traveled all day & all the night in the train—Yes you would have said "Poor Posie" I was bored But we got over it very well—It was so pleasant to be running after the sun to the south (Dont be Kingfishery) & awaking at about 5 in the morning to see long plains of grayheaded silvery olives and here and there pink perky peach trees dancing among them—And there were groups of dark cool cypress trees pointing upwards, & hills & gray rocks sloping to the sea—the Mediterranean So we shook off our sleepiness, at least Papa Mama and I did for Emily & Adèle still slept; & saw behind those peaks of craggy hills a pink smile coming in the sky telling us that the morning had come really at last So we watched & suddenly there rose (popped wd be a better word for it really rose in one instant)

such a sun—"nor dim, nor red" (you know the verse) & then dipped back again below the hills It was so beautiful—But I shocked Mama by saying "Jack in the box" which awoke Emily who declared of course she had been

* Referring to a debate over Mrs. Browning's poem in defense of them; the one in which she says, rightly, that they are no more "light" than a rifle-ball is.

† Kingfishery. Sitting sulkily on a branch.

wide awake and had seen it all. Why do people always do that, St. Crumpet? This was just before we came to Marseilles. It had been snowing the day before & it was nice to go to sleep & wake up in the summer—We got to Toulon and there we spent the day & oh Archigosaurus we saw so many *Lacertas* there; again we thought of you—How can you wish to be a parrot *—are you not our saint—You wouldn't look a bit nice in a gold laced cap; don't you know blue is the color you should wear. At Toulon it was like July—I don't like such heat—Transplantation & scorching is too much for an Irish rose—But I sat with

Mama and Emily on a rock & sketched Toulon Harbor, (or rather tried to) for you St. Crumpet. Then the next we posted, the country was so beautiful some of it & towards evening we saw snowy peaks, they were the mountains of Savoy. I was pretty tired that night & we had to sleep at Frejus such a disagreeable place. The next day we had six horses to our carriage for it was a hilly road... We walked about two hours of the way over the hills † You know what sort of a view there was at the top, St. Crumpet & how one stands & stares & says nothing because the words of Grand Glorious, Beautiful etc cannot in one quarter express what one thinks. You the author of M-Ps c^d describe it Irish roses can't. But I can tell you how my cousins the moorland roses nodded at me as I passed and how they couldn't understand why Irish hedge roses bloomed in July instead of March

59. I can tell you how the fields were white with Narcissi, how the roads were edged with mauve-colored anemones & how the scarlet anemones stood up in the meadows tantalizing me in the carriage so much because I wanted to feel them And there were myrtles (wild) growing close to the

* I suppose I had not expressed this farther condition, of being her father's parrot.

† The pass of the Esterelle, between Frejus and Nice; more beautiful, always, to me, than all the groves and cliffs of the Riviera.—J. R., 1889.

blue Mediterranean & Mama lay down on them by the sea-side at Cannes while Papa and I were talking to a perfectly deaf old French fisherman who gave his * to me as he caught them putting them half alive into my hands, oh, you w^d have been alive there Archigosaurus. How I wish you had been there. Well we got here (Nice) on Saturday evening & we climbed up an old Roman Amphitheater and saw of all sunsets the most glorious. We said it was like Light in the West, Beauvais, and again we thought of you Oh St. Crum-pet I think of you so much & of all your dearnesses to me

I wish so very much that you were happy—God can make you so—We will try not to forget all you taught us—It was so nice of you. Thank you so much from both of us.—Mama is very glad you went to Dr. Ferguson She says you must not give him up. How very kind of you to see & talk to our old man Certainly the name is not beautiful We have all read your letter & we all care for it That was indeed a “dear Irish laborer.” I like him so much; such a nice letter. I hope M^r & M^{rs} Ruskin are well now. Will you give them our love please & take for yourself as much as ever you please. It will be a great deal if you deign to take all we send you. I like Nice but I don't much like being transplanted except going home. I am ever your rose.

Postscript.

Yes, write packets—trunks, & we shall like them so much. Indeed I couldn't write before, I'll try to write again. You must see how we think of you & talk of you—rose posie.

*“Fish” to be understood; also that the fisherman was not “perfectly” deaf, for papa could not have talked with his eyes only, as Rose could.

CHAPTER IV.

JOANNA'S CARE.

60. THE mischances which have delayed the sequence of "Præterita" must modify somewhat also its intended order. I leave Rosie's letter to tell what it can of the beginning of happiest days ; but omit, for a little while, the further record of them,—of the shadows which gathered around them, and increased, in my father's illness; and of the lightning which struck him down in death—so sudden, that I find it extremely difficult, in looking back, to realize the state of mind in which it left either my mother or me. My own principal feeling was certainly anxiety for her, who had been for so many years in every thought dependent on my father's wishes, and withdrawn from all other social pleasure as long as she could be *his* companion. I scarcely felt the power I had over her, myself; and was at first amazed to find my own life suddenly becoming to her another ideal; and that new hope and pride were possible to her, in seeing me take command of my father's fortune, and permitted by him, from his grave, to carry out the theories I had formed for my political work, with unrestricted and deliberate energy.

My mother's perfect health of mind, and vital religious faith, enabled her to take all the good that was left to her, in the world, while she looked in secure patience for the heavenly future: but there was immediate need for some companionship which might lighten the burden of the days to her.

61. I have never yet spoken of the members of my grandmother's family, who either remained in Galloway,* or were associated with my early days in London. Quite one

* See "Præterita," vol. i.

of the dearest of them at this time, was Mrs. Agnew, born Catherine Tweddale, and named Catherine after her aunt, my father's mother. She had now for some years been living in widowhood; her little daughter, Joan, only five years old when her father died, having grown up in their pretty old house at Wigtown,* in the simplicity of entirely natural and contented life: and, though again and again under the stress of domestic sorrow, untellable in the depth of the cup which the death-angels filled for the child, yet in such daily happiness as her own bright and loving nature secured in her relations with all those around her; and in the habits of childish play, or education, then common in the rural towns of South Scotland: of which, let me say at once that there was greater refinement in them, and more honorable pride, than probably, at that time, in any other district of Europe;†

* Now pulled down and the site taken for the new county buildings. The house as it once stood is seen in the center of the wood-cut at page 6 of Gordon Fraser's Guide, with the Stewartry hills in the distance. I have seldom seen a truer rendering of the look of an old Scottish town.

† The following couple of pages, from "Redgauntlet," put in very few words the points of difference between them and the fatally progressive follies and vanities of Edinburgh:—

"'Come away, Mr. Fairford; the Edinburgh time is later than ours,' said the Provost.

"'And come away, young gentleman,' said the Laird; 'I remember your father weel, at the Cross, thirty years ago. I reckon you are as late in Edinburgh as at London; *four* o'clock hours, eh?'

"'Not quite so degenerate,' replied Fairford; 'but certainly many Edinburgh people are so ill-advised as to *postpone their dinner* till three, that they may have full time to answer their London correspondents.'

"'London correspondents!' said Mr. Maxwell; 'and pray, what the devil have the people of Auld Reekie to do with London correspondents?'

"'The tradesmen must have their goods,' said Fairford.

"'Can they not buy our own Scottish manufactures, and pick their customers' pockets in a more patriotic manner?'

"'Then the ladies must have fashions,' said Fairford.

"'Can they not busk the plaid over their heads, as their mothers

a certain pathetic melody and power of tradition consecrating nearly every scene with some past light, either of heroism or religion.

62. And so it chanced, providentially, that at this moment, when my mother's thoughts dwelt constantly on the past, there should be this child near us,—still truly a child, in her powers of innocent pleasure, but already so accustomed to sorrow, that there was nothing that could farther depress her in my mother's solitude. I have not time to tell of the pretty little ways in which it came about, but they all ended in my driving to No. 1, Cambridge Street, on the 19th April, 1864: where her uncle (my cousin, John Tweddale) brought her up to the drawing-room to me, saying, "This is Joan."

I had seen her three years before, but not long enough to remember her distinctly: only I had a notion that she would be "nice,"* and saw at once that she *was* entirely nice, both in my mother's way, and mine; being now seventeen years and some—well, for example of accuracy and conscience—forty-five days, old. And I very thankfully took her hand out of her uncle's, and received her in trust, saying—I do not remember just what,—but certainly *feeling* much more strongly than either her uncle or she did, that the gift, both to my mother and me, was one which we should not easily bear to be again withdrawn. I put her into my father's carriage at the door, and drove her out to Denmark

did? A tartan screen, and once a year a new cockernony from Paris, should serve a countess; but ye have not many of *them* left, I think. Mareschal, Airley, Winton, Wemyss, Balmerino—ay, ay, the countesses and ladies of quality will scarce take up too much of your ballroom floor with their quality hoops nowadays.'

' "There is no want of crowding, however, sir," said Fairford; 'they begin to talk of a new Assembly Room.'

' "A new Assembly Room!' said the old Jacobite Laird. 'Umph—I mind quartering three hundred men in the Assembly Room you *have*. But, come, come: I'll ask no more questions—the answers all smell of new lords, new lands.'"

*And the word means more, with me, than with Sydney Smith (see his Memoirs); but it means *all* that *he* does, to begin with.

Hill. Here is her own account of what followed between my mother and her:—

63. "I was received with great kindness by the dear old lady, who did not inspire *me*, as she did so many other people, with a feeling of awe! We were the best of friends, from the first. She, ever most considerate of what would please *me*, and make me happy; and I, (ever a lover of old ladies!) delighted to find it so easily possible to please *her*.

"Next morning she said, 'Now tell me frankly, child, what you like best to eat, and you shall have it. Don't hesitate; say what you'd really like,—for luncheon to-day, for instance.' I said, truthfully, 'Cold mutton, and oysters'; and this became a sort of standing order (in months with the letter *r*!)—greatly to the cook's amusement.

"Of course I respectfully called the old lady '*Mrs. Ruskin*'; but in a day or two, she told me she didn't like it, and would I call her 'Aunt' or 'Auntie'? I readily did so.

"The days flew in that lovely garden, and as I had only been invited to stay a week, until Mr. Ruskin should return home,* I felt miserable when he did come, thinking I must go back to London streets, and noise; (though I was always very happy with my good uncle and aunts).

"So, when the last evening came, of my week, I said, with some hesitation, 'Auntie, I had better go back to my uncle's to-morrow!'

"She flung down her netting, and turned sharply round, saying, 'Are you unhappy, child?' 'Oh no!' said I, 'only my week is up, and I thought it was time——'

"I was not allowed to finish my sentence. She said, 'Never let me hear you say anything again about going; as long as you are happy here, stay, and we'll send for your clothes, and make arrangements about lessons, and everything else here.'

"And thus it came about that I stayed *seven years!*—till I married; going home now and then to Scotland, but

*I must have been going away somewhere the day after I brought her to Denmark Hill.

always getting pathetic little letters there, telling me to 'come back as soon as my mother could spare me, that I was much missed, and nobody could ever fill my place.' And auntie was very old then (not that she ever could bear being called *old*, at ninety!), and I could not ever bear the thought of leaving her!"

64. Thus far Joanie; nor virtually have she and I ever parted since. I do not care to count how long it is since her marriage to Arthur Severn; only I think her a great deal prettier now than I did then: but other people thought her extremely pretty then, and I am certain that everybody *felt* the guileless and melodious sweetness of the face. Her first conquest was almost on our threshold; for half an hour or so after we had reached Denmark Hill, Carlyle rode up the front garden, joyfully and reverently received as always; and stayed the whole afternoon; even, (Joan says) sitting with us during our early dinner at five. Many a day after that, he used to come; and one evening, "in describing with some rapture how he had once as a young man had a delightful trip into Galloway, 'where he was most hospitably entertained in the town of Wigtown by a Mr. Tweddale,' I (Joan) said quietly, 'I *am* so glad! That was my grandfather, and Wigtown is my native place!' He turned in a startled, sudden way, saying, 'Bless the child, is that so?' adding some very pretty compliments to my place and its people, which filled my heart with great pride. And, on another occasion, after he had been to meet the Queen at Dean Stanley's, in describing to us some of the conversation, he made us laugh by telling how, in describing to Her Majesty the beauty of Galloway, that 'he believed there was no finer or more beautiful drive in her kingdom than the one round the shore of the Stewartry, by Gatehouse of Fleet,' he got so absorbed in his subject that, in drawing his chair closer to the Queen, he at last became aware he had fixed it on her dress, and that she could not move till he withdrew it! Do you think I may say farther?" (Of course, Joanie) "that Carlyle as a young man often went to my great aunt's (Mrs.

Church) in Dumfriesshire; and he has several times told me that he considered *her* one of the most remarkable and kindest women he had ever known. On one occasion while there, he went to the little Cummertrees Church, where the then minister (as a joke sometimes called 'Daft Davie Gillespie') used to speak his mind very plainly from the pulpit, and while preaching a sermon on 'Youth and Beauty being laid in the grave,' something tickled Carlyle, and he was seen to smile; upon which Mr. Gillespie stopped suddenly, looked with a frown at Carlyle (who was sitting in my aunt's pew), and said, 'Mistake me not, young man; it is *youth alone* that *you* possess.' This was told to me, (Joan,) by an old cousin of mine who heard it, and was sitting next Carlyle at the time."

65. I am so glad to be led back by Joanie to the thoughts of Carlyle, as he showed himself to her, and to me, in those spring days, when he used to take pleasure in the quiet of the Denmark Hill garden, and to use all his influence with me to make me contented in my duty to my mother; which he, as, with even greater insistence, Turner, always told me was my first;—both of them seeing, with equal clearness, the happiness of the life that was possible to me in merely meeting my father's affection and hers, with the tranquil exertion of my own natural powers, in the place where God had set me.

Both at the time, and ever since, I have felt bitter remorse that I did not make Carlyle free of the garden, and his horse of the stables, whether we were at home or not; for the fresh air, and bright view of the Norwood hills, were entirely grateful and healing to him, when the little back garden at Cheyne Row was too hot, or the neighborhood of it too noisy, for his comfort.

66. And at this time, nearly every opportunity of good, and peace, was granted in Joan's coming to help me to take care of my mother. She was perfectly happy, herself, in the seclusion of Denmark Hill; while yet the occasional evenings spent at George Richmond's, or with others of her

London friends, (whose circle rapidly widened,) enabled her to bring back to my mother little bits of gossip which were entirely refreshing to both of us; for I used to leave my study whenever Joanie came back from these expeditions, to watch my mother's face in its glittering sympathy. I think I have said of her before, that although not witty herself, her strong sense gave her the keenest enjoyment of kindly humor, whether in saying or incident; and I have seen her laughing, partly *at* Joanie and partly *with* her, till the tears ran down her still brightly flushing cheeks. Joan was never tired of telling her whatever gave her pleasure, nor of reading to her, in quieter time, the books she delighted in, against which, girls less serenely—nay, less religiously, bred, would assuredly have rebelled,—any quantity, for instance, of Miss Edgeworth and Richardson.

(I interrupt myself for a moment to express, at this latter time of life, the deep admiration I still feel for Richardson. The follies of modern novel writing render it impossible for young people to understand the perfection of the human nature in his conception, and delicacy of finish in his dialogue, rendering all his greater scenes unsurpassable in their own manner of art. They belong to a time of the English language in which it could express with precision the most delicate phases of sentiment, necessarily now lost under American, Cockney, or scholastic slang.)

67. Joanie herself had real faculty and genius in all rightly girlish directions. She had an extremely sweet voice, whether in reading or singing; inventive wit, which was softly satirical, but never malicious; and quite a peculiar, and perfect, sense of clownish humor, which never for an instant diminished her refinement, but enabled her to sing either humorous Scotch, or the brightest Christy Minstrel carols, with a grace and animation which, within their gentle limits, could not be surpassed. She had a good natural faculty for drawing also, not inventive, but realistic; so that she answered my *first* lessons with serviceable care and patience; and was soon able to draw and paint flowers which were a great deal liker

the flowers themselves than my own elaborate studies;—no one said of them, "What wonderful drawing!" but everybody said, "How like a violet, or a buttercup!" At that point, however, she stayed, and yet stays, to my sorrow, never having advanced into landscape drawing.

• But very soon, also, she was able to help me in arranging my crystals; and the day divided itself between my mother's room, the mineral room, the garden, and the drawing-room, with busy pleasures for every hour.

68. Then, in my favorite readings, the deep interest which, in his period of entirely central power, Scott had taken in the scenery of the Solway, rendered everything that Joanie could tell me of her native bay and its hills, of the most living interest to me; and although, from my father's unerring tutorship, I had learned Scott's own Edinburgh accent with a precision which made the turn of every sentence precious to me, (and, I believe, my own rendering of it thoroughly interesting, even to a Scottish listener,)—yet every now and then Joanie could tell me something of old, classic, Galloway Scotch, which was no less valuable to me than a sudden light thrown on a chorus in *Æschylus* would be to a Greek scholar;—nay, only the other day I was entirely crushed by her interpreting to me, for the first time, the meaning of the name of the village of Captain Clutterbuck's residence,—Kennaquhair.*

* "Ken na' where"! Note the cunning with which Scott himself throws his reader off the scent, in the first sentence of "The Monastery," by quoting the learned Chalmers "for the derivation of the word '*Quhair*,' from the winding course of the stream; a definition which coincides in a remarkable degree with the serpentine turns of the Tweed"! ("It's a *serpentine turn* of his own, I think!" says Joanie, as I show her the sentence,) while in the next paragraph he gives an apparently historical existence to "the village of which we speak," by associating it with Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso, in the "splendor of foundation by David I.," and concludes, respecting the lands with which the king endowed these wealthy fraternities, with a grave sentence, perhaps the most candid ever written by a Scotsman, of the centuries preceding the Reformation: "In fact, for several ages the possessions of these

69. And it has chiefly been owing to Joan's help,—and even so, only within the last five or six years,—that I have fully understood the power, not on Sir Walter's mind merely, but on the character of all good Scotchmen, (much more, good Scotchwomen,) of the two lines of coast from Holy Island to Edinburgh, and from Annan to the Mull of Galloway. Between them, if the reader will glance at any old map which gives rivers and mountains, instead of railroads and factories, he will find that all the highest intellectual and moral powers of Scotland were developed, from the days of the Douglasses at Lochmaben, to those of Scott in Edinburgh, —Burns in Ayr,—and Carlyle at Ecclefechan, by the *pastoral* country, everywhere habitable, but only by hardihood under suffering, and patience in poverty; defending themselves always against the northern Pictish war of the Highlands, and the southern, of the English Edwards and Percys, in the days when whatever was loveliest and best of the Catholic religion haunted still the—then *not* ruins,—of Melrose, Jedburgh, Dryburgh, Kelso, Dumblane, Dundrennan, New Abbey of Dumfries, and, above all, the most ancient Cave of Whithorn,—the Candida Casa of St. Ninian; while perfectly sincere and passionate forms of Evangelicalism purified and brightened the later characters of shepherd Cameronian life, being won, like all the great victories of Christianity, by martyrdoms, of which the memory remains most vivid by those very shores where Christianity was first planted in Scotland,—Whithorn is, I think, only ten miles south of Wigtown Bay; and in the churchyard of Wigtown, close to the old Agnew burying-ground, (where most of Joanie's family are laid,) are the graves of Margaret MacLachlan, and Margaret Wilson, over which in rhythm is recorded on little square tombstones the story of their martyrdom.

Abbies were each a sort of Goshen, enjoying the calm light of peace and immunity, while the rest of the country, occupied by wild clans and marauding barons, was one dark scene of confusion, blood, and unremitted outrage."

70. It was only, I repeat, since what became practically my farewell journey in Italy in 1882, that I recovered the train of old associations by re-visiting Tweedside, from Coldstream up to Ashestiel; and the Solway shores from Dumfries to Whithorn; and while what knowledge I had of southern and foreign history then arranged itself for final review, it seemed to me that this space of low mountain ground, with the eternal sublimity of its rocky seashores, of its stormy seas and dangerous sands; its strange and mighty crags, Ailsa and the Bass, and its pathless moorlands, haunted by the driving cloud, had been of more import in the true world's history than all the lovely countries of the South, except only Palestine. In my quite last journey to Venice I was, I think, justly and finally impressed with the sadness and even *weakness* of the Mediterranean coasts; and the temptation to human nature, there, to solace itself with debasing pleasures; while the very impossibility of either accumulating the treasures, or multiplying the dreams, of art, among those northern waves and rocks, left the spirit of man strong to bear the hardships of the world, and faithful to obey the precepts of Heaven.

71. It is farther strange to me, even now, on reflection—to find how great the influence of this double ocean coast and Cheviot mountain border was upon Scott's imagination; and how salutary they were in withdrawing him from the morbid German fancies which proved so fatal to Carlyle: but there was this grand original difference between the two, that, with Scott, his story-telling and singing were all in the joyful admiration of that past with which he could re-people the scenery he gave the working part of his day to traverse, and all the sensibility of his soul to love; * while Carlyle's

* Yet, remember, so just and intense is his perception, and so stern his condemnation, of whatever is *corrupt* in the Scottish character, that while of distinctly evil natures—Varney, Rashleigh, or Lord Dalgarno—he takes world-wide examples,—the unpardonable baseness of so-called respectable or religious persons, and the cruelties of entirely selfish soldiers, are always Scotch. Take for the highest type the Lord Lindsay of "The Abbot," and for the

mind, fixed anxiously on the future, and besides embarrassed by the practical pinching, as well as the unconfessed shame, of poverty, saw and felt from his earliest childhood nothing but the faultfulness and gloom of the *Présent*.

It has been impossible, hitherto, to make the modern reader understand the vastness of Scott's true historical knowledge, underneath its romantic coloring, nor the concentration of it in the production of his eternally great poems and romances. English ignorance of the Scottish dialect is at present nearly total; nor can it be without very earnest effort, that the melody of Scott's verse, or the meaning of his dialogue, can ever again be estimated. He must now be read with the care which we give to Chaucer; but with the greater reward, that what is only a dream in Chaucer, becomes to us, understood from Scott, a consummate historical morality and truth.

72. The first two of his great poems, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Marmion," are the re-animation of Border legends, closing with the truest and grandest battle-piece that, so far as I know, exists in the whole compass of literature*;—the absolutely fairest in justice to both contending nations, the absolutely most beautiful in its conceptions of both. And that the palm in that conception remains with the Scotch, through the sorrow of their defeat, is no more than accurate justice to the national character, which rose from the fraternal branches of the Douglas of Tantallon and the Douglas of Dunkeld. But,—between Tantallon and Dunkeld,—what moor or mountain is there over which the purple cloud of Scott's imagination has not wrapt its light, in those two great poems?—followed by the entirely heroic

worst, Morton in "The Monastery," then the terrible, *because* at first sincere, Balfour of Burleigh in "Old Mortality"; and in lower kind, the Andrew Fairservice and MacVittie of "Rob Roy," the Peter Peebles of "Redgauntlet," the Glossin of "Guy Mannering," and the Saddletree of the "Heart of Midlothian."

* I include the literature of all foreign languages, so far as known to me: there is nothing to approach the finished delineation and flawless majesty of conduct in Scott's Flodden.

enchantment of "The Lady of the Lake," dwelling on the Highland virtue which gives the strength of clanship, and the Lowland honor of knighthood, founded on the Catholic religion. Then came the series of novels, in which, as I have stated elsewhere,* those which dealt with the history of other nations, such as "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Woodstock," "Quentin Durward," "Peveril of the Peak," "The Betrothed," and "The Crusaders," however attractive to the general world, were continually weak in fancy, and false in prejudice; but the literally *Scotch* novels, "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Abbot," "Redgauntlet," and "The Fortunes of Nigel," are, whatever the modern world may think of them, as faultless, throughout, as human work can be: and eternal examples of the ineffable art which is taught by the loveliest nature to her truest children.

Now of these, observe, "Guy Mannering," "Redgauntlet," a great part of "Waverley," and the beautiful close of "The Abbot," pass on the two coasts of Solway. The entire power of "Old Mortality" rises out of them, and their influence on Scott is curiously shown by his adoption of the name "Ochiltree" for his bedesman of Montrose, coming, not from the near hills, as one at first fancies, but from the Ochiltree Castle, which in Mercator's old map of 1637 I find in the center of the archbishopric, then extending from Glasgow to Wigtown, and correspondent to that of St. Andrew's on the east,—the subordinate bishopric of Candida Casa, answering to that of Dunkeld, with the bishoprics of the isles Sura, Mura, and Isla. It is also, Mercator adds in his note, called the "bishopric of Galloway."

73. "Even I," says Joanie, again, "remember old people who knew the real 'Old Mortality.' He used to come through all the Galloway district to clean and re-cut the old worn gravestones of the martyrs; sometimes, I have been told, to the long since disused kirkyard of Kirkchrist, the place where my great aunt, Mrs. Church (Carlyle's friend,

* "On the Old Road," Fiction—Fair and Foul.—ED.

of whom I have spoken) began her married life. Kirkchrist is just on the opposite side from Kirkcudbright, overlooking the River Dee."

I must go back to a middle-aged map of 1773, to find the noble river rightly traced from its source above Kenmure Castle to the winding bay which opens into Solway, by St. Mary's Isle; where Kirkchrist is marked as Christ K, with a cross, indicating the church then existing.

I was staying with Arthur and Joan, at Kenmure Castle itself in the year 1876, and remember much of its dear people: and, among the prettiest scenes of Scottish gardens, the beautiful trees on the north of that lawn on which the last muster met for King Charles; "and you know," says Joanie, "the famous song that used to inspire them all, of 'Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!'"* The thoughts come too fast upon me, for before Joanie said this, I was trying to recollect on what height above Solway, Darsie Latimer pauses with Wandering Willie, in whom Scott records forever the glory,—not of Scottish music only, but of all *Music*, rightly so called,—which is a part of God's own creation, becoming an expression of the purest hearts.

74. I cannot pause now to find the spot,† and still less the churchyard in which, at the end of Wandering Willie's tale, his grandsire wakes: but, to the living reader, I have this to say very earnestly, that the whole glory and blessing of these sacred coasts depended on the rise and fall of their eternal sea, over sands which the sunset gilded with its withdrawing glow, from the measureless distances of the west, on the ocean horizon, or veiled in silvery mists, or shadowed with fast-flying storm, of which nevertheless every cloud was

* "Lady Huntley plays Scotch tunes like a Highland angel. She ran a set of variations on 'Kenmure's on and awa,' which I told her were enough to raise a whole countryside. I never in my life heard such fire thrown into that sort of music."—*Sir Walter writing to his daughter Sophia. Lockhart's "Life,"* vol. iv., page 371.

†It is on the highest bit of moor between Dumfries and Annan. Wandering Willie's "parishine" is only thus defined in "Redgauntlet"—"They ca' the place Primrose Knowe."

pure, and the winter snows blanched in the starlight. For myself, the impressions of the Solway sands are a part of the greatest teaching that ever I received during the joy of youth:—for Turner, they became the most pathetic that formed his character in the prime of life, and the five *Liber Studiorum* subjects, “Solway Moss,” “Peat Bog, Scotland,” “The Falls of Clyde,” “Ben Arthur,” and “Dumblane Abbey,” remain more complete expressions of his intellect, and more noble monuments of his art, than all his mightiest after work, until the days of sunset in the west came for *it* also.

75. As “Redgauntlet” is, in its easily readable form, inaccessible, nowadays, I quote at once the two passages which prove Scott’s knowledge of music, and the strong impression made on him by the scenery between Dumfries and Annan. Hear, first, of Darsie Latimer’s escape from the simplicity of his Quaker friends to the open downs of the coast which had formerly seemed so waste and dreary. “The air I breathed felt purer and more bracing; the clouds, riding high upon a summer breeze, drove in gay succession over my head, now obscuring the sun, now letting its rays stream in transient flashes upon various parts of the landscape, and especially upon the broad mirror of the distant Frith of Solway.”

A moment afterwards he catches the tune of “Old Sir Thom a Lyne,” sung by three musicians cozily nighed into what you might call a *bunker*,* a little sandpit, dry and snug, surrounded by its banks, and a screen of furze in full bloom. Of whom the youngest, Benjie, “at first somewhat dismayed at my appearance, but calculating on my placability, almost in one breath assured the itinerants that I was a grand gentleman, and had plenty of money, and was very kind to poor folk, and informed *me* that this was Willie Steenson, ‘Wandering Willie, the best fiddler that ever kittled thairm (catgut) with horsehair.’ I asked him if he was of this country.

* This is a modern word, meaning, first, a large chest; then, a recess scooped in soft rock.

‘*This country!*’ replied the blind man, ‘and of every country in broad Scotland, and a wee bit of England to the boot. But yet I am in some sense of this country, *for I was born within hearing of the roar of Solway.*’ ”

76. I must pause again to tell the modern reader that no word is ever used by Scott in a hackneyed sense. For three hundred years of English commonplace, *roar* has rhymed to *shore*, as *breeze* to *trees*; yet in this sentence the word is as powerful as if it had never been written till now! for no other sound of the sea is for an instant comparable to the breaking of deep ocean, as it rises over great spaces of sand. In its rise and fall on a rocky coast, it is either perfectly silent, or, if it strike, it is with a crash, or a blow like that of a heavy gun. Therefore, under ordinary conditions, there may be either *splash*, or *crash*, or *sigh*, or *boom*; but not *roar*. But the hollow sound of the countless ranks of surfy breakers, rolling mile after mile in ceaseless following, every one of them with the apparent anger and threatening of a fate which is assured death unless fled from,—the sound of this approach, over quicksands, and into inextricable gulfs of mountain bay, this, heard far out at sea, or heard far inland, through the peace of secure night—or stormless day, is still an eternal voice, with the harmony in it of a mighty law, and the gloom of a mortal warning.

77. “The old man preluded as he spoke, and then taking the old tune of ‘Galashiels’ for his theme, he graced it with a wildness of complicated and beautiful variations; during which it was wonderful to observe how his sightless face was lighted up under the conscious pride and heartfelt delight in the exercise of his own very considerable powers.

“‘What think you of that now, for threescore and twa?’ ”

I pause again to distinguish this noble pride of a man of unerring genius, in the power which all his life has been too short to attain, up to the point he conceives of,—from the base complacency of the narrow brain and dull heart, in their own chosen ways of indolence or error.

The feeling comes out more distinctly still, three pages forward, when his wife tells him, "The gentleman is a gentleman, Willie; ye maunna speak that gate to him, hin-
nie." "The deevil I maunna!" said Willie,* "and what for maunna I? If he was ten gentles, he *canna draw a bow like me, can he?*"

78. I need to insist upon this distinction, at this time in England especially, when the names of artists, whose birth was an epoch in the world's history, are dragged through the gutters of Paris, Manchester, and New York, to decorate the last puffs written for a morning concert, or a monthly exhibition. I have just turned out of the house a book in which I am told by the modern picture dealer that Mr. A., B., C., D., or F. is "the Mozart of the nineteenth century"; the fact being that Mozart's birth wrote the laws of melody for all the world as irrevocably as if they had been set down by the waves of Solway; and as widely as the birth of St. Gregory in the sixth century fixed to *its* date forever the establishment of the laws of musical expression. Men of perfect genius are known in all centuries by their perfect respect to all law, and love of past tradition; their work in the world is never innovation, but new creation; without disturbing for an instant the foundations which were laid of old time. One would have imagined—at least, anyone but

* Joanie tells me she has often heard the fame of the *real* Wandering Willie spoken of: he was well known in travel from the Border right into Galloway, stopping to play in villages and at all sorts of out-of-the-way houses, and, strangely, succeeded by a *blind woman* fiddler, who used to come led by a sister; and the chief singing lessons in Joanie's young days were given through Galloway by a *blind man*, who played the fiddle to perfection; and his ear was so correct that if in a class of fifty voices one note was discordant, he would stop instantly, tap loudly on the fiddle with the back of his bow, fly to the spot where the wrong note came from, pounce on the person, and say, "It was *you*, and it's no use denying it; if I can't *see*, I can *hear!*" and he'd make the culprit go over and over the phrase till it was conquered. He always opened the class with a sweeping scale, dividing off so many voices to each note, to follow in succession.

Scott would have imagined—that a Scottish blind fiddler would have been only the exponent of Scottish feeling and Scottish art; it was even with astonishment that I myself read the conclusion of his dialogue with Darsie Latimer: “‘Are ye in the wont of drawing up wi’ all the gangrel bodies that ye meet on the highroad, or find cowering in a sand-bunker upon the links?’ demanded Willie.

“‘Oh, no! only with honest folks like yourself, Willie,’ was my reply.

“‘Honest folks like me! How do ye ken whether I am honest, or what I am? I may be the deevil himsell for what ye ken; for he has power to come disguised like an angel of light; and besides, he is a prime fiddler. He played a sonata to *Corelli*, ye ken.’”

79. This reference to the simplest and purest writer of Italian melody being not for the sake of the story, but because Willie’s own art had been truly founded upon him, so that he had been really an angel of music, as well as light to him. See the beginning of the dialogue in the previous page. “‘Do you ken the Laird?’ said Willie, interrupting an *overture* of *Corelli*, of which he had whistled several bars with great precision.”

I must pause again, to crowd together one or two explanations of the references to music in my own writings hitherto, which I can here sum by asking the reader to compare the use of the voice in war, beginning with the cry of Achilles on the Greek wall; down to what may be named as the two great instances of modern choral war-song: the singing of the known Church-hymn * at the Battle of Leuthen (“*Friedrich*,” vol. ii., p. 259), in which “five-and-twenty thousand victor voices joined”:

“Now thank God one and all,
With heart, with voice, with hands,
Who wonders great hath done
To us and to all lands;”—

* *Psalm*, I believe, rather; but see my separate notes on *St. Louis’ Psalter* (now in preparation).

and, on the counter side, the song of the Marseillaise on the march to Paris, which began the conquests of the French Revolution, in turning the tide of its enemies. Compare these, I say, with the debased use of modern military bands at dinners and dances, which inaugurate such victory as *we* had at the Battle of Balaclava, and the modern no-Battle of the Baltic, when our entire war fleet, a vast job of iron-mongers, retreated, under Sir C. Napier, from before the Russian fortress of Cronstadt.

80. I preface with this question the repetition of what I have always taught, that the Voice is the eternal musical instrument of heaven and earth, from angels down to birds. Half-way between them, my little Joanie sang me yesterday, 13th May, 1889, "Farewell, Manchester," and "Golden Slumbers," two pieces of consummate melody, which can only be expressed by the voice, and belonging to the group of like melodies which have been, not invented, but inspired, to all nations in the days of their loyalty to God, to their prince, and to themselves. That Manchester has since become the funnel of a volcano, which, not content with vomiting pestilence, gorges the whole rain of heaven, that falls over a district as distant as the ancient Scottish border,—is not indeed wholly Manchester's fault, nor altogether Charles Stuart's fault; the beginning of both faults is in the substitution of mercenary armies for the troops of nations *led* by their *kings*. Had Queen Mary led, like Zenobia, at Langside; had Charles I. charged instead of Prince Rupert at Naseby; and Prince Edward bade Lochiel follow *him* at Culloden, we should not to-day have been debating who was to be our king at Birmingham or Glasgow. For the rest I take the by-help that Fors gives me in this record of the power of a bird's voice only.*

* "An extraordinary scene is to be witnessed every evening at Leicester in the freemen's allotment gardens, where a nightingale has established itself. The midnight songster was first heard a week ago, and every evening hundreds of people line the roads near the trees where the bird has his haunt. The crowds patiently

81. But the distinction of the music of Scotland from every other is in its association with sweeter natural sounds, and filling a deeper silence. As Fors also ordered it, yesterday afternoon, before Joanie sang these songs to me, I had been, for the first time since my return from Venice, down to the shore of my own lake, with her and her two youngest children, at the little promontory of shingle thrown out into it by the only mountain brook on this eastern side, (Beck Leven,) which commands the windings of its wooded shore under Furness Fells, and the calm of its fairest expanse of mirror wave,—a scene which is in general almost melancholy in its perfect solitude; but, when the woods are in their gladness, and the green—how much purer, how much softer than ever emerald!—of their unsullied spring, and the light of dawning summer, possessing alike the clouds and mountains of the west,—it is, literally, one of the most beautiful and strange remnants of all that was once most sacred in this British land,—all to which we owe, whether the heart, or the voice, of the Douglas “tender and true,” or the minstrel of the Eildons, or the bard of Plynlimmon, or the Ellen of the lonely Isle,—to whose lips Scott has intrusted the most beautiful Ave Maria that was ever sung, and which can never be sung rightly again until it is remembered that the harp is the true ancient instrument of Scotland, as well as of Ireland.*

wait till the music begins, and the bulk of the listeners remain till midnight, while a number of enthusiasts linger till one and two o'clock in the morning. Strange to say, the bird usually sings in a large thorn bush just over the mouth of the tunnel of the Midland main line, but the songster is heedless of noise, and smoke, and steam, his stream of song being uninterrupted for four or five hours every night. So large has been the throng of listeners that the chief constable has drafted a number of policemen to maintain order and prevent damage.”—*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 11th, 1889.

*Although the violin was known as early as 1270, and occurs again and again in French and Italian sculpture and illumination, its introduction, in superseding both the voice, the golden bell, and the silver trumpet, was entirely owing to the demoralization of the Spanish kingdom in Naples, of which Evelyn writes in 1644,

I am afraid of being diverted too far from Solway Moss, and must ask the reader to look back to my description of the Spirit of music in the Spanish chapel at Florence ("The Strait Gate," pages 87 and 88), remembering only this passage at the beginning of it, "After learning to reason, you will learn to sing: for you will want to. There is much reason for singing in the sweet world, when one thinks rightly of it. None for grumbling, provided always you *have* entered in at the strait gate. You will sing all along the road then, in a little while, in a manner pleasant for other people to hear."

-82. I will only return to Scott for one half page more, in which he has contrasted with his utmost masterhood the impressions of English and Scottish landscape. Few scenes of the world have been oftener described, with the utmost skill and sincerity of authors, than the view from Richmond Hill sixty years since; but none can be compared with the ten lines in "The Heart of Midlothian," edition of 1830, page 374. "A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was

"The building of the city is, for the size, the most magnificent in Europe. To it belongeth three thousand churches and monasteries, and those best built and adorned of any in Italy. They greatly affect the Spanish gravity in their habit, delight in good horses, the streets are full of gallants on horseback, and in coaches and sedans, from hence first brought into England by Sir Sanders Duncomb; the country people so jovial, and addicted to music, that the very husbandmen almost universally play on the guitar, singing and composing songs in praise of their sweethearts, and will commonly go to the field with their fiddle,—they are merry, witty, and genial, all which I attribute to the excellent quality of the air."

What Evelyn means by the *fiddle* is not quite certain, since he himself, going to study "in Padua, far beyond the sea," there learned to play on "ye theorba, taught by Signior Dominico Basano, who had a daughter married to a doctor of laws, that played and sung to *nine* several instruments, with that skill and address as few masters in Italy exceeded her; she likewise composed divers excellent pieces. I had never seen any play on the *Naples viol* before."

tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained, and unbounded, through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas, and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom a hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gayly fluttering pennons gave life to the whole.

“As the Duke of Argyle looked on this inimitable landscape, his thoughts naturally reverted to his own more grand and scarce less beautiful domains of Inverary. ‘This is a fine scene,’ he said to his companion, curious perhaps to draw out her sentiments; ‘we have nothing like it in Scotland.’ ‘It’s braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o’ cattle here,’ replied Jeanie; ‘but I like just as weel to look at the craigs of Arthur’s Seat; and the sea coming in ayont them, as at a’ thae muckle trees.’”

83. I do not know how often I have already vainly dwelt on the vulgarity and vainness of the pride in mere magnitude of timber which began in Evelyn’s “*Sylva*,” and now is endlessly measuring, whether Californian pines or Parisian towers,—of which, though they could darken continents, and hide the stars, the entire substance, cost, and pleasure are not worth one gleam of leafage in Kelvin Grove, or glow of rowan tree by the banks of Earn, or branch of wild rose of Hazeldean;—but I may forget, unless I speak of it here, a walk in Scott’s own haunt of Rhymer’s Glen,* where the

* “Captain Adam Ferguson, who had written, from the lines of Torres Vedras, his hopes of finding, when the war should be over, some sheltering cottage upon the Tweed, within a walk of Abbotsford, was delighted to see his dreams realized; and the family took up their residence next spring at the new house of Toffield, on which Scott then bestowed, at the ladies’ request, the name of *Huntley Burn*;—this more harmonious designation being taken from the mountain brook which passes through its grounds and garden,—the same famous in tradition as the scene of Thomas the Rhymer’s interviews with the Queen of Fairy.

“On completing this purchase, Scott writes to John Ballantynes;

brook is narrowest in its sandstone bed, and Mary Ker stopped to gather a wild rose for me. Her brother, then the youngest captain in the English navy, afterwards gave his pure soul up to his Captain, Christ,—not like banished Norfolk, but becoming a monk in the Jesuits' College, Hampton.

84. And still I have not room enough to say what I should like of Joanie's rarest, if not chiefest merit, her beautiful dancing. *Real* dancing, not jumping, or whirling, or trotting, or jiggling, but dancing,—like Green Mantle's in "Redgauntlet," winning applause from men and gods, whether the fishermen and ocean Gods of Solway, or the marchmen and mountain Gods of Cheviot.* Rarest, nowadays, of all the

—'Dear John,—I have closed with Usher for his beautiful patrimony, which makes me a great laird. I am afraid the people will take me up for coining. Indeed these novels, while their attractions last, are something like it. I am very glad of *your* good prospects. Still I cry, *Prudence! Prudence!* Yours truly, W. S.'"—*Lockhart's "Life,"* vol. iv., page 82.

* I must here once for all explain distinctly to the most matter-of-fact reader, the sense in which throughout all my earnest writing of the last twenty years I use the plural word "gods." I mean by it, the totality of spiritual powers, delegated by the Lord of the universe to do, in their several heights, or offices, parts of His will respecting men, or the world that man is imprisoned in;—not as myself knowing, or in security believing, that there are such, but in meekness accepting the testimony and belief of all ages, to the presence, in heaven and earth, of angels, principalities, powers, thrones, and the like,—with genii, fairies, or spirits ministering and guardian, or destroying or tempting; or aiding good work and inspiring the mightiest. For all these, I take the general word "gods," as the best understood in all languages, and the truest and widest in meaning, including the minor ones of seraph, cherub, ghost, wraith, and the like; and myself knowing for an indisputable fact, that no true happiness exists, nor is any good work ever done by human creatures, but in the sense or imagination of such presences. The following passage from the first volume of "Fors Clavigera" gives example of the sense in which I most literally and earnestly refer to them:—

"You think it a great triumph to make the sun draw brown landscapes for you! That was also a discovery, and some day may be useful. But the sun had drawn landscapes before for you, not in brown, but in green, and blue, and all imaginable colors, here in

gifts of cultivated womankind. It *used* to be said of a Swiss girl, in terms of commendation, she “prays well and dances well;” but now, no human creature can pray at the pace of our common prayers, or dance at the pace of popular gavottes,—more especially the last; for however fast the clergyman may gabble, or the choir-boys yowl, their psalms, an earnest reader can always *think* his prayer, to the end of the verse; but no mortal footing can give either the right accent, or the due pause, in any beautiful step, at the pace of modern waltz or polka music. Nay, even the last quadrille I ever saw well danced, (and would have given half my wits to have joined hands in,) by Jessie and Vicky Vokes, with Fred and Rosina, was in truth *not* a quadrille, or four-square dance, but a beautifully flying romp. But Joanie could always dance everything *rightly*,* having not only the

England. Not one of you ever looked at them, then; not one of you cares for the loss of them, now, when you have shut the sun out with smoke, so that he can draw nothing more, except brown blots through a hole in a box. There was a rocky valley between Buxton and Bakewell, once upon a time, divine as the vale of Tempe; you might have seen the gods there morning and evening,—Apollo and all the sweet Muses of the Light, walking in fair procession on the lawns of it, and to and fro among the pinnacles of its crags. You cared neither for gods nor grass, but for cash (which you did not know the way to get). You thought you could get it by what the *Times* calls ‘Railroad Enterprise.’ You enterprised a railroad through the valley, you blasted its rocks away, heaped thousands of tons of shale into its lovely stream. The valley is gone, and the gods with it; and now every fool in Buxton can be at Bakewell in half-an-hour, and every fool in Bakewell at Buxton; which you think a lucrative process of exchange, you Fools everywhere!”

* Of *right* dancing, in its use on the stage, see the repeated notices in “*Time and Tide*.” Here is the most careful one:—“She did it beautifully and simply, as a child ought to dance. She was not an infant prodigy; there was no evidence, in the finish or strength of her motion, that she had been put to continual torture through half her eight or nine years. She did nothing more than any child, well taught, but painlessly, might do. She caricatured no older person,—attempted no curious or fantastic skill. She was dressed decently,—she moved decently,—she looked and behaved

brightest light and warmth of heart, but a faultless foot; faultless in freedom—never narrowed, or lifted into point or arch by its boot or heel, but level, and at ease; small, *almost* to a fault, and in its swiftest steps rising and falling with the gentleness which only Byron has found words for—

“Naked foot,
That shines like snow—and falls on earth as mute.”

The modern artificial ideal being, on the contrary, expressed by the manner of stamp or tap, as in the Laureate's line—

“She tapped her tiny silken-sandaled foot.”

From which type the way is short, and has since been traversed quickly, to the conditions of patten, clog, golosh, and high-heeled bottines, with the real back of the foot thrown behind the ankle like a negress's, which have distressed alike, and disgraced, all feminine motion for the last quarter of a century,—the slight harebell having little chance enough of raising its head, once well under the hoofs of our proud maidenhood, decorate with dead robins, transfixed humming birds, and hothouse flowers,—for its “Wedding March by Mendelssohn.” To think that there is not enough love or praise in all Europe and America to invent one other tune for the poor things to strut to!

85 I draw back to my own home, twenty years ago, permitted to thank Heaven once more for the peace, and hope, and loveliness of it, and the Elysian walks with Joanie, and innocently,—and she danced her joyful dance with perfect grace, spirit, sweetness, and self-forgetfulness. And through all the vast theater, full of English fathers and mothers and children, there was not one hand lifted to give her sign of praise but mine.

“Presently after this came on the forty thieves, who, as I told you, were girls; and there being no thieving to be presently done, and time hanging heavy on their hands, arms, and legs, the forty thief-girls proceeded to light forty cigars. Whereupon the British public gave them a round of applause.

“Whereupon I fell a-thinking; and saw little more of the piece, except as an ugly and disturbing dream.”

Paradisiacal with Rosie, under the peach-blossom branches by the little glittering stream which I had paved with crystal for them. I had built behind the highest cluster of laurels a reservoir, from which, on sunny afternoons, I could let a quite rippling film of water run for a couple of hours down behind the hay-field, where the grass in spring still grew fresh and deep. There used to be always a corncrake or two in it. Twilight after twilight I have hunted that bird, and never once got glimpse of it: the voice was always at the other side of the field, or in the inscrutable air or earth. And the little stream had its falls, and pools, and imaginary lakes. Here and there it laid for itself lines of graceful sand; there and here it lost itself under beads of chalcedony. It wasn't the Liffey, nor the Nith, nor the Wandel; but the two girls were surely a little cruel to call it "The Gutter"! Happiest times, for all of us, that ever were to be; not but that Joanie and her Arthur are giddy enough, both of them yet, with their five little ones, but they have been sorely anxious about me, and I have been sorrowful enough for myself, since ever I lost sight of that peach-blossom avenue. "Eden-land" Rosie calls it sometimes in her letters. Whether its tiny river were of the waters of Abana, or Euphrates, or Thamesis, I know not, but they were sweeter to my thirst than the fountains of Trevi or Branda.

86. How things bind and blend themselves together! The last time I saw the Fountain of Trevi, it was from Arthur's father's room—Joseph Severn's, where we both took Joanie to see him in 1872, and the old man made a sweet drawing of his pretty daughter-in-law, now in her schoolroom; he himself then eager in finishing his last picture of the Marriage in Cana, which he had caused to take place under a vine trellis, and delighted himself by painting the crystal and ruby glittering of the changing rivulet of water out of the Greek vase, glowing into wine. Fonte Branda I last saw with Charles Norton,* under the same arches where

* I must here say of Joanna and Charles Norton this much farther, that they were mostly of a mind in the advice they gave

Dante saw it. We drank of it together, and walked together that evening on the hills above, where the fireflies among the scented thickets shone fitfully in the still undarkened air. *How* they shone! moving like fine-broken starlight through the purple leaves. *How* they shone! through the sunset that faded into thunderous night as I entered Siena three days before, the white edges of the mountainous clouds still lighted from the west, and the openly golden sky calm behind the Gate of Siena's heart, with its still golden words, "Cor magis tibi Sena pandit," and the fireflies everywhere in sky and cloud rising and falling, mixed with the lightning, and more intense than the stars.

BRANTWOOD,

June 19th, 1889.

me about my books; and though Jean was, as it must have been already enough seen, a true-bred Jacobite, she curiously objected to my early Catholic opinions as roundly as either Norton or John P. Robinson. The three of them—not counting Lady Trevelyan or little Connie (all together *five* opponent powers)—may be held practically answerable for my having never followed up the historic study begun in Val d'Arno, for it chanced that, alike in Florence, Siena, and Rome, all these friends, tutors, or enchantresses were at different times amusing themselves when I was at my hardest work; and many happy days were spent by all of us in somewhat luxurious hotel life, when by rights I should have been still under Padre Tino in the sacristy of Assisi, or Cardinal Agostini at Venice, or the Pope himself at Rome, with my much older friend than any of these, Mr. Rawdon Brown's perfectly faithful and loving servant Antonio. Of Joanna's and Connie's care of *me* some further history will certainly, if I live, be given in No. VII., "The Rainbows of Giesbach"; of Charles Norton's visit to me there also.

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DIRECTA

PREFACE.

THE readers of PRÆTERITA must by this time have seen that the limits of its design do not allow the insertion of any but cardinal correspondence. They will, of course, also know that during a life like mine, I must have received many letters of general interest, while those of my best-regarded friends are often much more valuable than my own sayings. Of these I will choose what I think should not be lost, which, with a few excerpts of books referred to, I can arrange at odd times for the illustration of PRÆTERITA, while yet the subscribers to that work need not buy the supplemental one unless they like. But, for the convenience of those who wish to have both, their form and type will be the same.

The letters will not be arranged chronologically, but as they happen, at any time, to bear on the incidents related in the main text. Thus I begin with some of comparatively recent date, from my very dear friend Robert Leslie, George Leslie's brother, of extreme importance in illustration of points in the character of Turner to which I have myself too slightly referred. The pretty scene first related in them, however, took place before I had heard Turner's name. The too brief notes of autobiography left by the quietly skillful and modest painter, the "father who was staying at Lord Egremont's," C. R. Leslie, contain the truest and best-written sketches of the leading men of his time that, so far as I know, exist in domestic literature.

J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, 26th June, 1886.

DILECTA.

CHAPTER I.

“6, MOIRA PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON,
“June 7th, 1884.

1. “My father was staying at Lord Egremont’s; it was in September, I believe, of 1832. The sun had set beyond the trees at the end of the little lake in Petworth Park; at the other end of this lake was a solitary man, pacing to and fro, watching five or six lines or trimmers, that floated outside the water lilies near the bank. ‘There,’ said my father, ‘is Mr. Turner, the great *sea* * painter.’ He was smoking a cigar, and on the grass, near him, lay a fine pike. As we came up, another fish had just taken one of the baits, but, by some mischance, this line got foul of a stump or tree root in the water, and Turner was excited and very fussy in his efforts to clear it, knotting together bits of twine; with a large stone at the end, which he threw over the line several times with no effect. ‘He did not care,’ he said, ‘so much about losing the fish as his tackle.’ My father hacked off a long slender branch of a tree and tried to poke the line clear. This also failed, and Turner told him that nothing but a boat would enable him to get his line. Now it chanced that, the very day before, Chantrey, the sculptor, had been trolling for jack, rowed about by a man in a boat nearly all day; and

* I have put “*sea*” in italics, because it is a new idea to me that at this time Turner’s fame rested on his marine paintings—all the early drawings passing virtually without notice from the Art world.

my father, thinking it hard that Turner should lose his fish and a valuable line, started across the park to a keeper's cottage, where the key of the boathouse was kept. When we returned, and while waiting for the boat, Turner became quite chatty, rigging me a little ship, cut out of a chip, sticking masts into it, and making her sails from a leaf or two torn from a small sketch-book, in which I recollect seeing a memorandum in color that he had made of the sky and sunset. The ship was hardly ready for sea before the man and boat came lumbering up to the bank, and Turner was busy directing and helping him to recover the line, and, if possible, the fish. This, however, escaped in the confusion. When the line was got in, my father gave the man a couple of shillings for bringing the boat; while Turner, remarking that it was no use fishing any more after the water had been so much disturbed, reeled up his other lines, and, slipping a finger through the pike's gills, walked off with us toward Petworth House. Walking behind, admiring the great fish, I noticed as Turner carried it how the tail dragged on the grass, while his own coat-tails were but little further from the ground; also that a roll of sketches, which I picked up, fell from a pocket in one of these coat-tails, and Turner, after letting my father have a peep at them, tied the bundle up tightly with a bit of the sacred line. I think he had taken some twine off this bundle of sketches when making his stone rocket apparatus, and that this led to the roll working out of his pocket. My father knew little about fishing or fishing-tackle, and asked Turner, as a matter of curiosity, what the line he had nearly lost was worth. Turner answered that it was an expensive one, worth quite half a crown.

“Turner's fish was served for dinner that evening; and, though I was not there to hear it, my father told me how old Lord Egremont joked Chantrey much about his having trolled the whole of the day without even a single run, while Turner had only come down by coach that afternoon, gone out for an hour, and brought in this big fish. Sir Francis was a scientific fisherman, and president of the Stockbridge Fishing

Club, and, no doubt, looked upon Turner, with his trimmers, as little better than a poacher. Still there was the fish, and Lord Egremont's banter of Chantrey must have been an intense delight to Turner as a fisherman.

2. "It was about this time that I first went with my father to the Royal Academy upon varnishing days, and, wandering about watching the artists at work, there was no one, next to Stanfield and his boats, that I liked to get near so much as Turner, as he stood working upon those, to my eyes, nearly blank white canvases in their old academy frames. There were always a number of mysterious little gallipots and cups of color ranged upon drawing stools in front of his pictures; and, among other bright colors, I recollect one that must have been simple red-lead. He used short brushes, some of them like the writers used by house decorators, working with thin color over the white ground, and using the brush end on, dapping and writing with it those wonderfully fretted cloud forms and the ripples and filmy surface curves upon his near water. I have seen Turner at work upon many varnishing days, *but never remember his using a maul-stick.** He came, they said, with the carpenters at six in the morning, and worked standing all day. He always had on an old, tall beaver hat, worn rather off his forehead, which added much to his look of a North Sea pilot.

(Parenthetic.) "Have you noticed the sky lately in the northwest when the sun is about a hand's breadth above the horizon; also just after sunset, when your 'storm cloud' has been very marked, remaining like a painted sky, so still, that it might have been photographed over and over again by the slowest of processes?"

(From a following letter):—

3. "The only thing I am not certain about is the exact date of that first sight of Turner. I know that in 1833

* Italics mine. I have often told my pupils, and, I hope, printed for them somewhere, that all fine painting involves the play, or sweep, of the arm from the shoulder.

I did not go to Petworth, as my father took us all to America in the autumn of that year, returning again in the spring of '34; and I am inclined to think that the scene in the park, which I tried to describe, must have taken place in the September of '34. I remember it all as though it were yesterday; I must then have been eight years old. I was always with my father, and we spent every autumn at Petworth for many years, both before and after then. I did not think it worth mentioning, but I had been allowed to spend the whole of the day before with Sir Francis Chantrey in that boat, and recollect his damning the man very much, once during the day, for pulling ahead rather suddenly, whereby Sir Francis, who was standing up in the boat, was thrown upon his back in the bottom of her—no joke for such a heavy man.

“I think the foundation of *the ship* was a mere flat bit of board or chip, cut out for me by my father, and that Constable, the artist, had stuck a sail in it for me some days before (he was also at Petworth). I must have mentioned this to Turner, as I have a recollection of his saying, as he rigged it, ‘Oh, he don’t know anything about ships,’ or ‘What does he know about ships? this is how it ought to be,’ sticking up some sails which looked to my eyes really quite ship-shape at that time.

4. “I saw Turner painting at the R.A. on more than one varnishing day, as my father took me with him for several years in succession. Every academician, in those good old times of *many* varnishing days, was allowed to take an assistant or servant with him, to carry about and clean his brushes, etc.; and my father and others always took their sons. This went on for some years, and I recollect my disappointment when my father told me he could not take me any more, as there had been a resolution passed at a council meeting against the custom. I know that most of the pictures which I saw Turner working upon, just as I have described to you, were the Venetian subjects. Mr. Turner was always rather pleasant and friendly with me, on account, I think, of my love of the sea. I have been to his house in

Queen Anne Street many times with my father, and recollect once that he took us into his dining-room and uncorked a very fine old bottle of port for us. I was much older then, perhaps fifteen or sixteen. I can never of course forget a few kind words which he spoke to me when I was myself an exhibitor at the R.A. My picture was a scene on the deck of a ship of two sailors chaffing a passenger, called 'A Sailor's Yarn.' Turner came up to the picture, and after looking at it for a minute, said, 'I like your color.' I have the picture now, and always think of him when I look at it.

"I have written all this in great haste to answer your questions, dear Mr. Ruskin; and am sorry I have so little to tell; and that I am obliged to bring myself forward so much in the matter.

5. "I have often thought that Turner went out to catch that pike because he knew that Chantrey had been unsuccessful the day before.

"I don't know whether you were ever a fisherman; if you were, you would understand the strange fascination that the water has from which you snatched your first fish, after feeling the tug and sweep of it upon the line. Now the lake in Petworth Park had that fascination for my early fishy mind. Most boys' minds are very fishy, and shooty too,* as you have pointed out, and I was no exception; but I was always intensely boaty as well, caring less for rowing than sailing; and when I could not get afloat myself, I was never tired, even as a big boy, of doing so in imagination in any form of toy sailing-boat I could devise or get hold of. Hence it was that when I saw Turner's fish upon the grass, and was told that he was a sea painter, I looked upon him at once as something to fall down and worship—a man who could catch a big fish, and paint sea and boats! My father, though he had much of the backwoodsman in his nature, and could make

* Dear Leslie, might we not as well say they were bird's-nesty or dog-fighty? Really useful fishing is not play; and to watch a trout is indeed, whether for boy or girl, greater pleasure than to catch it, if they did but know!

himself a bootjack in five minutes when he had mislaid or lost his own, was no sportsman, and cared little for boating beyond taking a shilling fare sometimes from Hungerford Stairs in a wherry.

6. "As to my recollections of Turner upon the varnishing days, you must bear in mind that, as I had been used to spend from a child many hours a day in a painting-room, I never recollect a time when I was not well up in all matters relating to paint and brushes; and the first thing that struck me about Turner, as he worked at the R.A., was, that his way of work was quite unlike that of the other artists; and it had at once a great interest for me, so that I believe I watched him often for long spells at a time. I noticed, as I think I told you, that his brushes were few, looked old, and that among them were some of those common little soft brushes in white quill used by house-painters for painting letters, etc., with. His colors were mostly in powder, and he mixed them with turpentine, sometimes with size, and water, and perhaps even with stale beer, as the grainers do their umber when using it upon an oil ground, binding it in with varnish afterwards; this way of painting is fairly permanent, as one knows by the work known to them as wainscoting or oak-graining. Besides red-lead, he had a blue which looked very like ordinary smalt; this, I think, tempered with crimson or scarlet lake, he worked over his near waters in the darker lines. I am almost sure that I saw him at work on the *Téméraire*, and that he altered the effect after I first saw it. In fact, I believe he worked again on this picture in his house long after I first saw it in the R.A. I remember Stanfield at work too, and what a contrast his brushes and whole manner of work presented to that of Turner.

7. "My brother George tells me to-day that he too has seen Turner at work, once at the R.A., and describes him as seeming to work almost with his nose close to the picture. He says that the picture was that one of the railway engine coming towards us at full speed. But my brother is nearly ten years younger than I am. Turner was always full of

little mysterious jokes and fun with his brother artists upon these varnishing days; and my father used to say that Turner looked upon them as one of the greatest privileges of the Academy. It is such a pleasure to me to think that I can be of *any* use to *you*, that I have risked sending this after my other letters. I have always been a man more or less of lost opportunities, and when living some fifteen years ago at Deal one occurred to me that I have never ceased to regret. My next-door neighbor was an old lady of the name of Cato; her maiden name was White; and she told me that she knew Turner well as a young man, also the young lady he was in love with. She spoke of him as being very delicate, and said that he often came to Margate for health. She seemed to know little of Turner as the artist. I cannot tell you how much I regret now not having pushed my inquiries further at that time; but twenty years ago I was more or less an unregenerate ruffian in such matters; and though I have always felt the same for Turner as the artist, I cared little to know much more than I remembered myself of him as a man.

“Trusting you will forgive the haste again of this letter,

“Believe me, dear Mr. Ruskin,

“Yours faithfully,

“ROBT. LESLIE.”

8. “Out of many visits to the house in Queen Anne Street, I never saw or was admitted to Turner’s working studio, though he used to pop out of it upon us, in a mysterious way, during our stay in his gallery, and then leave us again for a while. In fact, I think my father had leave to go there when he pleased. I particularly remember one visit, in company with my father and a Yankee sea captain, to whom Turner was very polite, evidently looking up to the sailor capacity, and making many little apologies for the want of ropes and other details about certain vessels in a picture. No one knew or felt, I think, better than Turner the want of these mechanical details, and while the sea captain was there he paid no attention to anyone else, but

followed him about the gallery, bent upon hearing all he said. As it turned out, this captain and he became good friends, for the Yankée skipper's eyes were sharp enough to see through all the fog and mystery of Turner, how much of real sea feeling there was in him and his work. Captain Morgan, who was a great friend of Dickens, my father, and many other artists, used to send Turner a box of cigars almost every voyage after that visit to Queen Anne Street.

9. "Nothing I can ever do or write for you would repay the good you have done for me and mine in your books; and will you allow me to say, that in reading them I am not (much as I admire it) carried actually off my legs by your style, but that I feel more and more, each day I live, the plain *practical truth* of all you tell us. I cannot bear to hear people talk and write as they do of your style, and your being the greatest master of it, etc., while they sneer at the matter, etc. Nothing lowers the present generation of what are called clever men more to me than this" (nay, is not their abuse of Carlyle's manner worse than their praise of mine?). "I am rather thankful, even, that my best friends here do not belong to this class, being mostly pilots, sea captains, boat-builders, fishermen, and the like.

"I shall, in a day or two, be with my mother at Henley-on-Thames, and if I learn anything more from her about Turner, will let you know. She is now eighty-four, but writes a better letter, in a finer hand, without glasses, than I can with them."

10. "6, MOIRA PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON,
"June 25th, 1884.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,

"I have before me the engraving by Wilmore of the *Téméraire*. I think it was Stanfield who told me that the rigging of the ship in this engraving was trimmed up and generally made intelligible to the engraver by some mechanical marine artist or other. I am not sure now who, but think it was Duncan; whether or no, the rigging is certainly

not as Turner painted it; while the black funnel of the tug in the engraving is placed abaft her mast or flagpole, instead of before it, as in Turner's picture; his first, strong, almost prophetic idea of smoke, soot, iron, and steam, coming to the front in all naval matters, being thus changed and, I venture to think, weakened by this alteration. You most truly told us years ago that 'Take it all in all, a ship of the line is the most honorable thing that man, as a gregarious animal, has ever produced.' I shall not therefore hesitate to ask you to put on your best spectacles and look for a moment at the inclosed photograph, which I have had taken for you from a model of the *Téméraire*, which we have here now in a sort of museum. The model is nearly three feet long, and belonged to an old naval man; it was made years ago by the French prisoners in the hulks at Portsmouth out of their beef-bones! Even if we were at war with France, and had the men and ships likely to do it, it would be impossible to catch any prisoners now who could make such a ship as this out of anything, much less of beef-bones; and as I foresee that this lovely little ship must soon, in the nature of things, pass away (some unfeeling brute has already robbed her of all her boats), and that there will be no one living able to restore a rope or spar rightly once they are broken or displaced in her, I felt it almost a duty to have this record taken and to send you a copy of it. I focused the camera myself, but there is, unavoidably, some exaggeration of the length of her jibboom and flying-jibboom. These spars, however, in old ships really measured, together with the bowsprit, nearly the length of the foremast from deck to truck. In fact, the bowsprit, with its spritsail and spritsail-topsailyards, formed a sort of fourth mast.

11. "I have just returned from a visit to my dear old mother at Henley, and she told me of how Turner came up to our house one evening by special appointment to sup upon Welsh rabbit (toasted cheese). This must have been about the year 1840 or '41, as it was at the time my father was engaged upon a portrait of Lord Chancellor Cottenham; and

during the evening Turner went into the painting-room, where the robes, wig, etc., of the Chancellor were arranged upon a lay-figure; and, after a little joking, he was persuaded to put on the Lord Chancellor's wig, in which, my mother says, Turner looked splendid, so joyous and happy, too, in the idea that the Chancellor's wig became him better than anyone else of the party.

"I must have been away from home then, I think in America, for I never should have forgotten Turner being at our house; and this, I believe, is the only time he ever was there.

"Turner, my father, and the Yankee captain were excellent friends about this time, as the captain took a picture of Turner's to New York which my father had been commissioned to buy for Mr. Lenox. There used to be a story, which I daresay you have heard, of how Turner was one day showing some great man or other round his gallery, and Turner's father looked in through a half-open door and said, in a low voice, 'That 'ere's done,' and that Turner taking no *apparent* notice, but continuing to attend his visitor, the old man's head appeared again, after an interval of five or six minutes, and said, in a louder tone, 'That 'ere will be spiled.' I think Landseer used to tell this story as having happened when he and one of his many noble friends were going the round of Turner's gallery about the time that Turner's chop or steak was being cooked."

12.

"6, MOIRA PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON,

"June 30th, 1884.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,

"After sending you that photograph of the *Téméraire*, it occurred to me to see if I could find out anything about the ship or her building in an old book I have (Charnock's 'Marine Architecture'), and I was surprised to find there, in a list of ships in our navy between the years 1700 and 1800, two ships of that name—one a seventy-four, taken from the French in 1759, the other a ninety-eight gun ship, built at

Chatham in 1798. This made me look again at Mr. Thornbury's account of the ship and her title, and leads me to doubt three things he has stated: first, that the ship (if she was the French *Téméraire*) 'had no history in our navy before Trafalgar;' secondly, that 'she was taken at the battle of the Nile;' and, thirdly, that the *Téméraire* which fought at Trafalgar was French at all.

"The model we have here, and which has the name *Téméraire* carved upon her stern, is a ninety-eight gun ship, and would be the one built at Chatham in 1798. But what I am driving at, and *the point* to which all this confusion leads, is, that after all, perhaps, dear old Turner was perfectly right in his first title for his picture of 'The Fighting *Téméraire*,' for if she was the old seventy-four gun ship (and in the engraving she looks like a two-decker) that he saw being towed to the ship-breaker's yard, she, having been in our navy for years, may have been distinguished among sailors from the other and newer *Téméraire* by that name; while it is significant (*if true*) that Turner, when he reluctantly gave up his title, said, 'Well, then, call her the *Old Téméraire*.'

13. "Thornbury's book, which I have not seen since it was published until I borrowed it a few days back, appears to me a sort of hashed-up life of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, with badly done bits of Turner floating about in it. I have copied the passage from it referring to the *Téméraire* upon a separate sheet, also the history of the capture of the *French Téméraire* from the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

"I have only now to add, in answer to your last and kindest of notes, that I read French in a bumbly sort of way, like a French yoke of oxen dragging a load of stone uphill upon a cross road, but that my wife reads it easily. Twice, dear Mr. Ruskin, you have said, 'Is it not strange you should have sent me something about Turner just as I was employing a French critic to write his life?' Now, I believe that nothing is really strange between those where on the one side there is perfect truth and honesty of purpose, and on the other faith in, and love and reverence for, that purpose.

“Forgive me if I have said too much; and believe me,
yours faithfully and affectionately,

“ROBT. C. LESLIE.”

14. EXTRACT FROM A LIST OF SHIPS IN OUR NAVY BETWEEN
THE YEARS 1700 AND 1800.

“*Téméraire*, 1,685 tons, 74 guns, taken from the
French, 1759.

“*Téméraire*, 2,121 tons, 98 guns, built at Chatham,
1798.”

Charnock's "Marine Architecture" (1802).

“Saturday, Sept. 15th, 1759, Admiral Boscawen arrived at Spithead with His Majesty's ships, *Namur*, etc., and the *Modeste* and *Téméraire*, prizes. The *Téméraire* is a fine seventy-four gun ship, forty-two-pounders below, eight fine brass guns abaft her mainmast, ten brass guns on her quarter, very little hurt.”

Gentleman's Magazine, September, 1759.

HOW THE OLD *TÉMÉRAIRE* WAS TAKEN.

Extract of a letter from Admiral Boscawen to Mr. Cleveland, Secretary of the Admiralty, dated off Cape St. Vincent, August 20th, 1759:—

“I acquainted you in my last of my return to Gibraltar to refit. As soon as the ships were near ready, I ordered the *Lyme* and *Gibraltar* frigates, the first to cruise off Malaga, and the last from Estepona to Ceuta Point, to look out, and give me timely notice of the enemy's approach. On the 17th, at 8 P.M., the *Gibraltar* made the signal of their appearance, fourteen sail, on the Barbary shore. . . . I got under sail as fast as possible, and was out of the bay before 10 P.M., with fourteen sail of the line. At daylight I saw the *Gibraltar*, and soon after seven sail of large ships lying to; but on our not answering their signals they made sail from us. We had a fresh gale, and came up with them fast till about noon,

when it fell little wind. About half an hour past two some of the headmost ships began to engage, but I could not get up to the *Ocean* till near four. In about half an hour my ship the *Namur's* mizen-mast and both topsail-yards were shot away; the enemy then made all the sail they could. I shifted my flag to the *Newark*, and soon after the *Centaur*, of seventy-four guns, struck.

15. "I pursued all night, and in the morning of the 19th saw only four sail of the line standing in for the land. . . . We were not above three miles from them, and not above five leagues from the shore, but very little wind. About nine the *Ocean* ran amongst the breakers, and the three others anchored. I sent the *Intrepid* and *America* to destroy the *Ocean*. Capt. Pratten, having anchored, could not get in; but Capt. Kirk performed that service alone. On his first firing at the *Ocean* she struck. Capt. Kirk sent his officers on board. M. de la Clue, having one leg broke, and the other wounded, had been landed about half an hour; but they found the captain, M. La Comte, De Carne, and several officers and men on board; Capt. Kirk, after taking them out, finding it impossible to bring the ship off, set her on fire. Capt. Bentley, of the *Warspite*, was ordered against the *Téméraire*, of seventy-four guns, and brought her off with little damage, the officers and men all on board. At the same time, Vice-Admiral Broderick, with his division, burnt the *Redoubtable*, her officers and men having quitted her, being bulged; and brought the *Modest*, of sixty-four guns, off very little damaged. I have the pleasure to acquaint their Lordships, that most of His Majesty's ships under my command sailed better than those of the enemy." . . .

From the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1759.

"I could not resist copying this letter in full.—R. L."

16. "I have just read the appendix to your 'Art of England,' and was particularly interested in the account of how you felt that cold southwest wind up in Lancashire. This

is the second, if not third season, that we have remarked them here in the south of England, though I think the south-westers of this spring were more bitter than usual. I told you, I believe, that my wife and I started away for Spain this April. Now, on all this journey, down the west coast of France, across the north of Spain, to Barcelona, in lat. 41°, and up through Central France again, I watched and noted day by day the same strange sky that we have with us, the same white sun, with that opaque sheet about him, or else covered by dark dull vapors, from which now and then something fell in unexpected drops, followed by still more unexpected clearing-ups. There were one or two days of intense sunshine, followed always by bad pale sunsets, and often accompanied by driving storms of wind and dust. But, returning to the cold south-westers, I don't suppose you care much for the why of them, even if I am right, which is, that I think we owe them to the very great and early break-up for the last year or two of the northern ice,* which in the western ocean was met with before March this year, several steamers being in collision with it, while one report from Newfoundland spoke of an iceberg aground there I am afraid to say how many miles long and over a hundred feet high. Now, when I was young (I am fifty-eight), and a good deal upon that sea, it was always thought that there was no chance of falling in with ice earlier than quite the *end* of May, and this was exceptional, the months of July and August being the iceberg months. (I have seen a large one off the Banks in September.) This early arrival of the northern ice seems to show that the mild winters have extended up even into the Arctic Circle, and points to some real increase in the power or heat of the sun.†

“I have many things I should like to talk over with you, but fear that will never be, unless you are able to come some time and have a few days' rest and boating with me.”

* Yes; but what makes the ice break up? I think the plague-wind blows every way, everywhere, all round the world.—J. R.

† I don't believe it a bit. I think the sun's going out.—J. R.

CHAPTER II.

17. MR. LESLIE'S notes on the *Téméraire* and her double have led to some farther correspondence respecting both this ship and Nelson's own, which must still take precedence of any connected with the early numbers of "Præterita."

"DEAREST MR. RUSKIN,

"Mr. W. Hale White, of the Admiralty, has, as you will see, written to me about the *Téméraires*, and I thought you ought to know what he has to say on the subject, especially that postscript to his note about placing some short history of the ship under Turner's picture. Also the fact of the old French ship being *sold* in the year 1784, when there could have been no tugs on the river, and when Turner was only nine years old, seems to settle the point as to which of the two ships it was, in favor of 'the English *Téméraire*.' Still, as boyish impressions in a mind like Turner's must have been *very strong*, it is just possible that he may have seen the last of both ships when knocking about the Thames below London.

• "In the *picture*, as I said before, the ship is a *two-decker*, and her having her spars and sails bent to the yards looks very like a time before steam, when a hulk without some kind of jury-rig would be almost useless, even to a ship-breaker, if he had to *move her* at all.

"Ever affectionately,

"ROBT. C. LESLIE."

18.

"ADMIRALTY, WHITEHALL, S.W.,

"20th November, 1886.

"DEAR SIR,

"I see in Mr. Ruskin's 'Dilecta' a letter of yours about

the *Téméraire*. Perhaps you will like to know the facts about the two vessels you name.

“The *Téméraire* taken by Admiral Boscawen from the French in 1759 was sold in June 1784.

“The *Téméraire* which Turner saw was consequently the second *Téméraire*. She was fitted for a prison ship at Plymouth in 1812. In 1819 she became a receiving ship, and was sent to Sheerness. There she remained till she was sold in 1838.

“What Mr. Thornbury means by ‘the grand old vessel that had been taken prisoner at the Nile’ I do not know. I may add that it cannot be ascertained now, at any rate without prolonged search amongst documents in the Record Office, whether the second *Téméraire* was sold ‘all standing,’ that is to say, with masts and yards as painted; but it is very improbable, as she had been a receiving ship, that her masts and yards were in her when she left the service.

“Truly yours,

“R. C. Leslie, Esq.

“W. HALE WHITE.

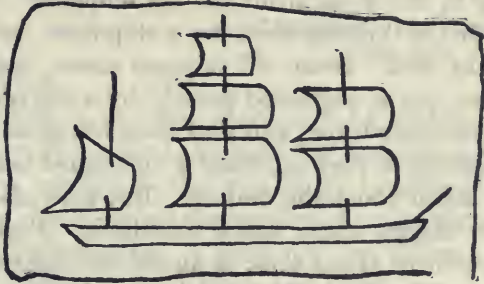
“It seems to me a pity, considering the importance of the picture, that the truth about the subject of it should not somewhere be easily accessible to everybody who cares to know it—say upon the picture-frame. I would undertake to put down in tabular form the principal points in the vessel’s biography, if it were thought worth while.”

I should at all events be most grateful if Mr. Hale White would furnish me with such abstract, as, whether used in the National Gallery or not, many people would like to have it put beneath the engraving.

19. In a subsequent note from Mr. Leslie about the pike fishing at Lord Egremont’s, he gives me this little sketch of the way Turner rigged his ship for him with leaves torn out of his sketch-book.

The following note, also from Mr. Leslie, with its cutting from *St. James’s Gazette*; and the next one, for which I am

extremely grateful, on the words "dickey" and "deck," bear further on Turner's meaning in the little black steamer which guides the funeral march of the line of battle ship,—and foretell the time now come when ships have neither masts, sails, nor decks, but are driven under water with their crews under hatches.



" DEAREST MR. RUSKIN,

" I have just finished ' The State of Denmark,' which is delightful, especially the story of the row of expectant little pigs. They are wonderful animals—our English elephant I think as to mental capacity. But they always have an interest to me above other edible live stock, in the way they make the best of life on shipboard; and when you can spare time to look at the inclosed little paper of mine, you will find that others have found their society cheerful.

" I have been reading all the old sea voyages I can get hold of lately, with a view to learn all I can about the way they handled their canvas in the days of sails (for my ' Sea-Wings '), and I come constantly across the pig on board ship in such books. For some reason or other, sailors don't care to have parsons on board ship. This perhaps dates back to time of Jonah; and your passages in this ' Præterita,' in which you describe and dispose of the teaching of some modern ones, are quite perfect, and in your ' making short work ' best style.

" Ever yours affectionately,

" ROBT. C. LESLIE."

20. "In smaller vessels, carrying no passengers, pigs and goats were seldom home-fed; but were turned loose to cater for themselves among the odds and ends in the waist or deck between the poop and fore-castle. Some of the poultry, too, soon became tame enough to be allowed the run of this part of a ship; the ducks and geese finding a particular pleasure in paddling in the wash about the lee scuppers. Pigs have always proved a thriving stock on a ship-farm, and the one that pays the best. Some old skippers assert, indeed, that, like Madeira, pig is improved greatly by a voyage to India and back round the Cape; and that none but those who have tasted boiled leg of pork on board a homeward bound India-man know much about the matter. But here also, as in so many other things, there was a drawback. Pigs are such cheerful creatures at sea that, as an old soft-hearted seaman once remarked, you get too partial towards them, and feel after dinner sometimes as though you had eaten an old mess-mate. Next to the pig the goat was the most useful stock on a sea-farm. This animal soon makes itself at home on shipboard; it has good sea-legs, and is blessed with an appetite that nothing in the shape of vegetable fiber comes amiss to, from an armful of shavings from the carpenter's berth to an old newspaper. Preserved milk was, of course, unknown in those times, and the officers of a large passenger-ship would rather have gone to sea without a doctor (to say nothing of a parson) than without a cow or some nanny-goats. Even on board a man-of-war the admiral or captain generally had at least one goat for his own use, while space was found for live stock for other ward-room officers. But model-farming and home-feeding was the rule then as now in a King's ship; and it is related that, on board one of these vessels, the first lieutenant ordered the ship's painter to give the feet and bills of the admiral's geese that were stowed in coops upon the quarter-deck a coat of black once a week, so that the nautical eye might not be offended by any intrusion of color not allowed in the service.

21. "The general absence of color among real sea-fowl is

very marked; and when, as it sometimes happened, a gay rooster escaped overboard after an exciting chase round the decks with Jemmy Ducks, and fluttered helplessly down upon the bosom of the sea, his glowing plumage looked strangely out of harmony with things as he sat drifting away upon the waste of waters."

22.

"BERKELEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE,

"Oct. 29th, 1886.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I notice in the first chapter of 'Præterita' that you profess yourself unable to find out the derivation of the word 'dickey' as applied to the rumble of a carriage.

"At the risk of being the hundredth or so who has volunteered the information, I send you an extract from Dr. Brewer's 'Dictionary of Phrase and Fable':—

"'Dickey.—The rumble behind a carriage; also a leather apron, a child's bib, and a false shirt or front. Dutch *dekken*, Germ. *decken*, Sax. *thecan*, Lat. *tego*, to cover.'

"I suppose that the word 'deck' has its derivation from the same source.

"Sincerely hoping that you may be speedily restored to health,

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"HERBERT E. COOKE."

23. The following extract from a letter written to his sister by a young surgeon on board the *Victory*, gives more interesting lights on Nelson's character than I caught from all Southey's Life of him:—

"On my coming on board I found that the recommendation which my former services in the Navy had procured for me from several friends, had conciliated towards me the good opinion of his lordship and his officers, and I immediately became one of the family. It may amuse you, my

dear sister, to read the brief journal of a day such as we here pass it at sea in this fine climate and in these smooth seas, on board one of the largest ships in the Navy, as she mounts 110 guns, one of which, carrying a 24lb. shot, occupies a very distinguished station in my apartment.

“Jan. 12.—Off the Straits of Bonifacio, a narrow arm of the sea between Corsica and Sardinia.—We have been baffled in our progress towards the rendezvous of the squadron at the Madeline Islands for some days past by variable and contrary winds, but we expect to arrive at our destination to-night or to-morrow morning. To resume, my dear sister, the journal of a day. At 6 o'clock my servant brings a light and informs me of the hour, wind, weather, and course of the ship, when I immediately dress and generally repair to the deck, the dawn of day at this season and latitude being apparent at about half or three-quarters of an hour past six. Breakfast is announced in the Admiral's cabin, where Lord Nelson,—Rear-Admiral Murray, the Captain of the Fleet,—Captain Hardy, Commander of the *Victory*, the chaplain, secretary, one or two officers of the ship, and your humble servant, assemble and breakfast on tea, hot rolls, toast, cold tongue, etc., which when finished we repair upon deck to enjoy the majestic sight of the rising sun (scarcely ever obscured by clouds in this fine climate) surmounting the smooth and placid waves of the Mediterranean which supports the lofty and tremendous bulwarks of Britain, following in regular train their Admiral in the *Victory*. Between the hours of seven and two there is plenty of time for business, study, writing, and exercise, which different occupations, together with that of occasionally visiting the hospital of the ship when required by the surgeon, I endeavor to vary in such a manner as to afford me sufficient employment. At two o'clock a band of music plays till within a quarter of three, when the drum beats the tune called 'The Roast Beef of Old England' to announce the Admiral's dinner, which is served up exactly at three o'clock, and which generally consists of three courses and a dessert of the choicest fruit, to

gether with three or four of the best wines, champagne and claret not excepted; and—what exceeds the relish of the best viands and most exquisite wines,—if a person does not feel himself perfectly at his ease it must be his own fault, such is the urbanity and hospitality which reign here, notwithstanding the numerous titles, the four orders of knighthood, worn by Lord Nelson, and the well-earned laurels which he has acquired. Coffee and liqueurs close the dinner about half-past four or five o'clock, after which the company generally walk the deck, where the band of music plays for near an hour. At six o'clock tea is announced, when the company again assemble in the Admiral's cabin, where tea is served up before seven o'clock, and, as we are inclined, the party continue to converse with his lordship, who at this time generally unbends himself, though he is at all times as free from stiffness and pomp as a regard to proper dignity will admit, and is very communicative. At eight o'clock a rummer of punch with cake or biscuit is served up, soon after which we wish the Admiral a good night (who is generally in bed before nine o'clock). For my own part, not having been accustomed to go to bed quite so early, I generally read an hour, or spend one with the officers of the ship, several of whom are old acquaintances, or to whom I have been known by character. Such, my dear sister, is the journal of a day at sea in fine or at least moderate weather, in which this floating castle goes through the water with the greatest imaginable steadiness, and I have not yet been long enough on board to experience bad weather."

24. I must find room for a word or two more of Mr. Leslie's, for the old floating castles as against steam; and then pass to matters more personal to me.

"MOIRA PLACE, *Sept. 20th, 1886.*

"I believe that the whole of the present depression in what is called trade is entirely due to the exaggerated estimate of the economy of steam, especially when applied to the production of real wealth upon the land; also to the idea that

the wealth of the world is in any way increased by making a lawn tennis court of it, the world, and knocking goods to and fro as fast as possible across it by steam. No doubt I shall be told that I am quite out of my depth in this matter, and that France (a really self-supporting country) is at least five hundred years behind the times. I won't apologize for sending you inclosed, which, for the animal's sake alone, I fear is true. The cutting is from the *Times* of the 18th:—

“A writer in the *Revue Scientifique* affirms that, from a comparison of animal and steam power, the former is the cheaper power in France, whatever may be the case in other countries. In the conversion of chemical to mechanical energy, 90 per cent. is lost in the machine, against 68 in the animal. M. Sanson, the writer above referred to, finds that the steam horse-power, contrary to what is generally believed, is often materially exceeded by the horse. The cost of traction on the Mount Parnasse-Bastille line of railway he found to be for each car, daily, 57 f., while the same work done by the horse cost only 47 f.; and he believes that for moderate powers the conversion of chemical into mechanical energy is more economically effected through animals than through steam engines.”

25. The following two letters from Turner to Mr. W. E. Cooke, which I find among various papers relating to his work given to me at various times, are of great interest in showing the number of points Turner used to take into consideration before determining on anything, and his strict sense of duty and courtesy. The blank line, of which we are left to conjecture the meaning, is much longer in the real letter:—

Dear Sir,

“Wednesday morning.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have taken the earliest opportunity to return you the touched proof and corrected St. Michael's Mount. I lament that your brother could not forward the Poole, or Mr. Bulmer the proof sheets, for if the two cannot be sent so as to arrive here before *Tuesday next*, I shall be upon the wing

for London again, where I hope to be in about a fortnight from this time; therefore, you'll judge how practicable you can make the sending the parcel in time, or waiting until I get to Queen Ann Street, N.W. Your number coming out on the 10th of December I think impossible; but to this I offer only an opinion (what difference would it make if the two numbers of the Coast, Daniel's and yours, came out on the same day?). All I can say, I'll not hinder you, if I can avoid it, one moment. Therefore employ Mr. Pye if you think proper, but, as you know, there should be some objection on my part as to co-operation with him without————; yet to forego the assistance of his abilities for any feeling of mine is by no means proper to the majority of subscribers to the work.

“Yours most truly,

“J. M. W. TURNER.

“P.S.—I am not surprised at Mr. Ellis writing such a note about his signature. Be so good as put the inclosed into the Two-penny Post Box. The book which I now send be kind enough to keep for me until I return, and expect it to be useful in the descriptions of Cornwall.”

26.

“Thursday Ev^g. Dec^r. 16, 1813.

“DEAR SIR,

“From your letter of this morning I expected the pleasure of seeing you, but being disappointed, I feel the necessity of requesting you will, under the peculiar case in which the MSS. of St. Michael and Poole are placed, desire Mr. Coombe to deviate wholly from them; and if he has introduced anything which seems to approximate, to be so good as to remove the same, as any likeness in the descriptions (though highly complimentary to my endeavors) must compel me to claim them—by an immediate appeal as to their originality. Moreover, as I now shall not charge or will receive any remuneration whatever for them, they are consequently at my disposal, and ultimately subject only to my

use—in vindication; never do I hope they will be called upon to appear, but if ever offer'd that they will be looked upon with liberality and candor, and not considered in any way detrimental to the interests of the Proprietors of the Southern Coast work.

“Have the goodness to return the corrected proof of St. Michael, which I sent from Yorkshire with the MS. of Poole; and desire Mr. Bulmer either to send me all the proof sheets, or in your seeing them destroyed you will much oblige

“Yours most truly,

“J. M. W. TURNER.”

27. I find in my father's diary of the journey of 1833 some notes on the state of Basle city and its environs at the time of our passing through them, which are extremely interesting to me in their coolness, especially in connection with the general caution which influenced my father in all other kinds of danger. No man could be more prudent in guarding against ordinary chances of harm, and in what may be shortly expressed as looking to the girths of life. But here he is traveling with his wife and son through a district in dispute between not only military forces but political factions, without appearing for an instant to have contemplated changing his route, or felt the slightest uneasiness in passing through the area of most active warfare. My mother seems to have been exactly of the same mind,—which is more curious still, for indeed I never once saw the expression of fear on my father's face, through all his life, at anything; but my mother was easily frightened if postilions drove too fast, or the carriage leaned threateningly aside; while here she passes through the midst of bands of angry and armed villagers without a word of objection.

28. “Baden (Swiss Baden, 5th August, 1833).—We heard here of the Basle people fighting with peasantry and burning their villages; and of a battle betwixt Liechstal and Basle soldiers on Saturday; the latter were driven into the town; 80 killed and 400 prisoners. We came to Stein to

dine; a single house on the borders of the Rhine, commanding a beautiful view of that river and plains beyond it, and Black Forest in the distance. We had eighteen miles to go to Basle, but, hearing Swiss gates were shut, we crossed into Baden state at Rheinfeld, where there are some very old buildings and two wooden bridges; the river rolls like a troubled sea. Coming towards Basle we saw soldiers with several large brass cannon, in a field which the peasants were plowing, on an eminence commanding the road. We arrived at 7 o'clock at Three Kings, Basle, and early next morning I walked to cathedral; found many of the first houses with windows entirely closed, in mourning for officers lost in battle of Saturday; and a report prevailed of there being a plot to admit the peasantry into the town to fire it in the night. The people were much alarmed.

29. "Tuesday, 6th August, we left by a gate just opened to let us pass, being sent from another gate we tried, and which we saw, after we got out, had its drawbridge entirely cut away. The guns were placed with twigs and basketwork in embrasures, soldiers stood on the walls ready, and looking out over the country with glasses. The road lay through Liechthal, where the strife was. It is a fine road, as the best in England, generally much frequented, and the country is beautiful and rich in cultivation; but on twenty-seven miles of this fine road we met neither carriage, diligence, gig, nor wagon. The land seemed deserted, only a peasant occasionally in the fields. We soon met a small band of armed peasants in the act of stopping a small market-cart which had preceded us. The man, when released, went quickly off. They let us pass. We then met two bands of armed peasants, very Irish-like in costume, and having guns swung behind or in their hands, about fifteen or twenty in each body,—part, we suppose, of the Liberals who had defeated the Tories of Basle.* They looked, and lifted their hats, and said noth-

*Papa cannot bring himself to think of anybody in Irish-like costume as Conservative. It was Basle that was liberally and

ing to us. Approaching Liechstal, we met a Swiss car with eight or ten gentlemen in plain clothes, well armed; also cars filled with armed peasants, and a few soldiers at their side. We entered Liechstal, and found every street barricaded breast high with pine logs, except at entrance, where an opening was left just wide enough for cart or carriage, and a gate at the other end. These gentlemen, I was afterwards told, were Polish refugees, who served the artillery of the peasantry against the Basle people, who had refused to shelter them, whilst the Liechstal people had received them kindly."

30. And so all notice of states of siege, whether at Liechstal or anywhere else, ends in my father's diary; and he continues in perfect tranquillity to give account of his notes on the roads, inns, and agriculture of Switzerland.

Of which, however, the reader will, I think, have pleasure in seeing some further passages, representing, not through any gilded mists of memory, but with mercantile precision of entering day by day, the aspect of Switzerland at the time when we first saw it, half a century ago.

"18th July. We left Berne early, and went eighteen miles to Thun. The road is one of the best possible, beginning through an avenue of trees, large and fine, and proceeding to Thun through fields of amazing beauty, bordered with fruit trees; the corn sometimes bordering the road without inclosure. The cottages, houses, farms, inns, all the way, each and all remarkable for neatness, largeness, and beauty. We left our carriage at the Freyenhof Inn, and took boat, three hours' rowing, to Neuhaus, then one league in char-à-banc; through Unterseen to Interlachen, a sweet watering-place sort of a village, with one hotel and many very elegant boarding-houses, where persons stop to take excursions to neighboring hills. We took boat down lake Brienz as far as waterfall of Giesbach, the finest fall next to Protestantially endeavoring to make the men of Liechstal abjure their Catholic errors.

those of Rhine I have yet seen; but the best thing was the Swiss family in the small inn up the hill opposite to the fall. The old man, his son, and two daughters, sung Swiss songs in the sweetest and most affecting manner, infinitely finer than opera singing, because true alike to Nature and to music; * no grimace nor affectation, nor strained efforts to produce effect. The tunes were well chosen, and the whole very delightful; more so than any singing I remember. We returned to Interlachen, where the Justice condemned Salvador to pay twelve francs for a carriage not used, which he had hired to go to the Staubbach. Next morning we returned by water to Thun to breakfast, and again to Berne, where we had very nice rooms, with fine prospect.

31. "The portico walks in almost every street in Berne are very convenient for rain or sun: it is in this like Chester, though the one appearing a very new town, and the other very old. We left Berne 22nd July by a narrow but not bad road through Summiswald; dined at Hutwyl; slept at Sursee, in the Catholic canton of Lucerne. The hill and dale country we passed through to the very end of the Berne canton was a scene of unequalled loveliness out of this canton. The face of the country was varied, but the richness of cultivation the same, and the houses so large, and yet so neat and comfortable. This is, indeed, a country for which a man might sigh, and almost die, of regret, to be exiled from. I have seen nothing at all approaching to it in the neatest parts of England. The town of Berne is equally remarkable for good though not lofty buildings, and for cleanliness and neatness. The street-sweepers were women; and I never saw a city or town so beautifully kept. I walked up many back streets and lanes, all in the most perfect order; and the country seen from the cathedral terrace and ramparts is just suited to such a town. There is no formed, squared, or trimmed neatness, but every field, and hedge, and tree, and

* I shall make this sentence the text of what I have to say, when I have made a few more experiments in our schools here, of the use of music in peasant education.

garden, seem to be tended and kept in the finest state possible. The variety of scenery on the grandest scale,—the snowy Alps, the lower Alps, the woods on undulating grounds, or sloping down from the mountain tops; the fine river passing round the town; the rich cornfields, meadows, and fruit trees, abounding over all; nature doing so much, and man just bestowing the care and culture required, and applying art only where it seems to improve nature.

32. "If any country on earth can be deemed perfect as far as nature and art can make it, the canton of Berne is that country. The farmhouses are each a picture, and the peasantry are as beautiful and healthy as the country. They express contentment. Their costume is handsome, excepting the black, stiff, whalebone-lace ears of immense size from the women's heads; when they wear black lace over their heads partially; the rest of their dress is extremely becoming. On Wednesday, July 17th, we rode to Hofwyl Farm, Mr. Fellenberg's Institution, combining a large fine boarding-house for eighty to ninety young gentlemen of fortune, where all branches of education are taught, and agriculture added if they choose; and a school for poor boys and girls, and for masters of country schools to learn.

"Some Russian princes have attended the boarding-school. The expense, about three thousand francs yearly. Everything is made on the farm—bread, butter, clothes, shoes, etc. There are from two hundred and eighty to three hundred acres of land in cultivation, lying in a sort of basin sloping gently away from house towards a piece of water. It is impossible to conceive anything so beautiful for a farm as this. There being four hundred people about it there is no want of labor; and added to the usual Swiss neatness, there is the completeness of an amateur farmer possessing ample means. There were fifty-four milk cows kept on hay and potatoes under cover. (The want of cattle in the field is always a drawback to a foreign landscape.) The oxen very handsome. The system of farming same as Scotch, only one new product seen by a Scotch amateur whom we met. Italian rye grass,

very fine. The poorer young men cutting hay, all very happy. The workshops, the washing-houses, the outhouses all very perfect, but in implements or machinery nothing new. It was the beauty of the situation on a fine day, and the fullness and apparent comfort, that struck the observer particularly."

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CHAPTER III.

33. I MUST leave the chronology of "Dilecta" to be arranged by its final index, for the choice of the letters printed in the course of it must depend more on topic than date; and, besides, it will be needful sometimes to let it supply the place of my ceased "Fors," and answer in the parts of it under my hand, any questions that occur in an irritating manner to the readers of "Præterita."

For instance, my morning post-bag has been lately filled with reproaches, or anxious advice, from pious persons of Evangelical persuasion, who accuse me of speaking of their faith thoughtlessly, or without sufficient knowledge. Whereas there is probably no European writer now dealing with the history of Christianity, who is either by hereditary ties more closely connected, or by personal inquiry more variously familiar, with the characteristic and vitally earnest bodies of the Puritan Church.

34. The following letter from her uncle to Mrs. Arthur Severn,—(for whose sake the complexities of our ancient and ramifying cousinships have long since been generalized into the brief family name for me, the Coz,)—contains, with as much added genealogy as the most patient reader will be likely to ask for, evidence of the position held by my great grandfather among the persecuted Scottish Puritans.

"1, CAMBRIDGE STREET, HYDE PARK, W.

"August 25th, 1885.

"MY DEAR JOANNA,

"The only thing that I can think of that has historical interest for the Coz, in connection with his father's relations, is that his great grandfather, the Rev. W. Tweddale, of Glenceluce, had in his possession during his ministry the National

Covenant of the Scotch Covenanters. It was given to him by his aunt, who received it from Baillie of Jarviswood, who was suspected of having it in his possession, and was executed. I suppose it was given to my grandfather's aunt, because, being a lady, it would be assumed that she would not be suspected of having it.

"My father was left an orphan when ten years of age, and when he became of age, the trustees had parted with the 'Covenant'; at all events, he could not trace it. However, he then inherited his parental property, 'Glenlaggan,' which is rather a picturesque place situated between New Galloway and Castle Douglas, in the county of Kirkcubright. When his uncle, Dr. Adair, died, he left him £10,000. He then sold Glenlaggan to enable him to buy a larger estate in Wigtownshire. In this he made a mistake, for it was during the war in the time of the first Napoleon, when land was very dear; and when the peace came it became very cheap, and fearing complete ruin, he sold at an immense loss; but this latter part of my father's history is not worth recording.

"The 'National Covenant' is now in the Glasgow museum. Perhaps these particulars may be interesting to the Coz, who, I hope, is progressing favorably towards recovery.

"With kind love,

"Your affectionate uncle,

"J. R. (John Ruskin) TWEDDALE."

"The accompanying note" (on next page) "contains the particulars of the relationship that exists between our family and the Professor. My father's sister was his grandmother, and mother to the late Mr. Ruskin; so that my father was full uncle to the late Mr. Ruskin, and grand uncle to the Professor. The father of the Professor's grandmother was minister of Glenluce, but that is a long time back, for if my father had been living, he would have been *one hundred and seventeen* years old.

"The Rev. J. Garlies Maitland's son was the late Rev. Dr.

James Maitland, minister of New Galloway, and husband of the heiress of Kenmure, by his second marriage with the eldest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Bellamy Gordon, whose son now inherits that property. Dr. Maitland was, some years before his death, Moderator of the General Assembly, and was otherwise a man of mark."

35. As for my own knowledge of the Evangelical character and doctrine, what I have related already of my mother, my Scottish aunt, and her servant Mause, ought to have been guarantee enough to attentive persons; the inattentive I would beg at least not to trouble me with letters till the sequels of "Præterita" and "Dilecta" are in their hands.

36. For the present I return to the documents in my possession respecting Turner; of which the following, signed by Turner the day after I was born, must, I think, take priority in point of date, and has this much of peculiar interest in it, that the drawings of which it disposes the destiny with so much care, were never made. Turner's intention that they should be all of equal value is prettily intimated by his submitting the decision of his property in them to cast of lots.

37. "Agreement between J. M. W. Turner, Esq., W. B. Cooke, and J. C. Allen, February the Ninth, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Nineteen.

"Mr. Turner agrees to make Thirty Six Drawings on the Rhine, between Cologne and Mayence, at the Price of Seventeen Guineas each Drawing.—The first Two Drawings to be made in advance, which are to be paid out of the Profits of the Work.—The Second Two Drawings to be paid by W. B. Cooke in June 1819, and the rest to be paid on delivery.

"It is agreed that none of the Drawings shall be sold for less than Thirty-four Guineas each under the Penalty of One Hundred Guineas. Mr. Turner to be paid Two Pounds on the Sale of every Five Hundred Numbers. The Plates to be estimated at Fifty Guineas each—they are to be the Size of Eleven Inches and a half by Eight Inches and a Quarter.

“The Work to be divided as follows,—Mr. Turner to hold one Eighth Share, W. B. Cooke to hold Five Eighths of the Work, T. C. Allen to hold Two Eighths. The Work to pay its Expenses by its returns before any Dividend is made between the Parties.

“Mr. Turner to have a best Copy of the Work, with Etchings.

“A Settlement for all Numbers and Copies sold, to be made at regular half Yearly periods within a Week after Mr. Murray settles his half Yearly Accounts on the Work.

“When Seven Drawings are made for the Work, Mr. Turner to have one of them by casting lots. When the second Seven are made, a like casting of Lots to take Place for one of them. The Third Seven the same. The fourth Seven the same, and Mr. Turner to have the casting of lots for one out of the remaining Eight.

“No other Engraver to be employed in the Work than W. B. Cooke, and J. C. Allen, without the Consent of Mr. Turner. It is agreed that three Numbers containing Two Plates each shall be published in a Year, and that the Proofs shall be printed in Imperial Folio. The Prints in Quarto Grand Eagle French Paper. The first Number, which is to contain Two Plates, to be published during the Year 1819.

“JOS. MALLORD W. TURNER.

“W. B. COOKE.

“J. C. ALLEN.”

38. Next to this piece of shrewd business, I have great delight in giving an exhaustive delineation of Turner's character, written by an able phrenologist and physiognomist from the cast of his head taken after death. No one person was ever intimately enough acquainted with him to form such estimate by experience, so that the document bears internal evidence of its honesty:—

“He is of the motive mental temperament, and is of an earnest, industrious disposition. He possesses great activity and energy, and works with both mind and body at the same time.

He would not give up until he had accomplished his object, especially if principle or if right and justice were at stake.

“According to the development indicated, he must have been compelled to cut out a road of his own. He has developed a character peculiar to himself, his individuality is very marked.

“He inherited a sound constitution, is tough and wiry, and has long life in him. This gives him promptness of action, determination of purpose, firmness and resolution in all his undertakings.

“He is a man who will not use half measures; he works to the full extent of his powers, and is resolved to surmount all obstacles and remove all difficulties that may be in his path.

39. “He is ever ready to defend friends, or to oppose enemies; so far as his physical organization is concerned, he is very fervently constituted, and has not suffered much except from the strain imposed upon himself by overwork. There is not an idle bone in his whole organization. A man with his development cannot possibly have led an idle life, or have indulged himself much in luxury and ease. His life cannot have been a life of holidays. If there is work to do, it must be done, in his opinion, without any faltering or hesitancy.

“He is descended from an old-fashioned family that care more for the useful and real than for the merely ornamental or theoretical.

“He has a large social brain, which gives him an ardent and loving nature. He forms strong attachments to those around him; to his wife, to his children, and friends.

40. “He is most constant in his friendship, and faithful in fulfilling his promises. Once a friend, always a friend, in his case. Friends he will defend to the uttermost of his powers. He is willing to do anything which would render them assistance; but once deceived by a friend, although he bears no malice, he shakes him off forever, and will have no further dealings with him.

“His love of home, which is fully developed, gives him a

patriotic spirit; and as his veracity, force of character, and executiveness are large, he is ready to defend his country and his homestead should defense be required.

“He cannot bear abrupt changes, and although he would travel, if it were necessary to further his studies, and enable him to gain certain information, he will return with feelings of delight to his old home and old friends.

“He is a man who cannot adapt himself to new ways and fashions.

“He is rather impatient with slow people, and especially with idle ones.

“Opposition only serves to call his talents and powers into activity, and the more opposed he is, the more determined he becomes to have his own way.

“His word is his bond; he is reliable and trustworthy in all things.

41. “There are two directly opposite elements in his character; the one contradicts the other. His large acquisitiveness leads him to acquire and to accumulate, to have things of his own, to look out for a rainy day, and store up for the future.

“Yet when help is required, his large benevolence urges him to do all in his power to assist those in need. He requires, however, a complete explanation before he will give his support, and a cause must be a good one to receive support from him. Once convinced of the truth of a cause, he is most earnest in its advocacy.

“He is cautious in his plans and undertakings; slow to decide, but once his plans are formed, quick in carrying them out. If he fails the first time, he tries again until he has attained his object, or accomplished his task. Conquer he must.

“He does not aim after self-glorification, but for the benefit of others; and is prompted not so much by selfish motives as by a desire to raise and elevate his fellow men. Having large veneration, he must be an earnest worker in a religious cause.

42. "Hope appears so largely developed,* that it will stimulate him to undertake tasks which few men have the courage to take in hand. Hope, it may be said, carries him through life. Hope has enabled him to go on when the difficulties in his path appeared well-nigh insurmountable.

"He must have had many struggles, battles, and difficulties to encounter, else he could never have attained his present development. He would never allow himself to be beaten, and having large hope, he clings tenaciously to life.

"He never overrates his talents; he is rather inclined to underrate them. He has been unassuming, unpretentious, and undemonstrative. In the social circle he is quite the reverse of what he is when working in opposition. Among homely people he is social and agreeable, but once roused, he becomes very severe and determined.

"He cannot tolerate nonsense or foolishness, and must out with the facts and realities of life. Although he enjoys a hearty laugh and joke, they must be caused by genuine wit.

43. "Having a nude head in the front, he is constructive and skillful; can plan, arrange, and invent. He is more of a utilitarian than a poet. Yet he loves the beautiful and sublime in nature, the pure and refined.

"Having remarkably large observant powers, he is keen of discernment, and quick in noticing details. Very few things escape his eyes. He is most practical, methodical, and regular. It is not everybody who can please him.

"He can judge of distances, proportions, lengths, breadths, etc., by the eye. He likes a place for everything, and everything in the right place; a time for everything, and everything purposed to time.

"His calculating powers are large; he will not enter into rash undertakings; he can generally see right ahead, and is therefore successful in his undertakings.

"His memory is good for incidents, events, etc., and he

* This is a very interesting piece of penetrative science. Turner's chief mental emotion was always striving to express itself in the broken poem which he called the "Fallacies of Hope."

would make a good descriptive speaker. As a speaker, he would be to the point, and easily understood. If success depends upon work, he must be a successful man, for he has a hardworking element in him that will never allow him to remain idle.

“Having large causality, comparison, intuition, he is an excellent reasoner, and is subtle in a debate. If his talents have been directed into the right channel, he must have made his mark, and have accomplished a marvelous work, to the astonishment of all beholders, either in a mercantile or professional sphere of labor. Men of his tribe are very rare nowadays.

“GUSTAVUS COHENS.”

44. Next to this mental chart of him, I place a sketch from the life, written for me by my mother's friend, named in “*Præterita*,” vol. ii., § 203, Mrs. John Simon:—

“In the spring of the year 1843, I went to Plymouth, and remained until Midsummer; when, on a certain day of June, it was arranged that I should return to London viâ Southampton; I being then very fond of the sea. John (to whom I was not then married) was to meet me at Southampton, and see me home.

“Accordingly, on the day fixed, I was duly ready, my boxes packed, and I, chatting with my hostess, Mrs. Snow Harris, and her daughters, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Harris, who was (as we fondly believed) securing my berth, and coming to fetch me to the boat. Time passed on,—no Mr. H.! At last at half-past one he appeared.

“‘Oh, papa, how late you are; Miss — will lose the boat!’

“‘She *has* lost it,’ (in Devon accent, and with a loud laugh.)

“Miss —. ‘Oh! Mr. Harris.’

“‘Yes, it's blowing up for such a storm as we haven't had for long, and I'm not going to let you go up Channel to-night. Why, the boats in Catwater are bouncing about already.’

“‘But the boat’s gone,—the Captain,—the other passengers,—oh, you *should* have let me go!’

“‘No, no, I shouldn’t, and I wouldn’t.’

“‘But I *must* go somehow. I can’t let my friends’ (admire the plural!) ‘come to Southampton for nothing!’ (Now be it remembered, that in those days was no electric telegraph, the mails were closed and just starting, and the Great Western Railway itself only finished as far as Beam Bridge, a small outlying station.) ‘I must go. So please send to tell the coach to come for me.’

“And I had my way. Just saved the coach, which started at 2 p.m., with strong injunctions from Mrs. H. *not* to get out at Exeter, as it might there become crowded.

45. “I had had nothing since eight o’clock breakfast. The coachman was charged to stop and get me buns; he promised, but did not. The guard was charged to be most careful of me; he promised, and *was*.

“As we drove on to Exeter, the hitherto bright, breezy day began to justify Mr. Harris, as it was pretty sure to do, he being *the* great electrician, as well as a first-rate sailor and judge of the weather. (He is well known as Sir W. Snow Harris, the inventor of the conductors which are the safeguards of our ships from lightning.) The clouds gathered, distant low whistlings of wind came from all around, and in a threatening evening, at eight, we reached Exeter; and waited for an hour. I had thus far been alone, and keeping in view Mrs. H.’s advice, stuck firmly to my place, resisting all the blandishments of waiter and chambermaid, and continuing fasting, but in good heart, and not at all hungry.

46. “Some gentlemen got up outside and one young man inside. Of this I could say something which might amuse you, but it has nothing to do with the main point, so I pass it over. The weather after Exeter got worse and worse;—the wind began to bluster, the lightning changed from summer gleams to spiteful forks, and the roll of thunder was al

most continuous; and by the time we reached Beam Bridge the storm was at such terrible purpose, that the faithful guard wrapped me up in his waterproof and lifted me, literally, into the shed which served as a station. In like manner, when the train was ready, he lifted me high and dry into a first-class carriage, in which were two elderly, cozy, friendly-looking gentlemen, evidently fellows in friendship as well as in travel. The old Great Western carriages were double, held eight persons, four in each compartment, and there was a glass door between; which was on this occasion left open. One old gentleman sate with his face to the horses (so to speak) on my side, and one in the inside corner, opposite to me exactly. When I had taken off my cloak and smoothed my plumes, and generally settled myself, I looked up to see the most wonderful eyes I ever saw, steadily, luminously, clairvoyantly, kindly, paternally looking at me. The hat was over the forehead, the mouth and chin buried in the brown velvet coat collar of the brown greatcoat. I looked at him, wondering if my grandfather's eyes had been like those. I should have described them as the most 'seeing' eyes I had ever seen. My father had often spoken of my grandfather's eyes, as being capable of making a hundred ugly faces handsome; and the peasant used to say, 'Divil a sowl could tell a lie to his Riverence's Worship's *eyes*.' (He was a magistrate as well as a parson.) My opposite neighbor's seemed much of this sort.

47. "Well, we went on, and the storm went on more and more, until we reached Bristol; to wait ten minutes. My old gentleman rubbed the side window with his coat cuff, in vain; attacked the center window, again in vain, so blurred and blotted was it with the torrents of rain! A moment's hesitation, and then:

"'Young lady, would you mind my putting down this window?'

"'Oh no, not at all!'

"'You may be drenched, you know?'

"'Never mind, sir.'

“Immediately, down goes the window, out go the old gentleman’s head and shoulders, and there they stay for I suppose nearly nine minutes. Then he drew them in, and I said:

“ ‘Oh please let me look.’

“ ‘Now you *will* be drenched;’ but he half opened the window for me to see. Such a sight, such a chaos of elemental and artificial lights and noises, I never saw or heard, or expect to see or hear. He drew up the window as we moved on, and then leant back with closed eyes for I dare say ten minutes, then opened them and said:

“ ‘Well?’

“ ‘I said, ‘I’ve been “drenched,” but it’s worth it.’

“ ‘He nodded and smiled, and again took to his steady but quite inoffensive perusing of my face, and presently said it was a bad night for one so young and alone. He had not seen me at Exeter.

“ ‘No, I got in at Plymouth.’

“ ‘Plymouth!!’

“ ‘Yes.’ I then said I could only save my friends trouble and anxiety by traveling up that night, and told simply the how it came to pass. Then, except a little joke when we were going through a long tunnel (*then* the terror of ‘elegant females’), silence until Swindon, but always the speculative, steady look. There we all got out and I got some tea and biscuits. When we were getting in (the storm by then over,) they asked me if I had got some refreshment, and when I said tea, my friend with the eyes said:

“ ‘Tea! poor stuff; you should have had soup.’

“ ‘I said tea was more refreshing, as I had not had anything since eight the previous morning. We all laughed, and I found the two cozy friends had had something more ‘comfortable’ than tea, and speedily fell into slumber, while I watched the dawn and oncoming brightness of one of the loveliest June mornings that have ever visited the earth.

48. “At six o’clock we steamed into Paddington station,

and I had signaled a porter before my friends roused themselves. They were very kind,—could they do anything to help me?—where had I to go to? ‘Hammersmith: that was a long drive.’ Then they took off their hats, and went off arm in arm.

“I reached North End, where Georgie * now lives, as I hoped I should, *just* as our baker was opening his shop at seven o’clock; wrote on rough baker’s bill-paper a note to John, and sent it off by the baker’s boy on the cab, begging John to let my sister know; and then leaving my luggage at the baker’s, walked on the short way to our dear friend’s house, where I knew my mother had had no sleep for the storm and thinking Jane was in it at sea. ‘Jane, how d’ye do?’ to the astonished servant, and walked straight up to mamma’s room, opened the door, to meet, as I expected, her wide-open, anxious, patient eyes, and to hear ‘*Jane!*—Oh, thank God!’

49. “The next year, I think, going to the Academy, I turned at once, as I always did, to see what Turners there were.

“Imagine my feelings:—

“RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED,

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, JUNE THE —, 1843.

“I had found out who the ‘seeing’ eyes belonged to! As I stood looking at the picture, I heard a mawkish voice behind me say:

“‘There now, just look at that; ain’t it *just* like Turner?—whoever saw such a ridiculous conglomeration?’

“I turned very quietly round and said:

“‘*I* did; I was in the train that night, and it is perfectly and wonderfully true;’ and walked quietly away.

“When I saw your *young* portrait of Turner, I saw that

* Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones.

some of it was left in the 43 face,—enough to make me feel it always delightful to look at the picture.

“There, my dearest Mr. John, I’ve scribbled (for I can no longer *write*) as you wished. Best love to you, and love to all. I send it to Joan to read to you.

“Ever yours, with John’s truest love,

“J. S.”

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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

JOHN RUSKIN

VOLUME XXVI



LETTERS TO A COLLEGE FRIEND

THREE LETTERS AND AN ESSAY

LETTERS TO THE CLERGY

POEMS

THE COMPASS BOOK

BY

WILLIAM BAKER

OF THE

NAVY

AND

ARMY

1854

LETTERS ADDRESSED

TO A

COLLEGE FRIEND

DURING

THE YEARS 1840-1845.

LETTERS ADDRESSED
TO A
COLLEGE FRIEND

THE YEARS 1842-1849.

CONTENTS.

LETTER I.

OXFORD, *June 17* [1840?].

	PAGE
Occupations for the Day—The Blenheim Raffaele	1-3

LETTER II.

[*Postmark*, CAMBERWELL GREEN, *July 4*, 1840.]

The Evolution of a Penny—Reflections on a Penny—The Purchasability of a Penny—"Half a Good Samaritan-ship"—George Herbert's Poems—Oxford Chit-chat—Personal Analysis	3-6
--	-----

LETTER III.

[*Postmark*, *July 31*, 1840.]

"Perfect Additions"—Derbyshire Minerals—Derbyshire and Cumberland—Mountain-climbing in Lakeland—The Best Views of Derwentwater—Southey's Favorite View—Rules for Correspondence—The Results of Christian Burial—Fossilized Humanity—Personalities—The Keswick Guide	6-10
---	------

LETTER IV.

[*Postmark*, *Sept. 1*, 1840.]

Lakeland—The Caverns of Derbyshire—Smollett and Fielding—Plans for Traveling—Aristotle seen in a New Light—Wintering in Italy—Epistolary Distinctions	11-13
---	-------

LETTER V.

FRIDAY, *11th Sept.* [1840?].

The Object of High Art—What Art should Convey—Artists and their Individualities—The Ethics of Portrait-painting—The Power of Association—Essentials in Sketches—License in Composition—"Friendship's Offering"	14-17
--	-------

LETTER VI.

ROME, December 3, 1840.

	PAGE
Aids to Happiness—Perception of the Beautiful—Lessons in Art—Harding's Despisal of Color—Methods of Harding and Turner—De Wint as opposed to Harding—De Wint's Special Characteristics—Cox's Place among Artists—Effect of Cox's Teaching—Turner for a Sleeping-draught—"The Epitome of all Art"—Our Lady of Chartres—Orleans Cathedral—Tours Cathedral—The Carrara Mountains—The Unchiseled Life in Carrara—St. Peter's at Rome—Sculpture in the Vatican—Ancient Rome—The Clergy on the Continent.	17-25

LETTER VII.

NAPLES, February 12, 1841.

Health <i>versus</i> Work—"Modern Painters" begun—Religious Matters—Verse Writers and their Excuses—The Mental Effects of Sorrow—"Psammenitus" Analyzed—Dodges in Criticism—The Choice of Metaphor—Vesuvius—"Psammenitus" further Analyzed—Infinity and Mystery Everywhere—The Mystery of Human Emotions—The Kindling of the Imagination—The Essence of Poetry—The Power of an Epithet—Scott's Poetry—Great Poets and their Meanings—The Function of Poetry—Obscurity in Poetry—The Work of Fatigued Moments	25-35
--	-------

LETTER VIII.

VENICE, May 16. [Postmark, 1841.]

Peterborough Cathedral—The Scenery of Clifton—Friends and Relations—Distinctions in Affection—The Domestic Affections—Universal Brotherhood—The Divine Laws of Taste—Association an Ambiguous Word—Power of Association Limited—Instincts of a Healthy Mind—The Divine Attributes—Personalities—Health <i>versus</i> Plans—Childhood's Infinity of Happiness—Impressions of Venice—The Prisons of Venice—Personalities	35-42
--	-------

LETTER IX.

53 RUSSELL TERRACE, LEAMINGTON, *September 27.*

[*Postmark, 1841.*]

PAGE

The Value of Chit-chat—Letters as a Test of Friendship—Society a Penance—Entomology and its Drawbacks—Studies for a Lifetime—Alison's "History of Europe"	42-44
---	-------

LETTER X.

HERNE HILL, *November 25.* [*Postmark, 1841.*]

Death and Eternity—Horses the Curse of England—Studying with Harding—Personalities	45-46
--	-------

LETTER XI.

[*Postmark, December 22, 1841.*]

"Friendship's Offering"—Personalities	47
---	----

LETTER XII.

[*No date.*]

Hints for Chalk-drawing	48
-----------------------------------	----

LETTER XIII.

[*Postmark, February 21, 1842.*]

Choice of Correspondents—Indolence makes People Morose—Hints for Shading—"A Private-judgment Man"—Meaning of the word "Church"—Personalities	49-51
--	-------

LETTER XIV.

[*Postmark, March 12, 1842.*]

Requisites in Shading—Lessons in Shading—The Art of Shading—When Freedom should Come—Personalities	52-55
--	-------

LETTER XV.

[*Postmark, August 19, 1842.*]

	PAGE
Employment of Restricted Leisure—The Growth of Art Principles—The Test of Real Progress—Increased Powers of Perception—"The Vinegar-banked Rhine"	55-57

LETTER XVI.

[*Postmark, September 19, 1842.*]

Truth an Essential in Sketching—Varying Pursuits—Appetite Dependent on Temperature—Flower Effects in Landscape.	58-59
---	-------

ESSAY.

WAS THERE DEATH BEFORE ADAM FELL, IN OTHER
PARTS OF CREATION?

Distinctions in Scriptural Evidence—Reproduction implies Death—Nourishment attendant upon Death—Chemical Constituents in Plants—Forms of Nourishment—Supplementary Parts of Creation—The Green Herb for Meat—The Earth without Death—Preservation of Structural Types—Influences of the Carnivora—A Labyrinth of Difficulties—How to Read the Mosaic Account—Sealed Mysteries—Source of Carbonate of Ammonia—Diminution of Carbonic Acid	60-66
--	-------

LETTER XVII.

[*Postmark, January 8, 1843.*]

The Characteristics of a Tree—The Definition of a Tree—Death the Corollary of Blossoming—The Carnivora in Eden—Gift of Functions presupposes Use—Deductions about Animal Creation—Additional Happiness Gained—Geological Evidence—Man's State in Eden—Personalities	67-70
---	-------

LETTER XVIII.

[*Postmark, February 7, 1843.*]

The Benefit of Sermons—Reynolds, Fuseli, and Barry—Mrs. Sherwood's Religion—"Fixing" Chalk and Pencil Drawings	71-73
--	-------

LETTER XIX.

[*Letter mutilated at the beginning.*]

Discussion on Eden continued	PAGE 74
--	------------

LETTER XX.

DENMARK HILL, *December 5 [1843?].*

Truth in Sketching—The First Essential of Composition—The Limits of Artistic License—Afterglow in Southern Coun- tries	75-76
--	-------

LETTER XXI.

MACUGNAGA—VAL ANZASCA, *August 3.*
[*Postmark, August 18, 1845.*]

Life up among the Hills—Presentation to Christ's Hospital— Personalities	77-79
---	-------

LETTER XXII.

[*No date.*]

Symbolism a Dangerous Plaything—Careless Reasoning in Symbolism—The Choice of Symbolisms	79-80
---	-------

ARTICLE I

SECTION 1

1787

Section 1, Article I, U.S. Constitution: All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

SECTION 2

Section 2, Article I, U.S. Constitution: The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every second Year by the People of the several States, and the Electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors of the most numerous Branch of the State Legislature.

SECTION 3

Section 3, Article I, U.S. Constitution: The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof, for a Term of six Years; and each Senator shall have the Qualifications requisite for Senators of the most numerous Branch of the State Legislature.

Section 4, Article I, U.S. Constitution: The Times, Places and Manner of holding the Elections of Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by Law alter or add to the Rules and Regulations of the foregoing Elections.

Section 5, Article I, U.S. Constitution: The Senate shall have the sole Power to try all Impeachments, when the President is absent, and when the President is present, to try and determine all Impeachments, except Impeachments of Judges, who shall be tried by the Supreme Court. Two thirds of the Members present shall constitute a Quorum to try an Impeachment.

Section 6, Article I, U.S. Constitution: The Senators and Representatives shall receive for their Services a Compensation, which shall be ascertained by Law, and paid out of the Treasury of the United States; but they shall in no Case receive an Increase of their Compensation during the Term for which they were elected.

Section 7, Article I, U.S. Constitution: The Congress shall have Power to lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises, to regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, among the several States, and with the Indian Tribes; to borrow Money on the Credit of the United States, to emit and put to Pass, and to regulate the Value of Money, and the Coinage of Money, and the Union of Money and Weights.

Section 8, Article I, U.S. Constitution: The Congress shall have Power to make all Laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into Execution the foregoing Powers, and all other Powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any of its Departments or Officers.

Section 9, Article I, U.S. Constitution: The Migration or Importation of Persons, and the Importation of Slaves, shall be regulated by Congress; and the Congress shall have Power to prohibit the Importation of Slaves, or the Migration of Persons, in any State, Territory, or Possession, at any Time, but no Tax or Duty shall be laid on any Importation or Migration, which shall not be necessary to the Execution of the Power to regulate the same.

Section 10, Article I, U.S. Constitution: No State shall enter into any Treaty, Alliance, or Confederation; grant Letters of Marque and Reprisal; or emit private Credits; nor shall a State be a Party to any War of Aggression, unless authorized by Congress, and it shall keep Troops and Vessels of War in the Service of the United States in no Manner inconsistent with this Constitution.

LETTERS TO A COLLEGE FRIEND

I.

OXFORD, June 17 [1840 ?].

MY DEAR C——

I owe you twenty thousand apologies for not having answered your letter sooner, and countless ones for forgetting your subscription.* I do not usually give so much trouble in matters of this kind. I have got into a train of work which leaves me less time than ever—because it is necessary, in order to preserve my eyes, which are weak, that I should not use them long at one time on delicate work or subject. Now, while the Academy is open and I am at home, I have to go into town every day to study Turner; this knocks off much of the forenoon. Then I have to write down what I have learned from him. Then I like every fine day to get a little bit of close, hard study from nature; if not out of doors, I bring in a leaf or plant for foreground and draw that. This necessarily leads me to the ascertaining of botanical names and a little microscopic botany. Then I don't like to pass a day without adding to my knowledge of *historical* painting, especially of the early school of Italy: this commonly involves a little bit of work from Raffaele, and some historical reading, which brings me into the wilderness of the early Italian Republics, and involves me also in ecclesiastical questions, requiring reading of the Fathers (which, however, I have not entered on yet, but am about to do so) and investigation of

* Post-office shut, couldn't get it; will send it without fail on Monday or Tuesday. (These words were inserted later on.—Ed.)

the religious tenets and feelings of all the branches of the Early Church. Then a little anatomy is indispensable, and much study of technical matters—management of colors, composition, etc. With all this, which would keep my head a great deal too much upon art, I must have a corrective. This comes in the shape of geology, which necessarily leads me into chemistry, and this latter is not a thing to read a bit of now and then, but requires *hard* reading and much learning by rote; and organic chemistry has made such advances of late that it has become intensely interesting, and draws me on more than it ought. With chemistry and mineralogy, which, though they go together, are totally distinct in the characters (of substances) considered, I am compelled to look at comparative anatomy, especially of fishes, in order to have some acquaintance with the fossil characters of rocks. Then I do not like to give up my Greek altogether, or I should entirely forget it. I, therefore, think myself very wrong if I do not read a little bit of Plato very accurately every day; and reading Plato necessarily involves some thought of something more than language. Finally, as in pursuit of the ancient school of religious painting, I must necessarily go to Italy,* it is absolutely necessary that I should know Italian well; so that I have to read a little Tasso every day, which I do with difficulty, never having looked at the language till a month or two back; and I cannot suffer myself entirely to forget my French.

Now, just lay out a day for yourself with these subjects of study, and presuppose the necessity of much walking exercise for health, and see if there is much time left for driving about the country; because a day lost with me is lost indeed, for I *cannot* work double tides before or afterwards, owing to the weakness of my eyes. I beg your pardon for being so egotistical, but I was obliged to tell you what I had to do, or you would have thought I was humbugging you.

* (This reference is probably to the first journey, in the autumn of 1840, into Italy, when he traveled with his parents by the Loire and Riviera to Rome. See "Essay and Letters."—Ed.)

I am keeping term here, go over to Blenheim as often as I can, where there is a most pure and instructive Raffaele of his early time—painted at Perugia—I don't think there is such another in England. I wish I could see your wood-carving. Where is East Grinstead?

[*Letter Unfinished.*]

II.

[*Postmark, CAMBERWELL GREEN, July 4, 1840.*]

SIR,

It is altogether impossible that you can have any moral perception of the value of coins in general, and pence in particular—that you can have formed any distinct ideas of the functions of pence—of their design—and influence on society. You never can have weighed one in your hand—suspended it between your forefinger and thumb—felt that it was an ounce of copper—remembered that it was four farthings—or computed that eleven encores would make it a shilling! a Scotch pound! a piece of silver! a bob!

Have you ever reflected that, in order to your possession of it, currents of silent lightning have been rushing through the inmost mass of the globe since the foundation of its hills was laid—that chasms have been cloven upwards through its adamant, with the restless electric fire gleaming along their crystalline sides, folded in purple clouds of metallic vapor—that to obtain it for you the sepulchral labor of a thousand arms has penetrated the recesses of the earth, dashed the river from its path, hurled the rock from its seat, sought a way beneath the waves of the deep, heavy sea! For you, night and day, have heaved the dark limbs of the colossal engine—its deep, fierce breath has risen in hot pants to heaven—the crimson furnace has illumined midnight, shaken its fiery hair like meteors among the stars—for you—for you, to abuse and waste the result of their ceaseless labor!

Have you ever sat meditatively in a pastry-cook's shop, with no selfish or gluttonous designs upon cheese-cake or ice, but to watch the pale faces and sunken eyes which pass lingeringly before the window, and fall upon the consumers of the fruits of earth, half in prayer, and half in accusation? They have no conception of the meaning of the various devices for exciting and pampering the gorged appetite; they never tasted such things in their lives; they are so used to hunger that they do not know what *taste* means! But they gaze as they would on some strange Paradise, when they see the shadows of unknown delights—calls upon senses whose possession they scarcely knew. Have you watched them turning away, sick with famine, weak with desire, with the mild, sorrowful look of subdued reproach at the fixed features and hard brows within (for they are mere children, and have not learned their lessons of rebellion against God and man),—and then reflected that there was but the width and weight of a penny between them and the door? Have you seen some less pitiable urchin, one who has some slight conception of what is meant by the word “tart,” pause before the “refuse” chair, at the door, to eye the variegated, black, burned tin-tray, with its arranged square of elliptical raspberry tarts,—the slightest, the very shadow of an amicable adherence existing between them and the tray by means of the rich distillation of crimson, coagulated juice, and their crimped, undulating edge of paste, shaded with soft brown by the touch of the considerate fire, sinking gradually beneath the transparent, granular, ruby-tinted expanse of unimaginably ambrosial jam,—and considered that a penny would enable you to sever that juicy connection with the tin, and send the boy away with bright eyes and elastic step, and mouth open with wonder, silent with gratitude, watering with anticipation? Sir, you have sacrificed half a Good Samaritanship to insult your friends with letters of brown paper. I have half a mind, if I go abroad next year, to send you from my farthest point—say, Naples—a box of stones, 3 ft. by 4 — by land — carriage *not* paid.

But, seriously, is that all you can make of a radish? is that

the radish, par excellence—the belle of the season, the favored first-class, gifted, flavored, precocious, pungent, unrivaled radish? If it be, all I can say is, it must have been very ill on the road.

Thank you for your sermon about improper jesting: it *was* uncommonly wrong, and I won't do so no more. But what do you mean by "one of us?" Us! Who is "us"? Are you turned editor, or reviewer, or Socialist, or Teetotaller, or Mason, or member of the H. F. Club? or am I to take "us" as a noun collective—representing a class of persons who make their friends talk nonsense whenever they come near them, and pay pence for sending radishes about the country in brown paper?

Seriously, I admire George Herbert above everything, and shall learn "The Church-porch" by heart as soon as I have time; but as for the filthiness, that rests with the bed-makers; and the abusiveness, with the interrogators respecting the fagots;—and Croly may be very profane, but I am afraid he is very true; however, I don't like him as a clergyman, and should like to hear you preach much better.

I have been hard at work with Cocks, getting him to believe in Turner: he is coming steadily round; clever fellow! will soon be all right. He is going up the Nile this winter, to learn to eat raw meat; he'll save in cooks when he comes back, provided they don't cook *him*.

I have seen Newton in town, who is busy giving long names to brass farthings, and putting them in the British Museum. Acland, I had a day's sketching with, at Oxford, and was introduced to Athlone's *fourteen* dogs; he is beginning to think of parting with some. Nothing new at Oxford, except a Christ Church man's making the Proctor feel the value of *pence* by taking him 480 half-pence by way of a sovereign fine, and remarking to him, as he let go the handkerchief which contained them, that he'd no doubt he would find them all right, if he'd pick them up.

This was done once before, but, by all accounts, not so effectively.

I am reading a little, but dare not do anything by candle-light (for eyes), which upsets me considerably. Pray excite as kind a remembrance of me among your family as you can, when you write home. I hope there is nothing wrong in this letter; tell me if there is, I'll do better next time; only remember that "Hey?" when distinctly interrogative is HEY—not EH, which is an interjection of astonished inquiry. Seriously, don't fancy because I talk lightly, *now* or at other times, that I have no feeling. I am much obliged to you.—
Ever truly your friend,

J. RUSKIN.

III.

[Postmark, July 31, 1840].

MY DEAR MR. PERFECT ADDITION,

I wish you would not be so very oracular and mysterious in your responses to a plain question. I ask you—with no feeling of indignation whatsoever, but with most marked feelings of curiosity—what you consider yourself, what learned and worshipful society you allude to, when you talk about "us;" and you tell me this is a highly improper time for asking such a question, and that it would be quite impossible to make me understand anything about your club, and that you are not capable of doing anything but "communicating ideas." I wish in the name of all that's mystical you would do *that*, for you have not communicated anything like an idea to me of what you mean, unless, indeed, from one comparatively intelligible sentence: "You should be a perfect addition, and, therefore, I am bold to say, you should be one of us," from which I think I may legitimately conjecture that you consider yourself a "perfect addition" of something or other—that you are a society of "perfect additions," that you are all *quite* perfect additions, and that Mother Earth should have been patted on the head for a good girl when she cast you up; and I suppose you call yourselves the Worshipful So-

ciety of Sums—of perfect Sums—or Hums—or something of that kind. But I beg you will be more explanatory next time; for I am not at all clear about the character of walking sums any more than Oliver Twist, when, being suddenly informed that the “Board was waiting for him,” he engaged in that most interesting meditation concerning the probable appearance of a “live board.”

I am very glad to hear you are going into Cumberland and Derbyshire, though you have surely been in Cumberland often before. In Derbyshire take care to buy no minerals for Mdlle. Emily (of whose improvement in health I am very glad to hear), for there is not a single Derbyshire mineral worth carriage—except, by-the-by, the mineral Bitumen, elastic asphaltum, of *Castleton*, of which take her a large piece, for it is found nowhere else in England, nor, indeed, in the same way, anywhere. See *Castleton*, and the *Peak Cavern*, and as many other caverns as you have time for: they are the only things in Derbyshire of real interest; and walk up *Dovedale*, on a fine day, without expecting much from it. So shall you be well pleased, particularly if you glance at the end of *Isaac Walton* before your perambulations; but if, instead of *Izaak*, you take up a guide-book, and so acquire an echo of “stupendous, overwhelming, sublime, terrific, and astonishing,” to hum in your ears all the way, you are done for. There is nothing above the pretty in any part of *Dovedale*.

In Cumberland everybody climbs *Skiddaw*—so, of course, you will, if you can. Ascend the following mountains also: *Helvellyn*, *Cawsey Pike*, *Scawfell*, *Langdale Pikes*, *Coniston Man*, and the *Pillar of Ennerdale*. Do not miss *Helvellyn* on any account, and go up on the *Thirlmere* side, descending to *Patterdale* if you like, but on no account ascending from *Patterdale*. I could tell you why if I had room, which I haven't, so *trust* me.

The other peaks are named in the order of their claims to ascent. I think very highly of the view from *Cawsey Pike*. The *Pillar* I have not myself ascended, but I know so many places from which it is seen, that the view must be very fine.

Take care and don't break your legs or nose on Scawfell: he is an awkward fellow, and you may stick between his loose rocks like Gulliver in the marrow-bone.*

When you are at Keswick, and inclined for a long walk, go up by the meadows behind Wallacrag, till you get near its top; keep straight on the top of the crags towards the head of the lake, catching the views of Derwentwater down the ravines—which, if it be not cloudy, are the finest things in the neighborhood. When you have passed the top of the crag keep to your right a little, as if you wanted to get down to the shore; and don't slip, for it is very smooth and steep, and, once off, you would either roll into the lake or get a most disagreeable bruising on a *débris* of crag at the bottom. In a little while you will come to a cart-road: follow it *up* to your left till you come to a stone bridge. Sit down on the rocks above it—or in the water, if you like it better—and eat your lunch; and when you have done, look about you. For, of all the landscapes I ever saw in my life, I think the view of Derwentwater and Skiddaw from that spot, with the bridge for a front object, is the best piece of composition. When you have rested, go up further still. The cart-road will take you over the crags above Lodore, on which you may sit and kick your heels a little longer; and mind the ants, for they are *very big*. When you have got down to the stream of Lodore, you will get the view of the lake through the chasm—a favorite bit of Southey's, and very tolerable indeed. Then walk up to Watendlath, and when you have seen the Tarn, back to Lodore; and boat it up to Keswick. I shall not tell you any more, because I know travelers always take their own way, whatever advice they get.

You say, "I have not been guilty of apologizing for delay." Of course not, for the sin is double: first keeping a man in suspense, and then wasting half your penny's worth of paper in trying to persuade him you couldn't help it. I don't mean anything *personal*, it is a most general remark; but, however,

* (Of. "Gulliver's Travels."--Ed.)

between people who call themselves correspondents, I think twelve letters a year—six each—the fewest that can pass. Consequently, on the day month after the receipt of a letter, an apology will become due; which, if it does with you, will you have the kindness to cut the apology, and put “B,” for “bad,” at the top of the page? whereby I shall know you are sensible of your delinquency, and we shall both economize—you in gammon and I in credulity—of which, considering that you are going to make me subscribe to the public dinners of the “Perfect Additions,” we may neither of us have much to spare.

I have not been to see the fossil-child; because a good, respectable, well-conducted monkey looks so very infantine when it gets fossilized that, unless I got the bones out, I mightn't know the difference. And, again—there is nothing extraordinary in the skeleton of a human being found in any of the later rocks, which are forming at the present moment. The odd thing would be if it were not occasionally so.

When we are put into graves, and get what people call “Christian burial,” we go to powder in no time, and are sucked up by the buttercups and daisies on the top of the graves; and then the sheep eat us, and we go to assist at our friends' dinners in the shape of mutton; or we are diluted with rain-water, and so go soaking through the earth till we come out in mineral springs, and everybody drinks us, and says, “How nice!” But if we are not buried in a respectable way—if we tumble down Niagara, or sink in an Irish bog, or get lost in a coal-hole, or smothered in a sand-pit—the earth takes care of us, and bitumenizes, or carbonizes, or calcines, or chalcedonizes, until we are as durable as rock itself; and then, if we have the luck to get picked up and put in a museum, we may stand there and grin out of the limestone with quite as good a grace as a mammoth or ichthyosaurus.

But although we are found fossil in the rocks now forming, we are *not* in older formations; and if you were to tell me of

a fossil child found in clay slate, I would go and look at it—but you won't, in a hurry.

I wrote you immediately because my letter would be too late, if you set off beginning of next month, unless I wrote instantly; but I don't intend to write again for two months, for I am reading hard—and you, as you will be wandering and have wet days and nothing to do with yourself, should write at least once in three weeks, I think—but I suppose you don't; however, whatever you do write will be thankfully received. My father and mother send kindest compliments. Remember me in your next letter to all at Twickenham. Believe me,

Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Notwithstanding all this stuff, believe me, I am much obliged for your interest; and, when I have more time, shall be very glad for all encouragement in a path of life which requires all the resolution of a man's character. Wright at Keswick knows more about the country than any other guide; but don't believe all he tells you about anything but rocks.

IV.

[Postmark, Sept. 1, 1840].

DEAR INCOMPREHENSIBLE C——

Of a verity I am sorry you feel my letters overwhelming; the last *was* rather formidable—I will be more moderate. As to your going up Helvellyn in rain, it would have ended in your dropping over Striden Edge, and getting set to music by the Poet Laureate, with a dog and a wolf, or some such respectable company, as they did the stocking-manufacturer, or whatever he was, with his sentimental dog—only you hadn't a dog. Do you remember Scott's lines? They all had a touch at him—Wordsworth the best on the whole. Scott had some prettinesses: "How long did'st thou think that his silence was slumber," etc.—but ends always with something about "Catchedicam." They might well say he had no musical ear; fancy bringing such a heathenish piece of nomenclature as that into a respectable lyric!

Well, I am glad you crossed Styehed; but what piggish places those lakes are! If you are an antiquary you must have noticed some connection with a boar, or pig, or sow, in half the names of the country. Did you look for the garnets? or did I tell you there are plenty of them by the side of the road? Wastwater—unless on a very fine day—is a very black hole—nothing of a lake; but I have seen more beautiful atmospheric effects on the Screes above than on any hills in the country. What were you doing at Penrith? It is not the way to Derbyshire, nor a very interesting place in itself, except for the view of Saddleback, as it is vilely called—*Glara-mara*, as the Lake Poets call it—which is monotonous. There is another name which I forget; but it is a noble hill, a glorious hill, an Olympian mountain—but deuced boggy.

I beg the Perfect Addition's pardon; but it is deuced, and very uncomfortable walking.

I hope you saw the caverns of Derbyshire thoroughly. They are really interesting, and don't want fine weather; and I hope you didn't tallow your coat-tails. How "precious green" daylight looks when you have been an hour or two holding a candle to dripping, bilious-looking stalagmites, and twisting your neck this way and that way to see how very like a whale they are. I can't inquire after *some* places in the Peak. As Winifred Jenkins says, "I can't pollewt my pen"—though, by-the-by, you may find every piece of coarseness coined in the United Kingdom in that book. I cannot, for the life of me, understand the feelings of men of magnificent wit and intellect, like Smollett and Fielding, when I see them gloating over and licking their chops over nastiness, like hungry dogs over ordure; founding one half of the laughable matter of their volumes in innuendoes of abomination. Not that I think, as many people do, they are bad books; for I don't think these pieces of open filth are in reality injurious to the mind, or, at least, *as* injurious as corrupt sentiment and disguised immorality, such as you get sometimes in Bulwer and men of his school. But I cannot *understand* the taste. I can't imagine why men who have real wit at their command should *perfume* it as they do.

Have you any commands for Naples? for I hope to be there before Christmas; we intend to start for Boulogne on Tuesday fortnight, and go through Normandy and Auvergne leisurely, so to Marseilles and Genoa—very pleasant, isn't it? I have thrown up reading altogether—partly for eyes, partly because a little more blood came from my chest the other night, and Sir James Clarke insists on it. I hope to bring home quantities of sketches—fresh health—and a quantity of *nonchalance* as to Oxford examinations.

I have come to the conclusion that Aristotle was a muddle-head. If you would like to know why, I will tell you in my next. You may depend upon it, the people who cry him up don't understand a word of him. The fellow who has edited my edition has written such prodigious nonsense by way of notes, that I take up the "Ethics" when I want a laugh, as

I would Molière. I don't mean to say that Aristotle was not what Lord Verisopht * considered Shakespeare, "a clayver man." I simply mean to say he has muddled himself, and many as clear heads as his own into the bargain. If they read him as they ought at the University—that is, telling the student to find out what was nonsense and what was falsehood, and learn the rest by heart—no *very* heavy task—they would do good, for what *is* good of the "Ethics" is *very* good; but as they do at present—reading as if it were all gospel—I am certain it does as much harm as good.

If I can get over to Richmond before I start I shall call at Twickenham, and inquire if I can bring over any little tiny kickshaw of antiquity from Italy for the top of your filigree cabinet, or the inside of Mdlle. Emily's more philosophical and respectable one; but if I am not heard of within that time, apologize for me, as I have much to do preparing suddenly for a winter in Italy.

I have thrown up St. James Street, so direct to Herne Hill, near Dulwich, London; and mind this—put a cross as big as *that* † opposite the stamp, for as I receive a quantity of rubbish-letters now—and don't intend to pay postage for nothing—any letters *uncrossed* will not be forwarded to me.

I mean by opposite, the stamp on the other side of the direction.—Ever very truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* (Cf. "Nicholas Nickleby."—Ed.)

† (The cross, being merely a rough scrawl, is not reproduced.—Ed.)

V.

FRIDAY, 11th Sept. [1840 ?].

DEAR C—

When I get once abroad I shall have so much generalizing and sketching, that I shall be unable to write many letters, so I put you in debt before starting. First, to say that you ought to congratulate yourself on my orthography—it was lucky I didn't put warming-pan. Secondly, that you would not have been surprised at this escapade of mine had you heard Sir J. Clarke's positive "Sir, if you go on till October you'll get your death before you get your degree—" under which circumstances, of course, I care very little about Dean or any one else. I simply send them fine medical certificates, lock up my books, and start. Thirdly, to assure you your Nap. soap shall be taken great care of. Fourthly, to thank your brother for his notice. Fifthly, to tell you to blow up your spectacle-maker, and not me, for the deficiency of Gothic work on the Carlisle house; and sixthly, to put down a few remarks—in serious deprecation of your worship's indignation—which, as you are drawing a good deal from nature, may perhaps be of some interest to you; and if you don't take the trouble to read them, it will do *me* good to arrange them and put them down.

The object of high art is to address the feelings *through* the intellect. It will not do to address the feelings, unless it be through this medium—still less, to address the intellect alone. Consequently the mere conveying of a certain quantity of technical knowledge respecting any given scene can never be the object of art. Its aim is not to tell me how many bricks there are in a wall, nor how many posts in a fence, but to convey as much as possible the general emotions arising out of the real scene into the spectator's mind.

Whether these emotions are conveyed by the same *means*

signifies little, but they must be the same *emotions*; and I do not mean merely a sensation of sublimity, or beauty, or generality of any kind, but the particular feeling and character of the place,—the pervading spirit, with as much of detail as is consistent with it. Have you not sometimes wondered why, if the object of art be mere servility of imitation of nature, there were as many *styles* as there were great artists? The true reason is that each great artist conveys to you, not so much the scene, as the impression of the scene, on his own originality of mind. Ruysdael looks to nature for her freshness and purity,—Rubens for her glory of color,—Poussin for her tumult,—Salvator for her energy,—Claude for her peace,—Turner (I rise to a climax) for her mystery and divinity.

And each of these throw out of their studies from nature whatever has a tendency to destroy purity, or color, or energy, or peace, or mystery.

Now, when you sit down to sketch from nature you are not to *compose* a scene—as you insinuate against me—from materials before you. Still less are you to count stones, or measure angles: You are to imbue your mind with the peculiar spirit of the place. (If it has none, it is not worth sketching.) You are to give this spirit, at all risks, by any means; and if it depends upon accessories which you cannot represent truly, you must *lie* up to them in some way or another, always preserving as much technicality as you have time for, and as is in harmony with your general intention.

If you ask any portrait-painter how he gets his likeness, he will tell you, it is not by attention to the form of particular features—the technicality of countenance—but by aiming first at the marked expression of the individual *character*, then touching in the features over this.

Now, for instance, in my Coniston cottage,* it happened, from the point where I sat, that I could not see an inch of mountain over the trees. I have, nevertheless, put in the whole mass of the Old Man—why? Because the eye, in real-

* (Cf. "Poetry of Architecture."—Ed.)

ity, falls on that cottage when it is full of the forms and feeling of mountain scenery, and judges by comparison with it; it feels its peculiar beauty only as a *mountain* cottage, and can return to a mountain by turning an eighth of the compass. But I cannot turn you in a single sketch; I cannot give you the feeling that it is a bit of mountain scenery, without giving you a single touch of mountain blue. I am, therefore, in conscience, telling less of a lie by raising the Old Man a thousand feet, than by giving to the eye the idea of a lowland cottage.

Another character of this cottage is seclusion. The turnpike road was a violation of this; I turned it out of my way, or, rather, did what you might have done—leaped the wall, and sketched with my back to it.

Well, if you have time to turn over the subject in your mind, I think you will find some truth in these principles; and you will soon emancipate yourself from any idea that artists' sketches are to be mere camera-lucidas, mere transcripts of mechanism and measurement. It is of no consequence to any mortal that there is a cottage eighteen feet high by twenty-five broad, with a wall three bricks thick, and trees thirty years old and eighteen inches round; but it is—or may be—of some interest to know that there is a piece of secluded cottage feeling by Coniston Water, or that such and such a character is peculiar to the cottages of the Lakes.

As for writing, I do not know exactly where I am going; but if you write to Herne Hill, with a cross, your letters will always be forwarded.

I forgot to say that I think you deserve great credit for finding the places at all, especially Carlisle; it shows you a use of *spouts*, which I suppose is new to you.

And I do not mean to advocate violent innovation where the subject is entirely architectural. The Gothic work is on the house—'pon honor!—but it is so black and smoky, that I do not wonder at your not making it out. And there is a good medium. One *side* of Prout's drawings is generally sheer composition; this is going too far for a man who can't

compose. Turner is very faithful, but he is the only man alive who *can* be faithful and yet preserve character; and you know even *he* thinks nothing of cutting an island out of the Thames when it is in his way.

When the day of publication comes, a Friendship's Offering* will be sent to Twickenham, as I shall leave orders with publisher, and crave you to allow it room in your book-case, as there is much lucubration of mine therein.

Write me as often as you can.—Ever very truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I am afraid I shall be unable to get to Twickenham: it is heavy work preparing in a week or two for a year abroad.

VI.

ROME, *December 3, 1840.*

DEAR C——

Since I started, in a very blowy day, from Dover, I have sent off some dozen of diaries to people on post paper, for which I have not as yet got a grain of thanks, and I have received two letters from you, whom I have hitherto neglected, for which I infinitely thank you; for there are few things more melancholy than jostling through a set of black-whiskered blackguards, every one of whom look as if they would enjoy putting you in a pie and eating you—a group of strange, foreign, heathenish faces and dresses—up to the window of the post-office, and turning back into the crowd without one single witness of memory from England.

One never feels so far from home as in the first pause of meditation upon possible accidents to the mail. I am quite

* (The volume for 1841 contained "The Tears of Psammenitus," "The Two Paths," "The Old Water-wheel," "Farewell!" "The Departed Light," and "Agonia." Cf. "Poems of John Ruskin," published in complete form in 1891.—ED.)

tired of telling people what I have been about—which, by-the-by, is not always the most interesting topic to the reader, unless he be one's particular friend, though I shall venture upon it with *you*, after refreshing myself with a little chat about the water-color society.

You ask about a water-color master, with some little scruple about time and expense. I am quite certain that neither time nor expense, within certain limits, can be employed with greater certainty of redounding in the end to your own usefulness and happiness than in raising your feeling and taste—that is, your perception of the Beautiful. For the end of study in us who are not to be artists is not to be able to bring home from Wales or Derbyshire outlines of cottages or mill-wheels enough to occupy the quarter of an hour before dinner with chit-chat, but to receive, what I am persuaded God means to be the *second* source of happiness to man—the impression of that mystery which, in our total ignorance of its nature, we call “beauty.” It is the *Θεωρία* of Aristotle; and when purely founded—which it cannot be without some care and some study—will most certainly last us when every other passion has passed away into the mist of extreme old age, with unabated power; and, in all probability, will retain its influence in all stages of existence of which a pure spirit is capable. That study of all art is nothing but the cultivation of this feeling for the beautiful, and knowledge of its principles, you either know, or will know very soon. Still, it is not to be acquired by any lessons from even the highest masters; it depends much more, as you must feel, on your own constant watchfulness of Nature and love of her. All that the master does in general—whatever his system of *talk-ing* may be—is to awake your *attention* to facts. The rest is all habit and mechanism, and it is always in your power to cultivate your powers of attention yourself. But if you take lessons at all, take them from the best. One lesson from them, which will cost you a guinea, is worth three from others, which will cost you ten shillings each. The choice lies between three—Harding, De Wint, and Cox.

I will tell you what I know of each, and then you can choose.

Harding is indisputably the highest and most accomplished landscape artist who gives lessons in England at the present day, but he will not teach you *coloring*; he despises it himself, and will not allow it in you. A day or two before I started I was with him about some sketching questions, and he took out a portfolio of *colored* sketches he had just made in Scotland, for me to look over. I was much delighted with their magnificent precision of tone. "I am glad of that," said Harding, "for they are the first sketches in *color* I ever made in my life."

This from one of the first landscape masters of England was a little surprising. The fact is, Harding rests everything upon form and light and shade; and the first thing he will do with you, and does with everybody, will be to take the brush out of your fingers and put a piece of chalk in, and say, "Draw." And he will keep you drawing, if you obey him, till you can draw as well as he can, before he will give you a brush. In the main, he is quite right; form is almost everything.

Turner, the great ruler, studies every one of his pictures in light and shade before he thinks of color; and if you once saw such a chalk sketch as I did the other day in Florence, hanging up over Michael Angelo's own old slippers, in his own old house,—finished like an engraving, in parts, all by his own hand,—I don't think you would ever touch color more.

At any rate, for a person who has much time, Harding's system is the right and the only true one. But as, unluckily, all the time which probably you will have to spare for these ten years would hardly raise you up to Harding's mark for beginning in color, and as it is very agreeable to be able to put down a striking tint or two from Nature, even if it be not forwarding you by the straight road to excellence, you must get some other master.

De Wint is Harding's direct contrary, in all respects. He despises form, because he cannot draw a straight line, and

will tell you, "Never mind your drawing, but take plenty of color on your brush, and lay it on very thick." He despises all rules of composition, hates Old Masters and humbug—synonymous terms with him—never was abroad in his life, never sketches anything but pig-sties and hay-stacks, and is a thorough-going John Bull of an artist in all respects. But, to make amends for all this, he is a most ardent lover of *truth*—hardly ever paints except from nature, attends constantly and effectually to color and tone, and produces sketches of such miraculous truth of atmosphere, color and light, that half an hour's work of his, from nature, has fetched its fifty guineas, and a parcel of his sketches has often been exchanged for a Turner.

I think, myself, he is just your man, especially as he will allow you to make a mess of your color-box, which I know you like; but all that he can do for you will be to teach you to make a forcible sketch of an atmospheric effect on simple objects; he smothers all detail, and his trees are as like cabbages as anything else.

Cox is a much more agreeable artist, as to results, than De Wint, and a much simpler one than Harding. De Wint is always true, always wonderful, and always ugly. Cox is neither so true, nor so powerful, but his sketch is twenty times more beautiful.

He is a man of dew: his sketches breathe of morning air, and his grass would wet your feet through, if you were to walk on it in Hoby's best. His mountains are melting with soft shadows, and his clouds at once so clear and so vaporous, so craggy, and so ethereal, that you expect to see them dissolve before you. But with all this he has neither the truth of De Wint nor the science of Harding: he is a man of less forcible conception than the one, of less cultivated knowledge than the other. He is a mannerist, and all his pupils become merely inferior Coxes. What his mode of teaching is I do not know from experience; but I believe, from what I have heard and seen of his pupils, that it is rather instruction in mechanical laying on of color, and communication of certain

tricks, touches, and tints,—peculiarly his own,—than any general explanation of principles of art. All his pupils become *clever*, but never original, and always smell of him to the corners of their paper.

I think myself De Wint is your man; for the ardent love of truth which is his chief characteristic he always communicates, and it is invaluable. For you may get Harding's "Use of the Lead-pencil," in which you have much of his knowledge conveniently arranged; and, if you do not boggle at it because it professes to be for beginners, which all amateurs almost are, you will find it invaluable, a thing to be learnt by heart.

But, above all, let me beseech you, whenever you see a stained engraving in a pawnbroker's window with the four letters J. M. W. T. at the left-hand corner, buy it; get the old annuals, which are to be had for nothing almost; Heath's "Landscape" and others, where you are sure of three or four delicate plates from him—Turner; get Rogers' "Italy" and "Poems," they are getting cheap (I think you have the "Italy"); and the "Rivers of France," in which you get sixty engravings for a sovereign; and take them to bed with you, and look at them before you go to sleep, till you dream of them; and when you are reading and come to anything that you want to refer to often, put a little Turner in to keep the place, that your eye may fall on it whenever you open. He is the epitome of all art, the concentration of all power; there is nothing that ever artist was celebrated for, that he cannot do better than the most celebrated. He seems to have seen everything, remembered everything, spiritualized everything in the visible world; there is nothing he has not done, nothing that he dares not do; when he dies, there will be more of nature and her mysteries forgotten in one sob, than will be learnt again by the eyes of a generation.

However, if I get to Turner I shall get prosy, and I suppose you have had enough of the brush for one letter; so I shall leave the discussion, in which you beat so courteous and cowardly a retreat, unpursued at present,—only begging you

not to suppose that anything I have just said about *truth* militates against my former positions, and also to excuse any flippancy or too decisive expression I may fall into in talking of these things, partly from hurry and partly from zeal; for I cannot say "I think" and "it seems to me" perpetually in a letter. It takes both time and room to be modest on paper, and I have neither to spare.

Now for a bit of diary.

First I went to Rouen—no, before that, to Neuchâtel, and had some cheese—beatific! Then to Rouen, and caught a cold. Then to Chartres, and got well again. I wish you had seen "La Vierge Noire," the presiding deity of Chartres Cathedral—a little black lady (with a black baby) in a bright white muslin frock, and seven or eight silk petticoats, and a crown of little spiky stars, and a little reticule on her arm, and pink satin *beaux* on her wrists, and a priest perpetually saying his prayers to her, and changing her petticoats, and everybody in the town bringing her votive pincushions—"On a beaucoup de dévotion pour elle," said the waiter. Then to Orleans, racing a carter all the way;—thank heaven! till some patriotic Frenchman burns down the Cathedral of Orleans, our National Gallery is *not* the vilest piece of architecture in Europe. Then to Blois—such a barracks of buggy bedrooms, with little holes and passages and panels between, where people used to be poisoned and stabbed—delicious! Then to Amboise,—the scene of the "Broken Chain," *—and had some mutton chops. Then to Tours, and saw the house of Tristan l'Hermitte, all decorated with effigies of different sized ropes,—and a church!! I should like excessively to see your High Church principles driven in a diligence into St. Julien—a noble cathedral turned into a coachhouse; horses stabled in the aisles; hay and straw crammed into the Gothic tracery, which makes a capital rack; diligences standing all up the choir and transepts, and the columns pasted over with "AVIS DU DÉPART," etc. Then to Aubusson, and made some carpet. Then to Clermont, and bought some

* (Cf. "Poems of John Ruskin."—ED.)

petrified thistledown. Then to Le Puy, and lost our way. Then to St. Etienne, and ran against a diligence. Then to Vaucluse, and saw the legitimate *bonâ fide* portraits of Petrarch and Laura—Petrarch like a butcher playing Julius Cæsar at Astley's, Laura with pink eyes and a hatchet nose. It is, however, recorded in * that the inn of Petrarch and Laura gives some of the best dinners on the Continent, which makes it worth going. Then to Aix, and got nearly blown away by the *Bise*. Then to Nice, where there is a glorious military Mass on Sunday morning, and a shady English service where the people go to show their bonnets on Sunday forenoon, and a splendid military band on Sunday evening—long live the King of Sardinia! Then to Genoa, and got some velvet. Then to Carrara, and bought two people whom I took for Adam and Eve, but everybody else says they are Bacchus and Ariadne—*tant mieux*. Carrara is a nice place. Imagine a range of noble mountains from 5000 to 7000 feet high, terminating in jagged and inaccessible peaks, on whose bases, fourteen miles off, you can just discern two little white chips, as if a cannon ball had grazed the hills.

These, as you get nearer, increase in apparent size till, after a walk over an old Roman road paved with marble, you arrive at the lowest, which you find to be a group of seven or eight quarries, each the size of the great one on Headingdon, and the last deep and large, in rocks of lump-sugar—exquisite, snow-white, stainless marble—out of whose dead mass life is leaping day by day into every palace of Europe: all the roads covered with snowy *débris*, and the torrent leaping over blocks of bright, neglected alabaster—it is a glorious place! Then to Pisa, and got giddy on its nasty squinting tower. Then to Florence, which was the most awful thing I ever encountered in the way of a disappointment; and, at last, here we are, among brick-dust and bad Latin *ad nauseam*. I have not made up my mind about St. Peter's: there is certainly a great deal too much light in it,

* (Two words undecipherable.—Ed.)

which destroys size; it is kept a little too clean, and the bright colors of its invaluable marbles tell gaudily, and the roof is ugly, merely a great basket of golden wickerwork; but if you go into its details, and examine its colossal pieces of sculpture which gleam through every shadow, the thorough *get up* of the whole, the going the *whole hog*, the inimitable, unimaginable art displayed into every corner and hole, the concentration of human intellect and of the rarest and most beautiful materials that God has given for it to work with, unite to raise such feelings as we can have only once or twice in our lives. The value of intellect and material concentrated in one of the minor chapels of St. Peter's would have built Canterbury or York.

I have been much pleased with the Vatican, which takes about an hour's quick walk to get you through from one end to the other, passing a statue for every second,—and such statues! I never knew what sculpture meant before. Above all I was surprised at the extraordinary differences between the usual casts and copies of the Laocoon and Apollo (and Venus at Florence) and the originals. Of course the copiers cannot take *casts* off the actual statuary, and are obliged to do it by eye; or they try to improve them or something, I don't know what—but, instead of coming to the Belvedere, as to a known hackneyed form, I started at it as if I had never seen it in my life. And the Venus, usually in her casts a foolish little school-girl, is one of the purest and most elevated incarnations of woman conceivable. As for ancient Rome, it is a nasty, rubbishy, dirty hole—I hate it. If it were all new, and set up again at Birmingham, not a soul would care twopence for it.

As for myself, I am better, though my eyes are still weak; nothing but a little roughness left of my affection of chest; and my eyes are better, though, as you may imagine, they have had a great deal to try them. I am delighted by Acland's success at Oxford—many thanks for your other news. My father and mother send their best thanks for your remembrances and kind regards. I hope to be at Naples

in about a month—after Christmas, that is—and won't forget your soap. If I find anything particularly well formed from Vesuvius, I will bring it for Mdle. Emily, of whose improved health I was delighted to hear. Pray remember me most kindly to all your family. I have not answered your conversation about the Church, because I sympathize completely in all you say, and I don't see the use of answering unless you have to contradict something or somebody. What a stupid thing conversation would be without contradiction! I wish you would come and preach here on the Continent; there are more clergymen in England than people will listen to. Here they are more wanted than among South Sea islands, and many poor isolated curates keeping up a heavy struggle, with no money and few hearers, and a stable for a church.—Ever, dear C——, most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

VII.

NAPLES, *February 12, 1841.*

Positively, my dear C——, you are a capital correspondent. It is a hopeless thing sending off a letter which will take twenty days to go, to a correspondent who will take two months to answer. I don't think your "B." was necessary this time: you could not have been a calendar month silent, and I am excessively obliged to you. I don't know what I should do this nasty wet day, if I had not your epistle to answer.

I do wish most sincerely that we could get associated in our duties in some way or other, for I shall not be fit for much myself, except taking the tea-making business off your hands.

The least speaking or reading makes me hoarse, and if I go on for a quarter of an hour my throat gets irritated and makes me cough; so how I am to preach I cannot tell. I

have had a slight return of the blood from my chest here—less than ever, but still it keeps me to cautionary measures, which are an infernal bore when you are among hills. I only wish I *could* smile at grief on the top of a rock; but I am obliged to stay at the bottom, or take the ladylike expedient of a *chaise à porteur*; and you know, if you once get me into that, with the blinds up, you may send me wherever you like,—and a fig for the vicar, as somebody remarks to the Lady of the Lake.

The worst of it is, it checks one in taking up any design that requires time. I have begun a work of some labor* which would take me several years to complete; but I cannot read for it, and do not know how many years I may have for it. I don't know if I shall even be able to get my degree; and so I remain in a jog-trot, sufficient-for-the-day style of occupation—lounging, planless, undecided, and uncomfortable, except when I can get out to sketch—my chief enjoyment. I am beginning to consider the present as the only available time, and in that humor it is impossible to work at anything dry or laborious or useful. I spend my days in a search after present amusement, because I have not spirit enough to labor in the attainment of what I may not have future strength to attain; and yet am restless under the sensation of days perpetually lost and employment perpetually vain.

If I could even avail myself of the opportunities of amusement about me I should not care, for they are all instructive in their way; but I cannot draw more than an hour or two in the day, for my eyes, nor—but I suppose I have told you all my cannots before—*n'importe*.

I have been thinking a little more of your “perfect additions” lately; and I dare say there is a great deal of comfort in religious matters, for people like an old gentleman who was giving me a sketch of his life, as we came out of church yesterday, concluding with: “I'm greatly blessed! highly favored! hale and hearty of my age!—and *such* peace! *such*

* (“Modern Painters.”—Ed.)

views of divine things! amazin'!" But, do you know, I think a fiat of general annihilation would be a far more comfortable thing for mankind in general than the contest between Satan and St. Michael, with 10 to 1 on the devil. I had rather, myself, be sure of rest than know I was to sing forever—with great odds it was to be on the wrong side of my mouth.

I don't mean to jest upon the matter, nor to shock you; but those texts about the straight (*sic*) gate are awkward things for the public.

Many—infinite, as you say—thanks for your notice of my poems; only that was a neat way of beginning a letter, which was to explode *my infinities* altogether. I am the more obliged because it is nearly impossible to get any quiet or candid criticism from any one. I have a great deal said about the "brilliant effusions of my pen" by ladies—who never read, and couldn't have understood, a word of them—and I have received occasional flagellations from an offended gazette; but, happening to know some matters behind the scenes, I have long ceased even to read public criticisms; and few friends venture; so I thank you again for really reading them, and still more for telling me your opinion; and I will thank you still more if you will hear what I can say in my justification with respect to the particular faults you mention; for, depend on it, people who write verses are like mankind in their morality: they will allow themselves at once to be sinners in the general way, but are always prepared with excuses when you name a particular sin.

I think you have not sufficiently considered that "Psammy" * is throughout a *speech*, a dramatic piece—not a poem in which the *author* professes to be speaking. If you have ever felt the dreamy confusion, the delirious weight of *intellectual* pain consequent on sudden and violent sorrow, you would not expect a man in Psammenitus's situation to be distinct in a single idea or expression. In such circumstances all thought becomes a sensation, and all sen-

* ("The Tears of Psammenitus." Cf. "Poems of John Ruskin."—Ed.)

sation becomes *sight*; and the kingdoms of the several senses are dashed into such anarchy in a moment that they invade and dethrone each other; the thoughts become rapid and involuntary, taking almost a visible form; and every sensation takes a delirious hold of the brain, rushing there from every part of the body, and confusing and exciting its powers at the same time; all the faculties are in an energetic, but a diseased and involuntary, state of action—the memory, for instance, becomes capable of grasping years of events in a moment, but has no power over itself, could not seize at its own wish the circumstances of an instant ago—all is forced upon it.

It is this state of mind which I particularly aimed at depicting in the "Psammenitus," and I ought to have succeeded, for the thing was written in two hours as a relief from strong and painful excitement. The choice of subject, I agree with you, is wrong; but I wrote this, and five or six other pieces, as illustrations of Herodotus, partly because I thought there was a great deal of the picturesque lying neglected in this historian, and partly to fix the history in my mind while I read it. "The Scythian Grave," "The Scythian Banquet-song," "The Scythian Guest," "Aristodemus at Platea," "The Last Song of Arion," * etc., were all written with this intention.

Now, as you say, to come to particulars: *entre nous*, you are not quite up to our dodge of great value in matters of criticism. You should never *actually* come to particulars, for authors are very apt to come down upon you with "authorities"—there being an authority for almost every absurdity that can be committed either in literary or practical matters. You should only *say* you are going to particularize; then extract a portion of some twenty lines which you conceive the writer supposes "fine"—put twenty notes of interrogation and admiration alternately all down at the end of the lines—and then ask the author point blank "what he means by the whole passage." If that doesn't nonplus

(Cf. "The Poems of John Ruskin."—Ed.)

him I don't know what will. But whereas you condescend to particularize *bonâ fide*, I cannot help endeavoring to get myself out of the scrape.

You quarrel first with the "bars" of darkness. Now, my dear fellow, I said bars, I didn't say *crowbars*; and if, when I intend you to lie like a good tractable wild beast, with the shadow of your bars between you and the light, you are to pitch them at my head like a Cornish miner—it is *I* who ought to cry "Hold!"

I do seriously maintain that, monosyllable, dissyllable, or polysyllable, there is not another word in the English language so effectively expressive of partial, prolonged, parallel shade as "bars."

What would you say? "Streaks"? A streak is properly applied only to a line which is thin and drawn out—like the delineations in beer on a public-house table, *par exemple*. "Stripes"? That smells of wild cat and improper servants. "Lines"? A line is length without breadth. "Parallelograms"? Slightly unpoetical, I think—but if you can bring it into the verse, do, by all means. So that actually, "bar" is the only word I could have used with any propriety. But if you particularly desire to suppose farther that Psammenitus had a very unpleasant headache, and that every shadow that passed left a sensation of his brains being made into Yorkshire pudding by self-acting rolling-pins, I have not the slightest objection to such an interpretation—nay, I think the beauty of the expression must be enhanced by its comprehensiveness.

Next you proceed, or go back rather, to the "keen pain" of the line before, and you ask me "Who ever heard of *cold* pain?"—may I ask you in return who ever heard of *hot* shadows? A shadow is a very common metaphor for sorrow. If a shadow is cool—if you don't put very much more cobalt than Indian-red into them—you will find your drawing look very unpleasant. And, moreover, as shadow is a *keen* thing, it has a cutting edge, which you can only get with a very full brush, as you must very well know.

And, letting the shadows alone, I think I may prove that all *sorrow*, if unmixed with feelings of anger or revenge, is *cold*. Did you ever hear of anybody who was burying their relations one after another, remarking that it was "warm work"? Did you ever yourself when you had lost a friend—if it were but a dog—feel the warmer for it? On the contrary, the cry of the bereaved is *always* "Poor Tom's a-cold."*

The feeling in its first acuteness might perhaps be metaphorically styled "burning"—just as the existence of cold has the same effect and sensation as the extreme of heat; but it is always a chill, an icy feeling about the heart, which cloak nor fire will never banish more. What is the common metaphor for the desolation of a bereaved age? Winter. Even *you*, in your "All hot—sugar and brandy" style, would not talk of a man's being in the dog-days of his life when he had lost every one who cared for him. And although *some* mental pain—rage, jealousy, envy, revenge, etc.—may be burning, I do not intend the mind of Psammenitus to be touched by any of these at this instant. The vision of his sons, led to death, is passing before his eyes. He has but one feeling—that the forms are vanishing forever; he remembers not the cause, he only knows that each walks hand in hand with death; and their shadows as they pass fall, each with the bitter, irrevocable *chill* that all the suns of heaven can never break. I have tried, in this line, to express the confusion of the senses by which they are felt at once cold to the heart, quivering to the eye, and keen to the brain.

Verily, I think it is a little too bad to begin a second sheet of egotism on you. But, after all, I think it is pleasanter to be discussing some real subject of interest, like that suggested by the remarks of yours—which I have yet to answer—than to tell you where I was when you were writing to me—that when it was a soft rain with you it was a soft sun with me. And I was sitting above the grotto of Posilipo, sketching a ruined palace by a rocky shore, as fore-

* (Cf. "King Lear."—Ed.)

ground to the sweeping line of the blue bay and bright city of Naples, and doing all I could—with Chinese white—to come up to the dazzling brightness of the drift of vapor—call it not smoke—floating from the lips of Vesuvius.*

I am getting as fond of Vesuvius as of a human creature; and have been very happy to-day sauntering through the frescoed chambers of Pompeii, with a sun as bright upon their azures as ever rejoiced with the rejoicing of those whom they have lost.

But—to go back to Psammy—I think I have only one more particular objection to answer. You say, do not I mean “forgive,” instead of “forget, the thoughts of him,” etc? Now, the third line after this passage is: “No tear—Hath quenched the *curse* within mine eyes.” Is this very like forgiveness? I merely mean the expression to stand for a gentlemanlike apology on the part of Psammy, for keeping King C.’s messenger waiting while he was rigmaroling about red air, and white hair. Suddenly he recollects himself: “Dear me, I quite forgot! I beg pardon! What was it Cambyses was *thinking* about me?”

Now, I think, as far as Psammenitus goes, I have got pretty well out of the scrape, if you will accept the above apology for its obscurity. But as I suppose you intend to refer in some degree to the other poems, I must come to generals.

You say that infinity of conception ought to belong only to religion. Granted. But what object or sensation in earth or heaven has not religion in it—that is, has not something to do with God, and therefore with both infinity and mystery? You cannot banish infinity from space or time, nor mystery from every motion of your body, every pulse of your heart, every exertion of mental energy? How can you speak, when you have no knowledge, and keep clear of mystery? and how far in any subject does the highest human knowledge extend? Will you undertake to convey to another

* (See the illustration, “Bay of Naples, 1841,” in “The Poetry of Architecture.”—Ed.)

person a perfectly distinct idea of any single simple emotion passing in your own heart?

You cannot—you cannot fathom it yourself—you have no actual expression for the simple idea, and are compelled to have instant recourse to metaphor.

You can say, for instance, you feel cold, or warm, at the heart; you feel depressed, delighted, dark, bright: are any of these expressions competent to illustrate the *whole* feeling? If you try to reach it you must heap on metaphor after metaphor, and image after image, and you will feel that the most mysterious touch nearest and reach highest, but none will come up to the truth. In short, if you banish obscurity from your language you banish all description of human emotion, beyond such simple notions as that your hero is in a fury or a fright. For all human emotions are obscure, mysterious in their source, their operation, their nature; and how possibly can the *picture* of a mystery be less than a mystery?

But, farther—were it possible, it is not desirable to banish all obscurity from poetry. If the mind is delighted in the attainment of a new idea, its delight is increased tenfold if it be obtained by its own exertion—if it has arisen apparently from its own depths.

The object in all *art* is not to *inform* but to *suggest*, not to add to the knowledge but to kindle the imagination. He is the best poet who can by the fewest words touch the greatest number of secret chords of thought in his reader's own mind, and set *them* to work in their own way. I will take a simple instance in epithet. Byron begins something or other*—“Tis midnight: on the mountains brown—The pale round moon shines deeply down.” Now the first eleven words are not poetry, except by their measure and preparation for rhyme; they are simple information, which might just as well have been given in prose—it *is* prose; in fact: It is twelve o'clock—the moon is pale—it is round—it is shining on brown mountains.

* (“The Siege of Corinth.”—Ed.)

Any fool, who had seen it, could tell us all that. At last comes the poetry, in the single epithet, "deeply." Had he said "softly" or "brightly" it would still have been simple information.

But of all the readers of that couplet, probably not two received exactly the same impression from the "deeply," and yet received more from that than from all the rest together. Some will refer the expression to the fall of the steep beams, and plunge down with them from rock to rock into the woody darkness of the cloven ravines, down to the undermost pool of eddying black water, whose echo is lost among their leafage; others will think of the deep heaven, the silent sea, that is drinking the light into its infinity; others of the deep *feeling* of the pure light, of the thousand memories and emotions that rise out of their rest, and are seen white and cold in its rays. This is the reason of the power of the single epithet, and this is its *mystery*.

Where it is thus desired, as in almost all good poetry it is, that the reader should work out much for himself, it becomes necessary to keep his mind in a peculiar temper, adapted for the exercise of the imagination: to do this, rhyme and rhythm are introduced, as melody, to assist the fancy, and bring the whole mind into an elevated and yet soothed spirituality. Where nothing is to be left to the imagination, where all is to be told downright, this is totally unnecessary: we can receive plain facts in any temper.

Now, in all art, whatever is not useful is detrimental. Rhyme and rhythm are, therefore, thoroughly injurious where there is no mystery, when there is not some under-meaning, some repressed feeling; and thus, in five-sixths of Scott's poetry, as it is called, the meter is an absolute excrescence, the rhythm degenerates into childish jingle, and the rhyme into unseemly fetters to yoke the convicted verses together.

"Rokeby," had it been written in his own noble prose style, would have been one of his very first-raters; at present, it is neglected even by his most ardent admirers. And thus,

not only is obscurity necessary to poetry, it is the only apology for writing it.

My space is diminishing so fast that I cannot say what I would of particular men, or I think I could show you in any real poet, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Spenser, G. Herbert, Elizabeth Barrett—whom you choose—that their finest passages never *can* be fathomed in a minute, or in ten minutes, or exhausted in as many years. But this I can say, that if you sit down to read poetry with merely the wish to be amused, without a willingness to take some pains to work out the secret meanings, without a desire to sympathize with, and yield to, the prevailing spirit of the writer, you had better keep to prose: for no poetry is worth reading which is not worth learning by heart. To put plain text into rhyme and meter is easy; not so to write a passage which every time it is remembered shall suggest a new train of thought, a new subject of delighted dream. It is this mystic secrecy of beauty which is the seal of the highest art, which only opens itself to close observation and long study.

I have been ten years learning to understand Turner—I shall be as many more before I can understand Raphael; but I can feel it a little in all first-rate works. The Apollo never strikes at first, nor the Venus; but hour by hour, and day by day, the mystery of its beauty flushes like life into the limbs as you gaze; and you are drawn back and back foreyer—to see more—to feel that you *know* less.

Now, all this, remember, is *general*. As regards my own poems, believe me, I do not think that they *must* be fine, if they are incomprehensible. I only say that their obscurity is not to be urged as at once damnatory, not until it can be shown to be an affected mask of commonplaces. And pray do not, because I have sent you *two* sheets of self-defense, give me up as a hopeless offender. I am rather fond of quarreling—arguing, that is—and perhaps, sometimes persist in it when I am undecided in my own opinion, for the sake of an argument; but you will find that it *is* possible to convince me, and when I am once thoroughly convinced I shall confess it.

You have only found three faults, and two of those in one couplet: I know that there are hundreds you might fix upon; and if you ever look at the things again, and will tell me what you notice, believe me, I shall be obliged: for, though I shall never touch these things again, having written them all in fatigued moments and without thought, I shall know what to guard against in future.

Once more, forgive me for this infliction; you see what an unlucky thing it is to set people off on their hobby—and don't talk any more about impertinences. Remember me most kindly to all your family. My father and mother join in kindest regards to yourself: my mother reads all your letters and says she hopes they may do me good, she is sure they ought; so am I.—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

VIII.

VENICE, *May 16.*

[*Postmark, 1841.*]

MY DEAR C——

“B.,” but my last letter was two-sheeted; and, candidly, I was a little afraid of boring you by another too soon; besides, I have not been particularly well. Things went wrong with me at Albano, two months ago, and I have been very lazy since—blood coming three days running, and once afterwards; better now, however, and delicious weather here, so that I can do anything and go anywhere, at any time, in any dress, and in the fresh air all day. After a thorough spell of drawing, I have put up my pencils—rather sulkily, by-the-by: for this place is quite beyond everybody but Turner—and sit down at the eleventh hour to answer your inquiry, “Can you tell me anything of Peterborough?” In the hope of your requiring no information on the subject, under the probability of your having already got more than I can give, I need not reply at much length. Of the town,

whether lively or dull, pleasant or pestiferous, I know absolutely nothing. The Cathedral is the most original and bold in conception of exterior (or rather of west front) of all our English basilicas; it is very corrupt—and very impressive—throughout. I think, from what I remember, the services are well performed; the cloisters are beautiful, though ruined; the churchyard the most beautiful in England. Altogether, I think I would rather have it for a study than any other I remember; the town looks cheerful, but the country round is dead flat. I should think there were no walks, and a good deal of marsh hydrogen.

I have just read your letter over, which leaves me in a very uncomfortable doubt of your being in any particular point of space, and possessed of an exceedingly indistinct notion of your state of existence, as you date from three places and profess an intention of going to two more. I shall take you up at Clifton, and toil after you in vain. I don't wonder at your admiring Clifton, it is certainly the finest piece of limestone scenery in the kingdom, except Cheddar, and Cheddar has no wood. Did you find out the dingle running up through the cliffs on the south side of the river, opposite St. Vincent's? When the leaves are on, there are pieces of Ruysdael study of near rock there, with the noble cliff through the breaks of the foliage, quite intoxicating; but I cannot endure the Avon—(*Mantua, May 20th.*)—nor the wells, nor the fashionabilities, nor the smoke, nor the boarding-schools on the downs, nor the steamers on the river, nor any other of the accompaniments. I had much rather be with you—where you go next—at your uncle's house in Yorkshire (Is this synonymous with "Copgrove"?)

There you get metaphysical, and on a stiff subject, too—natural affections; you ask if this coldness (towards unseen relations) be peculiar to *you*. Certainly not; nor do I think it can possibly be peculiar even to you and me. I think the *instinct* of the human race is as much below that of lower animals here as in other cases. We cannot fish out our relations by the smell, as sheep or cows could; nor should I be

much disposed to believe in any stories of instinctive clinging towards an unknown relative. But why should you think this "selfish" ? It would be much more selfish if we loved a certain number of human beings merely because they have so much of *our own* flesh and blood in them, than if, as seems generally the case, we gave our affection under the gradual influence of mutual kind offices. In the one case, the relation is loved with a selfish love, as part of ourselves: "This is my son, sir." In the other he is but treated with pure justice and gratitude as our benefactor, or with that strange but beautiful affection given to those whom we have benefited.

It seems to me that, as far as mere theory goes, the claims of relations *as such* upon our good offices are totally untenable and unjust to the rest of mankind. But such a principle never can be carried into practice, because, though people would be glad enough to cast off their relations if public opinion permitted it, it would be odds if anybody else were a bit the better for it. Still, it is odd that the domestic affections, founded as they are in our most trivial habits, unjustified in nine cases out of ten by any worthiness of object, and bestowed with as little concurrence of our reasonable nature as a cat's love of its native hearth, should be such ennobling, dignified, beautiful parts of our moral system.

Who would not scorn—and that justly—a man who had no patriotism ? Yet what is patriotism but an absurd prejudice, founded on an extended selfishness ? Who would not detest a man who should weigh his brother's request as if it came from an utter stranger ? Yet how is it just that a worthier claim should be rejected, because habits of sitting in opposite chairs have brought the affections together ?

It is not a subject to be pressed however ; for an affection, however unreasonably placed, is always a good thing, and our fault is not that we love our relatives too much, but that we do not include all who live in the number.

That theory of Lord Dudley's about association has been held by quantities of people, I believe, but in its extreme it is

of course mere nonsense. It has arisen, I suppose, from people finding it difficult to give just reasons for their deriving more pleasure from one object than from another, the attempt to do so being primarily as reasonable as an attempt to assert logical causes for our preferring otto of roses to asafetida. Numbers of pretty fancies may be formed about the thing; numbers of them may be secondarily and locally true; but you must have a good, downright brutal instinct to begin with, or you never know where you are. God has said, "You shall like this, and you shall dislike that," and there is an end of the matter; it will be liked and disliked to all time, though all the associations in the world stood in array against the impulses. On these natural feelings one may set to work; one may teach, accustom, associate, and do a great deal to increase, diminish, or change, but the natural instinct is still the source of all.

You may well ask, what does Lord Dudley mean by association? it is a very ambiguous word. I should not allow your pleasure in looking at a path which Rob Roy had trodden to be the result of association: it is a legitimate historical interest. You do not think the stones, or the grass, one bit the prettier for it; and therefore, as far as it affects your notions of beauty, the association is void. Still less should I allow seeing God's power in the great deep to be association: it is actual observation of interesting fact. But suppose that during some particularly pleasurable passage or moment of your life your eye falls unconsciously on some stick or stone of particular form, and that, years afterwards, you see another stick or stone resembling it, you would instantly feel a thrill, a sensation of sudden beauty in the inanimate object, which you would not be able to account for to yourself or anybody else; you would kick it and turn it upside down, and say it was an odd stone, and you never saw such a stone before, and you could not tell what was in the stone, but it certainly was a beautiful stone. This illegitimate connection of ideas is, I think, what theorists mean, or ought to mean, by association, and it operates to a vast extent

on all our sensations, so much so that I suppose not one of our tastes is entirely free from it. But it would take an infinite deal of association to make me like brown better than red, though you were to seal all your letters with brown wax henceforth forever.

It might seem degrading our emotions of beauty to bring them down so completely to instincts, but as all our admiration of natural objects is of course resolvable into admiration of color, form, and size, with that of power and motion occurring at intervals, it would seem to be just. It seems to be sometimes permitted us to trace the purposes of God in giving us these instincts—as painful sensations are generally destructive, and pleasures the contrary; and in our sensations of beauty it would seem that a healthy mind has a natural attraction towards, and admiration for, attributes of material things, which are illustrative of the attributes of the Deity. All composition is, as you know, based on our love of three in one. A picture must have three centers of color, three of shade, three of light, and these three must be so united as to form one. All fine forms of nature, in hills, leaves, branches—what you will—are triple. Seven seems another number connected with Deity. So you have the seven colors of the lens, resolvable into *three*, forming one pure light by their union. So you have the seven notes of the gamut, resolvable, I believe, into three. So you have the triangle as the first and simplest of all forms—and so on. But all this is mere speculation, mere curious coincidence, perhaps meant to show us that there was a meaning in our instincts, but not in any degree elevating those instincts—pure, unmanageable, downright instincts they always must be.

I am exceedingly sorry to hear of your sister's illness; but I am not sure that you need therefore regret the want of your carriage. In my own case I never found the slightest benefit from carriage exercise. It seems to shake the nerves about, but does not stretch a muscle. Motion of the arms seems to be the most thoroughly [*] one can take; but it is

* (Spaces left where the paper was torn under seal.)

tiresome for an invalid, especially when, as in your sister's case, perfect exercise of limb and body cannot be taken. Probably the cough was owing in a great degree to this terrible winter. If May is proportionably warm with you, as with us, I hope it may be entirely gone.

I am not, as I told you, much better myself. Hitherto the climate relaxes most abominably, and all exertion becomes fatigue; but I am now getting fresh air all day—and all night, almost—and am doing better. We hope to get over the Alps in about a fortnight, if they are safe; but there is much snow on them, and the avalanches are very dangerous at present. However, we [*] come straight home, as straight as roads will go, and [*] fast as I can come—not above forty miles a day that is—so there will be full time for you to let me know the result of the Merton election, and any other matters about yourself; and don't be afraid of *details*, as you call them—a letter never reads kind without them.

I don't know what I shall do when I get home. I cannot read, nor take my degree, nor have I much cause so to do for a year or two, as I can undertake no duties. I was thinking of getting some small place in Wales for a laboratory, and to hold my minerals, among the hills, where I could have a poney (? pony) and grow my own cabbages; and then you must come and stay with me, and plan rooms and put up book-cases together. It would be very nice, I think; but I have got quite out of the habit of looking forward to things, for I never know one day whether I may not be incapacitated from everything next morning. And everything disappoints one so desperately as you get up in age. That power of being happy with a few violet-seeds or fox-glove-bells is so glorious in childhood—so severe a loss, no prospects of men can ever recompense it. Ambition disturbs, science fatigues, everything else cloy. Not but that I can sail a boat in a gutter or build a bridge over a rivulet still, with much delight and self-edification; but one does not like to look, even to one's re-

* (Spaces left where the paper was torn under seal.)

flection in the water, so like an idiot. Senses of duty and responsibility too are confounded bores. What a nice thing it was at six years old to be told everything you were to do, and whipped if you did not do it! One never felt that one had got such a nasty thing as a conscience rustling and grumbling inside. I find nothing equal to quiet drawing for occupying the whole mind, without fatiguing one of its powers. I have got a decent number of sketches, forty-seven large size and thirty-four small, but even then my eyes hinder me.

I have found nothing in all Italy comparable to Venice. It is insulted by a comparison with any other city of earth or water. I cried all night last time I left it, and I was sorry enough this time, though, of course, I have lost the childish delight in the mere splashing of the oar and gliding of the gondola, which assisted other and higher impressions. I got well over the Doge's palace this time, into every hole and corner of the prisons, over the Bridge of Sighs, into all the secret chambers of the Council of Ten. It looks now as if there had been a slight proportion of what one would call gammon about it. The prisons are unpleasant enough, chiefly because, lying under water, they have no daylight and not much air; but, for mere upholstery, I should not suppose a cell of Newgate much better. They are little dens of about 8 feet by 6, 6 feet high, cased with wood, with a wooden immovable bench by way of bedstead; one circular hole, four inches over, to admit air. The chambers of torture are pretty well lighted—they are at the top of the palace; but as all the black hangings are gone, and have been succeeded by plaster walls of a merry cream color, they produce no very terrific effect. This is the most thoroughly stupid town of Italy. Verona is glorious—Florence a bore—Rome a churchyard—Naples a Pandemonium—Paestum a humbug.

I have got your soap, and I shall send it you as soon as I get home. But I hope, in spite of your warning, to receive another letter before then; but don't bore yourself, if you

are busy about your election. The kindest remembrances to Mrs. C—— and all your family. Ever your most sincere friend,

J. RUSKIN.

IX.

53 RUSSELL TERRACE, LEAMINGTON.

(My future address till further notice.)

September 27 [Postmark, 1841].

MY DEAR C——

Your kind letter of the 18th with its dissertation on the duties of correspondence puts me into a very particular quandary. For after a great many generalities about sensible and useful letter-writers—and very proper resolutions to drop all who are not sensible and useful in all they say or write—you ask me pointedly whether I think this a correct line to draw. To which query, if I give a definite answer, you may turn round upon me with an “Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee,” and vow you will have nothing more to do with anybody writing such a cramped hand and so much nonsense. Wherefore all I can say is, that if you keep me you may cut as many other people as you like; and if you cut me your principles are radically wrong. You say chit-chat on both sides is wrong. Would it be wrong to rest yourself in conversational chit-chat? and is the stroke of the pen so very laborious as to render that which from the tongue is recreation, labor from the fingers—to make what would be innocent in sound, criminal in sight? Are there not many five minutes in the course of the week when an instant's odd feeling might be noted down, a perishing thought arrested, a passing “castle in the air” expressed—with much pleasure to your friend, and perhaps some even to yourself? I rather think that the choice of our correspondents should be referred rather to our feelings of pleasure than of duty. If I think a person can sympathize with me in a stray feeling I have

pleasure in communicating it; and more in doing so on paper than by words, because I can do it more completely. Therefore I do not look to my correspondence as a duty to be performed, but as the very best mode of entering into society, because one talks on paper without ever uttering absolute truisms to fill up a pause, without ever losing one's temper, without forgetting what one has got to say, without being subjected to any of the thousand and one ills and accidents of real conversation. Therefore if I like a friend at all, I like him on paper. And to say I will not correspond with a person is just the same as saying I will not know him more than I am compelled to do. This is going very far—but I hate society in general. I have no pleasure, but much penance, in even the *presence* of nine out of ten human beings. Those only I like to be with, whom I like to write to—and *vice versâ*. I think, therefore, when you say that you cannot conscientiously correspond with people, it is much the same as saying you cannot associate with them. For surely time is generally ten thousand times more wasted in the commonplaces of the tongue, than in selecting such pieces of our mind as would be glad of sympathy, and folding them in the sheet of paper for our friend. I don't think it ought to be labor. You should learn to write with your eyes shut, and then it is mere exercise of the right hand.

You ask me if I am thinking about my degree. If my health continues to improve I shall go up for a pass next Easter. Jephson says he will make me perfectly well; he has made me much fatter already—or, to speak more correctly, less lean. Chest I think a little better; altogether I am under no anxiety.

I am sorry to say I know absolutely nothing of entomology. I have a great respect for the science; but I always thought it a disagreeable one in practice, partly from the constant life-taking, partly from the concatenation of camphoric smells which one's collection constantly exhales, and partly because—to make any progress—a constant dissection and anatomizing must be gone into, really as laborious and half

as disgusting as any transaction at Surgeons' Hall. I was much tempted to begin botany among the ruins of Rome, but I found it did not suit my eyes at all, and gave it up. I find quite enough to do with the sciences necessary to geology. Chemistry and fossil ichthyology are enough for a lifetime in themselves. Do you know, I don't remember recommending any political life of Burke. Nor do I think such a thing has been produced by any friend of mine. You had better think over your acquaintances, lest you pass the real recommender thankless by.

You ask me if I would not prefer notes often to letters seldom. I don't know. Notes are always half filled up with dates and signatures and formula. But if, without wasting time on any such rubbish, you will write on pleasantly and easily to yourself, and as the bits are done send each off—a thought now and a thought then, with E. C. at the bottom and no "my dear J.," nor hopes of anything, nor remembrance to anybody—then I should most certainly prefer hearing often of you to getting a double sheet once a twelvemonth. Remember, however, that the notes are the actual losers of time in folding, sealing and posting. Still I am not sure that I should not be the gainer by it, for unless you keep your long letters by you, and write a bit now and a bit then, there will certainly be less in it than in the aggregate of notes.

I am a sad fellow for new books—I see very few. Alison's "History of Europe" * has an over-reputation at present. I am reading it, and find it verbose and inconsistent with itself in opinions and arguments. But as a statement of facts I should think it excellent. There were several things I had to say I haven't said, but I will write again soon. Sincere regards to all your family.

Ever most truly your friend,

J. RUSKIN.

* (Cf. "Modern Painters," vol. ii.—Ed.)

X.

HERNE HILL,

Wednesday—25th, I think—Nov.

[Postmark 1841].

MY DEAR C——

I did not answer your *note*, because I wanted to have gone over to Twickenham first; and I did not instantly answer your *letter*, because I was very much vexed at finding I was too late, and because I wanted to look over your letter carefully before answering it. It was in the main much what I expected; and as you say you dislike reasoning on these subjects, I will say no more, especially because I think I have no right to run the risk, in asking for light from others, of extending my darkness in any degree to them, which I might possibly do even to the firmest faiths, without deriving equivalent benefit. But I will ask you two more questions: 1. Do you think that there is any chance for part of mankind of dying altogether—of annihilation, as so far supported by that text—“They who shall be accounted worthy to obtain the resurrection from the dead”—and some others? 2. If you do not believe this, do you really believe in an eternity of extreme bodily and mental torment for nine-tenths or some such proportion of mankind?

Your letter is very unsatisfactory in one respect—that it does not tell me anything about anybody, except that “*they* are gone to Cheltenham for the winter,” which, however beneficial it is to be hoped it may prove to the ladies included in the pronoun, is not particularly pleasant news for *me*. Is all your family gone? and how are they? and how are you? and what have you been idling at Twickenham for? how much leave of absence have you?

I don't agree with your *note* (never acknowledged) in its eulogium on horses. I can't endure them; they are the curse

of England, and make horses of half our gentlemen. They are very good sort of things for devil-may-care, simoomy blackguards of Ishmaelites to make friends of, or steaks of—as the case may requirè; but for civilized creatures like us to risk our necks and brains upon, too bad. There's Karslake: he would really draw well if he didn't like horses; but he never gets hold of a piece of paper without covering it with indelicate rumps and cocky tails, and runs the risk every day of his life of terminating his earthly career in a ditch, with an affectionate series of friends to—leap over him. A cowardly, ungenerous brute too, taking instant advantage of a weak rider, and never behaving decently but when it can't help it. Horses indeed! They are not even useful on paper. A cow is good for something; a stag, a crow, a sheep, a goat, a goose, anything but a horse, will do people good when they get into a scrape in composition; but anything equestrian is ruin. Don't talk to me about horses.

It is late, and I am obliged to take so much exercise that I have hardly any time for letter-writing. I am studying with Harding too for foliage, and he gives me a great deal to do; but I suppose I can be of no further use to you, you have cut all these things. Must I, when I follow you?

Remember me most kindly to all your family when you write. Send me at least a note when you can. All here join with me in kind regards.—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

● XI.

[The outside sheet of a letter
bearing *postmark Dec. 22, 1841*].

You ask me for some *bold* things in pencil to copy. If *chalk* will answer your purpose, I will send you some fragments of Harding (under whom I am hard at work on foliage now), which are worth five thousand of anything of mine; and if you want materials I will get them sent you. These bits are only *trees*, however, and ground; if you want architecture, I must try my own hand. Pray do not give up your drawing; the great use of it is, that it enables you to seize and retain thousands of ideas which would otherwise escape you, merely by their picturesqueness. Depend upon it, it raises the mind as much as it recreates it.

I am exceedingly glad to hear of your sister's returning health, after her late severe trial. I hope the severity of this winter, early set in as it is, will not throw her back. Are you going to stay at W—— all winter? I shall wait to hear from you before sending the drawings, as though they are mere scraps and boughs on odd corners of paper, I should not like to lose them. You will receive herewith, I hope, a copy of F. Off's * for next year, of which I crave your acceptance, and, if you ever condescend to such light work now, critical perusal.

Remember me to all your family, and with kindest wishes of the season for them and you, believe me, ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I send your sermon back by this post.

* ("Friendship's Offering" for 1842, containing "The Last Song of Arion" and "The Hills of Carrara." Cf. "Poems of John Ruskin," published in complete form in 1891.—Ed.)

XII. •

[No Date].

DEAR C—

Looking over my letters to-day, I came across your questions, which with shame I recollect *not* to have answered. You *must* have a holder for your chalks—though you should often take them this way, pinching * between your thumb and two first fingers, but letting it go clear through your hand. You should also place your paper upright, as on an easel, in



sketching, and sketch holding your pencil exactly as you would a foil or broadsword. This will give you a feeling and *touch*, so to speak, all *up your arm*. You may use common writing-paper to practice shading or separate touches, *per se*, as mere exercise of hand, but you must not attempt copying except on proper paper: we have quite enough difficulties to contend with without making them.—Ever yours.

J. R.

* The point of the second finger is seen below the thumb; it therefore touches the chalk with the hollow of its uppermost joint.

XIII.

[Postmark, February 21, 1842].

MY DEAR C—

You really are a very good boy. I have not got so nice a letter from you this year past, and was afraid you were losing your spirit, getting dull, or blue, or lazy, or ill; but this last is quite satisfactory, and so I send you back a leaf of your sermon which, having accidentally dropped out as I was packing it up, and remained undiscovered till the rest was posted, has been thenceforward detained by me, in hopes you might miss it (as I heard an omnibus cad remark to an old lady the other day as he picked her bag up out of the straw: "P'raps, marm, if you don't take it with you you'll miss it"), and send after it, and I might thereby get a letter out of you.

What do you mean by your postscript? To whom *should* I write if not to the only one of my friends whom I cannot see? I made very few at college, most of them above my sphere of life, and therefore necessarily lost as soon as I left. Aeland I see every now and then; and he is fifty times worse than you at answering, for I never got but two decent letters out of him, and you—before you had something better to do—sent me many.

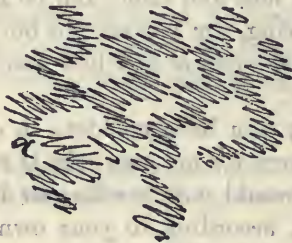
Why do you say you have no ideas in common with me? I should be very sorry for my own sake if such were the case; and if it *were*, it would only render our letters more useful to each other and, according to your own principle, render correspondence something like a duty.

Why do you call yourself "indolent?" It is one of the last faults I should have thought of in you. My impression of you has always been as of a person of singularly active, *somewhat* changeable, energetic, and cheerful disposition. I never remember seeing you idle or disposed to be so for a

second, and I am certain that an indolent person *could* not possibly have been so unvarying in their sweetness of temper. Idleness or indolence always makes people morose; while I never remember seeing the spring or the gentleness of your mind fail. I must have a talk with you about it some time.

I am busy enough just now, and shall be, for these two months, hardly able to write to anybody. I believe I shall go up to Oxford somewhere about April-Fool Day—by way of doing things consistently—as the examinations begin on the 15th, and I want to be a fortnight with Mr. Brown before they begin. I should be glad if I could see you at Herne Hill first; for you, by your own account, and I, without doubt, shall be plagued enough at Oxford.

I am glad you like the drawings, as far as they go; they are things which you can take up for five minutes and drop again (in copying), in a convenient way for a busy life. By-the-by, notice that your paper has *two* sides, and draw on the smooth one. If, when you are tired of everything else, you will just take up your chalk and a bit of waste paper and cover it with this sort of thing, endeavoring to get the shade at once, clear and *even*, not blacker at one part than another, with a broad point, you will always be making progress; changing the direction, as at *a*, makes it look more flexible.



When really applied to foliage, you can do it with your eyes shut, as it is a mechanical habit of hand that is wanted.

Thank you for taking my impudence about your sermon so good-naturedly. I should almost be glad to be what you call me—a private judgment man—rather than the *nothing* I

am; but I find it so intolerably difficult to come to any conclusion on the matter, that I remain neither one thing nor another. Both extremes, I feel certain, are wrong, but where or how to fix the mean I know not. Whom to believe implicitly—whom to pay respect to—whom to dispute with—whom to judge—I cannot tell; never can attach any real practical meaning to the word “church.” Does it mean my prayer-book—or my pastor—or St. Augustine? or am I *generally* to believe all three, and yet dispute particular assertions of each? One thing only I know—that I had rather be a Papist than a dissenter—or a member of the Church of Scotland; and I think the error of blind credence is error on the right side, but it is an error for all that; and when to stop, or why to stop, or how to stop, in belief of interpretation or teaching, I cannot tell. I have not time to write more. I did not mean to object to your statement—that Christ was to judge the *whole* world—but to express some wonder at your implied suspicion of our believing that he was only to judge *half* of it.

I have not said half I had to say (no more impudence, however), but I am bothered with this degree; I can't write Latin—I am nervous. I am very glad to hear all your family circle have escaped the winter well. I don't think I can get to Twickenham before I go to Oxford, but shall wait on them instantly on returning.—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

XIV.

[Postmark, March 12, 1842].

MY DEAR C——

You are better than good.* I had no hopes of another letter so soon; mighty pretty too; many thanks. But I haven't time for a word, except just to express my obligations for the bit of George Herbert, whom I think I shall bring out some day in an illuminated missal form, all gold and sky blue, as he ought to be—the most heavenly writer I know.

To answer about shade. The two great requisites in shade are: first, "evenness," that is, that one part of it shall not be irregularly or accidentally darker than another, but that it should be quite flat and equal, for this it always does in nature; and, secondly, "transparency," which means that it should look (in a tree) as if you could fly *through* it if you were a bird, or (in anything else) as if it were something not laid *on* the object, but between you and it, *through* which you saw it.

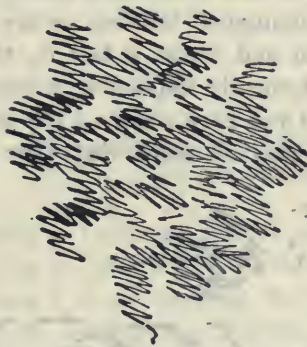
Now, so that you secure these two qualities, it matters not in the least what means you secure them by; only, the less the means are visible the better is the drawing, because the *means* of nature are *never* visible; that is, in a mass of shade, you cannot distinguish or arrange the individual touches of shade (as in leaves) by which it is produced. But you will soon find that if two touches of chalk cross each other they are darker together than separately; if, therefore, you produce your shade thus:



(supposing each of the groups of ink strokes to represent one broad chalk touch) you will have your shade darker at the intersections than between them, and thus lose *evenness*; therefore, the lines must not pass over one another, though

* (This sentence is erased in the original, and the following paragraph inserted above:—"I kept this two days, expecting to see you. As you haven't come I send it, only erasing my first too favorable expression of opinion."—Ed.)

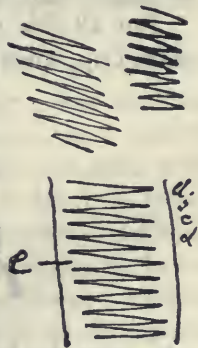
they should often touch. If, again, you leave no white paper between, you lose transparency, the interstices of the foliage, and, therefore, you must be able to arrange touches so as never to cross or interfere with each other, and yet to touch and separate irregularly and playfully as leaves do. Now it is found by experience that the means most calculated to produce this impression are touches of this kind:



very badly done, by-the-by, for there was a hair in my pen, which has blotted, and so lost the very thing most wanted, evenness.

These touches are susceptible of great change of character, in shortness, sharpness, character of extremities, individual breadth of line, etc., according to the tree you want; but the great thing to be noticed in them is, that if one be sharp and black it will not unite, or be in harmony with another, but will be like a discord in music, unless all are of the same *tone* and character, or at least, changing gradually.

Now, at *first*, the more regularly and symmetrically you can do your shadow thus, so that all the points *a, b, c, d*, will be in one line, that line itself bending like foliage, by-the-by, and so on, and each line at exactly the same distance from its neighbor. My step at *e*, being too big, spoils the



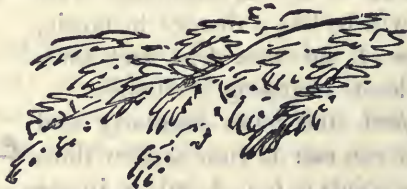
whole. The sooner, I say, you can do this, the sooner will you be able to conceal all this artificial mechanism, and let your pencil run about the paper as carelessly as Nature herself, quite sure it cannot do wrong, for this regularity is not *visibly* present in good drawing, the best drawing of all being that in which you can least tell what has been done, or how it has been done; in which you cannot distinguish touches, or say where the pencil touched paper first and where it left it; those drawings, in fact, which it is physically impossible to copy touch for touch.

But it is not till you have acquired the power of producing this perfect symmetry of shade that your hand is to be let



loose to do what it likes. So in outline you must begin thus—plague take it, I can't do it to-night—try again.

But all this mechanism is afterwards to be loosened, and mixed up, when your hand gets used to it, and to become



etc., even this being twenty times too symmetrical to be right. But I can show you more with the chalk in your hand in five

minutes than thus in an hour, for the pen will not give my meaning; so you must come and see me.

I hope I shall have seen you, indeed, before you get this letter. If I don't, I will send another in a rage after it. Meantime, my mother's kind regards—governor traveling—mine to all at Twickenham. Forgive this scrawl—I am very sleepy. Ever yours,

J. RUSKIN.

XV.

[The outside sheet of a letter
bearing *postmark*, August 19, 1842].

I have also spent, as I suppose almost everybody has, much time in endeavoring to *color* before I could draw, and to produce *beauty* before I could produce *truth*. Luckily, there was always sufficient *work* in my drawings to do my hand a little good; and I got on—though very slowly—far enough to see I was on the wrong road. The time was wasted, but did not do me *harm*. Now I hardly ever touch color—never work from imagination—and aim so laboriously at truth as to copy, if I have nothing else to copy, the forms of the stones in the heaps broken at the side of the road. Now therefore I am getting on, and look forward to ultimate power and success.

But all this does not apply completely to your case. If your other engagements put it out of your power to make consistent effort, if you are hopeless of going so far as to have your reward, do not waste the few moments you *have* upon the grammatical work, of which *quantity* is required before it will pay. Ten minutes a day, or say a quarter of an hour, regularly and severely employed when you get up, or before dinner, or at any time when you *must* be at home, would insure progress and power; but if you cannot do this, better give your hour a month to amusement. Make it as pleasing

as you can to yourself; for it would do you no real good, however directed. I cannot understand even a Prime Minister's being so busy as not to be able to have a little table and closet or corner, with all his things lying constantly ready in their places. No putting away and taking out again, mind; and sitting down at quarter to eight every morning, and getting up and going down to breakfast at eight—always locking yourself in, and never talking to anybody, nor thinking of anything else at the time. And where so little time is given it ought, if possible, to be early in the day; otherwise the hand may be shaky and the mind distracted—especially with clergymen, or any persons obliged to pass through serious scenes of duty. I do think that, if you are punctual with your meals, you would never feel the quarter of an hour, either just before or just after breakfast, as any loss to your day.

I fully agree with you, that the success of your present desultory efforts should encourage you, and induce you to consistent ones, as proving a certainty of their being rewarded; but it should not make you think you can do without them. Even supposing you to succeed to the utmost of your expectations, yet you never would gain any certain knowledge of Art. You would be perpetually in doubt and indecision respecting what was really right or wrong—liking one thing one day, another another—a state very different from the gradual dawn and determination of fixed principles, which day by day rise out of your practice, and prop you for further effort. The delicious sensation of a new truth *settled*, a new source of beauty discovered; for the consequence of real progress in art is never that we dislike what we once admired, but that we admire what we once despised, and that progress may always be tested by the power of admiration increased, the capacity for pleasure expanded.

Time was (when I began drawing) that I used to think a picturesque or beautiful tree was hardly to be met with once a month; I cared for nothing but oaks a thousand years old, split by lightning or shattered by wind, or made up for my

worship's edification in some particular and distinguished way. *Now*, there is not a twig in the closest-clipt hedge that grows, that I cannot admire, and wonder at, and take pleasure in, and learn from. I think one tree very nearly as good as another, and all a thousand times more beautiful than I once did my picked ones; but I admire *those* more than I could then, tenfold.

Now this power of enjoyment is worth working for, not merely for enjoyment, but because it renders you less imperfect as one of God's creatures—more what he would have you, and capable of forming—I do not say truer or closer, because you cannot *approach* infinity—but far *higher* ideas of His intelligence. Whether, to attain such an end, you cannot, by a little determination, spare a quarter of an hour a day, I leave to your conscience.

I had a great deal more to say, but it would be merciless to cross such a hand as mine.

We arrived here this morning, having come back by the Rhine from Chamonix, where we stopped a full month, with infinite benefit both to body and mind. Lost a little in ill-temper at the muddy, humbuggy, vinegar-banked Rhine, but very well on the whole. I will write as soon again as I can, but shall be rather busy at home for a month or two. Remember me respectfully to Mrs. C—— and all your circle. With best wishes for the renewal of your sister's health, believe me ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

XVI.

[Postmark, September 19, 1842].

MY DEAR C——

I had intended being beforehand with you, as my last letter was rather a complaint than a chat, but I have to thank you for your last, even though it is a little unruly. And so, because it doesn't suit you to do precisely what is *right* in art, you will do nothing. You won't draw at all, because you *ought* to finish your sketches if you did. *Do* finish your sketches, in the name of all that's industrious. Many an hour have I wasted over half-work, which I didn't like, which would have been profitable had I spent it in my own way; but I denied myself the pleasure, and yet dawdled over the work, and so lost both play and profit; and thus your conscience is too delicate to admit of your doing what you like in drawing, but not too delicate to let you do nothing at all. Finishing your sketches will do you a great deal of good, in mechanical matters—though I very much doubt the expediency of finishing, unless the very day or hour after the sketch has been taken. To forget a thing is better than to be deceived in it; and it is better that your sketches should tell you a *little* truth, than a *great deal* of falsehood. It is better that they should be feeble in verity than distinct in deception. However, I believe you will take your own way at last, and so it is no use talking.

I have not seen the book you speak of, but if it praises Turner *unqualifiedly* you may trust to it.

I think, judging by my own feelings, you were very right in refusing the vicarage. A clergyman's life in a crowded parish seems to me the most dangerous to health and life, and the most replete with every kind of annoyance, of any other state of virtuous life. If you are comfortable where you are, $\frac{2.00}{14.00}$ is not the sort of portion which should induce a change; but I don't think many men would have been so prudent.

Do you do nothing but divinity now? have you no varying pursuit? What books are you reading? Do you botanize at all? it is surely a clerical science, if there be one in the world. I don't think, by-the-by, in your chemical question at end of last letter, you have stated the facts correctly. I don't think that a more rapid loss of caloric takes place in mutton than in beef, but that the point of *congelation* is higher. Dip your thermometer into the gravy at freezing-point, and if it determines a lower temperature, we will farther consider of it; but be particular that the quantity of carbon developed by the cook in the form of what people commonly and irrationally call "brown" be equal in both the joints, as this circumstance will very much affect *radiation*.

When may I hope to see *you*? I believe I shall be in town now for a year—really quiet—perhaps for two, as we are going to change our house in a fortnight; * and I intend to try some experiments in the way of flower effect. People usually consider flowers as individual pets, and not as colored media, by which a landscape may be artistically affected—"aff" or "eff," whichever you like: and when I have got my gentians and violets into proper *tone*, you must come and criticise.

I got really rather fond of flowers at Chamonix, for there nature uses them as I say—not to deck a bank, but to paint a mountain.

I intended to have sent you a drawing as you desired me, on the 8th, but couldn't find *one* fit.

Accept my kindest wishes, in which all join. I fear I shall not be able to get over to Twickenham for some time, being in a bustle with moving, and busy besides with art, chemistry, and a little Greek.—Ever yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* (Reference to the removal from Herne Hill to Denmark Hill.—ED.)

WAS THERE DEATH BEFORE ADAM FELL, IN OTHER PARTS OF CREATION?

I. IT is always to be remembered that geologists, and, generally, the asserters of the existence of death previous to the Fall, appeal not to any text of Scripture for *proof* of their assertion—they affirm only that Scripture leaves the matter entirely undecided; and that therefore they are at liberty to follow out the conclusions to which they are led by *other* evidence. Hence, when it is allowed that such and such a text “can neither prove nor disprove” anything relating to the question, they have all that they contend for.

I did not therefore bring forward the text, Rom. viii. 22, as in any way *proving* what I asserted, but because I have heard it over and over again used on the *other side*, as a proof that all animals were affected by the curse on Adam.

Now, what Miss C—— says, that the word *ktisis* is used of the animal creation in other places, is quite true; but there is a peculiarity in the use of the article before it, in this verse, which limits it to man. The first and pure sense of this word is “the *act* of creation,” in which sense it is opposed to *ktisma*, which means “a thing created.” In this its pure sense *ktisis* occurs *without* the article in Gal. vi. 15, in which verse it is carelessly translated in our version “a new creature,” which turns the verse into nonsense; the right sense being “neither circumcision availeth etc., nor uncir. etc.,” but new birth—new creation.

The opposing word *ktisma* occurs in 1 Tim. iv. 4, of meats; in Rev. v. 13, viii. 9, of beasts; and in James i. 18, of all created things.

The word *ktisis*, *without* the article, occurs with the meaning of creation generally—creation of the world—in Mark x. 6, xiii. 19; Rom. i. 20; and 2 Peter iii. 4.

From this sense it slides gradually into that of a created thing—as we say a beautiful *creation*, of a flower or other

created object. So it occurs, Rom. viii. 39; 2 Cor. v. 17; Col. i. 15, and Heb. iv. 13; in all these cases without the article.

It is used, however, *with* the article in Rev. iii. 14, where the article is made necessary by the following words: "of God,"—not "creation" generally, but *the* creation of *God*, which is to distinguish it from that universal creation of which God the *Father* is said to be *πρωτότοκος* first-born, Col. i. 15, where no article is used; but *Christ* is in Rev. iii. 14 said to be, not the first-born of *all* creation, but the beginning of *the* creation of *God*. (And *we* again are said to be the *ἀπαρχή*, first-fruits or tribute, not of creation, but of the lower word *ktisma*, James i. 18.) *Ktisis* is again used with the article in Rom. i. 25, where the article is rendered necessary by its opposition to *the* Creator.

I am aware of no other passages in which the word occurs with the article, except Mark xvi. 15, Rom. viii. 19, 20, 21, 22, and Col. i. 23. In these instances the article is used with singular force and constancy, *πᾶσα ἡ κτίσις, αὐτὴ ἡ κτίσις, πάσῃ τῇ κτίσει* etc.; and in all these cases its sense is absolutely limited to man, *the* creature of creatures, the chief creature of God.

Hence it is that I say, we have no right whatever to draw any argument from our translation of Rom. viii. 22, as if it included the whole creation; for in that verse the word is in the original peculiarly and closely limited to man.

II. The power of reproduction involves the necessity of death in many ways. First, because God never gave power without necessity for its use. If the trees first created on the earth were to be imperishable, there was no necessity for a power in them of creating others. The world would have been called into existence in perfection at once, as many trees and animals might have been created as would exist in perfection and happiness together, and all the complicated apparatus of fructification dispensed with. God never makes anything more complicated than is necessary, nor bestows a faculty without an object.

Secondly, the light little parenthesis of Miss C——, “provided there be sufficient nourishment,” begs the whole question. The farmer cannot grow wheat twice running in the same field, because *one* crop entirely exhausts the silicate of potash necessary to the existence of the plant. Nor will it grow again until the *death* either of the plant itself (as in straw used for manure), or of some other plant containing the same salt, has restored it to the soil. The sapling pine cannot rise to its full growth, nor, indeed, to *any* growth, until the *death* of its parent has restored to the soil its carbonate of potash. We may imagine a tree maintained forever in full strength without demand upon the soil; but the moment we hear of its bearing seed, that moment we know that it must perish. Its seed implies that God has willed it to have a successor. Its successor cannot rise but out of its decay.

But it is not merely the death of *plants* which is implied by the *growth* of plants. They require in all cases an element for their growth, nitrogen, which they can only assimilate in one form, *ammonia*; for no chemical means, however powerful, can cause the combination of nitrogen with any other element but oxygen, unless it be presented in the form of ammonia.

It is accordingly found that *no* plants can grow unless supplied with ammonia; and they can be supplied with ammonia in one way only—by *animal* putrefaction. There is no ammonia in the soil; there is none in the decayed remnants of vegetable matter. It exists in the plant only in the crude and unripe juices; in the perfect plant, it exists separately as hydrogen and nitrogen, and cannot be assimilated by its successor. There is, therefore, only one source from which the plant can derive it, the atmosphere; but there is no ammonia in the atmosphere except what results from animal decay. All the nitrogen of animal matter is given off, on its decay, as ammonia. This ammonia combines in the atmosphere with the carbonic acid, which is the result of animal *breath*. The carbonate of ammonia so formed is dissolved in rain water, and presented in this form to the root of the plant.

We, again, require for our nourishment, not ammonia, but the nitrogenized substances, gluten, albumen, etc., of plants. Hence, each species of existence furnishes in its death food to the other, and the nourishment of one implies the simultaneous dying of the other.

Nor is it ammonia alone which the plant takes from the animal. Carbonic acid, also a product of decay, as well as of breath, is its staple nourishment—not more essential than ammonia, but required in far greater quantity. We are machines for turning carbon and oxygen into carbonic acid; the plant is a machine for turning carbonic acid into carbon and oxygen. Hence the plant is the supplement of the animal, and the animal of the plant.

Hence a balance must be kept between them; if either exceed its limit, it must perish for want of the other; and the inorganic constituents of the earth are left in a state of perpetual circulation from death to life, and *vice versa*.

Hence, whenever we talk of life, nourishment, or increase, we talk in the same breath of a supplementary death and diminution.

Nor were these laws otherwise in Eden. The green herb was to be for *meat*. This was destruction. Was it *less* destruction because violent and sudden? or did it less imply capability of decay, than if we had been told that the trees died themselves? We might as well say that the death of Abel did not imply capability of death in man.

And, finally, let us suppose for a moment that all these laws of nourishment and creation were suspended, and that there was sufficient matter for assimilation in the soil to supply *all* plants, multiply as they would, and sufficient nitrogen so prepared to nourish all animals, multiply as they would; and suppose death impossible. In two centuries after the creation the earth would have been packed tight with animals, and the only question remaining for determination would have been—which should be *uppermost*. Long before the flood the sea would have been one solid mass of potted fish, the air of wedged birds, and the earth of impenetrable foliage.

And let us not suppose for a moment that geology has opened to us worlds different in organization or system from our own. It has but expanded before us the vast unity of system, the *one* great plan of progressive existence, of which we form probably, the last link. The plants of past ages have the same organs, the same structure and development, as those growing now; none but the practiced botanist can tell the leaves from each other. The animals played precisely the same part in relation to them; their organization was the same as now, their ranks of destructive existence appointed in the same order. A few extraordinary (to us) creatures existed, peculiarly adapted for certain circumstances, but in no essential points, in nothing but outward form and strength, differing from their modern types. The digestion of the Ichthyosaurus is as regular and simple as that of any living aquatic beast of prey, and far more easily traceable. Even size is no unfailling characteristic. No fossil fish has been discovered fit to hold a candle to our modern sharks or whales, though the shark tribe was infinitely more numerous than it is now; but there were too many, and they kept each other thin. It is a curious fact, by-the-by, though well known, respecting the beneficial influence of the carnivora even on the animals they prey upon, that if you stock a fish-pond with carp only, at the end of a year or two you will find all your fish miserably thin, and have no more weight of fish (if you drag the pond) than you put in. But if at first you put in with the carp a few pike, say one in four, you will, when you drag your pond, have twice the weight of carp, in good condition, and all your pike into the bargain.

I see that Miss C—— objects that the growth of plants is not sufficient for animals as it is. Locally, it is not. Universally, it is far too great for them. Our farmers may rise the price of corn over a county, but the Great Forest stretches its uninhabitable growth over America, for the space of a thousand kingdoms. And even where vegetation is limited, this is simply because the plants are not fed by their own *death*; for though they have the animal *volatile* products of

ammonia, etc., they have *not* the fixed salts except when they are laboriously restored in the form of manure.

With respect to the question respecting the naming of fish, I can only reply in the words of the questioner, that all such speculations lead us only into a labyrinth. There are thousands of difficulties connected with the Mosaic account. What, for instance, does *Eden* include? For the *garden* was *in* Eden, and eastward in it. And was man, supposing he had stood, never to have left his primal and narrow nursery-and-seedsman sort of habitation? How, if so, could he “replenish the earth and subdue it”? Was the same trial to be sustained by all? And how could it be sustained, unless gardens and trees of knowledge were multiplied over the earth as the population spread? etc., etc.

The whole appears to me, but for the close geographical account of the Garden, very much like an Eastern allegory; but however that may be, I think it is better always to read it without reference to matters of physical inquiry, to take the broad, simple statements of creation—innocence, disobedience, and guilt—and then to take in equal simplicity of heart such revelations as God may deign to give us of His former creations, and so to pass back through age before age of preparatory economy, without troubling ourselves about the little discrepancies which may appear to start up in things and statements which we cannot understand.

Creation may have been suspended in its functions for a moment—for the half-hour (divines seem to think it was little more) of man’s probation. It matters not to us. What we are we know—and what we may be, we know; what we have been, God knows.

There is much of mystical in Scripture, which, doubtless, will one day be made manifest; but we do but waste our lives and peril our faith by trying to unravel it before its time. We shall not break the seal by dashing it against stones.

I have said, I see, that *no* ammonia exists in the atmosphere but what arises from the putrefaction of animals. This is not strictly true, for several mineral springs supply it in con-

siderable quantity; not enough, however, in all the springs of Europe, to feed the vegetation of Lombardy for half a year.

Supplies of this kind are probably proportioned to the gradual increase of animal life, and consequent demand for more nitrogen. The immediate acting supply is deduced only from animal corruption. From every churchyard, from every perishing remnant of the life of the forest and the sea, rises the constant supply of carbonate of ammonia, which feeds the green leafage of spring, and expands the pulp of the bright fruit.

Liebig says that the source of this ammonia is sufficiently evident by its peculiar odor, if rain water be evaporated with a little sulphuric acid, and then tested with lime.

On the other hand, while the supply of ammonia is gradually, very slightly, but still certainly on the increase, that of carbonic acid is much diminished. Immense quantities of this acid existed formerly in the atmosphere, which fed the colossal vegetation of geological eras. By that vegetation it was gradually withdrawn; and, animal life not being sufficiently extended on the earth to feed on this vegetation, and so return the carbonic acid to the atmosphere, it was withdrawn forever; its oxygen was restored by ordinary vegetable action, making the atmosphere purer for the abode of man, and its carbon deposited in the enormous coal-fields, which are now the source of all his vastest powers. Animal and vegetable life are now better balanced. The vegetable, having no extraordinary supply of carbonic acid, is diminished in growth; and the animal feeding on this diminished growth restores the carbon to the air, and provides for the equal growth of the succeeding plant.

XVII.

[Postmark, January 8, 1843.]

MY DEAR C——

Many thanks for your kind letter and inclosure, which I have read very carefully, and like exceedingly—especially the concluding part of it, which is very graceful and impressive; nor, on the whole, do I think you are at all wrong in taking advantage of the popular notion respecting the Fall, as it is too essential a part of most persons' faith to be lightly struck at, nor unless under very strong convictions of some necessary or important truth which it prevents the reception of. But when you are thinking of the subject yourself, for your own private edification and good, I wish you would tell me what is your notion of a *tree*.

You will most likely have a conception of a thing with leaves on it, and bringing forth flowers in its season. You cannot conceive a tree without leaves and flowers. Now what do you mean by a leaf and flower? You mean by the first, an instrument for depriving carbonic acid of its oxygen, and giving carbon to the plant. You can have no other meaning; for leaves are of all colors, and forms, appearances, and have nothing in common but this—this is the essence of a leaf. You mean by the second, a part of the plant which has in it organs of fructification. You can have no other meaning but this; for flowers have no common form, nor appearance, nor anything essential but this.

Therefore, you mean by the first, something which is perpetually giving to the plant that which it had not before; and by the second, a preparation for the production of another plant. You imply, therefore, growth—change of state—and preparation for a succeeding existence. Therefore, when you say “a tree,” you mean a growing, changing, and preparing thing.

Now it cannot grow forever, for then there would not be nourishment for its substance. Whatever stops its growth must be a loss of energy in the vital functions—that is, incipient death. When you say a growing thing, therefore, you mean something advancing to death. Neither can the new tree and the old tree exist together. One must perish to make room for the other. Therefore, every bud and blossom of the parent tree implies and necessitates its destruction.

Therefore, when you say a preparing thing, a fructifying thing, you mean a *dying* thing. Therefore, whenever you speak of a tree, you speak of death. That which has not in it the beginning and germ of death, is not a tree. Consequently, if there were trees in the Garden of Eden there was death; or, if there was not death, they could not have had leaves, nor flowers, nor any of those organs of growth or germination which now constitute the essence of a tree. People will look very grave at you, indeed, if you hint that there were no *flowers* in the Garden, and yet the very meaning of the word *flower* is—something to supply *death*.

But if you can suppose that Scripture tells you that there were trees in the Garden, and means in saying so something which had neither leaves nor flowers, nor any organs of a tree, you may give up your trust in the whole of it at once; for you can never tell, if there be such latitude of interpretation, what anything *means* throughout the book. Therefore, either Scripture is wholly to be distrusted, as meaning one thing when it says another—or there was death in Eden.

Again: what do you understand by the term “lion?” Surely an animal with claws and sharp teeth. If it have not claws and teeth it is not a lion, it is some other animal—a different animal from any that we have any notion of, but not a lion. But if it have claws and teeth, do you suppose God gave it claws and teeth for nothing? The gift of an instrument supposes the appointment to a function. The claw is to catch with, the teeth are to tear with, and there is a particular juice in the stomach to digest meat with. Now to suppose that these were given without intention of being

used, is the same thing as to suppose that your tongue was given to you without your being intended to talk or taste with it, and that it is by corruption of nature that you walk with your legs. A lion at peace with other animals is therefore a contradiction in terms—or at least it is the same thing as saying that God has adapted every muscle to a function which it was never intended to discharge. And though by special miracle the lion shall eat straw as the ox, that does not prove that it was made to eat straw, any more than the miracle of Elisha proves that iron was intended to be lighter than water—which, if it were, the whole economy of the world must be changed.

Hence, if these animals were at peace in Eden, they were either created with especial view to their *after* functions, and maintained for a short time at peace by especial miracle; or else they were different animals—not lions nor tigers, but things of which we have no conception, having different muscles, no claws, no digestive organs for meat, etc., etc. To the first of these positions, the naming by Adam gives the lie direct, for it implies knowledge of their nature; and how could Adam know their nature, when every one of their functions was miraculously suspended? The second position is more possible, partially implied by the speaking of the infant, but yet it supposes a *new creation* at the fall of Adam, which I cannot but think would have been at least indicated in some way or other in Scripture.

Further. By the institution of carnivora, one third more *happiness* is brought into existence. For the earth will only by its appointed constitution feed a certain number of herbivora; and by making them food to a higher series, one more step of existence is gained.

Further. There is not *one* text in Scripture, out of which you can squeeze the slightest evidence that death did not take place with the lower animals.

Wherever death is mentioned as coming by man, the resurrection is mentioned as parallel with it. If you suppose the doom extended to the animals, so must the recovery be. In

the expression, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth," etc.—the words are *πάντα ἡ κτίσις*, *precisely* the words used to the apostles when our Lord bids them preach the gospel: *πάνη τη κτίσει*. Do you suppose our Lord meant to bid them preach to the *whole creation*? No—but the other text is falsely translated; it can only mean "Every man—all men—every creature groaneth," etc.

Further. All this evidence coming from the visible, present creation, and Scripture, we have, in addition, geological evidence of death extending for an infinite series of ages before man. Lyell has discovered the bones of the mastodon, the most recent of all fossils, in a bed *cut through* by the ancient course of the Niagara, three hundred feet above its present bed, and three miles and a half below the falls; in cutting back from this point, the river by the very lowest calculation must have been occupied 15,000 years.* My own conviction is, therefore—it don't much matter what it is, but I believe it is most people's who pay any regard whatsoever to modern science—that man in Eden was a growing and perfectible animal; that when perfected he was to have been translated or changed, and to leave the earth to his successors, without pain. In the doom of death he received what before was the lot of lower animals—corruption of the body—and, far worse, death of the soul. I believe the whole creation was in Eden what it is now, only so subjected to man as only to minister to him—never to hurt him. The words "to dress it and keep it" speak volumes.

The only passage in your sermon I didn't like is that about tradition. Why say that is based on tradition which you can so easily prove from Scripture?

It is late. Remember me to all at Twickenham. I am very glad to hear your invalid is at least no worse.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

* (Cf. Lyell's "Principles of Geology," ch. xiv.—ED.)

XVIII.

[Postmark, Feb. 7, 1843].

MY DEAR C——

I think your last apology as unfounded as your first was unnecessary, and I think you had much better try no more. I should have answered your letter a month ago, if I had known what in the world to say to it. Don't write me any more such stuff—and, above all, measure *yourself* rightly. It is quite as wrong, and as far from anything like real humility, to underrate as to overrate ourselves; and to say, when you are working very hard in the noblest of all professions, that you are hiding your talents under a bushel, is not giving God credit nor honor for the grace He has given you.

As for the major part of your letter, it is very beautifully expressed and felt; and that bit of glorious George, which to my shame I have not repeated to myself, nor thought of for a year or two (though I never forgot a word of it from the first moment I cast eyes on it), is a clincher. But yet it requires the preaching of a considerable deal of patience, to make one sit out some of the sermons I speak of, comfortably; not, observe, because I go, as you think, to be *amused* or *tickled* by speculation or oratory. I go, I hope, to receive real benefit of some kind or another; but then how am I to be benefited? Not by the bare rehearsal of duties which I know as well as my alphabet; not by the repetition of motives which are constantly before me, and which I never act upon; not by the enunciation of truths which I perpetually hear, and never believe. But by giving explanation to the duties, force to the motives, proof to the facts; and to do this in any degree requires some part or portion of intellect above mine, or *different* from mine; and when I find this, I get good—otherwise not. I can conceive how different the feeling of a really religious person might be, and how each trivial

expression of the minister might raise in their minds some pleasant thought or new devotional feeling; but even then I should fancy that the following words of the preacher were as likely to be an interruption, as an assistance to the train of thought he had previously awakened.

To-day being the first Sunday of the month, Mr. Melville preached at the Tower, and his curate gave us a sermon on "Unto Adam also, and to his wife, did the Lord God make coats of skins, etc." "Now," thought I, when he began, "I know what you're going to say about that; you'll say that the beasts were sacrificed, and that the skins were typical of the robe of Christ's righteousness, etc.—that's all of course; I wonder if you can tell me anything more." Well, he began: "As by sin came death, there could be no death before sin." "Ah," thought I, "it's a pity you don't know something of natural history; it's not much use my listening to any more of that, because we haven't common premises to start from, and I shan't believe a word you say."

Nevertheless, I did listen, and got—diluted into three quarters of an hour—as much as I knew about the text, and no more, save and except a charitable wish on the part of the preacher—"May we all be clothed with this robe," etc. "What the deuce," thought I, "is the use of your stupid wishes? do you suppose people don't usually wish for all that's good for them, though they don't take a quarter of an hour to say so?" So much for the benefit I got from my sermon.

I am glad to hear you are reading Sir Joshua Reynolds; it is very good sterling matter, though it is not well arranged, and not very *recherché* or original. You will find *Fuseli's* and *Barry's* Lectures worth a great deal more; the former especially, being an accomplished scholar, unites art and literature, and rather gives you the philosophy of the fine arts as a group, than the technicalities of any one. He is peculiarly fit to be studied by men who only make painting a subservient and recreative part of their occupation, because he shows its connection with other subjects of the intellect.

Both he and Barry are deep thinking and original. Sir Joshua's reputation depends partly on his popularity as a practical man—partly from the very shallowness of his work, which puts it down to the level of men's idleness. To read Barry or Fuseli requires more thought and attention than people care to be troubled with. But Sir Joshua's is a good book as far as it goes.

I received on Thursday a most kind note from Mrs. C——, asking me to dine there on Friday. I was unluckily out all Thursday, and did not receive my note till eleven at night, so that my answer next day would, I fear, not be in time to prevent their waiting dinner for me. I could not possibly go, as I expected my father home from a journey; and I am so much engaged at present that I have not even an evening, much less a day, to spare to my engagements for two months to come. I should not apologize for this, even though I could help it, for of course the loss is all on my side, and the very first day I have to take my pleasure in, I shall go over to Twickenham. I hope Miss Blanche C—— has recovered her health; you have given me no reports lately of the health of your family.

Have you ever read Mrs. Sherwood's "Henry Milner"? I should like to know what you thought of her religion. It is a kind of religion I am particularly fond of, but I'm afraid it's improper. Sincerest regards when you write to all at Twickenham.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

I don't quite know what you mean by "lithographic boards." I use lithographic paper, but not boards; but I think chalk or pencil drawings on anything require to be fixed. I use, myself, plain *milk*, *boiled* and applied very hot, only once, as rapidly as possible; but I never saw a chalk drawing fixed without being spoiled, and almost prefer leaving them to take their chance. There are people in London who fix them, making it a profession, and do it well; but I do not know their secret.

XIX.

[Letter mutilated at the beginning].

I was * in Green Street in the course of last week, to find that you had given me a wrong statement of time, and that Mrs. C——, having stayed only *five* instead of ten days in town, had returned to Twickenham the day before. I hope, however, to be able to get over to Twickenham soon.

Thanks for your note. What are you giving up your curacy for? and where are you going? and how long may I hope to see you here? Write to tell me concerning *

The text, by-the-by, of the green herbs given for meat rather confirms the geological view than weakens it; for you see the *fishes* are omitted—which is as much as an intimation that then, as now, they were almost entirely carnivorous, and that the mention of the green meat given to the earth-animals is rather an illustration of the bounty of God in giving that sweetness and softness to seeds and fruits, unnecessary to *them*, and meant especially for the pleasure and health of animals, than any limitation of the animals to such food. Fishes are so entirely dependent upon their own tribes for food—the ultimate nourishment of the smallest being derived from matter (probably in a state of decomposition) too delicate to be appreciable—that the very naming of anything in the shape of a fish, may almost be received as a direct assertion of existence supported by death of others.—Ever yours affectionately and in haste,

J. RUSKIN.

* (Spaces left are where a portion of the letter has been cut away).

XX.

DENMARK HILL, *December 5* [1843 ?].

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

Allow me respectfully and prophetically so to address you, and to wish you a very *profitable* New Year, and as many of them as may be expedient and proper for you. Happiness I have no doubt you despise, so I don't mention it; but pray convey my best wishes in that respect to all at Twickenham, only keeping as many for yourself as you consider perfectly correct.

You are a nice person certainly, to come to London and back, without so much as a *sham* call (saying you'll come, and staying away)—though you do go through the ceremony on a larger scale and with grander effect, writing to ask people questions about their latitude three weeks before, when it don't matter to you whether they are to be at Rome or Richmond, for all that you intend to make of them. However I won't scold—they have little enough of you at Twickenham now—and it would be a hard case if they had to send you all the way over here for nothing.

Thank you for the drawings. I shall call for them the first time I pass. You may do yourself good even in working up your sketches—if you put in all the *accidents* from nature. If you want a tree, go and look for one that suits you, and put it in twig for twig; if you want a bank, a bunch of grass, or anything that you have hieroglyphized in the comprehensible parts of your sketch—as *there* though not represented—do not attempt to recollect it, but put a *bonâ fide* bit of truth instead.

If you do not do this, every touch of composition is waste of time—worse, it is vitiation of the eye and hand.

No artist can compose with benefit to himself, until his mind be full and overflowing with the closest and most accu-

rate knowledge of the facts of nature. Above all, don't imagine that what you suppose to be recollection is anything beyond composition. You may remember if a tree sloped to the right or left, if it were tall or short, graceful or grim, slender or stout; but all its details, every one of the important and distinctive features, on which the pleasure with which the reality affected you was mainly dependent, are altogether beyond either your or anybody else's recollection. And the worst and most careless drawing that you make faithfully on the spot, twig for twig, as far as it is in your power, will be immeasurably better and more beautiful than the prettiest you can make out of your head.

Your powers of toleration are magnificently elastic, however. I congratulate you exceedingly on your mild reception of what you supposed to be a moon shining in her own eyes—I have heard of men standing in their own light, but I should not venture even to realize that much of phenomenon in a painting. I think everything is allowable in an artist that violates no law of nature, but not a step further. What you suppose to be moonlight in reverse is the light of the western sky, still falling on the higher parts of the building, and casting visible (though indistinct) shadows. In southern countries the light from the west is often intense and effective for half an hour after the sun has set (I don't mean, of course, down to the tropics, but in the south of France), and casts shadows and illustrates objects like actual sunlight—contrasted, of course, very frequently with deep gloom behind, which I have here enhanced by dense clouds so as to give the moon fair play.

I am very glad you like the picture. As for your saying Turner's trees are wiggy, you should have a wiggling for it—but you will know better soon.

[Letter Unfinished].

XXI.

MACUGNAGA—VAL ANZASCA, *August 3.*[*Postmark, August 18, 1845*].

DEAR C——

I used to write many and long letters home when I was abroad formerly, but then I was lounging—now I am working; and I usually work myself stupid by the close of the day, and think it unfair to give my dregs to my friends. I assure you I have written only five letters, except to my father or mother, since I left England; and those were letters promised or of necessity, the result of which is, that with most people I suffer not thinking on like the hobby-horse; but as I suppose you will still have some indignant memory of me, I would fain soften it a little, and get you to send me some talk.

I have not seen an English paper for six weeks, and the last that I saw I didn't read; so it matters not how stale your news is, it will entertain me, more especially as, since I left home, I have received just *two* letters except from home itself. One of those was on such thin paper that I couldn't read it; and the other was from your friend Gordon, which told me that he had got wet, and that he didn't know where he was going next. So that up here among the hills—living in a deal cabin, in which I can't stretch without taking the skin off my knuckles, with not a soul whom I can speak to except the cows and the goats and a black puppy, and some sociable moths who come in the evening to put my candle out—I begin to feel more like St. Paul or St. Anthony than myself. I don't mean *our* St. Paul, but *their* St. Paul here—the first hermit, who had the two lions to dig his grave, the two pious lions that wouldn't go away afterwards till they had got St. Anthony's blessing.

And another reason of my writing was that I heard from home you were in want of a presentation to Christ's Hospital,

and that I fear you will think it very odd or unkind that we can't give it you. But mercy on us—though we haven't many relations, some of them always contrive to make themselves miserable once in five years; and they come to one for muffin caps and yellow stockings, as if we could bake the one and dye the other. If you could but see the letters that come, three and four a day, for two months before one has a presentation—there is enough to make you laugh or cry as you choose.

Letters from lazy fathers, who don't like to hear their children squalling. Fathers *always* say that the young sprout shows "talent of the most promising kind," or "far above his years."

Letters from widowed mothers, who always say that they "haven't means to bring up their children in the *station of life* they have been accustomed to." The mothers are always willing to work, one sees that; they don't find their children a bore. It is their confounded vanity that upsets them; they can make their shirts and their shifts, but they can't make 'em surplices; and as mothers always want their eldest sons to have a university education, and be bishops—and their second son to be Lord Chancellor—and their third, admiral of the blue—they try Christ's Hospital as the first step.

Letters from uncles, which say that their brother was a very worthy man—very much so—but exceedingly imprudent, and they can't support *his* family as well as their own.

Letters from strange ladies, who "have known the family for years, and can answer for their respectability;" and these are exceedingly eloquent, quote texts to an overpowering extent, and promise you as many tickets for Paradise as you want, for yourself and friends, if you'll give *them* one for Christ's Hospital.

I have got two or three letters from the eldest sisters of orphan families, which were the real thing, and very touching—and some very good and sensible ones from aunts. Half-pay officers with eleven children and no wife write in a very dismal tone indeed.

August 5th.—I don't know that the no wife adds practically to the misfortune, but theoretically it does; and they get frightened the first time they have to tuck all the eleven children up.

It is a sin to give you any more of this writing. I write even worse than I did, from scribbling notes on my arm in the galleries. I can't read my note-book except when my wits are at the brightest; otherwise I forget what all the words are.

Will you send me a line—per Billiter Street—and tell me how you and your family are? It's no use my beginning to tell you what I have been about—merely picture gazing or manufacturing; and there are plenty of travels in print without my sending you mine.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

XXII.

[No Date].

MY DEAR C—

I suppose you must have made quantities of friends at Ceylon, to be able drop your old ones so coolly. For my part, though I can't write to my friends, I never consider them as in the least lost or spoiled by not looking after; and I think you will find, with people at all good for anything, that it is always so. I feel exactly towards you as I used to do, and was talking of you the day before yesterday. One ought to be able to keep one's friends like one's wine, any number of years in the cellar, and find them only a little crusted at last, and better in flavor than ever.

I didn't answer a note of yours about Christ's Hospital, because I couldn't do the thing—and I thought a letter about a piece of business only, not worth answering.

Tell your sister, with my kind remembrances, that symbolism, although very interesting, and doubtless actual, in creation, is a dangerous plaything; it has wasted the time of the whole of Europe for about two centuries; and should only be

pursued when it is either perfectly plain—or as helpful to the feelings at any given moment when it suggests itself—without being insisted upon as more than a fancy.

Ladies' symbolisms are nearly always sure to be false, from their careless way of reasoning. Thus, in your sister's first idea, she says, "the heart is addressed through the eye and hand." Why does she miss the ear? Probably because her real meaning was not that the heart *is addressed*, but *addresses* through the hand. Nobody is usually addressed through their hands, except a lover allowed to touch his mistress' fingers for the first time. We *work* with our hands, and are addressed through eyes and ears usually—sometimes through the lips, I should think—and occasionally by bastinado, through the soles of the feet.

I don't think the doctrine of the Trinity can be deduced from these premises of fact. A leaf has two sides, it is true; and it isn't easy to see how it should have fewer. But he would be a very doubtful Trinitarian who looked upon the Persons of the Trinity as its Aspects.

For the trinity of heaven, earth, and sea, it is a prettier idea; but "the heaven" is nothing at all—the clouds are only the sea in another shape—and though the air is a good type of the "Spirit," the "Powers of it" are not supposed to be particularly sacred. Still, the phrase, "born of w. (water?) and of the spirit," in some degree justifies this image; only if air, earth, and water, are to be a Trinity, what becomes of fire? or oil?—the last as important in its chemical functions in vegetation as water is. All these things *must* be thought over most carefully before a symbolism will hold good.—Always affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

UNIVERSITY

1836-1841

THREE LETTERS AND AN ESSAY

1836-1841

FOUND IN HIS TUTOR'S DESK

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ESSAY ON LITERATURE, 1836	1
LETTER I.	
FROM ROME, DECEMBER 31, 1840	17
LETTER II.	
FROM LAUSANNE, JUNE 9, 1841	26
LETTER III.	
FROM LEAMINGTON, SEPTEMBER 22, 1841	32

CONTENTS

1	CHAPTER I	THE HISTORY OF THE
17	CHAPTER II	THE HISTORY OF THE
31	CHAPTER III	THE HISTORY OF THE
47	CHAPTER IV	THE HISTORY OF THE

ESSAY ON LITERATURE.*

DOES THE PERUSAL OF WORKS OF FICTION ACT FAVORABLY
OR UNFAVORABLY ON THE MORAL CHARACTER?

It is necessary, in the consideration of such a question as this, to be particularly careful to permit our judgment to be altogether unbiased by our feelings, and to divest ourselves entirely of that weakness of mind which disposes us to yield to our wishes rather than our reason, to believe in the existence of that which we desire to exist, in the validity of the arguments which we desire to be valid, and in the fallacy of the statements which we hope may be false. For our feelings naturally incline us to hope that we may not be able to prove that writings from which we have derived incalculable enjoyment are injurious and immoral, and our wishes rise up in opposition to our judgment; they remonstrate against the investigation, they deprecate the decision, they beseech, they implore, that employments so delightful may not be condemned for the past nor forbidden for the future; and that hours whose wings were loaded with odors so soft, and tinted with colors so gay, may not be pronounced to have left darkness in the eyes they have dazzled, or pestilence in the air they have enchanted.

But it is necessary that such feelings should have no voice in our inquiry after truth, and that our wishes, as they have no influence over facts, should have none over our opinions. Our judgment must be armed with despotic power, and not

* This essay was found among the papers of the Rev. Thomas Dale, Ruskin's tutor, to whom the three succeeding letters were addressed.

a syllable of remonstrance be permitted, even if we think that power tyrannically or unjustly directed.

Yet, on the other hand, we hope, gentle reader, that you are gentle—that you are not one of those philosophers, falsely so named, who assert, in the teeth of reason, and to the injury of the cause of religion, that whatever is amusing must be criminal; that a grave countenance and severe demeanor are the true signs of sanctity of mind and consequent morality of conduct; that austerity is the companion of innocence, and gloom, of religion. We have been taught a different lesson by a higher authority; we know that mortality may be radiant with smiles and robed in rejoicing; and we do not deprecate, because we despise, the objections of those who affirm that all pleasure is necessarily evil, and all enjoyment inevitably crime.

Mental recreation is felt to be sometimes necessary by the best and the wisest. Whatever be the rapidity of the race in the path of right, breath must be sometimes taken; whatever be the ardor of the search after knowledge, repose must be sometimes courted. When the brain is confused with the intricacy of investigation, and the reason fatigued with the labor of argument; when the brilliancy of thought is darkened, and the energies of the mind failing, and the strength of the judgment impaired, what recreation can be more exhilarating or delightful than to enwreath ourselves with the imagination of the poet, or mingle amongst the creations of the romancer? The mind is released from the severity of confinement without being lost in the infinity of useless reverie, and invigorated by a moving repose, not weakened by a drowsy and unthinking inanity.

We may therefore pronounce such productions to be useful if we can prove them not to be injurious, and we have some slight hope of being able to claim for them at least this small advantage.

But we do begin to feel nervous in our optics, for lo, fearful visions arise upon our sight, and terrified in our tympanum, for awful sounds are bursting upon our ears. We

behold through a mist of awe, through an atmosphere of consternation, Quaker ladies shaking their heads at us, old maids their sticks at us, crabbed old gentlemen their fists at us, and ugly (by courtesy plain) young ladies their tongues at us. Here's a pretty mess we have got into! Gruff, shrill, squeaking, whistling—the voices of multitudinous discord astonish our nerves: “How false! how tenable! how shocking! how immoral! how impious!” Here's a climax! We have raised the wind, we think we have untied the bags of Ulysses; we have called spirits from the vasty deep. Oh, ye poor works of fiction, verily ye are in a woeful plight, for overwhelming is the number and inveterate the hostility of your enemies. There is the old maid of jaundiced eye and acidulated lip, whose malice-inwoven mind looks on all feelings of affection and joy as the blight looks on the blossom; whose sweetest food is the disappointment, whose greatest delight is in the grief, whose highest exultation is in the crime of the younger and happier; who masks malice of heart under sanctification of countenance, and makes amends for the follies of her youth by making her parrot say “Amen” to her prayers. There is the haughty and uncharitable sectarian who stalks through the world with scorn in his eye and damnation on his tongue. There are home-bred misses who have set up for being pious because they have been set down as being ugly (on the principle which make nunneries the scarecrow depositories of Catholic countries), and enrapture their pa's and ma's by becoming “occasional contributors” to some very moral and excellent juvenile miscellany, of which they regularly favor the January number with some very sagacious remarks on “The Rapid Flight of Time,” in which they give their readers the very valuable, interesting, and novel information that 1835 came before 1836, and that the next year to 1836 will be 1837, concluding, by way of pathos, with the very original idea that all mortals are mortal, and that as soon as people are born it becomes likely that, some time or other, they will die. Or else, by way of being philosophical, they indulge us with

essays on "Novel Reading"—precious pieces of business, quite gems in their way—consisting of amiable dialogues between good boys and girls—Fanny and Emmy, William and George—in which every sentence is composed of very fine, wise-looking words, sought for with much care through the pages of the well-thumbed dictionary. We do remember us of some of these most exquisite compositions, and we own that a tremor ran through us as we did peruse, that our spectacles shook upon our nose, and our hairs, quitting the recumbent position upon our forehead to which age and wisdom had long inclined them, began to assume, through fear for the reputations of Scott and Bulwer, the semblance of that spruce, upward inclination which rendered us in our youth so irresistible. For great, indeed, was our terror lest the names of these unfortunate authors should be overwhelmed by the weight of such authority, and their fame withered forever by the force of such rhetoric and the severity of such criticism.

We were much too humble, in the first stun of our astonishment, to venture into combat with champions of such prowess, but on time being given us to breathe, we began to opine that there might be some points of weakness open to our attack—some feeble syllogisms which might be invalidated. We therefore beg thee, gentle reader, to submit to a recapitulation of some of these most exquisite arguments.

One of the first which we remember was a remark that, as all such works were confessedly fictitious, it was quite shocking to sit down deliberately to the perusal of a continued tissue of falsehoods. We should like to know from what flinty numskull this most brilliant spark of witticism has been elicited. We hope that this most puissant upholder of truth is convinced that the existence of his own veritable codshead is no "tissue of falsehood." We might take trouble (and with a person of so bright an intellect it might not be inconsiderable) to teach him the difference between falsehood and imagination. (Indeed, as it is certain that no one can form an idea of sights he has not seen, or feelings he has not

felt, and as, in all probability, this specimen of human sagacity might have been his total allowance of brains chopped up, washed, pickled, and evaporated, without one drop of imagination being distilled from the caput mortuum, it might be almost impossible to hammer into him the slightest idea of what this impalpable property might be). We might inform his simplicity that the characters in works of fiction are representatives of men in general, are persons who have existed and will exist again, modified only by the manners prevailing at certain periods, doing what has been done, feeling what has been felt, thinking what has been thought, and will be done, felt, and thought again. We might, by way of example, hold up before his nose the decidedly and professedly moral fictions of the Edgeworth and Sherwood school, and we could bring up the overwhelming examples of fictions and fables being used in pages of a very different character. But we will not insult our readers by appearing to think it necessary to prove to them the absurdity of such an objection. We shall proceed to his next argument, in which Master Slender ventures to particularize upon us, to enunciate by name the "bears i' the town" which the dogs, he himself included, make such a howling about. As Scott, then, has been named by our antagonists, we will take him and Bulwer as the heads of two different lines of fiction, and to them we will apply in succession, and by their works will we try the arguments of our opponents.

We have heard it said that Scott's historical romances gave false ideas of history. Now we maintain, on the contrary, that a better and more distinct idea, not only of historical events, but of national feeling at that time, will be gained, and has been gained, by most persons, from Scott's novels than from any dry and circumstantial history. For history can only detail the principal events of the time (accompanied, perhaps, with imperfect, though masterly, sketches of character); it gives us only the skeleton of past times, which the works of the great novelist clothe for us with flesh and blood, and endow with life and motion; he

gives us the various minute traits by which party feeling was exhibited, and the delicate distinctions of character which were observable in the men of the day, and he does so in the only manner in which, effectually, it can be done, by exhibiting them under everyday circumstances, and he does this invariably with truth—truth ascertained by his laborious research and almost illimitable historical knowledge. Take *Woodstock* for an example—we are certain that a person who had once read it with care would have clearer ideas of the characters of Charles and Cromwell, of the degrees of party feeling prevalent at the time, of the manner in which they were exhibited by the members of the opposing factions, and of the general state of the country and the people, than could be obtained by the most laborious research into all the volumes of history that ever were or will be written, and what is more, he might depend upon his ideas being true, for Scott never suffers his party feeling to have much to do with the representation of his historical characters. We would likewise ask the readers of the *Last Days of Pompeii* if they have not a clearer idea of the manners prevailing at the period than they ever obtained from their classical studies. We wish we had space and time to detail and illustrate this advantage of historical novels more fully, and urge it more weightily; but as it refers only to their utility, and has nothing to do with the question in discussion, namely, their morality, we are compelled to pass on to another objection of our opponents, which at the first glance appears a little more weighty than any they have hitherto advanced. We have frequently heard it said that Scott held up to ridicule the religious principles of the Puritans and Covenanters of old times, and exhibited them as absurd, ridiculous, and despicable in their fanaticism. Now we assert, that nothing could prove more certainly than such an objection the bad hearts and weak judgments of those by whom it is advanced. In the very first pages of *Old Mortality* we are prejudiced in favor of the Covenanters by the beautiful description of the character and occupation of the good old man from

whom the work is named, and through the whole of the novel we are certain that, although the expressions and habits of the Covenanters may occasionally excite a smile, their characters and feelings will always induce respect in the mind of a man of either judgment or feeling. It has been said that Scott misrepresented them, but there is no misrepresentation in the case; they were in reality such as they are exhibited in the romance; and those persons who consider them ridiculous there, would have considered them equally so had they held actual intercourse with them. For the man who could treat with contempt or mockery the character of Mause Hedrigg is one whose limited faculties and despicable judgment enable him only to perceive the laughable misapplication of her religious language and the dangerous folly of her mistaken zeal, and who is not capable of either perceiving, or appreciating if he did perceive, the inward beauty of character, the holiness of mind, the fervor of devotion, which separate her heart so entirely from the earth, and enable her, with a high and enduring heroism, to despise its good and welcome its evil. The worldly man and the weak man may cry out against Scott for representing the Covenanters as characters which appear fools—to the one because he cannot appreciate, to the other because he cannot fathom, the motives by which they are actuated. Let them know that Scott has represented the Covenanters as they were, and that what appears folly to the worldly wisdom of the one and the short-sighted intellect of the other, was felt by the author, and is felt by the readers who can understand him, to be fervid heroism and venerable piety.

The last argument against works of fiction which we remember is the weightiest, and because it is so, we put it in the forefront of the battle, for we wish to employ no artful concealments, no tricks of logic, no dexterities of disputation in our search after truth. It is said that the perusal of works of fiction induces a morbid state of mind, a desire for excitement, and a languor if it be withheld, which is highly detrimental both to its intellectual powers and its

morality. Now intoxication is detrimental to the health, but a moderate use of wine is beneficial to it; and voracity in works of fiction is detrimental to the mind, but moderation, we hope to prove, is beneficial to it, and much better than total confinement to the thick water-gruel of sapient, logical and interminable folios.

We will endeavor, therefore, to trace the effect of the works of Scott upon the mind, and we affirm, first, that they humanize it; secondly, that they cultivate and polish it; and thirdly, and consequently, improve its moral feelings.

First, they humanize it. The descriptions of scene and character in Scott are so vivid that they have the same effect upon us as if we actually passed through them. We hold intercourse with an infinite variety of characters, and that under peculiarly favorable circumstances, for their thoughts and the motives of their actions are laid open to us by the author; we perceive where they mistake and where they do wrong, we behold the workings of their feelings and the operation of their reason, and we see that according to the justice and wisdom of the means pursued is the success obtained. For Scott is beautifully just in his awards of misfortune and success, and throughout all his works there is no instance of any evil happening to any character which has not been incurred by his own fault or folly. Again, all our good feelings are brought into play; no one ever envies the hero of a romance; selfishness is put entirely out of the question; we feel as if we were the air, or the wind, or the light, or the heaven, or some omnipresent, invisible thing that had no interests of its own. We become, for the time, spirits altogether benevolent, altogether just, hating vice, loving virtue, weeping over the crime, exulting in the just conduct, lamenting the misfortune, rejoicing in the welfare of others. Is this no advance in morality? Have we not for the time overcome, or, rather, driven away our great enemy, Self? Have we not become more like the angels? Are not our emotions sweeter, our hopes purer, our tears holier, when they are felt for others, nourished for others,

wept for others? Every one must acknowledge that a continuance of such utterly unselfish feelings of love and universal benevolence must be beneficial, must be humanizing, to the mind by which they are experienced.

Secondly, they cultivate and polish the mind. Not only are we made to know the world, as it is called, by passing through an infinite variety of scenes and circumstances, but we are endowed, in acquiring this knowledge, with a transcendent and infinitely superior intellect—that of the author. For he who carries us through the scenes, gives us his remarks upon them as he goes on, yet in such a way that we fancy they are originally, what they eventually become, our own thoughts upon the subject. We thus look at things with an eye whose glance is far more lynx-like, whose speculation far more fierily brilliant than our own; our opinions are sculptured into more accurate forms, our judgment is guided, our reason directed, our intellect made more keen. We are thus rendered fit to hold intercourse with the characters of the tale, and this, we should remember, is both an honor and an advantage, for those persons, when represented in a favorable light, are endowed with all the superior mind of him whose imaginings they are. Luminous in their thoughts, quick in their wits, delightful in their conversation, brave in their hearts, moral in their feelings, their society is an advantage which would be sought with the utmost avidity in the world of reality, and must be productive of the greatest benefit in that of fiction. We do not insist upon the benefit to be derived, in the shape of knowledge of the world, from our intercourse in such works with all sorts of men, for we are not speaking of the acquisition of worldly wisdom, but of the improvement of the mind, which, thirdly, we affirmed to be the result of the perusal of Scott's works. We have proved it to be humanized, we have proved it to be cultivated, polished, and refined; it is therefore improved. Its moral principles and benevolent feelings have been as much encouraged as its selfishness has been neutralized. This effect has been accompanied with a sharpening of intellect and an accession

of ideas, and this has been accomplished, not by severe study, or intense thought, but by the repose of a wearied brain and the relaxation of a leisure hour.

We have not spoken of Scott's poetical fiction, because we are about to review the dangers and benefits of this species of composition as united in the works of a poet of more meteorical talent and more evil fame. Let us, however, before leaving the works of Scott, remark that their tendency is always moral; guilt is always punished and virtue always rewarded, and, vice versa, virtue never suffers and guilt never prospers. His characters are perfect examples. Those of women are, in particular, beautifully drawn; indeed, they are, with few exceptions, so prudent and exemplary as to be detrimental to his novels in two ways: they render them, first, less interesting, and, secondly, less natural. They render them less interesting, because we have not the slightest fear for such sage, amiable creatures—such faultless paragons; we see they never have got into a scrape, and we are sure they never will. Whether, by making his heroines so prudent, he has rendered his tales less natural, we leave to the judgment of those who have more knowledge of the sex than our bachelor experience can boast of, but we are certain that the influence of such beautiful examples must be highly beneficial to those who attempt to imitate them.

We will next endeavor to trace the effect upon the mind of the works of another author who is at the head of the modern metaphysical and sentimental school of fiction. But we shudder at our own temerity, for we feel that by the enunciation of the last adjective we have raised up in opposition to us another and a more awful regiment of enemies—the anti-sentimentalists. We shall have fashionable tailors, *à la mode* snips, snapping their shears and kicking their cross legs in our faces; we shall have 'prentice barbers stropping their saponaceous intellects to come to the brush with us. Every small wit that ever fancied himself sage, every goose that ever cackled with an air, every blind owl that has ever attempted to look wise, has thought fit to

signalize his sagacity by turning up his snub nose at sentiment. A kind of running giggle echoes in our ears whenever we pronounce the word—goosified and idiotical enough, but yet meant to testify the wisdom of the gigglers. We have seen grave sneers, too, always of course from persons who had not soul enough in their mutton and beef bodies to make a penny-weight of sentiment. We remember a moral essayist, who, after a few very interesting truisms, began the subject-matter of his discourse with, "I am no sentimentalist." We could have told him so from the first stupidities of his pen. We knew he had not one gleam of idea bright enough to enable him even to understand—much less to be—a sentimentalist. He and his brother abusers of sentiment put us in mind of the toad who, having been immured in a block of sandstone for 3000 years, was found on its liberation engaged in writing its autobiography, in which it had very satisfactorily proved the absurdity of supposing that light and color were either useful or beautiful.

Yet we are not speaking in defence of the boarding-school misses' rural, romantic, "La, Ma!" and "Gracious Pa!" sort of sentiment, nor of that of the poetical haberdashers, who having been captivated by the slender fingers and radiant smile of some nymph of the counter engaged in measuring out a yard of tape, go down to Margate or Ramsgate to eat shrimps, read *Romeo and Juliet*, do the despairing lover, and get the colic; nor of that of elegant lawyer's clerks, who, having obtained a fortnight's leave of absence, are brought down (nearly bringing themselves up on the way) per steamer to Edinburgh, and then, the *Lady of the Lake* in their pocket and a brand new silk umbrella in their hand, perambulate, with open mouth and upturned eyes, the "hawful shoeblimities" of the Scotch Highlands.

Nor are we defending the sentiment of poetasters who bore Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter with interminable sonnetteering, and never see the moon without putting "thou" before it, thus compounding the pretty piece of sentiment "Thou Moon."

Nor, finally, are we defending the Charlotte and Werther, bread-and-butter sort of sentiment. But we are speaking of what we may call, translating the Latin derivative into English, real, refined feeling, such as that which is so conspicuous in the works of the author we are about to bring forward—Mr. Bulwer.

The sentiment of this author is as philosophical as that of Adam Smith, but the latter writer gives us only the mechanics of feeling. In the works of Bulwer we have their life and poetry; the one gives us the automaton of feeling, the other its soul. His writings are full of an entangled richness of moving mind, glittering with innumerable drops of rosy and balmy and quivering dew, instinct with a soft, low, thrilling whisper of thought, like that which the young fairies hear from the green grass and kind flowers as they grow, and change, and sigh, beneath the hushed light of the star-inwoven noon of night, and we listen to the low voice of his musing until it melts away into our spirit, as if its sweet harp-like music rose up out of our own mind, as if its mysterious flowing were from the deep fountains of our own heart. Bulwer's descriptions are always beautiful; he not only sees, himself, but he teaches us to see like him. The language in which he describes is burning, because every word has its own half hinted, deep laid, beautiful thought, which he leaves us, as he floats on amidst the calm but beaming aether of his own imagination, to follow, and follow afar, until we are lost in a wilderness of sweet dreaming. He gives Nature a spirit that she had not before. The earth, and the air, and the leaves, and the waves, and the clouds, are all endowed by him with voices; he makes us feel them with our eyes like visible emotions; he makes them each touch a chord in our heart with their gentle fingers, and then lifts up the weak melody, and follows its tremulous vibration till he arouses deeper tones and melancholy memories, and visions half sad but most beautiful. He has not one-fifth of the invention of Scott, but he has, in one respect, more imagination, yet a kind of imagination which it is difficult to

explain. He endows inanimate things with more life, more spirit, and he revels in the deep waters of the human heart, where all is seen misty and dim, but most beautiful, by the pale motion of the half lost light of the outward sun through the softly sobbing waves of our thoughts. The perusal of his works, or of works like them, must always refine the mind to a great degree, and improve us in the science of metaphysics. The general movements of the mind may be explained in theories and investigated by philosophers, but there are deep-rooted, closely entangled fibers, which no eye can trace, no thought can find, yet they may be felt if touched by a skilful hand.

Whether the increase of our delicacy of feeling improves the mind in a moral point of view, is a difficult question, but we are inclined to think that it does. The more we can feel, the more beauty we shall perceive in this universal frame. No man knows how lovely Nature is who has not entwined her with his heart, and caused parts of her glory to be capable of awakening peculiar, associated lines of thought in his own mind, and the feeling of her beauty is a decidedly moral feeling, and very beneficial to the mind. It might be thought that what we have been saying of Bulwer's works might have been said of all poetry, but this is not the case; it could only have been said of poetical prose, and we will let him tell the reason in his own words. "Verse cannot contain the refining and subtle thoughts which a great prose writer embodies; the rhyme eternally cripples it; it properly deals with the common problems of human nature which are now hackneyed, and not with the nice and philosophical corollaries which may be drawn from them: thus, though it would seem at first a paradox, commonplace is more the element of poetry than of prose" (*Pilgrims of the Rhine*).

Yet although prose is thus more refined, poetry is the most inspiring, and our task would not be completed unless we endeavored also to trace the effect of poetical fiction on the mind. But our time is nearly exhausted, we are fatigued of the subject; we feel as if we had been uttering nothing

but truisms, convicting of absurdity objections which no one ever supposed to be reasonable, proving the truth of reasons whose truth was never doubted, and the beneficial influence of that whose beneficial influence was never disputed. We feel as if we had been beating the air—contending, but with no opponent—struggling, but with no impediment. But when we pronounce the name of “The Bride of Abydos,” we feel that the case is altered. The dust and ashes of criticism become living before our eyes, and a murmur of indignation arises from the multitudes of crawling things. But the name hath touched us with its finger, and our brain is burning, our heart is quivering, our soul is full of light. Oh, the voice, the glory, the life, that breathes through the bursts of melody which fall upon our ear! Oh, what a heaven of agonized spirit was that, whose night was so meteored with the rush of its inspiration, glorious with the melancholy light of its cold stars and its pale planets; soft with the gentleness of its dew, terrible in the boundless eternity of its darkness! We have known minds, and great ones too, which were filled with such a horror of Byron’s occasional immorality, as to be unable to separate his wheat from his chaff—unable to bask themselves in the light of his glory, without fearing to be scorched by his sin. These we have pitied, and they deserve pity, for they are debarred from one of the noblest feasts that ever fed the human intellect. We do not hesitate to affirm that, with the sole exception of Shakespeare, Byron was the greatest poet that ever lived, because he was perhaps the most miserable man. His mind was from its very mightiness capable of experiencing greater agony than lower intellects, and his poetry was wrung out of his spirit by that agony. We have said that he was the greatest poet that ever lived, because his talent was the most universal. Excelled by Milton and Homer only in the vastness of their epic imaginations, he was excelled in nothing else by any man. He was overwhelming in his satire, irresistible in the brilliancy of the coruscations of his wit, unequalled in depth of pathos, or in the melancholy of moralizing contemplation. We may

challenge every satirist and every comic poet that ever lived to produce specimens of wit or of comic power at all equal to some that might be selected from "Don Juan." We might challenge every lyric poet that ever existed to produce such a piece of lyric poetry as the

" long, low island song
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong,"

which soothes the dying hour of Haidée. Take (and we name them at random) the death of Haidée, the dirge at the end of "The Bride of Abydos" and "The Dream," and match their deep, their agonizing pathos, if it be possible, from the works of any other poet. Take his female characters from his tragedies—and Shakespeare will not more than match them—take his moralizing stanzas from "Childe Harold." What other moralist ever felt so deeply? In every branch of poetry he is supereminent; there is no heart whose peculiar tone of feeling he does not touch. We have not words mighty enough to express our astonishment—our admiration. Tell us not that such writing is immoral; we know, for we have felt, what a light of illimitable loveliness, what a sickness of hushed awe, what a fire of resistless inspiration, what a glory of expansive mind fills the heart and soul, as we listen to the swell of such numbers; there is a river of rushing music that sweeps through our thoughts, resistless as a whirlwind, yet whose waves sing, as they pass onward, so softly, so lowly, so holily, half-maddening with their beauty of sweet sound, until we are clasped in the arms of the poetry as if borne away on the wings of an archangel, and our rapture is illimitable, and we are elevated and purified and ennobled by the mightiness of the influence that overshadows us. There is not, there cannot be, a human being "of soul so dead" as not to feel that he is a better man, that his ideas are higher, his heart purer, his feelings nobler, his spirit less bound by his body, after feeding on such poetry. But our enthusiasm has drawn us into a false inference. There *are* animals who neither have felt this inspi-

ration themselves nor believe that others can feel it. They talk about Byron's immorality as if he were altogether immoral, and they actually appear to imagine that *they! they!* yes, *they! ! !* will be able to wipe away his memory from the earth. Our risibility has been excited by the Laird of Balmawhapple's humorous assertion of his dignity by discharging his horse-pistol against the crags of Stirling Castle; but this is but typical of the audacity of these pismires, these dogs that bay the moon, these foul snails that crawl on in their despicable malice, leaving their spume and filth on the fairest flowers of literature, but are inferior to the slug in this respect, that their slime can neither shine nor injure. It has been said that there is never anger where there is no fear; but who does not feel indignation mingled with his scorn of these Grub Street reptiles, even although the dust of a single year will overwhelm them forever, and the impotence of their life be equaled by the oblivion of their death!

LETTER I.

Rome, December 31 (1840).

MY DEAR SIR *:—I have delayed writing from day to day, first that I might have something to tell you of my health, and, secondly, that I might not speak of this place under early and false impressions. For, myself, I am certainly better, though much checked in all my pursuits from a little inconvenient roughness about the chest, which renders it improper for me to read or draw to any extent, or to do anything that requires stooping, and equally so to take violent or prolonged exercise, or to go out at night, or to saunter in cold galleries, or to talk too much, or walk much, or do anything "much," so that I am subject to perpetual mortification in taking care of an absolute nothing, as far as it goes at present. Still I am better here than I should be at home, and there is a great deal of information and pleasure to be picked up bit by bit, if one is on the watch for it. We sauntered leisurely enough through France, taking six weeks from Calais to Nice, and passing over most of the characteristic portions of French landscape, the chalk downs and fertile pasture valleys of Normandy, the poplar plains and turreted banks of the Loire, as far as Tours, then the volcanic cliffs and black lavas of Auvergne, the vineyards and fortresses of the Rhone, the limestone peaks of Vaucluse, and finally the loveliest fragment of all France, where the Basses Alpes throw out their promontories, clothed from base to summit with an unbroken thicket of blossoming myrtle, arbutus, and orange, into the blue of the Mediterranean. In general, through France, as the landscape rises the architecture declines. The noblest thing I have yet seen in the way

* Rev. Thomas Dale. See note, page 1.

of Gothic, is seen rising twelve miles off, over a desolate and ill-cultivated plain (Chartres Cathedral), while among the noble southern scenery there is excessively little to interest in the way of ecclesiastical architecture, and little appearance of religion among the people. The ignorance of the lower classes seems about equal everywhere; but in the north it is active, energetic, feeling and enthusiastic, in the south dull, degraded and slothful. La Vierge Noire, the presiding deity of Chartres Cathedral, is a little black lady about three feet high. The devotion of the whole city to her is quite inexpressible; they are perpetually changing her petticoats, making her presents of pink pincushions, silk reticules, and tallow "dips" by the hundred-weight, with occasional silver or plated hearts in cases of especial ingratiation. The group of her worshipers never leaves the cathedral solitary for an instant; she has a priest devoted constantly to her service, who never leaves her altar, and the aisles above her are black with the constant ascent of incense. But in the south they are content with a Mass or two in the course of the day, half said and unheard. The worshipers stagger dreamily into the church, generally lame or weak with some chronic disease, mutter their prayers in the mere fulfillment of peremptory habit, kneel, seemingly without a desire, and rise, seemingly without a hope. At Orleans and Avignon we found small congregations of French Protestants struggling to maintain themselves as congregations against every imaginable disadvantage. If two or three can get together and produce sufficient money to hire a room or build a low chapel, I believe they receive a pittance from the French Government, enough just to maintain a single minister. This poor fellow, who must be both zealous and devoted ever to enter on such a duty, preaches, lectures, prays, and sings, is clerk, reader and preacher, Sunday after Sunday, to a congregation of perhaps six adults and as many children. A Romanist sometimes saunters in out of curiosity; he has to do penance for it next time he confesses, and avoids the door in future, while the Protestant is so utterly powerless in the way of funds that

he cannot contend with the Romanist priests with the only argument they are reluctant to use. Now and then, nevertheless, he is joined by a stray sheep or two, and were he well supported, able to enter into charities of any, even the slightest extent, or to maintain a tolerably respectable appearance in the eyes of the lower classes, he might with real zeal and good head knowledge, which he almost always possesses, do much against the ignorance and laziness of the people and the priests; but with just enough for himself to pay for a clean shirt and decent coat on Sundays, and a congregation whose utmost exertion can hardly, in money matters, white-wash their chapel and clean its windows, what can he possibly do against the sweeping invective and well-supported power of the established Church? It seems to me that we should be doing far more to advance the cause of truth, by giving a little support to these struggling churches, than by using all our power among howling savages, and that one of these groups, crushed and scattered by the Romanist Church, is more to be lamented than the continued heathenism of a thousand Red Indians. For he who trusts to the prayers of a black doll for his salvation, seems to me equally in danger whether it be called Vushnu or la Vierge; but it is surely easier to lead the worshiped from the Mother to the Son, in whom he already believes, than to raise the conception of the savage from his rock to an infinite God.

From Nice we went to Genoa and Pisa. The coast of the Mediterranean from Nice to La Spezzia (near which Shelley was drowned), a run of some 180 miles, is the most glorious combination of scenery I ever passed through. Exposed only to the south wind—which is warm to the hand like the air from a heated pipe—the palms and aloes wave over the sea-beach, and rise in blossoming plumes up the promontories of black marble—crested with white convents and frescoed churches—which the Maritime Alps fling forward into the sea; the valleys are each one grove of orange, the hill sides shaded with masses of olive and a wild brushwood of myrtle and arbutus, and up every chasm in the hills

the eye retires on the inaccessible peaks of the higher Alps and Apennines. We passed some of this scenery in a storm of south wind. Imagine a heavy and wild gale of warm wind, the sea rising in masses twelve and fifteen feet before they broke, and flinging its foam through the stems of the palm-trees or fifty feet up on the rocks. It tore down three bridges on the road, and some parts of the road itself, and we had great difficulty in getting past. We stayed a fortnight at Florence, which, as a city, disappointed me dreadfully, especially in its churches. Its works of art can disappoint no one, and its population are engaged in active and effective industry, not perhaps in the most profitable industry either to themselves or any one else, being chiefly in cutting precious stones for the Florentine mosaic, about the most costly unison of valuable material with immense human labor that the world produces. We saw a table some three feet across—circular—which had occupied some four men six years. Still it is industry, and the place looks prosperous, and is so, I believe, and anything is better than the *far niente* of Rome. We arrived here a month ago, passing, all the way from Siena, through some of the ugliest country I ever saw or smelt in my life, being a compound of volcanic mud, sulphur, and bilgewater.

St. Peter's I expected to be *disappointed* in. I was *disgusted*. The Italians think Gothic architecture barbarous. I think Greek heathenish. Greek, by-the-bye, it is not, but has all its weight and clumsiness, without its dignity or simplicity. As a whole, St. Peter's is fit for nothing but a ball-room, and it is a little too gaudy even for that (inside I mean, of course). But the overwhelming vastness of every detail, and the magnificent solidity and splendor of material are such that, in walking through it, you think of St. Paul's as of a pasteboard model—a child's toy—that the wind may blow away like a pack of cards and nobody the wiser. And the exquisite feeling and glorious art brought out in every *part* and *detail* are so impressive that, were St. Peter's dashed into fifty fragments, I would give our St. Paul's—

and Ludgate Hill into the bargain—for any one of them. As a whole, I repeat, it is meager outside and offensive within. In the city, if you take a carriage and drive to express points of lionization, I believe that most people of good taste would expect little and find less. The Capitol is a melancholy rubbishy square of average Palladian—modern; the Forum, a good group of smashed columns, just what, if it were got up, as it very easily might be, at Virginia Water, we should call a piece of humbug—the kind of thing that one is sick to death of in “compositions”; the Coliseum I have always considered a public nuisance, like Jim Crow; and the rest of the ruins are mere mountains of shattered, shapeless brick, covering miles of ground with a Babylon-like weight of red tiles. But if, instead of driving, with excited expectation, to particular points, you saunter leisurely up one street and down another, yielding to every impulse, peeping into every corner, and keeping your observation active, the impression is exceedingly changed. There is not a fragment, a stone or a chimney, ancient or modern, that is not in itself a study, not an inch of ground that can be passed over without its claim of admiration and offer of instruction, and you return home in hopeless conviction that were you to substitute years for the days of your appointed stay, they would not be enough for the estimation or examination of Rome.

Yet the impression of this perpetual beauty is more painful than pleasing, for there is a strange horror lying over the whole city, which I can neither describe nor account for; it is a shadow of death, possessing and penetrating all things. The sunlight is lurid and ghastly, though so intense that neither the eye nor the body can bear it long; the shadows are cold and sepulchral; you feel like an artist in a fever, haunted by every dream of beauty that his imagination ever dwelt upon, but all mixed with the fever fear. I am certain this is not imagination, for I am not given to such nonsense; and, even in illness, never remember feeling anything approaching to the horror with which some objects here can affect me. It is all like a vast churchyard, with a diseased

and dying population living in the shade of its tombstones, and in fact all the soil round is black, heavy, and moist; the dew lies on it like a sweat. Wherever there is a tuft of grass to shade it, if you take it up in your hand it will not dry, it seems one mass of accumulated human corruption. The population seem degraded, diseased, unprincipled, and *good*-natured in the extreme. Their utmost aim is to obtain the capability of idleness, their highest pleasure to lie basking in the sun, coiled in their filth, like lizards. They will cheat you, lie to you, rob you, to any extent, without a thought of its being "incorrect"; but they will get wildly fond of you if you treat them well, and their affection will prevent what their conscience cannot. Their address is agreeable in the highest degree, they have all *l'air noble* (unless broken * which one-half of them are) and a perfect specimen of them, especially if the very magnificent in the way of human nature. Their intellectual powers are highest quality, but *nothing* will induce their exertion. In order, if possible my kindly feeling towards Rome, I took a slight fever a week ago, some say from sketching in a damp place, others from a course of Italian dinners; but the fever came and went, and I have been out again and am all right, only obliged to be excessively cautious,—in fact I can hardly venture anywhere, or do anything, though I am so used to perpetual checks in all I wish to do that I feel it less than others would.

It is not without considerable bitterness that I can look back on the three years I spent at the University—three years of such vigorous life as I may never know again, sacrificed to a childish vanity, and not only lost themselves, but breaking down my powers of enjoyment or exertion, for I know not how long. If I ever wished to see the towers of Oxford again, the wish is found only in conjunction with another—Rosalind's—that I had "a thunderbolt in mine eye." Is it not odd that *I*, whose University life was ab-

* This and succeeding breaks are due to mutilation in the letter.

surdly, ridiculously exemplary, and who can safely say that I never, during those three years, did or said what I would not have done or said with the head of my college beside me, should have this benevolent feeling to my Alma Mater? Had I devoted a few of the evening hours which were spent over Plato to breaking windows in quad or lamps in the High Street; had I driven tandem to Woodstock now and then, instead of attending lecture, and devoted a little of the money which used to go for soup tickets and the missionary fund to paying for the consequent impositions, I might now have been a respectable B.A., with clear eyesight, free chest and strong limbs, and liberty and power to go and do where and what I chose. However, it is perhaps better to lay the blame on my folly than on my innocence. I should like, nevertheless, to see the class system abolished at Oxford. For those who obtain honors are usually such as would have been high in scholarship without any such inducement, who are, in fact, above their trial and take their position as a matter of course and a thing of no consequence. To these the honor is a matter of little gratification and of less utility. But the flock of lower standard men of my stamp, and men below me, who look to the honor at the end, and strain their faculties to the utmost to obtain it, not only have to sustain hours of ponderous anxiety and burning disappointment, such as I have seen in some, enough to eat their life away, but sustain a bodily and intellectual injury, which nothing can ever do away with or compensate for. In this number one may reckon many of the second class men, who, had they not been tempted to their own destruction, might have risen afterwards to a high standard of intellectual power; but, just in the hottest moment of boyish ambition, the University honor is set before them; and how shall the University answer for the destruction of intellect, and even life, consequent on the sudden struggle? I know several advantages of the class system, but I do not think *one* which could for a moment be set against the desolation of a single year. All this comes badly from me, because I have been apparently

disappointed in the honors I am abusing; but were they all that I have lost, I believe the utmost chagrin the loss could cause, would not have power here to darken the shadow of a single cypress.

I should have put a date of January 1 in the middle of the last page. All join with me in kindest and sincerest wishes for your health and happiness, and that of all your family. I have particularly to thank you for the loan of the "Pilgrim's Staff," which we found the most valuable traveling companion of any inmate of the green bag. My mother is especially pleased with it, and it is almost the only book of a devotional character I ever could enjoy. I cannot endure books full of sentences beginning "How" and terminating in a note of admiration.

If you *could* find time to send us a line, informing us of your health and that of Mrs. Dale and your family, you cannot doubt our gratitude. It will be best to send it to Billiter Street, whence it will be forwarded, as I don't know where we are going and not going. I know when I get to Naples I shall have a strong fancy for Athens, but it will be of no use. Best love to Tom and James and Lawford, and all wishes of the season. They make a great fuss about it in St. Peter's—dressing and undressing the Pope all day—and I heard a noble farewell service in one of the parish churches yesterday, and an hour and a half of magnificent organ and chorus—three organs answering each other and the whole congregation joining—as Italians can do always—in perfect melody in parts; the church, a favorable specimen, one blaze of oriental alabaster and gold; the altar with pillars of lapis lazuli running up fifty feet, more than a foot in diameter, at a guinea an inch in mere material, with groups of white marble flying around and above them, and the roof rising in an apparent infinite height of glorious fresco; and every possible power of music used to its fullest extent—the best pieces of melody chosen out of standard *operas*, and every variety of style, exciting, tender, or sublime—given with ceaseless and overwhelming effect, one solo unimaginably

perfect, by a chosen voice thrilling through darkness. All music *should* be heard in obscurity.

I have said nothing of the *art* of Italy, but have bored you quite enough for one while. I will venture to intrude on you again from Naples.—I remain, my dear sir, ever most respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER II.

Lausanne, June 9 (1841).

MY DEAR SIR:—Partly in fear of occupying your time, and partly because there has been little change in my own health, which I could flatter myself would give you any pleasure, I have allowed a long interval to pass since I wrote, during which I have indeed seen much of the external world, but have been altogether prevented by necessary precautions from going into society, or obtaining any knowledge respecting the present state of Italy at all likely to interest you. We spent the early part of the year at Naples, escaping, I hear, a most severe English winter, and coming in for one in Italy which, if less biting and violent in actual cold, confined us almost altogether to the house for day after day of crashing rain. The Neapolitan gutters grew dangerously ferocious, nearly carrying away their bridges, and the explosions of steam from Vesuvius were constant and glorious. In calm weather the smoke is amber-colored, and except at sunrise or sunset, slightly dull and manufactory-like, but during rain it is as white as snow, elastic, voluminous, and dazzling. We had one or two fine days in the beginning of March for Pompeii and Paestum. The first is of course the most *interesting* thing in Italy, and particularly pleased me, because I expected a street and found a city large enough to lose one's way in. It has been more knocked about than people are generally led to suppose: the houses much injured by earthquake before they were buried, the roofs almost always carried in, and walls shaken and cracked by the weight of the ashes. Modern earthquakes, shiftings of the soil, vineroots, from above splitting and displacing the brickwork, and last and worst of all, the carelessness of the excavators, have re-

duced the city to a complete ruin; but it is a ruin with all its parts fresh and undecayed, and even at the worst, not far differing in aspect from most of the inferior towns of modern Italy, except in the want of their filth and their beggar inhabitants. It is better to talk about Paestum than to see it; a cork model on a good wide mahogany table is about as impressive. I ventured up Vesuvius, for all mountain rides do me good, and found the lava of 1839 still *red* hot to the eye in the daytime, in its hollows, setting wood on fire, and contributing greatly to the intellectual enjoyment of the English by its capabilities in "roasting of eggs." The crater is at present a beautifully formed and perfectly regular funnel, about 300 feet deep, with a circular hole at the bottom about twenty or thirty feet over (a rude guess, for I could not get down to it), as neatly formed as a well, out of which the sulphurous smoke springs in discharges at intervals of about a minute, with a low murmuring, rising when the air is still to a height of about 1500 to 2000 feet above the crater in a bright white column. The whole mass of the crater, a circle of ashes two miles round, is warm to the hand, in places painfully so, and pierced with small holes like rat-holes, each sending up its small puffs of smoke. The enormous mass of sulphurous vapor constantly forced down on Naples has a marked affect on the climate, turning healthy people into hypochondriacs, and vice versa. It half killed my father, and did not do me much good, for on the way back to Rome I had the most serious attack of the chest affection I have had at all, blood coming three days running, and once afterwards, and I have been threatened with it at intervals ever since, but still, I think, with some improvement of general health.

I was just able to see the Roman festivities, now got up in assistance of the attractions of the rabbit-eating boas in the Surrey zoologicals, and humorously described in the *Times* as occurring on a Festival, of which I fear infallibility itself would confess ignorance, "St. Peter's day at Easter." At Easter they certainly do take place, and on St. Peter's day in June or July, and very pretty things they are

in their way. The "Girandola" has got its reputation, and is performing somewhat shabbily under the protection of past years, people still giving it the preference over far finer explosions bestowed constantly on the populace of Paris, but the whole effect of the twenty minutes' burst of changing fire, taking place, as it does, among architectural outlines of the noblest scale and character, and assisted by the roar of the artillery of the fortress, is still unequalled, and I never expect to see any piece of mere spectacle produced by human art fit to be named in the same day with the illumination of St. Peter's.

We left Rome immediately after Easter, and with a little lingering about Venice and Milan to let the snow melt on the Cenis, are now on our road home as fast as I can travel, so that we hope to be in England in about a fortnight.

Since my last attack of blood I have not studied at all. Doctors and my own feelings agree in one point—that hard mental labor of any kind hurts me instantly. I ascribe this to the simple physical fact that during laborious thought the breath is involuntarily held, and the chest contracted for minutes together. Whatever causes it, I am obliged, for the present, to give up thought of University or anything else; but I hope when I get home, to be able to get into steady but easy occupation and constant exercise, which may restore my health without entirely wasting the coming years. It is true that neither air nor exercise have as yet done much good, but the climate of Italy never did agree with me, and I have been subject to many causes of slight but constant vexation from the privations and incapacities of ill-health hitherto quite unknown to me, which have in no small degree contributed to the increase of their cause. I have little doubt that perfectly regular habits of life, the direct contrary of those necessarily induced by traveling, with fresh air and easy occupation, will soon restore me. I have great resources in my drawing—which, on an easel, requires neither stooping nor labor of mind—and a little geology and chemistry may be got on with without danger, just enough of Greek

to give some steadiness to the day and keep me ready for taking my degree when I choose. My sight caused me at first more anxiety than anything else, but as that is not, on the whole, worse, though much tried by glaring sun and a good deal of sketching, I do not trouble myself more about it.

I was very glad to see how instantly Newman submitted to his Bishop in the affair of the Tracts; however wrong he may be, it is well that he is thus far consistent. I am surprised there has been no more discussion about it, though, by-the-bye, I can hardly judge by the silence of the newspapers, as I hear from Oxford that they are running short of printer's ink, "everybody misunderstanding everybody, and everybody else endeavoring to set them right."

I am sorry they are going so far, for almost every one at Oxford whom I have had any cause to respect or regard, has been more or less inclined to favor their views. Men of high taste and intellect seem particularly likely to be led away on their side, while among their opponents I have found numbers of the most limited in knowledge and degraded in feeling, who keep right only because they do not think enough to get wrong, and are too conceited and obstinate to let anyone else think for them. Of course, I am speaking only of the ordinary disputants of society, among whom it is somewhat vexatious to find those who force their religion down your throat on all occasions, at all times, with the most confined views, the most uncharitable opinions, the worst possible taste, and the most confirmed, pig-headed self-conceit, generally in the main right in what they hold, and the gentle, the spiritual, the high-toned, in thought and feeling, unworthy of the surrender of your faith to them for an instant. One may go back, certainly, to the old text, "I have hid these things"; but it is an unsatisfactory thing for a person beginning a course of divinity to observe that an old woman who can just read has in general more certainty and correctness of faith, and is in far less danger of being led wrong, than the possessor of the most extended knowledge and cultivated mind, to see that intellect in religion is danger. that

knowledge is useless, and an hour of reflection well got over if it has introduced no doubt.

By all reports the French Protestant churches are on the increase. At Rome and Naples there are, of course, extensive English congregations during the winter, but quite independent of the inhabitants. They would be the better of a good clergyman in both places. At Naples they sit under one of the coldest dispensers of commonplace moralities that ever was puzzled to get over his half hour, and at Rome under one of the most intense coxcombs that ever wore dyed whiskers or improved the grammar of the Lord's Prayer. By-the-bye, we heard a new reading from the Naples incumbent: "And lead us! (*not* into temptation)"—a case of comprehensive punctuation worthy of Mattrevis. Both reverend gentlemen are, I believe, what people call "good creatures," and are certainly quite good enough for their fashionable congregations, but utterly incapable of doing any service among the native population—a population, at Naples, whose high intellect and kind disposition are susceptible of almost any degree of improvement, and are woefully in want of it. At Venice the British Ambassador has service in his own house, whenever there is a clergyman ready to undertake it, but I believe there is no incumbent; we were fortunate enough to hear two excellent flying sermons. There is a French Protestant service at Turin of the *Vaudois* Churches, still, I believe, much oppressed by the King of Sardinia; they are compelled not to work on all Romanist saints' days, can buy no land out of their own three mountain valleys, and are only suffered to remain there because under the protection of England and Prussia.

There is still the same striking difference between the Catholic and Romanist cantons of Switzerland, but on the whole, I think, the industry and neatness of the Protestants seem extending beyond their territories. The cleanliness and beauty of Swiss architecture and agriculture is thoroughly exhilarating after the indolence and desolation of Italy. I am sorry to say, however, that neither industry nor Protes-

tantism seem capable of making the Swiss an agreeable people. Knavish in their dealings and brutal in their manners, they often make us regret the loss of the ill-taught but kindly-feeling Italian; and were a stranger to the differences of religion to be introduced successively into one of the churches of Naples and a Protestant Swiss chapel, there can be little doubt which service he would think most acceptable to the Deity—the bowed reverence and brotherly courtesy of the one, or the insolent freedom and animal selfishness of the other. It is but fair to set against this that roads and post-masters seem, beyond all other things and creatures, to be susceptible of the corruptions of Papacy, for the Pope's dominions may be known through all Italy by the roughness of the one and the rascality of the other.

I sincerely hope to find you all in good health when I get to England, when, of course, I shall take the first opportunity of calling, and glad shall I be, after the coldness of foreign services, to find myself again in the pew of St. Bride's, not the same, by-the-bye. I have not been in the church since its reparation. I hope I may not be as much disappointed with it as I was with St. Peter's. It certainly was heavy before, and will be much the better of its lighter colors.

All join in kind regards and best wishes for you and your family. Remember me kindly to Tom and James and Lawford, respectfully to Mrs. Dale.—Ever, my dear sir, most respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER III.

Leamington, Wednesday, Sept. 22 (1841).

MY DEAR SIR:—I have just received your most kind letter, and sit down instantly to reply, with sincere thanks for your permission to write to you at length. Scripture, of course, must be the ultimate appeal, but what I have to say at present is, I think, founded on no solitary passages, but on the broadest and first doctrines of our religion.

I have often wondered, in listening to what are called “practical” discourses from the pulpit, to hear a preacher dividing the duty of *love* into the various minor virtues which affect the present state of men—into gentleness, meekness, sympathy, compassion, almsgiving, and such like—without ever insisting on the certain and most important truth, that as long as we are doubtful of the state of *one* human soul of those among whom we dwell, the duty of love claims that every effort of our existence should be directed to save that soul, and that in the present circumstances of humanity, under which we have every reason for supposing that the far greater part of those who die daily in our sight depart into eternal torment, any direction of our energies to any one end or object whatsoever except the saving of souls, is a merciless and execrable crime.

Nor can any distinction be made between laymen and churchmen with regard to the claims of this duty, but every one who believes in the name of Christ is called upon to become a full and perfect priest. Our daily bread once gained, every faculty of mind and body must be called into full action for this end only, nor can I think that anyone can rightly believe, or be himself in a state of salvation, without holding himself bound, foot, hand, and brain, by this over-

powering necessity. Nero's choice of time and opportunity for the pursuit of his musical studies has been much execrated, but is guiltless in comparison to the conduct of the man who occupies himself for a single hour with any earthly pursuit of whatever importance, believing, as he must, if he believe the Bible, that souls, which human exertion might save, are meanwhile dropping minute by minute into hell. This being fully granted the question comes—Are there different means by which such an end can be attained? or must we—all who believe—at once go forth like Paul, tent-making and preaching for bread and love—I mean, as far as such sacrifices are consistent with the organization of society? There must be soldiers, merchants, physicians, members of various necessary professions, but all these are the representatives in the life of the whole human species of the hours in the life of an individual which would be occupied in obtaining food and raiment. Concerning these there can be no question. The doubt is, under what responsibility those individuals who have leisure, lie for its employment, and how those who have it in their power to choose their employment are to be regulated in their choice.

They have two questions to ask: "What means are there by which the salvation of souls can be attained?" and "How are we to choose among them?" For instance, does the pursuit of any art or science, for the mere sake of the resultant beauty or knowledge, tend to forward this end? That such pursuits are beneficial and ennobling to our nature is self-evident, but have we leisure for them in our perilous circumstances? Is it a time to be spelling of letters, or touching of strings, counting stars or crystallizing dewdrops, while the earth is failing under our feet, and our fellows are departing every instant into eternal pain? Or, on the other hand, is not the character and kind of intellect which is likely to be drawn into these occupations, employed in the fullest measure and to the best advantage in them? Would not great part of it be useless and inactive if otherwise directed? Do not the results of its labor remain, exercising an

influence, if not directly spiritual, yet ennobling and purifying, on all humanity to all time? Was not the energy of Galileo, Newton, Davy, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Handel, employed more effectively to the glory of God in the results and lessons it has left, than if it had been occupied all their lifetime in direct priestly exertion, for which, in all probability, it was less adapted and in which it would have been comparatively less effectual?

Yet, if the labors of men like these, who spread the very foundations of human knowledge to twice their compass, may be considered as tending to the great end of salvation, can the same be said of those who follow their footsteps, with the average intellect of humanity? Are not the lives of the greater number of men employed in the arts and sciences, as regards their chief duty, wasted? And is it right for anyone deliberately to choose such a pursuit as the chief occupation of his life, and abandon the plain duties in which *all* can be of effective service on the very slender chance of becoming a Galileo or a Raphael?

Much more may be said in behalf of general literature, poetry and philosophy, but even here they are only the greatest who can be said to have done any real good, and it may again be doubted how far it is right for any man to devote himself to such pursuits on the chance of becoming a Wordsworth or a Bacon.

Is an individual, then, who has the power of choice, in any degree to yield to his predilections in so important a matter? I myself have little pleasure in the idea of entering the Church, and have been attached to the pursuits of art and science, not by a flying fancy, but as long as I can remember, with settled and steady desire. How far am I justified in following them up? Is it right for any person to enter the Church without any intention of taking active duties upon himself, but that he may be able to preach or minister with authority on any occasion when such ministries may be of immediate and important service?

In all these points I have the more difficulty in coming

to a conclusion because I suspect every opinion of being biased by inclinations. I therefore trouble you, not with a question of mere speculative interest, but with one your answer to which may have much influence in determining my present studies and future course of exertion. I feel, therefore, that under the circumstances, you will think no apology necessary for occupying your time.

I think I am gradually gaining in strength and health. I receive constant testimonies to Jephson's skill and knowledge, and the confidence of the language he holds has at least the good effect of setting my mind at ease. With respectful regards to Mrs. Dale and all your family, believe me ever, my dear sir, most respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

to a certain degree I suggest every member of being
 placed in isolation. I have found that the best
 question of more spiritual life, but it is not good
 yet in which they have much objection in the course of
 their studies and future course of action. I feel there-
 fore that under the circumstances you will find an apology
 necessary for occupying some time.

I think I am gradually coming to know you better
 I receive your own accounts in relation to the study
 and the condition of the Institute in both and in fact
 the work of which you are engaged in. With respect
 to the work and all your family, believe me, my
 regards are most respectfully yours.

J. HARRIS.

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LETTERS
TO THE CLERGY
ON
The Lord's Prayer and the Church.

LETTERS
TO THE CLERGY

The Lord's Prayer and the Church.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION	v
PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION	vii
MR. RUSKIN'S LETTERS—	
LETTER I.	3
“ II.	4
“ III.	5
“ IV.	6
“ V.	7
“ VI.	8
“ VII.	10
“ VIII.	13
“ IX.	16
“ X.	18
“ XI.	20
ESSAYS AND COMMENTS. BY THE EDITOR	25
EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM CLERGY AND LAITY	71
LETTERS FROM BRANTWOOD-ON-THE-LAKE TO THE VICARAGE OF BROUGHTON-IN-FURNESS	120
EPILOGUE BY MR. RUSKIN	151
APPENDIX	165

INTRODUCTION.

THE first reading of the Letters to the Clerical Society to which they were first addressed in September 1879, twenty-three clergy being present, was prefaced with the following remarks:—

A few words by way of introduction will be absolutely necessary before I proceed to read Mr. Ruskin's letters. They originated simply in a proposal of mine, which met with so ready and willing a response, that it almost seemed like a simultaneous thought. They are addressed nominally to myself, as representing the body of clergy whose secretary I have the honor to be; they are, in fact, therefore addressed to this Society primarily. But in the course of the next month or two they will also be read to two other Clerical Societies,—the Ormskirk and the Brighton (junior),—who have acceded to my proposals with much kindness, and in the first case have invited me of their own accord. I have undertaken, to the best of my ability, to arrange and set down the various expressions of opinion, which will be freely uttered. In so limited a time, many who may have much to say that would be really valuable will find no time to-day to deliver it. Of these brethren, I beg that they will do me the favor to express their views at their leisure, in writing. The original letters, the discussions, the letters which may be suggested, and a few comments of the Editor's, will be published in a volume which will appear, I trust, in the beginning of the next year.

I will now, if you please, undertake the somewhat dangerous responsibility of avowing my own impressions of the letters I am about to read to you. I own that I believe I see in

these papers the development of a principle of the deepest interest and importance,—namely, the application of the highest standard in the interpretation of the Gospel message to ourselves as clergymen, and *from* ourselves to our congregations. We have plenty elsewhere of doctrine and dogma, and undefinable shades of theological opinion. Let us turn at last to practical questions presented for our consideration by an eminent layman whose field of work lies quite as much in religion and ethics, as it does, reaching to so splendid an eminence, in Art. A man is wanted to show to both clergy and laity something of the full force and meaning of Gospel teaching. Many there are, and I am of this number, whose cry is "*Exoriate aliquis.*"

I ask you, if possible, to do in an hour what I have been for the last two months trying to do, to divest myself of old forms of thought, to cast off self-indulgent views of our duty as ministers of religion, to lift ourselves out of those grooves in which we are apt to run so smoothly and so complacently, persuading ourselves that all is well just as it is, and to endeavor to strike into a sterner, harder path, beset with difficulties, but still the path of duty. These papers will demand a close, a patient, and in some places, a few will think, an indulgent consideration; but as a whole, the standard taken is, as I firmly believe, speaking only for myself, lofty and Christian to the extent of an almost ideal perfection. If we do go forward straight in the direction which Mr. Ruskin points out, I know we shall come, sooner or later, to a chasm right across our path. Some of us, I hope, will undauntedly cross it. Let each judge for himself, τῷ τέλει πίστιν φέρω.

I will not say that I believe I have done this, but I believe I have done it as well as I can. I will not say that I believe I have done it as well as I can, but I believe I have done it as well as I can. I will not say that I believe I have done it as well as I can, but I believe I have done it as well as I can.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

HAVING been urged to bring out a new edition of the volume first edited by me in 1880, and having willingly accepted the invitation to do so, it will naturally be expected that I should give some account of the circumstances which have led me to take the somewhat unusual step of reviving a book which has for twelve years been lying in a state of suspended animation.

On the first conception of this volume I applied to Messrs. Strahan, to produce it before the reading and thinking world. I should have done more wisely, no doubt, had I offered the publication to Mr. George Allen, Mr. Ruskin's well-known publisher. It avails not to explain why I chose a different course, of which subsequent events only too soon showed me the error; for after the first edition had been sold off in a week, and while the second was partly sold and partly in preparation, Messrs. Strahan's failure was announced, greatly to my surprise; my somewhat isolated position in the north country so far from London keeping me very imperfectly informed as to what was passing in the literary world.

Reasonable, business-like people would ask, why did I not make an effort to rescue my little bark out of the general wreckage, and why did I not, remembering that Mr. Ruskin had with much kindness freely bestowed the copyright on me, save the second edition and arrange with another publisher to carry the work on? But I was failing at the time with the illness which was effectually cured only by a long sojourn amidst or very near to the ice and snow of the Alps. I was incapable of much exertion, and, in fact, did not much care. Besides which I am not a professed literary man, being chiefly interested in the work of my rural parish on the borders of

the Lake District, and should not think it fair, or even possible, if I may use an equestrian metaphor, to attempt to ride two horses at once.

So Mr. Ruskin's letters, etc., as edited by the present writer, came to be entirely laid by, though not forgotten by the hosts of Mr. Ruskin's friends, followers, and admirers, who regretted the suspension of so valuable a work and so rich in great thoughts, teachings, and suggestions.

So things remained until August 1895, when a new friend, Mr. Smart, gave me the pleasure of a visit, and we talked over the circumstances just narrated. Passing over several very pleasant meetings in London, let it be sufficient to mention that under the impulse of Mr. George Allen's encouragement, and cheered by the valuable assistance and co-operation of another friend, Mr. T. J. Wise, I agreed to carry forward this Third Edition with the full approbation and consent of Mr. Ruskin himself, though it should be said that on account of the state of his health, I have been unable to consult him on any of the details of the publication.

But it will not be exactly the same volume. Mr. Allen and Mr. Wise, having gone over much of my correspondence with Mr. Ruskin, were good enough to express a desire that some of those letters addressed to myself as a friend should be embodied in the present volume, as being strongly illustrative of his views on the subjects dealt with in his more formal Letters to the Clergy. I may claim pardon for a feeling of great satisfaction with the circumstance that in the course of so long and so delicate a correspondence as is contained in this volume, never has a cloud overshadowed our paths in this matter, never has a cold blast from the east sent a shiver through my system, nor, I presume, his. For had Mr. Ruskin felt any resentment at anything I wrote, with his usual downright frankness he would not have been backward for an hour in expressing in vehement language what he felt. But from first to last my intercourse with that kind and eminently distinguished friend has been kept bright and happy by his unvarying serenity.

The Letters from Clergy and Laity in this Third Edition occupy much less space than in the original one. It was Mr. Ruskin's wish that they should be subjected to some process of abridgment; besides which the allowing of space for the new feature of additional Ruskin Letters made a curtailment in another direction necessary. The plan which seemed to me the least discourteous to my numerous correspondents of that time has been to make a selection of passages from a certain number of the Letters.

F. A. MALLESON.

THE VICARAGE
BROUGHTON-IN-FURNESS,
January, 1896

NEW ASSOCIATE METHOD

MR. RUSKIN'S LETTERS.

MR. BENTLEY'S LETTER

MR. RUSKIN'S LETTERS.

I.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
20th June, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I could not at once answer your important letter: for, though I felt at once the impossibility of my venturing to address such an audience as you proposed, I am unwilling to fail in answering to any call relating to matters respecting which my feelings have been long in earnest, if in anywise it may be possible for me to be of service therein. My health—or want of it—now utterly forbids my engagement in any duty involving excitement or acute intellectual effort; but I think, before the first Tuesday in August, I might be able to write one or two letters to yourself, referring to, and more or less completing, some passages already printed in *Fors* and elsewhere, which might, on your reading any portions you thought available, become matter of discussion during the meeting at some leisure time, after its own main purposes had been answered.

At all events, I will think over what I should like, and be able, to represent to such a meeting, and only beg you not to think me insensible of the honor done me by your wish, and of the gravity of the trust reposed in me.

Ever most faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

THE REV. F. A. MALLESON.

II.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
23d June, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—Walking, and talking, are now alike impossible to me; * my strength is gone for both; nor do I believe talking on such matters to be of the least use except to promote, between sensible people, kindly feeling and knowledge of each other's personal characters. I have every trust in *your* kindness and truth; nor do I fear being myself misunderstood by you; what I may be able to put into written form, so as to admit of being laid before your friends in council, must be set down without any question of personal feeling—as simply as a mathematical question or demonstration.

The first exact question which it seems to me such an assembly may be earnestly called upon by laymen to solve, is surely axiomatic: the definition of themselves as a body, and of their business as such.

Namely: as clergymen of the Church of England, do they consider themselves to be so called merely as the attached servants of a particular state? Do they, in their quality of guides, hold a position similar to that of the guides of Chamouni or Grindelwald, who being a numbered body of examined and trustworthy persons belonging to those several villages, have nevertheless no Chamounist or Grindelwaldist opinions on the subject of Alpine geography or glacier walking: but are prepared to put into practice a common and universal science of Locality and Athletics, founded on sure survey and successful practice? Are the clergymen of the Ecclesia of England thus simply the attached and salaried guides of England and the English, in the way, known of all good men, that leadeth unto life?—or are they, on the contrary, a body of men holding, or in any legal manner required, or

* In answer to the proposal of discussing the subject during a mountain walk.

compelled to hold, opinions on the subject—say, of the height of the Celestial Mountains, the crevasses which go down quickest to the pit, and other cognate points of science,—differing from, or even contrary to, the tenets of the guides of the Church of France, the Church of Italy, and other Christian countries?

Is not this the first of all questions which a Clerical Council has to answer in open terms?

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

III.

BRANTWOOD, 6th July, 1879.

My first letter contained a Layman's plea for a clear answer to the question, "What is a clergyman of the Church of England?" Supposing the answer to this first to be, that the clergy of the Church of England are teachers, not of the Gospel to England, but of the Gospel to all nations; and not of the Gospel of Luther, nor of the Gospel of Augustine, but of the Gospel of Christ,—then the Layman's second question would be:

Can this Gospel of Christ be put into such plain words and short terms as that a plain man may understand it?—and, if so, would it not be, in a quite primal sense, desirable that it should be so, rather than left to be gathered out of Thirty-nine Articles, written by no means in clear English, and referring, for further explanation of exactly the most important point in the whole tenor of their teaching,* to a "Homily of Justification," † which is not generally in the possession, or even probably within the comprehension, of simple persons?

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* Art. xi.

† Homily xi. of the Second Table.

IV.

BRANTWOOD, 8th July, 1879.

I am so very glad that you approve of the letter plan, as it enables me to build up what I would fain try to say, of little stones, without lifting too much for my strength at once; and the sense of addressing a friend who understands me and sympathizes with me prevents my being brought to a stand by continual need for apology, or fear of giving offense.

But yet I do not quite see why you should feel my asking for a simple and comprehensible statement of the Christian Gospel as startling. Are you not bid to go into *all* the world and preach it to every creature? (I should myself think the clergyman most likely to do good who accepted the *πάση τῇ κτίσει* so literally as at least to sympathize with St. Francis' sermon to the birds, and to feel that feeding either sheep or fowls, or unmuzzling the ox, or keeping the wrens alive in the snow, would be received by their Heavenly Feeder as the *perfect* fulfillment of His "Feed My sheep" in the higher sense.)

That's all a parenthesis; for although I should think that your good company would all agree that kindness to animals was a kind of preaching to them, and that hunting and vivisection were a kind of blasphemy to them, I want only to put the sterner question before your council, *how* this Gospel is to be preached either "*πανταχοῦ*" or to "*πάντα τὰ ἔθνη*," if first its preachers have not determined quite clearly what it *is*? And might not such definition, acceptable to the entire body of the Church of Christ, be arrived at by merely explaining, in their completeness and life, the terms of the Lord's Prayer—the first words taught to children all over the Christian world?

I will try to explain what I mean of its several articles, in following letters; and in answer to the question with which you close your last, I can only say that you are at perfect

liberty to use any, or all, or any parts of them, as you think good. Usually, when I am asked if letters of mine may be printed, I say: "Assuredly, provided only that you print them entire." But in your hands, I withdraw even this condition, and trust gladly to your judgment, remaining always

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

THE REV. F. A. MALLESON.

V.

πάτερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς.

Pater noster qui es in cælis."

BRANTWOOD, 10th July, 1879.

My meaning, in saying that the Lord's Prayer might be made a foundation of Gospel-teaching, was not that it contained all that Christian ministers have to teach; but that it contains what all Christians are agreed upon as first to be taught; and that no good parish-working pastor in any district of the world but would be glad to take his part in making it clear and living to his congregation.

And the first clause of it, of course rightly explained, gives us the ground of what is surely a mighty part of the Gospel—its "first and great commandment," namely, that we have a Father whom we *can* love, and are required to love, and to desire to be with Him in Heaven, wherever that may be.

And to declare that we have such a loving Father, whose mercy is over *all* His works, and whose will and law is so lovely and lovable that it is sweeter than honey, and more precious than gold, to those who can "taste" and "see" that the Lord is Good—this, surely, is a most pleasant and glorious good message and *spell* to bring to men—as distinguished from the evil message and accursed spell that Satan has

brought to the nations of the world instead of it, that they have no Father, but only "a consuming fire" ready to devour them, unless they are delivered from its raging flame by some scheme of pardon for all, for which they are to be thankful, not to the Father, but to the Son.

Supposing this first article of the true Gospel agreed to, how would the blessing that closes the epistles of that Gospel become intelligible and living, instead of dark and dead: "The grace of Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost,"—the most *tender* word being that used of the Father!

VI.

ἀγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου.

Sanctificetur nomen tuum.

BRANTWOOD, 12th July, 1879.

I wonder how many, even of those who honestly and attentively join in our Church services, attach any distinct idea to the second clause of the Lord's Prayer—the *first petition* of it—the first thing that they are ordered by Christ to seek of their Father?

Am I unjust in thinking that most of them have little more notion on the matter than that God has forbidden "bad language," and wishes them to pray that everybody may be respectful to Him?

Is it any otherwise with the Third Commandment? Do not most look on it merely in the light of the statute on swearing? and read the words "will not hold him guiltless" merely as a passionless intimation that however carelessly a man may let out a round oath, there really *is* something wrong in it?

On the other hand, can anything be more tremendous than the words themselves—double-negated:

“ὅτι γὰρ μὴ καθάρισις . . . κύριος”?

For *other* sins there is washing;—for this—none! the seventh verse (Exod. xx.), in the Septuagint, marking the real power rather than the English, which (I suppose) is literal to the Hebrew.

To my layman's mind, of practical needs in the present state of the Church, nothing is so immediate as that of explaining to the congregation the meaning of being gathered in His name, and having Him in the midst of them; as, on the other hand, of being gathered in blasphemy of His name, and having the devil in the midst of them—presiding over the prayers which have become an abomination.

For the entire body of the texts in the Gospel against hypocrisy are one and all nothing but the expansion of the threatening that closes the Third Commandment. For as “the name whereby He shall be called is THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,”—so the taking that name in vain is the sum of “the deceivableness of *unrighteousness* in them that perish.”

Without dwelling on the possibility—which I do not myself, however, for a moment doubt—of an honest clergyman's being able actually to prevent the entrance among his congregation of persons leading openly wicked lives, could any subject be more vital to the purposes of your meetings than the difference between the present and the probable state of the Christian Church which would result, were it more the effort of zealous parish priests, instead of getting wicked *poor* people to *come* to church, to get wicked rich ones to stay out of it?

Lest, in any discussion of such question, it might be, as it too often is, alleged that “the Lord looketh upon the heart,” etc., let me be permitted to say—with as much positiveness as may express my deepest conviction—that, while indeed it is the Lord's business to look upon the heart, it is the pastor's to look upon the hands and the lips; and that the foulest oaths of the thief and the street-walker are, in the ears of God, sinless as the hawk's cry, or the gnat's murmur, compared to the responses, in the Church service, on the lips of the usurer and the adulterer, who have destroyed, not their

own souls only, but those of the outcast ones whom they have made their victims.

It is for the meeting of Clergymen themselves—not for a layman addressing them—to ask further, how much the name of God may be taken in vain, and profaned instead of hallowed—in the pulpit, as well as under it.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

VII.

ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου

Adveniat regnum tuum.

BRANTWOOD, 14th July, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—Sincere thanks for both your letters and the proofs sent. Your comment and conducting link, when needed, will be of the greatest help and value, I am well assured, suggesting what you know will be the probable feeling of your hearers, and the point that will come into question.

Yes, certainly, that “His” in the fourth line * was meant to imply that eternal presence of Christ; as in another passage, † referring to the Creation, “when His right hand

* In a proof sheet of a book of the Editor's at that time in the press.

† Referring to the closing sentence of the third paragraph of the fifth letter, which *seemed* to express what I felt could not be Mr. Ruskin's full meaning, I pointed out to him the following sentence in “Modern Painters:”—

“When, in the desert, Jesus was girding Himself for the work of life, angels of life came and ministered unto Him; now, in the fair world, when He is girding Himself for the work of death, the ministrants came to Him from the grave; but from the grave conquered. One from the tomb under Abarim, which *His* own hand had sealed long ago; the other from the rest which He had entered without seeing corruption.”

On this I made a remark somewhat to the following effect: that I felt sure Mr. Ruskin regarded the loving work of the Father and of the Son

strewed the snow on Lebanon, and smoothed the slopes of Calvary;" but in so far as we dwell on that truth, "Hast thou seen *Me*, Philip, and not the Father?" * we are not teaching the people what is specially the Gospel of *Christ* as having a distinct function, namely, to *serve* the Father, and do the Father's will. And in all His human relations to us, and commands to us, it is as the Son of Man, not as the "power of God and wisdom of God," that He acts and speaks. Not as the Power; for *He* must pray, like one of us. Not as the Wisdom; for He must not know "if it be possible." His prayer should be heard.

And in what I want to say of the third clause of His prayer (*His*, not merely as His ordering, but His using), it is especially this comparison between *His* kingdom, and His Father's, that I want to see the disciples guarded against. I believe very few, even of the most earnest, using that petition, realize that it is the Father's—not the Son's—kingdom, that they pray may come,—although the whole prayer is foundational on that fact: "*For* Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory." And I fancy that the mind of the most faithful Christian is quite led away from its proper hope, by dwelling on the reign—or the coming again—of Christ; which, indeed, they are to look for, and *watch* for, but not to pray for. Their prayer is to be for the greater kingdom

as *equal* in the forgiveness of sins and redemption of mankind; that what is done by the Father is in reality done also by the Son; and that it is by a mere accommodation to human infirmity of understanding that the doctrine of the Trinity is revealed to us in language, inadequate indeed to convey divine truths, but still the only language possible; and I asked whether some such feeling was not present in his mind when he used the pronoun "*His*" in the above passage from "*Modern Painters*" of the Son, where it would be usually understood of the Father; and as a corollary, whether, in the letter, he does not himself fully recognize the fact of the redemption of the world by the loving self-sacrifice of the Son being in entire concurrence with the equally loving will of the Father. This, as well as I can recollect, is the origin of the passage in the second paragraph in this seventh letter.—EDITOR OF LETTERS.

* "Yet hast thou not known *Me*, Philip? he that hath seen *Me* hath seen the Father" (John xiv. 9).—EDITOR.

to which He, risen and having all His enemies under His feet, is to surrender *His*, "that God may be All in All."

And, though the greatest, it is that everlasting kingdom which the poorest of us can advance. We cannot hasten Christ's coming. "Of the day and the hour, knoweth no man." But the kingdom of God is as a grain of mustard-seed:—we can sow of it; it is as a foam-globe of leaven:—we can mingle it; and its glory and its joy are that even the birds of the air can lodge in the branches thereof.

Forgive me for getting back to my sparrows; but truly in the present state of England, the fowls of the air are the only creatures, tormented and murdered as they are, that yet have here and there nests, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. And it would be well if many of us, in reading that text, "The kingdom of God is *not* meat and drink," had even got so far as to the understanding that it is at least *as much*, and that until we had fed the hungry, there was no power in us to inspire the unhappy.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I will write my feeling about the pieces of the *Life of Christ** you have sent me in a private letter. I may say at once that I am sure it will do much good, and will be upright and intelligible, which how few religious writings are?

* "The Life and Work of Jesus Christ." Ward and Lock.

VIII.

γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ γῆς.

Fiat voluntas tua sicut in cælo et in terra.

BRANTWOOD, 9th August, 1879.

I was reading the second chapter of Malachi this morning by chance, and wondering how many clergymen ever read it, and took to heart the "commandment for *them*."

For they are always ready enough to call themselves priests (though they know themselves to be nothing of the sort), whenever there is any dignity to be got out of the title; but, whenever there is any good, hot scolding or unpleasant advice given them by the prophets, in that self-assumed character of theirs, they are as ready to quit it as ever Dionysus his lion-skin, when he finds the character of Herakles inconvenient.

"Ye have wearied the Lord with your words;" (yes, and some of His people too, in your time), "yet ye say, wherein have we wearied Him? When ye say, Every one that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Lord, and He delighteth in them; or, Where is the God of judgment?"

How many, again and again I wonder, of the lively young ecclesiastics supplied to the increasing demand of our west ends of flourishing Cities of the Plain, ever consider what sort of sin it is for which God (unless they lay it to heart) will "curse their blessings, and spread dung upon their faces;" or have understood, even in the dimmest manner, what part *they* had taken, and were taking, in "corrupting the covenant of the Lord with Levi, and causing many to stumble at the Law."

Perhaps the most subtle and unconscious way in which the religious teachers upon whom the ends of the world are come, have done this, is in never telling their people the meaning of the clause in the Lord's Prayer, which, of all others, their

most earnest hearers have oftenest on their lips: "Thy will be done." They allow their people to use it as if their Father's will were always to kill their babies, or do something unpleasant to them; and following comfort and wealth, instead of explaining to them that the first and intensest article of their Father's will was their own sanctification; and that the one only path to national prosperity and to domestic peace, was to understand what the will of the Lord was, and to do all they could to get it done. Whereas one would think, by the tone of the eagerest preachers nowadays, that they held their blessed office to be that, not of showing men how to do their Father's will on earth, but how to get to heaven without doing any of it either here or there!

I say, especially, the most eager preachers; for nearly the whole Missionary body (with the hottest Evangelistic sect of the English Church) is at this moment composed of men who think the Gospel they are to carry to mend the world with, forsooth, is that, "If any man sin, he hath an Advocate with the Father;" while I have never yet, in my own experience, met either with a Missionary or a Town Bishop who so much as professed himself "to understand what the will of the Lord" was, far less to teach anybody else to do it; and for fifty preachers, yes, and fifty hundreds whom I have heard proclaiming the Mediator of the New Testament, that "they which were called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance," I have never yet heard so much as *one* heartily proclaiming against all those "deceivers with vain words" (Eph. v. 6), that "no covetous person which is an idolater, hath *any* inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, or of God;" and on myself personally and publicly challenging the Bishops of England generally, and by name the Bishop of Manchester, to say whether usury was, or was not, according to the will of God, I have received no answer from any one of them.*

* "Fors Clavigera," Letter lxxxii.

13th August.

I have allowed myself, in the beginning of this letter, to dwell on the equivocal use of the word "Priest" in the English Church (see "Christopher Harvey," Grosart's edition, p. 38), because the assumption of the mediatorial, in defect of the pastoral, office by the clergy fulfills itself, naturally and always, in their pretending to absolve the sinner from his punishment, instead of purging him from his sin; and practically, in their general patronage and encouragement of all the iniquity of the world, by steadily preaching away the penalties of it. So that the great cities of the earth, which ought to be the places set on its hills, with the Temple of the Lord in the midst of them, to which the tribes should go up,—centers to the Kingdoms and Provinces of Honor, Virtue, and the Knowledge of the law of God,—have become, instead, loathsome centers of fornication and covetousness—the smoke of their sin going up into the face of heaven like the furnace of Sodom, and the pollution of it rotting and raging through the bones and the souls of the peasant people round them, as if they were each a volcano whose ashes broke out in blains upon man and upon beast.

And in the midst of them, their freshly-set-up steeples ring the crowd to a weekly prayer that the rest of their lives may be pure and holy, while they have not the slightest intention of purifying, sanctifying, or changing their lives in any the smallest particular; and their clergy gather, each into himself, the curious dual power, and Janus-faced majesty in mischief, of the prophet that prophesies falsely, and the priest that bears rule by his means.

And the people love to have it so.

BRANTWOOD, 12th August.

I am very glad of your little note from Brighton. I thought it needless to send the two letters there, which you will find at home; and they pretty nearly end all *I* want to

say; for the remaining clauses of the prayer touch on things too high for me. But I will send you one concluding letter about them.

IX.

τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον.

Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie.

BRANTWOOD, 19th August.

I retained the foregoing letter by me till now, lest you should think it written in any haste or petulance: but it is every word of it deliberate, though expressing the bitterness of twenty years of vain sorrow and pleading concerning these things. Nor am I able to write, otherwise, anything of the next following clause of the prayer;—for no words could be burning enough to tell the evils which have come on the world from men's using it thoughtlessly and blasphemously, praying God to give them what they are deliberately resolved to steal. For all true Christianity is known—as its Master was—in breaking of bread, and all false Christianity in stealing it.

Let the clergyman only apply—with impartial and level sweep—to his congregation the great pastoral order: “The man that will not work, neither should he eat;” and be resolute in requiring each member of his flock to tell him *what*—day by day—they do to earn their dinners;—and he will find an entirely new view of life and its sacraments open upon him and them.

For the man who is not—day by day—doing work which will earn his dinner, must be stealing his dinner; and the actual fact is, that the great mass of men calling themselves Christians do actually live by robbing the poor of their bread, and by no other trade whatsoever; and the simple examination of the mode of the produce and consumption of European

food—who digs for it, and who eats it—will prove that to any honest human soul.

Nor is it possible for any Christian Church to exist but in pollutions and hypocrisies beyond all words, until the virtues of a life moderate in its self-indulgence, and wide in its offices of temporal ministry to the poor, are insisted on as the normal conditions in which, only, the prayer to God for the harvest of the earth is other than blasphemy.

In the second place. Since in the parable in Luke, the bread asked for is shown to be also, and chiefly, the Holy Spirit (Luke xi. 13), and the prayer, "Give us each day our daily bread" is, in its fullness, the disciples' "Lord, evermore give us *this* bread,"—the clergyman's question to his whole flock, primarily literal, "Children, have ye here any meat?" must ultimately be always the greater spiritual one: "Children, have ye here any Holy Spirit?" or, "Have ye not heard yet whether there *be* any? and, instead of a Holy Ghost the Lord and Giver of Life, do you only believe in an unholy mammon, Lord and Giver of Death?"

The opposition between the two Lords has been, and will be as long as the world lasts, absolute, irreconcilable, mortal; and the clergyman's first message to his people of this day is—if he be faithful—"Choose ye this day, whom ye will serve."

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

X:

καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν, ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφίεμεν τοῖς ὀφειλέταις
ἡμῶν

Et dimitte nobis debita nostra, sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.

BRANTWOOD, 3d September.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I have been very long before trying to say so much as a word about the sixth clause of the Pater; for whenever I began thinking of it, I was stopped by the sorrowful sense of the hopeless task you poor clergymen had, nowadays, in recommending and teaching people to love their enemies, when their whole energies were already devoted to swindling their friends.

But, in any days, past or now, the clause is one of such difficulty, that, to understand it, means almost to know the love of God which passeth knowledge.

But, at all events, it is surely the pastor's duty to prevent his flock from *misunderstanding* it; and above all things to keep them from supposing that God's forgiveness is to be had simply for the asking, by those who "willfully sin after they have received the knowledge of the truth."

There is one very simple lesson, also, needed especially by people in circumstances of happy life, which I have never heard fully enforced from the pulpit, and which is usually the more lost sight of, because the fine and inaccurate word "trespasses" is so often used instead of the simple and accurate one, "debts." Among people well educated and happily circumstanced, it may easily chance that long periods of their lives pass without any such conscious sin as could, on any discovery or memory of it, make them cry out, in truth and in pain, "I have sinned against the Lord." But scarcely an hour of their happy days can pass over them without leaving—were their hearts open—some evidence written there that

they have "left undone the things that they ought to have done," and giving them bitterer and heavier cause to cry and cry again—forever, in the pure words of their Master's prayer, "Dimitte nobis *debita* nostra."

In connection with the more accurate translation of "debts," rather than "trespasses," it would surely be well to keep constantly in the mind of complacent and inoffensive congregations, that in Christ's own prophecy of the manner of the last judgment, the condemnation is pronounced only on the sins of omission: "I was hungry, and ye gave Me no meat."

But, whatever the manner of sin, by offense or defect, which the preacher fears in his people, surely he has of late been wholly remiss in compelling their definite recognition of it, in its several and personal particulars. Nothing in the various inconsistency of human nature is more grotesque than its willingness to be taxed with any quantity of sins in the gross, and its resentment at the insinuation of having committed the smallest parcel of them in detail. And the English Liturgy, evidently drawn up with the amiable intention of making religion as pleasant as possible to a people desirous of saving their souls with no great degree of personal inconvenience, is perhaps in no point more unwholesomely lenient than in its concession to the popular conviction that we may obtain the present advantage, and escape the future punishment, of any sort of iniquity, by dexterously concealing the manner of it from man, and triumphantly confessing the quantity of it to God.

Finally, whatever the advantages and decencies of a form of prayer, and how wide soever the scope given to its collected passages, it cannot be at one and the same time fitted for the use of a body of well-taught and experienced Christians, such as should join the services of a Church nineteen centuries old,—and adapted to the needs of the timid sinner who has that day first entered its porch, or of the remorseful publican who has only recently become sensible of his call to a pew.

And surely our clergy need not be surprised at the daily increasing distrust in the public mind of the efficacy of Prayer, after having so long insisted on their offering supplication, *at least* every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, that the rest of their lives hereafter might be pure and holy, leaving them conscious all the while that they would be similarly required to inform the Lord next week, at the same hour, that "there was no health in them"!

Among the much rebuked follies and abuses of so-called "Ritualism," none that I have heard of are indeed so dangerously and darkly "Ritual" as this piece of authorized mockery of the most solemn act of human life, and only entrance of eternal life—Repentance.

Believe me, dear Mr. Malleston,

Ever faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

XI.

καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ρῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ·
ὅτι σοῦ ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία καὶ ἡ δύναμις καὶ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας·
ἀμήν.

Et ne nos inducas in tentationem; sed libera nos a malo; Quia tuum est regnum, potentia, et gloria in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

BRANTWOOD, 14th September, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESTON,—The gentle words in your last letter referring to the difference between yourself and me in the degree of hope with which you could regard what could not but appear to the general mind Utopian in designs for the action of the Christian Church, surely might best be answered by appeal to the consistent tone of the prayer we have been examining.

Is not every one of its petitions for a perfect state? and is not this last clause of it, of which we are to think to-day—if fully understood—a petition not only for the restoration of

Paradise, but of Paradise in which there shall be no deadly fruit, or, at least, no tempter to praise it? And may we not admit that it is probably only for want of the earnest use of this last petition, that not only the preceding ones have become formal with us, but that the private and simply restricted prayer for the little things we each severally desire, has become by some Christians dreaded and unused, and by others used faithlessly, and therefore with disappointment?

And is it not for want of this special directness and simplicity of petition, and of the sense of its acceptance, that the whole nature of prayer has been doubted in our hearts, and disgraced by our lips; that we are afraid to ask God's blessing on the earth, when the scientific people tell us He has made previous arrangements to curse it; and that, instead of obeying, without fear or debate, the plain order, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full," we sorrowfully sink back into the apology for prayer, that "it is a wholesome exercise, even when fruitless," and that we ought piously always to suppose that the text really means no more than "Ask, and ye shall *not* receive, that your joy may be *empty*"?

Supposing we were first all of us quite sure that we *had* prayed, honestly, the prayer against temptation, and that we would thankfully be refused anything we had set our hearts upon, if indeed God saw that it would lead us into evil, might we not have confidence afterwards that He in whose hand the King's heart is, as the rivers of water, would turn our tiny little hearts also in the way that they should go, and that *then* the special prayer for the joys He taught them to seek, would be answered to the last syllable, and to overflowing?

It is surely scarcely necessary to say, farther, what the holy teachers of all nations have invariably concurred in showing,—that faithful prayer implies always correlative exertion; and that no man can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it. But, in modern days, the first aim of all Christian parents is to place their children in circumstances where the temptations

(which they are apt to call "opportunities") may be as great and as many as possible; where the sight and promise of "all these things" in Satan's gift may be brilliantly near; and where the act of "falling down to worship me" may be partly concealed by the shelter, and partly excused, as involuntary, by the pressure, of the concurrent crowd.

In what respect the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of *them*, differ from the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, which are God's forever, is seldom, as far as I have heard, intelligibly explained from the pulpit; and still less the irreconcilable hostility between the two royalties and realms asserted in its sternness of decision.

Whether it be indeed Utopian to believe that the kingdom we are taught to pray for *may* come—verily come—for the asking, it is surely not for man to judge; but it is at least at his choice to resolve that he will no longer render obedience, nor ascribe glory and power, to the Devil. If he cannot find strength in himself to advance towards Heaven, he may at least say to the power of Hell, "Get thee behind me;" and staying himself on the testimony of Him who saith, "Surely I come quickly," ratify his happy prayer with the faithful "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Ever, my dear friend,

Believe me affectionately and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

ESSAYS AND COMMENTS

ESSAYS AND COMMENTS

ON THE

FOREGOING LETTERS

BY THE EDITOR.

The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the various forms of government which have existed in the world. It begins with a general definition of government, and then proceeds to a detailed account of the different kinds of monarchies, aristocracies, and democracies. The author discusses the advantages and disadvantages of each form, and compares them with the principles of justice and equity. He also examines the causes of the decline and fall of various empires, and the effects of different constitutions on the happiness and prosperity of the people.

In the second part of the book, the author considers the nature and extent of the rights of the subject. He shows that the rights of the subject are not arbitrary, but are limited by the laws of nature and the principles of justice. He also discusses the duties of the subject, and the manner in which they should be performed. The author concludes this part of the book with a summary of the principles of political liberty, and a comparison of the different forms of government with these principles.

OF THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF THE SUBJECT

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THE END OF THE FIRST PART

OF THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF THE SUBJECT

THE END

ESSAYS AND COMMENTS.

FEELING deeply, and anxiously, the greatness of the responsibility laid upon me to act, as it were, the part of an envoy between so eminent a teacher as Mr. Ruskin and my brethren in the Ministry, I have thought that it might not be taken amiss if I prefaced my account of the origin of the series of letters placed in my hands for publication (see Letter 8th July, 1879)* with just a mere allusion to one written to me four years ago.

One or two imperfect conversations, leading up to the subject of the Resurrection, which had been broken off by accidental circumstances, together with the letter alluded to, had stimulated in me a feeling of something more than curiosity—rather one of anxious interest—to learn more of Mr. Ruskin's views upon matters which are at the present day giving rise to a good deal of agitated discussion among intellectual men.

I am thankful to be able to avow that, for my own part, I am a firm and conscientious, not a thoughtless and passive, believer in the doctrines of the Church of Christ as held by the majority of serious-minded religious men in the Established Church. Mr. Ruskin was mistaken in his much too ready assumption that I (simply because I am a clergyman) am a believer on compulsion; that for the peace of my soul I have only to thank religious anæsthetics, and that I ever preach against the wickedness of involuntary doubt. God forbid that I should ever take on myself to denounce as willful sin any scruples of conscience which owe their origin to

* No. IV.

honest inquiries after truth. I trust that he knows me better now.

Feeling thus decided and certain as to the ground I stand upon, and earnestly desirous on every account to investigate the nature of Mr. Ruskin's doubts, whatever they might be, in a most fraternal spirit, as a kindly-favored friend and neighbor (for, in our lake and mountain district, an interval of a dozen miles does not destroy neighborhood between spirits with any degree of kinship), I sought for a more lengthened conversation, and obtained the opportunity without difficulty. The occasion was found in a very delightful summer afternoon on the lake, and up the sides of the Old Man of Coniston, to view a group of remarkable rocks by the desolate, storm-beaten crags of Goat's Water,* that saddest and loneliest of mountain tarns, which lies in the deep hollow between the mountain and its opposing buttress, the Dow Crags. This most interesting ramble in the undivided company of one so highly and so deservedly valued in the world of letters and of art and higher matters yet, served to my mind for more purposes than one, while we wandered amidst impressive scenes, passing from the sweet and gentle peaceful loveliness of the bright green vale of Coniston and its charming lake to the bleak desolation, the terrible sublimity of the mountain tarn barriered in by its stupendous crags, amongst which lay those singular-looking, weather-beaten, and lightning-riven rocks which were the more immediate object of our visit.

But to myself the chief and happiest result of our conversation was the firm conviction that neither the censorious and unthinking world, nor perhaps even Mr. Ruskin himself, knows how deeply and truly a Christian man, in the widest sense of the word, Mr. Ruskin is. It is neither the time nor the place, nor indeed would it be consistent with propriety, to analyze before others the convictions formed on that memorable summer afternoon. It must suffice for the present to say that the opinions then formed laid the foundation of a

* "Deucalion,"

friendship on a happier basis than that which had heretofore been permitted me, and prepared my way to enter with confidence upon the plan of which the present volume is the fruit.

Last June, in the course of a short visit to Brantwood, I proposed to Mr. Ruskin to come to address the members of a Northern Clerical Society, a body of some seventy or eighty clergy, who have done me the honor to appoint me their honorary secretary, now for about nine years, since its foundation. On the ground of impaired health, the legacy left behind it by the serious illness which had, two years before, threatened even his life, Mr. Ruskin excused himself from appearing in person before our Society; but proposed instead to write letters to me which might serve as a basis for discussion amongst us.

Letter I. will explain the origin of the series that come after.

ON LETTER II.

The question laid down in this letter, cleared of all metaphorical ornament, is, as is perfectly natural and instinctive with Mr. Ruskin, one which goes down to the foundation of things—here, the character and mission of the Christian ministry. Are we (Mr. Ruskin implies, Are we *not*?) bound to believe and to teach after certain formulæ, which, being many of them peculiar to ourselves, separate us from the national Churches of France and Italy? Are we free, or are we bound? Or do we enjoy a reasonable amount of liberty and no more? On the platform we occupy do we allow none but English Churchmen to stand? Must we keep all other Christians at arm's length? Do the conditions attached to the emoluments we receive prohibit us from holding or teaching any other opinions than those we have subscribed to?

It is a question not to be approached without a tremor. But no abstract answer can well be given. Human nature

replies for itself in the spectacle of the clergy of the Church of England divided and subdivided; here deeply sundered, there of different complexions amicably blending together, holding every variety of opinion which the Church allows or disallows within her borders. Human nature absolutely refuses to be shackled in its positive beliefs. Authority may try, or even appear to perform, the feat of fettering thought and making men march in step to one common end in orderly ranks; but she has invariably at last to confess her impotence.*

The ministers of the Church cannot safely be set free by Act of Parliament to teach whatever seems good to each. Some respect must be shown to congregations too. If the clergy claim on their side the right of independent thought, which they are quite justified in doing, the congregations on their side have a much greater right to a consistent teaching, which shall not distract their minds with strange and unwonted forms of Christianity.

Mr. Ruskin, as he often does, is going *too deep*. He asks for that which we shall never see in this world,—the simple, pure religion of the Bible to be taught in all singleness and simplicity of mind by men whose only commission is held from God; by or without the channel of human authority, to show men, women, and children the way “to the summit of the celestial mountains,” and to set an awful warning by conspicuous beacons against the “crevasses which go down quickest to the pit.” But who shall say that he is wrong? Nay, rather, it is we that are wrong in resting satisfied with our low views of things, while Ruskin soars above our heads.

* The clergyman who subscribes still whispers to himself, or soon will “Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.”

ON LETTER III.

I would preface the few remarks I wish to make upon this letter by an extract from a letter just received from a dear good friend:

“I have already read these deeply interesting letters five times. They are like ‘the foam-globes of leaven.’ I must say they have exercised my mind very much. Things in them which at first seem rather startling, prove on closer examination to be full of deep truth. The suggestions in them lead to ‘great searchings of heart.’ There is much with which I entirely agree; much over which to ponder. What an insight into human nature is shown in the remark that though we are so ready to call ourselves ‘miserable sinners’ we resent being accused of any special fault!

“S. B.”

By the side of this, it will be instructive, though strange, if I place an extract from another note from one whom I have long known and highly esteemed; and it will be seen what a singular “discerner of hearts” and “divider of spirits” is this series of letters:—

“If they are really meant *au sérieux*, I could not express any opinion of them without implying a reflection upon you also, as you seem to indorse them so fully. I prefer, therefore, to say merely that, as a whole, they offer one of the most remarkable instances I ever met with of the old adage, ‘*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*’” *

* Let me say here, once for all, that I have already three times had this proverb quoted against Mr. Ruskin; and no proverb could be more remote from the purpose. For while it is the shoemaker’s business, *as a livelihood*, to make shoes, a painter’s to paint pictures, the merchant’s to sell goods, and perhaps Mr. Ruskin’s to write books which every one reads,

In spite of this I retain all my old high opinion of the writer of these lines, and feel convinced that he will soon think very differently. Yes, it is as my first correspondent has said, "Things which at first seem startling, on examination prove to be full of deep truth." In the short compass of this Letter III. lies enfolded a vast question, which, in the midst of the friction and conflict of ages of strife, has been shuffled away into odd corners, to be brought out into life only now and then, when a man is born into the world who sees what few will even glance at, and who will say out that which ought to be spoken, though but few may listen. What is the question which is put here so tersely and so pointedly? It is this, which I am only putting a little differently, not with the most distant idea of improving upon Mr. Ruskin's felicitous touches; but, because expressed in twofold fashion, what has escaped one may strike another in a different form.

Is a clergyman of the Church of England a teacher of the doctrine and practice and discipline of the Church of England within her limits only, narrow as they are, when compared with Christendom? or is there not rather a wider, more comprehensive Church yet—that of Christ upon earth—which he must serve, which he must preach, in forgetfulness of the limited boundaries within which by his education and his ordination vows he is *apparently* bound to remain? Is there not enough of Christianity common to all the Christian nations upon earth, and which ought to be made the subject of teaching to the ignorant and the castaway? Is it quite a right thing that the natives of Madagascar, for instance, should see parties of missionaries arriving amongst them: one, in all the gorgeous trappings and with all the elaborate ritual of Rome; another in rusty black coats and hats and

religion is everybody's business. Christian men and women, of all classes and professions, make the Bible their study, because of its inestimable importance; and who shall say that they are not absolutely right? For my part I should be very glad to hear that my bootmaker was a religious man: his boots would be none the worse for it. I hope the *sutor* will be brought in no more, unless he can appear with a better grace.

dirty white neckties, repudiating all but the very barest necessary ceremonial; a third, possibly disunited in itself, coming as High Churchmen or Low Churchmen, with differing peculiarities? Is this an edifying spectacle for the Malagasy? And can the Gospel be preached as effectually in this highly diversified fashion as it would be with the simplicity of a reasonable and just sufficiently elastic uniformity?

Coming before many people of infinite diversity of mind, it cannot be doubted that Christianity must necessarily take a variety of forms, to suit different intelligences, and adapt itself to differing situations. But in all this large variety of forms of religion, ranging from mere paganism at one end, just a little unavoidably altered by the contact of Christianity, and at the other extremity a pure religion, but refined and intellectual, I do not see exactly what is the form of Christianity which the Church of England is to preach to the masses at home and abroad. As long as England takes the Gospel to the ignorant in such infinitely diversified forms, it is as if an incapable general were to divide his forces preparatory to an assault upon a compact and well-defended stronghold.

It is enough to make one weep with vexation and humiliation to see what sort of religion would be presented to the world if some who claim to have all truth on their side could have their own way. I say to have the truth on their side,—which is a very different thing from being on the side of truth. There is even a new religion—for it is certainly not the old—growing popular with “thinkers,” who write and read in the three great half-crown monthlies, which is evolved in the most curious variety out of their inner consciousness by religion-makers, whose fertile brains are the only soil that can bring forth such productions. What is the vast uneducated world to do with these extraordinary forms of religion which are as many-sided and many-faced as their inventors?

Now Mr. Ruskin and many others see this state of things with pity and compassion, and ask, “Cannot this Gospel of Christ be put into such plain words and short terms as that

a plain man may understand it?" Why is there no such easy summary provided by authority to teach the poor and simple? The Apostles' Creed is good for its own end and purpose, but it requires great expansion to be made to include Gospel teaching, and it contains nothing practical. The Thirty-nine Articles are not even intended (as Mr. Ruskin by some oversight seems to think they are) to be a summary of the Gospel. We have no concise and plain, clear and intelligible form of sound words to answer this most important end. The Church Catechism, from old associations, belongs to childhood.

Every reasonable person must agree with Mr. Ruskin, that there could be no harm, but much good, in Christians making a little less of their Churchmanship, and a little more of their broad Christianity.

ON LETTER IV.

Mr. Ruskin pleads in this letter with touching eloquence for the guidance of the law of love, that irresistible law, one effect of which is to give to the highest probability the force of a sufficient certainty; and establishes in the man the mental habit best described as *certitude*.

In Cardinal Newman's "History of My Religious Opinions," p. 18, he quotes some beautiful passages from Keble's conversations with himself (disagreeing with him all the time), in which he had quoted, "I will guide thee *with mine eye*" (Psalm xxxii. 8), as the expression of the gentle suasive power that directs the steps of the child and friend of God, as distinguished from "the bit and bridle" laid upon horse and mule, who represent unwilling slaves recognizing no law but that of force or coercion. It is an Eye whose gaze is ever fixed on us, the "Eye of God's Word," "like that of a portrait uniformly fixed on us, turn where we will."*

* "Christian Year," St. Bartholomew's Day, with quotations from Miller's Bampton Lectures.

Keble is right so far as concerns the true children and friends of God, subject, as their highest control, to the law of love. Pure and exalted minds ever strain for, and yearn after, a general and outward manifestation of the witness that man is "the image and glory of God" (I Cor. xi. 7).

Unhappily, we are not so constituted by nature. The inroads and ravages of sin are but too evident, as well in those upon whom episcopal hands have been laid, as in the ranks of the laity. Are not willfulness and pride of intellect and glorification of self ever exercising such a power in the earth, that checks and restraints are found absolutely necessary to curb and control the determination of many of the ministers of the Church not only to *think* as seems good to them (which they have a perfect right to do), but openly to *teach and to preach* whatever doctrines they may have conceived in their own minds, or have learnt from others, contrary to the received doctrines of the Church of England; which they have no right to do as long as they remain ministers of the Church whose doctrines they impugn?

Mr. Ruskin correctly assumes that the terms of the Lord's Prayer, being in the very words of Christ, do contain a body of Divine doctrine; and they would be the fittest to adopt as a standard of Christian teaching, *if* only all men were as candid, sincere, and straightforward as himself. But because there is no certainty that any large and preponderating body of men will exhibit these graces of Christianity in themselves, and combine with them gentleness, tolerance, and forbearance, therefore they *must* be held in "with bit and bridle,"—that is, with Articles and Creeds and declarations,—“lest they fall upon thee,” and fill the Church more full of sedition, disaffection, and disquiet than it already is.

Cardinal Newman himself is an example of the necessity of the restraints of creeds, as well, indeed, as of their general inefficiency to maintain unity. His "History of my Religious Opinions," at least in its beginning, is but the story of a long succession of phases of belief and disbelief, originating in—what? In study of the Word of God? in Divine contempla-

tion, or in devout and thoughtful meditation? No, indeed; but in walks and conversations, now with one friend, now with another, now round the Quadrangle of Oriel, then in Christ Church meadows; in fanciful, and apparently causeless, changes in his own mind, of which sometimes he can give the exact date, sometimes he has forgotten it, but which lead him out of one set of opinions into another in a helpless kind of way, as if he knew of no motive power but the influence of other men's minds or the momentary and fitful fluctuations of a spirit ever too much given to introspection to maintain a steady and uniform course.

What a contrast between the downright, manly straightforwardness of a Ruskin and the fluttering, uncertain flights of a Newman, ending in the cold, dead fixity of the Roman faith, whereof to doubt is to be damned!

ON LETTER V.

The next paragraph to the last in this letter, contains a statement which at first might seem to be rashly expressed. But I was not long in apprehending that when Mr. Ruskin alludes to a scheme of pardon "for which we are supposed to be thankful, not to the Father, but to the Son," he was far from impugning that doctrine of the Atonement in which, as it is generally understood among Christian people, the whole plan of salvation centers.

But there seems to have been a fatality about this sentence. Numbers have read it and commented upon it, myself amongst the number, as if Mr. Ruskin were here expressing *his own view*; instead of which, he is here quoting other men's opinions, to condemn them with severity. The *Record* called it some of Mr. Ruskin's dross; but it is other people's dross, for which he would offer us pure gold.

I happened, a very short time previous to receiving this letter, to have had my attention attracted by the following

passage of Mr. Ruskin's own:—"When, in the desert, He was girding Himself for the work of life, angels of life came and ministered to Him; now, in the fair world, when He is girding Himself for the work of death [at the Transfiguration], the ministrants came to Him from the grave. But from the grave conquered. One from that tomb under Abarim, which His own hand had sealed long ago; the other from the rest which He had entered without seeing corruption."

Pleased with the truthful eloquence of this passage, I placed it at the head of the chapter on the Transfiguration in my book on the Life and Work of Christ (still in the press). Having done so, it struck me that Mr. Ruskin, whether intentionally or undesignedly, had made the pronoun "His" to apply either to God the Father, or to God the Son. It may grammatically refer to either. From this I drew the conclusion which I expressed in a short letter to my friend, that, discarding the strictly human uses of language, which, from its unavoidable poverty, lacks the power of marking the true nature of the difference between the Divine Persons of the Holy Trinity, he had spoken of the Father and of the Son indiscriminately or indifferently, *i.e.*, without a difference.

And so it really is. How shall a man, though at the highest he be "but a little lower than the angels," know and comprehend the Godhead in its true and exact nature? The names father and son express an earthly relation perfectly well understood when belonging to ourselves, but when applied to the Supreme Divine Being, they must of necessity fall far short of expressing their true connection with one another. They are, when applied to Heavenly beings, merely anthropomorphic terms used in compassion to our infirmities, and conveying to us only an approximation to the ideas intended. We say the Father sent the Son; the Son suffered for our sins. But since Father and Son are One, we are plainly expressing something short of the exact state of the case when we speak of our thankfulness to the Son as if we had no reason to be equally thankful to the Father.

The Athanasian Creed makes no great demand upon our mental powers when it requires of us, in speaking of the Trinity, neither to confound the Persons nor to divide the Substance; for, in truth, I suppose we are equally incapable of doing either.

These are Divine matters, of which, while the simplest may know enough, the wisest can never fathom the whole depth. For the Divine power and love, knowledge and compassion, will never be fully comprehended until we know even as we are known.

But, as I am abstaining from questioning Mr. Ruskin as to his meaning in any passage, if it happens to be slightly obscure, awaiting his reply at the close of the book, I may here say that I believe that this sentence refers to a wild and unscriptural kind of preaching, happily becoming less common, in which undue stress is laid upon the wrathfulness of God, as contrasted with the mercy of the Saviour, as if we had only the Son to thank, and not our loving Father in Heaven, for the blessed hope of eternal life. Some there are, and always will be, who habitually err in not rightly dividing the Word of God, and giving undue prominence to a dark portion of doctrine, which is true enough in itself, but would be relieved of much of its gloom, if due prominence were given to other parts of the truth of God.

I do not mean to praise caution at the expense of courage. I have a constitutional aversion to that caution allied to timidity and cowardice which prompts a man to look to his safety, comfort, and worldly repute as the first social law that concerns *him*. I admire rather the brave man who is ready to sacrifice all that, if he can, by so doing, gain the desired right end.

But in the case before us, it is not so. Men talk as if all we had to do to convert a sinner from the error of his way was to give him a good talking, forgetting that we have not a plastic material to work upon, but a most stubborn and intractable one, wherever interest is concerned; and that a bold bad man is generally proof against talk, and yields to no

power but the grace of God exercised directly, and seconded by His heavy judgments. Have we not all seen, with shame and astonishment, the "wicked rich" regularly in their places at church, much oftener than the "wicked poor," who have less interest in playing the hypocrite? And have we not felt our utter powerlessness, whether by public preaching or by private monition, to find a way to those case-hardened hearts? What are we to do with such a man as Tennyson describes in "Sea Dreams," who

began to bloat himself, and ooze
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean ;"

when his victim—

"Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding kneec."

Here is all that we can do—told us in the last sweet lines:—

"She sleeps : let us too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.
He can do no more wrong : forgive him, dear,
And I shall sleep the sounder !"

Then the man,

'His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come ;
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound :
I do forgive him.'

'Thanks, my love,' she said,

'Your own will be the sweeter ;' and they slept."

ON LETTER VI.

As is the manner of our friend, he concludes a letter which was begun with thoughtful wisdom, with a proposal which, if gravely made, will seem to most of us both unpractical and impracticable.

Very forcible and very true is the emphatic declaration here made of the deep, perhaps unpardonable sinfulness of taking in vain the holy name of God.

But, to my mind, the irremediable fault in the latter proposition in this letter is the assumption that every honest clergyman of average capacity, and of ordinary experience of life, is, of course, wise enough to discern men's characters and to judge them with that unerring sagacity that will enable him to pronounce without favor or distinction of persons the severe sentence: "You shall not enter this house of God. I interdict your presence here. *The comforts and privileges of religion are for other than thou. I deny thee the prayers, the preaching, and the sacraments of the Church." More briefly—"I excommunicate thee."

Even in the case of a very bad man this would be found impossible to accomplish without the direst danger to the clergyman's usefulness and influence, to say nothing of his peace. For our experience abundantly shows that let a bad man but be audacious, and even ruffianly enough, helped by his position, he will always find plenty of support among the powerful and influential. The poor and honest clergyman, if he has attempted to enforce Church discipline, will be gravely rebuked for his want of charity, for his sad lack of discretion or tact, for his utter want of worldly wisdom; he will very soon find, to use the familiar phrase, the place too hot for him, and he may be thankful if he escapes with some small remainder of respect or compassion from the nobler-minded of his flock, who are always in a very small minority.

I know not how it really was in the time when the rubrics

of the Communion Services were framed. One would think, judging from these, that the clergyman possessed unlimited power to judge and punish with spiritual deprivation, and that he was alone to unite in himself all the various offices of accuser and police, counsel, jury, and judge. We are required to say every Ash Wednesday that we regret the loss of the godly discipline of the Primitive Church—under which, “at the beginning of Lent, all such persons as stood convicted of notorious sin were put to open penance; and that it is much to be wished that the said discipline may be restored again.” But few can seriously view a realization of that wish without fear for the certain consequences.

The truth is, the world moves on. Human nature may remain the same; but the laws and usages of society are subject to changes which it is useless to withstand. At the present day, great, rather too great, perhaps, are the claims of *charity*. We are told to hope for the best in the worst of cases; we are to forgive all, even the still hardened and unrepenting; we are to smile upon heresy and schism; we are to treat the rude, the churlish, the hard of heart, amidst our flocks, as if we had the greatest regard for them! I am not prepared to say that this is in every way to be regretted; for these are errors that lean perhaps to virtue's side. But I certainly do think that often a little more fearlessness in rebuking vice would not come amiss.

But, on the other hand, suppose for a moment the clergy to have the undisputed power to bar out both the wicked rich and the wicked poor from their churches, this power would be of very little use; nay, it would be full of mischief and danger, without a sound judgment, a fearless spirit, and a heart little used to the melting mood. The clergy, as a class, may perhaps be a trifle superior to the laity in moral character, in spiritual knowledge, and in judgment in dealing with people, because their profession has early trained (or at any rate, ought to have trained) them in the constant and imperative exercise of self-examination and self-control, and the careful discernment of character in their intercourse with

men. But that superiority, if it exists at all, is so trifling as to make very little impression on the laity, who would naturally be ready at any step to dispute the wisdom or expediency of the judicial acts of the clergy.

Further, again: given both the wisdom to judge and the power to doom, would it be desirable to establish a rule that the open and notorious sinner (though there would always be differences of opinion upon what he really is, even among the clergy themselves) should be prevented from coming where he might, above all other places, be most likely to hear words that would touch his heart and bring him to a better mind? From the pulpit, words of counsel, of holy doctrine, and of heart-stirring precepts of the Gospel, fall with a power and weight which are rarely to be found in private conversations. Many an open and notorious sinner has first yielded up his heart to God under the powerful influence of preaching. When Jesus sat in the Pharisee's house, all the publicans and sinners drew near to hear Him; and the orthodox sinners, the Pharisees, made bitter complaints that He received and ate with the scorned and rejected sinners. God forbid that the day should ever come when spiritual pride and exclusiveness shall shut out even the hardest of sinners from the house of God; for who can tell where or when the word may be spoken which shall break the stony heart, and replace it with the tender heart of flesh, soon to be filled with love and devotion to God the Saviour and Redeemer?

But, as this is a subject of great importance, may I also say a word in support of Mr. Ruskin's own view that the wicked should be discouraged, or even forbidden, to enter the house of God? We have 2 Cor. vi. 14-18, which seems to point out that, in the primitive Church, the wicked were not allowed in the assemblies of the faithful. And we remember David's "I have hated the congregation of evil doers, and will not sit with the wicked" (Psalm xxvi. 5). Is not Mr. Ruskin, perhaps, after all, only advocating a return to primitive usage?

Mr. Ruskin says in the Preface to his selected works:

“What I wrote on religion was painstaking, and I think forcible, as compared with most religious writing; especially in its frankness and fearlessness.” Unfortunately he adds, “But it was wholly mistaken.”* He is still equally outspoken, frank, and fearless; but what he wrote upon religion, as far as I know it, in the days which he now condemns, will live and do good, as long as the noble English language, of which he is one of the greatest masters, lives to convey to distant generations the great thoughts of the sons that are her proudest boast.

ADDITIONAL REMARKS ON THE CENSURES OF THE CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

Since writing my notes on Letter VI., in which Mr. Ruskin gives such vehement expression to his desire to see the ancient discipline of the Church restored, I have in conversation with himself learned this to be one of the objects he has most at heart in writing these letters; and I have also read in the Life of Bishop Selwyn, by the Rev. H. W. Tucker (vol. i., p. 241) that admirable prelate's view of this disregarded question. I believe Selwyn to have been the greatest uninspired missionary since the days of St. Paul (if indeed we can with truth consider so great a man wholly uninspired). But the great Bishop of the South Seas, in the charge from which copious extracts are there given, distinctly recommends the revival of spiritual discipline and the censures of the Church upon unrepenting offenders. He refers for authority to apostolic example and precept, and to the discipline rubrics of the Communion Service, and adds the undeniable fact that our Anglican communion is the only branch of the Christian Church where such discipline is wanting.

I must ask leave to refer my readers to Mr. Tucker's book for the grounds in detail of the Bishop's wishes. I am not

* “Sesame and Lilies,” 1876.

aware that any English prelate has ventured upon so hazardous an experiment; one, I should rather say, so certain to fail disastrously. The infancy of the Christian Church, and the Divine guidance directly exercised, rendered such discipline in the first centuries both practicable and effective.* But I do not remember that any parish priest of the Reformed Church has ever attempted to enforce the Communion rubrics, except, as we have learned from the public papers, in recent times, with disastrous consequences to the promoters. And what kind of wickedness is to be so visited? To prove drunkenness, or impurity, or fraudulent practices, or false doctrine (Canon 109), a judicial inquiry must be resorted to. Rebukes for lesser offenses would certainly lead to disputes, if not even to recrimination! The irresistible circumstances of the age would entirely defeat any such endeavors. In towns, parochial limits are practically unknown or ignored, and families, or individuals, attend whatever church or chapel they please, no one preventing them, thus making all exercise of sacerdotal authority impracticable. In the country, even where only the parish church is within reach, it is highly probable that an offender would meet priestly excommunication by the easy expedient of cutting himself off from communication with his clergyman and his church; and even if he did not, it would be a very new state of things if the sentence were received with submission on the part of the offender, and acquiescence on that of the congregation.

In short, the thing is simply impossible; and I do not find that even Bishop Selwyn himself visited immorality with ecclesiastical censures, or supported his clergy in doing so; and I am using the word "immorality" in its full and proper

* As these sheets are passing through the press, I happen to meet with these words of Bishop Wilberforce:—"The more I have thought over the matter, the more it seems to me that it was providentially intended that discipline, in the strictest sense of that word, should be the restraint of the early Church, and that it should gradually die out as the Church approached maturity, or rather turn from a formal and external rule to an inner work in the spirit—should run into the opening of God's Word and its application to the individual soul and life."—*Life*, vol. i. p. 230.

sense, and not with that restricted meaning which confines it to a particular sin. It is true, as he says, that our Church stands alone in refraining from the exercise of such power. But in other religious bodies, the discretionary power to use such dangerous weapons is not left to individuals however gifted. It rests in a constituted body, on whom the whole responsibility would lie. But the isolation of the English clergyman in his church and parish forbids him thus to risk his whole usefulness and his social existence. Who would confirm him in his judgment? Who would stand by him in the troubles which he would assuredly entail upon himself? Would his churchwardens, his rural dean, his archdeacon, or his bishop? I think there would be little comfort to be found in any of these quarters.

ON LETTER VII.

Excellent as is Canon Gray's letter (p. 90), I do not at all concur in his somewhat severe censure on the second paragraph in this letter, in which Mr. Ruskin, as I conceive, with complete theological accuracy, points out how in His human nature our Lord accepted and received some, perhaps many, of the deficiencies of our nature, human frailty and weakness, even human *liability* to sin, without, however, once yielding to its temptations. I have everywhere in my "Life of Christ" endeavored to give reasons for my faith in this view, which, even if held, I know is not often professed.

If Christ had been perfectly insensible to the allurements of sin, where would be His fellow-feeling with us? It would be a mere outward semblance; nor would there then be any significance in the statement that "He was in all points tempted like as we are," if He had been able to view with calm indifference the inducements presented to Him from time to time to abandon His self-sacrificing work and consult His safety. The captain is not to go securely armor-

plated into the fight while the private soldier marches in his usual unprotected apparel. Nor will the Captain of our salvation protect Himself against the dangers which He invites us to encounter. If He knew nothing of sin from experience of its power, how could He be an example to us? Therefore I believe Mr. Ruskin to be perfectly right in affirming that in the words of Jesus we listen not to one speaking entirely in the Power and Wisdom of God, but to the Son of Man, bowed down, but not conquered, by afflictions, firm and unbending in His great purpose to bear in His own body the sin of the world—Son of Man, yet God Incarnate.

Nor does it seem to me “a hard way of speaking” when Mr. Ruskin rightly and plainly affirms the perfect humanity of Christ, which, however, Canon Gray correctly points out to be assumed and borne in accordance with His own will as perfect God. I am afraid that, good and kind as he is, it is Canon Gray himself who is a little hard in unconsciously imputing thoughts which had no existence in the writer’s mind!

I cannot help being amused at the gravity with which certain critics shake their heads ominously over the last paragraph in this letter, and seriously ask, What can Mr. Ruskin mean by the “peace and joy in the Holy Ghost” enjoyed by the birds? The Poet Laureate would hardly care to be brought to book for each poetical flight with which he charms his many appreciative readers, and to be asked to explain exactly what he means by each of those noble thoughts which are only revealed from soul to soul, and dissolve into fluid, like the beautiful brittle-star of our coasts, under the touch of a too curious hand.

How do we know but that the animal existence of these charming companions of our quiet hours is not accompanied by a spiritual existence too, as much inferior to our own spiritual state as their corporeal to ours? And therefore shall we boldly dare to say that they perish altogether and forever? We may neither believe nor disbelieve in matters kept so completely secret from us. But we must be pardoned for

leaning to a belief that the feathered creatures which spend most of their brief life in singing loud praises to the loving Creator and Giver of all good, do not live quite for nothing beyond the dissolution of their little frames. There are no means of ascertaining this by scientific experiments, or even by the most ingenious processes of induction carefully recorded and duly referred to as occasion may arise. But certainly it is a harmless fancy which many have indulged in before Mr. Ruskin, without being charged with such unsoundness in doctrine as denying the Personality of the Holy Ghost! By-and-by it may be found that what men have believed in half in sport will be realized wholly in earnest. Just outside the churchyard wall of Ecclesfield may be seen (at least I saw it a few years ago) a little monumental stone to a favorite dog, with the text, "Thou, Lord, preservest man and beast." And in Kingsley's "Prose Idylls" I have just met most *à propos* with the following beautiful passage, which many will read with pleasure, perhaps some with profit:—

"If any one shall hint to us that we and the birds may have sprung originally from the same type: that the difference between our intellect and theirs is one of degree, and not of kind, we may believe or doubt: but in either case we shall not be greatly moved. 'So much the better for the birds,' we will say, 'and none the worse for us. You raise the birds towards us: but you do not lower us towards them.' What we are, we are by the grace of God. Our own powers and the burden of them we know full well. It does not lessen their dignity or their beauty in our eyes to hear that the birds of the air partake, even a little, of the same gifts of God as we. Of old said St. Guthlac in Crowland, as the swallows sat upon his knee, 'He who leads his life according to the will of God, to him the wild deer and the wild birds draw more near;' and this new theory of yours may prove St. Guthlac right. St. Francis, too—he called the birds his brothers. Whether he was correct, either theologically or zoologically, he was plainly free from that fear of being mistaken for an ape, which haunts so many in these modern times. Perfectly sure that he himself was a spiritual being, he thought it at least possible that birds might be spiritual beings likewise, incarnate like himself in mortal flesh; and saw no degradation to the dignity of human nature in claiming kindred lovingly with creatures so beautiful, so wonderful, who (as he fancied in his old-fashioned way) praised God in the forest, even as angels did in heaven. In a word, the saint, though he was an ascetic,

and certainly no man of science, was yet a poet, and somewhat of a philosopher ; and would possibly—so do extremes meet—have hailed as orthodox, while we hail as truly scientific, Wordsworth's great saying—

‘ Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear—both what they half create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.’ ”

Charm of Birds.

ON LETTER VIII.

What generous and enlightened spirit will not be stirred to its innermost depths by these words, burning as they are with a well-grounded indignation ?

I dare say some of the clergy will have a word to say on their claim to the priesthood as implying a sacrificial and mediatorial character. On this point I will say nothing at present.

But it is an awfully solemn consideration put before us here, whether instead of the pure blessings and the bright countenances intended to be ours, our accursed blessings and defiled faces are not the natural consequences of our willful misunderstanding of what the will of the Lord is.

“ Thy will be done ” is a petition which can be offered up in two quite distinct senses. In the one, it is an expression of resignation to the Father's afflictive dispensations ; in the other, the heartfelt desire to work out the revealed will of God in all the many-sided aspects of life. In the first sense, when sorrow or death has entered our door, our first impulse, if we are Christians, is to give evidence of, and expression to, our resignation by recognizing the *will of God*. Hence Mr. Ruskin interposes : “ Are you so sure that it *was* the will of

God that your child should die, or that you should have got into that trouble?" I look in my local paper in the column of deaths, and see in a neighboring large town how extraordinary a proportion of deaths are those of children. I have taken occasional cemetery duty in one of the busiest centers of industry in Yorkshire, and was shocked at the large numbers of funerals in white. Am I to believe it was the *will of God* that so many young children should perish, especially as I look to my own beautiful parish, with its sweet sea and mountain breezes mingled, where the deaths of children are comparatively rare? and am I not forced to believe that, even without the assistance of destitution—neglect and overcrowding, and "quieting mixtures" and ardent spirits, and kicks and blows have filled most of those little graves? I fear that the will of Satan is here being accomplished vastly to his satisfaction. And seldom does the Government do more than touch the fringe of these monstrous evils. Of course they say "We cannot interfere," or "Legislation in these matters is impracticable." But can we not all remember when it was just as certain that free trade in food was impracticable? but who does not see that it is saving us from famine this dark year 1879?—that compulsory education was revolutionary and full of unimaginable perils to the country, and yet who are so glad as the poor themselves, now that it has been carried into effect? It used to be thought that if people chose to kill themselves with unwholesome open drains before their doors, there was no power able to prevent them. But we are wiser now. Legislators have generally been, or chosen to appear, like cowards till the time for action came, very late, and then they were decided enough. Now let us hope that a way may be found to save infant life from premature extinction by wholesale.

Let me use this opportunity of saying that in the letters we are now considering there is a feature which ought not to escape those who are desirous of deriving good from them; and that is that in their very condensed form no time is taken for explanation or expansion. Mr. Ruskin speaks as unto

wise men, and asks us to judge for ourselves what he says. But my own experience, after frequent perusal of them, shows me that there is a vast fund of truth in them which becomes apparent only after patient consideration and reflection. Without desiring at all to bestow extravagant praise on my kind friend, or any other distinguished man, it is only fair and just to own that the truth that is in these letters shines out more and more the more closely they are examined. It is a gift that God has given him, which has cost him far more pain, worry, and vexation, through all kinds of willful and envious, as well as innocent and unconscious misrepresentation, than ever it has gained him of credit or renown.

This principle leads me to view *now* with approbation what I could not read at first without an unpleasant feeling. The sentence: "Nearly the whole Missionary body (with the hottest Evangelical section of the English Church) is at this moment composed of men who think the Gospel they are to carry to mend the world with, forsooth, is this, 'If any man sin, he hath an Advocate with the Father.'" And when I first read it to my reverend brethren, hard words were spoken of this passage, because in its terseness, in its elliptic form, it easily allows itself to be misunderstood. Yet the paragraph contains the essence of the Gospel expressed with a faithful boldness not often met with in pulpit addresses.

"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father." We have here a solemn and momentous truth, expressed in few words, as clearly and as briefly as any geometrical definition. But is this *all* the Gospel? Will this alone "mend the world, forsooth"? Now the extreme men of one particular school in the English Church do really preach little else beside this. When they are entreated to preach upon good works, too, and unfold a little of their value and beauty,—if they have any at all,—the answer is always to the effect, "Oh, of course; faith in Christ must of necessity beget the love of good works. These are the signs of that. Preach Christ crucified, and all the rest will be sure to follow." And this is what is exclusively called "preaching the Gospel." The

preacher who teaches us to love our enemies, to live pure lives, to be honorable to all men and women, to bring up our families in the truth, is frowned upon as a "legal preacher." As a clergyman myself, I am not afraid of saying that I look upon this so-called Gospel-preaching as fraught with not a little of danger. God knows, wicked sinners are found in every congregation and class of men, kneeling to pray, and singing praises, exactly like good men. Now I can hardly conceive a style and matter of preaching more calculated to excuse and palliate, and almost encourage sin, than this narrow and exclusive so-called Gospel-preaching. Neither Christ nor His apostles taught thus at all. The whole Sermon on the Mount is moral in the highest and purest sense. Every epistle has its moral or *legal* side. "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!" and I cannot be preaching the Gospel unless, along with the great proclamation, "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father," I also do my utmost to teach "what the will of the Lord is" concerning a pure, holy, and blameless life, full of active, good works, done in deep humility and self-abasement; because Christ loved me and died for me, and asks me, in love to Him, to walk in His steps.

ON LETTER IX.

I fancy I can still hear the murmur of angry dissent pass round as I read to my reverend brethren this indignant plea for a higher interpretation of the petition for daily bread than that which passes current with the unthinking, self-indulgent world. Nevertheless, this manifestation of feeling was not general, and I thoroughly agree with Mr. Ruskin that the world has, from the first, used this prayer thoughtlessly and blasphemously; and probably will continue to do so to the end, when the thoughts and imaginations of all men's hearts shall be revealed, and no more disguises shall be possible; when the masked hypocrite's smile shall be torn from him

and reveal the covetousness that breeds in his heart to its core; when the honorable man shall no longer be confounded with thieves, nor the usurer and extortioner be courted and bowed to like an honest man.

The veil that hid the true Christ, as Mr. Ruskin has well remarked, was removed in the breaking of bread with the disciples at Emmaus. As the Master, so the true disciples. They too may be known both by the spiritual breaking of the Bread of Life in the Holy Communion (though the canting hypocrite too may be found polluting that holy rite); but more especially in the union of the sacred ordinance with obedience to the scarcely less sacred command of Christian love and charity to the poor. There may be the empty profession, but there will be none of the reality of the religion of the Gospel, unless we are partakers of the bread broken at the Lord's Table, or unless we eat the bread earned by the honest labor of our hands or of our brains, or share some of our bread with those, the Lord's brethren, whom He has left for us to care for in His name. The absence of either of these three essential conditions just lays us open to the charge of flaunting before the world a false and spurious Christianity. In the plain words of our friend, our bread not being fairly got or fairly used, is stolen bread.

But I would willingly believe that it is only by a strong figure of speech that we clergy are here again emphatically called upon to act the part of inquisitors by pointedly demanding of every member of our flock a precise account of the manner in which he earns his livelihood. Still, if the answer was not a surprised and indignant stare, I believe the great mass of men would probably be able to give an answer which should abundantly satisfy themselves and us, until Mr. Ruskin threw his own light upon the answer and demonstrated that the notions of modern civilized society are not in accordance with the highest teaching. According to our ideas, the artisan, the tradesman, the merchant, the members of the learned and the military and naval professions, all those engaged in the various departments of government work, from

the cabinet minister down to the last office clerk,—all these use the labor of body or of mind, and in return receive the necessaries or the luxuries of life for themselves and their households. Men who are, if they please, exempt altogether from such labor, as large landed proprietors, are certainly under a temptation to lead a life of ease and leisure. But it is very seldom that we are offended with the sight of a landlord so unmindful of social duties as to take no personal active interest in the welfare and conduct of his tenants, or forgetful of the responsibilities to his country imposed upon him by his rank and position.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Ruskin does not in all solemn seriousness really expect that after a fair examination of the modes of life of all these people, “an entirely new view of life and its sacraments will open upon us and them.” Is it indeed a fact that “the great mass of men calling themselves Christians do actually live by robbing the poor of their bread, and by no other trade whatsoever”? Mr. Ruskin is always terribly in earnest in whatever he says, and we must look for an explanation of this sentence in the very decided views he holds upon interest of money, which he calls usury.

Mr. Ruskin classes Usury and Interest together. Here are some of his strong words upon this subject: “There is absolutely no debate possible as to what usury is, any more than what adultery is. The Church has only been polluted by indulgence in it since the 16th century. Usury is any kind whatever of interest on loan, and it is the essential modern force of Satan.” This was written September 9th of this year. In “Fors Clavigera,” Letter lxxxii., p. 190, he challenged the Bishop of Manchester to answer him the question, whether he considered “usury to be a work of the Lord”?*. In the same letter, to place his heavy denunciation against the wickedness of usury in the best possible company, he pleads: “Plato’s scheme was impossible even in his own day,—as Bacon’s New Atlantis in *his* day,—as Calvin’s reform in *his* day,—as Goethe’s Academe in his; but of the good there

* See *Contemporary Review*, February, 1880.

was in all these men, the world gathered what it could find of evil."

Let us look a little closer into this matter. It is not because a man with fearless frankness breasts the full torrent of popular persuasion and universal practice that he is to be thrust aside as a fanatic, with hard words and unfeeling sneers concerning his sanity. Here, again, I avow my persuasion that Mr. Ruskin is, in one sense, too far in advance, and, in another, too far in the rear of the time; and while I attempt an explanatory justification of the modern practice, I admit that it is only "for the hardness of our hearts" and because the golden age is still far off.

The Mosaic law was severe against usury and increase, forbidding it under heavy threatenings among the faithful Israelites, but allowing it in lending to strangers. "If thy brother be waxen poor, then thou shalt relieve him . . . take thou no usury of him, or increase" (Lev. xxv. 35, 36). "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of anything that is lent upon usury. *Unto a stranger* thou mayest lend upon usury; but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury" (Deut. xxiii. 19, 20). "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? . . . He that putteth not out his money to usury" (Psalm xv. 1, 5. See Ezek. xviii. 7, etc.). And to come to the Christian law, we have the mild general principle: "If ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. . . . Lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great" (Luke vi. 34, 35).

So far the Law of Moses and the Gospel.

But our Lord, in the Parable of the Talents, appears to actually sanction the practice of loans upon interest: "Thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury" (Matt. xxv. 27). The preceding verse, the 26th, may well be understood to be a question—Didst thou indeed think so? It does not even indirectly attribute hardness and oppres-

sion to our Lord.* I am quite aware that it may be replied that this is an instance of those strong audacious metaphors, where the fact used by way of illustration is instinctively over-leaped by the mind of the hearer to arrive at the lesson which it marks and emphasizes; as when the Lord is represented as an unjust judge, or Paul speaks of grafting the wild olive branch upon the good, or James refers to the rust and canker upon gold and silver, or Milton speaks of certain bishops as "blind mouths." † But in all these cases, the hyperbole is manifest; it is an untruth or a disguise, which not only does not deceive, but teaches a great truth. Our Lord's reference to money-lenders or exchangers appears to lend an indirect sanction to a familiar practice.

The Law of Moses, therefore, rebuking the practice of lending for increase among brethren and encouraging it in dealing with strangers, combined with the well-known avarice of the Jews to make them money-lenders on a large scale, and at high rates of interest, to the prodigals and spendthrifts, the bankrupt barons and needy sovereigns of the Middle Ages. Money was rarely lent for commercial purposes, and to advance the real prosperity of the borrower. It was generally to stave off want for the time; and principal and interest, when pay-day came, had generally to be found in the pastures or strongholds of the enemy. High interest was charged, on account of the extraordinary precariousness of what was called the security. Grinding and grasping undoubtedly the money-lenders would be, from the hardship of their case. Reckless extravagance and lavish profusion were, in those non-commercial ages, highly applauded. The spendthrift and the prodigal was the favorite of the multitude; the rich money-lender was hated and abused, while his money-bags were sought after with all the eagerness of hard-driving

* The owners of five talents and of two talents are commended for making cent. per cent. of their money; but the man who hid away his one talent, as French peasants do, and brought it to his Lord untouched and undiminished, received a severe rebuke.

† Lycidas. See "Sesame and Lilies,"

poverty. They reviled the careful and economical Israelite, they looked with horror upon his vast accumulations of capital, and never remembered to thank him for the safety they owed to him from the violent hands of their own soldiers and retainers.

All this went on until the sixteenth or seventeenth century. I have before me a very curious old book, lent to me by Mr. Ruskin, entitled, "The English Usurer: or, Usury Condemned by the most learned and famous Divines of the Church of England. Collected by John Blaxton, Preacher of God's Word at Osmington, in Dorsetshire, 1634."

The language throughout the book is of extreme violence against all manner of usury. The compiler gives a collection of the most emphatic testimonies of the greatest preachers of the day against this "detestable vice." Bishop Jewell calls it "a most filthy trade, a trade which God detesteth, a trade which is the very overthrow of all Christian love." There is, it must be admitted, no sort of argument attempted in the long extract from Bishop Jewell's sermon to demonstrate the wickedness of the practice against which he launches his fierce invectives, but he certainly brings his sermon to a conclusion with a threat of extreme measures "if they continue therein. I will open their shame and denounce excommunication against them, and publish their names in this place before you all, that you may know them, and abhor them as the plagues and monsters of this world; that if they be past all fear of God, they may yet repent and amend for worldly shame."

This was Bishop Jewell preaching in the middle of the 16th century; and such were the strong terms very generally employed by good and thoughtful men at that day. Bacon (Essay 41) says that one of the objections against usury is that "it is against nature for money to beget money!" Antonio, in "The Merchant of Venice," asks:

"When did friendship take
A *breed* of barren metal of his friend?"

And his practice was "neither to lend nor borrow by taking

nor giving of excess," which brought upon him the malice and vindictiveness of the Jew—

“that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.”

Philip, in Tennyson's "Brook"—a simple man in later times—

“Could not understand how money breeds,
Thought it a dead thing.”

But there were men, too, who saw that the taking of moderate interest was a blameless act. Calvin was a contemporary of Bishop Jewell, and his mind exhibits a curious mixture of feelings upon the subject. Blaxton triumphantly places a sentence from Calvin's "Epistola de Usura" as a battle-flag in his title-page:—

“In republica bene constituta nemo faenerator tolerabilis est; sed omnino debet e consortio hominum rejici.” “An usurer is not tolerable in a well-established Commonwealth, but utterly to be rejected out of the company of men.” So again, in his Commentary on Deuteronomy. But again, in a passage quoted from the same author, without reference, in Dugald Stewart's Preliminary Dissertation (*Encycl. Brit.*) we come across a different view.

“‘Money begets not money!’—What does the sea beget? What the house for which I receive rent? Is silver brought forth from the walls and the roof? But that is produced from land, and that is drawn forth from the sea, which shall produce money; and the convenience of a house is paid for with a stipulated sum. Now if better profit can be derived from the letting out of money than by the letting of an estate, shall a profit be made by letting perhaps some barren land to a farmer, and shall it not be allowed to him who lends a sum of money? He who gets an estate by purchase, shall he not from that money derive an annual profit? Whence then is the merchant's profit? You will say, from his diligence

and industry. Does any one suppose that money ought to lie idle and unprofitable? He who borrows of me is not going to let the loan lie idle. He is not going to draw profit from the money itself, but from the goods bought with it. Those reasonings, therefore, against usury are subtle, and have a certain plausibility; but they fall as soon as they are examined more narrowly. I therefore conclude that we are to judge of usury, not from any particular passage of Scripture, but by the ordinary rules of justice and equity."

To come at once to modern days and practical views. Let us suppose lending on interest forbidden by the Church and the law. Then sums of money required for good and legitimate business purposes must be begged as a great favor. No honorable man would do this. The instinctive repugnance felt by an independent man to place himself under pecuniary obligations which he could not reciprocate would stop many a promising young man of slender means from going to college, many a good man of business from using the most favorable opportunities. I am not speaking of borrowing money to gain temporary relief from pecuniary embarrassment, but of money honorably desired to realize advantages of apparent life-value. So the necessitous would be doomed to remain in hopeless necessity until some benevolently-minded person with a mass of loose unemployed capital came to his rescue, and such men are not to be met with every day.

So far for the man who would like to borrow, but that the law will not allow it except as a free loan or gift. Then for the willing lender, if he dared. He has, say, a few thousands in hand, which he does not wish to spend. He looks round, if he is anxious to use it for good, for an object of his charity who seems least likely to disappoint him. Does our experience of human nature teach that a sense of gratitude for benefits received is a good security for honorable conduct? Alas! in a multitude of cases—I fear the majority—the lender would only be met with cold and alienated looks when he expected to receive his own again, if indeed he found anywhere at all the object of his kindness. The memory of past ingrati-

itude, the fear of worse to come, would dry the sources of benevolence, and make the upright and honest to suffer equally with the swindler and the hypocrite.

But there is no such fear now. The recognized system of lending upon approved security for a fair and moderate rate of interest removes the irksome, galling sense of obligation, and enables any man to borrow with a feeling that if he receives an obligation he is also conferring one; that if he makes ten per cent. by trading, or a good stipend by his degree, he will divide his profits fairly with the man who served him, and that he is helping him in his turn to keep his money together for the sake of his children after him. Take away these benefits, and what good is done by free lending? Not any that we can see with ordinary eyes, but a good deal of suspicion, disappointment, ingratitude, and loss.

An honorable man would a hundred times rather accept a loan as a matter of profit to the lender than as a charity to himself. The right result of an honorable system of borrowing and lending with equal advantage to both, is the will of God, and not contrary to sanctification. The result of a compulsory system of charitable loans would lead only to the destruction of credit and mutual confidence, and the sacrifice of a multitude of Christian graces and virtues.

We cannot help observing with what vehemence Mr. Ruskin constantly thrusts the thief, the adulterer, and the usurer all into the same boat to be tossed against the breakers of his wrath. Now I would ask some one of those numerous disciples of his, whose affection almost prompts them to say to him, "I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," "Pray, my good friend, what is your own practice? Providence has blessed you with ease and affluence far more than you need for daily bread. What do you do with your money? Of course you would never think of investing in consols, in railway shares, or dock-bonds, would you? you would not lend money upon mortgage, or exact rent for your household and landed property? I see that you hesitate a little; you have something to confess. Come! what is it?" And my amiable

friend replies, "Oh, but you see all the world is gone after interest of money; all our mutual relations are so intimately bound up with that accursed, abominable practice, that I have no alternative. *I have* large sums lodged in various safe investments, and employ an agent to collect my rents and settle with my tenants." And so I am forced to exclaim, "What! you who are persuaded that usury, and theft, and adultery, are all of equal blackness, if you find that one sin is unavoidable, what about the other two? Would you then invite the robber and the licentious to sin with impunity, as you practice your own convenient iniquity, with the applause of the world and your own acquiescence?"

Positively I see no escape from this argument. It is the *argumentum ad hominem*,—generally an uncivil mode of address; but here, at any rate, it is impersonally used.

These are my views frankly stated. If I am wrong, even by the highest standard of Christian ethics, I shall be thankful for Mr. Ruskin's corrections.

ON LETTER X.

The letters which I have received up to the present time (October 31 st) in reply to Mr. Ruskin's have not failed to bring me not a little of disappointment. On the one hand, I see a man noble and elevated in his aims, and with highest aspirations, desiring nothing so fervently as to see the world and its pastors and teachers rising to the highest attainable level of religious and moral excellence; fearlessly rebuking the evils he sees so clearly; clothing thoughts that consume him in words that stir our inmost hearts; and yet I see him unavoidably missing his aim as all men are liable to do, through the defect of possessing human language alone as the channel to convey divine meanings; and, moreover, who cannot at every turn stay the course of their reasoning to explain that that which they speak apparently, and from the necessi-

tics of language, to *all*, is, as the most ordinary apprehension would perceive, really addressed to *some*.

On the other side, while I hear many expressing their thankfulness that things are now being said that "wanted saying," and are being spoken out with uncompromising boldness, others receive them with impatience, with irritation, with exasperation. I have been gravely advised to recommend Mr. Ruskin to withdraw these letters, to wash my hands of them, etc. Sometimes this arises from unfamiliarity with Mr. Ruskin's most famous works; sometimes from entire unacquaintance with their number and their nature; as when a friend wrote to me before he saw or heard a word of the letters:—

"If Mr. Ruskin thinks we have generally read his *publication* (*sic*) I think he is mistaken; all I know of *it* is that I have occasionally seen *it* quoted in newspapers, from which I gather that he holds peculiar opinions."

A lady, who looked well to the ways of her household, but knew very little of books, once asked me if Mr. Ruskin had not written a book called the "Old Red Sandstone." I hinted that probably she meant the "Stones of Venice," which was indeed the case. She knew it was something about stones! But she was an excellent creature nevertheless!

These two traits may fairly be paired together.

It should be observed, by clergymen especially who read these letters attentively, that they contain just what we clergy ought to be told sometimes by laymen, to whom we preach with perfect impunity, but who as a rule rarely make reply.

I have just read Lord Carnarvon's excellent address on Preaching, delivered at the Winchester Diocesan Conference, and thank him as I thank, and for the same reason that I thank, Mr. Ruskin. We need to be told wholesome though unpalatable truths sometimes, when we have descended from our castle-pulpits to meet, it may be, the eyes, and hear the voices, of impatient, irritated, and prejudiced critics.

I do not remember that so bold an attack, and yet so friendly, has ever before been made upon our weak points in modern times; and I may justly claim for Mr. Ruskin's letters a calm, self-searching, and, if need be, a self-condemning and self-sacrificing, examination. We are all too apt to cry "Peace, peace, where there is no peace." Why should the shepherds of Britain claim for themselves a more indulgent regard than the shepherds of Israel, whom Ezekiel, by the word of the Lord, addressed in the 33d and 34th chapters of his prophecy?

Concerning the letter before us on the forgiveness of sins—each other's sins or debts, and our sins before God—it is not a question of theology, but of simple moral right and wrong; and I defy Mr. Ruskin's bitterest censors to deny, that, in this wicked world, men are more in earnest in deceiving, injuring, and swindling their friends than they are in seeking the love of their enemies. Has not our Lord told us long ago that "the children of this world are wiser" (that is, more earnest, consistent, and thorough-going) "in their generation than the children of light"?

It is of extreme difficulty to *understand* the clause, says Mr. Ruskin. Replies some slow-witted preacher: "Where is the difficulty? I both understand it and explain it with perfect ease!" What! understand the precious conditions on which forgiveness will be extended to us! The question of God's forgiveness is not a *simple* question. It is complicated by its relation to men's mutual forgiveness of each other, and that again by the practical difficulty of knowing when we can, and when, from the very nature of the case, we cannot, forgive. Here are surely elements of difficulty quite sufficient to justify the remark that "the clause is one of such difficulty that, to understand it, means almost to know the love of God which passeth knowledge."

But we may, at any rate, guard our people against *misunderstanding* it; and they are guilty, and full of guilt, who live in sin,—sins of avarice, of ill temper, of calumny, of hatred, of sensuality, and of unforgivingness, and yet daily

ask to be forgiven, because, forsooth, they are innocent of any bad intention!

No man or woman who sins with the knowledge that it is sin can have God's forgiveness. It is no use to plead the frailty of the flesh. It is willful, knowing, deliberate sin; and it will not be forgiven without a very living, earnest, and working faith indeed.

I question much whether we preachers of the Gospel say enough upon this point,—not at all that we underrate its importance, nor that we overrate the importance of that which we are apt to call Gospel preaching *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, namely, the doctrine of the atonement by the Blood of Christ, which is the brightness and glory of the Gospel message, but is no more all of it than that the sum of the Lord's Prayer is contained in one of its clauses.

“As we forgive them that trespass against us.” Shall I be pardoned for venturing here upon a remark which seems needful to make in the presence of so much that appears to be erroneous on the subject of human forgiveness? And it is more especially necessary to be understood in the case of the clergy, because such large demands are made upon their forgiveness as it is impossible to satisfy. I do not at all say that there are trespasses which men cannot forgive,—sins, I mean, of the ordinary type, and not crimes. But I do say that there are times and circumstances under which forgiveness is a moral impossibility. And yet the world expects a clergyman to be ever walking up and down in society with forgiveness on his lips and forgiveness in both his hands. Our Lord said, “If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and *if he repent*, forgive him” (Luke xvii. 3); and forgiveness is to follow each successive profession of repentance. And in Matt. xviii. 22, though repentance is not named, it is manifestly implied. In 2 Cor. ii. 7, again, sorrow for the sin is a condition of forgiveness. This, then, is the rule and condition of forgiveness, that our brother *repent*; and manifestly it must be so; for the act of forgiveness requires a correlative disposition to seek and receive forgive-

ness, just as a gift implies not only a giver but a receiver, or it cannot be a gift, do what we will. I think this is extremely apt to be overlooked even by the larger, that is, the more emotional and impulsive part of the world, though not, of course, by the more thoughtful; and clergymen especially are asked to speak fair, and sue for peace, and all but ask for forgiveness of those who are habitually and obstinately bent upon doing them all the wrong and injury in their power, and using them with the most intolerable harshness.

What, then, does true religion require of us if such circumstances make forgiveness impossible? To be ever ready, ever prepared to forgive; to seek every opening, every avenue to peace without sacrifice of self-respect and manly independence; to watch for opportunities to do kindnesses to the most inveterate enemy,—even where a change of heart appears hopeless. This is possible to a Christian, and this is what Christ demands. But He does not demand impossibilities. He does not ask us to do more than our Heavenly Father Himself, who forgives the returning sinner even “a great way off,” if his face be but homeward; but says nothing of forgiveness to him whose back is towards his home, and whose heart dwells far away.

I am sure Mr. Ruskin does not mean that no clergyman is sensible of the guilt of sins of omission. But he is speaking as a layman, who has heard in his time a great many preachers, and it is very probable indeed that he has not heard many dwell long and forcibly on the fact, which is indeed a fact, that the guilt of sins of omission is the burden of Christ's teaching, and that more parables and more preaching are directed against the sin of doing nothing at all than against the positive and active wickedness of bad men. If we will be candid, we must agree with him that in our general teaching we do lay much less emphasis on such sins than our Lord does in *His* teaching.

But in the paragraph which follows, I confess that, following up a charge which is sadly too true, that there is a grotesque inconsistency “in the willingness of human nature

to be taxed with any quantity of sins in the gross, and its resentment at the insinuation of having committed the smallest parcel of them in detail," there comes a sentence in which the Christian philosopher loses himself in the caustic satirist, and that this vein continues to the end of the letter. In satire, such is its very essence, truth is ever travestied. It is truth still, but the truth in unfamiliar, and, for the most part, unacceptable guise. There is just an undercurrent of truth, and no more, in the statement, not very seriously made, one would suppose, that the English Liturgy was "drawn up with the amiable intention of making religion as pleasant as possible, to a people desirous of saving their souls with no great degree of personal inconvenience."

If the whole naked truth were spoken with the deepest gravity that the awful pressure of our sins demands, the English Liturgy would be a continuous wail of grief and repentance. For if anything is great, and loud, and urgent, it is the cry of our sins. But co-extensive with our sins is the love of our Father; and, therefore, our mourning is changed into rejoicing and thankfulness, and this picture of the sinner "dexterously concealing the manner of his sin from man, and triumphantly confessing the quantity of it to God," is merely a satire.

The next paragraph is more bitter still; but happily for the cause of sober truth, it is satire again; and nothing can be more obvious than the fact that prayer, to be Common Prayer, cannot at the same time suit every condition of mind, the calm and the agitated, the strained and the relaxed, the rejoicing and the sorrowful. But we are not dependent upon public worship for the satisfaction of our spiritual wants, as long as we can resort to private prayer and family prayer. And, indeed, it requires no wonderful stretch of our powers of adaptation to use the most strenuous private prayer in the midst of the congregation; and the "remorseful publican" and the "timid sinner" are not bound to the words before them, or if they do follow these words, I am sure there is enough depth in them to satisfy the views of the most con-

science-stricken. Common Prayer is calm to the calm, and passionate to the passionate. It is all things to all men, just according to their frame of mind at the time.

But alas for my good kind friend! as we get nearer to the end of the letter, the satire waxes fiercer, and the adherence to the truth of nature grows fainter. Does Mr. Ruskin seriously, or only sarcastically, tell us that the assaults upon the divine power of prayer gain any force from the circumstance that we are constrained to pray daily for forgiveness, never getting so far as to need it no longer? From the first day that we lisped at our mother's knee, "Forgive us our trespasses," until, bowed with age, we *still* say, "Forgive us our trespasses," we have never stood, and never will stand, one day less in need of forgiveness than another day—or our Lord would have provided a thanksgiving and a prayer for the perfected.

I believe everywhere else I recognize, even in the most startling passages, an element of truth. But in the latter half of this letter, not even the large amount of acrimony and severity allowed to the mode of address called satire can quite reconcile us to its marvelous asperity.

ON LETTER XI.

I cannot but feel astonished and grieved at the perversity of those who * persist in looking upon Mr. Ruskin as alto-

* It was but yesterday that a voice reached me from one of the remotest of our Ultima Thules amongst these mountains, affirming, with something like self-gratulation, that he "cared less than nothing for anything Mr. Ruskin might write outside the subject of Art!" Yet one of the best of our Bishops—and we have many good ones—wrote by the same post: "Mr. Ruskin's letters are full of suggestive thoughts, and must do any one good, if only in getting one out of the ruts." But, alas! against this I must needs set the dictum of another dignitary of the Church, an intensely practical man: "I have a great reverence for Mr. Ruskin's genius, and for what he has written in time past, and on this account I would rather not say a single word in comment upon these letters;" and again—"I really could not discuss them seriously."

gether a noxious kind of a scribbler, and likely to do much injury by the unflagging constancy with which he perseveres in pointing his finger at all our weak and sore places. And yet it cannot be said that even if he does "lade men with burdens grievous to be borne," he himself "touches not the burdens with one of his fingers."

But let us consider this last letter. Is not every word of it true—severely and austere true,—but still true? But yet here still the fault remains (though I say it with the utmost deference, remembering that, after all, I have infinitely more to learn than I have to teach), the fault remains that the truth is put too keenly, too incisively, to be classed with practical truths.

Yes, the petitions of the Lord's Prayer are for a perfect state in this life. We do pray for a Paradise upon earth, where either temptation shall no longer exist, or where sin shall have lost its power to injure by losing its power to allure. But will the most incessant prayer, individual, combined, or congregational, ever bring us to perfection? Alas! my friend, you would gladly persuade us so; you would lead the way yourself, but that the first half-dozen steps you take would have, or have long ago, proved to you that sin is ever present, even in the best and purest of men.

I trust they are very few indeed who are so easily persuaded by the conceited self-sufficiency of the "scientific people" to cease from prayer under the belief that all things move on under the control of inflexible laws, which neither prayer nor the will of God, if God has a will, can change or modify. Magee * has a valuable note on the subject of the "Consistency of Prayer with the Divine Immutability," in which he puts this truth in a mathematical form. He says, "The relation of God to man + prayer is different from the relation of God to man — prayer. Yet God remains constant. It is man who is the better or the worse for prayer or no prayer."

It is pleasant to reflect that with the simple-minded Chris-

* On the Atonement.

tian the belief in Christ, because he knows that Christ loved him and died for him, is exceedingly little moved by these so-called scientific doubts. The propounders of these entangling questions move in a region where he would feel cold and his life would be crushed out of him, and he declines to follow science at so great a cost, believing besides that science might often be better termed nescience, for he has no faith in such science. Instead of being presented with clear deductions, drawn from observation and experience, he sees but too plainly that, as each philosopher frames his own belief out of his inner consciousness, there cannot fail to come out a very large variety of beliefs, and that, if the religion of the Bible were exploded and became an obsolete thing, its place would be usurped by a motley crowd of infinitely varied creeds of every shape and hue, each claiming for itself, with more or less modesty and reserve, but with just equal rights, the supremacy over men's consciences. And in the meanwhile, women and children and the poor, and in fact all who are not altogether highly, transcendently intellectual, must, for want of the requisite faculties and opportunities, do without any religion at all. I suppose most people can see this, and therefore will pay a very limited attention to the claims and pretensions of science-worship.

I come to a sentence where once more the proclivity for satire breaks out for a minute: "But in modern days the first aim of all Christians is to place their children in circumstances where the temptations (which they are apt to call opportunities) may be as great and as many as possible; where the sight and promise of 'all these things' in Satan's gift may be brilliantly near." I was reading this from the MS. to a mother, accomplished and amiable, who of course thought in a moment of her own little flock of sons and daughters, all the objects of the tenderest care and solicitude; and she felt that she at least had not deserved this stroke. But the truth is that we must read this sentence as we read our Lord's, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword"

(Matt. x. 34). The sword was not the object of our Lord's coming, but the unhappy result through sin. He came to bring peace on earth, yet was He "set for the fall of many in Israel." The wisest and best of parents place their sons in the profession or position in life where temptations abound, not because they desire to see them bow before Satan, and become the possessors of "all these things" which he promises "I will give thee," but because there is no position in the active life of the world that is free from temptations; and those temptations are the strongest and most numerous often just where the real and undoubted advantages are the greatest and most numerous. Mr. Ruskin, with a strong and legitimate figure of speech, is simply putting an inevitable result as the work of apparent design.

If the distinction between the glory and the power of the kingdom of God and the false luster of earthly power and worldly allurements is not sufficiently dwelt upon in our pulpits, none will regret it more than the earnest preachers in whom the modern Church of England abounds. If it be granted, as I think it must be granted, that the highest wisdom is not always exercised in the choice and preparation of our subjects of preaching, every true-hearted and loyal Churchman must be grateful for the fearless candor of the writer of the letters we have been considering, in pointing out to us our prevailing deficiencies, even if he does not, which is not his province, point out how to attain perfection.

F. A. MALLESON.

LETTERS FROM CLERGY AND LAITY.

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(FROM THE FIRST EDITION.)

THE following letters have been intrusted to me for publication in this work. The writers of twenty-two of them are clergymen, of whom sixteen are members of three Clerical Societies, all of whom have read their letters before the Societies to which they belong, except in the case of one Society, where it was impracticable. The remaining six have been kind enough to write in acceptance of the invitation in the *Contemporary Review* for December, 1879. The remaining letters are from members of the laity, attracted by the same proposal. Many others have been received; but it would not have been possible to include them all in a volume of moderate size, some of them besides being of great length; and I was therefore, with regret, obliged to decline them.

It was not originally intended that the invitation to discuss these questions should be extended to laymen. But several so understood it from the preface in the *Contemporary*, and when I came to examine the letters sent on this understanding, I felt a conviction that a true and safe light would be thrown upon the subject by their assistance; and, using the discretionary power allowed me by Mr. Ruskin, I thought it, on the whole, best to give admission to a certain number of communications from laymen.

Besides, as they themselves are, in great measure, the subjects of the discussion, and, therefore, must feel a lively interest in it, it seems but fair that they too should have a voice in the matter. Another reason yet had considerable

weight with me, that their letters evince a larger and more liberal sympathy with Mr. Ruskin himself than those of some of my clerical brethren, in whose letters there is but too perceptible a degree of irascibility, not unnatural to us, perhaps, in finding ourselves rather sharply lectured by a layman—the shepherds by the sheep. And I hoped that a more fraternal spirit would be promoted by my free acceptance of their ready offer.

The same consenting spirit is all but universal in the notices of the press upon Mr. Ruskin's letters. But I do not wish to anticipate the judgment of "the Church and the world" upon the whole series of letters here presented. Notwithstanding the peculiar and sometimes rather bewildering effect of a variety of "cross lights," they appear to myself to be invested with singular interest as a faithful reflection of the opinions of the clergy and the laity upon some of the most stirring religious questions of the day.

Moreover, it will, I am sure, please readers who have endeavored in vain to extract some meaning out of many of the sometimes tedious and unintelligible essayists of the day, to observe that the discussion in this volume at least is carried on in language perfectly clear and within the reach of ordinary understandings. At any rate, I hope it will not be said of any of the writers who have together made up this little volume: "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?"

Before the sheets are sent to press they will be perused by Mr. Ruskin, who will then use his privilege of replying, thus bringing the volume to a conclusion.

I could not undertake to classify these letters; and have, therefore, as the simplest mode, arranged them in the alphabetical order of the writers' names.

F. A. MALLESON.

From the Rev. CHARLES BIGG, D.D., Rector of Fenny Compton.

Mr. Ruskin compares the clergyman with an Alpine guide, whose business it is simply to carry the traveler in safety over rocks and glaciers to the mountain top. He is not to trouble himself or his charge with needless refinements of doctrine. He is not to exaggerate the dignity of his office, or to give himself out as anything but a guide. In particular, he is not to assume anything of a mediatorial character. He is to preach the Gospel—not of Luther nor of Augustine, but of Christ; in plain words and short terms. He is to proclaim aloud, boldly and constantly, “This is the will of the Lord,”—to apply, that is, the morality of the Gospel, stringently and authoritatively, to the lives of his people. To effect this application with more power, he is to exercise a rigid discipline, and exclude from his congregation all who are not acting up to what he conceives to be the Gospel ideal. He is not to hamper himself with any set and formal Liturgy, which can never be copious or flexible enough to meet the varied needs of a number of men differing widely in knowledge and attainment.

Every one will feel what a crowd of perplexities start up here at every sentence. In what sense is a clergyman like a Chamouni guide? There is a resemblance, no doubt, but not of a kind on which it would be possible to build any argument. It is not the business of the Alpine guide to exercise any supervision over the morals of his employers, or to ask how they earned the money with which he is paid. Again, what is meant by the Gospel of Christ not according to anybody? It is easy to reject the authority of St. Paul or St. John, or of Luther or Augustine, but there is one commentator whose influence cannot be shaken off, and that is ourselves. And our experience of those who have professed to preach the Gospel pure and simple is not reassuring. Does Mr. Ruskin mean that we are to burn all our theology, —even apparently the Epistles of St. Paul,—and to forget

all Church history since the day of the Crucifixion? Does he mean that we are each to set up a theology—a Church of his own? It would be but a poor gain to most of us to exchange the great lamps of famous doctors for the uncertain rushlights of our own imaginations.

Then again, what is this new and more than Genevan discipline that the clergyman is to enforce? He is to take more pains to get wicked rich men to stay out of the church than to persuade wicked poor ones to enter it. After putting his own interpretation upon the Gospel, he is to lay under an interdict all whom his own fire-new formula—for a formula he must still have—excludes. He is to force, by the method of Procrustes, the visible Church into co-extension with the invisible. No community of Christians has ever attempted such a task. Any zealous (surely over-zealous) parish priest who should so narrow the limits of his fold, who should exclude the “usurer” from the ordinary means of grace, for fear lest he should take God’s name in vain by joining in the public prayers, would expose himself, may we not think? to the reproach of being less merciful than He who sends rain on the just and the unjust. Nor, as he looked round upon his carefully-selected congregation, could he easily flatter himself that he was preaching the Gospel “to every creature.”

Again, what is the will of the Lord, and what does Mr. Ruskin mean by proclaiming it? That He loves righteousness and hates iniquity we know. The difficulty is in applying this general rule in detail. What is its bearing upon the policy of the Government, upon any particular trade strike, upon the tangled web of good and evil motives which makes up the moral consciousness of an average shopkeeper? I conceive Mr. Ruskin to be thinking of preachers like Bernard, Savonarola, or Latimer, of denunciations like those of Isaiah, or of our Lord. He seems to mean that the clergyman should stand on a clear mountain summit, looking down over the whole field of life, discerning with the eye of a prophet every movement of evil on a small scale or on a large. There have been such teachers in whose hands science, economy, politics,

seemed all to become branches of theology, members of one great body of Divine truth. But not every man's lips are thus touched with the coal from the altar. Many an excellent and most useful preacher would make but wild work if he took to denouncing social movements or the spirit of the age. A singular illustration of the danger that besets these sweeping moral judgments is to be found in Mr. Ruskin's own denunciation of usury, that is, of taking interest for money. Few people will agree either with the particular opinion that every old lady who lives harmlessly on her railway dividends ought to be excommunicated, or with the general principle implied in this opinion, that every prohibition in the Old Testament is still as valid as ever under social circumstances altogether different.

People who need denouncing do not, as a rule, come to church to be denounced. And it would be a great error to conclude, from our Lord's language to the Pharisees and Sadducees, that the tone in which He addressed the individual sinner was harsh or scathing. The preacher must remember that he is a physician of souls, and the physician's touch is gentle. Think for a moment what worldliness is—how easy it is to say bitter things about it!—and then picture to yourselves a little tradesman with a wife and seven or eight children to keep on his scanty profits. What wonder if he sets too high a value on money? How difficult for him to understand the words which bid him take no thought for the morrow!

There is a time, no doubt, for fierce language, but it does not often come. The preacher is no more exempt than other people from the golden rule to put himself in his neighbor's place, and try to see things with his neighbor's eyes.

Another difficulty arises out of the manner in which Mr. Ruskin speaks of the relation of his Chamouni guides to dogmatic teaching. They ought not, he says, to be compelled to hold opinions on the subject, say, of the height of the Celestial Mountains, the crevasses which go down quickest to the pit, and other cognate points of science, differing from, or

even contrary to, the tenets of the guides of the Church of France.

It is difficult in the extreme to know exactly what is here meant. No doubt it is needless for a guide to drop a plumb-line down every crevasse that he has to cross. It would be great waste of time to lecture his travelers on the laws that regulate the motion of glaciers or the dip of the mountain strata. But what are the doctrines that stand in this relation, or this no-relation, to the spiritual life? Is it meant that all theology should be swept away like a dusty old cobweb?

I would go myself as far as this, that the fewer and simpler the doctrines that a clergyman preaches, the better; that all doctrines should be required to pass the test of reason and conscience, which are also in their degrees Divine revelations, so far, at least, as this, that no doctrine can be admitted which is demonstrably repugnant to either one or the other. And in the third place, the greatest care should be taken to discriminate matters of faith, real axioms of religion, from pious opinions or venerable practices which have no vital connection with the Christian faith; which, to use Burke's phrase, all understandings do not ratify, and all hearts do not approve. A grave responsibility rests upon those who neglect this discrimination. It is also a point of the highest importance that when most doctrinal a clergyman should be least dogmatic; that he should remember that all doctrine, by the necessity of the case, is cast into an antithetical, more or less paradoxical shape; that he should never lose sight of the harmony and balance between intersecting truths, or of that unfortunate tendency of the human mind to seize upon and appropriate points of difference in their crudest and most antagonistic form, to the exclusion of points of agreement; that he should always do his best to show the reasonableness of the Christian teaching, its analogy and harmony with all the works of God; that where his knowledge fails, he should frankly confess that it does fail, and not try to eke it out by guesses, or to disguise its insufficiency by rhetoric.

But after all these allowances it remains a fact that the

clergyman is not a guide only, but a teacher, an ambassador. He is to teach his people all that he knows about God and His relation to the soul of man. He is to study and meditate himself, and to set forth the conclusion he has reached fully and fearlessly. And if he discharges this duty reasonably and zealously, he need not be afraid of finding that there is a gulf fixed between doctrine and practice. These two must go together. There can be no conduct deserving the name without a philosophy of conduct, and that philosophy is a sound divinity. Even the loftiest and most abstruse doctrines must have an influence upon life. It is a common remark that scientific truth should be pursued for its own sake, and that the most valuable practical results have often followed from investigations carried out with a single eye to the truth. It is an equally common remark that those teach the simplest things best whose range of knowledge and belief is widest. We might point to Mr. Ruskin himself as a striking illustration of this. What is simpler than beauty? what more universally apprehended? what at first sight more incapable of analysis? Yet as we listen to the great critic, what wonderful laws does he point out—what a wealth of knowledge does he bring to bear—how clear he makes it to us that the power of feeling (still more the power of creating) beauty is the hard-won fruit of labor, study, and devotion. So it is with life: those who would create a beautiful life must know the laws of spiritual beauty,—and those laws are theology.

But criticism is a thankless task. It is a more gracious and, towards a great man, a more respectful office to note those points on which our debt to Mr. Ruskin is acknowledged, and our sympathy with him unalloyed. These letters are, in spirit at any rate, not unworthy of the man who has exercised a deeper and wider influence upon the morality of our time than any other, except perhaps Thomas Carlyle. And the great lesson of each of these eloquent teachers is the duty of Reality. There are many points in which we do not agree with them: let us be all the readier to acknowledge the debt that we owe. Both laymen,—like Amos, —neither prophets

nor sons of prophets,—they have done a work which, perhaps, under the altered circumstances of society, no professional preacher could have achieved. Any one who considers the earnestness and reverence of modern intellectual literature; the anxious desire even of the Agnostic to lay the foundations of his moral life as deep as possible; the manifold efforts, while denying all religion, yet to maintain the union of imagination and reason, without which there can be no loftiness of character, no nobility of aspiration, yet which nothing but religion can consecrate and fructify,—and compares all this with the sneering, self-satisfied flippancy of Gibbon and Voltaire, will feel how vast is the change for the better; and these two writers have been the chief instruments in bringing that change about.

Let me notice briefly two points on which Mr. Ruskin insists in these letters with great force and beauty. The first is the love of the Father. No text is more familiar than that which tells us that “God is love.” It is not indeed inconsistent with that other text which tells us that He is “a consuming fire.” But if its meaning is fully imbibed and allowed to bear its natural fruit, it must result in the abandonment of those forensic views of our blessed Lord’s atonement, which all the subtlety of Canon Mozley cannot bring into harmony with the dictates of our consciences. If the Father is love, there can be no division, no antithesis between the Father and the Son. If He is love, then the idea of sacrifice, which is of the essence of love, must enter into our conception of the Father also. I say no more about this, because any one who chooses to do so may find the Fatherhood of God, and all that it implies, treated of with great fullness and a marvelous depth of spiritual insight in the letters of Erskine of Linlathen.

It can hardly be doubted that the kind of language which Protestants of a certain class have been, and still are, in the habit of using, about the “Scheme of Redemption,” constitutes a most serious stumbling-block in the way of many an earnest spirit. There are few preachers probably, and few

congregations now,—in the Establishment at any rate,—who would not revolt against the hideous calmness with which Jonathan Edwards contemplates the “little spiders” dropping off into the flames. But a great deal of mischief remains to be undone. Those who are acquainted with the biographies of Shelley, of James and of John Stuart Mill, know well what effect the fierce doctrines of Calvinism have produced upon minds which for the issues of morality and, surely, even of religion, were “finely touched.” And who can tell what horror and indignation have been wrought in some minds, what agonies of despair in others, who, when at last the blessed work of repentance began to stir within them, and they turned their eyes for comfort to the cross, were met by the terrible warning that none but the select few can call God their Father, and that in all probability their own eternal tortures were decreed before ever they entered the world?

The other point to which I must briefly advert is Mr. Ruskin's protest against the use of words which imply—which leave the least possibility of hoping for—a mechanical absolution, a pardon of sins that have not been abandoned. I do not indeed think that the reproach of using such language falls upon those who are fond of the title of priests alone, for the doctrines of Calvinism are far more liable to abuse. Nor do I think that any preaching of our clergy on this subject can be said to have “turned our cities into loathsome centers of fornication and covetousness.” But here, if anywhere, we ought never to forget the danger of even seeming to set Theology against Reason and Conscience, of allowing the least pretext for thinking that a mere intellectual assent to abstract truths on the one hand, a mere acceptance of ecclesiastical ordinances on the other, can wipe away sins; or that a heart unpurified by charity and obedience, could be at rest even in the kingdom of heaven.

From the Rev. CANON COOPER, Vicar of Grange-over-Sands.

Thank God, all good men are broader and better than their creed,—better and broader, I mean, than those parts of their creed which they insist upon most, because they distinguish them from other people. (These distinguishing points are always of the least importance, in my opinion.) And with my experience of sermons for nearly forty years (for I was very early “called upon to hear sermons”), I am not conscious of such universal omissions on the part of the “priests” of the Church of England as Mr. Ruskin affirms. The universality of the *love* of God the *Father*, embracing even the “*wicked rich*” as well as the “*wicked poor*,” is largely dwelt upon by all “schools.”

The kingdom of God *in this present sinful world* is preached and is labored for. In the present, however, it is more correctly described as the *kingdom of Christ*. When “the end comes,” “He shall deliver up the kingdom to God, *even the Father*” (1 Cor. xv. 24, and *seqq.*). As for denouncing the sins of the rich, this is largely done, and especially by “lively young ecclesiastics” in great towns. And as to preaching forgiveness without amendment, no man of common sense can do that; but Mr. Ruskin may say that common sense is rare among the clergy; and some may be afraid to preach morality, because of an old-fashioned superstition that *morality* is opposed to the *Gospel*. However, I do not hear much of such preaching. As for the duty of every man to do something of the work of the world for his daily bread, that is largely taught; and I believe that the kingdom of God is coming in that respect. A great deal of the drudgery of the world is done by big men now. Also I think that the sinfulness of *omission* is much insisted on by the clergy, as it is abundantly noticed in the Prayer Book, in accordance with the clear teaching of Christ. And the same may be said upon the *personal guilt* of sin. A good clergyman never allows his people to shelter themselves *in a crowd*.

I do not feel the force of the taunt about our saying every week, "There is no health in us," because the most "healthy" Christian finds out always fresh failings as his conscience grows more healthy (not morbidly sensitive), and he is always ready to join in the general confession to his dying day.

There is some value in the remark about Christian parents putting their children into situations where they will be tempted to worship the devil in order to win the kingdom of the world; but here, as elsewhere, the exaggeration, for the sake of being forcible, is too marked.

From the Rev. HENRY M. FLETCHER.

"Yes," I should say, "it is possible to put the Gospel of Christ into such plain words and short terms as that a plain man may understand it, and plain men do understand it. And it is not left to be gathered out of (any of) the Thirty-nine Articles, which are meant not for simple but for clerkly people."

You seem to have felt it startling that Mr. Ruskin should ask for a simple and comprehensible statement of the Christian Gospel—at least Mr. Ruskin represents the case so. What Christ's ministers are bidden to go into all the world and preach is—the good news that God has reconciled the world unto Himself in Jesus Christ His Son; and that whosoever will accept this Jesus as his Lord and Saviour shall have eternal life through Him. You could not, I think, arrive at a definition of what the Gospel of Christ is by explaining the terms of the Lord's Prayer.

You must tell first about *Jesus*, our Lord, and what He has done, before child or man can have any proper notion of "the Gospel." The Gospel is a message from "Our Father which is in Heaven," of His love, and of what His love—the love of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—has devised and executed for the redemption and glorification (through sanctification) of His rebellious children.

There can be small objection taken to Mr. Ruskin's pro-

posal to make the Lord's Prayer "a foundation of Gospel teaching, as containing what all Christians are agreed upon as first to be taught," if the "Gospel teaching" is understood to be "teaching the truth to *Christians*." But "the Gospel teaching or preaching," which is spoken of by Mr. Ruskin, is "Gospel preaching" to the world not yet Christian, either Jewish or heathen; and the Lord's Prayer cannot properly be taken as a foundation of Gospel teaching to it. It must be told first of Jesus and His work, and must have owned Him "Lord," before it can rightly be taught from *His* prayer. This prayer can have no *authority* but to those who have become His disciples. Those who are already His disciples learn naturally from Him their relation and their duty to His Father and their Father. St. Paul, in preaching to the Athenians, dwells not on the Fatherhood of *God*, but on the need of repentance as a preparation for the judgment which awaits all. "Jesus and the Resurrection" was what they heard of first from this model preacher.

From the Rev. A. T. DAVIDSON.

MY DEAR SIR,—Permit me to say one thing with regard to the correspondence which has passed between Mr. Ruskin and yourself.

Profitable as it is to listen to Mr. Ruskin, the student of Mr. Maurice's writings will merely find in these remarkable letters an additional plea on behalf of those truths for which Mr. Maurice so bravely and so passionately contended. It is most refreshing to find two such teachers in accord; and probably there will be many who will learn from Mr. Ruskin what they never would have learned, or even sought for, from Mr. Maurice. It is, of course, for the truth, and not for his individual statement of it, that Mr. Ruskin, even as Mr. Maurice did, contends. It will, I am sure, be a matter of small moment to him so long as the truth be sought for, whether it be arrived at by means of these letters, or by means of Mr. Maurice's books on "The Lord's Prayer," "The Prayer Book," and "The Commandments."

Believe me, my dear Sir, to be yours faithfully.

From the Rev. EDWARD GEOGHEGAN.

BARDSEA VICARAGE, ULVERSTON.

“Open rebuke is better than secret love. Faithful are the wounds of a friend. Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head.”

It is in the spirit which is expressed in these words that I desire to offer the following notes on Mr. Ruskin's Letters. Among the charges which he brings against the clergy are the following:—

That we have no clear idea of our calling, or of the Gospel of Christ (Letters III. and IV.)

That we profane the name of God in the pulpit (Letter VI.)

That we teach that every one that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Lord, and He delighteth in them (Letter VIII.)

That we hold our office to be that, not of showing men how to do their Father's will on earth, but how to get to heaven without doing any of it either here or there (Letter VIII.)

That we neither profess to understand what the will of the Lord is, nor to teach anybody else to do it (Letter VIII.)

That we pretend to absolve the sinner from his punishment, instead of purging him from his sin (Letter VIII.)

That we patronize and encourage all the iniquity of the world by steadily preaching away the penalties of it (Letter VIII.)

That we gather, each into himself, the curious dual power and Janus-faced majesty in mischief of the prophet that prophesies falsely, and the priest that bears rule by his means (Letter VIII.)

That we do not exercise discipline by keeping wicked people out of church (Letter VI.)

That we do not require each member of our flocks to tell us what they do to earn their dinners (Letter IX.)

That we encourage people in hypocrisy, by inviting them to the authorized mockery of a confession of sin (Letter X.)

I cannot examine the evidence which Mr. Ruskin possesses in support of these charges, as he has not produced it in these Letters. Neither can I attempt to refute the accusations. To prove a negative is always difficult; it becomes an impossible task when the indictment is laid not against any individuals mentioned by name, but against a whole order. I will only observe, that even if all these charges be true, the people of England are not in such evil case as Mr. Ruskin fancies. The laity of England possess the inestimable advantage of not being dependent on the sermons of their clergy for either doctrine, or correction, or instruction in righteousness. Even though a clergyman should never utter certain doctrines of Christ from the pulpit, or reprove certain sins, he is obliged to do so at the font, at the lectern, and at the altar. Although from the pulpits of the fifty hundreds of clergy whom Mr. Ruskin heard, he never heard so much as *one* clergyman heartily proclaiming that no covetous person, which is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of God, he must have often heard this proclamation from the altar, in the epistle for the third Sunday in Lent, and from the lectern whenever the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians is read for the lesson.

Again, if any clergyman teaches from the pulpit that for the redemption of the world people ought to be thankful, not, to the Father, but to the Son (Letter V.), he is obliged to publicly contradict his own teaching as often as he says the General Thanksgiving, and the collects in the Book of Common Prayer.

Again, if any clergyman teaches from the pulpit that any one who does evil is good in the sight of the Lord, or that there is any other salvation except a salvation from sin, he is obliged to publicly contradict that teaching by everything which he says in the church out of the pulpit.

Again, if any clergyman preaches away the penalties of sin (Letter VIII.), he is obliged to publicly contradict his

preaching every Ash Wednesday, when he reads the general sentences of God's cursing against impenitent sinners.

Mr. Ruskin asks (Letter III.), "Can this Gospel of Christ be put into such plain words and short terms as that a plain man may understand it?" I answer that the English Church has tried to do this in the Catechism, in which every baptized child is taught in very simple and plain words the gospel, or good news, that God the Father has, in His Son Jesus Christ, adopted him or her into His family, and therein offers him or her the continual help of the Holy Ghost.

Mr. Ruskin complains that the clergy do not teach the people the meaning of the Lord's Prayer (Letter VI.) He must assume that the clergy neglect to teach children the Church Catechism, in which is an answer to the question, "What desirest thou of God in this prayer?" It is an answer which would probably satisfy Mr. Ruskin. He would see that "Hallowed be Thy name" does not merely mean that people ought to abstain from bad language. And in the explanation of the third commandment, he would see that something more is forbidden than letting out a round oath (Letter VI.)

Mr. Ruskin complains that the clergy do not prevent the entrance among their congregations of persons leading openly wicked lives (Letter VI.) Before this can be charged on the clergy as a sin, he should show that they have power and authority to do this. In the service for Ash Wednesday he will find that the clergy express their desire for a restoration of the godly discipline of the primitive Church, which Mr. Ruskin also desires. But he ought to know that such restoration must be the work not of the clergy only, but of the whole body of the faithful.

Mr. Ruskin insinuates that the clergy have no clear idea of their calling (Letter III.) If this be so, it is certainly not the fault of the Church, seeing that the nature of the calling of a clergyman is plainly set forth in the Offices for the Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. But if one may form an opinion from many published sermons by English

clergymen of various schools of thought, and from their speeches in Church Congresses and elsewhere, and from their pastoral work as parish priests, I should be inclined to think that they are not quite so ignorant of the nature of their calling and of the Gospel of Christ as Mr. Ruskin supposes them to be, and that of some of the sins, negligences, and ignorances which, in these Letters, he lays to their charge, they may plead not guilty, or at least not proven by Mr. Ruskin.

BARDSEA, ULVERSTON,

November 3d, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I thank you for your letter, which I received this morning. Second thoughts are not always the best. Your own first thought about the motto which I prefixed to my notes was right; your second thought was wrong. It never occurred to me that any one could possibly suppose that that motto was by me intended to be applied to myself, inasmuch as in these notes there is no "wound" inflicted on Mr. Ruskin, or even any "rebuke." On the contrary, I assume that he has evidence in support of his charges, although he has not produced it. The "rebuke" to which I alluded was *Mr. Ruskin's* rebuke. *He* is the "friend" whose wounds are faithful, and whose smitings are a kindness. For I have not the least doubt of his good-will towards the clergy, or of his earnest desire to see them all performing their sacred duties with zeal and knowledge. And it was as my acknowledgment of this that I prefixed the motto. With you I firmly believe that the standard which he takes is "lofty and Christian," and that it is one towards which we ought all of us to aim. The object of my notes was to show that the laity of England have, in the authorized teaching of the Church, a sufficient safeguard against any erroneous teaching which they may possibly hear from the pulpit or in the private ministrations of the clergy, and also a supplement to any defective teaching.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD GEOGHEGAN.

From JOSEPH GILBERT, Esq.

Christmas Day, 1879.

The words "Thy will be done" are generally coupled with resignation, and very often with patience under chastisement. It is always to us a sad-colored sentence, and a sentimental illuminator of the Lord's Prayer would in all probability make it so. Now, if we think for a moment what the state of things would be if the will of the Lord were done, we shall see it should be the brightest sentence we could conceive. God's will is our weal. Aspiration, not resignation, is the characteristic of its doing. There would certainly be no death,—that is decidedly contrary to His will; and by-and-by, when His will is done, there will be none. For the present, while His will is not yet done, we have the sure and certain hope that death will be—nay, is—conquered by anticipation.

If His will were done, all beautiful things would flourish, and all minds would answeringly rejoice in them.

Our men of the piercing eye—Turners, Hunts, Ruskins, etc.—show us, till we almost worship the state of things in cloud and mountain, river and sea, in hedgerow and way-side, even in cathedral and campanile, where God's will is done, and we are enchanted with their beauty. It is God's will that stones should be laid truly and carven well, and aptly described. And our men of the probe and the lens, the scientific openers of nature's secrets, are daily demonstrating new beauties in which the will of the Lord is done in the formation of bodies and working of forces. It is mere truism to add to this that the will of the Lord being done, none of the ills that are all of them indirectly or directly the result of not doing it could occur, and resignation would have no scope for exercise. There was One who always did it, and He for three years made sundry parts of Palestine a heaven,—with what results a many quondam poor folk testified. This leads me to say that I like to look upon the word heaven as a

participle instead of a noun, as the state of being heaved or raised, rather than a place: and for this reason. The experience of every one of us suffices to prove that we are never so *heaven*, or raised in true happiness, moral dignity, and worth, as when we are in the company of one greater, wiser, or better than ourselves. Those who lead a humdrum life among mean persons, can testify what a heaven it is to be transplanted for ever so short a time to the company of a great and good man. Now the culminating, indeed all-absorbing, attraction of the heaven we all look to, is the presence and the companionship of the greatest and best; and the experience of ourselves tallies with the promise of St. John that it will have the effect of making us "like Him," when "we shall see Him as He is." Surely being *heaven*, or raised like that, is superior to any Mahomet's paradise that we can invent or distill out of the poetical parts of the Scriptures.

From the Rev. ARCHER GURNEY.

Mr. Ruskin's view as to the duty of basing all upon the Father's love is essentially sound and orthodox; and he is also right in bidding all men lead self-denying lives,—in this sense, that they should give up time and labor to the endeavor to help their brethren; but he fails utterly, hopelessly, to realize the Incarnation and its glorious consequences, how all human life and love,—how art, science, knowledge, enjoyment, are sanctified by God's becoming man; sharing this human life of ours,—not to trample upon it as an unholy thing, but to consecrate it to God's service. Such is our call. We must enjoy the beautiful to vindicate enjoyment. We do not please God by casting all His choicest gifts away. To give all we have to feed the poor is the way to make men poor, and is false charity. Use rather the mammon of this world to God's honor and glory, and when ye fail, the good works that you have done shall plead for your entrance into everlasting habitations; for the way to clothe the naked and feed

the hungry, permanently, is to teach men and women to help themselves, and to find employment and reward for the exercise of their powers and energies.

From the Rev. J. H. A. GIBSON, Brighton.

To Mr. Ruskin, then, asking us to define ourselves as a body, I reply, We are presbyters and deacons, deriving our authority from the episcopate, who themselves form links in that spiritual chain which binds both ourselves and them, by perpetual succession, in one communion and fellowship, with the Apostles, and to whom has been committed the office of consecrating and sending forth laborers to work in the Lord's vineyard.

But Mr. Ruskin proceeds, "And our business as such." Our business as such! Well, if we have in any satisfactory manner proved our first point—*that* is, the authority with which we act—we may fairly say to Mr. Ruskin, "Do you put this question, 'What is your business?' to your lawyer or doctor?" Does he ask the same question of the clergy of any other portion of the Catholic Church? We shall not wish to insult Mr. Ruskin by attempting to explain to him the duties of the priesthood, with which, doubtless, he is well acquainted.

But he asks, "Do we look upon ourselves as attached to any particular State, and bound to the promulgation of any particular tenets?" We are undoubtedly attached to the particular sphere to the which we are sent by those whose office is to provide the various parts of God's vineyard with laborers. The Anglican Church is the legitimate representative of the Catholic Church of Christ in England; and we, as clergy of this Church, minister for the most part to our countrymen at home, and only in other countries as the necessities of our colonists and others may require. And, as subscribers to the Prayer Book and priests of the Church of England, we are certainly bound to teach faithfully and

honestly her doctrines, neither adding to them nor taking away from them according to our own individual idiosyncrasies.

From the Rev. CANON GRAY.

WOLSINGHAM, *October 13th, 1879.*

MY DEAR PENRHYN,—Will you please to thank Mr. Malle-son on my behalf for the Letters on the Lord's Prayer? I have ever admired Ruskin, and learn much even when I most differ from him. But if I had the good fortune to be with you to-morrow, I fear that I should constantly be demurring to his teaching,—*e.g.* (Letter III.) his supposition that the Thirty-nine Articles were meant to include a summary of the Gospel; (Letter V.) his belief that there is need now to warn men against being thankful not to the Father but only to the Son,—a remnant of the teaching of his youth; (p. 8) his hard way of speaking as to the Son of Man, Whose human soul, as that of perfect man, received its knowledge in steps according to His own will as perfect God; (Letter VII.) his confused distinction between the Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of Christ (see Eph. v. 5 in the Greek, and remember "*tradendo tenet*" on 1 Cor. xv. 24); his belief that because no one knoweth the hour of Christ's coming, it cannot be hastened by prayer; (Letter VIII.) his seeming identification of claiming interest from a poor man who is in need and necessity, and from a railway company who borrow money to make more,—speaking, as far as I can see, of money as if it had no market value like other things; (Letter X.) the belief that we clergy are not awake to the guilt of sins of omission; (Letter X.) the inability to see that the nearer and nearer by God's grace we come, in answer to prayer, to purity and holiness, the more we *realize* our distance from them; and that his objection to our Liturgy might be adapted into one against the Lord's Prayer, in which we pray daily for forgiveness of sins, and

deliverance from evil, showing that we never shall be so delivered as no longer to need forgiveness; (Letter XI.) the supposition that any one state of life is necessarily more full of temptations than another, as though the fruit of a tree were not to Eve what the glory of the world was to the Son of Man, at least in the eye of the Tempter.

I am ashamed to jot down thus obscurely the points on which I should have liked to speak, and I know that our brethren can fully deal with them. On the other hand (Letter VIII.) there is much to move us, and lead to searchings of heart. As to the timidity and coldness with which the Church is attacking the crying sins of our day; one often feels how we need some among us to speak as the prophets did to the men of their generation, and we may be thankful to have our shortcomings brought home to us by words like Ruskin's.

I wish I were not writing so hurriedly.

Remember me most affectionately to all my old and true friends who are with you to-morrow.

[NOTE.—*March 12th, 1880:—*

Mr. Malleon has kindly brought this letter of mine again before me. Hasty and concise as it was, I have no wish to expand it, as Mr. Ruskin's Letters are now *publici juris*, and in the hands of many a critic, who will rejoice to deal with them according to his wisdom. I should be thankful, however, for leave to add a few words on one point. I cannot help having misgivings as to whether I was right in demurring without hesitation to "the supposition that one state of life is necessarily more free from temptations than another," for I well know that in favor of such a supposition there is a strong *consensus* of just men. I am, however, one of those who believe that the shorter Beatitude, "Blessed be ye poor," (Luke vi. 20) is explained by the longer, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." I see, also, that the difficulty with which "they that have riches" enter the kingdom of God is reasserted with a qualification in the very next verse, which

speaks of those "who trust in riches" (St. Mark x. 23, 24). "Who then can be saved?" asked the disciples, who, poor men indeed themselves, first heard of this difficulty, instinctively perceiving, it may be, that it has its root in temptations from which in one shape or other no one is free. I read that "the cares of this world," as well as "the deceitfulness of riches," choke the Word; and I am sure that into the number of those "who will be rich," or "who are wishing to be rich," and so "fall into temptation," a poor man may but too easily find his way. I like to remember that when "the beggar died," he was carried into the bosom of one who had been "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold;" and I think that very deep and far-reaching may be the meaning of the words of the wise man, "The rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all."]

From the Rev. H. N. GRIMLEY, Norton Rectory, Bury St. Edmunds.

Mr. Ruskin's Letters have already been closely scrutinized. What have seemed to be blemishes in them have been commented on. They have been spoken of as somewhat random utterances—as utterances such as are pardonable in a layman, but would be inexcusable in a clergyman who should endeavor to instruct his brethren. It has been said of them that they manifest a want of knowledge of teaching constantly being given from Church of England pulpits. It would be quite possible for the present paper to be devoted to a continuation of the like free criticism of the Letters. I might ask, for instance, whether Mr. Ruskin, after (in Letter V.) speaking with condemnation of a plan of salvation which sets forth the Divine Son as appeasing the wrath of the Father in heaven, does not himself give expression to words, as to the love of the Father, which almost imply that in his estimation the Divine mind is not in unity in itself? I might further ask for Mr. Ruskin to put more definiteness into his remarks on usury, and to particularize the special forms of that condemnable practice which the clergy should boldly denounce.

The few hints which he throws out on this subject show that to his own thoughts there is present an exalted socialism. He himself in previous writings, while shadowing forth a social system based on unselfishness, has carefully deprecated any revolutionary attempt to hasten the establishment of such a system, and would prefer that it should be waited for while it quietly and with orderliness evolves itself out of the present imperfect order of things. Is it not so evolving itself? Does not the co-operative movement, now steadily advancing, spring out of the recognition of the fact that mutual welfare is a far more excellent thing to be attained than the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many? And if, with regard to the land question, any readjustment of relations is made, will it not be made in the light of the same beneficent principle? If, however, the clergy were to give heed to Mr. Ruskin's words, and at once proceed to the indiscriminate excommunication of usurers, would they not be initiating a social revolution, altogether different from that orderly upgrowth of a better state of things which has commended itself aforesaid to Mr. Ruskin himself? My own impression is that I shall be giving voice to a wish that will spring up wherever Mr. Ruskin's Letters may be read, if I say that a clearer, more definite utterance on the usury question would be welcomed. The clergy everywhere would receive with thankfulness any hints as to how they might hasten the coming of the day when the Church of Christ will no longer embrace within her borders the few, with a useless excess of wealth, and around them the unhappy many, hopelessly, squalidly destitute; along, too, with a vast number of toiling teachers, clergy, artists, and literary workers, living mostly on the verge of pennilessness—men of whose existence Mr. Ruskin has, in earlier writings, expressed himself as keenly and sympathetically conscious.

But I will not linger on such parts of Mr. Ruskin's Letters as may seem to display inconsistency, or to need more precision of language before they can be practically useful. I will proceed to speak of those for which, as it seems to me, the

clergy may unhesitatingly be very grateful to Mr. Ruskin for laying them before them.

And first, I think we cannot be other than thankful to Mr. Ruskin for sounding at the outset a note of catholicity. He asks the clergy of the English Church (let me say he asks us,—he asks you and me), whether we look upon ourselves as the clergy of a mere insular Church, or as the clergy of the Church Universal. Is the teaching we are continually giving utterance to as to the conduct of life in harmony with, or different from, the teaching of the Christian Churches on the Continent of Europe? Mr. Ruskin's tone, in asking these questions, is such as implies that it would be no satisfaction to him to hear from us that we rejoice in considering ourselves as severed from the clergy of the Christian Church abroad. Indeed, he goes on to assume that we, with one consenting voice, admit our fellowship with the rest of Christendom—that we recognize as our brothers the clergy of the Church of France, and of the Church of Italy, and of the Church everywhere.

Mr. Ruskin thus does not lend the support of his name to any useless Protestantism. There are senses in which the whole Christian Church must ever be a Protestant Church, and in which even individual members may from time to time raise protesting voices. The Church must ever lift up her protest against all influences that work in the world for evil—against whatsoever tends to overthrow the Christian ideals of individual, family, social, national, and international life. She must protest against all hindrances, even though they may spring up within her own borders, which tend to prevent her from putting any beneficent impress upon human handiwork and upon manifestations of human genius. She must protest against the very Protestantism in her midst which has served to paganize art and to demoralize the drama, by banishing both to an outer region of darkness which Gospel rays cannot be expected to illumine. She must protest vigorously against the mischievous Protestantism which impoverishes the intellect and chills the affections, by causing men to

devote the whole energies of their lives to protesting against systems of thought with which they are very imperfectly acquainted, and to maintaining an attitude of perpetual suspicion as to others' aims and motives. Under the influence of such Protestantism as this, many have been possessed with the assurance that a vast number of the clergy of Christendom live for no other end than to conspire against freedom, to disseminate falsities, and to work ruin amongst human souls. This Protestantism is fast ceasing to have any power amongst us; still, as it is not quite extinct, it is comforting to find that Mr. Ruskin does not attribute it to the main body of those whom he addresses.

To me it seems that an habitual protesting attitude on the part of those who are called upon to be the teachers of the Church implies that they have not themselves properly entered the temple of Christian truth. He to whom Christian doctrine has revealed itself in all its wondrous harmony cannot do other than devote himself to unfolding to others what is ever present to his own mind, so that he may aid in building up their thoughts consistently and symmetrically, and thus help to establish them firmly in the Christian faith.

We may, then, it seems to me, express our thankfulness that Mr. Ruskin has spoken, though ever so briefly, a word of encouragement to the clergy of the English Church amongst whom the thought of a future of reunion for Christendom has been welcomed. Mr. Ruskin is familiar with the practical working of the Christian Church in Italy and elsewhere on the Continent, and seeing, as he has seen, that her influence is exerted towards securing an orderly and healthy state of social life, he does not give circulation to the indiscriminate calumnies which were once wont to be uttered, and which were alike at variance with the truth and provocative of a mischievous severance of Christians from one another.

But we must, I think, be more especially grateful to Mr. Ruskin for his calling widespread attention to the great Christian doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. There is especial need for this being uplifted before the thoughts of

men at the present day, and it is being so uplifted. The more it is upheld, the more fully will it be discerned. It cannot be said that the doctrine is not accepted within the English Church. Still, it has not yet been received in all its fullness. Amongst the separatists outside the borders of our Church, the doctrine that God is the Father of all humanity, and the loving Father too, is rejected in two extreme ways. The set of "believers" who adopt the one extreme view consider that the Lord's Prayer—so luminous, as Mr. Ruskin reminds us, with the thought of God's fatherly love—should be used only by the elect, such as themselves, and that all others have no right to address God as their Father. The other set of so-called "believers" considers with a deplorable Pharisaism that they have arrived at such a stage of perfection as to be beyond the need for using words which require them to ask every day for forgiveness of their trespasses. Why should they ask for such, they say, when their trespasses are non-existent? If they are children of the Father they are not so in the same sense as those who conscientiously use the prayer addressed to the Father in heaven. I regret that Mr. Ruskin's facile pen has betrayed him into writing some words with reference to our Liturgy which bring him momentarily into sympathy with these self-righteous ones who have no need to confess that they want more health of soul.

But the doctrine of the loving Fatherhood of God, as revealed to us in Christ, is one that is unfolding itself more and more clearly to the Christian world. If it has unfolded itself to us we may aid in its increased discernment. It is one that involves the acceptance of the thought that all human life and every sphere of human endeavor are under Divine patronage. God is in every way our Father. All human excellences whatsoever exist in their fullness and perfection in Him. As they are manifested in us and in our brothers and sisters around us, they are Divine excellences becoming incarnate on the realm of humanity.

Childhood, for instance, as it manifests its sweetness and

winsomeness in Christian homes, is an outcome of the eternal childhood which dwells in God, and which was manifested supremely to the world in the life of the Divine Child at Bethlehem and Nazareth.

So that the doctrine of the loving Fatherhood of God has sheltering beneath it the thought of the divineness of childhood. Clustering with it are many kindred thoughts. There is the divineness of youth, the frankness of Christian boyhood, the tender grace of Christian girlhood,—these are manifestations of the eternal youth abiding in the Divine Lord of humanity.

I might speak to you in like manner of the divineness of manhood and of womanhood, and of the divineness of old age. All womanly excellences, as well as all manly virtues, reside in the Divine One. I might speak to you of the divineness of wedded life, the divineness of Christian fatherliness and motherliness. The divineness of the student's life and of the teacher's life might also be dwelt upon. The divineness of the ministry of reconciliation, in which ministry all may take part who help others to separate themselves from sin and selfishness and to enter into union with God and His life of love,—this I present to you as a fruitful thought. The divineness of all efforts tending towards the solace and comforting of suffering human souls,—that too is one of the beneficent thoughts involved in the great Christian truth that God is the Father of humanity.

But the same great truth leads us to the discernment of other useful thoughts. I might speak of them as connected with the divineness of all toil which has for its object the increase of human knowledge, the gathering together of the stored-up lessons of the past, the beautifying of the daily life, the refining and spiritualizing of the daily thoughts of the great brotherhood and sisterhood. It would thus be quite justifiable to speak of the divineness of scientific toil, inasmuch as that has for its aim the unfolding of the thoughts of God, of which all appearances of the material world are the outcome and manifestation. Thus too I might speak of

the divineness of the work of those who enable us to see the results of the Divine guidance bestowed on the world in the ages past. I might speak of the divineness of the work of the artist who devotes himself to acquiring skill in subtly entangling in the colors he puts on canvas the sentiment underlying the landscape he reverently looks at, which to him is a manifestation of a heaven of beauty unseen by heedless eyes. I might also speak of the divineness of the labors of the Christian poet, who presents to the world truth in its feminine and most winning aspects.

When I should have spoken of all these things they could all be summed up into one phrase—the divineness of Humanity. And this is what I have faintly attempted to show necessarily springs up for recognition as the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God presents itself to us in all its impressiveness.

I must hasten to a close. I have said that Mr. Ruskin in what he asks us with reference to our relation to the Church in other countries sounds a note of catholicity. In what I have myself said as to Protestantism I have urged nothing inconsistent with a thorough loyalty to the principle of Christian individualism. But individualism in utter revolt against authority leads only to confusion and to a multiplicity of tyrannies. Individualism thrives best under the protection of a generous all-embracing authority. Individualism before taking up the attitude of revolt should consider that it, by brave patience and a reverent submissiveness to all higher influences around it, may contribute beneficently to the authority of the future, and increase the generousness and catholicity of its sway.

I will further remark that Mr. Ruskin's words as to the Fatherhood of God are also a catholic utterance. For the Fatherhood of God when pondered upon helps us to see that no sphere of human effort is beyond His control; that His house is one of many mansions of thought and affection and loving toil; that His heavenly kingdom is one including all domains on which human energies can be directed, over which human thoughts can roam, on which human love can lavish itself.

From the Rev. CANON E. H. M'NEILE, Liverpool.

What is the exact question asked in Letter II. ?

Is it whether the clergy are or are not teachers of universal science ?

If so, we answer, Yes, we are teachers of the science most universal of all, namely, the knowledge of God, which is eternal life: and of the way to attain it, which is holiness; and the principles of this science, which are universal, are not, as in other sciences, discovered by human research, but are revealed by God.

Does the question imply that there are points of science on which it is of no consequence what opinions a teacher holds? And if so, does it further mean that all matters of doctrine, such as are defined in the Thirty-nine Articles, are of this nature ?

If so, I answer that it is only the theories or speculations of scientific investigators about which variety of opinion is immaterial, not the essential principles of the science; and that we cannot exclude all questions of doctrine from among those principles. I do not know what is meant by holding different opinions on points of science. About the facts of science there can be no difference of opinion; but there may be about the bearings, and the inferences to be drawn from them.

LETTER III.

Here is a definite question. My answer is, Yes, but we do not refer to the Thirty-nine Articles for a statement of the Gospel, but rather to the Apostles' Creed, which contains the simplest summary of the facts on which the Gospel rests. (See 1 Cor. xv. 1, etc.)

LETTER IV.

Here I answer, No. The Lord's Prayer was not intended to be a statement of the Gospel, but the language of those who have accepted it. No doubt the terms of the prayer may be so explained as to bring in a definition of the Gospel, working backwards; but a complete explanation would be longer than the Thirty-nine Articles. There seems to be a serious confusion of thought here between the offer of salvation to sinners estranged from God, and the utterance towards God of His reconciled children.

LETTER V.

The Lord's Prayer is elementary teaching for Christians, but it is not the first thing to be taught to those outside the family of God. The truth that we have a Father in heaven is a fundamental part of the Gospel. It is assumed in the Lord's Prayer; and so is the further truth that our Father of His tender love towards us has given His Son to die for us, that we may be delivered from the "consuming fire" which sin, not God, has kindled; and thus we have indeed a blessed scheme of pardon for which we are to be thankful to *both* the Father and the Son. This makes *all* the clauses of the apostolic blessing intelligible and living.

LETTER VI.

Page 9: "For *other* sins," etc. I think this is an incorrect comment. The force of the threat is positive, not comparative. The language of the law is similar towards every sin.

In what is said about the abomination of hypocrisy in prayer we cordially agree. God give us grace to avoid it ourselves, and to warn our brethren faithfully against it! But in what follows there is an assumption of a power of discipline which the clergy do not possess, and which I fear the laity would be most unwilling to concede to them. Mr. Ruskin seems also to slip into the old error of the servants in the parable of the tares.

LETTER VII.

On page 11 St. John xiv. 9 is incorrectly cited, and it is difficult to know the exact drift of the writer.

I object to the statement that "in all His relations to us and commands to us," etc. (See, *e. g.*, St. Matt. xxviii. 18-20.)

As to His not knowing whether His prayer could be heard, see St. John xi. 41, 42.

I think it is incorrect to say that our Lord Himself *used* the prayer He gave us, at least in its entirety as it stands.

Pages 10, 11: Mr. Ruskin seems to me to draw most strongly the very comparison to which he objects. Surely the kingdom of Christ is the kingdom of His Father. (Rev. xi. 15, xii. 10; Eph. v. 5.) Does not an unwillingness to accept the true divinity of our Lord underlie this passage?

LETTER VIII.

Page 14: There is surely a mistake here. Personal sanctification and national prosperity are very different things. A nation has no existence except in this world; therefore its prosperity is the chief end to be aimed at; and this is no doubt promoted by the holiness of its people. But a man has

another life hereafter; and comfort and wealth are not the end of his being. If granted, they are means to his sanctification, not *vice versâ*.

It seems to me that Mr. Ruskin in this Letter writes somewhat recklessly, and that he must have been singularly unfortunate in his experience of preachers if he has never heard a faithful sermon against covetousness, which is the idolatry of our age. On page 15 he seems to fall into a great error in supposing that the proclamation of a free pardon for sin tends to encourage it. If a man is to be delivered from the power of his sins, he must first be delivered from the guilt of them.

No doubt the grace of God has been abused by some; and St. Paul himself felt that his doctrine was open to such abuse (Rom. vi. 1, 15). It is not, I think, just to attribute the corruption of our great cities to the teaching of the clergy. It is rather to be ascribed to the absence of that teaching.

LETTER X.

Whatever justice there may be (and no doubt there is much) in Mr. Ruskin's accusations against us clergy, he is surely under an entire misapprehension in the charge which he here makes against our Liturgy.

Our Prayer Book is doubtless constructed for the use of believing Christians, and is not fitted for the impenitent; but its adaptation to the needs of the repentant publican and of the advanced Christian is most wonderful. And that a form of prayer may be so adapted is surely proved by the Lord's Prayer itself, which Mr. Ruskin says is the *first* thing to be taught to all, and which, with all his practice in thinking, he feels that he cannot adequately expound.

Surely the repetition of a confession of unholiness casts no slur upon the efficacy of our prayers for holiness when we recognize that holiness is progressive, and that spiritual

growth may express itself not merely in new words, but in a heartier utterance of the old ones. As to the particular expression, "there is no health in us," it needs either the explanation of St. Paul—"I know that in me, *that is, in my flesh*, dwelleth no good thing,"—or else to be understood according to the old meaning of "health," viz., "*saving health*," *salvation, deliverance* (Psalm cxix. 123, Prayer Book; Isa. lviii. 8; Jer. viii. 15).

It needs further to be remarked that repentance is not only a single definite act, but a state of mind.

I think that underlying all these comments of Mr. Ruskin on the Lord's Prayer is a failure to recognize the truth of man's fall.

Human nature is a ruin, not to be restored by a rearrangement of its fragments. God has provided a remedy, by sending His Son to be the foundation of a new spiritual building; and every man who is to be built upon that foundation must himself become a new creature by the operation of the Holy Ghost. All efforts to improve humanity in the mass, without the renewal of each separate soul, must fail; and no doubt the clergy often fall into this mistake.

The Lord's Prayer is not the prayer of all mankind as they are by nature. It is a prayer to the possession of which they are brought by regeneration, and to the enjoyment by conversion.

E. H. M'NEILE.

From the Rev. P. T. OUVRY.

On the meaning of usury, I would add a few words. I start with this proposition. There is nothing contrary to the will of God for one free man to buy from another free man anything he wants. I have two houses,—one I live in, one I let. My tenant pays the market rent of houses to me, and so both parties are benefited. I have two thousand pounds. I have no capacity, or opportunity, or desire to use more than one thousand pounds in trade on my own account. My

neighbor has energy and activity to use more money than he has in trade. He gladly offers me five per cent. for my spare thousand pounds. I willingly lend it on those terms. He makes ten per cent. by using it. He gives me five pounds and has five pounds for himself. If this be usury, it is lawful and right.

A number of small cultivators of land have no capital. A money-lender supplies what they require on condition that they sell their crops to him at a price which he is able to fix. From the circumstances of the case the money-lender makes an enormous profit. The cultivator has barely the necessaries of life. This is usury, in the bad sense of the term, but is more correctly called oppression or extortion.

Again, a man lends money to ignorant inexperienced youths, on promise of repayment when they come of age. This, too, is oppression or extortion.

Similar oppression is witnessed when bad houses are let to poor people at high rents.

It is not, then, that usury, in the sense of oppression or extortion, is inherent in money-lending; but it belongs equally to every transaction between man and man, where any unrighteous dealing is practiced.

P. T. OUVRY.

GRANGE-OVER-SANDS,
October 1st, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I protested strongly yesterday against our remarks, made on the spur of the moment, being printed and submitted to Mr. Ruskin's criticism, and what I said then I feel as strongly still.

But I have no objection to send, as a comment on his Letters, a volume of sermons which I published last year, because I think that, in that upon the hallowing of God's name, I have not taken the restricted view which Mr. Ruskin accused the clergy of taking, and I think also that (except in the sermon upon the doctrine of the Trinity, which was written before the others, and is tinged with the prejudices of

early training), I have set forth God the Father as a Being of infinite, tender, fatherly love.

So far as snails may follow in the footsteps of grayhounds, and bats look in the same direction as eagles, I think some of us clergymen are getting our feet and our eyes into the same track as Mr. Ruskin's.

It seems to me that all of us who think upon religious matters, laity or clergy, whether men of genius or commonplace people, are feeling our way at present to something better and truer. Men like Mr. Ruskin, like steamships, dart on to their destination; and feebler minds, like sailing vessels, are a good deal at the mercy of the *popularis aura* and the winds of doctrine, but both are on their way to the same point.

I send the volume by the same post as this letter.

Yours very faithfully,

H. R. S.

From the Rev. A. G. K. SIMPSON, Brighton.

We are convinced that the love of God is the originating cause of all His dealings with mankind, and are glad to meet him on the broad platform of "Our Father which art in heaven;" only premising that it is a platform not new to us, but on which we have long taken our stand.

But beyond these somewhat general statements of our faith, I doubt whether it would be possible to put Divine truth into such plain words as would meet with general acceptance. In proportion to the *minuteness* would be the *disagreement*. To take one great truth (perhaps the greatest of all), would it be possible to put forth a plain and simple statement, such as all, or the majority, would receive, of the Atonement? Such a mind as Mr. Ruskin's would not be content with the forensic view more popular some years ago than now. Wiser, it seems to me, it is to accept some such teaching as that of Coleridge in "Aids to Reflection." "The mysterious act, the operative cause," he says, "is transcendent." "*Factum*

est;” and beyond the information contained in the enunciation of the fact, it can be characterized only by its consequences. It is these consequences which (according to Coleridge) are illustrated by the four metaphors:—

1. Sin-offering or expiation.
2. Reconciliation.
3. Redemption.
4. Payment of a debt.

Now, would not a plain, a simple statement, be apt to press the metaphor too far, and attempt to put into words one aspect of the truth as though it were the whole? Such a reverent mind as Bishop Butler’s reprov’d the curiosity which sought to find out the manner of the atonement. “I do not find,” he said, “that it is declared in the Scriptures.” And yet the atonement is only *one*, though perhaps the *chief*, of the many points of which a true and simple statement must take cognizance. It would be comparatively easy for the private clergyman to put into words his thoughts on this subject or that, but then he would be continually liable to have it urged against him that he had not sufficiently considered some given point—had not walked round it, and seen it in all its bearings; that his view was inadequate and incomplete; and, being fallible and human, some of the objections would doubtless be true, and the simple and plain statement be, in that respect at least, misleading.

From the Rev. G. W. WALL, Bickerstaffe.

LETTER II.

This Letter professes to contain an “exact question,” which is somewhat singularly inexactly put. In its strict grammatical form it asks for a definition of the members of a Clerical Council, and their business as such. This “exact question” is in fact an illustration of the fallacy of asking two questions in one, though a question demanding to be answered with “mathematical” precision should have been

set with mathematical accuracy. But here at the outset a protest must be entered against being called upon to answer a question set in ambiguous words and misleading phrases, and based upon assumptions which those questioned would reject. It is impossible to deal with a so-called "axiomatic" question which instantly passes into a cloudy rhetorical illustration.

"The attached servants of a particular State." Does that expression mean, "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still"? or, is it used in the same sense as "attached to the staff"? But are there many of the clergy who would say, "I am an attached and salaried servant of the State, and nothing more?" Are there many who would allow that they were "salaried" by the State at all? Are there many who would grant that they had been "examined" and "numbered" and admitted into a "body of trustworthy persons" either by the State or by its agents? And yet all these previous questions must be answered before we can consider at all the "axiomatic" question which the clergy are "earnestly called upon" to solve. The question set down for solution implies some such inquiries as these: Is not the Church of England merely a Department of the State of England? Does not a clergyman belong to the Ecclesiastical Service just as an *employé* of the Treasury, or the Home Office, or the Post Office, belongs to the Civil Service? For example, the authorities at Chamouni examine and approve of certain men as guides for mountaineering: does not the English State similarly examine and approve of certain men as guides for England and the English "in the way known of all good men that leadeth unto life"? A most fallacious employment of a "universal" for a "particular," for either the clergy must be excluded from the number of "all good men," or the assertion that all good men agree in their knowledge falls to the ground, seeing that in the fourth Letter the clergy are charged with not having "determined quite clearly" what the way that leadeth unto life may be.

But taking this Alpine illustration for what it may be

worth, we may ask, "What does it mean?" Is it not intended to exalt practical questions, and to depreciate all doctrine and dogma and theological opinion, either from its liability on the one hand to be narrow or insular, "Chamounist or Grindelwaldist," or on the other from its tendency to be vague and transcendental, dealing with "celestial mountains" and unfathomable "crevasses"? Will it not admit of some such paraphrase as this, "Your teachings as to Episcopacy or Congregationalism, seven sacraments or two, and the like, are mere local opinions, and so away with them; your doctrines as to the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, and the like, are mere transcendentalism, and so away with them also,—

'For modes of faith let zealous bigots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'

Still it may be allowable to hint that the qualifications of a "guide" as laid down in this Letter are somewhat peculiar. It might have been supposed by a plain man that a Chamounist guide was expected to know at least something as to the localities of the Mer de Glace, the Jardin, or the Grand Mulets, but he is seemingly to rise superior to any "Chamounist opinions on geography," and to be prepared to rely only upon a universal science of locality and athletics, a reliance which has been the fruitful cause of mountaineering fatalities.

The reply which most Clerical Councils would return respecting the "axiomatic" question of this Letter would probably be, "We cannot answer a fallacy; we are not careful to answer thee in this matter."

LETTER III.

A second question is now propounded respecting the Christian Gospel. "The Gospel of Christ" is spoken of in a connection which seems to indicate that Luther and Augustine were equally, in the writer's opinion, the setters forth of a "gospel." Is this an unintentional disclosure of his estimate of our blessed Lord,—"Rabbi, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God," and no more than that? For the eighth Letter contains a sneer at the Gospel that He is our Advocate with the Father, as one to mend the world with. A confused question follows, which may mean either, that it is in the first place desirable that the Gospel should be put into plain words, or, that the first principles of the Gospel should be put into plain words. Its probable meaning is, "Is it not desirable that religious teaching should be divested of any mysteries?" The extraordinary supposition that the Gospel is intended to be set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles can only be equaled by a supposition that a treatise on military tactics is embodied in the Articles of War. Perhaps even some of the axiomatic principles of mathematics, such as that "a point is that which hath no parts," though laid down in "plain words and short terms," might sorely perplex "simple persons."

But several fallacies underlie this second question. The fallacy that the moral principles of our nature are necessarily connected with the extent of our intellectual capacities; the fallacy that Divine Truths can be adequately expressed through the inaccurate instrument of human language; the fallacy that deep things are necessarily made plain by the use of plain words; the fallacy that everything upon which we act is necessarily understood. A plain man does not refuse to use the telegraph because he may know nothing about the Correlation of Force, or a simple person to travel because "space" is beyond his comprehension. If

the Gospel is, as St. Paul says it is, a revelation of the power of God unto salvation, an amount of mystery must necessarily surround it. Since it is impossible that the Divine Nature should be to us other than a mystery, a revelation of Divine purposes such as is the Gospel as understood by the Church, must remain mysterious also. Only upon the supposition that our Lord was the teacher of a high but still human morality can we remove all mystery from the Christian Gospel, if it still deserve the name. Such teaching might be conveyed in plain words and short terms, but it would cease to be a Gospel which angels desire to look into, and could hardly be described as the "manifold wisdom of God," or be the story of the "love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

The Gospel, as the Church understands it, rests upon the revealed fact of the Incarnation, or the union of the Infinite with the Finite, that He who is very God of very God became man in order to introduce the Divine possibility of manhood being made to partake of the Divine nature; and so long as the triumphal chant ascends that "the Catholic Faith is this," so long will the Church's Faith be veiled indeed with mystery, and so long will she continue to gather within her bounds the humble and holy men of heart, who are content to say, "I cannot understand: I love." That "God sent His only-begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him" are short and plain words enough, and Gospel enough, surely, but the depth of their meaning is unfathomable by even the most cultivated understanding, to which the power of God and the wisdom of God may appear to be but foolishness.

LETTER IX.

This Letter, after indorsing the expressions of the preceding one, deals apparently with Capital and Labor. The clergy, if not required to divide the inheritance among their

brethren, or to actually serve tables, are, taking "Property is theft" as their text, to resolutely and daily inquire how the dinners of their flock are earned. The gist of the Letter seems to be that the worker earns and the capitalist steals his dinner. It is really possible that the clergy do constantly speak the truth, boldly rebuke vice, and patiently suffer for the truth's sake, even though they may not subscribe to all the articles of some peculiar schemes of social science, nor hold some singular doctrines as to political economy. Doubtless were they to assimilate their conduct to that of an injudicious district-visitor, they would have to take a new view of "life and its sacraments," whatever this expression may mean.

It would seem as if the writer had yet to learn that a Christian Church may exist teaching the most dogmatic definitions of doctrine, binding, even in this respect, burdens on men's shoulders grievous to be borne, while its members may be patterns of self-denial in "offices of temporal ministry to the poor." He does not appear to regard with favor the "Evangelistic sect of the English Church;" if this is intended for the "Evangelical" sect, Charles Kingsley could say, in a certain place, of its founders, "They were inspired by a strange new instinct that God had bidden them 'to clothe the hungry and feed the naked.'" Yet these men thought that "justification by faith only" was the Gospel they were "to carry to mend the world with, forsooth."

LETTER XI.

This concluding Letter calls but for slight remark,—of many portions we feel *O si sic omnia!* That there is much sorrowful truth underlying the unmeasured denunciations which have gone before few will care to deny. Few there are who will not pray to be kept from the evils which the writer discerns, and against which he inveighs. Such will

be the first to regret that the Letters, as they read them, seem to fall short of the fullness of the Catholic Faith. "The holy teachers of all nations:" was our blessed Lord but one of them? There is nothing in the Letters to show that "the full force and meaning" of Gospel teaching is concerned with anything beyond wealth, and comfort, and national prosperity, and domestic peace. Preaching the acceptable year of the Lord is something more surely than an invective against usury.

We read that in old times Bezaleel was filled for his own work with the Spirit of God, but we do not read that he aspired to become a religious teacher; and when we are told by one eminent in Art that a Church nineteen centuries old has yet to learn that the "will of the Lord" is a sanctification which brings comfort and wealth in its train, we think of a Moses who esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt, and then of a Paul who counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord.

G. W. WALL.

From OXONIENSIS.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—Many thanks for the pamphlet. You ask me to send you any remarks I may have to make on the Letters, and I gather from your note at the beginning of the Letters as they now stand, that you intend making use of any remarks sent you that may commend themselves to your judgment. I am not vain enough to think mine of any special value. I will, however, write you my feelings about them, encouraged to do so by your statement in the note to the pamphlet, that the use made of remarks sent you will be anonymous, if it is so desired.

First, as regards the general tone of the Letters. You tell me that the majority of the comments you have received have been hostile—people not taking their medicine without making wry faces. I am only surprised at the gentleness

of the Letters, and I believe that if any one will take the trouble to put down for himself on paper the sum of their contents, he will find it as difficult to gainsay as for careless readers it is easy to cavil at. On the other hand, the "hostile spirit" is readily provoked by the way in which some of the teaching of the Letters is put. Passages like the sixth paragraph in Letter X. appear an objectionable joke to some—perhaps to most—people; they do not see that it is really a serious jest, so put for brevity's sake, and that Ruskin might have put the same note to it as he has put to a passage in the "Crown of Wild Olive," p. 54: "Quite serious all this, though it reads like jest." I remember once asking Ruskin if his apparent joking in some Oxford lectures were not likely to lessen his influence, and he at once said to me, "Remember that most of my apparent jokes are serious, *ghastly* jests." I think he would be less often misunderstood, if this were more often understood.

Your own preface marks the two main points in the spirit of the Letters. They are sternly practical, and at the same time their standard is one of an ideal perfection. People don't see that because the goal cannot be reached, the road towards it can still be trodden, and therefore they apply to the road an epithet which applies only to the goal. In this respect Ruskin's teaching might be mottoed with George Herbert's—

"Who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree."

In fact, Ruskin's teaching, like that of the Bible, is not unpractical, but *unpracticed*.

I will now take the Letters in detail. The first four of them are merely introductory to the main matter of the eleven. In these first five two questions are asked—

1. What is a clergyman of the Church of England? And to this the suggested answer is (whom does it offend?), "A teacher of the Gospel of Christ to all nations."

2. What is the teaching of the Gospel he is to teach? What is that teaching, clearly and simply put?

Then Letter IV. suggests that the Lord's Prayer may be taken as containing the cardinal points of that teaching, containing not all that is to be learned, but what all have to learn. And so we come to Letter V.; and I tried, in reading the Letters for myself, to do for them what Letter III. asks clergymen to do for the Gospel.

Letter V.—A clergyman's first duty is to make the Lord's Prayer clear and living to his people. This is what Ruskin has elsewhere insisted on in other matters—"clear," know your duty and your belief; "living," realize it in your life—realize it "as a Captain's order, to be obeyed" ("Crown of Wild Olive," Introduction, p. 8. The whole of this Introduction reads well with these Letters). Then the first clause of the Prayer is set forth as putting before us God as a loving Father.

Letter VI.—"Hallowed be Thy name." How do we fulfill the hope in our lives? How do we betray it? Not in swearing only, as we are apt to think, but in the blasphemy of false and hypocritical prayer to, and praise of, *preaching about* God (last paragraph of the Letter). Clergymen, it is added, can prevent openly wicked men from being in their congregations (they are supposed to do so: Rubrics 2 and 3 before the Holy Communion Service); they can not only compel the wicked poor into, but expel the wicked rich out of, churches. God sees the heart: the clergy should look to the hands and lips.

Letter VII.—"Thy kingdom come:"—not an allusion to the second coming of the Son, which we cannot hasten, but to the coming of the kingdom of God the Father, which we can. This is again illustrated by the "Crown of Wild Olive" (I dare say it is by others of Ruskin's books, but it is convenient to refer chiefly to one, and that the one which contains what he calls his most biblical lecture), p. 36: "Observe it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also it is not to be a kingdom of the dead, but of the living. Also it is not to come all at once, but quietly . . . without observation. *Also it is not to come outside of us,*

but in our hearts: 'the kingdom of God is within you.'"
This is the sense in which we can hasten it.

Letter VIII. begins with a hit at the pleasure priests take in their priesthood's dignity, and at their avoidance of its unpleasant duties, and at their sometimes wearisome preaching.

Have they ever taught "Thy will be done," as it should be—1. In our own sanctification; 2. In understanding that will, and doing it, and striving to get it done (knowing their duty and doing it, and it alone)?

The remarks about the mediatorial (absolving-from-punishment) and the pastoral (purging-from-sin) functions of a "pastor," seem to me quite admirable.

The end of the Letter is subsequently amplified, Letter X.

Letter IX.—"Give us this day our daily bread." Yes, but we must work for it. "The man that will not work, neither shall he eat." A cardinal point with Ruskin: "But if you do" (*i. e.*, wish for God's kingdom), "you must do more than pray for it, you must work for it" ("Crown of Wild Olive," p. 36).

And the clergyman has to teach (Letter IX. goes on) what that work is and how it is to be done; and the life, to which their teaching should lead, is one "moderate in its self-indulgence, wide in its offices of temporal ministry to the poor," in the absence of which, prayer for harvest is mere blasphemy. For the spiritual bread is the first thing, and a clergyman's first message, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Letter X.—"Forgive us our trespasses." The explanation of trespasses, and substitution of *debts* for it, is admirable ("Dimitte nobis *debita* nostra"), and admirably illustrated by the sins of omission being condemned in Christ's judgment,—"I was hungry, and ye gave Me no meat."

The remarks on the "pleasantness" of the English Liturgy recall those on the avoidance of unpleasantness by the English clergy in Letter VIII.

I pass over the notes on the advantage of "forms of

prayer," and come to the end of Letter X. and Letter XI., which go together, and say practically, Pray honestly or not at all. "Faithful prayer implies always correlative exertions;" "dishonest prayer is blasphemy of the worst kind."

"Crown of Wild Olive," p. 35, again: "Everybody in this room has been taught to pray daily, 'Thy kingdom come.' Now, if we hear a man swear in the streets, we think it very wrong, and say he 'takes God's name in vain.' But there is a twenty times worse way of taking His name in vain than that. It is to *ask God for what we don't want*. He doesn't like that sort of prayer. If you don't want a thing, don't ask for it; such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can insult Him with; the soldiers striking Him on the head was nothing to that. If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it."

In fact, prayer is worse than useless if not sincere, and it is insincere if not carried out in the life of the "pray-er." Thus, "One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of (insincere) prayer" (Mahometan maxim, "Crown of Wild Olive," p. 31).

I must stop. Only the fifth paragraph in Letter XI., about parents looking for "opportunities" for their children, is exactly parallel with "Sesame and Lilies," p. 2 (Sub. 1, § 2), which might be added in an illustrative note. I must apologize for my long and rambling letter, but if it is of the least service to you I shall be content. I feel how inadequate it is to what I meant it to be, only I have no time just now to do more than write, as this letter is written—at the point of the pen.

OXONIENSIS.

LETTERS FROM
BRANTWOOD-ON-THE-LAKE

TO THE

VICARAGE OF BROUGHTON-IN-FURNESS.

PREFACE.

SOME apology will naturally be expected for setting the following letters before the searching eye of a critical and possibly censorious public. I can only plead that the suggestion of their publication did not emanate from myself (for the idea of making these letters public property had never once in fifteen years crossed my mind), but was made to me by friends to whom it appeared that much in these letters is strongly characteristic of Mr. Ruskin, and illustrates (much too indulgently, alas!) the estimate he is good enough to form of a correspondent who does not to this day clearly understand to what happy circumstance he is indebted for so fortunate a partiality. At the same time it must be confessed that *Laudari a viro laudato* is a harmless ambition for the possession of a stimulus which is good for every soul of man.

I will say no more upon that subject, lest my self-depreciation should be set down to vanity. Nevertheless it has always been a source of innocent pleasure to me that I have been enabled to bring my ship without damage through so perilous a voyage to port in a safe and honorable harborage.

The matters discussed in the following letters range only over a narrow field; but it will be found that they present a truly life-like picture of the writer with his shrewd common-sense and deeper wisdom, enlivened in no small measure by a quick impulsiveness which is sometimes rather startling. Some of his sudden sallies serve the purpose of the condiments, which displeasing if taken alone, give piquancy to our ordinary food.

F. A. MALLESON.

1.

July 8th, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. MALLESON,—You must make no public announcement of any paper by me. I am not able to count on my powers of mind for an hour; and will absolutely take no responsibility. What I do send you—if anything—will be in the form of a series of short letters to yourself, of which you have already the first: This the second for the sake of continuing the order unbroken contains the next following question which I should like to ask. If when the sequence of letters is in your possession you like to read any part or parts of them as a subject of discussion at your afternoon meeting, I shall be glad and grateful.

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

2.

[*Undated.*]

I am so ashamed of keeping R.'s book—but it's impossible for me to look at it properly till I have done my lecture, so much must be left undone of it anyhow * * *

Yes—you were glad to find we were at one in many thoughts. So was I. But we are not yet, you know, at one in our *sight* of this world and the dark ways of it. I hope to have you for a St. George's soldier one day.

3.

23d July, 1879.

Thanks for your note and your kind feelings. But you ought to know more about me.

I profess to be a teacher; as you profess also.

But we teach on totally different methods.

You believe what you wish to believe; teach that it is

wicked to doubt it, and remain at rest and in much self-satisfaction.

I believe what I find to be true, whether I like or dislike it. And I teach other people that the chief of all wickednesses is to tell lies in God's service, and to disgrace our Master and destroy His sheep as *involuntary* Wolves.

I, therefore, am in perpetual effort to learn and discern—in perpetual Unrest and Dissatisfaction with myself.

But it would simply require you to do twenty years of such hard work as I have done before you could in any true sense speak a word to me on such matters. You could not use a word in my sense. It would always mean to you something different.

For instance—one of my quite bye works in learning my business of a teacher—was to read the New Testament through in the earliest Greek MS. (eleventh century) which I could get hold of. I examined every syllable of it and have more notes of various readings and on the real meanings of perverted passages than you would get through in a year's work. But I should require you to do the same work before I would discuss a text with you. From that and such work in all kinds I have formed opinions which you could no more move than you could Coniston Old Man. They may be wrong, God knows; I *trust* in them infinitely less than you do in those which you have formed simply by refusing to examine—or to think—or to know what is doing in the world about you; but you cannot stir them.

I very very rarely make presents of my books. If people are inclined to learn from them, I say to them as a physician would—Pay me my fee—you will not obey me if I give you advice for nothing.

But I should like a kind neighbor like you to know something about me, and I have therefore desired my publisher to send you one* of my many books which, after doing the work that I have done, you would have to read before you could really use words in my meaning.

* "Crown of Wild Olive."—Ed.

If you will read the introduction carefully, and especially dwell on the 10th to 15th lines of the 15th page, you will at least know me a little better than to think I believe in my own resurrection—but not in Christ's: and if you look to the final essay on War, you may find some things in it which will be of interest to you in your own* work.

4.

VENICE, 8th September, 1879.

* * * * There is nothing whatever said as far as I remember in the July 'Fors,' about "people's surrendering their judgment." A colonel does not surrender his judgment in obeying his general, nor a soldier in obeying his colonel. But there can be no army where they *act* on their own judgments.

The Society of Jesuits is a splendid proof of the power of obedience, but its curse is falsehood. When the Master of St. George's Company bids you lie, it will be time to compare our discipline to the Jesuits. We are their precise opposites—fiercely and at all costs frank, while they are calmly and for all interests lying.

5.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,

July 30th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I fear I have kept the proofs too long, but I wanted to look at them again. I am confirmed in my impression that the book will do much good.† But I think it would have done more if you had written the lives of two or three of your parishioners. Such an answer would I give to a painter who sent to me a picture of the Last Supper. "You had better, it seems to me, have painted a Harvest Home." I am gravely doubtful of the possibility, in these days, of writing or painting on such subjects, advisedly and securely.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

* Translating some of Erckmann-Chatrion's.—ED.

† "Life and Work of Jesus Christ." Ward and Lock.—ED.

6.

July 31st, 1879.

I have received this week the two most astonishing letters I ever yet received in my life. And one of them is yours, read this morning—telling me—that you don't think you could write the life of an old woman! Yet you think you *can* write the life of Christ!

If you can at all explain this state of your mind to me I will tell you more distinctly what I think of the piece I saw. But I don't think you will communicate the thought to your publisher; and I never meant you to use my former one in that manner.

Mind a publisher thinks only of money, and I know nothing of salableness. The pause in my other letters is one of pure astonishment at you; which at present occupies all the time I have to spare on the subject, and has culminated to-day.

I am so puzzled. I can scarcely think of anything else till you tell me what you mean in the bit about being "called late."

Have you done no work in the vineyard 'yet' then?

7.

August 2d, 1879.

I am still simply speechless with astonishment at you. It is no question of your right to the best I can say; it is all at your command. But for the present my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth. I can only tell you with all the strength I have to read and understand and believe 2 Esdras iv. 2, 20, 21.*

* Thy heart hath gone too far in this world, and thinkest thou to comprehend the way of the most High? Then answered he me, and said, Thou hast given a right judgment, but why judgest thou not thyself also.

8.

August 4th, 1879.

It is just because you undertook the task so *happily*, that I should have thought you unfit to write the life of a Man of Sorrows, even had he been a Man only. But your last letter, remember, claims inspiration for your guide, and recognizes a personal call at sixty, as if the Call to the ministry had been none, and the receiving the Holy Ghost by imposition of hands an empty ceremony.

In writing the life of a parishioner and in remitting or retaining their sins you would in my conception have been fulfilling your appointed work. But I cannot conceive the claim to be a fit Evangelist without more proof of miraculous appointment than you are conscious of. I know you to be conscientious, yes—but I think the judicial doom of this country is to have conscience alike of its Priests and Prophets *hardened*. Why should any letter of mine make you anxious if you had indeed conscience of inspiration?

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

9.

August 7th.

I hope to be able soon now to resume the series of letters; but it seems to me there is no need whatever of more than three or four more respecting the last clauses of the Lord's Prayer. Those in your hands contain questions enough, if seriously entertained, to occupy twenty meetings; and I could only hope that some one of them might be carefully taken

For like as the ground is given unto the wood, and the sea to his floods: even so they that dwell upon the earth may understand nothing, but that which is upon the earth: and he only that dwelleth above the heavens, may understand the things that are above the height of the heavens.

up by your friends. I think, however, in case of the clerical feeling being too strong, that I must ask you, if you print letters at all, to print them without omission. And if you do not print them, to return them to me for my own expansion and arrangement.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

10.

August 9th.

I have got to work on the letters again; it would make me nervous to think of all these plans of yours. Suppose you leave all that till you see what the first debate comes to? * And in the meantime I'll finish as best I can.

11.

September 2d.

That there are only a hundred copies in that form, † is just a reason why the book should be in your library, where it will be enjoyed and useful; and not in mine, where it would not be opened once in a twelvemonth. It is one of the advantages of a small house (and it has many) that one is compelled to consider of all one's books whether they are in use or not.

I yesterday ordered a 'Fors' to be sent you containing in its close the most important piece of a religious character in the book—this I hope you will also allow to stay on your shelves. The two that I sent with this note contain so much that is saucy that I only send them in case you want to look

* My clerical friends and brethren must not be displeased with me if I here mention the fact that at the meeting of twenty-three clergy where I *proposed* to read Mr. Ruskin's letters to them, I was only authorized to do so by a majority of two. I can scarcely describe the dismay and consternation with which the letters themselves were received,—though of course not universally, in another meeting of the same number.

† Grosart, "Poems of Christopher Harvey."

at the challenge referred to in the Letters to the Bishop of Manchester, see October, 1877, and January, 1875. You can keep as long as you like, but please take care of them, as my index is not yet done. The next letter will come before the week end, but it's a difficult one.

12.

THE VICARAGE,
BROUGHTON-IN-FURNESS,
September 4th, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—These parish engagements having been discharged which have taken up my time very closely since I came back from Brighton, I am returning to your letters, and I think you would like to know what I am doing. I am copying them down, first, as I can read them aloud better in my own handwriting, and secondly, because I shall not place the originals in the printer's hands.

Then many thoughts arise in my mind as I re-peruse them, and I must needs (and I think I am allowed) give expression to my thoughts. Hence each letter is followed by my own comments or reflections upon it. But this need not make you feel nervous. On the whole there is much agreement between your modes of thought on religious subjects and my own.

If this is thought a piece of cool assurance, I may reply in the words or sense of Euclid, That similar triangles may have the most various areas. I am not equal to you, but I claim to be similar. These comments I sometimes think I ought to show to you before publication; but perhaps you will agree with me that if I am fit to be trusted at all, I had better be left unconstrained. I shall certainly come to you first, if I find myself seriously at variance with you, which has not happened yet as far as the first clause of the Lord's Prayer. Then it is likely that I shall read the letters before two or three Clerical Societies,* including my own, the Furness.

* At Liverpool and Brighton.

The opinions delivered by those clergy it will be my duty, and I hope it will be my pleasure, to collect and to record. I propose also to invite the clergy who have not time or opportunity to speak in the meeting to write to me, and I will use my best judgment in selecting from their correspondence all that seems worth preserving.

I am very sensible that this is a most delicate and responsible task that is laid upon me, and I wonder to find myself so engaged. It will need tact, discretion, and kindness of heart, and I trust I may be endued with the necessary qualifications to a much larger extent than I think I naturally possess.

I find no small comfort at the foot of the first page of the Preface to "Sesame and Lilies." There I feel I am at one with you.

Ever affectionately yours,

F. A. MALLESON.

13.

BRANTWOOD, *September 5th, 1879.*

I shall be delighted to have the comments, though it will be well first to have the series of letters done—the last but one is coming to-morrow. I have only written them in the sense of your sympathy in most points, and am sure you will make the best possible use of them.

14.

September 7th, 1879.

It is rather comic that your first reply to my challenge concerning usury should be a prospectus of a Company* wishing to make 5 per cent. out of Broughton poor men's ignorance. You couldn't have sent me a project I should have regarded with more abomination.

* A projected Public Hall.

15.

September 9th, 1879.

There is absolutely no debate possible as to what usury is any more than what adultery is. The Church has only been polluted by the indulgence of it since the 16th century. Usury is *any kind whatever* of interest on loan, and it is the essential modern form of Satan.

I send you an old book full of sound and eternal teaching on this matter—please take care of it as a friend's gift, and one I would not lose for its weight in gold. Please read first the Sermon by Bishop Jewell, page 14, and then the rest at your pleasure or your leisure.

No halls are wanted, they are all rich men's excuses for destroying the home life of England.

The public library should be at the village school (and I could put ten thousand pounds' worth of books into a single cupboard), and all that is done for education should be pure Gift. Do you think that this rich England, which spends fifty millions a year in drink and gunpowder, can't educate her poor without being paid interest for her Charity?

At the time of writing this the following letters passed between Mr. Ruskin and myself:—

16.

THE VICARAGE,
BROUGHTON-IN-FURNESS,
September 12th, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I feel in a great strait. I have before me a task of the utmost delicacy, and one before which I feel that I *ought* to shrink,—that of editing your letters, with the accompaniment of comments of my own. You trust

me, evidently, or you would have laid down limitations to guard yourself against misrepresentation. My anxiety is lest I should abuse that large and generous confidence you have so kindly placed in me. Let me explain my position, as I see it myself.

The series will consist of eleven letters, when you have sent me your last. I have now copied nine, and written concisely the views I have presumed to form upon each. With every letter I mostly agree and sympathize, looking on them as "counsels of perfection," and viewing the great subjects you deal with from a far higher standpoint than (in my experience) either laymen or clergymen generally view them. All that there is in me of *enthusiasm* rings in answering chords to the notes you strike. Yet I do not *always* agree. But when I do disagree, I acknowledge it is because your standard is excessively high—too high for practical purposes.

Now, I ask, shall you consider it strictly fair and honorable in me to receive your letters, read them or send them to assemblies of clergy, gather their views, both adverse and favorable, and add diffident animadversions of my own? If you will allow this to be right, and if you will trust to my sense of what is proper, to deal with your letters in the spirit of a Christian and a gentleman, then, hoping to fulfill your expectations, I shall proceed in my work with a mind more at ease; for I could not endure the thought that, after all was done, I had written a single sentence or word that had inflicted pain upon you.

Then comes another question. Do you wish to hear or read my comments before they are printed? I say frankly, if you trust me, I would prefer not; for it would not, perhaps, be pleasant for me either to read your praises, or my poor criticisms, to your face. But still, if you wish it, I shall be ready at your bidding; for I recognize your right to require it. Only I would rather read them to you myself some quiet autumn evening or two.

17.

September 13th.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I am so very grateful for your proposal to edit the letters without further reference to me. I think that will be exactly the right way; and I believe I can put you at real ease in the doing of it by explaining as I can in very few words the kind of *carte-blanche* I should rejoicingly give you.

Interrupted to-day! more to-morrow, with, I hope, the last letter.

J. R.

18.

Sunday, September 14th.

I've nearly done the last letter, but will keep it to-morrow rather than finish hurriedly for the earlier post. Your nice little note has just come, and I can only say that you cannot please me better than by acting with perfect freedom in all ways, and that I only want to see or reply to what you wish me for the matter's sake. And surely there is no occasion for any thought for waste of type about *me* personally, except only to express your knowledge of my real desire for the health and power of the Church. More than this praise you *must* not give me, for I have learned almost everything I may say that I know by my errors.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

19.

September 16th, 1879.

I should have returned these two recent letters before now, but have been looking for the earlier letters which have got mislaid in a general rearrangement of all things by a new

secretary. I am almost sure to come on them to-morrow in my own packing up for town, where I must be for a month hence. Please address, etc.

20.

[*Undated.*]

I am sincerely grieved by the first part of your letter, and scarcely like to trouble you with answer to the close. * * * Surely the first thing to be done with the letters is to use them as you propose, and you may find fifty suggestions, made by persons or circumstances after that, worth considering. I do not doubt that I could easily add to the bulk of MS.; but should then, I think, stipulate for having the book published by my own publisher.

21.

October 13th.

I did not get your kind and interesting letter till yesterday, and can only write in utter haste this morning to say that I think nothing can possibly be more satisfactory (to me personally at least) and more honorable than what you tell me of the wish of the meeting to have the letters printed for their quiet consideration.*

They are entirely at your command and theirs—but don't sell the copyright to any publisher. Keep it in your own hands, and after expenses are paid of course any profits should go to the poor. Please write during this week to me at St. George's Museum, Walkley, Sheffield.

* Canon Rawsley kindly offered to print them at his own expense; only as many were printed as would be sufficient for three or four clerical societies. Had I known how valuable those little pamphlets were destined to become, I should have had many more printed!—ED.

22.

From CANON FARRAR.*October 29th, 1879.*

I am much obliged to you for your courtesy in sending me the letters. I am not, however, inclined to enter into any controversy, being painfully overwhelmed with the very duties which Mr. Ruskin seems to think that we don't do—looking after the material and religious interests of the 'sick, the suffering, the hungry, the drunken, and the extremely wretched.

Yours very truly,

F. W. FARRAR.

23.

SHEFFIELD, October 17th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I am sincerely interested and moved by your history of your laborious life—and shall be entirely glad to leave the completed volume as your property, provided always you sell it to no publisher—but take just percentage on the editions: and provided also that an edition be issued of the letters themselves in their present simple form of which the profits, if any, shall be for the poor of the district.* It would lower your position in the whole matter if it could be hinted that I had written the letters with any semi-purpose of serving my friend. On the other hand you will have just and honorable right to the profits of the completed edition which your labor and judgment will have made possible and guided into the most serviceable form.

I am thankful to see that the letters read clearly and easily, and contain all that it was in my mind to get said; that nothing can be possibly more right in every way than the

* This, of course, with Mr. Allen's concurrence, is my intention.—ED.

printing and binding—nor more courteous and firm than your preface.

Yes—there *will* be a chasm to cross—a tauriformis Aufidus*—greater than Rubicon, and the roar of it for many a year has been heard in the distance, through the gathering fog on earth more loudly.

The River of Spiritual Death in this world—and entrance to Purgatory in the other, come down to us.

When will the feet of the Priests be dipped in the still brim of the water? Jordan overflows his banks already.

When you have got your large edition with its correspondence into form, I should like to read the sheets as they are issued, and put merely letters of reference, *a*, *b*, and *c*, to be taken up in a short epilogue. But I don't want to do or say anything till you have all in perfect readiness for publication. I should merely add my reference letters in the margin, and the shortest possible notes at the end.

Please send me ten more of these private ones for my own friends.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

24.

Extract of a Letter from the late

MISS SUSANNA BEEVER.

("The Younger Lady of the Thwaite, Coniston," to whom Mr. Ruskin dedicated "Frondes Agrestes.")

October 28th, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—My sister has asked me to write and thank you for two copies of Mr. Ruskin's Letters, which

* Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,

Qui regna Dauni præfuit Appuli.

Quum sævit, horrendamque cultis

Diluvium meditatur agris.

—HOR. *Carm.* iv. 14.

you have been so good as to send to her. It is curious that before the post came this morning I had been wondering whether I might ask you for a copy. * * * I have already read these deeply interesting Letters five times. They are like the "foam globes of leaven," I might say they have exercised my mind very much. Things in them which at first seemed rather startling, prove on closer examination to be full of deep truth. The suggestions in them lead to "great searchings of heart." There is much with which I entirely agree; much over which to ponder. What an insight into human nature is shown in the remark that though we are so ready to call ourselves "miserable sinners," we resent being accused of any special fault. * * *

25.

November 7th, 1879.

I am so glad we understand each other now and that you will carry out your plan quietly.

I think you should correct the present little book by my revise, and print enough for whatever private circulation the members of the meeting wish, but that it should not be made public till well after the large book is out. For which I shall look with deepest interest.

26.

November 19th, 1879.

MY DEAR MALLESON,—I have not been able to answer a word lately, being quite unusually busy in France—and you never remember that it takes *me* as long to write a chapter as you to write a book, and tries me more to do it—so that I am sick of the feel of a pen this many a day. I'm delighted to hear of your popularity,* being sure that all you advise people to do will be kind and right. I am not surprised at

* Meaning in the press notices of the Editor's "Life of Christ."—ED.

the popularity, but I wonder that you have not had some nasty envious reviews.*

I like the impudence of these Scotch brats.† Do they suppose it would have been either pleasure or honor to me to come and lecture there? It is perhaps as much their luck as mine that they changed their minds about it. I shall be down at Brantwood soon (*D.V.*). Poor Mr. Sly's‡ death is a much more troublous thing to me than Glasgow Elections.

27.

January 5th, 1880.

A Happy New Year to you. If I may judge or guess by the efforts made to draw me into the business, it is likely to be a busy one for you! Will you kindly now send me back my old book on Usury? I've got a letter (which for his lordship's sake had better never been written) from the Bishop of Manchester, and may want to quote a word or two of my back letter. I send the letter with my reply this month to the *Contemporary*.

28.

January 7th, 1880.

So many thanks for your kind little note and the book which I have received quite safely; and many more thanks for taking all the enemies' fire off me and leaving me quiet. I've been all this morning at work on finches and buntings; but I must give the Bishop a turn to-morrow. This weather takes my little wits out of me woefully; but I am always affectionately yours,

J. R.

* Seventeen *very good*, five *good*, five *fair*, six *bad*, two *nasty, envious!*
—Ed.

† Glasgow University.

‡ Of the Waterhead, Coniston.

29.

May 10th, 1880.

MY DEAR MALLESON,—Yes, the omission of the ‘Mr.’ meant much change in all my feelings towards you and estimates of you—for which change, believe me, I am more glad and thankful than I can well tell you. Not but that of course I always felt your essential goodness and rightness of mind, but I did not at all understand the scope of them.

And you will have the reward of the Visitation of the Sick, though every day I am more sure of the mistake made by good people universally—in trying to pull fallen people up—instead of keeping yet safe ones from tumbling after them, and always spending their pains on the worst instead of the best material. If they want to be able to save the lost like Christ, let them first be sure they can say with Him, “Of those Thou gavest Me I have lost none.”

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

The ‘Epilogue’s’ an awful bother to me in this May time! I have not done a word yet, but you shall have it before the week is out.

30.

April 17.

The letters seem all very nice—I shall have very little to say about them, except to explain what you observe and have been misunderstood. . . . Of course my notes shall be sent to you and added to when you see need. But I cannot do it quickly.

31.

April 14, 1880

Thanks for nice new proofs. I haven't found any false references, but I didn't look. I'll have all verified by my secretary. I'm busy with an article on modern novels and don't feel a bit pious just now; so the responses have hung fire.

32.

May 9.

You are really very good about this, and shall have the notes (*D.V.*) within a fortnight. The Scott could not be put off, being promised for June 19, *Nineteenth Century*, and I could not do novels and sermons together. I don't think the notes will be long. The letters seem to be mostly compliments or small objections not worth noticing.

33.

May 14th, 1880.

I've just done—yesterday with Scott, and took up the letters for the first time this morning seriously.

I had never seen *yours* at all when I wrote last. I fell first on Mr. —, whom I read with some attention, and commented on with little favor: went on to the next, and remained content with that taste till I had done my Scott.

I have this morning been reading your own, on which I very earnestly congratulate you. God knows it isn't because they are friendly or complimentary, but because you *do* see what I mean, and people hardly ever do—and I think it needs very considerable power and feeling to forgive and understand as you do. You have said everything I want to

say, and much more—except on the one point of excommunication, which will be the chief, almost the only subject of my final note.

I write in haste to excuse myself for my former note.

Ever affectionately and gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

(NOTE.—A legal friend remarks that in his opinion I should refrain from printing *extracts* from letters, and always print the whole; or, indeed, in the present case, the whole series of letters, lest it should be suspected that I am making a self-indulgent selection only of the good words which Mr. Ruskin is kind enough to use in his communications with me. Let me here say, however, that had there been in all these letters any which conveyed censure, stricture, or blame of any kind, I should not have withheld my hand from including them. But no such letters ever came to me. Mr. Ruskin is the very pink of courtesy with his friends, and he *may* have suppressed remarks which he thought might wound me. But I am reproducing here not my friend's secret thoughts, but only those of his letters which remain in my possession.—EDITOR.)

34.

May 26th, 1880.

I'm at work on the 'Epilogue,' but it takes more trouble than I expected. I see there's a letter from you which I leave unopened, for fear there should be anything in it to put me in a bad temper, which you might easily do without meaning it. You shall have the 'Epilogue' as soon as I can get it done; but you won't much like it, for there are bits in the Clergymen's letters that have put my bristles up. They ought either to have said nothing about me, or known more.

I should give that rascally Bishop a dressing "au sérieux,"

only you wouldn't like to godfather it, so I'll keep it for somewhere else.*

35.

June 7th, 1880.

Your letter is a relief to my mind, and shall not be taken advantage of for more delay. The wet day or two would get all done: but I simply can't think of anything but the sun while it shines.

And I've had second, third, and seventh thoughts about several things: as it is coming out I believe it will be a useful contribution to the book.

I shall get it in the copyist's hand on Monday, and as it's one of my girl secretaries, I shall be teased till it's done, so it's safe for the end of the week (*D.V.*). I am sadly afraid she'll make me cut out some of the spiciest bits: the girl secretaries are always allowed to put their pens through anything they choose. Please drop the 'Mr.'; it is a matter of friendship, not as if there were any of different powers. God only knows of higher and lower, and, as far as I can judge, is likely to put ministry to the sick much above public letters.

Thanks for note of *Menyanthes Trifoliata*.

I haven't seen it, scarcely moving at present beyond my wood or garden.

36.

June 13th, 1880.

You are really very good to put up with all that vicious Epilogue. But it won't discredit *you* in the end, whatever it may do me. I hope much otherwise.

* Needless to say that in this energetic language, the Master of the Company of St. George is referring to nothing whatever in the stainless character of the great Bishop, of whom it is justly recorded in the inscription on his monument in Manchester Cathedral that "he won all hearts by opening to them his own;" except only in the matter of house-
rent and interest of money, opinions which the Bishop shared with the great mass of civilized humanity.

I will send you to-morrow the Lincoln, or, possibly, York MS. to look at. You will find the Litany following the Quicumque vult, and on the leaf marked by me 83, at the top the passage I began quotation with. It will need a note; for *domptnum* is, I believe, strong Yorkshire Latin for Donum Apostolicum, not Dominum.

The *e* in Ecclesie for *æ* is the proper form in mediæval Latin.

The calendar and Litany are invaluable in their splendid lists of English saints, and the entire book unreplaceable, so mind you lock it up carefully!

37.

There's a good deal of interest in the inclosed layman's letter, I think. Would you like to print any bits of it? I cannot quite make up my mind if it's worth or not.

38.

June 27th, 1880.

The 'Épilogue' is all but done to-day, and shall be sent by railway guard to-morrow (*D.V.*), with a book which will further interest you and your good secretary. It is as fine an example of the colored print Prayer-Book as I have seen, date 1507, and full of examples of the way Romanism had ruined itself at that date. But it may contain in legible form some things of interest. I never could make out so much as its Calendar; but the songs about the saints and rhymed hours are very pretty. Though the illuminations are all ridiculous and one or two frightful, most are more or less pretty, and nearly all interesting. You can keep it any time, but you must promise me not to show it to anybody who does not know how to handle a book. * * *

(NOTE.—I may mention here, once for all, that wherever there are omissions left in Mr. Ruskin's letters, there is nothing of interest or importance in those passages for any one but for the receiver of that letter.)

39.

July 15th, 1880.

* * * It is a further light to me, on your curious differences from most clergymen, very wonderful and venerable to me, that you should understand Byron!

40.

June 25th.

DEAR MALLESON,—No, I don't want the letter printed in the least; but it ought to have interested you very differently. It is by a much older man than I, who has never heard of our letters, but has been a very useful and influential person in his own parish, and is a practical and acceptable contributor to sporting papers. He is an able lawyer also, and knows far better than I do and far better than most clergymen know, what could really be done in their country parishes if they had a mind.

The bit of manuscript is perfectly facsimiled by your niece, but I can't read it: and it will be much better that you mark the places you wish certification about, and that I then send the book up to the British Museum, and have the whole made clear. The *dompt* is a very important matter indeed.

I have got the last bit of epilogue fairly on foot this morning, and can promise it on Monday all well.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

41.

April 30th, 1881.

DEAR MALLESON,—It will be many a day before I recover yet—if ever—but with caution I hope not to go wild again, and to get what power belongs to my age slowly back. When

were you in the same sort of danger? Let me very strongly warn you from the whirlpool edge—the going down in the middle is gloomier than I can tell you.

But I shall thankfully see you and your friend here. Visiting is out of the question for me. I can bear no fatigue nor excitement away from my home. I pay visits no more—anywhere (even in old times few). It is always a great gladness to me when young students care about old books—and I remember as a duty the feeling I used to have in getting a Missal, even after I was past a good many other pleasures. You made such good use of that book too, that I am happy in yielding to any wish of yours about it, so your young friend * shall have it if he likes. The marked price is quite a fair market one for it, though you might look and wait long before such a book came *into* the market. The British Museum people were hastily and superciliously wrong in calling it a common book. It is not a *showy* one; but there are few more interesting or more perfect service books in English manuscript, and the Museum people buy cart-loads of big folios that are not worth the shelf room.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

42.

April 23d, 1881.

MY DEAR MALLESON,—These passages of description and illustration of the general aspect of Ephesus in St. Paul's time seem to me much more forcibly and artistically written than anything you did in the "Life of Christ"; and I could not suggest any changes to you which you could now carry out under the conditions of time to revise, except a more clear statement of the Ephesian goddess.

[I really do not think Mr. Ruskin would wish that *all* he wrote in the next sentence about the Ephesian Diana should

* Rev. J. R. Haslam, now Vicar of Thwaites, Cumberland. See Appendix.—Ed.

be placed before the public eye. But I resume in the middle of a sentence.]

. . . practically at last and chiefly of the Diabolic Suction of the Usurer; and her temple, which you luckily liken to the Bank of England, was in fact what that establishment would be as the recognized place of pious pilgrimage for all Jews, infidels, or prostitutes in the realm of England. You could not conceive the real facts of these degraded worships of the mixed Greek and Asiatic races, unless you gave a good year's work to the study of the decline of Greek art in the 3d and 4th centuries B.C.

Charles Newton's pride in discovering Mausolus, and engineers' whistling over his Asiatic mummy, have entirely corrupted and thwarted the uses of the British Museum Art Galleries. The Drum of that Diana Temple is barbarous rubbish, not worth tenpence a ton; and if I showed you a photograph of the head of Mausolus without telling you what it was, I will undertake that you saw with candid eyes in it nothing more than the shaggy poll of a common gladiator. But your book will swim with the tide. It is best so.

43.

July . . .

I'm not in the least anxious about my MS., and shall only be glad if you like to keep it long enough to read thoroughly. There must surely be published copies of such extant, though, and worth inquiring after?

Partly the fine weather, partly the heat, partly a fit of Scott and Byron have stopped the Epilogue utterly for the time! You cannot be in any hurry for it surely? There's plenty to go on printing with.

I don't think you will find the n's and m's much bother; the contractions are the great nuisance. But I do think this development of Gothic writing one of the oddest absurdities of mankind.

The illumination of "the fool hath said in his heart," snapping his fingers, or more accurately making the indecent sign called "the fig" by the Italians, is a very unusual one in this MS., and peculiarly English.

44.

There is not the least use in my looking over these sheets: you probably know more about Athens than I do, and what I do know is out of and in Smith's Dictionary, where you can find it without trouble.

For the rest you must please always remember what I told you once for all, that you could never interest *me* by writing about people, either at Athens or Ephesus, but only of those of the parish of Broughton-in-Furness.

That new translation could not come out well; that much I know without looking at it. One must believe the Bible before one understands it, (I mean, believe that it is understandable) and one must understand before one can translate it. Two stages in advance of your Twenty-Four Co-operative Tyndales!

45.

26th May.

DEAR MALLESON,—I should be delighted to see Canon Weston and you any day: but I want J— to be at home, and she is going to town next week for a month, and will be fussy till she goes. She promises to be back faithfully within the week after that—within the Sunday, I mean. Fix any day or any choice of days if one is wet after the said Sunday, and we shall both be in comfort ready.

If Canon Weston or you are going away anywhere, come any day before that suits you.

In divinity matters I am obliged to stop—for my sins, I suppose. But it seems I am almost struck mad when I

think earnestly about them, and I'm only reading now natural history or nature.

Never mind Autograph people, they are never worth the scratch of a pen.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. R.

46.

August 26th, 1881.

I'm in furious bad humor with the weather, and cannot receive just now at all, having had infinitely too much of indoors, and yet unable to draw for darkness, or write for temper. But I will see Mr. — if he has any other reason than curiosity for wishing to see me—what does he want with me?

47.

21st October.

I am fairly well, but have twenty times the work in hand that I am able for; and read—Virgil, Plato, and Hesiod, when I have time! But assuredly no modern books; least of all my friends', lest I should have either to flatter or offend. Still less will I have to say to young men proposing to become clergymen. I have distinctly told them their business is at present—to dig, not preach.

Let your young friend read his Fors. All that he needs of me is in that.

48.

ANNECY, SAVOY.

November 15th, 1882.

I have got your kind little note of the 11th yesterday, and am entirely glad to hear of your papers on the Duddon. I shall be very happy indeed if you find any pleasure in remem-

bering our walk to the tarn.* I hope I know now better how to manage myself in all ways, and we may still have some pleasant talks, my health not failing me.

49.

TALLOIRE, SWITZERLAND,

November 20th, 1882.

MY DEAR MALLESON,—I am sincerely grieved that you begin to feel the effect of overwork; but as this is the first warning you have had, and as you are wise enough to obey it, I trust that the three months' rest will restore you all your usual powers on the conditions of using them with discretion, and not rising to write at two in the morning.

I am very thankful to find in my own case that a quiet spring of energy filters back into the old well-heads—if one does not bucket it out as fast as it comes in.

But my last illnesses seriously impaired my walking powers, and I'm afraid if you came to Switzerland I should be very jealous of you.

Certainly it is not in this season a country for an invalid, and I believe you cannot be safer than by English firesides with no books to work at nor parishioners to visit.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

50.

January 22d, 1883.

DEAR MALLESON,—I am heartily glad to hear that you are better, and that you are going to lead the Vicar of Wakefield's quiet life. I am not stronger myself, but think it right to keep hold of the Oxford Helm, as long as they care to trust it to me.

I've entirely given up reviewing, but if the Editor of the *Contemporary* would send me Mr. Peek's Article, when set

* Goat's Water, under the Old Man of Coniston.

up, I might perhaps send a note or two on it, which the real reviewer might use or not at his pleasure. In the meantime it would greatly oblige me if the Editor could give me the reference to an old article of mine on Herbert Spencer, (or at least on a saying of his), which I cannot find where I thought it was in the *Nineteenth Century*, and suppose therefore to have been in the *Contemporary* before the *Nineteenth Century* Athena arose out of its cleft head.

The Article had a lot about Coniston in it, but I quite forget what else it was about. I think it must have been just before the separation. Kindest regards and congratulations on your convalescence from all here.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

51.

BRANTWOOD, *February 6th*, 1883.

MY DEAR MALLESON,—I'm nearly beside myself with a sudden rush of work on my return from abroad, and resumption of Oxford duties, and I simply cannot yet think over the business of the letters, the rather that I certainly never would republish most of those clergymen's letters at all.

My own were a gift to you, and I am quite ready to print them if you like.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and that its history is a history of growth and expansion. The second is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and that its history is a history of the struggle for a better life for all.

The third is the fact that the United States is a nation of freedom, and that its history is a history of the struggle for freedom for all. The fourth is the fact that the United States is a nation of progress, and that its history is a history of the struggle for progress for all.

The fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of peace, and that its history is a history of the struggle for peace for all.

The sixth is the fact that the United States is a nation of justice, and that its history is a history of the struggle for justice for all.

The seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of unity, and that its history is a history of the struggle for unity for all.

The eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of hope, and that its history is a history of the struggle for hope for all.

The ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of love, and that its history is a history of the struggle for love for all.

The tenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of faith, and that its history is a history of the struggle for faith for all.

The eleventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of courage, and that its history is a history of the struggle for courage for all.

The twelfth is the fact that the United States is a nation of strength, and that its history is a history of the struggle for strength for all.

The thirteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of wisdom, and that its history is a history of the struggle for wisdom for all.

The fourteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of power, and that its history is a history of the struggle for power for all.

The fifteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of glory, and that its history is a history of the struggle for glory for all.

The sixteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of honor, and that its history is a history of the struggle for honor for all.

The seventeenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of respect, and that its history is a history of the struggle for respect for all.

The eighteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of dignity, and that its history is a history of the struggle for dignity for all.

The nineteenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of pride, and that its history is a history of the struggle for pride for all.

THE END OF THE WORLD

EPILOGUE BY MR. RUSKIN.

EPILOGUE BY MR. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, *June, 1880.*

MY DEAR MALLESON,—I have glanced at the proofs you send; and *can* do no more than glance, even if it seemed to me desirable that I should do more,—which, after said glance, it does in no wise. Let me remind you of what it is absolutely necessary that the readers of the book should clearly understand—that I wrote these Letters at your request, to be read and discussed at the meeting of a private society of clergymen. I declined then to be present at the discussion, and I decline still. You afterwards asked leave to print the Letters, to which I replied that they were yours, for whatever use you saw good to make of them: afterwards your plans expanded, while my own notion remained precisely what it had been—that the discussion should have been private, and kept within the limits of the society, and that its conclusions, if any, should have been announced in a few pages of clear print, for the parishioners' exclusive reading.

I am, of course, flattered by the wider course you have obtained for the Letters, but am not in the slightest degree interested by the debate upon them, nor by any religious debates whatever, undertaken without serious conviction that there is a jot wrong in matters as they are, or serious resolution to make them a tittle better. Which, so far as I can read the minds of your correspondents, appears to me the substantial state of them.

One thing I cannot pass without protest—the quantity of talk about the writer of the Letters. What I am, or am not, is of no moment whatever to the matters in hand. I observe

with comfort, or at least with complacency, that on the strength of a couple of hours' talk, at a time when I was thinking chiefly of the weatherings of slate you were good enough to show me above Goat's Water, you would have ventured to baptize me in the little lake—as not a goat, but a sheep. The best I can be sure of, myself, is that I am no wolf, and have never aspired to the dignity even of a Dog of the Lord.

You told me, if I remember rightly, that one of the members of the original meeting denounced me as an arch-heretic *—meaning, doubtless, an arch-pagan; for a heretic, or sect-maker, is of all terms of reproach the last that can be used of me. And I think he should have been answered that it was precisely as an arch-pagan that I ventured to request a more intelligible and more unanimous account of the Christian Gospel from its preachers.

If anything in the Letters offended those of you who hold me a brother, surely it had been best to tell me between ourselves, or to tell it to the Church, or to let me be Anathema Maranatha in peace,—in any case, I must at present so abide, correcting only the mistakes about myself which have led to graver ones about the things I wanted to speak of.†

* Only a heretic !—Ed.

† I may perhaps be pardoned for vindicating at least my arithmetic, which, with Bishop Colenso, I rather pride myself upon. One of your correspondents greatly doubts my having heard five thousand asserters of evangelical principles (Catholic-absolvent or Protestant-detergent are virtually the same). I am now sixty years old, and for forty-five of them was in church at least once on the Sunday,—say once a month also in afternoons,—and you have above three thousand church services. When I am abroad I am often in half-a-dozen churches in the course of a single day, and never lose a chance of listening to anything that is going on. Add the conversations pursued, not unearnestly, with every sort of reverend person I can get to talk to me—from the Bishop of Strasburg (as good a specimen of a town bishop as I have known), with whom I was studying ecstastic paintings in the year 1850—down to the simplest traveling tinker inclined Gospelwards, whom I perceive to be sincere, and your correspondent will perceive that my rapid numerical expression must be far beneath the truth. He subjoins his more rational doubt of my acquaintance with many town missionaries; to which I can only answer, that

The most singular one, perhaps, in all the Letters is that of Mr. —, that I do not attach enough weight to antiquity. My reply to it is partly written already, with reference to the wishes of some other of your correspondents to know more of my reasons for finding fault with the English Liturgy.

If people are taught to use the Liturgy rightly and reverently, it will bring them all good; and for some thirty years of my life I used to read it always through to my servant and myself, if we had no Protestant church to go to, in Alpine or Italian villages. One can always tacitly pray of it what one wants, and let the rest pass. But, as I have grown older, and watched the decline in the Christian faith of all nations, I have got more and more suspicious of the effect of this particular form of words on the truthfulness of the English mind (now fast becoming a salt which has lost his savor, and is fit only to be trodden under foot of men). And during the last ten years, in which my position at Oxford has compelled me to examine what authority there was for the code of prayer, of which the University is now so ashamed that it no more dares compel its youths so much as to hear, much less to utter it, I got necessarily into the habit of always looking to the original forms of the prayers of the fully developed Christian Church. Nor did I think it a mere chance which placed in my own possession a manuscript of the perfect Church service of the thirteenth century,* written by the monks of the Sainte Chapelle for St. Louis; together with one of the same date, written in England, probably for the Diocese of Lincoln; adding some of the Collects, in which it corresponds with St. Louis's, and the Latin hymns so much beloved by Dante, with the appointed music for them.

And my wonder has been greater every hour, since I as I do not live in town, nor set up for a missionary myself, my spiritual advantages have certainly not been great in that direction. I simply assert that of the few I have known,—beginning with Mr. Spurgeon, under whom I sat with much edification for a year or two,—I have not known any such teaching as I speak of.

* See Appendix.

examined closely the text of these and other early books, that in any state of declining, or captive, energy, the Church of England should have contented itself with a service which cast out, from beginning to end, all these intensely spiritual and passionate utterances of chanted prayer (the whole body, that is to say, of the authentic *Christian* Psalms), and in adopting what it timidly preserved of the Collects, mangled or blunted them down to the exact degree which would make them either unintelligible or inoffensive—so vague that everybody might use them, or so pointless that nobody could be offended by them. For a special instance: The prayer for “our bishops and curates, and all congregations committed to their charge,” is, in the Lincoln Service-book, “for our bishop, and all congregations committed to *his* charge.” The change from singular to plural seems a slight one. But it suffices to take the eyes of the people off their own bishop into infinite space; to change a prayer which was intended to be uttered in personal anxiety and affection, into one for the general good of the Church, of which nobody could judge, and for which nobody would particularly care; and, finally, to change a prayer to which the answer, if given, would be visible, into one of which nobody could tell whether it were answered or not.

In the Collects, the change, though verbally slight, is thus tremendous in issue. But in the Litany—word and thought go all wild together. The first prayer of the Litany in the Lincoln Service-book is for the Pope and all ranks beneath him, implying a very noteworthy piece of theology—that the Pope might err in religious matters, and that the prayer of the humblest servant of God would be useful to him:—“*Ut Dompnum Apostolicum, et omnes gradus ecclesie in sancta religione conservare digneris.*” Meaning that whatever errors particular persons might, and must, fall into, they prayed God to keep the Pope right, and the collective testimony and conduct of the ranks below him. Then follows the prayer for their own bishop and *his* flock—then for the king and the princes (chief lords), that they (not all nations)

might be kept in concord—and then for *our* bishops and abbots,—the Church of England proper; every one of these petitions being direct, limited, and personally heartfelt;—and then this lovely one for themselves:—

“*Ut obsequium servitutis nostre rationabile facias.*”—
“That thou wouldst make the obedience of our service reasonable” (“which is your reasonable service”).*

This glorious prayer is, I believe, accurately an “early English” one. It is not in the St. Louis Litany, nor in a later elaborate French fourteenth century one; but I find it softened in an Italian MS. of the fifteenth century into “*ut nosmet ipsos in tuo sancto servitio confortare et conservare digneris,*”—“that thou wouldst deign to keep and comfort us ourselves in thy sacred service” (the comfort, observe, being here asked for whether reasonable or not!); and in the best and fullest French service-book I have, printed at Rouen in 1520, it becomes, “*ut congregationes omnium sanctorum in tuo sancto servitio conservare digneris;*” while victory as well as concord is asked for the king and the princes,—thus leading the way to that for our own Queen’s victory over all her enemies, a prayer which might now be advisedly altered into one that she—and in her, the monarchy of England—might find more fidelity in their friends.

I give one more example of the corruption of our Prayer-Book, with reference to the objections taken by some of your correspondents to the distinction implied in my Letters between the Persons of the Father and the Christ.

The “*Memoria de Sancta Trinitate,*” in the St. Louis service-book, runs thus:

“*Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui dedisti famulis tuis in confessione vere fidei eterne Trinitatis gloriam agnoscere, et in potentia majestatis adorare unitatem, quesumus ut ejus fidei firmitate ab omnibus semper muniemur adversis. Qui vivis et regnas Deus, per omnia secula seculorum. Amen.*”

“Almighty and everlasting God, who hast given to Thy servants, in confession of true faith to recognize the glory of

* See in the Appendix for more of these beautiful prayers.—ED.

the Eternal Trinity, and in the power of Majesty to pray to the Unity; we ask that by the firmness of that faith we may be always defended from all adverse things, who livest and reignest God through all ages. Amen."

Turning to our Collect, we find we have first slipped in the word "us" before "Thy servants," and by that little insertion have slipped in the squire and his jockey, and the public-house landlord—and any one else who may chance to have been coaxed, swept, or threatened into Church on Trinity Sunday, and required the entire company of them to profess themselves servants of God, and believers in the mystery of the Trinity: And we think we have done God a service!

"Grace." Not a word about grace in the original. You don't believe by having grace, but by having wit.

"To acknowledge." "Agnosco" is to recognize, not to acknowledge. To see that there are three lights in a chandelier is a great deal more than to acknowledge that they are there.

"To worship." "Adorare" is to pray to, not to worship. You may worship a mere magistrate; but you *pray* to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The last sentence in the English is too horribly mutilated to be dealt with in any patience. The meaning of the great old collect is that by the shield of that faith we may quench all the fiery darts of the devil. The English prayer means, if it means anything, "Please keep us in our faith without our taking any trouble; and, besides, please don't let us lose our money, nor catch cold."

"Who livest and reignest." Right; but how many of any extant or instant congregations understand what the two words mean? That God is a living God, not a dead Law; and that He is a reigning God, putting wrong things to rights, and that, sooner or later, with a strong hand and a rod of iron; and not at all with a soft sponge and warm water, washing everybody as clean as a baby every Sunday morning, whatever dirty-work they may have been about all the week.

On which latter supposition your modern Liturgy, in so far as it has supplemented instead of corrected the old one, has entirely modeled itself,—producing in its first address to the congregation before the Almighty precisely the fault-fullest and foolishlest piece of English language that I know in the whole compass of English or American literature. In the seventeen lines of it (as printed in my old-fashioned, large-print prayer-book), there are seven times over two words for one idea.

1. Acknowledge and confess.
2. Sins and wickedness.
3. Dissemble nor cloke.
4. Goodness and mercy.
5. Assemble and meet.
6. Requisite and necessary.
7. Pray and beseech.

There is, indeed, a shade of difference in some of these ideas for a good scholar, none for a general congregation; * and what difference they can guess at merely muddles their heads: to acknowledge sin is indeed different from confessing it, but it cannot be done at a minute's notice; and goodness is a different thing from mercy, but it is by no means God's infinite goodness that forgives our badness, but that judges it.

* The only explanation ever offered for this exuberant wordiness is that if worshipers did not understand one term they would the other, and in some cases, in the Exhortation and elsewhere, one word is of Latin and the other of Saxon derivation.* But this is surely a very feeble excuse for bad composition. Of a very different kind is that beautiful climax which is reached in the three admirably chosen pairs of words in the Prayer for the Parliament, "peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety."—EDITOR.

* The repetition of synonymous terms is of very frequent occurrence in sixteenth century writing, as "forever and aye," "Time and the hour run through the roughest day" (Macbeth, i. 3).

“The faultfulest,” I said, “and the foolishhest.” After using fourteen words where seven would have done, what is it that the whole speech gets said with its much speaking? This Morning Service of all England begins with the assertion that the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to confess our sins before God: *Does it so?* Have your congregations ever been referred to those sundry places? Or do they take the assertion on trust, or remain under the impression that, unless with the advantage of their own candor, God must remain ill-informed on the subject of their sins?

“That we should not dissemble nor cloke them.” *Can* we then? Are these grown-up congregations of the enlightened English Church in the nineteenth century still so young in their nurseries that the “Thou, God, seest me” is still not believed by them if they get under the bed?

Let us look up the sundry moving passages referred to.

(I suppose myself a simple lamb of the flock, and only able to use my English Bible.)

I find in my concordance (confess and confession together) forty-two occurrences of the word. Sixteen of these, including John’s confession that he was not the Christ, and the confession of the faithful fathers that they were pilgrims on the earth, do indeed move us strongly to confess Christ before men. Have you ever taught your congregations what that confession means? They are ready enough to confess Him in church, that is to say, in their own private synagogue. Will they in Parliament? Will they in a ball-room? Will they in a shop? Sixteen of the texts are to enforce their doing *that*.

The next most important one (1 Tim. vi. 13) refers to Christ’s own good confession, which I suppose was not of His sins, but of His obedience. How many of your congregations can make any such kind of confession, or wish to make it?

The eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth (1 Kings viii. 33, 2 Chron. vi. 26, Heb. xiii. 15) speak of confessing thankfully that God is God (and not a putrid plasma nor a theory

of development), and the twenty-first (Job xl. 14) speaks of God's own confession, that no doubt we are the people, and that wisdom shall die with us, and on what conditions He will make it.

There remain twenty-one texts which do speak of the confession of our sins—very moving ones indeed—and Heaven grant that some day the British public may be moved by them.

1. The first is Lev. v. 5, "He shall confess that he hath sinned *in that thing*." And if you can get any soul of your congregation to say he has sinned in *anything*, he may do it in two words for one if he likes, and it will yet be good liturgy.

2. The second is indeed general—Lev. xvi. 21: the command that the whole nation should afflict its soul on the great day of atonement once a year. The Church of England, I believe, enjoins no such unpleasant ceremony. Her festivals are passed by her people often indeed in the extinction of their souls, but by no means in their intentional affliction.

3. The third, fourth, and fifth (Lev. xxvi. 40, Numb. v. 7, Nehem. i. 6) refer all to national humiliation for definite idolatry, accompanied with an entire abandonment of that idolatry, and of idolatrous persons. How soon *that* form of confession is likely to find a place in the English congregations the defenses of their main idol, mammon, in the vilest and cruelest shape of it—usury—with which this book has been defiled, show very sufficiently.

6. The sixth is Psalm xxxii. 5—virtually the whole of that psalm, which does, indeed, entirely refer to the greater confession, once for all opening the heart to God, which can be by no means done fifty-two times a year, and which, once done, puts men into a state in which they will never again say there is no health in them; nor that their hearts are desperately wicked; but will obey forever the instantly following order, "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and shout for joy, all ye that are true of heart."

7. The seventh is the one confession in which I can myself

share:—"After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the Lord God of my fathers."

8. The eighth, James v. 16, tells us to confess our faults—not to God, but "one to another"—a practice not favored by English catechumens—(by the way, what *do* you all mean by "auricular" confession—confession that can be heard? and is the Protestant pleasanter form one that can't be?)

9. The ninth is that passage of St. John (i. 9), the favorite evangelical text, which is read and preached by thousands of false preachers every day, without once going on to read its great companion, "Beloved, if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things; but if our heart condemn us *not*, then have we confidence toward God." Make your people understand the second text, and they will understand the first. At present you leave them understanding neither.

And the entire body of the remaining texts is summed in Joshua vii. 19 and Ezra x. 11, in which, whether it be Achan, with his Babylonish garment, or the people of Israel, with their Babylonish lusts, the meaning of confession is simply what it is to every brave boy, girl, man, and woman, who knows the meaning of the word "honor" before God or man—namely, to say what they have done wrong, and to take the punishment of it (not to get it blanced over by any means), and to do it no more—which is so far from being a tone of mind generally enforced either by the English, or any other extant Liturgy, that, though all my maids are exceedingly pious, and insist on the privilege of going to church as a quite inviolable one, I think it a scarcely to be hoped for crown and consummation of virtue in them that they should tell me when they have broken a plate; and I should expect to be met only with looks of indignation and astonishment if I ventured to ask one of them how she had spent her Sunday afternoon.

"Without courage," said Sir Walter Scott, "there is no truth; and without truth there is no virtue." The sentence would have been itself more true if Sir Walter had written

“candor” for “truth,” for it is possible to be true in insolence, or true in cruelty. But in looking back from the ridges of the Hill Difficulty in my own past life, and in all the vision that has been given me of the wanderings in the ways of others—this, of all principles, has become to me surest—that the first virtue to be required of man is frankness of heart and lip: and I believe that every youth of sense and honor, putting himself to faithful question, would feel that he had the devil for confessor, if he had not his father or his friend.

That a clergyman should ever be so truly the friend of his parishioners as to deserve their confidence from childhood upwards, may be flouted as a sentimental ideal; but he is assuredly only their enemy in showing his Lutheran detestation of the sale of indulgences by broadcasting these gratis from his pulpit.

The inconvenience and unpleasantness of a catechism concerning itself with the personal practice as well as the general theory of duty, are indeed perfectly conceivable by me; yet I am not convinced that such manner of catechism would therefore be less medicinal; and during the past ten years it has often been matter of amazed thought with me, while our President at Corpus read prayers to the chapel benches, what might by this time have been the effect on the learning as well as the creed of the University, if, forty years ago, our stern old Dean Gaisford, of the House of Christ, instead of sending us to chapel as to the house of correction, when we missed a lecture, had inquired, before he allowed us to come to chapel at all, whether we were gamblers, harlot-mongers, or in concealed and selfish debt.

I observe with extreme surprise in the preceding letters the unconsciousness of some of your correspondents, that there ever was such a thing as discipline in the Christian Church. Indeed, the last wholesome instance of it I can remember was when my own great-great uncle Maitland lifted Lady —— from his altar rails, and led her back to her seat before the congregation, when she offered to take the Sacra-

ment, being at enmity with her son.* But I believe a few hours honestly spent by any clergyman on his Church history would show him that the Church's confidence in her prayer has been always exactly proportionate to the strictness of her discipline; that her present fright at being caught praying by a chemist or an electrician, results mainly from her having allowed her twos and threes gathered in the name of Christ to become sixes and sevens gathered in the name of Belial; and that therefore her now needfulest duty is to explain to her stammering votaries, extremely doubtful as they are of the effect of their supplications either on politics or the weather, that although Elijah was a man subject to like passions as we are, he had them better under command; and that while the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much, the formal and lukewarm one of an iniquitous man availeth—much the other way.

Such an instruction, coupled with due explanation of the nature of righteousness and iniquity, directed mainly to those who have the power of both in their own hands, being makers of law, and holders of property, would, without any further debate, bring about a very singular change in the position and respectability of English clergymen.

How far they may at present be considered as merely the Squire's left hand, bound to know nothing of what he is doing with his right, it is for their own consciences to determine.

For instance, a friend wrote to me the other day, "Will you not come here? You will see a noble duke destroying a village as old as the Conquest, and driving out dozens of families whose names are in Domesday Book, because,

* In some of the country districts of Scotland the right of the Church to interfere with the lives of private individuals is still exercised. Only two years ago, a wealthy gentleman farmer was rebuked by the "Kirk Session" of the Dissenting Church to which he belonged, for infidelity to his wife.

At the Scottish half-yearly Communion the ceremony of "fencing the tables" used to be observed; that is, turning away all those whose lives were supposed to have made them unfit to receive the Sacrament.

owing to the neglect of his ancestors and rackrenting for a hundred years, the place has fallen out of repair, and the people are poor, and may become paupers. A local paper ventured to tell the truth. The duke's agent called on the editor, and threatened him with destruction if he did not hold his tongue." The noble duke, doubtless, has proper Protestant horror of auricular confession. But suppose, instead of the local editor, the local parson had ventured to tell the truth from his pulpit, and even to intimate to his Grace that he might no longer receive the Body and Blood of the Lord at the altar of that parish. The parson would scarcely—in these days—have been therefore made bonfire of, and had a pretty martyr's memorial by Mr. Scott's pupils; but he would have lighted a goodly light, nevertheless, in this England of ours, whose pettifogging piety has now neither the courage to deny a duke's grace in its church, nor to declare Christ's in its Parliament.

Lastly. Several of your contributors, I observe, have rashly dipped their feet in the brim of the water of that raging question of Usury; and I cannot but express my extreme regret that you should yourself have yielded to the temptation of expressing opinions which you have had no leisure either to found or to test. My assertion, however, that the rich lived mainly by robbing the poor, referred not to Usury, but to Rent; and the facts respecting both these methods of extortion are perfectly and indubitably ascertainable by any person who himself wishes to ascertain them, and is able to take the necessary time and pains. I see no sign, throughout the whole of these letters, of any wish whatever, on the part of one of their writers, to ascertain the facts, but only to defend practices which they hold to be convenient in the world, and are afraid to blame in their congregations. Of the presumption with which several of the writers utter their notions on the subject, I do not think it would be right to speak farther, in an epilogue to which there is no reply, in the terms which otherwise would have been deserved. In their bearing on other topics, let me earnestly

thank you (so far as my own feelings may be permitted voice in the matter) for the attention with which you have examined, and the courage with which you have ratified, or at least endured, letters which could not but bear at first the aspect of being written in a hostile—sometimes even in a mocking spirit. That aspect is untrue, nor am I answerable for it: the things of which I had to speak could not be shortly described but in terms which might sound satirical; for all error, if frankly shown, is precisely most ridiculous when it is most dangerous, and I have written no word which is not chosen as the exactest for its occasion, whether it move sigh or smile. In my earlier days I wrote much with the desire to please, and the hope of influencing the reader. As I grow older and older, I recognize the truth of the Preacher's saying, "Desire shall fail, and the mourners go about the streets;" and I content myself with saying, to whoso it may concern, that the thing is verily thus, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. No man more than I has ever loved the places where God's honor dwells, or yielded truer allegiance to the teaching of His evident servants. No man at this time grieves more for the danger of the Church which supposes him her enemy, while she whispers procrastinating *pax vobiscum* in answer to the spurious kiss of those who would fain toll curfew over the last fires of English faith, and watch the sparrow find nest where she may lay her young, around the altars of the Lord.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

APPENDIX.

MR. RUSKIN having kindly intrusted me with his valuable English thirteenth century MS. service book, referred to p. 153, I have thought it would be interesting to the readers of this volume to see a little more in detail some of the origins of our Litany and Collects. I think it will be owned that our Reformers failed to mend some of them in the translation. I am quite unversed in the reading of ancient MSS., but I hope the following, with the translation, will not be found incorrect. I have preserved neither the contractions nor the responses repeated after each petition, and have changed the mediæval "e" into "æ," as "terre" into "terræ."—EDITOR.

Ut dompnum apostolicum et omnes gradus ecclesiæ in sancta religione conservare digneris.

Te rogamus, audi nos, Domine.

Ut episcopum nostrum et gregem sibi commissum conservare digneris.

Te rogamus.

Ut regi nostro et principibus nostris pacem et veram concordiam atque victoriam, donare digneris.

Ut episcopos et abbates nostros et congregationes illis commissas in sancta religione conservare digneris.

Ut congregationes omnium sanctorum in tuo sancto servitio conservare digneris.

Ut cunctum populum Christianum precioso sanguine tuo conservare digneris.

Ut omnibus benefactoribus nostris sempiterna bona retribuas.

Ut animas nostras et parentum nostrorum ab eterna dampnatione eripias.

Ut mentes nostras ad celestia desideria erigas.

Ut obsequium servitutis nostræ rationabile facias.

Ut locum istum et omnes habitantes in eo visitare et consolari digneris.

Ut fructus terræ dare et conservare digneris.

Ut inimicos sanctæ Dei ecclesiæ comprimere digneris.

Ut oculos misericordiæ tuæ super nos reducere digneris.

Ut misérias pauperum et captivorum intueri et relevare digneris.

Ut omnibus fidelibus defunctis requiem eternam dones.

Ut nos exaudire digneris.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,

Parce nobis Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,

Exaudi nos.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,

Miserere nobis.

Deus cui proprium est misereri semper et parcere suscipe deprecationem nostram et quos delictorum cathena constringit misericordia tuæ pietatis absolvas, per Jesum Christum.

Ecclesiæ tuæ Domine, preces placatus admitte ut destructis adversitatibus universis securâ tibi serviat libertate.

Omnipotens sempiternæ Deus qui facis mirabilia magna solus pretende super famulum tuum episcopum nostrum et super cunctas congregationes illi commissas spiritum gratiæ tuæ salutaris et ut in veritate tibi complacent perpetuum eis rorem tuæ benedictionis infunde, per Jesum.

Deus in cujus manu corda sunt regum qui es humilium consolator et fidelium fortitudo et protector omnium in te sperantium, da regi nostro et régine populoque Christiano, triumphum virtutis tuæ scienter excolere, ut per te semper reparentur ad veniam.

Pretende Domine et famulis et famulabus tuis dexteram celestis auxilii ut te toto corde propinquant atque digne postulationes assequantur.

Deus a quo sancta desideria recta consilia et justa sunt opera, da servis tuis illam quam mundus dare non potest pacem ut et corda nostra mandatis tuis et hostium ublata formidine tempora sint tua protectione tranquilla.

Ure igne sancti spiritus renes nostros et cor nostrum, Domine, ut tibi corde casto serviamus et mundo corpore placeamus.

TRANSLATION.

That it may please Thee to keep the apostolic lord (*i.e.* the Pope) and all ranks of the Church in Thy holy religion.

O Lord, we beseech Thee, hear us.

That it may please Thee to keep our bishop, and the flock committed to him.

That it may please Thee to give to our king and our princes (or chief lords), peace, and true concord, and victory.

That it may please Thee to keep our bishops and abbots, and the congregations committed to them, in holy religion.

That it may please Thee to keep the congregations of all saints in Thy holy service.

That it may please Thee to keep the whole Christian people with Thy precious blood.

That it may please Thee to requite all our benefactors with everlasting blessings.

That it may please Thee to preserve our souls and the souls of our kindred from eternal damnation.

That it may please Thee that Thou wouldest lift up our hearts to heavenly desires.

That it may please Thee to make the obedience of our service reasonable.

That it may please Thee to visit and to comfort this place, and all who dwell in it.

That it may please Thee to give and preserve the fruits of the earth.

That it may please Thee to restrain the enemies of the Holy Church of God.

That it may please Thee to look upon us with eyes of mercy.

That it may please thee to behold and relieve the miseries of the poor and the prisoners.

That it may please Thee to give eternal peace to all the faithful departed.

That it may please Thee to hear us.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world.

Spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world.

Hear us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world.

Have mercy on us, O Lord.

O God, whose property it is always to pity and to spare, receive our supplications, and by the mercy of Thy fatherly love, loose those whom the chain of their sins keeps bound, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Lord, receive with indulgence the prayers of Thy Church, that all adversities being overcome, it may serve Thee in freedom without fear.

Almighty, Eternal God, who alone doest great wonders, grant to Thy servant our bishop, and to all the congregations committed to him, the healthful spirit of Thy grace; and that they may please Thee in truth, pour out upon them the perpetual dew of Thy blessing.

O God, in whose hand are the hearts of kings, who art the consolator of the meek and the strength of the faithful, and the protector of all that trust in Thee, give to our king and queen and to the Christian people wisely to manifest the glory of Thy power, that by Thee they may ever be restored to forgiveness.

Extend, O Lord, over Thy servants and handmaidens, the right hand of Thy heavenly aid, that they may draw near unto Thee with all their heart, and worthily obtain their petitions.

Kindle with the fire of Thy Holy Spirit our reins and our hearts, O Lord, that we may serve Thee with a clean heart, and please Thee with a pure body.

O God, from whom are all holy desires, right counsels, and just works, give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give, that both our hearts (may obey) Thy commands, and the fear of the enemy being taken away, we may have quiet times by Thy protection.

Upon one of the blank leaves of this MS. are some interesting remarks upon its probable date, furnished by Mr. Ruskin himself. "The style, and pieces of inner evidence in all this book speak it clearly of the first half of the thirteenth century. The architecture is all round arched—the roofs of Norman simplicity—unpinnacled—the severe and simple forms of letter are essentially Norman, and the leaf and ball terminations of the spiral of the extremities, exactly intermediate between the Norman and Gothic types.

The ivy and geranium leaves begin to show themselves long before the end of the thirteenth century, and there is not a trace of them in this book." This evidence of early date, however, is qualified by the further statement, "old styles sometimes hold on long in provincial MSS."

J. RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, *April 14th*, 1881.

THE END.

RUSKIN'S POEMS

1828-1845.

THE RUSKINIAN... 1
... 2
... 3
... 4
... 5
... 6
... 7
... 8
... 9
... 10
... 11
... 12
... 13
... 14
... 15
... 16
... 17
... 18
... 19
... 20
... 21
... 22
... 23
... 24
... 25
... 26
... 27
... 28
... 29
... 30
... 31
... 32
... 33
... 34
... 35
... 36
... 37
... 38
... 39
... 40
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... 61
... 62
... 63
... 64
... 65
... 66
... 67
... 68
... 69
... 70
... 71
... 72
... 73
... 74
... 75
... 76
... 77
... 78
... 79
... 80
... 81
... 82
... 83
... 84
... 85
... 86
... 87
... 88
... 89
... 90
... 91
... 92
... 93
... 94
... 95
... 96
... 97
... 98
... 99
... 100

RUSKIN'S FORMS

1890-1913

CONTENTS.

WRITTEN IN 1828.

	PAGE
ON SKIDDAW AND DERWENT WATER	1

WRITTEN IN 1833.

FRAGMENTS FROM A METRICAL JOURNAL

ANDERNACH	2
ST. GOAR	3
EHRENBREITSTEIN	4
SONG (" I WEARY FOR THE TORRENT LEAPING ")	7

WRITTEN IN 1834.

THE MONTHS	9
----------------------	---

WRITTEN IN 1835.

SALTZBURG	205
THE AVALANCHE	10

WRITTEN IN 1836.

THE EMIGRATION OF THE SPRITES	12
ON ADELE, BY MOONLIGHT	17
GOOD NIGHT	17

WRITTEN IN 1837.

THE LAST SMILE	18
THE MIRROR	19
REMEMBRANCE	20
CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD	21
THE GIPSIES	22
THE SCYTHIAN GRAVE	35

WRITTEN IN 1838.

	PAGE
THE EXILE OF ST. HELENA	38
A SCYTHIAN BANQUET SÒNG	47
THE RECREANT	59
THE WRECK	61
ARISTODEMUS AT PLATÆA	62
SONG (" WE CARE NOT WHAT SKIES ARE THE CLEAREST ")	63
SONG (" THOUGH THOU HAST NOT A FEELING FOR ONE ")	65
HORACE :—" ITER AD BRUNDISIUM "	66
MEMORY	66
CANZONET (" THE WINTER'S CHILL HATH CHARMED THE WAVE ")	67
THE NAME	69
FRAGMENT FROM A METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL	71
CANZONET (" THERE'S A CHANGE IN THE GREEN OF THE LEAF ")	72
SONG OF THE TYROLESE AFTER THE BATTLE OF BRIXEN	73

WRITTEN IN 1839.

SALSETTE AND ELEPHANTA	74
THE SCYTHIAN GUEST	84
TO ADELE	91
THE LAST SONG OF ARION	95
THE BROKEN CHAIN [Finished in 1842]	103

WRITTEN IN 1840.

THE TWO PATHS	158
THE OLD WATER-WHEEL	159
THE TEARS OF PSAMMENITUS	161
FAREWELL	168
THE DEPARTED LIGHT	179
AGONIA	180

WRITTEN IN 1841.

THE HILLS OF CARRARA	181
--------------------------------	-----

WRITTEN IN 1842.

CHARITIE	183
THE BATTLE OF MONTENOTTE	184

WRITTEN IN 1843.

	PAGE
A WALK IN CHAMOUNI	192

WRITTEN IN 1844.

LA MADONNA DELL' ACQUA	195
THE OLD SEAMAN	196
THE ALPS	198

WRITTEN IN 1845.

MONT BLANC REVISITED	199
THE ARVE AT CLUSE	201
MONT BLANC	202
WRITTEN AMONG THE BASSES ALPES	203
THE GLACIER	204

RUSKIN'S POEMS.

ON SKIDDAW AND DERWENT WATER.

Skiddaw! upon thy cliffs the sun shines bright;
Yet only for a moment; then gives place
Unto a playful cloud, which on thy brow
Sports wantonly, soon melting into air;
But shadowing first thy side of broken green,
And making more intense the sun's return.
Then, in the morning, on thy head those clouds
Rest, as upon a couch, and give fair scope
To fancy's play; and airy fortresses,
Towers, banners, spears, and battlements appear
Chasing the others off; and in their turn
Are vanquished too, dissolving like the mold
That's trampled by the foot of urchin boy;
And, rolling down, though once so firmly bound
By roots tenacious, while the upward spoiler
Climbs on to invade the hidden eagle's nest.
Skiddaw! majestic, a giant-nature's work,
Though less than Andes, or the Alpine heights,
Yet pyramids to thee are nothing, they at best
Are but gigantic tombs,—the work of art.
Proud nature makes no tombs, save where the snow—
The fleecy locks of winter fall around,
A mausoleum for the careless swain;
Or where the ocean swallows navies down,
Or yawning earthquakes cover cities vast,
Shroudless, engulfed, without a knell or tear;

Or where another Herculaneum falls:
 Or the great day of fire the general grave.
 These are the tombs she makes, and buries all
 Beneath them, but the soul; that . . . scorns the dust.

Now Derwent Water come!—a looking glass
 Wherein reflected are the mountain's heights;
 For thou'rt a mirror, framed in rocks and woods.
 Upon thee, seeming mounts arise, and trees
 And seeming rivulets, that charm the eye;
 All on thee painted by a master hand,
 Which not a critic can well criticise.
 But to disturb thee oft, bluff Eolus
 Descends upon thy heath-top with his breath;
 Thy polished surface is a boy at play,
 Who labors at the snow to make a man,
 And when he's made it, he strikes it into ruin.
 So when thou'st made a picture, thou dost play
 At tearing it to pieces. Trees do first
 Tremble, as if a monstrous heart of oak
 Were but an aspen leaf, and then as if
 It were a cobweb in the tempest.
 Thus like Penelope thou weav'st a web,
 And then thou dost undo it; thou'rt like her
 Because thou'rt fair and full of labor too.

FRAGMENTS.

FROM A METRICAL JOURNAL.

Andernach.

TWILIGHT'S mists are gathering gray
 Round us on our winding way;
 Yet the mountain's purple crest
 Reflects the glories of the west.

Rushing on with giant force,
Rolls the Rhine his glorious course;
Flashing, now, with flamy red,
O'er his jagg'd basaltic bed;
Now, with current calm and wide,
Sweeping round the mountain's side;
Ever noble, proud, and free,
Flowing in his majesty.
Soon upon the evening skies
Andernach's grim ruins rise;
Buttress, battlement and tower,
Remnants hoar of Roman power.
Monuments of Cæsar's sway,
Piecemeal moldering away.
Lo, together loosely thrown,
Sculptured head and lettered stone;
Guardless now the arch-way steep
To rampart huge and frowning keep;
The empty moat is gay with flowers,
The night-wind whistles through the towers,
And, flapping in the silent air,
The owl and bat are tenants there.

St. Goar.

Past a rock with frowning front,
Wrinkled by the tempest's brunt,
By the Rhine we downward bore
Upon the village of St. Goar.
Bosomed deep among the hills,
Here old Rhine his current stills.
Loitering the banks between,
As if, enamored of the scene,
He had forgot his onward way
For a live-long summer day.
Grim the crags through whose dark cleft,
Behind, he hath a passage reft;

While, gaunt as gorge of hunted boar,
 Dark yawns the foaming pass before,
 Where the tormented waters rage,
 Like demons in their Stygian cage,
 In giddy eddies whirling round
 With a sullen choking sound ;
 Or flinging far the scattering spray,
 O'er the peaked rocks that bar his way.
 —No marvel that the spell-bound Rhine,
 Like giant overcome with wine,
 Should *here* relax his angry frown,
 And, soothed to slumber, lay him down
 Amid the vine-clad banks that lave
 Their tresses in his placid wave.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

Oh! warmly down the sunbeams fell
 Along the broad and fierce Moselle ;
 And on the distant mountain ridge,
 And on the city and the bridge,
 So beautiful that stood.
 Tall tower and spire, and gloomy port
 Were made and shattered in the sport
 Of that impetuous flood,
 That, on the one side, washed the wall
 Of Gothic mansion fair and tall ;
 And, on the other side, was seen,
 Checked by broad meadows rich and green ;
 And scattering spray that sparkling flew,
 And fed the grass with constant dew.
 With broader stream and mightier wrath,
 The Rhine has chosen bolder path,
 All yielding to his forceful will ;
 Through basalt gorge, and rock-ribbed hill,

Still flashed his deep right on.
 It checked not at the battled pride,
 Where Ehrenbreitstein walled his side;
 Stretching across with giant stride,
 The mighty waves the rock deride,
 And on the crag, like armies, ride;
 Flinging the white foam far and wide,

Upon the rough gray stone.
 Beneath the sweep of yon dark fell
 Join the two brothers; the Moselle,
 Greeting the Rhine in friendly guise,
 To join his headlong current, flies:
 Together down the rivers go,
 Resistless o'er their rocky foe,
 As lovers, joining hand in hand,
 Towards the west, beside their strand

They pass together playfully,
 Like allied armies' mingled band:
 Toward the east white whirls of sand
 The torrent tosses by.

The morning came, and rosy light
 Blushed on the bastions and the height,
 Where traitor never stood;
 And, far beneath in misty night,
 The waters wheeled their sullen flight,
 Till o'er them far, for many a rood,
 The red sun scattered tinge of blood;
 Till, brooding into brighter day
 On the rich plain the luster lay;
 And distant spire and village white

Confessed the kiss of dawn.
 Amid the forests shining bright
 Still multiplying on the sight,
 As sunnier grew the morn.
 We climbed the crag, we scaled the ridge,
 On Coblenz looked adown;

The tall red roofs, the long white bridge,
 And on the eye-like frown
 Of the portals of her palaces,
 And on her people's busy press.
 There never was a fairer town,
 Between two rivers as it lay,
 Whence morning mist was curling gray
 On the plain's edge beside the hill:—
 Oh! it was lying calm and still

In morning's chastened glow:
 The multitudes were thronging by,
 But we were dizzily on high,
 And we might not one murmur hear
 Nor whisper, tingling on the ear,

From the far depth below.
 The bridge of boats, the bridge of boats—
 Across the hot tide how it floats
 In one dark bending line!

For other bridge were swept away:—
 Such shackle loveth not the play
 Of the impetuous Rhine;—
 The feeble bridge that bends below
 The tread of one weak man,—
 It yet can stem the forceful flow,
 Which nought unyielding can.

The bar of shingle bends the sea,
 The granite cliffs are worn away,
 The bending reed can bear the blast,
 When English oak were downward cast;
 The bridge of boats the Rhine can chain,
 Where strength of stone were all in vain.

Oh! fast and faster on the stream
 An island driveth down;
 The Schwartzwald pine hath shed its green,
 But not an autumn's frown;
 A sharper winter stript them there,—

The long, straight trunks are bald and bare:—
 The peasant, on some Alpine brow,
 Hath cut the root and lop't the bough;
 The eagle heard the echoing fall,
 And soared away to his high eyrie;
 The chamois gave his warning call,
 And higher on the mountain tall
 Pursued his way unwearied.
 They come, they come! the long pine floats,—
 Unchain the bridge, throw loose the boats,
 Lest, by the raft so rudely driven,
 The iron bolts be burst and riven!
 They come, they come, careering fast,—
 The bridge is gained, the bridge is past,—
 Before the flashing foam they flee,
 Towards the ocean rapidly;
 There, firmly bound by builder's care,
 The rage of wave and wind to dare,
 Or burst of battle-shock to bear,
 Upon the boundless sea.

 SONG.

I weary for the torrent leaping
 From off the scar's rough crest;
 My muse is on the mountain sleeping,
 My harp is sunk to rest.

I weary for the fountain foaming,
 For shady holm and hill;
 My mind is on the mountain roaming,
 My spirit's voice is still.

I weary for the woodland brook
 That wanders through the vale;

I weary for the heights that look
Adown upon the dale.

The crags are alone on Coniston,
And Loweswater's dell;
And dreary on the mighty one,
The cloud-enwreathed Scawfell.

Oh! what although the crags be stern
Their mighty peaks that sever,
Fresh flies the breeze on mountain fern,
And free on mountain heather.

I long to tread the mountain head
Above the valley swelling;
I long to feel the breezes sped
From gray and gaunt Helvellyn.

I love the eddying, circling sweep,
The mantling and the foam
Of murmuring waters dark and deep,
Amid the valleys lone.

It is a terror, yet 'tis sweet,
Upon some broken brow
To look upon the distant sweep
Of ocean spread below.

There is a thrill of strange delight
That passes quivering o'er me,
When blue hills rise upon the sight
Like summer clouds before me.

THE MONTHS.

I.

FROM your high dwelling in the realms of snow
And cloud, where many an avalanche's fall
Is heard resounding from the mountain's brow,
Come, ye cold winds, at January's call,
On whistling wings, and with white flakes bestrew
The earth, till February's reign restore
The race of torrents to their wonted flow,
Whose waves shall stand in silent ice no more;
But, lashed by March's maddened winds, shall roar
With voice of ire, and beat the rocks on every shore.

II.

Bow down your heads, ye flowers in gentle guise,
Before the dewy rain that April sheds,
Whose sun shines through her clouds with quick surprise,
Shedding soft influences on your heads;
And wreath ye round the rosy month that flies
To scatter perfumes in the path of June;
Till July's sun upon the mountains rise
Triumphant, and the wan and weary moon
Mingle her cold beams with the burning lume
That Sirius shoots through all the dreary midnight gloom.

III.

Rejoice! ye fields, rejoice! and wave with gold,
When August round her precious gifts is flinging;
Lo! the crushed wain is slowly homeward rolled:
The sunburnt reapers jocund lays are singing;
September's steps her juicy stores unfold;
If the Spring blossoms have not blushed in vain:

October's foliage yellows with his cold:
 In rattling showers dark November's rain,
 From every stormy cloud, descends amain,
 Till keen December's snows close up the year again.

THE AVALANCHE.

"The accident to which these lines allude occurred in the year 1822. Several guides, with Dr. Hamel, a Russian, and an Englishman, were ascending the Mont Blanc; when they had crossed the plain of ice above the Glacier of Bossous, an avalanche descended from the Calotte of Mont Blanc, which swept away several of the guides, two of whom were irrecoverably lost."

I.

They went away at break of day,
 And brave hearts were about them,
 Who led them on, but at the gray
 Of eve returned without them.

II.

They're watched from yonder lowly spot
 By many an anxious eye;
 Hearts that forebode they know not what,
 And fear they know not why.

III.

"Why left ye, lone upon the steep,
 My child?" the widow said:—
 "We cannot speak to those who sleep;
 We dwell not with the dead."

IV.

"Why comes not with you from the hill
 My husband?" said the bride:—

Alas! his limbs are cold and still
Upon the mountain side.

v.

His boy, in undefinèd fright,
Stood shivering at her knee;
"The wind is cold, the moon is white,
Where can my father be?"

vi.

That night, through murmuring Chamouni,
Shone many a midnight beam;
And grieving voices wander by
The murmur of the stream.

vii.

They come not yet, they come not yet!
The snows are deep above them,
Deep, very deep; they cannot meet
The kiss of those who love them.

viii.

Ye avalanches, roar not loud
Upon the dreary hill;
Ye snows, spread light their mountain shroud;
Ye tempests, peace, be still!

ix.

For there are those who cannot weep,
Who cannot smile, who will not sleep,
Lest, through the midnight's lonely gloom,
The dead should rift their mountain-tomb,
With haggard look and fearful air,
To come and ask a sepulcher.

THE EMIGRATION OF THE SPRITES.

I.

There was a time, in Anglo land,
 When goblin grim, and fairy fair,
 On earth, in water, and in air,
 Held undisturbed command.
 Ye hills and groves! lament, in grief—
 Lament, and say, woe worth the day,
 When innovating disbelief
 First drove the friendly sprites away;
 Then was there not a forest leaf
 Without attendant elfin gray
 That sat to make the leaflet shake,
 Whene'er the breezes chose to wake.

II.

There was not, then, a forest lawn
 Where fairy ringlet was not made,
 Before, through the surrounding shade,
 The slanting sun bespoke the dawn.
 There was no knoll beneath an oak
 Where were not found, bestrewed around,
 By woodman's child (from slumber woke
 By singing birds' delightful sound)
 Pink tops, from mushroom tables broke,
 And acorn cups upon the ground,
 From which so fine, when fairies dine,
 They always drink their dewy wine.

III.

There was no fell or misty mountain,
 Beneath whose darkling cliffs, at night,

There brooded not some shadowy sprite;
 There was no swiftly flowing fountain
 Without a spirit to preside;
 And, on the moor, and by the fen,
 The kelpie by the water-side,
 (The bane of all wayfaring men)
 Shook his bright torch, a faithless guide;
 The brownie wandered in the glen,
 Or stalked upon the hill-top high,
 Gigantic on the evening sky.

IV.

The shepherd, in an ecstasy,
 Unearthly voices seemed to hear;
 Prophetic forms perceived, with fear,
 To pass before his dreaming eye;
 Perhaps beheld, at close of day,
 With melancholy air beside him,
 Those who, he knew, were far away:
 Or long procession slowly gliding,
 Or voice of battle's bursting bray,
 Or troops upon the mountain riding,
 And started back, and feared to see
 A visible futurity.

V.

It was upon a starry night,
 When winds were calm, and all around still,
 The world of spirits called a council;
 And every incorporeal wight
 Came there his brother ghosts to greet:—
 Some shoot, like falling stars, through heaven;
 Some, like the northern meteors, meet;
 Some ride the clouds by tempests driven;
 Some yoke the lightning's blazing sheet
 By which the mountain-tops are riven;

Some came veiled in vapors well,
Some voiceless and invisible.

VI.

A fairy, from the crowd advancing,
First in the conclave silence broke;
"Because these mortals" (thus he spoke)
"Are far too blind to see us dancing,
They think, forsooth! we never do.
Because we're of ethereal kind,
Formed out of mist and fed with dew,
Invisible as summer wind,
The blundering, earth-polluted crew
All faith in us have quite resigned,
Fairies (if we could cross the sea)
Are more revered in Germany."

VII.

He spoke: the fairies sitting round
Cried "hear!" along the voice did pass,
And shook the dew upon the grass;
And the gnat hummed in with the sound.
A brownie next arose and spoke
(A Bodsbeck resident of yore),
Uncouth his form, and stern his look,
And thus inveighed he: "Now no more
For me, behind the chimney-nook,
The bowl of milk stands creaming o'er;
No more upon the board I see
Some dainty morsel left for me.

VIII.

"A certain shepherd, wont by night
To watch his flocks on Ettrick braes,
And who has sung a hundred lays,

Inspired by every mountain sprite,—
 Who well my old achievements knew,
 Began to tell some pranks that I did;
 But when his tale was half-way through,
 Paused in the story undecided,
 Fearing that few would think it true,
 And that the public would deride it.
 He stopped, for fear of jest or banter,
 And changed me to a covenanter.”

IX.

With waving plume of rushing flame,
 A kelpie, leaping from his seat,
 Thus to the council spoke: “Is’t meet
 That now no more the kelpie’s name
 Is named on any moorland stream?
 These mortals say, and think they’re wise,
 That my existence is a dream;
 And call my fickle fire that flies
 O’er every fen, with brilliant beam,
 Gases that from the waters rise;
 And now, because such stuff gets credit,
 I’m never followed, seldom dreaded.”

X

A traveled goblin next arose;
 In foreign countries had been he,
 Who thus addressed the company:
 “Where Rhine beneath his castles flows,
 Full many a fairy train I met;
 Dancing beneath some ruined tower
 Upon a basalt summit set;
 Or singing in a blossomed bower,
 Or swinging in a spider’s net;
 And many a ghost, at evening hour;—
 The pesans (an unpolished race)
 Reverence the spirits of the place.

XI.

"So let us flit to yonder strand;
 Indeed you'll find it more amusing
 Than to hear English boors abusing
 The spirits of their native land."
 Then from his seat each goblin bounded,
 And each his mode of carriage chose;
 Wide murmurs through the forest sounded,
 And th' incorporeal conclave rose,
 Some whipped away, with speed unbounded,
 In the red leaflets of the rose;
 And some chose bats and gnats to fly on,
 Or mounted down of dandelion.

XII.

And, when they came where rolled the Rhine,
 Whose mountain scenery much delighted them,
 The native fairies all invited them,
 On top of Drachenfels to dine.
 And when the stars rode magnified
 Above the steeples of Cologne,
 And lights along the river-side
 From every cottage window shone;
 They hovered o'er the gloomy tide,
 Or sate upon the topmost stone
 Of some old Roman tower, and there
 Still do they haunt the mountain air.

XIII.

Deserted England! now no more
 Inspiring spirits haunt thy hills;
 Nor spiritual being fills
 Thy mountain ether as of yore.
 No more shall fancy find its food
 In torrent's song, or tempest's roar;

Or hear a voice in solitude,
 On hill and dale, by sea or shore.
 No more shall Scotland's peasant rude
 Recount his legendary lore;
 The soul of Poesie is fled;
 And fancy's sacred fire is dead.

ON ADELE, BY MOONLIGHT.

With what a glory and a grace
 The moonbeam lights her laughing face,
 And dances in her dazzling eye;
 As liquid in its brilliancy
 As the deep blue of midnight ocean,
 When underneath, with trembling motion,
 The phosphor light floats by!

And blushes bright pass o'er her cheek,
 But pure and pale as is the glow
 Of sunset on a mountain peak,
 Robed in eternal snow;
 Her ruby lips half-oped the while,
 With careless air around her throwing,
 Or, with a vivid glance, bestowing
 A burning word, or silver smile.

GOOD NIGHT.

She lays her down in beauty's light,—
 Oh, peaceful may her slumbers be!
 She cannot hear my breathed "Good Night,"
 I cannot send it o'er the sea;

And though my thoughts be fleet and free
 To fly to her with speed excelling,
 They cannot speak—she cannot see—
 Those constant thoughts around her dwelling.

Thou planet pale, thou plaintive star!
 Adown whose light the dew comes weeping;
 Thou shinest faint, but wondrous far;
 Oh! surely thou behold'st her sleeping.
 And though her eye thou canst not see
 Beneath its archèd fringes shrouded,
 Thou pallid star! 'tis well for thee
 That such a luster is beclouded.

Oh! haste thee then, thy rays are fleet,
 And be thou, through her casement gleaming,
 A starlight in her slumber sweet,
 An influence of delightful dreaming.
 Oh! is there no kind breeze to swell
 Along thy silent looks of light,
 And at her slumb'rous ear to tell
 Who sent thee there to say "Good Night"?

THE LAST SMILE.

SHE sat beside me yesternight,
 With lip, and eye, so blandly smiling
 So full of soul, of life, of light,
 So sweetly my lorn heart beguiling,
 That she had almost made me gay—
 Had almost charmed the thought away—
 (Which, like the poisoned desert wind,
 Came sick and heavy o'er my mind)—
 That memory soon mine all would be,
 And she would smile no more for me.

THE MIRROR.

I.

It saw, it knew thy loveliness,
Thy burning lip, and glancing eye,
Each lightning look, each silken tress
Thy marble forehead braided by,
Like an embodied music, twined
About a brightly breathing mind.

II.

Alas! its face is dark and dim;
No more, its lightless depth below
That glancing eye shall seem to swim,
That brow to breathe or glow;
Its treacherous depth—its heartless hue—
Forgets the form that once it knew.

III.

With many a changing shape and face
Its surface may be marked and crossed—
Portrayed with as distinct a grace
As thine, whose loveliness is lost;
But there's one mirror, good and true,
That doth not lose what once it knew.

IV.

My thoughts are with that beauty blest,
A breathing, burning, living vision,
That, like a dove with wings at rest,
Still haunts the heart it makes Elysian;
And days and times pass like a sleep
Softly sad, and still, and deep;
And, oh! what grief would wakening be
From slumber bright with dreams of thee!

REMEMBRANCE.

I OUGHT to be joyful, the jest and the song
 And the light tones of music resound through the throng;
 But its cadence falls dully and dead on my ear,
 And the laughter I mimic is quenched in a tear.

For here are no longer, to bid me rejoice,
 The light of thy smile, or the tone of thy voice,
 And, gay though the crowd that's around me may be,
 I am alone, when I'm parted from thee.

Alone, said I, dearest? O, never we part,—
 Forever, forever, thou'rt here in my heart:
 Sleeping or waking, where'er I may be,
 I have but one thought, and that thought is of thee.

When the planets roll red through the darkness of night,
 When the morning bedews all the landscape with light,
 When the high sun of noon-day is warm on the hill,
 And the breezes are quiet, the green leafage still;

I love to look out o'er the earth and the sky,
 For nature is kind, and seems lonely as I;
 Whatever in nature most lovely I see,
 Has a voice that recalls the remembrance of thee.

Remember—remember. Those only can know
 How dear is remembrance, whose hope is laid low;
 'Tis like clouds in the west, that are gorgeous still,
 When the dank dews of evening fall deadly and chill.

Like the bow in the cloud that is painted so bright,—
 Like the voice of the nightingale, heard through the night,
 Oh, sweet is remembrance, most sad though it be,
 For remembrance is all that remaineth for me.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

NIGHT.

FAINT from the bell the ghastly echoes fall,
That grates within the gray cathedral tower;
Let me not enter through the portal tall,
Lest the strange spirit of the moonless hour
Should give a life to those pale people, who
Lie in their fretted niches, two and two,
Each with his head on pillowy stone reposed,
And his hands lifted, and his eyelids closed.

From many a mouldering oriel, as to flout,
Its pale, grave brow of ivy-tressed stone,
Comes the incongruous laugh, and revel shout—
Above, some solitary casement, thrown
Wide open to the wavering night wind,
Admits its chill, so deathful, yet so kind,
Unto the fevered brow and fiery eye
Of one, whose night hour passeth sleeplessly.

Ye melancholy chambers! I could shun
The darkness of your silence, with such fear,
As places where slow murder had been done.
How many noble spirits have died here,
Withering away in yearnings to aspire,
Gnawed by mocked hope—devoured by their own fire!
Methinks the grave must feel a colder bed
To spirits such as these, than unto common dead.

ALSO THE GIPSIES.

Vitamque sub divo, et trepidis agant

In rebus.—Hor. Carm., Lib. iii. Od. 2, line 6.

'Twas in the hollow of a forest dim,
 Where the low breezes sang their evening hymn,
 As in a temple by thick branches aisled,
 Whose leaves had many voices, weak or wild;
 Their summer voice was like the trooping tread
 Of fiery steeds, to meteor battle bred;
 Their autumn voice was like the wailing cry
 Of a great nation, bowed in misery;
 The deep vast silence of the winter's wood
 Was like the hush of a dead multitude.
 And in the center of its summer shade,
 Opened a narrow space of velvet glade,
 Where sunbeams, through the foliage slanting steep,
 Lay, like a smile upon the lips of sleep.
 And dew, that thrilled the flowers with full delight,
 Fell from the soft eyes of the heaven by night;
 And richly there the panting earth put on
 A wreathèd robe of blossoms wild and wan:
 The purple pansies glowed beneath unseen,
 Like voiceless thoughts within a mind serene;
 The passionèd primrose blessed the morning gale
 And starry lilies shook, in their pavilions pale.
 'Twas there, when through the twilight, calm and cool,
 The musing sages of the village school
 Sought the bright berry, or the savory root,
 Or plucked the hazel's triply clustered fruit,
 Or climbed the crackling branch, with dangerous toil,
 To seek the songster's nest, and seize its spotted spoil;
 When emerald light, through tangled leafage seen,
 Betrayed them near that glade so gayly green,

With stealthy step, their slow approach to hide,
 The urchins bent the bramble boughs aside;
 For often there the copse could scarce conceal
 The blue smoke curling from the evening meal.
 (To furnish forth that feast, so soon prepared,
 Some village dame laments her rifled yard;
 Some village cock, his pride of plumage o'er,
 Shall call around his clucking dames no more.)
 While round the gleaming fire, in circle rude,
 The outcast tribe consumed the unblest food,
 While dark eyes flashed, bold, beautiful, and wild,
 Through raven hair, and in their lightning smiled,
 To hear some Gipsy knight recount, with pride,
 How he had borne him at the beadle's side
 In manner worthy of his father's fame;
 Had foiled the justice, and had robbed his dame;
 Had risked all danger, and escaped mischance;—
 Impudence armed with knavery for his lance,
 While, half-retired, arrayed in Gipsy state,
 An elder crone in musing silence sate.
 Well were her murmured words, and mystic tone,
 And piercing glance, to village maidens known;
 Well was she skilled, beneath the breathing brow,
 To read the thoughts and trace the feelings' flow;
 And, by the dial of the face, to find
 The moving shadows of the secret mind.
 The wondering rustics disavowed their fears,
 Yet heard her mystic words with anxious ears;
 Smiled if she past their doors with blessing by,
 And feared the presage of her angered eye.
 Skeptics there were, whose more enlightened sense
 Refused to own a Gipsy's influence;
 Who shook their heads, and called the peasants fools—
 Nay! talked of vagrants and of ducking-stools!
 But these, the learned village doctors, shook
 Before her darkened or contemptuous look;
 Their reason quailed, and logic's self gave ground,

And sages shuddered if the Gipsy frowned;
But younger minds, less wise, but far more pure,
Hung with full faith upon her words obscure;
Intent they listened, for experience knew
Their import secret, and their presage true.
For well the sibyl measured, and designed
The future fortune by the present mind;
And, to her prescient eye, the youthful mien
Betrayed the tints of manhood's varied scene.
Strangely she used the power her art possessed
To stamp the ductile gold of boyhood's breast:
She fired the humble, and the proud controlled,
Now roused the fearful, now repressed the bold.
Well pleased, the ardent boy, whose youthful might,
First in the game, and unsubdued in fight,
Flushes his cheek, when others pause and pale,
And crowns him leader where his comrades quail;
Hears of his fame in future storms of war,
Purchased with many an honorable scar.
Deceitful words! that give strange passions birth,
As winds of spring arouse the throbbing earth;
Forth from his startled spirit, fierce and free,
The quick thoughts leap, like fire beneath the sea;
And purple-pinioned visions wake and wind
Their golden hair around his dazzled mind,
And fill his senses with a rushing call,
As of the trump of the war-festival:
Round his thrilled heart the swift sensations swim,—
The burning pulses leap from limb to limb;
Kindles his ardent eye, his clenching hand
Grasps, like a steely hilt, the hazel wand;
And firmly falls his slow determined tread,
As haughty conquerors spurn the cold, dim-visaged dead.
Woe for the youthful dream, which burning still,
Fair hope may cherish, and dark fate fulfill!
Alas! the mocking forms, that flit and fade
Through early visions, in the purple shade.—

Ghastly, and dim discerned, and pointing pale
 To things concealed by hope's thick-dazzling veil.
 The desert breeze's pestilential breath;
 The midnight-field, bedropped with dewy death;
 The mist, instinct with agony of life,
 Sobbed from the field of undistinguished strife;
 The gnawing fetters, and the dungeon gray,
 The teeth of timeless hours, which, day by day,
 Feed on the dull heart's desolate decay;
 The tears of hopeless grief, the inward groan,
 Of those whose love is lost—whose life is left alone.
 But the sage sibyl to the softer souled
 Another fate, a different fame, foretold:
 The gentle boy, who shunned his playmates rude,
 To seek the silver voice of solitude,
 And, by some stream, amidst the shadows gray
 Of arching boughs, to muse the hours away,
 Smiled, as her words, like gentle echoes, fell
 Of the high hope with which the secret cell
 Of his own heart was lightened; which had led
 His young imaginations up, and fed
 His thoughts with pleasant fire. Yet who shall know
 What lowly lot of unremembered woe
 May quench that hope and aspiration high,
 In the deep waves of darkened destiny?
 What fate unblessed by any monarch's tear
 May crown the hope, may close the brief career?
 A few short years, slow withering as they move,
 Traversed by burning thoughts; a light of love
 Smiling at its own sorrow, fancy fed;
 A heart of its own desolation dead;
 Pale osier withes, in decent order bound;
 And a soft smile of flowers along a low green mound.

But when the woods were veiled with twilight shade,
 Came fearful feet along the velvet glade,

Light as the tinkling leaves, that wander wide
 When Vallombrosa mourns her prostrate pride,
 With fitful fall, as throbb'd the gentle breast,
 Whose hope excited, and whose awe repressed.
 Then, nearer drawn, like white-robed dryad seen,
 The blushes gleaming through the leafage green;
 The village maiden came, and, bright with youth,
 Gave the white hand, and sought the words of sooth.
 The keen-eyed sibyl traced each crimson line,
 As pale and passive lay the fingers fine;
 And watch'd the orient blood, with flushing flow,
 By turns enkindle, and forget to glow;
 The eyes, averted to her glance severe,
 Betrayed their flashing hope or quivering fear;
 She saw, and speaking, wove, with cruel art,
 Soft silver meshes round the youthful heart,
 And touch'd its core with lightning thoughts, in vain;
 Play'd with its passion, sported with its pain.
 Oh! cruel words, to rouse emotions there
 Whose voice is rapture, but whose end—despair;
 That suck the blood, yet fan, with vampyre-wing,
 The heart, until it bless the agony they bring.
 For, sibyl, thine no transitory power,
 No passing voice, no mockery of an hour.
 Thou canst not know how dearly may be bought
 That moment's kindling of the girlish thought,
 Of midnight wakings, and day dreams, and years
 Of sickened hope, and unavailing tears.

Such the poor remnant of the faith that seem'd
 To read the roll of destinies it dream'd.
 Small triumph now, for that once lofty art
 To thrill a youth's or break a maiden's heart;
 Or, raise, by happy chance or artful wile,
 The peasant's wonder, or the sage's smile!

Its higher influence lost, for now no more
 Shall monarchs own the presage as of yore;
 When on some mountain's moon-illumined height,
 The Eastern shepherd watched the moving night,
 (That soul-like night, whose melancholy smile
 Looks lovely down on every Eastern isle),
 Distinguishing the stars, that, charged with doom,
 Passed on and upward through the glorious gloom.

Ye fiery-footed spirits! that do use
 To tread the midnight darkness, and confuse
 All æther with your shooting, and intrace,
 With lines of rushing fire, the restless space
 Of silence infinite; ye meteors pale!
 Vapors and mists that burn, and float, and fail,
 Forever and forever, and which bless
 The gloom of the unbounded loneliness
 Of the wild void with your swift passing on;
 Ye tearful stars, and planets weak and wan!—
 Meet gods, methinks, were ye for those whose breast
 Was but one weariness without rest;
 Whose life was desolation, and whose soul,
 Hopeless and homeless, knew no soft control
 From the sweet chains that other beings bind,
 The love of God or man—of country or of kind.

Along the reedy shore of Nilus' flood
 Dark Egypt bows before her monster god;
 And meeting millions, mute with awe, uplift
 The temple tall, above the sand-waves swift;
 And mourn their prayers unheard with lengthened wail,
 Led by the measured voice of many a priestess pale.
 By Ganges' sullen billows, blood besprent,
 Bereavèd mothers lift their loud lament;
 Amidst the desert place of mountains gray,
 The sculptured idols sit in rude array.

Through many a somber isle, and mighty fane,
 The prostrate crowds revere, adore, in vain;
 And wake the silent shore and sacred wave
 With notes of worship wild within the carved cave.

But, 'midst the wandering tribe, no revered shrine
 Attests a knowledge of the Power Divine.
 By these alone, of mortals most forlorn,
 Are priest and pageant met with only scorn;
 To all mankind beside, through earth and sky,
 Is breathed an influence of Deity.
 To that great One, whose Spirit interweaves
 The pathless forests with their life of leaves;
 And lifts the lowly blossoms, bright in birth,
 Out of the cold, black, rotting, charnel earth;
 Walks on the moon-bewildered waves by night,
 Breathes in the morning breeze, burns in the evening light;
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry; uplifts
 The pale-lipped clouds along the mountain cliffs;
 Moves the pale glacier on its restless path;
 Lives in the desert's universal death;
 And fills, with that one glance, which none elude,
 The grave, the city, and the solitude.
 To This, the mingled tribes of men below,
 Savage and sage, by common instinct bow;
 And, by one impulse, all the earth abroad,
 Or carve the idol, or adore the god:
 But these the earth's wide wanderers, mocked by fate,—
 These, the most impious, most desolate,
 Careless of unseen power or semblant stone,—
 Live in this lost and lifeless world alone.

Oh, life most like to death! No mother mild
 Lifts the light fingers of her dark-eyed child
 In early offered prayer; no loving one
 Curtains the cradle round with midnight orison;

Nor guides, to form the Mighty Name, the slips
 And early murmurs of unconscious lips.
 No reverend sire, with tales of heavenly truth,
 Instructs the awed, attentive ear of youth.
 Through life's short span, whatever chance betide,
 No hope can joy, no fear can guard or guide;
 No trust supports in danger or despair;
 Grief hath no solace, agony no prayer.
 The lost are lost forever, and the grave
 Is as a darkness deep, whence none can save
 The loved or the lamented, as they fade,
 Like dreams at dawn, into that fearful shade.
 Oh! then what words are they whose peaceful power
 Can soothe the twilight time of terror's hour;
 Or check the frightened gasp of fainting breath;
 Or clothe with calmness the cold lips of death;
 Or quench the fire within the frenzied eye,
 When it first dreams the dreams that never die?
 O Grave, how fearful is thy victory!
 O Death, how dread thy sting, when not to be
 Is the last hope, whose coldness can control
 The meteor fires that mock and sear the soul;
 When through the deep delirium's darkness red
 Come thoughts, that join the living with the dead;
 Fancies too fearful to be dreams alone,
 And forms which Madness knows are not her own,—
 Which even annihilation cannot quell—
 The fire of vengeance, and the fear of hell.

Such death is death indeed which nor bestows
 Peace on the soul, nor on the clay repose.
 For these, no grave is pale with blossoms round:
 No hallowed home, in consecrated ground,
 Opens its narrow arms, and bosom cold,
 To soothe their sleep beneath the moveless mold;
 No whispered prayer, no sacred service said,
 Bequeaths to dust the deeply revered dead:

No mossy stone, when other memories cease,
 Shall keep his name, or mark his place of peace.
 With his (although the churchyard room be wide,)
 No dust shall mingle, none shall sleep beside;
 Unwept, unknown, he lies: the outcast band,
 To whom the world is all a foreign land,
 Remember not the graves their fathers own,
 But pass away, and leave their lost alone.

The wandering ostrich marks her place of rest;
 The lonely mountain eagle knows her nest;
 The sobbing swiftness of the faint gazelle
 Longs for her refuge green,—her living well;
 The many wandering tribes of weary wing
 All have their home, their rest, their welcoming;
 The lonely Indian, when his dark canoe
 Glides o'er the sea, and sleeps upon the blue,
 Faints for the foliage of his native isle,
 To break the sea's "innumerable smile";
 When through the desert, far from haunts of man,
 Winds, with slow pace, the panting caravan;
 When, scorched and weary, move the mingled bands,
 O'er mocking vapors and deceitful sands;
 With keen and eager eye, the desert bred
 Explores the waste horizon's dimness dead;
 Through the thick heaven's blue burning breath,
 Purple with pestilence and dark with death;
 How thrills his aching heart, when, far and few,
 The clustered palm trees meet his misty view,—
 The group of palm trees tall, that grow beside
 The Arab village where his fathers died:
 He asks no gardens gay, no champaigns green,
 No milder clime, to fertilize the scene;
 To him the desert rock, the palm trees tall,
 The fountain pure, are home, and home is all.

The mountaineer, returning from afar,
 Sees in the dim cloud, like a guiding star,

The peak, with everlasting winter pale,
Whose base is bordered by his native vale;
Scents the keen air which nerves his childish limb;
And o'er his swelling spirit comes a hymn
Of gladness and rejoicing,—soft and low
The voices of the hours of long ago.
What boots it that the rocks around be rude,
And dark the countenance of solitude?
How dear is desolation, where have dwelt
The feelings we have yearned for, long unfelt!
How loved the accents of departed years,
That fill the heart with ecstasy of tears;
That touch, and try, and wake, with pleasant pain,
The chords we thought would never wake again!
Those only know, through lengthened years who roam,
How blest the native land, how beautiful the home.
Woe for the lot of that abandoned race,
For whom the wide earth hath no dwelling place;
The doomed, with weary breast, and restless feet,
No bourne to reach, no welcoming to meet!
Alas! the very winds and waves had rest,
Far in the purple silence of the West,
That now lament, along a colder coast,
The home of Heaven, the sleep that they have lost,
Hoping no peace: but those are more forlorn,
Who, having none to hope, have none to mourn.
To these, less blest than bird, or wave, or wind,
All climes are strange, all countries are unkind.
Oh! the deep silence of the lonely heart,
When no known voices make it move or start,
Until its numbed emotions faint, and lie
In an unwaking, moveless agony,—
The peace of powerless pain—and waste away,
Though the strong spirit struggle with decay,
In yearning for the thoughts it hath not known;
As the deep sea, when it is left alone,

Doth pine for agitation, and will rot
 Like corpses in the sleep that dreameth not;
 So pines, so fades the spirit, when unmoved
 By any voice, remembered, known, or loved.
 Such pangs of silence in the hearts have birth
 Of those who have no fellowship on earth;
 For whom waste wilds and desert skies extend
 Paths without peace, and wanderings without end;
 Life without light, and death obscure with fear,
 The world without a home, the grave without a tear.

Yet have they their inheritance—the force
 Of that high influence, which pursues its course
 Through breathing spirits, as an eagle cleaves
 The red clouds which the weak wind interweaves.
 Hast thou not watched the dark eye's changing light,
 Flashing forever through its living night,
 Where the wild thoughts, deep, oh! how strangely deep,
 Their passioned presence and soft motion keep?
 There lightens forth the spirit visible,
 Which, from the mind's dark, narrow, clay-cold cell,
 Gives wings to the expatiation wide,
 Which is its light, its life, its being, and its pride.
 It is the universal soul that fills
 The airs and echoes of a thousand hills,
 And all the ethereal clouds, whose wings unfurled
 Fan the swift sickness of the restless world,
 The green sea's ghastly waves above, beneath
 The sere leaves in their Autumn dance of death;
 All things that move on earth are swift and free,
 All full of the same fire of lovely Liberty:
 This, this is their inheritance—the might
 That fills the tyrant's throne with fear, his night
 With dreams of desolation; that unbinds
 The wrath of retribution in the minds
 Of those whom he has crushed; and, from the hand
 Breaking the fetter, gives and guides the brand;

This is the birthright, which alone can be
Their home, their hope, their joy, their trust, their deity.

“Ye abject tribes, ye nations poor and weak!”
(Thus might, methinks, the haughty wanderer speak),
“Yours be the life of peace, the servile toil;
Yours be the wealth, its despicable spoil;
Stoop to your tyrant’s yoke with mildness meet,
Cringe at his throne, and worship at his feet;
Revere your priesthood’s consecrated guilt;
Bow in the temples that your dreams have built;
Adore your gods—the visionary plan
Of dotards gray, in mockery of man:—
To me the life hath wildest welcoming,
That fears nor man, nor spirit, priest, nor king.
Be mine no simple home, no humble hearth,—
My dome, the heaven,—my dwelling, all the earth.
No birth can bind me, in a nation’s cause,
To fight their battles, or obey their laws.
The priest may speak, and women may grow pale;
Me he derides not with his ghastly tale;
Virtue and vice, the names by which the wise
Have governed others, I alike despise.
No love can move me, and no fear can quell,
Nor check my passions, nor control my will.
The soul, whose body fears no change of clime,
Aims at no virtue, trembles at no crime;
But, free and fearless as its clay, shall own
No other will upon its fiery throne.
When fate commands it, come the mortal strife!
I fear nor dying, nor an after life.
Such as it hath been must my spirit be,—
Destroyed, not shackled,—if existent, free.
Let not my limbs in weakened age consume,
Nor pale diseases waste me to the tomb;
Let not the frost of winters in my blood
Give to the grave a cold, corrupted food.

Mine be the death of lightning swift and red,
 Born out of darkness, and in darkness dead;
 No other will the forkéd flash can guide,
 Nor tame the terror of its path of pride:
 Forth from its natal cloud it works its will,—
 Then pauses in its power, and all is dark and still.”

Such are the thoughts of Freedom, unrestrained;
 Such is the good which men have felt, or feigned,
 To be the highest of all gifts that bless
 The mortal dwellers in this wilderness.
 Freedom—with which the heaven of Hellas burned,
 For which her warriors bled, her exiles mourned,
 Till, like the rushing of a meteor's hair,
 Waved the wide banner through her purple air;—
 Freedom—the loved possession which, when lost,
 Myriads have sought along the lonely coast
 Where liberty is none,—whence none return,—
 Freedom—who kindles heavenly stars, which burn
 Within the heart she loves, and lifts the brave
 Above the earthy thoughts that would their souls enslave,
 Becomes, if unrestrained, so deep a curse
 As nations should grow pale at;—never worse
 Hath worked the ruin of the kings of Time.
 It wakes the blackly-waving weeds of crime,
 Which, when the dark, deep surge of passion raves,
 Do turn and toss within its wildest waves.
 It is the standard, whose dark folds unfurled
 Shade the red ruins of a wasted world;
 It is the shout that Madness laughs to hear,
 When dark Rebellion grasps his gory spear,
 And sends his minions forth, who never cease
 From withering up all pity and all peace;
 Fearful as is the pestilence's path,
 And feeding, wormlike, on the nation's death
 Which they have cast into the dark abysm
 Of guilty Freedom, worst of despotism.

There's but one liberty of heart and soul,
 A thing of beauty, an unfelt control,—
 A flow, as waters flow in solitude,
 Of gentle feeling, passioned, though subdued,—
 When Love and Virtue, and Religion join
 To weave their bonds of bliss, their chains divine,
 And keep the heaven-illumined heart they fill
 Softly communing with itself, and still
 In the sole freedom that can please the good,
 A mild and mental, unfelt servitude.

THE SCYTHIAN GRAVE.

THE following stanzas refer to some peculiar and affecting customs of the Scythians, as avouched by Herodotus (Melpomene 71), relative to the burial of their kings, * round whose tombs they were wont to set up a troop of fifty skeleton scarecrows—armed corpses—in a manner very horrible, barbarous and indecorous; besides sending out of the world to keep the king company, numerous cup-bearers, grooms, lackeys, coachmen, and cooks; all which singular, and, to the individuals concerned, somewhat objectionable proceedings appear to have been the result of a feeling, pervading the whole nation, of the poetical and picturesque.

I.

THEY laid the lord
 Of all the land
 Within his grave of pride;
 They set the sword
 Beside the hand
 That could not grasp nor guide;
 They left to soothe and share his rest
 Beneath the moveless mold,

* These are the kings to whom the prophecies of the Old Testament refer:—"They shall go down to the grave with their weapons of war, though they were a terror to the mighty in the land of the living."

A lady, bright as those that live,
 But oh! how calm and cold!
 They left to keep due watch and ward,
 Thick vassals round their slumbering lord—
 Ranged in menial order all—
They may hear, when *he* can call.

II.

They built a mound
 Above the breast
 Whose haughty heart was still;
 Each stormy sound
 That wakes the west,
 Howls o'er that lonely hill.
 Underneath an armèd troop
 In stalwart order stay;
 Flank to flank they stand, nor stoop
 Their lances, day by day,
 Round the dim sepulchral cliff
 Horsemen fifty, fixed and stiff—
 Each with his bow, and each with his brand,
 With his bridle grasped in his steadfast hand.

III.

The soul of sleep
 May dim the brow,
 And check the soldier's tread,
 But who can keep
 A guard so true,
 As do the dark-eyed dead?
 The fowl hyenas howl and haunt
 About their charnel lair;
 The flickering rags of flesh they flaunt
 Within the plague-struck air.

But still the skulls do gaze and grin,
 Though the worms have gnawed the nerves within,
 And the jointed toes, and the fleshless heel
 Clatter and clank in their stirrup of steel.

IV.

The snows are swift,
 That glide so pale
 Along the mountain dim;
 Beneath their drift
 Shall rust the mail,
 And blanch the nerveless limb:
 While shower on shower, and wreath on wreath,
 From vapors thunder-scarred,*
 Surround the misty mound of death
 And whelm its ghastly guard;
 Till those who held the earth in fear,
 Lie meek, and mild, and powerless here,
 Without a single sworded slave
 To keep their name, or guard their grave.

* It is one of the peculiarities of the climate, according to Herodotus, that it thunders in the winter, not in the summer.

THE EXILE OF ST. HELENA.

SYNOPSIS.

INTRODUCTION—Graves of Achilles and Napoleon—Comparison of the fates of Sennacherib, Alexander, and Hannibal with that of Napoleon—Circumstances of his fall slightly touched upon—Campaigns—The Island and the Exile—Feelings of the French relative to his humiliations—His own feelings and memories—Events of his past life alluded to—The ardor of many in his cause unabated—Speculations as to the cause of his fall—His death—Meditations above his grave—Conclusion.

WHEN war-worn Greece accused, in grief of heart,
 Her adverse fates, and cursed the Dardan dart,
 Meet was the mound on Ilion's plain, to keep
 Her hero's ashes and protect his sleep;
 The mound that looks along the level shore,
 Where its cold inmate warred—and wars no more.
 So deemed the blind Ionian, when he stood
 Near the soft murmur of Scamander's flood,
 Till all the patriot fire responsive rose,
 Poured the full song, and wove the exulting close,
 Hymning his country's fame beside her chief's repose.
 But he who—musing where the golden grain
 Glows fair and fruitful on Marengo's plain,
 Recalls to fancy's eye the shifting scene
 Of fiercer fight, and conquest far more keen
 Than Ilion waged, or Greece achieved, can trace
 No record of its hero's resting-place:
 But foreign hands a distant grave have made,
 And nameless earth upon his breast is laid;
 And few lament his final rest profaned,
 His tomb unhonored, and his glory stained.
 And dark he leaves the page, and dumb the lute;
 The chronicler severe, the muses mute.
 Alas, how justly! since they cannot raise
 The warrior's glory to the patriot's praise.

And if they follow, by the Atlantic wave,
The tyrant's footstep to the Exile's grave,
How shall the burden of their song be borne?
'Twere insult to rejoice, impiety to mourn.
Angel! ordained of highest Heaven to guide,
As it has willed, the steps of human pride;
Whose presence guards, with more than mortal power,
A mortal's frenzy through its ordered hour,—
Thy work was mighty when, in purple state;
The swart Assyrian smiled at Salem's gate:
Thy work was mighty by the Indian deep,
When Ammon mourned his sword's unwonted sleep:
Thy work was mighty when, on Cannæ's plain,
Exulting Carthage spurned the silent slain:
Thy work was mightiest when, like levin flame,
Down the dark Alps the Gallic Consul came,
Led his swift legions o'er the necks of kings,
Bowed Europe's pride beneath his withering wings,
Wreathed regal purple round his warrior limbs,
And wrote his restless path in dust of diadems.
Angel! whose touch is death, whose glance, decay,
Humbler of sworded strength and sceptered sway,
Dark was thy presence, when the desert's breath
Bade pale Assyria keep her camp of death;
Dark was thy presence, when, with sudden peace,
Deep hollowed marble clasped the boast of Greece:
Dark was thy presence, when, in powerless hate,
The Carthaginian sought a stranger's gate:
Darkest thy presence, when the dead lay piled
In the slow flight of conquest's chosen child,
And God's own anger smote, without a sword,
The millioned might of France's fiery lord.
Then bowed his crestless helm and shattered shield
To the foul dust, on many a fatal field,—
Yet partly spared at first. The warrior's smile
Again comes lightening from the lonely isle;

And France replaces, with a younger host,
The urnless ashes of her legions lost.
Her dark troops gather swiftly: Who shall meet
The battle-murmur of their mingled feet?
Up England! for thine honor. From afar
She hears the call,—she pours a wave of war;
And 'midst the myriad tread, now low, now loud
Of columns crashing through quick lighted cloud
With carnage choked, the desolated blue
Of day fades weakly over Waterloo.
Ten thousand stars their heavenly thrones attain;
One rises not, and will not rise again.
Its place in Heaven is dark; and he, whose pride
It once was swift to lead, and bright to guide,
Hath gone down to the dwelling of a slave,—
A dim place, half oblivion, half grave;
And all the crowd of kingly destinies
That once lethargic lay, and lulled, in his,
Stretch their dark limbs again, with shivering thrill
Of life renewed, and independent will.
The echo of his fall lies like a trance
On windless banner and unlifted lance;
And the pale brows of men, and voiceless lips
(As leaves lie still beneath the sun's eclipse)
Are pressed with awe, through all the earth abroad,
At the swift sheathing of the sword of God.
For in the southern sea, where changing night
Rolls round the pole its orbs of stranger light,
And wandering eyes their native stars forget,
A narrow isle is solitary set;
The purple light of evening's swift decline
Bathes its calm coast, and gilds its bordering brine.
From the gray crest of a commanding steep,
A lonely figure gazes on the deep:
Perchance some fisher finds his parting prow
By its white furrow on the blue below;

Some sun-worn peasant's lingering delight
Catches the coolness of the breeze of night;
Yet doth it stand, as peasant never stood,
With martial mien, and majesty of mood.
Nor peasant glance, nor vulgar mind is there;
But a dark quiet of serene despair;
Serene, though quivering lip and kindling eye
Struggle more weakly with the memory
Which a quenched madness, and a cold control,
Seal on the brow, and gyve into the soul.
Can it be thou! despiser of the spear,
Spirit of armies, desolate, and here!
See'st thou the red sun, lowering on the flood,
Send its swift waters to the shore, like blood?
Well doth thy prison mock thy throne of old,—
That throne, by surges washed, how dark, how cold!
Which those who mourn for those who shed complain,
Not that they spent, but that they spent in vain.
France never wept for all the mists of life
That reeked from every blood-hot place of strife;
Nor mourned the bones of brave men laid so low,
To blanch by sea and shore, in sand and snow;
But mourns the life she lost, the love she gave,
All spent for one who dares to die a slave.
Oh! exiled less in body than in name,
Far from thy country, farther from thy fame:
As the weak ashes, which the billowy beat
Of the dull ocean crumbles at thy feet,
Are to their former strength, when earthquake spread,
With waves of living fire, their heaving bed,
Art thou too what thou wast. Dost thou not start
To feel such shadows passing o'er thy heart,
As once were each a destiny, though now
Nothing but thoughts, and on thy brain and brow,
Pale, powerless images of lost command,
Traced with such finger as the sea's on sand,

Struggling like frenzied dreamers, with the sense
Of their most unaccustomed impotence?
Oh! who can trace the swift and living line,
The mingled madness, of such dreams as thine?
Lo! through the veiling shadows of despair,
Pale faces gaze, and fiery eyeballs glare,
Till thy soul quails at what they seek and see,
Knowing them long since dark to all but thee.
Then softer features soothe thee, long forgot,
Of those who loved thy childhood, and are not;
And gentle voices fall, with sudden fear
On the quick sense of thy remembering ear,
First heard in youth, now mingled with the noise
Of battle wavering in contested poise,
Each passing slowly to a shout, or moan—
The same in voice, though older in its tone.
The contest thickens; to thy kindling sight
A pale plume dashes through its closest night,
Before whose checkless charge the lances fail,
The banners tremble, and the squadrons quail.
'Tis past—and through the air's unbroken sleep,
A muffled drum beats distantly and deep.
Again the dream is changed, and noontide glows
On Scrvia's plain and Cervin's purple snows.
O'er the red field thy rallying columns sweep,
Swift as the storm, resistless as the deep:
The hostile lines in wild disorder fly;
Bormida's waters drift them as they die.
The vision fades, and through its sudden gloom,
Thy startled eye discerns a lonely tomb,
Beneath Mont Velan, where faint voices bless
The unwearied watchers of the wilderness.
Then darker scenes, by wilder thoughts displayed,
Distinct succéed, and fill the dreadful shade;
Places of human peace, or natural pride,
Withering in flames, or desolately dyed

With life of all who loved them once, outpoured
On roofless hearths left silent by the sword.
Last rise, recalled upon thy burning brain,
The lofty altar, and columnar fane;
Pontiff and peer, beneath the marble gate,
In sacred pride and royal reverence wait;
And one is there, of gentle eye and brow,
Whose love was timid then, how lonely now!
Whose constant heart, by every injury torn,
Thy grief will crush, though it could bear thy scorn.
And she is there, and pomp of kingly crowd,
Around thee gathered, and before thee bowed.
Hark! how the shouting nations round thy throne
The iron crown and doveless scepter own.
Wake, wake; avenger, victor, tyrant, slave;
Thy strength was withered by the God who gave!
Behold thy guarding pomp, ribbed sand, and hissing wave.
Yet not unmourned, though aidless, is thy fate,
Though lonely, not left wholly desolate;
Even when the sun it worshiped once is set,
Can veteran love its former faith forget?
Still to thy lot the hearts of thousands cleave,
Fierce to avenge, or eager to retrieve;
Still at thy name the warrior fires arise,
Glow in the heart, and lighten in the eyes;
From quiet swords their rusty scabbards fall,
And blunt spears tinkle on the idle wall.
Oh! if the hope of France's wounded heart
Clings to thee, crushed and fall'n as now thou art,
How had she rallied, in thy dangerous hour,
To save thine honor, or to prop thy power!
Had the stern will of thine ambition spared
Her life, to love thee, or her strength to guard,—
Had the high soul, which all the earth subdued,
Learned but to rule its own inquietude,—
The cries of men, and all the noise of war,
Had shrunk in whispers from thy throne afar;

The motion of Earth's spears had sunk aside,
Bowed down in the calm presence of thy pride;
As, underneath the west wind's foot is bent
The pointed grass in surges innocent.
The madness, and the murmurs, and the hate
Of nations had sunk silent; thou hadst sate
As sits the morning star, supremely bright
Amidst the heaven's weak winds and interwoven light.
And wherefore art thou here? why poured in vain
The tide of war on every wasted plain,
Till Europe's farthest torrent to the sea
Rolled crimson with the price of victory?
Thy doom was sealed, dark spirit, at thy birth,
Out of the black, cold ruin of the earth,
When frenzied France stood fierce amidst the cry
Of her fair children in their agony.
Mocking, by lifeless street and temple gate,
God's image, and His altar desecrate.
Might it not seem that Deity had sent
An angry spirit through the firmament,
Which went forth, like a tempest, to provide
Graves for the atheist and the homicide;
Which underneath its feet, like stubble, trod
Those who had shown no mercy, feared no God,
(Till murder felt the falchion's vengeful edge,
And silence dwelt, where once was sacrilege);
Swept from their place the guilty sire and son,
Then sunk itself, its fated mission done,
And withered to mortality? Farewell,
Thou breath of battle! Ocean like a knell
Rings hollow on the shore. No more for thee
Shall love avail, or ancient constancy.
It comes, the end of mortal hope and ill,
The passing pain and the enduring chill:
The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl
Is broken at the fountain; the dark soul
To God, who gave it, hath returned again,

The worms feed sweetly on the fear of men.
 Ambition! this thy kingdom is not wide;
 Glory! thy home is dark!—thine lowly, Pride.
 O Majesty! thy robes of pomp are pale;
 O Strength! thy hand is colder than its mail.
 Ambition, Power, Pride, Majesty, we trust
 Together! Earth to earth and dust to dust.
 Yet who dares smile, above his coffin-lid,
 At this, the end of all he dreamed and did;
 Or o'er the mighty dead, with unmoved eyes
 Severely speak or coldly moralize?
 Point, for his precept stern, the sage may find
 In frequent fates, and masses of mankind;
 And reason still from like to like, and trace
 The human frailty, as the human face:
 Here let him pause, nor use example vain
 Of what has been, but shall not be again;
 Nor teach the tribes of mortals to condemn
 A mightier soul, for what were crime in them;
 Nor try, by measure to his thoughts confined,
 The error of unfathomable mind.
 Here let him pause, where rocks of silence hold
 The hopes of thousands, in one coffin cold;
 And stranger stars, that beamed not on his birth,
 Bedew the darkness of the deathful earth.
 Ocean! keep calmness on thy bursting brine;—
 Lo! here lies hushed a wilder war than thine.
 Strengthen thy shackles, Grave! they'll quake to keep
 Thy captive's breast from heaving in its sleep.
 Cities and nations! join the burial hymn
 O'er the cold passion and the lowly limb;
 Meet here, ye kings! with reverend steps and slow
 Come singing; God hath lifted, and laid low.
 And thou! the chosen weapon of his will,
 The hope of England once, her glory still,—
 Thine is no fame, by dark-eyed slaughter nursed,
 Of man lamented, and of God accursed;

Thine was no path of devastating war,
No evil triumph of the blood-stained car;
But thine the high and holy lot, to rear
The sacred olive-branch, where shook the spear;
To bid tumultuous nations rest, and pour
A light of peace o'er each exulting shore.
And England, pointing to her chiefest pride,
Her guard in battle, and in peace her guide,
Boasts not so much in thee,—and those who stood,
With thee, to sign their bonds of love with blood,—
The victor's forceful hand, and heart of steel,
As the stern patriot's calm and quenchless zeal.
Oh! when, in future days, the minds of men
Shall call dead nations to the field again,
Where, o'er the ghastly wreck of war's array,
Pale Clio points a dark and dreadful way,—
How shall thy memory 'midst her records rise
Soft in its light, though glorious is its guise!
How shall the noblest part of men be stirred
By thy name, in their spirits sepulchered!
Oh! long as, proudly throned among the free,
Britannia sits upon the silver sea,—
That name shall lighten, like a lordly gem,
Bound in the brightness of her diadem;
Taught by her daughters of the golden hair,
Young lips shall frame it with unconscious care;
Her youthful sons shall start the sound to hear,
Grasp the keen falchion and the glittering spear:
Their voice even age's torpor shall beguile;
Warmed with his thoughts, the gray-haired sire shall smile,
And bless the hero's name, and glory-guarded isle.

A SCYTHIAN BANQUET SONG.

THE Scythians, according to Herodotus, made use of part of their enemies' bodies after death, for many domestic purposes; particularly of the skull, which they scalped, wrapped in bull's hide, and filled up the cracks with gold; and having gilded the hide and parts of the bone, used the vessel as a drinking-cup, wreathing it with flowers at feasts.

I.

I THINK my soul was childish yet,
 When first it knew my manhood's foe;
 But what I was, or where we met,
 I know not—and I shall not know.
 But I remember, now, the bed
 On which I waked from such sick slumber
 As after pangs of powerless dread,
 Is left upon the limbs like lead,
 Amidst a calm and quiet number
 Of corpses, from whose cold decay
 Mine infant fingers shrank away;
 My brain was wild, my limbs were weak,
 And silence swallowed up my shriek—

Eleleu.

II.

Alas! my kindred, dark and dead
 Were those from whom I held aloof;
 I lay beneath the ruins red
 Of what had been my childhood's roof;
 And those who quenched its wasted wood,
 As morning broke on me, and mine,
 Preserved a babe baptized in blood,
 And human grief hath been its food,
 And human life its wine.
 What matter?—Those who left me there
 Well nerved mine infant limbs to bear

What, heaped upon my haughty head,
I might endure—but did not dread.

Eleleu.

III.

A stranger's hand, a stranger's love,
Saved my life and soothed my woe,
And taught my youth its strength to prove,
To wield the lance, and bend the bow.
I slew the wolf by Tyres' * shore,
I tracked the pard by chasm and cliff;
Rich were the warrior spoils I wore;
Ye know me well, though now no more
The lance obeys these fingers stiff;
My hand was strong, my hope was high,
All for the glance of one dark eye;
The hand is weak, the heart is chill—
The glance that kindled, colder still.

Eleleu.

IV.

By Tyres' bank, like Tyres' wave,
The hours of youth went softly by.
Alas! their silence could not save
My being from an evil eye:
It watched me—little though I knew
The wrath around me rising slow,
Nor deemed my love like Upas dew,
A plague, that where it settled, slew.
My time approached; I met my foe:
Down with a troop he came by night,†

* Tyres, a river of Scythia, now the Dneister.

† There were frequent incursions made by the Persians upon the Scythians before the grand invasion of Darius.

We fought them by their lances' light.
 On lifeless hearth, and guardless gate,
 The dawn of day came desolate.

Eleleu.

v.

Away, away—a Persian's slave,
 I saw my bird of beauty borne,
 In wild despair, too weak to save,
 Too maddening to mourn.

There dwells a sound within my brain

Of horses hoofs' beat swift and hollow,
 Heard, when across the distant plain.

Elaira stretched her arms in vain,

To him whose limbs were faint to follow ;

The spoiler knew not, when he fled,

The power impending o'er his head ;

The strength so few have tameless tried,

That love can give for grief to guide.

Eleleu.

vi.

I flung my bow behind my back,

And took a javelin in my hand,

And followed on the fiery track

Their rapine left upon the land.

The desert sun in silence set,

The desert darkness climbed the sky ;

I knew that one was waking yet,

Whose heart was wild, whose eye was wet,

For me and for my misery.

One who had left her glance of grief,

Of earthly guides my chosen and chief ;

Through thirst and fear, by wave and hill,

That dark eye watched and wooed me still.

Eleleu.

VII.

Weary and weak their traces lost,
 I roved the brazen cities through;
 That Helle's undulating coast
 Doth lift beside its billows blue.
 Till in a palace-bordered street,
 In the dusk starlight of the day,
 A stalkless flower fell near my feet,
 Withered and worn, yet passing sweet;
 Its root was left,—how far away?
 Its leaves were wet, though not with dew;
 The breast that kept, the hand that threw,
 Were those of one who sickened more,
 For the sweet breeze of Tyres' shore.

Eleleu.

VIII.

My tale is long. Though bolts of brass
 Held not their captive's faint upbraiding,
 They melt like wax, they bend like grass,
 At sorrow's touch, when love is aiding;
 The night was dim, the stars were dead,
 The drifting clouds were gray and wide;
 The captive joined me and we fled,
 Quivering with joy, though cold with dread,
 She shuddered at my side.
 We passed the streets, we gained the gate,
 Where round the wall its watchers wait;
 Our steps beneath were hushed and slow,
 For the third time—I met my foe.

Eleleu.

IX.

Swift answering as his anger cried,
 Came down the sworded sentinels;

I dashed their closing spears aside ;
 They thicken, as a torrent swells,
 When tempests feed its mountain source,
 O'er-matched, borne down, with javelins rent,
 I backed them still with fainting force,
 Till the life curdled in its course,
 And left my madness innocent.
 The echo of a maiden's shriek,
 Mixed with my dreaming long and weak,
 And when I woke the daybreak fell
 Into a dark and silent cell.

Eleleu.

x.

Know ye the price that must atone,
 When power is mocked at by its slave ?
 Know ye the kind of mercy shown,
 When pride condemns, though love would save ?
 A sullen splash was heard that night
 To check the calm of Helle's flow ;
 And there was much of love and light,
 Quenched, where the foam-globes moved most white,
 With none to save and few to know.
 Me they led forth, at dawn of day,
 To mock, to torture, and to slay ;
 They found my courage calm and mild,
 Until my foe came near and smiled.

Eleleu.

xi.

He told me how the midnight chasm
 Of ocean had been sweetly fed :
 He paled—recoiling, for a spasm
 Came o'er the limbs they dreamed were dead :
 The earth grew hot—the sky grew black—
 The twisted cords gave way like tow ;

I felt the branding fetters crack,
 And saw the torturers starting back,
 And more I do not know,
 Until my stretched limbs dashed their way
 Through the cold sea's resulting spray,
 And left me where its surges bore
 Their voices to a lifeless shore.

Eleleu.

XII.

Mine aged eyes are dim and dry;
 They have not much to see or mourn,
 Save when in sleep, pale thoughts pass by—
 My heart is with their footsteps worn
 Into a pathway. Swift and steep
 Their troops pass down it—and I feel not—
 Though they have words would make me weep
 If I could tell their meaning deep—
 But *I* forget—and *they* reveal not:
 Oh, lost Elaira!—when I go
 Where cold hands hold the soundless bow,
 Shall the black earth, all pitiless,
 Forget the early grave
 Of her, whom beauty did not bless,
 Affection could not save?

Eleleu.

XIII.

Oh, lost Elaira! long for thee
 Sweet Tyres' banks have blushed in vain;
 And blight to them and death to me
 Shall break the link of memory's chain.
 My spirit keeps its lonely lair
 In moldering life to burn and blacken:

The throbs that moved it once are there
 Like winds that stir a dead man's hair,
 Unable to awaken.
 Thy soul on earth supremely smiled,
 In beauty bright, in mercy mild,
 It looked to love, it breathed to bless—
 It died, and left me—merciless.

Eleleu.

XIV.

And men shrink from me, with no sense
 That the fierce heart they fear and fly,
 Is one, whose only evidence
 Of beating is in agony.
 They know, with me, to match or melt,
 The sword or prayer alike are vain;
 The spirit's presence, half unfelt,
 Hath left,—slow withering where it dwelt,—
 One precedence of pain.
 All that my victims feel or fear
 Is well avenged by something here;
 And every curse they breathe on me
 Joins in the deep voice of the sea.

Eleleu.

XV.

It rolls—it coils—it foams—it flashes,
 Pale and putrid—ghastly green;
 Lit with light of dead men's ashes.
 Flickering through the black weed's screen.
 Oh! there along the breathless land,
 Elaira keeps the couch allotted;
 The waters wave her weary hand,
 And toss pale shells and ropy sand
 About her dark hair, clasped and clotted.

The purple isles are bright above
 The frail and moon-blanch'd bones of love;
 Their citron breeze is full of bliss,
 Her lips are cool without its kiss.

Eleleu.

XVI.

My thoughts are wandering and weak;
 Forgive an old man's dotard dreaming;
 I know not sometimes when I speak
 Such visions as have quiet seeming.
 I told you how my madness bore
 My limbs from torture. When I woke,
 I do remember something more
 Of wandering on the wet sea-shore,
 By waving weed and withered rock,
 Calling Elaira, till the name
 Crossed o'er the waters as they came—
 Mildly—to hallow and to bless
 Even what had made it meaningless—
 Eleleu.

XVII.

The waves in answering murmurs mixed,
 Tossed a frail fetter on the sand;
 Too well I knew whose fingers fixed,
 Whose arm had lost the golden band;
 For such it was, as still confines
 Faint Beauty's arm who will not listen,
 The words of love that mockery twines
 To soothe the soul that pants and pines
 Within its rose-encumbered prison.
 The waters freed her; she who wore,
 Fetter or armlet needs no more;

Could the wavelets tell, who saw me lift,
 For whom I kept, their glittering gift,
 Eleleu.

XVIII.

Slow drifts the hour when Patience waits
 Revenge's answering orison;
 But—one by one the darkening Fates
 Will draw the balanced axle on,
 Till torture pays the price of pride,
 And watches wave with sullen shine,
 The sword of sorrow justified.
 The long years kept their quiet glide,
 His hour was past: they brought me mine.
 When steed to steed, and rank to rank,
 With matchèd numbers fierce and frank,
 (The war-wolves waiting near to see
 Our battle bright) my Foe met Me.

Ha—Hurra!

XIX.

As the tiger tears through the jungle reeds,
 As the west wind breaks through the sharp corn ears,
 As the quick death follows where the lightning leads,
 Did my dark horse bear through the bended spears;
 And the blood came up to my brain like a mist,
 With a dark delight and a fiery feel;
 For the black darts hailed, and the javelins hissed,
 To the corpses clasped in their tortured twist,
 From mine arms like rain from the red-hot steel.
 Well went the wild horses—well rode their lords—
 Wide waved the sea of their circling swords;
 But down went the wild steeds—down went the sea—
 Down went the dark banners—down went He!

Ha—Hurra!

XX.

For, forward fixed, my frenzy rushed,
 To one pale plume of fitful wave;
 With failing strength, o'er corpses crushed,
 My horse obeyed the spurs I gave.
 Slow rolled the tide of battle by,
 And left me on the field alone
 Save that a goodly company
 Lay gazing on the bright blue sky,
 All as stiff as stone.
 And the howling wolves came, merry and thick,
 The flesh to tear and the bones to pick.
 I left his carcass, a headless prize,
 To these priests of mine anger's sacrifice.
 Ha—Hurra!

XXI.

Hungry they came, though at first they fled
 From the grizzly look of a stranger guest—
 From a horse with its hoof on a dead man's head,
 And, a soldier who leaned on a lance in his breast.
 The night wind's voice was hoarse and deep,
 But there were thoughts within me rougher,
 When my foiled passion could not keep
 His eyes from settling into sleep
 That could not see, nor suffer.
 He knew his spirit was delivered
 By the last nerve my sword had severed,
 And lay—his death pang scarcely done,
 Stretched at my mercy—asking none.
 Eleleu.

XXII.

His lips were pale. They once had worn
 A fiercer paleness. For awhile

Their gashes kept the curl of scorn
 But now,—they always smile.
 A life like that of smoldering ashes,
 Had kept his shadowy eyeballs burning.
 Full through the neck my saber crashes—
 The black blood burst beneath their lashes
 In the strained sickness of their turning.
 By my bridle-rein did I hang the head,
 And I spurred my horse through the quick and dead,
 Till his hoofs and his hair drooped thick and fresh,
 From the black morass of gore and flesh.

Ha—Hurra!

XXIII.

My foe had left me little gold
 To mock the stolen food of the grave,
 Except one circlet: I have told
 The arm that lost, the surge that gave,
 Flexile it was, of fairest twist:
 Pressing its sunlike, woven line,
 A careless counter had not missed
 One pulse along a maiden's wrist,
 So softly did the clasp confine.
 This—molten till it flowed as free
 As daybreak on the Egean sea,
 He who once clasped—for Love to sever
 And death to lose, received—forever.

XXIV.

I poured it round the wrinkled brow,
 Till hissed its cold, corrupted skin;
 Through sinuous nerves the fiery flow
 Sucked and seared the brain within.
 The brittle bones were well annealed,
 A bull's hide bound the goblet grim,

Which backwards bended, and revealed
 The dark eye sealed, the set lips peeled:
 Look here! how I have pardoned him.
 They call it glorious to forgive,
 'Tis dangerous, among those that live,
 But the dead are daggerless and mild,
 And my foe smiles on me—like a child.

xxv.

Fill me the wine! for daylight fades,
 The evening mists fall cold and blue;
 My soul is crossed with lonelier shades,
 My brow is damp with darker dew;
 The earth hath nothing but its bed
 Left more for me to seek, or shun;
 My rage is passed—my vengeance fed—
 The grass is wet with what I've shed,
 The air is dark with what I've done;
 And the gray mound, that I have built
 Of intermingled grief and guilt,
 Sits on my breast with sterner seat
 Than my old heart can bear, and beat.

Eleleu.

xxvi.

Fill wine! These fleshless jaws are dry,
 And gurgle with the crimson breath;
 Fill me the wine! for such as I
 Are meet, methinks, to drink with death.
 Give me the roses! They shall weave
 One crown for me, and one for him,
 Fresher than his compeers receive,
 Who slumber where the white worms leave
 Their tracks of slime on cheek and limb.

Kiss me, mine enemy! Lo! how it slips,
 The rich red wine through his skeleton lips;
 His eye-holes glitter, his loose teeth shake,
 But their words are all drowsy and will not wake.

XXVII.

That lifeless gaze is fixed on me;
 Those lips would hail a bounden brother;
 We sit in love, and smile to see
 The things that we have made each other.
 The wreaking of our wrath has reft
 Our souls of all that loved or lightened:
He knows the heart his hand has left,
 He sees its calm and closeless cleft,
 And *I*—the bones my vengeance whitened.
 Kiss me, mine enemy! Fill thee with wine!
 Be the flush of thy reveling mingled with mine;
 Since the hate and the horror we drew with our breath
 Are lost in forgiveness, and darkened in death.

THE RECREANT.

In an attack of the Athenians upon the Æginetæ, the former were cut off, with the exception of one man, who went home to tell the tale. He was met in the street of the city by a group of Athenian women, each of whom, inquiring where he had left her husband, wounded him with the clasp of her robe, until he died. Herod., Terpsichore, chap. 87.

WITH the hills of their fathers around them—
 The heaven of their country above,—
 They stood, in the strength of their manhood;
 They went in the light of our love.
 In the pride of their power they departed,
 Down by the path by the sea;
 Dark eyes of the desolate-hearted
 Were watching for them—and for thee!

Who comes from the banquet of blood,
Where the guests are still as a stone?
Who dares to return by the road
Where the steps of his joy are alone?
They were bound by the oath of the free,—
They were true as the steel that they bare,—
They were true to themselves, and to thee!
Behold! thou hast left them—and where?

Oh! well has their triumph been told,
In the time of its terrible crowning;
Poor recreant!—kingly, though cold,
Is the sleep that thou durst not lie down in!
The swords of the restless are rusted
In the rest that thou shrankest to share;
False helot!—to whom hast thou trusted
The pride of the peaceful—and where?

For thee,—who wast not of the number
That sank in the red battle shade,—
Thy name shall be cursed in the slumber
Of the life that thy baseness betrayed!
The strength of the tremorless tread
Of our bravest, our love can resign,—
But tears, as of blood, shall be shed
For the dastard returning of thine.

But, what! when thy soul hath not hearkened
To the charge of our love, or our fear,
Shall the soft eyes of Hellas be darkened
By the thought of thy birth, or thy bier?
The strength of thy shame shall requite thee,—
The souls of the lost shall not see,—
Mother nor maid of the mighty
Shed a tear for a dastard like thee!

THE WRECK.

Its masts of might—its sails so free—
 Had borne the scatheless keel
 Through many a day of darkened sea,
 And many a storm of steel;
 When all the winds were calm, it met
 (With home-returning prore)
 With the lull
 Of the waves
 On a low lee shore.

The crest of the conqueror
 On many a brow was bright;
 The dew of many an exile's eye
 Had dimmed the dancing sight;
 And for love and for victory,
 One welcome was in store,—
 In the lull
 Of the waves
 On a low lee shore.

The voices of the night are mute
 Beneath the moon's eclipse;
 The silence of the fitful flute
 Is on the dying lips!—
 The silence of my lonely heart
 Is kept for evermore—
 In the lull
 Of the waves
 On a low lee shore.

ARISTODEMUS AT PLATÆA.

OF two Spartans who were prevented by illness from taking part in the battle of Thermopylæ, and who were, in consequence, degraded to the level of helots, one, unable to endure the scorn of his countrymen, killed himself; the other, by name Aristodemus, waited, and when, at the battle of Plataea, thirty-three thousand allied Greeks stood to receive the final and desperate attack of three hundred thousand chosen Asiatics, and the Spartans, unused to Persian arms, hung slightly back, he charged alone, and, calling to his countrymen to "follow the coward," broke the enemy's mass, and was found, when the victorious Greeks who followed him had laid two hundred thousand of their enemy dead on the field, lying on a low hillock, with his face turned up to heaven, a group of the Persian nobles lying slaughtered around him. He was refused the honors of burial, because, it was said, he was only courageous in despair.

YE have darkened mine honor and branded my name,
 Ye have quenched its remembrance in silence and shame,
 Yet the heart ye call craven, unbroken, hath borne
 The voice of your anger, the glance of your scorn.

But the life that hath lingered is now in mine hand,*
 My waiting was but for a lot of the land,
 Which his measure, who ruleth the battle array,
 May mete for your best and your bravest to-day.

My kinsmen, my brothers, your phalanx is fair;
 There's a shield, as I think, that should surely be there;
 Ye have darkened its disk, and its hour hath drawn near
 To be reared as a trophy or borne as a bier.†

What said I? Alas, though the foe in his flight,
 Should quit me unspoiled on the field of the fight,

* 1 Sam. xxviii. 21, Job xiii. 14.

† If his body were obtained by the enemy it would be reared as a trophy. If recovered by his friends, borne as a bier, unless, as he immediately called to mind, they should deny him funeral honors.

Ye would leave me to lie, with no hand to inurn,
For the dog to devour, or the stranger to spurn!

What matter? Attendants my slumber shall grace,
With blood on the breast, and with fear on the face;
And Sparta may own that the death hath atoned.
For the crime of the cursed, whose life she disowned.

By the banks of Eurotas her maidens shall meet,
And her mountains rejoice in the fall of your feet;
And the cry of your conquest be lofty and loud,
O'er the lengthened array of the shield or the shroud.

And the fires of the grave shall empurple the air,
When they lick the white dust of the bones ye shall bear;
The priest and the people, at altar and shrine,
Shall worship their manes, disdainful of mine.

Yet say that they fought for the hopes of their breast,
For the hearts that had loved them, the lips that had blessed,
For the roofs that had covered, the country that claimed,
The sires that had named them, the sons they had named.

And say that I fought for the land of the free,
Though its bosom of blessing beat coldly for me;
For the lips that had cursed me, the hearts that had scorned,
And the desolate hope of the death unadorned.

SONG.

I.

WE care not what skies are the clearest,
What scenes are the fairest of all;
The skies and the scenes that are dearest
Forever, are those that recall

To the thoughts of the hopelessly-hearted
 The light of the dreams that deride,
 With the form of the dear and departed,
 Their loneliness weary and wide.

II.

The beauty of earth or of ocean
 Dies darkly, and withered away,
 If they rouse no remembered emotion
 By the light of their lifeless array;
 By the thoughts that we cannot dis sever
 From the place where their loveliness rose,
 Is the unbroken seal set forever
 On the place of their passioned repose.

III.

Thou knowest—sweet shade of my spirit!
 That the changes of time or of scene
 May mock me—but none disinherit
 Remembrance of that which has been;
 With the July wind's Indian story
 Come dreams of the winter-scathed tree;
 With the flush of Creation's high glory,
 Of the place that was hallowed by thee.

IV.

Though it now may be dark and deserted,
 It hath thoughts that I cannot resign;
 My glance is not vainly reverted
 To the spot that was lightened by thine;
 Remember—whate'er thou hast taken,
 Thou hast left me a throb and a thrill;
 And the heart which it seemed was forsaken
 Is round thee, and dwells with thee still.

SONG.

I.

THOUGH thou hast not a feeling for one
 Who is torn by too many for thee;
 Yet oh! not entirely unknown
 To thy heart can the agony be
 Of him whom thou leftest alone
 By the green and cold surge of the sea.

II.

Thine eye may gleam bright through thy tresses,—
 It hath not a grief to deplore;—
 Thy lips, in their speaking caresses,
 May be lovely and light as of yore:—
 None love them as he did, who blesses
 Their motion and music no more.

III.

Oh! ask of the thoughts that illumine
 Thy heart in the hour of its pride,—
 Though the flush of thy beauty may bloom
 Where the throne of its worship is wide,—
 Who loves it, as he did, to whom
 Alone it is ever denied!

IV.

The thoughts, to whose scepter resistance
 Is mockery,—compass their slave;
 Not even from that desolate distance,
 Beyond the wild depth of the wave,
 Can the presence that gave them existence,
 Departed—bequeath them a grave.

HORACE:—"ITER AD BRUNDISIUM"

THE gust sung soft and well, as if to keep
 My wakening lulled—although it banished sleep;
 From sluggish waters, in the moonlit marsh,
 The midnight reptiles' cry came low and harsh;
 Beneath my window, where the turf was kind,
 A weary traveler on his cloak reclined;
 Sought the sweet rest his fevered dream denied,
 Stirred, as in fear, or as in sorrow sighed;
 My muleteer, slow pacing, drove his team
 Up to a liliated meadow, which a stream
 Kept verdant,—where a myrtle thicket grew,
 Shading its softness from the damp, cold dew;
 (Through the close leaves entangled starlight fell
 On twining rose and orient asphodel;)
 And, as he urged the lingering mules along,
 Cheered and beguiled his moonlight way with song:—
 Singing the glancing eye and glossy shade
 Of the dark tresses of his mountain maid:
 Remembering how, upon their parting day,
 She turned her sad and soul-like eyes away;
 Yet left their look, to bind him with its spell;
 When her lips trembled in the faint farewell!

MEMORY.

THE Summer wind is soft and kind
 The midnight leaves among,
 And perfumed power, by wind and flower,
 Is on its wild wings flung;
 And harp-like notes of music meet
 Its viewless hand and whispering feet.

Oh! memory, like that breeze of night,
 Can soothe a darker gloom,
 And, from the flowers of lost delight,
 Awake the weak perfume.
 Faint, sad, and sweet the echoes call
 In answer to her footstep's fall.

But Winter's breath is chill as death,
 And hushed his lifeless sky;
 Though on the ground comes saddening sound
 Of leaves that dancing die;
 And all the earth that heaven looks on
 Is widely waste, and weakly wan.

But Winter comes not o'er the heart,
 Where memory doth not die;
 There is much sorrow in her smile,
 More soothing in her sigh;
 And her deep glance is bright with rays,—
 The light of long departed days.

CANZONET.

I.

THE winter's chill hath charmed the wave,
 The wasted leaves have left the bough,
 The pale stars give the light they gave,
 When thou wast—where thou art not now.
 Oh! as the frail and lonely lute,
 Whose chords are cold, whose music mute,
 This heart is left alone by thee,
 Who wert its only melody.

II.

Oh! say with whom shall now be spent
 The hours that once were spent with thee?
 Whose every pause is eloquent
 Of what has been and cannot be:
 A form is near me—known, how well!—
 A voice is round me like a spell.
 Thou comest—it mocks me. Vision vain!
 Thou wilt not, shalt not, come again.

III.

Canst thou yet come to fill this heart
 With the same voice, and mood, and mien?
 Oh! if to know what now thou art
 Were to forget what thou hast been,
 The soul that loved thee must be chill
 And changed, if it could love thee still.
 Oh! darkly would it dread to deem
 What once was memory—now a dream.

IV.

I would not that these hours were spent
 Even with thyself—if not the same;
 If to be true to her who went,
 Werè to be false to her who came.
 Deep in this heart's most silent place
 Their gentle path those hours shall trace.
 Think'st thou an hour can ever be
 Spent there, and yet not spent with thee?

THE NAME.

I.

HE was a strange, yet gentle youth,
 The meaning of whose mind was made
 Half of vision, half of truth;
 The dream a sun—the truth a shade;
 But, of the strange and fitful flame
 That once aroused his fiery frame
 To thoughts or passion—work—or will,
 This only is remembered still:
 He loved a name.

II.

He loved a name. Perchance he found
 Its syllables were sweet of sound;
 Or called at once on ear and eye
 The thrill of a lost memory;
 Or o'er the heart, that no one knew,
 Came like the south wind, dropping dew,
 To mock its early hope and hue.
 Some called the name—and, saying, smiled,
 A name of nothing. But it seemed
 That, like a night-bewildered child
 Awaked from fancies wan and wild,
 He pined for what he dreamed.

III.

He loved a name: and frequent wept
 To hear a careless lip expressing
 The love that, like an echo, slept
 In chasms of his soul, and kept
 It full of visionary blessing.

Alas! that any dared to claim
 Possession of the secret name,
 Or violate, with stranger-tone,
 The sound he fancied all his own.

IV.

He loved it—as grief loves the tomb,
 That is her memory's bourne and bower.
 He feared the lips of those to whom
 He dared not own its passioned power.
 Their breath came like the dead Simoom
 Across the beauty and the bloom
 Of his unfading flower.
 Yet would he oft, with secret tone,
 Breathe it to himself alone,
 O'er and o'er, and smile—and yet
 His lip was pale, his eye was wet;
 Perchance because he could not see
 The sound of its sweet company.
 Poor fool! at last he met it, where
 It left him darkness and despair;
 Even graved on the pavement pale
 Of a long and lone cathedral aisle,
 On a flat, cold slab of narrow stone,
 With the damp and the dimness of earth thereon;
 Worn by the foot—scorned by the eye,
 Of the calm and careless passer-by.
 It was sculptured clear on the marble gray,
 Under a star of the tinted light;
 His weeping was wild that dreary day,—
 His sleeping was sound that night.

FRAGMENT FROM A METEOROLOGICAL
JOURNAL

Six days the mist was breathed into the sky,
From the pale lips of the earth—most silently.
It was a cheerful mist—and the young Frost
Played strangely in the Star-light, which, half lost,
Crept in white cords among the icy hair
Of the faint Midnight; while the moveless air,
Fashioned, with fingers fine, the gathering slow
Of frost-work clear—and wreaths of swan-like snow.
The mist was full of voices musical—
The laugh of merry children—the shrill call
Of the slow plow-boy from the furrows brown—
Tinkling of bells upon the breezy down,
Where following sheep tread bleating, and the cry
Of shepherd dogs, that bark for company—
And song of winter birds, that still repeat
The notes which desolation makes so sweet.
But on the seventh day there came a wind
From the far south, whose voice was low, and kind;
And the mist felt its feet tread where they went—
Yielding before them—all obedient—
And by their passing, a slow chasm was riven
In the grey clouds—and the deep silent heaven
Gazed down in the pure essence of its love—
Kindling the earth with blessing from above,
Yet sad—exceeding sad;—and one lone star,
Tearful and pale—as hopes of sorrow are—
Far in the west, seemed smiling as it sate,
As one, whose mourning is left desolate,
Doth smile at consolation.

Thus it is
That we would gladden with forgetfulness
The heart—whose memory maddens us—and weave
A mist of thoughts and voices which may leave

Nothing that once was rosy wreathed joy,
 To pale and wither into agony.
 Yet evermore—its beauty veiled in vain—
 The past—the lost, the loved—looks forth again.
 Oh! happier far to hail the grief that keeps
 The thoughts that Memory blesses, as she weeps,
 Yet feebly, softly smiles, to see, to know
 Her unforgotten joy—her hope of long ago.

CANZONET.

I.

THERE'S a change in the green of the leaf,
 And a change in the strength of the tree;
 There's a change in our gladness or grief,—
 There may be a change upon thee.
 But love—long bereft of thee,
 Hath a shade left of thee;
 Swift and pale hours may float
 Past—but it changeth not.

II.

As a thought in a consecrate book,
 As a tint in the silence of air,
 As the dream in the depths of the brook,
 Thou art there.
 When we two meet again,
 Be it in joy or pain,
 Which shall the fairest be,—
 Thou—or thy memory?

SONG OF THE TYROLESE AFTER THE BATTLE
OF BRIXEN.

Oh, the pause of silent dread
After rush of battles holy!
Lo, the spirits of the dead
From the field are floating slowly;
Dense the mist reeks full of life
From the blood-hot place of strife,
Where our noblest, bravest, lie so lowly.
But there's pride in the gasp of our conquerors' breath,
Though their laurels be wreathed by the fingers of Death;
There's a smile on the lip that is ceasing to quiver,
And a flash in the eye that is freezing forever.

Beneath the sacred sod they lie on
Lay we our triumphant brave;
This land they loved to live and die on,
And o'er their honorable grave
Shall blossom burst of brilliant hue,
And softly shall distil the dew,
And mountain pines umbrageous darkly wave;
The stars shall look down from the heaven most brightly
Where the bones of the brave are, the moon will watch
 nightly;
Like the Alp that is reddest at the set of the sun,
Brightest in death is the glory they've won;
Our shouting the hymn at their burial shall be—
Oh! a soldier sleeps well in a land that is free.

SALSETTE AND ELEPHANTA.

A PRIZE POEM.

"Religio pedibus subjecta vicissim
Obteritur. Nos exæquat victoria cœlo."

—LUCRETIVS.

'Tis eve—and o'er the face of parting day
Quick smiles of summer lightning flit and play;
In pulses of broad light, less seen than felt,
They mix in heaven, and on the mountains melt;
Their silent transport fills the exulting air—
'Tis eve, and where is evening half so fair?
Oh! deeply, softly sobs the Indian sea
O'er thy dark sands, majestic Dharavee,*
When, from each purple hill and polished lake,
The answering voices of the night awake
The fitful note of many a brilliant bird,—
The lizard's plunge, o'er distant waters heard,—
The thrill of forest leaves—how soft, how swift
That floats and follows where the night-winds drift;
Or, piercing through the calmness of the sky,
The jungle tiger's sharp and sudden cry.
Yet all is peace, for these weak voices tell
How deep the calm they break but not dispel.
The twilight heaven rolls on, like some deep stream
When breezes break not on its moving dream;
Its trembling stars continual watches keep
And pause above Canarah's haunted steep; †
Each in its path of first ascension hid
Behind the height of that pale pyramid,—
(The strength of nations hewed the basalt spire, ‡
And barbed its rocks like sacrificial fire.)

* The southern promontory of the island of Salsette.

† The central peak of Salsette.

‡ M. Anquetil du Perron, in his accounts of Canarah, says that its peak appears to have been hewn to a point by human art as an emblem of the solar ray.

Know they the hour's approach, whose fateful flight
 Was watched of yore from yonder cloudless height?
 Lone on its utmost peak, the Prophet Priest
 Beheld the night unfolded from the East;
 In prescient awe perused its blazing scroll,
 And read the records stretched from Pole to Pole;
 And though their eyes are dark, their lips are still,
 Who watched and worshiped on Canarah's hill,
 Wild superstition's visionary power
 Still rules and fills the spirit of the hour:
 The Indian maiden, through the scented grove,
 Seeks the dim shore, and lights the lamp of love;
 The pious peasant, awe-struck and alone,
 With radiant garland crowns the purple stone,*
 And shrinks, returning through the star-lit glade,
 When breezes stir the peepul's sacred shade; †
 For well his spirit knows the deep appeal
 That love must mourn to miss, yet fear to feel;
 Low sounds, faint rays, upon the senses shed—
 The voices of the lost, the dark eyes of the dead.

How awful now, when night and silence brood
 O'er Earth's repose and Ocean's solitude,
 To trace the dim and devious paths that guide
 Along Canarah's steep and scraggy side,
 Where, girt with gloom—inhabited by fear,—
 The mountain homes of India's gods appear!
 Range above range they rise, each hollow cave
 Darkling as death, and voiceless as the grave;
 Save that the waving weeds in each recess
 With rustling music mock its loneliness;

* "A stone painted with red, and placed at the foot of their favorite tree, is sufficient to call forth the devotion of the poor, who bring to it flowers and simple offerings."—J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

† The superstitious feeling of the Indian with respect to the peepul-tree is well known. Its shade is supposed to be loved and haunted by the dead.

And beasts of blood disturb, with stealthy tread,
 The chambers of the breathless and the dead.
 All else of life, of worship, past away,
 The ghastly idols fall not, nor decay;
 Retain the lip of scorn, the rugged frown,
 And grasp the blunted sword and useless crown;
 Their altars desecrate, their names untold,
 The hands that formed, the heart's that feared—how cold!

Thou too—dark Isle! whose shadow on the sea
 Lies like the gloom that mocks our memory
 When one bright instant of our former lot
 Were grief, remembered, but were guilt, forgot.
 Rock of the lonely crest! how oft renewed
 Have beamed the summers of thy solitude,
 Since first the myriad steps that shook thy shore
 Grew frail and few—then paused for evermore!
 Answer—ye long-lulled echoes! Where are they
 Who clove your mountains with the shafts of day;
 Bade the swift life along their marble fly,
 And struck their darkness into deity,
 Nor claimed from thee—pale temple of the wave—
 Record or rest, a glory or a grave?
 Now all are cold—the votary as his god,—
 And by the shrine he feared, the courts he trod,
 The livid snake extends his glancing trail,
 And lifeless murmurs mingle on the gale.

Yet glorious still, though void, though desolate,
 Proud Dharapori! * gleams thy mountain gate,
 What time, emergent from the eastern wave,
 The keen moon's crescent lights thy sacred cave;
 And moving beams confuse, with shadowy change,
 Thy columns' massive might and endless range.
 Far, far beneath, where sable waters sleep,
 Those radiant pillars pierce the crystal deep,

* The Indian name for Elephanta.

And mocking waves reflect, with quivering smile,
 Their long recession of refulgent aisle; *
 As, where Atlantis hath her lonely home,
 Her grave of guilt, beneath the ocean's foam;
 Above the lifeless hearth and guardless gate,
 The wildly-walking surges penetrate,
 And sapphire tints of phosphor lightning fall
 O'er the broad pillar, and the sculptured wall.—
 So, Dharapori; through thy cold repose
 The flooding luster of the moonlight flows;
 New forms of fear, † by every touch displayed,
 Gleam, pale and passion'd, through the dreadful shade,
 In wreathed groups of dim, distorted life,
 In ghastly calmness, or tremendous strife;
 While glaring eye and grasping hand attest
 The mocked emotion of the marble breast.
 Thus in the fevered dream of restless pain,
 Incumbent horror broods upon the brain,
 Through mists of blood colossal shapes arise,
 Stretch their stiff limbs, and roll their rayless eyes.
 Yet knew not here the chisel's touch to trace
 The finer lineaments of form and face;
 No studious art of delicate design
 Conceived the shape, or lingered on the line.
 The sculptor learned, on Indus' plains afar,
 The various pomp of worship and of war;
 Impetuous ardor in his bosom woke,
 And smote the animation from the rock.
 In close battalions kingly forms advance, ‡

* The interior of Elephanta is usually damp, and its floor covered with water two or three feet deep. By moonlight its shallowness would be unperceived.

† The sculptures of Elephanta have such "horrible and fearful formes that they make a man's hayre stande upright."—LINSCHOTEN.

‡ "Some of these figures have helmets of pyramidal form; others wear crowns richly decorated with jewels; others display large bushy ringlets of curled or flowing hair. In their hands they grasp scepters and shields, the symbols of justice and the ensigns of religion, the weapons of war and the trophies of peace."—MAURICE, *Antiq. of India*, vol. i., p. 145.

Wave the broad shield, and shake the soundless lance;
 With dreadful crest adorned, and orient gem,
 Lightens the helm and gleams the diadem;
 Loose o'er their shoulders falls their flowing hair
 With wanton wave, and mocks the unmoving air;
 Broad o'er their breasts extend the guardian zones
 Broidered with flowers, and bright with mystic stones;
 Poised in ethereal march they seem to swim,
 Majestic motion marked in every limb;
 In changeful guise they pass—a lordly train,
 Mighty in passion, unsubdued in pain;*
 Revered as monarchs, or as gods adored,
 Alternately they rear the scepter and the sword.
 Such were their forms and such their martial mien;
 Who met by Indus' shores the Assyrian queen,†
 When, with reverted force, the Indian dyed
 His javelin in the pulses of her pride,
 And cast in death-heaps, by the purple flood,
 Her strength of Babylonian multitude.

And mightier ones are there—apart—divine,
 Presiding genii of the mountain shrine:
 Behold, the giant group, the united three,
 Faint symbol of an unknown Deity!
 Here, frozen into everlasting trance,
 Stern Siva's quivering lip and hooded glance;
 There, in eternal majesty serene,
 Proud Brahma's painless brow and constant mien;
 There glows the light of Veeshnu's guardian smile,
 But on the crags that shade yon inmost aisle
 Shine not, ye stars! Annihilation's lord ‡

* Many of them have countenances expressive of mental suffering.

† Semiramis. M. D'Anarville supposes the cave to have been excavated by her army; and insists on the similarity between the costume of the sculptured figures and that of her Indian adversaries. See *D'Anarville*, vol. i., p. 121.

‡ Alluding to a sculpture representing the evil principle of India; he seems engaged in human sacrifice, and wears a necklace of skulls.

There waves, with many an arm, the unsated sword.
 Relentless holds the cup of mortal pain,
 And shakes the spectral links that wreath his ghastly chain.
 Oh, could these lifeless lips be taught to tell
 (Touched by Chaldean art, or Arab spell)
 What votaries here have knelt, what victims died,
 In pangs, their gladness, or in crimes, their pride,
 How shall we shun the awful solitude,
 And deem the intruding footsteps dashed in blood!
 How might the altar-hearths grow warm and red,
 And the air shadowy with avenging dead!
 Behold!—he stirs—that cold, colossal king!—
 'Tis but the uncertain shade the moonbeams fling;
 Hark! a stern voice awakes with sudden thrill!—
 'Twas but the wandering wind's precarious will:
 The distant echo dies, and all the cave is still.

Yet Fancy, floating on the uncertain light,
 Fills with her crowded dreams the course of night;
 At her wild will ethereal forms appear,
 And sounds, long silent, strike the startled ear.
 Behold the dread Mithratic rite reclaim *
 Its pride of ministers, its pomp of flame!
 Along the winding walls, in ordered row,
 Flash myriad fires—the fretted columns glow;
 Beaming above, the imitative sky
 Extends the azure of its canopy,
 Fairest where imaged star and airy sprite
 Move in swift beauty and entrancing light;
 A golden sun reflected luster flings,

* Throughout the description of the rites of Mithra, I have followed Maurice, whose indefatigable research seems almost to have demonstrated the extreme antiquity, at least, of the Elephanta cavern, as well as its application to the worship of the solar orb, and of fire. For a detailed account of this worship, see MAURICE, *Indian Antiq.*, vol. ii., sec. 7.

And wandering Dewtahs * wave their crimson wings ;
 Beneath, fed richly from the Arabian urn,
 Undying lamps before the altar burn ;
 And sleepless eyes the sacred sign behold,
 The spiral orb of radiated gold ;
 On this the crowds of deep-voiced priests attend,
 To this they loudly cry, they lowly bend ;
 O'er their wan brows the keen emotions rise,
 And pious frenzy flashes from their eyes ;
 Frenzy in mercy sent, in torture tried,
 Through paths of death their only guard and guide,
 When, in dread answer to their youth's appeal,
 Rose the red fire and waved the restless steel, †
 And rushed the wintry billow's wildest wreck,—
 Their God hath called them, and shall danger check ?
 On—on—forever on, though roused in wrath
 Glare the grim lion on their lonely path ;
 Though, starting from his coiled malignant rest,
 The deadly dragon lift his crimson crest ;
 Though corpse-like shadows round their footsteps flock,
 And shafts of lightning cleave the incumbent rock ;
 On, for behold, enduring honors wait
 To grace their passage through the golden gate ; ‡
 Glorious estate, and more than mortal power,
 Succeed the dreadful expiating hour ;
 Impurpled robes their weary limbs enfold
 With stars enwoven, and stiff with heavenly gold ;

* Inferior spirits of various power and disposition, holding in the Hindoo mythology the place of angels. They appear in multitudes on the roof of the Elephanta cavern.

† Alluding to the dreadful ceremonies of initiation which the priests of Mithra were compelled to undergo, and which seem to have had a close correspondence with the Eleusinian mysteries. See MAURICE, *Antiq. of India*, vol. v., p. 620.

‡ The sidereal metempsychosis was represented in the Mithratic rites by the ascent of a ladder, on which there were seven gates: the first of lead, representing Saturn; the second of tin, Venus; the third brass, Jupiter; the fourth iron, Mercury; the fifth mixed, Mars; the sixth silver, the Moon; the seventh of gold, the Sun.

The mitra * veils their foreheads, rainbow-dyed,
 The measured steps imperial scepters guide;
 Glorious they move, and pour upon the air
 The cloud of incense and the voice of prayer;
 While, through the hollow vault, around them rise
 Deep echoes from the couch of sacrifice,
 In passionate gusts of sound,—now loud, now low,
 With billowy pause, the mystic murmurs flow
 Far dwindling on the breeze. Ere yet they die
 Canarah hears, and all his peaks reply;
 His crested chasms the vocal winds explore,
 Waste on the deep, and wander on the shore.
 Above, the starry gloom is thrilled with fear,
 The forests shake, the circling hamlets hear,
 And wake to worship. Many an isle around,
 Assembling votaries swell the sacred sound,
 And, troop by troop, along the woodland ways,
 In equal measures pour responsive praise:
 To Mithra first their kindling songs addressed,
 Lull his long slumbers in the watery west;
 Next to the strength of each celestial sign
 They raise the choral chant, the breathing line;
 Keen through the arch of heaven their hymns arise,
 Auspicious splendors deck the answering skies.
 The sacred cohorts, maddening as they sing,
 Far through the air their flashing torches fling;
 From rock to rock the rushing glories leap,
 Climb the wide hills, and clothe the central steep,
 Till through the endless night a living line
 Of luster opens on the bounding brine;
 Ocean rejoices, and his isles prolong,
 With answering zeal, those bursts of flame and song,

* The attire of Mithra's priests was splendid: the robes of purple, with the heavenly constellations embroidered on them in gold. They wore girdles representative of the zodiacal circle, and carried a golden scepter in the form of a serpent. Ezekiel speaks of them as "exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads" (xxiii. 15).

Till the strong vulture on Colombo's peak
 Awakes with ruffled plume and startled shriek,
 And the roused panther of Almorah's wood
 Howls through his violated solitude.

'Tis past,—the mingled dream,—though slow and gray
 On mead and mountain break the dawning day;
 Though stormy wreaths of lingering cloud oppress
 Long time the winds that breathe—the rays that bless,—
 They come, they come. Night's fitful visions fly
 Like autumn leaves, and fade from fancy's eye;
 So shall the God of might and mercy dart
 His day-dreams through the caverns of the heart;
 Strike the weak idol from its ancient throne,
 And vindicate the temple for His own.
 Nor will He long delay. A purer light
 Than Mithra cast, shall claim a holier rite;
 A mightier voice than Mithra's priests could pour
 Resistless soon shall sound along the shore;
 Its strength of thunder vanquished fiends shall own,
 And idols tremble through their limbs of stone.

Vain now the lofty light—the marble gleam—
 Of the keen shaft that rose by Gunga's stream!
 When round its base the hostile lightnings glowed,
 And mortal insult mocked a god's abode.
 What power, Destroyer,* seized with taming trance
 Thy serpent scepter, and thy withering glance?
 Low in the dust, its rocky sculptures rent,
 Thine own memorial proves thee impotent.

* Siva. This column was dedicated to him at Benares; and a tradition prevailed among his worshipers, that as soon as it should fall, one universal religion would extend over India, and Bramah be no more worshiped. It was lately thrown down in a quarrel between the Hindoos and Mussulmans. (See *Heber's Journal*.) Siva is spoken of in the following lines, as representative of Hindoo deities in general. His worship seems to have arisen in the fastnesses of the Himalayas, accompanied by all the gloomy features characteristic of the superstitions of hill countries.

Thy votaries mourn thy cold unheeding sleep,
Chide where they praised, and where they worshiped weep.

Yes—he shall fall, though once his throne was set
Where the high heaven and crested mountains met;
Though distant shone with many an azure gem
The glacier glory of his diadem;
Though sheets of sulphurous cloud and wreathèd storm
Cast veil of terror round his shadowy form.
All, all are vain! It comes, the hallowed day,
Whose dawn shall rend that robe of fear away;
Then shall the torturing spells that midnight knew
Far in the cloven dells of Mount Meru,
Then shall the moan of frenzied hymns, that sighed
Down the dark vale where Gunga's waters glide,
Then shall the idol chariot's thunder cease
Before the steps of them that publish peace.
Already are they heard,—how fair, how fleet,
Along the mountains flash their bounding feet!
Disease and death before their presence fly;
Truth calls, and gladdened India hears the cry,
Deserts the darkened path her fathers trod,
And seeks redemption from the Incarnate God.

THE SCYTHIAN GUEST.

WHEN the master of a Scythian family died he was placed in his state chariot, and carried to visit every one of his blood relations. Each of them gave him and his attendants a splendid feast at which the dead man sat at the head of the table, and a piece of everything was put on his plate. In the morning he continued his circuit. This round of visits generally occupied nearly forty days, and he was never buried till the whole number had elapsed. I have taken him at about six days old when a little phosphoric light might play about his skin in the dark, and yet the corruption would not, in a cool country, have made anything shapeless or decidedly unpleasant.—See HERODOTUS, *Melpomene*, 73.

I.

THE feast is full, the guests are gay,
 Though at his lance-illumined door
 Still must the anxious master stay,
 For, by the echoing river shore,
 He hears the hot and hurrying beat
 Of harnessed horse's flying feet,
 And waits to watch and yearns to greet
 The coming of the brave.
 Behold—like showers of silver sleet,
 His lines of lances wind and wave:
 He comes as he was wont to ride
 By Hypanis' war troubled tide,
 When, like the west wind's sternest stoop,
 Was the strength of his tempestuous troop,
 And when their dark steeds' shadows swift
 Had crossed the current's foamless drift,
 The light of the river grew dazzled and dim,
 With the flash of the hair and the flight of the limb.

II.

He comes—urged on by shout and lash,
 His favorite courser flies;

There's frenzy in its drooping dash,
 And sorrow in its eyes.
 Close on its hoofs the chariots crash,
 Their shook reins ring—their axles flash—
 The charioteers are wild and rash;
 Panting and cloven the swift air feels
 The red breath of the whirling wheels,
 Hissing with heat, and drunk with speed
 Of wild delight, that seems to feed
 Upon the fire of its own flying
 Yet he for whom they race is lying
 Motionless in his chariot, and still
 Like one of weak desire or fettered will.
 Is it the sun-lulled sleep of weariness
 That weighs upon him? Lo! there is no stress
 Of slumber on his eyelids—some slow trance,
 Seems dwelling on the darkness of his glance;
 Its depth is quiet, and its keenness cold
 As an angel's quenched with lightning, the close fold
 Of his strong arms is listless, like the twine
 Of withered weeds along the waving line
 Of flowing streams; and o'er his face a strange
 Deep shadow is cast, which doth not move nor change.

III

At the known gate the coursers check,
 With panting breast and lowly neck;
 From kingly group, from menial crowd,
 The cry of welcome rings aloud:
 It was not wont to be so weak,—
 Half a shout and half a shriek,
 Mixed with the low yet penetrating quiver
 Of constrained voices, such as creep
 Into cold words, when, dim and deep
 Beneath, the wild heart's death-like shiver
 Mocks at the message that the lips deliver.

IV.

Doth he not hear? Will he not wake?
 That shout of welcome did not break,
 Even for an instant, on the trace
 Of the dark shadow o'er his face.
 Behold, his slaves in silence lift
 That frame so strong, those limbs so swift,
 Like a sick child's; though half erect
 He rose when first his chariot checked,
 He fell—as leaves fall on the spot
 Where summer sun shall waken not
 The mingling of their veined sensation,
 With the black earth's wormy desolation.
 With stealthy tread, like those that dread
 To break the peace of sorrow's slumber,
 They move, whose martial force he led,
 Whose arms his passive limbs encumber:
 Through passage and port, through corridor and court,
 They hold their dark, slow-trodden track;
 Beneath that crouching figure's scowl
 The household dogs hang wildly back,
 With wrinkled lip and hollow howl;
 And on the mien of those they meet,
 Their presence passes like the shadow
 Of the gray storm-cloud's swirling sheet,
 Along some soft sun-lighted meadow;
 For those who smiled before they met,
 Have turned away to smile no more;
 Even as they pass, their lips forget
 The words they wove—the hues they wore;
 Even as they look, the eyes grow wet
 That glanced most bright before!

V.

The feast is ranged, the guests are met;
 High on the central throne

That dark and voiceless Lord is set,
And left alone;
And the revel is loud among the crowd,
As the laugh on surges free,
Of their merry and multitudinous lips,
When the fiery foamlight skims and skips,
Along the sounding sea.
The wine is red and wildly shed,
The wreathèd jest is gayly sped,
And the rush of their merriment rises aloof
Into the shade of the ringing roof;
And yet their cheeks look faint and dead,
And their lips look pale and dry;
In every heart there dwells a dread,
And a trouble in every eye.

VI.

For sternly charmed, or strangely chill,
That lonely Lord sits stiff and still,
Far in the chamber gathered back
Where the lamps are few, and the shadows black;
So that the strained eye scarce can guess
At the fearful form of his quietness,
And shrinks from what it cannot trace,
Yet feels, is worse than even the error
That veils, within that ghastly space,
The shrouded form and shadowed face
Of indistinct, unmoving terror.
And the life and light of the atmosphere
Are choked with mingled mist and fear,
Something half substance and half thought,—
A feeling, visibly inwrought
Into the texture of the air;
And though the fanned lamps flash and flare
Among the other guests—by Him,
They have grown narrow, and blue, and dim,

And steady in their fire, as if
 Some frigid horror made them stiff.
 Nor eye hath marked, nor ear hath heard
 That form, if once it breathed or stirred;
 Though the dark revel's forcèd fits
 Penetrate where it sleeps and sits;
 But this, their fevered glances mark
 Ever, forever, calm and dark;
 With lifeless hue, and changeless trace,
 That shadow dwells upon his face.

VII.

It is not pain, nor passion, but a deep
 Incorporated darkness, like the sleep
 Of the lead-colored anger of the ocean,
 When the heaven is fed with death, and its grey motion
 Over the waves, invisible—it seems
 Entangled with the flesh, till the faint gleams
 Of natural flush have withered like the light
 Of the keen morning, quenched with the close flight
 Of thunder; and beneath that deadly veil,
 The coldness of the under-skin is pale
 And ghastly, and transparent as beneath
 Some midnight's vapor's intertwined wreath
 Glares the green moonlight; and a veined fire
 Seems throbbing through it, like a dim desire
 Felt through inanimation, of charmed life
 Struggling with strong sick pants of beaming strife,
 That wither and yet warm not:—through its veins,
 The quenched blood beats not, burns not, but dark stains
 Of congealed blackness, on the cheek and brow,
 Lie indistinct amidst their frightful shade;
 The breathless lips, like two thin flakes of snow,
 Gleam with wan lines, by some past agony made
 To set into the semblance of a smile,
 Such as strong-hearted men wear wildly, while

Their souls are twined with torture; calm and fixed,
 And yet distorted, as it could not be,
 Had not the chill with which it froze been mixed
 With twitching cords of some strong agony.
 And the white teeth gleam through the ghastly chasm
 Of that strange smile; close clenched, as the last spasm
 Of the wrung nerves has knit them; could they move,
 They would gnash themselves to pieces; from above
 The veiling shadow of the forehead falls,
 Yet with an under-glare the fixèd balls
 Of the dark eyes gleam steadily, though not
 With any inward light, or under-thought,
 But casting back from their forgetful trance,
 To each who looks, the flash of his own glance;
 So that each feels, of all assembled there,
 Fixed on himself, that strange and meaning glare
 Of eyes most motionless; the long dark hair
 Hangs tangled o'er the faded feature's gloom,
 Like withered weeds above a mouldering tomb,
 Matted in black decay; the cold night air
 Hath stirred them once or twice, even as despair
 Plays with the heart's worn chords, that last retain
 Their sense of sorrow, and their pulse of pain.

VIII.

Yet strike, oh! strike the chorded shell,
 And let the notes be low and skilled;
 Perchance the words he loved so well
 May thrill as once they thrilled.
 That deadened ear may still be true
 To the soft voice that once it knew;
 And the throbs that beat below the heart,
 And the joys that burn above,
 Shall bid the light of laughter dart
 Along the lips of love.
 Alas! those tones are all untold
 On ear and heart so closed and cold;

The slumber shall be sound,—the night,—how long!
 That will not own the power of smile or song;
 Those lips of love may burn, his eyes are dim;
 That voice of joy may wake, but not for him.

IX.

The rushing wine, the rose's flush,
 Have crowned the goblet's glancing brim;
 But who shall call the blossom's blush,
 Or bid the goblet flow for him?
 For how shall thirst or hunger's heat
 Attend the sunless track,
 Towards the cool and calm retreat,
 From which his courser's flashing feet
 Can never bear him back?
 There, by the cold corpse-guarded hill,
 The shadows fall both broad and still;
 There shall they fall at night,—at noon,
 Nor own the day-star's warning,
 Gray shades, that move not with the moon,
 And perish not with morning.

X.

Farewell, farewell, thou presence pale!
 The bed is stretched where thou shouldst be;
 The dawn may lift its crimson veil,
 It doth not breathe, nor burn for thee.
 The mien of might, the glance of light,
 That checked or cheered the war's career,
 Are dreadless in the fiery fight,
 Are dreadful only here.
 Exulting hatred, red and rife,
 May smile to mark thine altered brow;
 There are but those who loved in life,
 Who fear thee, now.

Farewell, farewell, thou Presence pale!
 The couch is near where thou shouldst be;
 Thy troops of Death have donned their mail,
 And wait and watch for thee.

 TO ADELE.

I.

THAT slow and heavy bell hath knolled,
 Like thunder o'er a shoreless sea;
 I have not heard it, since it told
 The hour that bore me back to thee:
 The hour whose wings had lulled me long,
 When hope was cold and grief was strong;
 Whose kindness ever came, to keep
 The shade of sorrow from my sleep,
 And mocked my dreams, but, wild and far,
 Departed with the Morning star,—
 Yet came at last. That lonely bell
 Had waked me with its measured knell;
 And though my soul, in its awaking
 From dreams of thee, is always chill,
 I knew that hour, their brightness breaking,
 Had scattered only to fulfil.
 And through my trembling spirit sent,
 The billowy echoes quivering went,
 As the swift throb of morning breaks
 Through the thin rain-cloud's folded flakes;
 Even as, that hour, it beamed above
 The azure of the expanded plains,
 And filled the heaven with light, like love,
 And kindled through its azure veins,
 As the keen joy through mine:
 I knew, that ere those purple stains

Of heaven should see the sun's decline,
 And melt along the western sea,
 A brighter sun should rise for me.

II.

And it hath risen,—and it hath set,
 The glory and the tone
 Of twilight have scarce passed, and yet
 I have been long alone.
 It is for those who can forget,
 So that the path of time they tread
 Is strewn with pangs and passions dead,
 To trace their periods of weak pain
 By the cold shadows, that reveal not
 What once they felt—what now they feel not.
 To those, with whom the linkèd chain
 Of days and years can never press
 Upon their unforgetfulness,
 An hour may be as long,
 When its keen thoughts are dark and swift,
 And when its pangs are strong
 As the onward, undistinguished drift,
 Of the calm years, that still retain
 One hope, one passion, and one pain.

III.

That sun hath risen—that sun hath set,
 And though the dim night is not yet
 So lifeless or so dark, for me,
 As it hath been—as it shall be,
 There's that of dew and chillness thrown
 Across my thoughts and brow,
 Whose inward meaning none have known,
 Not even thou—
 Thou—for whose sake that brow is dark,
 Whose constant pang thou canst not mark.

Alas! if pity be a pain,
 I would not wish thee once to see
 How much the distant feel for thee,
 And feel in vain.

IV.

It strikes again, that measured chime;
 Hark! its cold vibrations climb
 Heavily up the slope of night;
 And lo! how quiverings of keen light
 Along the starlit waters follow
 Those undulations hoarse and hollow,
 That move among the tufted trees
 That crown yon eastern hill,
 Which midnight frees from bird and breeze,
 Bidding their leaves lie still.
 There—deply, softly, charmed and checked,
 They pass the pile with slower swelling,
 Where, wildly wrung or early wrecked,
 Pure heart and piercing intellect
 Now keep their unattended dwelling;
 And sorrow's sob and frenzy's shriek
 Are calm beneath their cadence weak;
 And torture tamed, and grief beguiled,
 Have turned have listened, and have smiled.

V.

My own quick thoughts, which were as wild,
 Have sunk at once, I know not why,—
 Not less sad, but far more mild,
 As these low sounds float by;
 Low sounds, that seem the passing bell
 For the swift and dark-eyed hours, whose rushing
 Around the earth was fraught with flushing,
 Kindled by the entrancing spell
 That breathed of thee,

When from thy lips and from thy presence fell
 The stream of light, of melody,
 That on their wings did glow and dwell,
 Till each was faint with his own ecstasy.
 And they are dead,—cold and dead;
 Yet in the light of their own beauty lying,
 That light, which is alone undimmed, undying,
 When for all else the shroud is spread,—
 Imperishable, though so pale,
 It burns beneath the moveless veil,
 That o'er their beauty and their breath
 Hath cast a guise and charm of death:
 A guise how false!—a charm how vain!
 For each of the departing train
 Drank, as it passed, beholding Thee,
 First joy—then Immortality.

THE LAST SONG OF ARION.

ὦ ληΐας μόνον ἀηδόνος

. . . κύκνου δίκην

τόν ὕστατον μέλψασα φανάσιμον γόνον.

THE circumstances which led to the introduction of Arion to his Dolphin are differently related by Herodotus and Lucian. Both agree that he was a musician of the highest order, born at Methymna, in the island of Lesbos, and that he acquired fame and fortune at the court of Periander of Corinth. Herodotus affirms that he became desirous of seeing Italy and Sicily, and having made a considerable fortune in those countries, hired a Corinthian vessel to take him back to Corinth. When halfway over the gulf the mariners conceived the idea of seizing the money and throwing the musician into the sea.

Arion started several objections, but finding that they were overruled, requested that he might be permitted to sing them a song.

Permission being granted he wreathed himself and his harp with flowers, sang, says Lucian, in the sweetest way in the world, and leaped into the sea.

The historian proceeds with less confidence to state that a dolphin carried him safe ashore. Lucian agrees with this account except in one particular: he makes no mention of the journey to Sicily, and supposes Arion to have been returning from Corinth to his native Lesbos when the attack was made on him. I have taken him to Sicily with Herodotus, but prefer sending him straight home. He is more interesting returning to his country than paying his respects at the court of Corinth.

I.

Look not upon me thus impatiently,
 Ye children of the deep;
 My fingers fail, and tremble as they try
 To stir the silver sleep with song,
 Which, underneath the surge ye sweep,
 These lulled and listless chords must keep—
 Alas—how long!

II.

The salt sea wind has touched my harp; its thrill
 Follows the passing plectrum, low and chill;

Woe for the wakened pulse of Ocean's breath,
 That injures these with silence—me with death.
 Oh! wherefore stirred the wind on Pindus' chain,
 When joyful morning called me to the main?
 Flashed the keen oars—our canvas filled and free,
 Shook like white fire along the purple sea;
 Fast from the helm the shattering surges flew,
 Pale gleamed our path along their cloven blue;
 And orient path, wild wind and purple wave,
 Pointed and urged and guided—to the grave.

III.

Ye winds! by far Methymna's steep,
 I loved your voices long,
 And gave your spirits power to keep
 Wild syllables of song.
 When, folded in the crimson shade
 That veils Olympus' cloud-like whiteness,
 The slumber of your life was laid
 In the lull of its own lightness,
 Poised on the voiceless ebb and flow
 Of the beamy-billowed summer snow,
 Still at my call ye came—
 Through the thin wreaths of undulating flame
 That, panting in their heavenly home,
 With crimson shadows flush the foam
 Of Adramyttium, round the ravined hill,
 Awakened with one deep and living thrill;
 Ye came and, with your steep descent,
 The hollow forests waved and bent,
 Their leaf-lulled echoes caught the winding call.
 Through incensed glade and rosy dell,
 Mixed with the breath-like pause and swell
 Of waters following in eternal fall,
 In azure waves, that just betray
 The music quivering in their spray,
 Beneath its silent seven-fold arch of day;

High in pale precipices hung
 The lifeless rocks of rigid marble rung,
 Waving the cedar crests along their brows sublime;
 Swift ocean heard beneath, and flung
 His tranced and trembling waves in measured time
 Along his golden sands with faintly falling chime.

IV.

Alas! had ye forgot the joy I gave,
 That ye did hearken to my call this day?
 Oh! had ye slumbered—when your sleep could save,
 I would have fed you with sweet sound for aye;
 Now ye have risen to bear my silent soul away.

V.

I heard ye murmur through the Etnæn caves,
 When joyful dawn had touched the topmost dome,
 I saw ye light along the mountain waves
 Far to the east, your beacon fires of foam,
 And deemed ye rose to bear your weary minstrel home.
 Home? it shall be that home indeed,
 Where tears attend and shadows lead
 The steps of man's return;
 Home! woe is me, no home I need,
 Except the urn.
 Behold—beyond these billows' flow,
 I see Methymna's mountains glow;
 Long, long desired, their peaks of light
 Flash on my sickened soul and sight,
 And heart and eye almost possess
 Their vales of long-lost pleasantness;
 But eye and heart, before they greet
 That land, shall cease to burn and beat.
 I see, between the sea and land,
 The winding belt of golden sand;

But never may my footsteps reach
 The brightness of that Lesbian beach,
 Unless, with pale and listless limb,
 Stretched by the water's utmost brim,
 Naked, beneath my native sky,
 With bloodless brow, and darkened eye,
 An unregarded ghastly heap,
 For bird to tear, and surge to sweep,
 Too deadly calm—too coldly weak
 To reckon of billow, or of beak.

VI.

My native isle! When I have been
 Reft of my love, and far from thee
 My dreams have traced, my soul hath seen
 Thy shadow on the sea,
 And waked in joy, but not to seek
 Thy winding strand, or purple peak.
 For strand and peak had waned away
 Before the desolating day,
 On Aero-Corinth redly risen,
 That burned above Ægina's bay,
 And laughed upon my palace prison.
 How soft on other eyes it shone,
 When light, and land, were all their own!
 I looked across the eastern brine,
 I knew *that* morning was not mine.

VII.

But thou art near me now, dear isle!
 And I can see the lightning smile
 By thy broad beach, that flashes free
 Along the pale lips of the sea.
 Near, nearer, louder, breaking, beating,
 The billows fall with ceaseless shower;

It comes,—dear isle!—our hour of meeting—

Oh God! across the soft eyes of the hour
Is thrown a black and blinding veil;
Its steps are swift, its brow is pale,
Before its face, behold—there stoop,
From their keen wings, a darkening troop
Of forms like unto it—that fade
Far in unfathomable shade,
Confused, and limitless, and hollow,
It comes, but there are none that follow,—
It pauses, as they paused, but not

Like them to pass away,
For I must share its shadowy lot,
And walk with it, where, wide and grey,
That caverned twilight chokes the day,
And, underneath the horizon's starless line,
Shall drink, like feeble dew, its life and mine.

VIII.

Farewell, sweet harp! for lost and quenched
Thy swift and sounding fire shall be;
And these faint lips be mute and blenched,
That once so fondly followed thee.
Oh! deep within the winding shell
The slumbering passions haunt and dwell,
As memories of its ocean tomb
Still gush within its murmuring gloom;
But closed the lips and faint the fingers
Of fiery touch, and woven words,
To rouse the flame that clings and lingers
Along the loosened chords.
Farewell! thou silver-sounding lute,
I must not wake thy wildness more,
When I and thou lie dead, and mute,
Upon the hissing shore.

IX

The sounds I summon fall and roll
 In waves of memory o'er my soul;
 And there are words I should not hear,
 That murmur in my dying ear,
 Distant all, but full and clear,
 Like a child's footstep in its fear,
 Falling in Colonos' wood
 When the leaves are sere;
 And waves of black, tumultuous blood
 Heave and gush about my heart,
 Each a deep and dismal mirror
 Flashing back its broken part
 Of visible, and changeless terror;
 And fiery foam-globes leap and shiver
 Along that crimson, living river:
 Its surge is hot, its banks are black,
 And weak, wild thoughts that once were bright,
 And dreams, and hopes of dead delight,
 Drift on its desolating track,
 And lie along its shore:
 Oh! who shall give that brightness back,
 Or those lost hopes restore?
 Or bid that light of dreams be shed
 On the glazed eyeballs of the dead?
 The lonely search of love may cease,
 Bourned by the side of earthly graves;
 But sorrow finds no place of peace
 Amidst the wildly walking waves.
 Oh! many a thought my soul has sent,
 And many a wild and yearning dream—
 They seem to tread, with steps intent,
 Their hopeless haunt of long lament;
 Beside the shore of Cynosseme,
 The bright oars beat by the sea-swan's roost;
 They are waked with the cry of the keen keleust,

But the life of the earth, and the smile of the sky,
Are above a cold heart and a lusterless eye.

X.

That light of dreams! my soul hath cherished
One dream too fondly, and too long;
Hope—dread—desire—delight have perished,
And every thought whose voice was strong
To curb the heart to good or wrong;
But that sweet dream is with me still
Like the shade of an eternal hill,
Cast on a calm and narrow lake,
That hath no room except for it—and heaven:
It doth not leave me, nor forsake;
And often with my soul hath striven
To quench or calm its worst distress,
Its silent sense of loneliness.

And must it leave me now?

Alas! dear lady, where my steps must tread,
What veils the echo or the glow
That word can leave, or smile can shed,
Among the soundless, lifeless dead?
Soft o'er my brain the lulling dew shall fall,
While I sleep on, beneath the heavy sea,
Coldly,—I shall not hear though thou shouldst call.
Deeply,—I shall not dream,—not e'en of thee.

XI.

And when my thoughts to peace depart
Beneath the unpeaceful foam,
Wilt thou remember him, whose heart
Hath ceased to be thy home?
Nor bid thy breast its love subdue
For one no longer fond nor true;
Thine ears have heard a treacherous tale,
My words were false,—my faith was frail.

I feel the grasp of death's white hand
 Laid heavy on my brow,
 And from the brain those fingers brand,
 The chords of memory drop like sand,
 And faint in muffled murmurs die,
 The passionate word, the fond reply,
 The deep redoubled vow.
 Oh! dear Ismene flushed and bright,
 Although thy beauty burn,
 It cannot wake to love's delight
 The crumbling ashes quenched and white,
 Nor pierce the apathy of night
 Within the marble urn:
 Let others wear the chains I wore,
 And worship at the unhonored shrine—
 For me, the chain is strong no more,
 No more the voice divine:
 Go forth, and look on those that live,
 And robe thee with the love they give,
 But think no more of mine;
 Or think of all that pass thee by,
 With heedless heart and unveiled eye,
 That none can love thee less than I.

XII.

Farewell! but do not grieve; thy pain
 Would seek me where I sleep;
 Thy tears would pierce like rushing rain,
 The stillness of the deep.
 Remember, if thou wilt, but do not weep.
 Farewell, beloved hills, and native isle.
 Farewell to earth's delight, to heaven's smile;
 Farewell to sounding air, to purple sea;
 Farewell to light,—to life,—to love,—to thee!

THE BROKEN CHAIN.

PART FIRST

I.

IT is most sad to see—to know
This world so full of war and woe,
E'er since our parents failing duty
Bequeathed the curse to all below,
And left the burning breach of beauty.
Where the flower hath fairest hue,
Where the breeze hath balmiest breath,
Where the dawn hath softest dew,
Where the heaven hath deepest blue,
There is death.
Where the gentle streams of thinking,
Through our hearts that flow so free,
Have the deepest, softest sinking
And the fullest melody;
Where the crown of hope is nearest,
Where the voice of joy is clearest,
Where the heart of youth is lightest,
Where the light of love is brightest,
There is death.

II.

It is the hour when day's delight
Fadeth in the dewy sorrow
Of the star inwoven night;
And the red lips of the west
Are in smiles of lightning drest,
Speaking of a lovely morrow:
But there's an eye in which, from far,
The chill beams of the evening star

Do softly move, and mildly quiver;
 Which, ere the purple mountains meet
 The light of morning's misty feet,
 Will be dark—and dark forever.

III.

It was within a convent old,
 Through her lips the low breath sighing,
 Which the quick pains did unfold
 With a paleness calm, but cold,
 Lay a lovely lady dying.
 As meteors from the sunless north
 Through long low clouds illumine the air,
 So brightly shone her features forth
 Amidst her darkly tangled hair;
 And, like a spirit, still and slow,
 A light beneath that raven veil
 Moved,—where the blood forgot to glow,
 As moonbeams shine on midnight snow,
 So dim,—so sad,—so pale.
 And, ever as the death came nearer,
 That melancholy light waxed clearer:
 It rose, it shone, it never dwindled,
 As if in death it could not die;
 The air was filled with it, and kindled
 As souls are by sweet agony.
 Where once the life was rich and red,
 The burning lip was dull and dead,
 As crimson cloud-streaks melt away,
 Before a ghastly darkened day.
 Faint and low the pulses faded,
 One by one, from brow to limb;
 There she lay—her dark eyes shaded
 By her fingers dim;
 And through their paly brightness burning
 With a wild inconstant motion,

As reflected stars of morning
 Through the crystal foam of ocean.
 There she lay—like something holy,
 Moveless—voiceless, breathing slowly,
 Passing, withering, fainting, failing,
 Lulled and lost and unbewailing.

IV.

The abbess knelt beside, to bless
 Her parting hour with tenderness,
 And watched the light of life depart,
 With tearful eye and weary heart;
 And, ever and anon, would dip
 Her fingers in the hallowed water,
 And lay it on her parched lip,
 Or cross her death-damped brow;
 And softly whisper,—Peace,—my daughter,
 For thou shalt slumber softly now.
 And upward held, with pointing finger,
 The cross before her darkening eye;
 Its glance was changing, nor did linger
 Upon the ebon and ivory;
 Her lips moved feebly, and the air
 Between them whispered—not with prayer!
 Oh! who shall know what wild and deep
 Imaginations rouse from sleep,
 Within that heart, whose quick decay
 So soon shall sweep them all away.
 Oh! who shall know what things they be
 That tongue would tell—that glance doth see;
 Which rouse the voice, the vision fill,
 Ere eye be dark, and tongue be still.

V.

It is most fearful when the light
 Of thoughts, all beautiful and bright,

That through the heart's illumination
 Darts burning beams and fiery flashes,
 Fades into weak wan animation,
 And darkens into dust and ashes;
 And hopes, that to the heart have been
 As to the forest is its green,
 (Or as the gentle passing by
 Of its spirits' azure wings
 Is to the broad, wind-wearied sky);
 Do pale themselves like fainting things,
 And wither, one by one, away,
 Leaving a ghastly silence where
 Their voice was wont to move and play
 Amidst the fibers of our feeling,
 Like the low and unseen stealing
 Of the soft and sultry air;
 That, with its fingers weak unweaves
 The dark and intertangled hair
 Of many moving forest leaves;
 And, though their life be lost do float,
 Around us still, yet far remote,
 And come at the call arranged,
 By the same thoughts, but oh, how changed!
 Alas! dead hopes are fearful things,
 To dwell around us, for their eyes
 Pierce through our souls like adder stings;
 Vampire-like their troops arise,
 Each in his own death entranced,
 Frozen and corpse-countenanced;
 Filling memory's maddened eye
 With a shadowed mockery,
 And a wan and fevered vision,
 Of her loved and lost Elysian;
 Until we hail, and love, and bless
 The last strange joy, where joy hath fled,
 The last one hope, where hope is dead;
 The finger of forgetfulness;

Which, dark as night, and dull as lead,
 Comes across the spirit passing
 Like a coldness through night air,
 With its withering wings effacing
 Thoughts that lived or lingered there;
 Light, and life, and joy, and pain,
 Till the frozen heart rejoices,
 As the echoes of lost voices
 Die and do not rise again;
 And shadowy memories wake no more
 Along the heart's deserted shore;
 But fall and faint away and sicken,
 Like a nation fever-stricken,
 And see not from the bosom reft
 The desolation they have left.

VI.

Yet, though that trance be still and deep,
 It will be broken ere its sleep
 Be dark and unawaked—forever;
 And from the soul quick thoughts will leap
 Forth like a sad, sweet-singing river,
 Whose gentle waves flow softly o'er
 That broken heart,—that desert shore;
 The lamp of life leaps up before
 Its light be lost to live no more;
 Ere yet its shell of clay be shattered,
 And all the beams at once could pour,
 In dust of death be darkly scattered.

VII.

Alas! the stander-by might tell
 That lady's racking thoughts too well;
 The work within he might descry
 By trembling brow, and troubled eye,

That as the lightning fiery, fierce,
 Strikes chasms along the keen ice plain;
 The barbed and burning memories pierce
 Her dark and dying brain.
 And many mingled visions swim
 Within the convent chamber dim;
 The sad twilight, whose lingering lines
 Fall faintly through the forest pines,
 And with their dusky radiance lume
 That lowly bed and lonely room,
 Are filled, before her earnest gaze,
 With dazzling dreams of by-gone days.
 They come, they come, a countless host,
 Forms long unseen, and looks long lost,
 And voices loved,—not well forgot,
 Awake and seem, with accents dim,
 Along the convent air to float;
 That innocent air that knoweth not,
 A sound except the vesper hymn.

VIII.

'Tis past, that rush of hurried thought,
 The light within her deep dark eye
 Was quenched by a wan tear mistily,
 Which trembled though it lightened not,
 As the cold peace, which all may share,
 Soothed the last sorrow life could bear.
 What grief was that, the broken heart
 Loved to the last, and would not part?
 What grief was that, whose calmness cold
 By death alone could be consoled?
 As the soft hand of coming rest
 Bowed her fair head upon her breast,
 As the last pulse decayed, to keep
 Her heart from heaving in its sleep,
 The silence of her voice was broken,

"May the faith thou hast forgotten
 Bind thee with its broken chain."
 As by a gasp of mental-pain;
 The abbess raised her, but in vain;
 For, as the last faint word was spoken,
 The silver cord was burst in twain,
 The golden bowl was broken.

PART SECOND.

I.

The bell from Saint Cecilia's shrine
 Had tolled the evening hour of prayer;
 With tremulation, far and fine,
 It waked the purple air:
 The peasant heard its distant beat,
 And crossed his brow with reverence meet:
 The maiden heard it sinking sweet
 Within her jasmine bower,
 And treading down, with silver feet,
 Each pale and passioned flower:
 The weary pilgrim, lowly lying
 By Saint Cecilia's fountain grey,
 Smiled to hear that curfew dying
 Down the darkening day:
 And where the white waves move and glisten
 Along the river's reedy shore,
 The lonely boatman stood to listen,
 Leaning on his lazy oar.

II.

On Saint Cecilia's vocal spire
 The sun had cast his latest fire,

And flecked the west with many a fold
 Of purple clouds o'er bars of gold.
 That vocal spire is all alone,
 Albeit its many winding tone
 Floats waste away—oh! far away,
 Where bowers are bright and fields are gay;
 That vocal spire is all alone,

Amidst a secret wilderness,
 With deep free forest overgrown;
 And purple mountains, which the kiss
 Of pale-lipped clouds doth fill with love
 Of the bright heaven that burns above.

The woods around are wild and wide,
 And interwove with breezy motion;
 Their bend before the tempest-tide

Is like the surge of shoreless ocean;
 Their summer voice is like the tread
 Of trooping steeds to battle bred;
 Their autumn voice is like the cry
 Of a nation clothed with misery;
 And the stillness of the winter's wood
 Is as the hush of a multitude.

III.

The banks beneath are flecked with light,
 All through the clear and crystal night;
 For as the blue heaven, rolling on,
 Doth lift the stars up one by one,
 Each, like a bright eye through its gates

Of silken lashes dark and long,
 With luster fills, and penetrates

Those branches close and strong;
 And nets of tangled radiance weaves
 Between the many twinkling leaves,

And through each small and verdant chasm
 Lets fall a flake of fire,

Till every leaf, with voiceful spasm,

Wakes like a golden lyre.

Swift, though still, the fiery thrill
Creeps along from spray to spray,

Light and music, mingled, fill
Every pulse of passioned breath,
Which, o'er the incense-sickened death
Of the faint flowers, that live by day,
Floats like a soul above the clay,
Whose beauty hath not passed away.

IV.

Hark! hark! along the twisted roof
Of bough and leafage, tempest proof,

There whispers, hushed and hollow,
The beating of a horse's hoof,

Which low, faint echoes follow,
Down the deeply-swarded floor

Of a forest aisle, the muffled tread,
Hissing where the leaves are dead,

Increases more and more;
And lo! between the leaves and light,

Up the avenue's narrow span,
There moves a blackness, shapèd like

The shadow of a man.

Nearer now, where through the maze
Cleave close the horizontal rays:

It moves—a solitary knight,
Borne with undulation light

As is the windless walk of ocean,
On a black steed's Arabian grace,

Mighty of mien, and proud of pace,
But modulate of motion.

O'er breast and limb, from head to heel,
Fall flexile folds of sable steel;

Little the lightning of war could avail,
If it glanced on the strength of the folded mail.

The beaver bars his visage mask,

By outward bearings unrevealed:
 He bears no crest upon his casque,
 No symbol on his shield.
 Slowly and with slackened rein,
 Either in sorrow, or in pain,
 Through the forest he paces on,
 As our life does in a desolate dream,
 When the heart and the limbs are as heavy as stone,
 And the remembered tone and moony gleam
 Of hushed voices and dead eyes
 Draw us on the dim path of shadowy destinies.

v.

The vesper chime hath ceased to beat,
 And the hill echoes to repeat
 The trembling of the argent bell.
 What second sounding—dead and deep,
 And cold of cadence, stirs the sleep
 Of twilight with its sullen swell?
 The knight drew bridle, as he heard
 Its voice creep through his beaver barred,
 Just where a cross of marble stood,
 Grey in the shadow of the wood.
 Whose youngest coppice, twined and torn,
 Concealed its access worship-worn:
 It might be chance—it might be art,
 Or opportune, or unconfessed,
 But from this cross there did depart
 A pathway to the west;
 By which a narrow glance was given,
 To the high hills and highest heaven,
 To the blue river's bended line,
 And Saint Cecilia's lonely shrine.

VI.

Blue, and baseless, and beautiful

Did the boundless mountains bear

Their folded shadows into the golden air.

The comfortlessness of their chasms was full

Of orient cloud and undulating mist,

Which, where their silver cataracts hissed,

Quivered with panting color. Far above

A lightning pulse of soundless fire did move

In the blue heaven itself, and, snake-like, slid

Round peak and precipice, and pyramid;

White lines of light along their crags alit,

And the cold lips of their chasms were wreathed with it,

Until they smiled with passionate fire; the sky

Hung over them with answering ecstasy;

Through its pale veins of cloud, like blushing blood,

From south to north the swift pulsation glowed

With infinite emotion; but it ceased

In the far chambers of the dewy west.

There the weak day stood withering, like a spirit

Which, in its dim departure, turns to bless

Their sorrow whom it leaveth, to inherit

Their lonely lot of night and nothingness.

Keen in its edge, against the farthest light,

The cold calm earth its black horizon lifted,

Though a faint vapor, which the winds had shifted

Like thin sea-sand, in undulations white

And multitudinous, veiled the lower stars.

And over this there hung successive bars

Of crimson mist, which had no visible ending

But in the eastern gloom; voiceless and still,

Illimitable in their arched extending,

They kept their dwelling place in heaven; the chill

Of the passing night-wind stirred them not; the ascending

Of the keen summer moon was marked by them

Into successive steps; the plenitude

Of pensive light was kindled and subdued
 Alternate, as her crescent keel did stem
 Those waves of currentless cloud; the diadem
 Of her companion planet near her, shed
 Keen quenchless splendor down the drowsy air;
 Glowed as she glowed, and followed where she led,
 High up the hill of the night heaven, where
 Thin threads of darkness, braided like black hair,
 Were in long trembling tresses interwoven,
 The soft blue eyes of the superior deep
 Looked through them, with the glance of those who cannot
 weep
 For sorrow. Here and there the veil was cloven,
 By crossing of faint winds, whose wings did keep
 Such cadence as the breath of dreamless sleep
 Among the stars, and soothed with strange delight
 The vain vacuity of the Infinite.

VII.

Stiff as stone, and still as death,
 Stood the knight like one amazed,
 And dropped his rein, and held his breath;
 So anxiously he gazed.
 Oh! well might such a scene and sun
 Surprise the sudden sight,
 And yet his mien was more of one
 In dread than in delight.
 His glance was not on heaven or hill,
 On cloud or lightning, swift or still,
 On azure earth or orient air;
 But long his fixèd look did lie
 On one bright line of western sky,—
 What saw he there?

VIII.

On the brow of a lordly line
 Of chasm-divided crag, there stood

The walls of Saint Cecilia's shrine.

Above the undulating wood
Broad basalt bulwarks, stern and stiff,
Ribbed, like black bones, the grisly cliff.

On the torn summit stretched away
The convent walls, tall, old, and gray;
So strong their ancient size did seem,

So stern their mountain seat,
Well might the passing pilgrim deem

Such desperate dwelling-place more meet
For soldier true, or baron bold,
For army's guard or bandit's hold,
Than for the rest, deep, calm, and cold,
Of those whose tale of troublous life is told.

IX.

The topmost tower rose, narrow and tall,
O'er the broad mass of crag and wall;
Against the streak of western light

It raised its solitary height.
Just above, nor far aloof,

From the cross upon its roof,
Sat a silver star.

The low clouds drifting fast and far,
Gave, by their own mocking loss,
Motion to the star and cross.

Even the black tower was stirred below
To join the dim, mysterious march,

The march so strangely slow.

Near its top an opening arch
Let through a passage of pale sky
Inclosed with stern captivity;

And in its hollow height there hung,
From a black bar, a brazen bell:

Its hugeness was traced clear and well

The slanting rays among.
Ever and anon it swung

Halfway round its whirling wheel;
 Back again, with rocking reel,
 Lazily its length was flung,
 Till brazen lip and beating tongue
 Met once, with unrepeated peal,
 Then paused;—until the winds could feel
 The weight of the wide sound that clung
 To their inmost spirit, like the appeal
 Of startling memories, strangely strung,
 That point to pain, and yet conceal.
 Again with single sway it rung,
 And the black tower beneath could feel
 The undulating tremor steal
 Through its old stones, with long shiver,
 The wild woods felt it creep and quiver
 Through their thick leaves and hushèd air,
 As fear creeps through a murderer's hair.
 And the gray reeds beside the river,
 In the moonlight meek and mild,
 Moved like spears when war is wild.

x.

And still the knight like statue stood,
 In the arched opening of the wood:
 Slowly still the brazen bell
 Marked its modulated knell;
 Heavily, heavily, one by one,
 The dull strokes gave their thunder tone.
 So long the pause between was led,
 Ere one rose the last was dead—
 Dead and lost by hollow and hill
 Again, again, it gathered still;
 Ye who hear, peasant or peer,
 By all you hope and all you fear,
 Lowly now be heart and knee,
 Meekly be your orison said

For the body in its agony,
And the spirit in its dread.

XI.

Reverent as a cowlèd monk
The knight before the cross had sunk;
Just as he bowed his helmless head,
Twice the bell struck faint and dead,
And ceased. Hill, valley, and winding shore
The rising roll received no more.
His lips were weak, his words were low,
A paleness came across his brow;
He started to his feet, in fear
Of something that he seemed to hear.
Was it the west wind that did feign
Articulation strange and vain?
Vainly with thine ear thou warrest:
Lo! it comes, it comes again!
Through the dimly woven forest
Comes the cry of one in pain—
“May the faith thou hast forgotten
Bind thee with its broken chain.”

 PART THIRD.

I.

On gray Amboise' rocks and keep.
The early shades of evening sleep,
And veils of mist, white-folded, fall
Round his long range of iron wall;
O'er the last line of withering light
The quick bats cut with angled flight,
And the low-breathing fawns that rest
The twilight forest through,

Each on his starry flank and stainless breast
 Can feel the coolness of the dew
 Soothing his sleep with heavenly weight.
 Who are these who tread so late
 Beyond Amboise's castle gate,
 And seek the garden shade?
 The flowers are closed, the paths are dark,
 Their marble guards look stern and stark,
 The birds are still, the leaves are stayed,
 On windless bough, and sunless glade.
 Ah! who are these that walk so late,
 Beyond Amboise's castle gate?

II.

Steep down the river's margin sink
 The gardens of Amboise,
 And all their inmost thickets drink
 The wide, low water-voice.
 By many a bank whose blossoms shrink
 Amidst sweet herbage young and cold,
 Through many an arch and avenue,
 That noontide roofs with checkered blue
 And paves with fluctuating gold,
 Pierced by a thousand paths that guide
 Gray echo-haunted rocks beside,
 And into caves of cool recess,
 Which ever-falling fountains dress
 With emerald veils, dashed deep in dew,
 And through dim thickets that subdue
 The crimson light of flowers afar,
 As sweet rain doth the sunset, decked
 Themselves with many a living star,
 Which music-wingèd bees detect
 By the white rays and ceaseless odor shed
 Over the scattered leaves that every day lays dead.

III.

But who are these that pass so late
 Beneath Amboise's echoing gate,
 And seek the sweet path, poplar-shaded,
 By breeze and moonbeam uninvaded?
 They are two forms, that move like one,
 Each to the music of the other's lips,
 The cold night thrilling with the tone
 Of their low words—the gray eclipse,
 Cast from the tangled boughs above.
 Their dark eyes penetrate with love;
 Two forms, one crested, calm, and proud,
 Yet with bowed head, and gentle ear inclining
 To her who moves as in a sable cloud
 Of her own waving hair—the star-flowers shining
 Through its soft waves, like planets when they keep
 Reflected watch beneath the sunless deep.

IV.

Her brow is pure and pale, her eyes
 Deep as the unfathomed sky,
 Her lips, from which the sweet words rise
 Like flames from incensed sacrifice,
 Quiver with untold thoughts, that lie
 Burning beneath their crimson glow,
 As mute and deathless lightnings sleep
 At sunset, where the dyes are deep
 On Rosa's purple snow;
 She moves all beautiful and bright,
 With little in that form of light
 To set the seal of mortal birth,
 Or own her earthy—of the earth,
 Unless it be one strange quick trace
 That checks the glory of her face,
 A wayward meaning, dimly shed,
 A shadow, scarcely felt, ere fled;

A spot upon the brow, a spark
 Under those eyes subdued and dark;
 A low short discord in the tone
 Of music round her being thrown;
 A mystery more conceived than seen;
 A wildness of the word and mien;
 The sign of wilder work within,
 Which may be sorrow—must be sin.

v.

Slowly they moved that knight and dame,
 Where hanging thickets quench and tame
 The river's flash and cry;
 Mellowed among the leafage came
 Its thunder voice—its flakes of flame
 Drifting undisturbing by,
 Sunk to a twilight and a sigh.
 Their path was o'er the entangled rest
 Of dark night-flowers that underneath
 Their feet as their dim bells were pressed,
 Sent up warm pulses of soft breath.
 Ranged in sepulchral ranks above,
 Gray spires of shadowy cypress clove,
 With many a shaft of sacred gloom,
 The evening heaven's mysterious dome;
 Slowly above their columns keen
 Rolled on its path that starred serene;
 A thousand fountains soundless flow
 With imaged azure moved below;
 And through the grove and o'er the tide
 Pale forms appeared to watch, to glide,
 O'er whose faint limbs the evening sky
 Had cast like life its crimson dye;
 Was it not life—so bright—so weak—
 That flushed the bloodless brow and cheek,

And bade the lips of wreathed stone
 Kindle to all but breath and tone?
 It moved—it heaved—that stainless breast!
 Ah! what can break such marble rest?
 It was a shade that passed—a shade,
 It was not bird nor bough that made,
 Nor dancing leaf, nor falling fruit,
 For where it moves—that shadow, gray and chill,
 The birds are lulled—the leaves are mute—
 The air is cold and still.

VI.

Slowly they moved, that dame and knight,
 As one by one the stars grew bright;
 Fondly they moved—they did not mark
 They had a follower strange and dark.
 Just where the leaves their feet disturbed
 Sunk from their whispering tune,
 (It seemed beneath a fear that curbed
 Their motion very soon),
 A shadow fell upon them, cast
 By a less visible form that passed
 Between them and the moon.
 Was it a fountain's falling shiver?
 It moveth on—it will not stay—
 Was it a mist wreath of the river?
 The mist hath melted all away,
 And the risen moon is full and clear,
 And the moving shadow is marked and near.
 See! where the dead leaves felt it pass,
 There are footsteps left on the bended grass—
 Footsteps as of an armèd heel,
 Heavy with links of burning steel.

VII.

Fondly they moved, that dame and knight,
 By the gliding river's billow light.

Their lips were mute, their hands were given,
 Their hearts did hardly stir;
 The maid had raised her eyes to heaven,
 But his were fallen on her.
 They did not heed, they did not fear
 That follower strange that trod so near,
 An armèd form whose cloudy mail
 Flashed as it moved with radiance pale;
 So gleams the moonlit torrent through
 It's glacier's deep transparent blue;
 Quivering and keen its steps of pride
 Shook the sheathed lightning at its side,
 And waved its dark and drifted plume,
 Like fires that haunt the unholy tomb
 Where cursed with crime the mouldering dead,
 Lie restless in their robes of lead.
 What eye shall seek, what soul can trace
 The deep death-horror of its face?
 The trackless, livid smile that played
 Beneath the casque's concealing shade;
 The angered eye's unfathomed glare,
 (So sleep the fountains of despair,
 Beneath the soul whose sins unseal
 The wells of all it fears to feel.)
 The sunk, unseen, all-seeing gloom,
 Scarred with the ravage of the tomb,
 The passions that made life their prey,
 Fixed on the feature's last decay,
 The pangs that made the human heart their slave,
 Frozen on the changeless aspect of the grave?

VIII.

And still it followed where they went,
 That unregarding pair;
 It kept on them its eyes intent,
 And from their glance the sickened air

Shrank, as if tortured. Slow, how slow,
 The knight and lady trod;
 You had heard their hearts beat just as loud
 As their footsteps on the sod.
 They paused at length in a leafless place,
 Where the moonlight shone on the maiden's face;
 Still as an image of stone she stood,
 Though the heave of her breath, and the beat of her blood
 Murmured and mantled to and fro,
 Like the billows that heave on a hill of snow,
 When the midnight winds are short and low.
 The words of her lover came burning and deep,
 And his hand was raised to the holy sky;
 Can the lamps of the universe bear or keep,
 False witness or record on high?
 He starts to his feet from the spot where he knelt,
 What voice hath he heard, what fear hath he felt?
 His lips in their silence are bloodless and dry,
 And the love-light fails from his glazed eye.

IX.

Well might he quail, for full displayed
 Before him rose that dreadful shade,
 And o'er his mute and trembling trance
 Waved its pale crest and quivering lance;
 And traced, with pangs of sudden pain,
 The form of words upon his brain;
 "Thy vows are deep, but still thou bear'st the chain,
 Cast on thee by a deeper—vowed in vain;
 Thy love is fair, but fairer forms are laid,
 Cold and forgotten, in the cypress shade;
 Thy arm is strong, but arms of stronger trust,
 Repose unnerved, undreaded in the dust;
 Around thy lance shall bend the living brave,
 Then arm thee for the challenge of the grave."

X.

The sound had ceased, the shape had passed away,
 Silent the air and pure the planet's ray.
 They stood beneath the lonely breathing night,
 The lovely lady and the lofty knight;
 He moved in shuddering silence by her side,
 Or wild and wandering to her words replied,
 Shunning her anxious eyes on his that bent:
 "Thou didst not see it, 'twas to me 'twas sent.
 To me,—but why to me?—I knew it not,
 It was no dream, it stood upon the spot,
 Where"—Then with lighter tone and bitter smile,
 "Nothing, beloved,—a pang that did beguile
 My spirit of its strength, a dream, a thought,
 A fancy of the night." And though she sought
 More reason of his dread, he heard her not,
 For, mingling with those words of phantom fear,
 There was another echo in his ear,
 An under murmur deep and clear,
 The faint low sob of one in pain,
 "May the faith thou hast forgotten
 Bind thee with its broken chain."

 PART FOURTH.

I.

'Tis morn!—in clustered rays increased—
 Exulting rays, that deeply drink
 The starlight of the east,
 And strew with crocus dyes the brink
 Of those blue streams that pause and sink
 Far underneath their heavenly strand—
 Soft capes of vapor, ribbed like sand,
 Along the Loire white sails are flashing,
 Through stars of spray their dark oars dashing:

The rocks are reddening one by one,
The purple sandbanks flushed with sun,
And crowned with fire on crags and keep,
Amboise! above thy lifted steep,
Far lightning o'er the subject vale,
Blaze thy broad range of ramparts pale!
Through distance azure as the sky,
That vale sends up its mournful cry,
From countless leaves, that shaking shade
Its tangled paths of pillared glade,
And ceaseless fan, with quivering cool,
Each gentle stream and slumbrous pool,
That catch the leaf-song as they flow,
In tinkling echo pure and low,
Clear, deep, and moving, as the night,
And starred with orbs of lily light.
Nor are thy leaves alone that sing,
Nor waves alone that flow;
The leaves are lifted on the wing
Of voices from below;
The waters keep, with shade subdued,
The image of a multitude—
A merry crowd promiscuous met,
Of every age and heart united—
Gray hairs with golden twined, and yet
With equal mien and eyes delighted,
With thoughts that mix, and hands that lock,
Behold they tread, with hurrying feet,
Along the thousand paths that meet
Beneath Amboise's rock;
For there upon the meadows wide,
That couch along the river-side,
Are pitched a snowy flock
Of warrior tents, like clouds that rest,
Through champaigns of the quiet west,
When, far in distance, stretched serene,
The evening sky lies calm and green.

Amboise's lord must bear to-day
 His love-gage through the rival fray;
 Through all the coasts of fiery France
 His challenge shook the air,
 That none could break so true a lance,
 Nor for a dame so fair.

II.

The lists are circled round with shields
 Like lily-leaves that lie
 On forest pools in clustered fields
 Of countless company.
 But every buckler's bosses black
 Dash the full beams of morning back,
 In orbèd wave of welded lines,
 With mingled blaze of crimson signs,
 And light of lineage high:
 As sounds that gush when thoughts are strong,
 But words are weak with tears,
 Awoke, above the warrior throng,
 The wind among the spears;
 Afar in hollow surge they shook,
 As reeds along some summer brook,
 Glancing beneath the July moon,
 All bowed and touched in pleasant tune;
 Their steely lightning passed and played
 Alternate with the cloudy shade
 Of crested casques, and flying flakes
 Of horse-manes, twined like sable snakes,
 And misty plumes in darkness drifted,
 And chargèd banners broadly lifted,
 Purpling the air with storm-tints cast
 Down through their undulation vast,
 Wide the billowy army strewing,
 Like to flags of victory
 From some wretched Armada's ruin,
 Left to robe the sea.

III.

As the morning star new risen
 In a circle of calm sky,
 Where the white clouds stand to listen
 For the spherèd melody
 Of her planetary path,
 And her soft rays pierce the wrath
 Of the night storms stretched below,
 Till they sink like wreaths of snow,
 (Lighting heaven with their decay)
 Into sudden silentness—
 Throned above the stormy stress
 Of that knightly host's array,
 Goddess-formed, as one whom mortals
 Need but gaze on to obey,
 Distant seen, as through the portals
 Of some temple gray;
 The glory of a marble dream,
 Kindling the eyes that gaze, the lips that pray—
 One gentle lady sat, retiring but supreme.

IV.

Upon her brow there was no crown,
 Upon her robe no gem;
 Yet few were there who would not own
 Her queen of earth, and them,
 Because that brow was crowned with light
 As with a diadem,
 And her quick thoughts, as they did rise,
 Were in the deep change of her eyes,
 Traced one by one, as stars that start
 Out of the orbèd peace of night,
 Still drooping as they dart,
 And her sweet limbs shone heavenly bright,
 Following with undulation white,

The heaving of her heart.
 High she sat, and all apart,
 Meek of mien, with eyes declined,
 Less like one of mortal mind,
 Than some changeless spirit shrined
 In the memories of men,
 Whom the passions of its kind
 Cannot hurt nor move again.

v.

High she sat in meekness shaming
 All of best and brightest there,
 Till the herald's voice proclaiming
 Her the fairest of the fair
 Rang along the morning air;
 And then she started, and that shade,
 Which in the moonlit garden glade
 Had marked her with its mortal stain
 Did pass upon her face again,
 And in her eye a sudden flash
 Came and was gone; but it were rash
 To say if it were pride or pain;
 And on her lips a smile, scarce worn,
 Less, as it seemed, of joy than scorn,
 Was with a strange quick quivering mixed,
 Which passed away, and left them fixed
 In calm, persisting, colorless,
 Perchance too perfect to be peace.
 A moment more, and still serene
 Returned, yet changed—her mood and mien;
 What eye that traceless change could tell,
 Slight, transient,—but unspeakable!
 She sat, divine of soul and brow;
 It passed,—and all is human now.

VI.

The multitude, with loud acclaim,
 Caught up the lovely lady's name;
 Thrice round the lists arose the cry;
 But when it sunk, and all the sky,
 Grew doubly silent by its loss,
 A slow strange murmur came across
 The waves of the reposing air,
 A deep, soft voice that everywhere
 Arose at once, so lowly clear,
 That each seemed in himself to hear
 Alone, and fixed with sweet surprise,
 Did ask around him, with his eyes,
 If 'twere not some dream-music dim
 And false, that only rose for him.

VII.

“Oh, lady Queen,—Oh, lady Queen!
 Fairest of all who tread
 The soft earth carpet green,
 Or breathe the blessings shed
 By the stars and tempest free;
 Know thou, oh, lady Queen,
 Earth hath borne, sun hath seen,
 Fairer than thee.
 The flush of beauty burneth
 In the palaces of earth,
 But thy lifted spirit scorneth
 All match of mortal birth:
 And the nymph of the hill,
 And the naiad of the sea,
 Were of beauty quenched and chill,
 Beside thee!
 Where the gray cypress shadows
 Move onward with the moon,

Round the low-mounded meadows,
 And the grave-stones, whitely hewn,
 Gleam like camp-fires through the night,
 There, in silence of long swoon,
 In the horror of decay;
 With the worm for their delight,
 And the shroud for their array,
 With the garland on their brow,
 And the black cross by their side,
 With the darkness for their beauty,
 And the dust for their pride,
 With the smile of baffled pain
 On the cold lips half apart,
 With the dimness on the brain,
 And the peace upon the heart;
 Ever sunk in solemn shade,
 Underneath the cypress tree,
 Lady Queen, there are laid
 Fairer than thee!"

VIII.

It passed away, that melodie,
 But none the minstrel there could see;
 The lady sat still calm in thought,
 Save that there rose a narrow spot
 Of crimson on her cheek;
 But then, the words were far and weak,
 Perchance she heard them not.
 The crowd still listening, feared to speak,
 And only mixed in sympathy
 Of pressing hand and wondering eye,
 And left the lists all hushed and mute,
 For every wind of heaven had sunk
 To that aërial lute.
 The ponderous banners, closed and shrunk,
 Down from their listless lances hung,

The windless plumes were feebly flung.
 With lifted foot, the listening steed
 Did scarcely fret the fern,
 And the challenger on his charmèd steed
 Sat statue-like and stern,
 Till mixed with martial trumpet-strain,
 The herald's voice arose again,
 Proclaiming that Amboise's lord
 Dared by the trial of the sword,
 The bravest knights of France, to prove
 Their fairer dame or truer love,—
 And ere the brazen blast had died,
 That strange sweet-singing voice replied,
 So wild that every heart did keep
 Its pulse to time the cadence deep:

IX.

“Where the purple swords are swiftest,
 And the rage of death unreigned,
 Lord of battle, though thou liftest
 Crest unstooped, and shield unstained,
 Vain before thy footsteps fail,
 Useless spear and rendered mail,
 Shuddering from thy glance and blow,
 Earth's best armies sink like snow;
 Know thou this: unmatched, unmet,
 Might hath children mightier yet.

“The chapel vaults are deadly damp,
 Their air is breathless all,
 The downy bats they clasp and cramp
 Their cold wings to the wall;
 The bright-eyed eft, from cranny and cleft,
 Doth noiselessly pursue
 The twining light of the death-worms white,
 In the pools of the earth dew;

The downy bat,—the death-worm white,
 And the eft with its sable coil—
 They are company good for a sworded knight,
 In his rest from the battle toil;
 The sworded knight is sunk in rest,
 With the cross-hilt in his hand;
 But his arms are folded o'er his breast
 As weak as ropes of sand.
 His eyes are dark, his sword of wrath
 Is impotent and dim;
 Dark lord, in this thy victor path,
 Remember him."

x.

The sounds sunk deeply,—and were gone,
 And for a time the quiet crowd
 Hung on the long departing tone,
 Of wailing in the morning cloud,
 In spirit wondering and beguiled;
 Then turned with steadfast gaze to learn
 What reeked he, of such warning wild—
 Amboise's champion stern.
 But little to their sight betrayed
 The visor bars and plumage shade;
 The nearest thought he smiled;
 Yet more in bitterness than mirth,
 And held his eyes upon the earth
 With thoughtful gaze, half sad, half keen,
 As they would seek beneath the screen
 Of living turf and golden bloom,
 The secrets of its under tomb.

xi.

A moment more, with burning look,
 High in the air his plume he shook,

And waved his lance as in disdain,
 And struck his charger with the rein,
 And loosed the sword-hilt to his grasp,
 And closed the visor's grisly clasp,
 And all expectant sate and still;
 The herald blew his summons shrill,
 Keen answer rose from list and tent,
 For France had there her bravest sent,
 With hearts of steel, and eyes of flame,
 Full armed the knightly concourse came;
 They came like storms of heaven set free,
 They came like surges of the sea,

Resistless, dark and dense,
 Like surges on a sable rock,
 They fell with their own fiery shock,

Dashed into impotence.

O'er each encounter's rush and gloom,
 Like meteor rose Amboise's plume,
 As stubble to his calm career;
 Crashed from his breast the splintered spear,
 Before his charge the war-horse reeled,
 And bowed the helm, and sunk the shield,
 And checked the heart, and failed the arm;
 And still the herald's loud alarm

Disturbed the short delay—

On chevaliers! for fame, for love,—
 For these dark eyes that burn above
 The field of your affray!

XII.

Six knights had fallen, the last in death,—
 Deeply the challenger drew his breath.
 The field was hushed,—the wind that rocked
 His standard staff grew light and low.
 A seventh came not. He unlocked
 His visor clasp, and raised his brow

Knitted and loosed, and tossed and tore,
 Like passive weeds on that sandy shore;
 And these seemed with their touch to infect
 The sweet white upper clouds, and checked
 Their pacing on the heavenly floor,
 And quenched the light which was to them
 As blood and life, singing the while
 A fitful requiem,
 Until the hues of each cloud isle
 Sank into one vast veil of dread,
 Coping the heaven as if with lead,
 With drag'd pale edges here and there,
 Through which the noon's transparent glare
 Fell with a dusky red.
 And all the summer voices sank
 To let that darkness pass;
 The weeds were quiet on the bank,
 The cricket in the grass;
 The merry birds the buzzing flies,
 The leaves of many lips,
 Did make their songs a sacrifice
 Unto the noon eclipse.

XIV.

The challenger's trump rang long and loud—
 Hark! as its notes decay!
 Was it out of the earth—or up in the cloud?—
 Or an echo far away?
 Soft it came and none knew whence—
 Deep, melodious and intense,
 So lightly breathed, so wildly blown,
 Distant it seemed—yet everywhere
 Possessing all the infinite air—
 One quivering trumpet tone!
 With slow increase of gathering sway,
 Louder along the wind it lay;

It shook the woods, it pressed the wave,
 The guarding rocks through chasm and cave
 Roared in their fierce reply.
 It rose, and o'er the lists at length
 Crashed into full tempestuous strength,
 Shook through its storm-tried turrets high
 Amboise's mountain home,
 And the broad thunder-vaulted sky
 Clanged like a brazen dome.

xv.

Unchanged, unchilled in heart and eye;
 The challenger heard that dread reply;
 His head was bowed upon his breast,
 And on the darkness in the west
 His glance dwelt patiently;
 Out of that western gloom there came
 A small white vapor, shaped like flame,
 Unscattering, and on constant wing;
 Rode lonely, like a living thing,
 Upon its stormy path! it grew,
 And gathered as it onward drew—
 It paused above the lists, a roof
 Inwoven with a lightning woof
 Of undulating fire, whose trace,
 Like corpse-fire on a human face,
 Was mixed of light and death; it sank
 Slowly; the wild war-horses shrank
 Tame from the nearing flash; their eyes
 Glared the blue terror back: it shone
 On the broad spears, like wavering wan
 Of unaccepted sacrifice.
 Down to the earth the smoke-cloud rolled—
 Pale shadowed through its sulphurous fold,
 Banner and armor, spear and plume
 Gleamed like a vision of the tomb.

One form alone was all of gloom—
 In deep and dusky arms arrayed,
 Changeless alike through flash and shade,
 Sudden within the barrier gate
 Behold, the Seventh champion sate!
 He waved his hand—he stooped his lance—
 The challenger started from his trance;
 He plunged his spur—he loosed his rein—
 A flash—a groan—a woman's cry—
 And up to the receiving sky
 The white cloud rose again!

XVI.

The white cloud rose—the white cloud fled—
 The peace of heaven returned in dew,
 And soft and far the noontide shed
 Its holiness of blue.
 The rock, the earth, the wave, the brake
 Rejoiced beneath that sweet succeeding;
 No sun nor sound can warm or wake
 One human heart's unheeding.
 Stretched on the dark earth's bosom, chill,
 Amboise's lord lay stark and still.
 The herald's raise him, but to mark
 The last light leave his eyeballs dark—
 The last blood dwindle on his cheek—
 They turned; a murmur wild and weak
 Passed on the air, in passion broken,
 The faint low sob of one in pain—
 "Lo! the faith thou hast forgotten
 Binds thee with its broken chain!"

PART FIFTH.

I.

The mists, that mark the day's decline,
 Have cooled and lulled the purple air;
 The bell, from Saint Cecilia's shrine,
 Hath tolled the evening hour of prayer;
 With folded veil, and eyes that shed
 Faint rays along the stones they tread,
 And bosom stooped, and step subdued,
 Came forth that ancient sisterhood;
 Each bearing on her lips along
 Part of the surge of a low song,—
 A wailing requiem, wildly mixed
 With suppliant cry, how weak to win,
 From home so far—from fate so fixed,
 A spirit dead in sin!
 Yet yearly must they meet, and pray
 For her who died—how long ago?
 How long—'twere only Love could know;
 And she, ere her departing day,
 Had watched the last of Love's decay;
 Had felt upon her fading cheek
 None but a stranger's sighs;
 Had none but stranger souls to seek
 Her death-thoughts in her eyes;
 Had none to guard her couch of clay,
 Or trim her funeral stone,
 Save those, who, when she passed away,
 Felt not the more alone.

II.

And years had seen that narrow spot
 Of death-sod leveled and forgot,

Ere question came of record kept,
 Or how she died—or where she slept.
 The night was wild, the moon was late—
 A lady sought the convent gate;
 The midnight chill was on her breast,
 The dew was on her hair,
 And in her eye there was unrest,
 And on her brow despair;
 She came to seek the face, she said,
 Of one deep injured. One by one
 The gentle sisters came, and shed
 The meekness of their looks upon
 Her troubled watch. “I know them not,
 I know them not,” she murmured still:
 “Are then her face—her form forgot?”
 “Alas! we lose not when we will
 The thoughts of an accomplished ill;
 The image of our love may fade,
 But what can quench a victim’s shade?

III.

“She comes not yet. She will not come.
 I seek her chamber;” and she rose
 With a quick start of grief, which some
 Would have restrained; but the repose
 Of her pale brow rebuked them. “Back,”
 She cried, “the path,—the place,—I know,—
 Follow me not—though broad and black
 The night lies on that lonely track.
 There moves forever by my side
 A darker spirit for my guide;
 A broader curse—a wilder woe,
 Must gird my footsteps as I go.”

IV

Sternly she spoke, and, shuddering, sought
 The cloister arches, marble-wrought,

That send, through many a trembling shaft
 The deep wind's full, melodious draught,
 Round the low space of billowy turf
 Where funeral roses flash like surf,
 O'er those who share the convent grave,
 Laid each beneath her own green wave.

v.

From stone to stone she passed, and spelt
 The letters with her fingers felt;
 The stains of time are drooped across
 Those moldering names, obscure with moss;
 The hearts where once they deeply dwelt,
 With music's power to move and melt,
 Are stampless too—the fondest few
 Have scarcely kept a trace more true.

vi.

She paused at length beside a girth
 Of osiers overgrown and old;
 And with her eyes fixed on the earth,
 Spoke slowly and from lips as cold
 As ever met the burial mold.

vii.

"I have not come to ask for peace
 From thee, thou unforgiving clay;
 The pangs that pass—the throbs that cease
 From such as thou, in their decay,
 Bequeath them that repose of wrath
 So dark of heart, so dull of ear,
 That bloodless strength of sworded sloth,
 That shows not mercy, knows not fear,
 And keeps its death-smile of disdain
 Alike for pity, as for pain.

But, galled by many a ghastly link,
 That bound and brought my soul to thee,
 I come to bid thy vengeance drink
 The wine of this my misery.

Look on me as perchance the dead
 Can look; through soul and spirit spread
 Before thee; go thou forth, and tread
 The lone fields of my life, and see

Those dark large flocks of restless pangs
 They pasture, and the thoughts of thee,
 That shepherd them, and teach their fangs

To eat the green, and guide their feet
 To trample where the banks are sweet,
 And judge betwixt us, which is best,
 My sleepless torture, or thy rest;
 And which the worthier to be wept,
 The fate I caused, or that I kept.

I tell thee, that my steps must stain
 With more than blood, their path of pain;
 And I would fold my weary feet
 More gladly in thy winding-sheet,
 And wrap my bosom in thy shroud,
 And dash thy darkness on the crowd

Of terrors in my sight, and sheathe
 Mine ears from their confusion loud,

And cool my brain with cypress wreath
 More gladly from its pulse of blood,
 Than ever bride with orange bud
 Clouded her moony brow. Alas!

This osier fence I must not pass.

Wilt thou not thank me—that I dare
 To feel the beams and drink the breath
 That curse me out of Heaven, nor share
 The cup that quenches human care,

The sacrament of death;
 But yield thee this, thy living prey
 Of erring soul and tortured clay,

To feed thee, when thou com'st to keep
 Thy watch of wrath aròund my sleep,
 Or turn the shafts of daylight dim,
 With faded breast and frozen limb?

VIII.

“ Yet come, and be, as thou hast been,
 Companion ceaseless—not unseen,
 Though gloomed the veil of flesh between
 Mine eyes and thine, and fast and rife
 Around me flashed the forms of life:
 I knew them by their change—for one
 I did not lose, I could not shun,
 Through laughing crowd, and lighted room,
 Through listed field, and battle's gloom,
 Through all the shapes and sounds that press
 The Path, or wake the Wilderness;
 E'en when He came, mine eyes to fill,
 Whom Love saw solitary still,
 Forever, shadowy by my side,
 I heard thee murmur, watched thee glide;
 But what shall now thy purpose bar?
 The laughing crowd is scattered far,
 The lighted hall is left forlorn,
 The listed field is white with corn,
 And he, beneath whose voice and brow
 I could forget thee—is—as thou.”

IX.

She spoke, she rose, and from that hour,
 The peasant groups that pause beside
 The chapel walls at eventide,
 To catch the notes of chord and song
 That unseen fingers form, and lips prolong,
 Have heard a voice of deeper power,

Of wilder swell, and purer fall,
More sad, more modulate, than all.
It is not keen, it is not loud,
But ever heard alone,
As winds that touch on chords of cloud
Across the heavenly zone,
Then chiefly heard, when drooped and drowned
In strength of sorrow, more than sound;
That low articulated rush
Of swift, but secret passion, breaking
From sob to song, from gasp to gush;
Then failing to that deadly hush,
That only knows the wilder waking—
That deep, prolonged, and dream-like swell,
So full that rose—so faint that fell,
So sad—so tremulously clear—
So checked with something worse than fear.
Whose can they be?
Go, ask the midnight stars, that see
The secrets of her sleepless cell,
For none but God and they can tell
What thoughts and deeds of darkened choice
Gave horror to that burning voice—
That voice, unheard save thus, untaught
The words of penitence or prayer;
The grey confessor knows it not;
The chapel echoes only bear
Its burst and burthen of despair;
And pity's voice hath rude reply,
From darkened brow and downcast eye,
That quench the question, kind or rash,
With rapid shade, and reddening flash;
Or, worse, with the regardless trance
Of sealèd ear, and sightless glance,
That fearful glance, so large and bright,
That dwells so long, with heed so light,

When, far within, its fancy lies,
 Nor movement marks, nor ray replies,
 Nor kindling dawn, nor holy dew
 Reward the words that soothe or sue.

X.

Restless she moves; beneath her veil
 That writhing brow is sunk and shaded;
 Its touch is cold—its veins are pale—
 Its crown is lost—its luster faded;
 Yet lofty still, though scarcely bright,
 Its glory burns beneath the blight
 Of wasting thought, and withering crime,
 And curse of torture and of time;
 Of pangs—of pride, endured—degraded—
 Of guilt unchecked, and grief unaided:
 Her sable hair is slightly braided,
 Warm, like south wind, its foldings float
 Round her soft hands and marble throat;
 How passive these, how pulseless this,
 That love should lift, and life should warm!
 Ah! where the kindness, or the kiss,
 Can break their dead and drooping charm!
 Perchance they were not always so:
 That breast hath sometimes movement deep,
 Timed like the sea that surges slow
 Where storms have trodden long ago;
 And sometimes, from their listless sleep,
 Those hands are harshly writhed and knit,
 As grasping what their frenzied fit
 Deemed peace to crush, or death to quit.
 And then the sisters shrink aside;
 They know the words that others hear
 Of grace, or gloom—to charm or chide,
 Fall on her inattentive ear,
 As falls the snowflake on the rock,
 That feels no chill, and knows no shock;

Nor dare they mingle in her mood,
 So dark, and dimly understood;
 And better so, if, as they say,
 'Tis something worse than solitude:
 For some have marked, when that dismay
 Had seemed to snatch her soul away,
 That in her eye's unquietness
 There shone more terror than distress;
 And deemed they heard, when soft and dead,
 By night they watchèd her sleepless tread,
 Strange words addressed, beneath her breath,
 As if to one who heard in death,
 And, in the night-wind's sound and sigh,
 Imagined accents of reply.

* * * * *

XI.

The sun is on his western march,
 His rays are red on shaft and arch;
 With hues of hope their softness dyes
 The image with the lifted eyes,*
 Where, listening still, with trancèd smile,
 Cecilia lights the glimmering aisle;
 So calm the beams that flushed her rest
 Of ardent brow, and virgin breast
 Whose chill they pierced but not profanèd,
 And seemed to stir, what scarce they stained,
 So warm the life, so pure the ray:
 Such she had stood, ere snatched from clay,
 When sank the tones of sun and sphere,
 Deep melting on her mortal ear;

* I was thinking of the St. Cecilia of 'Raphaël at Bologna, turned into marble—were it possible—where so much depends on the entranced darkness of the eyes. The shrine of St. Cecilia is altogether imaginary; she is not a favorite saint in matters of dedication. I don't know why.

And angels stooped, with fond control,
To write the rapture on her soul.

XII.

Two sisters, at the statue's feet,
Paused in the altar's arched retreat,
As risen but now from earnest prayer—
One aged and gray—one passing fair;
In changeful gush of breath and blood,
Mute for a time the younger stood;
Then raised her head and spoke: the flow
Of sound was measured, stern, and slow:

XIII.

“Mother! thou sayest she died in strife
Of heavenly wrath, and human woe;
For me, there is not that in life .
Whose loss could ask, or love could owe
As much of pang as now I show;
But that the book which angels write
Within men's spirits day by day
That diary of judgment-light
That cannot pass away,
Which, with cold ear and glazing eye,
Men hear and read before they die,
Is open now before me set;
Its drifting leaves are red and wet
With blood and fire, and yet, methought,
Its words were music, were they not
Written in darkness.

I confess!

Say'st thou? The sea shall yield its dead,
Perchance my spirit its distress;
Yet there are paths of human dread
That none but God should trace or tread;

Men judge by a degraded law;
 With Him I fear not: He who gave
 The scepter to the passion, saw
 The sorrow of the slave.
 He made me, not as others are,
 Who dwell, like willows by a brook,
 That see the shadow of one star
 Forever with serenest look,
 Lighting their leaves,—that only hear
 Their sun-stirred boughs sing soft and clear,
 And only live, by consciousness
 Of waves that feed, and winds that bless.
 Me—rooted on a lonely rock,
 Amidst the rush of mountain rivers,
 He, doomed to bear the sound and shock
 Of shafts that rend and storms that rock,
 The frost that blasts, and flash that shivers;
 And I am desolate and sunk.
 A lifeless wreck—a leafless trunk,
 Smitten with plagues, and seared with sin,
 And black with rottenness within,
 But conscious of the holier will
 That saved me long, and strengthens still.

XIV.

“ Mine eyes are dim, they scarce can trace
 The rays that pierce this lonely place;
 But deep within their darkness dwell
 A thousand thoughts they knew—too well.
 Those orbèd towers obscure and vast,*
 That light the Loire with sunset last;

* The circular tower, in Amboise, is so large as to admit of a spiral ascent in its interior, which two horsemen may ride up abreast. The chapel, which crowns the precipice, though small, is one of the loveliest bits of rich detail in France. It is terminated by a wooden spire. It is dedicated to St. Hubert, a grotesque piece of carving above the entrance representing his rencontre with the sacred stag.

Those fretted groups of shaft and spire
 That crest Amboise's cliff with fire,
 When, far beneath, in moonlight fail
 The winds that shook the pausing sail;
 The panes, that tint with dyes divine
 The altar of St. Hubert's shrine;
 The very stone on which I knelt;

When youth was pure upon my brow,
 Though word I prayed, or wish I felt
 I scarce remember now.

Methought that there I bowed to bless
 A warrior's sword—a wanderer's way:
 Ah! nearer now, the knee would press

The heart for which the lips would pray.
 The thoughts were meek, the words were low—
 I deemed them free from sinful stain;

It might be so. I only know
 These were unheard, and those were vain.

xv.

“That stone is raised;—where once it lay
 Is built a tomb of marble grey: *
 Asleep within the sculptured veil
 Seems laid a knight in linkèd mail;
 Obscurely laid in powerless rest,
 The latest of his line,
 Upon his casque he bears no crest,
 Upon his shield no sign.
 I've seen the day when through the blue
 Of broadest heaven his banner flew,
 And armies watched through farthest fight,
 The stainless symbol's stormy light

* There is no such tomb now in existence, the chapel being circular, and unbroken in design; in fact, I have my doubts whether there ever was anything of the kind, the lady being slightly too vague in her assertions to deserve unqualified credit.

Wave like an angel's wing.

Ah! now a scorned and scathèd thing,
 It's silken folds the worm shall fret,
 The clay shall soil, the dew shall wet,
 Where sleeps the sword that once could save,
 And droops the arm that bore;
 Its hues must gird a nameless grave;
 Nor wind shall wake, nor lance shall wave,
 Nor glory gild it more:
 For he is fallen—oh! ask not how,
 Or ask the angels that unlock
 The inmost grave's sepulchral rock;
 I could have told thee once, but now
 'Tis madness in me all, and thou
 Wouldst deem it so, if I should speak.
 And I am glad my brain is weak;—
 Ah, this is yet its only wrong,
 To know too well—to feel too long.

xvi.

“But I remember how he lay
 When the rushing crowd were all away;
 And how I called, with that low cry
 He never heard without reply;
 And how there came no sound, nor sign
 And the feel of his dead lips on mine;
 And when they came to comfort me,
 I laughed, because they could not see
 The stain of blood, or print of lance,
 To write the tomb upon the trance.
 I saw, what they had heeded not,
 Above his heart a small black spot;
 Ah, woe! I knew how deep within
 That stamp of death, that seal of sin
 Had struck with mortal agony
 The heart so false—to all but me.

XVII.

"Mother, methinks my soul can say
 It loved as well as woman's may;
 And what I would have given, to gain
 The answering love, to count were vain;
 I know not—what I gave I know—
 My hope on high, my all below.
 But hope and height of earth and heaven
 Or highest sphere to angels given,
 Would I surrender, and take up
 The horror of this cross and cup
 I bear and drink, to win the thought
 That I had failed in what I sought.
 Alas! I won—rejoiced to win
 The love whose every look was sin,
 Whose every dimly worded breath
 Was but the distant bell of death
 For her who heard, for him who spoke.
 Ah! though those hours were swift and few,
 The guilt they bore, the vow they broke,
 Time cannot punish—nor renew.

XVIII.

"They told me long ago that thou
 Hadst seen, beneath this very shade
 Of moldering stone that wraps us now,
 The death of her whom he betrayed.
 Thine eyes are wet with memory,—
 In truth 'tis fearful sight to see
 E'en the last sands of sorrow run,
 Though the fierce work of death be done,
 And the worst woe that fate can will
 Bids but its victim to be still.
 But I beheld the darker years
 That first oppressed her beauty's bloom;

The sickening heart and silent tears
 That asked and eyed her early tomb;
 I watched the deepening of her doom,
 As, pulse by pulse, and day by day,
 The crimson life-tint waned away
 And timed her bosom's quickening beat,
 That hastened only to be mute,
 And the short tones, each day more sweet,
 That made her lips like an Eolian lute,
 When winds are saddest; and I saw
 The kindling of the unearthly awe
 That touched those lips with frozen light,
 The smile, so bitter, yet so bright,
 Which grief, that sculptured, seals its own,
 Which looks like life, but stays like stone;
 Which checks with fear the charm it gives,
 And loveliest burns, when least it lives,—
 All this I saw. Thou canst not guess
 How woman may be merciless.
 One word from me had rent apart
 The chains that chafed her dying heart;
 Closer I clasped the links of care,
 And learned to pity—not to spare.

XIX.

“She might have been avenged; for, when
 Her woe was aidless among men,
 And tooth of scorn and brand of shame
 Had seared her spirit, soiled her name,
 There came a stranger to her side,
 Or—if a friend, forgotten long,
 For hearts are frail, when hands divide.
 There were who said her early pride
 Had cast his love away with wrong;
 But that might be a dreamer's song.
 He looked like one whom power or pain
 Had hardened, or had hewn, to rock

That could not melt nor rend again,
 Unless the staff of God might shock,
 And burst the sacred waves to birth
 That deck with bloom the Desert's dearth—
 That dearth, that knows nor breeze, nor balm,
 Nor feet that print, nor sounds that thrill,
 Though cloudless was his soul, and calm,
 It was the Desert still;
 And blest the wildest cloud had been
 That broke the desolate serene,
 And kind the storm, that farthest strewed
 Those burning sands of solitude.

XX.

"Darkly he came, and in the dust
 Had writ, perchance, Amboise's shame:
 I knew the sword he drew was just,
 And in my fear a fiend there came;
 It deepened first, and then derided
 The madness of my youth;
 I deemed not that the God, who guided
 The battle-blades in truth,
 Could gather from the earth the guilt
 Of holy blood in secret spilt.

XXI.

"I watched at night the feast flow high;
 I kissed the cup he drank to die;
 I heard at morn the trumpet call
 Leap cheerily round the guarded wall;
 And laughed to think how long and clear
 The blast must be, for him to hear:
 He lies within the chambers deep,
 Beneath Amboise's chapel floor,
 Where slope the rocks in ridges steep,
 Far to the river shore;

Where thick the summer flowers are sown,
 And, even within the deadening stone,
 A living ear can catch the close
 Of gentle waves forever sent,
 To soothe, with lull and long lament,
 That murdered knight's repose:
 And yet he sleeps not well;—but I
 Am wild, and know not what I say;—
 My guilt thou knowest—the penalty
 Which I have paid, and yet must pay,
 Thou canst not measure. O'er the day
 I see the shades of twilight float—
 My time is short. Believest thou not?
 I know my pulse is true and light,
 My step is firm, mine eyes are bright;
 Yet see they—what thou canst not see,
 The open grave, deep dug for me;
 The vespers we shall sing to-night
 My burial hymn shall be:
 But what the path by which I go,
 My heart desires yet dreads to know.
 But this remember, (these the last
 Of words I speak for earthly ear;
 Nor sign nor sound my soul shall cast,
 Wrapt in its final fear):
 For him, forgiving, brave and true,
 Whom timeless and unshrived I slew,
 For him be holiest masses said,
 And rites that sanctify the dead,
 With yearly honor paid.
 For her, by whom he was betrayed,
 Nor blood be shed,* nor prayer be made,—
 The cup were death—the words were sin,
 To judge the soul they could not win,

* In the sacrifices of masses the priest is said to offer Christ for the quick and dead.

And fall in torture o'er the grave
Of one they could not wash, nor save."

* * * * *

XXII.

The vespers beads are told and slipped,
The chant has sunk by choir and crypt.
That circle dark—they rise not yet;
With downcast eyes, and lashes wet,
They linger, bowed and low;
They must not part before they pray
For her who left them on this day
How many years ago!

XXIII.

They knelt within the marble screen,
Black-robed and moveless, hardly seen,
Save by their shades that sometimes shook
Along the quiet floor,
Like leaf-shades on a waveless brook
When the wind walks by the shore.
The altar lights that burned between,
Were seven small fire-shafts, white and keen,
Intense and motionless.
They did not shake for breeze nor breath,
They did not change, nor sink, nor shiver;
They burned as burn the barbs of death
At rest within their angel's quiver.
From lip to lip, in chorus kept,
The sad sepulchral music swept,
While *one* sweet voice unceasing led:
Were there but mercy for the dead,
Such prayer had power to soothe—to save—
Ay, even beneath the binding grave;

So pure the springs of faith that fill
 The spirit's fount, at last unsealed.
 A corpse's ear, an angel's will,
 That voice might wake, or wield.
 Keener it rose, and wilder yet,
 The lifeless flowers that wreath and fret
 Column and arch with garlands white,
 Drank the deep fall of its delight,
 Like purple rain * at evening shed
 On Sestri's cedar-darkened shore,
 When all her sunlit waves lie dead,
 And far along the mountains fled,
 Her clouds forget the gloom they wore,
 Till winding vale and pasture low
 Pant underneath their gush and glow;
 So sank, so swept, on earth and air,
 That single voice of passion'd prayer.
 The hollow tombs gave back the tone,
 The roof's gray shafts of stalwart stone
 Quivered like chords, the keen night blast
 Grew tame beneath the sound. 'Tis past:
 That failing cry—how feebly flung!
 What charm is laid on her who sung?
 Slowly she rose—her eyes were fixed
 On the void, penetrable air;
 And in their glance was gladness mixed
 With terror, and an under glare:
 What human soul shall seize or share
 The thoughts it might avow?
 It might have been—ah! is it now—
 Devotion?—or despair?

* I never saw such a thing but once, on the mountains of Sestri, in the gulf of Genoa. The whole western half of the sky was one intense amber color, the air crystalline and cloudless, the other half grey with drifting showers. At the instant of sunset, the whole mass of rain turned of a deep rose-color, the consequent rainbow being not varied with the seven colors, but one broad belt of paler rose, the other tints being so delicate as to be overwhelmed by the crimson of the rain.

XXIV.

With steps whose short white flashes keep
 Beneath the shade of her loose hair,
 With measured peace, as one in sleep
 Who heareth music in the air,
 She left the sisters' circle deep.
 Their anxious eyes of troubled thought
 Dwelt on her but she heeded not;
 Fear struck and breathless as they gazed,
 Before her steps their ranks divided;
 Her hand was given—her face was raised
 As if to one who watched and guided—
 Her form emerges from the shade;
 Lo! she will cross, where full displayed
 Against the altar light 'tis thrown;
 She crosses now—but not alone.
 Who leads her? Lo! the sisters shrink
 Back from that guide with limbs that sink,
 And eyes that glaze, and lips that blench;
 For, seen where broad the beams were cast
 By what it dimmed, but did not quench,
 A dark, veiled form there passed—
 Veiled with the nun's black robe, that shed
 Faint shade around its soundless tread;
 Moveless and mute the folds that fell,
 Nor touch can change, nor breeze repel.
 Deep to the earth its head was bowed,
 Its face was bound with the white shroud;
 One hand upon its bosom pressed—
 One seemed to lead its mortal guest;
 The hand it held lay bright and bare,
 Cold as itself, and deadly fair.
 What oath had bound the fatal troth
 Whose horror seems to seal them both?
 Each powerless in the grasp they give,
 This to release, and that to live.

XXV.

Like sister sails, that drift by night
 Together on the deep,
 Seen only where they cross the light
 That pathless wave must pathlike keep
 From fisher's signal fire, or pharos steep.

XXVI.

Like two thin wreaths that autumn dew
 Hath framed of equal pacèd cloud,
 Whose shapes the hollow night can shroud,
 Until they cross some caverned place
 Of moon illumined blue,
 That live an instant, but must trace
 Their onward way, to waste and wane
 Within the sightless gloom again,
 Where, scattered from their heavenly pride
 Nor star nor storm shall gild or guide,—
 So shape and shadow, side by side
 The consecrated light had crossed,
 Beneath the aisle an instant lost,
 Behold! again they glide
 Where yonder moonlit arch is bent
 Above the marble steps' descent.
 Those ancient steps, so steep and worn,
 Though none descend, unless it be
 Bearing, or borne, to sleep, or mourn,
 The faithful or the free.
 The shade yon bending cypress cast,
 Stirred by the weak and tremulous air,
 Kept back the moonlight as they passed.
 The rays returned: they were not there.
 —Who follows? Watching still, to mark
 If aught returned—(but all was dark)
 Down to the gate, by two and three,

The sisters crept, how fearfully!
 They only saw, when there thy came,
 Two wandering tongues of waving flame,
 O'er the white stones, confusedly strewed
 Across the field of solitude.

THE TWO PATHS.

I.

THE paths of life are rudely laid
 Beneath the blaze of burning skies;
 Level and cool, in cloistered shade,
 The church's pavement lies.
 Along the sunless forest glade
 Its gnarlèd roots are coiled like crime,
 Where glows the grass with freshening blade,
 Thine eyes may track the serpent's slime;
 But there thy steps are unbetrayed,
 The serpent waits a surer time.

II.

The fires of earth are fiercely blent,
 Its suns arise with scorching glow;
 The church's light hath soft descent,
 And hues like God's own bow.
 The brows of men are darkly bent,
 Their lips are wreathed with scorn and guile;
 But pure, and pale, and innocent
 The looks that light the marble aisle—
 From angel eyes, in love intent,
 And lips of everlasting smile.

III.

Lady, the fields of earth are wide,
 And tempt an infant's foot to stray:
 Oh! lead thy loved one's steps aside,
 Where the white altar lights his way.
 Around his path shall glance and glide
 A thousand shadows false and wild;
 Oh! lead him to that surer Guide,
 Than sire serene, or mother mild,
 Whose childhood quelled the age of pride,
 Whose Godhead called the little child.

IV.

So when thy breast of love untold,
 That warmed his sleep of infancy,
 Shall only make the marble cold,
 Beneath his aged knee;
 From its steep throne of heavenly gold
 Thy soul shall stoop to see
 His grief, that cannot be controlled,
 Turning to God from thee—
 Cleaving with prayer the cloudy fold,
 That veils the sanctuary.

 THE OLD WATER-WHEEL.

It lies beside the river; where its marge
 Is black with many an old and oarless barge,
 And yeasty filth, and leafage wild and rank
 Stagnate and batten by the crumbling bank.

Once, slow revolving by the industrious mill,
 It murmured, only on the Sabbath still;

And evening winds its pulse-like beating bore
Down the soft vale, and by the winding shore.

Sparkling around its orbèd motion flew,
With quick, fresh fall, the drops of dashing dew,
Through noon-tide heat that gentle rain was flung,
And verdant round the summer herbage sprung.

Now dancing light and sounding motion cease,
In these dark hours of cold continual peace;
Through its black bars the unbroken moonlight flows,
And dry winds howl about its long repose;

And moldering lichens creep, and mosses grey
Cling round its arms, in gradual decay,
Amidst the hum of men—which doth not suit
That shadowy circle, motionless and mute.

So, by the sleep of many a human heart,
The crowd of men may bear their busy part,
Where withered, or forgotten, or subdued,
Its noisy passions have left solitude.

Ah, little can they trace the hidden truth!
What waves have moved it in the vale of youth!
And little can its broken chords avow
How they once sounded. All is silent now.

THE TEARS OF PSAMMENITUS.

CAMBYSES, the son of Cyrus, made war on Psammenitus of Egypt, and deposed him. His sons were sentenced to death, his daughters to slavery. He saw his children pass to death and to dishonor without apparent emotion, but *wept* on observing a noble, who had been his companion, ask alms of the Persians. Cambyses sent to inquire the reason of his conduct. The substance of his reply was as follows:—

SAY ye I wept? I do not know:—

There came a sound across my brain,
Which was familiar long ago;

And through the hot and crimson stain
That floods the earth and chokes the air,
I saw the waving of white hair—

The palsy of an aged brow,
I should have known it once, but now
One desperate hour hath dashed away
The memory of my kingly day.

Mute, weak, unable to deliver

That bowed distress of passion pale,
I saw that forehead's tortured quiver,

And watched the weary footstep fail,
With just as much of sickening thrill

As marked my heart was human still;

Yes, though my breast is bound and barred
With pain, and though that heart is hard,

And though the grief that should have bent

Hath made me, what ye dare not mock,
The being of untamed intent,

Between the tiger and the rock,
There's that of pity's outward glow

May bid the tear atone,

In mercy to another's woe

For mockery of its own;

It is not cold,—it is not less,

Though yielded in unconsciousness.

And it is well that I can weep,
 For in the shadow, not of sleep,
 Through which, as with a vain endeavor,
 These aged eyes must gaze forever,
 Their tears can cast the only light
 That mellows down the mass of night;
 For they have seen the curse of sight
 My spirit guards the dread detail
 And wears their vision like a veil.

They saw the low Pelusian shore
 Grow warm with death and dark with gore,
 When on those widely-watered fields,
 Shivered and sunk, betrayed, oppressed,
 Ionian sword and Carian crest,*

And Egypt's shade of shields:
 They saw, oh God! they still must see
 That dream of long dark agony,
 A vision passing, never past,
 A troop of kingly forms, that cast
 Cold quivering shadows of keen pain
 In bars of darkness o'er my brain:
 I see them move,—I hear them tread,
 Each his untroubled eyes declining,
 Though fierce in front, and swift and red
 The Eastern sword is sheathless shining.
 I hear them tread,—the earth doth not!
 Alas! its echoes have forgot
 The fiery steps that shook the shore
 With their swift pride in days of yore.
 In vain, in vain, in wrath arrayed,
 Shall Egypt wave her battle blade;
 It cannot cleave the dull death shade,
 Where, sternly checked and lowly laid,

* The Ionians and Carians were faithful auxiliaries of the Egyptian kings, from the beginning of the reign of Psammenitus. The helmet crest was invented by the Carians.

Despised, dishonored, and betrayed,
That pride is past, those steps are stayed.

Oh! would I were as those who sleep
In yonder island lone and low.*

Besides whose shore, obscure and deep,
Sepulchral waters flow,

And wake, with beating pause, like breath,
Their pyramidal place of death;

For it is cool and quiet there,
And on the calm frankincensed clay

Passes no change, and this despair
Shrinks like the baffled worm, their prey

Alike impassive. I forget
The thoughts of him who sent ye here:

Bear back these words, and say, though yet
The shade of this unkingly fear

Hath power upon my brow, no tear
Hath quenched the curse within mine eyes,

And by that curse's fire,
I see the doom that shall possess

His hope, his passion, his desire,
His life, his strength, his nothingness.

I see across the desert led, †
A plumèd host, on whom distress

Of fear and famine hath been shed;
Before them lies the wilderness,

Behind, along the path they tread,
If death make desolation less,

* Under the hill, on which the pyramids of Cheops were erected, were excavated vaults, around which a stream from the Nile was carried by a subterraneous passage. These were sepulchres for the kings, and Cheops was buried there himself.—HEROD., II., 187.

† Cambyses, after subduing Egypt, led an army against the Ethiopians. He was checked by famine. Persisting in his intention, until the troops were obliged to kill every tenth man for food, he lost the greater part of his army.

There lie a company of dead
Who cover the sand's hot nakedness
With a cool moist bed of human clay,
A soil and a surface of slow decay:
Through the dense and lifeless heap
Irregularly rise,
Short shuddering waves that heave and creep,
Like spasms that plague the guilty sleep,
And where the motion dies,
A moaning mixes with the purple air.
They have not fallen in fight; the trace
Of war hath not passed by;
There is no fear on any face,
No wrath in any eye.
They have laid them down with bows unbent,
With swords unfleshed and innocent,
In the grasp of that famine whose gradual thrill
Is fiercest to torture and longest to kill:
Stretched in one grave on the burning plain
Coiled together in knots of pain,
Where the dead are twisted in skeleton writhe,
With the mortal pangs of the living and lithe;
Soaking into the sand below,
With the drip of the death-dew, heavy and slow,
Mocking the heaven that heard no prayer,
With the lifted hand and the lifeless stare—
With the lifted hand, whose tremorless clay,
Though powerless to combat, is patient to pray.
And the glance that reflects, in its vain address,
Heaven's blue from its own white lifelessness;
Heaped for a feast on the venomous ground,
For the howling jackal and herded hound;
With none that can watch and with few that will weep
By the home they have left, or the home they must keep,
The strength hath been lost from the desolate land,
Once fierce as the simoom, now frail as the sand.

Not unavenged: their gathered wrath
 Is dark along its desert path,
 Nor strength shall bide, nor madness fly
 The anger of their agony;

For every eye, though sunk and dim,
 And every lip, in its last need,

Hath looked and breathed a plague on him
 Whose pride they fell to feed.

The dead remember well and long,
 And they are cold of heart and strong,
 They died, they cursed thee; not in vain!

Along the river's reedy plain

Behold a troop,—a shadowy crowd—

Of godlike specters, pale and proud;

In concourse calm they move and meet,

The desert billows at their feet

Heave like the sea when, deep distressed,

The waters pant in their unrest.

Robed in a whirl of pillared sand

Avenging Ammon glides supreme;*

The red sun smoulders in his hand

And round about his brows, the gleam,

As of a broad and burning fold

Of purple wind, is wrapt and rolled.†

With failing frame and lingering tread,

Stern Apis follows, wild and worn; ‡

* Cambyses sent 50,000 men to burn the temple of the Egyptian Jove or Ammon. They plunged into the desert and were never heard of more. It was reported they were overwhelmed with sand.

† The simoom is rendered visible by its purple tone of color.

‡ The god Apis occasionally appeared in Egypt under the form of a handsome bull. He imprudently visited his worshipers immediately after Cambyses had returned from Ethiopia with the loss of his army and reason. Cambyses heard of his appearance, and insisted on seeing him. The officiating priests introduced Cambyses to the bull. The king looked with little respect on a deity whose divinity depended on the number of hairs in his tail, drew his dagger, wounded Apis in the thigh, and scourged all the priests. Apis died. From that time the insanity of Cambyses became evident, and he was subject to the violent and torturing passions described in the succeeding lines.

The blood by mortal madness shed,
 Frozen on his white limbs anguish-torn.
 What soul can bear, what strength can brook
 The God-distress that fills his look?
 The dreadful light of fixed disdain,
 The fainting wrath, the flashing pain
 Bright to decree or to confess
 Another's fate—its own distress—
 A mingled passion and appeal,
 Dark to inflict and deep to feel.

Who are these that fitting follow
 Indistinct and numberless?

As through the darkness, cold and hollow,
 Of some hopeless dream, there press
 Dim, delirious shapes that dress
 Their white limbs with folds of pain;
 See the swift mysterious train—

Forms of fixed, embodied feeling,
 Fixed, but in a fiery trance,
 Of wildering mien and lightning glance,

Each its inward power revealing
 Through its quivering countenance;
 Visible living agonies,

Wild with everlasting motion,
 Memory with her dark dead eyes,
 Tortured thoughts that useless rise;

Late remorse and vain devotion,
 Dreams of cruelty and crime,

Unmoved by rage, untamed by time,
 Of fierce design, and fell delaying,

Quenched affection, strong despair,
 Wan disease, and madness playing

With her own pale hair.

The last, how woeful and how wild!

Enrobed with no diviner dread

Than that one smile, so sad, so mild,

Worn by the human dead;

A specter thing, whose pride of power
 Is vested in its pain
 Becoming dreadful in the hour
 When what it seems was slain.
 Bound with the chill that checks the sense,
 It moves in spasm-like spell:
 It walks in that dead impotence,
 How weak, how terrible!
 Cambyses, when thy summoned hour
 Shall pause on Ecbatana's Tower,
 Though barbed with guilt, and swift, and fierce,
 Unnumbered pangs thy soul shall pierce
 The last, the worst thy heart can prove,
 Must be that brother's look of love; *
 That look that once shone but to bless,
 Then changed, how mute, how merciless!
 His blood shall bathe thy brow, his pain
 Shall bind thee with a burning chain,
 His arms shall drag, his wrath shall thrust
 Thy soul to death, thy throne to dust;
 Thy memory darkened with disgrace,
 Thy kingdom wrested from thy race, †
 Condemned of God, accursed of men,
 Lord of my grief, remember then,
 The tears of him—who will not weep again.

* Cambyses caused his brother Smerdis to be slain; suspecting him of designs on the throne. This deed he bitterly repented of on his death-bed, being convinced of the innocence of his brother.

* Treacherously seized by Smerdis the Magus, afterwards attained by Darius Hystaspes, through the instrumentality of his groom. Cambyses died in the Syrian Ecbatana, of a wound accidentally received in the part of the thigh where he had wounded Apis.

FAREWELL.

πῶψ δ' ὑπερπόντίας
 φῶσμα δόξει δόμων ἀνάσσειν
 ὄνειρόφαντοι δὲ πενθήμονες
 πάρεισιν ὄσκει φέρουσαι χάριν ματαίαν
 βέβακεν ὄψις οὐ μεθύστερον
 πτεροῖς ὄπαδοις ὑπνον κελεύθους.

I.

FAREWELL! that glance so swift, so bright,
 Was lightly given, but not in vain;
 For, day by day, its visioned light
 Must burn within my brain;
 And this shall be our sole farewell:—
 Let silence guard, with calm control,
 The grief my words were weak to tell,
 And thine unable to console.

II.

Let silence guard—alas! how long
 The stillness of the heart shall be,
 Taught to conceal the secret wrong
 That should be told to thee.
 Oh! hear me, ere the hour be past,
 That stands between me and my fear;
 And mock not at my words, the last
 These lips may frame for thee to hear.

III.

Farewell! a darkness and a dread
 Have checked my heart and chilled my brow;
 And there are tears which must be shed—
 Oh! deeply, wildly, but not now.

While thou art near, I would not weep:
 They come,—they come, the lonely years,
 Whose wings of desolation keep
 Enough of time for tears.

IV.

Think not this bitterness can cease,
 When these first throbs have burst their way;—
 Alas! this parting is like peace,
 Beside the pangs of dark delay,
 That round my spirit move and brood,
 Day after day, a gloomier host,
 Encompassing the solitude,
 Whence thou art longer lost.

V.

I had strange visible thoughts when last I slept;
 The crowded pangs of passion sunk and crept
 Into the woof of a delirious dream:
 A vision of cold earth and silent air,
 Though it had that which might methinks redeem
 Death from its darkness,—thou wast there,
 As thou art always when the speed
 Of the keen stars is full and free;
 Their light along mine eyes can lead
 The glory of thy memory:
 My slumber must be death indeed
 When it forgets to dream of thee.

VI.

And yet it was a strange dim dream:—
 I drifted on a mute and arrowy stream,
 Under the midnight, in a helmless boat
 That lay like a dead thing cast afloat

On the weight of the waves; I could feel them come,
 Many and mighty, but deep and dumb;
 And the strength of their darkness drifted and drew
 The rudderless length of that black canoe,
 As the west wind carries a fragment rent
 From a thunder-cloud's uppermost battlement.

VII

And this black boat had one expanded sail,
 All woven of wan light, narrow and pale;
 It clove the dense illimitable shade
 Like a sheet of keen white fire; the wind, that made
 Its motion, became luminous, and glowed
 Through its transparent folds, in silence taking
 Glory, and giving life; then failed and flowed
 Back to the gloom; with many a moan forsaking
 The bosom of that sail so wildly woven,
 By whose swift path the lifeless night was cloven,
 As by a whirling spear; beneath, the river
 Repeated its white image,—a faint quiver
 Of lifelike undulation rose forever
 Through its pure warp, like crystal waves that wake
 Beneath the pale path of the water-snake,
 When the green fireflakes through the kindled ocean
 Flash from the swiftness of his sunlit motion.

VIII.

And thus I drifted, impotently sent
 Down the dim strength of that wild element;
 No memory behind, nor light before;
 No murmur from the wave, no voices from the shore;
 That shore was indistinct and desolate,
 Though I could see, between me and the sky,
 The black boughs of broad trees, on which the weight
 Of leafage was all quiet, dead, and dry;

And they did twine themselves above my head
 In clasped contortions, even as if the death
 Had wrung their sapless strength, and visited
 Their withering leaves with agony; beneath,
 Broad weeds, in many an intertangled fold,
 Heavy with dew, hung motionless and cold,
 Clogging the arrowy waves with their green mass,
 Mixed with moist threads of wild and sunless grass,
 Whose passive undulation I could feel
 Quiver beneath the boat's retarded keel.
 And ever from above, the branches through,
 Together fell the dead leaves and the dew;
 The dew upon my brow fell chill and mute;
 The leaves upon the wave, as on a lute
 The fingers of a child; and where they smote,
 The waters uttered an irregular note,
 Subdued into strange music, as the feet
 Of mourners fall in a deserted street.

IX.

And thus we drifted on—my boat and I,
 Until there passed a thrill along the sky,
 As of a silent wind; it clove the gloom
 Asunder as our souls shall cleave the tomb:
 Day dropped from its wide wings, the heaven, unveiled,
 Grew glorious in the west, and I beheld
 That twilight lay behind me; and, below
 The paleness of its presence, there did glow
 Far chains of kindling mountain peaks, which flung
 The splendor from their brows, like morning dew
 Dashed from an eagle's wings; their ravines hung
 In purple folds from heaven: the windless blue
 Of deep wide waters slumbered at their feet;
 I saw the beauty of their peace repeat
 An indistinct and visionary shore,
 Whose glory, though untraced, I felt, or knew

Had been familiar once, though never more
 To mingle with my soul; the luster grew
 Faint in the arch of heaven; the bright wind slept,
 The darkness came upon me, and I wept:
 Again—again it wakened, and anew
 Gleamed the far shore; faint odors came and crept
 Over my senses; the dark current kept
 The souls of the crushed flowers in unison
 With its own motion, yet they died away.
 I saw the closing shadows, fast and grey,
 Sink back upon the hills, but not forever;
 Thrice did the force of that far twilight sever
 The cumbrous clouds; and thrice my moonlike sail
 Glowed with new glory; thrice the hills did veil
 Their sides with purple fire; but its third close
 Was swiftest, and the place whence it arose
 Grew cold in heaven, as human hearts with pain—
 I watched for its return, and watched in vain.

x.

And I was left alone, but not below
 The boughs of that thick forest; for the flow
 Of the strong tide had borne my bark within
 A silent city, where its surge could win
 Refuge of rest, in many an arched recess,
 Pierced in the wide walls of pale palaces;
 Grey dwellings, echo haunted, vast and old,
 So lifeless, that the black wave's iciest beat
 Felt like warm kisses to their marble cold;
 So shadowy, that the light, which from the sheet
 Of my fair sail passed down that river street,
 Could scarcely bid the domes it glided by
 Strike their wan tracery on the midnight sky.

xi.

And this was passed, and through far-opening meadows,
 That pinnacle by its fire-fed sail was guided

Where sparkled out star-flowers among the shadows
That dwell upon their greenness, undivided.
A sickness came across my heart—a stress
Of a deep, wild, and death-like happiness,
Which drank my spirit, as the heaven drinks dew,
Until my frame was feeble; then I knew,
Beloved, I was near thee. The silence fell
From the cold spirit of the earth; I heard
The torpor of those melodies, that dwell
In the gladness of existence, newly stirred;
And the roused joy of many a purple bird
Sprang upwards, cleaving, through the burning foam
Of the dawn clouds, a path to its blue home;
Till, as its quivering ecstasy grew strong,
It paused upon its plumes,—the shower of song
Falling like water over its wide wings,
The leaves of the thick forest moved like strings
Of a wild harp; a sound of life did pass
Through the fresh risen blades of the pale grass,
And filled its hyacinthine bells, and grew
Thrilling and deep within their hollow blue.
Even the black motion of the waters glowed
With that new joy—they murmured as they flowed;
And, when I heard the inarticulate sense
Of all things waked with that strange eloquence,
I knew thy spirit made them sing and shine,—
Their gleaming beauty was but flashed from thine;
It passed into my soul, and did renew
That deathfulness of deep delight. I knew,
Beloved, I was near thee. I saw thee stand
On a white rock above that mighty stream,
Motionless, with the mien of mild command,
Worn but by the most beautiful; the gleam
Of thy bright hair fell o'er thy quiet brow,
With such keen glory as the golden East
Pours on the drifted clouds that float and flow
Round some pure island of moon fallen snow;

And on thy parted lips, the living glow
 Was gathered in one smile—how calm, how slow,
 How coldly fixed, how infinitely fair!
 Its light fell quivering through the midnight air,
 As the swift moonbeams through a kindling sea,—
 Beaming it fell, oh! wherefore not on me?
 I saw it wake the night-flowers at thy feet
 Even till their odorous pulses breathed and beat;
 It fell on the cold rocks, and on the free
 Unfeeling waves,—oh! wherefore not on me?

XII.

And yet thine eye was on me; undesigned
 Fell, as it seemed, that glance so coldly kind,
 With just as much of mercy in its ray
 As might forbid its light to turn away—
 To turn from him to whom that glance was all
 His hope could promise or his grief recall;
 Whose loss must leave such night as can reveal
 No farther pang on earth for him to feel.
 And yet it dwelt on me,—how dark, how deep,
 That soul-like eye's unfathomable sleep!
 So sleeps the sunless heaven of holiest height,
 When meteors flash along the calm of night;
 Rise through its voiceless depths of kindling blue,
 And melt and fall in fire suffused with dew:
 On me, on me,—oh! deeper; wilder yet—
 Mine eyes grew dim beneath the glance they met;
 My spirit drank its fire as weak winds drink
 The intense and tameless lightning, till they sink,
 Lost in its strength: it pierced my soul, until
 That soul lay lost, and faint, and deadly still,—
 Lost in the mingled spasm of love and pain,
 As an eagle beaten down by golden rain,
 Of sunset clouds along the burning sky:
 Oh! turn away, beloved, or I die.

Thou didst not turn; my heart could better brook
 The pride, than pity, of thy steadfast look;
 Steeled to its scornful flash, but not to see
 Its milder darkness melt, and melt for me.
 I had not much to bear; the moment's spark
 Of pity trembled, wavered, and was dark.
 It left the look which even love must fear,
 Which would be cold, if it were not severe.

XIII.

Those black resistless waves my bark that bore,
 Paused in thy presence by the illumined shore—
 Paused, but with gathering force and wilder tone,
 They rose, foamed, murmured, thundered, and dashed
 on—
 On, in the lonely gloom, and thou the while
 Didst gaze with that irrevocable smile,
 Nor heed the clasped hand and bitter cry—
 The wild appeal of my vain agony—
 One cry, one pang,—it was enough to fill
 My heart, until it shuddered and was still—
 Mute with the grief that deadly trance forgot—
 Cold, as thy spirit that regarded not:
 A moment more, the water's voice was thrown
 Like laughter in mine ears,—I was alone.

XIV.

Alone, alone! and I was calm, nor knew
 What quiet it could be that did subdue
 All passion and all pain with its deep stress.
 Mine eyes were dry, my limbs were motionless;
 My thoughts grew still and shadowy on the brain;
 The blood grew waveless in the heart and vein;
 I had no memory, no regret, no dread,
 Nor any other feeling, which the dead
 Have not, except that I was cold as they
 Can be, and knew not of it. Far away

The waters bore me through long winding caves
Of sunless ice, among whose chasms the waves
Gurgled in round black pools, that whirled between
The splintered ice-crag's walls of ghastly green,
Shattered and cloven in dreadful forms, whose height
Cast fearful streams of strange and lifeless light,
Veiled with worse horror by the quivering ray,
Like dead things lighted by their own decay;
And round their summits grey wreathed clouds were
twined,

Which were still torn to pieces, without wind,
And tossed and twisted in the soundless air,
Like tortured thoughts, rebellious in despair.

And through their gloom I saw vague forms arise,

Living, but with pale limbs and lightless eyes;

And some were cruel in their mien, and wild;

And some were mournful, and a few were mild;

And some were—what mine eyes could not behold—

And some were beautiful; but all were cold:

And those that were most ghastly ever grew

Into a stronger group of life; the few

Who were, or pure, or beautiful, did hide

Their faces in each other's breasts, and died;

And quivering fire rose upward from their death,

Which the foul forms that lived drank in like breath;

Making their own existence mightier: none

Remained but those I could not look upon;

And in that fear I woke. The moon was set,

Dawn came; oh, would that it were darkness yet!

Day only drew me from that dream of ill,

To make me feel how much it could fulfil—

Scattered the trance, to make the truth succeed,

And bid the lost in sleep be lost indeed.

Far o'er the earth the beams of beauty shine;

The eyes of hope may welcome them,—not mine.

Hark! as the kindling splendors broader break,

The thousand voices of the earth awake:

The sounds of joy on other lips may dwell;—
That dawn hath but one word for mine—farewell!

XV.

Farewell! but not forever—now
The marks of pain are on my brow;
Once more we have to part, and thou
Shalt marvel in thy pride to see
How very calm that brow can be.
Once more! then through the darkness deep
The stream of life may swirl and sweep;
I shall not fear, nor feel, nor weep;
My soul, upon those billows rolled,
Shall only know that it was cold.

XVI.

That vision told, how much of truth!
For as I saw the day-beam break
Behind me thrice on vale and lake,
So, thrice along the hills of youth,
Thy form my path had crossed;
It left the light too brief to bless,
Too deeply loved, too darkly lost,
For hope or for forgetfulness.

XVII.

Yet thou shalt come the seal to set
That guards the scroll of pleasures past;
One joy, one pang, is wanting yet,—
The loveliest, wildest,—both the last.
I see thee come with kindling cheek,
And wildering smile, and waving hair,
And glancing eye, whose flash can speak
When lips are cold and words are weak.

And what are these to my despair?
 But things to stir with sobs the sleep,
 That should be dreamless, deadliest deep,
 From each imprisoned pang to melt
 The fetters forged in vain;
 And bid the ghastly life be felt,
 We can but feel by pain;
 To make the soul they cannot save
 Heave wildly in its living grave;
 And feel the worms that will not cease
 To feed on—what should have been peace.

XVIII.

Yet come—and let thy glance be dim,
 And let thy words be low;
 Then turn—forever turn—from him
 Whose love thou canst not know;—
 And reck not of the faithful breast,
 Whose thoughts have now no home—nor rest—
 That wreathed, with unregarded light,
 Thy steps by day, and sleep by night.
 Then when the wildest word is past,
 And when mine eyes have looked their last,
 Be every barrier earth can twine
 Cast in between my soul and thine,—
 The wave, the wild, the steel, the flame,
 And all that word or will can frame;
 When God shall call or man shall claim,
 Depart from me, and let thy name
 Be uttered in mine ears with dread,
 As only meaning—what is dead—
 Like some lost sound of long ago,
 That grief is learning not to know;
 And I will walk the world as one
 Who hath but little left to feel;
 And smile to see affection shun.

The moveless brow and heart of steel:
 Thou in thy pride alone shalt know
 What left them lifeless years ago;
 Thou mayst recall the pang, the hour,
 That gave my soul that pain of power;
 And deem that darkened spirit free—
 Ay! even from the love of thee.

THE DEPARTED LIGHT.

THOU know'st the place where purple rocks receive
 The deepened silence of the pausing stream;
 And myrtles and white olives interweave
 Their cool gray shadows with the azure gleam
 Of noontide; and pale temple columns cleave
 Those waves with shafts of light (as, through a dream
 Of sorrow, pierced the memories of loved hours—
 Cold and fixed thoughts that will not pass away)
 All chapleted with wreaths of marble flowers,
 Too calm to live,—too lovely to decay.
 And hills rise round, pyramidal and vast,
 Like tombs built of blue heaven, above the clay
 Of those who worshiped here, whose steps have past
 To silence—laving o'er the waters cast
 The light of their religion. There, at eve,
 That gentle dame would walk, when night-birds make
 The starry myrtle blossoms pant and heave
 With waves of ceaseless song; she would awake
 The lulled air with her kindling thoughts, and leave
 Her voice's echo on the listening lake;
 The quenched rays of her beauty would deceive
 Its depths into quick joy. Hill, wave, and brake
 Grew living as she moved: I did believe
 That they were lovely, only for her sake;

But now—she is not there—at least, the chill
 Hath passed upon her which no sun shall break.
 Stranger, my feet must shun the lake and hill:—
 Seek them,—but dream not they are lovely still.

AGONIA.

WHEN our delight is desolate,
 And hope is overthrown;
 And when the heart must bear the weight
 Of its own love alone;

And when the soul, whose thoughts are deep,
 Must guard them unrevealed,
 And feel that it is full, but keep
 That fullness calm and sealed;

When love's long glance is dark with pain—
 With none to meet or cheer;
 And words of woe are wild in vain
 For those who cannot hear;

When earth is dark and memory
 Pale in the heaven above,—
 The heart can bear to lose its joy,
 But not to cease to love.

But what shall guide the choice within,
 Of guilt or agony,—
 When to remember is to sin,
 And to forget—to die!

THE HILLS OF CARRARA.*

I.

AMIDST a vale of springing leaves,
 Where spreads the vine its wandering root,
 And cumbrous fall the autumnal sheaves,
 And olives shed their sable fruit,
 And gentle winds, and waters never mute,
 Make of young boughs and pebbles pure
 One universal lute,
 And bright birds, through the myrtle copse obscure,
 Pierce with quick notes, and plumage dipped in dew,
 The silence and the shade of each lulled avenue.

II.

Far in the depths of voiceless skies,
 Where calm and cold the stars are strewed,
 The peaks of pale Carrara rise.
 Nor sound of storm, nor whirlwind rude,
 Can break their chill of marble solitude;
 The crimson lightnings round their crest
 May hold their fiery feud—
 They hear not, nor reply; their chasmed rest
 No flowret decks, nor herbage green, nor breath
 Of moving thing can change their atmosphere of death.

* The mountains of Carrara, from which nearly all the marble now used in sculpture is derived, form by far the finest piece of hill scenery I know in Italy. They rise out of valleys of exquisite richness, being themselves singularly desolate, magnificent in form and noble in elevation, but without forests on their flanks and without one blade of grass on their summits.

III.

But far beneath, in folded sleep,
 Faint forms of heavenly life are laid,
 With pale brows and soft eyes, that keep
 Sweet peace of unawakened shade,
 Whose wreathèd limbs, in robes of rock arrayed,
 Fall like white waves on human thought,
 In fitful dreams displayed;
 Deep through their secret homes of slumber sought,
 They rise immortal, children of the day,
 Gleaming with godlike forms on earth, and her decay.

IV.

Yes, where the bud hath brightest germ,
 And broad the golden blossoms glow,
 There glides the snake and works the worm
 And black the earth is laid below.
 Ah! think not thou the souls of men to know;
 By outward smiles in wildness worn;
 The words that jest at woe
 Spring not less lightly, though the heart be torn,
 The mocking heart, that scarcely dares confess
 Even to itself, the strength of its own bitterness.

V.

Nor deem that they whose words are cold,
 Whose brows are dark, have hearts of steel,
 The couchant strength, untraced, untold,
 Of thoughts they keep and throbs they feel,
 May need an answering music to unseal,
 Who knows what waves may stir the silent sea,
 Beneath the low appeal
 From distant shores, of winds unfelt by thee?
 What sounds may wake within the winding shell,
 Responsive to the charm of those who touch it well!

CHARITIE.

THE beams of the morning are renew'd,
The valley laughs their light to see;
The earth is bright with gratitude,
And the heaven with Charitie.

Oh, dew of heaven! oh, light of earth!
Fain would our hearts be filled with thee,
Because nor darkness comes, nor dearth,
About the home of Charitie.

God guides the stars their wandering way,
He seems to cast their courses free,
But binds unto himself for aye;
And all their chains are Charitie.

When first he stretch'd the signèd zone,
And heap'd the hills, and barr'd the sea,
Then Wisdom sat beside his throne,
But his own word was Charitie.

And still, through every age and hour,
Of things that were and things that be,
Are breathed the presence and the power
Of everlasting Charitie.

By noon and night, by sun and shower,
By dews that fall and winds that flee,
On grove and field, on fold and flower,
Is shed the peace of Charitie.

The violets light the lonely hill,
The fruitful furrows load the lea:
Man's heart alone is sterile still,
For lack of lowly Charitie.

He walks a weary vale within—
 No lamp of love in heart hath he;
 His steps are death, his thoughts are sin,
 For lack of gentle Charitie.

Daughter of Heaven! we dare not lift
 The dimness of our eyes to thee;
 Oh! pure and God-descended gift!
 Oh! spotless, perfect Charitie!

Yet forasmuch thy brow is crossed
 With blood-drops from the deathful tree,
 We take thee for our only trust,
 Oh! dying Charitie!

Ah! Hope, Endurance, Faith—ye fail like death,
 But Love an everlasting crown receiveth;
 For she is Hope, and Fortitude, and Faith,
 Who all things hopeth, beareth and believeth.

THE BATTLE OF MONTENOTTE.

“My patent of nobility” (said Napoleon) “dates from the Battle of Montenotte.”

I.

Slow lifts the night her starry host
 Above the mountain chain
 That guards the gray Ligurian coast,
 And lights the Lombard plain;
 That plain, that softening on the sight
 Lies blue beneath the balm of night,
 With lapse of rivers lulled, that glide
 In luster broad of living tide,

Or pause for hours of peace beside
 The shores they double, and divide,
 To feed with heaven's reverted hue
 The clustered vine's expanding blue:
 With crystal flow, for evermore,
 They lave a blood-polluted shore;
 Ah! not the snows, whose wreaths renew
 Their radiant depth with stainless dew,
 Can bid their banks be pure, or bless
 The guilty land with holiness.

II.

In stormy waves, whose wrath can reach
 The rocks that back the topmost beach,
 The midnight sea falls wild and deep
 Around Savona's marble steep,

And Voltri's crescent bay.

What fiery lines are these, that flash
 Where fierce the breakers curl and crash,

And fastest flies the spray?

No moon has risen to mark the night,
 Nor such the flakes of phosphor light
 That wake along the southern wave,
 By Baiæ's cliff and Capri's cave,

Until the dawn of day:

The phosphor flame is soft and green
 Beneath the hollow surges seen;

But these are dyed with dusky red
 Far on the fitful surface shed;

And evermore, their glance between,
 The mountain gust is deeply stirred
 With low vibration, felt, and heard,
 Which winds and leaves confuse, in vain,

It gathers through their maze again,
 Redoubling round the rocks it smote,
 Till falls in fear the night-bird's note,

And every sound beside is still,
 But plash of torrent from the hill,
 And murmur by the branches made
 That bend above its bright cascade.

III.

Hark, hark! the hollow Apennine
 Laughs in his heart afar;
 Through all his vales he drinks like wine
 The deepening draught of war;
 For not with doubtful burst, or slow,
 That thunder shakes his breathless snow,
 But ceaseless rends, with rattling stroke,
 The veils of white volcano-smoke
 That o'er Legino's ridges rest,*
 And writhe in Merla's valé:
 There lifts the Frank his triple crest,
 Crowned with its plumage pale,
 Though, clogged and dyed with stains of death,
 It scarce obeys the tempest's breath,
 And darker still, and deadlier press
 The war-clouds on its weariness.

* The Austrian center, 10,000 strong, had been advanced to Montenotte in order, if possible, to cut asunder the French force which was following the route of the Corniche. It encountered at Montenotte, only Colonel Rampon, at the head of 1,200 men, who, retiring to the redoubt at Monte Legino, defended it against the repeated attacks of the Austrians until nightfall—making his soldiers swear to conquer or die. The Austrian General Rocavina was severely wounded, and his successor, D'Argenteau, refused to continue the attack. Napoleon was lying at Savona, but set out after sunset with the divisions of Massena and Serrurier, and occupied the heights at Montenotte. At daybreak the Imperialists found themselves surrounded on all sides, and were totally defeated, with the loss of two thousand prisoners, and above one thousand killed and wounded. [April 12, 1796.]

This victory, the first gained by Napoleon, was the foundation of the success of the Italian campaign. Had Colonel Rampon been compelled to retire from Monte Legino, the fate of the world would probably have been changed.—*Vide Alison*, ch. 20.

Far by the bright Bormida's banks
 The Austrian cheers his chosen ranks,
 In ponderous waves, that, where they check
 Rise o'er their own tumultuous wreck,
 Recoiling—crashing—gathering still
 In rage around that Island hill,

Where stand the movcless Few—
 Few—fewer as the moments flit;
 Though shaft and shell their columns split
 As morning melts the dew,
 Though narrower yet their guarding grows,
 And hot the heaps of carnage close,
 In death's faint shade and fiery shock,
 They stand, one ridge of living rock,
 Which steel may rend, and wave may wear,
 And bolt may crush, and blast may tear,

But none can strike from its abiding.
 The flood, the flash, the steel, may bear
 Perchance destruction—not despair,
 And death—but not dividing.
 What matter? while their ground they keep,
 Though here a column—there an heap—
 Though these in wrath—and those in sleep,
 If all are *there*.

IV.

Charge, D'Argenteau! Fast flies the night,
 The snows look wan with inward light:
 Charge, D'Argenteau! Thy kingdom's power
 Wins not again this hope, nor hour:
 The force—the fate of France is thrown
 Behind those feeble shields,
 That ridge of death-defended stone
 Were worth a thousand fields!
 In vain—in vain! Thy broad array
 Breaks on their front of spears like spray:

Thine hour hath struck—the dawning red
 Is o'er thy wavering standards shed;
 A darker dye thy folds shall take
 Before its utmost beams can break.

v.

Out of its Eastern fountains
 The river of day is drawn,
 And the shadows of the mountains
 March downward from the dawn,—
 The shadows of the ancient hills
 Shortening as they go,
 Down beside the dancing rills
 Wearily and slow.
 The morning wind the mead hath kissed;
 It leads in narrow lines
 The shadows of the silver mist,
 To pause among the pines.
 But where the sun is calm and hot,
 And where the wind hath peace,
 There is a shade that pauseth not,
 And a sound that doth not cease.
 The shade is like a sable river
 Broken with sparkles bright;
 The sound is like dead leaves that shiver
 In the decay of night.

vi.

Together came with pulse-like beat
 The darkness, and the tread;
 A motion calm—a murmur sweet,
 Yet deathful both, and dread;
 Poised on the hill, a fringed shroud,
 It wavered like the sea,
 Then clove itself, as doth a cloud,
 In sable columns three.

They fired no shot—they gave no sign,—
 They blew no battle peal,
 But down they came, in deadly line,
 Like whirling bars of steel.
 As fades the forest from its place,
 Beneath the lava flood,
 The Austrian host, before their face,
 Was melted into blood:
 They moved, as moves the solemn night,
 With lulling, and release,
 Before them, all was fear and flight,
 Behind them, all was peace:
 Before them flashed the roaring glen
 With bayonet and brand;
 Behind them lay the wrecks of men,
 Like sea-weed on the sand.

VII.

But still, along the cumbered heath,
 A vision strange and fair
 Did fill the eyes that failed in death,
 And darkened in despair;
 Where blazed the battle wild and hot
 A youth, deep-eyed and pale,
 Did move amidst the storm of shot,
 As the fire of God through hail.
 He moved, serene as spirits are,
 And dying eyes might see
 Above his head a crimson star
 Burning continually.

* * * * *

VIII.

With bended head, and breathless tread,
 The traveler tracks that silent shore,

Oppressed with thoughts that seek the dead,
 And visions that restore;
 Or lightly trims his pausing bark,
 Where lies the ocean lulled and dark,
 Beneath the marble mounds that stay
 The strength of many a bending bay,
 And lace with silver lines the flow
 Of tideless waters to and fro,
 As drifts the breeze, or dies;
 That scarce recalls its lightness, left
 In many a purple-curtained cleft,
 Whence to the softly lighted skies
 Low flowers lift up their dark blue eyes,
 To bring by fits the deep perfume
 Alternate, as the bending bloom
 Diffuses or denies.

Above, the slopes of mountain shine,
 Where glows the citron, glides the vine,
 And breathes the myrtle wildly bright,
 And aloes lift their lamps of light,
 And ceaseless sunbeams clothe the calm
 Of orbèd pine and vaulted palm,
 Dark trees, that sacred order keep,
 And rise in temples o'er the steep—
 Eternal shrines, whose columned shade
 Though winds may shake, and frosts may fade,
 And dateless years subdue,
 Is softly builded, ever new,
 By angel hands, and wears the dread
 And stillness of a sacred place,
 A sadness of celestial grace,
 A shadow, God-inhabited.

IX.

And all is peace, around, above,
 The air all balm—the light all love,

Enduring love, that burns and broods
 Serenely o'er these solitudes,
 Or pours at intervals a part
 Of Heaven upon the wanderer's heart,
 Whose subjects old and quiet thought
 Are open to be touched or taught,
 By mute address of bud and beam
 Of purple peak and silver stream—
 By sounds that fall at nature's choice,
 And things whose being is their voice,
 Innumerable tongues that teach
 The will and ways of God to men,
 In waves that beat the lonely beach,
 And winds that haunt the homeless glen,
 Where they, who ruled the rushing deep,
 The restless and the brave,
 Have left along their native steep
 The ruin, and the grave.

x.

And he who gazes while the day
 Departs along the boundless bay,
 May find against its fading streak
 The shadow of a single peak,
 Seen only when the surges smile,
 And all the heaven is clear,
 That sad and solitary isle,*
 Where, captive, from his red career,
 He sank—who shook the hemisphere;
 Then, turning from the hollow sea,
 May trace, across the crimsoned height
 That saw his earliest victory,
 The purple rainbow's resting light,
 And the last lines of storm that fade
 Within the peaceful evening-shade.

Elba is said to be visible from most of the elevated points of this coast. From the citadel of Genoa I have seen what was asserted to be Elba. I believe it to have been Corsica.

A WALK IN CHAMOUNI.

TOGETHER on the valley, white and sweet,
 The dew and silence of the morning lay:
 Only the tread of my disturbing feet
 Did break the printed shade and patient beat
 The crispèd stillness of the meadow way;
 And frequent mountain waters, welling up
 In crystal gloom beneath some mouldering stone,
 Curdled in many a flower-enameled cup
 Whose soft and purple border, scarcely blown,
 Budded beneath their touch, and trembled to their tone.

The fringed branches of the swinging pines
 Closed o'er my path; a darkness in the sky,
 That barred its dappled vault with rugged lines,
 And silver network,*—interwoven signs
 Of dateless age and deathless infancy;
 Then through their aisles a motion and a brightness
 Kindled and shook—the weight of shade they bore
 On their broad arms, was lifted by the lightness
 Of a soft, shuddering wind, and what they wore
 Of jeweled dew, was strewed about the forest floor.

That thrill of gushing wind and glittering rain
 Onward amid the woodland hollows went,
 And bade by turns the drooping boughs complain
 O'er the brown earth, that drank in lightless stain
 The beauty of their burning ornament;
 And then the roar of an enormous river
 Came on the intermittent air uplifted,

* The white mosses on the meleze, when the tree is very old, are singularly beautiful, resembling frost-work of silver.

Broken with haste, I saw its sharp waves shiver,
 And its wild weight in white disorder drifted,
 Where by its beaten shore the rocks lay heaped and
 rifted.

But yet unshattered, from an azure arch *
 Came forth the nodding waters, wave by wave,
 In silver lines of modulated march,
 Through a broad desert, which the frost-winds parch
 Like fire, and the resounding ice-falls pave
 With pallid ruin—wastes of rock—that share
 Earth's calm and ocean's fruitlessness.† Undone
 The work of ages lies,—through whose despair
 Their swift procession dancing in the sun,
 The white and whirling waves pass mocking one by one.

And with their voice—unquiet melody—
 Is filled the hollow of their mighty portal,
 As shells are with remembrance of the sea;
 So might the eternal arch of Eden be
 With angels' wail for those whose crowns immortal
 The grave-dust dimmed in passing. There are here,
 With azure wings, and cimeters of fire,
 Forms as of Heaven, to guard the gate, and rear
 Their burning arms afar,—a boundless choir
 Beneath the sacred shafts of many a mountain spire.

Countless as clouds, dome, prism, and pyramid
 Pierced through the mist of morning scarce withdrawn,
 Signing the gloom like beacon fires, half hid
 By storm—part quenched in billows—or forbid
 Their function by the fullness of the dawn:
 And melting mists and threads of purple rain
 Fretted the fair sky where the east was red,
 Gliding like ghosts along the voiceless plain,

* Source of the Arveron.

† *παρὰ θιν' ἄλδος ἀτρυγέροις.*—ΙΛΙΑΔ. Α'

In rainbow hues around its coldness shed,
Like thoughts of loving hearts that haunt about the dead.

And over these, as pure as if the breath
Of God had called them newly into light,
Free from all stamp of sin, or shade of death,
With which the old creation travaileth,
Rose the white mountains, through the infinite
Of the calm, concave heaven; inly bright
With luster everlasting and intense,
Serene and universal as the night,
But yet more solemn with pervading sense
Of the deep stillness of omnipotence.

Deep stillness! for the throbs of human thought,
Count not the lonely night that pauses here,
And the white arch of morning findeth not
By chasm or alp, a spirit, or a spot,
Its call can waken, or its beams can cheer:
There are no eyes to watch, no lips to meet
Its messages with prayer—no matin bell
Touches the delicate air with summons sweet;—
That smoke was of the avalanche; * that knell
Came from a tower of ice that into fragments fell.

Ah! why should that be comfortless—why cold,
Which is so near to Heaven? The lowly earth
Out of the blackness of its charnel mold
Feeds its fresh life, and lights its banks with gold;
But these proud summits, in eternal dearth,
Whose solitudes nor mourning know, nor mirth,
Rise passionless and pure, but all unblest:
Corruption—must it root the brightest birth?
And is the life that bears its fruitage best,
One neither of supremacy nor rest?

* The vapor or dust of dry snow which rises after the fall of a large avalanche, sometimes looks in the distance not unlike the smoke of a village.

LA MADONNA DELL' ACQUA.

In the center of the lagoon between Venice and the mouths of the Brenta, supported on a few molding piles, stands a small shrine dedicated to the Madonna Dell' Acqua, which the gondolier never passes without a prayer.

Around her shrine no earthly blossoms blow,
No footsteps fret the pathway to and fro;
No sign nor record of departed prayer.
Print of the stone, nor echo of the air;
Worn by the lip, nor wearied by the knee,—
Only a deeper silence of the sea:
For there, in passing, pause the breezes bleak,
And the foam fades, and all the waves are weak.
The pulse-like oars in softer fall succeed,
The black prow falters through the wild seaweed—
Where, twilight-borne, the minute thunders reach
Of deep-mouthed surf, that bays by Lido's beach,
With intermittent motion traversed far,
And shattered glancing of the western star,
Till the faint storm-bird on the heaving flow
Drops in white circles, silently like snow.
Not here the ponderous gem, nor pealing note,
Dim to adorn—insentient to adore—
But purple-dyed, the mists of evening float
In ceaseless incense from the burning floor
Of ocean, and the gathered gold of heaven
Laces its sapphire vault, and, early given,
The white rays of the rushing firmament
Pierce the blue-quivering night through wreath or rent
Of cloud inscrutable and motionless,
Hectic and wan, and moon-companioned cloud!
Oh! lone Madonna—angel of the deep—
When the night falls, and deadly winds are loud,

Will not thy love be with us while we keep
 Our watch upon the waters, and the gaze
 Of thy soft eyes, that slumber not, nor sleep?
 Deem not thou, stranger, that such trust is vain;
 Faith walks not on these weary waves alone,
 Though weakness dread, or apathy disdain
 The spot which God has hallowed for His own.
 They sin who pass it lightly—ill divining
 The glory of this place of bitter prayer;
 And hoping against hope, and self-resigning,
 And reach of faith, and wrestling with despair,
 And resurrection of the last distress,
 Into the sense of heaven, when earth is bare,
 And of God's voice, when man's is comfortless.

THE OLD SEAMAN.

I.

You ask me why mine eyes are bent
 So darkly on the sea,
 While others watch the azure hills
 That lengthen on the lee.

II.

The azure hills—they soothe the sight
 That fails along the foam;
 And those may hail their nearing height
 Who there have hope, or home.

III.

But I a loveless path have trod—
 A beaconless career;
 My hope hath long been all with God,
 And all my home is—here.

IV.

The deep by day, the heaven by night,
 Roll onward swift and dark;
 Nor leave my soul the dove's delight,
 Of olive branch, or ark.

V.

For more than gale, or gulf, or sand,
 I've proved that there may be
 Worse treachery on the steadfast land,
 Than variable sea.

VI.

A danger worse than bay or beach—
 A falsehood more unkind—
 The treachery of a governed speech,
 And an ungoverned mind.

VII.

The treachery of the deadly mart
 Where human souls are sold;
 The treachery of the hollow heart
 That crumbles as we hold.

VIII.

Those holy hills and quiet lakes—
 Ah! wherefore should I find
 This weary fever-fit, that shakes
 Their image in my mind?

IX.

The memory of a streamlet's din,
 Through meadows daisy-drest—

Another might be glad therein,
And yet I cannot rest.

X.

I cannot rest unless it be
Beneath the churchyard yew;
But God, I think, hath yet for me
More earthly work to do.

XI.

And therefore with a quiet will,
I breathe the ocean air,
And bless the voice that calls me still
To wander and to bear.

XII.

Let others seek their native sod,
Who there have hearts to cheer;
My soul hath long been given to God,
And all my home is—here.

 THE ALPS.

SEEN FROM MARENGO.

THE glory of a cloud—without its wane;
The stillness of the earth—but not its gloom;
The loveliness of life—without its pain;
The peace—but not the hunger of the tomb!
Ye Pyramids of God! around whose bases
The sea foams noteless in his narrow cup;
And the unseen movements of the earth send up
A murmur which your hulling snow effaces
Like the deer's footsteps. Thrones imperishable!

About whose adamantine steps the breath
 Of dying generations vanisheth,
 Less cognizable than clouds; and dynasties,
 Less glorious and more feeble than the array
 Of your frail glaciers, unregarded rise,
 Totter and vanish. In the uncounted day,
 When earth shall tremble as the trump unwraps
 Their sheets of slumber from the crumbling dead,
 And the quick, thirsty fire of judgment laps
 The loud sea from the hollow of his bed—
 Shall not your God spare *you*, to whom He gave
 No share nor shadow of man's crime, or fate;
 Nothing to render, nor to expiate;
 Untainted by his life—untrusted with his grave?

MONT BLANC RÉVISITED.

9TH JUNE 1845.

I.

OH, mount beloved! mine eyes again
 Behold the twilight's sanguine stain
 Along thy peaks expire.
 Oh, mount beloved! thy frontier waste
 I seek with a religious haste,
 And reverent desire.

II.

They meet me midst thy shadows cold,—
 Such thoughts as holy men of old
 Amid the desert found;
 Such gladness as in Him they felt,
 Who with them through the darkness dwelt,
 And compassed all around.

III.

Oh! happy, if His will were so,
 To give me manna here for snow,
 And, by the torrent side,
 To lead me, as He leads His flocks
 Of wild deer, through the lonely rocks,
 In peace unterrified;

IV.

Since, from the things that trustful rest—
 The partridge on her purple nest,
 The marmot in his den;—
 God wins a worship more resigned—
 A purer praise than He can find
 Upon the lips of men.

V.

'Alas for man! who hath no sense
 Of gratefulness nor confidence,
 But still rejects and raves;
 That all God's love can scarcely win
 One soul from taking pride in sin,
 And pleasure over graves.

VI.

Yet let me not, like him who trod
 In wrath, of old, the mount of God,
 Forget the thousands left;
 Lest haply, when I seek His face;
 The whirlwind of the cave replace
 The glory of the cleft.

VII.

But teach me, God, a milder thought,
 Lest I, of all Thy blood has bought,

Least honorable be;
 And this, that moves me to condemn,
 Be rather want of love for them,
 Than jealousy for Thee.

THE ARVE AT CLUSE.

HAST thou no rest, oh, stream perplexed and pale!
 That thus forget'st, in thine unhallowed rage,
 The pureness of thy mountain parentage?
 Unprofitable power! that dost assail
 The shore thou should'st refresh, and weariest
 The boughs thou shouldst water; whose unrest
 Strews thy white whirl with leaves untimely frail.
 Fierce river! to whose strength—whose avarice—
 The rocks resist not, nor the vales suffice,
 Cloven and wasted: fearfully I trace
 Backward thy borders, image of my race!
 Who born, like thee, near Heaven, have lost, like thee,
 Their heritage of peace. Roll on, thus proud,
 Impatient and pollute! I would not see
 Thy force less fatal, or thy path less free;
 But I would cast upon thy waves the cloud
 Of passions that are like thee, and baptize
 My spirit from its tumult at this Gate
 Of Glory, that my lifted heart and eyes,
 Purged even by thee from things that desolate
 Or darken, may receive, divinely given,
 The radiance of that world where all is stilled
 In worship, and the sacred mountains build
 Their brightness of stability in Heaven.

MONT BLANC.

He who looks upward from the vale by night,
When the clouds vanish and the winds are stayed,
Forever finds, in Heaven's serenest height,
A space that hath no stars—a mighty shade—
A vacant form, immovably displayed,
Steep in the unstable vault. The planets droop
Behind it; the fleece-laden moonbeams fade;
The midnight constellations, troop by troop,
Depart and leave it with the dawn alone:
Uncomprehended yet, and hardly known
For finite, but by what it takes away
Of the east's purple deepening into day.
Still, for a time, it keeps its awful rest,
Cold as the prophet's pile on Carmel's crest:
Then falls the fire of God.—Far off or near,
Earth and the sea, wide worshiping, descry
That burning altar in the morning sky;
And the strong pines their utmost ridges rear,
Moved like an host, in angel-guided fear
And sudden faith. So stands the Providence
Of God around us; mystery of Love!
Obscure, unchanging, darkness and defense,—
Impenetrable and unmoved above
The valley of our watch; but which shall be
The light of Heaven hereafter, when the strife
Of wandering stars, that rules this night of life,
Dies in the dawning of Eternity.

WRITTEN AMONG THE BASSES ALPES.

It is not among mountain scenery that human intellect usually takes its finest temper, or receives its highest development; but it is at least there that we find a consistent energy of mind and body, compelled by severer character of agencies to be resisted and hardships to be endured; and it is there that we must seek for the last remnants of patriarchal simplicity and patriotic affection—the few rock fragments of manly character that are yet free from the lichenous stain of over-civilization. It must always, therefore, be with peculiar pain that we find, as in the district to which the following verses allude, the savageness and seclusion of mountain life, without its force and faithfulness; and all the indolence and sensuality of the most debased cities of Europe, without the polish to disguise, the temptation to excuse, or the softness of natural scenery to harmonize with them.

“Why stand ye here all the day idle?”

HAVE you in heaven no hope—on earth no care—
 No foe in hell—ye things of sty and stall,
 That congregate like flies, and make the air
 Rank with your fevered sloth—that hourly call
 The sun, which should your servant be, to bear
 Dread witness on you, with uncounted wane
 And unregarded rays, from peak to peak
 Of piny-gnomoned mountain moved in vain?
 Behold, the very shadows that ye seek
 For slumber, write along the wasted wall
 Your condemnation. They forget not, they,
 Their ordered function and determined fall,
 Nor useless perish. But *you* count your day
 By sins, and write your difference from clay
 In bonds you break and laws you disobey.
 God! who hast given the rocks their fortitude,
 The sap unto the forests, and their food
 And vigor to the busy tenantry
 Of happy soulless things that wait on Thee,

Hast Thou no blessing where Thou gav'st Thy blood?
 Wilt Thou not make Thy fair creation whole?
 Behold and visit this Thy vine for good—
 Breathe in this human dust its living soul.

THE GLACIER.

THE mountains have a peace which none disturb—
 The stars and clouds a course which none restrain—
 The wild sea-waves rejoice without a curb,
 And rest without a passion; but the chain
 Of Death, upon this ghastly cliff and chasm
 Is broken evermore, to bind again,
 Nor lulls nor looses. Hark! a voice of pain
 Suddenly silenced!—a quick-passing spasm,
 That startles rest, but grants not liberty,—
 A shudder, or a struggle, or a cry—
 And then sepulchral stillness. Look on us,
 God! who hast given these hills their place of pride,
 If Death's captivity be sleepless thus,
 For those who sink to it unsanctified.

SALTZBURG.*

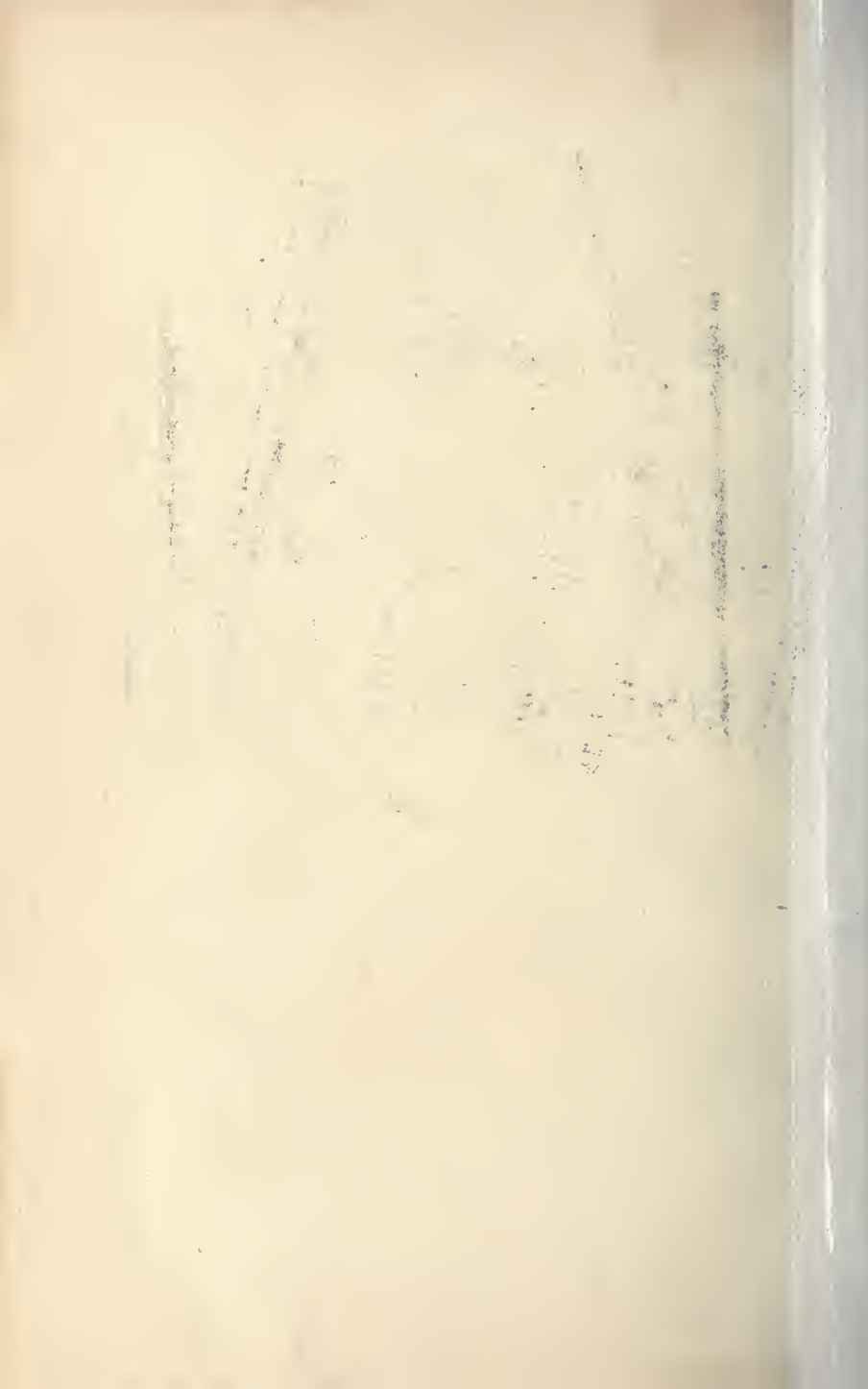
ON Salza's quiet tide the westering sun
 Gleams mildly; and the lengthening shadows dun,
 Chequered with ruddy streaks from spire and roof,
 Begin to weave fair twilight's mystic woof,
 Till the dim tissue, like a gorgeous veil,
 Wraps the proud city, in her beauty pale.
 A minute since, and in the rosy light
 Dome, casement, spire, were glowing warm and bright;
 A minute since, St. Rupert's stately shrine,
 Rich with the spoils of many a Hartzwald mine,
 Flung back the golden glow; now, broad and vast,
 The shadows from yon ancient fortress cast,
 Like the dark grasp of some barbaric power,
 Their leaden empire stretch o'er roof and tower.

Sweet is the twilight hour by Salza's strand
 Though no Arcadian visions grace the land:
 Wakes not a sound that floats not sweetly by,
 While day's last beams upon the landscape die;
 Low chants the fisher where the waters pour,
 And murmuring voices melt along the shore;
 The splash of waves comes softly from the side
 Of passing barge slow gliding o'er the tide;
 And there are sounds from city, field, and hill,
 Shore, forest, flood; yet mellow all and still.

But change we now the scene, ere night descend,
 And through St. Rupert's massive portal wend.
 Full many a shrine, bedeckt with sculpture quaint
 Of steel-clad knight and legendary saint;

* Written in 1835.

Full many an altar, where the incense-cloud
 Rose with the pealing anthem, deep and loud;
 And pavements worn before each marble fane
 By knees devout—(ah! bent not all in vain!)
 There greet the gaze; with statues, richly wrought,
 And noble paintings, from Ausonia brought,—
 Planned by those master minds whose memory stands
 The grace, the glory, of their native lands.
 As the hard granite, 'midst some softer stone,
 Starts from the mass, unbuttressed and alone,
 And proudly rears its iron strength for aye,
 While crumbling crags around it melt away;
 So midst the ruins of long eras gone,
 Creative Genius holds his silent throne,—
 While lesser lights grow dim,—august, sublime,
 Gigantic looming o'er the gulfs of Time!



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Ruskin, John
The complete works

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